

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Amanzamtoti,  
Sept. 14th, 1924.

Dear Homeland Friends:

We left Balmoral the 4th for this place, but stopped in Durban over Sunday. The ones remaining behind are now bearing double burdens that we may have a needed holiday.

This is an ideal place for rest and recuperation. Strolls along the sandy beach, where sea shells in many varieties and color line high water mark, is a great attraction.

Just now the other members of our party, Mrs. Sanders, with Judson and Miriam, are away for such a walk.

Then there are many varieties of sea moss which, aided by a shell fish, clothe the rocky out-juttings that dot the sandy coast line.

Every day schools of porpoise pass by, showing how they love to play and leap, like lambs. As a great wave comes up, ready to break, about a hundred yards out or more perhaps, the whole school will turn towards the shore and come scooting in with the wave, just for a joy ride.

It seems that the bathers have taken lessons from the porpoise for they all soon learn to wade out and wait for a strong wave, then turn and plunge just at the right time to be born in on its crest. Many bring boards made for this purpose, like those you have seen in pictures of sea bathers at summer resorts. But here, visitors come mostly in the winter or cool season, and yet find the water suitably warm, as it is an ocean current similar to our Gulf Stream.

The railroad from Durban runs along the coast, both north and south, while between it and the sea stand cottages in the most suitable places. To these resorts come crowds of people from Johannesburg and all the inland towns and country, during the mid-winter months, June to August.

The more wealthy have cottages of their own or patronize the hotels.

Many prefer the city, so Durban is always "full up" during these months.

Lodging and board becomes expensive, making a rich harvest for those who entertain. The store-keepers of Durban go in for their share, by advertising great sales; while their goods are displayed in the most attractive manner. The main street is yellow and red with huge posters of wonderful bargains to be had just within.

The Durban beach is the greatest attraction, with its bathing inclosure, where strong iron bars fence the bathers in and the hungry sharks out.

There are two cement wading ponds for the children, and one swimming place for adults, where the sea waves cannot reach. All manner of lotteries, and prizes to be won by skill or chance are open to aid young and old to spend their surplus coin.

Refreshment rooms, small and large, humble and aristocratic, are always patronized, for the up country folks have come here for a good time. Tramcars, rickshaws and automobiles are always coming and going seven days of the week to this vanity fair.

But the weary missionary prefers a little cottage by the sea, where he may commune with God and nature and gain strength for better service. He finds time for recreation, rest, and even study and writing.

The first visitor to call of a morning at our cottage door is the milk man, an enterprising native who sells the milk of his own cows. Then the native boy from the butchery, and another from a nearby store arrive asking for orders. "Sammeys" and "Marys" (Indian men and women) come early with baskets well filled with vegetables and fruit. Later in the day there may happen along a native with walking sticks or palm leaf hats, his own handiwork.

It is sad that the Lord's Day is so largely used as one for pleasure. Nine Sunday trains pass here, while in Durban the problem has become serious. Many now spend their time at clubs and places of amusement who once were regular church goers and members. Some of the more spiritual say that the fault lies with the Durban pastors, who offer their flocks no real soul food. Others say it is a sign of the times that is noticeable the world over; and that only the second coming of Christ will bring better conditions.

We who are His betrothed, however, will continue to be watching and working, that that day may not overtake us as a thief.

Yours in Him,

H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland P. O.,

Paulpietersburg

Natal, South Africa,

Aug. 11th, 1924

Dear Friends:

Such a glorious cool day! Just the kind for a horse back ride!

Visited Cetura who has a very bad knee which is giving him great pain,

He had the light years ago. His wife, Joana, became a Christian but he let heathen customs hinder up till the present. His children have grown up with little help from him, but they have a good mother.

However, his heart is tender and evidently his knee gives him time to think. Let us hope and pray it helps him to really give up entirely to Jesus.

They did appreciate our prayers with them.

Next place to call was to visit another sick man. He has boils. He also has had light for a very long time but now told me today he gave himself up to seek Jesus some months ago when his baby was sick. The only thing that keeps him from meeting with us here in this illness.

It was a delight to talk with him because he really is hungry and expects to go through. When I prayed I could feel his heart reaching out in eagerness to know Jesus and to receive Him.

The woman who had the cancer of the breast removed, is still with us and really seeking Jesus. We expect she will soon find Him, for His promises never fail.

Yesterday, while all the rest were away to meetings, she could not go because she can only sit up a little while at a time. I felt I should go and teach her more of Jesus. I did, and had a blessed time.

An old man is stopping with us for a while. I have chats with him often, trying to break down his belief in spirits and give him more light about God and his need of a Saviour. He does not see himself as a sinner! He thinks he is pretty good. Oh, friends, this is the difficulty, these men do not see themselves as sinners. They do not know the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." How to make them open their eyes and to enlighten their darkened minds is the great question with me at present.

Continue to plead for these souls to be saved. Many are seeking, pray that they get saved. Some continue very weak, just babes, these we want to see grow "stronger in the Lord." But some really know Him. Some find new villages and have the real "go" in them to seek the Lord.

Never was gladder in my life that I am among the real heathen than today. I enjoy the work. I have a burning desire to go where some have not heard enough to get saved and I am going as God opens up the way.

Yours in Jesus,!

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

Amanzamtoti,

Sept. 16, 1924

Dear Children:

While Mrs. Sanders, Judson and Miriam are out for a stroll along the beach, leaving me home at work, let me give you a peep into our "Cottage by the Sea." The building sits upon posts, has matched board walls and iron roof. It is only 10 ft. by 18 ft. with a pantry 8 ft. x 4 ft. partitioned off in one corner, the rest being just one room. If visitors want more rooms they must use curtains as we do.

Kind friends in Durban loaned us this cottage for a time. When we unlocked the door we supposed it vacant, but found it occupied by Mrs. Mouse with her five children. It was Miriam who discovered the family snuggled in a very nice bed in a hat that lay in a basket. We were sorry to disturb them, but felt it our duty.

The next discovery was a couple of green snakes that were making their home under our miniature kitchen, a box-like room on posts, a 6 ft. cube with iron roof. These snakes were more timid than Mrs. Mouse and refused to stay about after the second day.

One of the first visitors was a poor, half starved, half collie dog with mange and bare spots on his legs and tail. We were pleased to give him all our crumbs, but did not like him in the house, so when he grew bold and entered, I told him, in English to go out. I saw he did not understand, so tried Zulu, and still he failed to get my meaning. But when I spoke in Dutch (I have learned just a little) he lost no time in getting out, for he was a timid fellow, accustomed to rough usage. He came regularly at meal times, for several days, but now it is the third day he has not called and we are wondering why.

While Judson, Miriam and I were taking a walk last Saturday, a fine, well fed dog made friends with us. As near as we could understand him his folks were unwilling to take him for long walks, but permitted him to go alone, which he found dull. He would always step aside to be sociable with the many dogs we met, but would quickly return to us again. On our