

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.

Dear Friends:

I greet you this morning from far away sunny South Africa.

It is the fall of the year. The mornings and evenings are becoming more and more cool. Some of the trees are beginning to drop their leaves and the usual grass fires give a hazy appearance to the scenery. The drought we had this year delayed our crops, and the later rains allowed the planting of crops which are now in danger of being damaged by frost.

I have been away for a little over three weeks on an unexpected holiday, which I spent with two missionaries in the Transvaal. The uncertainties of war time have their advantages as well as their disadvantages. I received a cable stating that Miss Crowell had arrived in Lisbon and a little later another cable telling the date of her departure from there for Lourenco Marques. Upon enquiry I was informed of the expected date of arrival of her boat at this Portuguese East African port, so I started on my way to meet her.

Two weeks were spent at Machadodorp with Rev. and Mrs. Carlsnas, Swedish missionaries. These kind people made me feel much at home and I enjoyed working with them: helping to teach the night school and visiting one of their outposts and helping a little with the making of some cement bricks. Both body and soul were refreshed during these two weeks.

A special permit was necessary to allow me to enter the town of Komatipoort. I said a town—it is hardly entitled to that name but it seems to be growing a little, and a new railway station is being constructed; so after this is completed and the streets are given some special attention, it will be on its way to new attainment. It is a pretty spot, nestled between the Crocodile and Komati rivers, which have their junction a mile or two below the "town." Coming from my first stop to this second the train had to descend over 5,000 feet and passed through a deep valley as it followed quite closely the course of a pretty little river. Cliffs towered above us on either hand and African woods and grass covered the less rugged parts of the hills. Two or three tunnels and a lot of other engineering feats had to be effected to make this beautiful ride possible.

I found other very kind friends at Komatipoort, the Rev. and Mrs. Thorrell, also Swedish Missionaries, but of another denomination. These missionaries have suffered what few others of their fellows have endured, at least on one point: After 20 years building up of a fine mission station, they were driven off by a very rich farmer who bought the farm they had built on. More than their own suffering from this blow, they sorrowed over those Natives who were scattered, and some of whom they lost trace, who were also driven away by this same farmer. It is true that they were given their present little wood and iron home with a small piece of land on which it stands. God has kept these servants of his from becoming bitter and they are very humble and spiritual people. One Sunday Mr. Thorell and I went by bicycles to two or three outposts he still has on this same farm from which they were driven. The first one we visited was in the compound of workers for this very farmer. So it seems that God is causing him to still be able to work for Him

even among the servants of this millionaire.

One morning we went a little way up the Komati river and I enjoyed looking at about a dozen hippopotomi which looked like heaps of sand, and their heads like some black stones. A large bull weighs up to three tons. They had been feeding on the banks of the river that night, apparently, and their tracks were rather impressive, in size, almost a foot in diameter.

A buffalo got out of the Kruger National Park and a Swedish hunter shot it and we were given a little of the meat, which tasted much like beef.

One week from the day I arrived at Komatipoort, Miss Crowell arrived. The Thorells had very kindly prepared some tea and cake and had it at the station, so we had this treat before boarding the homeward bound train. May the Lord bless these kind children of His.

One day's wait at the former mission station, where new ties of friendship were made as the Carlsnas put themselves out to make your new missionary feel welcome to Africa.

We arrived at Hartland on Thursday. Sunday was a day for special service at this Station so it was used to introduce Miss Crowell. Those present were deeply touched by the arrival of this new benefactor of theirs. According to the practice of our church out here, we had a public engagement service. We are now looking forward to the day for our wedding.

The church out here has taken a deep interest in Miss Crowell and have prayed much for her coming. After hearing that she was on her way they have unitedly prayed for her safety. So naturally when she actually arrived they felt very grateful to God. Of course I have been praying too and waiting for her arrival.

We are grateful to you all for sending her out and for your prayers for her safety. God has once again done great things for us whereof we are glad: so now we join in praising Him and have new and greater reason to believe Him.

Yours happy to be in His service,  
C. D. M. SANDERS

Hartland Mission Station

Dear Homeland Friends:

Greetings again from this land of beauty and need. Every new day I feel like praising the Lord for bringing me here, and giving me the opportunity to work for Him.

I have had opportunity to visit in two kraals where Grace and I were called to help the people. At the first kraal they had several very angry-looking dogs but they did not come near us. The kraals were somewhat different from what I had expected, and quite clean. We have to shake hands with everyone from the old grandmother, with her grey hair to the smallest child. And there are some of the prettiest children here that I have ever seen.

Two days ago I bathed my first black baby in Africa. He was a sweet little boy, and there were five women standing around admiring the change we were making in the poor little thing's looks. The poor little mother had tears in her eyes after we had prayers with her. We pray that she may find peace in Jesus. There are so many here who need Him. I have received great blessing these two times I have been out to visit. O, I am so happy here in God's will. I just want to stay here and work for Him. It is so wonderful to know

that the Lord has sent one and that He is always with us. He gave me this verse so plainly on the train just before we entered our field: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel—and lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' The power is His and we have but to obey and He will bless our labor for Him.

I have been out on horseback twice, and enjoyed it very much. The other day we went to see one of our European neighbors who had cut her foot quite badly. It was not as bad as we had expected, for which we were very grateful. As we came home it was getting dusk, and these great hills were lovely; the first stars came out, and I turned to Grace and told her how happy I was and that I wished all the people at home could know.

Brother and Sister Kierstead and the boys arrived to visit us the other day, and it was so good to see them. Brother Kierstead, George and Charles went away to the quarterly and church opening and left Mrs. Keirstead and the children with us so we are having a very nice visit.

Please pray that the Lord will help me as I study because I cannot do very much until I can talk to the people. I am trusting Him to make me the kind of a missionary that He wants me to be.

Yours, Happy in Him in Africa,  
MYRA A. CROWELL

Altona

Dear Highway Friends:

It's a beautiful, still, cool, moonlight night and the native boys are having a lovely time playing on the play ground. I've had a busy day indeed. The quarterly exams begin today and the number of pen nibs, exercise books, pencils, etc., I have sold I cannot say, but it was a goodly number indeed. I often think I won't get any more school supplies, for it does take so much time, but the store is six miles away and often does not have them, so I keep on.

Today I have had only two sick people to look after, but several asking for salt, another for writing paper, two other women came saying they were hungry and needed food, etc., etc, and so the day has gone.

Eugene has been in Piet Retief the last two weeks, teaching English in the High School. The teacher was taken sick and they could get no one to take her place. He came home last Friday afternoon but I am not sure if he will return today as he will be through on Wednesday and will return then with the boys for Easter holidays.

I had planned to go to Piet Retief for the last few days, but Reginald has been sick with German measles this week.

We are so glad to hear from Miss Crowell and to know that she has safely arrived at Hartland. We do praise God for the way He has led!

A very sad thing happened at Hartland recently. The oldest girl of my wash-woman has been living with her grandmother at Hartland. Last week Estelle received word that her child was very ill. She hurried away the next morning, only to find the Pongola river in flood. She returned and went by bus and train and walked the last miles but Lily was dead before she reached there. I do feel very sorry for Estelle. Lily was a dear little girl, about Reginald's age. I am sure the Sterritt sisters will feel very sorry too, for Estelle was their girl for some years, I believe.

We had a lovely young people's service here