

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O., Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Af., July 6th, 1924.

Dear Friends:

It is glorious to have one's name in "The Book of Life" and to know salvation! There is no greater joy than having known Jesus, to sit among those who never knew Him and read the Word to them, to enlighten and point them to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." This includes every tribe and nation, even the low-down heathen, as well as everybody in Christian lands.

I want to praise God for the privilege of being one of His workers and, especially, for calling me to Africa. Every day I am preaching Jesus and His wonderful power to save, to some one who passes by our doors. Sometimes He sends especial ones to us. They are sick or have had an accident or are in some sort of difficulty that makes a stay here for a while a necessity. While here, not only one person, but many visit them, talk about salvation and pray for them. Some one else feels especially to teach some phase of finding Jesus—for they are so ignorant—or how to live a Christian life, etc. Well, some who never cared to come to meetings here, or at a nearby village to their own, have found Jesus and gotten saved by needing to be here for a time.

One, a consumptive, came here for especial prayer and help before she died. Another, Gudu, also dying of consumption, found Jesus here, and his seeking wife found the help she needed while here. Kisimusi (Christinas) Sister Helen has told you of his death. For years we have talked with him about his soul, but while well and strong would never come even to meetings. God knows how to break down the stubborn will. He can so easily show these Zulu men who pride themselves on being Zulus, on their many wives, their cattle, their social status, etc., etc., how worthless is their pride, how soon possessions pass away, and then they turn to Him and get saved.

Last evening I entered one of the hospital huts to talk with two women. Each has a sick child, and to encourage them in the Lord. One, Amelica, told how the texts taught them each day at prayers (Faith has this in hand at present) and prayer was such a help and strength to her, and how her soul was strong in God.

The other is a widow who has lately given herself to Jesus and is awaiting baptism. Years ago, when we first came here and lived in the tent, she, a young girl, heard about Jesus through another girl, Zoudele, who was a seeker at the time, but had never got saved. Zoudele interested her and she came to some of our meetings and got hungry to know God, but her father opposed her, would not let her become a Christian, and not until death took her husband away did she really seek and find Jesus. What a loss! Twenty years of heathenism when she might have been another Lydia, one of our most successful workers. Now she is happy, has a good experience and has the witness of sins forgiven.

We have another case where a woman with a malignant growth in her left breast is very earnestly seeking Jesus. She has given her heart to Him and her daily prayer is: "O God, take my heart and give me your heart." She will surely find Him in her great need. My friends, if you whose hearts burn within you, could only go into her hut and read to her the story of Nicodemus or the woman at the well, or just explain to her some of God's glorious promises of salvation to her, every day as I can and do,

I am sure you would get blessed as God blesses me. What a privilege to carry His greatest of all comforts to dying souls! It is good to be able to relieve their suffering, but so blessed to be able through Jesus, "the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn," etc., etc.

Well, I guess I haven't words to tell you how God blesses us as we do this sort of thing. You must meet them at their own level. If one visits them in their home surroundings, dirt must not appal you nor smoke drive you out. Smells that are obnoxious and many other things so uncongenial to us whose surroundings have always been the exact opposite. For instance, here is this case of the growth, large as a child's head and with an odor so bad you would long to run far away. But when you realize here is a soul, lost without Jesus, seeking if "haply she may find Him," and this is a privilege! Somehow as you open His Word and dig out promise after promise, explaining to her ignorant mind the way to God, you can forget even that dreadful smell, or not heed it, and rejoice to stay and help her. We hope to get her to Vryheid hospital next week, where an operation may save her life.

I had a long talk with Kisimusi's brother this week. He also is not well and may soon follow his brother. If only one could say something that would arouse such ones to see their real lost condition!

A sister, also in consumption, is an earnest seeker and I believe has found Jesus. She is soon to be baptized, and also the two other wives of her husband, Nkunzinyama, who died over a year ago. He might have been such a happy Christian, but, like hundreds of others, would not listen to our pleadings with him until death drew near; then he began to seek and died praying. His brother, Mandundu, is now a seeker, but I fear not as yet very earnest. The loss of these two brothers, Nkunzinyama and Gudu, with several other near kinsmen the past four years, has arrested him in his heathen career and made him lose faith in the Amadhlo-si, "Spirit of our Fathers."

Now I could go on and on citing case after case of how God is using sickness, death, famine, pestilence (such as "flu") and other calamities to arouse the heathen, and then they fly to us, or call us, for assistance. Who else cares for them?

These Dutch farm owners give little heed to the needs of these heathen. They must have them for servants, and some really do help them with their food and taxes, but only one in fifty or a hundred ever speak as if they had souls.

We all are very busy, every day, all the time, with the work in one phase or another of it. Paul and Miss Alice have gone across the Pongola today. Miss Helen is at home and they also have a hospital case at their hut who expects to go to Vryheid for an operation next week. Miss Alice hopes to accompany these two cases.

George goes across the Ntombi for his meeting. Faith is now getting ready to visit another outside patient, dressing a broken leg for Miss Alice, who is away with Paul. Then the rest of my family will attend the meeting here, talk and pray with these three women and children and an old man here, teach our younger two boys (who also have a visitor, son of missionaries from Vryheid) some texts, etc.

There is a daily lesson in this theology course for our own children, old and young. Morning song and family prayers, etc. Now you may

get a peep into our busy lives, but I have not touched any of many other kinds of work such as Miss Helen's daily school, sewing, solving of problems for these people who day by day come for help, and numberless other demands upon each and all of us in our separate spheres. Don't forget we are at the ends of the earth and that thousands of miles of ocean separate us. Pray! Pray for us continually! Don't fail us! Today is the last day of the feast at Beulah. May it be the best day! May all of our ministers and workers go home overflowing with the "living water," and as each one returns home refreshed, undergirded and filled, be such channels for God to pour "living water" through, that great revivals will break out in every church. Amen!

Ever yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

Balmoral Station,

Natal, July 2nd, 1924.

Dear Highway—:

We are cheered by your visits and wish you could come every week.

I was able to tell our church across the Pongola yesterday that Paul had just reached his new mission station at Mankairjana, Swaziland, and was probably conducting his first service with that native church. They joined in prayer that God's blessing may be manifested under Paul's ministry, to the ingathering of many precious souls.

Our little church building was crowded; more than one hundred present, while God poured upon us great grace and blessing, giving the assurance that He waits to send His purifying fire that this church may be more of a light amid the surrounding heathen darkness. Four were baptized.

One of our Transvaal workers, Isaiah, has such a splendid spirit. He is being wonderfully taught of God, and yet kept humble, thus making others hungry for a closer walk with God.

The broken nature of the country makes the journey over there slow and tedious, yet one enjoys the scenery of great hills and cliffs. Of the three hours in the saddle, the first brings one to the verge of the hills overlooking the Pongolo river; the second to the top of the great hills, while the end of the third hour brings us to the little church near the kraal of our Bible woman, Asieria. As you may know, grass covers all the levels and gentle slopes, while trees clothe only the very steepest hillsides.

Though mid-winter, and months and months since our last rain, yet green grass is coming on where the old grass has been recently off for the purpose of sheep grazing. This winter is the coldest remembered in Natal. At ten o'clock I saw heavy white frost in the deep shade by the Pongolo river. Foliage of trees and shrubs is mostly frost-killed, emphasizing the brilliant red and yellow blossoms of the aloe, so common on our hillsides. Another tree, known by azulie, meaning large heart, is loaded with delicate white blossoms at this season of the year, proclaiming, so the natives say, the approach of Spring. Two or three months later, a large black bird is seen flying among the trees and shouting for the natives to plant their Kaffir corn. By this, they say, they know when to plant.

Nearing the end of the second hour, I remembered a crazy man I had often seen at a certain kraal; and, sure enough, there he was with his hands tied in front with a dog chain. He was prancing and dancing, and as I came up, saluted native-fashion, and spoke rational-