

MISSIONARY PAGE

VRYHEID, NATAL

Dear Highway Friends:—

Greetings in the name of our wonderful Savior!

Yesterday was, in my opinion the most interesting day since our arrival in South Africa. Perhaps you would like to hear about it.

For some weeks we had been looking forward to a trip to a place called Mfeni. We were to have to walk about six miles each way. Part of the trip was down over a great hill, almost a mountain and another part was along the banks of the Pongola River on what was nearly a jungle path.

Saturday night about seven o'clock Mr. Kierstead, Glendon, Elsie and I started on the first lap of our journey. We went as far as Altona Mission Station via Hartland Mission Station where we took some fencing material. We arrived at Altona about 11:30 after about a 120 mile journey and finally got to bed around one o'clock.

At six in the morning we were on the move again. Mr. Kierstead and I (Bill) left for Mfeni about seven. Elsie and Glendon stayed at Altona. Glendon was to preach there and Elsie had decided that the trip might be a bit too strenuous for her because the weather had been very hot for the past few days and all indications were for a scorcher that day. The indications were 100% correct!

Leaving Altona we drove some 8 miles along the main road and then turned into a farm road which was little more than two wheel tracks through the field. We drove along this road for some four or five miles and then took to our feet for the remainder of the journey. Soon we arrived at the kraal of old Samuel. Samuel was one of the very first native preachers and is about the last one of the old preachers still alive. He is quite old and has one leg amputated below the knee. He gets around a bit on crutches. We stopped and chatted with him for a few minutes and then moved on. After another half hour of descending and ascending we arrived at another kraal situated on a side hill and shaded by some trees. Here we stopped again to talk to the natives. In a few minutes I heard a thumping and a clatter along the trail which we had just come and then a native on horse back stampeded into the kraal, and jumped from his horse as though he were bearing an important message from the king. Actually he just walked calmly over near where we were and sat down!

We moved on, travelling along the side of a hill for several miles overlooking a valley and after about an hour arrived at the place where we were overlooking the Pongola River as it wormed its way through a fertile valley. Looking across the valley to the far side from our vantage point on the top of the hill we could see the kraal which we were to visit for the service. But first we must get down this tremendous hill. Unlike most hills in this country, this one was covered with a growth of small trees. We began our descent following the path which zig zagged back and forth down the face of the hill. After about half an hour we reached the bottom but I was sure I would have to have my brakes relined when I got home!

Now we were near the bank of the Pongola and we could hear the water rippling over the

rocks. How cool and refreshing it sounded. We followed through the heavy growth of trees and vines along a native path for a mile or so and then emerged into the open valley of the Pongola. This little valley was surrounded by hills on every side. The sun beamed down and seemed to reflect from every hill. I think this was about the hottest spot I have yet seen.

We were greeted at the kraal of Paulina, one of our Bible women, and given coffee to drink. Paulina has worked in European homes considerably and is a good cook. It was surprising to see how many modern things there were in her kraal even though it was in such an inaccessible place. Instead of the usual round mud hut there was a rectangular hut made of stone with a thatched roof. There was a sort of living room, dining room combination in the centre and a bedroom on each end. The bedrooms were furnished with beds and neatly spread.

At noon time we were given a dinner of chicken, potatoes, gravy, and coffee. The table was spread with a clean white cloth and we were each given a plate, cup and saucer, knife, fork and spoon. Before the meal she placed a wash basin, soap dish and soap, and a towel on a chair for us to wash with. We ate a very appetizing meal.

There was a young man to be baptized today so when we had finished our meal he was brought in to be examined. Then the procession began to wend its way toward the river. The preachers and Bible women led the way followed by the candidate with the others coming behind him. They were singing a hymn as they walked. Reaching the river bank Mr. Kierstead walked out into the muddy water. A native preacher read the scripture and prayed and then while the people continued to sing the candidate waded out into the water to be baptized.

Arriving back at the building where the service was to be held we began the service. After the song service, prayer, etc., I spoke for several minutes and then Mr. Kierstead spoke a while longer. An altar call was given and about eight gave themselves to seek the Lord, one of whom was a woman dressed in heathen manner. These people usually take considerable time before they can seem to get to the place where they feel they are really Christians. Their heathen superstitions have a terrible hold on them and it usually takes some time for them to disentangle themselves from them. Let us pray that this woman may continue to seek the Lord with all her heart.

After this a baby was brought to be dedicated and then the young man who had been baptized was taken into membership. It was my pleasure to give him the right hand of fellowship, and welcome him into our fellowship. Finally communion was administered and the service was dismissed.

After some more coffee and water we fastened our coats under our belts at our sides and began the trip home. We faced the hill with courage but used just about all our courage plus about all our strength before we reached the top. It was an hour's climb counting the rest periods. Part of the way was so steep that we had to help ourselves along by catching hold of roots and rocks to keep from slipping backwards. However we reached the

VRYHEID, NATAL

Dear Highway Friends,

Greetings, in His dear Name. This is a very close, hot afternoon. The boys have just returned from their wayside Sunday School.

Last evening my husband, Brother and Sister Morgan and Glendon, started out towards Hartland to take needed articles there, and then go on to Altona, for the night. Today Glendon was to help with the services there while my husband and Bro. Morgan were to go to Mfeni for a special service. It is a very hard trip and I am praying that they will have a blessed service. It is a needy outpost, I believe, but we have two good Bible women there, and we are praying for revivals, all over the field, as well as at Mfeni.

We rejoice to hear of revivals in the churches at home and of the advancement of our work there and we are praying that the good work will continue and many more be saved, before Jesus comes.

We have had a week of special services here at the college and a goodly number have been helped. We thank God for the quiet order that seems to prevail around the Campus and pray that it will continue and that many more will learn to know the Saviour.

I've been thinking of the verse:—

He placed me in a little cage,
Away from gardens fair;
But I must sing the sweetest songs
Because He placed me there.

I do, so often, feel so shut out and away from active service, but I realize that God makes no mistakes, and I want to learn all the lessons He has for me, while it is His will to keep me more or less confined, in a small place. My heart is in the work and my prayers go out with those who are able to go to the different outposts on Sundays, etc.

I must remember to tell you how much I have enjoyed the records with Bro. Mullen's singing, that Bro. and Sister Morgan brought out with them. They are all grand but "My, didn't it rain" is perhaps my favorite and I always want it played over again. But Bro. Morgan says I should hear Bro. Mullen sing "Ship ahoy." I do hope I'll be able to hear it some day, if the dear Lord wills. I'm sure his ministry in song, is being greatly blessed of God.

Yours, for souls,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD.

top at last and in due time arrived at the place where we had left the mission truck. From here to Altona we rode in modern comfort! It was about 6:30 when we arrived and were soon filling our stomachs with some of Miss Chase's good food. About eight we began the journey back to Vryheid via Piet Retief where we were to take Glendon back to work.

The lights of Vryheid welcomed us about 11:30 and after having a bath were soon tucked into bed and sound asleep—tired but happy.

The trip itself was extremely interesting but the most blessed thought to me was that we had been able to bring hope and light to be-nighted hearts. We had borne the precious seed that will spring up into everlasting life to all who will make their hearts a fit seed bed.

Let us continue to pray and labor until we girdle the globe with salvation. Truly the harvest is great but the labourers are few.

Yours to sow the Seed.

BILL and ELSIE MORGAN.

The King's Highway