



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

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,
January 26, 1948

Dear Highway Friends:

I suddenly realized that the month is passing fast and my letter is not written. In my nearly nine years of mission work, I have sent a letter each month, and I do want to keep up, what I set out to do, hoping that in some way it will bring the mission work a little nearer to you and help to arouse interest in this part of our work.

The Christmas season is over and we do wish to thank all, in the homeland, who helped to bring cheer into our home at that time, by their letters, gifts, cards, etc. We did appreciate it all so very much and pray that God will bless you everyone.

Another year has also come and we have entered well into it by now. I have been reminded, many times, recently of the text I used for my New Year's message last year, Deut. 11:26, 27, 28: "Behold, I set before you, this day a blessing and a curse; a blessing if ye obey . . . and a curse, if ye will not obey . . ." Most of the year is before us; oh, I do pray that many may obey God, during this year and receive the blessings that He is ever ready to give to His obedient children.

I've been spending much time reading and studying Deut. God has greatly blessed me, in so doing. I've been reading Deut. 28 this morning and I read first "And it shall come to pass, if thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord, thy God to observe and to do all His commandments . . . all these blessings shall come on thee." Then it goes on to tell all the good things that God will give but a little farther on it says: "But it shall come to pass, if thou wilt NOT hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God to observe to do all His commandments . . . that all these curses shall come upon thee." And it goes on to tell all the evil things that shall befall those who disobey. How very many do seem to be forgetting God, these days! Truly we need a revival of prayer over the lands that people may waken to their needs and obey the voice of the Lord that He may be able to send blessings and not cursings upon our fair lands.

I am in the Piet Retief Hospital at present, in a six bed ward but once there were so many sick, that eight beds were put in. A number have left and we are seven here now but the only Bibles I have seen, have been my own and that of a very old English woman. She faithfully reads her Bible night and morning and folds her hands and prays. She told me that her grandfather was a Congregational missionary from England. I have talked with

her a little but her mind doesn't seem very clear and it's difficult to talk with her. The Dutch Reform minister came one day and spoke to us all and then prayed. I did enjoy that very much, even though it was in Afrikaans. I do hope to be of some help while here. I had hoped to be able to visit the native women's ward, but so far have not been allowed to, although I can walk around a little. Then the patients all speak Afrikaans and do not talk much with me. For that reason I do find it lonely but God is with me and I am happy in Him and keep watching my chance to be of service to Him. I hope to soon be home again and able to work for Him there.

The three older boys are in school here, Eugene is at Louwsburg and Mary and Kenneth all alone, at the mission. I see the boys every day, which is a big help.

The last service I attended at Altona, was quite the best for sometime. The spirit of the service was very tender and people gave very definite testimonies, which really blessed me so much. Continue to pray, dear ones, that His will may be done in our lives and that many may turn unto God during this year of 1948.

Yours in His Service,
G. M. KIERSTEAD.

Hartland Mission Station,
15th February, 1948.

Dear Friends:

Greetings in Jesus' precious name: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills . . ." This is literally what I do as I sit by my bed-room window writing to you. We are surrounded by hills on every side. Back of these hills are narrow valleys with more hills—higher hills; and beyond the higher hills are the towering mountain-peaks along the Pongolo and Pivaan rivers. At Altona Mission Station, where I just spent about two weeks, if one climbs above the station, one gets a very impressive view of the grandeur of God's handiwork. The distance was a little too great, even with the aid of a pair of binoculars, to clearly see our newly acquired church-site across the Pivaan River. PaulNkosi's home is there. We could make out the grove of Wattle trees. There they are striving to complete a new church-building from burnt brick, with an iron roof and cement floor. The people there are so eager to have this new church that they have willingly carried, on their heads, the iron roofing, etc., (they may be able to use donkeys for the cement), up and down the very steep mountain-sides, across the river to the site—a distance of approximately eight miles. When people are willing to go to that extent for the furtherance of God's Kingdom, they are putting themselves in the place where God will

bless them. It's no joke climbing up from the Pivaan river! I walked up once—and rode down on the return trip. It was a new and rather terrifying experience for me: the mountain-side was so steep I dared not dismount lest I land under the horse's belly and roll down the side of the mountain and plunge into the river. The narrow foot-path leads down over great boulders. In order to make any head-way the horse had to steady itself on its hind legs—and, raising its front hoofs together, go plunging down to the next step of rock. Charles had returned from there one day. A Government official just arrived and asked Charles after his health (as the custom is.) Charles replied that he was tired, saying where he had come from. In reply this gentleman remarked that he was not cut out for a missionary. (He had gone there to help mark out this church site.) He said by the time he had climbed those hills he would feel more like swearing at the Natives than preaching to them. In fact he would be tempted to use a shot-gun on them so he would not have to return there. Charles admitted that he was often so wearied by these long, hard trips on push-bike and horse-back, that it was a great effort to preach after he arrived.

Turning my back towards this section I faced still more rugged and steep-looking mountains. All over these almost inaccessible places, are scattered hundreds of "kraals" of practically raw heathen: unchristianized, unenlightened, lost sheep—the "other sheep . . . Them also MUST I bring" said Jesus. "Woe unto those who are at ease in Zion" when there is yet so much to do to help Jesus "bring" into the fold those "other" lost sheep. He said, "Go YE into ALL the world." Yes, even to the above referred to places. But not in our own might but in His. Did He not say "I must bring" and "lo I shall be with you even unto the end of the World"? Where our strength would fail to climb, and our feet no longer find a place to cling, the faithful Native worker can tread with apparent ease. For more of such workers let us pray. That there may be many souls won for Jesus this year who will go on with Him and be called of Him to meet this need.

Bro. Eugene, on our return Sunday from Emtuvane, pointed out Louwsburg mountain—so near as the crow flies but so far by road! Oh, the barriers, the hills, mountains and unbridged rivers make! I understand there is a large plain at the foot of this mountain where are many, many still benighted heathen. George knows about these sections far better than I. I've never been to some yet. But I'm getting around more now and, oh! how my heart is stirred! I've just received word this week that I am to be furloughed and am to