

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Friends: Natal, So. Africa,

Life rushes on at such a pace it seems impossible to find time for the many letters we should write to you. There is so much to tell we hardly know where to begin. First, we wish to greet you in the blessed Name of our Beloved Lord, and may He lead you on to many new possessions this New Year.

We had a very blessed Quarterly Christmas week. In spite of the very busy time when every one is rushing in their crops, we had a good attendance, and some of the evening meetings ran on till the morning hours.

The service Christmas day was one of the best we have ever had. Perfect weather, good order, fine crowd, mostly young people, good attention and real convictions as the different workers, black and white, gave their messages. George and our new missionaries were well received and their presence added to the service. Then followed a Christmas tree and the feast, after the matches had been given out.

Last Quarterly the young son of our workers, Jesina and Angus Zikalala, got back to God. He had been away working and gone back to beer drinking and inbibed a mocking spirit toward the gospel. This so grieved and burdened his good father and mother that she often left her food untasted. They rebuked him and he threatened to run away from home. The father said: "You take the train and I'll go to the charge office and put you in jail." They were earnest and firm and prayed for him and with him and got us (and others) to pray with them for him. At last he broke down, confessed, asked us for prayer, came to the altar, prayed through, and with shining face testified that all was changed and everything right at last.

A few days later he went to help in a wedding of his cousins over across the Pevaan expecting to return in a couple of days, but was stricken with a serious illness, and on the Thursday before Christmas Dan went over the 40 miles to bring him home. He was so low it was a question if he could live to reach home, but he did, and was so happy to be back. He lingered till Christmas evening. We asked him that morning if his soul was called if he were ready. With a bright smile he said: "If I die, I go to be with my Lord. If I live I shall live for Jesus." He passed peacefully away at 11 p. m. while the folk prayed. He said he had never gone back on what God did for him last Quarterly.

How we thank God for parents who are true to the souls of their young folk!

The first service, Sunday a. m. was a funeral, very solemn yet sweetly blessed because of his bright testimony. The coffin (made of zinc in the absence of timber) was unusually good looking, and we had some lovely flowers. He was buried beneath the gum trees near the grave of his little daughter. A clear space beside his new made grave greatly impressed me as waiting for another who soon was to lie there.

This we mentioned in the solemn service which followed.

It was wonderful to see how God sustained the beautiful young widow (left childless) and the parents, who gave brave, tender and triumphant testimonies in this service.

Our Quarterly closed early on account of the busy season, but God had made it a time of rich blessing to us all.

There is a growing company of blood washed souls from this dark land waiting us on the other side.

God is moving in our midst. A spirit of conviction and prayer burden and soul passion is deepening. Pray with us, dear friends, that this new year, into which we have been so solemnly ushered, may see an outbreaking and deep working, God-sent revival. We believe it is His will, and it is His time.

Yours for all His Will, at this time.

FAITH MacDONALD

Note.—Faith wrote an account of their church being struck and one woman killed in an electric storm, but as Sister Sanders had already reported this in a previous letter, we are not printing it again.—Editor.

CORRESPONDENCE

Port Maitland, N. S.

Dear Highway:

We can report victory in Jesus' name. Our missionaries, Miss Helen and Miss Alice Sterritt, have been with us on our circuit. It was a pleasure to have these sisters with us in our Church and in our home for a few days. They were an inspiration to all.

Our revival campaign at Port Maitland was a time of real blessing. Over thirty different persons knelt at the altar. Some were reclaimed, others saved for the first time, and many more were sanctified. Most of the new ones pressed in for holiness. Our week night crowds were good and our Sunday afternoon and evening crowds were large. The last night the church was filled almost to utmost capacity. Sister Manning came to us in the fulness of the blessing. She uncovered sin without fear or favor. She preached second blessing holiness and urged folk to experience it and to take their stand with the people that would give them the spiritual food.

Miss Lottie Furbush did some splendid work with the children and assisted in the singing.

The enemy was stirred when he found we had made some inroads on his territory. To God be all the glory. Pray that the pastor may be able to encourage the new ones.

G. A. ROGERS

Fredericton, N. B.

Dear Brother Dow:

Enclosed please find \$150 for my renewal. I would not want to be without this paper. I enjoy reading its wonderful pages, praise the Lord. He still saves and keeps.

MRS. GEORGE BISHOP

Waterville, Maine

Dear Brother Dow:

I am sending you the money for my Highway for 1938. What is left put into the Supplementary Fund.

I do enjoy the Highway so much; there is so much good reading in it. I was especially pleased with Brother Rogers' sermons in December, and also the letter from Brother and Sister Briggs.

Yours in His service

MRS. VIONA WILLEY

South Africa

Dear Friends:

What a wonderful meaning there is in that word "Friend!" I am deeply conscious that I am not worthy of the name because I have so utterly failed to keep in touch with those who

so loyally upheld us for so many years by prayer and effort. I realize that it has been a great loss to myself, yet I feel certain that I still have a place in the hearts of many who have followed us all these years.

A year ago this time I did write a circular letter and sent off a good many of them, but am ashamed to say I kept some in order to enclose a personal note. But alas, the "personal note" never got written and the letters were never sent.

Thank you for all letters and messages received during the year. What changes, what horrors of war, of recklessness, what total indifference to the claims of the Almighty, and yet His hand is stretched out still and we hear Him say, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, the patience of Christ! "Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely." All because He loves us so.

Although retired from active duty on the mission staff, I do praise Him that He is still pleased to give me a healthy body, free from the limitations from which so many suffer. Surely this is a cause for much thankfulness. It is my earnest desire that all should be spent for Him in service for others. We have a wonderful opening for service in the hospitals here in Durban. This work is chiefly amongst the natives, but as we have the time we also go to the Indian and colored wards. Europeans are visited as time and strength allow. How blessed to know that we are workers together with Him. "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves but our sufficiency is of God."

It was a great joy to me to be able to attend the special meetings at Mseleni again this year. It is marvellous to see what God hath wrought in that district. Twenty-five years ago one wondered, "How can we live in the midst of such noise and confusion!" The beating of skins, chanting and shouting to the evil spirits—"Yizwa! Yizwa!" (Hear us! hear us), and many such weird sounds which came over the air night and day. "How could we live in the midst of it!" But now how we praise Him that He sent us to that district and for all He did do and is doing through His servants. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett are such splendid missionaries. Just let us take a trip up there together. The station is built on a hill, not very high, of course, but somewhat of a hill. What are all these imposing buildings? The mission house in the center; the Girls' Quarters quite close by; the Boys' Quarters on the other side, not far away; a garage for the motor lorry; a lovely big school-room built with cement mixed with the sand, which makes a very fine mixture. And what is this building a little further on? Oh, this is the new hospital, the pride of Mseleni; a very fine building not too badly equipped, either. It has a sink and water laid on which is brought up the hill through pipes from the well just there under the hill. And there is a trained European Nurse? Yes, we praise God for Miss Thomas and we also pray that she may be kept from the ravages of fever and be wonderfully used of Him at Mseleni.

And who is this other European lady whom we see in the school? This is Miss M. L. Greene, a certified teacher lately allocated for Mseleni. The church is a little further on and a workers' house as well.

Surely our God loves the people and the work at Mseleni and is doing great things for