

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg,
Natal, South Africa,
March 14th, 1922.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

It is good to be really anchored in Jesus. If one really is he shall not be moved. Probably will get rudely shaken now and then by the rough billows but if really anchored he will outride all storms and win the harbor at last.

Now this is my experience and God is so real to me. My heart is still in love with this work to which he has called me.

Yesterday I had a long talk with a woman whose name is "America." She was telling me some of her troubles and how God had answered her prayers and raised up to health her baby when it was so sick she feared it would die.

It is now watching time and as we talked over the prospects of much beer-drinking this winter she said, "Well, Swartboi and his three wives (who live with her) make and drink beer, but when a beer drink is on those of us who have given all those things up stay away from them in our own huts or have prayers quietly. We will never go back to beer-drinking or snuffing, etc.

Speaking of one who left us and joined another church recently she said: "Yes, she and her husband make and drink beer now." When I asked how she was going to do this without a troubled conscience, her reply was, "She is troubled and I don't see how she is to get to Heaven." "No, I replied, there are not two paths. She has been well taught; she has had more light than some, I do not see how she can."

It is good to meet such ones as America and hear them tell how God does bless them, answering prayer, helping them out of their difficulties. Their faith is so simple and to give such an encouraging word helps so much.

Sunday was communion and a good day.

A party came from across Pivaan, the home of Kelina, the consumptive girl who died last spring. A young man came with them and gave himself up as a seeker. Jessina, a sister-in-law, has a sad tale. Her husband went away to work over two years ago and has never returned to her. It looks like he has deserted her. She is our school teacher and seems to be doing good work. She is anxious to learn to write, but has no one to teach her, so we gave her a copy book and in four weeks she will come back with it to get another lesson. At this rate it looks as if it would take some time.

Jostina Nkosi has a new baby. Her testimony was simple but very direct, how God had greatly helped her and brought her through this time safely. She has advanced spiritually the past year and is anxious to be again preaching at her outpost. She will be long before this reaches you.

Bertha also has a young daughter. She is such a Christian. Her husband is an old man and a heathen. He is often very unkind, even beating her when he is crazy angry about something. Only recently she told me of his cruelty with tears streaming over her face. I told her I would pray

Jesus to help her and when I saw him I would talk with him.

Well, a few days after her baby was born, he came to report. Sister Alice had assisted and they were so grateful and pleased. Then I told him a few things. Bertha was God's child and a good wife, he must not beat her, etc., etc. He replied, "Well, well, I am astonished at the ways of the white people." I suppose he meant that we cared what he did. However, God has used me not once nor twice, but many times to help Bertha out of trouble when he was unreasonable. Once when she was ill with flu he came for a donkey for her to ride as he was going to take her away to a demon doctor. God gave me courage and words to thwart him and he did come down and consent to leave her with me. We nursed her back to health and strength but we had to assert some little authority. Oh, God never fails his own.

By the way perhaps you would like to hear more about Josibando Simelana. He was formerly an evangelist, can read, write, etc. Somehow he got led away by "spirits, demons," and began to practice medicine but always by the aid of these "spirits of the boys."

He had a variety of them. Some for white folks, some for heathen and some for Christian sick. If a Christian called him he began by reading the New Testament and praying, then he made them receive these spirits; they came from God. They entering in would devour the disease and the person get well, etc., etc. Every person who received these spirits had "spells," when they even spoke with tongues or some say so. It is a noisy demonstration anyway and these spells come on similar to hysteria, etc.

Now this fellow had been practicing his black arts and I had heard of his bad life, his threats to girls if they did not consent to become his wives; they should have these demons climb upon them; and I began to ask God about it. What should I do. Did he wish me to have a talk with Semelana about this evil way, etc. The more I prayed the greater the burden. At last I said, "Well, Lord, if you want me to talk with him just give me a chance, bring him here and let me know it is your time." Now, friends, when you get into such a place did you ever know God to fail to give you the chance? I never did if he really meant me to do the work.

One day I was busy cooking, when there before me coming to the store was Simelana. Again I prayed for a fear struck my heart. It is a fearsome thing to me to talk to a medium of demons. "Now, Lord, let me know for sure by bringing him to the house." I passed on into the kitchen, put my cake into the oven and came back with a quickened heart-beat. Behold Simelana was approaching the house as he wished to see Dr. Sanders. Here was my answer and I seized my opportunity, calling on God to be with my mouth. He returned to the side of a building and listened to my sermon. I asked him why he had sold himself to the devil. Why had he backslid. Did he not have many wives. Had he not taken one bride from another man. Had he not threatened these girls with spirits, etc., etc., and then if he was satisfied with his life. If only you had been

there you would have seen a distressed soul convicted, found guilty and confessing all I had said was true. After a short, sharp talk straight to the point with the Sword of the Spirit, he quailed and cried out, "O Nkosikaze, it is all true what you have said. I am backslidden. I don't see how I can go to heaven. I have got myself into an awful hole and who can get me out? I see no way. I want to do right but I am bound by Satan, etc., etc. Oh, pray for me."

Sunday he was there. We had but a short time for testimonies, many there to speak, etc. Simelana arose, began in an even tone, but soon screamed out a lot of nice sounding words. But again that inner voice within my soul impelling me to action and I arose, how I hardly know and asked that same question, "How dare you, a servant of the devil, come here and say such things?" Some one near asked me, "Nkasikaze, why do you say that?" I replied, "By his works he is like the Pharisees of old, his words may be all right, but his life and works; don't any of you follow him. He soon sat down but of course was indignant. Now I admit I did an unladylike thing, but my one thought was why allow him, a child of Satan, a man doing the devil's work, to so eat up the people's time. Already too some were making the noises premonitory to one of these spells.

Dear ones, do not be deceived by what you hear of spiritualistic meetings. Could you be where we are and know what we do you would agree with your Bible and remember what God has said concerning these spirits in the last times. God's curse rests upon all who deal with familiar spirits today just the same as in days of old. I choose his blessing, "Blessed are all they that keep His commandments."

"Brethren pray for us."

Yours in Him,
MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

THE BIBLE.

The charter of all true liberty.
The forerunner of all civilization.
The molder of institutions and governments.
The fashioner of law.
The secret of national progress.
The guide of history.
The ornament and mainspring of literature.
The inspiration of philosophies.
The text-book of ethics.
The light of the intellect.
The soul of all strong heart life.
The illuminator of darkness.
The foe of superstition.
The enemy of oppression.
The uprooter of sin.
The comfort in sorrow.
The strength in weakness.
The pathway in perplexity.
The escape from temptation.
The steadier in the day of power.
The embodiment of all lofty ideals.
The begetter of life.
The promise of the future.
The star of death's night.
The revealer of God.
The guide and the hope and the inspiration of man.

—Bishop Wm. F. Anderson.