

for a continuance of greater blessing and victory. I wish I could tell you of the many beautiful and precious tokens He gives us of answered prayer and how mull my heart is of joy and praise unto Jesus for bringing us here. He is wonderful to my soul and I love Him supremely. Blessed be His name. Let us continue in prayer for the outpouring of His spirit and a gracious ingathering of precious souls.

Yours, happy in Jesus,
ALICE F. STERRITT

Hartland Mission Station,
So. Africa. 4-11-1928.

Dear Friends:

You will be glad to hear that our little band at Hibberdene is not weary in well doing, but strong in faith, and seeking to win the heathen to Christ. The 18th of October, I reached Durban, and had my eye attended to the same day. An external growth, a pterygium, long dormant, had begun to extend over the corner and had to be cut away. As soon as my doctor would let me off from daily visits I went to see our little flock at Hibberdene, and was well pleased with the way they are progressing. You may remember that these moved down there from our district. There are a bible woman, a young man, a coming preacher recently married, and five young women, all church members. Last June I visited them and a church was organized, with six members and seven others who expect to join later. They asked to be formed into a church as they found no people there who preach and live the higher Christian life.

At "Concord," the Missionary home in Durban, I met many missionaries, including five working on the South Coast, one North from Hibberdene, and four to the South. One of these told me that in Pondoland, and in the large Native locations, between there and Durban, there are today, more raw heathen in that great district, than there were when he began his mission work, twenty years ago. Although several strong Missionary Societies are well represented in this South Coast area, yet missionary success is not even keeping pace with the natural increase of the heathen.

The same is true of the thousands of Indians in Durban and other towns, and those on the increasing number of sugar plantations along the South Coast and North Coast Railway lines.

Even the Europeans of Durban are being neglected. A young man, who teaches there in Sunday School, judged he said, that only from two to five per cent attend church on Sundays. A member of his class, a girl six years old, said to him, "Who is God? I never heard of God."

At present there is a great land boon on the South Coast, which is the playground of South Africa. House spots are being sold all along the Sea Coast, where thousands of families come to spend a holiday, or if nearby, for week-ends. Bathing all the year round, fishing from the rocks or even from the sand beach, boating on the rivers, as well as the endless amusements among the rocks or the sand, are among the many attractions that draw the multitudes from the cities, towns and farms.

For two Sunday mornings I accompanied friends who minister to the Indians, where they live in "Barracks" in the heart of Durban. It was pitiful to see how few of the heathen came to attend these open air meetings. But when one of their idols is paraded through the streets, they come out in goodly numbers and even give of their pennies. These are mostly Hindoos while the higher class Indians are Mohamadan merchants and traders.

One wonders at the wasted effort put forth in

Church and mission work. Expense and talent fails to draw the masses. Only the few hear the Gospel message and still fewer are brought into the fold of Christ.

The great problem of the Durban churches is "How to reach the ear of the Crowd." And yet the "crowd" is hungering and thirsting for peace and joy that can be found only in Jesus. It looks like the church as a whole, has failed to hold up Christ. For, "If I be lifted up, I will draw," says Jesus.

One young man, whose parents are preaching to the heathen, told me that he is drawn to Christian Science. He did not seem to know that this doctrine does not recognize sin, or the need of atoning blood.

Another, an old man, is looking forward to the soon coming to South Africa of A. Connan Doyle, who is to lecture on Spiritualism. "I will defy you to show me anything in the Bible that condemns this teaching," was his challenge to me.

And so the thirsty world goes on rejecting the fountain of living waters, and are hewing out for themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. If we are walking with God, filled with His Spirit, such thirsty ones are apt to discern that we have found the Fountain and are satisfied in drinking of the water of life.

Yours in Jesus,

H. C. SANDERS

P. O. Hartland, Natal.

Dear Friends:

Yesterday morning, when we were still singing in prayers, the children began coming for Sunday School. There were 28 altogether, the most yet. An old native woman came in, leaning heavily on her cane, as I was giving around the cards and was so disappointed when I told her we had finished but I gave her a card too and explained the picture to her. Then I told them how we got those cards, that little white children, much smaller than the biggest of them, from across the ocean sent many of them and that it was quite a sacrifice too because they were keeping them to see who could get the most. How surprised they all looked and I am sure they appreciated them a lot more. They certainly do look forward to getting the cards. The first day when I told our shepherd boys to come they said, "No!" Then I said, "Why, you do not know how nice Sunday School is the ones who come get cards with lovely pictures on." I tell you it did not take them long to finish their breakfast then! I am sure, because of some of the cards you sent, the story of Jesus was made clearer.

The old woman asked me if my father was home (he was away to Durban) and she was so glad to hear he had returned. He came out to see her and gave her an orange, oh, she was so pleased. Then she wanted some medicine which I got for her and then said, "Please give me some fire, I do get so cold at night." How she did thank me for a box of matches. Then she said how bitter the porridge tasted, now that she had no salt. I gave her a handful and how she prized that tiny gift! Ah, these poor people! How my heart aches for them! But they are not treated so bad now-a-days as in the olden days when they practised the "Sending Home" custom. When they got old and feeble and only a care to their relations and not able to help themselves they would be taken far away from the kraal and either left there to die of starvation or shoved in an ant-bear hole to smother to death or maybe pushed over a cliff where they would be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Christianity has done away with that cruel custom.

Many of the Sunday School children are neglected, as far as teaching is concerned. Please

pray that our Sunday School may be a blessing to them.

Your friend in Jesus,
GRACE SANDERS

"FRET NOT THYSELF"

Rev. Arthur F. Ingler

When the Psalmist gave this admonition, he had just returned from a thoughtful walk with his good friend, Wisdom. Full soon had he observed the sad results of fretting; if not in his own experience, he had seen it in the lives of others. Three times in the opening verses of the 37th Psalm the inspired writer exclaims: **Fret not thyself!** He then adds the best of reasons and points us to the antidote. Thankful should we be that he has not left us to hunt our way from the dark labyrinth of mystery. He tells us why we should cease our peevishness, and why we should rely wholly upon God.

A careful study of the first nine verses, aided by the Holy Spirit, will be productive of great and lasting good to them who will become exercised thereby. First of all, I want to notice the subject from a physical standpoint. A noted and successful physician declares that "Worry kills quicker than work." Upon being questioned further by the journalist he says: "Worry wears away the flesh by overstraining the nerves, disarranges the digestive organs and eventually affects the whole system.

"The primary cause of old age is anxiety, of which the effects are soon noticeable in impaired circulation, a drawn and palid countenance and enfeebled activity. An ordinary man with the usual business cares and family burdens can no more avoid worry than he can do without breathing." So much for the natural and "ordinary man." But the grace of God proposes to make him spiritual and extraordinary. Thank heaven for this and be encouraged.

"Worrying, fretting and peevishness are very injurious to the health. Worse than that: it is sinful; for it springs from unbelief. It is either a disbelief in God's care or a revolt against his methods, even though there may not be conscious disbelief or revolt. The cure for this evil and wasteful disease must be sought in a recognition of the truth that it is a sin. Our bodies are to be the temples of God. If we fret and worry we weaken them and thus sin against our Maker; His Spirit is grieved and we cease to grow in grace; our souls are dwarfed and we cannot become the stalwarts in faith that God expected us to be. Hence the commands: "Fret not thyself," "Grieve not the Holy Spirit," etc.

"The only possible way of converting trials, perplexities and difficulties into blessings is to accept them cordially as God's appointment for us, for the moment, believing that because He has permitted them they are capable of bringing us more good than harm; even though we cannot see any possible good that can come out of them.

A childlike trust in God will conquer worry. It is a great victory to learn to trust God when all is dark and forbidding." "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Amen!

Secondly, let us consider the cure as cited in the New Testament, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests

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