

Missionary Correspondence.

Balmoral Mission Station,
Paulpietersburg, Natal,
Dear Highway,— May 3, 1915.

The services at the station yesterday were splendid. Being "Big Sunday" our members came from all directions. Ten from across the Pongola arrived Saturday, while six more came along the next morning. We have only two workers on that side of the river now, Samuel and Johan. As you know the former has been in poor health for a long time. He is now improved and able to get about among the people a little. He and Johan report new seekers continually coming forward, and the outlook over there is very encouraging.

In our conference meeting we received reports from our workers as well as testimonies from others as far as time permitted. Aaron is encouraged as there is new interest manifesting itself by calls coming to him from kraals formerly indifferent. They now say, "We want a teacher to come and hold a service in our village every Sunday."

Johan Metula, between us and P. P. Burg, brought two boys and five girls for baptism. For two years and more they have been attending our services at that outpost and coming here occasionally. But as they did not all give clear evidence of being "born again," they were advised to wait a while.

In both the testimony and preaching, there was the ring of Pentecostal power, and all through the divine presence was manifested. We see that God is working in our midst and souls are being translated from the kingdom of darkness to that of His dear son. We have never seen them coming faster, but we still have a great burden for the unreached kraals. Two weeks ago Paul and I visited the Junction of the Pongolo and the Pivaan, where we found kraals that almost never had a chance. We remained all night and had two services, but can only hope that some good seed has fallen on good ground. If so, then one or more of these natives will find a way to attend at an

both rivers, while across are again more mountains that must be climbed before one reaches more natives. We saw plenty of crocodile tracks in the sand by the rivers, while baboons came out and saluted us when we passed their homes among the cliffs upon our return journey. These troublers had finished an acre of late corn before any of it was ripe enough for the natives to eat. These little thieves not only take grain nearing maturity, but even scratch up kernels just planted. Kaffir corn being a small grain and thickly sown, they collect and winnow by pouring from one hand to the other

prayer that the Lord of the harvest will send forth labourers who will garner from these needy fields "white already to harvest."

Yours in His service,
H. C. SANDERS.

FROM MISS FAITH SANDERS.

Paulpietersburg, Natal, S. A.,
April 21st, 1915.

Dear Mrs. Baker,—I got such a surprise the other day when I received that lovely letter from you. We are just back from our meet-



Rev. I. F. and Mrs. Kierstead and Sons, who will be with us at the Alliance and Beulah and Riverside Camp Meetings.

and blowing out the dust, as a person might. Native dogs fear a baboon so the people must watch all gardens during planting time and again when the ears are formed in the stalks.

Malaria fever has claimed many victims in our field this season, while in lower parts, like Zululand, whole kraals have been completely wiped out. The natives do not distinguish this from other diseases and have no successful way to combat malaria. While we have no difficulty in curing every recent case that comes our way. None of our family have had an attack

ings. Paul held a service at an outpost near the Pongolo; Papa and Mamma had the afternoon service and I had the morning meeting. I started in with just two heathen, but before the meeting closed there were about eighteen. I cannot "preach," but the Lord blessed me and helped me in a short talk to make the way of salvation as plain as ever I could to those heathen who had gathered there. They were all heathen. I do praise the Lord for the way he is blessing me. He has so wonderfully taught and blessed and led me during the three years since we have come back here.

May 2nd—I wonder what you think of me writing to you on Sunday. You see I would rather sit down and have a little talk with you about spiritual things, even if it be on paper, than to just read this rainy afternoon. Today is "Big Sunday," and we have a nice lot of people here; over half are heathen, just turning to the light. All my last week's people are here, and many more. Papa and mamma are holding the afternoon meeting now, and I am home with the children. I have just got the two little ones asleep and the rest quietly drawing.

This morning mamma had Sunday school for the young people from across the Pongolo, while we children had a nice time reading the story of Joseph. Judson, George and Miriam are getting so they can read quite nicely from the Bible, and they just love it, too, especially Miriam.

I went with papa to the morning service, and we had a lovely meeting. I am so happy in Jesus today. I praise him for answered prayer. Four who attended the meeting this morning a few months ago were raw heathen. I asked Him to bring them, and He has. I am praying that this may be but the beginning, and all those around us who have so long rejected the light may be brought to know Jesus as the Saviour.

I suppose this will reach you about Camp

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Rev. H. C. and Mrs. Sanders and Family, now on the field in South Africa.

outpost we have eight miles this side of their home. One little boy at the far away kraal asked if he could earn a coat by working at the Mission Station. Though I did not need nor desire his help, yet I want him to come and learn of Jesus, so he may return to that dark kraal as a light-bearer. Therefore he was told that he might come and earn a coat.

One of the women when asked if ever any one came there to hold a service said, "What, here at the end of the earth? No one ever comes here to preach." They are on a high hill near

this year, but Lydia has twice been stricken, while many have been treated at the station.

Another neglected area is Emfeni, across the Pongolo, where David formerly held forth. I, too, have had services there many times, but at present they are without the gospel. I am trying my best to get some one to minister regularly in that part of the field, and hope soon to see a good helper earnestly teaching these awakened heathen. Death has visited them many times the last year, making their hearts more susceptible to the glad tidings. Join us in