



LITTLE IS MUCH

By Myra Sanders

Once upon a time, in fact quite recently, we received a letter from Monasia Nkosi, our teacher at Grootspuit, containing an invitation to visit the school on Wednesday afternoon from 3 p. m. to 3.20 p. m. About 2 o'clock on that day, we hopped into the little Austin, which was percolating better because of the new rings with which she had been fitted, and away we went. Grootspuit is about 13 miles from here, and is on the farm of Mr. Englebrecth. There are about sixty children who attend.

When we arrived we found Rev. Metula and Mr. Mtabela busy with some fencing on the school lot. After we had talked with them for awhile, we were invited in to take a seat and the children began to sing. After they had sung a few songs, the girls all left the room and we supposed they were going to sing outside, as the boys were not doing much to make a joyful sound on their own. Imagine our amazement when the door opened and the girls came filing in, each bearing a gift. Some had little dishes of dry beans, another a pumpkin, another a few sweet potatoes. After all the gifts had been placed on the table and floor, Miss Nkosi made a speech, followed by Rev. Metula and one of the ladies present. The conclusion of the matter was—a thank offering for clothing that we had sent up to Miss Nkosi to distribute among the school children.

Now, we had received several parcels of second hand clothing from the various missionary societies and when Miss Nkosi had been in our home one day, I asked her if the children in her school could use some clothing. She felt that they could, so when the opportunity presented itself, we had sent a large carton of clothing for the girls. Unfortunately I had nothing for the boys, for there seems to be more girls than boys in our churches overseas (judging by the boxes). Perhaps that is why the boys did not make such a joyful noise when the singing was in progress.

After the local speeches had been made, it was our turn to make a speech. It was very hard to say much for our voices wanted to fail us because of tears, that would gather in spite of all our efforts. We told them that there was no need to thank us for the clothing, for it had come from the church in the Homeland and we had given it out as we had seen the needs. The thanks was to the Lord and the church. It would have done your hearts good, yes, it would have made you feel like Charlie and I did, to see each girl all dressed up in those old discarded clothes. But some of the things were new, little skirts and blouses that some loving heart in our ladies' societies overseas had made. About 35 children received clothing.

Miss Nkosi had sorted the garments, as she knew pretty well what would fit each child, had wrapped each parcel individually and given to each child. Her instructions were, "Do not open this on the way home. Do not let your father open it. Give it to your mother to open." You see, it is the mothers who provide the children with clothing for school. In many cases, if the mother did not do so, the children would not be able to attend school. Needless to say, there was great rejoicing because you had taken time to pack a parcel to send to the missionary. Many little black faces beamed and many little black bodies were clothed, and many little girls are able to

learn to read and write because of you. Now aren't you happy too! But best of all, they will be able to read the Living Word for themselves, and while they are in the school, they are receiving Bible instruction from Miss Nkosi, who is one of our finest Christian girls.

As for the gifts that we received through you, we cannot send them to Canada, so we will just have to tell you what there was and how we enjoyed them. There were several pounds of dried beans (for Saturday night suppers), a few white potatoes and sweet potatoes, thirteen pumpkins, two cabbage, four hen and four eggs, a dozen ears of corn, a bunch of sweet reed almost like sugar cane (which the girls of our kraal like very much), a broom. Now I do have to sweep once in a while to keep up the reputation of you people at home.

This is just one of the many expressions of appreciation for the work which the ladies of our churches are doing. I will add another from an old lady in the Hartland area to whom we sent a dress. This is what she says: "Oh! Umfunlisi, if only I had a thousand mouths with which to say thank you. I wish I knew who gave me this dress. I do truly thank such an one and may the Lord truly bless her. If the dress came from overseas will you please thank that person for me. I did not think that there remained any living upon this earth who remembered me. It is I, whom you know, the old lady to whom you showed the better way that leads to the eternal home. Your father delivered me from Egyptian bondage; out of the bondage of drinking beer and taught me when in trouble to look to Jesus."

"In as much as we have done it unto one of these the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

GOOD NEWS CONCERNING ELSIE MORGAN

Dear Highway Friends:

"Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be known unto God."

In these past weeks while Elsie has been so sick we have found great strength in the exceeding great and precious promises of God.

The trouble began when she became afflicted with a worse than average cold about the last of April settling in her chest, developing eventually into acute bronchitis. This apparently caused the heart muscles to become infected and weakened the heart temporarily. After some time our local doctor, who had been attending her, felt she could begin to get around the house again a bit which she did only to have an attack on June 18th which the doctor felt was a heart attack. Elsie felt led to ask for prayer for healing which we did without dictating to the Lord the means through which her healing should be accomplished.

Our local doctor felt we should take her to a specialist for a thorough examination so as to be able to prescribe for her more accurately. So it was that we left for Durban on the 5th day of July where arrangements were made by a specialist for her to enter a private hospital (called a Nursing Home out here). He took X-rays and blood tests on her arrival which he said were perfectly normal. Later he took an electro-cardiogram which he said showed up no default in the heart. Praise the Lord!

His diagnosis of the case is that she had been terribly run down both physically and nervously which resulted in a sort of nervous collapse. She made steady progress while in the Nursing Home. She was able to leave there on the 16th and we are now staying with an elderly lady, Mrs. Burns, who is a retired but still active