

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Paulpietersburg, Natal.

Dear Friends:

Faith will be glad to hear that Nomat-sheleka, the consumptive, is now at our station. She comes from a distant kraal, where her young husband died of the same disease. She has no hope of living, but is happy in Jesus. Her only burden is for her baby, now a boy of three years. And this burden she has cast upon the Lord.

Like Hannah, in I. Sam. 1:10, "She was in bitterness of soul, and prayed unto the Lord, and wept sore." But "prayer changes things," and, like Hannah, verse 18, "her countenance is no more sad." Last Sunday she arrived here in an exhausted condition, having eaten nothing since the night before. The first mile and a half she had walked, being accompanied by two other women of her home. The steep hill she had climbed by creeping on hands and feet. They had slept at a half-way kraal and had a carriage bring her after they had reached the wagon road. Speaking of her journey, she says that only the assurance of the Lord that she should live to reach the Mission Station gave her faith that she would not die on the road.

It goes without saying that upon arrival they found thoughtful friends to minister to their needs. She was soon sipping hot tea, and soup with rice, etc. For the others there was found cooked green corn and sweet potatoes.

This reminds me of what I first met at my office door this morning. A native woman, who had watched with a sick child during the night, stood there. I feared that her first words would be "the child is dead." But instead she said, "the child asks for sweet potatoes and izinkobe." "Izinkobe" is the boiled kernels of dry corn, and not very suitable as diet for a child at death's door with pneumonia plus serious complications.

Today is the coldest we have had this winter. Nearly a dozen women have been here this forenoon, begging wood from our wattle grove. Still more for coats, shirts, etc., to help protect them from the piercing wind that is accompanied with one of our disagreeable winter rains. On the high veldt, fifty miles away, it may be snowing. This comes hard on a people who, for the most part, plan to go practically naked the year round. So often the clothes worn are for ornament and not for comfort. There are some dressed natives who may be fortunate enough to possess an abundance of clothing. These even during hot weather put on, just for show, clothes enough for winter, and will likely have a muffler around their neck. The Christian boy, generally synonymous to dressed boy, will often work with his coat on, no matter how warm the day. I noticed this same trait among the negroes of the West Indies. There, negro men, hoisting out our cargo of lumber, were dressed in winter clothing, but perspiring freely, while I was suffering with heat, clad in thinnest summer wear.

Our church building was full today. We had expected a baptism of eight but as five did not arrive, the other three will wait until another time. About forty natives partook of the communion, and great blessing was upon the services. Five

little children were brought to the Saviour, the parents promising to lead them in the way that they should go. A young couple were engaged, taking the usual vows to walk in the ways of the Lord and avoid the sinful practices of the heathen.

After services were over I went about four miles to visit two sick neighbors. They are Dutch, from the high veldt, and come down here winters with their sheep. During the visits to our Utrecht church, these people have entertained us and shown much kindness.

In the beginning there was great prejudice and opposition to our work from our Dutch neighbors; but all is changed and God has given us their confidence and good will. Their present attitude is a help to our work. It is their servants that make up our church membership, and on their farms that we must hold our outpost services, and erect the small church buildings.

Yours in Jesus,

H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland P. O.,  
Natal, So. Africa,

Dear Friends:

Five o'clock. I have just returned from holding a service to Lydia's outpost. Their new church building is about 11 x 21 ft. inside, but is nicely built, with stone walls. Last Monday Filemon Nkosi, a native worker, who left us several years ago to join the Dutch Reformed, asked to be taken back. You may recall that both he and his wife, Mata, were our helpers. Since that time they have continued preaching, and now count two baptized members and nearly twenty seekers. Should these come to us they would worship with Lydia, as they are so near. And how so many—fifty plus twenty—could manage with so small a building is a question.

Today's service was one of great power and blessing. If all our workers were as consecrated and spirit filled as Lydia, we would be grateful. One encouraging feature of the congregation was the good proportion of male members. As usually the females are twice or thrice the number of their brethren. Just where all the Christian girls will find husbands without marrying heathen men is one of our difficult problems.

Last week's reports were encouraging. Lydia spoke of several newcomers beginning to attend service. Bertha tells of two boys who first came two weeks ago. Then last Sunday they returned, bringing two more boys and two girls of their home. They ask for services at their kraals, across the Proan.

At another place, also across the Proan, there comes a call for the gospel. Next Sunday a band intends to visit this place.

Mrs. Sanders went with Paulina Saturday to visit in her section for a week.

George has returned from visiting Paul and makes our burden lighter.

Josefa visited our outpost beyond Paulpietersburg last Sunday and reports good interest, with an attendance of twenty-five, members and seekers.

Our church at Ermelo, six hours by train from P'p'burg, on the line running towards Johannesburg, is asking for a visit from their white missionary. After burning brick, which are now being pack-

ed, we hope to see Malia and her little band at Ermelo.

We value your prayers. Our work needs them. Sin abounds, and only the mighty power of God can save these doubly-bound heathen from Satan's chains.

Yours and theirs,

H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland P. O., Natal, So. Africa,  
July 14, 1926

Dear Homeland Friends:

We are enjoying Africa's winter with grateful hearts. It has been extremely cold this last week, and in the high veldt they have had snow. Mrs. Sanders is across the Pongolo with Paulina at Bucu's and she will find it quite uncomfortable, we fear, although she went well provided for all kinds of emergencies, I believe.

When Helen gets a suitable horse we are hoping, if the Lord permits, to go across the Pongolo to Etungivini and the other outposts where there are many kraals. Our hearts are hungry to get among those people, as we have only been there once for one day. Helen does not teach the school children now, so she is free to go this winter. We do praise the Lord for the wonderful opportunity the winter affords for getting out among the people.

Today I was greatly blest in a kraal not so far from here. Two heathen men were present beside the people of the kraal, and it seemed such an opportune time to be there, for the Lord gave special liberty in speaking to them. Really, dear friends, I felt it was worth being in Africa to have even that one gracious opportunity. It was so sweet to give them the Word of Life and I could feel the spirit of conviction in a special way. May the Lord bless His Word to the saving of their souls, is the cry of my heart. Dear ones, pray for us that we may have many souls from this land to which he has brought us. He cannot be satisfied with less, for He sent us forth for this cause. We do know that you are daily remembering us, which is a great comfort. Missionaries meet very peculiar tests, so different from what is experienced in the homeland, but He who called us knew the path before us and chose us for His own purpose and will. We praise Him over and over again for a definite call and such definite leadings that we can never doubt it. Blessed be his name for such an assurance in a foreign land. I read once when at home that many times the missionary finds that all he has left is his call—and it is true. I believe all missionaries have found it so. Therefore how essential to know for a fact that one has truly been called of God to the mission field. Knowing that, we can trust Him to take us through. The Holy Ghost witnesses to my heart today that I am here in the will of God and I praise Him for it, and all I ask is for more of that under-working power of Jesus' blood in my heart to make me a winner of souls. His promises are very sweet and precious to our hearts these days, and through prayer we are seeing more and more the great realities of eternal things. How short is the time and how we need to walk in the power of the Holy Ghosts, for "it is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

July 15: Beulah Camp Meeting is now