

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.

Dear Highway Friends:

This is my first letter to you since the New Year, so it has been some time since I last wrote.

We were to Hartland to attend the Quarterly Meeting and for Christmas. The days were very hot but we enjoyed our visit, with Brother Charles Sanders and Sister Grace, very much. Brother George arrived the day before Christmas. He looks well and felt that he had had a profitable year.

I had not seen Sister Grace since she was at Altona for Christmas, 1942, so you can imagine how much I enjoyed seeing her again. I also had the pleasure of seeing Miss Malla Moe, an old Swedish missionary. She is a dear soul, but is not well now and wishes the dear Lord would take her home. It was a pleasure to hear her talk and a blessing too.

We were only home a few days when all four boys were taken sick with measles. They were very ill indeed and it meant twenty-four hour duty, to care for the usual work and tend the sick ones. The children were just beginning to feel better when I was taken sick with an abscess and I was not able to be up when Harold had a relapse and had to go to bed again.

Harold missed two weeks of school but left last Tuesday for Piet Retief, where he is staying at the Boys' Hostel and attending school there. Eugene found the people very kind, so we pray and trust that Harold will get along nicely.

There is a man and his wife who are in charge of both the Boys' and Girls' Hostel. There is a matron for the boys and two gentlemen teachers stay there to supervise the study hours, etc. The girls have a matron also and two lady teachers to help them.

The school is quite a distance from the dwelling quarters, but they must have special permission to go any other place. The rules are very strict, which I think is very good.

There is a Church of England and a Methodist Church where the services would be in English and there are also several churches where Afrikaans would be the language used. The boys are supposed to attend church services twice on Sunday, so Harold decided that he would first visit all the churches and then attend the one he thought the best.

We prayed for direct leading about sending Harold to school and it seemed that it was God's will, and even though I miss this oldest son of ours, more than I could ever tell, yet I trust God to care for him and keep him from any evil that might be near.

The Government gave Harold a bursary that meets all his expenses except \$5.00 a quarter. This includes board, tuition, books, pencils, etc. When we applied for admission we were not even sure if we would be able to send him, but it seemed that the Lord arranged it all.

School has begun for the native children too and both teachers, who taught last year, are here again. Some of the older ones finished last year but some new ones have started, so there are nearly seventy scholars attending school now.

I have also started school for Glendon and

Reginald, Glendon in Grave IV. and Reginald in Grade II.

Such a lot of sick children as are around us now! We had one hundred and eleven people here for medicine through January. It kept us busy indeed, especially as our own children were sick too. We hear that many children from native kraals have died from measles and now that they are hearing that we have medicine to help them, they are coming here more and more.

This morning a big husky native man in heathen dress came asking for medicine for his baby. After finding out about the child, I prepared the medicines and told them what to do, and then I began to talk to him about prayer and asking God to help his baby. The moment I began to speak such words, he jumped up and started for the door, and even before I could say another word he said: "Oh, yes, Mrs., I must go" and I just had time to say "Hamba kahle" "Go nicely" (the Zulu good-bye) and he was gone. He had no desire to hear about the things of God.

Another man was also here this morning, asking for medicine for his small daughter, who has been attending our native school here at Altona. I asked him if he was a Christian and he said "No!" I then asked if he wanted to be a Christian and he said that he had a desire to be saved but he had been sick a great deal and did not have time to become a Christian. I knew he was only making excuses and he was also in a hurry to go, as soon as I began to talk to him about his soul. He was a splendid looking young man and as I looked at him I thought of how greatly we need young men to work for God among their own people, but so few are willing to pay the price. Pray for these, friends, who have a little desire, that God may increase their conviction and help them to get right with Him.

We are having such lovely rains this year. The gardens and grazing lands are very good indeed. We have been having all the green corn we could use since before Christmas. The white potatoes have also been very good this year.

I want to take this opportunity to thank the people of Woodstock and Millville for the lovely Christmas boxes that arrived recently and all others who sent cards, money, etc. We are still getting Christmas mail and you will never know just what your kindness and thoughtfulness means to us here. We all unite in saying, "Thank you and God bless you all."

Yours in His love,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD

Hartland M. S.

Dear Highway:

Greetings in Jesus' precious Name. It is a warm, sultry day, the hot sun shining between clouds. The heat this summer, especially the two last weeks, has been intense! It seems I never minded the heat so much here as this year. It must have registered about a hundred in the shade on the hottest days here. In the Dispensary, when the heat of the day was diminishing, the thermometer read close to 90°. It has been a wonderful year—such beautiful rains. The corn is the highest in the garden I have ever seen it, beautiful, luxuriant growth, promising a fairly good harvest. A dry spell has just been broken in answer to special prayer at the close of our

class meeting Wednesday. The thunder was heard in the distance after the announcement was made. It came close but just a very few drops fell. But the next day such a penetrating rain fell for hours it just made our hearts well up in praise to God. The people have had a famine for food this year so it is doubly appreciated. I hear that in Rhodesia and Portuguese, East Africa, there is a bad drought—they are pleading for help in prayer for rain.

The Angel of Death has been stalking through this district in the wake of an epidemic of measles and whooping cough with complications. Last night I counted ten homes bereft of little children, and there are some I have missed, and some of whom I have not yet heard. A little girl of over two years of age was brought to me for examination and medical treatment. She had a severe attack of whooping cough, just broke out with measles and had double pneumonia with a very high temperature. Her system had been drained from a siege of abscesses in the month before so the outcome looked grave. In two days she passed away in convulsions. They said she was the pick and pet of the family, greatly beloved by all in the kraal. When she was so sick with abscesses I had told her to get well quickly so she could again go to Sunday school. Then I sang the little chorus, "Joy, Joy, Joy" to her and told her to learn and sing it. It was one of her favourite topics of conversation after that. She would say, "Nkosazana told me to sing—(starting in then she would start singing): "Joy, joy, joy, with Joy in my heart is ringing, joy, joy, joy!" His love to me is known; my sins are all forgiven; I'm on my way to Heaven, my heart is bubbling over with His joy, joy, joy!" The mother has led a wicked life. Though under conviction at times she would not yield but went on in sin. She came to me a few days after the funeral of her little girl, bringing her newly born baby to me for treatment as she was also ailing. I spoke a few words of sympathy to her and then tried to lead her to our wonderful Saviour. God's Spirit was there mightily, and she soon yielded herself to Him. How prophetic was the little girl's song and how true the words, "And a little child shall lead them!" Our prayer is that she may pay the price and go through with God. Also that God may be allowed to work thus in the hearts of the other bereft parents. It is a great opportunity to deal with souls when their hearts are all ploughed up with grief and deep sorrow. The Word seems to more readily find a place in "the good ground." For two weeks I was very busy with the calls for medicine and examining and prescribing for the little sick children and admitting and discharging some who stayed for a few days. Some days all three of us, George and a native girl and myself, were kept so busy we could hardly get time to eat. Yes, it is a great work to serve God in this branch of the work. Great is the opportunity it affords. I know of no other type of work that so quickly opens the hearts to the Gospel message as medical work. I can count six native women and girls who have sought the Lord this month in the hospital. One very busy day three stayed over-night. I told them I'd be back in the evening to have prayers for them. It was about 10 o'clock before I returned, and to my surprise found them wide awake still. I