

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.

Dear Highway:

Anticipation has finally given way to realization and I have had the privilege at last of getting away and visiting Zululand. Brother George Sanders and I made the trip together, for the most part by bicycle. My mileage for the round trip was somewhat over four hundred and fifty miles. Our travels took us through Vryheid, Lounsbury, Magut, Nongoma, Hlabisa and Pongola Irrigation Settlement.

We had hoped to get a chance to visit our scattered church members but circumstances and continuous rains prevented us. Our trip thereby merely gave us an idea of the lay of the land, the official hurdles that we might need to get over, and a rough idea of the areas that are open to further mission work. The opportunities do not seem to be bright as our preachers had pictured as practically all the possible mission sites have been taken up by other denominations.

The Lounsbury area seems to hold the greatest promise for expansion for the immediate present as there are many heathen in the more inaccessible and out-lying parts of the district, particularly along the Pongola river, and it touches our existing work, making it easier to oversee and co-ordinate with our present work. I have made application for a mission site in the village; time will show whether we will get it or not.

Zululand is rather interesting from the viewpoint of Missions as it is an area that is acknowledged to belong to the natives, is administered in their interest, and in which natives come nearer to being self-governing than in most parts of the Union of South Africa. Europeans must have permits to travel freely through that part of the country. The natives we met and talked with were much more polite and ready to listen to the Gospel than they are where natives and Europeans live together and the native is merely a squatter.

Our first day's exertions brought us to Vryheid, about fifty miles from Hartland. Most of this trip was up hill and down dale through open country. Here and there rose flat-topped mountains which contain coal. We saw several collieries with their numerous white-washed compounds for the native miners nestled near the base of these mountains. They gave one the appearance of ant-hills of activity.

The second night we slept at the Coronation Mines in the home of a son of a famous missionary of the Congo. The next day after a long and strenuous climb we came to the village of Lounsbury. It was so high above the surrounding country that we felt we were on the top of the world; one could see for miles and miles in every direction. The town secretary-treasurer kindly invited us to his home and seemed to take great interest in our travels and in the fact that we represented a Holiness Church. He promised to help us get a site for mission work in the town and native location.

Shortly after we left Lounsbury we were picked up by a truck which set us thirty miles farther along on our journey, within four or five miles of Magut. We were now down to the thorn velt country.

As we travelled along on our bicycles we

were interested in seeing cotton fields, strange trees and many bright colored birds. Sundown saw us across the Mkuzi river and struggling up unending inclines that led to the village of Nongoma. We were now within the boundaries of Zululand. Late evening found us still struggling along until high winds and mists drove us to find refuge at a Wesleyan Mission. Here we were kindly received and entertained for the night. I was much interested in their nice new large stone church, boys' and girls' long dormitories in the building, and their school and hospital.

Just before we reached Nongoma we passed a large Roman Catholic Mission. It has an enormous hospital building three stories high. Someone told us it was the largest and most-up-to-date hospital in Zululand.

Our trip beyond Nongoma took us down, down to the Mona river, then up, up through the rolling velt towards Hlabisa. The rain caught us before we got to our destination so we had to sleep at a native's house—notice I said house as it was really that: nine rooms, European furniture and a good imitation of European cuisine. We were well provided for and slept very well indeed.

Having arrived at Hlabisa the next day, I haven't much to relate except rain and more rain from that day, Sunday, until Friday. We did get tired of waiting for the bus and fine weather and at last set off in the rain on Wednesday.

Wednesday night brought us back across country to Mr. Sunkel's farm where we spent the night. Thursday took us to Magut where I said good-bye to Brother George and before nightfall I had crossed the Pongola river, passed through the Pongola Irrigation Settlement, and was struggling up through the hills back to the middle velt. I slept at the Mkwakweni store on the floor and about forty-five miles from home. I had travelled through pouring rain most of the afternoon so arrived soaking wet.

A very early start brought me home about mid-day on Friday. You might imagine how thankful I was to get home as Hlabisa is more than one hundred and sixty miles away. I might have been stranded far from home for a week or more.

I am looking forward to a more leisurely and extensive trip to Zululand again if the Lord wills, so that we may get a better idea of the possibilities for Extension Work. Pray that we may keep in the will of God.

Yours in Him,

E. A. M. KIERSTEAD

Hartland M. S.

Dear Highway Friends:

Summer, with all its beauty and life, is here again. The summer time is such a beautiful part of the year. If it were not for the snakes, heavy thunder storms and malaria fever, no doubt there would be many more people who would desire to come to live in this land.

While I was in Maritzburg, a few months ago, I met a taxi driver, a Mr. Mente, who seemed very interested in the things of the Kingdom of heaven. I have just received a letter from him, asking me to explain to him the way of salvation: here are his words: "Now will you help me: how do we get born again, and how do we get baptized with the Holy Spirit?" I found, in talking with him, that he was interested in the Scriptures but seemed to be fearful of going into these matters very far, as he had acquired quite a few ideas about the Bible which were against

fixing faith in God. Just a little doubt here and a question mark there and a person falls to the mercy of the Devil: when it comes to trying to pick one's way from the lost state to the redeeming love of God.

I have written him a letter trying to point him to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world; and to the promise of the Father, to give the Holy Spirit to them that obey Him. I trust and pray that he may be willing and obedient. Your prayers for this man will be appreciated.

One question he asked me was, if we had a church in Durban, or Martizburg. How nice it would be if we did have a holiness work here in Africa, among the white people as well as among the black. Besides other advantages it would help the work financially. I am glad to see holiness work among the white population of South Africa, like that being done by the A. E. B. One of your Highway subscribers, Mr. H. Hambrook, M. A., of Pretoria, is of the A. E. B.

Today I am home, for a change. George took my appointment for me at our Nkembeni outpost, as I have a rather full week in prospect. Tuesday I plan D. V. to be at Ngenetsheni, to marry one of our fine young preachers by Christian rites. This man has been married for quite a number of years by the usual rites, but he now desires the Christian ceremony to be performed so as to give its blessing upon his home and so that he may come up to the standard of our church out here. On Thursday of this week I may have to go in to town on one business; and for the next two Sundays I have comparatively nearby outposts to visit. I am glad for the measure of blessing and progress we are having in this work now.

Last Sunday I attended our Grootspuit meeting and had the pleasure of seeing four candidates baptized, and later, of uniting with the church. It took me about five hours, in the hot sun, by bicycle to get there. There is a lot of uphill going, so there was quite a lot of walking to do. I do thank God for the good health He has given me. I am praying for more physical and spiritual energy so that I can do more and better work for Him.

Yours happy in His service,

C. D. M. SANDERS

Altona M. S.

Dear Highway Friends:

Such a storm as we are having this evening! The rain is just pouring down and making such a noise as it hits the corrugated iron roof that the noise of the thunder is dulled to some extent. Still the thunder is rolling and the lightning flashing, but we are in His care.

We had special week-end services here Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st. There was a lengthy service held Saturday evening. Because of headache I was unable to attend, but those present reported that the presence of the Lord was very near. Sunday morning we had an early prayer service in the church. Jimson Ngomezulu had charge. He read the first part of St. John 10, especially stressing verses 8 and 9. "All that ever came before Me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them. **I am the door:** by Me if any man enter in, **he shall be saved.**" It was a good message and was followed by a blessed season of prayer.

Our older boys had ten days holidays at that time and were very glad to be present for the services.

The afternoon service began at twelve and