

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S., P. O. Berbice,
Via Piet Relief, Transvaal, So. Af.

Dear Homeland Friends:

It seems quite a time since I have written, the days do pass so quickly into weeks. We have had many very hot and extremely depressing days lately but God has sent us the downpour of rain which our hearts have been hoping to see.

The rains due in September did not come until November and the people were about discouraged. An old heathen man said to Helen, "We made a big mistake that we did not ask you to pray for rain the day the church was opened, the Lord was very near that day and would have heard." The powerful man was very much impressed with the service that day.

We decided that we must have a day of special prayer for rain, the situation was becoming so serious, and appointed Tuesday, Nov. 4, but thank God the rain came the Saturday before, the Hartland folks having had a day of special prayer on Friday, so we met to thank Him and ask for more and received a good soaking rain next day also and the people began their ploughing. We do thank Him that we have had slight showers since also, and the cattle are saved from starvation. A heathen man said to me last week, "We see that the prayers of the Christians are heard for God did send the rain", and intimated that he would be glad if we would appoint another day, which we have thought of doing for the ground was becoming very dry again. Yesterday He mercifully sent such a deluge of rain that has delighted every heart. Such rain I never heard before, but oh! so welcome. We had to stop the meeting and sit silently before Him until the violence of the rain passed, but every heart was truly thankful before Him. I was getting ready to go to Klip Vaal to meeting, but it came before I got away for which I am thankful, it would have been dangerous to ride in such a storm.

Today we do look upon a world of loveliness, so green and soft and beautiful, flooded with Africa's wonderful sunshine while above us is such a marvellously blue sky with billions of fleecy clouds. Africa is truly beautiful, dear friends, and how we long that these people may know Him who has made all things and sent His Son to die for them.

The more one learns of these Zulus the more interesting do they become and there is always something new to learn, both good and bad.

Altona Mission Station is an acre on the farm (Altona) granted by the government for native habitation only, so we are in an entirely native community and in one way they could look upon us as intruders, but knowing this acre was granted for missionaries only makes it quite right in their sight for us to be here. We feel a very friendly and interested spirit in many, but there is also a strong anti-European spirit in the hearts of others. This is where prayer and the power of the Gospel must prevail and break down prejudice, and praise God He is answering on many lines.

Isaya thanks God so many times for bringing missionaries to live on this acre and rejoices to see the word going forward with the help of resident missionaries, which has been one great

need in our Transvaal work throughout the whole field, and we praise Him so much for calling us to this little corner of it where we are endeavoring by His grace and blessing to fulfil His purpose concerning us. We are so glad today, dear friends, that we were called by His great mercy and love to this land of Africa.

We trust if it can be God's will that the Government will help in getting a good school established here, but this is all in His hands; certain conditions must be met and certain rules followed and a good enrolment maintained for a year, and they will see then what they will do. This is the first year we have failed to have a teacher but we see God's hand in this also, for during the building of the new church we were not situated to properly carry on a school. It would have been most uncomfortable for teacher and pupils—really no accommodation for them at all so we were thankful to Him who doeth all things well.

We have made application for a teacher for the new year and now that we have a good comfortable building new children are expecting to attend.

Mr. MacDonald and George were over for the Communion service, Nov. 23rd, arriving quite early Sunday morning and returning after the service. We appreciated their coming very much as the weather was wet and Mr. MacDonald was not feeling well. We had a good attendance and many would have been disappointed—but Mr. MacDonald never fails to appear on Communion Sunday and this is much appreciated by the natives as well ourselves. We had good messages and a good meeting, a short testimony meeting before the service closed, and the little boy who lived with us for nearly a year was received among the church children. He wants to follow the Lord and shows a very sweet spirit of obedience. He has had to return to his heathen Kraal now and lives especially with his grandmother, who has also given herself to the Lord. Our prayers do follow this dear child that he may be kept for Jesus. His father was quite willing for him to take this step.

We do truly mourn the passing away of our faithful Melieta who lived with us at Hartland several years. We have spoken of her often and you may remember that she married blind Solomon who lives at Entungwini. She was indeed a faithful trustworthy girl and we can never forget her. She came down with her little baby to the church opening and remained almost three weeks with us—her farewell visit. She had consumption and the walk was too much for her. She gradually failed and was taken back home by a donkey waggon. She was very happy to have had this last visit with us and we thank God that she did not fear death but bade them goodbye with an assurance of eternal rest.

Joeli's heathen brother has been sick for months and also passed away last week, trusting in Jesus. We have often visited him and Isaya and Helen both saw him last week. He left a very comforting testimony of salvation and passed peacefully away.

We do thank God for these two who had no fear when they passed "through the valley of the shadow of death". We have so many tokens of His love and answers to prayer our hearts do praise Him and we want His perfect will done in our hearts continually. We look forward to the Christmas services for special blessing. We send New Year greetings and may it be a blessed year in His work both in the homeland and Africa.

Yours to do His will,
ALICE F. STERRITT.

P. O. Hartland, M. S.

Via Paulpietersburg, Natal.

To the young friends who were at Riverside Camp Meeting,

Dear Friends:

The money you sent for Victor arrived safely. We thank you very much indeed for it.

You all read, I expect what I wrote to the Highway about Victor, last April. Every day prayers have gone up to the Mercy Seat that God's power might be revealed on Victor's behalf. As month after month went by and Victor crept about when others his age were walking and running, we kept our eyes on the One Mighty to Help. It is only by looking at Him that we keep from getting utterly discouraged at such times.

On Oct. 7th I was in the house, and the children outside with Victor, when one of them came running in, shouting, "Victor walked alone! mamma! Victor really took steps by himself!" How we praised God for His mercy and compassion! From that day Victor has walked. What a wonderful relief it is in many ways. Victor is lame as his affected leg is quite a lot smaller than the other, and his foot turns outwards. So there is still need to pray for him that God may restore the dead nerves, fix the stretched muscles, and in every way make his left leg as well and normal as his right one.

Victor is learning to talk so you can imagine how interesting he is now. He is very careful to say each word so distinctly that it is interesting to hear him.

Please pray for Victor's brother, Frank who is 5 years old now and just started school. Also for his sisters Grace and Hope. Hope is now eight years old and Grace is six. They are both learning nicely. Victor was 2 years old on Oct. 26th.

Thank you again for your loving gifts. May each one of you live pleasing to Jesus each moment so you may be ready when Jesus takes His own to that Beautiful City He is preparing for us. It pays to obey His voice.

Lovingly,

RUTH SANDERS.

WHAT IS DYING?

By Mrs. G. H. Downing

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other. Then some one at my side says: "There, she's gone!"

Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her; and just at the moment when some one at my side says, "There, she's gone," there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "There she comes." And that is dying.—The Free Methodist.

"If you hear a prayer that moves you

By its humble, pleading tone,

Join it. Do not let the seeker

Bow before his God alone.

Why should not your brother share

The strength of 'two or three' in prayer?"

Herald of Holiness