

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland P. O.,  
Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Africa,  
Feb. 24th, 1929.

Dear Friends:

"If I only had—!" may have been the wail of a mother who came with her dear little baby, not two months old, so badly burned that the hand looked as if it would never be of use.

A girl baby, the right hand! How can she get on in life—as one looked on down the future for her. Girls and the women must grind with stones and this hand? Would it ever grow, or be of use?

The skin and flesh seemed gone and a bone had to be removed but, in time and with Dr. Sander's medicine, they tell me it healed.

The child died of stomach trouble shortly after probably its system had been weakened by shock.

Poor backslidden mother! Poor deceived father! Pray for them. She was saved once, gave up beer and was a member of our church. But we have a sect, of recent years, called Nazerenes, here. They are followers of a man called Shembe who claims to be the Saviour of the black people as Jesus was of the Jews.

These may keep all old heathen customs, give up little or nothing and have many demonstrations, dances, etc. The father of this baby belongs to these people and his wife joined them too. Now she sees she has done wrong and wants to get back to God. She was in a drunken stupor when the baby rolled into the fire, so did not hear its cries. The father heard them, in another hut, and came and rescued it. Both say God is whipping them. "A little child shall lead them", may it be true of them.

Last communion Sunday here was a precious time and blessing rested upon the people. Two were baptized and joined the church and five babies were presented to the Lord—one has since died.

The week following was communion across Pongola and, as the river was low, I went across and back the same day. Sisters Helen and Alice came also from Altona to Entungwini. Some came from far and the church was full, over 120 present.

At Bataza they have a little church building, about ready to dedicate. This means so much to them and there will be more comfort holding services. I was so glad to meet these from there and many others from other places. We had a very helpful meeting with a few good testimonies, as time permitted.

Samuel Marcmbelo is staunch and true. He has worked this district for many years, as he was our first preacher. He seems like a father, to many and all look up to him. God has deepened his experience since he has had this lame foot. It still troubles him but he rides his horse and gets around well.

Each section has its problems and much prayer is needed for the work. One man wants to preach, but he took a second wife so that is his stumbling block or hindrance.

Strange, but another man, who was a sort of a worker, over there did the same thing and has never amounted to anything since.

Some spoke of their testings and trials but with strong faith in Jesus. One backslider, who had been set aside from communion, has come back to God and restored to the church. Many small indications of a forward movement in our work there and elsewhere is apparent.

Isaya was there, spoke well, went home to

find his child was gone. It died before he got back to Altona. God is leading him through deep waters but is teaching him He will not fail him. This is so with every worker we have. Some have had children who are breaking their hearts Aloni and Jostina, Felitia and Befa (somewhat) have this. Others sickness and other keen trials. But, with it all, each one is going on getting victory and becoming settled in their faith.

Yesterday's class here was very helpful. Some gave such clear testimonies as to what God had saved them from. Some were puzzled by the trials they were passing through but eagerly received the message of comfort we gave them in Heb. 12.

Reports from some workers give names of others, new ones, who have given themselves as seekers, lately.

Thus we have much to rejoice over and now we are to welcome Faith back home to the work!

Truly Psalms 34, is the language of our hearts and we are deeply grateful to you all who have helped and prayed and continue to do so for us all.

The people are all on expectation peak, concerning the new Umfundisi, and prepared to welcome him to the work with their whole hearts.

Dr. Sanders left the 26th for Durban to greet them there.

Continue to pray much, believe for great things from God for He wills that the heathen be saved.

Yours truly,  
MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

Altona, M. S., P. O. Berbice,  
Via Piet Retief, Transvaal,  
March 4th, 1929.

Dear Highway Friends:

Just a few lines to let you know how, we are getting along. This last week we have been having some rains, for which we are so thankful. We have been having a long dry time and the outlook for the native food was most discouraging. These rains will help out a lot, nevertheless the people say much of their corn has died.

While in this section we were having such dry weather, our neighbouring districts were having a splendid season, rain almost daily, even as near as Entungwini, rains have been frequent, and food is plenty. Mrs. Sanders writes they have been in much need of rain also.

On Saturday, February 23rd Befa and Jostina and Felita with Joeli came across the river to sympathize with Isaya and wife in the loss of their only son. Where the heathen meet together to wail and cry in despair, the Christians meet to pray and ask the Lord to comfort the bereaved ones. In this case these native workers were surprised to find Isaya and wife so wonderfully resting in the Lord, and so sustained and submissive to the will of God.

I can say it is really wonderful to see Isaya so blest he surely laid his beloved son on the altar, and the dear Lord has blest him in so doing. Praise the Lord, He is the all sufficient Friend.

The rains filled up the river so these dear native women could not return home, they were detained here for over a week. Well we just praised the Lord and began to plan a meeting for each day. Saturday night we had a blessed time of prayer and testimony in the church. Sunday we had a full house and another sweet and powerful service, some coming to the altar.

Monday we all went to a heathen Kraal some distance away, the large hut was well filled, and I wish dear friends you could have heard

the testimonies of your native workers. I am sure you would want to shout to see what the Lord has done for these natives, once in heathen darkness. You are not supporting them in vain. Isaya and Joeli and Befa especially are wonderful preachers, they are so good. We were so glad for these heathen people to hear these bright and burning testimonies. Tuesday the women left for home thinking they could cross the river. Alice and I started off to visit a heathen kraal some distance away, we had a number of heathen present and we had a sweet time telling them of Jesus and His salvation. We arrived home at dark and shortly after, heard voices outside and on looking found all our dear women four in all, returning with the news they could not cross, the river was too full. We said "Amen the Lord must want them here longer." The next day Wednesday we went to have a meeting at Joeli's outpost. We had the service outdoors, and a goodly number present, they were so pleased to have these women have a service with them the Lord is working in that section, as there are heathen giving themselves to the Lord all the time, that morning one woman had taken down her heathen head dress, and had donned the christian head dress. One man was drunk and disturbed the service some, but the Lord overruled, and blest the meeting. We returned home at dusk, very happy.

Thursday morning we went to the chief's kraal and had a meeting, the large hut was full mostly all heathen, again the Lord blest His word and His children and hearts were touched. In the afternoon we had our regular Thursday class here in the church, about twenty-five present, and a good meeting. We had to close the service early, as a big thunder storm was coming up. Friday we all went up to Emozane, as it was class day at that place, but we had the service at a heathen kraal instead of the church, as a child had died at this home two days before, this gave us a chance to preach to the heathen men at this place where as, if we had gone to the church they would not have gone. Again we enjoyed the testimonies of these people, and hearts were touched but none gave themselves to the Lord.

Saturday we went to a large heathen kraal on Altona farm had a wonderful blessed time. The Holy Spirit was indeed present quite a number of heathen present to hear the Word and testimonies. We thank God for this meeting. Sunday Isaya went to Badaza, Joeli and the women went to his outpost and Alice and I stayed at the Mission Station, quite a number present, and one was at the altar. Joeli and the women brought back good reports, a large number had gathered had a good service, people were helped. Monday morning very early Joeli and the four women left for home by the way of Commorale bridge, a two day's journey hard travelling, whereas, if they could have crossed the river they could have arrived home in six hours. The real hot weather will soon be over now, as March is now here.

There are plenty of medical cases, and three people were here today for teeth extraction, these people come very often, as they say the white people know how to extract teeth with very little pain, the natives practice tooth extraction in a very crude way.

Please remember us in prayer.

I am yours glad to be in Africa,

HELEN M. STERRITT

March 11th. My letter has been detained on account of heavy rains this last few days. The Pongolo river is very full so we cannot get over to meet Faith and husband. We have heard that they have arrived safely last Wednesday, March 6th and the same day attended class, and both

spoke to the natives. We would have loved to have been there, but we will have to be patient and await God's time.

A native from Entungwini was at this meeting, and brought the word to this side. Needless to say we will all be (both white and black) delighted to see Faith once again, and gladly welcome Brother MacDonald to the work in Africa. Dr. Sanders was in Durban to meet them.

At the present time we have a badly burnt native woman at the mission station, the burns are dressed four times daily. We had both planned to go to Badaza on Saturday the 9th as the native church at that place was to be dedicated on Sunday. Ten goats were killed on Friday, and Saturday was to be the day of the feast. Alice could not go on account of the burned patient, and I was hindered by the heavy rain. Isaya and wife went, but have not returned yet. We are having rains every day.

The school is going on nicely, about twenty-five scholars daily, the teacher seems very nice and is capable, for which we are very thankful.

We want to thank the Lord for all His love and goodness to us, and for His leadings. We thank you all, for your prayers and support.

Yours for Africa  
H. M. S.

Hartland, M. S.  
Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Africa,  
March, 21st, 1929

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings from Hartland Mission Station! We thank God for you all and trust God is blessing you constantly in the Homeland. We surely feel that you are all praying for us, and we need it. Notwithstanding the good work that has been done here we are more than ever in need of your prayers for this work of "His planting." When the "Father" of this work goes, and leaves us to "Carry on" we shall need your prayers. No one but those who are here can estimate the great loss that will be felt when Dr. Sanders and his splendid corps of workers go home.

Please allow me to give you a picture of this corps of workers as I see them. I think you will understand that even though I am their son-in-law my opinion is unbiased. After two weeks of observation I am fully convinced that each member of the Sanders family has the Missionary spirit and shows it by deeds as well as by words.

On Wednesday Mrs. Sanders has her class of native workers to teach. In the same afternoon there is a big gathering of Native Christians and workers to preach to, where two or three speak. Last Wednesday may not be a usual meeting but this is what happened: About twenty souls were at the altar some seeking forgiveness of sin, others sanctification. After much seeking many prayed through. Shouts of joy resounded through the church as one after another found real victory.

I have spoken through an interpreter several times since coming, and while one cannot understand all that is said, he can know when God meets their soul and it is a great pleasure to speak to these people, even through an interpreter.

Yesterday was another big gathering where Dr. Sanders spoke with unction and many hearts were touched because of the power of God. When the natives were told that they were to part with the Sanders family there were great exclamations of grief, tears were flowing on almost all the faces, and many loud sighs and groans heard from the congregation. Dr. and

Mrs. Sanders have a place in the hearts of these people that speaks loud for their lives of love and sacrifice for them.

Go with me at any time from early morning till late at night to the Dr's office and there you will find him and Miriam or Grace giving aid to the sick and needy. These girls take the place of a dispenser and also do much medical work themselves; besides this these girls preach and teach the natives on Sunday as well as help in the regular meetings.

While I am speaking of the medical work we must look at Judson as he extracts tooth after tooth for natives of all classes and ages. These come at all hours with their teeth to pull, and Judson seems to have the most of this to do along with the other Missionary work. (i.e., Instruction to all seekers with whom he comes in contact, etc.)

Perhaps the most interesting scene is found out on the veranda or under trees where George sits with anywhere from ten to thirty natives around him. As he listens to their tale of woe he looks like an Indian chief, for they are all seated on the grass or floor, and surround him like Indians do their chief in a big "Pow-wow". Daily natives come for help, and George looks into their case, determining what must be done for each one. This is a great task, and well done by him, but this is not all. He is a preacher and worker in every way. He goes out to some outpost every Sunday. I have been with him twice, and find he has many interested. Each Sunday the kraal was filled to overflowing with Christians and seekers.

Last Sunday Charley took George's regular outpost and we visited another. Every one looks up to George and is glad to have him visit their outpost, and the native worker hands the meeting over to him. Charlie and Norman go out often together to preach at one of the outposts to relieve another worker.

I wish I could give you a picture of Sunday at Hartland, but since I go out, I cannot. The next time I write I shall be able for I am to be home for "Big Sunday"

Another feature of the work here is the store. I was prejudiced against this but when I see the number that comes and are dealt with about their souls in the store I can see its value. While I know that it will be impossible for us to continue the store, for we have too much to do, I do hope that when the Mission Board sends some of the folk back that the store can be opened again, for it has been a means of blessing to these natives. Let another store start in this community and they will sell beer, snuff, and tobacco. While there is a store on the Mission Station, it is not much use for another to start in this vicinity. Therefore there is no tobacco, beer or snuff sold here. In this way the Mission has control of the store in this district.

Now I cannot give a picture of Altona. Only from the testimonies of the natives, and from Dr. Sander's glowing account of the Christmas services can I judge of the good work being done there. The Sterritt Sisters have not been able to cross the Pongolo River since we came, and while the folk here tell us that they are having good meetings, it is not like being there and seeing for yourself.

Now dear folk, I have tried to picture the work as it looks to me. I know that there are many angles that I have failed to present, but remember that I am only two weeks on the station, and what I have written is my own view point and not one of an experienced Missionary, or of hearsay. Trusting you will overlook the faults in the picture, and supply what is lacking

from your former information.

I remain,  
Yours in Christ,  
D. M. MACDONALD.

Hartland Mission Station,  
Via Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Africa.

March 25th, 1929.

Dear Homeland Friends:

It is now seven months since word first reached us that you were planning to bring us home on furlough. But not 'till recently have we seen the providences of God on this side of the Atlantic, pointing the same way. So we are just beginning to allow ourselves the joy of anticipation. Even yet it seems too good to be true.

Your splendid contributions to the "passage fund," almost make our hearts ache—to think of your sacrifice and labour of love. We believe, however, that God will reward you, individually and as a denomination; so that this labour will not be in vain in the Lord. Sometimes the windows of heaven are opened because tithes and offerings are all brought in. So we are looking for more blessing than you will have room to contain.

About May the 9th, we hope to sail so as to be with you at Beulah. To meet you all will be like the joy of heaven upon earth—it is wonderful how much of heaven's joy is granted to us while we are on our way. And we are sure that when we meet it will be in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.

Yours abiding in His love  
DR. AND MRS. H. C. SANDERS

## HUMAN SACRIFICES IN TOBACCO FIRES

By Will H. Brown

Almost daily the papers report loss of life in fires started by careless smokers. The total runs into hundreds annually, according to statistics gathered by insurance companies.

Frederick Beverly Pearson, aged 30, heir to \$2,000,000 when thirty-five years of age, was burned to death in a Chicago hotel, his clothing catching fire from a cigarette he was smoking when he fell asleep in a chair.

One of the most terrible deaths in recent times was that of Louis J. Ainsworth, of Cincinnati, Ohio, caused by falling from a window on the nineteenth floor of a Chicago hotel. The man in the next room heard him screaming: "I am burning up." His door could not be readily opened, because it was locked. Evidently mistaking the window for the door, he stepped out, clinging to the window until the flames from his room compelled him to let go, dropping 250 feet to his death. When the fire in his room was extinguished, the police found evidence that he had probably been smoking in bed, thus unintentionally setting the bedding on fire.

Mrs. D. Erickson, of Freeport, Ill., forgot to empty her pipe when she put it in the pocket of her dress, thus setting her clothing on fire, resulting in death after terrible suffering.

A man of Bay City, Calif., lit his pipe by the side of his automobile while it was being refueled, causing an explosion, setting fire to the auto, burning to death his little son, two and a half years of age, and so badly burning his five-year-old daughter that she died the next day. The man himself was severely burned.

And thus the human sacrifices to the god of nicotine continue.—*The Wesleyan Methodist.*

Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself.—*Plato.*