

# Go Ye Into All the World and Preach the Gospel to Every Creature

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.,  
March 14, 1946

Dear Friends,

"Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will say, 'Here am I'". God is true to His Word! To-morrow is the appointed day for a National, Union of South Africa, praise and thanksgiving service for the wonderful rain God gave in answer to those who prayed. As it has been some time since the last rain fell, the crops, which were looking so promising, are beginning to suffer. The mealie (corn) leaves are withering; bean plants are dying while just starting to bloom or to put forth young beans, and the pumpkin vines are drying up. So, when we made this announcement, we said we would first praise God for the rain which He sent in answer to prayer, and then ask Him to send more right away. We also prayed on Sunday and Wednesday, when this announcement was made, for rain. As I write the thunder is rolling, the lightning flashing and a gentle shower of rain making music on the corrugated iron roof—Praise God! If this keeps up and we get enough rain, this area should reap a bumper crop. Many are actually suffering for lack of food. Some because they have no money left. Others because they cannot find corn. They walk to Paulpietersburg — 18 miles—hoping they can get a sack of corn; all they get is a small measure—about 2 gallons. Now the white meal is finished, so they get a mixture of yellow and white, which gives many people "tummy aches". But some are tasting, for the first time this year, new pumpkins and corn from their gardens. Usually they start eating these in January—some as early as December.

Today has been a very busy time in the Hospital. Two women arrived last night from across the Pivaan River, about 16 miles away, to stay over night to attend the V. D. Clinic—one with a very pretty baby boy. This morning the heathen husband of one arrived, followed by his new little wife carrying a one-month-old baby on her back. A little 9-year-old son also came last night with a curvature of the spine. By noon I judge that I had treated about 14 cases, and interviewed a few who wanted to be seen by the Doctor. After dinner, as the Doctor came a little later than usual, I was able to see to a few more. When he arrived we were both kept busy for two hours giving injections, examining and talking to people and then sat down and enjoyed some date-squares and chilled lemonade. When the Doctor was stepping out of the Dispensary an old woman began to groan in a pleading tone. I hushed her saying I had already spoken on her behalf and the Doctor promised that, if he had time next week, he

would give her an injection to deaden the pain and extract a tooth for her. I have never seen a native so nervous and afraid of pain as she is. One or two others stepped towards the Doctor, as he left the Hospital building, to entreat him for the same purpose, so I told them to be quiet as I had already spoken for them and he had agreed to do so if he had time next Thursday. When I counted up I found 28 had been given injections, 3 an ointment, and that in the day-book I had treated 25 today—around ten after the Doctor left. So we must have seen to about 50 natives in all. Some were so grateful for what was done for them. Poor people! After writing a number of names—those from across the Pivaan River—the Doctor remarked: "These are the real Zulu names". Here are some of them: "Senzile, (you have done it); Mbhekeni, (You have spoiled yourself, or wasted yourself). Strange names! Yes, they were a lot of raw heathen. Every time they come we have an opportunity to speak to them about God's love for them and hope and pray that the seed sown will fall into good ground.

Yours for lost souls in Africa

GRACE SANDERS.

Altona, M. S.

March 20, 1946

Dear Highway Friends,

This has been class day and, in spite of the rain, a good crowd was present. I spoke this morning from Heb. 6:12. "Followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Absalom Sibiyi preached this afternoon. His theme was faith, also a good spirit was present in both services. I myself feel the need of more patience each day. With the buildings so close together, so many school children and five school children here all the time, as well as two teachers, it seems one is in the midst of noise from morning until night. I preached to myself this morning, for I do want a greater faith too. I do daily pray that God will help us to help these under our care.

Charley Lukeli, the eldest son of our worker Paulina, has been with us about four years and he will finish Grade VI at the end of this year, if all is well. He was baptized last year and is a very nice boy. Mildred and Isaac, the children of Andrew and Kelina Mtetwa of Hartland, M. S., are also in Grade VI, so I hope next year I will not have so many children to care for.

Since my last letter I have been away from the Station for about two weeks. The first week I spent in Moolman and had a very nice quiet time.

Eugene got a new axle for the car so he came out and we went to the Hartland M. S. for one night. It was a great pleasure to see the missionaries again and a real delight to see the new little baby daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Charles Sanders.

We left there early, the morning of March 5, and made our way towards Lounsbury. I've been much interested in the accounts of those who have passed through there on their way to Zululand, and had a great desire to visit there.

After leaving Vryheid we soon reached several large coal mines—not near the road but in full sight. After we passed these there were very few houses or kraals to be seen and we got so very thirsty. At last we saw a store, so we called, but were disappointed. They had not a bit of water and the man warned us not to drink any from the streams, as every bit of drinking water must be boiled and strained. It was nearing noon and hot and Oh! I was so thirsty, but there was nothing to do but go on.

But soon we came to a high hill and I began to think we were nearing the end of our journey but no, there was quite a distance yet but a little past one o'clock we reached the foot of the Louwsburg mountain. At one end it is almost like a cliff and the road winds up like a snake on the side, rather near the cliff. It was a wonderful view and the higher up we went the cooler it became. The old Studebaker didn't give a but of trouble on the journey and I did enjoy the ride up that high hill, so very much. When we reached the top Eugene said: "A person is just about worn out, time they reach here pushing a bicycle. "I could readily understand that one certainly would be tired indeed and not able to enjoy the beautiful scenery around.

We stayed at Louwsburg just a week, returning to Altona the following Tuesday. When we left Louwsburg the top of the mountain was covered with heavy mist. I just prayed that it would lift but we left it behind as we came down and we had a lovely ride down and saw the view from another direction. I looked across the rugged country towards Altona and wondered how many poor natives lived in that area. I was talking with one very spiritual lady there and she said: "Oh, we do need more missionaries and ministers for both black and white people in this area." I believe it is true. The harvest is white but the laborers are few. I do pray that God will help us to spread out and be able to carry on our work started, in that direction.

I forgot to mention that while we were in Moolman we went one day to find Tulina, our worker who used to live at Sulphur Spring. She is now beyond Piet Retief and has started quite a little work there. We met some of her people. She feels very keenly the loss of her bright young son Johane, but was happy that he died trusting in the Lord. Albert, the oldest son, was home, and he asked us to have prayer, so Eugene held a little prayer meeting and they seemed to enjoy it very much. It seems that wherever our people have scattered to, they have started work. It ap-