



FROM PAUL AND MARY SANDERS

Dear Highway Readers,

Recently I heard my Brother Charles describe how as a boy, if there was something he did not like, on his plate, he would eat it first. Now, let me first tell of what has made us all very sad, in the work on the REEF; and ask you each one to join us in praying for Elias.

Some of you will remember his name being mentioned as our Preacher in the Wattville Native Township. It seems he has backslidden—do join us in praying for his restoration.

I think his downfall dates back to the time he got a car, and started to make money with it. The last sad picture is of him getting in with evil men, and trying to sell a lump of brass, as GOLD; for \$1500. I went and saw him before and after the trial, leaving with him a copy of "Help from Above", a booklet in Zulu, of Scripture References.

The next is an item for praise, to our Heavenly Father. You have been praying for a long time, for the erection of a Preacher's House and Church in the Native Township, Natalspruit. We can report that the walls are completed, and as I write this the roof should be up and the inside plastering getting done. How we do praise the Lord for this progress!

The Lord enabled us to obtain the services of this building team, and they have certainly made a fine looking job, of the Face Brick walls. In joining us in praising God for the Preacher's House; do join in praying for builders for the Church, as this Team will not be allowed to.

You will be saying, this whole letter is a series of prayer requests, I guess it is; Mary and I are feeling the need of help, and after all there is not a stronger weapon to be found than prayer.

Kalfontein Native Township is the next, our Preacher who has been labouring here has gone home sick. The need of this fast growing Town (to reach a length of five miles) weighs heavily on our hearts! We have been holding open-air services here since it was started. Many have responded to the altar call—now they need shepherding and teaching in the way of salvation.

The Authorities have invited us to apply for a CHURCH SITE, but there are no funds, and no promise of them being available in the future. Shall we abandon hope, and this wonderful opportunity, and all those who have made a start to follow the Lord? Or shall we ask you to join forces with us and go to the Lord in faith for this which sight proclaims impossible? With our united Christian love.

THE AFFECTS OF STRONG DRINK

by Gladys M. Kierstead

It happened on a Saturday.

As so often is the case, in Boarding Schools, like St. Augustines there are plenty of activities through the week but on Saturday the students relax. Perhaps those with the more fertile minds think up mischief through the week, but that did not seem to be the case in this instance.

A neighbouring school team of foot ball players had come to visit St. Augustines and to play against them.

The day was fine and the students were enjoying the fellowship of other friends, when suddenly a woman appeared on the scene, with a load of home made beer. I do not know how she makes it but I understand it is

much stronger than the usual Zulu beer. This she sold to all who had money to buy.

There are some bad boys at St. Augustines, from the different large cities and two boys from Johannesburg became very drunk. The game continued and no one was aware of bad feelings, when suddenly these two boys pulled out knives and made for another student, who was lying on the grass, watching the game. Before anyone was aware of what was going on they had inflicted some quite serious head and shoulder wounds. The police were called and they took the boys to jail, the injured lad was taken to the hospital and a spirit of depression hung about the school.

One of the boys had had a previous police record so I fear their school days are over. The school is better off without them but I do feel sorry that they did not receive help while here.

Liquor stores are now open to the Bantu and some churches seemingly smile upon it, so what can we expect! Some seem bound to go the wrong way. May God help us to keep our lights shining.

Lately the words of the chorus has been much in my mind, "Let the beauty of Jesus be seen in me". So many of these students have been under communistic influence, it seems, and they will not read their Bibles, but I am praying that they may see the beauty of Jesus, in us. They need Him so much but do not seem to realize it. Pray for us.

CHRISTMAS IN JULY

by Grace Sanders Titlestad

"Christmas in July!" exclaimed Sister Gladys Kierstead as she passed me a nice parcel from a friend in Canada a few weeks ago. It had been waiting at Saint Augustines for the return of the Kierstead's, having arrived there shortly after they left for Canada. I must say it was a nice experience to have Christmas in July!

However, it was a reminder to me that I have miserably failed to acknowledge the receipt of a number of lovely Christmas gifts from our overseas friends. We seem to keep so busy all the time that we cannot do the writing we should do. So, dear friends, please forgive my negligence and accept our grateful thanks for those tokens of your love, thoughtfulness and prayers for us here. I'm still hoping to get personal letters written!

We are happy in the Lord and, as self-supporting missionaries, are finding something, almost daily, to do for our precious Savior. Tracts are given out; Bibles, Testaments, and Hymnbooks (Zulu) are sold; and now and again opportunities for a gospel message are presented to us.

In the past church year it has been my privilege to minister to about 121 Europeans and 90 natives, for physical ailments. I have been enabled to pray with most of these. The Christians are encouraged in the Lord and the unsaved are urged to seek salvation. One English young man got saved during the year. Some come just to be prayed for. One native woman was thus divinely healed in answer to prayer. So we praise God and give Him all the glory.

Martha Nkosi, one of the first candidates for baptism back in 1903, called in the other day. She is frail now and can no longer see to read the Bible. But, though around 74 years of age, she still takes a service. She quotes passages of Scripture by memory. She is still enjoying a good Christian experience.

While Beulah Camp Meetings were in session there was a conference at Hartland. Paul and Mary came for me. What a joy it was to be there again. The church was well filled. It was the largest crowd ever to stay all through the meetings, there being around 300 in

(Continued on Page 4)