

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Friends:

Altona M. S.,
August 16, 1941

It is quite a warm evening here in Africa. Last week it was quite cold but today a warm wind has been blowing and it is rather uncomfortably warm just now.

It is Saturday, and many have been here, through the day, with wood, etc., to get their week's supply of salt. They come all ages and sizes, from the older woman to very tiny little children. Nearly always the smallest will bring a little piece of wood too. I have never seen a man carry a stick of wood, that seems to be very much below his dignity, but once in a while a fairly large boy will bring a little piece about one quarter the weight that a girl his size would carry.

Glendon had a very interesting time showing some little native boys a little old train that the boys had had when in Canada. These children have never seen a real train but one boy had seen the toy one so the others told Glendon if he would show it to them they would come to Sunday school. The smallest boy was frightened and ran away when the little train began to go. Glendon talks Zulu very well so he did his best to explain it to them and he also encouraged them to come to Sunday school. He thinks that we will see them again tomorrow.

Early last Sunday morning one of George's little S. S. girls came to the Mission with a bad tooth ache. Eugene pulled the tooth out for her. Then the mother said that her child was very hungry so we gave her a little bowl of porridge and a spoon to eat it with. It was amusing to watch her looking at the spoon. She evidently decided that she didn't know how to use it for she laid it aside and started to eat the soft porridge with her fingers. It was wonderful how well she managed, and I felt sure that I would have found it very difficult had I tried such a method.

I was busy preparing baby's food so I began to talk with the mother. I first asked her if she went to church and she said yes, she went to church when we had service in her kraal but she didn't put herself out to go to any other place to worship. Then I asked if she was not soon going to be a Christian but she didn't give me a direct answer, so then I told her that I had noticed her skin skirt but that I had also noticed that she had a black kerchief on her head, and not the usual heathen head dress. I told her that I had heard when a woman puts on a kerchief it was a sign that she was thinking of becoming a Christian. She laughed then and said that religion was just for the children and young people. I said that her idea was not right. Jesus died for all. I also told her that it was the rule of all people that the older ones teach the younger ones and was it not right in the things of God that the mothers should learn and help to teach the way to their children? She agreed that that should be the way but she didn't commit herself as to whether she would soon seek Christ or not. I believe her heart was hungry but she was not ready now to give herself to the Lord. May the Lord help her and the many others who stand halting between two opinions—whether or not to accept Christ.

Next Wednesday Eugene is having a wedding up at our new outpost, near Moolman. The boy is from another church so I suppose the girl will go to his church. At any rate, we

are glad that these young people have the desire for a Christian wedding. It is an encouraging sign. May the Lord bless them and make them a blessing to their people, is our prayer.

The Government has granted us another acre of land to join on to the Mission here. This will double the size and be a great help. The magistrate was here today to mark it off. We thank the Lord for this.

God is very real and precious to us these days, and we thank and praise Him for His continued care and blessing. May God bless and be with you all.

Yours in Christian love,
G. KIERSTEAD

Altona Mission,
P. O. Delfkom,
Via Piet Retief,
Aug. 18, 1941

Dear Highway Friends:

Today is Monday. Cloudy, yes, but not blue Monday. Wash-day in Canada, wash-day here. Preachers' rest day, also missionaries if you can call a change a rest.

I have just come in from moving some small banana trees to a more convenient location. Gladys has probably told you the Mission acre has become two acres, so we are not so cramped for room.

Brother George Sanders has been away from Altona for over a week now. He has been at our Mkupane outpost in Natal helping with the erection of a wattle-and-daub church. We are expecting him back almost any day now.

Saturday I went to the partly finished Mozaan church and put in the windows and did some other odd jobs as well. This is the church that Mrs. Duplissey, of Bristol, and her friends are helping to build. The natives are very grateful for this help and thank very much each time they hear an additional sum of money has arrived for improvements.

Yesterday I went across the Mozaan river on horseback to our Belgrade outpost. I was quite lame when I got back as the round trip must be twenty-five miles or so. We had a preaching, testimony and Communion service. About forty were present. Seven children were presented to the church. After I had finished preaching without an interpreter, one of our old church members got up and spoke of how my speaking reminded her of father. She went on to say she remembered father very well because it was under his preaching and teaching she was saved years ago at Entungwini. She admitted that she had not always been a good Christian, but she desired to go on growing in the Christian way. Several came forward for prayer at the close of the service. Before leaving for home I was royally regaled with nicely cooked chicken, sweet potatoes, sour milk (amasi), and tea. I was rather amused to see one woman putting a half pound package of something in the collection. When I asked what it was, I discovered it was a package of sugar for the Mfundisi's (preacher's) tea!

A week ago yesterday we visited Big Mpondleni beyond Moolman. There also we had Communion. The offering contained two melons, sixteen oranges, six native brooms as well as money. Two babies were presented. I expected to have a baptism but both candidates were turned down. One was told to go and make restitution for some stealing he had done some years ago; the other was

told to go and get married (she was not married even by Zulu custom).

Pray for us and the work.

Yours in Him,
EUGENE A. M. KIERSTEAD

PARDON AND PURITY

Rev. G. D. Watson, D.D.

Pardon and purity are the two hemispheres of evangelical religion. Pardon and purity are the two wheels to the chariot of New Testament salvation, while faith and love are the celestial steeds that draw this chariot along the King's highway to heaven. Pardon and purity are the two posts on which the gates of pearl swing back to admit us into the City of Light.

Pardon takes away the guilt of all sinful acts, words and purposes; purity takes away the uncleanness of sinful tempers and desires which are often not shaped into acts.

Pardon will publish itself in the actions of a man; purity will publish itself in the keen inner feelings of the heart.

Pardon harmonizes me with the law of God; purity harmonizes me with the character of God.

Pardon introduces me to the kingdom of peace; purity introduces me to the kingdom of power.

Pardon places me in the kingdom of God; purity places the kingdom of God in me.

Pardon puts into my hand a title deed to heaven; purity puts into my heart a moral fitness for heaven.

Pardon must precede purity, just as the birth of a child certainly must precede the curing of a hereditary disease.

Pardon and purity are both received by separate, specific acts of faith; they are both instantaneously wrought by acts of the divine will; are both attested by the Holy Ghost; are both retained by constant submission, unwavering trust, and obedience up to all our spiritual light; are both requisite to a happy, useful life; are both absolutely essential to admission to heaven.

THE REFINER'S FIRE

He sat by a fire of seven-fold heat.

As he watched by the precious ore,
And closer He bent with a searching gaze,
As He heated it more and more.

He knew He had ore that could stand the test,

And He wanted the finest gold
To mold as a crown for the King to wear
Set with gems with the price untold;

So He laid our gold in the burning fire,
Tho' we fain would have said Him "nay,"
And He watched the dross that we had not seen,

And it melted and passed away.
And the gold grew brighter and yet more bright,

But our eyes were so dim with tears,
We saw but the fire—not the Master's hand—

And questioned with anxious tears,
Yet our gold shone out with a richer glow,
As it mirrored a form above,
That bent o'er the fire, th' unseen by us,
With a look of ineffable love.

So He waited there with a watchful eye,
With a love that is strong and sure,
And His gold did not suffer a bit more heat
Than was needed to make it pure.

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