

## Missionary Correspondence.

Pietermaritzburg, Natal,  
July 6th, 1915.

Dear Highway,—

By the above address you will see that I am at the capital of Natal, where I never was before except in passing. The Natal Missionary Conference is in session for three days. This is my Beulah Camp meeting, and really makes me homesick for what you all are enjoying while I pen these lines; and yet somehow feel selfish for being here alone, though Mrs. Sanders and I could not both well leave the Station at one time. So I have this great treat, while she bears added burdens at home.

Everything seemed to indicate that I should come, so here I am at this grand yearly meeting of missionaries, the first time in nine years.

The Big Sunday, even at Balmoral, was over in time for me to leave next morning on this trip.

Our out-station work, which is enlarging, will fully tax our band of workers, including Faith and Paul, while I am away. We have a new helper, Martha, one of the first five baptised at Balmoral. She had a time of backsliding, but is now strong in the Lord and can preach as well as most any of our natives.

Some of our workers are crippled, spiritually, and greatly need your prayers. Johan Sukazi and Maten Shabango are among this number.

Three were baptised Sunday and about one hundred attended services at the Station in spite of unfortunate and unfavorable circumstances and God's good work is progressing in our midst.

This morning upon arrival here, I sent a cable to Beulah announcing what I spoke of in my last letter to you.

We have not yet bought Balmoral, though I feel that the time for this step has come. It will be folly for us to do otherwise, even though we hire the money. I will not write particulars now but trust that the Missionary Board will take the proper steps to raise the money.

Last night I spent on the train and did not get much sleep, so must retire at once. Tomorrow I may give you some items from this the Conference.

July 7th.

This evening was "open night" at our conference, and a number, including your representative, were invited to speak on "The work of God in the Mission Field."

One brother told us of a horse he bought for 20 pounds, which died three days after its purchase. He went to the European, whose the animal had been, and reported. The only reply was "I am glad I sold the horse before it died."

The missionary still needed a horse and had not the money. The Christian native women collected from among native women, Christian and heathen, the sum of fifteen pounds, each one contributing a sixpence. The missionary added five pounds to this and bought the best horse he ever had, and the one that was always afterwards known as "the women's horse."

The same man gave us an instance of answered prayer. A fellow missionary was building a church, hauling the stone a long distance, which made the work very expensive, and soon finished the funds on hand. They, therefore, left off building to wait until more money should arrive. But that night after committing the matter to God in prayer, the tired

builder had a dream in which he saw an angel, who called him by name. He then followed the angel who pointed to a spot near the unfinished church, saying, "dig there." The dream left such an impression on his mind that next morning the missionary took two natives to the spot and set them to digging. After getting to a depth of two feet they reported that their task was finished. He told them to keep on. "But why are we to dig here?" they remonstrated. "Because I tell you to," was his only answer. At the depth of three feet six inches stone was found suitable for building, and the work proceeded.

Many excellent things have been said upon the subjects down on the conference programme, but I will not burden you with what is interesting mostly to the missionary.

In discussing the "Mission work among the Indians of Natal," it was noticed that they were more neglected in this country than in far-away India.

"Native education"—well, we are agreed that they need our help only to get enough book knowledge to become intelligent Christians—say three years in school. Also, some, not much, industrial training. If the native wants more let him pay his own way for higher education.

"Colonial Opinions of Missionary Work" aroused much comment, for we are blamed for spoiling the heathen. Most of the adverse criticism, however, comes from the uninformed element.

"How can we raise the moral and spiritual standard of life among our native Christians?" This subject stimulated more interest than any other. You know it is the English custom to have forenoon and afternoon tea. As it happened our morning tea was awaiting in the church kitchen just as this subject was being most vigorously threshed out. "The ladies now have the tea ready for us," announced the secretary. "Let the tea go and finish our discussion," said another. "Yes, we drop this subject for a cup of tea," added the last speaker, with a curl of the lip such as I never had the privilege of seeing before. But, of course, the ladies had taken the trouble and could not be kept waiting.

One brother has a boarding school for boys and girls. The girls are kept by themselves, their house surrounded by high iron rod fence, like a jail. During any time these girls are not watched, they are kept locked in. The results are highly satisfactory.

Another brother is dead against this barbed wire enclosure and glass case system, and so it goes. But this conference is a splendid tonic and encouragement to the missionary, who is cut off for months and even years from the help that comes from exchange of thought with those of kindred aims. Therefore I am very grateful to God for the privilege I am now enjoying.

Yours in Him,  
H. C. SANDERS.

Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, South Africa,  
July 9th, 1915.

Dear Friends,—

Time flies, opportunities pass us never to be ours again. This is something like I feel day by day of late. So many pass our door and most of them are heathen. A large proportion are young people, but they are the men and women of tomorrow and are easier reached now than they will be tomorrow.

About ten young women and girls came to

buy. After they got what they wanted I asked them to come with us to class and rest a little before they took their long walk back home.

At the class meeting we had a most helpful lesson on God's power, its greatness and readiness to grant us of it to enable us to overcome in our Christian life. Why his power and strength was so great it was above all the power of the enemy—satan, and because this was so we can follow God no matter what difficulties lie in our path. Even heathen may obtain strength to forsake their sins, though they may be the darling sins of their hearts and almost as dear to them as life itself, if they only consented to give up and follow Jesus they should have victory through the strength of God given unto them.

How many young people listened! But they must leave before the service closed, as home is about eight miles away.

We are continually needed to help the weak, to return the backslider as well as preach to the heathen, and often such difficult cases are presented to us that we should be swamped if it was not for our captain Jesus Christ. He never fails and we are pressing on, the work gaining in ground, the church being strengthened and God's presence to help and bless is evident.

More calls are coming in all the time. People from divers places want meetings so we divide up our forces on Sundays till we seem to have hardly any left for this, the home station. However, when Sunday comes there is always a congregation for us to help.

Today I fitted out a woman with her first dress, as she wants to believe. She was telling me yesterday how when we lived in the tent and used to talk to her and her sisters, when we would ask them to stop to prayers, she and they too, thought the whole thing was just a performance, just playing. Suppose it had been just playing at being missionaries, we would never have won her. Now she knows God does answer our prayers and she is under deep conviction. Poor woman! Her father is old Pengula, once a witch doctor and a hater of religion. Now he is not bitter but his evil influence of years ago has told on his children so we dare not count on any one of them to make strong Christians. Only the power of God can save such; but it does; bless His dear name. Nothing too hard for Jesus!

This past week I have been trying to help two who have backslidden to return to Jesus. One, the biggest sinner of the two, evidently does not see his sin as exceedingly sinful, but is rather mortified that it should have been found out. Oh, I am glad for the exceeding great and precious promises, for such wisdom is needed.

Dr. Sanders has gone to Durban for two or three weeks taking in the missionary conference at Maritzburg on the way. We hope the change may do him good, as he was very weary before he left.

Things are gradually quieting down once more in this troubled land. Many traitors have been tried, some condemned to imprisonment for a term of years, but the big ones, the leaders in the rebellion—rather the one left us to try—has not yet received his sentence. Why, no one just knows, but we think a lot sometimes.

General Botha is gaining ground all the time in German West Africa. Many of the troops are coming home. I suppose others will take their places as needed.

Our winter seems broken, as no more heavy frosts, we only had a few, and the days are