

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

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Natal, South Africa.

Dear Friends: The story of Bucu (continued)  
"The desire of the righteous shall be granted."  
Praise the Lord, He does answer prayer!

I had thought to condense the report of our last visit there, from July 22 to August 3rd, but later reflection causes me to go more into detail, as I believe many things, to condense, I would leave out would be really worth the telling and greatly interest you.

On Friday, July 22nd, we were ready by 1.30 o'clock to leave home to spend two Sundays at the above outpost, Paulina on a riding donkey and I on my trusty grey horse. We also had two pack-donkeys and three carriers, as one needs plenty of warm bedding for the cold heights in the windy month of July, and some food must be taken.

It was a late start, so we hurried over the end of the road nearest home, and reached the river before sundown. Mountains on either side with steep, rocky paths, make hard travelling, which I usually walk on foot for greater safety. We had hoped a man would be there to show us the best crossing for the horse. Large stones in the river bed make it dangerous in some places, so it is a good plan to have a guide. No man being at the appointed place, Paulina bravely went in, on foot, and piloted my horse over safely. Though it is the dry time of the year, in the middle of the river the water was to the horse's belly.

We off-loaded the donkeys, ferried the packs over on our carriers' heads and the boy drove them in. Poor things! The water came well up on their bodies, but the sturdy little beasts didn't seem to mind, and soon all was in order again for a forward march. But the mountain path is steep, and before we get to the top the sun has long ago gone down, and it is almost dark. We have several miles down and up hills before we get to our destination, and are in a bit of a quandary as to which kraal we are to stop at. However, when we really get to the little stone house, we find a girl letting down the bars, to a bit of a fence, and saying, "I am glad to see you; you are to stay in the same house as the last time." It was now dark. In a few minutes the rest of our party came along, and we each were very busy. The girls took our grass mattress ticks and, by lantern light, cut enough grass to fill them. The boy led the horse and donkeys away to water and pasture; the girl who had welcomed us went to boil us some water for our supper, and Paulina and I, by candle-light, put our house in order. It was very simple, as we had no furniture. Our few cooking utensils and dishes, to eat out of, were unpacked from our water pail (a five-gallon paraffin tin). Our small packets of rice, sugar and other items of food, with a tin containing some bread, a little cake, cocoa, meat and so forth, were placed on top of the broad wall of the house which served as our cupboard, and two bits of rope were strung from centre-pole to rafters to hang our clothing, blankets, coats on,—it is our wardrobe.

Making up of beds on the floor, eating a simple supper, and we were quickly ready for bed, as we were very tired and it was past 8.00 p. m.

Saturday, July 23rd, we visited two villages nearby. One is the home of a wonderfully-saved man, Jerusha—his old name—Josiah his new one. A little over a year ago he got saved, and in his testimony last Sunday said: "In one day God took away the love of tobacco, beer and witchcraft and gave me victory over them all, even

to doctoring by evil spirits." Oh, it is so good to hear him and to see the shine on his face! His neighbors know it is all true, and many, bound by sin, are made to hunger for a like experience. He has several children and gives them all to the Lord. His wife was a professor years ago in another church, but is bound by her still.

Here we met, also, the family of Boboza—his wife and a very sick child. Boboza's new name is George. He also was baptized the same day as Josiah, and each is a great help to the other, as both know God's power to save, and both are invalids unable to do much real hard work, though each does what he can to make a living. George dresses cattle skins so nicely he makes the leather skirts women wear—heathen women, I mean, which bring a good price.

Well, we did have a good meeting! From the first it seemed like showers of blessing fell upon us, and each heart asked its desire of God. The wives of these two men both cried to God for deliverance from beer. At the second kraal (village of Meleli's) we only talked to the wives and children we found there, and then hastened home.

In the late afternoon another prayer meeting with fully a dozen people present was another season of blessing.

Meleli Ndebeli gave himself as a seeker over a year ago, but has gone no farther in the way of salvation, but has gone even deeper in sin. We find him now with a real hunger and longing to separate from his sins and get deliverance. His own large kraal was the one we called at earlier in the day. He has five wives and sixteen children, but a number of others have died. It is a large village and he is head man. A man with violent temper, an adulterer, and many other sins bind him. He sees the power of God in changing the lives of George and Josiah, and longs for the same. His old mother—in whose kitchen hut we held our second meeting—has grown soft and also has a hungry heart. The past year has brought her a deep sorrow. A son, in a fit of anger, killed his own cousin, and this is a great trial to her. She also prayed.

O! but God was there! Revival blessing fell, and those present realized God is able to save. More in my next.

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

## A TRAGIC "CONFESSION"

Evangelist J. E. Conant in "Every-Member Evangelism," tells of a missionary secretary who some years ago wrote "a confession" to the Missionary Review of the World. He said:

"I was helping to get up a big convention and was full of enthusiasm over making the session a success. On the opening day my aged father, who came as a delegate to the convention, sat with me at luncheon at the hotel. He listened sympathetically to my glowing accounts of the great features that were to be. When I paused for breath, he leaned toward me and said, while his eyes followed the stately movements of the head waiter, 'Daughter, I think the big head waiter over there is going to accept Jesus Christ. I've been talking to him about his soul.' I almost gasped. I had been too busy planning for a great missionary convention. I had no time to think of the soul of the head waiter. When we went out to my apartment, a negro man was washing the apartment windows. Jim was honest and trustworthy

and had been a most satisfactory helper in my home. Only a few moments passed before I heard my father talking earnestly with Jim about his personal salvation, and a swift accusation went to my heart as I realized that I had known Jim for years and had never said a word to him of salvation.

"A carpenter came in to repair a door. I waited for his going with impatience to sign his work ticket, for my ardent soul longed to be back at my missionary task. Even as I waited I heard my father talking with the man about the door he had just fixed, and then simply and naturally leading the conversation to the only door into the kingdom of God.

"A Jew lives across the street. I had thought that possibly I would call on the folks who live in the neighborhood—some time—but I had my hands so full of missionary work the calls had never been made, but, as they met on the street, my father talked with my neighbor of the only Saviour of the world.

"A friend took us out to ride. I waited for my father to get into the car, but in a moment he was up beside the chauffeur, and in a few minutes I heard him talking earnestly with the man about the way of salvation. When we reached home he said, 'You know I was afraid I might never have another chance to speak to the man.'

"The wife of a prominent railway man took him out to ride in her elegant limousine. 'I am glad she asked me to go,' he said, 'for it gave me an opportunity of talking with her about her salvation. I think no one had ever talked with her before.'

"Yet these opportunities had come to me also and had passed by as ships in the night, while I strained my eyes to catch sight of a larger sail on a more distant horizon. I could but question my own heart whether my passion was for souls, or for success in getting up conventions."

"And just here," says Dr. Conant, "is the vital difference between sentimental and practical interest in missions. No matter how much enthusiasm we show in talking and planning missionary work, if we haven't enough interest in the African, or the Jap, or the Italian who does our work to make the first attempt to lead him to a saving faith in Christ, our interest in missions is nothing but sentiment, and it scarcely touches the fringes of Satan's soul-destroying work. . ."

"Ye shall be witnesses unto me"—beginning in the Jerusalem of your own home and community!—Sel.

## NO POCKET IN A SHROUD!

Use your money while you're living,  
Do not hoard it to be proud;  
You can never take it with you—  
There's no pocket in a shroud.  
Gold can help you on no farther  
Than the graveyard where you lie,  
And, though you are rich while living,  
You're a pauper when you die.  
Use it then some lives to brighten,  
As through life they weary plod;  
Place your bank account in heaven  
And grow rich toward your God.  
Use it wisely, use it freely,  
Do not hoard it to be proud;  
You can never take it with you—  
There's no pocket in a shroud.