

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Durban, Natal

Dear Homeland Friends:

A few lines at this time from Durban.

A lady friend of ours, the Art Mistress at the Girls' High School in Durban, sent us a very kind invitation to spend a month here at her expense, the same post bringing money from her for our train fares. Of course we were very much surprised and grateful for this kind offer, and as I had some dentist work that should be done, I decided that it must be of the Lord for me to accept this kind offer.

My sister, however, decided to stay at home and spend extra time in prayer, for the work at this time is in great need of special prayer. Naturally I did want her to come, oh, so much, but she felt it was of the Lord for her to stay at home. May the Lord richly bless her. Our faithful native girl, Umilieta, also came at this kind friend's invitation. Paulina, the faithful native girl, who helps Dr. Sanders in the store these many years, having come three weeks before, for a much needed rest. So now these two native girls are having a wonderful time together, sight-seeing in Durban, but the most wonderful thing of all to them is the ocean and ships. Really, friends, we have no idea of the surprise and pleasure the natives receive when they first see the ocean. It was worth a lot to me to behold the girls' faces and eyes, and to hear the expressions when I first took them to the beach. I received permission another day to take them on board two boats—one was a large passenger steamer sailing for Germany the following day—the other one was being repaired, and I was able to take them up to the very top. They were so glad to see and have an idea now how their missionaries travel on the sea. They say a ship is like a small town.

This has always been a mystery to them this wonderful matter of crossing the ocean in a boat. Now they say they understand.

They did venture after a time to put their feet in the water, but with much care, and as the waves would come in, they would run for their lives. Umilieta, as we have written before, is engaged to blind Solomon. I praise the Lord for this opportunity she has of seeing Durban and the ocean before she settles down in married life.

Our friend has been very good indeed to these two girls in paying their expenses also here in Durban.

They are staying in the native home for women in the town. This is certainly a lovely place for natives—electric lights, bath-room, hot and cold water, nice beds, each one must be in the home for call at nine o'clock and the doors are locked for the night. A white woman and her daughter are in charge. They tell me sometimes they have three hundred and fifty people there at one time under their care. It is a fine large building, or buildings I should say, with well kept grounds, and Durban should be justly proud of this native home under good supervision.

We are expecting to return home on the first of March. We spent our first three weeks on a mission station ten miles out from the town. We had a very quiet, restful time indeed, and we thank our Heavenly Father for this token of his love. Our friend spending her week ends with us. We were able to go by train into Durban for the day occasionally. This Mission which is an inde-

pendent one, was founded some years ago by a lady, a German by birth, who lived at Cape Town. She put her all, which was one thousand and six hundred pounds, in this work, and today although weak in body, she is strong in the Lord. A lady friend joined her and they have a fine Bible school, and a day school of some eighty children, also a night school is provided for the ones who cannot attend during the day. There are two native teachers in the school, male and female, both fine Christians. The buildings are very fine.

They had while we were there a belated Christmas closing owing to the ill-health of this dear lady, who has given her all for the sake of the gospel. The children had a fine afternoon, the singing and exercises were indeed fine, the drilling was something that I won't soon forget—the little boys especially did their drilling so nicely—white boys could not have done better. Some Christian friends from Durban were present, also native evangelists, and all had a chance to give out the Word, or testify for God. Then later the presents were given out which included dolls, jack-knives, balls and other toys. Twenty-five pounds of candy was given out to them, besides nine or ten dozen cakes and as many mineral drinks. Needless to say, these little black boys and girls went home very happy and satisfied with the kindness of their white teachers. Many of the parents were present and showed their appreciation by thanking the lady who has done so much for them.

Dear friends, I have been wondering since coming here how many would do the same as she has done, putting all her money in the work of God. She has not a motor car—she has to hurry to catch trains and cars. She lives plainly and yet she could have put this money out at interest or some other way to have increased, but thank the Lord, she has taken the Bible way. She is laying up treasure in Heaven.

Yours for souls in Africa,

HELEN M. STERRITT

Hartland Mission Station,

Natal, So. Africa,

March 7th, 1928

Dear Homeland Friends:

I am listening for drops of rain on our iron roof. Last evening, at this time, we were getting good showers, the first for weeks. The crops of natives and Europeans in all our district were severely threatened. But rain came and saved the situation, though more is needed, and seems near.

Before me lies the "Natal Witness," our daily newspaper, in which the leading editorial, "Three years of drought," speaks about the present distress in Cape Colony, thus: "Prosperous farmers have lost all—cattle and sheep, all starved to death and all crops burned with drought. These men are working by the day where they can find employment, while their wives and children depend upon charity, and are on the verge of starvation. Children are fainting from hunger in schools. Relief funds are being raised and money wired to the Administrator of that stricken colony, etc."

Last season, drought compelled many farmers in Zululand to desert their farms and seek employment elsewhere. So the editor may well say in his article, "Drought is a South African menace." Even Natal has its bad years. I remember the first day I set

foot in this place, I met Dutch farmers selling corn to the natives for \$15 per bag, six times what is usually charged.

In some of our letters we mentioned native unrest, as being fomented by the "I. C. U." The latest development is the desecration of a large cemetery at Greytown, near Durban. We read: "Out of 700 graves, little more than 50 stones remain intact. Noble monuments, which have stood at the head of graves for more than 50 years lie shattered, and the whole graveyard a scene of desolation." The writer goes on to say, "When I visited the graveyard it was thronged with bare headed and weeping people. One stone, of imported Italian marble, valued at \$2,000, has been smashed to smithereens. The damages to another stone is more than \$5,000, etc."

Police dogs aided in tracing one of the natives responsible for this destruction. An angry mob of Europeans broke into the jail, trying to lynch this fellow, but failed. In his panic he divulged two other names of his accomplices. All the truth is not known, but the surmise is that these natives are but tools of the "I. C. U.," a political native organization, who have in this way given the white race a slap in the face, expressing their displeasure at the way our Government is treating them.

Today we had a report from one of our workers, Johanisi Bekiswayo, who lives beyond the town of Paulpietersburg. He tells of his praying with the sick, and the blessing that has followed. Whenever he leaves off this work for a time, he is warned by a dream that he must go on praying with the sick and those who are in trouble. So he is quite sure of his calling. Even Sunday he has a meeting in his own hut. Among those in attendance are some who have left a preacher much nearer their homes, because he tells them to do their own praying in times of sickness. Johanisi speaks of many needy kraals near his home. Then those who do profess Christianity, he says, are living like the world and are only dressed heathen. The natives believe Johanisi to be a good man and truly in earnest, and we agree with them.

We have our temptations to discouragement and our encouragements. But we have learned to look up as Noah in the Ark, who had but one window and that with an outlook, not on his surroundings, but only heavenward.

David, we remember, sinned by numbering his army, while Gideon was given only three hundred soldiers, that God might have the glory for victory.

Our Lord has not changed. His method of campaign is to make His strength perfect in weakness. Two or three with Him form a conquering majority. "Yea, and the things that are naught hath God chosen that no flesh should glory in His presence."

Let us glorify God by looking to Him alone for victory in life and work. Those who trust in the arm of flesh are the ones whose hearts are liable to depart from the Lord, while the ones who trust alone in Him shall be as Mount Zion, that can not be moved. Of such an one we read, "His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."

Yours, trusting in Him,

H. C. SANDERS

"If there be no likeness between you and Christ on earth, there can be no friendship between Christ and you in Heaven."