

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Paulpietersburg, Natal, So Africa,  
November 23, 1925.

Dear Homeland Friends:

"Big Sunday" at Balmoral Mission Station has come and gone. The day was very hot, which does not bother the natives, but is apt to give us, from cool Canada, a headache. Such trifles, however, we have long since ceased to count, for what few trials we do have are not worthy to be compared with the glory that awaits the faithful. We covet the privilege of suffering a little for Him who bore so much for us.

Then, besides the future prospect, we have the daily compensations—"a hundredfold in this life." The joy of seeing these naked, demon-worshipping heathen, clothed and in their right minds, all through the power of the blood of Jesus—this joy is too great for utterance. Some of these are true and tried Christians, while others are but a few weeks or months out from heathen darkness.

Today, Nomahashi (horses), a widow living on this farm, testified to a good experience of salvation. Then, before the meeting closed, her younger sister, in heathen dress (or undress) arose, saying: "I give myself to the churg." Later a second woman repeated the same words. This is the formula they use when making their first public confession of Christ and starting to seek Him.

Four were brought by their parents who took the usual vows when these "little children" were presented to the Lord.

Our church building was crowded, while more than fifty partook of the communion. The offering was \$4.25, a few pounds of corn and two wooden spoons. These last are much prized by men and boys, who prefer them, while women and girls use their hands in eating porridge.

Last post brought an offering from an elderly lady, sent by Mrs. F. H. Hale. With this Mrs. Sanders at once began to sew dresses for the most needy. Next day she sent a dress to Sala, an old woman, who has a hard time to find rags enough to cover her poor body. In church she testified and expressed much gratitude for the new dress. Her son, who had recently lost his huts, food, clothes and books by fire, gave thanks for help received—corn, books, etc.

On my way up to the second meeting I was accosted by a woman in heathen dress, asking for the gift of a head-dress—a yard of black cashmere. It has become a custom among them when they take down their "isicolo," or cone-shaped mass of hair, to substitute the cloth covering. They generally receive their first one from us as a gift; also their first dress we often give them.

Two sister wives, recently baptized, came asking or five cents each as a loan to put in the collection. "We will come next Thursday and pay it back." These same women are dressed in clothes that were given them or that they earned themselves.

When they come asking for work that they may earn clothing, and say, "My husband is a heathen and will not allow me any money or clothes," what can we do but try hard to find work or them? It is better that they earn than beg. So we do our best to help them, even when the work does not pay for what they receive.

An example is a woman who came to us a few months ago—a heathen, broken-hearted and desiring death, even suicide. Today she presented her babe, Samuel, to the Lord, and to-

morrow begins a long journey on foot to visit her old mother. Her faith is that she will win to Christ this heathen mother. She promises to return again to us for baptism. While with us she rendered some service, but not nearly enough to pay for food and clothing.

"The poor ye have always with you." It is wonderful how frequent is the burning of these grass huts. We always help the afflicted at such times, giving them small wattle poles to rebuild their huts, clothing, or what they need. The last case came to us from the Zionist church, for they also expect and receive our help. The mother had been away to gather firewood, leaving her two babies home alone. The dwelling hut was but a heap of "smoking ashes," as she told us, but her precious babes were safe. The elder had set the hut on fire, but took the infant in his arms and ran out. The Lord, they say, must have told the little fellow, or he would not have known enough to save the baby.

One begs pumpkin seed for planting; another beans; another potatoes; another asks for food, saying, "we went to bed last night without eating, for our food is all gone."

There is no end to the feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, relieving the needy and sick, and preaching the gospel to the poor; for this is our commission. For those whom we help today are ready tomorrow to listen when the claims of Christ are presented. The work of hospital, dispensary, charity and praying for Divine healing is all but the bait we are using to catch fish.

I was much impressed with a recent dream. In it I stood by a large river where many fish lines were set. All these lines I took up and held in my hands and waited for a bite. Then, as none occurred, I hauled in one of the lines to see what might be wrong. Sure enough, the hook was far too large, and the bait not at all suitable. My interpretation is that these lines are our native workers. Next morning along came two "big preachers," asking me to explain certain passages of scripture. They all were easy and showed the kind of bait and hooks they had been using. They mostly were questions of controversy with Seventh Day Adventists, who have recently come our way.

Very early that morning (it was not yet breakfast time) the Lord had given me much blessing in reading the 73rd Ps. So when their questions were all answered to their satisfaction, the morning lesson (as fresh and proper bait) was passed on to them.

When we ask these, our native workers, how many souls they have won to Christ during the last year, it is sad to hear them reply: "I have labored all the night (year) and have caught nothing." We are thankful that some among them are soul-winners, and ask you to join us in prayer that others may learn of Jesus to cast their net "on the right side of the ship."

As I write, there comes to my mind the yearly report of our home churches, as given in the minutes. In noticing the numbers added during the year, one wonders if the bait used was the best obtainable. And yet there are the gospel-hardened districts and many difficulties, that I have met in the homeland; also new difficulties, such as the "Tongues" movement.

This last we here have been up against for years, and they have taken many of our church members, but mostly in the beginning. We have learned that our best way of meeting them is to keep our own Pentecostal fires brightly burning. Then when demonstration seems to get off the track, we endeavor to gently lead it back.

These natives, more than the home people, desire and have faith for Divine healing. The stronger we are here, the easier it is to hold our own converts. During our seasons of prayer on this line, the Lord seemed to draw especially near and to honor our weak faith. We keep in mind that this is but bait; but in reading the New Testament, one is impressed that bodily healing was much used, and successfully, in the early church.

For over twenty years the thought has been with me that in the "last days" not only will "perilous times" come, but also a greater outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Our teaching here is, I am sure, a help even to the "Tongues," or Zionist people; for they emphasize demonstration and Divine healing (which is bait) more than the victorious life of holiness. In a prayer meeting of these people in Vryheid recently, I was privileged to testify to the daily victorious life through the power of Christ. They (European) nearly all mentioned their lack and hunger on this line.

A Zionist woman, once a member of our church, told me the other morning of her troubles. She would be all right but for an inward something that makes her scold and fight. I told her it was the "ravenous beast" nature that was not found in the "way of holiness," (Is. 35:9) and she had made the mistake of asking her Lord for the spirit and not the casting out of the wildcat nature. Her Lord had said, "I am grieved that you ask for only half I want to give you, but according to your faith, be it unto you." The fault, I told her, lies with her preacher, because "faith cometh by hearing." She therefore can believe only for what she hears preached; and that is power and demonstration with the "ravenous beast" nature left in to continually upset her peace and joy, and make her home so unlike what it should be.

There is a negative side to salvation, the subtraction of that which is evil. Then there is the positive, the attractive and beautiful. This is nicely described in our last Highway, Sept. 30, "The Gift of the Holy Ghost as an Abiding Presence."

"He that winneth souls is wise." And he that keeps his church members from joining elsewhere must be wise. It is for us to pray with importunity for this Divine wisdom that will win souls and hold them. Then we shall not toil all night and catch nothing.

Yours in Jesus,

H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland P. O., Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Africa, Dec. 1st, 1925.

Dear Friends:

Here is another chapter about Bucu, the mountain across Pongola, where a headman and his whole village are turning to the Lord. Paulina Maseko is the one who goes there, and with Sala, one of our servants, left here on Saturday afternoon, expecting to reach there by evening. However, after travelling some five or six miles, the threatening rain seemed coming upon them and they retraced their steps three or four miles. Then, the weather having cleared somewhat and the rain having taken another direction, they once more resumed their journey, but did not cross the river. They stayed all night at a Christian kraal; they were very hungry and had some food given them. About five o'clock, and without any breakfast, they went on, crossed the river and spent several hours calling at different kraals to advertise the meeting.

Arriving at the village just a little time before