

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

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland Mission Station,
October 27th, 1946

Dear Friends:

Once again I greet you from this land of sunshine and shadows. Should I say shadows? No, I think it would be better to say Darkness,—the darkness brought by Satan and all his host in their fight against God and all His gracious works. But to-day we rejoice because when the Son of God sets a soul free, that soul is free indeed. 'There is life for a look at the Crucified One, there is life at this moment for thee.'

It was my happy privilege to go with Charlie on Friday to a nearby out-post where a meeting had been announced for the afternoon. I debated at first whether to go or not, because of no European to leave the baby with and secondly on account of the Hospital. However after prayer, we decided to leave Pamela with the two girls who are very good, and as for the Hospital, my little helper can give out simple medicines and bind up cuts and bruises; so I decided to go.

We left about 12.45 p.m. in a hot sun but with a cool breeze. Had we not had the breeze, it would have been a very warm walk indeed. We went thru the wattle grove and past the homes of some of the farm people, then across a large field and headed for a large tree on the bank of the Intombi River. There was very little water in the river so we had no trouble crossing and after crawling under a fence or two we wended our way up a steep hill to a kraal to ask our way to the place where we were to have the meeting. They gave us the direction and one young woman said that she would come to the meeting. Everyone seemed to be away but this young woman, an older woman, a young man and a boy, and a rather big dog who seemed to want to be friendly but which I did not encourage.

By following their directions we soon reached our destination. The kraal is built at the bottom of a very steep hill and during the recent storm we could see great marks where the water had swept down the hill in the direction of the kraal. At the foot of the hill we saw two little graves covered with stones; and we were afterward told that the man of the kraal had to protect them from being swept away by the flood of water. All along the way we saw much erosion caused by this same rain and hail storm.

We entered and greeted the kraal and some of the people who had gathered came out and greeted us. The old lady of the kraal did not greet us for quite some time, which is their custom. When we were all gathered inside the nice clean hut where we were to have

the service, we were surprised to find eighteen adults and four children, which was good considering the short notice they had. One little baby was tied onto the back of its little nurse (she is about 10 years old) with a goat skin and its little head hanging over. These babies do not seem to mind and can sleep very nicely that way, and are not afraid of the big loads their mothers carry on their heads.

We had quite a good service and several testified. One woman who was cut off for going to a witch-doctor asked for prayer that she might be restored. The service seemed opportune as these two little graves that we had seen, had not been there very long so we trust that some comfort was derived by the sorrowing ones. We rejoice because it is our privilege to tell of Jesus the One who can comfort in all sorrows and on whom all may lean for aid.

After the service ended, we sat talking for a while, and the makoti or bride of the kraal brought in a big bowl of amahu. They poured some into a small bowl and Charlie and I took turns drinking from it, while the big bowl went the rounds. I am not too fond of this drink which they like so much: but I do try for courtesy's sake. Soon we bid these people farewell and went out from the kraal and down a very steep hill and up another equally as steep, to get a view of the river and the red Cliffs, one of the places which is very nice for an outing. We came home a slightly different way and Charlie showed me the Old Swimming Pool and other spots of interest. The sun was still very warm but we made good time and arrived at 5.00 P.M. and found everything intact and none the worse for our having left. I did enjoy the trip and do pray that the Lord will open the way for me to go oftener. I feel that it is more profitable to go out amongst the people than just to wait for them at the Hospital. And they appreciate it too. I told Charlie that I am not going to tie myself too closely to the Hospital but am going when the opportunity affords.

Charlie went back near that same section last evening for a meeting and will have another to-day. He may be able to tell you of some decisions made for the Lord.

I had Sunday School this a.m. with the teacher helping me, and it will soon be time to ring the first bell for afternoon service. Again the Miss. will help me by interpreting for me. I am glad for her help, for it would be hard to get the message across in my poor Zulu.

Since the storm last week it has been very warm, and we will probably have lots of warm weather from now on. It is very beautiful in our part of the country now, the hills are green and all the barren brown earth is covered with this green coat. I think it would seem

strange to go back to Canada now to live. Not to see our lovely hills, not to see the dark faces of the natives. Truly, something here just steals one's heart and makes one feel that this is 'home'. We trust that as we stay here and live among these people that our lives may be lives lived for Christ and may show forth something of His character. If we can influence one soul to make a decision for Christ we will feel that it certainly has been worthwhile. Many have heard the Gospel but do not see their need of accepting. Pray that they may see their lost state and flee to Christ, and find in Him the true and only Salvation that they need.

We are grateful to you all for your support, both by prayer and gifts and pray that the Lord will bless you richly as you continue to stand back of us. 'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!' It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garment; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore.' Praise the Lord.

Yours, to do His will,
MYRA SANDERS.

Hartland M. S.,
November 3, 1946

Dear Friends,

It is a beautiful, clear, morning after the rain and hail of yesterday. We had a proper African storm yesterday, in fact there were two or three storms; two bringing hail, the last one with stones an inch or more in diameter. We were grateful that the hail did not last long and that the lightning did not strike any person, building or animal we have heard of yet.

Last week end we had a few services in the form of revival meetings and God seemed to stir our hearts. One woman confessed to having attended a smelling out ceremony, because she had been accused of having been the witch who killed a woman. Others spoke of their having failed to keep our church rule in attending heathen or semi-heathen weddings. Confession is good for the soul, is the old saying: so I trust that these will renew their covenant with God and be careful to keep it and not to allow themselves to drift back into heathenism and worldliness. The time has come, (and I guess always has been) that those who decide to be Christians must be willing to separate from worldly friends and customs.

You might be interested to know of just how great a test it is for these Christians to