

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Hartland P. O.,
Via Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
Sept. 19, 1927

Dear Homeland Friends:

We have been home from the Transvaal for three weeks and are expecting to return again very soon. We cannot be content to remain on this side, while we remember that great needy field.

Isaya Sangweni said: "My heart does not have peace if I stay home a few days." This he said when speaking of some work around his own home which he felt he should attend to. And so it is with our hearts since the Lord has permitted us to visit there. We cannot be happy to stay on this side where there are so many of us, for we hear the voice of Jesus calling us to live among those hungry and neglected people and we rejoice to go. We are only waiting to finish some duties on this side before returning to them. Our souls are full of praise to God for speaking so definitely to our hearts about it, and it is a beautiful privilege He has afforded us. It is an open door of opportunity which He has placed before us and we feel we would be indeed guilty before God if we fail to step in, and thus deny those precious souls the Bread and Water of Life. How we praise Him for enabling us to get over there and see the great need. Having seen the need we cannot praise Him enough for calling us. It is very sweet to our souls.

Yesterday we had an especially blessed meeting at the Lindeni kraal. Paulos gave a beautiful testimony to the keeping power of God and the joy of the Holy Ghost which has been with him during these months he has been working for his landlord. He was so happy to be in a service again and to hear the Word of God, which so blest and satisfied his heart he fairly wept for joy, and his prayer just lifted our souls. Truly he is a precious child of God and his young sister is also a bright light in that home. The old mother is very earnest and the Lord is enlightening her soul more and more. She had a very sweet answer to prayer during a recent illness which has greatly blest her and strengthens her faith. She is a very fine native woman and very devoted to her family.

Paulos and his landlord had many talks about the things of God and he is so grateful to the Lord for giving him a "boss" who was willing to listen to his testimonies concerning this great joy in his soul. He says, "it helped the hunger of his heart when he could not get to meetings," and I know that his beautiful life and testimony were used of God in touching the heart of that sheep farmer, for he spoke of Paulos to us so kindly, even tenderly, saying, "He is a good boy, yes, he is good. I can trust him implicitly," and referred to the conversations he had with him about his Christian experience. He is a German and seemed really interested in mission work, and in the natives on his farm. Next year they are to have a new landlord which they regret very much.

The natives in the Transvaal are much oppressed, we are told. In some places they do not have a chance to do their own planting except on Sunday, because their landlords demand so much service from them. It is a sad thing. Let us pray that God will change these circumstances.

The dear old man with a cancer whom we went to see has since passed away. We do thank the Lord that we were permitted to see him once again, and we believe Jesus took him to Himself. About all his people are heathen. For miles that country extends in a complete heathen locality where the Word of God has scarcely been heard. Our hearts are longing to go back and live among those neglected people. We need to pray much and ask you to join us, dear friends, that many souls may be won for Jesus. Laborers are few. Isaya seems so alone in that big field and he does need the help of a resident white missionary there.

One afternoon we rode out and in one small section looked upon twelve kraals where there was not one Christian. We had a most blessed time. Truly the Lord was with us and blest His Word, touching and enlightening hearts. Several are coming now to meetings at the church there from that section. When Isaya is not home on Sundays, Agnes, his wife, holds a prayer-meeting there. She is a very fine little woman.

Continue to pray for us all—for we do appreciate your prayers and loving interest. We want His complete will done in our lives, and to fulfil His desire in the work to which He called us in Africa. Jesus' blood covers me, and I praise Him for His wondrous, unchanging love.

Yours in Him,

ALICE F. STERRITT

Hartland P. O.,

Natal, South Africa

Dear Friends:

Bucu Chap. IV.

Sunday dawned clear, but with heavy clouds and mist still clung to the tops of the hills and the wind was cold.

Fearing the Roundval (stone built hut) though large, would be too small and cold, we hunted for a place sheltered enough to hold our meeting out of doors, and found a nice suitable one by the stone wall of an old cattle kraal. As tall grass was plentiful, we could make the people very comfortable indeed.

My heart was filled and thrilled with gratitude to God for permitting me to have this so glorious an opportunity of preaching Christ, explaining His life and death, to these people who knew so little about Him. At early morning prayer out on this hill top, my soul was much blessed, drawn out in self-sacrifice, willingness for what God might have for me to do and perhaps suffer for Him. I yearned over these people, so slow to give up the fetters that bind them, and so ignorant that I could hope to give only a little help to enlighten them further in their awful darkness.

This was my third trip and each time I found myself yearning over the lost with an intensity that had not diminished in all these years in Africa. A something within that is not in the human heart, but comes when the Holy Spirit arrives to stay. Is it like Jesus when we read of Him, "He was moved with compassion when He saw the people as sheep having no shepherd." It makes one fearless of opposition or discouraging circumstances or toil. Just one longing to be able to present the truth so simply that "the wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein. Then God draws so near and says: "Ask of me." One can ask and faith accompaies the asking too.

Only about twenty grown-ups present as a beer-drink was on not far away, but I was much encouraged to find Meleli, the head-man, and his wives were there. It argued well for the strength of his desires and how earnest he was in seeking!

He has been so wicked, so evil-tempered, and made it so hard for his two seeking wives and his Christian sister.

It was so easy to preach and teach these people of Jesus and how to find Him. We had a most excellent testimony, and Paulina exhorted beautifully.

George Sangweni and his friend, Josiah Nkaso, both with chest trouble, gave such clear ringing testimonies, one's heart leaped with praise to listen to them. They had come through and knew whereof they spoke. Josiah said: "In one day God delivered me from the appetites for beer and tobacco and also from the fetters of demons (witchcraft) for I was a doctor. God has all power." There were quite a few other testimonies and then came the presentation of twenty-three children to the church (I think Meleli had sixteen there), quite a little band to get new names for and all had managed to get some kind of a garment to cover them with for the occasion. Meleli wished at first and for some unstated reason, to keep back two of them for another time, but we soon persuaded him it was well to have all of his come together.

At the altar service twelve came forward and some got through to victory, but one for beer, another for snuff did not get through. She with beer said: "So many who start long after I did are now ahead of me and I am still bound by Satan. Oh, pray for me to be freed!" Yes, she was a seeker at the Hartland Centre years ago, but never has given up beer. She professed to have the experience of speaking in tongues and made great demonstrations but never could give up beer and snuff. Last year Paulina and I visited her and by the Word of God showed her if she had the Holy Spirit she would receive power to overcome sin, for his work was to take out the love for sinning.

At the close of the altar service I asked all who would dare to take God at His word and die rather than go back on God, to hold up their hands. Four did and among these was Wombango, the wife of another head-man and whose story is as follows: A year ago Paulina and I visited this kraal (village) and tried to interest the wives of the head-man, George Nkosi, but though one or two agreed they wanted to be Christians, they did not feel they were ready to forsake their sins just yet. Wombango said: "Do you think I could leave off beer? No, I should still love it even with a head-dress on." It seemed impossible to her to be ever able to do such a thing.

Months passed, then one day a brother of hers, drunk, threatened to kill her and made a lunge at her. She slipped and fell on some rocks and heard the bone of her arm break. It was a long time getting better and probably will always trouble her, but, though much troubled and suffering, she called upon God, got hungry to know her sins forgiven, and this Sunday put up her hand and took Jesus by gait to free her from even the impossible beer. He did. Today she is free and ever since testifies to God's power to save from sin.

Then we had Communion. Only six of us to partake but it was one of the sweetest Com-