

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg,
Natal, South Africa,
Oct. 4th, 1925

Dear Friends:

"No, I go into the ground like the ox when I die, and that is the end to it." So spoke an old man to me years ago, when I asked him where he expected to go when he died.

He was very emphatic. He evidently meant what he said and did not have any confidence in the new teaching we brought into this dark corner of Africa.

Many others felt the same and never have accepted Jesus, "the Light of the World," and they died in their sins and went out into the dark. We are continually reminded of the words of Jesus, "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, but men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."

The sad, sorrowful cry of the young widow, "I do not know where you have gone, you have gone out into the dark," is the condition of all unenlightened heathen. They have no hope for the future, no light to help them see beyond death and no help when death, the great enemy, comes. All is dark. A dreadful terror. Superstitious chains bind them fast and their worship of "Spirits" gives no help, no comfort.

Now what a blessed message is ours to give! "That Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures and that he was buried and that he rose again the third day, etc." With the whole blessed truth of Resurrection story as set forth in I. Cor. 15 and the triumphal climax at the end." Death is swallowed up in victory. O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory, etc."

How this blessed theme tears aside the black, thick and deadly curtain of ignorance, superstition and fear, and fills hearts full of hope and joy.

Jesus is the way from the cross, through the grave right up to Heaven and gives us the blessed hope of the fulfilling of that glorious promise in John 14: "I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

Today hundreds and hundreds here in this same part of this country have received this blessed light and hope and no longer are bound, some at least, by the fears of their fathers.

In testimony they tell of how God has saved them. How they are shining to be ready when "Jesus comes," and so many in dying have left behind them ringing words of cheer and comfort as "Don't cry for me. It is all light. I am going to Jesus." "Jesus is coming to go with me over the river of death." Praise the Lord!

July 7th. This morning I met a woman from across Pongola and asked how many children she had. There came the sad story of a little one dead and how sorrowful she was over it. I asked her if she knew where it had gone and found the same sadness as with so many others, "I do not know, how can I?" What a joy to

tell her it was in a beautiful land where no evil can enter. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." Oh what a surprise came to her as I repeated text after text and gave her Jesus' blessed invitation: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden." It was good to be able to add: "It is all true, you are invited to go to that glorious home where Jesus is caring for your baby and you will see it again."

There are so many ways of helping these people. They are ignorant and darkened in their souls and minds. They are naked almost, and so poor we may give and give until you have nothing left you can spare. Often they are actually without food and here one may feed the whole land. Little naked children abound who never had a garment to call their own in their life of from one to five or more years of life. No sleeping blanket even, just get in with their mother and share her poor thin and, perhaps small one. Of comforts they have so little. Houses are mere shelters and often so cold in winter they must get up in the night and build a fire.

I mended a nice sleeping blanket for a young woman last week, which had been burned when she was asleep. This we often are asked to do.

Their lives are often made bitter by the Europeans whom they serve. They truly are a nation of servants. It shows in every one of them. All recognize the superiority of the white man, many of whom "make them to serve with rigor." They can be shifted from one farm to another of the owners at his wish and not even consulted. Or, may be expelled from his property as undesirables with short notice and their fathers may have lived on that piece of property for a century. They usually cling to ancestral locations and do not care to leave their native place. To be comfortable to them is to have something to eat, to be warm and have a place to sleep. To be real independent means to them to have a village (one man) where his wives each have her own hut, some of his brothers living with him, to own some cattle and goats, to have food and blankets and a plow. That man is wealthy compared to many others.

His bed is a straw matting, his covering a blanket. His food mealy porridge and occasionally meat and in season some vegetables like pumpkins, sweet potatoes, beans, etc. Beer is freely used by all heathen and considered as food as well as drink. His dishes, a small bowl holding one and a half to two quarts, and a spoon, a wooden platter and a knife; not a stick of furniture as we call it, is in the heathen man's home. Yet with so little they are such a contented and happy people, getting much enjoyment out of life. Always laughing they take life as they find it and few improve on the customs of their fathers.

I have marvelled as I have watched them make a fire out of wet wood, raining outside, yet never hear much grumbling at the weather. They will say, "Ama-

kaza" "it is cold," and crawl in the small door-way sitting close to the fire and laugh and be happy.

Truly, God has given much in His word that we may teach them, and when they trusting Him in time of trouble and over-accept Him they become good Christians, coming the many evils that abound in the heathen.

Continue to pray for each one and that this summer time they may be kept while they hoe their gardens they may also pray and be overcomers.

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

Balmoral Mission Sta.,
Via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, Oct. 4th, 1925

Dear Highway:

Come to the meeting this afternoon and let me introduce you to some of the people and lets listen to their testimonies.

Mashaya is sitting on the floor with her tiny baby sleeping in her arms. She does not stand up, but testifies as she sits there: "When I came here amongst you people as a broken hearted stranger, I stayed a while with my husband's aunt until she drove me away. I then came to the Umfundisi's (teacher's) place, where I still stay. I left everything—my home, which is as nice as a white man's, with chairs and beds and everything—my clothes and money. Even our cattle, which are many—and travelled with nothing.

"My husband, who is a great drunkard, used to beat me. If I said, I am going to church, he would walk out and lock the door from the outside, and there I would stay crying and crying until after the meeting had gone out. Then my husband would come home and let me out. He would not allow me to attend meetings. If I went he would beat me.

"When my step-children died, one after the other, he would come to me and say, "Why do you not pray for the child to be raised up? You say, Come, let's believe; if you are a believer, who does not God raise up the child? But I would just look at him through my tears and not say a word, but only weep the more.

"Then, when I lost one of my own, the age of this one (looking down at the baby), I laid it by the side of the others in the grave, and as I was weeping and throwing myself about and rolling on the ground in my sorrow, he again came to me and said, "What is there in being a Christian if God does not restore your child to you? If you are a believer why does not God raise your baby up? What is there in Christianity?" But I would just look at him and keep silent.

"But now my heart is white. If God should come today, I know I would go to meet him. I would never say that my heart is white when it is not. If I should return home, I am sure I would back-slide because of the sin there. My heart is now as green as the untroubled grass outside there, which lives on, rejoicing."

Bertha's old mother, "Mafusini," says, "Oh, but the teacher's children do tell us beautiful words. I had a very bad heart. I would not listen to nor heed our Teacher's preaching. But when I began to go to meeting people would say, 'Oh, look!