

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

P. O. Hartland, Paulpietersburg,  
Rev. S. A. Baker, Sept. 1st, 1924.  
Moncton, N. B., Canada.

Dear Brother: Doubtless you have been praying for us, as we have been marvelously sustained during a long siege of malaria. Seven sick at one time demanding attention at night as well as day. The Sisters Sterritt have proven their true worth and willingness in this time of stress, causing us to wonder what we would have done had they not been with us.

The Lord was very near in unusual blessing during the hardest days, making them full of the "joy of the Lord."

Feeding on "the good word of God" has been my blessed privilege of late, more than I had thought or asked. "I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me," has come to have a new meaning, that of feeding on the living word, and enjoying fellowship with the Father and the Son.

'Tis blessed to get new light on old truths. In yesterday's prayer meeting for the natives we had a time of buckling on the armour for more effectual warfare. We saw as never before how that the heart and core of the gospel of Christ is sacrifice. God gave His beloved Son and now withholds nothing. Christ loved the Church and gave himself. The Apostles all felt that they should live unto Him and even die for his sake. 'Twas the same with the O. T. Prophets.

And all this sacrifice was to give salvation to the lost. "Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross." Though a man of sorrows, yet Christ had a life filled with joy and said, "That my joy might be in you, and that your joy might be full." This is the secret of a happy life—the only worth-while life, livink unto him to the end that sinners may be reconciled unto God.

Consecration and faith bring the "promise of the Father," pentecost. The Sun of righteousness arises on the city of "Mansoul," causing the birds to sing and all darkness to flee away. Constant progress is the programme we shall go forward with "songs and everlasting joy."

Last Sunday was communion at this station while next is to be Big Sunday across the Pongola where ten candidates await baptism.

Continue in prayer for your work and workers in darkest Africa.

Yours in fellowship, H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland P. O., S. A.,

Dear Highway: Sept. 15th, 1924

I fear it has been a long time since we have written you. We have all been extra busy these last few weeks as we had sickness in the home—flu and malaria. Dr. and Mrs. Sanders, Paul, Alice and myself escaping, the remaining eight of the family being the victims.

However, we are glad to say they soon recovered except Paul's wife, who has been very ill with fever, being in bed since Aug. 10th, but we are glad to report her temperature is going down and we hope she will soon be up around again. Paul has proved himself to be a very capable and faithful nurse indeed. Although being broken of his rest for so long, during his wife's illness, you would always find him

cheerful and bright during the trying times. He is truly a worthy young man, his christian life telling daily. We are expecting Faith to go to Durban or Vryheid soon for a much needed rest and change—she especially needs it since having the flu. Dr. and Mrs. Sanders also are in need of a long rest and change.

Dr. Sanders was across the Pongola on Sunday, Sept. 4th; he has an appointment there every six weeks, the last Sunday baptizing ten. He had a funeral service here at the station a short time ago—a young woman died a short distance from here who had come from her own home by the Pevaan for treatment. It is the custom of these natives to bury their dead near their home, but this girl being so far away they had to bury her here, their dead always being buried within twenty-four hours after death.

It was our first attendance at a native funeral. The body was wrapped in her own blanket and carried on a stretcher by a few natives to the grave, the friends following along behind. They dig the grave like they do in the homeland, but they also dig a cave on one side of the grave where they lay the body, closing it up with wide flat stones, then the empty grave is filled up again. The idea of having the cave comes from an old superstition of hiding the body from the witch doctors who might open the grave to trouble the spirit, and finding an empty grave would be defeated in his purpose. The cave also serves as a coffin. I might add it looked strange to see the women take the shovels as well as the men to help fill up the grave.

Bertha, Lydia and Felita, some of the christian women workers, were at the service and Lydia who had read and prayed with the departed one, was called upon by the doctor to give a report to the friends of her visit to the sick one who had died trusting in the Saviour's Blood.

Alice and I who had visited the sick one also and sang to her, can say, although suffering and very weak, joined her feeble voice with us in singing the hymns.

There is a young woman here dying with consumption. Her mother and two sisters are also here with her, caring for her; they brought their own hut and are living in it.

The sick one is a christian, and longing to go; she has singing and prayers each day by different ones on the mission station, also by the native workers who always seem eager to help on this line. We are expecting to have her pass away any day. It will be a happy release for her, poor girl.

We had a native wedding a few weeks ago, on Mrs. Sanders' verandah. The young couple were both christians. We could hear the wedding party singing a long way off, as they were marching along. When they got to the house the bride and groom were seated on the verandah with the white folks, who were dressed for the occasion. Among them was our own bride and groom, Ruth and Paul. The small church organ had been put on the verandah, and Mrs. Sanders played some appropriate hymns.

The wedding party sat on long benches, and on the grass in front of the house.

The bride wore a very nice white dress

with a veil and carried, not a bouquet, but a walking stick which she held with a very firm grasp, all through the ceremony. It really was amusing to us. The groom was shy as well, and acted rather awkward at times, and it was really funny to watch them. After the ceremony was over, and the congratulations extended to them, the wedding party left for the groom's home, where a feast was waiting for them.

Last week we had three real hot days, and then the weather suddenly changed to a very cold rain, the first rain since May; it lasted for two days and surely it was cold, cattle, goats and lambs dying from the cold, one of the cows died here. We heard tell of one man losing over a dozen cattle. I like the cattle they have here very much; they are certainly nice looking and have wonderful horns. I am going to take some pictures of them some day; they have some young calves now. The only language these cattle understand is Zulu and it does seem strange to hear, even Charlie and Norman, speaking to them in Zulu. They all have Zulu names.

The donkeys also are partial to the Zulu language; there are some young donkeys now and they are so tame and interesting.

In drawing loaded wagons in this hilly country the people use from fourteen to twenty donkeys for one wagon, and almost as many oxen. Horses are only used for travelling and very often they will use two span for a covered trap or wagon. I forgot to say that while we were having the cold rain here about fifteen miles away there was snow and they had snow in Ladysmith for the second time in thirty years. Snow also at Dundee and at Glencoe; we read it was several feet deep and many other places. Trains were delayed, telephone poles were torn down, but the grass is beginning to get green. The peach and orange trees are in blossom now and look very pretty. They have several mulberry trees which are as large as oak trees, and they are loaded with fruit which resemble blackberries very much. The fruit is nice and the trees are lovely shade trees.

We don't have as many attend the school now as a number of them have to garden at home. We do love the school children very much and we do thank the Lord for the love He has given us for these people. It is really wonderful and blessed, as it is sent from above, and we praise the Lord for it every day. The girls that Mrs. Sanders have to help her pick up quite a few English words and they are so pleased to talk or speak an English word; and we are just as pleased when we say something to them in Zulu.

We were so glad to receive the last Highways—July 15 and 30. It seemed nice to hear about Beulah and to read all the familiar names of the dear ones at home.

Just a year ago we were visiting the different churches and having the privilege of meeting the many dear brothers and sisters which we had never seen before, and those whom we knew.

May the Lord richly bless you all. We know you are praying for us and the work here and we are also praying for the churches at home.

Yours in christian love,  
HELEN M. STERRITT.