

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland, P. O.,  
Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Af.,

Dear Friends: March 6th, 1929

"The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy." Zep. 3: 17.

Of course there is joy when God is in the midst of us. We have it, we know it and praise Him for the conscious know so. This is true in my soul this early morning.

In some respects, an in old established work, like this station at present, is like some places at home. People have had the light and sat under straight preaching so long—but still have chosen their own way—and rather, have hardened their hearts. In cases like this we do not get many at a time to move out of this lethargic condition. But one or two at a time, pressed by the conviction brought upon them through some providence of God. Then they cry unto God and He hears them, and in some cases, they go on with Him.

Here are a few instances I wish to tell you about because they are of interest and show God continues to work, even as we pray.

I told you recently of the dear little baby whose hand and arm were so burned by the carelessness of its mother—rather I should say because she had returned to her old beer-pot and was drunk. Now that mother is under conviction. She has asked the church members to come and pray with her that she may get deliverance. We hope for her reclamation.

Another case, Jeremiah Mkonza. You remember me mentioning his wicked life and the heart-breaking grief of his father and mother, Aloni and Jostina have. Now this young man is gifted! My! For years we have wept and cried before the Lord for his salvation and I know God hears prayer. I am glad to say he is earnestly seeking God to restore him. I watch and pray, exhort and teach him as I have chance—others do too, and Oh the heart hunger of us all to see him go deep enough to get beneath the surface of things and really, truly get free! He has so much pride, is so frothy, shall I say, in his make up it will take grace to keep him but God can cleanse and purify the most trifling spirit and make it fit for Him. I have seen Him do it and I want to see Him do so for Jeremiah. We need young men, saved and sanctified, right now in our church to reach the many heathen ones all around us.

Did I mention a young mother who brought her child, sick with pneumonia. She and the father have been living in Johannesburg for some time so do not get to our services save when visiting at home here.

The child was improving under Dr. Sanders treatment, and slowly gaining till we had hopes of its life. But, word came from the brother of the father—away to work—"Bring the child to me so I can have it doctored." He took it to a heathen man, a doctor, and in three or four days it died. So their family of two children had been snatched away from them in about three months. Now the mother, weakened spiritually, felt God had dealt very hardly with her, but by showing her God's word, praying with her and entreating her to take these things as a warning to them to live for Jesus and trust Him and serve Him truly, her heart lost its hardness and she came back to Him. Her name is Ruth.

Now here is another, a boy, Barket. For some years he has been going from bad to worse in spite of good influence about him, chances for meetings etc. His grandfather was old Pengula, a witch doctor. At one time it looked, to

me, as if this boy was trying to become possessed with a demon. His talk, actions and life all seemed headed that way. Lately he has become our herd or stable boy so comes under the influence of kitchen prayers, the Sunday School and the Sunday meetings. We began more earnestly than ever to seek to win this soul to Jesus. It looked most discouraging as he said he did not want to pray, did not want to go to Sunday School or meeting and almost refused to come to prayers. However we persisted and, praise the Lord, we see a change. That "dare-devil" spirit seems to have gone. He comes to all the services now and his poor little heart seems softening.

This morning, early, he came to my door and this is what he told me. "Anna, one of kitchen girls, and I were playing and we have broken a pane of glass out of the window." Now for him to come himself and report this is enough to make me laugh for joy, for the native mind is so subtle, so full of deceit that lies come as easy, apparently, as to breathe. Things happening like this—well he could lie or deny or just run away and hide. But here he came like a little man—he must be 15 years old, but small—is such an encouragement to my heart. I showed him that, we white people when we did such things, paid for the article broken and I thought each should pay half of the damage. Well, he took it without a word of excuse—and they can measure off to you excuses by yards and yards of words—and ended by saying "Yes, when the Umfundisi comes we will ask him how many days we can work to pay for this."

I am so happy over this. Do help to pray for the real deep work of God to be done in these hearts.

Again an evening or two ago in my kitchen were Jeremiah and two other young men of this farm, all progressing but very weak or backslidden. Here was my chance to entreat them to go on to know God. I began with where did you go to meeting on Sunday?" These two replied "We were at home, hunting for medicine." Then the conversation went on for some time. I asked them "Have you prayed with Jeremiah lately? You see him trying to get back to God, are you helping him in any way?" "No, we have not."

But friends pray on. These boys are not satisfied in their hearts and we are expecting God to give us the revival we have been years seeking.

We are having new ones coming all the time. Just yesterday Marta reported another kraal is asking her interest and if they may come to the near-by one where she holds meetings, but these should be and the big revival too don't you think? Don't you expect it? I do.

Only little items friends, and my letter is long, but our lives here are full to crowded with every day happenings just like the above. I have not told you all by a long way.

I could give an account of how God has undertaken for the kitchen girls, their keen interest in the things of God, their faith in prayer and of many words spoken to passers-by, heathen young men, girls and old men, helping the widows and the old, giving food to the way-farer who is so hungry and many other things too numerous to mention and too common to remember all, but each one can be service for Jesus and helps to remove stones out of the way to Him.

Yours in Jesus

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

Altona M. S., P. O. Berbice,

Via Piet Retief, Transvaal,

South Africa, Feb. 19, 1929.

Dear Homeland Friends:

Yesterday the little body of Joshua, the 4

year old son of Isaya and Agnes Sangweina was laid away. We feel sad but we do rejoice in the victory and blessing God is giving these Zulu parents. It is truly blessed to see Isaya's shining face. He can smile and praise the Lord through his tears of sorrow and during these four months of trial we have never heard one complaining word from either of them. They have prayed through their temptations and hours of sadness and have looked steadfastly unto Jesus and He has increased their joy and faith in Him.

Agnes returned from Swaziland with the boy on Friday evening for she saw that his days on earth were drawing to an end. Their spirit was beautiful to see. It was Big Sunday at Entungwini and Isaya attended the service, gave a beautiful testimony and sang a sweet Zulu hymn which blest our souls. On our return to Altona we found the little boy had passed away from earth. Isaya would have loved to be present to hear his last words, but felt he was in the Lord's will and said "Amen" to this disappointment.

Joshua was really a remarkably sweet and intelligent child and showed the influence of Christian environment in his habits and conversation. His mother asked him that day if he knew Jesus and he replied "Yes, I know Him. I do not know how to go to Him, but I know Him "kakulu" (very well).

Jesus surely showed him the way for just before he passed away he cried out "My Jesus" three times and lifted his eyes heavenward. He was in his poor old heathen grandmother's arms and her heart was wrapped up in this little boy. God is softening her heart and we praise Him for it.

That evening as we knelt in prayer Isaya praised the Lord through his tears for taking his son while he was innocent and obedient, for had he lived he might have followed the sinful heathen customs which would have been a bitter sorrow to them.

We had a very beautiful service Monday. The church was full and the presence of the Lord graciously manifest. Isaya took part in the service giving glory to God for joy and blessing in the midst of his sorrow. His was indeed the voice of a conqueror through grace and many hearts were touched. Samuel, the native evangelist from Entungwini was also present and spoke very nicely.

At our Christian native funerals it is customary to give an opportunity for any to speak who desire to and it is a very helpful custom, for it enlightens souls concerning the Christian hope and faith. Yesterday a number of heathen people were present. Isaya's relatives, and it was a gracious opportunity for the Gospel message. Some of them we know had never been in a church or attended a service in their lives. It was truly a very blessed service and the peaceful yes, beautiful shining face of Isaya as he stood by that little grave was a benediction to our souls.

Quite a number stayed all night and today other relatives and friends came to express their sympathy, so we had another very nice service in Isaya's house. The presence of God is very near during these hours of sorrow, and we praise the dear Lord who can be so near and dear to these Zulu hearts.

Mrs. Sanders and Joeli were over to Big Sunday service, but did not come to Altona as it threatened rain and Mrs. Sanders feared the river would fill up and prevent their getting home for several days.

We had a good meeting and a well-filled church but the people were late in coming, it being a cloudy day and the natives know the time of day by the sun.