

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona,

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings from Africa! August has arrived and brought with it warmer days. The days are lovely with cool nights. I dread to think of the heat that will soon be upon us. The grass is very dry; we need rain badly as the cattle are hungry and the water tanks almost empty.

We are looking forward now to news of Beulah, although we know that it will be some time yet before we can expect to get word. We trust that you all had a blessed time in the Lord.

Eugene has finished his brick making here at Altona but not all are dry yet. We are hoping that the fine weather will last a few more days until we can get the brick all under cover.

Eugene was away almost half of July and he is now at Alfred Metula's getting the church started there. The white man has been very kind and has given his oxen, waggon and native boys to haul brick, etc. We do appreciate it very much.

Early Tuesday morning Harold and Glendon left, by bus, for Piet Retief again. I find the evenings very quiet. Through the days I am kept busy, which is a help.

We had a good service here on Sunday—about forty were present. Trifina preached for us as she is not yet able to take her usual appointments at Klipvaal, which is her outpost.

Yesterday morning, just as we were having prayers, Trifina came in. As soon as we finished I discovered that she had cut her foot badly while chopping wood. The cut is long and deep and should have stitches taken but it seemed better when I dressed it today. She said today how grateful she was that the Mission was so near, for had it been farther away she didn't think she could have reached here.

Poor souls, so many suffering among them who need medical help and so many who need spiritual help, the great physician to change their hard hearts.

Through July I had one hundred and five people here for medicines, dressings, etc. Eugene took out only seven teeth that month. Whooping cough and measles are around us again and smallpox has broken out some distance from us.

The doctor was here for a vaccination clinic about two weeks ago. It was a busy noisy day as about three hundred and fifty natives were vaccinated. The doctor said that it was the largest clinic he had had this year.

We have had some terribly burned babies to tend. One child was so bad we sent it right to the hospital. The mother did not want to take it there but I hear that she is very grateful now as the child is improving nicely. Piet Retief is so far away, we do need a hospital at Altona.

The field indeed is white unto the harvest but the laborers are few. Today as I read the daily reading in "Streams of the Desert," I felt ashamed that, at times, I have been tired of the testings and trials that do seem to be so numerous some times. The verse today was "Quit you like men, be strong," and the opening remarks were "Do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers.

Pray for powers equal to your tasks." It closed with the following verses:

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,  
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.  
Shun not the struggle; face it.

'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?  
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!

Stand up, speak out, and bravely,

In God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the  
wrong,

How hard the battle goes, the day how long,  
Faint not, fight on!

Tomorrow comes the song.

How true! The opportunities are so great!  
I am praying, every day, that God will help  
me to be strong in Him and to faint not, but  
fight the good fight of faith. I want to  
continue to speak for Jesus, to give out  
Zulu tracts, etc., and trust that some words  
may fall on good ground and bring forth  
fruit unto His glory.

Yours in Him,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD

P. S.—In case my letter has gone astray,  
I wish to also send my thanks, through The  
Highway, to the St. John friends who so  
kindly remembered my birthday. Thank you  
so very much.—G. K.

Hartland M. S.,

Dear Friends:

Our winter is about ended and the signs of  
spring are almost daily increasing. The mul-  
berry trees are well covered with beautiful  
new leaves; the weeping willow is beginning  
to break forth from its brown winter coat  
into the green summer dress. The toads have  
at last wakened from their long winter sleep  
and the roar of their chorus has begun to be  
heard in the evening. How glad we are to  
think of what spring reminds us: the resur-  
rection, and of the new Heaven and new  
Earth.

Once again death has come into our midst  
and taken from us Angus Zikalala, a former  
worker. Angus was saved late in life largely  
through the influence of his wife, who lived  
the Christian life before him and prayed for  
him till he turned to God. Angus has been a  
sufferer for many years. When he neared the  
end he told his loved ones that he was going.  
"Where are you going?" asked these relatives.  
"I am going to my Father." "And where is  
your Father?" they enquired further. "My  
Father is in heaven." So another soul has  
been safely carried to our eternal home, by  
the grace of God, having been redeemed by  
the blood of the Lamb.

In this land of Africa, at least in this part  
of it, we find the men the hardest to lead to  
Christ. The majority of members is made up  
of women and girls in most of our outposts.  
It is a point which is a challenge to our faith.  
Why is it that the men, and boys find it so  
hard to turn from their lost state to God?  
The system that has been developed and hand-  
ed down from generation to generation is like  
unto that which most other un-Christianized  
peoples have established. The woman has a  
position far beneath the privileged position  
of the man. This difference is made in early

infancy and is continually emphasized, so,  
there is no wonder that it has become a part  
of their very fibre. The man finally becomes  
established in the setting of his home where  
he seems to find the goal of his aspirations  
largely realized: it remains merely for him to  
add to his harem, as his means and personal  
attraction may render possible. To satisfy his  
desires still further, he may go to an occa-  
sional buck or antelope hunt. Attend as many  
beer drinks as he can make conveniently pos-  
sible. And finally to attend the occasional  
heathen dance, and probably get into a fight  
once in a while. Living a life with few needs  
very hard to satisfy, and with his lusts being  
satisfied he seems more or less lacking in  
interest in the Gospel message. Yes, when it  
comes down to earth, some do turn to God,  
but many are not given the chance as death  
comes suddenly for some. Then very often  
too as man lives so he dies. Thank God there  
are a few who are willing to sell out to the  
world and to come into the far greater in-  
heritance of God which is made available to  
all mankind through the redeeming love of  
Christ. Perhaps some of our strong Christian  
brothers in the homeland will allow God to  
put them under the burden for these self-  
satisfied, yet terribly lost men of the natives  
of S. A.

Our preachers are an illustration of what  
God can and does do with the manhood of  
these Zulus and Swazis and Mashangane  
among whom we labour. It costs them a lot,  
and it has cost them a lot to be what they are.  
On the 2nd of this month our preachers  
school was opened again at Hartland. During  
the last week God gave His special inspiration  
and blessing as these men listened to the word  
of God and also applied themselves to other  
studies. These are men with families, with  
but one exception they have to come many  
miles, and besides their home duties they  
have the addition of the cares of outpost  
work; yet they are willing to sacrifice a  
month, two months or so, and spend this time  
under the guidance of your missionaries try-  
ing to prepare themselves so as to do even  
better in their efforts for the Master. In the  
place of the self-seeking life, comes the richer,  
fuller, self-denying life. As one missionary of  
another denomination said in my hearing, and  
speaking of some of their good Christian men:  
they are worth their weight in gold. We thank  
God for these fellow workers in the Gospel.  
Our success would be seriously curtailed  
without their assistance. So while you devote  
some of your prayer life to seeking out some  
unsaved men, here is an opportunity to thank  
God for those He has delivered from the  
bondage of sin, and to ask Him to help them  
to greater spiritual and mental development.  
Before closing I might tell you about another  
opportunity in this connection: there are cer-  
tain financial expenses involved in carrying  
on these short term schools. Possibly some  
one feels led to give a few dollars to this very  
valuable part of the work. Teaching the  
preachers, or we might say, teaching the  
teachers. Like Christ taught the twelve dis-  
ciples, and you and I know what eventually  
resulted from their efforts. It seems to me  
there is no quicker multiplication of our efforts  
to give out to these men of God.

Yes, there is a woman too who has found  
courage and time to come to the Bible study  
periods during this present school session.  
And she is a widow too. I think she is a brave