

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.,
Oct. 24, 1943

Dear Highway Friends:

It seems so early to be writing Christmas letters—but even so this is likely too late to reach you by then which I regret very much. I wish you each one a very Merry Christmas—a joyful Christmas because of the joy of salvation and of rejoicing for the wonderful Gift of God's love. Many hearts will be sad because of the loved ones at the front—to these may Jesus come and comfort and cheer.

We are planning to have our Quarterly meeting at Christmas time. It is always a very busy time—full also of many opportunities to serve and witness for Jesus.

Charles and I started house-keeping in August. We are enjoying it very much. How grateful we are for the repair work that has been done to make this possible. Again we thank those who helped so that this could be brought about. We appreciate it all the more for having had to wait so long for it.

Per last post I received a few more Sunday school cards from the unknown friend of Saint John. God bless you for this gift to His little ones. It is so encouraging to receive these little tokens of interest in His work. Keep praying as you endeavour to collect and send these. God is working on the hearts of the little ones—some are really seeking the Lord.

I have now received the money from Sister Slipp's class for Zulu Testaments as prizes for the Sunday school. May God bless those who have sacrificed to send this gift and may there be fruit—"an hundred fold" from it. The problem will be to secure the Testaments they are so scarce now. Again I say thank you.

Two days ago a heathen native man brought his fiance here for treatment. She was very faint from hunger, so I took them down to our abode. As they drank tea and ate some bread, I tried to tell them about Jesus and the way of salvation. The man especially listened earnestly to what I had to say. Before they left I asked them to kneel and I prayed for them. Then asked them to pray if they felt like it. "Yes, I do," replied the man and broke out in a pleading tone asking God to help Him to find the way of salvation. Pray that he may keep on seeking and really find Jesus.

I hope the dear friends, to whom I owe letters, will not be discouraged. I find letter-writing so difficult to get at but intend to write, sooner or later, as opportunity offers.

We do appreciate hearing from you and hope you will keep writing. Most of all we covet your prayers that God will help and bless us in the Harvest Field. One is impressed with the great need of hearts everywhere you meet them. I was away two weeks in Vryheid—went down with the two lady missionaries and stayed with them in their rented room. They took me to see some of their friends—sufferers physically, and hungry spiritually. We sang to and prayed with them, as the Lord lead, and they seemed to appreciate it so much. Yes, wherever one goes one sees there is much to do for Jesus right there—but one must stand by their post. So with aching heart for those with physical and spiritual needs one turns back to one's own little corner praying "the Lord of the Harvest to send forth labourers into His harvest"—oh truly, "the harvest is GREAT but the labourers FEW!" One lady told me that it

seems the poor are not visited like the rich—in fact they seem, in their church, to have been forgotten. Their pastor does not even call upon them. How sad a state of affairs. "... and the poor have the gospel preached unto them." Let us beware lest we also neglect the poor and fail to minister to the sick and suffering. "As ye did it not to one of these little ones ye did it not unto Me." Oh, let us be faithful and serve Jesus now while there is time. Soon He will come—then the opportunities will be over.

Wishing you each a Happy New Year, with God's blessing and guidance upon your lives and service for Him,

Yours for souls,
GRACE SANDERS

Altona M. S.,
Oct. 21, 1943

It is a nice October evening in Africa. Frogs are croaking, crickets are chirping and the air is warm—quite like a June evening in Canada, except that it gets dark so early here, even with the daylight saving time. I miss the twilight, as we have very little here.

On Sunday another quarterly meeting closed at Altona. Johannes said it was the very best quarterly meeting that we had ever had at Altona and many others felt the same about it.

Rain came the first part of the week, and by Thursday the river was in flood. so that day our attendance was very small but there was a good spirit manifested. In the evening we had a terrible rain and hail storm, so as only the workers were present, we had our first business session.

The hail on the iron roof made it nearly impossible to hear each other talk, but it didn't last very long but long enough to create sad work in our garden. Water poured through one end like a river, carrying soil, fertilizer and seeds as it went, leaving behind a ragged trench.

Friday was dark and cloudy but quite a few more people arrived. Brother Charles Sanders, with two of the Hartland workers and a boy arrived towards night. They came on bicycles by way of the bridge. We were very glad to have them with us but sorry that others could not come.

The services were helpful all that day, and the evening meeting was especially good.

Saturday was a full day with a larger crowd. Samuel Mavimbela had charge of the early prayer service. I believe he is our oldest preacher and has been faithful to our work all these years. He is not so active now as he has lost one leg and has to use crutches, but he is faithful to his church at Entungwini and has another outpost as well. He travels quite a bit by horse. We were glad to have him with us for this quarterly meeting.

Brother Charles had charge of the Saturday morning class meeting and brought a good message to us. Johannes Nkosi and Paulina Lukeli were the afternoon speakers. Johannes got greatly blessed while he preached, and had a great time praising the Lord. Paulina preached on "Love," and she also was very happy in the Lord. A service was held that evening and everyone was given a chance to preach and testify as long as they wished, and as a result it closed about two o'clock on Sunday morning.

The early service on Sunday was in charge of one of our Hartland workers, Johane Maseko.

About eleven o'clock many gathered at the

river where Johannes Nkosi baptized two girls from Trifina Msibi's section. Jionson Ngomezulu had quite a number for baptism but only one boy was able to get here and after examining him, the workers felt that he should wait awhile, as he had very clearly not attained the spiritual state that he had professed to have. Later it came out that he was in love with one of our young girl church members and he felt that he could more easily win her for his wife if he also was baptized. Poor boy! Well, we pray that the Lord will reveal to him his true spiritual condition and will help him to get a clear experience of salvation, and if Ida accepts him I trust that she will be a help to him.

The afternoon service started about noon. Alfred Metula was the first speaker. I was the second one and Brother Charles was the last one. The church was full and the people were very quiet and attentive.

After the preaching, Johannes gave the altar call and nearly everyone came forward for prayer, after which Eugene had charge of the Lord's table. Many partook and a very sweet, tender spirit was present with us.

At the close, one little baby girl was presented, the parents giving it the name of Justa. Brother Charles then gave the right hand of fellowship to the two who were baptized, and to a woman who has moved near us and wished now to join us. One girl was set aside.

Johannes then asked if there were any who wished to give themselves to the work of the Lord, and two young men stood declaring that they felt a call for service. These boys are Enoch Ngwenya and Albert Tshangasi. They have very little help in their homes and they need your prayers, friends, for it is very hard to stand out against the old heathen customs, etc., especially in heathen homes.

A collection of over five dollars was taken. After this service most of the people departed to their homes. The few who stayed had a short prayer service and went to bed early so as to be ready for their long ride on Monday.

Monday morning was dark and looked like rain but Brother Charles and the far away workers left early. However, the Lord gave journeying mercies along that line, and no rain fell until late afternoon, so we trust that they reached home safely.

I hope everyone returned to their homes feeling that it had been good to attend the quarterly meeting. I received much help and encouragement for which I thank the Lord.

It has been a busy day. When I got to the kitchen early this morning, I found a heathen woman and her daughter waiting for me. The mother had brought the daughter for medicine. I felt so sorry for the poor child as she is far from well. I did what I could for her and trust that the medicine may help her. I hadn't finished when another woman arrived with a little three weeks old baby. This woman was a school teacher before her marriage, and speaks good English. She had three little boys and was delighted that this new little one was a daughter. It had eczema so she came asking for medicine. I hadn't finished again when a little girl came with eggs asking for sugar. So the day has gone and I hope I have been able to help a little and give a few words of cheer and comfort to some.

About noon I went to the kitchen and found a young married woman who comes to see me quite often. She came to me about a month ago, asking for medicine for her