

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.,

Dear Highway Friends:

Have been too busy to open my last Highway. I hear there is a very long letter from yours truly in it—Charles showed me the number of columns, and I felt it was too bad to take up so much space. The trouble is, I wait too long and then have too much to say. I have another one started but had to leave off; will try to finish it too.

Now that the rainy season has been over for some time, the people are able to easily cross the Pongola and Pivaan rivers and many are coming to the Hospital for treatment. Since the 11th have had at least 23 from across the rivers and some of these from far beyond across another large river. Most are new-comers, having been told about us by others. One was asked yesterday why she comes from so far when there must surely be doctors nearer. She replied, "I see them get well." I often think: Are we as eager to tell others of the wonder-working power of Jesus in a life of sin, and bring the lost to Jesus, as these poor benighted heathen are to tell their friends of a place where "I see them get well." This week end I have had the blessed privilege of seeing five professing Christians, and a heathen woman find Jesus, and today after Sunday School a little girl pray through. Many others have been helped and encouraged on the way. I think I may have told you how I longed to ride over the hills like Mother and Father used to do, in search of the heathen, and how God pacified my heart by showing me He would send the heathen to me. And He is doing it. Oh, how my heart was drawn out in telling a hungry heathen woman of Jesus' power to save and satisfy and keep. This was Friday night. At last she said, "My, how close you are to me! I can see your eyes and look in your face and hear this wonderful story so close! But I am not enlightened enough yet to find salvation. I am longing, oh, very much for it. It will not be long before I get saved." I suppose my stool was about 4 feet from where she was sitting on the mat. It seemed wonderful to have one to tell her at so close a proximity.

The Sunday School has taken on a new lease of life and I am wondering what to do for prizes. I happened to have some tiny Scripture text picture cards that come in sheets and they like these very much. If some one interested would like to send something on this line or used Sunday School cards or even Christmas cards, I think it would be fine. About two months have gone since I put forth new efforts on this line. Offering prizes for Perfect Attendance, memory verses, being able to answer the questions on the lesson and for bringing others to Sunday School. Some I have had to find dresses for as they had nothing to wear. For the last five Sundays the attendance has been 42, 42, 55, 61, and today 65, making an average of 53. That makes only half as there are 107 names on the record. It seems to me that this is the largest attendance I have had since coming out. Oh, may God bless these dear little boys and girls and enable me to lead them to give their hearts to Jesus and teach them how to follow Him. Such little ones came today—just two or three years old, some of them. After Sunday School some of these came knocking at the Dispensary door. Soon I was busy binding up sore fingers and little chubby

legs and giving out bottles of cough mixture and candy to the frightened ones so they would not cry for fear of me. And then I was more than repaid for God enabled me to lead that little girl to Jesus. I counted twelve or so today that came from the kraal where I went to see about that boy who died of blood poison. You should have seen the long line of little black faces today—it reached from one end of the church to the other, and the smallest ones were not in it then. I was giving them a review and test.

Soliciting your prayers that God may be glorified by the efforts of

Yours happy in His service,

GRACE E. M. SANDERS

Altona Mission

Dear Highway:

The Scriptures say: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15.

For the last two weeks we have been busy in the School of the Prophets here at Altona. Five of the native preachers are here taking up studies that may help them to assume greater responsibilities in our South African Church. These preachers are: Johan Kunene, Alfred Metula, Paul Nkosi, Johanisi Nkosi, and Danie Sukozi. The first three are from Natal; the other two from the Transvaal. Brothers George and Charles Sanders have been here part of the time to help in this venture. We have been trying to help these workers to improve their knowledge of reading the Bible, writing, keeping church accounts, preparing sermons, and so on. It has been very interesting to note their progress, perseverance, and quickness of mind. Some of them are equal to Europeans, if not superior, in some ways in their ability to learn.

School opens about 8 o'clock in the morning and continues until about 11 or 12 at noon. It opens for an hour or two after lunch and then again for about the same length of time in the evening. School continues this way the six days of the week.

At the end of this week the preachers are going back to their churches for a week, then are to come back for two or three more weeks.

Our school is partly aided and partly self-supporting as regards finances. Rev. A. H. MacCabe, of Wolfville, Nova Scotia, sent me some money for preacher training. This gift, together with some more money received through Brother Charles Sanders, is providing the aid; the preachers themselves are either going to bring food (grain, etc.) or money (about \$1.25) a month.

The school is not only a place of learning, but is also an opportunity of taking their spiritual, mental, and physical measure. I have been quite well pleased with the results so far.

When measured by "Home" standards our school is quite a simple affair, but we trust that its value will be beyond measurements.

While on the subject of schools I might just mention that there are more than sixty-five scholars in the Altona school now taught by two Government paid teachers. We had a meeting of the parents this afternoon and chose a new school committee for the ensuing year. The members of the committee are as follows: Chief Sibiya, Chief Msibi, Philemon Ncube (chairman and representing the Etheopian church), Xaba (representing the Kush, Zionist and Independent churches),

and Johanisi Nkosi, Zabulon Nkosi, and Daniel Sukazi, representing the Reformed Baptists. I am the superintendent of the set-up and have most of the responsibility for the school.

Our Altona school is teaching up to Standard five (grade seven) this year. We hope to graduate our own teachers for our branch schools before long. If we can do this it will be much better for our work as a whole.

We continue to look towards Canada for your support and prayers, especially prayers. May the Lord bless you as you pass on the Gospel and enlightenment to this people in Africa.

Yours in Christian love,

EUGENE A. M. KIERSTED

Hartland M. S.,

Dear Highway Friends:

Jesus said, "Suffer the children to come unto Me, and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

I wonder if neglecting to enlighten their little minds in the things pertaining to their salvation is not, in a way, like "forbidding" them to "come unto Me?"

Coming out of Charles' office one day last week, I saw a lot of little native boys sitting in a row waiting for Charles to come out and give them some fruit from the Loquat trees. Every last one was dressed as a heathen, no shirts or coats, only their scanty skin "amabeshu" 'or pants. My heart was touched so, though in a hurry to get back to the people at the hospital, I stepped back into the room and said, "Oh! Charlie! Just see all those little black boys—'ten little nigger boys sitting in a row' (one other was standing). You ought to go preach to them!" He replied, "I am too busy. You better." (He really could not leave then). It seemed like a challenge and I dared not refuse to take that wonderful opportunity. After greeting them I showed them pictures, from two Sunday school cards George was showing me, and told them the story. One was of Jesus healing a sick man. Before I had finished I heard the roughest looking boy say in an eager undertone to the rest, "Let us believe!" Then came the picture and story of the Good Shepherd rescuing a lost sheep. He was leaning way down over a precipice to disentangle the sheep from a thorny bush. Hungry eagles were soaring overhead as if to snatch the poor creature away from the Shepherd. I told them that the Good Shepherd was Jesus; the Eagles the Devil and the sheep the unsaved boys and girls, and so on. Again the same boy exclaimed, two others joining him in still more earnest tones, "Oh! Let us believe. Let us BELIEVE!" I asked, "Then you are not saved?" "No!" "Do you want to be saved?" "Yes, we do!" "Come then," and lead them into our front room. Here I explained the way of salvation to them and asked that those who were in real earnest and meant what they said to stand, raise their right hand and choose the Lord. After a thoughtful pause one after the other jumped to their feet, and with raised hand said, "I choose Jesus!" I asked them to kneel down with me and each prayed asking God to forgive their sins. When they again stood up I asked them if they believed God heard their prayer, they replied in the affirmative. They seemed happy. I invited them to return Sunday to Sunday school, and they all came in a string, wearing coats and some cloth pants. A few have continued to come and others with them.