

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Paulpietersburg,
Natal,
October, 25th, 1914.

Dear Friends,—

These are anxious times and we are also involved. I mean the whole of the South African Union is under martial law and no one knows what the future holds.

It all began by the Germans in their colony known as German South West, crossing the border and molesting Boer families in the Union territory. Of course our government sent help and then further help under Col. Maritz, a Boer, but supposedly loyal to British interests as all seemed to think. He had 1200 men, plenty of supplies and some say a machine gun with ammunition and money for the trip. When he arrived at the border he, it is said, drew a line, crossed it, and told his troops his plan of joining the Germans. All in favor were invited to cross this line and go with him, the rest could take their choice—either be delivered into the hands of the Germans, as prisoners of war, or be shot. Treason! Who can the government trust among these Dutchmen after this? Many of them have held, and do today, hold high positions in the government. Since the late Boer war England has done about everything she could to help these same Dutchmen. Farms with easy terms and long time to pay for them, sheep, donkeys and stock with time to pay for some, etc. Now when England needs all her subjects to be loyal to her in this crisis, some of these Boers seize the opportunity to rebel.

War, war, war! All conversations turn to this terrible war. All hearts reach out in sympathy for those at the front and the wounded ones. Funds are being raised everywhere for comforts for troops and to care for loved ones left desolate by the death of those who have fallen. The world has never seen the like before of a tragedy so great and awful as this. Distress of nations with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth. For the powers of heaven shall be shaken. Let us watch for the next great event and then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. Shall we be found ready and waiting? Or will our hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares. For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the earth. Watch ye, therefore, and pray always, etc., etc. How much we need these instructions! With most of us the cares of this life tend to overcharge our hearts. I know this. We have so much to do; there is so much rush and hurry. It is hard to find the quiet time for the prayer our own souls needs and unless our own souls are in a flourishing condition, how can we help others? Dear friends let us pray. Prayer keeps us in touch with God. In prayer we can reach to the ends of the earth, and though we stay at home we may at the same time help reach the uncivilized heathen.

I am glad to report very encouraging things concerning our work. Though there are many difficulties, such as proselyting to take away our members, opposition, etc., still heathen are continually coming to us for light. Fathers who formerly forbid their daughters to become Christians, are now consenting, women who years ago first heard the gospel but did not heed it, are now hungering for salvation. Dif-

ferent centres are asking us to come and hold meetings. The daily Bible class has a good attendance; the school is going on better; larger congregations attend all our places of service and souls are getting saved and believers seeking sanctification. We are just as busy as it is possible for human beings to be, it seems to me, and greatly need more help as there is evidence all around of a big revival coming and we want to care for all we possibly can that these may enter the kingdom. Baptism next Sunday, we expect.

I was much rejoiced by the following: One day last week a girl who lives near, and with whom I have often spoken about being a Christian, brought a parcel of goods, gay colors, and asked me to hem them for her. Among the pieces was one of print and not unusually made into a blanket, so I asked her what she meant. Then she opened up her heart and told me she wanted to dress and be a Christian. She did not know if her father would be willing or not. "Well," I said, "I will tell you what to do. You go home with these things and tell him you want to believe and ask him to let you. Then, if he consents, you bring these pieces to me and I will cut them out and help you to make them up in garments believers wear." This she has done. Also, her father, Swartzjaz, wants us to hold meetings at his kraal. Aaron held one there last Sunday and had about thirty present. They had a good time. Several women from there told me they are anxious to be Christians. It looks as if this girl's way would be easy from this time.

An old man, Pengula, who lives on this farm, has plenty of girls and always has refused to let them be Christian. Nomasouta is his daughter and the one he strictly forbade to follow Jesus. He married her off, when very young, to an old man and did everything he could to hinder her or any one else of his family from being Christians. We have several of his descendants as help in kitchens, etc. Lydia asked him if he would not let these, who lately expressed a desire to believe, and he has consented and there are five or six of his children or grand children who are seeking. He was a witch doctor and several of his wives were also. It always seemed to me the devil was very near him. Now, beloved, will you not enter into an agreement with us to pray much for our work? Pray for hard cases, where girls are hindered by fathers or intended husbands. Pray for these hard hearts who for years have had some light but refuse to walk in it. I feel like asking you to join me in asking for Mandundu, a fine native man who has several wives and quite a few children. He lives on this farm. I have talked with him so often but he will not come to the light. There is a great desire to see him saved. He is a hard case, as is that of any influential native. To lay aside certain heathen customs, lose prestige among his people and to give up sin will take a struggle. But God is able to reach just such hard cases as these are. He waits to save and can reach the hardest case on earth. I am daily in prayer for our work. It would be a great comfort to me if some, who will join us in prevailing prayer daily for this work, or two or three times a week, would write to me about it. I see, as never before, that the weapon of all prayer is the one that helps most the sword of the Spirit to reach the most desperate cases.

Rains have come at last and yesterday plowing was begun. Though flour and all food has risen in price, the former now \$10.00 per barrel or more, we have such a good supply of dry beans, izindhluber, peanuts, sweet potatoes

and other green vegetables that we have plenty of food and can be economical on flour especially since in a few weeks we will be eating green corn if no hail comes to destroy it. Heavy hail has already fallen at the town of P. P. Burg destroying their early plums.

All are in health; children enjoy their present governess.

Dr. Sanders has gone seven or eight miles to hold services. Faith is beginning the first service here and 'tis time for me to gather in our children and teach them.

Yours in Him,
MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

Balmoral Mission Station,
Nov. 3, 1914.

Dear Highway,—

Since our last writing news has been permitted to reach the public that rebellion has really begun in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. There are grave possibilities, of course, but we hope for the best. German spies and a few leading Boers are apparently responsible for present conditions, where every man in South Africa must be ready to do his utmost towards bringing the rebellion to a speedy termination.

But you Canadians know more of these affairs, I presume, than we here are permitted to learn. With this rebellion so near, the stupendous European struggle still in progress, our personal troubles seem petty and insignificant in comparison.

Owing to the famine in our district, the natives are thankful that the summer rains have begun in earnest.

Our church is now so near completion that we are holding our meetings there and had the dedication service last Sunday. A goodly number were present almost filling the building.

You will be interested to know that with iron roofing and burned brick walls, it is a very firm structure, well calculated to withstand the rains and winds of this locality.

One promising case was baptised and two members received into the church. This first one mentioned, Melika, formerly Nonkulmo, has passed through the deep waters of late. A year ago she was the happy mother of two small children. Her baby sickened and died. This she took as the voice of God calling her to forsake her sins and follow Jesus. She delayed, however, when a few months later, her other child was bitten by a snake and died the same day.

It is pitiful now to see her with empty arms, longing to meet her loved babies. She seems thoroughly saved and is pressing on the upward way that she may again clasp to her heart those dear little ones gone on before.

One of the recent recruits is a young man, whom Brother Kierstead may know, Ngnetsheni, who lives just this side of the Dongola river. Last Sunday he was present, dressed as a believer. He seems exceptionally earnest and promising. We expect to have a meeting next Sunday at his home. For a long time we have tried to "get in" there, as so many kraals are nearby. Mangwana, the father, refused Mr. Kierstead's request to hold services there shortly before he started for home. This illustrates how many places long closed to gospel light are now asking for meetings.

I might here remind you that it is a long time since any money has been received for native workers. That they must be paid promptly, especially during this time of famine, goes without saying. Thus far I have hired money

What shall 1915 be to you?