

of young girls, some of whom came to carry our luggage; others to spend "Big" Sunday here.

De do praise the Lord for giving us those blessed two weeks and trust Him to bring forth fruit for His own glory. It is sad to see how few Christian men there are and how few heathen men attend meetings. In Isaya's former home we saw more heathen men than at all the other places combined. We need to pray much for conviction to seize the hearts of the native men of Africa. He is able.

This letter is very long, but I did want to share with you dear ones who are praying for us and standing by us in loving support, the blessings which we have received. Please remember us always and pray that the dear Lord will raise up more Isayas and Lydias, etc., to carry on His work in far away Africa.

Yours in Jesus,

ALICE F. STERRITT.

Hartland Mission Station,
Paulpietersburg, Natal,
Oct. 6th, 1926

Dear Homeland Friends:

"When will rain come?" "What will the cattle do, everything is dying up!" Such like expresions were common last week, but now we have had a beautiful soaking rain that satisfies all. The natives who are very short of food, will rejoice and start at once to plant their first corn gardens. Cattle that are badly down in condition will soon begin to put on flesh, while sheep may soon be driven on their long journey from low veldt to high without daily feeds of dry corn along the way.

The rain was over and the sun shining when Mrs. Sanders started yesterday forenoon for another visit in the Transvaal, where we have mission work. The first rain never fills the Pongola, but later this river has times when the natives speak of it as "The snake is angry," meaning the winding river will let none cross.

Jona Myene, reporting from Emfene, tells of ten new seekers during this last year. I recall a day when Brother Kierstead and I were both at that place holding a service, where a native woman arose, saying, "It is written that this place belongs to Luke." She referred to a native preacher who had made an effort to start a work there. But later, he became discouraged and ceased to visit that place. My mind goes still farther back to a time soon after we arrived in this district, when Mrs. Sanders and I were visiting in that direction. We stood on the hills overlooking the Pongola valley, while below we could count many native kraals across the river. There was "Emfene," just mentioned, and "Mhlahlandhlela," where we now have a small band of believers. How we prayed and asked God for that valley that then had no ray of Gospel light. Then came the years of waiting and of foundation work, until now we begin to see God answering that desire He then breathed into our hearts.

We stopped over night at the home of Peter Shelemba, who afterward became one of our preachers. Had he only kept true the light would not have been so slow reaching that valley. But he went back to his heathen ways until recently

he has returned to the Lord. His first wife died, but now he has another, Elizabeth. Last Friday they both came here, bringing a sick child on a passing donkey wagon. The child had been very sick for a week with pneumonia. We sometimes see what we call "Homeopathic miracles." Here was one. The indicated remedy was administered in the afternoon. The next morning the temperature was normal and has remained there. Our European neighbors come in for a share of help some times on this line. Last week one of these wrote us a cheque of \$50 for our Hospital Fund, in appreciation of the help received by his wife from our remedies.

Paulina reports new seekers last Sunday, and a work, the most promising we have. Jostina tells of one new seeker. Also of a tragedy occurring on the "Big Hill." A grown boy was cutting poles to build a hut when a mamba coiled about his bare ankle and bit his leg. He was hastily carried home, where the native remedies were applied. But this is our most poisonous snake and death follows sometimes in a few minutes. He felt that there was no hope, and asked them to stop their medicines and pray God to have mercy on his soul. For he had rejected light and refused to attend Jostina's nearby services. In a short time death closed the scene.

Sept. 9th

The other workers gave encouraging reports. A letter is at hand from Alfred Metula, who holds the fort at an outpost about thirty miles distant, and beyond Paulpietersburg. We hope to be here for next communion Sunday, bringing candidates for baptism.

Today Paulina left for across the Pongola, to join Mrs. Sanders at Altona. We are expecting much blessing to follow their visiting.

The individual workers are told that you are upholding them by your prayers.

Yours in Jesus,

H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland P. O.,
Via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
Sept. 26, 1926

Dear Friends:

To continue my report—I never can tell it all so will give the things that come to me as most striking.

Aloni Mkonza, one of our evangelists on this side of the river, came over to visit Isaya while we were with him and, one day, leaving Isaya to do some more thatching on his new house, Aloni, Paulina and I visited some kraals.

The first village was quite near the new gold mine, just a deep gully separating them. This mine is on the top of a hill and is now being reopened by a private company with only a few natives.

At this village is a very sick girl, I presume it is tuberculosist of the throat. Her breathing is very difficult and one can hear her some distance away. She is a heathen so we tried to point her to Jesus.

Presently her father, the head man of the village, and three young men came up. They are Devil doctors, but I did not know it at that time. In talking about Heaven, the way to get there, who would get in and who would have to stay out-

side, we spoke about witchcraft and those who practice it, how they were deceivers and used subtility to deceive, etc, etc. The head-man laughed. After our meeting Paulina told me, those three young men came to practice witchcraft, trying to cure this poor girl. When I heard this I felt very sad indeed. This one thought comforts us at such times, 'My word shall not return unto me void.' It shall accomplish that which I please.' So we can pray and leave it all with him.

Passing on, a mile or more, we visited a large kraal and had quite a company, after we had waited about an hour for them to gather. Some young men and women were interested and the head-man actually prayed. Ah me! Does he really want God, or is it only his diplomatic way of trying to please me, as everybody seems to think it so wonderful to have a real European visit from one who has their interest at heart. They often have European police come to their kraals, but when these are yet a long way off, all the men disappear and hide themselves till the police goes away. They do escape paying taxes often this way. However, we felt the women were truly in earnest, and a visiting neighbor also who, though professing to be a Christian still is bound by beer and snuff, etc. It is good to point out how Jesus can take away the love of sin. There were about thirteen present at this meting and all interested in our message.

One day Isaya, Aloni, Paulina and I visited a far away village just this side of an old gold mine. I climbed a small hill and could see the few buildings that are now idle, but I was told they too were starting work soon again. It is to work these two mines, miles apart, that a road has been built going past our mission station at Altona to the R. R. at Moleman's siding 35 miles and Piet Retief 40 miles away.

Another outpost, miles distant, two hours and a quarter of time to reach it.

We had sent word to all the kraals near so had hoped to have a good twenty or thirty people there, but the word had miscarried so we had the head-man and thirteen children only. Rather a disappointment. However, I did not feel that way, but while Isaya preached to this head-man (with a ring upon his head) I taught the children a verse and preached unto them Jesus. Only children! But often children have the best memories and I had a feeling I had done what I could and God could use my little efforts to save a soul or to lead the parents to become interested by the account these same children gave of our visit.

The road or path wound up and down mountains across small rivers, over rocky steeps and past other vilages, so was not an easy ride and some of it too difficult, so I dismounted and walked. After we had come about five miles on our return journey, while talking to two interested women at a kraal (village) a boy came up and inquired if I was one of the Miss Sterritts. He had come from an old man with a cancer, who had been here some months ago and Sister Alice had cared for him in hospital.

Now you can perhaps imagine how sadly disappointed I felt for I had thought

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