

CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland, via Paulpietersburg,

Natal, S. Africa, June 5, 1917.

Dear Brother Baker:

It has been a long time since I have written to you.

Of course you heard I was very sick with the dread of Africa, malaria. I came nearly saying good-bye to everybody, but Jesus spared me for a time as there is still much work for me to do. I was in his will and he was exceedingly precious to me. There is no failure in God, nor his promises. It is good to serve him.

Dr. Sanders has taken the four children, Judson, George, Miriam and Grace, out for school examinations at the village. We have not enough children (it requires 12 or 13) to fill government requirements to send an examiner in here so they must go there.

It is a long, slow ride by ox waggon, 18 miles, and the sun, even in winter, is hot. However, they get on very well indeed and we are thankful they do not need to go farther. School is a problem to people in this land who live on the farms far from villages and towns.

I am afraid we have been late in starting our yearly report for Beulah this year. I am so sorry. So soon as Dr. Sanders gets back we will see about it and send it next mail.

Our mails now from you to us come by the way of New York. It takes a week or two longer than it used to to get mail from home. The country where we are is very quiet concerning things pertaining to war, but in the towns all is activity recruiting for German East. The rainy season there is about over, so we will hear of more activities in that direction and we hope that colony will cease to trouble us. Many hundreds of men have died there or after their return, from malaria. It has been a far more serious affair than outsiders know, such a difficult country as to climate and topography, this latter making transport almost impossible in certain sections. Thus the difficulties of victualing an army under such conditions can only be imagined. I have seen and talked to several young men who have returned from this front, so got some things first hand. Prices of food fluctuate but continue high and government is controlling prices of certain commodities. Corn (called mealies) promises to be a short crop this year from all reports we have had. This is the reaping time and they should be cheap, about \$1.75 for 20 lbs., but they are now being bought for \$4.00 for same and may not come down lower than that. This with Kaffir corn (amatele) is the staple food of all natives, so the outlook for those whose gardens were failures is dark. As we live among the people we understand what this means better than those who do not.

All women and girls sell a portion of their grain to buy a new sleeping blanket or some article of clothing. They do this even when they know famine threatens and the grain they sell today they will need for food two months from this time at from twice to three times the price they are selling today. It is their custom. If food is needed presently the men must buy it, and their gardens are their only means

of securing their necessary clothing for the winter.

Last Sunday we again had baptism when seven more young men and girls followed Jesus and joined the church. Two girls from a kraal on Balmoral, their father, a head man, and their mother are seeking and we hope will soon join them. All pray now in their homes. Two young girls and a man over thirty comes from the adjoining farm from the home of Martha Mdiniso, one of our evangelists. About half of this large kraal are now Christians and some few of the rest are seeking. These things greatly encourage us and you can imagine how we got blessed as we sat among them around the Lord's table on Sunday. What a change in this land in a few short years. What cannot the power of the gospel do! We are seeing the children of our greatest opposers getting saved. These men even threatened to stab the ones who believe, with a native spear, or marry the girl off at once to the first man they could find. Now these children are finding Jesus and the wicked, indifferent fathers have been removed by death.

Nearly every believer learns to read and write. Many of the girls are learning to sew on a hand sewing machine and much improvement in many ways is seen. These converts get good experience, leave much or about all the pleasures that these Zulus have, as much of what they call pleasure is sin. It costs much for a man to get saved but when they pay the price God gives them the genuine article and we have a joy that is unutterable and full of glory when we see them really following Jesus and they learn what sacrifice means.

Well, Lydia is married and she and Josepha make a fine couple. I wish we could see all our young women as happily married and their hearts aglow to live and shine for Jesus that the heathen among whom they live might be saved.

This part of our denomination is thrifty and growing well. We want to see the whole church filled with the spirit and be a flame to lighten more and more this dark land.

Once in a while we meet a Dutch man or woman (we know of two at least) who seem to be really spiritual. It is a treat to talk with these of the things of God. "As cold water to a thirsty soul," as an oasis in a desert. We try to help all Europeans who come and God helps us to witness for him before even those who do not seem to see any need for missionaries.

Now I must tell you, dear Mrs. Baker, about the one of our flock whom you always call your boy. Judson has gone right on much as you saw him last, increasing in the knowledge of God, with a heart earnest and longing to save souls. He promises to make a good worker. Truly God has blessed us more than I can tell in giving us children who want to dedicate their lives to him as soul winners. Paul and Faith both do a lot of missionary work. He and she take night about in teaching our native school. He, most Sundays, is off to some distant kraal preaching so they understand in their own tongue the gospel. He can preach too, logical and convincing. Faith is not one wit behind him and both are winning souls.

Oh, this awful war! What sacrifices

women at home must make now! I used to wonder if the people at home or very many of them, really knew what the word sacrifice meant. How my heart aches so for them and their awful sorrow as their husbands or boys are taken on the field of battle. Oh, the empty chairs at home and vacant seats in church or S. S.! I pray for the women of the home land. At times I have a burden of prayer for them. Then I think of the brave men and boys at the front who have so little help in spiritual things and so much that would tend to wreck faith in God. I don't think most Christian friends really understand in what danger these men at the front are in nor how much they need our continued prayers. It seems to me each church should set apart a certain portion of a Sunday service, a certain portion of the prayer meeting each week in praying for the church members on the field of battle. Think of them, seldom a chance to go to a real prayer meeting. Too tired on their return from the trenches to care where they are, only so as to drop down to sleep. Constantly facing death and in an atmosphere that must seem like hell itself. This has been my burden for the men at the front. I learned from my brother who fell in France just a year ago today somewhat of the strenuous life they lead, etc.

My letter is a long one but there is lots more I could tell you about. I must write again soon.

Very sincerely yours,
ELLA (MRS. H. C. SANDERS).

Hartland, Natal, So., Afr.,
June 14, 1917.

Dear Highway:

In looking over our church books for the year, from May 1st, 1916, to May 1st, 1917, there is one feature that impresses me more than any other. I notice that among the forty-six added during the year by baptism, only seven are across the Pongola. At the beginning of the year the church on this side the river was smaller than that in the Transvaal; then why this remarkable difference? There are just as many native workers there as here, so the fault does not lie in that direction.

Only one reason can I see, and that is lack of supervision by the white missionary. I should have spent more time with our Transvaal work.

The number above mentioned does not include the last Baptism of seven, and these too were on the Natal side.

We must, somehow, remedy this weakness. As you know, I have tried to rent a piece of land over there on which to build a church and hut where we might hold meetings and find comfortable lodgings.

Thus far all efforts have failed, but now a church is to be built at Emozane, a place at one end of our field. Then we hope to rebuild a church at Entungwini, near the other end.

We shall keep on trying to rent or buy a site for a central church and house; yes, we look forward to the time when you will give us a man to take charge of our splendid work in the Transvaal. Really, it is the more promising field as there is less opposition and much more room for expansion.

Other societies, owning a farm with

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