

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona, M. S., Berbice P. O.,
Via Piet Retief, Transvaal, S. A.,
November 4th, 1929.

Dear Highway Friends: A few lines to let you know how we are getting along. First, I want to thank the Lord for the lovely rains we have been having these last few weeks; it has been so refreshing, and the grass is so green, the cattle are getting plenty of food now, and the people are busy planting. The Lord is working in the hearts of the people, for which we praise Him.

The last Big Sunday at this place was well-attended, many people being present. We had a very nice service indeed, Paul and Bro. MacDonald arriving at 9.30. On their return home on the same day they found the river had swollen so much that Paul's horse had to swim over. Bro. MacDonald returned to Altona, as of course he is not used to these rivers. He left Monday via Commondale bridge, a distance of fifty-seven miles, accompanied by Joele.

We appreciate Bro. MacDonald very much, as well as Paul and George and Faith. It is very fine for the natives to have these three children of Dr. Sanders left behind, and they understand the people and language so well, which means so much to the work. These young people are worthy missionaries.

We still praise the Lord for the privilege of living in Africa, and at this place. Africa and her people are very dear to us. We are encouraged to see the number of women seekers getting deliverance. I must say there are far more women in this land of Africa Christians than men. Please pray for the men of Africa and the young people.

A young married woman, Tulina by name, one of our good Christian women, came to see us yesterday and told us that some time ago she was working with some other women for her white man near their fruit garden. The women suggested that they eat some oranges. Tulina told them it would be a sin. They said as they were working for the farm it was no harm to eat the fruit. So Tulina with the rest ate the fruit. She ate three oranges. Soon afterwards she felt she had been led into sin; her heart had no rest, and the only way out of her trouble was to go to her white man and confess her fault. Her people tried very hard to stop her, saying he would no doubt put her in jail, as he is a very hard master, but she said even if he did she was going to confess it to him and get comfort in her heart.

She went in fear and trembling to him and confessed the matter to him and his wife. They asked her how she got the courage to come and tell them. Was it because she was a Christian, and she said yes.

He was silent for some time and then said: "Well, the Bible says if you ask God to forgive you He will, so I also will forgive you. If you want fruit again, ask me for it. It is alright now. Good-bye."

She said she returned home with such joy, it was a thing that was surprising to her to have such joy and gladness.

This is a sample of some of these Zulu women. I am sure that these white people will have confidence in her hereafter.

Our Sunday services here are well attended. Some Sundays we have fifty present. We had another funeral here at the station last week. Isaya's brother's only child passed away. The old mother is very tender now and is coming along nicely in seeking the Lord.

Beloved, pray for us and the work; the Lord is hearing prayer. Christmas greeting to you all.
Yours, glad to be in Africa,

HELEN M. STERRITT.

Hartland Missionary Station,
Paulpietersburg, Natal, So. Af.,
November 11th, 1929.

Dear Friends and Co-workers: Since last we wrote to you, quite a few interesting things have happened. My last letter started its long journey just after the Quarterly meetings here.

On September 14th Mr. Sanders and Mr. MacDonald went on horseback to the outpost at Entungwini, across the Pongolo River. In the afternoon they went to call on the owner of the farm, Mr. Knight, concerning the site for a new church. Also we had heard that he had horses for sale and were wanting to get one for Samuel (our Evangelist) and Mr. Sanders would like to get a stronger horse than the mare he is now using. The ideal would be a motor, as by this means the more distant parts of the work could be visited more often and so quickly. The next best would be a strong gelding; there are some places where only a horse can travel.

The Sterritt Sisters' tent was up at Entungwini, and the men slept in that. There was only one stretcher, so Mr. Sanders slept on two benches, but had a fairly good night.

Next day Miss Helen Sterritt arrived from Altona. Miss Alice Sterritt would have gone as well, but she was ill. They had a most blessed service, the presence of the Lord was felt. The messages were given in the power of the Holy Spirit, and many expressed their desire to serve the Lord better, asking for prayer.

It came on to drizzle before they left Entungwini, and it wasn't till after dark that the travellers reached home. Mr. Sanders had a sore throat before starting for Entungwini. Getting damp, etc., didn't make it any better, and for a few days he suffered so much pain we feared he was getting quinsy. We cried to the Lord for deliverance. Our Heavenly Father answered and he was soon quite normal again.

One of the important duties is interviewing the native workers. It is a great exception to find a native in a real hurry. Time is of very little account with them. As a result they don't tell things concisely, but rather repeat themselves often and go into many unnecessary details. However, these interviews are very necessary, and through them we keep in touch with the out-stations.

In my last letter I told you how Mr. Sanders had gone to the second of Filimon's out-stations to see about the building of a church there. Soon after this the building was begun, the Evangelist and a Christian young man doing most of the work, willingly, free of charge, unto the Lord. Mr. Sanders made the door and window frames. The young man came with a girl to carry the frames over. They found the Pivaan River swollen on their return. The rivers in this country are treacherous, local down-pours causing them to rise in a surprisingly short time. The two came to the river but under-estimated the amount of water that had "come down." In mid-stream the girl lost her balance and her load fell. The young man managed to get hold of the rope and to keep the load from floating away while the girl got onto her feet again. We do praise the Lord that the girl was not drowned; also that the timber (which came away from the Baltic) was saved. However, the young man lost his hat and a hammer.

On Sunday, October 27th, Mr. Sanders and

Mr. MacDonald went across the Pongolo River to Altona Mission Station; they had a good day. On reaching the river on their way back, they found it had risen several feet. Mr. MacD. wisely didn't attempt to go in, as he isn't used to horseback and also can't swim. Mr. Sanders is used to both, so he swam his horse through. The current was strong, but the young horse did well for its first swim, and got safely to the homeward shore.

Not long ago some natives were crossing this river with supplies of grain. The current was too strong for the donkeys; three were washed away and their loads lost; two managed to get to land; the other was drowned. This river is a barrier between us and the work on the Transvaal side, especially during the rainy season. There is a bridge across the Pongolo, but going this way means a trip of about fifty miles each way. This would not be much if one had a motor, but on horseback it is a different story, especially when a heavy thunderstorm is apt to come on at any time and catch one in the open.

The natives know we have come here to help them and they take advantage of this by coming to us at any time from early morning till night about all sorts of things. Last week a woman whose husband had been put in prison on the charge of sheep stealing (we have reason to believe he is innocent) came in great distress. We were able to give her some help. All this gives us many opportunities of speaking to them of their soul's salvation.

The MacDonalds were away for three weeks. Miss Alice Sterritt came over from Altona to do the dispensary work, etc., in their absence. She took one of the Sunday services and gave a beautiful sermon on the freedom Jesus brought us. Mr. Sanders went out to the kraals this day. First he went to Mandundu's. This man was at death's door with fever some years ago. Mr. Sanders was the means of saving his life. He made a start to be a Christian, and we hoped he was going to find salvation. It did not last long, however, and he is in utter spiritual darkness. Please pray for Mandundu!

One Wednesday afternoon we all went to see a poor man who was very sick. I was glad to be able to ask him about his soul's salvation and to find him trusting in Jesus' precious blood. Three days later Mr. Sanders went again to see him. He found the end very near; Zakeu was too weak to pray, but while the others were praying he repeated the words of our Saviour, "he that believeth in Me shall have everlasting life." What a beautiful assurance for a dying man! Early next morning his old mother (she is a Christian) came to borrow a pick and shovels. She asked us to do our best to get him a coffin and to bring "lots of flowers to decorate her son on his wedding day," for she said he was not dead, but gone to marry the Lamb! Not dead, but gone to be with Jesus! What a beautiful assurance for a sorrowing mother!

Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Sanders made the coffin. I got a nice wreath made and word was sent around to all the nearby kraals that the service (it was Sunday) would be held at the grave instead of in the church. Baby Victor and I were the only ones who were not able to attend the funeral. They had a very impressive service, hearts were tender and the messages well listened to.

It is interesting to note that the Zulus, in common with other heathen peoples, have an idea that the dead go on a journey. The Zulu King Chaka had ten beautiful maidens buried with him to minister to him on his journey. Living people are no longer buried with the dead,