

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland P. O.,  
Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Africa,  
Nov. 25th, 1926

Dear Friends:

Just a month and Christmas will be here. May you all have much blessing from the Lord on Christmas Day.

We here will be very busy, happy and blessed, I am sure, for we always are at such a time. Then when it is all over we shall be so tired.

We expect anywhere from 450 to 600, just as many as can come will, and each year it seems there are more to come, from the North, South, East and West. From all centres and out-stations and will be with us (a part of this number) from Saturday till Monday. Some reaching us Friday. We ask your prayers. It will be a day of large opportunity and a rare chance to reach some new ones or old hardened ones who will not come to meeting.

We will have the Christmas feast on the real Christmas Day, Saturday. I cannot now begin to tell you how many goats will be killed. We have had more than 20 some times. Come with your cameras and snap us. I am sure you will find many things deeply interesting to take.

The preparation of the meat. Cutting it up and putting it into the numerous pots to cook. The large pieces of corrugated iron used as a table on which to cut up the cooked meat, the dishing up of the beautifully cooked, cracked corn—no vessel we have is large enough so we take a zinc wash tub—the many and various dishes we put the food in and pass these around to the many groups, etc., etc., will all interest you.

There is always a service and each year No building we have could hold the crowds, and our front lawn, long since the crowd has out-grown so small a place, so we take them out where there is plenty of grass and bring all the benches we have from the church and the little baby organ, which still is useful, and there we worship and praise Him who came and gave us the reason for Christmas.

How beautiful to tell these who never heard about "The Man who died for us!"

We have tens of new converts this year and many will meet with us for the first time at our Christmas feast.

If you cannot really come, personally, will you not arrange for a few minutes of prayer on Christmas Day for this crowded day of ours at this mission station?

Pray for our men preachers. Pray for our women preachers. Pray for the many new ones who have come to us since last Christmas and pray earnestly for old heathen. There are neighbors who have known us for from 15 to 20 years and they are outside in the night still—Stone, Tshafu, Mdhalu, Mandundu and many others, all head men and had much light, hearts not too hard, but still not accepting Jesus. Perhaps we need some special prayer, with you, for these to get through.

We have had so many triumphs. Befu's mother Mafusini—an old woman where she gave up beer and snuff and

whose testimony is so full of praise to God for it. Then there is Pondo Zulu and his three wives who live down by Pevaan and who gave themselves up as seekers when I was there. There is one more wife—a witch doctor, who has held back. Pray for her.

O beloved, prayer changes things and these need changed hearts and lives.

Pray that the Devil may be defeated and that this church may shine so bright and ring so true for Holiness that souls all about us may come and walk in the light of God.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS

Last of the report of my trip across the Pevaan:

The last I write was our arrival at Pondo Zulu's kraal, village, and their royal welcome.

Friday evening they all came into our hut for prayers and, though it is a large one, it was crowded full and we all were blessed.

Saturday a. m. we called on an European family on the next farm. As few people go down there they seemed pleased we should visit them and asked about the work, our meeting, where it was to be held and asked if they might come.

After dinner we found quite a number had gathered under a very large but peculiar tree. Many of its branches looked like clusters of roots but none of them have reached the ground nor taken root there.

The meeting was a glorious one. Hungry people, seekers wishing to receive strength to separate from beer and tobacco, and heathen who want to find Jesus.

"God who is rich in mercy" was there and many were helped. Four new ones from this kraal gave themselves as seekers. Three of these were Pondo's wives. I talked with the 4th wife and felt she might have a demon but did not then know she is a witch doctor—she would not come forward for prayers.

There must have been 25 or 30 at the altar and many prayed.

Later: "Pondo has given himself as a seeker, his wives, his children and all in his kraal may become Christians"—I find this in my note book.

I shall not soon forget this event. Sitting within the grass wind-break before the hut door, a woman came dragging a goat by the horns. When she came near me she said, "This is my thank-offering and is for you."

Shortly after two other goats were brought in the same way with many words of thanks for me, "a white person who left her home and had come to stay among them to help them," etc. The last one was brought by Pondo himself, and only then did he get courage to tell us he too gave himself and all as a seeker to the Lord and asked us to pray for him to have strength to quickly give up beer and snuff. What a time of rejoicing as we had that night! This man, only a short time before, was an opposer and now willing, yes, even urging each one in his large kraal to give themselves to Jesus. "Nothing impossible with God."

A dear little ceremony was just after our meeting.

Sitting in the hut, I heard singing, like as by a procession or wedding. It came to my hut and then all filed in sitting down on the opposite side of the hut.

A small stool was used as a table, a plate sat upon it and each one put a piece of money on it. The total came to six shillings and sixpence or about \$1.75, and was an expression of thankfulness and for me. An earthen vase and three fowls were also given and another shilling later on. The Dutch family sent me a small loaf of bread, some eggs and butter. Such things are greatly appreciated when one has been on trek for several days.

Well! My heart was full. I understood fully each tiny piece of money for they have so little to give. I sent five shillings back to Absalom so he could buy some wood to help put up a grass church at his place soon.

We held evening prayers and then welcomed several others who came from away, just for the evening prayers as they belong to another church and had to return that night so as to be at a meeting of theirs next day.

Sunday: A hot windy day and no shelter. However, we were grateful for the shade of this peculiar but gloriously large tree.

The Europeans came early and stayed to part of the whole days' services.

About 50 natives gathered and were so attentive. Three new ones gave themselves as seekers. Fifteen prayed at the altar, among them Pondo, and he prayed beautifully. The day was long and we were so tired but the joy of helping so many surpassed all else.

One blind woman came to be prayed with. There were also several others who were sick or had sick babies. We prayed with them all, either the workers or I.

Next morning we arose before the sun as we had a steep mountainous hill of about 1,000 ft. to climb on foot and wished to reach the top before the sun climbed over the top.

So we bid these interesting and hospitable people good bye and set off.

All along the way at a hut here, a small village there, some came to bid us farewell and to thank us for coming.

Reaching the top we soon arrived at Johan Kumene's kraal. He was sick and so sorry not to be able to be present with us on Sunday. We stopped and had prayers with him and his family which they greatly enjoyed.

At another kraal we visited some more folks where there was a sick baby and passed by one of my Dutch neighbors, 8 miles from home. There was not time for all I would liked to have done, so I thought I would try and find time to call on her another day and came home.

Thus ended the best of the three trips perhaps that I had among the people, but it is hard for me to tell as each was so delightful to me and gave such coveted opportunities for meeting many I had wished to visit.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS