

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,  
Sept. 10, 1941

Dear Highway Friends:

It's a nice evening here at Altona, but the land is fairly crying for rain. We have had very little rain for months and now that the days are getting warmer, we too are longing for rain. Our water tanks are empty, but we are so grateful for our well. The water in it is low, and has been so for months, but there is always some to be had. Its certainly wonderful to have a well in this country, and we are very thankful for ours.

Last week was our Quarterly Meeting here at Altona. Nearly all the Transvaal workers were present and quite a good number from the Natal side. I believe every one who attended was blessed and helped.

We began the meetings on Thursday and on Saturday we had a day of fasting and prayer. I feel that it was a help and blessing to me and others voiced the same opinion.

Sunday was a nice day. We started the day with prayers, followed by Sunday school and then a baptism. One of my S. S. girls and a woman was baptized. At twelve o'clock the one long service of the day began and it lasted until after four o'clock.

I had to smile at the way one of our workers expressed himself when he came to say good-bye to us. He said that the services had been very good indeed and that he was going home with his stomach full and his spirit filled also.

We thank God for those who came, for those who received definite help and for the blessings that we received in our own souls.

The past week has been a very busy one indeed. Eugene has travelled almost a hundred miles by the mine lorry or truck, about sixty-five miles by bicycle and over forty miles by horse. It has also been a very busy time here at the Station. It seems to me that I cannot remember a time when so many people were coming and going. This morning before nine o'clock I had waited on ten or more natives. One school girl came for medicine for sore eyes, another wanted slate pencils and had brought eggs to pay for them. A mother came for medicine as her babies had sores, and others brought wood for salt, and so it goes. One little girl came with her larger sister and asked for food. She said she was almost dead she was so hungry. Poor little black baby!

Between times Eugene has been busy acting as doctor to a sick woman whose husband had given her a terrible beating—in fact he almost killed her. Besides the beating he also threw hot coals on her and burned her. Then for two and a half weeks he hid her. Some of her own people came about that time and found out and reported the matter to her parents. They, in turn, notified the police, then made a stretcher of skins and brought her to Johanesi's kraal. She has two very bad sores on her leg and hip and her flesh is all bruised and broken. They are heathen and we are praying that the influence of Johanesi's home will help them to decide for Christ. They are very grateful to Eugene for dressing the wounds, etc.

I believe the last words of Cecil Rhodes were something like this: "So much to do and so little done." I so often think of it in connection with our mission work. We, as missionaries, can work and do all that is humanly possible and God does bless and help us greatly and allows us to see some results,

but its so little done to what there is left to do. When we think of the many, even now, who have never heard about Jesus, then of the many who have heard only a little, then of the many who have heard but do not heed the warning. Oh, friends, it causes us to cry unto God for extra strength that we may be able to do more for God in the future than we have done in the past.

Our baby is very frail at the present time. He has been sick, with flu, for almost five weeks, and is not improving as he should. We are praying that God will strengthen him, if it is His will.

We are longing for news from Beulah and hope soon to hear of a good meeting. God bless and be with you all.

Yours in Christian love,  
G. M. KEIRSTEAD

THE GRAVE OF THE DISCOURAGED  
TEACHER

In the city of Washington, many years ago, a teacher had in his class a mischievous boy who not only would not listen, or behave well, but who interfered with the other scholars giving their attention. The teacher became discouraged regarding the boy.

Later on the boy left Washington for the West, and there wasted his life in reckless dissipation. Years afterward he came to Baltimore and spent the night in debauchery, and next morning, while under the weakening spell of his dissipation, he started walking along the streets of Baltimore. He soon found himself in one of the city's cemeteries and suddenly noticed on a tombstone the name of his old Sunday-school teacher. A flood of memories rushed over him. Things that the teacher said came back to him. His heart melted, he pulled himself over the little railing, went to the grave, and there he gave his heart to Christ as he knelt down and kissed the very dirt on the grave of his faithful old teacher.

He entered the ministry and became the pastor of one of the most prominent churches in Virginia, and one of the most greatly beloved of all of the Virginia pastors.

And yet his old teacher had gone to his grave years before, feeling that his work was a failure as far as that boy was concerned.—Eldridge B. Hatcher, in Sunday School Times.

## NO COMPROMISE

No test is harder to a conscientious Christian than the necessity of separation in matters of conscience and principle from those most dearly loved. They plead so plausibly for our concessions and surrenders, that it seems almost harsh to ride rough shod over all their sweet affection and gentle pleading. One of the finest of modern paintings represents a beautiful French girl, on the night preceding the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew, trying to pin a little badge on the breast of her Protestant lover, and with tearful eyes and strained entreaty pleading with him to wear it as his only defense against the murderous swords of his assassins. With tender love but heavenly courage he is represented as gently holding back her hand and detaching the rosette from his bosom, knowing all the while that it is probably the last time they will ever meet on earth. It is just such little things as this which constitute the difference between loyalty and treason, between the hero martyr and the easy time-server of every age.—A. B. Simpson.

## Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20.

## SOLDIERS AND BOOZE

It would be in the interest of national defense, as well as for the soldiers' own spiritual welfare, to ban booze from all of America's armed forces. This is the opinion of men who should know. The Kaiser of World War No. 1 said to his troops: "The next war will require of you sound nerves; these are undermined by alcohol. The nation which drinks the least will always be victorious." France learned the truth of this. And General Pershing, the great American soldier who faced the Kaiser's forces in 1917, said: "I shall not go slow on prohibition, for I know what is the greatest foe of my men—greater than the enemy!" He wanted to "banish the entire liquor industry from the U. S., close every saloon, every brewery." Old Bismarck, who made modern Germany, summed it up in three words: "Bier macht dumm"—Beer makes a man dumb!—The Pentecostal Evangel.

## CRIME UNDER REPEAL

Crime has increased under repeal, states The Watchman-Examiner, and quotes J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the G Men, as follows: 1,445,581 major crimes were committed in the United States in 1939. The cost of crime during 1937 was \$15,000,000,000. The cost of crime during prohibition ranged from only \$9,000,000,000 to \$11,000,000,000, showing that repeal has increased the cost of crime in our country about \$6,000,000,000 a year.—Selected.

Under the caption, "Government Introduces Drink to Soldiers," the Presbyterian has this to say:

"The North Carolina Beverage Control Board reports that during the first four months of 1941, Cumberland County (site of Camp Bragg) registered \$435,000 in receipts for liquor. That is better than one hundred thousand dollars per month. In spite of what the Secretaries of War and Navy say about the liquor bills now in Congress, so long as this country is controlled by laws issuing from Congress, and not by mere executive fiat, we believe Congress will, perforce, have to continue to consider these liquor laws, and ultimately make some better plan than the present arrangement, which is introducing drink to thousands of new soldiers who never touched it before."

Do not blame us if our indignation runs high when we know that the President of the United States, who is the Commander-in-chief of our armed forces, and officers under him, stand for liquor for our boys in the camps.

The procedure is a crime against the whole defense program (see the case of France); a crime against the boys who in these conditions learn to drink; a crime against the parents who must send their boys, not to defend their country only, but to be the victims of the ghouls who exploit the soldiers for this blood money.

The President, who is by his silence supporting this crime, is calling for unity in his defense program!

Life insurance payments to policy-holders and their beneficiaries for the first two months of 1941 totaled \$455,527,000, equivalent to \$7,721,000 a day. The daily rate increase over last year was 5.8 per cent.—Pathfinder.