

to Christ. Her rejoicing, Joseph says, is very great, for, being a cripple, she can not walk far. One can not but pity her and wonder if she is not unhappy, for her legs are drawn up in a squatting position, and with every joint immovable. She goes by swinging her body between her arms, the hands resting upon the ground and supporting all the weight and not only the weight of her body, but like the other women, she carries water on her head, as well as loads of wood, food, etc. She plants, weeds, reaps and does all the kinds of work that the other women do. But now she hopes to reach a home, prepared for them who love God, and where there will be no more deformity, nor sorrow, nor crying.

Who would not rejoice to help carry the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ to such an one? "For they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." So, beloved, 'be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not, for your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Your fellow-worker,

H. C. SANDERS.

Hartland P. O.,

Via Paulpietersburg,

Natal, So. Africa,

Sept. 2, 1926

Dear Homeland Friends:

We have had two blessed weeks across the Pongola. Arrived home last Saturday night, very tired but very happy. I cannot tell you all this trip has meant to us, dear friends, for it has meant more than words can express. The blessing of the Lord attended us every step of the way, and we do praise Him for it all.

The first week we spent at Etungwini, making our home in Asiena Maniso's kraal where her brother-in-law, Solomon Sukazi (the blind boy) also lives. We arrived late Friday night and Saturday was spent in getting settled and somewhat rested for Sunday's meeting. The Lord gave us a very sweet service. This is where Dr. Sanders goes for a meeting every six weeks, and the native workers come with their people for "Big" Sunday or Communion Service. The new church there is not finished, but we were able to have the meeting inside. Trifina Msih was the native worker present that day and her testimony and exhortation was a benediction to my soul. It was a precious time.

Nell went with Solomon to his distant outpost, where she met a young man lately come out from heathendom, and whose face she said was bright with joy.

Monday Solomon took us to Jona Myeni's kraal where about twenty people gathered in a few minutes for a service. The Lord blest his word and hearts were touched. Jonas's own people are still heathen, but his mother now wants to be a Christian which is a joy to his heart. He had not yet returned from his Sunday outpost, but his wife went with us to a more distant kraal over a very difficult mountain path, especially to visit a sick man. We found his old mother rejoicing in the deliverance from beer and snuff, and it was good to meet her. The sick man prayed definitely for help in soul and body and the Lord answered prayer. His face was beaming when we said goodbye.

We visited two other kraals and saw the working of the dear Holy Spirit in another sad heart, expressed in a smiling face. We returned to our little hut with much joy and blessing.

Tuesday, Tomasi Gomazulu had made arrangements for a meeting at his distant outpost where the Lord gave us a gracious time and blest His Word. Heathen people were convicted and the Lord gave us great joy as we listened to the beautiful exhortation of Tomasi. It was truly a blessed time to our souls, and we know the service was not without result though we did not see what our hearts longed to.

How our hearts go out in prayer for these dear native workers! When we see how God blesses their labors and carries on His own work through them our hearts yearn for their spiritual welfare. Remember them in your prayers. The native workers are the grandest people in Africa it seems to me.

Wednesday there was a convicting meeting in the church and afterwards we walked up to Trifina Msibi's kraal where her heathen husband and about 15 others came in to service. We had a good time singing unto the Lord and giving out His Word. Trifina was much blest in prayer. She is a dear soul—the only Christian in the kraal—and she is holding on to God for the salvation of the others, though their hearts are still hard. Her husband is quite a big man among the people. Our hearts were burdened for his soul and we ask you to join in prayer for his salvation.

Thursday we went kraal visiting again with Solomon, and the Lord gave us an especially blessed time in one big kraal where a number of heathen listened hungrily to the Word and expressed their desire to believe.

In another place they were having a beer drink. The head man was very kind to us, but not tender toward God, and he refused to come in to the meeting. "He was not used to it," he said. It was a hard place, but we gave them the Word and passed on, knowing that God is able to soften hearts. We also called at a very nice store, kept by two Arab brothers. This store is on the road leading to Pietrilief and I believe a police camp is somewhere in that vicinity also. We bought corn for our horses and were invited to have tea there, but we thought it wise to decline.

We came home by moonlight with happy hearts. Friday Solomon took us over a very difficult mountain path where he had made arrangements for a meeting. It was in a heathen locality and the hut was soon completely filled (about 40 present). The head man knows that God is dealing with him and seemed quite tender when the meeting closed. We praise the Lord for the sweet privilege we had that day. Solomon was unusually blest and burdened for their souls that day and we had a very profitable meeting. A number asked us to remember them in prayer. It is wonderful how the Lord helps blind Solomon as he goes over the difficult mountain paths and the people are very kind, always willing to lend some one to him for company.

On Saturday we packed up for Isaya Sangweni's at Altona. Native girls accompanied us, carrying our bedding, food supplies, etc., and Asiena came with us to a

kraal a mile distant where we had a meeting. It was wonderful to see the heathen people crowd into the hut, and the dear Lord graciously blest our souls as we gave them His Word. We were so glad we stopped there and they seemed so grateful.

An hour's ride from there brought us to the Pietritief Road where the country is more civilized. A few Dutch farms can be seen and the road is very good indeed. We were glad for better riding and at 5 p. m. arrived at Isaya's, where we were received with genuine Christian courtesy. I cannot take time today, but will write later and tell you of the rich blessings of God and sweet fellowship of the Spirit which we enjoyed there. I wish you could all see this true herald of the Cross, blessedly sanctified, preaching the gospel with the unction of the Holy Ghost. Our hearts were truly refreshed by his fellowship; we had a blessed time in the Lord.

I have not taken time to tell you of the wonderful mountain scenery which was a delight to our vision, but our hearts praise God for it all. We do love Him and want to gather precious jewels for His Kingdom.

Lovingly,

ALICE F. STERRITT.

OBITUARY

Harold Chipman Sullivan

Our community was greatly shocked on Thursday, Sept. 16th, when the news that little Harold Sullivan, aged 7, had been run over by an auto truck loaded with pulpwood, and driven by Everett Mullen. Several of the school children climbed onto the truck for a ride and all had safely gotten off except Harold, and in doing so he slipped and went under the hind wheel, which passed over him. He only survived a few minutes when he passed away. The driver was released from all blame as he was not at fault.

The funeral was held in the R. B. Church at Havelock on Sunday, Sept. 19, and was largely attended, being as stated by many as the largest attendance at any previous funeral.

He leaves to mourn their loss his mother, who is now Mrs. Judson Mullen, a step-father, two brothers, Kenneth and Roy, one sister, Gladys.

We extend to those who mourn our deepest sympathy.

REV. L. J. SEARS.

GOD'S LOVING KINDNESS.

The thing that lasts in the universe is God's kindness, which continues "from everlasting to everlasting." What a revelation of God! Oh, dear friends, if only our hearts could open to the full acceptance of that thought, sorrow and care and anxiety, and every other form of trouble would fade away, and we should be at rest. The infinite, undying, imperishable love of God is mine. Older than the mountains, deeper than their roots, wider than the heavens, and stronger than all my sin, is the love that grasps me and keeps me and will not let me go, and lavishes its tenderness upon me, it beseeches me, and pleads with me, and woos me, and rebukes me, and corrects me when need, and sent His Son to die for me.—Alexander Maclaren.