

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,  
Paulpietersburg, Natal, So. Af.,  
March 25th, 1923.

Dear Friends:

It is blessed to work for Jesus anywhere, but sometimes I feel it is more so to be permitted to live and work for Him in a heathen land. The horrible heathenish practices, the darkness of superstition and dread of death, and the hopelessness of the future life, the bondage of certain customs, and many more things, make such awful conditions I am sometimes wondering how they ever can be so lighthearted and happy. Of course they do not realize these things. They do not know their hopeless condition. Having no knowledge of salvation, little about sin, and no understanding of the love of God or of the pit which is to swallow them up, they simply are "the careless Ethiopians." But after having obtained light, a little understanding of sins forgiven, of how God can hear and answer prayer and help them in sickness and trouble, I tell you they can testify to the blessedness of salvation.

As you listen your heart fills up, your eyes swim with tears of joy, and you get a taste of the glory of helping to win souls for Jesus. At least this is what I get.

My soul praises Jesus for helping us to obey, when God asked us to come to Africa. I dare not think of what the result would have been had we not come. There are some shouting God's praises in heaven today who in all probability would have died in heathenism; and there are hundreds living who are Christians or seekers today.

Some are passing through deep trial and are proving God is able to help them to overcome. Here are a few cases:

Aloni and Jostina are caring for his mother, who is old and probably will soon die. Just now they have it very hard to care for her night and day, lifting her, tending her, etc., and her other children are heathen and unwilling to help. It looks so one-sided for them to say, "It is your burden." But that is the heathen way. But as one talks with them and encourages them in God, it is good to find they are leaning upon Him.

Two mothers have children, babies, sick with whooping cough, and we know how hard that is. They have come asking for prayer. It is good to find that though severely tried, they are holding true and finding great comfort through prayer.

Another has a very old and foolish heathen man for a husband, who thinks nothing of beating her now and then if things don't suit him. Befaa also has a little humpbacked girl and a delicate baby that requires much mothering to help it to live. Besides, there are other trying things from the death of her brother and his widow marrying again out of the family, and she herself is not physically strong. But God is her refuge and she trusts Him and is trying to do His will amid all the above.

Another, Anna, whose husband has been away eight or nine months; part of that time he spent in jail, now working for his Dutch owner. She has had to bear much of the burden of farming; has a new-born baby. There is heavy weeding, and now watching to do, besides other burdens for her to bear. When talking with her recently her testimony was, "God has been her stay and help." She was so glad to learn we had been remembering her in prayer and felt

that that was one reason why she had been so blessed.

A young widow has a world of troubles, and I hope she comes through these trials shining for God. Think of it! She must give up her only child by her husband, as this is a custom among the Zulus. If she marries out of her first husband's family (if he has brothers she may become a wife to one of them) they can keep her child. She refused to take any one of his brothers and wishes to take one of our evangelists whose wife is dead. Now we are praying for those concerned so God may triumph and Satan be defeated.

There are many other cases I might cite, but enough for this time.

It needs much wisdom and grace to pilot the church through some of the troubled seas which arise from various causes. For instance, our church teaches we must be separate from the world with much of its amusements. But we live in a land whose European population dance, and many professing Christians take beer and use tobacco. Some of their native pastors teach and practice these things which appeal to these Zulus, and they do not want to see a narrower way. Our church members mingling with some of these so much are somewhat affected by this influence and it takes much prayer with and for some to keep them from being drawn away.

When a wedding comes off, the heathens have a great feast, and much dancing and showing off, each party trying to outdo the other in these things.

Recently we are having a counterfeit of the same, but nicely covered up by Christianity. In other words, there is a class who are trying to have, at Christian weddings, a sort of dance and certain questionable singing, playing, etc., which we find harmful to spiritual life. Now, how to combat this we do not know until God shows us. Then we warn, teach, call them to prayer and pray with and for them.

What use is a church book filled with names of people who have no spiritual life?

But I must praise God for His power to change and bless even those who were once heathen and who worshipped the devil. Now they are out preaching to others. Many are those of their own village. They set up prayer in their own homes, where allowed, have secret prayer daily and try to learn to read, so they may read the Bible themselves.

We have abundance of raw material, but it takes time, much patience and help from God to get it into shape for use and His glory.

"Nothing is impossible with God" and many other promises like it uphold us when someone goes wrong whom we had so hoped would be a help.

Thus we are still pressing the battle, and thank you all for the money, gifts and prayers which enable us to be here and still keep on as at first.

Please keep these tried ones on your prayer lists. Please remember this church of yours situated at one of "the ends of the earth."

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

Hartland P. O.,  
Via Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, South Africa,  
March 20th, 1923.

Dear Highway:

You remember in my last letter of speaking of a trip into the Transvaal in search of a site

for a new mission station. Also letters were sent to likely farm owners. The first reply was "We do not rent sites for mission stations on our farms." The second reply, verbal, offered us four acres in an impossible, out-of-the-way place, and at \$125 per year. The third was rather encouraging: 360 acres at \$150 per year, and in the very centre of our field. But upon meeting the parties, they had changed their minds and were unwilling to let us in because we were not Dutch Reformed.

As they live half-way to Pretoria, I continued my journey and interviewed the proper party to get a Government Grant. Here, they say, one acre only is their rule, and their farm is four miles distant from the coveted central position. So whether or not we will find an open door for a new mission station in the Transvaal is yet uncertain.

However, I saw what should be called one of the wonders of the world—the Johannesburg Gold Reefs. These reach in nearly a straight line for 130 miles, and produce nearly one-half of the gold output of the world.

There is mission work being carried on in all these great "compounds," the enclosures of buildings at each mine where the 150,000 natives are housed and fed. Only a small proportion of these "boys" (as they are always called) have accepted the gospel, and there is room and need for more spirit-filled workers. One missionary who lives there describes the need thus: "Only the fringe is being touched, and the day will come when every South African Mission Society will be represented on these reefs." Another said: "I believe God put this gold in these reefs so that the natives of Africa would come here and receive the gospel and carry it back to their homes."

I went to several meetings and visited two compounds with missionaries who gave me the opportunity to preach Christ to these who represent so many that stay at home. It is wonderful what a large proportion understand the Zulu language—at least three-fourths of the natives.

One can never forget the interior view of the compounds. The beds are two or three tier deep, all arranged in groups around a central square space. In this room they eat, chat, mend their clothes and shoes, and, if they are Christians, hold school and religious services.

It is arranged that Christian boys, when there are enough, occupy one room. Then they have their rules, which must be observed by all who wish to remain among them. In this way they help and strengthen one another. Not here, but when they return to their homes, are they most likely to backslide.

Looking around, we came upon a peculiar dance. In the centre were two small drums and one large one, made by stretching skins over two five-gallon iron drums and one cask. While these were being beaten, a crowd of boys, each blowing a whistle, were dancing around the drummer in a circle.

When they want food they betake themselves to the cook houses, and receive, each in his own pan, a liberal helping of corn meal porridge from the huge steam-heated iron pots. Then each, with his own tin pail, helps himself at one of several big taps to "amaheu," a thin fermented gruel, made from flour and the leavings from the above porridge. Those who drink—they all do except a few Christians—receive their measure of native beer. Meat and vegetables are given twice a week.

Work never ceases in these mines, night or