

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

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.,  
Dec. 26, 1947

Dear Friends:

Yesterday we had a quiet day, enjoying all that goes with Christmas Day. There are some cedar trees out in front of the house so we cut a small one and after putting the trimmings on it we felt that this was a big step towards having the appearance of our Canadian Christmas. Presents from friends in the homeland have been arriving for some time and to these we added some from this land, making more than we feel we should be able to expect or be worthy of. May God bless all who sent us these reminders of their thoughts and love. Also for the pretty cards, etc.

It was raining outside, so we had rain instead of snow. The good rains we have had this summer have kept things growing, so, instead of snow we have the beautiful green, covering the trees and hills and valley. Of course to us who have seen Christmas in North America, there is always much lacking in our Christmas out here. One thing remains the same and that is "... the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

In the late afternoon, I took some ears of corn and went to call on a nearby native man who is trying to get back to the Lord from his backsliding. I found him and his wife and little daughter home, also a relative nurse girl. They were very pleased to see me and glad for the corn. New corn and Christmas are associated ideas out here. God seemed to give more liberty than usual at this little prayer meeting we had.

Sunday I visited two of our outposts and had prayers in three, no, four kraals. At the place for the appointment of that day, the heathen man of the kraal told us quite a long story of the way the witch-doctor explained the death of two people and left some relatives in fear and hatred against each other: because the deaths were supposed to have been caused by a certain man (a relative) and a departed ancestral spirit. The heathen man telling this dark story had lost a wife and now it was rumored that the man who was supposed to have bewitched her, was preparing to kill him and his second wife, who is still alive. So the darkness of heathenism is still as dense as ever. Fear and hatred are fanned to a degree where crimes are sometimes committed in the belief of taking a just revenge, when sometimes the victim is quite innocent. Fortunately the Government does not allow some of the former heathen practices: killing of supposed witches. I told this

heathen man that he had better give himself to become a Christian and let the Lord deliver him from his fears and desire to take revenge. So here is another case for prayer. The man's name is Shikisha Xaba.

As I read The Highway I find interesting items telling of new efforts being put forth to extend the work in the homeland. It seems to me that our denomination is taking hold of new and old opportunities to do honour to the Kingdom of God in the reaching of souls by the Gospel message of full salvation. May the Lord bless and guide all those who are thus engaged.

About us here at Hartland it seems that the Lord has opened what was, not long ago, closed doors: so that the Gospel message is finding more receptive hearers. As I was praying this morning, I was asking the Lord to send us the power of the Holy Spirit which would be like this rain we have been having: it is more or less continuous and persistent and penetrating. So that the hard places will be softened and the dry place will be filled with moisture. That old life will be revived and that new life will spring forth, and all the old Devil's opposition be drowned out. Will you join us in praying for the fulfilment of John 16:7-11.

Yours glad to be in His service,  
CHARLES D. M. SANDERS

Hartland Mission Station,  
December 21, 1947.

Dear Highway Friends:

In my last letter to you I told of the celebration service of "Dorothea's Birthday" and of the rising interest and concern of the South African-born Europeans for the "Black peoples" salvation, who are sitting at their "back door" practically unevangelized. I also promised to give you a description of a third glimpse God gave me of the "Whited Harvest Field."

This was in Durban where my brother Paul's daughter Grace and I spent a month with Mr. and Mrs. Burns. (Old time friends of my parents). These two dear children of God invited us in September and made our stay very pleasant indeed. They are getting on in years, being near mother's age. Many years have they spent doing mission work amongst the Indians. After they retired the missionary zeal would not retire. The fire still burned. One day they, in passing the Municipal Beer Hall, saw hundreds of native men congregated there. At once they saw a splendid opportunity. So they took it. They received permission to hold open-air services for the natives. Every Sunday now, weather permitting, for a few years, sees Mr. Burns sitting on the edge of a drinking trough for horses and cattle. On his knees is an open, small suit-case filled with

Zulu or Usutu Bibles, Testaments, Gospels and Hymn Books. These he offers at less than what it cost him to get them. Thus the men have God's Word brought to them. Many would never, otherwise, get a copy. He also gives away Sunday School cards and tracts. While he sits there let us watch Mrs. Burns. She unrolls a picture-roll. The native men have just finished their drink of beer and are drawn to her by curiosity. She smiles at them saying, in English, "Come, look at my picture!" Soon quite a number encircle her and she is telling the Gospel story, putting in a Zulu word now and again. She knows just a few Zulu words. Upon her invitation I accompanied them one Sunday. Say, friends! I wish you could have been there too! Why there were hundreds of men there! All were seated, drinking away. Then, at her invitation, they sauntered over. I listened to Mrs. Burns awhile, as a small crowd gathered about her. Then I saw that very few really got much of her message, so I offered to interpret for her. The effect on the people was amazing! First astonishment, then pleasure at hearing the Gospel in their own tongue. Then, as the message gripped their hearts, one could see seriousness and conviction settling down on them. After a bit I found myself in one circle and Mrs. Burns in another each doing our best. Then we united the circle and effort and closed by getting a few to promise to seek God, and prayed for them generally. I went three times. Once the Spirit of God moved mightily upon hearts and about a dozen raised hands for prayer. They did not want us to leave. There were many who soon went away, but my heart was touched by a group of young men. These just kept close to us drinking in every word and asking for more! The Zionists came with their train of dancing, laughing followers, flashing their wooden crosses in the air. The beating of the drum and chanting was disturbing to me at first, but I noticed these paid no attention to them. No, they were hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Who will "feed my sheep" and give them to drink? Surely our hearts were not the only ones touched? No, the loving Father's heart was also moved for did not Isaiah hear Him cry out, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

What a golden opportunity! What a great need. Pray God to bless the feeble efforts of His two dear, silver-haired servants. Pray that the need may be adequately met—"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the Harvest, that He will send forth Labourers into the Harvest."

Yours happy in His love and service,

GRACE SANDERS.