

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Paulpietersburg, S. A.,
Feb. 18, 1940

Dear Highway Friends:

The New Year came in with much of blessing in His work here. He has been giving us a revival, mostly "hand-picked fruit," coming by ones and twos, but I think, since Christmas we must have averaged a soul a day, right in connection with this Mission Station, and when the reports come in from the outstations and Transvaal work it is far more.

Miss Moe was certainly a great blessing to us all. She returned to her own Mission Station at Bethel, Swaziland, the end of January, and we went with her, leaving here Thursday and returning Monday. Theirs is the American Scandinavian Holiness Alliance. They have a big Bible School at Mhlotsheni, about 86 miles from here. Miss Moe took us all over this young town and introduced us to the 12 missionaries stationed there, with whom we enjoyed very sweet fellowship that evening. In the meantime she went to her own station ten miles further on with a fine young lady missionary. We followed the next day and found a wonderful old Station, another good missionary couple, and evidence on every hand of God's blessing and work. They took us about three miles further to visit another station that afternoon where they have a school for the half-cast children, of whom Swaziland has such numbers. Their buildings, manual work and teachers appeared unusually fine and we are so glad to see a real Holiness work among this needy class of people. One noble looking young man with a hungry heart, said: "The Catholics are the only ones who cared for us." They can't say that now.

I met the Swazi wife of a wealthy trader, brother to the head of one of Durban's great stores. She told me her life story. As a young girl hardly out of her teens she had fled as an orphan from the soldiers who had been sent to take her to the kraal of the Swazi King. She found refuge with this kind white man who married her. They had a little two-year-old daughter who came running to her mother one day and said, "Mamma, I am going up there," pointing to the sky, and in a short time she died. This prepared her broken heart for the gospel so when Miss Moe came she "gladly received the word," and became one of the first converts. Through this humble Swazi wife, this wealthy trader was prevailed upon to give a fine piece of ground for the establishment of Bethel Mission Station. They had a fine family, some of whom died happy in Jesus, and others (whom we met) were saved as children, have lived true and now with young families of their own are living for Him. This did our hearts good.

God used this Swazi woman as an evangelist to her own people and to those of her husband as well, and I just wish I had time here to tell of many wonderful experiences she related to me.

Miss Moe introduced us to her station evangelists, two humble, sweet spirited, devoted men, one old and crippled with rheumatism, but after an active and fruitful ministry with her still on fire for God and souls. Another with only one foot yet bright and active with a fond son's care for his beloved Nkosazana. There were widows who made their homes on the Station and were trusted helpers in the work. How they all love dear

Miss Moe. The missionaries give her a place of such trust and honor, the natives love her as only these dear darkies can love one who has unstintingly poured out her life for them. To them all, black, white, brown, God has granted His wonderful handmaid a remarkably blessed ministry. Yet she is so humble, it is wonderful to see. Her last message as we were having a farewell service Sunday evening, burns in my heart. "Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men." Then she dwelt on the opportunity we have to win souls told of some recent cases, and confessed her neglect in the past of two. If one so "instant in season and out of season," as she could feel she had failed souls, what of us?

Folk were very kind to us and our souls were greatly refreshed along the way. They had their natives and preachers in from the outstations and the big church filled up so there was an overflow meeting outside. We had the privilege of speaking both at these services and at the Bible School twice and saw evidences of a real revival spirit among the young folk, scores of whom are seeking Him.

This Holiness work with a strong band of devoted workers extends through this portion of Swaziland, down into Tongaland and Zululand, where they have more mission stations and they are now trying to gain an entrance into Portuguese East Africa, where so many thousands are still unevangelized. The Catholics have shut the door. Let us pray with them for this door to be opened.

We do thank God for sending Miss Moe to our Mission Station for five weeks, and for this refreshing week-end with her co-workers.

We met our Transvaal missionaries, Brother Kierstead and George, at Moolman and had a nice visit there on our way home. They have been over since for a day too. Their reports are very encouraging.

The Lord is blessing our native school on this M. S. The Government has granted us a rise of salary for the teacher which enables us now to hire a man teacher, and also advanced \$30 a year toward the salary of a female assistant teacher, thus enabling us to carry Grade V, which means a lot to those who wish to continue their education. The attendance is showing an encouraging increase. Pray with us for our teachers and pupils that salvation may include them all. Our teacher is a fine young Christian man and the assistant a good Christian girl.

With loving greetings to you each one, yours to follow Him and be a fisher.

FAITH MacDONALD

Altona Mission,

March 1, 1940

Dear Highway Friends

A few days ago Brother George Sanders and I passed a kraal where a "sangoma" or native witch doctress was being initiated. We decided to go and see what was going on. When we got near we saw three sangomas and two of their pupils putting on a demonstration of their powers before a crowd of raw heathen. Two men doctors arrived later.

It was very interesting to notice how each was dressed, how they jumped and pranced about, and how they went about the crowd "smelling out" hidden articles.

All the sangomas had their naturally woolly hair pulled out and daubed with grease and

clay so that it resembled a dry floor-mop. On top of this one or two had bunches of bladders blown up like balloons. When they jumped about they did their best to make these balloons bob about. They wore several necklaces, made of sticks about as large around as a pencil. These made their necks look large and ferocious. The upper parts of their bodies were more or less covered with skin harnesses. All the women wore the usual married woman's short leathern skirt. One had several monkey skins around her waist as well. Two or three had anklets of a certain pod whose seeds rattle considerably when they are shaken. Most of them had a reddish clay smeared over their faces. All held sticks, iron pokers, a spear, or a brush like affair that looked like a horse's tail fastened to a stick.

Much of their demonstration consisted of stamping and leaping about to the rhythm of hand clapping. In doing so they brandished their spears and sticks and tried to look as fierce and hideous as possible. Sometimes they would scream and sing, at other times they would growl deeply and weirdly. When they heard there was something for them to smell out they would go about the crowd guessing where it was and what it was. If the guess was a good one the people would shout "izwi" at the top of their lungs; if it was a poor guess they said the same thing in a lower tone. It was not difficult to see how they finally located the hidden articles. After I went away George hid a two shilling piece in his stocking and told them to smell it out. No one else knew where it was so they did not find it.

The sangomas seemed very friendly and allowed us to take several pictures of them. George said it was very unusual for them to grant us such a request as they think that such a thing will take away their power of divining. Some day you may have the privilege of seeing these pictures; then you may realize better what an effect the sangomas have on primitive and superstitious people. The sangomas are proper mischief makers, as they point out or smell out supposed evil doers in the kraals thus creating feuds and hate.

Among the Zulus it is said that no one dies a natural death; he or she is either bewitched or poisoned. You can imagine what fears and hate could be aroused when some victim must be smelled out to blame for each death, sickness or calamity.

It is only the Gospel of Jesus Christ that can free people from such abject subjection, fear, distrust and superstition. Pray that His word may have free course and be glorified. Pray that these sangomas may find salvation.

Yours for the liberation of souls,

EUGENE A. M. KIERSTEAD

South Africa, Feb. 10, 1940

Dear Friends:

December to the middle of January was a time of real revival on this station. It is still present. During that time God sent to me people whom I had longed to reach. If it were not for the medical work I should never have seen them nor would have had occasion to come here. Sickness and suffering and bereavement caused them to come for medical aid. Six young women knelt and sought forgiveness of sins in the dispensary in one week; and two heathen women and one backslider were reclaimed. It would have taken me a day's hard ride over a terribly rocky