

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland P. O., Paulpietersburg,
Natal, July 11th, 1925.

Dear Friends:

At present I am at Entungwini and perhaps it would be of interest to you to give an account of how I came, present surroundings and results, so far, of our meetings.

It is over three years since I was able to visit this church, and year by year I just longed to get over among them. However, after much prayer, God opened up my way by giving me the physical strength and controlling cares at home, circumstances, etc., so I could come.

Early in the morning of the day I was to leave home, I was asking God for three girls or women who would be carriers for me to take to live among the natives for two or three weeks.

Two girls came to carry the mail out to town and in, but as it was not their turn, they expected to leave very early for home. However, as they were weary and the bed was warm for a cold winter morning, they overslept. Dr. Sanders found them and secured them for me. A third one, whom we tried to call but feared she could not come, did arrive, and my prayer was answered.

We did not hurry off, but left about noon. Picked up one of our evangelists on our way to the river, and at last was "on trek" for the Pongolo River.

The water must be well to two feet lower than the day I tried to go over with Dr. Sanders, but turned back, and as Samuel was ahead of my horse, I followed safely over.

Resting for about half an hour and eating our lunch, we then began the long arduous climb of well to 1,000 feet, I think, up the mountainous bank.

Glorious scenery as far as the eye can reach, in every direction are high hills, some closely wooded by short trees, others just grass. Precipitous cliffs on the face of some hills, with the river winding in and out among them and as crooked as a snake.

At different places in the river are deep ponds, and here and there, in some of these, live the dread crocodile. They are very shy, and seldom show themselves; but now and then we hear tales of their wickedness. Up, up, we climbed among the trees, some of which are fairly tall and beautiful. I was told the names of some. One is a mahogany, another a variety of cork, and from another in the olden days the natives took wood with which to strike a fire, before matches were so plentiful.

Near sunset we arrived at our destination and, giving my horse in the hands of a boy who put him out to feed until dark, I was shown the hut reserved for me and my girls, two of which share it with me. Now I will describe it, as some may not know just what a native hut is. Some are very large, but the majority of them are small. All are grass thatched and perfectly round. This hut is about nine ft. across at the widest part, and possibly six ft. high at the very middle, with two posts to support the dome-shaped roof. No window, no chimney, with walls of wattle thatched with grass, and a door about two

and a half feet high. The floor is of earth and our furniture consists of a folding camp bed and mats. We brought our own blankets, food, dishes, etc., and soon had things snug and comfortable. It is impossible to tell you all the funny little incidents that continually take place, such as trying to find an article among so many snugly packed away in a carry-all, or your matches in the tin where are packets of well-wrapped food. I am glad to say I found no tiny inhabitants in this little house, not even a cockroach nor meddlesome ant, so far.

Now for our meetings. All along the way, after we crossed the river, we called everyone we passed to come and get saved or helped at our meetings. Last evening at prayers the Lord met us and gave us a hint that He would bless. Some forty or more came to meeting today, and we had a good time. About twenty-two came forward for prayers, hungry hearts seeking souls, etc. One woman got happy, and after service one young man sought forgiveness of sins, and told us the following story in our Sunday meeting:

He was a very wicked man, and some of his sins are past telling. He drank much beer and, of course, used snuff. A great adulterer, and also used witchcraft to help him in this sin. He became very sick and, through native medicines, came near to death's door, till he told his friends, "I know I shall die." About this time he had a vision and saw his father who had died when he was an infant, so he could not remember him. When he saw him he knew he was his father. A voice came and told him the following: "You must cease adultery and burn up all your medicines for witchcraft (among these were bones of people; he bought these) Will you leave these things?" I answered "Yes." "If you go on and return to them you will die," said the voice.

Then he spoke to his mother and told her to leave off beer and snuff and pray, not to the Amadhlosi (spirit of their ancestors). Pray only to Jesus, as He is the only one who can save us.

Some Christians came to pray with him and he recovered from that sickness and now is separating from all his heathen practices and sin, and Sunday claimed victory and believes. Jesus saves him.

We had about forty present on Saturday, and the presence of the Lord was there; but on Sunday we had over seventy present, and one of those powerful meetings where God's presence was felt so real as to almost see Him.

A brother of our blind evangelist, Solomon Sukazi, met me at the home of Asina, the widow of Johana Sukazi, and who entertained us so well. This brother, Daniel, has been a Christian for some time, but has so little chance for help. No chance for services on Sundays, as he works for his European farm owner, and is away at work for long periods of time, so has not the privileges his more fortunate church friends have here. He told me his case, but said he still used snuff. I told him he better leave his snuff forever and get victory over every sin.

Sunday without me saying a word, four people brought their snuff boxes to me and knelt for prayer. Oh! beloved, that was a wonderful time! Souls lay prostrate

on their knees and faces before God, and cried to Him who hears and answers prayer. The whole congregation knelt and prayed; and the quietness of it all awed folks so they felt the presence of God. Somewhere like twenty-nine got definite victory, and others were helped and blessed. Some obtained freedom from snuff or beer, or anger, etc., etc., and two from one variety of demons, and a Christian girl from another variety of demon. Praise the Lord!

Monday I had a call from a Dutchman who lives on this great farm. He looks after the owner's sheep. His house is about nine miles from where I was, and yet all that land belongs to one man. He has three great farms here and lives on another far away. I wonder if he will consent to give us permission to build a church on this farm or not! God's promises are my only hope, for Dutchmen do not favor the natives becoming saved. He is expected to visit this property soon, and we hope to interview him about this matter.

We have a widely extended work here and one that gives good returns for any effort we make, especially this past year. It seems as if the heathen are very hungry to have the "true bread which came down from Heaven."

As this letter is already long and I have not time to tell you of my visit to "Bucu," I will soon write again.

Beloved, yours is the responsibility and privilege of prayer for the heathen in this land. We, your sent ones, have a great burden laid upon us, too, so we are workers together with Him.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

Balmoral Miss Sta., Natal,

July 22, 1925.

Dear Fellow Workers:

Fifteen happy converts were baptized and received into church fellowship last Sunday, and sixty-four partook of the communion. Among those baptized was one woman who recalls our experiences in the early days. We bought all our firewood from the natives, who brought it to us on their heads, in exchange for salt, matches, etc. This woman, Nomafothla, now Mercy, brought some in time of special need. So when she came, Mrs. Sanders told her how she had been praying for wood. She seemed much impressed; and ever since has been a familiar friend to us. All these years she has professed a great desire for salvation, but would say that she was bound by Satan.

Another was an old woman, the wife of Mpengula, the native doctor, who had lived on this farm for many years when we came. For twenty years this old wife of his has had the light, and now, at the eleventh hour, she comes through, like other similar cases, into a bright experience.

These two are typical, illustrating what God is doing in our midst. A deep hunger after salvation is upon the people all about us, and they are entering into the kingdom. Nearly every day there are seekers coming out into the liberty of the sons of God, or heathen making a start to seek the Lord.

We regretted much that Mrs. Sanders