

in vain in the Lord. Therefore be ye not weary in well doing.

Coming to the temporal side of things, we find much to be truly grateful for. This awful war, though making our expenses much heavier, has not brought into our family the cruel separations and deaths that have visited so many thousands. We feel with the sufferers as though suffering with them, and pray that this titanic struggle may soon end in the triumph of righteousness and truth.

For years one of our greatest griefs was the lack of school privileges for our children. Now, with government aid, we have a school that will take them to standard six inclusive.

This has been the most sickly year we have ever known in South Africa. Horses, cattle, sheep, goats, and even people have been swept away by disease. Yet amid it all your missionary family has had almost no sickness.

The small mission house, since the addition of a front verandah and four new rooms, has proven comfortable and healthful.

Having been so long with no sufficient place of worship, our strong new church is much appreciated.

Balmoral was rented because it was the cheapest way to hire ten acres of land for a mission station. And now we find much advantage in having the lease of a whole farm. In this matter, as in many others, we were divinely guided and "built better than we knew."

We wish to express our grateful appreciation of your continued confidence and cheerful support. Your prayers, as well as your gifts, uphold us and make this grand work possible. With you we look out upon a new year, praying and believing for great blessing from God upon our efforts to do what is best for the people in his sight.

Yours looking for his coming,

H. C. Sanders.

Paulpietersburg, May 30, 1915.

Dear Brothers and Sisters,—Many of you are at Beulah and we are so far away we cannot get there and be refreshed by waiting upon the Lord with you, or by communion of saints. But I am glad I can tell you God is here with us, and is able to make all grace abound, even unto us, so that he gives us touches of a camp meeting every now and then.

The past week or two has been a time of waiting on God with pleadings for the lost heathen. How our souls have been agonizing over them! We feel we must see them saved. Uncivilized, with no comforts and often lacking the barest necessities, dirty, almost without clothing, or in rags that only partially cover their nakedness, without God and without hope in the world, and nothing to look forward to beyond the grave. I am powerless to give you a true picture of the dreadful need of these heathen right around us. Most of them do not see it as I do; they do not realize their condition; they have plenty of food for just now, so the most that concerns them is how to get a new blanket to keep them warm during the cold weather. The past month we have been trading with them, buying their grain, mostly corn, for blankets or something that does for clothing. Hundreds have come here from far and near. Many come from ten and more miles away, and in many different directions. To all of these we have spoken personally and we have found many hungering and thirsting for God. Many calls are coming in asking us to come and hold meetings for them at or near

their homes, as they live so far from us. Often twenty at a time will be waiting with each a load of corn, and while Lydia is measuring it out I am getting out the small cotton blankets (such a pitiful covering for cold weather) and talking to them of Jesus.

Beloved, a missionary's life is full of toil, sacrifice and weariness, often privation and great loneliness. No opportunity to reach a camp meeting has come our way for years and years; no fellowship with our white neighbors; they do not understand our wanting to life up these natives, whom they say are "like dogs." There is lack of sympathy, and we are unpopular; but there is another side, and oh! if I could only let you see it. First I would like to give you just one-half a day at this mission station, with the work just as it is. I would not change it; I would want you to see the people as they come; how we buy from them, their pleasure at their purchases, etc. I would want you to draw near while we try to talk to them of Jesus, to see their interest, to feel as we do the tug at the heart strings as we talk with a young mother who has lost three children, and now is yearning to know about the way to heaven and where she will get strength to leave her sins and follow Jesus.

I would like you to see an old woman whose bare shoulders have nothing to protect them from the cool air. She has brought enough corn for a twenty-five cent fleecy cotton blanket, which she tells me will be her bed-clothing at night. There remains a little more than enough to buy a smaller blanket for sixpence, but my last one is gone. She says: "I remember you said if I brought more than would buy this blanket I could have the rest in salt. I have nothing to season my food, and salt will be so good." My reply was: "Here is a piece of flannelette which you may have for sixpence too. It will be just what you need to throw over your shoulders to keep them warm, and you will still have plenty to get salt with." She was so delighted she laughed and talked over her purchases like a child who had bought her first doll.

But we must now go to the church, as 'tis time for the Friday class, and the bell has ceased ringing and the girls are just carrying up the little baby organ. There are only a few present, but among these are two heathen who came with corn to sell just as we left the house. After singing, I open the Bible and we have a reading on "God as our help in time of trouble; our defence and shield." God helps me to explain these things by word pictures. I can tell by the countenances that they all see it plainly and some are getting helped; but when we kneel down and draw near to God in united prayer for these heathen, who sit in such awful darkness, and plead that their hearts will be softened, their eyes opened to see Jesus, the Light of the World, well, somehow there is a oneness and even you would feel Jesus was in the midst, even if you understood no word said. Oh the joy of rescuing the lost, oh the sweetness of lifting up Jesus in the midst of these who have never heard of him, whose hearts ache for want of him and whose burdens are too heavy to bear alone. My sisters, I forget my privations, sacrifices, loneliness and wonder I ever thought I had any. My soul catches afire and I feel I can do anything Jesus asks; and I yearn over these uncivilized ones just the same as I have yearned over some of you whom I have been trying to point to Jesus in the past. The joy of soul saving is the very same, no matter if among the uncouth or the most refined;

the black-skinned heathen or the white people. I have proved it and I praise God for the privilege.

Many seekers are coming to us of late, and several are interesting cases. Two men, one a witch doctor, the other a native doctor, and both in earnest, have come to us. God is beginning to answer prayer, but pray on, ask largely, plead for the hard cases, none are too hard for God to save if they are but willing.

Trusting you will have a glorious time of salvation, and that all may be helped at Camp, I remain,

Yours in Jesus,

Mrs. H. C. Sanders.

Balmoral Mission,

Paulpietersburg,

Natal, South Africa,

May 25th, 1915.

Dear Highway,—

"Did you see the teacher?"

"Yes, he is over there with his little boy, but I thought I saw some she ones, too. Where can they be gone?"

"I don't know where they have disappeared to."

Lydiya and I were sitting in the shade of a small thorn tree, eating our lunch and resting after the long descent to the Pongolo river, when we overheard the above conversation between two native women who were reaping in their corn garden a few yards away from us.

We went over to talk with them a little while before proceeding to the only kraal now left at "Emfene."

"We see you," they greeted us.

"Yes, and we see you, mothers," we replied.

"Where have you been all this time?" they asked.

"Right over there, resting. It is a long way we have come and the sun is hot."

"Yes! Why did you come away over here? To fish?"

"No! We have come to tell you of Jesus. How is it with you? Do you desire to believe?"

"Ah, yes, we do. We are seeking God in our hearts; but Satan binds us. We are afraid to throw away these things of his and put on Christian dress yet while he still holds us. Perhaps he will call us, and holding out in his hand something of his, say, 'Look at this lovely thing of yours you are leaving. Just see how pleasant it is!' And we, looking back, shall say: 'Indeed! Is it not beautiful? How foolish to leave such a lovely thing.' And so turn again to follow him."

"Yes," I answered; "but God has said, 'I will put a new spirit within you,' and then these things of Satan will have no charm."

And Lidiyn added, "God is more powerful than Satan, and Jesus said, 'My Father which gave them me is greater than all; and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.'"

For a few minutes more we talked, but soon left them and went on to the kraal. But my heart is saddened, for since my last visit here, a year ago, death had called, and several of those with whom I then had the privilege to speak of Jesus have since passed beyond our reach—died as heathen, because we came too late.

I had quite a talk with an old woman, (grandmother to the head man of this kraal) last year. She said, "I love God and want to be a believer, but God is not here, he is with you white people, and I am too old and feeble to get to the Mission Station. Besides, I have no clothes, and how can I believe if I do not dress?"

I tried to explain that God's ears are open to the prayer of all his people, regardless of the