

Missionary Correspondence.

Paulpietersburg, Natal,
South Africa,
May 19th, 1915.

Dear Friends,—

Today was set apart as a day of special prayer for all seekers, weak church members and for the heathen all about us far and near, especially the ones who have heard long ago the gospel but have become indifferent. Shortly past noon some came, but it was an hour after that before we could begin as fully twenty young people had arrived with corn and wood for sale. When all this had been gotten through with we began the service. God was with us with great blessing and all were helped. Only a few there, about twenty, but the lesson was exceedingly helpful, Luke 10:19; and the Holy Spirit opened it up to us all. Faith for the work rose high and the testimonies which followed our 2nd lesson of prayer were inspiring. How I wish I could give them verbatim to you. I am sure you would rejoice with us to see those who are saved from heathen darkness striving for Jesus, and so in earnest that their friends and relations may be saved. "Power belongeth unto God" has been ringing in my heart all day. For weeks past we have been asking that this time of prayer might be a very special day to souls and it has been, so much so I cannot tell it to you this time as I am sure results will follow. Friday and Sunday are also special times of prayer and I feel sure that some I asked to join us who are in the home land will at this time help us by their prayers of faith. "Power belongeth unto God" but we may have it if we will obey him and ask in faith.

A few days previous I had this lesson in Rev. 4:8: When God swings open a door there is no power in earth or hell to close it if we are willing to enter it. I cannot take space to write here all this verse contains for me, but it is blessed to walk through the door God opens, no matter if difficulties mountains high are on one side to close it and the devil with all his hosts trying to bar it from the other. "Behold I give you power over all the power of the enemy and nothing shall by any means hurt you." ". . . and no man can shut it." Bless the Lord! My soul is claiming victory and the difficulties are not a few.

Such a hungry woman came yesterday. Not for want of food, for she has two sacks of corn and another of Kaffir corn to sell, but for the words of Life. She has lost three children and wants to get ready to meet thm.

Topi, the young mother I have written about before, is getting on nicely and has most marvellous answers to prayer. God blessed her much in class today.

There are many places where people are asking us to come and hold meetings.

The past season has been an exceptionally bad one for malaria, hundreds of natives all over South Africa dying with it.

In our district there seems to be an awakening among the heathen to see their need of salvation. The fields are truly white unto the harvest. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers into his harvest.

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

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

Dear Fellow Workers,—Somewhere about ten years ago, Dr. Sanders and I took a day,

kraal or village visiting, towards the Pongolo river. While standing on a mountainous hill we got such a splendid view of the country far and near, especially the river valley, where numbers of kraals lay and not a believer among them. Such a yearning to preach the gospel among those heathen came over me! I very definitely asked God for all those people, that they might be saved.

Time rolled on, but I never seemed to have an opportunity to teach Christ unto them myself, though from that time on we have sent different ones to them with the gospel. Last Thursday Dr. Sanders and I again went to the Pongola, and after crossing the river and riding up to a few kraals on the opposite side, it all came back to me. My prayer, my burning desire that these heathen might know Christ. I had a most delightful time breaking the bread of life to hungry people at Empeni. It was worth all the miles of rough road climbing up and down the mountainous hills and crossing the river, which not a little terrified me. I am still lame from that journey.

Another case: A week ago a man about 30 years old came to worship with us for the first time. He says years ago Dr. Sanders and I came and prayed with them at his home, and from that time he has had a desire to be saved. He seems a very earnest seeker.

Umdali is another case of answered prayer. Quite a man of influence and wealth, he lives on Balmoral farm, has a wife and several children and has chosen his second wife. We have been very definitely praying for this man and his family, along with many others. Two or three Sundays back he has been attending services. Today, in our morning meeting, I asked him to tell us how his heart is. He gave a hungry testimony. It was pitiful, too, as he referred to his forefathers all having died in darkness and how he was bound by the devil.

Beloved, I might fill up page after page with cases like this, as only this morning there were present over a dozen heathens who are seeking Jesus.

Ours is a strenuous life, with practically no time whatever for recreation. We simply take it from some other work which is always waiting to be done.

Few missionaries have a family as large as ours. To raise this family of five boys and three girls so they may be fitted for workers, future missionaries, means more than I can tell. The responsibility is greater than we can carry alone, but God answers prayer and is helping us on every line.

Faith, eighteen, and Paul, seventeen, have already become good workers in talking to the people and holding meetings at the outposts, etc. They are a great help to us. The other children are coming on fast. George, our ten-year-old, said to me today, "Mama, Buso (our shepherd boy) wants to be a Christian. I think now is my opportunity to talk with him today." Of course I encouraged him in this. Judson is also a missionary.

The medical part of our mission work consumes an immense amount of the time and energy of Dr. Sanders. There is someone here to be treated for malaria, etc., all the time, as this has been a very sickly season. Just heard yesterday that in a certain kraal in the Transvaal twenty-five adults had died of malaria, till none were left to bury the dead, and policemen came and did it. Sickesses of various kinds among stock has meant tremendous loss to the farmers. God has indeed blessed us in that we have been kept in health.

It would be impossible to state how much the medical part of this work has to do in drawing the people here, our treatment of them while here, the talks we have, and the meetings and prayers; these all have an influence over these sick ones that is for good. A girl is with us now whom for months I have been praying to have the opportunity of teaching her the deep things of God, but every avenue seemed closed. She got ill, and none of the native doctors could help her, so at last her parents had her brought here to stay for several months. Truly his ways are past finding out.

Some Details of Our Work.

We have two classes or prayer and testimony meetings per week, Wednesday and Friday. This last one is especially for prayer for seekers and unsaved heathen.

Sundays two services are held here and at as many outposts as we can find workers to fill. Eight or more of the outposts are filled today.

Day by day many people pass our doors, and our opportunities are numberless. Realizing we are placed here to help in any many ways as we possibly can, we add to their physical comfort by trading salt, matches and soap for goat manure for our garden, for wood and grain. Just now they come in numbers at a time, as we must buy corn, and they choose to sell to us rather than to a native store. We are striving to talk salvation to all, but it consumes so much time and energy.

In addition to the school at the mission house we have another flourishing at Mpiens Rand, and also, as our evangelists visit the kraals they teach as they have an opportunity by twos and threes, or a lonesome one who is anxious to read the Word of God for themselves, but have no teacher and gladly welcome these helpers when they come to call the people together for prayers or for a coming Sunday service. If these last may be called school then we have them all over the land.

Clothing the Naked.—In the fall of the year I go through our wardrobes and all articles too shabby or thin or ragged to be made over or patched to do for us are put aside for these naked people. Nothing is ever too "raggedy" to be of service, and all are so thankful—for even a rag can give a little warmth.

Feeding the Hungry.—I will only add we always have plenty of this to do.

Kraal Visiting.—Ah! here I feel we lack. Not that we do not see the need of this. Not that our hearts do not desire it, but even missionaries are very frail and their time and their strength give out; so we have been able to do very little of this since Brother Kierstead went home, as we have so much home work to do.

The wrench my heart has had over the leaving of so many whom we had dug out of heathenism, had taught to read and write, had instructed in salvation, till many seemed to be so promising as workers and would soon be able to instruct others—we need helpers so—I can never tell you about; but I have suffered. Then a flood of temptations came rolling in upon my soul till I had to cry out mightily unto God to deliver me or I should sink into the slough of discouragement. God has wonderfully delivered. I am lifted up above it, and have caught a near vision; it is to dig out another church from these near-by heathen who need Christ so much. We are making it our business to pray down and work up a revival and refuse to be dismayed at the difficulties. God has the power and already we are seeing results and believe for the rest.