

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland Mission Station,
Natal, So. Africa,
Oct. 24th, 1926

Dear Young People:

How would you like to send us a pack of your S. School lesson cards? We are trying to induce these native children to come here to a forenoon Sunday School, that will be followed by an afternoon meeting for all ages. This seems hard to do as our work is comparatively young.

The same with our day school. We find it easy to have one winter, but in summer; as at present, the children are mostly kept home to help in planting, watching cattle and goats from the gardens, etc. Whereas on old mission stations the summer school will be nearly as large as the winter one.

How do you suppose we manage to entertain the many who come long distances for the "Big Sunday," or Christmas and such like special meetings?

Our native workers help out here. Those from across the Pongola will mostly go to sleep at Saumeli's kraal, or to Joeli's. But if they are from Bucu the name of a big hill, where Paulina holds forth across the Pongola, they always stop at this station. The girls and women sleeping in Paulina's grass hut. We keep a lot of blankets ready to lend such visitors.

Joseph has built several extra rooms just so he can entertain visitors from his section. Then Befa, Aaloni and others are all willing to do their part.

What do they all eat? This is quite a problem, especially in famine times. Joseph seldom asks us for help, but Samuelli most always needs to, and the others very frequently ask for extras. These "extras" are such things as sugar, tea, flour, meat, beans and pumpkins, which are considered luxuries, so at the close of Saturday afternoon's meeting you will see the different companies going to the several kraals carrying fowls, cornmeal, pumpkins and the other "extras," together with loads of wood, all except the fowls balanced on their heads.

Then the largest number usually remains at our station. Soon a big fire is going and a big iron pot on for supper. Several girls will be peeling pumpkins or citron, while others may be getting the fowls ready. Others are cutting sugar cane, which we always give them. We aim to make their visit pleasant, as their coming tends to the upbuilding of our church work. They get to feel that all the outposts are a part of our central station.

At this season of the year our mulberry trees are in bearing. There are about a dozen large trees loaded with luscious fruit similar to our blackberries. We give these freely to all who ask. From morning till night, during the several weeks these berries last, the birds come to the trees in swarms while native children and grown-ups pick from the lower branches, climb the trees, or beat the higher branches with long poles, and then pick up from the ground the ripe fruit. So often you will notice some woman with a paper, formed into cup

shape, filled with the berries for her children at home.

You should see the little tots coming to buy sugar cane with goat manure. They will carry according to their strength, some only a few quarts. Then they return home with good sized bundles of the cane, often for their parents who sent them. Sometimes they cut, pound and soak this cane in the water which afterwards receives the meal for their porridge. Matches, salt and soap they can buy with old bones. Even ashes will buy for them these same articles.

In such ways the little ones learn to love coming to the Mission Station, and as a matter of course attend their nearest meeting, and become seekers and finally turn Christians. There was that winsome kindness in Jesus Christ that attracted the children and their timid mothers—a quality that we, His followers, should covet and copy.

Yesterday a girl, perhaps ten years of age, greeted me with many smiles, as though she was quite sure I was delighted to see her. She has just returned from six months' service at her landlord's, fifty miles distant, and now asked for a Zulu speller that she might learn to read. Her name is "Grace," after our daughter. For, at the time of her birth and for years after, her mother, Mala, and her father, Filimona, were among our native workers.

They were unduly influenced to leave us and join the Dutch Reformed, where they remained for several years, until just lately, as you have heard, they ask to be taken back. All these years, when to steal our church members, we showed they were working against us and trying only kindness and the helping hand towards them. We took especial pains to always enquire about their daughter, "Gracie," and send her candy or sugar cane, and such like. Until now they have done what seemed impossible with man, come back to our church.

There are many others now belonging to the Zionists, who once were counted on our church book. These, I may say all, feel that we are their true friends, and when in trouble and need, appeal for help to us. A few of these have returned to our church, others may some day—I shall not be greatly surprised if they do.

Did you know that love and kindness is the Christian's badge? Yes, "by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." And to help others is "The law of Christ." In the last day, we are told, the Judge will separate his people and know them from the others by the way they have shown kindness.

Now here is a secret that I hesitate to tell you. When I was twenty-two years of age, I formed a resolution never to speak words that would wound another's feelings, unless I believed it to be my duty and for their good.

As I write there comes a great shouting—I will go and see what it is. A company of heathen natives are passing on their way to attend a wedding across the Pongola, that is to be celebrated tomorrow. Judson stands talking with four young men. I ask him what they are saying. They are asking for a "pass" to enter law demanding a certificate from some

the Transvaal from Natal. For there is a European, stating the address of such visiting natives and their purpose in going. Judson has been taught strict Sunday observance and hesitates to write such a letter on Sunday.

But they all are heathen, so looking at the matter from their standpoint, there is no good reason for not obliging them. Soon they are saying good-bye, and thank you, promising to ask on Saturday next time.

Just a word in closing. Some have taken as the rule of their life the motto, "What would Jesus do?" He only is our perfect example and only His perfect love in our hearts can enable us to walk in His steps.

Yours in His love,

H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland P. O.

Dear Friends:

To continue my report: Tuesday we bade good-bye to Absolom and his village and went nearly to Paulpietersburg town, about 12 miles, to visit one of our church members, Noah Ndwandive.

Nothing eventful happened on this journey save we found some yellow Watsonias on the banks of the Pivaan River and succeeded in getting two of the roots.

Beautiful sandy bottom of the river where we forded it. One of the party tried to frighten us by saying, "This is the place where a crocodile lives," but we saw nothing of one.

However, quite close to the river at this place are hot mineral springs and it is a very favorite resort for folks with rheumatism to visit during the winter months.

Noah works in the Adumbe mine and his house is quite close up at the bottom of this mountainous hill (I have been told it is about 1,000 ft. and if this is so many hills across Pongola must be higher.)

When we arrived we found no word had reached the village that we were coming, and Ida, Noah's wife, was much perturbed that she had nothing to set before this crowd. She left us in her one room, sod built house and hurried over to the home of her mother—but a short distance away—and consulted with her. The result of this was the mother loaned us her "house for believers."

It has two rooms with a bed, table, some stools and a chair, and all looked clean. Well, we were so thankful and soon made ourselves comfortable as it had seemed a long journey to me, the sun was so hot and I was so thirsty.

Giving my bed-tick to the girls they soon cut enough grass to fill it and I chose a corner in the outer room for my refuge and put my bed down on the floor there. In the evening we had prayers with the folks, about 20 altogether, and spoke to Ida's father who, though living as a believer, is still bound by beer, etc.

Next morning a young woman called. She came from Emakasini in Swaziland and was now staying with friends for a time. Her life has been so hard, husband gone away to Johannesburg and never sends her money any more. She was discouraged and was at the point of running away from him and going into a life of sin at the mines. We encouraged her and

tried to show her the right steps to take at this time. I learned later she really left the place and started back to Emakasini.

Next a. m. I called on the only near European home. Found a young couple and a young child. The wife is sister of a farmer teacher we had for our own children several years ago. I found them so poorly off they had just the bare necessities of life and a poor prospect for much of crops this year.

Quite a number of people called on us in the early afternoon. Among these a girl, now married, who once lived on the mission farm. She is a very earnest seeker and is greatly desiring to be freed from beer. We held a beautiful meeting where some two or three gave themselves as seekers and one seemed to have really found salvation.

We also held a meeting in the evening with good results, but Noah seems to want to keep out of my way. I was surprised till I learned the following:

Being married by Christian rites he cannot lawfully take a second wife. He has been greatly tempted to pay court to some girl in this place. He is far from our church, gets there seldom and has weakened so he can think to do this heathenish thing. His wife is very sad over the affair and rejoices that we have visited her.

Quite a number of our evangelists have come, Joseph Nyaza, Jessina Mshala, Befa, Kumene and Filita Hedebe, so all stayed after the evening service and held a special time of questioning, helping and praying with him.

Next day many callers came for prayers and help. One a cripple, who cannot walk as the knee joints are stiff, but she swings her body forward by her hands on the ground and lands on her feet in a sitting posture. Even being so crippled she is a great worker and travels quite distances. Her husband is one of the new seekers.

Quite a number who visit us are church members of other denominations but seem to have been neglected so, I find them weak and discouraged and their hearts are hungry for real help.

Meetings good, God's presence is there to save and convict, so we feel our going there was not in vain.

Ida's parents are so glad we came. All use us the best they know how. Bought meat, bread and sugar for us and entertain us well.

Paulina Meseko's brother, Paul had lived near these folks too, but after the loss of the second baby he moved on the other side of this hill near the R. R. station.

His wife, hearing we were visiting Noah, came to see us bringing me a small loaf of bread. She is of a sorrowful spirit and we learn her husband is like Noah and wanting to take a second wife, hoping to have a living child.

We encourage her to follow Jesus and pray for them both.

Friday a. m. about 8.30 we bid them farewell and start for Pivaan river again, but do not need to cross it to go to Befa's place.

Not far from our starting point we overtake a sick young man whom Joseph engages in conversation while we all pass on. About half an hour afterwards Joseph rides up alongside of my horse and

asks if it would be in order to have prayers with this young man. "Yes, Jesus did so, and so may we." In a few minutes we had gathered together by the roadside (we were then travelling on the Vryheid Road) and held a beautiful prayer service.

Found out this young man is a brother to a boy who seemed to be deeply convicted in our last evening meeting. They live in a large village and their father is opposed to Christianity and will not allow any meeting held there. He has many wives, some of whom wish to be saved. Only the night before we had made that kraal a special subject of prayer, and now we were holding a special season of prayer with this, another member of it! Truly God can open closed doors and soften hard hearts. Let us pray on that this kraal may be saved.

Taking a roundabout path up and down hills—for we left the road after about 5 miles—we descended a sharp hill to a kraal beautiful for situation, but position is hot. Far below us winds in and out another high green hill and down on another side are several other kraals and an open plain.

Just as we rode down to this village, two young men were saddling up some fine looking horses going to a beer-drink.

We are not cordially received and the men soon take themselves off hardly using us civilly.

However, one must expect some rebuffs after so much of blessing.

Another young man remained behind. Drawing near him I see he is far advanced in consumption and engaged him in conversation about salvation, while most of the workers go down the hill to visit Jessina's father, a very old man but now a Christian. Here are some items of interest concerning some of the women-folk in these kraals. Three new seekers in heathen dress, and one more dressed in European clothes, among the wives. This dressed woman has an opposer in her husband who beats her on her return from a meeting. She went to Absolom's on Sunday, where we had beautiful services, was helped but also whipped for going. Monday she returned and told us her tale of woe and said she expected he would beat her on her return. One of the three undressed women gave herself as a seeker that Sunday.

Now all are so hungry. See the difficulties in the way and know not just what to do. On return of the workers we had a splendid meeting, praying specially for this sick one and the seekers. Also for God to soften the hard hearts of the head men of these kraals. We consulted together and decided we would pass on. I could see, one wife was in great trepidation lest we stay and I feared if we did, when the men returned drunk these wives would be blamed and probably beaten. This seemed to suit all parties and we bade them good-bye.

Had a pleasant trip down the hills and across wide river valleys, crossing two streams, tributaries of Pivaan, and arrived just at sunset at Zulu's kraal.

The head man, Fondo, met us and we had a very straight talk with him about his soul. He has a tubercular knee which means death in a year or two, probably.

Well, they certainly had made great preparation for us here. The large hut

was carpeted with nice dry grass, enough had been cut to fill my mattress cover and the whole dome of the hut was decorated with ferns and flowers, giving a very pleasing effect. This is the way they festoon the hut for a new bride.

When we were eating supper a finely cooked fowl was presented and everything was done for our comfort they know how to do.

My letter is long enough so must wait till another time to tell the rest.

But it is beautiful to be able to get out among the people and preach Jesus. Pray for all these, and many more, who need salvation.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

"WHERE JESUS REIGNS"

Where Jesus reigns there is no fear,
No restless doubt, no hopeless tear,
No base deceit, nor faithless prayer,
No angry strife, or weak despair,
No greed for gain, nor selfish pride,
No bitterness for aught denied,
No evil tongue, nor cruel arm,
No envy, hate or wish to harm,
No wicked lust, nor trace of stains,
But all is pure where Jesus reigns.

Where Jesus reigns there is no night;
For He is wisdom, love and light;
No raging sea, nor tempest dread,
But quietness and calm instead,
No anxious care, no blind unrest,
No heavy heart by guilt oppressed,
No discontent, no gloomy days,
But highest hope and sweetest praise,
No stumbling oft, nor galling chains,
No shame, nor sin where Jesus reigns.

Where Jesus reigns there's joy untold,
There's wealth that's richer far than gold,
There's service glad and courage true,
There's power to be and strength to do,
There's sacrifice and sweet content,
There's grace divine in mercy sent,
There's triumph over self and sin,
And blessed peace abides within,
There's truest faith that never wanes,
There's love supreme where Jesus reigns.

—Selected.

LIVING FOR CHRIST

Lord let me live for Thee, for Thee,
Take Thou this life of self from me,
Spirit of Christ, long hast Thou striven,
But grace prevails, the rock is riven!
O, cleansing tide, flow in, flow in,
And separate my soul from sin;
The veil is rent! Lord, now I see,
Thy precious blood avails for me!
O, wondrous light, shine on, shine on,
Till all this night of life is done,
Rise, blessed Sun of Righteousness,
With healing wings my soul to bless!
O, Lamb of God, for me, for me,
Thy blood was shed on Calvary,
So all my gain "I count but loss,"
And hide myself beneath Thy Cross!

WM. LAWSON.

We deem those happy who from their experience of life, have learned to bear its ills without descending on the burden.—Juvenal.