

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Balmoral M. S., Hartland,  
Paulpietersburg, Natal,  
So. Africa, March 31, 1925

Dear Friends:

You may remember some months ago you were getting acquainted with your farm folks and were introduced to Lea and Dwabu. You have probably heard of the death of their precious baby "Temba." This great sorrow broke their hearts, and in January Dwabu was saved and Lea earnestly seeking.

Now poor Lea is sick and believes she is possessed of a "Kokoko," Devil. The awful fear, anxiety and suffering has almost wrecked her faith. She is afraid the demon will kill her, as they have many in this district, and earnestly asks prayer that she might be delivered. She is almost ready to resort to the only remedy the unbelievers around here trust in—the Demon ceremony.

For a proper demon ceremony of installation a devil doctor is called, and all the neighboring devil dancers, together with every available relative and friend, are gathered, and armed with kerosene tins full of stones. The victim is placed in their midst and given some devil medicine to snuff. Then every one combines to make the most unearthly din possible. The racket is kept up till at last the patient becoming nerved, begins to tremble.

The object is to enable the demon to have free control of its victim, for if he can have full control, then he will not make them sick or kill them. If things go on as they should, soon after the trembling commences the devil starts talking through the victim, and later on causes them to dance and sing devil songs—become a devil dancer.

Usually, during the process, the devil claims another captive—some one of the friends or relatives taking part, is affected; so this awful plague spreads from kraal to kraal, and is sweeping like a great wave over this district.

A certain per cent of those possessed become devil doctors and the rest devil dancers, and have frequent demon dances (which naturally attracts onlookers.) In these dances quite a neighborhood congregates to worship the devil. Our workers from across the Pongola say the devils have stations (certain strongly possessed kraals) from whence demons are sent out to attack fresh victims.

Dwabu's brother, Mandundu, used to live on this farm but not long ago moved away. Aloni has been holding services in his kraal every second Sunday, for two years. Every member professed a desire to follow Jesus, and the five women and two grown girls were coming on splendidly.

The brightest and most promising among them all was a beautiful young woman, recently widowed, we had come to love. She had, under great difficulties, learned to read, and had prayers for the rest of them, and was earnest in her desire for Jesus. Her little two-year-old son took sick, and, to her horror, Mandundu pronounced it "Kokoko Devil." She stood out for weeks against the ceremony, going from place to place with her child to

hide from the devil doctor.

At last she took sick herself, and, weary and hopeless, yielded. Not only were the demons installed in this poor child, but a few weeks later in the mother herself. Now there are three others in the kraal beside these two.

Mandundu's (third) wife, who told us this, said: "Now we don't pray any more. We go to our prayer spot, kneel, say four words, and then just go home again. Nomatshelaka (the above named widow) starts to have prayers with us. She begins to pray and then just stops and says hopelessly 'My heart does not say for me to pray.'"

This is a picture of what is going on around us in every direction. The terror of it hangs like a shadow over all, but the strongest Christians. Many and many a soul who in their darkness have long been feeling after God has been thus swept out into the abyss. Some are rescued—but oh how few!

Do you wonder our hearts bleed within us as we listen to these pitiful tales?

Oh, we cannot put it plainly before you—we can never make you see and hear what is brought home to our hearts day by day of their anguish and torment. These who "all their life time are subject to bondage through fear of death." Just how real and awful that fear can be, we are beginning now to realize.

Jesus sees and knows it all. Does He care? Stand on Calvary's brow and let that wounded crimsoned form answer.

Jesus cares! He gave His life blood to save them, and oh, praise His name, His blood avails! There is deliverance even for these!

Jesus cares! Do you? Listen to this cry from Africa's night! Hear the groans of the prisoner, the despairing wail of that poor lost soul as it passes out into the dark, without hope and without God, for all eternity!

Pray with us, oh ye to whom His precious blood is real! Pray that the power of "The Name" may be so revealed and exalted through this land that the fear-tormented hearts, who today so well know the power of the devil may come to learn in all its fullness the power of Jesus' Name. Pray till the blood is brought home to their hearts and avails for their souls.

Yours to burn out for Him,  
FAITH SANDERS.

## THE TWO WAYS.

Rev. H. C. Sanders.  
Chapter VII.

Among the highest buildings in the Golden City towers the Royal Bank, where every member of the King's army is urged to open an account, and exchange the wealth of earth for the currency of the Kingdom. There we are commanded to lay up for ourselves treasure, such as houses, lands, costly raiment, precious jewels, gold, silver, good works, self-denials, and sacrifices. The building is warranted proof against thieves and robbers, and even moths and rust. You remember the millionaire we spoke of in Chapter V. as having devoted much of his great wealth to the rescue of fallen daughters. This case serves as an illustration, and came about in the following way: The Great

King, who lives in the Golden City, sent His angels and called this man's daughter, Florence, to live in His palace, where all is beautiful: no night, no sorrow or crying; everything to make a child supremely happy for ever.

She had been her father's greatest treasure, and, in going, had taken his heart with her. A wonderful change came over the man. He ceased to be so absorbed in the affairs of this life, and kept looking away towards the Great City, where he would join his darling. His eyes became so enlightened that, one day, he had a vision of the Royal Bank, and opened an account in the name of his daughter, Florence, who now lived in that city. After consultation with the Captain, it was decided that he establish different homes, which were named "Florence Crittendon Mission Homes." These he financed year by year, thus laying up in the Royal Bank the treasure that, had Florence lived in this world, would have been hers; and, perhaps would have become a snare and a pit. For the love of money is the root of all evil, and causes multitudes to err from the faith and pierce themselves through with many sorrows. In fact, it is one of the laws of the Kingdom that no soldier lay up for himself treasures here below, where there is no certain assurance against moth, rust, thieves and robbers! The only safe bank recommended for funds that can be spared, is this Royal Bank of the Kingdom.

We all have heard of a certain wealthy Jewish ruler who came running to our Captain and desiring eternal life. Our Captain replied by pointing to the Royal Bank and saying, "Sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thus thou shalt have treasure in yonder Bank. Then, come, follow Me and accept a commission in My army." But the love of money is a disease that affects chiefly the heart and the optic nerve, so that the Royal Bank appears too far away to be real. So this rich young ruler went away pierced through with the sorrows which always accompany that dread disease.

Among the many perfect rules that govern the Royal Banking System is one that takes into account the motive actuating the deposit, weighing both together in the just scales of the Bank. In this manner, the widow's mite may be more valuable than costly offerings from those who retain an abundance. Thus it often happens that the poorest of earth become, not only rich in faith and heirs of the Kingdom, but are the most wealthy when they reach the land at the end of the narrow way.

Another banking rule is that the smallest items, even a cup of cold water, is never lost sight of but always placed to the credit of the proper account. Many stories are told which confirm the most remarkable rule of all, namely, that giving from the earthly store causes it to increase. The rule reads, "There is that given and yet increaseth. There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." This withholding explains why so many poverty stricken soldiers walk the King's Highway. They need to buy eyesalve, and anoint their eyes, so they may see the Royal Bank, looming so