

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.,
November 27, 1940

Dear Friends:

This evening a short black chap came riding along on a bicycle with a little billy tin—in it a nice gift of fresh pork for Mfundici (they are so happy when they have something they can give us). This boy grew up on the Mission Station. His father died soon after the Sterritt Sisters came. Nkuzimiyama (the Black Bull) left three wives each with a young family. This son, Mbemba, has always been an unusually pleasant and smart little fellow. I can see his smiling face now, as in Sunday school one day he testified to salvation. Now they have grown up and moved away and he has fallen into sin. I had hopes for him once that he might be a preacher—he has so many fine qualities, and an unusually good mother. Tonight as we dealt with him his hungry heart melted right down and he prayed through, claiming salvation and promising to obey Jesus. Please pray with us for this young man. He is in a hard situation, but Jesus can help him and keep him true.

Yesterday a witch doctor came here, ill, for treatment. She was a young Christian girl for years, Loslina Xaba by name, married to an uncle of Filimon Nkosi. Then demons came, oppressed and made her ill. At last she gave up her Christian dress and profession and became a real witch doctor, yielded to the power of these demons. I wish you could have stood by my side and looked upon her pain-pinched face as she told her sad story. Her hopeless eyes looked out from a mass of long twisted plats of hair decked with beads. Two large necklaces of wooden sticks were round her neck and a devil horn at the back. Greasy blankets suspended from her bare shoulders and the usual skin skirt completed her costume. She was pitifully thin, and in many ways showed her suffering. I asked her about her pain. She said—the demons make me sick. I cannot sleep for pain. They choke me at night and I dream awful dreams. I am sick nearly all the time. I asked her if she did not want deliverance and why she did not come for prayer. If she were really willing to separate from these devils. If she did not love Jesus and want Him—he could help her and deliver her—did she not believe this. "Yes, I do want Jesus—I do not want these devils—they torment me. I long to be delivered."

Then I read her Rev. 21:7: He that overcometh shall inherit (this in Zulu) I will be his God and he shall be my (person) and told her if she would really take the step of faith, remove this devil token from her neck and make her surrender to Jesus, He would deliver her right there and be her God and she His. She would not—or could not. "I do so in my spirit," was the evasive reply. Seeing at last it was useless to urge her further, and others having come for help, we gathered round to pray for her. She had with her a wild looking son, of perhaps eleven. Daniel and Maryella joined us, and oh I wish you could have heard Maryella pray for this poor demoniac. One could feel the Spirit's help. But oh the depth of darkness—somehow she was not yet ready to yield, though she too prayed—she says she loves the Lord and prays to him every day! Oh, how her need grips our heart. It is for souls like this we need to pray.

Monday two bright looking girls, both in

heathen dress, came with a dozen nice fresh eggs for sale. I asked them where they come from and who their father is, and whether there are any Christians in their home. Their father, Fosi Nkosi, lives about three miles from the home of Gabangani Gwebu that I wrote you about some time ago. Fosi has two wives and twelve children and not one Christian. I asked her if her father would object to our coming to have a meeting in their home and she said he would not.

I showed these two heathen girls a picture of the Crucifixion. Oh, I wish you could have seen the response in the sweet girlish faces and have looked into those clear beautiful eyes and watched the expression as they listened for the first time to the story of Jesus' love.

I gave her a picture of Jesus knocking at the door to take to her father and tell him Jesus is knocking at the door of his kraal and asking to come in.

Another heathen girl, her older half sister, came yesterday to sell a nice mat she had made herself. I could not stay to talk with her as I so wanted to, but Maryella did.

These three sisters (of eight girls in the family) are such fine bright looking girls my heart yearns for their salvation.

My little Gwebu friend, Ana, came here last week with three little girl friends. We had a nice visit together and these four bright little girls gave their hearts to Jesus.

Esther Zulu, one of our patients, came the other morning for more medicine. I had time for a little visit with her. Though a nominal Christian of another church, and a pretty good living woman—like so many hundreds around us now—members of other churches, nicely dressed, bright clean looking, yet no real experience of salvation. As I explained how, beside leaving our bad old ways and walking in the good new ways, we need to have a change of heart and our old account has to be settled and then we have a witness in our soul, a light of comprehension broke over her shiny brown face and she repeated the words after me. We knelt together in prayer. She confessed and claimed forgiveness and went on her way rejoicing.

We have been having almost a camp meeting on this M. S. the last week or two. A good German Christian farmer whose grandfather was a missionary, came with his crew to plough a big field, and had them here for evening prayer every night. Ten young folk came to Jesus and received pardon under Charles' clear, powerful messages and helpful personal altar work. We were all much blessed and helped—16 souls in that one week have found Christ. He is sending needy, hungry souls to us every day. Some are heathen, some backsliders, some unsaved members of other churches, some our own sheep with special trials, hunger or need. Pray with us for them and also for us that we may keep so humble and so close to Jesus that He may keep supplying us with the broken bread to pass on to them.

Yours with a heart burning for these dear souls,

FAITH MacDONALD

"I thoroughly believe in a university education for men and women, but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible."—William Lyon Phelps, former professor of Yale.

THERE WAS BLACKOUT IN BETHLEHEM AT CHRISTMAS 1940

According to the Scriptures, 1940 years ago the Son of God, the Prince of Peace, was born in the town of Bethlehem, as a Saviour, to save humanity from sin, trouble and eternal death, to bring peace on earth and good will to (or) among men, until His kingdom of peace shall reign from shore to shore and nations shall learn of war no more; and that the knowledge of God shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea.

But what has happened? Evidently the conditions have grown worse instead of better; now after 1940 years since His birth, most savage war since history is in progress by professed Christians in and outside of Palestine, and Bethlehem was in blackout at Christmas in the year 1940.

Is it any wonder that men in various parts of the world have lost hope and confidence in so-called Christianity, and are compelled to try to bring about some other protection for human well being?

But what has gone wrong? Has Christianity failed? No! It has not always had a good chance to prove what it could do.

For the real Christianity according to the words of Christ consists of loving God with all the heart, and our neighbour as ourselves.

But the ideals of Christ are often substituted in minds of humanity by some other kind of religion deceitfully taught to men as a service to God, which was invented by the spiritual enemy of God and man, that religion is made up of various forms of ceremonies, creeds, festivals, superstitious beliefs, special days and seasons, and many other fascinating items which have turned the attention of humanity away from the need of their soul. That is the reason why there was a blackout in Bethlehem after 1940 years since the birth of the Prince of Peace, the Saviour.

Jesus gave His gospel of love and peace to His disciples for a perfect peace which the world could not give; but many will not accept it.

Therefore the loving heart of Christ still weeps and whispers, "How often would I have gathered you as a hen would gather her brood under her wings and ye would not."

Will the leaders of mankind ever learn to perform their God-given duties toward their fellow men? Or will God find it necessary to use some other means to bless mankind with His kingdom of peace and good will, as He intended from the foundations of the world.

PETER RAHNELL

THE GREAT LEVELER

Three people came forward one Sunday to be received into the membership of a Baptist church in Washington, D. C.

One of the persons was Charles Evans Hughes, who had come to Washington to be Secretary of State of the United States; another was a poor working-woman, and one was a colored man—a trio representative of all classes.

The pastor of the church said to the congregation, "You will note that the ground is always level at the Cross!"—Earnest Worker.

"Beverage alcohol," said a doctor who knew whereof he spoke, "gives you a red nose, a black eye, a white liver, a yellow streak, a green brain, a dark brown breath and a blue outlook."—Selected.