

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Entungwini, Transvaal,

South Africa, July 20, 1927

Dear Homeland Friends:

We left Hartland twelve days ago, and we are so grateful to the Lord for the privilege of being here.

The Church at Entungwini needs the help of the white missionary, and while we feel ourselves to be very small and inefficient, we do praise Him that He has called us to be "laborers together with God." "Our sufficiency is of God," and we see that our coming has not been in vain. He has been very gracious and has given us liberty and blessing in proclaiming His Word and has been teaching our own souls and leading us out in this great warfare against the powers of darkness and unbelief. Truly it is a battle, and this word stays with me continually: "Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life."

In some places we have had crowded huts; in other places just a few, and elsewhere personal interviews, and we know all this is necessary in order that the work of God may prosper.

Today there is a service in the Church (Wednesday class), so we are staying by our tent this morning. Have given out medicine and had a profitable conversation with a young native man who wants to be a Christian. He has asked us to go to his kraal for a meeting on Friday and says he will circulate word among the other kraals in that vicinity to meet there.

We do praise the Lord for this as we have been wishing to go to that far away place. It is very sweet and blessed to our souls to see how He plans and arranges for us in so many ways. We feel much at home over here and can sing from experience these days

"A tent or a cottage why should I care?"

Yesterday we were kraal visiting and came in sight of a large kraal on the summit of a hill which seemed really too rocky and difficult to ascend on horseback. We off saddled our horses and left them to feed while we went on foot with Asiena Mavuso, for she said there were many heathen there. We found just one woman at home. It seemed a long hard climb just to see one woman, but we thought of Jesus, "He must needs go through Samaria" to meet the woman at the well, and we felt it was good to be there. Her face was pleasing but sad, and we learned that her maiden home was far away in Zululand and she is very lonesome in this new place. We told her of our far away native land, and how Jesus keeps us happy here, which seemed to interest her, and presently she invited us into a hut to have prayer. In a short time two old women appeared and many children, a dozen at least. Two of the older girls want to be Christians. We sang some hymns and then Simone Myeni, a brother of Jona Myeni, one of our native workers, came in with a shining face. He lives near, this is his father's big heathen kraal, and he is very pleased that we have "brought prayers" to his people. He tells us of his desire to be a Christian when a very young man, but he takes a wife and neglects salvation. His wife and young baby both die and again he feels the wooing of the Holy Spirit to repent and believe the gospel. He marries again and Satan holds out the prospect of his becoming a "big han" by taking many wives, having many children, and es-

tablishing a big kraal, etc. He chooses another wife, but the Lord in mercy makes it a disappointment. She becomes a sickly woman and never has a child, and again Simon sees the dealings of God with his soul to show him the true life, and this time he yields to God and is now happy in the Saviour's love. This is very sweet to hear and we do praise God for His mercy to this Zulu man. So many of them refuse the way of life eternal and choose to be "big men among their people."

As the meeting went on another quite elderly woman came in and our hearts yearned for her salvation. She has never drank beer or used snuff in her life—a remarkable thing for a heathen woman—and she does not hate anybody—another remarkable thing. She desires to be a Christian very much, but does not know why she is not saved. We were blest in pointing her to Jesus and telling her that salvation is by faith in Him. She seemed encouraged to believe and we leave her in the hands of a loving Saviour who is able to reveal Himself to her soul.

Simon asked earnestly that we come back on Saturday and he will ask the many heathen in that vicinity to come to his kraal for a meeting. We do praise the Lord for this, and are so glad we climbed that great hill—we feel fully repaid. Asiena had a bad headache, and we felt like urging her to return home, but trusted the Lord to undertake for her. We praise Him for doing so at the close of the meeting her headache was about gone and she was rejoicing that the Lord directed our steps to this kraal. Remember this little widow in your prayers, for she is not a strong woman, and has many cares. We praise the Lord that He is encouraging her soul these days and leading her on. She is a dear soul. Trifina Msibi, another native worker, is a precious soul. She is obliged to leave Entungwini, as her heathen husband has decided to move to a new place quite distant. This is quite a trial to her and Asiena also as they have been "companions in tribulation" and the Church is very dear to Trifina's heart, but she is sweetly submissive to the will of God. We feel sure that the dear Lord will make this a blessing to their souls, and a means of the "furtherance of the Gospel," for Trifina is moving to a complete heathen locality and she will surely be a light in the darkness. She is a truly sanctified woman, and carries a burden for souls and realizes that God has a work for her in the new place to which they are moving. Her prayers and exhortations bring blessing and conviction to hearts. Her husband had his mind quite made up to move to Swaziland, but the dear Lord answered the cry of her heart and prevented it. Night and day she cried unto the Lord about this matter, for it would mean a complete separation from this church and work. She is praising the Lord for this gracious answer to prayer, and rejoicing that she will be able to meet with the Church here on Communion Sundays at least, and is looking to Jesus for the power and blessing she needs as she begins life in the new place. Her one desire is to be true to God whatever the circumstances may be. She longs for the conversion of her husband and his other wife, who is now becoming somewhat tender in heart. I believe she has had many testings and severe trials in her home life, but the Lord has given her victory, and I am sure they have confidence in her. Her husband is a very bright man, but a heathen indeed. They have a fine kraal—the appearance of it shows that he is an

industrious man, but he has had trouble with his white man and has been told to leave the farm. The farmers on this side the Pongola are very oppressive, I believe, and many of the natives have a hard time.

The view from the summit of the hill (Entungwini) where Trifina lives, is truly magnificent beyond description. The grandeur of it fills one's heart with awe and admiration. How wonderful is the work of His hands! Far as the eye can reach on all sides there is one continuation of mountains in the Transvaal, Natal and Swaziland, while in the valley hundreds of feet below, flowing from their different sources the Pongola, Intshaloba and Umkunyana Rivers circulate and form a beautiful junction. It is indeed a wonderful scene to look upon from that great hilltop. One can never forget the beauty and grandeur of it all.

Monday, July 25th

The Lord is giving us gracious tokens of His presence with us and we praise Him. The days are passing swiftly by. We wish we could have come before—the winter season is so short and it is such a favorable time to get among the people.

We went to Enhlanhlandhlehla to the meeting which the young man arranged for us. It was a very rough though beautiful ride through a woody part of country abounding in cactus and aloe trees and bushes, and wild forests. Narrow paths, steep ascents, rocky ascents, dangerous from our point of view. The Lord gave us a very sweet service and touched hearts. One dear soul wept before Him for restoration, and was much burdened for her home people. The young man also wept before the Lord seeking forgiveness of sins. His face was shining at the close of the meeting. It means so much for the young people to "come out and be separate," but the Lord is able to do it and we praise Him. Many heathen were present and we trust the Lord to water the seed that was sown that day. It was dark when we reached the tent that night and we were very tired, but greatly blest. It is so good to be here. We praise Him for the privilege. The people do appreciate having the white missionary among them. Our hearts yearn over them. The native workers have many discouraging things to meet, and need our prayers and help always.

We went back to Simon Myeno's kraal on Saturday as he wished. First, we had a service at Trifina's kraal where about a dozen had gathered. Jona and Simone were both there. It was a meeting in which we felt the Lord was touching hearts. Trifina's sister-wife wept, but made no move toward the Kingdom of Heaven. It seemed like a little farewell service in their old home and Trifina was very glad. Her prayer was beautiful; she surely knows the Lord.

We went to Simon's and saw the old father at the big kraal—a hard old heathen—eyes full of deceit and cunning. We feared he would not come to the meeting in the next kraal but he did. Such a crowd of people were there, the hut was so full we could hardly move, and were very grateful for the little breaths of air that came in through the little space at the door way. It was a sweet joy to be there and we felt a great weight on our souls as we looked upon those heathen faces and realized our responsibility before God. How we needed Jesus to undertake for us and He did. Praise His name. It was a meeting in which the power of the Lord was present in conviction of souls—the hard old man sat in solemn silence, convicted of sin.