

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,  
Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, South Africa.

Dear Friends:

Beautiful summer is unfolding before us. Orange, peach, lemon, plum and many other fruit trees in bloom make the air about us delightfully fragrant and one can't help but marvel at the lavish abundance of God's handiwork.

The heat comes early this year, but we are rejoicing in a cool day today. It is lovely in our winters here. Bright days full of golden sunshine, cold crisp mornings, but even the frosty times are appreciated by us who come from cooler climes. Day after day with never a rain for a month, even two or three months with no rain. Wonderful climate here in "Sunny South Africa."

Several more have given themselves up as seekers and on Communion Sunday there were quite a number of heathen present.

The work is progressing and we rejoice in seeing many souls hungering for the bread of life.

I cannot help but be glad every time I see two women, wives of same man. One has chosen Mercy, the other Peace for their new names. For over twenty years they have held back and all that precious time spent in Satan's service. How sad! But now both are saved and have good experiences of justification and hungry for more.

Helping people to get ready for Heaven is beautiful work. I often think of the sweet surprise these saved from heathendom will have when they get to Heaven.

Here they know so little of purity and cleanliness, there not a taint of sin nor a stain of dirt. Here a tiny little dwelling with smoky homes, little for comfort outside of shelter from the elements and warmth from fire. Many times because of scarcity of food they exist in a semi-starvation condition and none can read save a few of those who have become Christians. What a contrast Heaven will be! Oh! How glad I am Jesus loves these poor degraded ones. Civilization may lift folks up in man's eyes, but "nothing but the blood of Jesus" can make them clean enough and fit to enter there.

I used to almost become discouraged, they were so slow to take up any deep spiritual truth, and wonder if our church would ever become sanctified, but now we have some and I find they can go as deep in some things as European folks. How wonderful! Born in the bondage of Satan but made free through Jesus and made new creatures indeed.

I visited a chief once. Head of thousands of natives, but one could see, in many things he was on the same level as his humbler subjects. He had several trunks most of them tin—which I suppose contained his clothing—but I also saw skins, sticks, etc., etc., one meets everywhere in the huts of the young men.

On the little nude table lay the Zulu Bible Dr. Sanders had given him and I could tell he had used it much. I wonder-

ed when he would leave his heathenish customs and follow Jesus.

Too much to give up. Many wives, much honour and love of such things makes it almost impossible for a Zulu chief to really become saved.

This chief was brought up in a mission station and taught much that would help him to know the way of the Lord, but these other things have a greater influence. In thinking of him I am reminded of the rich young ruler who "had great possessions."

I do not know of one Christian chief in all this land. There are three within reach of our work. They dress in European clothes but alas, clothes do not change the heart.

However "Precept upon precept, line upon line, etc.," was what I read this morning and we are doing that "Here a little, there a little," and some of it lodges in hearts, slowly sometimes, but often to bear fruit in after years.

Pray much for us and our work in all of its branches.

The Church building at Entungwini is nearly ready for the roof, built by the men of the church there, out of sod. May the Lord bless them for it!

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

P. O. Hartland,  
Via Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, Oct. 28, 1925

Dear Fellow Workers:

Since my last writing, God had been carrying on His good work in our midst. We spoke of the aged heathen, who desire salvation, but are too infirm to reach the meetings.

One such is at the home of Nondeni, a young woman who once lived on this farm. Though not long a Christian herself, Nondeni promised to do her best to have daily prayers with the old woman, and explain the way of salvation. Yesterday she came to report progress. You should have seen her radiant face as she told that both this very old woman and another, some younger, have given themselves to seek the Lord. Also a brother-in-law has consented for his children to become Christians. She asked for three Zulu spellers, that she and those children may learn to read. She said that at first these old women thought her words only fables, but after a time, they really believed.

Last Wednesday, during our class, the subject of soul winning was discussed. It was surprising how few present had ever brought a soul to Christ. We hope to soon see more of our ordinary church members awakened on this line, and to work as they should be.

We had Paulina tell of her last Sunday's meetings across the Pongola, where several heathen made a start for the Kingdom. Two of our Christian girls went with her, walking about twenty-four miles, there and back. They too, were much blessed, and told of their joy in helping Paulina.

It is glorious to hear these, so recently heathen, express their devotion to their Lord, and joy in His service. Such are our joy and our crown, and yours. They are

the sheaves with which we are to meet our Saviour.

Yours, looking for and loving His appearing,  
H. C. SANDERS.

COMFORTS OF PERFECT LOVE  
"Be of good cheer."

The heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone. What stupid ignorance! Look at their discipline their devotion, and their volition. Their discipline is rigid, their devotion fervent, and their volition intense. Yet it is without pleasure such as the true Christian realizes in his earliest history, in his devotion to God. But what a contrast—when we compare the heathen with us who have attained to perfect love! Jesus is as precious to us as He was to Mary when she anointed His head with precious ointment. He is as real to us as He was to John when he leaned on His bosom. We feel a peculiar joy flowing out to us when we read these precious words: "Blessed are they who have believed and have not seen." His love, His sympathy, His tenderness, and His loving kindness are as real to us as that of a fond mother. We know that our Redeemer liveth. We know Jesus not only in the sense of a Redeemer, but we know Him as being able to cleanse us from all sin, and that He is able to keep us in that blessed state where our peace will flow as a river.

The poor heathen in his blindness is ignorant of all this. Oh, how grateful we should be, who have been lifted on high by the grace of God into this broad and sweet light of perfect love! O beloved, let us, who have made this high attainment in Christianity, show to the world that we are **one** in Christ Jesus! There are no sectarian walls between us; the river of perfect love overflows its banks, and the walls of sectarianism are hidden from view. Beloved, we have set our faces as flints toward heaven. We have lost our lives that we may find them. The great sacrifice has been made, and the consecration is made and ratified in Heaven, and now we will follow Jesus. If He leads us through poverty, we will be of good cheer. If He leads us through sickness, we will be of good cheer. If He leads us through bereavement, we will be of good cheer. If He leads us through persecution, we will be of good cheer. If He leads us through abundant trials and labors, we will be of good cheer. If He leads us through the shadow of the valley of death, we will be of good cheer; for He hath said He will not leave us comfortless.—Sel.

WILLIAM CARVOSSO'S TESTIMONY.

"Just at that moment a heavenly influence filled the room; and no sooner had I uttered or spoken the words from my heart, 'I shall have the blessing now,' than refining fire went through my heart, illuminating my soul, scattered its life through every part, and sanctified the whole. I then received the full witness of the Spirit that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all sin. I cried out, 'This is what I wanted. I have now got a new heart.' I was emptied of self and sin, and filled with God."