

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg, Natal, S. Af.,
April 9th, 1922.

Dear Friends:—

Just a talk around the soap-pot. Yes, I do make soap, have made all for household use for about three years, as it is more economical and satisfactory.

The pot is a large one, holding from eight to ten gallons, and has many uses. It is my wash-boiler (for heating water on wash days). On Xmas it is one of the many pots that serve so faithfully in cooking the feast, and then to boil soap in it **has only one fault**—just a few gallons small.

For some time I have been talking to several of our women folks and trying to get them to save their pig fat to turn into soap, but so far they had rather eat it. However, Lydia Wkasi has always wanted to do this, and one day asked me if I would help her make some. I said, "I shall be glad to; I have some fat to make up and we will help each other." So we appointed a day, and when it came we went at it. This large pot was made very clean and set out under a lemon tree and in the shade of mulberry trees, too, at a certain time of day.

Next the soap moulds had to be brought out of their hiding place, scoured and washed very clean. These are made by cutting four or five paraffin five-gallon tins into half and kept for such use. While she was preparing these I was busy with my little boy's school lessons.

While weighing fat, caustic soda, resin, borax, and measuring very carefully the amount of water, Lydia and I were having a nice time talking over the things of the Lord, and I was comforting her over some trials.

My pot being a shade small, we had another smaller one near by so when the soap was at the boiling point we could dip (with a large native-made wooden spoon) from the larger into the smaller and save the situation. Having gotten the ingredients together I left Lydia to watch the pot while I did something else.

When this boiling point was reached it was such an anxious time to her she sent someone pell-mell to call me. Well, that day and the next we made four different lots, and with the making of it all not a tablespoonsful went over the top of the pot.

When her lot was ready to pour into the moulds I wish you could have seen her face and heard her words! After thanking me over and over, at last she said, "Nkosikaze, I have not words to thank you."

Next day she came over and we cut up that which we had made the day before. It is beautiful hard soap and her lot, about fifty pounds, will last the best part of a year for her household. But the success of the thing is that Lydia knows just how to do it and this is not likely the last time she will make her own soap.

This is a land of clay—ours is red clay and such a trial to housewives. Soap and plenty of water is the only cure.

I am hoping others of our Christian women will do as Lydia has done and make soap. These people are so dirty, know so little about real cleanliness—it really is

disgusting—but then they can be taught, and some are so changed. They take a pride in keeping their bodies and clothing fairly clean. One feels when first seeing these folks if only one had a mountain of soap so as to give a pound to every man, woman and child and tell them to wash and be clean—but soap costs money and a mountain of it would be such a lot of money where would it come from? So one gives here and there, helps others by paying them in soap for work done. But two things in this land there never seems enough of—clothes and soap.

Perhaps you get a tiny glimpse of how I did appreciate helping this woman and teaching her how to make soap.

While waiting for one lot to boil I took my Bible and sat on a stone by the door of the small hut that is our present hospital, and read about God and His creating the world, to a man and his little daughter. She is only about twelve years old and has only a short time to live because of consumption. Both know little about God, but hungry to learn of Him. How they marvelled as I explained to them these stupendous wonders of Creation. She is seeking Jesus to pray for them both.

One of the young men of this farm is also dying of consumption. During health he did not care about spiritual things, but now that sickness and death have come he is glad to have visits and prayer.

Yesterday one of our church members brought me a beautiful clay pot, holding about two gallons, and this was filled with sweet potatoes. She wanted clothing for it all. I was very tired—it was at the close of a hard day—but I realized her need and took time to sew some bands on things that were needed and made her and an old woman happy with some old clothing, "ministering to the necessity of saints." They are very humble and ignorant, but "souls for whom Christ died."

God is so good to us. His care over us is very wonderful and we are led to realize it very forcibly at times.

When Bruce, our dog, was bitten by the puff adder it could so easily have been George, who was near the dog at the time. The terrible death and its suddenness was very startling to us all. We miss our friend. He always went with the womenfolk when they walked out, and one had a sense of protection, for any danger about Bruce always saw it first and stood guard.

Now, friends, I could write on and on, just fill pages with these little incidents of everyday life, but I want to tell you more about our work. It goes on steadily. We are to have Baptism again Easter Sunday, when quite a number expect to go forward. Some are so weak they are easily drawn back by customs and influence of heathendom. Do you wonder when for ages no ray of Gospel ever shone on this part of the world, not enough understanding to know who Jesus is. This little sick girl is one and did not know how to pray. It was a joy to teach her.

Another, a young man, came to me with "Wkosikazi, have you a little time? I want to tell you something of myself." Of course I had time; there is always time for such cases here. Then he told of his

weakness, his getting under condemnation, and asked my prayers so he would not backslide but go on to know God.

So many come for help in this way. Faith has this glorious work to do and they do get so blessed. Every day a prayer service, all are invited to come with their troubles and difficulties and ask to be prayed with. They always go away helped. Different ones have the different days in this prayer service, but as Faith is the one to receive most of the reports she has the best chance of helping souls. All of our children do some part of the missionary work save the two youngest, and my heart is glad to see them as they grow up taken up with this work.

MRS. H. C. SAUNDERS.

Balmoral Mis. Stn., Natal,
May 8th, 1922.

"The wrath of man shall praise Thee;
the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain."

My soul has been much blessed and comforted in studying this subject. These words, I find, form a plain statement of one of the rules or laws by which God works in this world. The Bible is full of examples of which the life of Joseph is a good illustration. We see him first as a boy, hated for his wonderful dreams which foreshadowed the plan of God to make him ruler over Egypt, and a saviour to much people, including his father's household.

Instead of recognizing this truth and thanking God for His marvellous care, the sons of Jacob were filled with wrath and, in their blindness, sought to slay their own Divinely appointed deliverer. Right there their wrath was restrained in a measure so that Joseph was not slain, but sold into slavery and taken to Egypt, where God wanted him. His brothers looked upon this as a stroke of luck. They were anxious not to shed his blood, but simply to get him far enough away so he would never return to rule over them.

To us it is very plain that God made their wrath to praise Him, and restrained the remainder of wrath that would not serve His purpose.

Another good illustration is that of the Pharaoh who ruled Egypt when the sons of Jacob were led out and back again to the land promised to Abraham. Over four hundred years had passed since they moved into Egypt and, bowing before their brother Joseph, fulfilled his dreams. God was by this time a stranger to them and needed introduction. This was done through the ten great plagues. Pharaoh was so hard-hearted and full of wrath that he even pursued the departing Israelites to slay them. Here the wrath of man was partly restrained by the pillar of cloud that made the night dark for the Egyptian soldiers and light for God's people. The next morning saw the completeness of their deliverance. They felt safe and thanked God that the wrath of man had been made to praise Him; for without all these miracles they would not have recognized the God of their fathers.

Let us look a little further and see our God whose name is Wonderful, making the wrath of even Satan to praise Him.

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