

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.

Dear Friends:

We have passed an historical landmark in the progress of this Missionary work. After forty years of labour amongst these people, years during which there have been many changes both in the homeland and on the foreign field. Several of our faithful leaders and chief human instruments of success, in establishing this work, have passed on to the eternal home before seeing what we were privileged to witness at our last quarterly here at Hartland: the ordaining of two of our native preachers. Alfred Metula and Johanesi Nkosi have been ordained to the ministry. It seems a fitting celebration of our 40th anniversary of the beginning of this work. In the background we can see the labours of all your missionaries who have taken an active part in the Missionary effort. Supporting this effort we can see the faithful men and women in the homeland who have given freely of their time, prayers, and money and sympathy throughout these forty years. Then as we view the future from this new vantage point, who among us cannot see new and broad fields which, even this very hour, are standing as a challenge to all that we are and all that we have? So it is as a crown to the past; and, if we have the faith and the works, it may be as a new stepping stone from which to mount to greater heights, in the years or days that remain till Jesus comes.

A very sad disaster befell us on the day before the ordination service. A young native mother and baby, together with a small sister-in-law were swept away and drowned by the Pongola river as they attempted to cross it, on their way to attend this quarterly. We trust that they were ready to go. Let us remember the bereaved in prayer.

Yours in the Master's service,
C. D. M. SANDERS

Altona M. S.,

Dear Homeland Friends:

Spring is fast approaching; the days are delightful and the nights are a bit warmer. Tonight it is very mild and the frogs, at the river, are very busy with their concerts. I remember that in Canada, we used to welcome their spring songs, but here it is different, for it reminds us of the long hot summer.

We had a very interesting time over the week-end, as we had special services here at Altona.

A goodly number of workers and people arrived Saturday afternoon. Brother Charles Sanders also came in time for the business session held that afternoon. Then after the people had partaken of a good supper of meat, etc., the evening service began. It was well attended and also very lengthy as it closed about three o'clock Sunday morning.

Sunday was a cloudy day but nice. In the morning we had a very nice prayer service in the church. One of our Hartland workers, Philemon Dlamini, had charge. At eleven we gathered at the river and one of our young married women was baptized by Eugene and Rev. Johanesi Nkosi. It was a very impressive service. I was much blessed and thanked the dear Lord for the privilege of seeing the first baptism by one of our native ordained workers.

The candidate was also one who I have had a special interest in. I think we had been here about a year, when one Sunday a heathen girl came to the Sunday service. She was pretty

and her clothing consisted of much beautiful bead work and a large red flowered shawl. At the close of the service she stood and gave herself to the Lord as a seeker. Later she married one of our young men seekers. She has been a regular attendant to our Altona services and seems to have a clear, definite experience of conversion. I was so happy to see her baptized and pray that she will not be satisfied until she has received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Her husband is a promising young man also but as yet is not baptized. Do pray for him, friends. His heathen home ties are very strong but he has a great desire to become a good Christian. He does especially need our prayers. His name is Abraham Msibi. His wife's name is Ayikina.

The afternoon service began about half past twelve. The house was full and the people attentive, for the most part. After the opening exercises, one of our oldest workers, Samuel Mavimbela, preached, followed by Eugene and Brother Charles, who also gave the right hand of fellowship to Ayikina and two others who had been baptized before. After this Johanesi spoke to the parents, and one baby boy was presented. Then Alfred Metula had charge of the Lord's table, Johanesi helping in the breaking of the bread. It was a very blessed service and the blessing of God was upon us.

Quite a number stayed for the evening service. It began about eight and ended at twelve. Eugene thought it was the best service of all.

It was with a feeling of sadness that I watched the people depart the following morning. I trust they all received much blessing from the services.

Our teachers have returned and school started today. I also started school for our three older boys. I trust that all these native children, as well as our own boys, will grow up to love and serve Jesus.

In closing I want to thank the friend who sent me \$2.00. If I knew who it was, I would write a personal letter but as I don't, I want to take this opportunity to say thank you, and may God bless you. Also the many who have remembered us from time to time, I want to thank too. I have written to each but some letters may have been lost. May God bless you all and keep you in His love.

Yours in Him,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD

Altona Mission

Dear Highway:

Having just returned from a week's missionary tour by bicycle, I thought you might be interested in my wanderings.

Tuesday morning I left for Moolman Station on the bus with my bicycle. I then went on to Mbucu, a ride of twenty miles or so, to see one of our licentiates, Johan Sangweni, whose wife, youngest child and sister had been carried away while crossing the Pongola river on their way to the Hartland quarterly. I found him still looking for his wife's body (it was then the eleventh day since she had been drowned). I stayed the night at his kraal and had a good chance to talk and pray with him. Considering the sorrow and anxiety he must have felt, he was bearing his burden nobly and was resigned to the will of God. He said, "why should I cry for them to return? They are no doubt very happy where they are."

On Wednesday I went on up the river

through the German settlement of Luneburg, for about thirty or forty miles, then crossed over one of the Pongola river bridges, and after a ride of about five miles, reached Alfred Metula's outpost and home. On the journey I found a small sawmill which was sawing local timber, so placed an order for some plank and deal which I had been needing for some time. I also noticed many heathen in spite of several Lutheran missions being in the vicinity.

I left Metulas' home Thursday morning intending to examine brick we are making nearby for a new Church building, also a small building site that a Dutchman agreed to sell us for mission purposes. The brick-making was proceeding satisfactorily, but the building site was unsatisfactory.

On my way to the building site I got in conversation with a native man travelling on towards Vryheid. He began telling me about various churches and their troubles. He went on to mention a Baptist outpost beyond the Lembe hills which had been abandoned by its preacher. He thought the preacher now dead but imagined the out-post was still existent. I then pricked up my ears, for I remembered that we had had an out-post in that direction ten or more years ago.

Instead of returning to Metula's, I felt an urge to go and hunt up this lost out-post and hear how matters stood. I therefore changed my course and set off for the distant Lembe hills. I arrived at the foothills just about sunset and was fortunate to find a German-Dutch farmer who gave me supper and breakfast and a place to sleep. I supposed I covered about thirty or so miles that day.

Friday morning I started on along the foothills of the Lembe hills and travelled some ten or more miles before starting to climb up over the hills. The scenery was lovely: High mountains towering overhead; grass velt or rolling uplands stretching off into the distance and broken by rugged hills rising up here and there without any apparent reason; numerous rivulets of sparkling clear water crossing the road at frequent intervals; here and there a spacious farm house and outbuildings hidden by eucalyptus, wattle, or fruit trees; and numerous clusters of native huts on the hillsides or hidden amongst the boulders. I was told that the climate is much cooler there as they experienced heavy frosts, occasional snow, and saw some ice.

As I went along I kept inquiring for a lost church which had been shepherded by a preacher whose surname was Mkonza. Nobody seemed to know anything about it. When I at last reached the tops of the hills I left the government road and started along an old, faint and apparently unused farm road. Seeing a church building and native preacher's kraal I went off my road to see if I could get some information there. I discovered it was a Church of England church but the preacher was far away at Benoni working for money, and his wife was out cutting grass.

Some distance further on I went into another kraal where I was finally rewarded with the information I sought. I discovered the preacher was alive but that the members had left and gone into other churches except a group that was loyal to the preacher and had gone with him into a Zionist or Pentecostal sect of which there are legion out here. These people helped me to reach the

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