

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S., Transvaal, So. Af.  
August 13, 1934

Dear Homeland Friends:

A few lines from this corner of His vineyard to let you know we are still wrestling against the powers of darkness in this distant land.

We had a week of special meetings the last week of July for which we are thankful to God. The day on which we looked for the MacDonalds and workers from Hartland to arrive was so cold and rainy no one came, but Aloni Mkonza. We hardly expected him for it was a very bad day for travellers. Sunday morning George Sanders came on horseback with Philemon Nkosi and Johane Maseko. In spite of the cold and threatening rain we had a good congregation and George brought a blessed message from Isaiah 53. The Holy Spirit brooded over the service in a very sweet, wooing, manner and hearts were made hungry to let Jesus have His way in their hearts and lives.

The MacDonalds failed to get here by car the roads were in such a condition—for we had had regular summer downpours for several days.

Next morning early the Hartland people (except Aloni) had to return to Natal and others were expected to come with the MacDonalds as soon as the weather permitted. By 10.30 a. m. quite a congregation had gathered though it was a very raw, wet day. The Lord again sweetly spoke to hearts from Acts 2:37, 38, 39 and a real hunger of heart was deeply felt.

The afternoon service was more largely attended and several of the native workers took part. A blessed season of prayer followed during which Mr and Mrs. MacDonald arrived with the report that the driving was really dangerous—they almost decided to turn back several times but the Lord gave them courage to keep on and they felt well repaid, I think, when they saw how gladly they were received.

A Bible reading was conducted every morning by Mr. MacDonald which was a blessing and inspiration to the people. The afternoon meetings were for preaching, testimony, and prayer services as the Spirit led. It was a great delight to the natives as well as ourselves to hear Mrs. MacDonald bring several deep messages on holiness, in the direct Zulu way as only one can do who knows the Zulus and their language as well as she does. We shall always praise God for the service of that week, for we know hearts were made hungrier to go on with God. Some of us were very weak physically from bad colds and the weather made it very uncomfortable in the church for a few days, but the Lord mercifully sent the sunshine and also more workers arrived for the week-end whose unctious testimonies were a blessing to all.

Though the results were not as great as we should have loved to see—we feel that it was a very profitable and up-building week for the church. Some matters were dug out that will help much in the future and only God knows the true result of this special effort at this time. We praise Him for it all and for the sweetness of His love felt during the "umklangano" as the natives call it.

Belina Myeni has great reason to thank God for her husband who gave himself long ago has never seemed to get courage to congregate with others in the service here, but when he heard that these special services were to be held, he came the first day and attended nearly all the meetings. His face has become so changed and he shows a real interest now in seeking to learn of Jesus. Several other young men received new light and have become more earnest. May the

Lord help them to choose the "way of the Cross" in sincerity of heart. If so, we know they will find that "His yoke is easy and His burden light."

I went back with the MacDonald's to witness the church wedding on July 30, of Losaya Kunene, daughter of good old Johane, that faithful preacher of righteousness. She has chosen a man from the Lutheran (German) mission and has walked in obedience to the Christian rules all her Christian life. There are not many young people who do so and the wedding was a very fitting manifestation of the respect and love the church has for her.

Though it was a cold, wet day the church was nearly full and there were many testimonies given concerning her worthy parents as well as herself. The bride looked so nice in her bridal array and in every way it was really a very sweet Christian marriage service. The church was prettily decorated with crepe paper trimmings and lovely flowers and the father was so grateful for the nice wedding his daughter had at the mission station. The Zulu part was to take place on August 1st at his own kraal.

I returned home Tuesday and Helen went over to attend the festivities at the kraal, so I will leave that for her or some of the other missionaries who were there, to tell you about.

We are having a good deal of sickness in the form of neuralgia, bad colds and coughs, but the sick ones are improving now. Aloni has been with us a good deal lately—how we appreciate him but he is home now for a short time.

Must close now with Christian love to all.

Yours looking unto Jesus.

ALICE F. STERRITT

Monday, August 20.—Yesterday the Lord was graciously present in our Sunday service here. From the singing of the first hymn until the close of the service which lasted three hours the Holy Spirit was manifestly present speaking convincingly to hearts and a sweet holy atmosphere pervaded His sanctuary as souls wept before Him. My own soul was so baptized afresh with holy love it seemed as though everyone in the building was beautiful in my sight. Everyone present came forward to the altar and a wonderful spirit of prayer was upon the people. Several gave testimony to what the Lord had shown them and expressed their desire and determination to follow Jesus in the Light that had come to them. It was truly a precious service and the people were loathe to leave the house of the Lord. I think it was one of the best services I have seen in Africa, dear friends. It seemed like one of the good old fashioned meetings in the homeland and how my heart praises God for it. My soul has received such an uplift and such sweet consolation. How I praise Him!

A certain heathen woman was here for the first time—a widow whom we have often invited to service. How glad I was to see her.

Helen walked to Emozane, five miles from here, had a good congregation and felt it was good to be there. We pray that this revival touch may spread until the church becomes filled with His spirit and many souls won for Jesus. Pray for us.

Yours in Him.

ALICE F. STERRITT

Altona M. S., Transvaal, So. Africa,  
August 28, 1934

Dear Homeland Friends:

I would like you to hear at least part of the testimony given by a young Zulu boy in our meeting here on Sunday. His name is Ncovane Dhl-

mini and he lives at his uncle's kraal in Altona down near the Pongolo River where Trifina Msibi holds services.

In 1930 his heart was tender and in one of her meetings he stood up and chose the Lord and thus became a class member to receive instruction in the way of righteousness before receiving baptism and a Christian name—which many are very eager to adopt. He bought a spell and was eager to learn, but later went away to work and when he came back she reported that he seemed very indifferent and did not attend class. He again went to work and was injured in a mine, received hospital care, finished his months of service and then became kitchen boy in a private home in Vryheid. On his return home some time ago he was still indifferent about the need of his soul. Then sickness came upon him and his uncle called native doctors to treat him but he grew worse, then his uncle sent him to the home of a demon doctor for treatment and it was while he was lying sick and helpless in the hands of these agents of Satan that God in His mercy came to his assistance and delivered him. This is the substance of his soul-stirring story which he relates with such pathos and vividness one can almost feel the horror of the experience he passed through:

"While the demon doctors were filling me with their medicines and working over me with their enchantments I felt that they were going to kill me with it all and a yearning came over me for God. I told them I did not want their medicine any more, I wanted prayer for I knew they were killing me. They told me to keep quiet and take more of the medicine and forced me to do so saying they were going to take me up on a mountain to finish doctoring me. To all my words of remonstrance they paid no heed but only tried to silence my vain efforts to resist them and my pleadings to leave me alone. When I said I wanted God they scoffed at me saying "we will fix you up all right, just do as we say." Presently I felt that my spirit was leaving my body, I seemed to see my corpse lying there and the demon doctors around it while my spirit was above them looking down on it all. Then I seemed to be soaring through space leaving them behind and not knowing what was to happen, just wandering through space bewildered, hearing voices calling from here and there, longing to find God but no rest for my weary spirit could I find. A beautiful mountain appeared in the distance which I longed to reach but a voice called "not there, that is not your place of abode". Beautiful angels drew near and I felt joy in their presence. They tried to carry me along with them but sorrowfully left me saying "He is not of us". Then a great black angel swooped down upon me drawing me withersoever he would, showing me the place of the damned. Such darkness and misery, such flames of torment from which they vainly tried to escape, climbing upon each other hoping to cool their scorching bodies, but there was no escape, nothing to quench the fire of everlasting burnings, where they were weeping, wailing and gnashing their teeth. From another direction came floating to me sweet songs of gladness and I heard God's voice speaking to me. "This fire will now enter your mouth, your tongue which has spoken vile things and jealous will become a tongue of fire", and it was so, I felt the fire in my mouth and breast. "This", said the voice of God, "is punishment from me, because you stood up in the presence of people, raised your hand to heaven and said you loved the Lord your God, but you have thrown Him away to follow the desire of your flesh and now this punishment I am sending upon you. But now you must return to earth, I want you to go back