

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

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.

Dear Highway Friends:

It is a lovely day indeed, really warm but a lovely breeze that makes us cool.

It has been a very busy day indeed with so very many coming for this and that. The first to come was the boy to get our mail. I fixed up the bag and gave him the tin to get oil for our lamps, gave him money, etc., and then went back to my bedroom work. I finished it without more interruptions but hadn't reached the kitchen when I heard Mary say: "Gladys, just look at the wood coming." So I went out and before I finished twenty-five different people had arrived with pieces of wood asking for salt. Paulina went with me and she preached to these children while I gave them salt. I added a few words too—but, oh, they were hard! Not one, it seemed, wanted to hear the story of Jesus. When I came in I told Mary how I used to go out and sing "Jesus Loves Me," in Zulu, while I gave out salt. That was when I couldn't talk Zulu but I knew several hymns that I had memorized.

I came in and started to do some cooking when a woman arrived with her little son, who had earache, so I stopped and looked after that, then another woman arrived. At first I didn't understand what she wanted but soon I found out. She is a widow and hadn't the money to pay her taxes at the proper time. Now she has the money and wants Eugene to help her and pay the taxes for her in Piet Retief. So I wrote down the number of cattle, goats, etc., and got it ready to give Eugene when he returns tonight.

I went back to my cooking when Jumima Ncobo arrived. She is one of the women we taught in Bible School and as she hasn't finished the letters I told her to return each Thursday and we would help her. She is a grandmother but so determined to learn to read and she is slowly but surely making progress.

Shortly after Jumima left, Johanesi's little girl, Gladys, came with three eggs, asking for some salt and then ten more children arrived with wood asking for salt.

By then it was dinner time and after we had finished I started to mend. Just then I saw two more children go by the window with wood and in a very few minutes they rushed past my window, with Paulina after them, with a switch in her hand. That looked interesting so I ran to another room to see better and then to the verandah. Just then Paulina caught one child and gave it a good switching. It did look funny and I called, "Woza, woza, Mary," forgetting in my ex-

citement that I was talking Zulu. By the time I remembered and said "Come," Paulina was after the second one and we both saw her catch that one and he got his medicine too. We did have a good laugh—it was so funny and I had a pretty good idea what it was about and sure enough, when Paulina returned she told how she had watched them begin to steal clothes from the fence near the kitchen. Several times lately things have disappeared and she was tired of it and thought it was no doubt these little lads, as they come often asking for salt, so she decided to teach them a lesson. I'm sure they deserved it and it furnished us with a bit of amusement too. They ran home but I hope they will come back for I want to have a talk with them. Poor little things, I've no doubt they are taught to steal by their heathen parents. May God help us to reach some of these little black lambs of His.

After that I went back to my mending and for some time was undisturbed, except by one boy for medicine and five more children for salt. Then I went out to get a fowl killed for dinner the next day and I discovered that one of Glendon's ducklings was missing. We looked and looked and at last found it had tumbled into the well. The well is dry and very deep but the duckling seemed unhurt, so we tied a rope around Harold and he went down and brought up the duckling unharmed. So you see even on a mission station we have a bit of excitement at times as well as amusement.

The day is finished now. This morning I asked special help of God and prayed that my words, thoughts and actions today would let others know that I had been with Jesus. He has been near—I've been conscious of His abiding presence and I'm so glad just now that the Comforter abides.

Christmas will be near time this reaches you. May it be a blessed time and may His peace fill your souls. God bless you all.

Yours in Christian love,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD

Hartland M. S.,

Natal, So. Africa

Dear Friends:

Our very severe winter has passed and early summer is here. The lovely rains we have had have given the ground the necessary moisture, so that nature has not been hindered in unfolding her beauties in trees and grass, so that the drab, brown has been largely replaced by new life, of fresh leaves, pretty flowers and small, forming fruits.

In case I do not get a more timely letter written to you I take this opportunity to wish you all the joy and peace of Christmas and the happiness that a new year will bring: to all those who are enjoying what God has provided

for us in His so great, and full, and free Salvation: by Jesus' redeeming blood. How I do thank God that the old account has been settled and my sins are all washed away; and that Jesus did not leave me an orphan but sent His Holy Spirit to abide with me forever. The life that is hid with Christ Jesus in God is the only life worth living. May we help to convince many of this truth by our example and words.

During the last two weeks I spent the most of six days away from home over in the Lowsburg district, at our Kwabanakile outpost, where we are building a new brick church and small store room. On Sunday I accompanied our local preacher, Paul Nkois, to one of the sections that he is working. I had left my bicycle on this side of the Pivaan river and had to walk up and down several long and very steep hills. As we descended the hill opposite the kraal where we were to have a meeting, Paul pointed out various places of interest. Down at the foot of the hill, or mountain, I suppose I should call it, was the Italu river. A few summers ago a heathen man was swept away to his death, as he tried to cross the flooded waters. He was returning home from a beer drink, and as he was quite a noted swimmer I suppose he thought he would get safely across as he had done so many times before, but as it proved to be too strong for him, he had gone to his death before making right with his God. Paul pointed out his grave to me. On this same mountain side were stone walls and old kraal sites showing how that this same man had moved many times slowly down this mountain. It was in the kraal of his eldest living son that we had our meeting. Two women and two children attended this service, coming from beyond more mountains. One was our faithful Christian and the other woman was one of the most recent seekers. This seeker still had her heathen dress and "isicolo," the name for the way the married women put up their hair.

There were about eight other heathen women who came from nearer kraals, as well as from the kraal visited. Absalom Sibiya, one of our preachers, delivered the message of the afternoon, and we hoped for some immediate results, by way of new seekers; however we did not have this pleasure. We trust that there will be many new seekers in this section soon. As we slowly ascended this mountain on our homeward journey, Paul continued to tell me of the many opportunities in this section, and how he felt the need of more workers to help bring the Gospel message to this more or less new section. I believe it is twelve workers that my own Mother is asking the Lord to give us for the Lowsburg section. So perhaps if some of us join in, in this and similar requests,