

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

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The "colored" speak English and consider themselves much superior to the full blooded negro. There were five services in all. One sinner claimed to find the Saviour and old fashioned pentecostal power was manifested in our midst. In speaking in English to European or colored or in Zulu to the negro, God manifested himself just the same. They all need the one great Saviour and must all enter by the only door into the sheep fold.

There never was a time when we needed your prayers more than at present. Other societies, some with false doctrines, are pressing in on every hand. There is an Ethiopian movement growing rapidly—"Away with the European! Africa for the African!" It is religious as well as political. They will have no European supervision, and naturally fall into grave errors of doctrine and discipline, because of their lack of education and training. All kinds of heathen practices are allowed among their so-called converts. We feel that God has placed us here, not only to win these heathen to Christ, but to hold up a standard of "pure religion and undefiled," before all the denominations about us. It is to this end we need your prayers. Then there so many weak, persecuted and struggling converts who need the same upholding. Remember also the native workers and do not cease to hold on in prayer for this whole work.

Ever yours in Him,
H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland P. O.
Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
Aug. 3rd, 1920.

Dear Friends:

Sunday bright and early Dr. Sanders and I mounted our trusty steeds and were off for a meeting with our church across the Pongola River.

The cool, crisp air was so invigorating, the scenery rugged and in places bold but pleasing, as our path wound in and out amid the low hills, crossed several small rivers and streams that we found our long journey very enjoyable.

Both banks of the Pongola are mountainous hills with sides as steep as the roofs of houses and we judge from five to seven hundred feet high. One climbs up and up to get to the point of descent into the valley below and then, after crossing, one toils up again to as high a level on the other side as on this.

After fording we needed to dismount in several places and walk a bit, as it is either too much for our animals or dangerous. One place the path winds round the side of the mountainous hill, strewn with boulders so thick that one could go a long way stepping from one to the other and never touch the earth. Here and there is a drop almost perpendicular, fifty feet or more. It is a wild looking mountain side and very hard for our unshod horses' feet, but they scramble along picking their way carefully and don't seem to realize any danger.

At the first kraal we met a man who wished to exchange a steer for an ox. At the second an old man wished a tooth extracted. This soon over on we pressed for

time was passing and we had several miles more to cover.

Passing through another village all was silent and we judged everybody had gone either to meeting, or to a beer-drink—it is seldom a whole village becomes Christian.

When going up the last hill we came across some girls and women at a little rill having a wash before they went farther. Another group were on ahead—women with their babies on their backs and several girls all neatly dressed. We arrived at Johan Sukazi's home about 11.30. Here we found many had gathered before us and numbers more were coming from several directions. After off saddling and seeing our tired horses had a feed of corn before they were turned away to graze where they pleased, we went down the hill to the little stone church.

This building about 20 x 14 ft. has two small openings for windows and one door. It is nearly finished and was the work of Johan before he died and Jona. It was packed full and I counted one hundred and ten persons besides ourselves. There must have been ten or twelve more I did not get in the crush. Never can Europeans fold themselves up so neatly on their knees nor can so many seat themselves in so small a space as these people.

As Dr. Sanders had several teeth to pull and names to get of children to be presented to the Lord, I went on before him and opened the meeting.

These Zulus can about all sing and do it well if they have had a little leading by a good voice when they were learning, but this congregation has been less favored so not so melodious as might be. However, thy were not too bad, and did enjoy themselves.

We sang and prayed so when the "Umfundisi" at last came we were all ready for him and his sermon.

Meantime more people kept crowding in till you would wonder where another inch of space could be found. But they did manage to squeeze up together a little closer and all got in save a few little boys who sat out at the door.

I could write a lot about what they wore, how they did up their hair, the babies asleep on their mothers' backs, etc., etc., but it would fill too much space. The seats for us were rude little benches just big enough for one, and about one foot high. For the men a few logs (small too) against the wall for one side of the house and everybody else sat on the floor. It is of earth too. But many of the women and girls as they came in had a small lot of either wild tea grass or grass. When they sat down she had this spread out to sit on. Many among the people were heathen but seekers now and during the testimony part of the meeting five stood up declaring they gave themselves to God and asked our prayers. One is a man psat thirty. I think the rest women and girls. Then one backslider told us she had returned to the Lord and three young children were presented to the Lord.

Yes, Dr. Sanders preached well and the testimony meeting was good and I also had a little warning message against some evils that rae creeping in. There we had communion and the collection and closed

the service. About one dollar and twelve cents in money and fifty cents in corn was given.

Only a few minutes to speak to individuals, eat the remains of our lunch while our horses were being brought. Then the good-byes and hand-shakes—everybody must shake hands with us—and we were off for home.

It was four o'clock and soon the sun would set and we fifteen or more miles from home with little chance to canter or hurry our horses till we crossed the river and were nearly home.

However, we were waylaid by a young man who said he was dead from toothache. It did not take long for my husband to whisk out those forceps and then the fun began—yes, he was afraid and almost before any pressure was made upon the tooth by Dr. Sanders, this poor fellow was howling. I did pity him. And that tooth was in to stay. The boy was too afraid to help, only to hinder by trying to pull away my husband's hands, etc. Finally after telling him many times if once he took the pinchers off he would not put them on again. The doctor let go. Then the poor man ran after us begging not to leave him that way. But we simply must cross that dangerous hill side and the river before dark so could not waste more time with him and his fooling, telling him he could come home with us or a day or two later we rode off.

Just ahead was a village and right in the path stood a woman. I said, "Here is another tooth." Off jumped the doctor and in a couple of minutes had it out, then on again.

When well along the boulder stream mountain path we overtook a young man off down the valley to count his sheep. Lonely, far from other white folks a few minutes chat breaks the monotony of the day for him. It is long after sunset when we at last reach the river but our sturdy horses know the way and their heads are pointed homeward, so they soon cross it and an hour afterwards we have climbed the top of the high bank.

Nothing further happened and home was reached about seven o'clock. Thirty miles of travel over about as rough a path as we have in this district and seven hours in the saddle is a little more than I thought I could do, but I find I am quite fit today, Tuesday, and able for another journey tomorrow.

Next Sunday I hope to be at another outpost opposite to that of Sunday, but not nearly so far away. Probably eleven or twelve miles from here and near our other large river, the Pivaan.

My heart is so in the work that I decided I could stand it to be lame and tired for a week if only I could see those folks. The Lord did bless me and I believe will open the way for me to spend a week or ten days with our church at Entungwini but I can't say when. It is so blessed to preach Christ to those who sit in darkness.

Please do continue to help us by your prayers.

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

If we will awaken others, we must be awake ourselves.