

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,
via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
Nov. 22, 1926

Dear Homeland Friends:

A few lines from Africa this hot morning to let you know we are well and happy. It is a wonderful privilege to live for Jesus in this far-off land and we would not be elsewhere on earth today.

"His divine will is sweet to me
For I remember Calvary."

The Lord has graciously given us some lovely cool days and a refreshing rain last week which was greatly needed. Helen and I had ridden to Paulpietersburg and were kept over a day by the heavy downpour. Such a long ride is usually very tiring, but the weather was so delightful and the country so beautiful, we found it very enjoyable. I wish I could picture to you the wonderful stretch of mountainous country through which the road leads, for it is really a marvellous sight. At this end the road has been cut through some of the great hills and for about eight miles there is a succession of hills to climb, after which the country is more level and we look upon a great expanse of country dotted here and there with Dutch and German homesteads, with greater hills and mountains rising in the distance. It is really a wonderful view and we stopped our horses many times along the way to feast our eyes on the beauty of Africa. It is such a grand old country, so very different from what we expected to find.

Each of these large farms contains a certain number of kraals—the homes of the Zulu people, and what the white man would do without his native help I do not know. In spite of their sin and darkness, indolence and ignorance these natives are wonderful and are really the burden-bearers for the white population, and though many are lazy and untrustworthy, there are others on whom you can faithfully depend. It takes much patience to deal with natives and a knowledge of their customs and language is so necessary. This is where the missionary finds himself "up against it" as the saying is. It means a continued study of both and of the different personalities as well, but it is a most interesting life—many shadows, also much beautiful sunshine from the Father's hand of Love, and Eternity alone will show forth the full results of the labors spent among them. It will be so beautiful to see these dear black people "shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father" and the Lord is putting such a cry in my soul to see many, so many of them there.

How my heart praises Him this morning for calling me to this land to live among the Zulus and tell them of Jesus the mighty to save and of the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." Praise the Lord. I am so glad He did not pass me by, though there are others so much more worthy and with greater abilities, yet He did choose me. I do love and praise Him for it all. Pray that we may be filled with the knowledge of His will and see the full desire of our hearts in the salvation of many precious souls.

We do praise God that His Spirit is

speaking to many souls. After Nell had prayers with the natives this morning, the smallest girl waited to speak with her. Covering her face with her hands she said, "I am with a sin," and proceeded to tell how she went in the pantry several weeks ago and took four cookies from the tin and ate them. Helen was much surprised, but very glad for her honest confession which probably took considerable courage. The poor little soul was alone at the house, for we were out to the kraals and the others were working in the garden. She was left to grind mealies for their supper. She says it was the first time she ever stole and yesterday in meeting she saw what a sin it was, her heart was convicted and right there she asked the Lord to forgive her and after prayers this morning confessed her sin.

In a kraal not far from here a little baby died last week. We went there several times and had prayers with them and the old grandmother who so very faithfully watched the little one day and night, looked into my face so sadly one day and said: "It is because of my sin that this baby is dying. It has no sin, but it is because of mine," and then told me how unkindly she had treated her daughter-in-law, the baby's mother, scolding and blaming her and causing pain in her heart. Now she wants the Lord to forgive her and give her a white heart so she can go to Heaven and meet the baby again. We long to see this kraal a Christian one and the Lord is able to do it. I have always suspected that the wife was unkindly treated. She wears such a sad face and seems burdened. I have heard lately that her husband so cruelly whipped and kicked her a couple of years ago that she was unable to work for several weeks. This is so sad it makes my heart ache, but the Lord has put a burden and yearning in my heart for his soul and "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think."

The poor women of Africa have many bitter experiences. This same man has another wife in the same kraal, and two others who live in different kraals. Pray, dear friends, that God will arouse the hearts of the Zulu men. There are so few Christians among them.

Yesterday at the kraal where Nell had meeting, nearly thirty were present and Makunzini stood up with a shining face to give his testimony and then preached with all his heart to his own people. She said it was really beautiful to hear him. He is a wonderful comfort to our souls. The Lord has brought deliverance from beer to another precious soul over there for which we do praise Him. He does deal so graciously with these dear souls.

At Magubulundu's a small company gathered. The young bride looked very sad and prayed for the first time and a very old woman said she wanted to give herself to the Lord. Mandundu was there and I am always so glad when he is present. The man who was laid by so many months with a broken leg comes there to meeting now. He does not go to beer drinks any more but still likes beer, and has not fully given himself to Jesus.

We need to pray much for all these halting souls that they may really seek God with all their hearts.

Samuel tells us that the Church at

Etungwini has been completed and they are to have a day of special meeting Thursday—a dedication really. May the Lord give them a blessed time; they have been faithful in their labors to make this church. The native workers are hoping to go over, and if the Lord wills, Helen and I should love to go also. The river may be too full.

I wish you could have seen Jona Myeni's shining, happy face as he stood up and praised God last Big Sunday. He was so blest in meeting with the people of God on this side the Pongola once more. Really it was beautiful to see his joy in the Lord.

The native workers over there do not have the "Communion of saints" as often as the workers on this side. Their fields are farther apart and they cannot meet as often, but the Lord is making bright lights of them.

Helen joins me in love and best New Year Wishes. May it be a blessed year to you all. Christmas will be passed away when this reaches you.

We so much enjoy hearing of Faith's beautiful time and returning health. Her letters are a joy to us, and we do praise the Lord for it all.

Yours in Christian love,

ALICE F. STERRITT.

Hartland Mission Station,

Natal, Nov. 14, 1926

Dear Homeland Friends:

Such a full day this has been. I did not count the people, but our church building (60 x 20 ft.) was much crowded. There were many visitors from the nearby churches. But they all listened so hungrily and were edified, I am sure. Seventy-five partook of Communion, three members were restored to full fellowship, two were received in to the church by letter and one babe presented to the Lord. One woman, residing on this farm, arose and gave herself to seek the Lord.

Before meeting, a man reported that he desired to join this church soon, together with his wife and three children. He lives near us and far from his church.

The blessing of the Lord is manifestly upon this work. Our church building is fast becoming too small. By next dry season we may be compelled to move the up-hill wall back, and thus make the building wider.

Praying for the sick giving them medicine, suitable food, and sometimes needed clothing is one of our drawing cards. Remembering the hungry with food, the naked with clothing; visiting and praying with those in trouble, all make a strong appeal to these Zulus. General Christlike helpfulness counts as much as or more than our preaching.

Saturday, Befu brought two women for Big Sunday. They live far away, across the Pivaan. One, the mother, was a "Isangoma," or witch doctor, earning money by her art of divining the finding of lost or hidden articles, the advising of sick people as to what doctor to consult, etc., were all in her line. Her daughter, still a young woman, has lost three children, and now hopes to become a true Christian and meet her lost ones in a better world. They both were begging for suits of

(Continued on Page Six).