

who do not know God, to come to a saving knowledge of Him? May God help us, friends, to be at our best for Him these days.

Eugene has been on a week's trip, by bicycle, since the last letter. He visited Hartland, Metula's section beyond Paulpietersburg, and also Piet Retief. It was a very rainy week and three different days he got very wet, so as a result he arrived home with a bad cold. The last end of the journey he came by bus and he was feeling too sick to go by bicycle. However, except for the rain, he had a successful trip and is well again now.

Last week-end we all went to Piet Retief, by bus, to see Harold and also have dentistry work done, etc.

Harold had been sick with ear ache and is not too well. Doctor says the poison from measles is still in his system. He was better when we left on Monday. He enjoys his school work very much.

There was no English service to attend on Sunday, so we went to the Dutch Reform church. It was all in Afrikaans so we couldn't understand very much but it was a beautiful restful place and we could worship even though we couldn't understand.

We had a good service here yesterday. About thirty-five were present I think. They had a special day at one of the native churches and quite a number of our girls went there first and then came here for their class meeting, that is held every other Sunday, after the regular service. Losaya is a faithful worker and does her best to lead her class of girls into a better Christian experience. Some are growing spiritually while others are having a real up and down journey. They do need our prayers. The trend of the times, old heathen customs, etc., etc., all tend to keep them from getting well acquainted with God.

There are still lots of sick people around us. Two children have died at Chief Sibuya's kraal. They were taking our medicines but thought they were not helping fast enough so began with native medicines. The natives quite often do this and the results are not often very good. I think that this chief has now seventeen wives and is courting several girls too.

We have had little Canadian mail for the past five weeks and we are trusting that it will soon come and that none will be lost. We do enjoy the home letters so much.

May God bless you all is our daily prayer.

G. M. KIERSTEAD

Altona,

April 10, 1944

Dear Highway Friends:

It has been very warm the last few weeks—today extremely so.

Last week-end we had special services here at Altona. The Saturday evening service began at half past eight and closed at four o'clock Sunday morning. My head had been troubling me for several days, so I did not go to this service but was able to attend the morning prayer service. Trifina Msibi had charge of this service and spoke so nicely from I. Cor. 13.

The afternoon service began at half past twelve, closing about four. Johanesi Nkosi, Trifina Msibi and Eugene were the speakers. I never heard Trifina preach so well, blessing was on the service and many came forward for prayer and professed to receive help. Many partook of communion and the offering

amounted to nearly five dollars. The boys had just received some gift money from Canada, so gave their tenth that day. Reginald had received a little more than the others, and he was especially happy to have two shillings to give.

I think everyone left feeling that it had been good to be there.

On Wednesday many left to attend the Quarterly Meeting in Rev. Alfred Metula's section. I think it is about 80 miles from here but quite a number were going by foot, most of the way. They planned to take several short cuts by native paths, and hoped to go a short distance by goods' train. It would take them two days to get there.

Thursday morning Eugene and Johanesi left by bicycles. The services were to begin on Friday morning. I do pray that God will richly bless and strengthen His work there.

We have had a good bit of excitement since Eugene left. The following day I heard the cry, "Inyoka, inyoka," the Zulu for snake, snake. Brother George Sanders had kindly left his air gun for Harold to use, so Harold ran with it. The snake was in the door-way of the native boys' room, its head was up and its forked tongue running out. It was soon dead and we were very grateful, for it was an old snake.

Yesterday morning when I reached the kitchen here was a dead snake lying on the floor. Betty said, "Mama, do you see this? I killed it under the table." After living here for five years, a snake doesn't make the same impression as it did at first. I was very glad that it was dead and thought no more about it. But that evening I needed the key to the store-room and went into Harold's room to look for it. I had my flashlight and flashed it on the bed. There were papers there and as Harold moved them a snake jumped right at me. It slipped down the front of my dress as I jumped back, hit the floor and went behind something. At first we couldn't find it as our lights were so poor, but soon it also was dead—Harold shot it too. It was a young snake but poisonous. They are a bit too near when we find them on our beds, and I felt that we had much to thank God for that we discovered it at once.

Well, the excitement didn't stop there. Last night I wakened at eleven o'clock to hear noises outside, door banging, etc. It was a most beautiful quiet, still moonlight night. I got up but everything in the house was as I had left it. Then I heard more noise and Sport, the dog, was barking furiously. I was alone with the four boys and only a big girl and a child in the girls' rooms outside—they were nervous and I knew they were not outdoors. I knew someone was around the mission and it gave me a very uncomfortable feeling. My first thought was to sit up and watch, then the thought came: "Didn't you ask God to protect you, and don't you trust Him to do so?" Sure enough, I had asked and what stronger protection could I have. So I went to bed and slept. I do thank God for the many lessons He is teaching me. I do love Him and thank Him for His protecting care over us and I purpose to live closer to Him than ever before.

Harold arrived home a week ago and again we have much to thank God for. The bus that was to bring Harold was two hours late in leaving Piet Retief and as they began to get near the end of their journey they were going

fast to reach Klipvaal as soon as possible. About four miles from here the lights suddenly went out and they ran into the bank at the side of the road. The front wheels buckled up underneath and the front of the bus crashed down. No one was hurt and I like to feel that God was present and undertook. We had waited and waited and about half past eight we received word of the accident and that Harold was present. Eugene ran for his bicycle but he just nicely reached the road when a man from the near-by mine overtook him. He had a light truck so took Eugene right up and brought Harold back too. It is so nice to have the boys all home together again but both Harold and Glendon will be leaving soon as Eugene has decided that Glendon should attend school too. This will only leave me Reginald in Grade II. to teach. I find it a real cross to be parted from these boys, but feel that its God's will so can trust Him to care for them.

The native school attendance is not as large now as many children are herding cows, watching amabele to keep the birds away, etc. So the S. S. attendance is also smaller—less than 70 now. I want to thank the Moncton friends for the lovely books, etc., that they sent. These will be such a help to me. Also for the pneumonia jackets, etc. I hadn't one baby garment on hand and had taken some of Kenneth's clothes recently for very sick babies.

I pray that God will bless you and give you a gracious time of blessing this year at Beulah.

Yours in His service,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD

Altona,

April 21, 1944

Dear Highway Friends:

I have just returned from a long afternoon among the kraals. It was the hottest day that we have had for a long time, so that made the walk extra hard.

This morning our worker from Little Mapondhleni arrived. As it gets cooler I am remembering the little children, so had been fixing up some clothes for Jason's children and was glad that he came today. The days are warm but the nights are getting real cool. Jason was tired from his long bicycle ride so I gave him some tea and bread and after he had reported his classes, etc., I gave him a large plate full of dinner before he began his homeward journey.

Quite a few were here for medicine and with the usual work I was busy until nearly noon. I had dinner early and was ready to start at half past twelve. I left the two little boys taking their daily sun bath and Eugene pulling teeth for an old woman. She was very brave and let him take out two.

I took my girl, Betty Mbuli, from Big Mapondhlemi and we went up and called for Trifina and Losaya and proceeded to the river. This we crossed easily as it was very narrow. We went up the side of the hill, through corn fields, dry and brown, and patches of izindh-lubu (ground beans) with the tops dying too. It is fall now and the people are beginning to reap the harvest.

We then went around the hill for some distance and then up to a kraal of half caste. One little girl is very white with fair hair. We did not stop here but went around another hill, climbed a steep grade and entered the

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