

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland Mission Station,  
Dear Co-Workers, Sept. 24, 1945

Well, praying friends, after greeting you all in His dear name, I wish to thank you all for the part each one has held by prayer. I now wish to give you a bird's eye view of our Ermalo trip by bicycle, and perhaps a Zululand trip as well.

A good number of workers wanted to go, but only Elder Johanisi Nkosi and I went. Sickness and the first rain of the season hindered, but we felt we were well able to go forth, not knowing the way, but by faith trusting the Lord, knowing He would answer prayer.

After three days' hard pedalling we arrived on the farm of Mr. Cook, fifteen miles from Ermalo. At Ermalo we had wired of our arrival, and found the natives of four kraals, ready for an evening service. The farmer shewed his co-operative spirit by giving me a room to myself, where I could come and go at will, and the use of his up-to-date bathroom, which was very welcome.

That night, before the service closed at eleven, three young men had given themselves to seek the Lord, and were instructed in the way. Next night service saw five smaller boys seeking the Lord. Sunday saw ten small children presented to the church. This work was started by two young church members moving to Mr. Cook's farm, having services and a school for the children, in the evening.

How we wished for a spirit-filled worker to take over this work. The young man, Saimoni Manba, was not in good standing, was taking up with a girl, and ill-treating his wife. We had special prayer for this and are glad to be able to say, that it is a sin of the past, praise the Lord. As we continue to pray, we invite you, as co-workers, to do your part. No worker as yet has been found to go to this place, so let us pray.

Four days ago I got back from my second Zululand trip, which had lasted nine days, and covered about three hundred miles. I wish to give God the glory, for being ever present as my guide, as all was new to me, except about eighty miles. Then also upon my return, and rather tired, having had only part of one day to rest, I was offered three lifts, amounting to about seventy-five miles. I praise Him.

The kraal of Magwatza was first visited, and I arranged for a second service on my way back. About eight o'clock that night saw my arrival at Mutisendhlini Nkosi's kraal, where I slept. Back to Nongoma Magestracy I went, to witness the ceremonial acceptancy of the son of king Solomon, of the Zulus, "Inyangayezizwe", who though only twenty, is their Crown Prince.

I felt I was representing our denomination in wishing God's courage and strength to be his, in his big responsibility, as I gave him a hearty hand-shake, and a half crown.

At nine p.m. I found our workers Jotamu and Meli Mdiniso. They are on top of the hills overlooking the Black Mfolozi, a very pretty place indeed. This is a needy field, from what I could gather. Many new kraals have moved in, as settlers, with no spiritual church to go to. The Lutheren, Church of England and Dutch Reformed, all allow the use of strong drink and tobacco. There are four kraals of Hartland's district, which have moved within a mile of each other, and are crying for a church.

Now a church will be granted (1) if five

miles from any other sites already granted by the Government. (2) if the consent of the chief of that district is obtained. (3) if the number of church members is about thirty. This is the information the Magistrate gave me, in an interview I had with him. The five mile limit question may be granted us, and the Chief's permission may not be very difficult to obtain, but the thirty members clause will demand hard work.

Jotamu is a cripple and can hardly walk a hundred yards. Meli, who has two sons and two daughters who are only seekers and will not be much help, except about the home duties,

From this place Meli and two girls walked about twenty miles to Mutisendhlini Nkosi's kkraal, where we had a service next day. Here we have a native prayer woman, who is afraid to have prayers in nearby kraals, because of a man who drove her from his kraal. Both of these women need our prayers and support, if the work is to grow.

One of the Mdiniso's sons wants to be married by Christian rights in a week's time, and asks one of us to see it through. This will mean another trip of two hundred and twenty miles, but if there is to be a work, this second trip will prove our interest to our people.

I now wish to praise the Lord for the big news of the "Rockdale Hotel", becoming the property of the Alliance, then also the Summer Bible School with the fifty students enrolled, for the twelve day course. We pray this may be the beginning of a centre, where our people will get built up and prepared unto every good work, and not need to go elsewhere from their training. We are glad to realize the greater responsibility the young people are taking on, which will mean a stronger church, a church that gets its young people not only saved, but put to work in the Master's service.

Therefore by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let our requests be known unto God.

His and your co-worker,

GEORGE W. L. SANDERS

Dear Fellow Pilgrims:

Hartland M. S.

It is nice to know that though we are "Strangers and pilgriming here below," we are known, and have a city, and an eternal home in heaven. The most wonderful thing I look forward to is, seeing His face and being one of His servants who will serve Him. One prayer which I feel like praying daily is: "Lord, prepare me for Thy coming." As I follow the happenings of the world through the newspaper, and read from God's word, and hear messages from various godly men, I feel that the time of Christ's coming is at hand. Modern means of destruction remind one of the passage that says that, "if those days were not shortened, there would be no flesh saved, but for the elect's sake they shall be shortened." To watch the events that have been and are happening to the Jews is surely very interesting and impressive. I am glad that we have the privilege of witnessing for our Lord, and pray that His word shall accomplish that whereunto He sent it.

May God give you all a very blessed Christmas: Of all the years of the world's history it seems to me that there was never one when the message of Christmas could mean more. The world is so needy of temporal necessities, after the waste of war. The world's physical misery is but a dim reflection of the dreadful spiritual destitution that souls are

suffering. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift" And may you have a happy New Year too. The Christian always has happy new years. To the follower of Christ the future is always bright. Though passing clouds may obscure the sun, yet faith pierces even these and sees it shining still.

We are glad to see the progress of the work out here on the foreign field. Though it is not near what we would like to see, yet we praise God for what He has done and is doing. Over in the Transvaal at our last Quarterly we were made glad to see the goodly number who were baptized and taken into membership. God gave us some very fine messages and meetings at this Quarterly at Altona.

Yesterday the outpost I went to was one of the nearer ones. The trip was hot and dry, but by having a faithful horse to do the hard work I did not mind it very much. We changed course en-route so as to have our meeting at the home of one of our members who had been quite seriously ill, but who seems to be improving now. God blessed, and though some of the congregation did doze a bit, still on a whole it seemed that the messages reached hearts. I gave the ill woman some cookies, left over from my lunch, and she was very grateful for these. After the meeting, quite a discussion followed: about a small boy who vanished about four years ago. There was a terrible hail storm and when his relatives went to look for him, where he had gone to fetch the cattle, he was no where to be seen. The parents and friends went to the witch doctor to learn what had happened to him and were told that he had been bewitched and carried far off to Mangwazana, a distant place of mystery. Now it is rumored that there is a boy who gives much evidence of being the lost child. The mother even went and saw him, so they say, and when she had just one look at him she immediately turned away saying, "That is not my son." I was quite surprised at our Native Worker, who explained with such earnestness, how the great serpent which preceded the storm, was the evil monster which had spirited him off to Mangwazana. I said, that was merely a fable! Because the mother did not recognize the boy as her son, the people discussing this matter said that she also must have been bewitched and therefore could not recognize him.

It is very easy for these people to build up a very plausible and fearful picture concerning death or illness. So much so that converted natives consider it a great victory if a relative dies and they pass the time of their mourning without allowing themselves to suspect some one of having poisoned their loved one. Generally speaking they do not think that death can come by natural causes, they feel certain that some wicked enemy has used medicine, evil spirits or some other dark art practice, to end the life of their loved one. From this belief come a great many of their fears and hate, and murders even. Thank God the darkness has been pierced by the might of God and many have been gloriously saved and have gone home to be for ever free from fear.

The news we have received from our friends and The Highway about the advances our denomination has made this year, has been real good. May God prosper even greater efforts, which will be necessary so as to realize on our investments.

C. D. M. SANDERS