

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,
April 6th, 1941

Dear Highway Friends:

We are enjoying a lovely mild rain here this afternoon that will wash this dry dusty land and make it fresh again. The weather has been very dry and rain is most welcome.

Our water tanks are nearly empty and we are hoping for enough rain to fill them for our winter's use. The well has never gone dry but the water is low in it also.

When I ended my last letter to you, we were all well, but since then Eugene has been very sick with malaria fever. He was in bed for eight days. He got up and walked around awhile last Tuesday, and Wednesday morning left for Hartland to attend the Quarterly Meeting there. I expect he will return on Monday. I am praying that it has been a time of rich blessing both for the missionaries and natives.

We had very few out to service on Thursday for many had gone to the Quarterly Meetings. But we had a very nice service, with the few who were here, and God's presence was very near and real to us. As I was talking to the people I suddenly thought of home and wished that some of you dear people could come in with us. What a help your presence would have been to me and I believe you would have been blessed as you would hear our good Christians here tell of what God has done for them. I took as my subject, "A clean heart," and all who testified enlarged upon the need of having our hearts cleansed from all sin.

Our head teacher was married recently, so now he has his wife here also. She seems to be a nice girl. She speaks English well and helps me some by interpreting.

Lucy Motha, the first girl who worked for me after I arrived here, is being married next Tuesday. She is marrying a boy from another church, so we will see little more of Lucy in our church, for the boy wants her to join his. It is rather heartbreaking to lose our girls, but it is their custom and would be very difficult to break. Of course we also gain church members by our boys marrying girls of other churches.

My Sunday School is very small indeed now. It is so hard to gather the children in at this time of the year for so many have to watch the cattle and birds to keep them from the gardens. The people will soon be reaping and then the children will not have so much work to do. Last Sunday was the end of the quarter, and I gave little prizes to those who had been faithful in attendance, etc. I let them choose between several things and it was interesting to see how many chose the bright cretonne or print bags. The native workers and Christians who can read use them to carry their Bibles and hymn books in.

Easter will soon be here. I am thinking of Canada, where the earth is beginning to put on its mantle of green, and everything is awakening after the cold winter. Here, it is so different for winter will soon be here. But in my heart today there is the same feeling that I always had at home, at the Easter season. A feeling of love and gratitude and thanks to God because "He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. Jesus suffered and

died on Calvary's cross for us. How we should determine in our hearts, that for us He did not die in vain.

What a wonderful heritage we have—to be an heir of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. I am more and more determined that come what may, I will be faithful to the end. Pray for us, friends, that we may be able to reach the seemingly unreachable souls, that we may be able to lead the weak ones along, strengthen the Christians, etc. May God bless you all.

Yours, for Africa's lost souls,
GLADYS KEIRSTEAD

Altona Mission,
April 10th, 1941

Dear Highway:

Some weeks ago I made the trip from Altona to Hartland by bicycle. Most people, when making this trip by bicycle, go around by the road and bridge, nearly sixty miles. I imagined it might be easier if one went sixteen miles by the short cut even if it meant following native paths, clambering up and down rocks and hills, fording a river, and so on. Having actually made the trip I am not so sure but that the longest way around is the shortest and easiest way home.

This particular trip was made on a Sunday as I wished to have a service near the path and about midway between the two stations. It may interest you to know that this was my first "kraal" service, held without an interpreter or a native worker. I was honored by the presence of two native doctors, one other man, four women, and half a dozen or so children; only one or two seemed to be seeker-Christians, the rest were in heathen dress. I trust that the Holy Spirit spoke to their hearts as my Zulu vocabulary is still limited.

After the service was over I went down to the Pongola river and then began to wonder how I was going to get my bicycle across, as the crossing is strong and the water was fairly swift. I first took my clothes and haversack across, then returned for my bicycle. It did not seem as if I had strength enough left to take the bicycle across alone. Just when I was about to give up, a young native came along and took one end of the bicycle. Instead of carrying it across, we seemed rather to drag it across. First I would slip and almost fall in, then the native. What a picture we must have made!

Once across the river it was a long hard climb and push to the top of the hills. I met a native at the top who marvelled that I should have come by such a strenuous path. She was sure it must have been my very first trip by that path. I replied it was my first trip by bicycle and I hoped the last. Afterwards I thought to myself: It was hard, but if the Lord wanted me to do it again, I would try.

Week before last I had my first attack of malaria fever. Monday morning I started to paint my car. By noon I felt tired and laid down. By night the fever had gone up to 102. It subsided about midnight. But each day after that it went up at noon and went down at midnight. This kept up until the following Monday. By Sunday I was quite worried and began to wonder if I would be able to get over to the quarterly meetings which were to start on Wednesday. I felt I should be there as we had expected important business. After the service on Sunday the natives came in and prayed that I might be healed. I also began to

pray. Monday my temperature went up again. I began to doubt whether I could go or not. Tuesday my temperature went down and stayed down; the fever stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Surely God answered prayer! How I did and do praise His Name I give Him all the glory!

I later found out I had lost ten pounds in weight. The fever is very weakening as well. Pray that I and the others may be kept from further attacks.

We are having a great deal of sickness around us this year—fever, "flu," small-pox, and so on. There have been many deaths. Among those who have recently died was one of our former but oldest native workers, Lydia. Poor soul! She died from a long and lingering illness. It is said that Joseph, her husband, who led her astray and out of her church, just counted the days until her death so he could take another wife. It certainly does not pay to compromise with the Lord. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Pray for us.

Yours in Him,
E. A. M. KIERSTEAD

CORRESPONDENCE

Lakeville R. R. No. 2,
Car. Co., N. B.

Dear Brother Dow:

Enclosed you will please find cheque for my subscription to the Highway.

The Highway is a wonderful paper. I enjoy reading it so much, especially the Editorials and the Temperance Column.

May the Lord bless you in your good work.

Sincerely,
MRS. FRANK JEWETT

5 Walnut Street
Milltown

Dear Brother Dow:

A few words from this part of the Lord's vineyard. The year has been one of tests and blessings. We feel that our blessings have exceeded our tests.

The Lord has been very gracious to us, sparing us through sickness and graciously caring for us.

The unanimous calls from the Calais and Crawford Church has been accepted. The work has not progressed as we would like to see it, but the blessing of the Lord has been on us in a gracious measure. A number of our young people are standing true.

Due to sickness last winter we failed to give reports of the special meetings held at Calais by Brother and Sister Cochrane. As has already been reported, we hoped to see more done. All enjoyed much the preaching and singing of Rev. and Mrs. B. C. Cochrane. The conditions were such, due to the illness of my wife, that I was deprived of attending except a few, and weather conditions were so that folk did not get out. We are aware that these things come bearing no sign of God's disapproval or disfavor.

We wish to report that Mrs. Maynard Stanhope who underwent a serious operation is able to be out again.

Please pray for Miss Florence Berry, who is under observation in hospital in Boston.

Yours in Him,
H. L. ROBERTSON

As we look back over the past five years, which we have spent on this circuit, we feel