

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

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE I

Hartland Mission Station

Dear Friends:

Greetings from Africa in the precious name of Him who has loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.

This is a wet Sunday, so we have had few out to services. But there were more present than I really expected. The Lord helped me in the preaching service as I tried to preach on the parable of the talents. The teacher was here so she interpreted for me. The interest was good and all present testified. I was touched when Lucy Mtetwa said she thanked the Lord because He was helping me to preach and to learn the language. Truly, friends, I do thank the Lord for He does help me so much, but there's much land ahead.

Pamela and I have been alone since last Sunday. Charlie went to an out-post last Sunday for a service and on to Vryheid in company with one of our native workers, to see the Royal Family. From Vryheid they went to attend the Quarterly at Groatspruit. I also would have liked to have attended the Quarterly, and the ordination service, but it is my privilege to "hold the fort." I am learning that a missionary's wife often has to be alone, and I am getting used to it now. On Tuesday night someone tried to open the kitchen-door, but I decided it was only someone passing by who decided to scare the native girls, so the Lord gave us comfort from some of the verses of Psalm 91, and we didn't lose our sleep over it.

On Wednesday I asked Nathaniel Nyembe to take the morning Bible Class. He speaks quite well, and as he reads his Bible much, quotes scripture nicely. We are praying that the Lord will completely heal him of his affliction so that he can work for Him. The Lord again helped me greatly as I spoke from I. John 1:5 in the afternoon service: "God is Light and in Him is no darkness at all." I long for the day when I will be able to speak the words I want to speak in Zulu, and understand all that the people say. I think it is a very painful experience. Gladys and I often speak of it, and we do feel that people are indeed fortunate when they have learned Zulu, or any other language as children.

Today I heard of the death of a very sick man about one and one half miles from here. Charlie and I went to see him a week ago. When we enquired of his soul's health, he told us there was hatred between him and someone else. Charlie tried to point him to Jesus, the Lamb of God. Today, Lucy told me that when she went to call on him, he said he loved the Lord. We have prayed daily for him that he would straighten things out and get right

with God. We pray that he did. I will ask Charlie to inquire of Lucy again when he returns as I could not understand all that she said.

A week has passed since I wrote the above, but I will continue. Charlie and George arrived home a week ago Monday, and reported a good Quarterly Meeting—one of the best yet. We praise the Lord.

Good Friday we had a short Y. P. service, which all seemed to enjoy and appreciate. Some young people attended who are not very often seen at our meetings. One boy, in particular, we are praying for, that he might come to the Lord. We had an older people's service also, and the Lord was present to bless. Charlie spoke at the Y. P. Service and George preached afterwards at the other service.

On Easter Sunday, Charlie had to go to Lujajwane, one of our outposts about 10 miles from here. George said he would take the services here if I would like to go. Never having been to this outpost, I was glad for the opportunity. So about 8.30 a. m. we set off, Charlie on his bicycle and I on George's old mare. Going along some of the paths the grass was over my head and hit my face as the horse trotted along. Fortunately the dew had dried off or we would have gotten very wet. As I rode along I decided that the Princesses on their tour weren't any happier than I on that old mare—going to Lujajwane. It's grand to be satisfied with what the Lord has for us, and not to be "thirsting for earth's pleasures nor adornings bright and gay."

We rode past garden and kraals, up hill and down hill, crossed rivers and stopped to speak to people we met. About three-quarters of the way there, Charlie left his bike at a kraal and went by foot the rest of the way. The last few hills were too steep for a bike. We stopped at the kraal for a man whom Charlie wished to talk with but he was away. His old mother was home so we left a message for him. They had about eight thin, half-starved-looking dogs.

We went on and as we came near the Mavuso kraal, where the meeting was to be held, we heard some one ringing the first bell. The bell is usually a piece of iron hung up in a tree, and they hit it with a bolt or another piece of iron when they want to call the people to service. We were warmly welcomed, and while Charlie looked after the horse, Lizzie, our worker, took me into the large clean hut, with its floor freshly smeared with water and cow-dung. I seated myself on a mat, and water was brought to wash our hands. When Charlie came in, we ate our lunch—our hostess

brought in coffee, which was very refreshing after the trip in the warm sun.

Counting children, about twenty gathered for service. Several of the regular attendants were not there, having gone to sympathize with some people who had been recently bereaved. We had a good service. The worker gave us quite a bit of her experience in her testimony. That is always very interesting to me. Her husband is not a Christian, but attends services, and does not hinder her greatly in her work for the Lord. He said he rejoiced to welcome us into his home. I told him in my best Zulu that we would rejoice when he gave himself to the Lord. One young boy, who was baptised some time ago, was present and gave his testimony. He seems to be keeping true to the Lord. The oldest daughter of our worker was also present. She had to be cut off from church-fellowship some time ago for becoming engaged to a heathen young man. She does not appear to have the stable qualities of her younger sister. One of the smaller children from a near-by kraal, not used to seeing white people, just stared at us. It was quite interesting to watch them.

We left for home about 3.30 p. m. and arrived at 6.30 p. m. It was getting dark the last few miles of our journey. Some of the people accompanied us part way. We were tired but happy because we had another opportunity to witness for the Lord.

Quite recently I had to sew part of a man's ear on. His wife and children had been fighting with him, and his ears being slit anyway, it is not hard to tear them. I had to sew a girl's ear one day too. This man came for his last dressing yesterday and seemed very grateful that we had helped him. It seems there is jealousy in the kraal, as he has two wives. The younger wife wants her children to be the heirs. This man said that once they chopped him with a hoe. He said: "Some day they will kill me." Charlie talked with him for quite a long time the first day he was here, telling him of Jesus and His power to save. There are many just like him in these hills who need Jesus in all His saving power.

We are eagerly looking forward to the coming of Miss Campbell. It will be so wonderful to really see someone from home.

We feel that we have one of the greatest privileges in the world—to be here telling the people of the love of God. We praise the Lord for His mercies and blessing—for health and strength to carry on the work. He has done more than we asked or thought. To Him be the glory.

Yours, to do His will,

MYRA SANDERS