

MISSIONARY PAGE

FROM PAUL AND MARY SANDERS

Dear Home Folks:

Less than two years ago Daveyton was just a farm; eight miles to the East of Benoni. Today it is a very extensive Native Township, in the making. It has been properly laid out, a well planned town from every point of view, but let me repeat, in the making.

You see, what happened is this: a vast number of natives had come to settle in this area; they were employed in the mines and industries that have sprung up since the war.

The old Native Township was overcrowded, in many instances more than one family living in one small room! Still they came, scores of families. Several put up shacks on an open space by the railway line at Apex. They were arrested and fined for trespassing, but when the police went there again there were many more shacks put up and families of natives living in them. The Benoni authorities decided to allow them to stay there as a temporary measure. They laid water pipes for them, etc.

Conditions were very unsatisfactory and unhealthy. Their shacks were built of anything the poor natives could lay their hands on. Most of the walls were of "Split Poles" (about 3 inches wide), stood upright and the wind and cold, perhaps, kept out by pasting paper over the inside. Some were able to get pieces of cardboard.

Benoni is a very progressive town, 5 miles east of Boksburg; the authorities studied the problem and bought the Farm mentioned at the beginning of this letter. Now it is a well planned native township with separate districts for the different native tribes.

They have moved the natives over from Apex, giving each family a building stand; and allowing them to put up their shacks on the back, and live in them till the Municipality can get new houses built for them.

Building contractors are hard at this job and the small houses are going up very fast. Some are of brick and others of pre-cast concrete; all with corrugated iron roofs. What comfort, compared with what they have had to put up with. Sewerage is being put in, drainage is being seen to, and living conditions will be healthy.

Only a few sites had been reserved for churches in this vast new native town. When Mary and I took over this section of your Mission Field we found that Brother Eugene Kierstead had applied for a site.

We went and saw the Chief of the Native Affairs Department; he called for the file where the application was lying, showed us the map of the Daveyton Town, and in particular the districts where the Zulu speaking tribes were moving in.

We had a mutually enlightening conversation, during which he enquired as to the attitude of the Reformed Baptist Alliance in Governmental affairs. We were happy to assure him that we practise what the Bible teaches.

Before we left he assured us that we would be granted the most centrally situated site; the approval of other officials would be necessary but we could leave that to him. Dear friends, I am sure you would have joined with us if you could have known, in the time of prayer

and praise we had on reaching home!

Now Dear Friends: I want to let you know what a wonderful help the Public Address Outfit is in the work, and how much Mary and I appreciate your ready response and generosity in supplying this need. We do want to say a big thank you to all who took part in this. It does not seem long at all since we wrote saying what a great help it would be if we could have one, and now it is a reality! I wish you could have seen the people stop, listen, and then come over yesterday. It really was a thrilling experience!

We have been holding services on our Church Stand, in the open, for some time now. They are well attended, by adults as well as children. The children have learned a number of choruses and several verses by heart.

We are locating some who have moved up here from our older mission fields. Yesterday we held a service outside the tiny one room home of an Msibi man who was baptized by my Father many years ago at Altona.

He gave us a good welcome and was very agreeable to us having regular services there. His wife has been coming to the meetings we held at Ngomezulu's. Msibi's home is near our church stand; we are glad of this new opening, for any getting saved in the meantime will of course come to our church as soon as it is built. So far we haven't had rain during our Sunday meetings, though wind has made Flannelgraph lessons impossible.

The dry season has come to an end; they have had rains all over South Africa; the country is so pretty in the new green of spring. Farmers are rejoicing and getting their crops in. We are also praising our Lord for the bounty of His blessings. How concerned we would be if instead of rain, a drought was setting in with all its attendant loss and hardship.

Now, however, we are realising more and more the need of a church building. The fact is we would be very sad if there were no need, for it would mean poor response to our efforts to spread the Gospel.

Actually we do need two churches. And though there is as yet no promise of the second building stand, are pressing for an opening in Benoni's old Native Township. The Stand we have is in Daveyton, eight miles away.

Do let me paint a word picture of what is



Rev. and Mrs. H. Paul Sanders on their wedding day, with Pearl Sanders and Kenneth Kierstead, attendants.

happening in Daveyton, showing why the need for a church is becoming more and more urgent. It will enable you to pray, with understanding, for this great need. Also I do trust the Lord will lay it on your hearts to pray very especially for Mary and me. Move our names up nearer the top of your prayer lists, that the Lord Himself may give us the unction of His Holy Spirit as we get into this new harvest field.

THE PICTURE

How well I remember the old PIONEERING days of my Father and Mother taking the Gospel to the kraals of the heathen. Walking, riding horses or donkeys, for the kraals were scattered far and wide, over the lovely hills and mountains of Natal; and the Transvaal, across the Pongola River. My own horse, which served many years at Hartland, was very good on the steep mountains and was Mother's favorite for steady reliability; and Father's for swimming the Pongola River when in flood, in the rainy season. He would often tie a rope on behind the saddle and tow two or three natives across! How slowly, though steadily, the work went on, step by step in the blazing sun.

Now the scene has changed . . . !! Civilization has taken from the lives of great numbers of natives that slow, peaceful, pastoral way of living. They have moved up to the REEF (that 60 mile stretch of mines, large towns, factories and industries . . . and native townships, which include that great city, and is often called by its name, JOHANNESBURG!)

Gone are the days when the women hoed the gardens, reaped the crops, and stored away enough food for the coming year. Now the men, and as time goes on, more and more of the women must hurry to the Station, often a long distance away, and catch the train or buses and be at work on time, or else!

No longer do they live in warm grass huts, but in "tin" shacks, with paper pasted over the cracks in an endeavour to keep the wind and cold out. The lucky ones have Municipal houses, weather-proof but small and with cold cement floors. Of course many have roomers, and often whole families live in one of their small rooms.

Always the building stands are small, the houses close together, none of the open air freedom of the country, but hundreds and hundreds of families close together. The children playing on the streets, running wild, evil influences and the danger of bad companions everywhere, groups of young boys gambling with dice are usually to be seen.

What a contrast to the old days! The grown-ups are no longer "raw heathen"—more often gospel hardened backsliders, overcome by the vices of "this white man's way of living." The children are not away herding the cattle, but roaming about at will with nothing to do. The schools are over-crowded, and unable to take in all the children—this is a real problem!

Do you see the picture? These are the people we are asking you to pray for, and for us, that we may be enabled to reach them, more especially the children, who are ready to accept the GOSPEL.

These are the people your Public Address outfit is reaching. At one of the five meetings we conducted yesterday, a hundred and thirty children gathered (besides grownups). When Mary gave the invitation a large number came

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