

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.

Dear Homeland Friends:

It is surely beautiful in Africa this morning and my heart is full of praise to the dear Lord as I look out on the beauty which surrounds us. The little birds are singing their carols of praise and the whole earth seems full of praise to God. Truly we do see God in nature and how wonderful is His power manifested in earth and sky. "Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge; there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard" as David so beautifully expresses it. Last night as I stood on the verandah and looked into the starry sky, it seemed more wonderful and beautiful than ever before, and my heart was unutterably blest because this same God is my God and Father, and because Jesus, the Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me, and I remembered that "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." These are very precious days to my soul. He is blessing and teaching my heart and causing me to see the greatness of His promises, and His willingness to answer prayer.

It is pleasantly cool this morning, but we have had some very hot days already and very little rain and the poor natives are lamenting about their gardens.

Yesterday was very hot and so windy, but I do thank Him for letting me go to the chiefs' kraal where I had a very sweet time with eight women and some young girls. I am so glad for the portions of the Word where we find Jesus dealing with women especially. It is very helpful to these women of Africa to know that Jesus regards them and cares for their souls, for many times their lot is a hard one indeed.

The chief's wife is being led of the Lord and her understanding is becoming enlightened for which we thank the Lord. Her prayer yesterday was really very beautiful and her testimony good. I could not help but compare it with the darkness and fear of her soul some eight months ago. She does want to be a faithful follower of the Lord and He is bringing her along. She was baptized last Big Sunday with many others as you have probably heard. Long ago she told me of a dream which greatly helped her faith and hope in seeking God. She dreamed that she saw the Saviour and many happy children in a very beautiful place. Between them and her stretched a great glittering stream of water so pure and wonderful. She desired greatly to join them on the other side but Jesus told her she must first leave her sins and then wash in this beautiful stream. She awoke and prayed earnestly for her sins to be taken away and she dates her spiritual experience from that time. The Lord deals with these dear souls in many wonderful ways to enlighten their poor dark hearts. She is anxious now to learn to read and hopes to get a young girl who reads nicely to come and live with her and teach her.

I stopped at Mandndu's kraal where

there is always someone sick. This is very discouraging and one of the wives said, "We live with a sword in our house"—meaning that there is always trouble. Yesterday two of the wives were sick and the other wife and sister-in-law said they must stay home and help look after things as Mandndu and his brother were not home. This other brother, Tokazi, is a very peculiar man, has been sick a good deal lately and the last time I was there said he was greatly haunted by the fear of witchcraft. To me this is one of the saddest things about heathenism. It brings them into such awful bondage and causes them to lie and deceive in many ways. We cannot fully realize the awfulness of it but we know it hangs over them like a great black cloud, and our hearts ache for them. It is surprising how the weak Christians are troubled by this awful dread and fear, but we praise God for those who are delivered. Josefa was at the chief's kraal one Sunday with me and it was truly a delight to my soul to hear him get up and tell how the Lord had so saved him from it. He could bring in so many more different points than I could with my limited knowledge of the people and their many customs, and I was so glad he was there. It makes the fact so much more real when one of their own can tell of this miracle—saved from all fear of witchcraft through faith in Jesus.

A few weeks ago Helen and I went to a kraal where a few other people gathered from the nearby kraals. There were no less than five professing Christians among the number, yet all confessed that they feared the "Umtakati" (person who practices witchcraft). Of course when they pay the full price and the real light and blessing of God comes into their souls, this fear is bound to go, but some come along slowly and many times their heathen homes create an atmosphere which is so hard to break away from. This was a place where the very air seemed full of Satanic power and the meeting was hard enough to almost discourage our souls—it was awful—but we kept looking to Jesus and He did prevail. One dear soul wept before the Lord and cried for help and she got blest. He surely helped her and the others were touched. We were so glad that the Word tells us Jesus came to save us from our enemies and "from the hand of all that hate us" that "we might serve Him without fear in holiness and righteousness." They said those words were sweet indeed, but some were not willing yet to part with their beer and snuff, etc., but He is able to bring them to the place of surrender. He answers prayer and how great is the need of prayer in this heathen land. Prayer, and more prayer, until we see more of His saving power. It is a wonderful privilege to live among these people and we do praise Him for the call to Africa. We marvel that He should have been so gracious—we feel so unworthy of it, but we do praise Him.

And now I must close. We want to visit a girl who is dying with consumption.

"Christ was Broken Bread for me,
O, if only I may be
In His tender hands divine
Broken bread and poured out wine."

Pray for us always, dear friends, even as we do for you.

Lovingly yours in His service,
ALICE F. STERRITT.

Hartland P. O.

Dear Friends:

My heart praises God for permitting me, again, to leave home and spend a few days hunting up our sheep in far away places.

I expect to be away ten or eleven days altogether and this time, it is a real itinerating trip among outposts across the Pivaan river.

At present I am close up under the Adumbe mountain which, I have been told, is nearly 1,000 feet high. If this be so, Bucu is much higher than that, as, are also, some of the other mountainous hills of Pongola like Entungwini, Kira Liba and many others. Some rise so steeply from the river as almost to be perpendicular, others more gradual. As one climbs up and down, in and out among so many stupendous hills one has the feeling of being hemmed in with no way of getting out. This vast sweep of hills, some rising fold on fold, some with flat, table-tops, others sharp peaks and all sizes and shapes in between, one reflects on the awe-inspiring sight and is reminded of the dreadful convulsion of earthquake that was once in this place. It is a very common thing to meet rocks that once had lain flat, but now the strata is upheaved and looks all on edge or at sharp angles from what they once had been.

I am always reminded of God's mighty power and realize with joy, He that can so shape the hills out of their places can also shape sin out of the hearts of these heathen.

This Adumbe hill has good coal on top so the workings begin well up to its highest height and many of our natives find employment here.

It is not the only hill with coal on top or high up on their sides. It is only one among a long chain of such mountains, all with coal high up. What an upheaval to throw up coal from such depths as we have been taught.

Adumbe stands out sharp and distinct for on the other side from where I am, lies a rather flat country with this as the only nearby high hill. The town of Paulpietersburg is on this flat.

In the near distance is another mountain, Makadiskop—two headed—and also has coal. But I want to tell of souls helped by our coming among them. Leaving home Friday noon we soon came to the high bank of Pivaan. Down the side of this mountainous hill I could not ride as the horse had quite enough to do to get himself down alone. Our path lies on a horse-back ridge with just enough room for it and little to spare. Both sides fall sharply away and I wonder if one could not get down quicker if one was just to roll down! Of course the stones might interfere or make the tumble a little unpleasant.

When nearly down we came to a village where a sick child lived. He is better. Joeli had been there and prayed for it a day or two before.

On and on, still downward and passing more villages where we call them to