

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Highway Friends:

Altona

The days go swiftly by and before I realize it, it is again time to write my monthly Highway letter.

Another Sunday is over. Eugene went to Entungwini to see how Samuel was. We hadn't seen him for some time, and heard that he was not well and that his horse had been injured. Perhaps most of you know that Samuel is now our oldest preacher and has only one foot so has to use crutches.

Eugene found them all fairly well, but Samuel's horse had died. This is indeed a serious handicap as he cannot go far over rough paths on crutches.

That morning, just as Eugene was leaving, I had a feeling that I should send something to the little grandson, who lives with Samuel. He is a little younger than Reginald so I asked Reginald if he would share some thing of his. He had two sweaters so he sent one and a little pair of pants. When Eugene arrived he found that the poor little fellow had nothing but an old corn sack to put around him. So he called him and dressed him up to go to church. Samuel has to buy a lot of his food and with the prices of food so high now, it doesn't leave much over for clothes, so I was so grateful that I obeyed the urge to send a little to help out.

Eugene had a real good service at Entungwini and we also enjoyed a good service here at Altona. One of the near-by native churches was having a special service but it seems that very few of our people attended, for a goodly number was present here.

I had asked the teacher to interpret for me as I felt led to tell the people about the experience of a return missionary, who was in China, when war broke out. Their life, in the concentration camp, their return to America and how God so graciously undertook for him and his family, was wonderful.

I never talked so long in a service before, or I never had a more attentive audience. Even the children hardly stirred. I had Reginald and Kenneth sitting behind me and Reginald became so interested that he stood right up beside me. When we got home he said, "Mama, I shall never forget to pray for those little boys in the war."

I talked well over an hour. About half through I stopped and asked if the people were tired but they said "No, tell us more." After the service was over they said they had not understood how awful the war was and they determined to pray more than ever before. They were also glad to know how God cared for His children under such trying circumstances.

We have had two days of rain. It is good for the garden and the grass and helped our water supply in the tanks, but I expect that there will be lots of sick children to tend, after a while. The cold, wet weather brings colds especially among the babies and young children.

Quite a number from here attended special services at Ngenatsheni, Paul Nkosi's section, over the week-end. They arrived home last evening, very wet and cold but reported a good service at Paul's. He is a very fine man and a good worker. I believe his wife is to be made a worker at our July quarterly at Altona.

School closes the last day of June and the following Wednesday we expect to begin our quarterly here. We are praying for a very special quarterly where we will see something accomplished for God—souls saved, believers sanctified and the church encouraged.

Since my last letter to The Highway we have had the sad news of the passing of Mrs. Baker. I remember the many interesting days that I have spent in her company. Apart from seeing her at Beulah, I did not know her very well until the first year we were married. We were at North Head and she came to spend the winter with her sister, the late Mrs. Scovil. As Mrs. Baker was also a great friend of my mother-in-law, I went to visit her. After that first visit I spent an afternoon each week with her. I still remember many of the talks that we had—truly she was an inspiration and encouragement to me. As the years passed I learned to love her more and always looked forward to seeing her at Beulah. She was so interested in the work of the Lord, the mission work was dear to her heart. I shall miss her frequent, cheery letters to me but I could not wish her back. Her trials are over and she is with the Saviour whom she loved and served so faithfully. I expect to, some day, meet her "over there."

Yours in His love,

G. M. KIERSTEAD

Altona M. S.

Dear Highway:

Another Sunday is just about over. It is evening, a winter one at that for us, but not too cold. Today has been one of my few Sundays at home so have a little leisure for letter writing.

If I were a native I should have started off by greeting you and saying "Sa ni bona" (we see you) and then saying "Ni sapila yini na?" (are you all well?) You would then ask after our health and the door of formality would then be open to continue our conversation. By way of formality I may say we are all quite well at present except for Gladys, but even she is improving somewhat in health. Spiritually, we are still on the Highway of Holiness and have our face set upward to the Hills of the New Jerusalem. We are stripped and in the race and have our eyes set on the winning post.

Winter is the season for work as it is cool, there is little or no rain, and the natives are not so busy in the fields and elsewhere. Besides my usual work and travelling to the outposts, I am now busy getting ready to make brick, gathering together building material and workers, getting ready for our July quarterly at Altona, and looking for an opportunity to go down to Zululand and up to Ermelu to examine the prospects for extension work.

I have had an opportunity to test my new horse the last two weeks. I first went to Entungwini, then to Emfene, and lastly to Hartland, possibly eighty miles in all. I was quite pleased with its performance in view of the fact it has just been broken in and trained. When I first bought it, it was so wild you couldn't do anything with it and caused me much trouble by running away; the last time it went a hundred miles away and I nearly lost it.

At Entungwini I found our oldest native preacher, Samuel, troubled over the loss of his faithful horse which died recently. He has

only his crutches to rely on so cannot go very far afield. He wants me to try and get him a new horse. I wonder if I will succeed as horses are fairly scarce and much more expensive.

The work at Emfene was not in as good a state as when I last visited there. Paulina, our Bible woman, has lung trouble, and her husband has taken to doctoring; the lung trouble lessens Paulina's activity and the doctoring renders the neighbors suspicious of the kraal (a native doctor is often an evil doer, and makes use of demons and poisons).

I found things quite quiet at Hartland as Brothers Charles and George Sanders were alone on the Station. I learned that Sister Grace Sanders is somewhat improved after her tonsil operation and enforced rest. Brother Charles has been doing some painting in and about the Old Mission House in anticipation of the new missionary we are eagerly looking for news of. I spent some time going over Balmoral farm and examining its ploughable lands and talking with its native tenants.

Our mid-day service was quite well attended for an ordinary Sunday; more than forty persons being present. I preached from the first seven verses of the twentieth chapter of Second Kings, dealing with sickness, its causes and cures and what a Christian's attitude should be. In passing, I dealt with the idea that is prevalent out here among the Zionists (Tongues Movement), that the use of medicines is sin, and showed that the Scriptures do not support that notion. Our churches quite often lose members to the Zionists who are strong on faith healing and praying for the sick. The Zionists wean members away by insisting that they are in sin in our church if they use medicine and that they cannot very well be prayed for until they separate with our church and join theirs. Proselyting is a big business out here.

This is going to be a busy week on account of school closings. We now have nine day schools with a total enrollment of about two hundred and seventy children. Other schools are wanted but we are handicapped by limited finances.

We recently were quite encouraged to hear that the work in the Little Mapondleni and Ngenatsheni sections is showing advances. Ten new seekers have come forward and the schools are growing. Both workers, Jimson and Paul, are live wires and are extending their fields.

Pray for us, the workers, outposts, schools, hospitals, seekers, and the unrealed harvest fields.

Yours in Africa

E. A. M. KIERSTEAD

Hartland M. S.

Dear Friends:

You may be interested in a recent nearby kraal visit I made, so I will go into a few details for the benefit of those interested.

There is a backslidden former preacher, who lives about a mile or a little more from here. I have felt burdened for him, so today the Lord sent me to deal with him personally and have a little service in his kraal. It was about ten o'clock when I left home, and I did not get back till nearly one in the early afternoon. Upon my arrival I was rather surprised to find a heathen man in the house with Paulosi (the former preacher) not long after my arrival another native man arrived. Paulosi volunteered the explanation—he had made