

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

P. O. Hartland,
Natal, Sept. 13th, 1919.

Dear Highway:

Our communion service across the Pongola last Sunday was well attended, and very encouraging. One woman was admitted to church membership and her babe given to the Lord, while both parents took vows to train their child in the way it should go.

This custom of our church, binding the parents to thus teach the children, and regard them as belonging to God and the church, certainly works well among this people. Nearly every month sees these children, who were dedicated and received Christian names in their infancy, now, when they have reached the years of understanding, choose Christ and enter the church by baptism. They will be our best Christians, having never formed the bad habits practised by all the heathen. "Suffer little children and forbid them not, to come unto me for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

As our meeting last Sunday was about to begin, we saw a long procession of dressed natives coming over a distant hill. Soon we could hear their singing. Then one could tell who they were—our new band from Mhlaplandhlela. Following the footpath, they were, as always, in single file. Again, as always, arranged in order of importance. Leading, was our evangelist, Samueli. He is in personal charge now of this new company, about twenty who have recently, as you remember, become "seekers." After Samueli came several young men in the order of their ages. Then the boys, women and girls, all dressed like they had always been Christians. It is wonderful how they manage to procure clothing when money among them is so scarce and difficult to get.

The boys of course and men who work at the towns have no trouble in securing good clothing. But the women and girls, as a rule, must buy their own the best way they can. Some women make and sell grass mats, beer strainers, earthen dishes, etc., while others sell grain from their small gardens.

Some of the heathen men will buy for their families, but this is not common. We try to teach our christian men that this is their duty. One good example of a christian man being willing to provide for his family is the late Petirosi Hlope. In his death our church has sustained a great loss. Faith will tell you of him in her letter she is now writing.

The Marysville church was his supporter, but now will be ably represented by Timoti Mkonza, brother to Aloni. He, you may remember, is pastor of our church at Utrecht—a church that is partly the direct result of his labors.

Samueli has been transferred to Mrs. H. Frizzle, of Truro, N. S., as his former supporter, I am informed by last mail, is discontinuing his support. Samueli is not a strong man, and is often laid aside by sickness. But even this has its advantages because he never goes away to work for higher wages as most of our other male evangelists sometimes do. I may say also

that he is not only our first, but our most successful evangelist.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray," says the Psalmist. It may be Samueli's infirmities that keeps him in touch with God, where he can be a soul winner.

The same may be said of Mpandhle, one of our four most recent workers. While still another, Paule, is a nature that needs a steadier like some great affliction. Faith will tell you of these last two new names, whom we count among our "workers."

Thus we have three free names, the above two and Jositina, the wife of Aloni, whose supporter has, I am just informed, laid down this burden.

All the monies received here for the native workers are used for this purpose and never spent in any other phase of the work. For instance, when any one worker is away for higher wages, and his supporter continues to send money, all is placed in the common "Natives Workers' Fund," and used to help support some other native evangelist until the allotted representative returns.

Quarterly statements are regularly sent home, showing how much each evangelist has been paid, and where every cent of the monies goes.

In our reports of victories and souls won to Christ, we are careful never to exaggerate and have probably erred on the other side, trusting that simple figures and cold statements would speak for themselves. I am led to these conclusions viz., that our reports have not been as full as they should be because several supporters at home have dropped their native representatives.

It has been my privilege to meet many African missionaries since coming here, and learn much of their work. None has exceeded ours in genuine soul saving, either in numbers or in the standard of spiritual life—and I am not one given to self-esteem and boasting.

My six years in Greater New York gave me an intimate knowledge of missions in all parts of the world, not only by reading missionary literature, but by hearing from the lips of returned missionaries. There was hardly a Sunday without the announcement of a lecture in some part of that great city by a returned missionary. I seldom missed these opportunities.

True, some of them could tell of times of great harvests of souls, but it was always after years of fruitless toiling and serving in tears. So judging from my large opportunity for comparison, I am not discouraged. To the contrary, I have always felt that God has given us far more than the average share of reaping. We have been content with poverty and sacrifice because of the abundant harvest of "souls for our hire."

Where do we invest our tenth," and why? Right here, because we believe it the will of God and we see the results that justify our attitude.

There may be other places where each soul saved represents an outlay of less—say hard cash. And yet, when all the facts are known, and the past history of the other mission, there may have been large initial outlays that would, if known, even up the comparison.

Speaking of the "tenth," many at home go beyond this, I am sure, and are prov-

ing, like we are, that God honours their faith in blessing both spiritual and temporal." There is that giveth and yet increaseth."

Let us not retrench, but instead "bring all the tithes," and vows and offerings to Him who will open the windows of heaven and pour us out an overflowing blessing.

Yours in Him,
H. C. SANDERS.

P. O. Hartland,
Via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, Sou. Africa,
Sept. 15th, 1919.

Dear Highway:

You may be interested in the accounts of the three workers mentioned in Papa's letter.

Paule Mkonza is an earnest Christian and gives promise of making a good worker. On Wednesday last he brought us the names of fourteen new "seekers," who have taken their stand for the Lord at "Esingeni." He says that the attendance at this outpost ranges from fifteen to thirty-five, not counting those from ten and under.

One of these "seekers" is a young man of twenty-five or so. He goes about with Paule on Saturday to the various neighboring kraals holding prayer meetings. This does a great deal towards rousing those who would be likely to find an excuse for not attending their next service.

These two young disciples are now building a church and have about completed the walls.

Jona Myeni used to hold services at this place, and several of those who have now declared themselves on the Lord's side, owe their start to him.

Both Paule and his fellow worker need your prayers as the enemy is doing his worst to spoil their usefulness in God's vineyard. They are both up against grave problems connected with the old heathen customs of "Lobola" (paying cattle for wife). In the case of the older man things have come to such a pass that he is sometimes tempted to throw the whole thing up, turn back to heathenism and marry both girls he has payed for.

In Mpanable Kunene we find an illustration of God's wonderful power in transforming lives. Perhaps you will remember a letter which Mamma wrote about her some time ago.

Her father, Mpengula, was a regular old heathen witch doctor, had eighteen wives and sixty children! His was a real case of demon possession, and when his "Idhlozi" (spirit) came it would make a whistling sound that all could hear, and light between his shoulders. He was very bitter against our work, and sternly forbade any of his folks to come to the meetings or be Christians. Mpanable herself was a wild, wayward girl, and often laughed to scorn those who tried to win her for Jesus. While still very young her father sold her to an old man whom later she was forced to marry, "because the young man I loved was poor and could not pay the cows," she once told me.

Her first born was baptized last Sunday and given the new name of "Titus." Though only about twelve years old our

(Continued on Page Three)