

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona, M. S., P. O. Berbice,  
via Piet Retief, Transvaal, So. Af.

Dear Homeland Friends:

We are praising God for answered prayer, His mercy has been graciously manifested in abundant showers of rain upon the dry and thirsty land and today we look upon a world of loveliness. The grass is springing up fresh and green, the corn is ripening and the pumpkins, melons and "amaselwa" (a vegetable) are growing nicely. After each day of prayer He sent rain before the next day appointed and last Friday we had a most wonderful downpour, slight showers Sunday and a steady pouring rain all Sunday night. All hearts are rejoicing now for they see that they will get green food for awhile, even though there will be no harvest for winter food to amount to much.

There was another meeting appointed for this Friday. I trust the grateful hearts will not forget to return thanks and ask for continued mercy. There is certainly a great change in the attitude of many people. The Holy Spirit has been doing special work and there is still much more to ask and believe for. It is sweet to trust in Jesus and see His answers to prayer and the marvelous ways and means by which He brings His will to pass.

At the home of Mkwanzazi, the native doctor, who lives about fifteen minutes walk from us, a heathen funeral is being held today. His pretty young daughter about twenty-two years old died on Sunday. He came yesterday to tell us about it and to ask for some nails for he wanted to have a coffin made for her. He said, "she is my first born and I do not want to put her in the earth. I want to place her in a box, oh, I do not want to put her in the earth." And he burst into tears. We liked this girl very much, she was very attractive and came to us last year for treatment for a sore neck and we had many talks with her. Like many others, she wanted to marry first and then become a Christian. She was to marry with a large kraal and was very happy at the prospect. The cattle were paid for her but her father had not yet consented to let her go. They grew tired of waiting and took her off some months ago, and she had been very sick since but her father did not hear of it until lately and had a horse sent to bring her back to him. She was tied on the horse's back and by traveling very slowly she was able to reach home but he says she was past speech and died two days later. He feels very badly and we do pray that this grief may soften his heart. His wife often attends services here and he has come sometimes on special occasions. Isaya and our native boy helped them make a rude coffin.

It is very unusual to have a funeral delayed as this has been, but the son of Sobhuza the Swazi King, was visiting there from Saturday until Monday, (he is a relative of Mkwanzazi's wife) and as it is not proper by native custom to speak of death to a king or any member of his family, the matter of her death was kept silent until his departure yesterday. He was entertained in a smaller kraal nearby and a cow was slaughtered to have a feast in his honor, and all this was observed while the daughter passed away from earth and their grief must not be manifested. It has certainly been a hard time for them. As soon as the visitor rode out of sight yesterday preparations were begun for the funeral today. We wish we could hear something that would give us hope that this poor girl sought and found God during her illness.

Last Friday we had a most blessed service at the home of Talida Nzima. The old Swazi warrior, the husband of her father, was buried from there a few months ago and the sons asked for this service last Friday. They had prepared a feast as an expression of thanks to the Christians who had prayed with and for the old man, and had conducted the funeral, etc. He had been so troubled with memories of bloodshed and warfare, and earnestly asked prayer that he might see the way to heaven. The Lord in His great mercy and love answered prayers and gave him rest of soul and he passed peacefully away. The blessing of God attended the funeral service in a very special way and on Friday His presence was also blessedly felt. A number of heathen people were present and certainly the Lord spoke to hearts very definitely. Isaya spoke from Matt. 11:28, 29, 30, and pictured to them as only a Zulu could do, how this "great warrior" who was looked upon as such a victor in the eyes of the people, had to humble himself before and ask mercy in order to find rest and peace to his soul, and then brought such a pleading message for all to do the same and they would gain eternal life also. The independent preacher, who is a relative, was there also, and spoke really beautifully—God surely helped him and his remarks from the lesson of the rich man and Lazarus were so pointed and convicting it was just wonderful. How I do thank God for that service and the blessing that attended His word. A great spirit of prayer and burden for souls came upon us and it was a most precious time. The heathen men were much touched and we do pray for their dear souls. The head man of the Kraal gave me a very nice piece of beef to bring home to my sister. They had beef, goats, "idokive" (a nice gruel) corn porridge and "amaselwa", (a vegetable). So the people had a blessed meeting, a fine feast and while enjoying the food the Lord sent a great downpour of rain which delighted all hearts, and they felt that God's mercy was bountifully shed upon them that day. I had to ride home very slowly the roads were so slippery, but it was most beautiful after such a refreshing time.

We have so much to praise God for and our hearts are truly longing for greater spiritual showers upon the hearts of the people, just as abundantly as the beautiful rains are refreshing the earth.

March 1.—The union prayer meeting Friday was blest of God in a special way and we do praise His holy name. There was a good congregation and school was dismissed at noon as usual for the service, and the children and teacher all remain. These union services were certainly appointed by the Lord and have done much in the line of breaking down Anti-European prejudice which is such a stronghold of Satan in this place. One can sense the spiritual conflict in each service and we do praise Him for certain definite victory in each meeting. I think, dear friends, you cannot fully realize what this means to us—the only Europeans in service with the natives in this area, but our precious Lord who has been with us during these years fully understands the situation and is surely answering the cry of our hearts and how we do praise Him. It is too sweet to explain in words but He who led us here and saw the path before us is faithful to His promises and we want to trust Him fully for He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think—even now He is doing so.

He gave special liberty and blessing in speaking of church prejudice in Friday's service and the meeting was dismissed with a precious sense of Divine love and sweetness which is still felt.

Three church organizations beside our own were represented in that meeting. How our hearts do yearn over these dear black people who are as sheep without a shepherd and in such need of the truth of Jesus. I so often think of the vision He gave when He called me to this land—the wandering sheep going astray on the mountain sides—and how true it is today, oh we do want to see many of these other sheep brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd who gave His life for them.

Sunday Helen went to Klip Vaal. After the service she went to another kraal to see a sick child and was detained by a great downfall of rain, reaching home just before dark. A small stream had become an impassable flood, but a native boy led her to a distant part where she was able to cross, getting her feet well soaked in the deep water. Our meeting here was just closing when the rain began and how it did pour for nearly an hour. Yesterday and today also we have had very heavy showers and hearts are truly thankful for the mercy of the Lord. The people are cheerful once again.

There will be no need of the Government sending corn now, for the green food is ripening and will last for some time. Surely He has mercifully brought relief and we do praise Him.

Now I must close. We ask your prayers always that God may have His way and help us to fulfil His will in this corner of His vineyard.

Yours in His service,

ALICE F. STERRITT

Hartland M. S., Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, South Africa.  
March 21, 1932.

## Dear Highway Family:

Once again we write to you after a long day and trust that this will find you all well and nappy in His service. We are very happy though we have been exceedingly busy the last few months. It seems impossible to find time to write.

Since my last letter we have visited both Timote's and Alfred's sections, had a baptismal service and two communion services. These outposts are both in a flourishing condition. I was unable to get over to Altona for their last "Big Sunday" on account of the river being flooded, but the water is going down and I trust to get over this week.

We have had an outbreak of malaria. To begin with I had a slight attack of it myself, but it only lasted a few days. Several of our natives on the farm have had it, some extremely bad cases. We have been called to natives and white as well in our district, but we are thankful to say that we have had no deaths here. Just across in the Transvaal they report seven deaths, five in one kraal, including the wife of one of our native workers.

In addition to the Malaria we have quite a number of other cases to attend. Among these was Johan Kunene one of our evangelists with a badly injured foot. He was driving through a half open gate when his horse shied and drove his foot on a spike protruding from the post. The spike was imbedded head first over an inch deep in his calf, and as the horse endeavored to proceed it tore down for three inches ripping the flesh at another point for six inches clean to the bone, fortunately it was not a little lower or it would have taken the little bone as well. It was necessary for me to take ten stitches. Upon receiving word of his injury I went immediately to his home about eight miles away. When I arrived there I found that he had endeavored to sew