

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

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

Dear Friends:

(My trip at Ekuvumeni Continued)

After the meeting with the two I. C. U. we hurried as fast as we could to Ebudhlugwini. We were late and Josepha Ngoza had already held forth. They were singing and I thought they were just beginning the service.

The hut was small, though new and nice, and full up with people. My mind at once saw I could not have so good a chance to get at the real knowledge of these people's needs unless I could get them out in the open. So we soon moved out on the grassy hillside. There were 30 people, a good meeting with 12 at the altar, and all prayed well, the head man, Umzimbile, being a very earnest seeker among them. He has two wives, both seekers, and several children whom they were anxious to present to the Lord.

Arranging for another meeting, to be held on Monday, we bade them good-bye and returned to Ekuvumeni at dark, but glad and happy in the work.

Monday, Aug. 15th

We first went to Maduma, a difficult hill to climb, a veritable mountain, about 8 miles from Ekuvumeni. We passed Ebudhlungwini, leaving word we would return there in the afternoon and hold the appointed meeting.

Arriving at Maduma's kraal (village) we found beer had been and was still being drunk, but quite a number came to our meeting, among these 2 old women who have recently started to seek the Lord.

Last year two from this kraal started as seekers in our meeting under the great tree at Ekuvumeni's.

It was a rather difficult meeting, but nevertheless a profitable one. Beer drinkers do not want missionaries around, but often a word to some one at that time will bring conviction.

On our way back to Ebudhlungwini we called on a half-cast family and met the wife of the son of a half-cast man whose farm touches Balmoral.

When we arrived for our second meeting we found the whole kraal of Umzimbili's very busy cooking us a feast.

Two goats had been killed in our honour, and crushed corn had been prepared. Several people had been waiting for us. Four children presented to the Lord, a great service because of God's blessing. Four people professed to take Jesus to save them that day, one of whom is the head man himself. He believed God saved him from his sins and rejoiced in the strength he received at that time.

As several women from another village were very desirous we call on them, we set off, though the sun was very low and we must cross a small river twice. We consider it to be about 4 miles distant.

On arrival we found 3 saddled horses held by a boy at the kraal and wondered if we were again to run up against the I. C. U. propagandists; but we found it was another beer drink.

Now this head-man is very hard. He has

still retained the same dislike to his folks becoming Christians as we found among the people in the early days.

Befa went to the door of his hut and asked him nicely if we might have prayers with his people. He was nearly drunk and was very rude, even used threatening language to her. However, his son came out, gave us the privilege and led us to a fine large hut.

About 12 folks came hurrying in among them 2 women who had so earnestly desired that we visit them. This young man found us a lamp for long ago the sun had set and the hut was dark. We read, sang, preached and prayed, and such fine helpers Befa and Paulina are! We all were blessed with great liberty and could feel the deep hunger upon hearts. Befa is one of our very best, so evangelistic and tender in her way with souls and always at it. This is part of her section and she so desires to see these folks saved!

We felt so sorry to have to hurry away, but we must get back at least as far as Ebudhlingwini's for the night.

The path led down hill and was so stony I felt safer on my feet than on my horse, so we fairly ran along the darkening path hoping to get over the river twice, and into a good path before darkness shut us out from seeing.

On our arrival we had a good supper and then my helpers began to feel worried as to how I should pass the night as all my blankets, etc., were five or six miles away. "Now don't you worry; you see I have my jersey and my big coat with me and there is plenty of grass on this hut floor. I can curl in under the grass if I need more over me, for they will bring me a mat."

After supper we had prayers and how glad these people were!

I began to tease Befa and Paulina. "Now, girls, what will you do? If only you had listened to me and put your sleeping blankets on the donkeys you would have been so nice and warm, but now you will be cold." It is no matter to us, they will bring us something, but you, the 'Nkasikazi,' we are afraid you will get cold."

When prayers were over in came pillows, mats and blankets. I never had a real feather pillow with a clean pillow-slip on it offered me before, but there it was. Also a fine mat, so clean and wide and a new Basuto blanket. How beautifully the Lord had provided for all our needs. The girls had one pillow, mats and blankets and we slept fine. Our souls praising God for letting us get to this needy kraal and then blessing us all so.

They want to build a church here as it is central and a great need, but the season is late—it must wait till after summer rains.

Our return trip home was uneventful, but we called on different ones on the way and received pressing invitations to soon come again.

Pray for these people. They need prayer so much; they are so hungry to really know God and live so far away they seldom get here save on extra occasions.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS

P. O. Makowe,

Makowe M. S.

N. Zululand,

South Africa,

Nov. 8th, 1927

Dear Readers of the King's Highway:

You will never guess when I am writing

this. Why, at 2 o'clock in the night! If I don't write to you now this letter won't reach you in time to give you all our united Xmas Wishes, and also very loving greetings for 1928.

I expect some of you have forgotten us as there isn't often a letter from us in the missionary news of your paper, but I want to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Grant and her Sunday School, and the dear children who attended Beulah this year for their loving gifts. These friends don't seem to be able to forget us, for year by year they send us a gift.

Though we are no longer on or near the mission station where the rest of your workers are, we are on the battle field here in Zululand.

Had we not been willing to stay here I don't know what would have happened to this mission station. Quite likely everything would have been going to rack and ruin, as the South African General Mission had no one to send. But though we are on a very hard field I praise God we are right here tonight. The centre of His Will is the sweetest place on earth, isn't it?

We have had some very hard times, but God is like a tender mother, for He hasn't left us comfortless. God cares. So after weary months of cold indifference God caused fruit to be brought forth in certain hearts. At the invitation for any who wished to choose the Lord to stand up and say so, we had response Sunday after Sunday. With some it was just a passing desire. But for them we can only pray that the desire may be rekindled. Others have not looked back, but are steadily marching on with the Lord. Three women have recently been delivered from snuff which is finely ground tobacco which they draw up into the nostrils. This dirty habit is indulged in by all heathen. We had an old witch-doctor staying here once with her daughter. I often told her she was a slave to snuff, absolutely! She couldn't work if she didn't every little while sit down and snuff.

One of the three women told how God had delivered her. She said she had been seeking deliverance for some time. One day she went to dig in her garden without taking her little snuff container along with her just to see what it would feel like. She dug and dug till her arms grew tired, then she sat down to rest. As she sat there she wondered why she didn't grow faint for lack of her stimulant, snuff, but she felt no desire for it, and wondered greatly. Then she realized the Lord was bringing her deliverance, so she prayed hard that the desire might really stay away forever, 'and the Lord heard, for it has never come back. Now I know there really is a God.'

As it is a joy to parents to watch their own children learn to creep, then to walk, etc., etc., so it is a joy to us to see these babes in Christ develop. But it would be so much easier if they could be lifted away from all the old surroundings of sin and degradation, and put where there was Christian influence day by day.

But we can trust them in God's hands, and we and you can uphold them and greatly help them by prayer.

Please don't forget us, but pray for us daily. We need your help in this way as much as ever.

With Xmas Greetings from Mr. Sanders and the three little Sanders.

Lovingly,

RUTH SANDERS