

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona Mission, P. O. Delfkom,  
Via Piet Retief, Oct. 12, 1941

How would you like to exchange October's bright blue weather, as you know it, for our October out here? We are beginning to learn that October is one of our most trying months because of the heat and high dry winds. October's winds can best be likened to your blizzard winds in intensity. Such winds and heat leave you limp, listless and drowsy. But then we don't have this weather every day, so it is not so bad after all.

Today I had a service at Entungwini. I made the trip on horse-back. The scenery was beautiful as it is early spring and the trees and grass are at their greenest, but my, wasn't it hot! I was almost blistered! Sixteen miles seem almost endless on horse-back.

We had a very nice service in spite of the fact that the word didn't get around very well and comparatively few were present, probably about thirty. I preached on Jona. This is my third and newest sermon that I have preached without an interpreter. The native preachers in their testimonies waxed quite eloquent in pointing out that there might be many Jonas in the service, people who had run away from duty. At the close of the service six or eight came forward for prayer. Another rather uncommon feature of the service was the public engagement of one of the local young couples. At the close of the Communion service an offering of over one dollar was brought forward.

My mission work of the past week was, what many people believe in, the kind that begins at home. I extended garden fences, had my garden spaded up, planted vegetables, put new screens on the house, and re-built my trailer that I brought from Canada. With two native boys as helpers we made quite a few changes in the landscape. Just imagine, getting young men for about twelve cents a day! One almost feels ashamed to pay them so little after a long hard day's work, but these are the prevailing wages and so we do as Rome does. We try to make it up to them a little by giving them better food than they usually get.

Today several little children asked me where "Inkosana" (Brother George Sanders) was and when he was coming back to have Sunday school. They remember the pretty cards and the one or two candies they get especially.

Brother George Sanders is not staying with us all the time now especially as I am trying to speak and preach without an interpreter. In fact he is away from Altona most of the time, only returning periodically for his Sunday schools or when he is needed to do some "special" interpreting. Brother George makes his headquarters at a German Holiness preacher's home (quite a combination isn't it) which is outside Paulipetersburg. He has services for the natives in the near vicinity, and is in the midst of several outposts that are quite far from either Hartland or Altona. He can no doubt help with these outposts and keep in closer touch with them. His stay there is more or less uncertain as it is in the nature of an experiment. Providential leadings and openings, etc., seemed to indicate that his going there was the Lord's will. Having gone about with him for nearly two years almost everywhere, my comings and goings seem lonesome at times, but I am getting quite used to it now.

Next Wednesday (D. V.) we shall begin our

Natal Quarterly meetings, continuing over Sunday. Pray that the Lord's presence may come upon us mightily.

I heard today that the church that we are having built at Little Mapondleni is almost all finished. The stone walls are up, the rafters are up, even some of the thatch. More grass will have to be cut before it can be finished. I am using money that the Knoxford "Band" Church sent me to help in the building of this new church. We trust that the Knoxford people may later hear good news of this new child-church of theirs. The church is in a thickly populated area that needs the gospel very much—the people are wedded to their beer and heathen ways. Will no doubt tell you more about the church when I write about the church opening.

The natives of the new Mozaan church are rejoicing in Mrs. Duplissey's contribution. They will have cause for special rejoicing when they get a real pulpit and pulpit chair—only Hartland and Altona have those. The Lord bless the sacrificial givers.

We, the Kiersteads, also wish to thank all those who have sent special gifts to us as a family. The money received was soon put to good use as we have had special expenses in connection with Baby Kenneth. The Lord bless you richly in your souls.

Keep praying for the work that souls may be saved, believers sanctified, and back-sliders reclaimed. Yours in Him,

EUGENE A. M. KIERSTEAD

## CLOUDY WEATHER

Cloudy days are not popular. "When will the sun shine again?" we want to know. When the bright days do come the body seems more buoyant and the spirits tend to revive. It is easier to be optimistic and encouraged when the sun shines.

But dark days have their place. The fields need the moisture and the relief from too much fair weather. It is said that the trees grow at the top when the sun shines, but the root system is developed in the night and on cloudy days.

Our lives are exposed to both sunshine and shadow. How we do enjoy our material comforts and things "as we want them"! Food, clothes, homes, health. And we enjoy our friendships and the favors and approval which come from those we love. We are glad to have people speak well of us.

But life is not "all sunshine." There are the depressions, and the mistakes in investment, and the loss of employment. Perhaps we cannot all have the nice things that are given to others.

Sickness may distress the body and press the mind and soul. Our friends may fail us. We may have our names cast out as evil. We may be snubbed or ignored or forgotten.

Though we sigh for relief and hope for bright days, it is good to remember that a Christian experience will not do its best with all going well all the time. The soul may be lifted up by the sunlight. But the soul also will grow at the roots on the dark days. All prosperity, all praise, everything exactly as we want it would spoil any Christian.

Lord, give to us the variety of experiences and temper all the weather so that we can be developed fully for Thee and so that we may serve well. Give us what we need though things may not be to our taste.—Free Methodist.

Real joy comes not from ease or riches or from the praise of men, but from doing something worth while.—Dr. Wilfred Grenfell.

## STRANGE BUT TRUE

By Rev. Dewey O. Miller

A preacher's congregation is measured only by the number of those who stay awake.

Satan's payroll is always padded. He gains all your present possessions while you lose all your future hope.

For one to win his point at the cost of severed friendship means that he lost the argument.

A search for the best always leads in the opposite direction of the worst.

A two-tone effect may be seen in a man's face. While blushing over his uncovered sin, green-eyed jealousy tries for revenge.

Germany, Italy and Japan seem to be our enemies, but the triple alliance of the world, the flesh and the devil are greater still.

It appears now that the pleasures of civil life must be curtailed in order that the tortures of war may be expanded.

What the world needs today is a man who can bring the nations together in warm friendship without the use of firearms.

Some communities have no communion because communism has brought disunity.

## "THIS TOO WILL PASS"

The story is told of an ancient king who summoned his wise men and asked them to give him some message that in times of adversity would comfort him, and in prosperity would restrain him from self-praise and egotism. For a long time they were unable to comply with his request, for what message would be suitable for all occasions, whether one was happy or sad, prosperous or unfortunate, at peace or war? Finally one, wiser than the rest, told the king that no matter in what circumstance he found himself, favorable or otherwise, he was to remember these words: "This too will pass."

Yes, this too will pass. It has always been so in the past and it is still true today. The trial through which you have been passing, will some day be ended. That hardship which you have had to endure, will eventually cease. Things may get worse for a while, friends may forsake, neighbors may cause trouble, folks may gossip about you and slander your name, but these too will pass. Even this present war with all its curse, will one day come to an end. Brother, sister, don't despair; the next time trouble comes, think, "This too will pass."

Prosperity also passes. The pleasures of this world come to an end. We should not boast ourselves of the morrow. Friends and possessions may be lost in a day. Let us not glory in things of this earth; they will all pass away.

And so, whether the way is easy or hard, strewn with flowers or embedded with thorns, let me remember, "This too will pass."—By Everek K. Storms in the Gospel Banner.

Official figures reveal that of the 650,000 Jews who lived in Germany in 1933, only 300,000 are at liberty. Thirty thousand are in concentration camps; 20,000 committed suicide; 8,000 were murdered; 90,000 died; and 200,000 emigrated from Germany. Ninety thousand of these immigrants were admitted into Palestine, although that was greater than their legal allowance.—United Presbyterian.