

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.,
Natal, So. Africa
Aug. 20, 1934.

Dear Home Folk:

Again I must apologize for a long delay in writing but it has been absolutely impossible to find time to write for the last two months. To begin with we had eight days' meetings here, our quarterly which was well attended and very profitable. The following Sunday we went over to Altona for their "Big Sunday" and two weeks later for eight days' special meetings at Altona which were well attended and very much appreciated by the people. These consisted of a daily Bible class, preaching and prayer service in the afternoon. We hope to return there soon for more special meetings which was a special request of the people.

In addition to this we held a meeting at "Kipunyawo", one at Emfeni, two at Entungvini, another at Nhlahlahlhela which was held by the Native Workers as I could not attend. Last Saturday across the Pevaan. I had intended starting in on Thursday, making this a four day meeting, but owing to the river being in flood could not cross until Saturday. We had very good meetings there and find the work apparently in a flourishing condition. Last week-end our appointment was for Grootspuit, but owing to an unusually heavy storm the roads were impassable. In addition to the above mentioned visitation and special meetings, we had one of the nicest Native Christian weddings I have yet attended, and in this connection three special services, of which I trust others have written. Besides all of these we have had our regular meetings at home, and several special business meetings that have cropped up in the meantime, and sick calls to attend. Although I got home late last night, and am all tired out this morning, I am called to go twenty miles to Mbucu's across the Pongolo to attend a child with a broken arm, and I probably will not get back until tomorrow.

In all of these meetings there has been much to encourage us and we felt they were very profitable. I trust that the Sisters may have found time to write of the meetings held at Altona. But they are exceedingly busy and may not have done so.

One is kept constantly on the go, and cannot possibly visit the various out-stations as often as they should be visited, so you can imagine our joy, and the joy of the people, to know that help is coming. We have not yet heard officially from the Board, but our folk have written saying that it was voted that they all should come. There is so much work to do that we cannot look forward to having less for every one will have his hands full if this work is to go forward as it should, and promises to, with more to push the battle.

We are very grateful for all the help that we have received from the Homeland, and for the letters of sympathy and love that have come to us, for the comfort and consolation that the Lord gives us, for the prayers and friendship of the people at home. We are grateful that the Lord brought Faith through her operation, for the kindness received in Durban, both in the Hospital and in the homes. Though the two trips to Durban, the hospital and doctor and board bills and incidental expenses amount to over five hundred dollars, we are fortunate, for others have had to pay at least a thousand dollars for half the time that she spent in hospital, or for an operation like hers alone. We want to thank the kind friends who have sent special gifts of money through the treasurer. These have been put toward our expenses and toward the maintaining of the Native schools. May the Lord reward you.

Now friends, as you see there is so much to write about, and so little time for writing that one can only briefly cite the most interesting of our news, so you will please pardon this brief account. Each one of the meetings mentioned would furnish material for a profitable letter, had one the time to write.

May the Lord continue to bless you in the Homeland, and may He enable us to take new territory for Him, both there and here.

Yours in Him,

D. M. MacDONALD

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Hartland M. S.,
Natal, So. Africa.
Dear Friends: Aug. 20, 1934.

We thank you for your kind and very welcome gift, and are glad to write and let you know how your money is being spent in this needy land to help send the light.

There are Government schools in the big towns and various centers where Zulu children have a chance not only to learn how to read God's Word in their own tongue but, if they wish to get as good an education as any white child. But in the country sections to which we minister, there are none of these. From this Station right through to Vryheid, fifty miles, there is no Native School of any sort, among thousands and thousands of bright young Zulus. It is thus in all directions, and this is a very real need.

At Mahamba, in Swaziland, about seventy or more miles from here is a Methodist Mission Station and Native school where young Zulus are being educated. From there we have had several excellent young teachers who have taught at the various branches where we are supporting little Mission Schools. Among these girls Priscilla Dhlamini stands out as a shining example. She left school very young and for almost six years now has been teaching for us. At each of the outposts where she has taught, she has started a little Sunday School. Last year she sacrificed her winter holiday for the sake of her Sunday School, because the little herd-boys could attend so much better when there are no gardens for the cattle to bother.

Priscilla's Father is a preacher and her Mother, a Class leader, and Priscilla herself, was given to the Lord as an infant, and has been brought up very carefully. In spite of all this, Priscilla has found to her sorrow that even infant baptism does not mean salvation. While teaching at Mbucu's across the Pongolo she began to feel the oppression of a demon, and asked to be transferred. We moved her to Timote's outpost near Utrecht, nearly eighty miles from Mbucu's, but leaving the locality did not bring the deliverance for which she hoped, and now the demon began to drive her out of the room whenever God's people started to pray. My husband and brother George visited this outpost, and in the evening were holding prayers when suddenly Priscilla sprang from her seat and started for the door. So great was the power of the demon that she fell unconscious before she reached the door. The Christians gathered round her in prayer, and after a long struggle she was brought to the place of deliverance. She stood and made a public confession. She told the people how that in spite of the fact that her parents had, as a little child, given her to the Lord she now saw the need of choosing for herself, that now, she of her own accord gave her heart to Jesus and surrendered her life to Him, believing for herself in Him as her own personal Saviour. She was delivered right there and has ever since lived a beautiful consistent Christian life.

A few months later she visited the Mission

Station and came under the light of Holiness teaching. Feeling her need, she willingly made this deeper surrender, and God met her faith again. This in coming of the Holy Spirit as the purifier of her heart was very real and sweet. I shall never forget a testimony I heard her give here at one of our quarterlies. This is what she said: "As I came out of school one day where I am teaching at Grootspuit, two young men came up to me and said, 'You are the girl that always has a testimony! You say that you want always to follow God in purity, but one of these days your protector, Alfred, will be absent, and we shall spoil your testimony.'" (True to her breeding as a young Zulu girl, she gave them no answer.) But their words caused me great fear and anxiety 'till I found in God's Word, this passage. (1 Cor. 3:16-17.) "Know ye not that ye are the temple of the living God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." These words came home to my heart, meeting the need of my soul. I felt the protection of the wonderful indwelling Spirit of purity, and knew Him to be more mighty than any enemy. All fear left my heart, and I have sweet peace and joy, I know He can keep me pure. Your money is going toward the support of this young Zulu teacher who aims to see the salvation of the soul of each of her pupils. There is no "School Fund" to draw on, and your Missionaries, so far, have borne this burden with a very small per cent of help from the Natives themselves, who pay sixpence per month for each child. . . . when they do pay . . . while the teacher receives one pound per month. The actual portion paid by the Natives has been very small. This year our money has failed even to meet the hospital and doctor bills so there has been none to spare for schools. Four little out-station schools with good teachers have been closed. We are keeping Priscilla's school, her cousin's at Ntungwini and one at the central Mission Station. The Sterritt Sisters are keeping a good school at their Mission Station. To us all, these schools are carried on at the cost of real sacrifice and difficulty, so you see how welcome your offering is.

It is so beautiful when we remember that our giving is unto Him and that every sacrifice is noted before Him, that a little act of love and service to Him continues to bear fruit unto eternity, often long after the one who has rendered that little service, has entered into the presence of his King.

A story I recently read has been in my heart ever since. A poor drunkard, lying in a stupor in the ditch, filthy flies buzzing on his poor swollen face. A pure young girl, dainty and refined, laid her immaculate handkerchief on his face to cover it from flies, sun and the gaze of the passers by. This simple loving act of pity was, under God's hand used to that man's salvation; he afterwards became a mighty preacher, and was used in the conversion of scores and hundreds.

I hope that you, dear friend, like Priscilla have come to the place where you, of your own deliberate choice have given your own heart to Jesus, and are trusting Him as your Saviour, and again like this poor black girl, have come to the light of purity of heart, made your surrender and been cleansed from inbred sin, that you like she today have the Holy Spirit of the Living God dwelling in your heart and guarding the purity of His temple.

Again thanking you for your kind gift,
Yours longing for fruit unto Eternity.

FAITH MacDONALD

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—Francis Bacon.