

closed about four. There were four speakers, all bringing good messages. Two babies were presented. The hardest part of the service was the setting aside of one of our girls, who has backslidden and broken the rules of our church. This girl was one of our school teachers and so promising, but she fell in love with a boy who already has several girls, and declared her desire to enter a harem as his fourth or fifth wife. We did our best to help her to see the folly of taking such a step, but to no avail. Her mother is Locelina Lushaba, one of our new women workers. She has been a widow for years and would not consent to follow the native custom and go to her brother-in-law as his wife, even though the man wished her to do so. She is passing through deep waters now, because of her child. They both need our prayers.

Perhaps the most important part of the service was when two stood declaring their desire to become Christians. One was a young girl and the other a woman that Locelina has been much interested in. Recently she has been sick and Locelina has visited her and prayed with her.

There was a good altar service. Many came forward for prayer and professed that they received help. After this, Johannes had charge of the communion service, a good number partaking.

The last thing in our services here is the collection. Everyone comes forward to bring their offering. As the collection was announced we got such a surprise when Johannes jumped up and said, "Yes, this plate on the left is for the general collection, but this one on the right is for the special offering that you all know about." We began to look at each other and the children whispered, "What is it?" But we did not know what it meant. Our eyes opened indeed for as the people began to come forward Johannes began to open purses and pour out money onto the plate at the right. He was greatly enjoying himself and kept us waiting for quite awhile but at last he said that the people felt very badly to think that some bad person or persons at Hartland had ruined our two best tires so the people here felt that they wanted to sympathize with something more than words or tears so they were giving money to help buy new tires. The offerings and what has come in since is nearly \$40. They have never done anything like this before and it's so much for them to do—it touched us deeply. Eugene did his best to thank them and we pray that the Lord will richly bless them for giving such a very generous gift.

Since this service two other heathen women have started to seek the Lord, in our Klipvaal outpost. One of these I do not know but the other one I have been interested in for some time. She is the daughter-in-law of one of our older workers, Jonah Myeni.

One night several years ago she sent a very tiny little baby to me. Something seemed very wrong with it; it was beyond my power to help and I wanted her to take it to a doctor. I even made arrangements for Eugene to take them as he was going to Hartland the very next day, but they refused and the baby died. I felt very sorry indeed.

Not long after this her little son broke his leg and was brought here, but again the older ones refused to take the child to a doctor, and called a native doctor. After months of suffering, however, the child recovered, but I understand that the leg is not straight. I

talked to her then and she said she knew that she should become a Christian. I urged her to do so and not put it off longer, but she didn't heed our words.

Over a year ago she had another child and it died also and she almost died too. Then recently again she became sick and sent to us asking that the teacher's wife, who is a trained nurse, be sent to help. Alvina went and did all she could and advised sending the woman to a hospital but again the older ones refused. Later she gave birth to twins, both dead. I kept asking how she was and always I would hear that she was better but that her heart was very hard. She was present at our service Oct. 1st and I felt that perhaps she would make a start toward God, that day. I believe she intended to and lacked courage, for the following Sunday at Klipvaal, she made the step. She said that every time she had been sick or in trouble she had said that she would seek the Lord but when her troubles ended she put it off. She said that her heart was very hard but she was asking God to soften it. Poor soul, she does need our prayers but I do praise God for helping her to make the start. Her young daughter is a promising seeker in our church. It is so good to gather in our young people, but to me it is a much greater victory over the devil, when we can reach the raw heathen. I am sure that he is not at all pleased about it, but we need not fear when God is with us.

Eugene has been ill for the past two weeks but he has been to a doctor today and with the proper medicines he will soon improve, I think. He has had malaria fever and complications. We do praise God for His help in times of need.

Our school work seems to be going along nicely. I have over a hundred in Sunday school at present. The work in the clinic is on the increase. I have tended nearly one hundred people in the last two weeks. Whooping cough is again with us too. I thought that every child around us had it last year, but it seems now that a goodly number escaped.

Christmas will no doubt be past by the time this reaches you and we want to extend to all the readers best wishes for a blessed New Year. May God greatly bless you all.

Yours in His love,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD

Natal, South Africa

Dear Friends and Co-workers:

May the Lord bless and comfort each one through the New Year, is my greetings to you all this hot sunny day. As this year may be the last one before His return, let us be our best for His best.

Two days ago I was at our Entungwini Church and was pleased to hear, from Samyeli Mavimbela, their native pastor, his report of a Sunday school class he started since I was over last, in May, of about fifteen children. The day and night school has an attendance of 35 which is above the usual average. The building itself has suffered by a portion of one side falling out. A good example of time proving that the workmanship was not what it ought to have been. May we stand the great test and be not ashamed.

Yesterday Brother Kierstead nailed most of the ridging on the Altona Hospital roof, with a little of my help. This is something to praise the Lord for in more ways than one. Since we returned from the Zululand trip, he has had quite a sick spell, but worked as if it

was a thing of the past. It was a hard test of a trip, but well worth the cost. We noticed that the native population by the roadside was more civilized and better church-goers than those who were off in the hills.

Also that many of these semi-Christians were still unsaved and hungry for a know-so salvation, and received the tracts we gave them with joyful thanks. That on the whole, the Zululand natives were more civil than those of our districts, and perhaps more willing to accept the gospel.

After ten days we had made about 350 miles. Brother Kierstead made tracks for Altona, while I took a loop over the Ubombo mountain range, to within fifty miles of the sea. From contact and conversation, here are a few conclusions I came to.

As it is fairly free from fever on this mountain-range, the missionaries had covered this area fairly well, but a vast expanse of a coastal-belt just a few hundred feet from the sea level, was still untouched, except for a spot here and there. Here are the hindering conditions. The first is malaria. The second could be the lack of climatized workers, caused by death, and the fear of death. At a Mission Station I have in mind, the native evangelist, as well as the preacher, had both died, I think of fever, and for two or more years the work got an occasional visit from native pastors of nearby districts. Naturally the work had suffered, many had gone back to drink or heathendom.

The heat, perhaps, could come next. At this place mentioned the heat went up to 120 in their living-room, with all doors and windows open. When it is cool after sundown, the mosquitoes are so numerous as to be likened to a cloud.

The great curse of this coastal-belt is drink. Sishimiana is the name of one kind. The many kinds of wild fruit, with a lot of sugar added, with some malt also, and left in the sun to ferment. It must be strong stuff. A native man I overheard complain to another said the people make beer so strong now-a-days, that a person cannot fill their bellies before they are dead, meaning dead drunk. A storekeeper said even the little children come still half drunk to the store to buy more sugar for the next batch of beer. Year before last the natives of this district got a good crop of grain, and were so busy drinking this up, that they neglected to plant, so this year they are suffering a great shortage. A man asked me for three pennies to buy something to eat, and went on to say that they at his home only ate once a day, and then not enough to satisfy his hunger. The little children also have the same hard luck because of drink.

The need is truly great, but the Lord of the harvest has asked us, you and me, to ask Him to thrust forth workers into His harvest field, not perhaps where we would choose or prefer, just where He sees best. At home perhaps but praying the Lord with thanksgiving knowing that prayer changes things.

Are we going to use this power of prayer to its fullest extent? Lord, teach us to pray, is our need.

Yours, for souls, and prayer,

GEORGE W. L. SANDERS

The products of culture and elocution can never take the place of Holy Ghost power.

It is not the gift, but the amount of love in it that gives it value with God.