

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,
July 15th, 1941

Dear Highway Friends:

When we first arrived and for some time after, I found it very easy to write to the Highway family, but now that we are more or less settled in this land, I find it more difficult to write interesting letters. The days bring little excitement and the work goes on in much the same manner each day.

This is the winter holiday for the schools, so for the past several Sundays I have been without an interpreter. A week ago was the quarterly meeting at Hartland. Many of our people went over from our side of the river, but I stayed at Altona to care for things here. I only had twelve out to the service that day but we had a very good service. By using mostly scripture I was able to get a little message across to the people. All our workers were present at Hartland but two of our prayer women were present and they both spoke nicely. I spoke of Jesus as the Light of the world and read where Jesus said, John 9:5, "As long as I am in the world, I am the Light of the world." Then in Matt. where He said: "Ye are the light of the world." I went on to say that now that Jesus had gone to His father in Heaven it was our work to help to lighten the world, etc. I couldn't say all that I wanted to, but did my best and all who testified spoke of their desire to follow Jesus and do their best to let their light shine so that men would see their works and glorify God.

One old grandmother got up and said that it was very nice to walk in the light, but she didn't get any further for she was so full of thanks to God because of a little new grandson who had recently arrived in the Hartland Hospital. Her son had married and two babies had been born but only lived a short time. To have no babies is a real trial to a Zulu family and now that a healthy little son has come, was cause for much thanksgiving. The grandmother told the whole story and it was most interesting to notice how the people rejoiced with her.

Last Sunday I had a much larger congregation, thirty-seven were present. Again we felt the spirit of God in a real way. I used a Zulu tract about Jesus calling His sheep by name, etc. By using it and my Zulu Bible again I was able to have a little message for my people.

Eugene and Brother George Sanders were at Sulphur Springs at Tulina's outpost. There three gave themselves to the Lord as seekers and three babies were presented. One of the women sent me a nice piece of meat which was much appreciated but the most important thing is that some are giving themselves to seek the Lord. My heart is rejoicing in the Lord these days and I thank Him so much for His great love and blessing to His children.

Those who returned from the Quarterly reported a good meeting. The meetings started on Wednesday and on Friday hearts were saddened by the cable that arrived from Canada telling of Dr. Sanders' departure from this world. Many remember him and the younger ones have heard of his work, etc. Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to his loved ones, their loss is his gain. May God bless the family is my prayer.

One bit of excitement did come to us while Eugene was at Hartland. According to the

report of our girl, two men stopped her as she was on her way to the spring to get some water, and asked her who cared for the Mission when the men were away. She said that Nkosakazi stayed with the children and cared for things. They said they would like very much to kill us. They went on and asked Johannes's herd boy the same thing and said also that they would like to kill us. The spirit of hatred against the whites is very strong in this section and our church rules are more strict than many of the surrounding churches so I expect many would like to see us depart. On the other hand I hardly think they would dare commit murder.

Anyhow we leave it all with God. There are many times that I have to be alone here with the children and natives and I shall continue to trust God to care for us in the future as I have done in the past. Pray for us, friends.

Yours in His service,

GLADYS KEIRSTEAD

Altona M. S.,
July 30, 1941

Dear Highway Friends:

The days go swiftly by; it doesn't seem possible that the year 1941 is over half gone. It seems only a short time since the new year. Life certainly is short at the longest and this evening I have been thinking how very important it is that we keep ourselves in God's love and do all we can for Him while we have the time and opportunity.

God has given me a wonderful opportunity of speaking to the heathen, etc., who come to our home and I do want to make use of every chance that I get to help those in heathen darkness.

One morning recently two heathen women (wives of one man) came to the mission. I had never seen them before and their whole attire showed that they were raw heathen indeed. I judged that they were about fifty years old but they seemed very tired and weary and sat down on the floor as soon as they entered the kitchen.

I thought they must have come from far away so I asked them but they said that their kraal was very near. As soon as they were nicely seated they took out their little snuff boxes and began to snuff with such enjoyment. I asked if it was nice and they said that it was very nice indeed. Then I went on to tell them that I felt sure that the snuff was taking their strength for they had only walked a short way and still they were so tired they had had to sit down at once. But they tried to tell me that it was not the snuff that hurt them. They said they were very hungry and the snuff made them feel that their stomachs were full.

One woman had brought a little stick of wood so I looked at it and as I gave her the salt for it the other one spoke up and said that it would be very nice if she could have a little salt too. Then I said: "Now I will tell you what I will do. If you will come to church and hear me preach next Sunday I will give you a cup of salt." But she said that my words beat her, so I asked her if she liked Christians. She didn't answer that, but said that her husband would not let her become a Christian.

I gave her a little salt and told her to come again to the mission house and I would talk to her some more. After a little more talk they said good-bye and went home. I have been thinking about them a great deal since

that day. They looked so sad and it seems to me such a sad state to grow old without God or the hope of Heaven. Oh, may the dear Lord help these older and the younger heathen too in some way to see the Light of the glorious gospel of Christ, and be saved before it is eternally too late.

To those of you who have not received letters from me for some time, I would like to say, please write again. Letters are being lost, some I know of, but I cannot know of all, so if you do not hear for a while don't be afraid to write again. I am doing the same, as much as I am able to.

Then to the friend who sent our little Kenneth a dollar. We all want to say "thank you" for it. I would write a personal letter if I knew the name but as I do not, I will have to be content to express our appreciation in this way.

Our baby is improving in health and growing nicely now. Little Reginald, after five weeks of suffering with his eyes, has also improved. We took him to the doctor for further advice and help and he gave us another kind of medicine that checked the trouble at once. The doctor also tells us that the eyes will be all right. We do thank God for this also.

The days are getting a bit warmer but the nights are still cool and refreshing. We are enjoying this delightful weather and we wish it could stay with us a little longer, but all too soon the hot days will be here again. By the time this reaches you it will be late fall in Canada. May God keep you all safely, is my daily prayer.

Yours in Christian love,

GLADYS KEIRSTEAD

Hartland M. S.,
July 24, 1941

Dear Friends:

One whom we loved has gone home to his reward.

On the 4th of July towards the close of our most important Hartland quarterly, we received the cable announcing father's death. Members of our African church, natives from almost every outpost were present to this blessed quarterly we had. In the evening meeting we told them the sad news. It was a tense moment full of feeling when the news first broke over the company. Yet friends, we were glad to tell them that father was in the home of God, free from earth's pain, troubles and sorrows. It was a pleasure to tell them that he who had brought them the light, who had told them they should prepare for the eternity of God, he had been faithful to the end and having finished his course was now with the God he loved and served. So we sorrowed: "not, even as others who have no hope."

According to native custom, since that news has been received we have been having a continual succession of persons who come to express their sympathy and who seek to comfort. Our reply to these, affords us an opportunity to say a word for the Master.

Father, going when he did, important meetings in progress in our church on both sides of the Atlantic, and at a time when there is special interest in this African work, seems to have made his going more impressive.

How much we owe to father as a parent. His walk with God, his humility and faithfulness to duty. The lessons he had taught us by example and precept are an inheritance. His