

## CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Brother Dow—

I notice the label on my Highway says another year has gone by, and oh so quickly, and as I look back over the year to see so little that I have done for my Heavenly Father I feel unworthy to be called a child of His, but I am endeavoring to let my light shine for Him because there is peace and contentment in serving our God. There has been many sorrows and temptations, but so many rich blessings. Wife is in the hospital just now, had an operation, is getting along fine, and I feel like praising God this morning as He has taken the murmuring out of my heart.

I am sending cheque for \$3.00 to pay for my subscription and some one else that is not able to pay, as I feel to keep the two greatest Commandments takes all there is of us.

Yours in His love,

AARON CHURCHILL

Sandford

Dear Brother Dow—

Enclosed find money order for \$2.50 to pay for my Highway. What is left over use as you think best.

I am enclosing something for the Highway we think is good. I am praising the Lord for Salvation, the greatest gift to man.

I remain your sister in Christ,

MRS. ALONZO L. ALLEY

Beals, Maine.

Dear Brother Dow—

Enclosed find Postal Order for \$1.50, renewal of the Highway. Have read the Highway from the first issue and am enjoying it as well as ever.

Yours saved,

B. M. COLPITTS.

Woodstock, N. B.

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Paulpietersburg, S.A.

October 15th, 1936.

Dear Friends—

Greetings from this land of darkness in the name of Him who is the Light of the World.

Today we have been down in the depths and caught a fresh glimpse of the awful shadow which darkens the lives of the poor heathen about us.

George and I were having a rare treat, a quiet Sunday morning together studying the parallel passages in Ephesians and Colossians. Our souls were ravished with the beauty of the glorious mountain peaks of grace, promise and revelation we glimpsed. Going to prayer we were led into "waters to swim in" and having a sweet blessed time when a persistent knocking on the door ultimately disclosed Jona Myeni, our doctor-preacher who has recently been bereaved first of mother, then wife and now very suddenly his brother who died without having been apparently ill at all.

We had a season of prayer with Jona, gave him a breakfast and attended to his need. By that time the children were home from their walk and dinner to get. While busy we saw a cavalcade which certainly told its own story—some poor sick patient being brought to the hospital.

The man had been "dying" for weeks and certainly appeared to be very near death as they rode him groaning and gasping on the back of a little red horse, to the place where dismounting he transferred to the back of one of the men

who carried him into the little hospital room which was ready waiting. They had started at dawn and now it was high noon. Picture the suffering of this pitiful case. We hastened to administer a restorative and hot tea, started food for twelve faint people who had accompanied him, hastened our own lunch and gathered to have a little service before they scattered.

George, "Sister May" (a visiting missionary), Maryella, Daniel and our native teacher, boarding school children and farm boys gathered with this company on the luxurious green grass outside the Hospital door.

After a song and short prayer George gave a message to those sorrow-laden folk which we sensed was going home to the heart of those sad heathen men especially. Their faces showed interest, hunger and conviction. We were joined by a number of our local workers and congregation as the service progressed. The groans and gasps of our poor patient were distressing and the prayer service which followed was very earnest and fervent. Closing this short service we had the local congregation move into an adjoining building to continue the service with George and the others while we ministered to the patient and his hungry attendants. All but four left for home and the others took charge while we went back to meeting. A sweet spirit prevailed. George has been very very ill, and is in the meeting for the first time. The expressions of joy and gratitude, the story of the grief they had felt, their concern, constant prayer and now great gratitude at his splendid recovery was very touching. People have come from far and near to enquire and to pray for him. Six came one day from way over at Ngenetsheni's (across the Pevaan), some from across the Pongolo and local friends daily. The expressions of love and gratitude were touching. "When we see him we feel we are looking at his father." "Even the old women and the babies in the kraals have been praying for him." "He is the father of the people all over the district", etc. "We poor orphans do not know what we should have done had he—our father—died", etc.

When Mfundisi came home from their meeting at "Emferi", across the Pongolo, we had him see the patient at once and did our best for him. In praying with them that night we felt a great urge to deal definitely with the soul of this poor young man and his pretty little bride of four weeks.

They asked us to have the doctor from town the next day. We are fortunate in having two friendly doctors in Paulpietersburg. They are partners; the younger one fresh from college is the son of a missionary doctor. This was doctor number six. The five preceding ones had been Devil Doctors, and the torments this poor soul had suffered and was still suffering, none of us can picture.

We continued our daily and constant ministrations but seemed powerless, either to give relief or to stay the course of his disease. Twice daily we and others prayed with them and dealt with the souls of the patient, his young wife, old heathen uncle and other relatives and friends.

Wednesday night his suffering seemed so great our heart was moved. Kneeling there the question came, "Have we done all in our power to help and give relief?" "We have never felt to lay hands on him or anoint him for healing." "Why not? Can you say you have tried every means in your power until you have followed these plain scriptural injunctions?" "Well if God wishes us to do this we are here to do it." Rising from our knees after prayer we drew near to the bed where lay the groaning gasping

sufferer, but a new question suddenly came into our heart. Do you know that this man is not a demoniac? Can you not see that this is what is so tormenting him? Those five native doctors who treated him, were they not devil doctors? When questioned he frankly stated that he had been treated by Demon Doctors and Demons had been inducted.

I explained to him the plan God has given whereby we Christians can call upon Him for healing and ease from pain, and said I would like to pray for him in this way, but could not while he clung to these demons, trusting and seeking their aid. Would he choose tonight to turn from the demons to Jesus and be willing for Jesus to cast the demons out?

"Oh Nkosazana", he groaned, "I cannot choose tonight." We then united in prayer on his behalf that he would be enabled to choose Jesus, and that his relatives might be willing for him to have these demons cast out, and left him.

His brother, (a fine young Christian Zulu with an education), followed a little later to fetch the medicine and nourishment for the night. "Nkosazana", he said, "I asked my poor brother why he would not let you pray for him and have these demons cast out. He says he is not the only one concerned. These doctors cost money. My relatives had me treated. How can I have this treatment annulled without consulting them?"

The next morning he sent for me. I could hear his groans before I was out of our yard. I heard him call upon God and call upon Jesus. As soon as I entered the door he looked up eagerly and said, "Au Nkosazana, pray for me. Come lay your hands on me and pray for me!" I asked him if this meant that he was willing to turn away from the demons and choose Jesus—have Jesus cast out the demons and cleanse his heart. "Yes Nkosazana I choose Jesus. Nkosazana pray for me. Au Nkosazana, au Nkosazana pray for me." Kneeling by that dying bed we pointed his soul to Jesus. He followed in prayer asking for pardon and cleansing and making his surrender. We claimed deliverance from demons and plead for relief for the awful suffering. Later we sent word for the local Christians and workers and several prayer services were held by them and by us. At noon, while they prayed and after he had confessed to them his choice and surrender, he suddenly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. Oh, I am so glad he was saved.

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October 26, 1936.

Dear Friends—

Today, in following up the progress of a mysterious and infectious malady which is claiming numbers of victims in our neighbourhood I heard this story:

A young wife lay dying. The demon by which she had been treated spoke, "You have not paid 'my father' (the demon doctor) his beast, that is why this woman is dying." The distracted young husband instantly offered the finest ox in his kraal, naming and describing and pledging to pay—but the poor young wife followed in death the old mother, the young sister (mother of several children), and his other relatives who had died recently.

Friends we live in a land of awful darkness and tragedy. Souls are perishing all around us. Souls are held in bondage—life-long slavery—to fear and demon possession and superstition and death. We wrestle not against flesh and blood—the principalities and powers and spiritual darkness are very real. God help us—and them. Thank God the weapons of our warfare are not

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