

Eugene being better next morning, we went by bicycle to Entungwini for Big Sunday. We also found Samyeli a pretty sick man. After having prayer, Brother Eugene served him with Communion as the others had already had it. Next Saturday on our way to Mbcu we called in and found he was able to get about.

So, praying friends, perhaps your requests for Entungwini are being answered already. Prayer changes things. G. W. SANDERS

Swaziland, So. Africa,

Dear Friends: April 7, 1940

Greetings in our Redeemer's name.

My long-awaited-for holiday is at last taking place. I left Hartland the last Saturday in March and visited at Bremersdorp on the Nazarene Mission Station for almost a week. Then had a chance with some Missionaries to come here and visit Sister Dixon, whose acquaintance I made while in the Bremersdorp Hospital in 1938. This is another Nazarene Mission Station, about 40 miles from Bremersdorp. It is located on the top of a high mountain. It commands a beautiful view of the country all around. At the foot of the hill and for miles and miles stretches flat land covered with low bushes—called the "bush-veldt." Here and there, in different sections and in the hilly parts where the flat country ends, numerous wild game abound. Wild bears, buck (small deer), leopards and even lions are found. When starting out for this holiday, I put in a good pair of walking shoes and cotton stockings and hoped that the Sister would have a call to some kraal out in the wilds while I was there, and that she would allow me to accompany her. My wish was granted last Friday.

An old Native man came to call Miss Dixon. She was glad I was here to accompany her, as the girls were needed in the home to care for the three small children she has taken. We left at 10 a. m., not knowing, like Abraham, "whither we went." We just followed our guide and trudged on and on, and then on some more till we began to feel tired. He made a long detour, because of swamps since the last rains, so that we had to walk several extra miles. To our dismay, when we reached the shoulder of the mountain where we could look down, he pointed out the kraal way down in the bush-veldt valley! Such a descent! Grass closed the narrow trail from both sides hiding the stones over which we stumbled and slipped time and again. On the way down we talked to the old man and learned that he loves God, has given himself to seek Him and seemed hungry after salvation. He dressed a little differently than the Zulu Natives. A little more modest. A loin cloth under a skin, then he also wore European style shirt. He carried the Sister's extra bag on a stick resting on his shoulder.

It was twelve o'clock when we at last arrived at the kraal. We were just in time. The Sister delivered the young mother of a fine little Swazi baby boy. After giving the old folks and the mother instructions about feeding the baby and bringing it to the Child Welfare Clinic for weekly examinations, we had prayers with them and left—hungry, thirsty and stiff from our long walk and bending over the mat. We persuaded the man to take us home a shorter way. He was afraid we would ruin our shoes in the mud. It was not quite ankle deep, he said, so we told him we would pull off our shoes and stockings and walk through barefoot rather

than return to Stegi that long way. We took a little different route which was not quite so steep, nor as rocky. When we had struggled up about one quarter of the mountain side, we met two Swazi boys riding donkeys bare back. I begged them to loan us the donkeys, but they were heartless and wanted to know, "How much?" We had no cash with us and for fear we might suffer broken necks if we did mount these strange bridleless beasts, we journeyed on. After awhile we overtook three half naked (the two smallest ones had only a string of yarn around their loins, or twisted grass) little girls, carrying small sticks of fire wood. The youngest, about 4½ years old, had but three sticks on her head, but no doubt felt very proud of her load! Our heads began to ache from faintness, and once or twice I felt giddy. My muscles ached so and got so stiff I had to stop every little while to rest. We sat down twice. After a bit we entered a native kraal, the home of our little fellow travellers, built on the slant of the mountain side. We didn't like to ask for food or water here—they looked so dirty—so pressed on. We plucked little wild flower blossoms, Fox Glove and Honey Pot, and greedily sucked the tiny drops of honey from them. This helped a bit for our throats were very dry. About two miles from the Mission Station our guide left us pointing out the way. With difficulty we crossed a boggy pond jumping from stones to an old drum and fallen tree as a bridge. Then we missed the trail and came out on another higher up, farther from "home" than we had hoped to. We left the kraal at 1 o'clock p. m. and arrived here at 3.30 just ready to drop from fatigue and hunger and thirst. While the faithful girl prepared our meal we soaked our aching feet and put cream on our sun burned necks and praised God for bringing us back safely. We met no wild boars; we saw no leopards, though we passed through their habitation. The only thing we did see right under our feet, was a serpent—it was a full grown one, the natives told me, of a silvery black colour, about the size of a sack needle. In fact that is what the natives call it—"Insungulu"—or needle. It is perfectly harmless! It took us an hour to climb the mountain. It must be a mile high. Altogether we reckon we walked about ten miles. Yesterday to move was misery—I felt about 90 years old—my joints felt rusty. Today it is not so bad for which I am very thankful indeed. But if I had the chance I would go again with her tomorrow, even if over the same trail, just for the privilege of carrying the gospel to those sitting in gross darkness. When one had helped them when in pain and can relieve their suffering then their hearts are more readily opened to the message of salvation. Think of how weary Jesus was many a time, like when He sat down to rest on Jacob's well—He came to bring us salvation. Shall we begrudge these poor lost souls the gospel message just because we suffer some discomfort in ministering to their needs? Ah, no! God help us "not to be weary in well doing for we shall reap if we faint not."

Yours for souls in Africa,

GRACE M. SANDERS

Altona Mission Station,

Dear Highway Friends: April 1, 1940

Another Sunday is over and it was a real good day in the Lord when God came near our souls to bless.

I often wonder if all workers feel as I do. Some Sundays I try so hard to get my message across to the people and it seems as if I haven't been able to and I came home praying, "Oh, God, Thou hast said that Thy word will not return unto Thee void—oh, bless someone today." Then other Sundays the words come easy and the people are touched and helped and my own soul filled with glory.

We had a real good Sunday school with twenty-three present. Our average attendance for the past quarter has been seventeen and eleven were present every Sunday. Four more were able to recite the 23rd Ps. I gave a little prize to those who came each Sunday and Bible pictures to those who said the 23rd Ps.

For some weeks I have felt that I should preach a sermon on holiness and as I was studying my Bible one day, I noticed a verse marked that Brother Dunlop had preached from in my home church on Nov. 21st, 1926, and as I read it the Lord seemed to say "That is your text." It was Num. 13:26: "Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it." These were Caleb's words to the children of Israel as they viewed the Promised Land. After much thought and prayer I prepared a sermon and yesterday I preached it to between forty and fifty people.

After I finished I felt such a strong urge to call an altar service so I did and about twenty-five people came forward. I wish you could have heard them as they cried and prayed and then later as they testified.

One woman told how that some years ago if cows got into her gardens or things went wrong she would get very cross and would scold and fuss but then came a time when the Holy Spirit came into her heart to abide, and since then she hasn't felt like scolding and fussing any more.

Another got up with tears in her eyes and said that it seemed as if I must have seen her hungry heart for she was hoping that I would ask the people to come up and pray. She said as she prayed she felt such a sense of peace in her soul and she really felt that the Holy Spirit had cleansed her heart from sin. Praise the Lord!

Another woman said that she was feeling very cross all the morning but she came and asked the Lord to forgive her and help her and now God had taken the bad feelings away. Then a young woman spoke and told that she lived in a harem—she is one of several wives—but the Lord was helping her not to think so much of her husband but to think more about God. She said it was so easy to become jealous when your husband seemed to like one wife better than another, but she was asking the Lord each day to help her not to be jealous whether her husband favored her or not. She also said that she felt the Lord had given her fresh courage and strength.

An old woman told how her son had just taken a new wife and this girl had quarrelled with her mother-in-law and had even beaten her. At first she had felt very cross for now her life at home was very hard but the Lord was giving her victory and she didn't feel cross any more, even though she had been beaten.

Many others spoke also. We who do not understand kraal life cannot fully realize the hardships and trials. My heart aches for so many of our women but I know that God can and does help them in wonderful ways. So

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