

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

226 Market St., Vryheid,
April 10, 1949

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in the precious name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! That name does draw people closer together so that even though we are separated by thousands of miles of water and hundreds of miles of land we have the one God, the one Christ and the one Holy Spirit and we seem near to each other.

When people write and say: "Were you experiencing a hard time at such and such a time? I've felt a special burden of prayer for you," almost always, if I can think back that many weeks, I'll find that at that very time I was experiencing such depression or trouble of some other kind and all of a sudden the burden lifted. Isn't it wonderful, the power of prayer? Friends, do keep praying.

My correspondence is now far in the arrears and still I seem to be doing little or no writing these days. The chief reason for this is as follows: When I was recuperating from my appendectomy, I promised myself that I must study Zulu some every day. Day after day the regular work has kept me busy until well along into the evening and after that must, came the Zulu study. This usually lasted until bed time. Won't all my Highway friends please excuse me for my seeming negligence?

Different parcels have been coming through, some gifts and some second hand clothes. For all of the parcels, letters, cards and gifts of money, I do say a big "Thank you." You cannot possibly imagine how much we appreciate all your acts of kindness to us and to the natives. Sometime I hope to get the individual "Thank you" letters written but I'm not sure when I shall, so please accept this for a "Thank you" until I can do better. Most of the parcels came through undamaged, but one containing second-hand clothing and S. S. banners had apparently been floundering in one of the oceans. However, even these things were in fairly good condition.

How we do praise God that He is moving upon the hearts of His people to give more freely towards the advancement of His cause! Not too many of us were blessed with a superabundance of this world's goods, but doesn't God bless us if we give freely of what little we have. Indeed He must be blessing you who are freely giving of your thousands and hundreds, but are any of us giving until it hurts, or until we feel it, like the widow who gave her mite?

The work in this part of the Lord's vineyard is advancing despite all the efforts being put forth by the enemy to disrupt it. Brothers Paul Nkosi and George Sanders are recovering their health and Sister Gladys is improving in health, although still quite slowly. In a week's time the Quarterly will be held at Piet Retief and the official opening of the new church there will be on Sunday. This new church and parsonage were surely built on faith. We couldn't wait for funds as, unless we started building within a certain time, we would lose the permit to build. Prayer, obedience and faith built the church and parsonage, and just to think that both are now completed and the church is to be officially opened! Praise God for answered prayer! Worked in, in the front of the church, is the word, "Kalma—believe." Isn't that fitting? This attracts much attention from the passers-by and probably

will prove the means of drawing some to the services and to Christ. Pray that it may be so.

On approaching Piet Retief, two or three miles away we can see the shiny roof of the new church. May it be a lighthouse that will show many sinners the way of salvation.

Thank you all for your prayers while I was in the hospital and while I was recovering. Really, though, I did have a wonderful time in the hospital. There, I was at the mercy of praying doctors and praying nurses. It was a wonderful experience. Everybody was so kind to me! The eighth day after the operation I was enroute for home. Don't you see how God answers your prayers?

Keep praying for all of us. Pray much for Sister Gladys. The work of the Lord needs everyone of us and all there is of us. And be sure to keep us posted about the revivals etc., in the homeland. How is the Children's work progressing? Are all of the churches having Junior Crusade meetings? Are all of the churches having D. V. B. S. this summer? Are the consecrated young people rallying to the cause and offering their services?

Let us keep working and praying that we may help the multitudes who are bound by cords of sin, ignorance, evil superstitions and witchcraft. Many we can save from hell if we but work, and work faithfully. Let us be faithful unto death that we may obtain the crown of life.

All our pastors, their companions, their families and their flocks are continually on our prayer list. Also we are praying especially for our Bible College and for the coming Beulah Camp and Youth Camp.

God bless you all! Would that I could make a flying trip to see you! Many of you have become close to me through letters and I long to see all of my friends, both old and new.

Jesus is my Saviour, Sanctifier and Keeper. Praise His name! Please don't pity me. I'm happy because I know I am in the centre of His will.

Yours for souls both here and in the homeland.

MARY CAMPBELL

ACCUSATIONS OF THE HEATHEN

By Matthew Mbana Ngoyi

This article, written by a native evangelist of the Gabon (Africa), gives glimpses of heathen with its taboos in vivid contrast to the simple, child-like faith of the native Christians. Mangadi, one of the numerous heathen gods, is thought to be a serpent which blows out its breath to make the rainbow. The experiences related took place in the village of Yimenu where Matthew (with his wife, Susan) was stationed as a teacher.

After special services at Bongolo, we returned to Yimenu. On the way, we heard, "Mangadi has come." Susan took the path which had been closed to Mangadi, and which led to the rear of our house. Komba and I took the path which crossed the village. The people had made two taboos: a woman shall not be permitted on the one side of the village; and, a person shall not walk outdoors carrying his sleeping mat rolled.

I walked ahead, and Komba followed. I entered the house and sat down. Komba came, too, saying:

"Matthew, Mangadi's interpreters have taken your mat, because I arrived with it

rolled."

After traversing the tabooed side of the village, Susan came and sat down. Then the village chief came with his accusation:

"Matthew, you have transgressed the taboos of Mangadi. Therefore, Mangadi has sent me to you. He says, 'Let Matthew give you one franc because his wife has passed by on the tabooed side of the village, and because he himself arrived at the village with his mat not untied.'"

I answered the chief, "See, the day is gone. I shall not speak at night, but tomorrow at noon. Then I will ask why Mangadi took my mat."

The next day I went to Mangadi's interpreters and demanded my mat. They answered, "Bring one franc." I replied, "If you know in your hearts that 'Matthew is not with a wrong before us,' bring my mat; but if you know that 'I am with a wrong before you,' keep the mat."

They answered, "Bring just a dixsous"—the tenth part of a franc.

I picked up a little stick and made ten marks on the ground, saying, "I have begged for my mat from you ten beggings. You have refused it to me ten refusals. Take it."

At this they replied, "Wait for your mat; we will go and get it. It is in the house."

One of them went to get the mat, and returned it to me. I returned to my house. When everybody saw that I had refused to pay a fine for having transgressed their taboos, they were filled with fear, from the men and women, even to the children.

On another evening they began to walk and sing. They had another taboo: a person shall not transverse the village if the songs of Mangadi are being sung. I was in the palaver house. Then all the men, women and children came and stood outside my house and demanded that I pay a fine to Mangadi for having transgressed another taboo. I answered:

"Mbana Ngoyi, to whom you have come demanding that he pay a fine, if you were those who bore him, today he would put his hand into his pocket and give you a franc, or a dix-sous, but if Mbana Ngoyi has been born of Jesus Christ, he cannot give it to you."

They all cried out, "Get out of our village, because you are transgressing our taboos!" They continued to insult me just as their hearts wanted to do, and laughed at Susan and me, saying, "Look, they don't even have a child."

One day a woman named Yibogu had a pain in her back. She called me and asked if I had a little medicine. I had a little mentholatum, which I had her rub on her back. She got well. She told another woman whose child was sick, that I had treated her, and that she had become well. The mother of the sick child asked for some of the medicine. I explained to the child the words of God, which he accepted. I said, "All of us on this earth are just like the people in the encampments (temporary shelters built by men laboring on the roads or making plantations). Our home is in Heaven, at the home of Father God." I rubbed him with a little of the mentholatum. The women who were in the house asked to be treated, also, and I treated them all. That evening, the child died. All the men gathered in the palaver house and one of them proposed that a messenger be sent to the relatives of the child informing them of the death, and to the district