

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

P. O. Hartland,
via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, April 21st.

Dear Highway:

Mrs. D. H. Nixon must pray earnestly for her representative, Mathew, the native worker who lives on the "Big Hill" and preaches near his home. Of late the interest has been declining, until he has called upon us for help. Accordingly, I paid them a visit last Sunday. There were many indications that God is still working among that little band and will, we trust, draw many more to Himself from among the heathen living on this hill.

In answer to a call from across the Pivan river, Matthew has once visited a kraal over there, leaving his wife, Elizabetha, in charge at home. It still remains to be seen if we are to really open a new outpost at that place. Elizabetha, by the way, is an earnest Bible woman, who now has no home supporter.

The Sunday before last we baptized a young man from our church at Utrecht, both his parents accompanied him, walking over a hundred miles, simply to vstiiit us and to witness the baptism. Their son would have awaited my coming, but he foresaw that he would be away from home.

How many of the average Christians at home would put forth an equal effort in a like cause?

With them, came Alice, the wife of Timothy, the preacher in charge. They reported the spiritual state of every church member and every seeker, giving detailed accounts where necessary. On the whole, our Utrecht church seems in a healthy condition, and the Foster Sisters whose prayers and means support this work have good reason to rejoice.

We had word of our Sisters Sterritt from Cape Town and presume they are now in Durban. Four days hence is our Big Sunday, when we hope they will be present and enjoy a royal reception.

Ever yours in Him,
H. C. SANDERS.

P. O. Hartland,
via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, April 26, 1924.

There were more yesterday than our small church could seat, so we had an open air service on the front lawn. We had hoped that our Sisters Sterritt would be here. In the Highway of March 15th, Brother Baker calculated they would be in Durban, April 7th or 8th.

The 12th they were in Cape Town, so we have appointed a reception service for Sunday, May 8th, when they will surely be with us. Representatives will come from across the Pongola, we trust, ten were here yesterday who came Saturday and remained over night.

Next Sunday I hope to have much blessing at our church across the Pongolo.

There was, yesterday, a "tembisana," or public engagement of a Christian girl of our church, to a young man of the Zionists. He, by the way, lives on this farm, and attends our meetings and seems like one of us. They take solemn pledges to be true to each other, and live as christians, avoiding the sinful practices of the Zulu heathen.

Several of our young men who are about

to leave for work in the large cities gave testimonies and said their good byes.

Snares and temptations await them. A boy, Sampson, just home from Bloemfontein and whom we interviewed today, told us how he had squandered his money. Fifteen months ago he arrived in that city where he previously worked and held a bank account of \$150. He earned \$15 per month and his food, and now comes home with nothing, having spent nearly \$350 in amusements and entertainments, etc., given mostly by a bad set of natives.

Another boy starts for home with \$70 in his pocket, representing nearly six months labour. Just before he boarded the train a native led him to a lonely spot where others were in waiting. They relieved him of all his money and told him to be thankful that his life was spared.

Missionaries in the cities should look out for such boys by trying to influence them to save their money and bank it or send it home by safe methods. The first boy who had wasted his earnings, said he attended the same church every Sunday, and yet the man in charge never took the slightest notice of him—simply preached to the congregation and let them go.

In one Sunday or Saturday (half-holiday) Sampson would sometimes spend, he said, \$5. The places were filled with others, like himself, who spend there all their earnings.

Eight hundred brick made today, and no white man helping me. Rains are holding off and work going forward fairly well. The brick mill is a great help. Grass for thatching is just beginning to come in as it is yet rather green. All the grass rope we need has already been bought, as this special kind of grass gets ripe earlier.

'Tis wonderful how the natives got along before civilization came their way. Even now they often do without most everything that must be bought. Grass is used for thatch, ropes, mats, dishes, belts, fences, headbands, hats, grain bags, hand-beer strainers, pipe holders, brooms, bags, etc. Hides and skins do for war shields, complete clothing for all classes of people night and day.

In this way boys come to us with only a few square inches of goat skin and go away with coat, shirt, trousers and even a hat. Two such ones are here now working for their winter clothing. Let's pray that such ones be led to Jesus and receive the all important "wedding garment."

Yours in Jesus,
H. C. SANDERS.

P. O. Hartland,
via Paulpietersburg,
April 10th, 1924.

Dear Children:

I have just been reading in the Highway about the Sterritt Sisters. The time is drawing near for their arrival, and we are all in a flutter. It is Sunday today and what a lovely day! The sun is shining brightly, and as I write the hum of voices tells me that the usual Sunday Mission work has already begun.

You may think because we are "missionaries in a foreign land" we are somehow not real ordinary people, but I guess, dear children, we are not much different from you and your brothers and sisters, only of

course being among Zulus makes a big difference.

We only have a governess when we go to school, and we do not have other white children to play with except when company comes. We have no snow here in winter, and so when my youngest brother, Norman, dreamed about snow, I asked him how it looked, and he said it looked like smoke or mist on the hillside.

The summer is past and it is fall now. There has been a drought this summer so there is not much harvest.

This letter is not very long but it is one of the first to the Highway that I have written, and let's hope its not the last.

Yours in Him,
JUDSON SANDERS.

The "Concord,"
95 Windermere Road,
Durban, So. Africa,
Monday, Apr 18, 1924

Dear Brother and Sister Baker:

Here we are in the land to which the Lord has called us, safe and sound, and happy because we are in His will. Our boat arrived about 10.30 Saturday morning; it was a beautiful morning, clear and hot, and Durban certainly looked very lovely as it came in sight. We looked ashore with mingled feelings of emotion, but with a consciousness that we were in our Father's keeping and under His appointment, made us restful and happy. We certainly felt that the dear Lord had gone before us, when Cook's agent stepped up and asked about our luggage and asked if we were missionaries. We asked him why he supposed we were and he just smiled and said he had become accustomed to classifying passengers. His next question was "Were we going to 'The Concord.'" He was very kind and said he would help us to get through the customs as soon as possible. Everyone had to write a list of dutiable articles in their trunks and the approximate value, and solemnly declare by this paper that they were safe to have their trunks examined. The officer did not even open them but just marked them as examined, and took our declaration paper. Cook's agent said the duty would be collected at Paulpietersburg when our trunks arrived, which would probably be in a week's time. So we will not know how much it cost to get them in until we get there. We were very grateful to have our things looked after so well, for we thought we might have to open everything, for they are said to be very rigid these days. We are trusting that the duty charges will not be evry heavy. Our silver and camera will be the most of course. When we went ashore at Cape Town we were held up for a minute, our names taken and the ship's name, because of the camera, just for fear we would sell it I guess. They are very expensive here.

We were fortunate in getting away from the customs by one o'clock, for a good many people were still waiting for their declaration papers. We piled into a ricksha first, but it was so hot and we were so piled up and could not direct the native plainly, so the agent got a man to bring us up in an auto for ten shillings which everyone says was very reasonable. We

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