

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,
May 23, 1942.

Dear Highway Friends:

By the time this reaches you Beulah Camp Meeting will, no doubt, be past. I wish we could be present with you at that time, but as this is impossible we join our prayers with yours and pray that God will blessedly undertake and that souls may be saved, backsliders reclaimed and believers sanctified.

We have had very cold weather lately. All day Saturday it grew colder and colder until at night we were very glad to have some extra quilts to keep us warm. Sunday the wind blew and the rain fell but I had quite a few out to both S. S. and the afternoon service. I had both services in the living room, where we had a good fire going in the fireplace, and the natives were so glad for the extra heat.

I talked a short while from Mark 10 and part of verse 21, "Come, take up the cross and follow me." I think the people understood my words and all who testified expressed a desire to more closely follow Jesus.

Eugene has been away all week helping with the building at Hartland. He returned this evening but is leaving in the morning to have service at Entungwini and then on to Hartland where he will help a few more days next week. He has to be back on Thursday as Quarterly Meeting begins that day. We are going to have services here on Thursday and then Friday morning all will go to Mozaan for three days of Quarterly there and also to open the new church that Mrs. Deplissey has sent the money to build. I expect it will be a great time of rejoicing. I had hoped to go but on account of the shortage of gas to run the car I will not be able to. It is too far to walk. I am so grateful to the dear Lord that the church is finished and that it is such a nice building with pulpit, chair, etc. Most of the churches have only a box for the preacher to sit on but I am so glad that this doesn't hinder the workings of the Holy Spirit in our midst. A chair is certainly very comfortable but I remember one service that I attended where I sat on the floor all through the service and here that means anywhere from two to five hours. Yes, I confess I was lame and stiff but I was greatly blessed in spite of it. God is pleased to meet with His people in any kind of a place.

I feel that God is working in our midst. Some are not walking in the light as they should while many others are pressing on the upward way and being blessed of God.

The dear little baby boy of Andrew and Kelina Mtetwa died last Saturday. It had been sick quite a while. Eugene was able to attend the funeral on Sunday and he said the people came to comfort the parents but it seemed that they had words of comfort for the people. Eugene told me that Kelina spoke so nicely and said that God had given her the baby to care for awhile and now He had taken it to be with Him. She knew it was safe in Heaven and she intended to live so that she would be with it by and by, etc. Andrew spoke also, along the same line. How good it is to know the Lord when sorrow and troubles come to us and I pray that He will comfort and help these workers.

We are all well at present except that Kenneth has croup and yesterday he fell and cut his eye—just below the lashes. He certainly has a black eye but I think it will soon be alright. Cement floors and small toddlers are a poor combination and I thank the dear Lord, every night when I tuck the little one in his bed, that he is still alright for he does seem to get quite a share of hard bumps.

Harold has learned to ride his Daddy's bicycle and now is able to make the twelve mile trip, twice a week, to get the mail. This is a help for we do enjoy our mail and especially that from overseas.

This is the time for eye sickness among the children. I have given medicine to quite a number so far. Reginald remembers how sick he was last year and every night he prays for all the little children who have sick eyes. I am praying that the dear Lord will keep us from that trouble this year.

Many keep coming for medicine. When Eugene is away and I fail to understand a word I call for Glendon. He speaks and understands Zulu the best but all the children speak it and they also pray and testify in Zulu now. My ears hear Zulu quite well but oh, my tongue does find it hard to properly pronounce some of the difficult words. However, I see a little improvement so I thank the Lord and take courage.

The boy Joshua Sibeija, who got hurt in the head, has returned to his home from the hospital. He came to see us yesterday and I was so glad to see him looking so well. I told him he should thank the Lord for helping him, etc. He said "Yebo ku njalo", "Yes, that is right" is the best way I can interpret those Zulu words. Joshua also told me that his cousin who has a very sore foot is a little better but he would need to remain in the hospital for some time longer.

It is time to close now. May the dear Lord bless and help you all these days, is our daily prayer.

In closing I want to take this opportunity to send our thanks to the dear Sandford friends for their help in sewing, etc. Several small boxes arrived last week and the contents will be such a help here in our work. May God bless them.

Yours, in Him,

G. KEIRSTEAD

Natal, South Africa.

Jan. 1st, 1942.

Dear Co-Workers and Highway Friends:

The compliments of the season which the Lord has entrusted to each one of us. May His guidance and help go with us through this coming year whatever our lot may be, faithful by His given strength, even in that which is least.

To those who do not yet know of my temporary change of quarters the following may be of interest.

At our Quarterly of August, '41, at Altona, the Lord by His guidance showed Brother Kierstead and me that He wanted me to go to this Western End of the Hartland Mission Outstation called Grgoot-Spruit, where our Native Worker, Alfred Metula, is stationed, and is about 31 miles from Hartland, and by footpaths Altona is about 14 miles farther on.

At this time Brother Kierstead, having made good progress in his study of Zulu, was able to read, speak and hear it fairly well, so in my absence he will have still greater opportunities for improvement. Up to this time I had felt led to spend my spare time in the forming of Sunday Schools, of which I had four near Altona. Sister Kierstead took over the Altona S. S. soon after their arrival. Native Teachers help out as best as they can with another. This leaves two for me to work on. As on Sundays I am generally away, I have my appointments during the week, and generally every other week.

Since my arrival here in September, the Lord has helped me to keep up the Sunday Schools at Altona, though the weather has prevented sometimes. On a very cold or rainy day the children do not come, firstly they do not have much to wear, and some nothing at all except perhaps a string of beads. Often I send such to borrow

something from someone else. Secondly because of hatred and fear of each other, they do not like their children to go in other people's huts.

Lest you get a wrong impression of the situation I will say further, the children of Christians do dress more or less, but the heathen do not consider this as a need. They regard brass and aluminum wire, beads, etc., with their skin kilts, and perhaps a 30-inch cotton-sheet or cotton-print, quite a swell rigout. Now as the Sunday schools mentioned are drawn more, or almost all from children of heathen parents, who have allowed them to attend but not to give themselves to seek the Lord, we heartily welcome your joint prayers as co-workers. Also to remember that these little folk, though so wild, are the big folk of tomorrow, and He has promised His word shall not return void.

A friend was sent some money to build a rondawel, or a round hut, of stone. So far we have been prevented but expect the Lord to open the way and remove the hindrances. As it is, we generally have Sunday School in the field or under some tree, and hope it will not rain. This building will meet a longstanding need.

Although this letter got mislaid I will send it but write again soon.

Yours in His service,

GEORGE W. L. SANDERS

South Africa,

May 17, '42

Dear Brethren in Christ:

My testimony is that the Lord so far has led and kept me by his saving and sanctifying power. What the future has for me is in His keeping and I have no fear what it may be. The longing to be with you folk at the fine blessed Camp Meetings is greater as the years roll by. I believe He has it for us sometime, He only knows when. For now I believe my place is here, but my will is to do the will of Him who sent me and to finish His work.

The coming year may look dark for many of us, but He is able and will not allow us to be tempted more than we are able to bear, and will always make a way to escape so as to be able to bear it, for His glory.

May the Lord bless and use us for the saving of many precious souls.

Yours in His keeping,

GEORGE W. L. SANDERS

Hartland M. S.,

May 31, '42

Dear Highway Friends:

Again we send greetings in Jesus' name from Africa. As I write it is gently raining outside, though we have had some heavy showers of rain today. I have a nice fire in the fireplace in my bed room, otherwise it would be really chilly. One of the blessings that I seldom enjoy because I have so few evenings to spend like this. We have had a good day spiritually. Only a few to the services because of the rain, but some came in spite of the rain to get spiritual food.

I have a little story to tell you about

A BROKEN BOTTLE

About a month ago a Native man in heathen dress brought his wife, also in heathen dress, to me for examination. They were from across the Pivaan river. After a few words about what he was going to "believe" I learned that both once made a profession, had obtained Christian names, but that he wanted nothing to do with salvation now. I observed, however, that she was hungry for salvation. I had a few words with her as I saw her alone. She, with tears springing up in her eyes, expressed a great desire to get right with God. There seemed no opportune time