

come to one, nearer the river, for Sunday's meeting the Sunday ahead a bit.

At last we get to the river and find a good crossing and plenty of good grass for our hungry horse.

For half an hour we rest, eat our lunch and then up and off again for it is now past four o'clock and we have many miles still to travel, about twelve I think. My carriers are Befu Kumene, Felita Hedebe, Zandile Gabela and Gertrude Zickalala.

Oh! The scenery is lovely. Hills are different on this side, more gradual in descent and not so high and great valleys wide and long in and among them with here and there a small river. Great place to grow mealies, when we have plenty of rain, but two dry and hot if we do not. The beauty of the trees took my fancy, and my eyes revelled in their loveliness. Thorn or mimosa mostly, but widely separated and they themselves tall and majestic some almost like elms with their graceful trunks.

From this place Befu did not know the path but here and there we found guides who went a ways with us and we found hearts aching with sorrow or hungry to know God, and comforted them by the way.

It grew dark as we gained the height of the farthest bank of the Pivan. I had a strange feeling creep over me as such thoughts rushed through my head. "It is dark. No one knows the path. You may have to sleep in the veldt," etc., etc. Riding ahead I came to a kraal and found a woman to whom I told our difficulty. She called to a young woman who answered from out of the dark somewhere, and behold, by the time my carriers came up we had a guide who went before us, took one of the loads on her own head and guided us down the hill by a stony path which was so glad to get over before the night really shut down upon us.

Well, she had to leave and return home and now, after a few directions, we were again left to go on alone. Again I was tempted to worry over the situation, and again was reminded of the beautiful words God gave me, when setting out that morning, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

By the time we had used up the directions our last helper had given us, we came to another kraal and it was really dark.

Again we had guides, several this time, and now as the way was a bit rough, we lit our friendly lanterns and praised God for all these blessings.

Coming to a comfortable looking kraal and after enquiring how far, got the reply, "se kudenj" (far away). I felt inclined to ask to sleep at this village and go on in the morning when we could see the country better. But wisdom said, "It is better farther on, where Jessina is waiting for you." So on we trudged. It was 8 o'clock when we saw, by star light, the shadowy forms of the huts of the kraal and when we arrived found the friendly welcome of an open door through which gleamed the light of a tiny lamp. All ere glad to see us and did their best to make us comfortable.

Jessina, with her own hands, has built a small roundaval out of Tambooti grass, daubing the walls inside and out with clay. It is cosy and comfortable and has

a bed and a table with a stool or two for furniture.

It did not take us long to eat a lunch and get to rest for we were very tired. I had the bed, the three women the floor, and I persuaded them to leave the door open so we might have plenty of air. Next day the river was glorious. Her house is situated on the gentle slope of a high hill wooded with thorn-bush and wide spaces between them so it resembles a park. In the foreground are mountainous hills, one of which is Hlobane, out of which they are digging coal, and the buildings of the works and compounds are only about five miles away.

Then the back-side of Amahloni, wooded and gentle sloping, lies to the left. This mountain on the river side has a peculiar face that resembles two large frowning eyes and can be seen for miles.

Well, there were about 30 people to our meeting, 12 seekers and great power from God's presence. One girl got so happy she just kept repeating Praise Jesus! Beautiful fellowship with our workers and many opportunities for helpful talks with seekers.

Sunday we set off for Emholoko, where a young man, a cripple, lives named Absalom. He has only been saved a short time, but very earnest and promising. He cannot walk standing straight, but on hands and feet as if setting down. He is very smart with his hands and can make many useful things.

The sun was so hot, we travelled slowly and were about 4 hours in arriving.

At a kraal by the way side we found a relative of Gertrude's, a young woman, dying with consumption. We stopped and held prayers with her. Jessina prayed beautifully. We tried to point her to Jesus who had power to forgive and give her the witness before she went. This is what she longed for as, though praying earnestly, she had not yet received the knowledge of sins forgiven. Her mother, a believer, could not yet be willing to have her die. She was comforted by the Word and warned the old father to flee from the wrath to come.

Arriving at 4 o'clock we found time to change into cooler clothing and eat a hurried lunch. About 50 people present and no place big enough to hold them, nor was there a tree near for shade. So we held our service out on the hillside and I preached holding an umbrella over my head.

One forgets everything of discomfort and marvels at the goodness of God in giving one such a glorious opportunity as this to instruct believers in righteousness and to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. The Word was quick and powerful, and there were many seekers. Almost the whole company. One heathen woman started for the kingdom and three others also. Among these is a young boy who on Monday brought a goat as a gift to me. Jessina says this is his way of giving himself as a seeker.

Prayers on Sunday evening were so refreshing. We talked about Heaven and its glories and got happy over the prospect.

Monday, making a sort of semi-shelter, we held another meeting where about 30 were present. Four women told of the hard

time they had at their homes. One woman said on her return Sunday her husband had beaten her but she had come again and intended to follow God in spite of the hard times.

Three others spoke much in the same way. One's heart aches for such and longs for the time to come when these ugly men may become Christians and cease to burden their wives. Such an one was Befu's husband, but now he is so different, she takes great comfort and he has willingly let her leave home and come with me for ten days. God has power to change the hardest heart.

One woman gave quite an experience of her struggle to get victory over snuff, but had failed, now she prayed earnestly to be freed. Another prayed to be rid of beer. It was a most profitable time and all were blessed.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

#### THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Do you want something old,  
Something settled and sure,  
That has stood through the ages  
And still shall endure;  
Reliable records of all that is past,  
Indelibly graven, forever to last?  
Then come to God's Word  
And the message it brings,  
The Book of Beginnings,  
First cause and first things,  
Creator, Creation, a story sublime,  
The darkness of chaos, the dawning of  
time;  
The world that once was,  
And the world that now is;  
Man made by God's hand,  
In His image, all His.

Do you want something modern  
And startling and new,  
As fresh as the morning,  
As clear as the dew;  
Today's current topics brought quite  
down to date,  
Forecast of tomorrow that's never too  
late?  
Then come to God's Word,  
For its prophecies hold  
The symbols of all  
That the years shall unfold,  
A wonderful outline  
Of history's course  
From a truly authentic  
And trustworthy source.  
Naught else is so new,  
And nothing so wise is,  
And nothing so true.  
While the vivid events  
Of the past it can tell,  
And the future's great drama  
Is pictured as well.  
Satisfying and full  
Is the message it brings:  
The Book of Completions  
The end of all things.—S. S. Times.

Heaven and God are best discerned through tears; scarcely, perhaps, are discerned at all without them.—James Martineau.

Tribulation will not hurt you unless it does—what, alas! it too often does—unless it hardens you, and makes you sour and narrow and skeptical.—Chapin.