

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,  
July 7, 1945

Dear Highway Friends:

It is our winter holidays and very nice weather indeed. May and June were very cold months but the last week has been very mild—summer will soon be here.

I had my mid-year Sunday School closing on June 22nd. The children seemed to enjoy themselves very much. After the opening exercises we had an interesting review from the first nine chapters of Matt., after which we chose the six best students, and to these I gave each a scarf. Fifty-eight had had perfect attendance and they each received a handkerchief and all present received a card and a handful of raisins. The school feeding system furnished the raisins and the children certainly enjoyed them. We closed with a song and prayer and we all felt that our S. S. had been profitable, and we do pray that the word will enter these young hearts and bear fruit unto His glory.

The 28th was our public school closing. Such a day of confusion it was! The crowds were very large indeed. The drilling was lovely and the singing and exercises very nice, while the hand work was about the best we have ever had. The children had brought dried corn and forty-eight chickens and had a nice little feast at the close of the program. Twelve pounds of raisins were also divided among them so it was a very nice day for them.

The following day our two older boys arrived home from boarding school. We are so glad to have them all home together for a month.

Glendon arrived home with a very bad cold and Kenneth had also been in bed for nearly a week, with cold, so I was not planning to go to the Quarterly Meeting at Hartland. Eugene had a very bad sore on his chin and was also detained at home, until Friday. We are praying much for the success of the services at Hartland as well as at Beulah. I do pray that the blessed Holy Spirit will be very present with rich blessings for all who attend.

Through the holiday I shall have our S. S. on Sunday mornings. Last Sunday we had Young People's Meeting instead. It was a lovely service indeed. One of our best young men, Albert Tshangazi, who was leaving Tuesday to work in Durban, was our first speaker. He read verses from several different places and spoke well about trusting God.

Reginald spoke next, reading the first thirteen verses of Matt. 25. He likened the word of God to a spring of water where the thirsty go to drink and also talked about the wise and foolish virgins, and urged the young people to be like the wise and be ready when Jesus comes. How thankful I should be if I knew Zulu as well as Reginald does! How quickly the little ones learn a new language to what we older ones do.

Our attendance was not large, only twenty-three I believe, but there was a tender spirit present and all the young people testified, except two young men who have recently started to seek the Lord. I believe they wished to, but lacked courage. Oh, I do pray that God will bless these dear young people and help them to grow in grace.

Someone asked me if Sundays are as busy as week days on a Mission Station. No, I don't think they are for me. They are very hard on the men, when they go to the distant

outposts, but I rarely leave the Station, as I sort of consider Altona my church.

I will tell you about last Sunday. We had an early prayer service as usual, and at eleven o'clock our young people's service. Tomorrow I shall have my S. S. at that time. At one o'clock our usual afternoon service started. When Eugene is away, I usually take charge of their service but Johanesi was present on Sunday and gave us a grand message from Titus, chapter 2. About forty were present and a goodly number testified. After this service Losaya had a class for the girls and Johanesi had a boys' class. I have visited the girls' class, simply to listen in. Losaya is quite capable and I am not needed there.

We always close the day with our usual prayer service. There are usually a few people to get medicines for through the day, and sometimes burns or other sores that must be dressed, etc.

The cold winter brought many colds for the little black children. I treated nearly two hundred natives through July, I believe, but not so many this week. I do thank God for the opportunities of service and pray that I shall be faithful in every little task.

May God's richest blessing be with you all.

Yours in His glad Service,

G. M. KIERSTEAD

Hartland M. S.,

July 29, 1945

Dear Friends:

It has been a quiet day at home for me. With the many many outposts to be visited every quarter, it gives us about every second Sunday away from home, on an average. We have a Sunday School in the forenoon and a preaching and testimony service in the early afternoon at the Station here. Grace conducts the Sunday School, and when both George and I are away she or Myra preach in the afternoon meeting.

Myra is getting along with her study of Zulu quite nicely, but of course has to speak through an interpreter and will yet for quite a little while. The natives greatly appreciate her effort to speak their language and have generally showed how glad they are to have their new Missionary here on the field.

We have had a severe winter with plenty of frost, so the poor banana trees look about dead. However their withered leaves will be hidden by the new leaves, after summer has come. Spring time is here and the earliest trees are already leaving out a little bit.

In about the middle of June I went down to Zululand and visited several points there. Paul Nkosi, our newly ordained native preacher, and I went together by bicycle on this trip. I did not know the way and he did not know very much about caring for a bicycle, so we made a good team, as I was able to help with the necessary adjustments and repairs we required during our week away from home. There were many tokens of Divine blessing and provision which we enjoyed on this trip. On our way down we were far from the place where we intended to camp for the second night, and the day was fast coming to an end, when there came a truck and took us both many miles beyond where we had even hoped to reach that day, so we slept at Nongoma that second night. Paul needed a tire very badly and it seemed that we would not be able to complete our journey if we failed to secure a tire for his bicycle. All along the way, where opportunity afforded, we had inquired for tires and there were none to be had. Here

again we were given an evident token of God's care: in the very truck which had given us the lift were just two bicycle tires, and just what we needed. We bought the two of them, and went on our way rejoicing, the next day. Thirty-one miles brought us to Hlabisa, late in the afternoon. Paul and I had to part company here and he went on to visit one of our workers who has moved down to Zululand. At this point there was one boy who decided to take his stand for the Lord. We were very glad for this. I returned to Nongoma the following day and after making the necessary official contacts we proceeded to another point on our way home (having joined forces again at Nongoma). We have one member of our church at this point. Sunday morning we visited the royal kraal and had a few words with two young men of royal blood, who seemed hungry for gospel truth. They asked that we should remember them in prayer.

The Zululand field needs our Gospel, but it is a little difficult to get work opened up there on account of government restrictions and regulations. From what I gathered from the Nongoma Magistrate it seemed that at least that district is pretty well covered by Mission societies. We have about four points where some of our members have moved to which might develop into four new outposts if the Lord so wills and we do our part by prayer and toil.

The trip down and back by bicycle is enough exercise to satisfy, even the most energetic, for several weeks.

Part of the country is difficult to work on account of fever and poor water, which is not safe for drinking before boiling. May we pray the Lord of the harvest about this area.

I hear George's voice outside, so he is back from our Cibini outpost where there was one of these "Quarterly" meetings. A second one was appointed for a point down near the junction of our two local, large rivers, the Pongola and the Pivaan.

We are glad for all the kind friends who never forget to pray for this Mission field, the Missionaries and native workers and the many church members and seekers, etc. Do not weary, friends, for our labours are not in vain in the Lord. Prayer changes things.

We have much to praise God for in the ending of the war in Europe. May God comfort the multitudes who have lost loved ones on the battle fields there. The world has not settled down to what we have been used to call, normal, and it seems a long way from doing so. We need God today as never before. The challenge is great and we must meet it or I should say: let God use us to help meet it. He and He alone has the answer to the vast and deep need of humanity. The great danger I find is that there is so much work to be done that my time for devotions is eaten into, or if I am not very careful, it is eaten up. Once this happens I find that the enemy power seems to have increased, when all the time it is simply that my power has weakened.

Wishing you all the rich blessing of God,

Yours happy in Him,

C. D. M. SANDERS

## MISTAKES

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your own mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom . . . The Past cannot be changed. The Future is yet in our power.—Hugh White.