

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Paulpietersburg, Natal So. Africa,
July 17, 1914.

Dear Highway,— There is much talk of making our district a Native Reserve. Because of a recently enacted law, hundreds of natives are being sent from the farms belonging to white men. These people must go and build somewhere, so the Government is setting apart large areas where Europeans have not yet settled and inviting the homeless natives to come and occupy and even buy these lands.

"Native Reserves," or "Locations," these sections are called, and are kept exclusively for the negroes. Here the natives find themselves their own masters, so to speak, whereas, when living on farms they are obliged to work a certain portion of each year for their landlords.

In our district, for instance, all the children, including the young men and unmarried girls, work one-half their time for their "umlungu," or white man, who lives far from here on some other farm in the "high veldt," where the climate is cooler and more healthful. For this reason a regular school is almost impossible. Children just get fairly started when they are called to help at their homes, to watch the cattle or goats from the gardens, or perhaps the birds. Then they may return and have a few weeks study when the time has come round for them to return to their "umlungu." When they enter his service, of course, other children are set free to return to their homes.

But in a "Location" the Natives have no "umlungu" to call them to his service, and they are free to help their parents or attend school.

Then too in the Locations there are more children constantly at home, as generally the young men only go to the towns as wage earners. Naturally the mission work in these Reserves has great advantages over that on farms. Should our district actually become a Native Location, we shall find our station, according to a map I saw the magistrate preparing last week for the government, in the centre of a large triangular area, bounded on two sides by the rivers Pongolo and Pivaan respectively. This map was marked off to show the government how many farms there are here which have no established European settlers. Balmoral, of course, was left white, while in all directions only one other farm, that of the Boer next us, was not marked blue, indicating that they could be used for natives.

As matters now stand, there is, as I have recently stated, pressing need of two men on this station. And if our hopes are realized we will soon see this section opened to Natives, who will come flocking our way, increasing our opportunity and need of help.

The Pongolo river, being the boundary between Natal and Transvaal separates our triangle from what is now the most promising portion of our field. Since Brother Kierstead left I have visited this every week, and am opening up two new outposts. Last Sunday there were nearly forty heathen at one of the services. Then I visited a sick woman and a dying girl. The girl Brother Kierstead had visited, and, he will be glad to hear, seems to be trusting in Jesus. She told me how he explained to her that since she did not have strength to go out in the field to pray (as the Natives like to do) God would hear in the house, and even while sitting, since she could not kneel.

There has even been talk of making a large area across the Pongolo, right where our work lies, so as to include all our outposts, a Native Location. This could easily be done, as Europ-

eans have not yet settled in that part. But I will not speak more of this until I learn definitely.

The bricks for the new church are all made and hauled to the site ready for burning. A man has promised to help me and expects to start this week. He has agreed to wait awhile for his pay, as all the money sent for the church building has been spent (\$100.55). I trust to receive more very soon. Thus far your representative has a reputation for trustworthiness, and I very much desire to pay all bills promptly. The frames for doors and windows have been bought, but the roofing timber has not yet been ordered, as I am waiting for money from home.

But Brother Baker, in the Highway, will present the needs of our foreign work; enough for me if I report our doings.

Samuel has been sick of late, but Johan Sukazi has returned from Johannesburg and will work with him across the Pongolo.

At present David is stopping at the station studying and conducting outpost services.

Last Sunday Simon was across the Pevaani, where Paul Metula has been working. He reported an excellent service, and two other meetings at kraals on his way home. Simon seems to be doing well, though this is his first work. Paul, by the way, is called by his "umlungu." He had a school of ten at his home, but they must now be looked after by someone else.

Friends, we feel the need of your prayers. Never before was our work here so fraught with difficulties, and never before was it progressing more rapidly. We are still losing to the Zionists, mostly attendants at the Mission Station; but even this dark cloud has its silver lining, for our services here are thus easier, setting us free to attend the increasingly important outpost work.

Yours in his service,

H. C. SANDERS.

P. S. (July 20th)—Again yesterday I was at outposts across the Pongolo. Brother Kierstead will be glad to hear that at Emlahlandlala there are two women who speak of his visits having aroused them to a desire for salvation. Lydia reports a grand and well attended service at Mipings Rand, between us and Paulpietersburg town.

At the station Faith had the first meeting and Mrs. Sanders the second. They say the interest and attendance was good.

I have not yet received reports from yesterday's services held by four other parties at as many different places.

Where I was Sunday the congregation is heathen, who do not know the hymns we sing. First, I was alone and found it very hard to lead the singing. David was with me the next Sunday which, to my surprise, made it harder than ever. So yesterday I took along an accordion which has written on it "Lizzie B. Smith, Xmas, 1899." It proved a great success as well as attraction to these musical natives. I would like Sister Smith to know that her gift was very useful too on our voyage out, when I learned to play it.

On my way home I met three native boys ranging in age from eight to ten years. They had been hunting with their killing sticks and two dogs, instead of attending my meeting. They were very happy, however, as they were carrying a deer which one of the swift hounds had caught. This deer, called the "diker," is about half as heavy as a good sheep. H. C. S.

Are you intending to send us cuts and sketches of the history of your church for the Highway?

NOW.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him, yes, and let him know
You love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Stop them; and, by kindly sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad,
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silver laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying,
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
Of which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veils the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go,
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—Selected.

A TITHING EXPERIENCE.

When I was a lad of sixteen, I went to London, England, a poor boy. My salary was fifty dollars a year as a commencement, with board and lodging. This was all I had to provide myself with clothing, etc.

I well remember the first night I spent in that great city. In one of the largest business houses I was put into a small bedroom at the top of the house. There I knelt down before I got into my bed; and prayed the Lord to watch over me and keep me, and prosper me; and, like Jacob, I vowed to give to his cause a tenth of all that I received. This was sixty-four years ago.

Have I kept the vow then made? I have. I have been greatly prospered, I have also been greatly blessed by a sound healthy body. I retired from the more active duties of life at the age of fifty-five. When in business I kept a regular and systematic account of my profits and also of all sums paid for religious and benevolent purposes. And to-day, an old man in my eightieth year, my testimony is this: "Hitherto I have lacked no good thing."

I would say to all young men and young women, commence life's journey by giving to the Lord. Do it from principle. Do it systematically. "Give as the Lord hath prospered you." I have made it the rule of my life to act upon the advice of the apostle: "On the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him."

The above is from an aged gentleman in one of our large cities, and is a worthy example to all.—Selected.

We should always make our plans with the proviso "if the Lord will."