

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland Mission Station

Dear Highway Friends:

Winter's cold blasts are being felt here and I am enjoying the comfortable warmth of an open fire as I write. It has been a very busy day for me at the Hospital. I began the day with prayers, inviting the three out-patients into the ward where we have a very sick woman who is unable to speak above a whisper. They seemed fascinated, as I showed them a picture of Christ's ascension. I read the story to them, explaining how the angels told the disciples He would come again. I questioned two young women and found that they did not have a "know-so" salvation, but expressed a great desire to find the Lord. They both prayed and said they believed that God had heard them. After looking after two in-patients and a new-born babe, Myra came over, and we worked together from then until dinner time. After dinner, and a short rest, Myra went to study Zulu, and I returned to the Hospital. The patients who were leaving were anxious to get away, so I was quite rushed. Another woman had to be admitted. By this time the sun had set, and we had evening prayers with the patients. How they do appreciate this! After getting them settled for the night, I went to supper. Looking back over the busy day, I noted how the morning prayers had made things go more smoothly. Last night, after prayers, I had the privilege of leading a brother of one of our patients to the Lord. I was tired and hurried, but God laid it upon my heart to speak to him, and a soul was won for Him. Praise His precious name! The mother with the little baby was also saved a week ago. Her sister also sought the Lord recently. We so praise the Lord for these experiences, and give Him all the glory. About three days previous a native man (in-patient) prayed earnestly and claimed salvation. That meant six souls won that week! Two Sundays ago three little boys came forward in response to the altar call and one seemed really to find the Lord. Others were dealt with without such encouraging results. One was a heathen woman who had great sorrow of heart. She said she longed to be saved but her husband "strikes the ground with a stick," to quote her words. Thus he refuses his permission. I suggested that we take the matter to the Lord in prayer. She prayed and wept, and said she believed the Lord had heard her. I'm not so sure whether she was saved or not, but she at least made a start toward God.

May the Lord cause this report to encourage your prayers on our behalf for we need your prayers.

Yours for souls,

GRACE SANDERS

Hartland Mission Station

Dear Homeland Friends:

We have just come from the school-closing. It was quite interesting to see the children go through the various exercises and the little plays that were on the program. There was one play showing how the witch doctor 'smells out' the person who has or who they think has committed a crime. There were some nice songs in English, and I wish you could hear these children sing. For time and harmony, I do not think they can be excelled. Of course the big matter was the reading of the marks, and how everyone clapped as the pupils who

had passed came out and took their places in the line. Now they are having refreshments and visiting with their friends. They have a month holidays and then school goes merrily on again. We hope that this next term will see a greater enrolment for this is one way that the children come under the influence of the Gospel.

Sunday it was again my privilege to accompany Charlie to one of our outposts. It is only about three miles from here. We went on horse-back and this time I managed to keep on the horse's back and not take any nose-dives. It is much better for one's health, I think! We stopped at three kraals on the way to ask about the meeting and to greet people whom Charlie knew. At the kraal where the meeting was held is a poor man who is dying. He has given his heart to the Lord during his illness. His mother is an old woman, blind, and with very heathenish ideas. She told us that her son had been bewitched. We are praying that this man's testimony may be the means of opening the eyes of his mother and others in the kraal who know not the Lord. This poor man lies on a mat on the floor and cannot even turn himself. It made our hearts ache to see him in this condition, and it makes us grateful to our Heavenly Father for the comforts that He has bestowed upon us.

We had a good meeting and quite a number of testimonies. These trips always encourage us for it gives one a chance to get acquainted with the work and the people. The people always seem very glad when we come.

Today I was counting up the number of patients that we have each day at the Hospital. It is seldom that we have under ten per day, most days from fifteen to twenty. There are teeth to pull, examinations to make, sores to dress, etc. One day we had two men come who had been to a beer drink and had been in a fight. They had head wounds and wanted to know if their skulls were fractured. I told them we could tell better if we had an electric eye to look through, but to the best of my knowledge I thought they were all right. One man had a broken finger also, so we made splints and fixed it up. Poor fellow, it hurt him, but he was very brave. That same day there came a little girl with the worst abscesses on her head. We got her fixed up and do hope to see an improvement when she comes again. Then one of the little boys who works on the Station put his hand in the grinding machine and took his finger practically off. We wanted to send him to the doctor but no way of transport, so we got our things out and I found a little ether and gave him a whiff or two and Grace sewed him up nicely. We praise the Lord that his wound is healing nicely, and it seems as though his finger will be almost as good as it was before. Truly the Lord seems to stand beside us as we do these things, giving wisdom and strength.

We had an experience last week of how the Lord answers prayer and cares for his own. The brother of our kitchen-girl arrived saying that he was taking Silena to visit him for a month. The day she was to go, we found that he wanted to marry her off. She did not want to go, for she is a Christian and does not want to marry a heathen, and we did not want her to go. She has been in the kitchen since our marriage and we were getting to understand each other quite nicely by word and sign language. I felt that I was losing a real friend. She came to say good-bye to me and my husband and her eyes were full of tears.

That was too much for me and I hastily bid her good-bye and retired to my room. We all missed her much and prayed that the Lord would protect her and send her back if it was His will that she return to us. A few evenings later as I was in the dining room preparing for Charlie's birthday celebration, a great shout went up from outside the kitchen-door. I rushed out, meeting Grace in the door. She said, 'Myra, guess who is here,' and I rushed out to see our Silena walking very quickly toward us. She looked so happy and excited that at once we began to question her. She told us that the older people at home would not let her brother take her away and they had sent her back. We were all very happy and kept saying to each other, 'Isn't it nice that Silena is back?' So we do praise the Lord for protecting this girl and bringing her back where she can hear the gospel and continue her studies. She is a great comfort to us for we can trust her and we do hope to keep her with us for a long time yet, unless the Lord has other plans.

So these are days that we are praising the Lord for His goodness and rejoicing over the encouraging things that we see. We are praying for greater things than these. We need a revival here. There are many who need to seek the Lord, and many who have lost their testimonies need to return unto the Lord. Join us in a prayer for them and the spiritual awakening that we need.

This time next week our Quarterly Meeting will be on, and you people will be gathered on dear old Beulah camp-ground. Our thoughts turn that way, and we see the people going to and fro and hear the singing, and our hearts go out in prayer that this will be a time of great blessing to all, and that many souls will seek the Lord. So we join you in the old hymn, 'We're marching to Zion,' and when we get there, with us will be the souls who have been called from this land, from darkness to serve the Lord and to walk in His wonderful way.

Happy in the service of the King,

MYRA SANDERS

REMINDERS OF HUMILITY

The story is told of the world-famed evangelist, Gipsy Smith, who returning to his beautiful home from a most successful campaign, felt his heart stirred with pride and with a feeling of self-importance. He called his gardener and told him to place an old gipsy wagon in the back yard. The man protested saying, "Mr. Smith, that would destroy the beauty of it." But the great gipsy evangelist was determined, so the wagon was brought and placed where each time he looked from his study it could be seen. "Now," said Mr. Smith, "when the devil tempts me to think highly of myself or my accomplishments, I point him to the old wagon and remind him there is where I was when God took hold of me and but for His grace I would still be there."—Selected.

Unbelief is in man's sight no sin, while in God's sight it is of all sins the greatest.—R. C. Chapman.

"Let your light shine." Do not talk about the lantern that holds the lamp but uncover the light and let it shine.—George McDonald.

Selfishness: "He that loveth his life shall lose it."