



## DR. AND MRS. ARMSTRONG VISIT OUR WORK IN AFRICA

While on our twenty-six thousand mile tour of missionary evangelism throughout Africa, it was our good pleasure to be invited by the Superintendent, Rev. E. A. M. Kierstead, to visit the Reformed Baptist work. We were delighted that this could be worked in with our heavy schedule.

The Singing Sheppards of Wilmore, Kentucky, who accompanied us on all of this long missionary trip, sang much to the delight of both natives and our missionary workers. We were most royally entertained in the home of brother and sister Kierstead at Vryheid, Natal, right across the campus from the Evangelical Teachers' Training College. We have many beautiful colored slides of all the work.

At many of the meetings, Rev. Chas. Sanders accompanied us and did a great job of interpreting the message for us. Our first night's service was with Rev. and Mrs. Bill Morgan (from near Fredericton, N. B.) at Louwsburg. Here Miss Grace Sanders ably interpreted for us. The church was jammed with folks. What a blessed service.

The next night found us at the little church in Groot Spruit. Many had been there since 5 p.m., waiting for the 8 o'clock service to start! How these folks sing in the Spirit. More than thirty sought the Lord that night.

Hartland was the place of the service on February 14th. What history that place brings to the mind of every loyal Reformed Baptist! There, many years ago, Dr. Sanders and wife founded the first missionary work of this church in Africa. We had heard so much about that place it was a thrill to see it and see more than forty souls weep and find God at close of the meeting. Then back over the mountain roads forty miles through the tropical moonlight to Vryheid, and some needed sleep at Kiersteads once more.

At Paul Pietersburg, the home of Rev. and Mrs. Chas. Sanders, and supper with them for the third night in succession; and then followed a blessed service in the native church there. Over sixty hands up for prayer and a real seeking the Lord followed.

Friday, the next day, we spoke to more than 150 young people at the Vryheid Training College. No service that evening and we actually were in bed the first time in two weeks by 9:30.

Saturday night, a 130 mile trip, going via Piet Retief, having a soul-uplifting meeting there and then on to the larger Reformed Baptist work at Altona for the night.

More than 600 people packed the Altona church on Sunday forenoon for our last service in Natal. Rev. and Mrs. Eric Haywood are working the field here. Over sixty sought the blessing of Bible Holiness when we finished the message. Brother Chas. Sanders did a most excellent job interpreting.

After dinner, he and brother Kierstead left by auto for their homes, amid farewells and earnest prayer.

Monday, the Haywoods kindly took Sheppards and Armstrongs the 250 mile trip to Johannesburg where we had other meetings with other groups scheduled.

Several wonderful meetings in Eastern Transvaal followed, then back to a suburb of Johannesburg for meetings over the next Lord's Day with Rev. Paul and Mary Sanders. We spoke Sunday morning in the large African

"location" where over 100,000 native Zulus, Swazis etc. are housed in new properties. Here the newest Reformed Baptist church in the African work has just been completed sufficiently that we could have service in it. Much more will be done to complete it as soon as funds are on hand. Here the place would not hold the people who came. Many gave careful attention all around the outside of the place, even sitting in the RAIN STORM, as they heard over the loud speakers—the service. There were over 75 who sought in this meeting.

Our schedule for Kenya and Belgian Congo came so soon after this that we could not stop off and visit the new and promising work being carried on in Rhodesia. As we flew across Rhodesia visibility was excellent and our hearts went up to God in prayer for the work being done there by brother Kierstead's son and co-laborers.

As we write these lines in Belgian Congo, our African labors for the world Gospel Mission, of Marion, Indiana (who sponsored this long trip)—and now over and we are flying to Beirut, Lebanon, thence to Geneva and London. May 23rd, we sail via S S Queen Elizabeth and arrive in New York City, Lord willing, May 28th and then home to Houghton, N. Y. for a few weeks rest. Pray for the Reformed work in Africa and support it with your best. Dr. and Mrs. C. I. Armstrong.

## ZEBULON, THE DOOR KEEPER

By Eric Heywood

When Rev. Charles Sanders was down the other day we were out visiting. We visited the home of our Deacon, Zebulon Mntungwa. During our visit, the question arose as to when he became a Christian. Here is his story as he told it.

"It was a great many years ago when I first made contact with Christianity. I was perhaps 6 or 7 years old. Preachers long since dead used to come to our kraal. They had permission to visit and to preach to us. Some of them were: Motha, Mahlaba, Ncube and Sangweni, who was one of our first preachers.

I remember Sangweni because it was he who came the most. When he came he would say: "Now children, if you want to listen, you will have to be quiet." He wouldn't let us leave either until he finished. We didn't dare make a noise.

Sangweni would start the service by singing out of a strange book. We didn't know the words nor what they meant. After many such services we would try to follow him. We would mumble over the words not knowing what they meant. Sangweni would then read out of another strange book. He would get down on his knees and talk, talk! I didn't know who he was talking to. He would get up, open that strange book, and read again. He would close it and talk, talk, talk. We didn't know what he was talking about.

After Sangweni talked a great long while he would see we were getting restless. He would then let us go.

Later, I was married to my present wife. She became a Christian, (after I had given my consent). I didn't know what a Christian was. I soon found out. She asked permission to give thanks for the feed. I gave it. I still didn't know who she was talking to. Soon after this strange things began to take place. My wife would arise early in the morning and off she would go. I was a long while finding out where she went. She was praying for me. Awhile later she became bolder and would pray beside the bed. I would try to sleep. She would pray, and cry, and ask God to save me. She would pray awhile and I would say: "You have prayed enough! STOP!! Get back to bed."

The King's Highway