

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,  
March 23rd, 1942

Dear Highway Friends:

It is the beginning of another week, and I will try and write a few lines to you. We are having most delightful weather, warm days with cool nights. It reminds me of our Canadian Septembers.

A week ago yesterday we closed another Quarterly Meeting at Altona. The Pongola River was very full so very few people were able to get here from the Natal side, but we were privileged to have present Brother Hambrook, a German holiness friend, also Brothers George and Charles Sanders. We enjoyed their visit and the Christian fellowship very much.

The visiting brethren brought helpful messages as did also the native workers. The services were indeed owned and blessed of God and I felt it was one of our best quarterlies. In every service people came forward for prayer and in the last afternoon service three young men and one girl decided to seek the Lord. We pray that they will go on with Him and become real blessings to their church and people.

Yesterday was a lovely day. I had a good Sunday school but only about two dozen out to the afternoon service. Many of our people are sick and a few of those who were present were either not feeling well or were simply indifferent. I was reminded of one evening prayer time. I read about the prodigal son and when I finished I asked Reginald a few questions. The first few must have been simply good guesses but finally I asked, what the father did when his boy came home, and Reginald's answer was: "He spanked him good and hard." Well, I fear a few of my congregation (mostly several young girls) didn't listen any better than Reginald did at prayers.

However, some got blessed and at the close I gave an altar call and about a dozen came forward and we had a real good time of prayer together. I do thank God so much for His help and even when we cannot see results from our labors, we can leave it all with Him and continue to do our best for Him.

Eugene left Saturday afternoon and went twenty miles to our new outpost to hold a prayer service that evening. Then early Sunday morning he went on another twenty-seven miles to Big Mapondhleni for the Sunday service. He came back to the new outpost and stayed the night and came home early this morning. He made the trip by bicycle, so is very tired today but he has been busy this afternoon planting potatoes.

Our horse died week before last. It was recovering nicely from the horse sickness, but while it was still not well, one night it chewed the rope and got out of the shelter into a very heavy cold rain. It developed a heavy cold and died within two days. It is a heavy loss but God knows all about it and we are waiting upon Him to help us to get another. It's so good to have a Friend who loves and cares for us to help share the cares and burdens.

Malaria is causing much sickness at present. We have given out more quinine recently than in all the nearly three years that we have been here. There are also many cases of whooping cough. Zeluloni Nkosi, our worker Losaya's husband, is very ill with asthma. We do pray that God will lay his healing hand upon this faithful layman and raise him to health and

strength again if it is His will. He is so needed in the church.

We need your prayers, friends. The way isn't always easy but God does continue to give grace and glory. Praise His Name!

Yours in His dear service,  
GLADYS KEIRSTEAD

Hartland M. S.,  
Natal, So. Africa,  
April 5th, 1942

Dear Friends:

Greetings in Jesus' name. I regret that my letters have been so far between when you are working with us in sacrificing and in prayer. We very much appreciated the Christmas cards which we received at and after Christmas and the letters. It means so much to get these reminders that you are thinking of and praying for us. I hope you will not get discouraged but keep writing to us even though you do not get an immediate reply. Have succeeded in writing to a few lately and hope to soon have all answered. So far the mails (though some have been about 3 months enroute) come through safely. It would be sad if we could not get any letters at all.

This year I have gone out more kraal visiting than any year since coming to Africa. This has always appealed to me very much—does to most missionaries I think. Somehow the way has opened up for me to get away by leaving letter writing, etc! Twice I was called to one kraal to tend sick women—both wives of Luke Kunene. In each visit one of them prayed through. The last visit I had a long talk with Luke and both he and his mother showed very hungry hearts. He has many chains holding him still.

Many times I have been to Angus' home, not far from here, to see him and his daughter who died this year. He is still sick, though a little better now—had a relapse.

Sunday before last I went part way up a big hill—you would look upon it as a mountain, to see Johanna Mdiniso. I could not understand, from her little son, what her trouble was, so went to see her myself. We wandered amongst the gardens trying to find the path and had to guess how to go till we reached the river. I took off my shoes and stockings and waded across. It was quite swift but not deep water and felt so cooling to my tired feet. It was about two miles to the kraal. The climb up to the kraal was a stiff one. We found others there having prayers but they wanted me to also have prayers for her, so I did. She was able to speak barely above a whisper and told how she seemed on the borderland; and God gave her a vision which comforted her. She has quite a good experience. Used to be a "witch" possessed of the devil but through Faith became converted years ago. Now goes about praying for people. I hear she is getting better slowly. We had a good visit. God was there.

Months ago a backslidden preacher came to see me about the sickness of his wife. I had a long spiritual talk with him and we prayed together on the front lawn. He saw his backslidings and desired to get right with God but was not willing. I warned him not to delay. However, he neglected his salvation and two weeks ago Aaron Mkonza came to report that he was dying. In fact said he was dead at first. Charles urged me to go over saying, I would likely be more useful than he would. I hurried through dinner and asked "Aloni" (Aaron) to take over medicine to give him and that I would follow as soon as

possible. He replied in startled amazement: "What? Give a corpse medicine? I don't know how to give a corpse medicine! Will that make him come to life? No! You better come yourself and do it. It is useless. Why he is so near dead! He has been unconscious for hours!" I got Charles to extract a woman's tooth for me and he offered to help anyway, so what I could I let him do, while I made the others wait until I returned—they stayed over night, having come from a long distance. I took my native girl (educated and assisting me in the hospital work), along with me. We had two terribly steep dongas to cross but made out alright. Found the man almost as still as death and unconscious. Aaron was having prayers for them. It was a message more to the family and friends, then all prayed together. I said to Aaron we should pray now for Paul Myeni, laying on hands, and pray that God raise him up as he was in no fit condition to meet God. He agreed and we prayed and I felt the assurance God would raise him up and give him another chance. Then Aloni gave his cheek a little slap and he flickered his eye lids and partly opened his eyes, but never moved. I then took his temperature (axilla) and again his eyelids flickered. Then as I was listening to his heart and lungs with the stethoscope, he opened his eyes wide, raised his head and tried to get up, but was unable to do so. Together we raised him to a sitting posture and a man and woman supported him while a third party pried his clenched teeth apart and I poured the medicine into his mouth with a spoon. With great difficulty he swallowed most of it. I ordered hot water and soon was pouring hot jelly down his throat. He took almost a cupful. I left careful directions about nourishment and the medicine I left and we went home. His expression was that of a crazy man—you could tell his proper sense had not yet come. Oh, he did look near death! Dan went daily for three days and each time found him better than the day before. The third day he was able to answer "Yes" and "No" intelligently, and the next day began questioning them as to when he "died," how long he had been dead and etc. He has no recollection of my being there or of anything that happened that day that I was there. Dan and I went over last Wednesday, the seventh day, found him back from a little walk, sitting on a box just trembling from weakness. But so changed in appearance and perfectly normal mentally it seemed. We had prayers and asked him to pray. He did not hesitate. He cried out to God for mercy and forgiveness and said over and over, with great emotion, "Lord, hear my prayer!" Suddenly he shouted with assurance, "Amen! Amen! Hallelujah!" I looked and he was kneeling with body erect, face and arms uplifted, with joy on his face that was beautiful to see. The prodigal son had returned and God had forgiven him. Praise the Lord! How we did rejoice for and with him. I believe God raised him up. He also gave me the great desire of heart—to see him restored! Upon rising that morning I had asked God to give us a soul that day. Thank God, He did.

We had a day of fasting and prayer that day, Wednesday, and after the afternoon session, we went down to have special prayer for and with Angus Zikala. How he appreciated it. For days he has been silent because when he goes to speak, his attacks of coughing come on. He talked freely to Charles after prayer and suddenly stopped and remarked that this is the most he has spoken for days