

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S., Aug. 18, 1940

Dear Homeland Friends:

We have been thinking of you and talking of you and praying for you more than usual lately, and loving you, and thanking God for you. How precious you are to our hearts, and how glad we are to know you are praying for us.

The box from home arrived safely, and we wish right here to thank each kind friend who had part in the sending. Your love has crossed the sea in tangible form again and we thank you, and pray His special blessing upon each one whose sacrifice and effort has made it possible. I hope to write personal letters to those who remembered us personally but wish also to have part in a general thank you for the box as a whole and for each giver.

God is answering your prayers and continues to save souls here. Three weeks ago a little boy came for a few days' work and gave himself to seek the Lord in our Wednesday's class. Daniel "got" him. The next Wednesday two little girls came. One wore a man's coat, and as she was standing in the kitchen I asked her if she knew Jesus. She answered, "I know him a little bit." I thought (from her "dress") that she was a boy (several of us made the same mistake as her face must have been rather boyish). I told her that Jesus loves boys and wants them to give themselves to seek and serve Him. When she went outside Maryella had a talk with her and her companion. They gave themselves as seekers that day. Bertha came last Wednesday with a heathen woman who had a tiny baby on her back. It seems that in the valley of the shadow Bertha had ministered to this soul and in her hour of peril she gave herself to Jesus. Now with her new-born infant she had come to fulfill her vow.

Sunday in the service Daniel quietly slipped out. When he came back he stood and announced that two boys had just given themselves to seek the Lord and asked prayer on their behalf. Later I learned (quite by accident) the inside of this story. Daniel said, "I was sitting in the meeting and something said, 'Go outside.' I was not sure whether it was the devil tempting me or what. At last I went out and way up the road saw two boys coming with a goat. The voice said, 'Go deal with them!' I did, and we prayed by the road and they gave themselves. They could not come to the meeting because of the goat."

Grace has been away quite a lot lately. Now she is with Paul and Ruth in Boksburg. Ruth has had meningitis and been seriously ill and needed help. Before that one of our good Dutch neighbors was at death's door and could not get a nurse so Grace helped them.

This gave us chances to help in the medical work, which we always find very interesting and blessed.

While busy with dinner I noticed a heathen woman sitting on the verandah with a chubby little baby in her arms. As soon as I had time I took her over to the hospital and ministered to her need. Her baby really was not very ill, but she had lost three children in one day, and another baby since, and though the mother of seven daughters, this is her only son, and she was very anxious about him. Pointing her to the One who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and reminding her that if

she followed Him she would meet her darlings again, I urged her to give herself and her little son to Jesus.

Mind you, that tiny baby is the half-brother of Johanisi Nkosi, our Altona M. S. evangelist. This woman is his father's wife. Sitting there on the dispensary floor with the little brown fellow in her arms she formed a madonna picture. Her long top-knot, bead necklace, shining eyes, satin smooth, fawn-coloured skin, anxious mother face—a sweet womanly soul—how my heart went out to her. Yes, she wants to give herself to the Lord, but her husband still withholds permission. He has agreed for her to give their son. I urged her to privately give her heart to Jesus till she had permission to do it publicly. She did, giving herself and her darling baby right there.

She had a bright girlie of about ten with her who also seemed hungry for Jesus. She is named Grace, and goes to our Ngenetsheni school, where they live. Let us claim more of these precious souls for Him.

FAITH MacDONALD

Hartland M. S.,
August, 1940

Dear Folk in the Homeland:

Once again we greet you from our beloved country—Africa. We are rejoicing in God in spite of all circumstances, and we are seeing fruit for our labours.

I have had a very unusual experience in one outpost this last year. First, I baptized a woman who was, as near as we could get it, between one hundred and ten and one hundred and fifteen years of age. According to her own statement she was a well grown girl when the first white people came to this part of the country. She gave a very clear and definite testimony to the knowledge of sins forgiven and was just waiting for the Lord to take her home. Up to about two years before, she was able to walk to the meeting house, which was about ten miles. After a day or two at the meeting and with friends, she would return the ten miles. It seems remarkable that God in His mercy would save such an old woman. It may be that the Lord had mercy upon her, because when the black people were going to kill all the white people in 1889 she hid a white man in a cave near her home and took food to him. This was old Mr. Ferreira, owner of the farm to which Dr. and Mrs. Sanders first came.

About ten years ago they moved out of this district just about three years ago she started to seek the Lord, and about six months ago died in the Lord.

Another, a man over eighty, gave himself to the Lord in the same outpost, and last year I baptized him. At the time he was almost dead. He chose the name of Lazarus, and surely he was a Lazarus. I was led to bring a loaf of bread to him, and after our service, baptism and communion, a nice service, we left him. His face was the face of death, but with such a beautiful, calm and peaceful expression upon it. I thought I should never see him again. We prayed for the Lord's will, whether healing or to take him home, and left him, leaving him this loaf of bread. His strength revived. From that day he improved, although not able to walk because he was old and crippled, but had been able to be up and around till about two weeks ago when he died. Three weeks ago I again visited him and his testimony was marvelous. He just

kept praising the Lord and pointing to Heaven while we sang. His joy in the Lord was unbounded. He exhorted the people about him to turn to the Lord. He said, now, when I die, I want nothing heathen about my burial. I want to be buried as a Christian for I am a Christian. Praising God and exhorting all to come to God to his last failing breath he passed out into glory.

To get to these last two meant forty miles there and forty miles back, much over a rough road for each was over ten miles from the outpost, but I count it a great privilege to have ministered to them and rejoiced with them in their salvation.

I say it is remarkable that two so old should find the Lord on the verge of the grave and die so happy.

We thank God for the opportunity of working for God and for souls here, and could tell of many more wonderful experiences.

With love to all in Him.

Yours for souls,

for D. M. MacDONALD

HEAR US, LORD!

Dread Jehovah! God of nations!
From Thy temple in the skies,
Hear Thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliverance rise.

Lo! with deep contrition turning,
In Thy holy place we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' Blood can cleanse them all.

Let that mercy veil transgression;
Let that Blood our guilt efface;
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

—Selected.

THE THINGS I MISS

An easy thing, O Power Divine,
To thank Thee for these gifts of Thine!
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,
For hearts that kindle, thoughts that glow.
But when shall I attain to this—
To thank Thee for the things I miss?

For all young Fancy's early gleams,
'That dreamed-of joys that still are dreams,
Hopes unfulfilled and pleasures known,
Through others' fortunes not my own.
And blessings seen that are not given,
And never will be—this side of heaven.

Had I too shared the joys I see,
Would there have been a heaven for me?
Could I have felt Thy presence near,
Had I possessed what I held dear?
My deepest fortune, highest bliss,
Have grown perchance from things I miss.

Sometimes there comes an hour of calm,
Grief turns to blessing, pain to balm.
A power that works above my will
Still leads me onward, upward still.
And then my heart attains to this—
To thank Thee for the things I miss.

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.