

ing held. The attention was good. After the service some sick people were visited at other kraals. One of these was the husband of a girl who now has backslidden for the second time. Her state is very sad. If she had always been a heathen she would have on a skin skirt such as the heathen married women wear. She said so pathetically about her Christianity: "Now all that is left is just the clothes," for she still dresses. At another kraal a woman was sitting on a mat in the sun. She said she had taken sick a year before—the day she heard her son had mysteriously disappeared. He has never been seen since. From the story we judge the boy must have been drowned during a terrible thunder storm when he was out on the hillside. The poor mother was pointed to the Burden Bearer.

Another time a married woman whose life during recent years has been one of weakness and suffering was visited and prayed with. It seems that both she and her husband have consumption. It is a privilege to bring a little ray of God's love into these poor, lonely lives.

If I were to tell you of all who have been dealt with from time to time around our door, my letter would grow far too long. In the Master's Service there is always plenty for His servants to do for Him, and our joint experience is that there is joy in obeying His voice.

We would again ask you to remember us continually in your prayers.

With loving Christian greetings.

Yours in the Harvest field,

RUTH SANDERS

25 Gillespie Street,

Durban, Natal, S. A.

July 31st, 1929

Dear Friend (or s):

"He careth for you." Yes indeed, for all the "you-s" in love He careth. And why should He? There can be only one reason, and that is that "He is love." How shall we thank Him? What shall we render unto Him?" Let us at least "take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." It is the very least we can do.

For many months past large crowds of natives have met from Sunday to Sunday at Cartwright's flats, to be harangued by Communist leaders, native and white, and much talk has been heard in defiance of God, and in threatening of missionaries and native Christians for talking so much about heaven instead of harmonizing earthly methods of advancement, etc., in addition to real causes of unrest and dissatisfaction. Recently it has been known that two persons from Russia had come to Africa under oath to lead the native people in defiance of the Government.

The Durban Corporation has several native eating houses where it also sells native beer with 2% alcohol—the idea being that if the natives must have their beer in the towns, it is safer for it to be controlled by the Corporation. To me it can never seem a just method of righting a wrong.

Recently the I. C. U. natives decided to boycott these Corporation beer halls—not entirely, I fear, for temperance sake (as a number of them try to brew and sell illicitly themselves) and thus they agreed to attack any native who patronized them, with sticks. Several rows with slight injuries and broken windows followed their decision. Finally they issued a printed demand that these places be closed. This not being acceded to, there came the riot.

Just at dusk on Monday evening, June 17th, as we were at our evening meal, there came the sound of a mob, and hundreds of natives from the Bell Street Barracks rushed past our place in Gillespie Street, brandishing sticks and other weapons and giving the war cry, intimidated other natives until they joined their ranks, and injuring some who would not. They were headed for Grey street and the locality of the I. C. U. quarters. The police went out armed only with pick handles (though some irresponsible parties, both black and white, complicated the situation with revolvers) and soon the ambulances and motor lorries were flying past our place with the wounded, bound for Addington Hospital. It was an anxious night—one white man was killed, and four native men; and thirteen other Europeans and about 90 natives were injured before the combatants were dispersed. It was indeed a night of prayer to whom prayer is resource. The natives were still menacing, but the arrival of fifty mounted and armed police the following morning, brought about more of quiet and order, and the word went forth that no large groups be permitted to gather for meetings outdoors.

On Thursday, June 20th, a number of us left Durban by a night train for the Convention at Mseleni, Zululand. We were met at the Mkuzi Railway Station by a motor lorry, onto which seventeen of us piled (not to mention luggage) and started for a fifty mile ride, first up the mountain, then down on the other side, and then through the Bush. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and through the roadless grass, we chased the startled little cotton-tails. Arriving at 9 p. m. at Mseleni, we found about 200 native friends and Christians together with the missionaries, singing us a welcome. The Lord blessed the word to many hearts—Miss Grace Hitchcock and myself were principally among the women and children, and many said they gave themselves to God according to Rom. 12:1. Four meetings a day, with personal talks and fellowship between, kept us all busy, and on Wednesday morning the motor appeared, and with many happy memories of the fellowship of the days, we mounted the lorry again, the men round the edge being roped on for safety, and safely made the 53 miles of the lower road, and got our train for Durban, arriving there the following morning, to find that a terrible hailstorm had swept Durban Central on Monday, June 24th, and to our amazement we saw iron roofs and the ceilings below them hanging in strips, and tiled ones all broken through, some upper bedrooms lying quite open to the sky, while thousands and thousands of panes of glass were shattered, and gardens (Durban's beauty) were simply pulverized, with the force of the hail which only fell for about 25 minutes. Our Gillespie Street buildings were minus 109 panes of glass, and it took 48 sheets of iron to make the roofs dry-proof again. (The screens in my windows had taken the force of the storm, and the Lord had thus kept the panes whole). The whole damage done in Durban was estimated at half a million pounds (about \$2,500,000). Strange to say it had covered practically the very ground over which the rioting had taken place at the very same hour the Monday before.

God had spoken. Every individual realized it for a fact. It was not man's voice. One did not hear much grumbling about. Everybody went to work to get things righted. The season was on, and the beach especially hard hit,

many of the big hotels roofless, and no insurance, it coming under the head of "An Act of God." One was forcibly reminded of God's words to Job (38:22-23). "Hast thou entered into the treasure of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war? Yes, God had spoken. Will man receive individually God's word of reproof and instruction to him? Or will the rod again be needed?"

And yet, marvel of marvels—the wisdom long-suffering and skill of God, that with all the destruction, not one person was seriously injured! Oh, yes, He careth.

One sweet little incident came to my knowledge the other day. When the storm came on nine persons, some white, some native and some Indian, were caught on the shore not far from the pier with nothing to protect them but a 12-foot sheet of corrugated iron. They all managed to get under it together, and an Indian among them, fearing the end of the world had come, knelt down and prayed for them all. It's blessed at such a time when there is some one on hand who is on speaking terms with God through Christ His Son. For they had one Creator, one danger, one necessity, and there is only one Name under heaven whereby we must be saved.

August 21st, 1929

And now Durban has nearly hummed through her "season," heaven and hell recruiting—in blessed beach services among the children, in the ministry of Pastor Bjork among Concord's friends, in the Oxford group among young students—and alas! The race-track with its attendant betting, balls, picture shows, all, all have influenced for life or death.

There are many, many things we must ask your prayers for, but especially that at this time, the Lord will give convincing proof in this town of Durban, that the Government is upon His shoulder, in the defeat of Communist plans, in the administration of righteousness between all kinds and conditions of men. "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." The beer halls are, some of them, re-opened; but the natives passed the word among themselves that whosoever among them should enter, buy and drink in them, would be drinking his brother's blood. And God has kept even the habitual drinkers from going in. If they stand pat on it, the halls will probably close automatically, we trust. The Lord is our hope in all things, and we feel sure the Corporation would gain rather than lose by that conclusion of the matter, for they might expect the Lord's blessing on not putting the bottle to their neighbors' lips.

With loving greetings to you all, and to enquiring friends, I remain,

Yours in the hope of His coming,

ALICE RINGLAND

ONLY GOD

Only God can take out of your heart the bad temper, pride, malice, revenge, love of the world, and all the other evil things that have taken possession of it; and fill it with holy love and peace. To God you must look, to God you must go. This is the work of the Holy Ghost; He is the Purifying Fire; He is the Cleansing Flame. —William Booth.