

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland, P. O., Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Afi Sept. 20th 1928.

Dear Friends:

At last the long, hard, drought has broken and heavy summer rains have fallen. We had lots of hail, like large marbles—no wind—and they covered the ground white.

I was told some 12 or 14 miles from here a child was killed and they thought it might have been the hail but were not sure as there was lightning also.

Down contry, nearer Durban and some days before our story a cyclone struck a town uprooting trees taking roofs off houses and doing a lot of damage.

This is a land of surprises and extremes. One must be prepared for things to be different here from our home land.

Reports of our work from the different parts of our field are very encouraging and we have much to praise God for.

In Felitia's section were several who had had great light and then backslid. One of these a relation of Aloni Mkonza, one of our evangelists, was a very wild and bad young man. Great drinker and wicked. During the past few months he has returned to the Lord, gotten victory over beer and snuff and is pressing on. While seeking one day, Felitia was talking with him about snuff and how he must separate from it. "Oh yes, I intend to," "Why not burn it all up today?" Well, he hesitated a bit, then asked his wife how much he had. She told him. He ordered it all brought out—some was tobacco still as it had not been ground and mixed with other things, into snuff—he set it all alight and burned it up. From that time he has had victory over it. Beer came slower but now he has overcome it. My heart rejoices with her over his victory for his was such a hard case. "With God nothing is impossible." Beer to these people is a food, hence they must sacrifice to separate from it.

Glad to report the head man's wife at Bucu, who gave herself as a seeker when Paulina and I visited there, is going on blessedly has given up both (I think) beer and snuff, and is so hungry to really know God. She has a little baby—oh, how her heart longs for it to live! She has lost the others after a few weeks, so, fears for this one now. Will some join me in praying for her?

George took my place and went with Filimone across the pevaan. It was a dreadful wind and dust storm. They had a good time and made a big impression upon the people of this new place.

Sunday, an old woman died and they helped the people to bury her—there are so few Christians in that place. This, her people felt was a great kindness as she was a member of another church. George was impressed with the splendid opening we have there.

I am so glad to report again about Filimone and Marta, his wife. You may remember they left us about 10 years ago and have now been with us about 2 years. They have been humbled and gained much in their souls, since their return. He is making a fine evangelist and very earnest. She has lately taken up work again and is much liked by the people. Some of another church, they have no real pastoral care, begged her to come and have prayers with them, this she has done.

Yesterday was our Wednesday class. We had a congregation of over 50 present.

Filimone led and gave us a fine exhortation. He is deepening his spiritual experience, lately, and hungry to go on with God and to really

know the Holy Ghost abides with Him. There were quite a few fine testimonies of success and victory and it closed with an altar service. Most everybody came, but just the hungry hearted were allowed to pray and we had 4 prayers. One young man was especially earnest. We hope he gets through.

A young girl, wicked and careless, had died a few days before. Her death without any testimony of hope has made a deep impression upon all who knew her.

Great light has come to this place and there must come great conviction and a cry over sin some day soon.

We are looking forward to our Quarterly meeting with much prayer for a big blessing from the Lord and pray for a wave of salvation to sweep over this land before a deluge of judgment does.

Some of the children of our evangelists, especially the boys have gone in the ways of wickedness and we cry unto God that these be saved. Do you join us and pray with faith?

The towns are full of unbelief and communistic ideas are rife. These young men go there for work and learn to play cards too. Evil abounds so we must arouse ourselves to do all we can to reach these before they are sealed by the devil and so fast bound by him, they never repent.

We love our work, see more to do than ever, pray more and work harder than ever. Right by my door people call every day. I help with food or fruit etc., but my real help is "a word in season to him that is weary." Always some aching heart.

Last night a woman came here, she is sickly. Her husband beats her and she ran away. We held prayers in the hospital hut instead of the kitchen and had her especially in view. A young girl came for a month of work. She had a demon. She had the characteristic pains between her shoulders etc. As we worked side by side or at prayers we gave her the word and encouraged her to believe in God to deliver her. She says now she believes the demon has gone and these pains have too. Now we are encouraging her to be careful to praise Jesus for this deliverance and keep testifying.

My letter is long but I have only gotten nicely into telling some of the things that make up a missionary's life.

It is beautiful to serve Jesus. "His yoke is easy and His burden is light."

Yours in Him,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS

Hartland Mission Station,  
Natal, South Africa.

To The Parents,

The most important part of child training is to teach them to pray. These little ones understand much more than most people think. Before they can talk plainly, they will put their little hands before their eyes and ask grace at the table. They delight to join in the singing and family prayer. Then, just a little later, their souls receive Divine light and life.

Faith, our first born, was led to Christ before she can well remember. Judson, at the age of five said to me one day: "Papa, do you want to know how I got into a Christian?" "Yes, my son." "Well, Papa, the way I got into a Christian is, Jesus got into my heart." We give all the praise to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and wish to add our testimony to those of the man who have been blessed of God in leading the little ones to know their Saviour. All our eight children came to know Jesus experi-

mentally, as their Saviour, at ages ranging from four to six years.

Obedience! Having learned to obey their parents, it becomes second nature for children to obey God. And the opposite is true. The child who fails to learn obedience at home finds it difficult to obey God and live the Christian life.

Should a child ever be whipped? The Bible says yes, and in our experience, we have found it sometimes helpful. There was one offence for which we allowed no other punishment. Faith and Paul almost never failed to come at once when called. They always played together, and were often beyond the reach of my voice. Then I would give a peculiar, shrill whistle, which was never used for any other purpose. One long, loud whistle, and in just a minute, or less, there they were, coming at top speed, their large sun-hats just bobbing above the grass tops. Many times our European friends as well as the natives have laughed to see them come so promptly and so fast.

After two or three little whippings with a frail switch, and kind talks, their obedience became a fixed habit. Ask Faith how many times she can remember being struck by her parents. The times are very few. But not all children are alike. With some, an appeal to their reason, is generally enough. Others must know the rod is not far away.

But in training Faith and Paul, the others were taught obedience. They simply fell in line, doing as did their elders.

In teaching a child obedience, it is well never to give a command that is unreasonable or too difficult. But once a command is given, it should not be disobeyed. To a child thus trained, the temptation to disobedience is not likely to occur. Whereas, a child allowed to sometimes overrule the parents' instruction, soon develops a habit of wanting things just a little different from what father or mother may say.

I can never forget the time that Paul refused to have an offending tooth extracted. I learned a lesson, and sought a way to make it easier for him to obey next time. Prayer is the way out of such difficulties, for God will guide the meek in judgment. Ever, thereafter, a tooth extracted was valued at twenty-five cents, or less, according to the size of the roots; but none to be less than five cents. From that day on there never was another protest against the loosing of teeth from any of our children. Norman, the youngest, came asking to have his taken out, years too early, as he wanted the money. As a rule, they all asked for tooth extraction. And when it was found that the root had absorbed, and the hurt was small and valued only at five or ten cents, they were invariably disappointed.

When a child refuses to eat eggs, drink milk or rejects certain proper foods, what can the parents do? This is an important question. Our George would have nothing to do with custards, and any puddings containing eggs and milk. He was very young, and only learning obedience. So when told to taste a certain pudding, refused. Persuasion failed, and force was used—just once. He cried, and felt himself greatly illused. Regularly thereafter a little of such food was set before him. He would always protest, saying he did not like it. We would reply, "You need not eat it, but leave it there to look at." The inevitable always happened, he slyly tasted it. We made no comment, but continued setting before him, without fail, all the foods that the others ate. And without fail he would taste the puddings he had thought he did not like. The result was,