

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland Mission Station,
June 3rd, 1945

Dear Homeland Friends:

Time is speeding along and I must write another letter to you. Each day brings something new and interesting, and we see evidence of the Lord's workings in our midst.

Last Sunday was Charlie's appointment at Gwebu, an outpost about 8 miles from here, so I went along with him as I had not been to any of our outposts. It was a lovely morning, and we got started about 10.00 a. m. The horses were in good spirits and pretty soon we were galloping along and enjoying the nice fresh air and scenery. But I am not used to riding and I began to think that the ground would be a nice place to be on for a change, so I started to make for it in haste. My stirrups were rather long and I could not brace myself, so while my husband was calling to me to pull the horse in, I was making for terra firma. I landed on my feet and took both stirrups with me and the horse stopped immediately. I did not even get a bruise. It made me laugh at first but when I thought that I could have been seriously hurt, I thanked God for protecting me. We got the stirrups tightened and started off again and though there was rough country to travel there were no more accidents.

We reached our destination, and were taken into a hut by the hostess and she brought us a basin of water to wash our hands. Then we ate the lunch that we had brought, and by that time the people had gathered for the service. I could not understand what Charlie was saying, but I could join in the singing. There were about 30 people present, and the service seemed to be opportune, as a family had just moved in, and, being the only Christians, were finding it a little hard to get adjusted and very sorrowful on leaving their old home. After the service was over we went into another hut to visit a girl who was ill. By that time it was about 4.00 p. m. and time to start for home. By the time we reached the river it was dark but soon the great full moon came up to light us along. As we rode along we thanked God who had given us the privilege of doing a little for Him. On our way we passed the kraal of the chief, also the grave of another chief, and I saw birds, trees and flowers that were new to me.

Yesterday we had a good meeting here; although there were not many present, the Lord was with us and we felt that prayer is being answered in the lives of some of these people. We are praying definitely for a revival. We need it. After service, Charlie and I walked over to see the store-clerk, who has a sick baby. We had a little service and she seemed to appreciate our coming very much. These people need help and they need our prayers. We do pray that God will help us to be a help to them. They have so many problems and so few comforts, and so many times the hard things are too much for them and they go under. We are praying that this woman will keep close to the Lord during this period of trial.

This morning I pulled two teeth for a little boy. He cried quite a lot when the first one came out so we did not know whether he would let us go after the second one or not; but he was a brave little fellow, so Grace rewarded him with an orange. Then there was

a little baby who had sore eyes and scabies but who was very cheerful and smiled so nicely at me when I was looking at her. There are many people coming to the Hospital and they keep us busy. I am not much good, not being able to talk to them, so Grace has to do all the talking and I do the heavy looking on, as they say.

I am struggling along with Zulu pronouns and hoping that I will master them some of these days. I take lessons four times a week and it keeps me busy studying.

We are remembering you in prayer and are glad to know that we have a praying people in the Homeland. May God bless you each.

Sincerely yours,

MYRA SANDERS

Altona, June 11, 1945

Dear Friends:

As it nears Beulah time, I am thinking back to the many days in June that I spent packing and preparing to go to Beulah. I should enjoy meeting with you this year, but as that cannot be, I am praying that God's richest blessing will rest upon the Camp. I am very happy too to be here in His will.

We are having lots of what we would call at home cottage meetings. I believe they are a real help, for there is a decided stir among our young people. Four new ones have made a start towards God at Altona since my last letter and a woman was telling me that her young son wanted to also, but lacked courage. Several young people have been making confessions too, and I believe that this also is a good sign.

The Sunday service yesterday was very good. Nearly forty were present—mostly young people. I don't know where all our women were. One heathen woman was present and seemed interested in the word of God. I preached from Romans 5:13, after which a goodly number testified.

The days of June are swiftly passing by. Our school will close the 29th and I believe our Quarterly at Hartland will begin July 3rd. We hope to all be present, if possible, and trust that it will be a time of real blessings to our souls.

Winter is in full sway. I think it has been the coldest winter we have had since coming here.

Eugene left for Hartland several days ago. He has done quite a lot of plastering here at Altona. He has finished five rooms and has another over half done. He has also made a large cupboard and table and painted them, and also painted a mission table, so our dispensary can soon be ready to use. We do need someone to properly care for it. My knowledge is limited as well as my strength and time. Still I do know that God will continue to give strength for the day, until someone comes to help us.

I've had rather a busy day today. The green corn is finished now so corn porridge is the usual food. So many have been here asking for salt for their porridge. One came asking for thread and quite a number for medicines. One heathen woman brought a dear little baby with sore eyes. It was very sick with cold a few weeks ago. I looked after it, gave her medicine for it and it recovered and now its eyes are so sore. I did my best for it and trust it will soon be better. One poor girl, who I tended today has a very sore arm tonight, but she was very grateful to have it

dressed. She has a bad burn on one side, and a large boil on the other. So many suffering ones, who need help for their bodies and so very many who need spiritual help.

We do need a great faith, the faith that will grip the promises of God and trust Him until victory comes. There are so many to pray and trust Him for. He is able to undertake for the hardest case.

God is mighty! He is able to deliver;

Faith can victor be in every trying hour;
Fear and care and sin and sorrow be defeated
By our faith in God's almighty, conquering
power.

Have faith in God, the sun will shine,
Though dark the clouds may be today;
His heart has planned your path and mine;
Have faith in God, have faith alway.

Yours for souls in Africa,

G. M. KIERSTEAD

DANGEROUS CONFORMITY

C. W. Butler

My heart has been stirred for years by the utterly low and inconsistent standards to which the great majority of mothers conform in the matter of the protection of their growing girls. No person with any high regard for God or humanity can fail to be alarmed at the unspeakable record of juvenile delinquency which characterizes the days in which we live. No doubt there are many contributory causes to this total result; but whatever the causes may be, the result is truly distressing.

I wish I might precipitate a campaign of agitation among all of our holiness people with regard to one of the first steps in the downfall of our youth. As I visit churches and am entertained in homes both of preachers and of laymen, and as I observe the little girls in these homes and congregations, I have been led to ask myself the question very seriously, "When ought we to begin to protect our children and teach them modesty?" It is the rarest thing to find any mother who does not conform to almost utter nakedness of little girls, following the fads of the day. If little girls' limbs are exposed to the public from childhood up to womanhood, it will be a very difficult thing to inaugurate an effective reform at the later age. My attention has been called to the appalling difference in the dress of little girls and boys in play groups during the present season. Boys are often protected with trousers clear to the ankles. Little girls are practically naked clear to their bodies—no stockings, at best little anklets, and no proper underwear that serves as any protection whatever, with dresses so short that in many instances they are little more than mere ruffles extending from the waist line of the little girl. I have watched groups of children at play and have been pained at the exposure to danger not only of the girls, but of the boys. If girls go wrong, boys have to go wrong with them. We need to protect the purity of our little boys as well as our little girls.

I was planning to write an article on this subject, when there fell into my hands a tract entitled "The Purity of Little Girls," by Mrs. J. T. Benson. This tract speaks so thoroughly of the dangers, and in such a wholesome way, that I immediately ordered a supply of them from the Wayside Evangel, 2923 Troost Avenue, Kansas City 10, Missouri; and I asked