

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland, Feb. 8, 1929.

Dear Friends: There are so many interesting things to tell you concerning the work here, I must report a few.

Filemona Nkosi goes across the Pivaan to his outpost whenever the river will let him, in the summer. He had to stay one Sunday, too much water. Another time, only that a man saw him and came across from the other side, showing him a better ford than he had been using, or he would not have dared to cross it that time. These African rivers are a grave danger when in flood. If a person loses his footing he is usually lost. Often large rocks, even boulders, are carried down, and dangerous even to a horse, as they knock his feet from under him. Every year some people are drowned by being caught in the flood.

Well, Filemona is faithful and going deeper in his experience, so God is blessing him much, with new ones coming forward.

A certain kraal he used to call at came to his meetings as he passed it on his way. They paid little heed, and some even laughed at him. One day a terrible storm came, and a bolt of lightning struck the hut, scattering the people right and left. One young man was knocked insensible and lay in the burning hut while his folks screamed to their neighbors to help them pull him out. They came, helped get him out, but found him on his knees praying, and he was among those who used to mock Filemona when he called him to come. This fellow now is most serious, and believes God is calling him to be saved. Pray for him.

One day Filemona found his place occupied by Zionists. They made great demonstrations, etc., and of course drew the crowd. I think he had only nine. Next time he went he especially sought out one of our members and talked to her concerning her husband's calling them, etc., pointing out to her she was hindering our work by that means. She saw her mistake and has since told them not to come again.

They are wonderful people to steal away members from other churches, but we do not see that they strengthen them in the way of God.

The last item of interest from Filemona is, he has found another kraal some little distance from his post, where he has been gladly received to hold meetings alternately with his old place. Two have lately manifested their intentions of following Jesus.

Beja Kunene, one of our workers, led the weekly class recently and gave one of the clearest cut sermons on holiness I have heard for a long time. It did one good to listen to her ringing testimony and know she is genuine. She has passed through great trials the past year and has gained the victory through Jesus and been much blessed.

Paulina has difficulty in getting to her place at Bucu, because the ford is not good in the rainy season; but when she does go she is much appreciated and of great help to the little band there. A young man from a different part of our field has moved, so is nearer to Bucu, and wishes to be baptized and join there. Some few outsiders keep visiting our church there, and I have a suspicion it is because their souls get hungry for a deeper work of grace than is preached at their home church. The church at Bucu is going ahead.

Down by the Pivaan, but this side, in a different section of the district, our church is settling down to work again, after the great upheaval

through Josepha Ngoza's rebellion and leaving us. He harmed us much, but God did not leave us, and we rejoice for that.

One old woman was much overcome and for a time would not go to meeting unless we went to her. I am glad to say she has now gotten over her trouble and comes again. Her son needs our prayers, as he seems to want to return to heathenism after being nearly ready for baptism. All through Josepha's bad influence.

One member has had great trials. She had a bright young daughter who left her to go work for the farmer who owns the land their village is located on, and after only a few weeks died very suddenly and under circumstances that were suspicious. She may have been poisoned. Friends pointed these suspicious circumstances out to her and she was much troubled. But after long months of testing she has come through and now is leaving it all with the Lord, who will one day judge her case.

Felitia reports her post having some success. Different members are getting victory over trials. She has many young people under her, and they need our prayers, as the marriageable age is one of much enticement for these church members to be drawn away into the old heathen customs. Aloni and Jostina are doing good work, but have great tests through Jeremiah, their eldest. He has been a bad boy, been in jail, and still away from God. They feel this much, indeed. Lately a policeman came and arrested him for theft of a bicycle he had been using. We all were troubled for his parents, and prayed for him too. Today he has returned, as the charge was false, as he had said. Probably because of the past, this came upon him. How sin, like mud, clings to one!

Samuel gave such a fine testimony in class. He is steady and good and keeps plodding on. His foot is a little better, so he travels about on his horse, crossing the Pongola to reach his work.

A woman who has been with us for several months is now a very happy mother, and thanks God Dr. Sanders saved her and baby's lives. She is much interested as she follows out the teaching of how to care for her baby as European mothers do. Especially is this feeding business a wonderful thing to her. Just to nurse her baby is considered, by a Zulu mother, to be only giving it a drink. She must give it gruel or sour milk, else it will die. Poor, deluded mothers! They do not know they kill their infants by giving them such stuff. However, facts are facts, and this mother sees with her own eyes how her baby thrives. One day she said to me, "Yes, all of mine that died were given gruel as soon as they were born, and all sorts of medicines, and they died. Now I am going to do as you tell me here and I will see if this one will live or die." That was long ago. She sees now how good, healthy and happy this little one is.

It was a cute picture yesterday to see the baby's small sister, about five years old, with this mite tied on her back, and she walking around so pleased she hardly knew what to do.

Poor old Lois, the mother-in-law, whom none of her sons' wives likes, has returned to make my kitchen her abode. I pity the poor old soul. She has a bad disposition, but God loves her, and I pity her. She is so grateful for the help we give. When winter comes we hope to have a hut built for her so as to give her real Zulu comfort. She prays so earnestly for God to take away old inbred. She is ever seeking, but does not obtain, somehow. Pray for her.

My letter is long enough and I have only begun to write. Ever yours in Jesus.

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

THE VALUE OF TIME

The Great Northern Railway Co. has recently put a record price on time. \$14,000,000 is the value placed on saving an hour in passenger service and three hours in freight service in crossing the Cascades. This saving is the result of the opening of the company's new eight-mile tunnel through the Cascade range. This expenditure is considered a good investment, and railroad builders are counted shrewd business men. They confidently expect \$14,000,000 outlay to be paid back with good interest. Who will pay the bill? Patrons of the road, passengers, and shippers, who value time, will pay this huge sum and besides add something to their own banking account.

Yet multitudes of people, both old and young put no value on time. When we see young people who constantly pour into their minds a stream of cheap fiction, detective stories, demoralizing love stories, we know that their time is worse than wasted. A company of old men spent much time about a card table. When questioned they said, "We do it to kill time." Think of old people killing time, and young people wasting it! What a destruction! An old man, upwards of ninety applied himself to helpful study of various subjects, as if he were a young man, and he found enjoyment in the pursuit of knowledge.

The home that allows its reading table to be strewn with magazines containing hold-up stories, run-away marriage adventures, and other trashy reading matter will suffer for it. There is a chance that the son or daughter of that home will figure prominently in the criminal news. It was a wise father who, many years ago, willed his careless, indifferent son an income so long as he attended school. The newspapers recently gave notice of the death of the son at the age of seventy-eight: he had been a student for sixty years, and had taken out many degrees. Such a record is preferable to that made by hundreds of young men, who having money left to them, spend it with a free hand and in a short time wreck soul, mind and body. "Wisdom is good with an inheritance," the Wise Man declares, but the excellence is that it gives life to them that have it.

Upon the idle and indolent, time hangs as doth a weight upon a captive. Gladstone said that the waste of time will make one dwindle morally and intellectually, and that beyond his darkest reckonings. To one who diligently seeks for knowledge and wisdom in eternal things, time is but wings with which he mounts to higher points of observation. Time spent by the student in proper training and preparation for work is not wasted. Alexander the Great is quoted as saying to his generals who were impatient to execute a planned offensive, "We must wait, for I am in a hurry."

We have seen young people who seemed awkward and out of place in all their efforts, yet after a short lapse of time studiously spent, a change was wrought that was nothing short of marvelous.

The airplane seems awkward in its movements while getting into position on the runway for a start, but once in the air, it is a thing of grace and beauty. It finds freedom in the element for which it was designed. Divine grace puts the soul in its proper element, where it may abound yet more and more, and he "whom the son makes free, is free indeed."—E. C. Worcester in *Good Tidings*.