

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona, P. O. Berbice,
Via Piet Retief, Transvaal,
January 23rd, 1930

Dear Homeland Friends:

First I want to thank the Lord for the rain we have had this season. It has been most refreshing to have such nice rains, and if this kind of weather continues, the people will have plenty of food this year. Last year and other years have been so dry and the natives had to buy so much food, which makes it so hard for those who have little of this world's goods.

On December 28th we looked for Brother MacDonald and Brother Paul, who arrived in time for dinner. In the afternoon some natives arrived and we had a church business meeting, also in the evening. On Sunday morning we had a nice gathering at the pond where we had baptism, four being baptised. One was an old man who gave such a good testimony. His new name is Moses. Another was an elderly blind woman, a widow. Her new name is Fannie Crosby. She seemed well pleased with her name, especially after hearing about the story of this Christian lady.

There were some babies given to the Lord, and of course the Lord's supper was given. Brothers MacDonald and Paul both gave us the Word, which was blessed of God, and we also had some good testimonies.

On Monday morning early the preparations began for the Christmas feast. There were twenty-two goats, and over twenty hens to be dressed for the feast, and about a bushel of ground corn to be cooked—this is what they call stamp. It is nice with the broth and meat. This corn had been ground a few days before by the good women of the church. About two weeks before this we had a meeting called, and money and pledges were given for goats, hens, etc. It was really lovely to see these dear ones who two years before were heathen, now thanking the Lord for salvation, and wanting to help the Lord's work along. Yes, and some heathen women also gave money or a hen to help make the feast.

One dear old woman came to me and said her sins were forgiven this last year, and she was longing to be baptised, but would have to wait until the next Big Sunday, as she was giving a goat, and some green corn, and as she and her husband were alone and lived quite far away, she could not be here on Sunday and Monday as well. She would have to arise very early on Monday to get her goat, and then go to the Pongola river to gather her corn. Her face was shining as she said the hand of the Lord had been upon her and her house this year, and she wanted to give this offering unto the Lord.

I must say there was a wonderful spirit of giving all around.

It was a big day—lots of work and lots of people—about four hundred I think.

We had also a good service. We believe the Word went home to the hearts of the people. His word will not return unto Him void. Praise the Lord!

Isaya is just the same shining light—a wonderful native.

The Lord is working in hearts. Two young girls gave themselves to the Lord in last Sunday's service here at the station.

The school opens again now on next Monday, January 27th. Isaya has got us another teacher. I believe she is good; she will be arriving today. The holidays have soon gone

by. We are now beginning a new year. Pray for us, dear ones, and the work in general.
Yours for Christ and Africa,

HELEN M. STERRITT

Concord,
95 Windermere Rd.,
Durban, Natal,
South Africa,
Feb. 3rd, 1930

Dear Homeland Friends:

In my last letter I wrote of coming to Durban with Samuel to the McCord native hospital. It is three weeks since his foot was amputated. The Lord was very gracious, and he came safely through the operation for which we do praise Him. He continued to do well for ten days, and I was arranging to go back home, but a re-infection occurred, and his condition was serious for a few days, so I remained longer at the doctor's request, and for my own desire also as I did not want to leave him alone in Durban until he was improved. His condition is better and the doctor advises that he go back with me this feek to Hartland. Samuel is so grateful to the Lord for all His goodness, and delighted at the prospect of going home to his people once again. He thinks the hospital a wonderful place and very much appreciates the care he has had and the kindness of the doctors. Dr. Taylor has promised to take him down to the beach in his car so he can have a fine view of old ocean. I do appreciate this very much. We are praying that Samuel may be fully restored to health, if it be the dear Lord's will, but there is a prospect of a general decline, and for this reason it is better to take him back to his people while he is somewhat improved. His suffering has been relieved by the removal of his foot and we are grateful. I was also so grateful to the doctors for allowing me to stay with him during his ordeal. It was a comfort to us both. His first conscious words were praise to God for giving him patience through all these weary months and truly he has manifested wonderful patience and a sweet trust in God. At the hospital they say he has been a remarkable patient. I am sure you would all love Samuel if you could know him. His face shines with the love of God and he daily praises God for all his benefits and mercies to him. He is in the dear Lord's hands and may His will be done is our prayer. I am trusting Him to graciously undertake for us on the homeward way as He did coming down.

I would like to tell you what a fine hospital Dr. McCord has for the natives. It is situated on a hill overlooking the town and bay with a distant view of the ocean. The air is so fine there with delightful cool breezes. Beautiful shade trees surround the hospital, and there are wide verandahs where the patients stay day and night, large sunny wards, well ventilated, a well equipped operating room—and it is indeed a fine place at the McCord Hospital for the poor sick natives. They have also a dispensary in another section of Durban for out-patients, and a large practice is carried on. The hospital prices are surprisingly moderate, and we can thank God for these two men who are willing to give themselves to the service of the Zulus. A training school for native girls is carried on under the supervision of the matron, Miss Cooper, who does faithful service there. This is a great advantage, for the natives are cared for by their own race which is a great help in every way.

Dr. McCord has recently published a small book—The House that Jim Built—Jim being himself and the house is the hospital which has grown from small beginnings. It is very interesting and shows what perseverance and willingness can accomplish. He has not received gracious donations to help build this hospital, but the Lord has prospered every effort made to establish it.

George and I planned to go to Hibberdene and spend a Sunday with Jesina and her little band, but we had such downfalls of rain for two or three days, we were told by those who knew that section of country that the roads and rivers would be impassable, and the newspapers verified their statement, so we did not go. I was sorry, but George went the next Sunday and returned to Hartland last week. I had expected to go back also. It seems a long time to have been away—my longest stay in Durban, and I am looking forward to seeing them all again in a few days (D. V.) Helen writes that the Lord is blessing there, new ones giving themselves to the Lord, and He is graciously caring for her. This greatly comforts my heart. How good the Lord is!

The change has been beneficial I know to me, and I trust George is feeling much benefited too. Durban is a beautiful place, but I am so glad the dear Lord has placed me to work for him just where He has—among the hills and the many heathen kraals scattered over them with the many, many souls who need us there. What a privilege He has given us, and I do praise Him for it. It has certainly been His will for me to be in Durban at this time. I have been very conscious of His presence and blessing and I praise Him for it all, and shall go back with joy and thanksgiving for He has been very gracious.

Remember us in prayer always and may He bless us all in our labors for Him and give us many precious souls.

Yours in Him,

ALICE F. STERRITT

OVERFLOWING RELIGION

The Psalmist says "My cup runneth over." Paul says, "God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." Love, full, free, present and overflowing our hearts, is God's crowning gift to us. "And now abideth faith, hope and love, but the greatest of these is love." Warm, overflowing, abundant, present love is our great heritage. Praise God! "The thoughts of love are the thoughts of Deity," for God is love in His thoughts toward us. I rejoice in "love that passeth knowledge." "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

—B. T. Gaskin.

"Never dare to fight God's battles with the devil's weapons, whatever they may be; never dare to do evil that good may come. The end never justifies the means. Never compromise with the world's laxity, and never snatch in your own way at what God has promised to give you as a blessing in His own way."—Rev. A. C. A. Hall, D.D., in *The Southern Methodist*.