

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,
Via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
Sept. 4th, 1926

Dear Homeland Friends:

We are praising the Lord for the first rain of the season. It began last evening, rained steadily all night and is still raining. Our native children say, "Oh, there will be corn for Christmas," and are very happy over it. We trust that it will be a good season so the natives will have plenty of food. If only they would not waste their amabele grain in making beer it would be a grand thing.

It threatened rain while we were across the Pongola, and we were grateful that it did not come to hinder our getting around to the different places. It was surely a divinely appointed time for us to be there, therefore all things were beautifully arranged by Him "Who doeth all things well."

I spoke in my last letter of the genuine Christian hospitality with which we were received at Altona. We love and appreciate all our native workers and praise God for what He does through them, but somehow to me Isaya Sangweni stands out among them in a special way. For sweetness and humility of spirit, love for the people of God and passion for souls, I think he is the most blessed sample I have yet seen, though I cannot pass by dear Lydia Nkosi and Pauline Maseko, who are also so bountifully saturated with the love of God and wonderfully used of Him, also Jostina Nkosi with her love and burden for souls, Jessina Mtshali across the Pevaan who labors so faithfully and "endures hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and the others who love the work of God. No, I cannot pass by any of these dear souls who have been chosen of God to preach the gospel but I must say that Isaya was simply a comfort to our souls.

Again and again our hearts were melted by the sweet fellowship of the Spirit as we knelt together in prayer, or as we listened to his beautiful exhortations under the anointing of God, and saw his beautiful consecrated life. He has counted the cost and paid the price and God graciously blesses and uses him among the people. He has borne much persecution, coming out from a big kraal where he could have been one of the chief men, but the dear Holy Spirit showed him the way of eternal life and he chose rather "to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

We pray that he may be ever kept low at the Saviour's feet, humble and obedient as he is now. Remember all the dear native workers in your prayers for they are the light-bearers of Africa, the "city set on a hill" and how much they need our prayers and help.

Sunday we rode a long distance to the little church at Msibi's built by Isaya's own hands, a little stone building with a grass roof and two windows. It touched our hearts deeply to see the form of a Cross in the mud wall at the back of the building. This long ride was only half the distance which he covers on certain other

Sundays, for he pointed out to us another outpost many miles beyond. His circuit also extends many miles in other directions where many, many heathen live, so this evangelist has a large and very needy field. The Lord is providing a horse for him now, which will be a great advantage. He will be able to do double work, for in some places the roads are fine for riding.

The church was soon filled with Christians and seekers and a few heathen. We do praise God for the gracious meeting we had that day. My soul had been hungering for just such a meeting. He blest us in giving out the Word and then came upon us in mighty melting power, and souls wept before Him. Dear friends, it was just like a meeting in the dear homeland. Isaya was so blest he got up and sang a solo, which is unusual in a native meeting. He said, "Brethren, I don't know whether you feel like this, but my heart wants to sing this piece," and his great native voice poured forth his praise to God in these words:

The Sabbath, my Lord, is your day,
May your people be glad in your presence,
We do praise you, Jesus, in your house,
We see with a beautiful hope by your resurrection.

It reminded us of dear Brother Alfred Trafton breaking out in song as many of us have heard. He then spoke with much unction and blessing, praising God for the Light of the Gospel, and referred especially to Brother Kierstead's early and strenuous labors which opened up the work across the Pongola. We praise God for the working of the Holy Ghost in that meeting. His presence was blessedly felt as we separated and the memory of that service will ever be a blessing to our hearts. Isaya did not get home until long after we did and as he was up bright and early to have prayer in some of the kraals near his home, you can see he had a full Sunday.

Monday and Tuesday we went with him and had a kraal meeting. It was wonderful how quickly the people gathered for a service. The Lord honored His Word and souls were convicted. One woman gave up tobacco and was blest in soul and body for she was sick. It was a sweet service, and our souls were refreshed by both meetings.

Wednesday we had another blessed time in the little school building at Isaya's home. About 40 present, some of the Christians came from the little far away church. A heathen woman gave herself to the Lord, her husband had recently given himself to the Lord also, so we pray that they may come out bright and shining. Several knelt for special prayer and "Heaven came down our souls to greet" in this meeting. It would have melted your hearts to hear Isaya's intercessory prayer that day, dear friends.

Thursday we went to a very distant outpost, Emgodini, where Isaya is just beginning to hold meetings. Raw heathen who do not even know how to act in a meeting. About thirty were present, but Isaya said there would have been as many more had the woman circulated the word properly. She misunderstood. We were so happy to be there and tell them the "Story of Jesus and His love," and they

listened very well indeed. May the Lord give him many precious souls from that place. Our hearts long to go back again when it is His will.

Friday we said good-bye with real regret and turned our faces toward Etungwini to pack up for home next day. We had a real good meeting in the former home of Isaya as we were leaving Altona. A big kraal filled with heathen people, and in a big hut and we were much blest in giving them the Word of Life. Isaya's mother says her sin is because she threw away her son when he became a Christian. Poor old soul, still drinks her beer and snuffs her tobacco, but I believe God will give this faithful soldier of the Cross, souls from that heathen kraal.

We came back to the little hut in Asiana Mavuso's kraal with great joy in the Lord, and found a happy welcome. She has a very hard and very long walk to her Sunday outpost. May the dear Lord bless her much is our prayer. She is a widow and has many burdens, but is looking to Jesus. She was very kind indeed, and her heart was cheered as she talked of Him to us. We visited two kraals that evening and an old blind man gave himself to the Lord—the result of Tomasi Gomazulu's faithful visits and prayers. He is a near neighbor and Tomasi carries a burden for the souls around him both far and near.

Jona Myeni came that night and arranged to take us to one of his outposts next day—Emfeni. We were very happy about this as we had desired to go there, but could see no opportunity.

We left the Etungwini friends at 9 a. m. trusting to return some day in the future when the Lord pleases. Our ride was most picturesque, but difficult, over rocky hills, through cactus fields and African wooded paths so different from the homeland, past rivers where the waters dashed over rocks forming falls and delightful scenery and which are so circuitous we were obliged to cross them several times in our journey. At noon we stopped for prayers in a lonely kraal, where we found one Christian, and then continued our ride over a sandy plain, where the Intshaloba River curves around to join the Pongola. It was a long hot ride, but we found about 40 people waiting when we reached the place of meeting, and we were delighted. Jona's wife had gone over the mountains early in the morning to call them. Jona had his first meal of the day at this place, and the Lord gave us a real good meeting. A sick man listened hungrily to the Word. Two women asked for prayer. Jona gave an earnest exhortation which was a comfort to our hearts, and then we had to pass along as it was getting near sunset, and we had yet a long ride after we crossed the Pongola, which is very beautiful at this place. The climb up the mountain was a hard one, and the sun had set before we reached the top. The boy who came with us was not familiar with our side of the river, so we came along slowly in the darkness until we reached a kraal where a young girl kindly helped us into the path leading to the home road, and later on two little girls met us with a lantern which was a comfort. We found our little home bright and cheerful and the kitchen full of the dusky forms and faces