

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona Mission,
Aug. 4th, 1941

Dear Highway Friends:

Time passes so quickly out here that it does not seem possible that more than two years have slipped by since we arrived here. Even in this comparatively short time we have noticed the many changes in our ranks at home. How careful we ought to be to work for the Master while we are still alive and have the opportunity. May the Lord help us to be more active in His service.

Today has been quite an unusual Sunday for me. Almost before I was out of bed I heard that a man was present to have a tooth pulled. It was quite amusing to see him run away when he saw the forceps coming. He said, I must hide the forceps so he could not see them, else he would be afraid. I had scarcely finished breakfast before there was a second tooth to pull; this time that of a young girl. It was rather pathetic to hear her old heathen mother thank for its extraction. One would have thought I had done something quite unusual and marvellous. Perhaps the most marvellous thing about it was that she did not have to pay for its extraction.

Later in the day I went off by bicycle to our Klipvaal outpost, two or three miles away, for a Big Sunday. Brother George Sanders, who usually interprets for me, was at Hartland taking Grace's place at the Hospital dispensary for a few days, so I was obliged to preach in Zulu without any interpreter. The Lord helped me and I got along quite nicely alone. One child was presented to the church. One boy chose to seek the Lord. About ten partook of Communion.

Last week I had quite a taste of horseback riding. In all I rode about seventy-five miles. I made two round trips from Altona to Hartland and one round trip from Hartland to Mbucu, where I was last Sunday. I had not been to Mbucu for some months as smallpox has been raging there for a long time. Fortunately hardly any one died from that disease.

Week before last we were able to get our store-room and George's room re-thatched before the rains set in. We put in new rafters and over 1,000 bundles of grass in the thatch.

Johan Maseko, our preacher, who was doing the thatching, had quite a narrow escape while working. The pole he was standing on broke away and he fell to the ground on his back. He escaped serious injury for which we thank the Lord.

Two snakes have been killed on the Altona premises recently. I shot one, a spitting snake, and the natives killed the other, a young green mamba, with sticks. It is quite unusual to see such snakes about this time of the year particularly.

We are all quite well these days and are busy for the Lord. Pray for the work and for us.

Yours in loving service,

EUGENE A. M. KIERSTEAD

Hartland M. S.,

August 10, 1941

Dear Praying Friends:

"If ye ask anything in my name I will do it."

This bright, sunny, early-summer morning

brings me a rare opportunity to write to you. Have just had Sunday school—26 children came, including three new ones who have never come before. Hope they continue, and God will enlighten their darkened little minds and touch their little heathen hearts.

I regret that so many months have passed since my last letter appeared. Henceforth I hope to do better. I have been very busy most of the time—a type of work that taxes the nervous system to its limit a greater part of the time—often having to keep late hours, or be up a whole night.

In going over the records I find I have already treated more people, from Jan. 1st to June 30th of this year than for the whole of last year (1940). Do you wonder I got no Highway letters written? But through the rush and toil and trials of these busy days, Jesus has been very real to my soul. What has been so encouraging is that He has been sending heathen from near and distant places and unsaved professing Christians and enabling me to lead them to Him—oh! blessed privilege! I feel so unworthy.

The following are but a few instances. I could tell you of many others:

Just a few weeks ago three women came, arriving at dusk, from a long distance, with sick babies and children. At prayers time in the evening I was extra weary as I opened the Zulu hymn book—my brain seemed reeling—so it was an effort to sing and read to them. The tempter said, "Just pray a short prayer and off to bed." But Jesus seemed to whisper, "Though they are dressed as Christians maybe they are not saved." So quickly praying for strength and words, I questioned them, after reading the Scripture, and soon two were weeping at the foot of the cross, and lifted shining faces, having found the Witness of sins forgiven. Oh, friends, was it not worth the little sacrifice it took?

Last week-end I had a long-awaited-for chance to visit our German-preacher-of-Holiness friend, and his dear wife and family of four little girls. The sweet Christian fellowship was so refreshing to my soul! He has been holding services in his home for some time for the natives on his farm or near by. He asked me to speak to them Sunday afternoon. God gave unction and liberty, and sixteen out of twenty odd remained for the after service, including one man. After again trying to make the way to get saved as clear as possible, we knelt in united prayer. I had felt that that man was under conviction—he looked so troubled—his face so clouded and dark, but as we rose from our knees a remarkable change had come over his features—he was smiling and looked so relieved! A good, old woman (on whose life you could not lay a finger), told us how God had answered her prayer: "Send some one to explain salvation to me!" "And He has," motioning towards me. She was asked, "Did He do anything for you?" "Yes, oh yes! I used to feel I was so BAD inside here (tapping her chest)—but now that is gone—I have great joy inside here! I know I am saved! Tears of joy filled our brother and sister's eyes at this testimony. They have laboured so faithfully—I feel so unworthy to have been the one chosen of God to "shake the tree." To Him be all the praise and glory!

When I returned home on Monday at noon I found a baby with double pneumonia, to be admitted. Though very ill they took him home the next morning because the father was

away from home and they had not obtained his consent to stay. That night the mother and friend were dealt with in evening prayers and both sought to be saved but did not get through.

The following day a native man, who had two gashes on his head and bruises on his body stayed for treatment. That night, as we were having prayers for him, I felt lead to deal with him about his soul's salvation and found him so hungry and ready to yield. He prayed through and received the Witness, praise the Lord! He had been made a subject of prayer since his injury, a few days previously, and how quickly God answered.

In a recent Wednesday class I told a little of how souls were getting saved in the Hospital and dispensary and cited a few cases. After the meeting (I had to leave early) one of the women workers came to me and said she believes that I am dealing with and getting more souls saved than any of them in their circuits, though many kraals are visited each week. This encouraged my heart realizing what a great opportunity is mine. In the past I have, I think, told you of how I longed very much to visit the people in their kraals but that on account of the Hospital work I rarely get a chance. Then how God showed me that He was sending the people to me from the various kraals or sections for which I had been burdened and interested in, and comforted my heart.

Pray that God will continue to send to us the hungry and unsaved souls and give us unctionized words and wisdom to win them one by one, for Jesus' coming is so near—the days are short—that their cry may not be, "The Summer is ended, the Harvest is past, and we are not saved!"

Yours for souls,

GRACE E. M. SANDERS

CELEBRATES 40TH ANNIVERSARY

An occasion of much interest to many readers of the Highway took place on Thursday evening, the 25th, when Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Mullen entertained at their home in honor of their 40th wedding anniversary. Covers were laid for twenty, and a sumptuous chicken supper was enjoyed.

Among the gifts received was a radio from their family. Their eldest daughter, Mrs. J. A. Owens, of Saint John, N. B., made the presentation. Others of the family present were Mrs. R. C. Smith, of Port Maitland, N. S., and Mr. Lester D. Mullen, of Lawrence-town, N. S. Two other sons, Rev. S. A. Mullen, of Perham, Me., and Pte. Donald H. Mullen, of the R. C. E., now stationed in Halifax, were unable to attend the celebration. The other guests were Rev. and Mrs. P. W. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mullen and sons, Wallace and Edsil; Mrs. Thomas Smith, Mrs. Lester Mullen and their daughters, June, Glenna, Prunetta and Rachel; also Mrs. Jessie Candell, Mrs. Frank MacAlpine and Miss May Campbell.

A very pleasant evening was spent in friendly conversation, and a hymn sing was enjoyed. After singing "In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye," Rev. Mr. Briggs offered prayer, bringing to a close the happy evening thus spent.

It is the deliberate verdict of the Lord Jesus that it is better not to live than not to love.—Henry Drummond.