



THE REEF FIELD CALLING*

By Rev. Paul Sanders

No doubt many of you will have heard that for the present I have been laid aside and I am taking it easy, though not from choice.

How fine it is to be able to write. Through this I am able to invite you to go with me to Kalfontein Native Township. Our P.A. outfit is installed in the old Chev. The poor old thing will add a few miles to its 130,000. After about 20 miles North, we leave the Pretoria Road, cross the railway and come in sight of Kalfontein.

Those buildings across the valley, the disused farmstead, are now the Manager's Offices and the two large dairy stables have been converted into hostels for single men.

We switch on, and Mary and I sing "Choose which is yours, for there are two ways only", and call out occasionally "Sunday School". We pass the Basuto Tribal section on our right, the Zulu being on the left. At the hostel, we stop at a grove of cedar trees, singing and calling. A group of men come over, including several that have been attending regularly since we started there. Four of these have witnessed their desire to follow the Lord, seeking Salvation.

From this meeting we go singing and inviting back to our corner in the Zulu area. A fine Christian from the Hartland area had taken up residence here, but we have lost him and his help. A hit and run motorist put an end to Johan Nkosi's bright, earnest testimony—or did he? For in the Lord's harvest field, some, though dead, yet speaketh. I think Johan is one, for it was deed as well as word with him and giving for the Lord's cause was a strong point.

At the corner is quite a gathering. But, look back along the broad road we have just traversed, calling parents to bring their children to Sunday School. Though we have witnessed this so many times, the thrill of seeing large numbers coming, remains—for "other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring; and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd. Oh friends! Words fail me! Can it be that Mary and I are to be used that some of these may hear the voice of the One Shepherd and enter the One Fold?

After memorizing Scripture verses and attentively listening to the message, many come forward in response to the Altar Call, and pray for God to forgive them and make them His children. Then the meeting is closed and the children line up for an old Christmas card each. They really appreciate these; the grownups often ask for one as well.

It is midday and we head for the Basuto section singing and inviting. This is where we first held these open air meetings, when only a few families had moved into this new Native Township which is to house 95,000.

We go to our usual corner here, and soon have a large crowd. These are not as well-mannered as Zulus and more difficult to control. However, they are quick to learn, and feel their need of a Saviour.

One of the men here "took us under his wing" right at the start. I should make a list of his promises. Undoubtedly, they represent what he would like to do, though he does not take his personal limitations into account. "He is going to get us the corner stand by his house, so we

can build the church there. He'll see the Officials and secure this for us."

"He will put the building up for us. He'll do this even if we haven't the money to pay him".

He has 20 pounds and is going to give us five to help with the church." He put a 6d. in the offering. "This isn't money, only a token of what I am going to give."

Dear readers, he is one of those "other sheep". Do join in praying for him. His latest promise reveals the Lord's dealing. "He is going to give up drink and join our church." Pray that he may be brought into the Fold first and then into the Church.

We need men—saved and sanctified men, to build churches and help carry the message to these "other sheep".

From here, if it is not too late, we go to another Zulu section which is quite new. They are being moved in fast.

Totalling up those to whom we have been privileged to present the Gospel, we find there have been between 700 and 800.

We need your prayers for ourselves in this great and challenging Reef work!

*(Written in Boksburg Hospital)

MISSIONARY CONFERENCE REPORT

Greetings in the precious name of Christ to the Highway readers, from the Plaster Rock, Lerwick and Arthur-ette, N. B., Primitive Baptist churches.

God has spared us here on the Tobique to have our third Missionary Conference, and it was surely a great time of feasting and fellowship. We were very fortunate to have Bro. Kenneth Kierstead as missionary speaker. He surely preached under the anointing of the Holy Spirit.

Bro. Kierstead is just a young man, but he surely preaches an old-time message. I feel that our churches on the Tobique have been blessed, and our eyes have been opened to the need of those who walk in darkness in the heathen lands.

We missed Sister Uta Chase this year in our Conference, as she was with us in the start of our missionary work. But we feel satisfied to know that God is using her on the foreign fields. So let's continue to pray for her.

Would like to say too, the first year we had Glendon Kierstead, and Reginald Kierstead the second year. How we do thank God for this great Christian family.

Looking forward to another Conference next year should the Lord tarry. Thank you for this little space in your paper.

Yours for Christ,

Rev. D. E. Pike,

Presque Isle, Maine.

GOD'S MINORITIES

During the time Noah was building the ark, he was very much in the minority—but he won!

When Joseph was sold into Egypt by his brothers, he was in a decided minority—but he won.

When Gideon and his 300 followers, with their broken pitchers and lamps, put the Midianites to flight, they were in an insignificant minority—but they won.

When Elijah prayed down fire from heaven and put the prophets of Baal to shame, he was in a notable minority—but he won.

When David, ridiculed by his brothers, when out to meet Goliath, in size he was in a decided minority—but he won.

When Martin Luther nailed his theses on the door of the cathedral, he was a lonesome minority—but he won.

When Jesus Christ was crucified by the Roman soldiers, He was a conspicuous minority—but HE won!

—Selected

The King's Highway