

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

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go and would not let me up. Other young women—I was only nineteen—could stay at home and live good Christian lives, but not I, my life should be spent in Africa.

From that time I strove to know if I could lead a soul to Christ. This thought was with me, "Before I go to Africa I must be able to lead souls to Christ else how could I be sure I could help the heathen to Him."

Well God gave me a chance in my own home among my brothers and sisters. Then God gave me about two years out among the churches and I presume there are many today who can testify how God did use me, a young timid girl, to lead them to live for God. To Him be all the glory!

My husband and I were engaged three years before we were married and the letters that passed between us are full of how God was leading each on and what light or help we received concerning our work for him in Africa.

When he left home for New York to enter the Union Missionary Training School, I wished I could go to, not so much that I might be with him, but up to that time our training had been equal, both had been fitted for school teaching and had spent some time in home mission work, but from then on, he would get ahead of me and unless I got similar training I felt I would not be fitted to be the helpmeet he would need in Africa. There he received a certain amount of medical knowledge, would see and hear missionaries from various parts of the world and would acquire faster the fitting for such difficult work.

Well I went to praying about it and for fully nine months while travelling among the churches and working for souls as best I knew how, this great desire lay upon my heart.

I finally applied to a hospital in Boston where I expected to train as a nurse, but though I was accepted, God gave me the better; he granted me the desire of my heart and let us get married and I went with my husband to this same school. But he was a whole year ahead of me and at that time this school was in two sections, one at Hackettstown, N. Y., where each student was supposed to spend the first year at least, and the other section in Brooklyn, N. Y. Thus the first school year we were separated, he in Brooklyn and I caring for an invalid woman by which I paid my board in Hackettstown.

Money being so very scarce between us that, even though it only cost a few cents over one dollar for him to come and return, our meetings were few. But the joy in my heart that this chance was given me to be fitted as he was, and that now we soon hoped to sail away to our life's work mitigated the intense loneliness.

Dr. Sanders graduating a year before me expected to specialize on certain medical lines during my last school year but the Lord opened up the way for him to go to medical college and this seemed so desirable that we praised God and stepped out on faith and his promises to

see us through this extra four years. It was the more desirable as the English Boer War had broken out and it was no time to enter South Africa.

I will not dwell on our testing times, nor self sacrifices during those years he went to college, suffice it to say God saw us through and never did we lack food, clothing nor a place to dwell in, but often we had to do without things that seemed to be great needs; and both did any kind of honest work we could to help defray expenses. He tended furnaces in homes of the rich; I washed dishes, etc., as I could, and God brought us through.

One other shadow troubled us all these years. Our denomination was new and small. We were charter members of the Port Maitland Church, so knew something of the early struggles of our people to build new churches, support our ministry, and many felt at that time they could not take up the additional burden of any foreign work beyond helping somewhere, a little each year, such worthy causes as Pandita Ramabai. However, our hearts wanted our own people to be our supporters and to this end we earnestly prayed and waited.

While in Brooklyn we had four good offers by four different societies, with large salaries in each, save one, which was a new society and could not afford it. One offer was from Bishop Thorburn, of India. Another to go to Alaska, etc. but these, though appealing to our missionary desires, did not tempt us. We were waiting for our people to get faith enough to launch out for themselves. I am sure some remember those times.

My husband graduated a full fledged M. D. and still no way opened up. We must find something to do to earn our living while tarrying, so took up with some "Fresh Air" work for children of the "Bowery," N. Y., under Dr. Judson, son of Adoniram Judson, of Burmah. That first summer at Nyack on Hudson, I was matron of this home. The work was hard, I was not used to it, but this was our only open door and Dr. Sanders slowly built up a small practice.

The second summer a wealthy philanthropist controlled this same home but I still had charge and did not wish to promise to stay longer than July 1st, for Dr. Sanders went to Beulah and we hoped to be sent out that fall. However, she prevailed on me to promise to fill the season but finally did consent to let me off and Aug. 21st left for St. John, N. B.

That was a wonderful time at Beulah! People's faith ran high. God poured out his blessing and at last our mission board decided they would send us.

I had had a very hard summer and would have liked to spend two or three weeks among my own people, resting before we sailed but there seemed to be no time so I was rushed on and on with shopping, sewing, packing and attending farewell meetings until we sailed Sept. 6th, 1901, on the tramp steamer, "Mantinea," which was loaded with hay and oats for our troops' horses in South Africa, and also she carried her own coal there and for part of the way back as things in Africa were so upset.

So many dear friends who helped me

lovingly and freely at that time have passed beyond but their memories are sweet to me and you who remain perhaps never knew just what it meant to us both to have you all so kind and to know your prayers and thoughts would be with us, "Holding the ropes as we went down."

(To be continued)

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

Balmoral M. S.,

Natal, June 6th, 1922.

Dear Highway:

At our Communion service, across the Pongola, Sunday four were baptized and received into church membership. We enjoyed much blessing and believe the people were strengthened in the Lord.

Our evangelist, Joeli, has recently lost his eldest child, a bright boy six years of age. One can hardly say "lost," as the parents are wonderfully sustained and fully believe that he who gave has now taken the much loved child to be with himself, and now another child is sick, so they have decided to bring it here for treatment. They also wish to move from their home across the Pongola to Balmoral.

Yesterday a young woman came to us, bruised and sorrowful, having been beaten by her heathen husband. He wishes her to leave him and go to her parents so he may have his cattle back that he paid for her. When very young she was forced to marry this man, being carried to his home, and chained in his hut like a dog. This was done by her parents, who had received the cattle in payment for an older sister, who had now run away, to avoid marrying her purchaser.

Many times he has tried to drive her away, but being a Christian, she has felt it her duty to remain with him. Now he even threatens her life, so she is seeking further advice. How this unhappy matter is to be adjusted remains to be seen. This woman is a bright Christian and needs your earnest prayers.

Ever yours in Him,

H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland P. O.,

Via Paulpietersburg,

Natal, So. Africa,

June 16, 1922.

Dear Homeland Friends:

Many of you are gathering at Beulah now and we are remembering you in prayer that it may be a meeting of spiritual blessing and power. Even at this great distance the place and doings are very plain to us.

We are having a real cold spell. Yesterday we had rain and thunder which is unusual for winter. Today is cloudless but cold and we have a fire which is certainly a comfort.

Only a few children are coming to school yet, and they were delighted to have us place a dish of coals in the girls' room where they were studying. They sat around it as they do the open fire in their homes, and were very happy, saying "Ngi bonga kakulu u si sizile." Thank you very much; you have helped us.

The magistrate, clerk and policeman have come out from Paulpietersburg to collect hut and dog taxes. They had a wagon load of bedding, food, cooking