

We went by horse, and left Hartland at about 8.00 a. m. It was my first horse-back ride for about a year and a half—so after I got used to the horse and regained confidence, I thoroughly enjoyed the trip. Lujojwane is about eight miles from our station. The wind was chilly, and we did not ride hard, so reached our destination in about 2½ hours. There are two quite steep hills to climb and go down the other side. We had planned to have prayers in two kraals, and on the hillside near his kraal, we met the first old man, Mqumbi. He was very happy to see us, and soon was telling us that his knees were weak and were his chief trouble. He walks with two canes. We proceeded to the kraal where they were having the last end of a beer drink, and, after waiting about fifteen or twenty minutes for the members of the kraal to assemble, we had a short service. This old man was a seeker, but after the death of his wife his heart became hardened but now he is seeking after the Lord again. We felt the visit was profitable and believe he was helped by the message. He said he needed a blanket, so Charlie promised him one and I added that we'd send some liniment for his knees, so he was quite happy. Charlie wanted to take his picture, so first he had to assure him that the camera wouldn't spirit him away. We had to wait another twenty minutes or so until five of his grand-daughters got dressed in all their beads, etc., to stand beside him and have their pictures taken also. It is just impossible to hurry these people! Just you come out here and try it some time! You must bring your patience along with you, and a good supply at that. It should make a nice picture—the old man with his head-ring on and his five pretty grand-daughters.

We farewelled and rode up the hill to old Sihlohlo's kraal, where we found them busy moving—to escape the white ants that are eating their houses. Here were three of our members—two women and a young girl. We were taken into a hut where we saw the old gentleman lying on his mats, almost too weak to get up. He seemed glad to see us and said he had been blind for eight years, but could still hear. He told us that the Gospel came when he was a young lad, before he married, but he said, "All did not accept the Light." Now he is an old man whose days are numbered. At first he said he had no sin and then said he used to steal sugar-cane when he was a boy. Charlie talked to him and tried to show him the way of salvation. I don't know how much he understood. We had a short service and tried to encourage the Christians. After exhorting the old man to seek the Lord, we said our good-byes and rode down to the home of Lizi Mavuso, our worker in that section.

Here at Lizi's kraal we saw the skeleton of a huge python her husband had killed. He found it on the bank of one of the rivers, apparently having swallowed a goat, horns and all, shortly before. He stabbed it with a spear and then hit it on the head with his knob-kerrie. I don't know how he got it home. I just shuddered to see the thing! The length of the skin was eleven paces as I paced it off—so it must have been between 24 and 25 feet long. No thanks, I don't care to meet one, do you? We ate our lunch at the kraal, after they brought us water to wash, and some nice coffee to drink. It was now after 1.00 p. m. and Charlie had a meeting at Hartland at 3.00 p. m., but we realized we wouldn't make it. The breeze was still cool as we started home. We reached home at 4.30 p. m. and I was beginning to feel a bit tired and lame.

That evening when Grace asked me how many candles to put on my birthday cake, I told her by the way I felt she'd better put 80 at least! I am still lame, but oh, it was worth it. There's something about going to the homes of the people that you don't touch by just meeting them at church, or here at the station. I do enjoy it; but I still can't eat at some of the places. I'm always glad when they don't offer anything. I suppose if one was hungry enough—

A little over a week ago, a friend took Charlie, Pam, Esther and me to Piet Retief to visit George. We found him with a new cast on with a walking iron in the heel—out on the verandah, with the aid of a pair of crutches. We were pleased to see him looking so well and in good spirits. He said he would soon be out of hospital, but the doctor wanted to take more X-rays.

The children and I kept house while Grace and Charlie went to Kwakakile to the church opening. Charlie returned on Monday, but Grace stayed for a week visiting, and had a wonderful time among the people. The Sunday night they were away, two men came at midnight for medicine. Due to the recent theft breaks here at the station I was a bit nervous about opening the door; but plucked up my courage after a bit and handed out the medicines and instructed them how to use it. The child became ill in the morning.

We all seem to have colds at present, but we are fortunate. Many have pneumonia. There is a lot of sickness among the natives. The Lord is good to us and continues to shower us with rich blessings. We praise Him for it all. I must say good-bye now.

Yours to help souls,

MYRA SANDERS

#### THE FOURTEEN ERRORS OF LIFE

To attempt to set up our own standard of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform to it.

To try to measure the enjoyment of others by your own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike. Not to yield to unimportant trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions. To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate, if we can, all that needs alleviation.

Not to make allowances for the weakness of others.

To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To live as if the moment, the time, the day were so important that it would live forever.

To estimate people by some outside quality. —London Evening Standard.

#### BIBLE READING AT ITS BEST

The very best way to read the Bible is to read daily with close attention and with prayer to see the light that shines from its pages, to meditate upon it, and to continue to read it until somehow it works itself, its words, its expressions, its teachings, its habits of thought, and its presentation of God and His Christ into the very warp and woof of one's being.—Howard A. Kelly.

#### THE JOURNEYS OF JONAH

J. B. Chapman, D.D.

Jonah never did get to Tarshish, nevertheless, "he paid the fare thereof" (Jonah 1:3). The shipmaster was wise in collecting in advance—men who are running away from God are poor risks. If they promise to pay when they return, that is not much consolation, for the great majority of them do not return. Even if their promise is to pay at the end of the journey, their course leads through storms and tossings overboard, and only a few of them find a whale at the convenient time.

There may be difficulties and hard problems in the way of duty to God. But these do not compare in either number or force with the besetments which await the disobedient, and the disobedient are denied the strength of an assuring conscience. God had commissioned Jonah to Nineveh, and Nineveh was nearer than Tarshish, and the fare was easier paid. Besides, when one pays the fare to Nineveh, God guarantees to get him to his destination; while paying the fare to Tarshish does not mean either that you will reach your destination or that you will get your money back. Jonah started to Tarshish by sea. But he encountered storms. If he had tried it by land he would have found the road unsafe and he should have traveled at his own risk.

The origin and destination of all journeys of disobedience are strikingly similar. From Eden to Egypt; from Jerusalem to Jericho; from peace to perdition; from plenty in the father's house to the pods of the swinepen; from the keeper of the treasurer's bag to the suicide's hangman's noose; and from Lucifer the lightbearer to Satan the king of night! Always it was from a good beginning to a bad ending. Surely no man can justly envy the impenitent sinner or the pitiful backslider. Their ways are the ways of seduction, and their feet take hold of the domains of death.

But Jonah turned from the way to Tarshish to Nineveh road. He found opportunity to retrace his steps in repentance and obedience. He lost his fare to Tarshish, but he did not lose his immortal soul. He was wise in forgetting the lost fare, for he did not want to go where he started anyway. There is hope for the backslider who turns again to the way of God. It is the voice of Infinite Love that cries, "Return, O backsliding children, for I am married unto thee." "Turn ye; for why will ye die."

#### A CHRISTIAN'S INVENTORY

Am I catering to superficiality?

Am I loving Jesus Christ supremely?

Am I drawing nearer to God each day?

Am I sifting and putting first things first?

Am I bearing a definite soul-burden for the lost.

Am I praying as much as I have in the past?

Am I coasting along on past spiritual victories?

Does the will of God mean more to me than my own will?

Does the Spirit of God mean more to me as I pray and meditate?

Does the inspired Word of God mean more to me than any other reading?

Am I walking in all the light and understanding of God's Word that I possess?

Does God allow me to be tested, to determine and to increase my spiritual strength?

Am I fearing what others may say or think about me following the Spirit of God in His service?—Julia S. Ross.