

work the first established one, so will have a better chance on that account, even though other denominations may enter into this too.

5. The territory of location is to begin from Inpins Rand (eight miles nearer P. P. Burg than we are, to the junction of Pongola and Pivaan Rivers, about 18 miles east of us and includes all lands between these two rivers shaped like a triangle and this has been our territory for years. We work it all right now besides across the Pongola where our new church is.

Balmoral can be rented any time as winter pasture for sheep farmers who live on high veldt where their winters are much colder.

Balmoral has become so desirable to so many of these said farmers we have been much annoyed by several who have tried to buy it right out from under us for the owner was so ignorant, he thought he had the right to sell it when and to whom he pleased or else he thought by bluff he could oust us. Thanks to the terms of our agreement and lease he bound himself, when we first leased it, to give us first option and at a certain price, good value at that time for a bare veldt farm. We found out much at that time of what these Dutch wanted and Herbert consulted a lawyer to make doubly sure he was right (everything was O. K.).

Balmoral has a romance and is a daily evidence that God led us here, gave us wisdom just how and when to lease it. We were also guided as to where to place buildings, when as yet we did not fully realize our needs.

We are told after government settles this part of P. P. Burg district into a location we may not sell to whites but may sell to natives only or to government and finally at the price government will fix.

We talk of selling because much property in here has changed hands at good figures the past two years and many offers have been made for Balmoral. For our own part we do not wish to sell as long as God wants us to have this mission here. Balmoral seems the very best place, it is our home, the house, orchards, groves of wattle, gum trees and gardens are all very dear. Everything has been the work of our own hands. Everything of improvement has meant toil, watering and care. It is now, to us, a place of beauty and endearment.

For years we have had the confidence and respect of the Zulu people, as far as they ever give such to any white people and, gradually, but especially the past two years, I can see we have gained the confidence of white people in here (more come in winter now) and also at the village.

A door is being gradually opened to do mission work among these Dutch people. Not that we hold meetings for them, it is in a more quiet way, by visiting, being helpful, etc.

The long prejudice and jealousy of our nearest, and for years our only white neighbor, is no longer keeping other folks from finding out for themselves what sort of people we are.

One white man, who was our enemy, tried to injure us, etc., is now our sworn friend. Word came to us he hated missionaries and would do all he could to drive us away, etc., etc. That was three years ago. Wonderful has been God's help to us, the wisdom He has given also in dealing with this man. He now lives about three miles from us, comes here and helps Herbert in many things and is turning into a real neighbor. When he works here we ask him in to prayers. One Christmas he was the only one at home and we invited him to spend it with us. On our tree he had a few

gifts, (from us) one an English Bible we had learned he wanted, when sick or his wife. We have ministered to them and I tell you God has answered our prayers and turned our enemy into a neighbor if not a friend. For this I praise Him! We are well aware most Dutch hate the missionary for teaching natives anything enlightening, but when these same Dutch people call or visit we do not hide our light (our mission work) but talk about it, go on with it, etc., etc., and—well, it seems to let them know we mean to keep right on no matter what they say or do even when they tried to buy Balmoral. In a certain sense we are as much alone as if we were the only white family in here but that is nothing. We mean to keep entering the open doors as fast as we can, ministering to all we can and let God take care of results.

Though we may have few (practically not one) friends we can commune with, as you have at home, we have each other. Our children are getting up and becoming companions in the world and best of all, Jesus is with us.

Much proselyting going on all the time by others creeping in, but 'tis ours to watch the flock, feed and protect it as best we can and we will not let the discouragements discourage us.

The past two and one-half years have been so very difficult I marvel we have come through so well. We have mentioned things now and then but given few details. You at home have your own heart aches and are too far away to do much to help us even if you could. At home when one of you pastors want a bit of help in your work 'tis only a little matter of a few hours and a brother pastor is at your side to pull you in the traces and the load is lifted up out of the rut. Here, well we must somehow manage alone and we have no one save Jesus. How large that word looms in our mission work here! Praise His dear name!

The church here is in a good spiritual place and meetings are places of help, souls getting saved all the time. Today in class a young woman spoke. She has been seeking for some time and now speaks of her love for Jesus. She was a witch doctor.

I extend to you all my sympathy in the loss of Mrs. Jewett. Such things come as shocks to us and as these helpers step out we wonder who will take their places. God raise up others and comfort those who mourn!

Last night news reached me that my brother Redmond (one of the youngest boys) was "killed in action in France, June 5th."

Of course I felt this might come but after all it is a shock. Dear boy, no more can I write to him, no more see him face to face.

I am praying for our boys at the front. Oh, that they may be kept true to Jesus and not deny him. "War is hell," true enough. We are so thankful we have not had to give up Paul. Many his age have gone. How my heart aches for the mothers and fathers of those at the front! How the hair will whiten through anxiety and care!

Well, I must say good night and close this letter.

Remember us to Sister Baker.

Yours in Jesus,

Mrs. H. C. SANDERS.

Paulpietersburg, Natal, July 31, 1916.

Dear Bro. Baker,—Just a note to let you know how the work is progressing. At Entungwini yesterday there were about seventy present at our communion service. Five were baptized, six received into the church, while five children were dedicated.

At the table offering one dollar fifty in cash was given, which is considerable for these poor people. One, who had no money, gave two quarts of beans; another a pumpkin; another some corn. Then an empty dish was brought, signifying that the party made promise of giving corn to fill this special dish. Still another came forward and pointed to the same empty dish, while others arose promising various sums of money from five cents to twenty-five.

At present all the money raised at both our churches is given towards the support of a brother of Aloni, Timote, who is doing a good work at our most distant outpost.

Our latest evangelist is Parelosi, who is less than a year old in the Christian life, yet is very earnest. He did not get to our "big Sunday" meeting yesterday as he was at his outpost work.

He is about twenty-eight years old and not yet married. He has, however, two girls, both of whom he has paid for. He expects to marry one and set the other free.

His parents, heathen, do not like this idea, and even have said they will disown him, and send him from their Kraal if he insists upon taking only one wife.

In his testimony recently he stated his purpose of remaining with his parents until he marries. Then if they still continue their opposition he will leave his home for Jesus' sake.

I might add that it is the custom for the sons to build in their father's Kraal.

Yes, we have much to encourage us. One young man baptized yesterday impresses me as being very earnest and genuine, one likely to stand and be a help.

Ever yours in Him,

H. C. SANDERS.

THE HOLY LIFE.

There is a faith unmixed with doubt,
A love all free from fear;
A walk with Jesus where is felt
His presence always near.
There is a rest which God bestows,
Transcending pardon's peace;
A lowly, sweet simplicity
Where inward conflicts cease.

There is a service God inspired,
A zeal that tireless grows;
A being "crucified with Christ"
Where joy unceasing flows.
There is a being "right with God,"
That yields to His commands,
Unswerving, true fidelity,
A loyalty that stands.

There is a meekness free from pride
That feels no anger rise
At slights, or hate, or ridicule,
But crosses count a prize;
There is a patience that endures
Without a fret or care,
But joyful sings "Thy will be done,"
My Lord's sweet grace I share.

There is a purity of heart,
A cleanness of desire
Wrought by the holy Comforter,
With sanctifying power.
There is a glory that awaits
Each blood-washed soul on high,
Where Christ shall come and take His
bride
With Him beyond the skies.

—Author Unknown.

There is one road to peace and that is truth,
which follow ye.—Shelley.