

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland P. O.,
Natal, South Africa

Dear Homeland Friends:

We are enjoying Africa's beautiful winter weather now, and we do praise the Lord for it. It is the best time of all the year to us.

Helen is at Altona, but I am waiting until Miriam and Grace have returned from their holiday. They are having a very lovely time, and we are glad for them.

Isaya has been here and just rode away with his new horse. He is very grateful to the Lord and to the friends across the ocean who have so kindly helped us, and sends his thanks as I also do. I was able to get two strong horses for the exact sum of money received. In answer to prayer the man came down several pounds in the price which he first asked for them. I did feel so grateful to the Lord for this and I know you will be glad too.

I have heard from Helen several times and she is happy to be among those needy people. I expect she will find it rather lonesome living in the tent alone, but she is content in the will of God and so am I, for there is nothing so sweet to our souls. Isaya and his wife are truly a beloved brother and sister in the Lord and are most kind to her.

Two weeks ago I rode to Entungwini on Saturday afternoon, accompanied by two native girls on foot. Having to wait for them frequently, my progress was hindered, and we arrived by moonlight which was pleasant to me. It was truly a delight to be there once again, and the dear Lord so refreshed me during the journey I hardly felt tired, which was really wonderful. I did praise Him for answered prayer and the assurance of being in His will.

I ate a light supper sitting on a grass mat in a hut before a fire such as natives only can make, and listened with pleasure to the interesting sounds and bits of conversation which came to me from outside. Then the poor old mother of the kraal came in and told me of her troubles—a sick grandchild to look after, cattle to watch lest their corn be eaten, which has been her work for months, the younger ones doing the weeding, driving the birds from the grain fields, and now the reaping time is come and all are very busy. The poor old soul will be very glad when her blind son Solomon is married to our good girl Meheta. These old Zulu women are great burden-carriers for the children are their special duty it seems, and they love to do it.

Mandundu, the heathen son, arrived later and though surprised to find me in possession of this hut, was very gracious, greeted me kindly and was very eager to get acquainted with his prospective sister-in-law. This was his first opportunity of meeting her and he made himself very agreeable, preferring conversation to evening prayers, but finally consented to enter the family circle when all drew near the open fire in the next hut to sing and hear the Word of the Lord before retiring. We long to see him a Christian with the others and though apparently very indifferent, we see he is not untouched when the Word of God is spoken.

Though it was a really cold night we slept very warm and comfortably on the church floor. The native girls were surprised to find it warmer than "zindhlu gabantu" (native huts) and we certainly had nothing to complain of, but much to praise the Lord for.

Sunday morning was most beautiful, and how glad I was to be there. It was noon before the little companies of people began to appear in the many footpaths leading over the hills in every direction. I was sorry for this as it makes the time for service so short, but many of them have long distances to come. We hope when they have missionaries living on that side, they will be encouraged to come earlier and thus have two services on Communion Sunday as we do on this side, for they really should have.

I did receive a loving Christian greeting from those dear black people which was very blessed to my soul. They do appreciate the presence of missionaries among them.

Mrs. Sanders and George arrived just before meeting, for which I was so glad, the people do look forward to partaking of the Lord's Supper on that day and it was a very nice service concerning which I suppose Mrs. Sanders has written you. Your souls would have been blest could you have heard Sampel and Isaya's stirring testimonies as they told with shining faces of God's definite dealings with them concerning polygamy, and how they praise God that they walked in the light of gospel teaching and have happy Christian homes today. Such definite happy testimonies from Zulu men certainly bring conviction to hearts and we do praise God for them. Paulos Mhlope fell into sin by this custom and has lost the blessing of the Lord. This is an inexpressible sorrow to our hearts and we pray that God will deal with him according to His mercy.

The sun was almost setting back of the great western hills before we got away from Entungwini. Our ride was in the soft gloaming and the greater part of it in the beautiful moonlight which was truly enjoyable. We arrived home at 8 o'clock and Helen had a warm supper awaiting me which was very welcome, for I had not eaten since breakfast. She went to Altona with Joeli the next Saturday, and that ride takes an hour and a half longer travelling in a different direction, though we can go to Altona via Entungwini also.

There are not many medical cases these days, but I am very glad to minister to the many or few in His name. How that thought gladdens every act of service. Praise the Lord!

In just three weeks more many of you will be gathered at Beulah. Our hearts are calling upon Jesus for His special help and blessing in that annual gathering, and naturally we are much interested in the wedding of our sister missionary. We shall rejoice when we hear their faces are turned toward Africa—their hearts we believe are already here. May the Lord greatly bless them all the way along.

We trust it will be a grand camp meeting, and we know you are remembering us all in prayer.

Yours looking unto Jesus,

ALICE F. STERRITT

A TEST OF FRIENDSHIP

The man who can keep little confidences as sacred, who can be trusted, who does not get his best friends into trouble by telling others all that they tell him, is a friend worth having. But the man who serves only as a broadcasting station puts his friends in a close place so often that they cease to be confidential with him. Betrayal of sacred confidences is the most serious breach of trust.—Wesleyan Methodist.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Read at Beulah, June 30th, 1928.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

With the passing of another year, we are permitted to meet in our yearly missionary gathering, and to present to you the fortieth annual report of our missionary work.

It might also be interesting to note the fact that this year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of our Mission Station in South Africa.

As we glance back upon the way, we can see, through all the years, the guiding hand of our Heavenly Father, and His divine blessing upon the efforts put forth in His name in sending forth the glad message of a free and full salvation.

It is true we have faced many difficult and perplexing situations, but He who said so long ago, "Lo I am with you always," has verified that precious promise, as we have gone to Him in faith and intercessory prayer, and has enabled our workers to push the battle against the forces of darkness, in both home and foreign fields.

Our returned missionary, Sister Faith Sanders, has been a blessing and inspiration to the various churches in which she has laboured during the past year.

For information concerning our work in South Africa we have the following interesting message from Sister Sanders:

Hartland P. O.,
Paulpietersburg,
Natal, So. Africa,
May 7th, 1928

Dear Friends:

Greetings and fellowship though so far away.

It is twenty-five years this August since we came here and first started this work of "God's own planting."

Then the heathen darkness was dense and they were swayed by dreadful superstition.

No Christian songs, no church services, and so little light about Jesus was here that we found only two people who professed to know Him and a third who had had some light but had lost it.

There was no post office, few letters ever came here. No schools, and the heathen children up to 13 or 14 years of age ran about naked. Beer-drinking and fighting were of daily occurrence; witchcraft was common, and, for some, life was an uncertainty.

Now much of this has changed. We often hear the singing of hymns as the natives hoe in their gardens. There is here the mother church and quite a few at the different outposts. Everybody knows about Jesus and His salvation today, and more and more are accepting Him.

We have a post office here at the Mission House, and letters written by natives come by the dozen.

There are schools, a few, and many have learned to read and write and to count. Many of the people dress in European clothing and the naked children are fewer.

I wish I could say beer-drinking was no more, and fighting of the past, but I can say there is less of it than in those first years. Witchcraft has been abolished by Government, and anyone found practicing the same is fined or imprisoned. Superstition is far