

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland,
Paulpietersburg,

Dear Friends:

"Love has a hem to its garment
That touches the very dust;
It can reach the stains in the streets and
lanes,
And because it can, it must.
It dare not rest on the mountains,
It is bound to come to the vale;
For it cannot find its fulness of mind
Till it falls on the lives that fail."

These lines I found in a missionary paper and they fit so beautifully with the why a missionary can do and therefore must do things that others do not see any need for.

Love causes them to "lift up the fallen, care for the dying," and enlighten the heathen in his darkness. It can do this, and because it can, it must. Paul knew this kind of love, "We beseech you in Christ's stead," etc. It can reach out for and plead for lost heathen all over the world. China is pleaded for, the Indian tribes of the millions of miles of forest of the great rivers of the Amazon basin, are not too savage nor benighted to be prayed for nor the Soudan nor Isles of the sea forgotten. Love reaches out for the lost anywhere and everywhere it knows they are.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us." Ah! Precious love! Lord give us more of it! For two Sundays we have had only about 20 at the home station each time, but there were hungry souls there and God blessed the services much.

We are much in prayer and works for our Quarterly Meeting, which begins on Friday, July 1st, to continue over Sunday. We long for an outpouring of God's blessing upon our hungry church members who are longing to know the Old Man is crucified in their hearts; and for others who seem weak and hardly have enlightenment to know just what to do—these do not get to meetings where they can be instructed often. Then the heathen that they be saved.

Burdens of prayer, conversations with passersby, teaching, preaching, etc., are some few of the ways we can reach hearts, our part of the work, God does the rest.

Just now our country is being disturbed by agitators who seem to be trying to see what they can do to make the natives discontented with wages, etc. We ask your prayers for this people that they may be saved from unscrupulous men who with great swelling words deceive the people.

The death of a young heathen woman has made a great impression upon the neighbors and others too of our community. She died as she lived, unprepared.

Still they come, here one, there two, seeking "We would see Jesus." It is beautiful to teach Jesus to those who desire him, to hold aloft the Lamp of Life to those who sit in this awful heathen darkness. Pray for them.

Now we are praying much for Beulah. God hears prayer and has many ways of hearing and answering which we may not see or know of at the time. We are believing He will meet you at Beulah and bless you all. Amen!

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS

Hartland P. O.,
Via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
June 27th, 1927

Dear Homeland Friends:

This is a beautiful winter day in Africa—just like a golden October day in the homeland, and how we do enjoy it. Ideal weather for kraal visiting, and on this side the Pongola River the most of the harvesting is finished, but in the Transvaal the food is later than usual this year so we must postpone our trip until the first week of July, then we trust the Lord will prosper our going. Our hearts are yearning to go as soon as possible and we ask your prayers that it may be a time of spiritual blessing with definite results.

A lady friend in Durban was kind enough to send us a tent, and we are so grateful for this. The Lord must have seen that it was good for us to have it. It will be more healthful than living in a native hut and probably more convenient. This morning we called at a sheep-farmer's tent and found it quite nice, and they say it is not too cold for their family of little children. It was very airy and also warm and sunny.

In July the Nazarenes have their annual Council Meeting and native Camp Meeting and will open a nice new hospital at Bremersdorp, Swaziland. We have a warm invitation to attend and we know it would be a time of sweet fellowship, but we do not want to neglect this brief and beautiful opportunity which the winter affords for work in the Transvaal. If it were not so far it would be very nice to ride through the country to Bremersdorp, but we fear it would take too much of our time to get there.

Our hearts were made to rejoice this week when Isaya Sangweni told us of a meeting he had last week in the home of an old man whom we cared for in the hospital a year and a half ago. I write you of this fine old native whose heart the Lord opened to the Word. It was such a joy to minister to him and see the awakening of his soul and how hungrily he listened to the Word of God. He left us with a real desire to become a Christian and said he was going home to tell his people they must all "believe." We wanted so much to visit him when he was at Altona last year, but Isaya made inquiries and found that his kraal was very distant and so we did not have the time to go in the short time we were there. It was really a disappointment but Isaya promised to find him, which comforted us. He has been there whenever he had opportunity, for his field is a large one, and others have gone to see him also. They said he has always prayed since he went back home, but in the last meeting he gave himself to the Lord. How we do thank God for this, dear friends, that he has heard more about Jesus and became more enlightened and need not die in heathen darkness. This year we will surely go to his home and it will be such a pleasure to see that poor old man once again, if his life is still spared. He is suffering from cancer.

Saturday we looked upon one of the saddest, convicted faces I ever saw. We called at a kraal where lives a man who once lived on this farm, but who left here shortly after we came to Africa and we have seldom seen him. One of his wives and her children still live here. We found him sitting in the sunshine, his young daughter and two young nephews were attending to some small duties around the kraal. He greeted us kindly

enough, said his wife was away gathering food. We told him that we had come to see him for we heard he had not been well. He looked rather uncomfortable and said "he is better now." But we said we would like very much to read the Word of God to him and have prayers. He was not at all keen for this and tried to act very indifferent, but gradually softened and told his daughter to get a hut ready for us. Dear friends, if you could have seen the change that came over that poor hard face as we read John 3! Surely "the Word of God is quick and powerful." Our hearts ached with the longing for his soul. The Holy Spirit is faithful and the poor man saw that the only way to escape from eternal punishment is to repent, but he is not yet ready to do that. The dear Lord is able to subdue hard hearts. Please remember this native man, Vovane Mtetwa, in your prayers. His wife attends Lydia's meeting, and though this man seems yet so hard, he has softened some and we must keep praying for him and trust that "the goodness of God will lead him to repentance."

You should have seen the smile that came to their faces when we told them Faith still remembers the people and sends her regards to them. Vovane pointed to a young child and said, "Oh, she came to us when she was like that and grew up among us. We know her well and we do remember her." It sometimes brings the tears to our eyes to see how the mention of her name affects these natives. She is indeed "a child of the people," as the natives said in Swaziland.

We are praising the Lord for the victory he has brought to more of the people at Nell's meeting place. One little woman who so dearly loved beer has been delivered from it, and also from the hatred she had for one whom the witch doctor pointed out as the cause of her children's death. This is really a gracious victory and we do praise God. The heart was bitter about this and showed her heart wah bitter about this and showed her how wrong it was, and now she does not believe she was to blame and all the wrong feelings have been taken from her heart. The poor little soul has had a long struggle but Jesus has prevailed. Nell has often come home from meeting and said, "Well, I am just holding on to the Lord for that little woman. She will come through I know." So we do praise Him for this and two others who have been delivered from beer. They felt they could never really get rid of their love for beer, but thank God He is able to deliver them. For days this sweet song has been ringing in my heart, blessing and comforting me with its truth: "Jesus is strong to deliver, mighty to save."

Dear friends, we have the precious blood of Jesus to plead before the throne of grace in this fight against the powers of heathen darkness. We know that He hears us and is answering prayer.

Perhaps you have heard how Lydia has been delivered from her terrible asthmatic cough. She has had it for years and the past year it seemed to be growing worse, and was affecting her health so much that she could not get out in the Lord's work as much as her heart longed to. One night it seemed to her that she would surely die with these paroxysms of coughing and she mightily called on Jesus for help and instantly her coughing ceased and has not returned. This was as much as three months ago. We do thank the dear Lord. How I should love to