

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O., Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Af., May 24, 1918.

Dear Friends:

Dr. Sanders, Judson and I spent three days at Mqumbi's kraal. It is about ten miles from here and not far from the junction of the Pongola and Pivaans rivers.

The scenery is very beautiful, rugged and broken, as there is nothing to be seen but mountainous hills with deep narrow valleys between them and the rivers.

In fact, we only have two or three miles of good farm land between us and this broken country. These great hills make up our own scenery at Balmoral, but they are at a distance.

No road, save for a little way, so we travel on horseback or donkeys. The latter, though slow, are very safe animals and are of great service to us, especially when cattle sickness is about. Just now our road to the village is closed for all cattle. I am glad to say the disease seems to be stamped out, but months will pass before the road is opened.

We took four donkeys, two for riding and two for pack animals. Doctor rode the horse. Provision for the time expected to be away and bedding made up their loads. As famine is with these people, we felt we should go prepared to expect nothing from them, but the corn and sweet potatoes proved too heavy, with the other things that made up the load of our animals, so when we passed Aloni's kraal we left the corn and most of the sweet potatoes, expecting to send some one back for them.

The journey was uneventful, save for enjoying the views along the way. We cross two small rivers, go through a fine bit of thorn bush and cross another brook which is beautiful because of its waterfall clumps among the trees which clothe its banks. More thorn bush as we climb another hill.

Mqumbi's kraal, with four others, is situated in a saucer-shaped valley on the shoulder of one of these mighty hills. This valley is quite sheltered and has good garden land. Then all about them on the hills are sparsely scattered trees, aloes and scrubby bush, the home of the antelopes. These, with a few other small animals, make capital hunting, so though every year the people do not raise corn enough for themselves and must buy, the men refuse to leave this happy hunting ground for a better farming place.

A leopard has made great havoc among a flock of goats. Mqumbi told me he had taken over twenty. This flock was left to shepherd itself on the high hills. Had they been put into a fold each night they likely would have been spared. However, these leopards become quite bold and often get goats right in the pen. These animals seldom are seen and never attack man unless cornered, so I am told, but they are very destructive among sheep also, causing great loss among the farmers whose sheep are within reach of these great cats.

There are always many things of interest to be seen at a native village. Their nicely built thatched huts, with the small door and funny fire-place; the cattle in the round cattle-kraal or yard, usually so close

to the huts that only a few feet separate them; the many babies and small children playing about, having little or nothing on as clothing, and the women and men with various bits of work or sitting by the cattle kraal in the sun, talking.

Making beer was the work of the day when we reached this man's kraal. Only his wife was home, as the bride and another girl had gone to the woods for fuel, and the men were away, one to the village to work, the father off hunting. We were given the hut of the bride. She has been married about three years, but still called 'amakoti,' bride. It is large, clean, free from cockroaches, etc., and we are very thankful. Aloni took the two bed-ticks I had brought, and soon filled them with grass, coaree and hard with the spring of straw lacking, but it made a better bed than the ground. After getting these placed, one on each side of the hut, our other things were arranged on top of the saddlery at the head of the beds. I opened a tin cracker-box containing lunch, spread a cloth on the floor and we sat down on our beds and ate.

It was three o'clock, and we had had no dinner, as the clouds gave promise of rain and Dr. Sanders thought we would be wise to get here first.

Judson and his father hurried off after some small partridge they found on the hillside, and I had a talk with the Inkosikazi (head wife, literally queen).

Sunday morning before time for meeting we climbed up to the top of a high hill behind the kraal and had a fine view. Both rivers in sight, the junction just ahead, and many curiously shaped hills and steep cliffs which make the rivers' banks. We could see many miles away and saw even distant Swaziland. Thus Natal, Transvaal and Swaziland were in sight.

I think the most impressive thing was at the close of our meeting. Not many people—only ten adults and some children—for a few people did not get the word in time. We had a nice meeting, all listened well, were interested and glad we came. Now for the climax. Dr. Sanders in a few words told them the object of our coming was to call them to follow Jesus. The light had come to them; God loved them; now did they really want to believe? Did they want services to be held among them or not? They must choose, and choose now. The subject was before the house for discussion, and discuss it they did with a vengeance. Everybody was talking at once. It was laughable indeed, and beyond description.

The Inkosikazi told them how it had rained and rained until the mountains about them melted. This was indeed time for them to stop and consider and get saved. She waxed eloquent, and soon the rest stopped to listen and assented to her words. Another said everybody about them were becoming saved, now it was time they should. So the vote was unanimous that they would all come Sunday by Sunday when Aloni came to preach and teach.

When told they must come even if a beer-drink was on, they said yes. "But," I replied, "you men will be greatly tempted to leave the meeting and go to the drink. I fear that many times after Aloni has come this long walk, only the women and chil-

dren will be here." However, they thought they would come even then.

To my mind this Inkosikazi will have as hard a struggle to give up her's as any one else.

It would take too long to describe the process of making beer, but it really is worth watching, and takes up a lot of time, means real hard work in drawing water, carrying firewood and grinding and cooking the grain.

Monday I took my knitting work and visited an old wood-carver. He takes certain trees, near the Piraan river, and cuts out trays, deep enough to work butter in, spoons, etc. His work is skilfully done, and quite artistic, too, as they are all ornamented with burnt work. He is a very industrious man, working each and all day, Sundays included. I'm sure I cannot tell if my talk made any impression on him, but I tried to make him understand time is short for him, and salvation is so important.

Tuesday we came home, having enjoyed our trip and feeling we had done what we could.

I am sure you will remember these people in prayer and plead their soon accepting Jesus as their King.

Yours in His service,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

## AUNT MARY'S PRACTICING.

A young lady recently brought to Christ was asked under whose preaching she was converted. She smiled and said: "Under nobody's preaching; it was under Aunt Mary's practicing."

She had gone to live with her aunt when she was a self-willed, thoughtless, headstrong young girl, leaving the house of her parents because they opposed her marriage to a young man who proved, as she soon found, entirely unworthy of her love. And the aunt, who believed the Word of God with all her heart and acted it out in all her life, received her lovingly, and with patience and gentle kindness; and good sense gradually led her to see the error of her course and to receive in love the lessons she endeavored to impress, till in the end the niece became a zealous and faithful Christian. And when, as already said, she was asked, "Under whose preaching she was converted?" with a smile she replied, "Under nobody's preaching; it was under Aunt Mary's practicing."

And there is a world of meaning in the answer, for example is ever more powerful than precept, and a holy life is the mightiest of all arguments for religion. "It wasn't master's sermons, but it was master's life that did it," said a servant—who had been awakened to think of her sin—of her master, who was a clergyman.—Selected.

The soul must exercise in order to grow. Stagnation is as dangerous to growth as starvation or suffocation. Doing God's will is as essential to growth as feeding on God's Word and seeking His face in prayer.

He travels safely and not unpleasantly who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.—Sir Philip Sidney.