

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Friends:

Natal, So. Africa

Our meetings on the Mission Station have grown to be extra sweet and blessed ever since our Quarterly. The testimonies and messages have real life and our souls are fed and blessed, so one feels loth to close the meetings. There are evidences on many sides of God's working.

Filimon is one of our most powerful and most interesting speakers. His testimony today was so striking I wish I could give it just as he did. Jostina had spoken on Matt. 3. Filimon in referring to her message said: "Our sister read a word today which just fits me. It is in verse 7 where John says: "O generation of vipers!" I came from the generation of vipers. My old grandfather used to wear a couple of goatskins, one on each side, with the legs crossed over his breast. He and my old grandmother worshipped snakes. They believed the spirits of their fathers were incarnated in green snakes. There was one old green snake that got its side hurt on a stone and they pointed to the wound and said—"Yes, this is your great-grandfather; that is the spear wound he received in the battle at Emholoko!

If a snake was seen any where near our kraal no one was allowed to strike it till every care had been taken to make certain it was not one of these sacred green ancestral serpents. They sacrificed goats and cattle and made beer and prayed to these snakes, and were very reverent in their worship.

We moved away from the old kraal site and built in a new place. A cousin of mine who herded cattle in the same field as I did helped me build a little hut on this old kraal-site just for us boys to shelter in from the rain. One morning when we went to enter our little hut we saw some green snakes there. We chased them and tried to strike them, but they hid in the grass roof. "Let's set the hut afire and burn them," we decided, and suited the action to the word. The snakes fell in a writhing knot in the seething flames and perished. Suddenly we recalled the solemn warning of our elders, "Never harm one of these sacred snakes. If you kill one of them they will rise again and in the night come and choke you to death." Yes, these were ancestral serpents which we had killed—now what can we do?" We went home very silently and told no one. The next morning I found my cousin and asked him how he fared. "Ho, he replied, no snakes came to choke me last night!" "Nor did any come to me, I answered—it is just lies after all."

But still today my poor old father and brothers worship these vipers, but with the same reverence and fear of the olden days I came from this generation of vipers, but through the good news of salvation I have been delivered and am busy now bringing forth "fruit meet for repentance."

As I travel the paths over the steep hills across the rivers and under the cliffs to my outpost, there is a song in my heart and I look upon the mountains and know "These were created by my Saviour." You see that lightning flash, you hear that thunder rolling. That is our great Shepherd snapping His whip and searching your heart to see if you are walking in His path.

Friends, let us pray that many more from these "Generation of Vipers may flee from the wrath to come."

Yours for souls from Africa's night,

FAITH MacDONALD

Natal, South Africa,  
October 11th, 1937

My Dear Friends:

Saturday forenoon Dan, Andrew Mtetwa (one of our young native workers) and I motored to Altona. We found George looking well, and praised God to hear of the native man who gave himself to seek the Lord in his new outpost in Swaziland.

The Sunday School went in at 8.30 a. m. the following morning. I found it very interesting and my soul was blessed to see the earnest expression on the children's faces as they tried to commit the Scripture verses to memory. Many have already mastered a long portion about Christ's birth and the wise men's visit. An exceptionally bright girl, of about 11 years of age, quoted that portion so beautifully, my heart was touched and I just prayed that God would save her and wondered if she might not turn out to be a worker some day for Him.

There were about 24 children formed into four classes. Near the close they sang in English, "Jesus Loves Me." I was surprised how well it was rendered.

From the first there was a sweet spirit on the afternoon service. Over a hundred present. Had the river not been so full from the recent heavy rains we would have had a larger crowd. As it was the Church was comfortably filled.

My soul was blessed to note the deepening spirituality of the workers at Altona—all carrying a burden for the seekers, the heathen and young Christians. Johanisi Nkosi seemed greatly stirred—broke down and just wept, sobbed and groaned as he prayed. Praise God! He is blessing in that section. Let us join these in prayer and get under the burden too and do our part to help win precious souls for Jesus.

Two babies were presented to the Lord—one was Johanisi's. This followed the communion service in which God's power was felt. Jesus seemed to draw so near to our souls we were sweetly refreshed as we reviewed Calvary, our Saviour's love; the power of the shed blood and remembered His heart's cry to the Father "That they ALL may be one." We can help answer that prayer. May God help us to live so closely to Him that we will be fruitful Christians—bringing forth fruit that shall remain.

Yours for souls,

GRACE M. SANDERS

## "DON'T WORRY"

Worry is always a sin, for we have a Lord who says that if we trust Him we need not worry. God pledges Himself to supply all our needs. Our Lord gives us His word that He is our Shepherd: He is not a faithless shepherd, nor is He a weak shepherd; He is omnipotent and He is always faithful. This means that if we trust Him, and when we trust Him, we cannot worry. At a Victorious Life Conference, Dr. Griffith Thomas quoted the remarks of a Salvation Army lassie: "I don't know what's in the future; but I know the Lord is in the future; and I know I am in the Lord." And the moral is, said Dr. Thomas, "DON'T WORRY!"

—Sunday School Times (1921).

Esteem cannot be where there is no confidence, and there can be no confidence where there is no respect.—Henry Giles.

To become an able man in any profession, there are three things necessary—nature, study and practice.—Aristotle.

## A. B. C. ADMONITION

Attend carefully to details.

Be prompt in all things.

Consider well, decide positively.

Dare to do right at any hazard.

Endure trials patiently.

Fight your battles bravely.

Go not with evil associates.

Hold integrity sacred.

Injure not another.

Join hands only with the virtuous.

Keep your mind free from evil thoughts.

Lie not for any consideration.

Make few special acquaintances.

Never appear what you are not.

Observe good matters.

Pay your debts promptly.

Quality before quantity.

Respect parents' counsel.

Sacrifice money rather than principle.

Touch not, taste not, intoxicating drinks.

Use leisure for improvement.

Venture not on the threshold of wrong.

Watch carefully over passions.

eXtend to all kindly greetings.

Yield not to discouragements.

Zealously labor

&amp; success is certain.

—Selected.

## HUDSON TAYLOR'S VIEW ON NOVEL WRITING

Written to His Sister

There is one thing I would especially warn you against . . . one of the greatest curses I believe of the present day—the practice of novel reading. If you value your mind and soul, avoid it as you would a dangerous serpent. I cannot tell you what I would give to be able to forget certain novels I have read and to efface their influence from my memory. And I firmly believe, though some would deny it . . . that no Christian ever did or ever will read them without injury . . . very serious injury too, if the habit is indulged in. It is like opium smoking, and begets a craving for more that must be supplied. Better books are neglected, and no one can estimate the mischief that results. Few, I believe, could honestly ask God's blessing upon the reading of a novel, and few would venture to assert that they read them to the glory of God. I dread them for you especially as a temptation to which you are constitutionally disposed . . . for you and I resemble one another very much as to temperament . . . The only safety lies in avoiding them as one of Satan's most subtle snares.

I often fear that while I may be remembered by you as your brother the missionary in China, you will not feel towards me as to one who has a deep, a constant, and increasing interest in your welfare . . . May God bless you, my dearly-beloved and often prayed-for sister, and make you all that He Himself would have you be. Good-night, my oil is done. Once more, God bless you.

Life is a mission. The aim is service; the law, sacrifice; the strength, fellowship with God.—Bishop Westcott's motto.

"No true and permanent fame can be founded, except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind."—Charles Sumner.

To become an able man in any profession, may sometimes have very small experience provided he has a very large heart.