

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland, Paulpietersburg,
Natal, South Africa,
February 3rd, 1925

Dear Highway:

Just close your eyes for a few minutes and look at this mental scene. Rolling broken hills and valleys stretching from horizon to horizon, the shadow of night rests on it all. In the foreground is a bright blazing light that casts its rays far and wide. A cluster of lesser lights lie near. This is our district, the big light our mission station, the lesser lights the native workers centered here and their outposts. Further out towards the east see a struggling gleam in yonder pitchy darkness.

There, in the blackest, hardest, heathen center on this side of the river, struggles Matthey Shabangu, almost single handed, against organized and bitter opposition. He was telling us two weeks ago in class that a certain man up there says he would rather die than to see any of his folks become Christians, and he threatens to kill the man who converts them. If one of the people there show any signs of favouring Christianity, the rest all gather round and talk him out of it. They have made a compact not to attend, or allow any one of theirs to attend his meetings. Demon doctors are in about every other kraal, and demon possession has swept like a great wave over the entire section hardening and consolidating this opposition.

Looking south we see the distant gleam of another such light. There, across the Pevaan, Jesina is being used of God to win soul after soul to Him.

But turn your eyes northward. Can you, in that inky darkness, see those little twinkling lights? Yes, that is Samuel, and that Isaya Sangweni, and that Jona Myeni. Those twin stars in the nearer distance are Asiena Mavuso and Trifina Msibi—the rest are too dim for one to discern from this distance. Do you not see how the darkness seems to move? It seems alive. Can you catch the malignant gleam of hateful eyes—see the black wings, the hovering forms of watching demons? The armies of darkness are particularly active over there just now. The atmosphere is stifling, oppressed and heavy with evil influences.

Jona Myeni, in class last Wednesday, testified to personal interviews with these evil spirits who say they have been sent out on all the earth, particularly against Christians, and threatened to make him dance to their tune.

Isaya Sangweni says his own wife was overpowered and nearly died under demon influence, but both she and he were willing for her to die, rather than that they should resort to the usual rites of demon worship which bring relief.

The shout of triumph comes ringing across the darkened landscape, from these noble light bearers "at the front" engaged in their deadly hand to hand conflict with Satan's host.

One after another they called out "We fear thee not oh enemy of souls. We trust in the mighty name of Jesus and know

you can do us no harm. Yea, though thou slay us, yet will we trust and die for Him!"

Is it in vain? Must they fight alone? Are your prayers back of them, crippling the powers of evil, and loosening out the power of God? Are you with them in this conflict?

Hark! I hear another sound! Far in the distance a signal flashes in the midnight sky. A light is dawning. We see a glorious army. We hear the voice of our captain: "I have overcome!"

Yes, our heart takes courage. We are glad for we know though the darkness be so great, the enemy so active and powerful, yet there are more with us than be against us.

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But friends, we feel very keenly the absolute necessity of your constant, effectual, fervent prayers. We are, in our flesh, absolutely helpless against the foe. No efforts of ours can touch his power. Only God's might avails and that as His people pray.

There is a trembling in the ranks of the enemy, a note of triumph among the hosts of light. We know a mighty victory is near, but the battle grows even hotter. The conflict more fierce and more than ever. We crave your prayers.

Yours to burn out for Africa.

FAITH SANDERS.

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg, Natal,
So. Africa, Feb. 3, 1925.

Daer Friends:

My soul praises the Lord for His faithfulness. He has begun with the long looked for revival. Souls are getting so troubled they cannot sleep. Stolen things are being confessed about and restitution made and it has only just begun.

For some months we have been asking God to make "sin exceedingly sinful" to these people. To help them to see it as a crime before God and separate from heathen customs.

Native prayers has resulted in such soul distress that different ones have sobbed it out and come through with evidence of sins forgiven. Now the sequel of all this is the way the Holy Spirit has been recalling thefts, lies, etc., of the past and this shows digging into hidden depths.

Sunday a. m. I was called to meet our staff of girl servants. One confessed that as she dipped out sugar to sell she often took some and some other little things. I was surprised at this as I had trusted her and did not suspect this, but my heart quickly forgave and rejoiced to hear her say, "That is all I can remember now, but when any other thing comes to me I will come to you about it."

Another confessed to helping herself to sugar when she went into the milk room to do her work, to having broken a dish and kept quiet about it, but with tears and asking to be forgiven she said she would not do so again.

Another confessed to breaking a dish, hiding the affair, etc., etc. Another to ly-

ing about her work, saying she had done it when she had not. "But," she said, "I did go and do it after that." All confessed to stealing fruit—peaches, apricots, grenadillas, etc., etc.

Oh! What a crying! What sorrow and pain! I showed them God's laws for thieving in Exodus, Levi, etc., and how things must be restored to proper owner, etc. Well, I had a blessed good time forgiving and my soul got so happy to see how the Holy Spirit had been working with them all. They had not slept the past night. One among them was shown she would have to go to a Dutch neighbor whose servant she had been for years, and confess to thefts, refusing or failing to do the work he had given her to do, etc. "Oh,," she said, "Nkasikazi, pray for me. He is a hard man. He has beaten me many times. I am afraid." "But, I said, "God will go with you. Don't you keep back a thing. God can give you favor in his eyes. You go first thing Monday a. m. and we will pray for you."

She went. Needless to say, her former master was overcome and talked beautifully to her. Told her he was so glad she had come and many other words of encouragement. She is rejoicing in God's power to help and in the past forgiven.

I asked her if when she pilfered the sugar her heart did not condemn her. She replied "No." But God has shown them how sin must be confessed, forgiven and put away.

Now the herd boys have been having a long time of such conviction, especially one, and he certainly has a hard row to hoe before him. Such confessions and badness! And he is not through yet. When he is I think it will make quite a tale. And there are others. One, the worst thief anywhere on this farm, great grief to his Christian parents, but God can put his finger on hidden sins and make us so sick of them we will say, like one boy, "I had rather be beaten to death than endure this condemnation."

Most of them also feel the Lord Jesus is coming soon and want to get ready.

This Wednesday is class, and I am sure God is going to give us a wonderful day as conviction seizes one after another. Monday one of our best came and confessed things that were hidden but now God had showed her she must confess and get us to forgive her.

She is the very one who some weeks ago, when I was telling them God required us to restore that which we had robbed, etc. "Well, Nkasikaze, if we were young and worked for our landowner, where should we get all that money from?" I believe God will get hold of these Dutch people and cause them to see the change in these who were their servants and it may be they will cry out to God for a deeper work in their own hearts.

Light! Light!! "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light."

It takes time, patience and continually repeating lesson after lesson for these people to know they must forsake sin.

Now about our European work. I have a very especial request to make for earnest prayer for us from now on for this