

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

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More about Bucu

It is rather late in the season for me to begin my evangelistic campaign among the outposts, but there have been hindrances, so I could not leave before. One, our own young people had to have a holiday as a change, for Miriam and Grace, Judson and George it seemed necessary. Two of them were away at a time and we do miss their help in the work.

On Friday, Aug. 3rd, we left home with pack-donkeys and horses, one boy and a girl, and had a good, quick journey until the Pongola river was reached. Then the fun began—it is laughable to look back on. One donkey took it in his silly head he did not want to enter the water. This notion was quickly followed by the other two, and they just went round and round, entering the water and coming out again.

Then we off-loaded the packs, as here the river valley is narrow and the water deeper than the other fords I have crossed by. One sack did get the bottom in and wet a quilt.

Three small boys—from 11 to 13 years—had come to help us. Now we tie two sacks, mouths together, and throw them across a pack saddle and the load carries well. To hasten matters we let two boys each take the end of a load and they soon had all carried across. I noticed at two places the water came nearly to one boy's waist, but these boys are used to this place so did not mind; but it would have been a fine picture to have taken them carrying these loads.

Then we again tried to get these silly beasts to go in but they would not, even when fully persuaded by a stick.

All this time Paulina and I sat on our horses, hoping to follow the donkeys when they entered, and all cross together as I am still a coward over rivers, and the swiftly flowing water seems to make me feel I must go with it.

Here was no time for me to baby myself. I looked unto the Lord and cried for help. We had already lost much time, the big mountain must be climbed and the sun was in a hurry to set.

In Blanbok and I went and Lady was supposed to follow. Now he, Blanbok, had caught rebellion from the donkeys and seemed determined not to go. When about 4 yards from the shore he stood still and pawed the water. The bottom could be clearly seen and big stones filled it. What was I to do? No man here to help! Just to coax and persuade with my light bamboo switch! This I did, but he was a long time making up his mind to go. However, at last we got across, and then Lady refusing, I had to send him back after Paulina and let Lady follow him.

Over at last! Packs reloaded, and donkeys sent ahead. Then the steep climb, half of which we must do by foot, as also half or all of the bank on the other side we always descend by foot as loose stones make going very bad.

We arrived long past sundown, but still twilight and found the same dear (home-like to me) little stone hut awaiting us. Now it has a good door and not bundles of grass as last year. The owner, a young man, made a bedstead and put wire across so as to form springs, and a coarse tick filled with grass.

All so much better than I had thought. It has ever been so. The Lord always has surprises in store for me on these treks, and one has such a sweet, intense sense of His peculiar care. How much better that bed to lie on than the hard floor!

This young man had removed all his belongings lest I should be inconvenienced—very thoughtful I am sure.

Next morning a table and two stools were brought in so I have real comfort in sleeping, sitting and writing. For this I am so grateful.

My little shepherd boy has just called and we talk over the naughtiness of our two horses who have fairly good feed at a distant kraal, but near the river. Now these horses remembered their forage of sugar cane and deliberately descended the mountain, made no fuss about crossing the river and had climbed the opposite bank when the boys overtook them; shows what animals will do when they want to, and refuse to do when it pleases them.

Saturday we rested. Had several callers. One, Josiah, of whom I will write later. Such a beautiful time I had teaching him about receiving the Holy Ghost as an abiding guest, how we needed Him, how to receive Him and how He will stay with us.

In the afternoon of Saturday we walked to three or four kraals and held a meeting in three of them.

At Umini Nkasi's his wife has just gotten the victory over beer. She has been a seeker for many years as she began when a young girl, but beer always overcame her. Last year her young husband got through, but not she.

A little baby was born and stayed just one short month, dying suddenly. This has had a great effect upon her and now she has cried unto God for deliverance and found Him true. Praise the Lord. Her husband is going on well and will likely be baptized soon. They brought their little boy, about 4 years, and presented him to the Lord on Sunday.

It rejoiced my heart and it melts with happiness to see all that has happened in one short year. Four have been baptized, two others gotten victory over beer, and about ready to be baptised; three others given themselves as seekers and more about ready; then last but not least, a dear little stone built church is finished and dedicated.

This Church measures 17 ft. 6 in. x 11 ft. and can crowd in some 50 to 60 people. Already they have a few stools for seats and expect to get more. It has a nice little window with glass panes—marvellous to these poor people as a stained window in a beautiful cathedral to Europeans.

Well, they came, they spread their little grass mats on the cold floor and sat so quiet and happily during a long service.

What a time to preach Jesus! How one gets thrilled and blessed and forgets any hardships in getting here! I think that is but a foretaste of what heaven will be. "The toils of the way will be forgotten"

One glimpse of Heaven and its joys to be mine when I get to the end of the way. One look into Jesus' welcoming face, and everything I have ever passed through on earth will seem as that which had not been.

I visited a friend recently and she put a new record on the phonograph, "I want to go there I do." My soul was so refreshed and we talked of that beautiful home over there, "just beyond the blue," not far away, my friends, 'tis very near.

But I am still at Bucu.

Being far from the Central Church, they are so pleased to have us come, who can give Communion and again that touch of the presence of the Master, that privilege so sweet to the missionary of "making Christ known" to those who were so recently heathen. Blessed time! Two small children presented, one young girl gave herself as a seeker and about a dozen good testimonies. Then the offering was brought in. Four shillings (\$1.00) in cash and perhaps the same in produce. Today two fowls and some eggs were brought to us and a goat to follow.

Another thing—two years ago the head man, who is Filitia's husband, ran away every time I wished to call on him.

Last year I caught him, had a pleasant talk and today he called of his own accord. What hath God wrought!

More to follow.

Yours happy in Jesus,
MRS. H. C. SANDERS

JOHN BUNYAN SAYS:

One leak will sink a ship, and one sin will destroy a sinner.

Some men's hearts are narrow upwards and wide downwards—narrow as to God but wide for the world.

He that lives in sin and hopes for happiness hereafter, is like him who soweth cockle and thinks to fill his barn with wheat and barley.

The lamps of Gideon were discovered when his soldiers' pitchers were broken; if our pitchers are broken for the Lord and His Gospel's sake, those lamps will be then discovered that before lay hidden and unseen.

Persecution of the godly was never intended for their destruction, but for their glory, and to make them shine the more when they are beyond this valley of the shadow of death.

It is a rare thing to suffer aright, and to have thy spirit in suffering beat only against God's enemy, sin.

Faith helpeth us when we are down, but unbelief throws us down when we are up.

No sin is little in itself, because it is a contradiction of the nature and majesty of God.

The ornament and beauty of this lower world, next to God and His wonders, are the men that spangle and shine in godliness.

A Christian can never be overcome unless he should yield of himself.—*The Church Herald.*

A PSALM OF BLESSING.

Blessed is the man whose sins are forgiven, whose heart is made pure, in whom no iniquity is found and to whom the Spirit witnesseth in confidence and love.

Day and night he prayed till the blessing came. The Lord heard in His holy temple, sent help from His holy hill, and blessed him. Sins were pardoned and love flowed in. The heart was cleansed in holiness and the Spirit came and filled his soul.

For this blessing and fulness shall every one that is godly pray, and the Lord will hear and come in power.

With this blessing shall come solace for the broken spirit, guidance in perplexity, strength in weakness, and zeal in service.

God shall be his teacher and guide, and His eyes will be upon him ever for good.

Many sorrows shall be to the worldly and the ungodly, but those who know the Lord fully shall be compassed about with faith and hope and love.—*Christian Witness.*