

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Boksburg, South Africa.

Dear Highway Friends:

This is to thank each one who sent Paul and me and our family Christmas cards. The beautiful cards helped to make the Christmas season happy, and we thank you all very sincerely. This is our summer and the weather is very hot. We are longing for rain as good rains cool off the atmosphere. Recently we had a letter from Mother Sanders enclosing one each from Norman and Bessie to her. One of them spoke of the cold as I suppose it is winter with you. Our winter begins at the end of April. The cold of the Reef is severe and we make full use of our blankets and quilts. My dear mother, Mrs. Norman (Alice) Keyes, was Canadian. She was born in St. John, New Brunswick. She used to walk to school through the snow when she was a child. Now she has gone to Heaven. I often wonder if any of her relations are still alive. Yesterday a friend (Miss Daphne Ley), of ours, left by plane for New York where she will be operated on. She broke her back at a picnic and has been in our local hospital for 10 years. We are interested to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Parks are getting on nicely at Altona M. S. How I would love to teach them Zulu. Our local Social Welfare Worker said she would love to be able to talk to the natives in the native words at the hospital. I told her to come as soon as she could, that if she is anxious to learn I am sure she will learn quickly. She told Paul the other day that she has heard of one or two others working at the hospital who want to learn and she will bring them up some lunch time. Tomorrow it is my youngest child's 14th birthday. I hope it will be a very happy day. Now "good-bye" dear friends, may 1950 be the happiest year you have had in every way.

Lovingly yours,

RUTH SANDERS.

We hope the visit of our brother George among you may be a very happy one.

Altona Mission Station,
Delfkom, P. O.,
Via Piet Retief,
Tvl., South Africa.
February 13, 1950.

Dear Highway Readers,

On Sunday, Feb. 12th, I continued my visits and inspections of the Outposts. This time it was Prudentia, 7 miles due west from Altona Mission Station.

Timothy Dhlamini, our local native preacher, our school principal, Mr. Nkosi as interpreter, and I, set out on our bicycles, between showers, over the hills, no roads, native footpaths, which now and again provide a smooth ride. We forded rivers, climbed down and up "Don-gas" and in all, part of the time rode, walked, and carried our bikes. Enroute to Prudentia we climbed a rugged rocky mountain, six thousand feet above sea level. Then over the mountain top we rode our bikes between rows of mealies or corn stalks, their tops over our heads even as we sat on the saddles. After vigorous exertions with perspiration streaming from our bodies, for this is the hottest month of African summer, we finally arrived, clothes damp, shirts wringing wet, after 1 1/2 hours' travel.

The welcome and exchange of greetings spoken in the usual Zulu terms Sa ni bona, Ni sa pila na, the plural for How do you do, are

you well, etc., the greetings amid profuse shaking of hands. Then the Mkokale or Bible woman in charge of the Outpost swings a piece of iron at another piece of metal hanging from a tree, and the sound echoes over the hills, the church bell has rung.

We all make for the large round native grass kraal, and enter on our knees, cushioned by a grass mat. The men move to the right side of the hut and the women to the left. The children sit in the middle. There are no windows, just the door entrance for light and air. The door is about 3 feet high rounded at the top. The inside of the Hut has a circular base as floor, smeared with cow-dung, which seems to make an excellent sort of cement. Grass mats have been placed on the floor for us and we sit cross-legged. In the centre of this inclosure are two up-right poles far enough apart to swing a pole between for pots over a fire. The dome, walls and ceiling have a smoky greasy appearance and flies have assembled by the thousands.

The service opens with singing in gusty Zulu fashion, followed by prayer, singing, scripture also in Zulu, with the message translated by my very capable interpreter. To sense the blessing of the Lord enriching the service and to see the glow of appreciation for spiritual values on those dark faces of the gathering we felt the little effort we had made to get there was abundantly worthwhile. This service was followed by Communion Service. I had brought two slices of bread in wax paper, in my pocket and also a small bottle of concentrated grapejuice of Faith's special preparation. We had a board for a table and Communion Service was sacred and solemn served from a saucer for bread and a plain cup for wine. When prayers are uttered in these kraal meetings the little door is closed. During this service which took about 2 hours, with testimonies (true to native custom), as this was a special visit, a young chicken was being prepared in an iron pot over a fire in a nearby hut.

Following this great afternoon meeting in their way of expressing it, we were served a warm lunch before starting back home. A shady and fairly clean spot was located just outside the hen-run. As we sat down, water was brought to us for the washing of hands, however no soap or towel here, I carry a handkerchief to wipe my hands with, on such occasions. The chicken was laid at our feet as we sat around our board table and Timothy returned thanks. We pulled the bird apart and ate with our fingers, no tools here. A mug of boiled coffee was used as a wash down. Then a bit tired after our previous heavy exertions, we worked our way home over sometimes no path, then again a rocky trail down a mountain side, eventually home again. At 5.30 I was stretched out in our zinc full-length tub all but submerged in luke warm water, sipping clean hot tea. I was exhausted. After the tubbing, the ringing of the bell as the natives gather at the mission for evening prayers. Then supper, a short evening and another Sunday is history. A profitable day, in the Lord.

This is one of many such visiting Sundays we have had and propose to have in various visitations to our outposts. We must enter into these to get the full picture for our folk at home. Many Outposts are yet to be covered with varying distances from the main stations both in our Transvaal and Natal sections. Some of our Outposts have fine church and school buildings but this one hasn't as yet.

Then again let us notice some Outposts are accessible by roads and thus more easily cared for.

Yours, glad to be a small link in the Great Chain of Missionary Endeavor,

R. H. PARKS.

Apt. 22, House 4,

Mulgrove Park,

Halifax, N. S.

Dear Highway Friends,

A greeting to one and all in His dear name. Well, I am adapting myself as fast as possible to your "mild winter" but seem not to get along very fast. I do mind the penetrating icy winds that sting my face and ears and nip at my toes, and feel it is just the care of our Heavenly Father that has kept me from having colds by the dozen. In fact I had my first heavy cold since coming here two weeks ago.

It is grand to be with my youngest brother Norman, and enjoy his spiritual outlook towards South Africa and his consecrated attitude to the unknown will of God.

He is busy and has to keep so to get through with his heavy program.

About four weeks ago I felt led to speak of a needed Projector to show my snaps of our work in South Africa, on a screen, as a picture will give the best idea of what is being done out there.

I got a few odd jobs around home and have had four contributions. The making up of slides will be the greatest cost if I make up half of what I brought with me.

A second item is a good camera. If I could get a 35 mm camera with a distance finder, my snaps while here would be clearcut and also a positive film could be used and one could make up their own slides and film.

The right light is also a great factor when shooting an important group, etc., and would be of great advantage. \$300.00 is about what this project will require and if someone has a few dollars and wish them to be donated to this cause just send them along to me at Amherst, N. S., 136 Victoria St.

Of the above I have \$50 and expect the Lord to supply the rest through His servants.

I would so like to have this outfit when visiting our many churches and friends and also be able to take back with me a picture in a slide of each minister, church and congregation.

The Lord is helping me with my English language, but oh it is hard to put what one feels into such a limited vocabulary instead of the expanse of expression I had in the good old Zulu tongue.

What a pity I could not have just exchanged with Brother Parks! It would have been like having wings as an eagle, whereas we just flap around as best we can.

Anyway, the Lord's grace is sufficient for us all, praise His dear name and "He is able to keep that what we have committed unto Him." Man's extremity is God's opportunity.

Remember us in your prayers. The greater the battle, the bigger the victory.

Yours in His keeping,

GEORGE W. L. SANDERS.

"Spend much time every day and night in prayer and direct communion with God. This will make you a power for salvation. No amount of learning and study can compensate for the loss of this communion. If you fail to maintain communion with God, you are 'weak as other men'."