

Go Ye Into All the World and Preach the Gospel to Every Creature

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,
February, 1947

Dear Highway Friends,

It's a beautiful day; the sky is blue, so very blue and filled with lovely white fleecy clouds. But it's very hot until one longs for a little of the cold, that is, no doubt, present in Canada to-day. Very soon now it will be getting a bit cooler.

Since my last letter we have had a little trip to Louwsburg. We took Evelyn and her little son Daniel and a niece, while Absolom Sibuja and another niece came by bus. We enjoyed our few days there, very much and on our return we visited Hartland M. S. We were glad to see the friends there and enjoyed Christian fellowship with them.

February 9th we were booked for a special service in Piet Retief. Absolom Sibuja had come back and was to be present to say good-bye. He had, as one of his outposts, Piet Retief, but is now stationed in Louwsburg. The day proved to be a lovely one and we decided to take the car so the teacher and his wife and Absolom all went with us.

We stopped at the hostel for Harold but he was in Sunday School—he attends the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Piet Retief. So we went for him and then on to the native location. Our friends had borrowed a church and were ready for us. We went first to the home of some of our members and they at once gave us some tea and buttered rolls. We soon went to church. I was surprised to see about 60 gather to worship. Eugene brought a good message from Heb. 13, verses 12 and 13. "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach." It was a heart searching sermon that I felt was good for us all. Many responded to the altar call and we had a real refreshing season of prayer. Absolom said good-bye to the people and I spoke a few minutes as it was my first visit to this outpost. Quite a few partook of communion and it was a blessed service. As we came out our friends asked us back to their home, where they had prepared a dinner for us of meat and potatoes, tea and bread. Everything was nicely prepared and served and we were grateful as we were hungry. We soon said good-bye and left Harold at the hostel, called at Comondale to see our other boys and reached Altona just as darkness was falling. We were tired but happy for we felt that it had been a good day in the Lord.

Our services at Altona seem to be going on

as usual. The average attendance is about forty, I think. The services are good and the presence of God is in our midst and we do praise Him for all His blessings.

We are so glad to report that Dorothy Kunene, the girl who was struck by lightning and nearly killed, is improving nicely. One ear is absolutely deaf, but since she received treatments she is able to hear in one ear, and is very grateful to the Lord for His help.

Whooping cough is near us. Children have been very very ill and some have died. I feel so very sorry for Joana Sibuja who was one of our girls but left our church when she married a Kunene boy. She had two little girls and about 6 months ago had a little son. They were all so delighted and grateful for the little boy. Lately he caught whooping cough and in spite of medical help from the Doctor the little one died. We do feel very sorry indeed for the family.

We are looking forward to hear the sailing date of our new missionary, Miss Campbell. We do pray that God will give her a safe journey and pray that she may be a great help to these people. So many need God, so many have such hard hearts, etc., but we do know that the love of Jesus can melt the heart of stone. We need to pray more that God will help these who don't know Him.

Losaya and I have agreed that we will meet every Friday afternoon, after the school children leave, for a season of prayer. We need a revival in our midst and feel that prayer will help, as nothing else can. I think that others will join us too and I believe that God will give us the desire of our hearts. Pray with us, friends, and help us.

Yours for souls in Africa,
G. M. KIERSTEAD.

Hartland M. S.,
February 20, 1947.

Dear Christian Friends,

The world of today seems to be asking us: "Are you worthy of the name Christian?" Are we Christlike? He who came, not to do His own will but the will of Him who sent Him. He who was meek and lowly in spirit. He who loved righteousness and hated iniquity. He who came to seek and to save that which was lost. Obedient, humble, living consistently, fully surrendered, on fire for souls, He was indeed the perfect Man. Emmanuel, God with us.

As we look about us we see the spiritual decay that has destroyed the life of the churches. They have a name; some have a great list of names representing their membership: BUT like a huge tree which has had its center eaten out by decay and which has fallen down on the ground and whose branches and leaves are

being invaded by all destructive and loathsome creatures. Old time salvation being something of the distant past. Consistent living up to the ordinary rules of the Christian life being present where convenient and absent when and where it is found to be otherwise. What kind of an impression does such a church make upon the world? The world looks at it and says, "well if you are a Christian, then I must be one too," and "If you are to be admitted to the joys of heaven, then I will be there also."

It is generally an easy thing to look about us. It is usually a more profitable thing to look at ourselves and to see ourselves as God sees us. Perhaps it would do us good to try to find out to what extent "blindness in part hath happened," unto us? These are the ideas and questions that have been in my mind for some time now: out here on the foreign field.

It seems to me that our missionary fields and work out here have reached a good position from which to launch aggressive campaigns for our Savior and King. Such a position is one of great possibilities and of great danger. So now as ever before, and possibly as never before; we need your prayers: for your white Missionaries, for your Native Elders and other workers and for each member and seeker. To pray that the Devil will not get hold of any of God's soldiers to do his work. That the soldiers of the cross may not go to sleep on the job and allow the enemy to gain the initiative. In short to pray for the working of the Holy Spirit in reviving power, to save sinners and to sanctify the children of God.

The Native chief, Magubulundu Nkosi, died recently; he was the Native ruler over this area, about Hartland and reaching into the Transvaal. We have not yet learned who of his sons is to succeed him, but we hope that he will be a better man than his father. He was quite a heavy drinker, and though it is against the law for a Native to be given European drink, he managed to get quite a bit of this. His drinking habits no doubt shortened his days, as well as impoverishing him of natural wealth. We have not learned of any definite testimony of his being saved, though he had been ill for a long time before passing on to eternity.

About three days ago the King of England and his family were supposed to have landed at Cape Town, to begin their tour of South Africa. Like many others we would like to see them. How much careful preparation has been made by South Africa, for the arrival of the king and his family. Even to the gifts they plan on giving each member of the royal