

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Atona M. S., P. O. Berbice,
Via Piet Retief, Transvaal, So. Af.
May, 1932

Dear Homeland Friends:

We have been enjoying beautiful autumn weather for several weeks and it is a delightful change from the summer heat. Yesterday and today it is very cold with frequent showers. When the sun appears the whole country is most beautiful to look upon, for the late rains have made the grass so fresh and green.

There is still a good deal of malaria. Trifina Msibi and her little girl are here sick with fever—very high temperatures—but Trifina is some better today. Last week I had my first attack of malarial fever since coming to Africa. I am thankful to be better and hope soon to feel like myself again for Helen is very busy these days. There is a great deal of sickness lately and many calls for medicine, beside the patients to look after.

Tulina Dhlamini was taken violently ill last week but in answer to prayer she has been restored. Eliasi Sibuja was called to work for his landlord in the high veldt, but before he reached Piet Retief he was stricken so ill he sent for his parents and wife to come to him. Isaya went also as soon as he could leave and found him slightly improved. He was praising God and telling the people that death had no terrors for him for the Savior is with him and all is well with his soul.

They got a carriage from a Dutch farmer and are bringing him home today. We do trust that God will spare him for we need just such young men as Eliasi. He is a fearless preacher and carries a real burden for souls. It was a great cross for him to leave the work and go up to the high veldt for he looked forward to the winter months to be with us in the work of the Lord and we do need him. We had asked the Lord to overrule it if it could be His will for him to remain down here this winter, so we wait to see what will be the outcome of this severe illness.

Mr. MacDonald was over for Big Sunday, April 24th. Three women were baptized, two from Klip Vaal and one from this section. Their testimonies rejoiced our hearts. One, a widow about fifty years of age, told us that she was "just a fool," drinking beer, snuffing tobacco, and living in all kinds of evil, until the Lord awakened her soul under the preaching of Joeli Mahalaba. Then she was given a "little wisdom" and saw a better way to live and left off the old ways of sin. Then again under the preaching of Eliasi Sibuya she received new light and went home to pray and settle it forever that she would follow the Lord. That night her soul was wonderfully illuminated by the Holy Spirit and the Word of the Lord is very sweet to her heart since that time. She has great joy and blessing daily and her dear old face shines. In her testimony Sunday afternoon she said, "I was just a fool, I did not know anything about God, who knew me when I did not know Him, had mercy on me and showed me all my works and has given me wisdom". We read in the Word, "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom", and this dear old Zulu woman has proved it true.

Another widow came to us from the Independent church, was converted in Joeli's meetings three years ago and continued to meet often with the people at Klip Vaal. As her own church is quite distant and she feels at home with our people and desired baptism by immersion, they were willing for her to take this step and unite with us. She has a nice big "rondeval" where the services are held now at Klip Vaal, which is very

convenient for all. She has a happy definite experience.

The third candidate was a young woman about thirty. She attended an Episcopal mission school in Vryheid District when a young girl, but was never converted. When she came to this section a number of years ago she became engaged to a heathen man, gave up her church going etc., and married him. Isaya often visited the Kraal and the Word of the Lord always brought conviction to her heart. She had much sickness and trial, lost a lovely baby and began to soon hunger for God. She has attended services here for about two years and during a severe illness last year definitely sought the Lord. One day Isaya visited her and read Rom. 8:1, and the Holy Spirit graciously enlightened her soul. Shortly after that she received a sweet definite experience and now her life is completely changed.

We do praise God for these lovely testimonies and for what God is doing for these people. We are asking Him to do "much more" and believe He will answer the cry of our hearts. We do praise Him for the privilege of prayer and His willingness to answer.

May He give us the prevailing power in prayer, both in Africa and the homeland.

Yours, happy in Jesus,

ALICE F. STERRITT

Hartland, M. S., Paulpietersburg,
Natal, South Africa.
May 2, 1932.

Dear Highway Friends:

About two miles up from the junction of the Mkunyanne and the Pongolo Rivers is the fruitful Nhlahlahlalela ("Blaze-the-Trail") valley. The beauty of the place inspires one with awe. In the back ground, rising wild and rugged for two thousand feet or more are the verdant slopes of the Ntungwini and Ngokweni mountains. We cross the Pongolo under the shadow of a 300 foot cliff, and eventually emerge from the semi-jungle of reeds and tamboeki grass growing to a height of eight to ten feet. Here we find ourselves on the edge of one of the richest valleys in the district. Rank ears of corn overshadow the generous sized pumpkins, citrons, and watermelons, and a riot of other vegetables, in field after field as far as eye can reach. No wonder the fertility of this valley has caused people to forget its curse and settle in such numbers in spite of the dread scourge of malaria.

For a few prosperous years the happy care free life goes on and the valley smiles and throbs with life, then comes a bad year, the flooded river leaves reeking flats and stagnant pools and soon death's sinister shadow stalks through the populous kraals. Groans and wails silence the laughter and song, and in their desperation and terror these poor children of nature seek for a witch doctor. He comes with paraphernalia of horns, gourds, bottles and reeds full of unspeakable substances, strong "Muti".

The patient, delirious with fever, is induced to snuff some pungent "Muti" which, if it produces a sneeze is a sure sign that the said patient is possessed of demons (which this year are called "Amangwazane") and therefore must go through the demon ceremony or be taken by these "little spear stabbers" During the gruesome rites of this revolting ceremony the patient has a goat slaughtered on his back and is forced to drink the streaming blood. The neighbours and friends in the meantime have all gathered round, each armed with a noisy rattle made of a gallon oil tin half filled with stones. The noisy clamour of this truly hellish din fills the valley for miles around as the old witch doctor works the charm

of his back magic which is supposed to appease the demons so they will not kill the patient. The demon is not cast out, but rather installed in full possession, the old witch Doctor salving over the poor victim's captivity by calling it a "guardian spirit", but demanding that it should have implicit obedience.

In spite of all his imposing pomp, too often the poor patient slips through his fingers, and another is added to the ever growing number of new made graves, another soul has gone out into eternity, gone to meet his God, from such a scene, gone, unprepared, from the darkness and despair of heathen superstition into the darkness and despair of an eternity without God, his guardian spirit a demon, gone forever, beyond our reach. It is too late to pray for him, but there are others left, many others waiting in their desperate plight, in their prison house of fear, demon ridden and oppressed.

In this smiling valley where we used to get a congregation of from thirty to fifty this awful scourge of death and demon possession has so sorely stricken the little flock the awful current sweeping soul after soul from their moorings of faith into the terrible stream of demon allegiance where they dare not attend the services of God, till it is reported to us that there are only two left who have held true through this ordeal. Jimson Ngomezulu though he lost his young wife and four others died in the kraal, though he has actually fainted on the road, has walked for miles and miles in his weak condition to attend services. He says even if he does die on his way to the meeting he is ready to meet His God. Alfred Dhlamini was found by his friends unconscious by the river side and was carried home and while still unconscious they performed the demon ceremonies for him but when he regained consciousness he refused to have anything to do with demons or their worship. A few trembling souls follow these two great hearts to the meetings so six or eight now gather in that dark valley to worship God.

Friends, this is a cry from Africa's night. Jimson and Alfred need your help, we need your help that during this coming evangelistic season the battle may be pushed into the enemies' territory and his prisoners won back for our Master and many others delivered, that this dismal valley which now resounds to hell's own music may once more smile with Heaven's benediction and ring with our Master's praise.

Yours in His will,

GEORGE SANDERS

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the General Missionary Society of the Reformed Baptist Church of Canada, will be held (D. V.) in the tabernacle at Beulah Camp Ground, Thursday, June the 30th, at 4 o'clock p. m. All members of the local societies who have paid their dues are members of the general society. We hope there will be a large attendance.

P. J. TRAFTON, Secretary.

S. S. BLANKS SENT OUT

The Sunday Schools will receive report blanks for report to Alliance. Please fill out and send to

MRS. S. H. CLARK,

Brown's Flats, Kings Co., N. B.

"There are said to be twenty-six million automobiles in the United States. That makes twenty-six million reasons against free liquor."—Sel.