

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.  
Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Africa,  
Jan. 20th, 1927.

Dear Friends:

Jesus is very precious to me and I am glad I am His and in His work. We realize more and more how much God needed holiness here and a strong holiness church to be a light amid the heathen darkness. Yes, but more. To be a beacon to point the perplexed souls of other churches to the true way for there are so many false doctrines being circulated among these people.

In Africa, Natal and Transvaal today are two men, both professing to be Jesus. They are both Zulus. One says as Jesus came to be Saviour of the Jews, he is to be the Saviour of the Zulus.

The second says he is Jesus Christ incarnated.

Both have large followings. Both pray for and with the sick. Both have many false teachings.

"My sheep hear my voice," said Jesus, "and ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Please continue to pray for us, your representatives, that we "Be not weary in well doing." Continue in the faith and for each Church member that he or she goes on to really know God. Then we shall be enlightened and will not be moved "away from the faith" even though error comes like an angel from Heaven.

I am enclosing an article I wish to see in the Highway because it is so beautiful and about Jesus.

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

Hartland Mis. Station,  
Natal, So. Africa,  
Jan. 24th, 1927

Dear Highway:

Paulina gives an instance, showing how opposition is lessening in her district. On her last trip they, she and other Christians, were invited to a feast by a certain head man. Just a short time since, this same man had threatened to cut her down with an axe. And now he asked Paulina to forgive him for such talk. He has a daughter who is a Christian, though still in heathen dress, because her father will not yea consena for her to wear other clothing. The wives of this man attend services, one crying at this last meeting because she saw her sins.

The Sunday before, another woman was crying during the whole service for the same reason.

Farther away, in the Transvaal, near Swaziland, Isiah reports four men seekers.

Filimous reports the death of a man just recently saved from heathenism. About a year ago he fell unconscious from lightning shock that struck close to him. At that time he believed this to be a warning from the Lord, but continued in his sins. A little later he was stricken with sickness from which he recently died. It was during this illness that he yielded to the inward voice, and asked the Christians to pray with him.

As the end drew near he told his loved ones not to mourn for him, as he was going to his Father, and the way was bright.

A text that comforts us is "He that hath

begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. "We remember that this native work is a vine of the Lord's own planting, and believe that the husbandman will prune and dress and care for it to the end it may be a "tree of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He may be glorified."

There have been times when dark clouds hurry low, and it seemed that an approaching storm would sweep away much of the work of years, but His promises were our hope and refuge.

Just now we are rejoicing in the harvesting of souls, but still He only is our hope and refuge and our joy. We have learned the secret of trusting in Him, rather than in circumstances. He is the source of our peace and joy, so that whatever comes, joyful circumstances or sorrowful, we are persuaded that things present nor things to come. . . nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Yours abiding in Him,

H. C. SANDERS.

P. S.—Sunday morning, early, a couple of old women said a grateful good-bye, and were about to continue their journey, towards a distant point in the Transvaal Saturday after sun-down. They were passing by on their way from Paulpietersburg. They asked, in a timid way, for something to eat. They were treated to a few apples, and were about to continue their journey, when we asked, "Where are you from? Where are you going? Where do you expect to spend the night?" Then a fowl was killed for them and a nice supper prepared. It turned out that they are two who have recently started to seek the Lord, near our Altona outpost.

Later they asked, "Did you know that we were seekers in your church when you invited us to supper and shelter?" No, we had no such idea, but were fulfilling the law of Christ, "bear ye one another's burden."

I shrink from speaking of myself but must tell you why I came home from class last Wednesday, and went to look in glass. It is a custom among the Zulus for a mother's eldest son to care for her in her old age. All her needs, food, clothing, etc., are provided by that son.

Mafusini, an old woman living on Balmoral, in giving her testimony, spoke of help received during famine, and other times of need. Then she pointed a long finger my way, saying, "my son is that red man over there." So I looked in the glass to see why I was called red.

As I look out of the window close to where I write, I can count many trees groaning under their burden of ripening fruit. Our motto with the fruit is "Give to him that asketh." And why not? Practically all the natives have no fruit except some have peaches. No apples, no grapes, no pomegranites. Just this morning I was blaming myself for not giving more to the poor. How many of us give a tenth, then add free-will offerings? We here are blessed above most others in that our privilege of giving is unlimited. Just take a peep in the hospital, as I did this morning. There were two sick women sitting, each with a dish of dry rice in front of them. One asked for some gravey, saying, "The rice is dry and refuses to go down." Miriam found some

milk for them. One of these women came here three days ago, carried on a stretcher. In twenty-four hours she was much better, and their mental distress relieved.

No day passes that we are not able to minister and relieve physical and mental suffering.

Then in the higher sphere, we are permitted to make known Him, whom to know aright is life eternal. And right here is where we need your prayers. Multitudes more would accept, could we but tell Him as we know Him. He is the One all together lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand. But to cause others to see Him as such is our task.

When the prodigal son returned home, what a change! No more eating husks! No more bare feet and ragged clothes! Instead was feasting, the new robe, new shoes, and a costly ring. I sometimes think of the meanness of the motives that kept me so long from arising and going to my Father. The last question was, "Do Christians enjoy life as well as the unsaved. Edward Hammond, my chum, brought me back my answer from his Christian mother: "Christians are the happiest people in the world." From that moment I decided to seek the Lord.

Christ says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." At that time I heard His voice but did not see His load of blessings He had in store for me. He says further, "If any man will open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him and he with me." When He entered my heart I knew it. There was no room for doubt. I had the witness of the Spirit, the kiss of forgiveness, the new robe, the ring and the shoes, and there was great joy.

But the difficulty is to convince people that Christ is so precious. I well remember the time when mother asked me, "Do you want to know who Santa Claus is?" Of course I was eager to know. But, oh, the disappointment. Thereafter I hung up my stockings, but never with the same joy. Another experience I recall when Santa Claus came in the room with a satchel well filled with oranges, nuts, candy and raisins. All was to be mine if I would but kiss that masked face. I consented and my lap was filled with good things.

Have you noticed this text? "Your sins have kept good things from you." The real Christmas is no delusion. The angel of God could not lie, but said, "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy. "These tidings are that "if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him." There He "stands," the true Santa Claus, waiting with loaded hands—all nail pierced! But what say the unsaved? "Is it too hard to serve the Lord?" If we can but persuade them that "His yoke is easy and His burden light," they will consent to open the heart's door and let Him in.

Do we realize our responsibility? It is up to us to prove to the sinner that it pays to serve Jesus. We are ambassadors of Christ, sent by Him, as He was by the Father. Do we have "continual heaviness and sorrow of heart," because of the unsaved about us? Are we willing to "become all things to all men," that may win some?

The way a sinner feels after he has let the Saviour come in is generally, "Why didn't some one tell me how good it is to be saved?"