

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona Mission Station

Sept. 20, 1939

Dear Highway Friends:

Another Sunday has passed and I think it is time that I wrote a few lines to the Highway again.

Sunday was a dark cold day and the congregation was quite small, but we had a good time in the Lord. The little children came to S. S. with their shawls over their heads and they were so thankful to be able to sit around the fireplace. Eugene had fixed it on Saturday and its welcome warmth was very nice for the children.

This small part of Africa looks very lovely today. It is warmer, the sun is shining and the grass is beginning to turn green. As we left Canada at the end of winter and arrived here at the beginning the signs of spring are especially welcomed by us.

The work here seems to be going along quite nicely. The Lord's presence is very real in our services and we do thank Him for His love and care, but like in all work, there are days when it seems so hard to accomplish much for the Lord and one sees so little results for their efforts.

Not long ago there were several days in which I had planned to do so many things. There were letters to write, visiting that I wanted to do, Sunday school and services to prepare for, etc., but the time was all taken up and I found no chance to do any of the extra things. One evening I said to my husband: "I haven't been able to do very much missionary work these last few days and I've tried hard to do many things. I have looked after many people who came with grain and been able to talk with them a little; I've sung Zulu hymns to children when I couldn't talk with them. I've prepared lunches for you and George and looked after things here while you went to outposts and that seems so little besides caring for my own children."

Well, that night I dreamed that I was very discouraged; so many things I had tried to do but there had been no time and night had come and my work was not done. I sat down and thought about my day's work; of how I had tried to talk to some Zulu women, of the little children who seemed so surprised that I could sing Zulu but couldn't speak it very well, etc., and I wondered if I could ever be able to learn Zulu and be a successful missionary. And as I thought about it, it seemed that the Lord came nearer and made me understand that He knew that I wanted to do His will more than anything else and then I heard His voice saying to me, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least, ye did it unto me."

I wakened at once. My troubles were gone and I felt so happy and grateful to God for His help. I promised the dear Lord that I would not become discouraged. I would each day do my very best for my Lord and leave the results in His hands. Isn't it wonderful how God does bless and strengthen His children? No matter where we are He will bless and give us victory in our souls if we will let Him have His way with us.

Quite a number of people are sick with colds, burns, etc. Two of our little school girls are quite sick with what seems to be malaria fever. A week or two ago a boy came from many miles away to get medicine for his mother. Her hut had burned and she had been

frightfully burned. We sent bandages, salve, etc., and we have not yet heard if she has recovered. Several of the little children who come here have bad scars where they have been burned. A little boy showed me a scar on his arm and told me that he was burned while the Sterritt Sisters were living here. He said that they had tended his arm and made it better. The natives do greatly appreciate help, and they do not forget.

We are just hearing war news on the radio—it seems serious indeed. But I am so glad that in God we can trust; He is the same yesterday, today and forever. Praise His name.

Yours in His service,

GLADYS KEIRSTEAD

Altona Mission Station,

Sept. 30, 1939

Dear Highway Friends (large and small):

A most amusing thing happened this morning here at the Mission and I thought it might be interesting to relate—perhaps the children will especially enjoy it.

It seems that the heathen natives are very much afraid of the policemen, and this morning one of the native policemen left a truck (or lorry as they are called in this country) and ran down the road to the Mission. Just ahead was a boy on a bicycle. The boy looked behind, saw the policeman running behind him and thought he was after him, so the lad threw his bicycle on the side of the road and ran for his life.

Today our school closed for a week and this week we have been having examinations, and have had an extra teacher to help, so in the school this morning were the two extra teachers and nearly forty children.

The native boy as he ran, saw the open window and thought he might find a place to hide in the building so he scrambled right into the window where all the children were working with their slates and books. The children were so frightened and they ran through the door and even jumped out of the windows in their fright.

The policeman arrived at once and caught the boy by the arm and demanded why he had acted so. After the explanations were given and things brought to order, it was found that two slates had been broken, so the boy was told that he must pay for what he had broken. I expect that he was a very thankful boy to find that the policeman did not want him.

It really was very funny but there is another side to think about and I feel certain that had that poor boy been a Christian, he would not have been afraid and would not have run from the police. He would have known that as long as he kept the laws of the land the policeman would be his friend. As I looked at the boy I thought, "Oh, if we only had more boys who were Christians."

We have many splendid Christian women in our churches, a good number of girls but it seems harder to get the men and boys to come regularly. Still we are so glad and thankful for the ones who are true Christians and who stand by the work as they do. Today our hearts were made glad as we saw and heard the testimony of one of our boys who has been away to the city to work. He still has the blessing of God upon his soul and wants to work for the Lord. This is surely encouraging, is it not?

We have had cold weather again for a few days, snow on the mountains, so I heard. Many are sick with colds again. I have been quite ill all week with what I feared would develop into pneumonia, but the dear Lord has helped me and I hope to be well enough to get up to-morrow. Reginald also has been sick with tonsillitis, but he is better now and has been quite happy at his play today. Our native evangelist at Moyaan has two very sick children. One shows a little sign of improvement and I sent medicines today so I hope it will help, for they have been sick for two weeks.

May the Lord help our dear people here and at home is our daily prayer. Daily too I feel the need of a close walk with God to fit me for the tasks that are before me, and I do thank Him for His continued leadings. Oh, that He might use me to help others is the earnest prayer of my heart these days.

Yours in His service,

GLADYS KEIRSTEAD

Hartland M. S., So. Africa,

Sept. 28, 1939

Dear Friends:

"Sanibona" (Zulu greeting):

Summer is begun and already we have had refreshing rains, in the summer style; with lightning and thunder and some hail. The light brown colour of the countryside is taking to itself the beautiful robes of green, and fruit trees are leaving out and blooming. Life has burst forth in nature and reminders of the resurrection show themselves everywhere.

Sunday night's service concluded our Quarterly here at Hartland. God was in our midst and His presence was felt as we listened to the various messages, noticing, as the service proceeded, that there seemed to be a central theme that was manifest in almost every sermon. This made us feel that the Holy Spirit was guiding the different speakers. However, we missed the manifest response of seekers that we wished to see. We all know that God desires that we should have a perennial revival and that He consistently does His part, hence I feel that we need to give ourselves to prayer, as Abraham did when he heard that the cities of the plain were to be destroyed. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." We invite each of you to unite with us in fervent prayer for a great time of salvation.

It is over two years now since my arrival back on the Mission Field, and, as I consider our Native congregations, I feel that we need to concentrate our efforts in behalf of the Zulu young people and men. These two classes are in the minority in our work here. As in Canada, and the United States, here too Satan is bidding high for the young people and the lure of lust is powerfully effective upon them. We who know Jesus in our hearts, we who have the knowledge of the "exceeding great and precious promises," let us be an active group qualifying before God and praying effectively for the salvation of souls.

We are in a time of world crisis, which unless God undertakes, may become world catastrophe and the sweeping over it of anti-Christ doctrine and the following results. War is raging in Europe again, and to my mind there appears an ominous monster on the horizon; communism which, as has been pointed out many times by Bible students,