

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
Aug. 28th, 1927

Dear Friends:

Bucu, Chap. II.

Sunday was fine, but windy, so we could **not be comfortable** on the open veldt, especially as it is on high land and we had no shelter of trees; we decided to hold it in the stone hut.

About twenty-five came and from the opening hymn to the close of the service it was a blessed time because God's presence was with us.

Meleli, the head man, was there; he **came a seeker last year**, but is a very wicked man, and though counting the cost, still he had remained only a seeker.

Twelve forward at the altar, Meleli among them, and such confessing of awful sins! Many, I might say all, got helped. The two head men, baptized recently, had such testimonies of triumph as would gladden anybody's heart.

Jeruza, the former witch doctor, but now with a new name, Josiah, and a shining face said: "God gave me victory over all these in one day, beer, snuff, doctoring by demons and using witchcraft. He is able to save anybody who comes to Him." Boboza, new name for George, gave a clear ringing testimony of salvation and knew his sins were forgiven, but he was hungry to have the Old Man crucified and have the Holy Ghost live in him all the time.

Monday we had another prayer meeting, thirteen present, and all hungry for God. Meleli getting down more and more before God. Sees his need, but does not fully give up.

I have a good time instructing Josiah and one or two others in the "Way of Life."

In early afternoon Paulina and I leave to visit a kraal, about six miles away. We find the head-man was drunk and his horse, stepping in a hole, threw him on his head and face. His teeth had almost taken off the end **of his tongue, face badly scratched, bruised and swollen**, and his whole body still suffering from the shock of the fall, over five days before.

After enquiring about his condition we advised him to repent from all his evil ways and take heed to this warning. God had spared his life, now was his time to accept him.

Well, when we prayed he gave himself up as a seeker, asked us to teach him how to pray and seemed very earnest. We promised to give him some medicine to help his face and tongue if he would send some one to fetch it.

Ten people were present at this meeting, including Banywa's two wives and a sister, but all heathen. How God can use accidents to open the way for the Gospel.

On our return we stop and try to have prayers with a man and his wife. Both are sick, but oh, what a dreadful hard spirit we find! Learn afterwards they have been using demons to heal them. There was such noise and confusion and worry from crying child and other things, one could hardly be heard. I have often noticed when we try to hold a service in a village where doctoring by demons is practised, there is almost certain to be noise and confusion when we are reading or praying. It most always is a screaming child

or a flock of chickens and its noisy mother. It really seems the demons take such things to disturb. We had two such clear cases while at Bucu.

Tuesday looked very rainy. Clouds came down on top of the mountain and in a short time it began raining, so we had to postpone some visiting we had planned. But the day was so beautiful to Paulina and me. There was more time for prayer, we were among folks who needed help and had prayers with those who came. Only six, but all hungry. Meleli's old mother has had a dreadful trial the past year and it seems to be softening her old heathen heart. How we long to see her saved! Her daughter, Ida, has grown spiritually the past year and as we instruct her, she gets very hungry for holiness.

One cannot but see how faithfully Paulina Meseka has been in sowing the seed in this place, often through weakness of body.

Wednesday so cold and rainy we did not get anywhere, but what blessed seasons of prayer! We have much need to **take time** for this as weighty problems keep coming up and God alone can give us wisdom. Choose a name for a dear little baby girl, and here is its history in brief: A dear Christian girl, willing to follow Jesus wholly, but forced into being the mother of this dear little child because her brother was not willing she should leave him (she is his right hand about the village as he has no one else to help him) and get married even though the cattle were paid. This child will hasten the marriage. To sound the depths of her heart, get the truth and then comfort and help her was part of one rainy day's work. Oh, the women are so bound by the customs of this land!

Thursday—Part of the day I sat by the smoky fire of the kitchen, but so as to improve my opportunity of winning souls.

My own roomy, stone roundaval was so cold I had to wrap up in heavy coat and blanket, sit on my straw-tick mattress on the floor and warm my hands and body by a hot water bottle. But I was too busy to be uncomfortable for long, and too happy that I could be there to mind any discomfort. I had plenty to eat, a part of the roundaval was good and dry and there were souls to win.

A young man calls and I have a good time preaching Jesus to him. Find he is a nephew to the head-man who had the accident.

George brings us a goat. They have such a strange little custom. The goat is brought before the one it is presented to and that one looks at it and then gives the word for it to be killed. Also the one presenting it receives a shoulder and breast of his gift for himself.

When such is brought to me I usually let the whole village have all, save what my party may need for ourselves. This makes a nice little feast that is highly appreciated I can tell you.

Then they will choose choice bits such as half the heart, piece of liver, kidneys, etc., and stew it nicely for me, putting in a bit of onion and potatoes if they have it.

At twilight we have a wonderful prayer time. Only nine of us there, but Jesus was in the midst, and we ask Him for victory for souls at Bucu.

Rain has ceased but we live amid the clouds for a time as we are high up.

Friday—Cold, misty and ground very wet and slippery, but our time is short, and there are some distant places we must visit, so by noon we venture forth on horse and donkey for a large village about nine miles away.

Guza is the head man. He has six wives and over twenty children.

They had moved their kraal only three weeks ago and were no so busy! Kraal for cattle must be put up, houses to straighten up and thatch, stable to be built and everybody was hard at work. He is the only man and was building up the stone wall of the cattle kraal when we arrived.

Our congregation consisted of Guza and two other men, his sister and five wives (sixth one was away cutting grass) sixteen children, three women who came with us and my two girls and myself. We had a good time. All of the thirty odd people were hungry. Some to find Jesus and those who had, to go on with him.

Guza Nkosi who gave himself last year, and I had to give him words to pray with, says now all his wives and all his children he wishes to become Christians and join our Church.

We saw the mother and baby that lived in answer to our prayers of last year, and the other wife, mother of twins, saved from death in answer to prayer this year. These women's hearts are tender and, we trust they will soon get saved.

We found the absent wife had returned while we were at prayer and had listened outside.

On our return we call at a village, find the man had been doctored by demons and again such bedlam one could hardly pray. One child screamed and really acted as if it might have a demon in it. How sad! What can one do? Just have patience and improve the opportunity as best one can as there are always a few minutes of quiet.

Our third meeting for that day was at a large kraal where lives Nombanzo, the favorite wife of the head man who, a few months ago gave herself as a seeker and has had a very wonderful experience.

A young man came and offered some corn to our horse and a company of young girls met us. We had a fine little meeting and arrived at our house tired but so happy. It was a long journey over slippery roads, but a very profitable day.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS

Altona,

Transvaal,

Aug. 17th, 1927

Dear Highway Friends

I want to write and tell you a little of our doings here at this place. First, the Lord is blessing His word and for which we praise God.

We find our tent a continual blessing; we find it a real need supplied, and we also praise God for this. Our six weeks stay across this side the Pongola has only deepened our desire to return again; in fact our hearts have been so deeply stirred that we have decided to have a native man build us a rondowel to shelter us from the summer heat and rains so we can spend as much time as possible on this side where the need is so great.

The dear Lord has greatly blest us and His presence has been with us, and we feel the leading of His spirit. We have visited many heathen kraals, some have been quite near and some have been at long distances. Isaya has gone with us to most of the places. We find him as we did last year—a fine sanctified Zulu, worthy to be called a preach-