

## Missionary Correspondence.

Paulpietersburg, Natal, S. A.,  
March 1, 1916.

Dear Friends:

You have your heart-aches and burdens, your trials and crosses to bear, but amid it all are proving with us during this testing time these words: "I am the Good Shepherd and know my sheep, and am known of mine." Wondrously sweet words, showing to whom we belong, his tender care and that we know him in that fearless way which inspires our warmest love and trust.

I am finding the sure words of our God to be sweeter to my soul than ever, right here amid opposition, hypocrisy and a lot of other things that are a bit difficult.

Those who left our church and formed the Zionist movement, whose church is about three miles away, don't seem to be progressing in spiritual things, according to the way I understand the Word of God. I have taken the trouble to enquire of many of these if they really know their sins are forgiven, if they have the witness of the Spirit to this work of grace or not, and every single one has answered me in the negative. One asked me, "Can we know we have no sins till we get to Heaven?" My reply was, "Can you get into heaven unless you know your sins are forgiven?"

They have plenty of manifestation, hear voices, have dreams, prophecy of things to come, have words from Heaven, etc., etc., but for real spiritual life, like some of them once had—well, it fails to appear. They are continually confessing their sins when they assemble; beat some of those who sin when under the influence of the Spirit. But the peace and joy, the testimony of salvation from sin, or of heart purity, seems to be terribly lacking as far as I can learn.

Now this, to me, is very sad and depressing. They are continually trying to draw away to themselves every one they can from us. But, beloved, God is with us and we are holding true to him, teaching all we can, preaching the real know so gospel to all we can and striving to instruct those who will listen to us that God's word does really teach concerning the things pertaining to salvation and the work of the Holy Ghost.

I tell you, I never felt a greater thankfulness in my life than right now that I know I am his sheep. Also that we can know for ourselves sins forgiven, the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost and his wonderful power as a teacher. He does guide us into all truth. We need not be deceived by the many false teachings that are abroad all over the world.

'Tis ours to be steady—not flickering, doubting—bright light that will shine on amidst slander, false report, coldness from Europeans, etc., etc., too numerous to mention. This is what we are by the grace and power of God; and every once in a while he gives us to see it; the rest of the time we keep shining on by faith.

Now this is not a very glowing letter, but perhaps it will do what I want it to, anyway let you know a little bit of how we stand, what we are doing and that God is with us, using us, keeping us true to him.

Our children are following along in our steps and are keeping in the work according to their ability.

Time is short; surely Christ's return is very near. Let us be faithful till he come.

Yours in Jesus,

Mrs. H. C. Sanders.

Paulpietersburg, Natal, S. A.,  
April 3, 1916.

Dear Highway:

It was near eight o'clock when I left Balmoral yesterday for "Entungwini." The rain of Saturday evening had washed the air and was still drenching the tall grass, while from the river vallies mists slowly crept up the mountain sides. The heavens were overcast with beautiful clouds, which gave a cool shade and made travelling very pleasant.

In each of the many gardens of kaffir corn, where the natives are watching their grain from the birds, arose, like morning incense, tiny columns of smoke from the little fires which the watchers rekindle every morning. Varying shades of green showed where the sheep farmers have recently burned off the old grass to make winter grazing for their flocks.

One pair of happy birds were singing a duet. There seems to be only one couple on this special road, as I hear them nowhere else near our station. One, in a treble voice, seems to say, "Sweet, sweet, sweet," while her mate, in a lower note, sings, "Sweet, yes sweet, sweet, yes sweet," over and over until they are satisfied with exchanging compliments. When one starts singing the other immediately joins in, and their voices blend most beautifully.

The next thing that especially impresses me is not so pleasant. Nine women, all with long steeple-like top-knots proclaiming them, wives, are passing along a path in Indian file, while one, older and somewhat feeble, with hair down, indicating her widowhood, comes lagging a short distance behind. "Where are those women going, to wail for the dead?" I asked of some loafing men at a kraal near at hand. "Yes," they reply, "a person has died at the village on yonder hill."

I pass on and soon meet a native doctor loaded with medicines of many kinds. He is, as I guessed, going to the same place as the women, but on a very different mission. He had been called to doctor the survivors in order that they do not become sick. A goat is slain, its blood sprinkled on the people, and all feast on the meat and drink the doctor's medicines.

And now I ascend the last hill this side of the Pongolo, and look down upon the river hastening on its way. It does seem in a hurry, and I cannot help but think how different it is from most African life. The insects, the birds, the animals and, most noticeable of all, the natives, are so slow and indolent. But here is an exception. This river has comparatively few resting places, where lazy crocodiles make their homes. But, of course, water must "run down hill," and cannot become weary or be depressed by the excessive heat that forbids men and even animals the exertions compatible with a temperate climate. The Pongolo valley is wonderfully fertile. And though the climate is more unhealthful near this river, yet for the sake of better garden land the natives take the extra risk and build their kraals in this valley.

During the rainy season a year ago, as in other past years, many of the natives in this valley died from malaria, and some have since moved to higher ground. So, as a rule, we find the kraals on the sides or tops of the mountains that shut in the valley. Thus, while living above the mists and killing heat, they descend daily to plant, weed, watch or reap their splendid garden lands.

When we first came to this district, twelve years ago, about every native kraal had its herd of cattle. Then came the East Coast Fever, sweeping away more than ninety per cent. Now and again one sees here and there a few cattle on the hillsides. Goats—yes, most

every kraal has a small flock. These are in their pens now, as I pass by, while the cattle are away for their morning browse before milking.

The flies are a great pest here, even worse than at home. First, there are more in this country, and secondly, they have not been bred to "have good manners." As you know, a native has no screen windows—no windows at all. The flies, somehow, seem to understand what liberties they may take, and one sees them lined up about a baby's mouth and eyes like black pigs about a trough. Even the grown people are not keen in driving away these saucy torments. And now, when I happen along to one of these kraals, invariably a swarm of thirty or upwards of the more adventure-some flies decide to seek their fortunes elsewhere, and follow the grey horse. At first they are entirely ignorant of our civilized code of manners, and make for my face. I am armed with a wisk of strong green grass and begin to switch them when they come within reach. Evidently some are more intelligent than others and soon discern the difference between black and white, raw and civilized. These soon retire and ride quietly behind me, while their fallen comrades lie in the path either dead or wounded. But not for long. The ants that swarm everywhere and build their cellars in the footpaths, happen along and, acting as pall bearers, hasten the flies off to their burial—some that were only stunned still kicking their protests.

I pass through many kraals, reminding the people that this is the Lord's day and inviting them to attend one of our services—the nearest to their homes. The inevitable swarm of flies come to see the new arrival and a goodly number volunteer to follow. In a few moments, however, they are either trained to distinguish differences or have become food for hungry ants.

From a hillside I hear a native shouting to a friend on a far distant hill—this is called native wireless telegraphy and is a matter of much comment in this country. In this way news travels from kraal to kraal, hundreds of miles in one day.

A king bird is now calling—it is the alarm cry—and I see its mate flying swiftly to the scene of danger. I am too far away, but I imagine a snake is the cause of excitement. These same birds are a great blessing in our gardens. They give the alarm, which we have learned to recognize, and thus locate and kill several snakes every week.

I am now ascending the first hill across the Pongolo, and my journey is half done. The sun comes out, and I am reminded to hoist my umbrella to avoid sun-burn. Only poor crops have I passed since I left home, and all our district is the same. "Famine" is the chief topic of conversation among the natives. Rains we have in plenty now that bring out new grass for the sheep farmers, but are too late to save the corn crop. It is estimated that the shortage of corn this year in South Africa will be 2,000,000 bags.

Here is a kraal where lives a little lame boy, and where I generally find some one waiting to have a tooth extracted. When I enquire today where the patient is with tooth-ache, they understand my joke, and laugh most heartily.

Jona's kraal is my next. Here four little boys see me coming and scamper home, shouting, "There is the teacher." Dogs bark and hens run for shelter—fowls that have had one prong of their beak shortened so that they cannot steal corn from the cob. I have often

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