

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg, Natal,
June 11th, 1918.

Dear Friends:

Sunday was a good day; three more were baptized and four joined the church, really three new ones and the fourth is one who was set aside from the church because of sin.

One of these baptized is Topi, whose story I wrote you over a year ago. She has been a kind of seeker for many years and God has been very merciful to her. Her husband is still a heathen though somewhat educated and can read English as well as in his own tongue.

He never paid the wedding cattle for Topi, so the ceremony was never completed but she lived with him and felt he was her husband (many heathen do this). The past year he took unto himself another wife, paying in part for her, and had the heathen wedding. This was a great grief to Topi. She came to me one day and asked what she should do. Her father threatened to bring her home again and marry her off to another man who had cattle. I told her "No! Jim is your husband in the eyes of the Lord. He is the father of your children and if you leave Jim and marry another you will live in sin in the sight of the Lord. You want to be a Christian, therefore don't do this thing. If Jim will go the wrong way he will bear the blame. Even if he does say for you to go, stay until he drives you away, etc., etc." She went away to her father's on a visit and must have reconciled him some way for she returned to Jim months ago. So many difficulties, so much sadness, she has wavered and put off deciding definitely for Jesus. The Devil harrassed her so, at times she could not pray for the voices she said she heard when she knelt down, but at last she has accepted Jesus and means to serve Him. She needs your prayers.

The backsliden one gave a very bright testimony as to having returned to the Lord and having been forgiven and we rejoice for hers was a sad case.

There were so many people our church was too small, so again we held the second service of the day on the lawn in front of the house.

A young couple wished their betrothal to be acknowledged by our little engagement service, so they came forward for this purpose.

Many had given good testimonies during the day and with the sermon on tithing gave food for thought to the many heathen who were present. Quite a little offering was given at the close of a profitable day.

Timoti Mkonza from our church at far-away Piraas Port or La Kwa Lembe is here and gave a good report of the little band up there. Most of these are women and children but none have backslidden during the time since we last met them and there are a few new ones. He himself needs teaching, but he is teaching those who know much less than he. School and Sunday services are regularly held and Friday is their prayer meeting. One Dutch family has asked him to come to their

house and hold meetings. We are looking into this rather strange request, for usually the Dutch people are very lax in mission work, even forbidding their servants going to services. However, this man is willing for all of his to become Christians and several belong to our church there.

Dr. Sanders always has quite a bit of clinical work to do but the past few days there have been more cases than usual filling up most of the day, beside a maternity case outside, making his time very full.

My Bible Class is a great refreshing to my own soul as I unfold the mysteries of the kingdom and of the word to those who come. God draws very near and blesses us together. We have lately been talking of Jesus soon return, finding much in the word to make us feel the time is near and we stir each other up to greater activity and earnestness in the things of God. Our present lessons are on the Holy Ghost, his work, etc. From three to four nights each week at present we are taking, but hope to change to day time as soon as the reaping is finished, when I expect more to attend.

At present we are all well. The children are jubilant over having all passed their school examinations and graded higher. This time of examination is an event, as all must go to the village, eighteen miles away. Charley went for the first time since he came here a baby. He will be seven years in a few days. Of course everything in the town was new and of great interest and on his return he had much to tell Norman, our youngest.

The children are fast growing up. Two are already that and two others soon will be and want to spend their lives for him, striving to be what Jesus wants them to be and the youngest too. Each one is

I am sure you don't forget us nor the work here. We need your prayers and we remember you in our prayers. These days of anxiety and trouble there is no other refuge but God. Let us keep hidden in him and where he can use us for him.

Ever yours in Him,
MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg,
Natal, South Africa,
July 19th, 1918.

Dear Friends:

Mails from home to us are coming farther apart than ever. In our last, July 3rd, contained letters posted in February and March. Mails from England are even more delayed, the last was three months old. Today I heard a report the next would not come for seven months. Truly the whole world staggers beneath the terrible blows of this titanic struggle and if the end is seen at all, 'tis very dimly and through a mist of blood.

We hail all news from home with joy. Letters, Highways and other papers too. Of course we get news from Europe by cable, and in the towns every success or failure on these great battle fields is known from six to ten hours afterwards.

My heart continues to reach out to our dear ones and friends at the various battle-fronts but I also pray much for the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts left at

home. Suspense is often a slow death. 'Tis a bleacher of the locks and the only remedy is to be hidden in God. Beloved, don't let anything separate us from God. When we wish to question, 'tis best to let him answer. When faith in his love, wisdom, etc., is like to be broken, remember Jesus' own words, "Heaven and earth may pass away but my word shall not pass away till all be fulfilled." Are our eyes so dim with tears that we cannot see Him fulfilling his own word of prophecy?

Are our hearts so sore from aching that we cannot trust him to accomplish his own will?

Have we forgotten the Apostles' writings concerning the last days? Do not present events interpret much that we never fully understood before?

"My little children, it is the last time," said John, let us still trust on.

On July 4th Dr. Sanders and I packed a few articles of warm clothing in our one horse trap (a two-wheeled carriage) and started for a visit up in the Utrecht district.

We planned to spend two Sundays with our church at Kwa Lembe. The first night we were at the village of P. P. Burg which is booming just now through the mining of coal from the mountainous hill near it, and accommodation is scarce, not a room at the hotel, so we asked Mr. Jonsson, a Swedish missionary, if they would kindly take us in. They did and we were very thankful.

By 4 a. m. we were up and as soon as possible were away, getting high up among the hills before the sun rose. It was cold and we enjoyed our heavy coats, warm rugs, etc., that we only use for such cold travel on high veldt in this country.

We outspanned twice on the road and reached the beautiful home of a well-to-do Dutch farmer, somewhere near 4 p. m., very tired, especially Dr. Sanders, who walked several hours that day while we climbed up the hills. Part of the way I walked too as the horse had all she could do to pull up the trap.

We were warmly welcomed and for the most part of two weeks shared their hospitality and enjoyed their home. It was a real treat to play a piano once more, to gaze on some fine oil paintings, done by my friend before her marriage, and to move about in the spacious, well furnished rooms of our hostess.

Sunday a. m. I was to a Dutch prayer meeting and had a chance to witness for Jesus. "An effectual door of utterance" seems to be opening for us among these people.

Dr. Sanders went the four miles on horse-back and found a congregation of thirty-five awaiting him. They were overjoyed to see him and all got helped and blessed. Two mid-week meetings were appointed. One on the farm of another friendly Dutchman at whose home we were for two nights and parts of two days. It is good to move among these Dutch on whose farms our natives live. We are often able to explain some difficult matters that have been helpful afterwards for our work. Tuesday's meeting, not so many present but a good time, helpful sermon, encouraging testimonies.

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