

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona Mission,  
South Africa.

Dear Highway:

I would like to report that we are well in the Lord and are enjoying His continued blessing upon our souls.

Last Wednesday I returned from my third trip to the Lembe Mountains in connection with the lost outpost I wrote about in a recent letter.

After the people of that section had decided to return to our fold we made plans to go and examine the spiritual state of the people and to receive them back into church fellowship. Brother Charles Sanders, three native workers and I made up the delegation.

I left home Friday morning. I slept at Alfred Metula's home, out beyond Paulpietersburg, and arrived at Lembe Saturday afternoon. It is nearly 100 miles from Altona by bicycle.

Saturday evening and most of the night was spent in having a prayer meeting and examining three candidates. Sunday was spent in further questioning and a mid-day service including preaching, communion, and so on. Six members were accepted into full membership, and six others were received on probation or as seekers. Five adults and young people gave themselves to our church to seek the Lord and eighteen children were given to the church and blessed. The service closed with a communion service and an offering.

You might be interested to know that most of these people (adults) had been former members of our church but were lost to us when their preacher became estranged from our church. Some of the members followed the preacher into a Zionist denomination (esikoveni, that is, at the Owl's; they say they chose that peculiar name because as the owl is hated by all other birds, so were they hated by all other sects) but others merely stayed at home or else went to church here and there.

An interesting feature of our deliberations was the burning of the ex-Zionist' sticks or fetishes. These staffs or sticks are supposed to confer special powers on members if they are chosen by their leaders by way of prophecy, and are carried into the church services, healing services, and so on. These sticks were burned to witness that these members had really broken with the Zionists' ways.

My three trips to Lembe were quite remarkable because of the natural phenomena which accompanied them. A great felt fire swept across the countryside on my first visit. The second time we left in a snow-storm with snow six or seven inches deep. The last time we arrived in a down-pour of rain. Some one remarked that the fire, snow, and rain were rather significant as they were symbols of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, a clean heart, and baptism.

Yesterday Johanisi Nkosi and I went to our Mbcu outpost for a Big Sunday. The attendance was very poor and it appears as if many are backsliding and being led astray by Watch Tower or Russelite activity near by. I understand that practically every sect in the vicinity has lost part or nearly all their congregations as a result. Great feasts of meat are used to attract outsiders. The people are told to leave churches supervised by the hated Europeans (yet they have European direction as well). They are told there is no chance of them getting into Christ's Kingdom unless they join this sect. They are told that they will become rulers instead of serfs in this new Kingdom.

They sanction polygamy, beer, etc. To top it there is no hell, no heaven, no resurrection. May God help such deceivers in the last day! Their doom will be sure and terrible. Pray for the remnants of this outpost.

Yours in Him,

E. A. M. KIERSTEAD

Altona

Dear Highway Friends:

This is class day. Some of the people have returned to their homes, while four are spending the night here. It's been such a busy day. Some of the far-away workers were here, and we have had two services and then have been listening to reports from the different outposts.

We are having a very wet spring. It's lovely for the gardens and is a great help in keeping the grass in good condition, for the cows. I never saw the fields so green, since we came here. It really reminds me of Canada. But the rainy weather will have a tendency to hasten the malaria season. I have seen more mosquitoes so far this year than in all the four and a half years that we have been here.

There are lots of sick people near us. Today I had such a pitiful looking little baby to tend. I think it has rickets. The poor mother said she did not think that her husband would give her the money to take it to the doctor. Awhile ago the child was learning to walk, but now it cannot even stand. The child was only getting sour porridge—no milk. I did what I could for it, and advised her to give it more nourishing food.

The longer I live here, the more surprised I am to find so many natives who will not allow their babies to have milk. Poor babies. I do feel sorry for them!

Not long ago a woman brought her baby for me to see. It looked to be well formed but was so fussy and looked so unhappy. I asked what was wrong with the baby and the mother said that its stomach had always troubled. I began to question about its diet and found, much to my surprise, that the child had never tasted milk in any form. I found that the old grandmother of the kraal would not allow it, and her word was law.

Several days after this, another woman arrived with a baby about the age of the above mentioned child. It was laughing and playing and I asked the mother what she wanted. She said that I had told her not to give her baby anything but milk, until it was several months old. She was so pleased that her baby had been so well, and she had come to ask what food she should give the child now. I was so glad to hear about it.

Recently a very sad thing happened here. One Saturday night, about three weeks ago, five natives arrived carrying a little boy.

I was busy putting the two small boys to bed but as soon as possible I went out and found that the child had broken his leg. I was so glad that Eugene was at home for he was there at once and did all he could to help. He got splints, bandages, etc., and set the bone and then advised them to take the child to Piet Retief, on the bus, and have the doctor see it to make sure it was alright. It was a bad break, well up towards the hip.

We built up our fire and helped them to get food, gave them a room, blankets, etc. The earliest they could take a bus was early Tuesday morning. Our car is not running, so we could do nothing but to wait. They stayed here Sunday but Monday morning several men arrived, saying that the older people had de-

cidated that the child was not to go to Piet Retief. They were to take it home and a native doctor was to be called to tend it.

We did our best to show them how serious the child's condition was but they were determined to go home, so home they went, in spite of all we could say.

They called a native doctor; he arrived quickly, calling for someone to hold the child so he could cut into the bone. The father and mother refused to help so they sent out to a nearby kraal and two men came. They held the child when the doctor cut into the leg until he reached the bone, then he put medicine in. Poor little boy! Nothing to ease the pain, no nice bed to sleep in, like our little sick white babies have. No wonder our hearts ached when we heard what had been done!

The following day the cut looked so bad that the mother poured some oil from her lamp into it. This burned the flesh, causing a very bad sore. The last I heard was that the bone had come out and the poor little boy was suffering untold agonies. I look at my own little boys and think how anxious I am to care for them properly, when they are sick, etc., and I stop and thank my dear Heavenly Father that I was born in a Christian land.

Some say that this little boy will die. If he cannot recover, I do pray that God will take him soon to be with Him. But if it is God's will that he get better I do pray that He will speedily undertake.

The child is the grandson of one of our older native workers, Jona Myeni, and even though Jona is a native doctor himself, he would not touch the child's leg and tried to persuade his son to take the child to a white doctor.

We need to do many things besides preaching the gospel, but in tending the sick we have many opportunities to speak words for Jesus. I trust that some seed falls upon good ground and will bring forth fruit unto His glory. I am reminded of the following lines:

Is there some desert, or some boundless sea,  
Where Thou God of angels, wilt send me?

Some oak for me to rend,  
Some sod for me to break,  
Some handful of Thy corn to take  
And scatter far afield,  
Till it in turn shall yield  
Its hundredfold  
Of grains of gold

To feed the happy children of my God?

Show me the desert, Father, or the sea;  
Is it Thine enterprise? Great God, send me!  
And though this body lies where ocean rolls,  
Father, count me among all faithful souls.

I am not strong enough to "rend the oak," and probably couldn't "break the sod," but I can scatter some handfuls of corn. I do pray that I may be faithful in the little things that God has given me to look after, that I may be counted among the faithful at that last day.

Yours in Him,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD

Hartland M. S.

Dear Friends:

I trust that the Christmas season has been one of joy and blessing and that the New Year will bring to each of you new opportunities to serve the Master in a way that you have never known before.

One of our old outposts has been re-opened up at Lembe, actually a few miles beyond the Lembe mountain. Most of our members at this outpost had joined a Zionist group