

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,  
Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, Dec. 23, 1923

Dear Friends:

Just closed a beautiful Sabbath day, the last Communion service of this year. The Church was full and a very encouraging thing was the number of heathen present.

Four converts were baptized, one is a consumptive, who has waited for this for some time, but was too ill. Another is an old woman from the Pevaan River. She was so interested and earnest.

Four children were presented to the Lord. One, the child of Joeli, one of our evangelists. It is an important thing, and we find most all of these presented babies and children, when they are ten or so, become good church members. Let us hope these become preachers.

The testimony meeting, in the early morning service, would have done your hearts good to have heard. It always goes to my heart, as I hear them tell of victories won and of heart hunger to go on with the Lord.

It is grand to be able to preach Jesus to the heathen! My heart rejoices today, and I want to praise God for His great goodness in calling me. For giving me a chance to carry the light to one dark corner of the world. It is a beautiful light and brings comfort to hearts who had no hope.

Last week I was talking to a young bride, who lost her mother just five months ago. She has been married only two months, and now her young husband is very sick with consumption and will not likely live long. Poor girl! I asked her if the spirits of her ancestors helped her in her sorrow. She replied, "No, they are nothing, they do not help us in our trouble." Oh! how glad I was I knew of the "One" who could help her and I preached unto her Jesus. The tears rained down her face while we talked and I find she really would like to be a Christian. Please do pray for these two young people. Christmas (pronounced in English, but "Kisimus" in Zulu) and his young bride.

Today I looked into the face of another young woman whose husband is fast drawing near death. How sorrow has stamped its imprint on her face. Gudu, her husband, brother to Mandundu, also has consumption and only a short time to live. For about two weeks they stopped here hoping Dr. Sanders might be able to do something to help him, but he came too late.

However, God speaks to these people who were indifferent, by deep trouble and sorrow. It is so in his case.

When we first came here, to Balmoral, he was a young boy, received considerable light, and had a good opportunity to become a Christian, but instead became careless and indifferent until his sickness; then got under conviction and has now given his heart to Jesus and is happy in the Lord and so has his wife also. Oh, my friends, do pray for these!

Yesterday I talked with Nqumbe's wife. This is the head man's wife of the kraal I visited when my horse ran away home recently.

Aloni, our evangelist, has been very

faithful, preaching here, but some of the time they are so careless, they have not even taken the trouble to come to services and it is a long walk of twelve or fourteen miles for him.

Hearing that a new form of demon-doctoring had appeared across the Pevaan River, we were talking about it and warning these people to have nothing to do with them. But the little bride's child taken sick, made the heathen husband and his father consider this new method of dosing, so they sent for the doctor and had a great old time. Aloni happened to be having a service there that day and he said the beating of the paraffine tins and other noises was so deafening he could do nothing but gather five or six who would come in, and hold a prayer meeting with them.

Well, yesterday was the first time I had seen this woman since this affair. She seemed startled as I spoke about God being witness, how long they had had the light and now they called in the devil, and, in spite of warnings too. "Well, you had better hurry and repent lest God send some judgment upon you for it, for you did it in spite of the light you had."

These are hard cases—Nqumbi and his wife, but God is working and I know He can do impossible things. Remember, these old people when you pray. They are going down to the grave without Jesus unless they soon find Him.

Another sad little mother, heart broken because the baby was taken very suddenly recently. She, Jonanna, is a Christian but her husband is not, just a wilful heathen, lives on this farm, has continually heard of Jesus; plenty of chance to come to Church; wife has prayers every day, etc., but while he doesn't oppose, he does not do much to help her, rather hinders. He has lately taken his third wife, and seems just to be settled deeper than ever in heathenism. Poor Joanna! Her's has been such a sad life. She was a witch doctor before she became a Christian and, I always think, it was through Dr. Sanders' continual kindnesses to her and his talks with her, in her heathenishness, that won her for Jesus. But the devil has been so loath to give her up. Sickness, weak body, etc., etc., is continually with her, but her faith keeps on and she believes in prayer and God blesses her.

Shall I go on? How many who were here today I could tell you about! There is Bessie, happy today that one daughter is following Jesus in baptism, but, oh, what sorrow has been hers! Another daughter (also here today) ran away from her husband and became an outcast to society. Came home sick and unable to help her mother in one thing. An ungrateful step-son and his wife will not help in planting, etc., and she is growing old, her husband, and old man, and sick all the time. She, Bessie, told me Friday she had no one to help her plant, or carry wood from the forest far away, or draw water, grind, etc., etc. She must do everything, and on the top of all this no money to buy food or clothing with. Pretty sad outlook for old age, isn't? But these trials make her cling close to God and He blesses her.

Poor old Lois is another pitiful case.

Husband dead, oldest son a scapegrace, she, for some time, hadn't even a home as she must leave the farm they lived on. Where was she to go? This was over a year ago. She is now on Balmoral in Samuel's, another evangelist kraal, and the younger son has built a hut there. But last week there was a big difference between them and he beat her. Now this is an awful thing among Christians so he has been set aside, for a time, as an example to others who may want to do as he. Poor, having nothing, neither food or clothing, she has come here many times to work for what she could earn in food, etc. It would have done you good to see the effect on her of the gift of a new dress. Souls for whom Christ died. Blessed opportunity to minister to them, to speak of Jesus day by day as circumstances throw them across my path.

You must not forget you are co-workers with us in this work. Some day the Master will "divide the spoils" with those who stayed, but prayed and gave, and those who went and toiled to reach them.

We hear rumors of your donation to us here, but have had no direct tidings yet as to box having been sent to us. I suppose we will in a mail or two. Will each giver please receive my warmest thanks for things sent. Your thoughtfulness and kindness is really the best of any people for their missionaries that I know of and also it is so very warm-hearted like in a big family. The Lord bless you each and every one! How you have stood by us during the past twenty-two years! "It is sweet to be remembered, it is sad to be forgotten." Ours has been to be continually remembered. I thank you.

Tomorrow, Dec. 24th, will be Christmas for our people here and a feast. I expect five or six hundred and a big, exhausting day of much pleasure, opportunity and noisy excitement, but, late years, they are always an orderly crowd.

The work with us has been exceedingly heavy on line of helping more in temporal things. In one day the people coming for help, in things pertaining to their every day life, is wonderful. I am sure if an account was kept it would be very interesting. Broken plows, numerous just now, different articles for sale or to exchange for food as a famine state prevails in many sections, teeth extraction, minor surgery, many asking help to obtain clothing, asking for work to aid in one thing or another until one wonders how one can help any more and the body gets so weary some days. But it all helps along the work.

Now may God's richest blessing be upon the whole number of churches! May this year be one rich in winning souls and deepening of the life of faith in the churches.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS

MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION AS A  
CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

Perhaps there was never a time in history when it was more needful for men to think of themselves not merely as citizens of a country, but as citizens of the world, than today. We must not forget that there are other men, other nations, who also are our brothers and to whom we are linked by common humanity.