

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

P. O. Hartland,  
Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Africa,  
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Dear Friends:

When Israel had passed over Jordan they pitched in Gilgal the twelve stones they had taken from Jordan's bed, as a sign and memorial "That all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord that it is mighty." Jos. 4:24. In writing this letter I want to do the same thing. I want to tell you as well as I can of God's power and blessing which has rested upon us during the past month or more, and thus "witness" (as the Zulu puts it) to the mighty hand of our God.

It seems all to have begun in a great sorrow and trial that came to us early in September, when Marta and Filimon declared their intention of leaving for the enemy's camp. The shock fairly stunned us—as Lydia said, "I felt as if their kraal was swept from the face of the earth, and was actually surprised when I got up the next morning to see it still there!" Marta was one of the five immersed at our first baptismal service in this district, and held true to us at the time when so many left for the Zionists. "Of whom can we be sure? Who will leave next? Will there be a big split in the church as in the case of the Zionists?" These questions kept coming up.

The burden was so heavy that for several nights we found sleep difficult. News of backsliders, weak ones, straying—fresh activity on every hand, among the awful and unseen enemy forces which are so real in this dark land, kept coming in. Our church seemed threatened with disaster.

Then, through our agonizing prayer, came to each of us separately the comforting assurance that this unusual activity of the enemy indicated an impending blessing from God. The danger and evil were no less real, but God drew near and opened our eyes to the fact that "They that be with us are more." So strong was this assurance that at last each fresh item of news from the enemy's camp filled us with joy and praise. "Here's another intimation of His impending blessing," we would think.

Papa and Mamma went for their weekend across the Pongola. That Sunday I was drawn out in strong and agonizing prayer which afterwards turned to such joy and assurance of victory as I have seldom known. Even since this the Lord has given me a more perfect victory and joy in Him and gives daily personal blessings and answers to prayer.

You already know the news with which they returned from their trip. Praise God, he had begun.

They had only been home a week when they started off for Utrecht, leaving Paul and me alone in charge here for 16 days. God's presence was with them all the way and Papa has given you the barest account He blessed and prospered them there.

In their absence God himself stayed with us and watched over, used, blessed and directed us at home. Oh, friends, never in my life have I so walked in the

very presence of God as during the last 30 days. To me it has been so real and such a comfort and stay and help as I can never express in words!

There were important church matters just before Papa and Mamma left, for which they could not get time so that a special meeting had to be called in their absence. But God was there, gave us wisdom and such union of heart and purpose as helped to a successful settlement of it all, so far.

In house and medical work he helped us out of all our difficulties—kept us out of difficulties, made things run so smoothly and well that just that in itself was wonderful. The children were so obedient and helpful, the native help behaved so well and in so many other ways God answered prayer that His presence grew very real.

One night I woke up and found Charlie sick. Temperature 105. You can imagine my fear—alone in the house with a sick child. I instantly thought of a very bad case of what may be typhus, right on our own farm—and feared—I prayed hard. He gave me rest and peace. I did what I could for the child, went to sleep and woke up to find him apparently quite well, and he has kept well ever since.

A kitchen girl was taken sick. Temperature 102. I could not tell what ailed her. I feared her heathen parents would make trouble, take her home in Papa's absence—as they had done in another case with him here. Again I prayed hard and again God answered. Charlie came and told me the girl had a bad sore. I went and found her leg badly swollen and so bad I feared blood poisoning; so praying harder than ever, painted and poulticed her up. Soon her mother came but here again God answered prayer. She made very little of it and was just thankful that the child had good attention. The next day she was alright again, and I thanked God for answered prayer.

Each day brought a number of needy souls and God richly and especially blessed us in dealing with them, and roused the native workers also.

Out of the Scripture teaching in the day school grew a Bible class which God has especially blessed. The precious lessons which he has been teaching us day by day seem each deeper and better than the last.

Before leaving, Papa had appointed a day of fasting and prayer which could not be delayed until their return. You cannot guess how we shrank from taking this alone. But praise God He soon showed us that he asks nothing of us but to be willing and empty channels. "The battle is the Lord's." We have but to stand still and see the salvation of God with us.

The meeting started at 8 o'clock a. m. and from the first God's presence was felt in a marked degree. The Spirit worked in heart searching and conviction. As they prayed one after another the humility and consecration—complete surrender expressed was striking. When we had been there about an hour the Spirit whispered, "At ten o'clock you will place a bench out there in front and have them come forward for prayer." Soon one and another began to weep and the conviction and

hunger deepened. We who had received and were free from condemnation were bowed down in agonized intercession for those others.

Placing the bench as directed we gave out the hymn, "Just as I am," and asked those who could sing these words from their hearts to stand as they sang. Only a few understood the first time. At the second verse I repeated the request and made the conditions stronger. Soon about half the congregation were on their feet. Then I gave the invitation, putting it very strong, "Those who have surrendered all, and will come believing and seeking God with their whole heart, let them come forward and we will pray with them. We got down to pray and soon the whole churchful save a few around the edges had gathered near and towards that bench. First one, then another began to pray, but soon broke down and we were all weeping, agonizing, seeking God. And he was found of us. Three or four right there and others later when the church got too full and we went over to the wattle grove.

Yes, he was found of us. His very presence became so real and vivid that the heart of every one there felt it. There were a number there who sought and received the "Gift of the Holy Spirit. My sister, Miriam, Aaron Mkonza, Felita Hadebe and Befu Kunene were among them. Their testimony was to deep conviction, cleansing, great relief and joy and an intense longing to see others get what they had received. There in the flood tide of God's mighty outpouring it seemed so easy for any one who chose to take the step, to enter in and receive of His fullness. As one and another changed from bitter weeping to shouts of joy and praise, we felt "there is enough for all today." The Spirit as He stepped in and took control made us of one heart and mind. As in these tropical electric storms I have seen the lightning flash from cloud to cloud so was that day the interchange and communion of soul with soul. I forgot they were black, and was filled with such a love as made us one in Him. I love them as my own flesh and blood. If you had been there it would have been the same with you. It must be this that goes on in heaven where we all belong to one big family.

The results have been telling for three weeks now. Victory and earnestness in the Lord's work, union with heart and purpose, a hunger for Bible study that brings them from their gardens during this, the busiest part of the year, a depth and earnestness to their prayer and constant answers to prayer, a drawing near to God and almost physical sense of His presence, and a high confident trust in Him such as we have never known or seen before—a live company of Christ's own.

We praise God for what He hath wrought, but find our eyes fresh opened to the pressing need all about us of daily, hourly pressing the battle by constant earnest prayer that his kingdom may continue to prevail.

With love and thanks to you all for your participation, I am

Yours in this prayer,  
FAITH SANDERS.