

could. But someone has said that "the way up is down," so let's go then.

Last month Charlie, Pamela and I had a nice trip to Durban by car with a friend. I really enjoyed the change. We left Paulpietersburg at 3.30 a.m. and arrived in Durban at 1.30 p.m. We saw some beautiful country, including the snow-capped Drakensburg Mountains, Howick Falls, the Valley of a Thousand Hills, and stopped at Ladysmith and Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal. It was quite thrilling to see the ocean again and to have its music in one's ears.

We were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Burns, friends of Mrs. Sanders. They are elderly people, but love the Lord and we had sweet fellowship together. Each Sunday they take tracts, books and picture rolls and go out near a beer-parlor and talk to the natives and try to point them to Jesus. At first the European owner of this beer-parlor was very angry with them for speaking to the people. Of course he knew he would lose trade if a native found the Lord. He even put up a rail to keep them from coming too near. But the natives come to them. We are praying that the Lord will bless their labors and many may come to Him who is "the way, the truth and the life."

Since I am becoming better acquainted with the work, I can see more plainly, the gross darkness of these people and their great need of Jesus. How fearful to be so bound by the chains of Satan. But we are so glad that we have a message to give—of salvation, of freedom in and through the shed blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. We praise Him for this great salvation and pray that as we try to tell it out, others may come to know and experience it in their own lives.

Please pray that we may be used of Him to bring these lost and dying souls unto Him who died that all might have life, and have it more abundantly.

Yours in Him,

MYRA A. SANDERS.

Altona M. S.,

June 2, 1947

Dear Highway,

May was the most wonderful month with sunny days and cool nights, but June arrived with cold winds and last night we had quite a storm; the lightning was bright and thunder heavy and was accompanied by rain. It's the first time, since we came here, that we have had such a storm in winter.

Today it was so very cold in the room where Eugene has been teaching, that he brought his classes to the living-room. I took the ones who were learning to read and had a very interesting time. Two of the women were older than I am but they do want to read and are putting forth real effort and are making progress. To-day we were reading parts of verses from Matt. 5 and they were so pleased when they saw they could really pick out the words and read the words of Jesus. The Bible School will close on Friday. This has been the longest session, as usually we only have one month but this time Eugene has taught for eight weeks. We hope to re-open the school in August, if all is well.

One of our neighbour's little boys met with an accident on Sunday. In helping the older boys with the cows, he fell onto an old bone and tore his leg very badly. I dressed it at once and early Monday morning Eugene took him to the hospital. I will likely hear soon from the doctor, how the child is making out. I be-

lieve his mother is a Christian in one of the nearby native churches but the father is a heathen. I believe that most of the people are heathen in that kraal. One of the women visits me often. She would like to become a Christian but her husband forbids it. He says he will not allow his wife to go to church, rather, she must stay at home and cook and work. May the Lord touch his heart I pray, and bring them to Himself.

We were so glad for the young man who gave himself to the Lord, in the service yesterday. He has been halting between two opinions, for a year. He really wanted to be a Christian but some of his family suggested he wait until he was sure whether he wanted to be a Christian or a heathen. Of course, that was a trick of Satan's and it worked for awhile but we are so glad that God helped him and he has really made a start towards God. I do pray that the dear Lord will help him to be a great help in the work here. We do need young men who are willing to take their stand for God and holiness and help to carry the news of salvation to their own people who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

It doesn't seem possible that so very soon you will be leaving for Beulah and here, we will have our July Quarterly Meeting at Hartland, this year. We do pray that God will graciously meet with us and give rich blessing. I'm so glad that the wide ocean that lies between us, is no hindrance to God, and his rich blessings can be upon us in all places, if we prepare our hearts for Him.

We need your prayers, dear ones. More and more I realize that "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness, etc. May God help us to put on the whole armour of God, that we may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

Yours, for souls in Africa,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD.

Hartland M. S.,

June 2, 1947.

Dear Highway Friends,

It is good that we have the King's Highway as it keeps us in touch with fellow Christians of the same interests and faith and experience. May God continue to bless our editors and all who contribute to the success of our church paper. It helps us out here on the mission field to get small glimpses of home activities and it gives you small glimpses of this portion of the harvest field. The fine articles and sermons both by our own men and women and young people, as well as those taken from other denominations are a source of soul food and encouragement to those who read them, and who walk in whatever new light God may reveal to them through them.

Yesterday morning after our family devotions I took a lunch, an extra piece of bread and several oranges and set off for our Watervaal outpost. One of our members in this section had been reported nearing the end. Her husband, an unsaved man had taken her to devil doctors and had even sought from the witch doctor to learn of the cause of her illness. So poor Martha was nearing the end and had been beset with enemy forces. They had even put some beads on her which indicated certain devilish treatment that had been attempted on her: to install demons in her. I do not know if she consented for the demons to come into her or not, but from what little

information I have been able to gather it seems that she did not.

I had to walk most of the way there as the road is mostly up hill going and after leaving the road the country is unsuitable for bicycle travel. The total distance is about seven miles, one way. Leaving my bicycle near the foot of a steep hill, in a Native kraal I borrowed a walking stick (to be used in case of angry dogs or a possible snake) with my bag over my shoulder I set off for the second lap of the journey. At the second Native kraal I stopped to pray with a dying man I found huddled in a very awkward position. As I have prayed for this man since coming home I have thought of the verse "For the wages of sin is death..." This poor creature has come to the first part of the reaping time from his planting of a selfish and prodigal life. He appeared to me to be in the last stages of T. B. with possibly a cancer of the stomach too. I tried to point him to Christ reading from Matt. II the last three verses: but it seemed hard for him to confess his sins. I learned at this kraal that the woman whom I was going to pray for had already died. Hearing this I then gave this poor man the bit of bread and some of the oranges I had brought.

At the next kraal I passed I saw a man who had been to Hartland since I had left and Myra had given him one of our calico sheets to help them out as it was Sunday and they could not get any such material from the store. This sheet is used to cover the corpse for burial.

Knowing that it would be some time before the grave would be ready and the people gathered together I stopped at a pretty little brook and ate my lunch.

We had a nice funeral service and we sang a hymn that Martha had chosen before she died. The sun was setting so the service had to be brief. It gave an opportunity to give out the same verses above referred to, also to try to impress the heathen present that it is a very serious offence to try to put a stumbling block in the way of one of the followers of Christ, that it were better to have a millstone hanged about his neck and to be cast into the midst of the sea."

So you see that the great battle for souls is still raging. Keep praying and believing and our God will triumph at last.

Yours happy in Him,

C. D. M. SANDERS.

MISUNDERSTOOD

Misunderstood—

That word is full of sighs,
And back of it are lies,
And gossip which with eagle wings
Speeds on and on and ever flings
Its lies and sighs as through the world it flies.

Misunderstood—

Was ever that your plight?
Ah, yes, if e'er you stood for right,
And fought for it with might and main,
Determined victory to gain,
And in your plight to keep your garments white.

Misunderstood—

Well, being that you know
Just what it means, you should be slow
To judge another in distress,
And eager, not to blame, but bless,
And so, forever keep love's flame aglow.

—David F. Nygren, in "Gospel Herald."