

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.,  
Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Africa,  
April 14th, 1930

Dear Friends:

We have seen many things of late in this work to encourage our hearts. I was struck with this note in the reports of our native workers this week. Jona Myeni, who is a medical doctor, and whose prayers God has often honored, is now, in a measure, stepping into Samuel's place and taking a good deal of the responsibility of the Ntungwini end of the Transvaal work. He reports a good and growing interest at Engokweni, where three new seekers have given themselves lately, and the people want to build a church. He built the church at Entungwini, one at his own home at Esingeni and another, and now offers to build this. He also reports that as soon as the reaping is over—which will be in another month now—they hope to start a self-supporting school at his own home where folk from Entungwini and Emfeni can all come, making perhaps twenty-five in all. Paulina's young husband (who lives at Emfeni) is planning to attend.

Eunice Soko, a new worker to whom I referred in my last letter, tells of Joana, a young woman who as a seeker became sick and was treated by demon doctors. She grew only worse, and turned to the Lord and was delivered. Now, five years later, she became very ill again. While she lay unconscious her heathen husband and people went through demon ceremonies, and when she came to she found herself surrounded by a stream of demon medicine which lay on the clay floor all around her. She, however, would not yield, but declared her intention of dying if need be rather than allow demons to have possession of her again. God honoured her faith and raised her up with a mighty deliverance and gave her the beautiful little daughter whom she said she would rather lose than turn from Him.

Her sister-wife, Josifina, a dear friend of my girlhood, has been through a similar, though longer and more severe, test and God has given her victory.

Johan Kunene is not very strong, yet almost single-handed he has built a sod church down at his center. He paid a white man ten shillings (two dollars and fifty cents)—which is one-third of his month's salary—for the privilege of cutting the thatch grass (1,000 bundles) for this church. It is a busy time of year, and the women of his church are nearly all married to heathen men so it is a question whether they will be able to cut this grass. Johan says he will cut the grass himself if they fail. Cutting grass is woman's work, and for a man of Johan's age and standing thus to "demean himself" is an almost unheard of thing among the Zulus. Johan paid out this money voluntarily, and took this work up for the Lord's sake and says he is glad to do it and expects no reward here on earth. We praise God for His transforming grace, which can so change an old Zulu that he will break loose from heathen custom and prestige. This man's humble, devoted spirit just blesses our souls.

Mr. John Purves, a young second blessing holiness missionary, just two years out from Scotland, wrote to father asking to come here for six months so he could devote himself to the study of the language. He has been engaged with others in holding "Missions" (as

they call them here)—revival services—among the whites, but as his call is to the Zulus, he has cut loose from them, as they have nothing but white work, and after this six months' study thinks of launching out on faith. Father being absent, we offered him a home with us for the desired time, and he came the first of the month. We have been blessed and inspired by his fellowship and devotion, and thank God for sending him here.

My husband was going to visit Alfred Metula's outpost at Grootsprint, sent Filimon Nkosi to make announcements and hold a service Saturday. The serious illness of Joeli, who was here for treatment, made it impossible for my husband to leave, so Mr. Purves went with George for the trip. They report good meetings, the presence and protection of the Lord even from storms (which were all around but did not touch them) and that Alfred's church is started in building. The Grootsprint outpost offers more of an opening than the majority of our stations. A new mine is starting and a compound to be built within a short distance of Alfred's home, and the owners are friendly to our work so we trust to have a church and school there soon. There is quite a stretch of territory with many untouched heathen kraals this side of Alfred's home. This reaches over into the Transvaal and offers considerable scope. Alfred seems to have quite a vision and needs your prayers that he may measure up to his opportunities.

Ruth is in Durban with poor little Victor, who is undergoing treatment. A specialist offers them hopes of a complete recovery. Let us pray that it may be so. Paul is home with the other three kiddies, and is having to teach as well, as the governess took sick and left.

Thanks to the "Lend-a-hand" Sunday School Class, Fredericton, our school has been able to start a month early this year. Lifina, Bertha's little cripple daughter, has become quite a good teacher. Mr. Purves is giving us his help daily in the school which will give him good practice in the language. So far the attendance is very small, but growing daily, and in another month we can hope for a good number. We are trying to have our own help attend the p. m. session, which they greatly appreciate.

Recently we have seen real conviction and hunger on souls in the meetings and Sunday School. We have had three good altar services in which over 25 have either professed conversion or restoration. Our own native help have almost made a clean sweep, and we greatly rejoice especially over some bright young boys for whom we have had a real burden.

Danyel Hadebe, Filita's brother, had a bright conversion in our 1925 revival. He left with Josefa, and went back to beer. Working here he was obliged to go to class and sat under such conviction he hardly dared to raise his eyes. When the altar call was given he did not feel worthy to stand, but came forward on a personal invitation, and wept and prayed through. In his testimony afterward he described his fall and conviction and fear saying his heart was black and full of mud but now is cleansed and a lamp lit therein. Another backslider who left with Josefa came through the same day and next week his wife was forward and testified to restoration. We are praying that these may come back to us.

The fields around us are white unto the harvest, the best time for special work is just

beginning. Pray with us that this winter may see the revival so long needed and prayed for, and which we believe has already started. With love to all our dear homeland friends whom we think of and long for so often.

Yours for the cause of Holiness in dark Africa,

FAITH MacDONALD

## OBITUARY

Joeli Mahlaba

Joeli had a good father who though only a heathen, taught him obedience. One instance of his early life illustrates this. He got in with some bad boys who were smoking Indian hemp, which is far more deadening and demoralizing than tobacco. They would also go and steal corn from neighbor's gardens, and under the influence of the narcotic they inhaled, lie in a stupor for hours while the cattle they were supposed to watch wandered off into all sorts of mischief. The father soon found out the cause of all the trouble, called his son to him and said: "Papalala (that was his heathen name), if you ever smoke that stuff again I'll kill you!" The boy knew his father as a man of his word and never dared to smoke Indian hemp again.

As a young man he went to Johannesburg to work in the gold mines. For years he had laboured under the fear of death and the Judgment. He longed for peace but knew not where to seek. One day he attended a Salvation Army meeting and there found salvation. His was a very clear cut and definite case, beer, snuff and all his old heathen sins were left behind that day. He learned to read before he came home, and loved the Word of God.

His home was near that of Isaya Sangweni, who was converted about the same time. Upon his return, they naturally became companions in following Jesus. They read in the New Testament about Pentecost and decided that was just what they wanted. There was no "upper room" to go to, so they went up into a little grove on a mountain top, and there fasted and prayed for three days and nights. God met their simple faith with a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. When they left that spot they went to the home of a bed-ridden cripple who had lam thus for years, and laying hands on her in prayer she was instantly healed. Joeli has often seen evidence of this same gift then bestowed on him, in the healing of other sufferers. Later on these two came to the M. S. and asked to be prayed for that they might receive the Holy Ghost (saying nothing of which God had already done for them). Again God met them in mighty power. Grace called me after the service was over and said, "Faith, there are two drunk men up there by the church; look at them staggering around!" Yes, thank God, they were "not drunk with wine, but filled with the Spirit." Their lives since have been beautifully consistent and fruitful.

In my last Highway letter I told you of his being married by Christian rites to his wife, who was converted a year or two after he was. At his death his old heathen father warned them that they must move away from that section or all follow him. True to this prophecy several members of the family soon died, among them Joeli's own lovely little son, their first-born. This decided Joeli, so he and his younger brother moved over on to the mission farm at Hartland. He had already started in as a native worker and has held the fort at