

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland Mission Station,
November 7th, 1948.

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings from sunny Africa in His dear Name. It is really sunny this morning after rain for several days. Now the hills are green and very pleasing to gaze upon.

Since I last wrote, I have had the pleasure of visiting a few of our outposts. During our Quarterly, Grace had an attack of sciatica, so while she was laid aside, I borrowed her horse, and visited, and she kindly cared for Paul and Esther. Charlie and I visited Lujojwane and called at three kraals. My second trip there. At present our worker's husband is on trial for the part he played in helping others to kill a man during a wedding feast. He has had the Light for many years but has rejected it. Now Satan has led him into serious trouble. One of their daughters, Lina, stays with us and attends school here at Hartland. She is a nice girl and has a bright testimony.

Our next trip was to Xaka, my first visit there; but I believe I wrote about that.

On Oct. 17 we went to Watervaal, my first visit to that outpost. We stopped at a kraal and had prayers on our way there.

In this kraal was an old man, his wife and a little girl. Mrs. Duplessis had just sent me a box of Christmas cards which I received the day before, so I took some along. The little girl was very happy when I gave her one and explained the Christmas scene to her. As we left, we thought the old man was going to follow us to the place of service, but he went in another direction, probably to drink beer. A man in that section was getting his fourth wife and there was plenty of beer about. It is about eight miles each way to Watervaal. The horses were in good spirits and we arrived at the kraal where we were to have the service in good time. Mrs. Nkonyane welcomed us, and brought us water to wash our hands and tea to drink when we ate our lunch. As the adults were slow gathering for service, I gathered the children and had a little Sunday School. The children seemed to enjoy it, and I do hope they remember the verse we learned. John 3:16. Again the Christmas cards were produced and every person present was very happy to receive one. Then they exchanged and examined each one. Charlie preached and I gave a short testimony. Two men who are seekers gave good testimonies also. We feel it was a profitable service and pray the Word may abide in the hearts of the people to bring forth fruit. Just after we mounted and had rode a short distance, we got caught in a real spring shower, but we had our rain-coats and as it did not last long, we were none the worse for it. We arrived home shortly before a real storm broke.

The next Saturday Charlie went by bicycle to Myenis for an evening service. As two of the girls were walking over to the Sunday service, I decided I would also walk over with them. It is 3—3½ miles to Myeni. We went by the shortcut and crossed two rivers,—the second crossing I just was able to make without taking off my shoes and stockings and wading. Then we climbed a hill,—just rocks and steep; my knees began to ache but we reached the top after awhile. We almost reached the kraal where the services were being held when we saw Charlie waving to us from an opposite hill where he had been visiting and inviting people to the afternoon ser-

vice. The people were very happy to see me; it was my first visit there. They do appreciate the missionary's visits. They then brought tea and we ate our lunch. Charlie had Sunday School in the morning. I have spoken to the worker in this section and the woman of the kraal about having a regular Sunday School, and promised to send over cards if they would get one started.

The hut was crowded for the service. We all had to sit in a cramped position. There were several men in heathen dress and one woman in heathen dress, present. There were about 35 not counting small babies. We really need a church in this section. Kelvia Mtetiva is our worker there but at present she is not very well and is going to hospital for removal of a tumor from her shoulder. We do hope this is not a malignant tumor. The man of this kraal had a serious mastoid operation at Maritzburg a few months ago. At the time he seemed touched but now that he has recovered he has hardened his heart. One of the older women at the kraal used to be a swimmer and help the people across the Pongola river. She told us some interesting stories of how some people used to become afraid and almost drown her and themselves too. One person she ducked several times until she would behave and not drag them both down.

Before we left, we again had tea and they also brought beans, samp and chicken. I didn't think I was hungry but the chicken was nicely seasoned and after awhile I was surprised to see how much I had eaten. Being a clean kraal, I enjoyed the food very much. The walk home was not so tiring as we came the longer and less steep way as Charlie had his bicycle.

A few days after that we visited a kraal here on the farm and had prayers. The mother is ill, but is improved now I hear.

We are saddened by the knowledge that Paul Nkosi has cancer and are earnestly praying for him. God is able to raise him up; so may His will be done. God knows best.

"The harvest is great but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest to send forth," and quickly answer, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

Sincerely yours for those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

MYRA SANDERS.

Hartland M. S.

Dear Highway Friends,

Greetings in the name of Jesus Whom I love and Whom I rejoice to serve.

Perhaps God saw the tears in Elizabete's eyes. Perhaps He heard her great sigh and expression of longing to accompany me on an Evangelistic trip. I felt I must go to Ruth's on the 14th. Bertha could not go. Then I remembered Elizabete and sent word that her chance had come—could she go? Soon after she arrived, shining, eager faced. We arrived at noon at Ruth's. What a view! Great mountain peaks, scores of kraals in all directions. But I was quite far from the Pivaan River. When Samson greeted me with, "We did not expect you until evening — we are not fully prepared." I felt uncomfortable. However he told me to wait and soon showed me into a neat little house, European style. Three small windows and a door. (How nice not to have to get down on hands and knees to crawl into it!) There was a small table, three chairs and a deck chair, and single bed, curtained off. Pretty Goat skins covered the mud floor. With a happy sigh I sunk into the deck chair, while Elizabete stretched out on the skins. Samson

belongs to a Swedish Mission. He came in soon after and began to talk to me. "Nkosazana, what is your purpose in coming here?" I answered, "It started way back when a man came to the Hospital with a badly infected, crushed finger. While I dressed it I questioned him about his soul's salvation. He told me that a woman used to hold services in their kraal—long years ago, but comes no more. He wants to be saved; would like her to return and hold services for them again. I found out it was Bertha. When I told Bertha she began to mourn and get burdened. So did I. But the day we planned, and started out together, was not suitable to you. We turned aside to other places. But in your letter you said, 'Please come on the 14th.' So I have come. My purpose is to view the place where Mother's feet trod so many years ago; to bring the Gospel message to the people in this section." He asked if we had planned an evening service. I said, "I have no plans. It is up to you and as God leads us together. I came to your home as Mfundisi suggested, to see our Churchmember Ruth." "Well, then I shall return." After awhile he came back. "If Nkosana wishes we shall have a night service. The service to-morrow shall be here." He went out to keep an appointment and invited everyone whom he met. Elizabete and I rested, ate lunch and then visited 3 kraals. Traifina is one of our members across a little brook from Samson's. She told us of her deliverance from fear. When the afore-mentioned young woman died, the witches "smelled out" her and her husband. Now her neighbours sent word they are going to cause their death. So they keep away from each other's kraals. It seems a hot-bed of suspicion and fear and hate-breeding. God laid a message on my heart that night. We had great liberty and blessing. The people were shown the great evil which comes from going to the Devil's servants—the Witch-Doctors. I quoted scriptures to show them. One was, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." It was an eye-opening message. Souls were convicted. Samson and Ruth both wept at the Altar, together with about five others.

Samson came to me the next morning and said he wished every one in that section could have heard that message. I asked what home I should call on next. He said, "My next door neighbour. They will not put a foot in my home." I went. Here I found out six children had died. Hearing of the death of the last born, I asked, "What caused its death?" Trying to get symptoms. The reply was, "The same one that caused the death of the others!" "Oh," I cried, "You then are living in fear and dread. Do you know of the protection and safety we, as Christians, can have, under the shed blood?" I spoke as God gave me utterance. Soon they began to relax. Their eyes widened with wonder and understanding and faith in His Word. I rejoiced to see two of the women from that kraal enter Samson's home to attend the afternoon service. Again God richly blessed.

Over and over again Samson said how glad he was we had come. He wanted us to come again. He again went to the altar and asked special prayer that he might go through with God. Fourteen came forward for prayer. One cried out with tears running down her face, "I want to get saved!" She later testified to having gotten through. One woman wept and said, "How many of us Christians will get to heaven? We hate each other.. We are murderers before God!" Elizabeth, with shining