

# Go Ye Into All the World and Preach the Gospel to Every Creature

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland, M. S.

February 20, 1946

Dear "Homeland" Friends,

After trying in vain to get back to sleep this morning, largely on account of the heat, I have decided I should write to you. It is still early, and the day is about to break.

First of all, I thank all of the dear friends who have sent me Christmas cards. I received one last night. They have kept coming ever since about a month before Christmas. It is lovely to get these. Especially do we appreciate the penned lines on the inside of some of them. God bless you, dear friends, for these remind us that as you send these cards you are interested in us and the work of God here and are praying for us and it. Keep praying. God is working and answering prayer. Praise His name!

I shall now give you a little account of what kept me so busy yesterday. I wakened early and was having my morning devotions, when a loud knock sounded at my door following the pattering of bare feet in a hurry. "Yes, what is it?" "It is our cook. "Oh, Nkosazana! The oil stove is ablaze and roaring in the Hospital." "Well, tell them to turn the wick down, and then to blow it out". Off she goes and as I start taking a cool sponge bath, I can hear her shouting to the excited ones by the Hospital, the orders I had given her. I had hardly begun bathing before she came tearing back saying that they had turned it down but that the whole room was roaring with the noise from the stove. I left off my bathing, donned my morning gown and hurried up to see what was wrong. I asked God to help me. I wrung out the small towel I had been using, and after three attempts succeeded in extinguishing the flames. I found a Native man standing helplessly blowing at the flames. When I had finished he exclaimed. "Au! abelungu!" In admiration. (Oh! The white people!). I did thank God for showing me what to do—clapping and holding the damp towel down onto and around the burner as the oil was aflame, and it was an alarming sight. I feared there would soon be an explosion.

After breakfast I went to look over the garden and pick a few grapes for Charles who had spent the day and night in town. (Myra is still in the nursing home with their dear little daughter born last Wednesday). Then the Native woman arrived who does our ironing, and one asking for work. I was glad as I had much machine work to do so showed her the particulars about my machine and turned over to her the making of some hospital sheets, etc.

I went up to the Hospital then and was surprised to find some people had arrived already.

A woman had a 2½-year-old boy with dysentery. Now he would eat nothing and was very ill. I prepared some albumin water and he drank it thirstily much to her surprise. I advised her to stay the day so I could watch the child and give suitable diet at regular hours. She did so and he was showing some improvement when she went home at sun down. I gave her some barley and rice to take home explaining how to prepare the food for him. She went home much encouraged with her medicine, etc. We had prayed for him, committing Him to God's care.

A bald-headed Native man from Entungwini, as I was leaving the house, passed the door and we exchanged greetings. When I enquired after his health he said, "I am not well on account of Samuel (our one-legged preacher). His grandson has been terribly burned with porridge." I had told him to follow me to hospital so I got a good supply of medicine for the child (one of my hospital babies) and asked him to take it to them with my sympathy. He was very pleased as he likes Samuel. He had a peculiar scar on his neck. I learned he almost died as a child from an ulcer. So I told him he should now be a Christian and work for the Lord.

Then I called the girl in whom I had found lying on a mat in the waiting room. She has a serious kidney condition. I had to admit her as well and prepare a special drink for her. A number of others arrived and were waited on and before I knew it the dinner bell was ringing. When I went to the door I found it blocked by old Lucy (Mpokolwane) with a whole string of grand-children needing treatment. She wanted them seen to immediately, but I reminded her that the bell which had just rung was my dinner bell and she would have to wait. As I locked the door and started down the path another woman followed close behind me telling me her symptoms as fast as she could. I cut her off by telling her that she must return to the hospital and I would listen to her when I returned. I had given orders for food to be cooked for these as they had had no breakfast. She said she was hungry. I told her to wait at the hospital as the food was about ready. "I want to buy first." I said, "You are apt to lose your meal if you do." Sure enough, when I had returned, directly after dinner, finished prescribing for some more and herself, I found she had not followed my advice and when she got back there was no food left. So I managed to get a slice of bread and some scraps of meat for her and two hungry boys.

"Can that be the supper bell already?" I wonder if Charles is home by now?" "Has the post come yet?" Yes, Charles had just arrived, was resting, tired and hungry. Myra and the baby had not been very well but were much better when he left. George could not sit down with us as neighbours had sent for their post. Soon in came some

letters for me. Ah, one from mother, one from Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sollows and some business letters. Say, but it was lovely to get the Canadian mail! How we enjoy the letters. How interested we are in all that God is doing through you dear friends at home. It is such a joy to labour for Him.

After reading most of my letters, I had to leave off and return to the hospital, to see to the in-patients and have prayers. Some were already asleep. So I gave the medicines and had prayers. There were two Nyasaland Native men who love the Lord and enjoy prayers. One has nicely recovered from some sickness which took all his strength. He is able now to work a bit around. In the adjacent ward are 4 of the cutest little brown babies. They all arrived on the same day causing some excitement and a lot of work for me. I was called at 4 a. m. and the first came at 8.30, the other at 10.30 and then twins at 10.15 and 10.30 that evening. They weighed 6 lbs. 2 ozs., 8 lbs. 6 lbs. 1 oz., and 6 lbs. respectively. The first born was a girl, the rest boys. The second one is the second son of Elder Paul Nkosi. How pleased they are as they have had five girls. He is certainly a lovely, healthy looking child and the mother is a small woman. Paul is a big, tall, well built man, with a princely bearing and such a beautiful Christian!

Yesterday I asked the mother of the twins if she loves her babies. She replied, "I don't want two." I asked, "Why?" She said, "How will I handle them? We have such a lot of work and weeding to do!" So I advised her to stick to regular hours, instead of nursing them every time they cry. Also to have a little bed for them and teach them to be in it instead of on her back most of the day. I showed her how much more work she could do than even the mothers with only one child to care for. They are such nice, quiet, contented babies. One has six fingers on one hand. She wants me to amputate that extra one. I expect to ask the Doctor how he performs this operation when he comes Thursday.

The V. D. Clinic is being carried on—probably for the whole year. I missed Myra last time as she usually helps the Doctor the most. Not being so used to it I felt rather nervous last time. I suppose I shall not mind it so much the next time. By sunset I feel so tired Thursdays as it makes a lot of extra work and strain. But we are glad for it as such treatment is sorely needed.

Oh, how glad I shall be when our kitchen is built. We have the site selected so it can be close by to save going out in the rain.

I have received much blessing myself in the evening prayers in Hospital. Have been reading from St. John 14, and now have started the 15th chapter. Often I'd have to stop after reading but one or two verses, and see so much "manna" and "milk and honey" and "meat" that I could not go