

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland. M. S.

Dear Highway Family:

The busy Christmas season was made even more exacting by our Hartland Quarterly meeting being at that time too. God enabled us to have a nice Christmas celebration, including the "fatted calf" and the much appreciated one match-box apiece for all our 757 visitors. The one thing that marred the day was a nasty fight that some heathen men and boys entertained themselves with. One drunken man received about three heavy blows on the head, the blood from which nearly covered his naked chest.

We were glad to be together for this season: George arrived back from his year at the A. E. B. Bible School and the Kiersteads were able to be there too. The Quarterly meetings and business sessions were busy and yet profitable times. It was our good fortune to have old Miss Moe with us. She is ready, and has been expecting to go to be with the Lord, for some time; yet still she finds herself here in the midst of opportunities. She is still aggressive and knows how to use her opportunities. Her personal work was a good influence and showed some results too, for which we were made glad.

George's arrival was delayed a few days by his extended visit at my brother Paul's home in Boksburg, where the mother of the home was seriously ill. George wanted to be with them at that anxious time. Ruth is still far from being real well; we are asking God to heal her if it be His will: and the contribution of your prayers will be a welcome addition.

I have made out our plan for the visiting of our many Natal side outposts for 1944. By the addition of a new ordained Elder, a native, it has been possible to divide up the various appointments between us so that each one is to be visited each quarter D. V. I think there are two or three outposts which will have to do with only two instead of four visits this year. We thank God for these new men.

Last Sunday, and Saturday night were Lord. Our converted Catholic had requested interesting and profitable in the work of the a special watch-night service and Sunday meeting: thanksgiving services for the light that had shined into his heart. George and I went up the hill with Filimoni Nkosi, one of our successful native preachers. Near the top or the hill or mountain as you would call it, we stopped to eat a few "manumbelas," a pretty red fruit with a large stone, then we proceeded on our journey, arriving at our meeting place just about dusk. It was quite a hard climb, and there was to be a fast that night: no supper for those who so desired. As the people were slow arriving, George and I took the opportunity to get a little sleep. Rev. Alfred Metula and a Shangane boy came later. The night meeting started about ten o'clock, I think, and lasted till about sunrise next morning. We Africans seem noted for long-winded meetings. Well, that is one thing these black people do enjoy: plenty of time to express themselves. It seems that their language is a little more cumbersome than ours, so that it takes longer to say the same things. That night it seemed that most all who spoke took a long time to get unwound. However, it was profitable for the most part. The ser-

vice ended with a special prayer for our converted Catholic boy, James.

A few hours sleep after sunrise, then a good breakfast and a long wait till early afternoon before the final service commenced. We picked our speakers and by the time the service was well away our small rooms for worship were nearly filled; before the meeting closed they were tightly packed. An old half crazy man came along and set up an opposition pulpit, just outside the front door, but he did not distract us much. At one time he called out to some children to say amen, but even the children did not seem to pay much attention. God blessed us in this afternoon meeting. We felt that it could have gone on for several hours and still been enjoyable.

In our night meeting James had testified to a definite experience of conversion and had challenged his fellow young people to take their stand for the Lord. In the Sunday afternoon meeting he repeated such declarations, and, if anything, came out even clearer. May God bless and lead him.

Well, it seems that my letter is even now longer than usual, so I must call it to a close.

It is very interesting to read of the Halifax opening and of several other aggressive features that you are undertaking in the homeland.

May God lead us to real great things for Him this year.

Yours glad to be in His service,

C. D. M. SANDERS

Altona M. S.

Dear Highway:

To begin with, we, your workers across the ocean; wish to greet you with our very best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year in every sphere of your lives. The new year finds us well and happy in the Lord's service. Our chief desire is that we go deeper with the Lord and do more for Him as the days come and go.

Our Christmas Quarterly, which convened at Hartland this year, is a matter of history. Our family as a whole got to Hartland in our old car, but it refused to come back; it seems as if the timing chain got too slack and slipped the valve timing; if I cannot get a new chain it may mean the end of my old car.

In spite of the fact that the attendance of the rank and file of church members was poor, especially those near by, the Quarterly was a time of blessing to all of the workers as much of our time was spent in discussing ways and means of extending our work into the out-lying districts or into new fields altogether.

The South African Church or Alliance (Umhlangano) decided on pushing extension work as an African effort apart from overseas help. A fund has been started for the propagation of Holiness to the regions beyond. Pledges were taken that amounted to \$55.00 or so. It was also voted that all the outposts would be asked for a special offering at New Years each year for the spread of the Gospel. The New Years service at Altona brought forth further pledges of \$15.00.

Our hopes are that we may be able to send one or more preachers as missionaries to some part of Zululand. We already have the nucleus of two or three outposts in that area in the form of church members who have moved from here down there. At least four preachers have expressed a willingness, and

an urge to take up this special phase of the work. Pray that the Lord may lead and guide the infant church out here in their efforts to spread the Gospel.

We celebrated Christmas Day at Hartland by special services and a feast for the natives. An ox was killed, corn was prepared, and presents were exchanged. Each worker got some booklets and a cake of soap; everybody got a small box of matches. More than 700 natives were present. Quite a large number of people came forward to the altar for prayer.

Services were continued on Sunday when two members were restored to the Lord's table, five children were presented to the Lord and blessed and an Exhorter was elevated to be a licentiate. The latter is a Shangane, not a Zulu. The church was well filled; a goodly number partook of Communion.

On Monday we had the unpleasant task of dealing with two workers, Angus Zikalala and his wife Jesina, and setting them aside from their positions and the Lord's table. It was just another case of natives finding 'native custom' too hard to overcome. A son had taken a wife and had died shortly after. According to native custom the younger son ought to take this wife and raise up children for the dead brother. This the younger son proceeded to do—but without any wedding ceremony—he refused to marry the widow by Christian rites and died before he was able to take her by court procedure.

The widow gave birth to twins and a third child while residing in the preacher's kraal. The workers were judged to be guilty in aiding, abetting and condoning the whole affair. Jesina in particular was heard to have said that it probably was the Lord's will! It also came to light that Jesina was showing great interest in an Independent movement that is being engineered in our midst. We felt it inconsistent for workers to receive salary from Canada when their loyalty was transferred elsewhere.

Our children are all just recovering from old-fashioned measles. They were all very sick for more than a week. We thank the Lord for preserving them to us. Quite a number of native children have died of the same disease just near by.

I attended the services at Altona on Sunday. One young man and a girl stood up and chose to seek the Lord. Pray that they may really be saved.

Continue to pray for the Mission work in Africa.

Yours in Him,

EUGENE A. M. KIERSTEAD

A LASTING MONUMENT

He built a house, time laid it in the dust;
He wrote a book, its title now forgot;
He ruled a city, but his name is not
On any tablet graven, or where rust
Can gather from disuse, or marble bust.
He took a child from out a wretched cot,
Who on the State dishonor might have
brought,
And reared him to the Christians hope and
trust.
The boy to manhood grown, became a light
To many souls, preached for human need
The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.
The work has multiplied like stars at night
When darkness deepens; every noble deed
Lasts longer than a granite monument.
—Selected