

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
March 22nd, 1926

Dear Friends:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name!" This is the language of my heart this morning as I listen to the cooing of the wild pigeons and the songs and calls of many other birds at the sun-rising.

I am so glad to be in Africa, this needy land where so many are still heathen and those who are not, so wanting help, encouraging, instructing, etc.

How can we ever praise and thank God enough that we were not born heathen! "No more than others I deserve, but God hath given me more."

One feels this as one sees the dreadful fear of evil spirits, superstition and other conditions of the heathen.

Then one feels how beautiful to be saved from all this and know it, and then be able to tell others about salvation.

Several Sundays ago I had the privilege of going to an outpost and holding a service. God blessed us much, conviction on several for not getting saved, prayers with them and two wanting demons cast out.

Yesterday I went again and again had much blessing. About eight seekers at the altar, two were backsliders, another struggling to be freed from the slavery of beer, another to be delivered from snuff, two earnest seekers for salvation and some others who do not know if their sins are forgiven or not.

Beautiful testimonies were given by several who had come from a distance, so it was a profitable meeting.

The place where the meeting was held? Oh! Perhaps you would like to see it. It is only a frame of battle poles from our own growing on this farm partially covered with grass, the walls and all. Not a chair but several stones just large enough to sit on, made very substantial, if not very soft seats. They had cut fresh grass and spread over the floor so it was neat.

After I had sat on the stone till I was tired I slid down on a mat one of the girls had so thoughtfully placed at my feet.

One man, Peter Shelemba, was years ago one of our evangelists for a while, but he backslid and for years and years was an old heathen again, but now he has come back to the Lord and again been delivered from sin. He often speaks of the years he wasted and how sorry he is.

One woman is especially needing our prayers that she may be delivered from beer. Her gardens of Amabele (Kaffir corn) from which this beer is made, are fine, one of the best I have seen this year of such drought, so she seems to have no need to buy food. However, unless she gets free, it will only be a snare for her as her husband is a heathen, and she must brew beer for him. She told me if only she did not have to make it for him, she thinks it would not be so hard for her. But God has power. What he has done for others He can do for her too.

Our appendicitis patient expects to go home soon. Hers is a wonderful answer to prayer. It is at her home we held the

meeting yesterday. The first Sunday I was there we had prayers with her, as she was very ill. I told them to bring her to us where she could have proper food and care. It was a week before she came. As Sisters Helen and Alice were in Durban Miriam took her case. A daughter came with her to wait on her.

The greatest need I saw, in spite of her serious illness was to get rid of beer and snuff and get through with her seeking to be saved. Well, she knew it and wanted to but had to be let down to the gates of death before she did. For a time Dr. Sanders did not know but she would die, and then in answer to special prayer, and prayers she recovered and has come clear through with a knowledge of sins forgiven and is so thankful to God. Her husband is getting interested, a backslidden daughter says, "It is because of my breaking with God my mother is sick and if she dies, I have killed her." This girl is now seeking to return. How wonderfully God works!

Another case: Solomona Keenene, one of Pengulas's grandsons, was given to the Lord by his mother when a small boy. When he grew up he became wild and wicked. He resented being reprov'd or talked with and asked, "What sin have I done, etc." Just before he left for work, in Johannesburg, he was just the same and seemed hardened in sin. Having already one girl he accepted another, and when brought before the church, took a stand against all advice and council and chose to go the heathen way. This set the whole church to pray more earnestly for him, and another boy, who was just as bad.

Word came last week that Solomona was so sick he was going to die and he warned his brothers and sisters not to do as he had done, but get saved and obey God. "Do not die in your sins as I am." This has come as a great blow to the mother, who is a widow, and the family. No one knows just how bad he really is, as these people exaggerate wonderfully, but a party is setting off to see him and, if alive, to bring him home. How God shows his power to bend the stubborn will!

Now, beloved, pray for all of these and the many more whom I have not mentioned. God has promised to give us the heathen for our inheritance, but we must win them and dig them out of heathenism and, we realize, we must have more help by prayer. Prayer beats down walls of difficulties. It smashes down flat stubborn wills and rides over the fiercest waves of opposition. Prayer makes us "prayer changes things." God hears prayer, these people believe in it, expect it, ask for it and would be disappointed if we did not pray with them.

The sick are made well by prayer, demons are cast out through faith in God and prayer. We, as your representatives in this land must have prayer. We live by it, work better because of time spent in prayer and are kept in answer to it.

Prayer tightens our hold on God's promises, enlightens our minds as to Father's will and delivers from all the fears of this dreadful land. Never a horse-back ride is taken or anybody goes for a day by the river or any other journey, but we pray. Accidents, dangers, snakes, etc., etc., too numerous to mention we have

been kept from in answer to prayer.

Now I have spoken of prayer from this end, but I know so well prayer from your end of the line is what has made it safe for us here. Thank God for those at home who have held and are still holding "the ropes as we go down!"

We must pray "so much the more as ye see the day approaching." Closeted with God now and then through the day will keep us from "being drawn away . . . and enticed." God help us to pray more!

Yours in Jesus,
MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

Balmoral Mission Station,
via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
March 16th, 1926

Dear Highway:

You will be glad to know that four young men were baptized last Sunday, across the Pongola, and received into church fellowship. We hope that two of these will be helpers in the vineyard.

One of the great needs is a "School of the prophets," in which to train such boys for the ministry. A while back we wrote you of our hopes and preparations on this line, but nothing materialized. Most of our congregations live on land owned by European farmers, who exact from all the young people, and some of the old, about six months' labour each year. This is received as rent, and for the privilege of planting, grazing, etc., on the said farms. Thus our schools are broken into, and even two of our native workers are still so situated.

But the difficulties need not prevent us from the fulfillment of our hopes on this line—a school to train native workers. The hand of our God is not shortened, but we must pray more earnestly that He prepare labourers to send into His vineyard. And as we pray, we must be willing to sacrifice, for such a school cannot be self-supporting, in so young a work as ours.

It is now watching season, when the natives drive birds from the grain gardens. They must be there very early in the morning, and may not leave till after sun-down. Generally they have a tiny hut as shelter from the sun and rain. Men sometimes help in watching, or the mother with one or more babies must spend her days there for six weeks or more, until the Kaffir corn can be harvested. Children are trained to help watch, so a school during this season is rather difficult, often impossible. So I found only about one quarter of our usual numbers at Entungwini last Sunday. Yet the Lord was present and gave unusual blessing. Blessing on the line of more faith and Christian endeavour to win the unsaved to our Lord.

On my way over and coming back I was frequently waylaid by those suffering from toothache. Whereas other seasons of the year, they would expect to come to the meeting and there find their dentist. One young woman complained that she had experienced the extraction of teeth only by the native method: prying them out with a nail or piece of fork tine. After some delay, and much persuasion by her friends, she finally consented to have a proper tooth forcip applied. "Why, there