

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S., Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa. April 13, 1933.

Dear Friends:

A young Mavimbela boy down by the Pongolo started to seek the Lord, but like many more young Zulus the glamour of heathen ambitions blinded his eyes—to be considered a first class stick fighter, feared and respected by his fellows—to have his praises sung in romantic and high sounding phrases as he danced his individual and improvised "giya"; to be loved and chosen by many girls; be married by many wives; father many children and be a "big" and honourable "head-man" of a good sized kraal, with plenty of cattle, goats, food and beer—all of this, and much more which is dark and evil, drew him. He gave up seeking the Lord and went in for heathenism with all it could offer.

A big wedding with its beer and dancing, its crowds of half naked "beauties" decked in beads and gew-gaws, its bands of young skin-girt braves and the whole heathen countryside gathered to look on and applaud—this of course is part of what he is living for, and finds young Mavimbela in full regalia. As many of these affairs have a way of doing this wedding ended in a faction fight. Thomase Ngomezulu, returning from his white man found a wounded lad lying helpless by the road-side. With the help of a couple of young girls who came by at that time, he carried the poor fellow home. They sent across the river for "Mfundisi" the missionary, but being Saturday, he was away. Again they sent their pitiful plea for help. Mfundisi returning late Sunday evening was informed of this call and with George left early next morning. They found the poor fellow still rational but with five awful wounds on his head, and a rising temperature. Prayer and first aid—but such a case must have hospital treatment. This was a criminal case and they had to wait for the Pietretief doctor. Jona Myeni called and had prayer, later, but now he was past help, lying unconscious and dying. His skull had been badly fractured and from the first there was no hope and very little time even had he wanted to repent. As far as we know, another poor soul has gone out into darkness for all eternity. How many there are following the same trail! Friends it takes mighty faith and prayer to stem this awful tide and rescue these sin sick souls.

Praise God, His power is not limited and He is rescuing even Zulu men. Jona Myeni tells of his conversion.

"I was a proud young Zulu, lusting for fame as a fighter—the man who dared to touch my shield, I did my best to crack his head. I wanted a big kraal and many wives. I already had a beautiful young "bride" who was soon to marry me, and I was engaged to another girl. I used to smoke Indian hemp and my temper was so vile that if even one of my little sisters looked in at the door of my private hut to give me a greeting I felt like thrashing her with a big stick.

But God—in just one day—changed everything. He took my soul and held it like a fluttering rag over the flames of hell. He told me that if I continued in my present way my days were numbered. I lost all desire for smoking hemp. My brother asked: "Why do you not come and smoke with me like you always do?" "Oh brother" I cried, "there is something in here" (pointing to his chest), "Well if you are sick go and take an emetic", "No brother, vomiting cannot help this, it is in my soul!" I had never prayed. I knew not how. But I went out on the hill-side that day and cried unto the Lord. I told Him, "Lord if you

will only give me more days on earth I will work for you and do just what you want me to do all my days". God heard my cry and spoke to my soul. That Sunday, I went to meeting and listened to God's word. The next Sunday I went again and stood and gave myself as His man. I left all my heathen ways and God forgave my sins. I gave up my heathen bride and girl and married just one—today I am married to her by Christian rites. God told me to use the "leaf-of-healing" which my dying father had bequeathed to me in my early boyhood. Told me He would use me to save many lives with my doctoring and many souls with my prayers. Last Summer again I came near death. Again I could see my days diminishing. Again God restored me, and renewing His covenant with me sent me to work more than ever and promised me yet many souls."

Friends, Jona needs your prayers. He has a wife who though a nominal Christian is a terrible drag on him and turning the tide in his home for their young family toward heathenism. He is away a lot and they do much as they please.

Jona lives near the "Emfeni" and "Nhlahlahlalela" valleys where fever and the demon doctor took such toll last year. This year these poor people are turning to him for help. Let us pray that God may indeed use him mightily to defeat the demon army and indeed give him many souls.

He holds services now in the home of a lame woman who was baptized at Altona recently. He says her life and testimony is away ahead of the Christians who have good feet. Her husband has a large "rondavel" which he has opened to them for services. Their next door neighbour is a man with a big kraal and over 20 children. Beautiful, bright young people, hungry for God, but he refuses them permission to be Christians. They steal away to meetings some times. I have been praying for them for two years and am so glad to learn that meetings have come so near.

Friends we need to pray harder and dig deeper—death is so busy and these priceless souls are passing so swiftly beyond our reach. I seem to see a form, prone upon the ground, groaning, agonizing till He sweat as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground. It was for these Zulus He bore that shame and agony. Oh my heart aches with longing that it may not be in vain.

Yours for more souls, though it cost more in blood and tears. FAITH MACDONALD

HONOR DEPARTING PASTOR REFORMED BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. P. J. and Mrs. Trafton, Also Miss Marguerite Trafton Guests at Surprise Party Presented With Gifts From Congregation and Y. P. S.

A real surprise was given Rev. P. J. and Mrs. Trafton, and daughter Marguerite, on Wednesday evening. They had been invited to spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Butler, at 153 Robinson street, which they graciously accepted and the pleasant fellowship was enlivened by the arrival of a large number of the members of the Reformed Baptist Church and some friends, who had prepared to give their Minister, his wife and daughter an enjoyable surprise. They came in singing, "Such love, such wondrous love, that God should love a sinner such as I, How wonderful is love like this."

It was a wonderful time of fellowship and socialibility in conversation, instrumental music and singing of beautiful hymns. During an inter-

mission, the young people, on behalf of the Y. P. S., presented Miss Marguerite Trafton, who has been the President, with an address and a beautiful Bible. The recipient made a short speech in acceptance, thanking them for their token of appreciation and kindness.

During another intermission the Minister and his wife were called upon to take a conspicuous position, after which members of the church presented, on behalf of the church and friends, first to Mrs. Trafton an address in verse, accompanied by a box of beautiful linen, and to Rev. Mr. Trafton an address accompanied by a beautiful electric study lamp and a purse of money. To these real surprises, the pastor and his wife tried to express their appreciation of this expression of love and goodwill from the church and friends.

The ladies had provided a delicious lunch which was served by the young ladies, after which prayer was offered by the pastor and then the company sang, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," the gathering afterwards dispersing, but not before everyone expressed their delight in spending an enjoyable evening in Christian fellowship.—Moncton Times.

OBITUARY

Willard Cosman

On June 1st inst., Willard Cosman died suddenly while ploughing in his field with a team of horses. Death was attributed to a heart attack.

A young nephew came across the lifeless body when he went into the field to watch his uncle plough.

Willard Cosman was born in Kingston 62 years ago, son of Mr. and Mrs. Shalor Cosman.

One sister and two brothers survive him: Mrs. A. P. Champier and J. Wesley Cosman, of Kingston, and Peter L. Cosman, of Newcastle Bridge, N. B.

The funeral was held on the afternoon of June 3rd from the Kingston Baptist Church. Rev. S. S. Poole, of Saint John, officiated, assisted in the service by Rev. Hazen Taylor, Rev. M. Hatheway and Adjutant Martin, of the Salvation Army. A profusion of floral tributes testified to the esteem in which Mr. Cosman was held. The funeral cortege was one of the largest in the history of the community. Kingston Baptist Church has lost a strong stay. It can be said of our departed brother, "He was a good man"—his life was a rebuke to sin. S. H. B.

William Wright, Sr.

After an illness of three weeks, William Wright, Sr., departed this life Thursday morning, June 8th, in the 82nd year of his age. He lived the greater part of his early life at Dundas, Kent Co., N. B. He resided in the West for 18 years previous to his coming to Moncton, six years ago, where he has remained with his son, William, until the time of his death. His wife predeceased him almost six months. He leaves to mourn, six sons and two daughters, two sisters, four brothers and a large circle of other relatives and friends. The funeral was held on Saturday, the 10th, at 3 p. m., the writer officiating, assisted by Rev. F. E. Roop, U. B., after which the remains were taken to Gladeside, where a short service was held at the grave side, and the body was laid to rest beside that of his wife. The services were largely attended and the floral tributes were numerous, showing the esteem in which he was held. P. J. TRAFTON.