

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,
May 1, 1949

Dear Friends:

Greetings in Jesus' precious name. "Say not ye, there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest?" Behold I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white almost to harvest. (St. John 4:35). These words were spoken by Jesus directly after his interview with the Woman of Samaria at Jacob's Well. Jesus saw her spiritual hunger and of those who "came unto Him" because of her words—a part of the "whited harvest."

Yesterday Losilina Lushaba, one of our Bible women, came to report the spiritual welfare of her "sheep." I learned her appointment for today was a Simelane kraal where no one is a Christian. The "Umunizane" or man of the kraal, has six wives. It is about a mile or more beyond the kraal where that sick woman got saved a short time ago which I think I wrote about recently. I felt a tremendous pull to go so we planned a trip for today. We left here about 10 a. m., arriving there about 2 p. m. On the way we went in to the brother's kraal to see a sick young man. He has tuberculosis of the spine and, I judge, of the lungs too. He is very thin and pale and suffers a lot at times, and finds it very hard to walk or sit up. I took two picture rolls and the people listened very attentively. He wants to be a Christian but says his hindrance is the terrifying dreams of the dead. He says that these are sent to him by an enemy, probably the one who bewitched him. I tried to help him to see the comfort and refuge we find in Jesus by His salvation. He still seems rather hard, and needs our prayers. His name is "Fourfeet Simelane."

At the second kraal we found many heathen. A beer drink was in full swing. I felt dismayed at first, thinking it useless to hold a service. But we had a very blessed meeting in spite of it. Thirteen heathen women and two men attended the service. God gave me a different text than the one I had intended to speak from. He used it to touch the hearts of those poor benighted souls. Truly they are part of the "whited harvest!" If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink and, etc." John 7:37-39. The men had gathered in a large stone house. I first went to invite them. "Hgongo!" (Knock, knock). "We see you," they all replied. "Yes, we see you, princess!" I said to the old man by the door, "Are you drinking beer?" "Yes," he replied. "Is it good?" I asked. "Yes! Won't you have some?" Whereupon he offered me the large earthen bowl of vile smelling thick liquid! "No! I have come to tell you folk of a drink more satisfying than beer. 'Be ye not drunk with wine . . . but be ye filled with the Holy Spirit'—come and I shall tell you in the service," I replied. Only two came. When our service was just well started those beer drinkers began a great noise—humming, singing and dancing, with heavy stamping of the feet. I told our little congregation to pay no heed to them—that was the Devil's meeting place. We were meeting with God who would cause them to drink from the living water. Five of those heathen women came forward for prayer and wept with longing after God, but as yet their husband has not given his consent for them to believe. There was hardly a dry eye there. My heart

was greatly moved by this touching scene. Oh, dear friends, please join us in praying that this heathen man will soon let his wives be Christians.

Your prayers for Elder Paul Nkosi are being heard. He was stricken down recently with what seemed to have been malaria fever and was very ill at Eastertime. Elder Daniel Sukazi and a preacher, Timothy Nkosi, went to pray for him the next Thursday. Then when they began to relate the blessed time we enjoyed at Piet Retief "church opening," he suddenly sat up in bed and said, "I'm healed now!" He later walked outside to bid them farewell (he had been too weak to walk for days!) Praise God He is still the same "Yesterday, today and for ever." George is better. May return soon. Praise the Lord!

Yours for souls,
GRACE SANDERS

Hartland Mission Station,
May 21, 1949

Dear Friends:

Our fellow-worker and brother in the Lord, Rev. Paul Dhlaugamandhla Nkosi, went to be with the Lord, early on Monday evening, May 16th, 1949.

I would like to pay tribute to the spirit in which he bore his suffering. Never once in the eight days he was here in hospital did I hear him complain. He took all as in the will of the Lord, and his prayer was for "grace to overcome" and that the Lord's will be done. We had prayers with him twice daily, and it was sweet to be there; the Lord drew so near. I was impressed with his praying for he spoke intimately to God, as one speaks face to face with a friend. I often went in to find him reading his Bible.

Charlie and some of our Christians made a nice coffin, and our Christian women were very helpful. Late on Tuesday afternoon we had a short service here, and then the men bore his remains on their shoulders to Kwabanakile, where the funeral service was held.

Charlie spoke from Rev. 7:9. Andrew Mtetwa, Johan Maseko and Absalom Sibeya paid tribute to their fellow-worker. His two brothers, his wife's uncle and brother, and some heathen also spoke. Their words implied that Paul had been a man who was impartial in his dealings with them, of good judgment and wise counsel. He was laid to rest near his kraal, until the resurrection morn.

We feel that we have lost a friend and a faithful worker. May God raise up someone to take his place. Pray for Joanna, his widow, and the children. "O death, where is thy sting? Or grave, thy victory? But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

MYRA SANDERS

226 Market St., Vryheid
May 26, 1949

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in Jesus' precious name! Now should be a good time to sit down and have a chat on paper with my many Highway friends. How many I have, I know not, but I know they have increased since my coming to Africa.

Apparently all you dear folks have been busy these past weeks as the postman isn't making many stops at our gate. Perhaps some of you are waiting for me to answer your last letter, but that is not the case with all of you. You

will be busy preparing for Beulah. Just the mention of Beulah makes me lonesome. Do write all the news of Beulah this year. Won't you send several air letters? Don't wait for the other fellow to write, and even if he has written, you write too. In this way we get the different aspects of that great Camp Meeting. Write about the business meetings, the regular preaching services, the Young People's, the missionary meeting and the children's meetings. We can't be there but we are praying hard that it will prove the very best Camp Meeting you have ever had on Brown's Flats—the best in every way!

I am still at Vryheid with the Keirsteads. Truly God's ways are not man's ways, but His ways are best, and "Sometime we will understand." To us, with our finite minds, it seems as if the work needs everyone of us, but we must all keep holding to the horns of the altar, beseeching God in behalf of His work and His workers. Thank God, Brother George Sanders is on the road to recovery, although he is still taking treatment. But Sister Gladys is still a very sick woman, requiring considerable help and attention. She has her good days when she thinks she is well on the road to recovery, but they are followed by days when she feels she cannot recover unless God undertakes. The Word tells us that "The heart is deceitful . . ." This must be true in the realms of the physical as well as in the realms of the spiritual.

It is a pleasure to be able to minister in even a small way to such a patient patient, but the hearts of the both of us are at Altona among our black friends—yes, despite the lack of conveniences, the loneliness and the many trying circumstances one encounters on a mission station, that is where we desire to be.

All of our churches are saddened over the passing of our worker, Rev. Paul Nkosi. Our loss is his gain as he left a bright testimony, both verbal and as regards his life. It seems like a triumph for the enemy, but it isn't. God has a plan in it all and He will make this tragedy to work out to His glory. Do pray for his wife and family left to mourn and pray too that God will raise up somebody to take Paul's place.

"The good work goes on and on." Two of our workers went to Ermelo recently—about 100 miles from Altona. What a triumphant time! Babies were presented and several started to serve the Lord—thirty-one in all in and around Ermelo. Praise God forever! The man who has been shepherding the flock had been set aside as he was a slave to tobacco and a "social" drinker. He didn't climb up the "miff" tree, but being able to read, continued the work of teaching and guiding. As God had given him the victory over these habits, he was restored as a member. Praise the Lord! There are fifty-four at and near Ermelo who claim allegiance to our church. They are crying for a church and a preacher. This is another subject for prayer. Do pray!

Thank you, friends, for all your prayers for me. They have helped me over many hard places. Thank you too for all letters, cards, parcels, etc. Sometimes I hope to get you all thanked personally.

Keep praying. Keep giving. Keep working. Keek obeying God. God bless you richly.

Yours for souls,

MARY CAMPBELL