

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

"Altona",

Oct. 14, 1948.

Dear Highway Friends,

Greetings from Africa, in His dear Name!

The clock is just striking eight. The days are getting warmer and we start the day early, so as to get as much done as possible, before the extreme heat of the day begins. Some days have been so very hot but this morning it is dark and cool, so I am hoping it will be so, all day.

One morning recently I awakened with a great burden for our school, so I prayed for the teachers, their wives and children, the students, etc. Then as I felt I had prayed through about it I began to think of the children's work and how very important it was to get our children saved and established in the faith, while they are yet young. I felt so burdened about it all so again I turned to the Lord, asking His especial blessing upon those who have the cause at heart and are trying to advance this part here, and all over the world, in fact.

We were so glad to hear the good reports of the children's meetings at Beulah and Riverside and for the Daily Vacation Bible Schools, that were held during the summer.

As I am thinking about the children this morning I think I will write a little story, especially for them, hoping they will enjoy it. It's a true story and I'll begin it the way children enjoy having a story started.

Once upon a time a little boy was born in South Africa. His parents were missionaries and did their best to teach their little boy to love Jesus and to do what was right. One day his mother was talking to him about the ten commandments. Early that day he had not wanted to do what his mother told him and while they were talking he remembered it and after awhile he said he would like to add another commandment. His mother in surprise, asked what he would like to add, and he said, "Thou shalt not trouble your mother."

One day the little boy began to think of his little black playmates — you see, he had no white children to play with him—and he decided he would try to help them, so that night, after school, he asked some of his friends to stay and have a service with him, in the garden. Only two would stay so these three little boys went to the garden, behind some trees and the little missionary boy talked with them, then they all prayed together and then the little boy said "Mavela and Zacharia, you know we cannot be Christians, if we hide our sins, we must confess them all. Are you hiding any sins?" They looked very sober and then Mavela said: "Yes, I did a very bad thing one day. I threw a stone at your mother's hen and broke its leg and I was afraid to confess. I'm really afraid now to go to your mother, won't you please tell her for me?" The little boy knew about the hen and also knew that his mother would gladly forgive Mavela, so he said he would tell her for Mavela.

Then Zackaria said: "I too, did a very bad thing. I stole fruit from a neighbour." The little boy said: "We should confess our sins and ask Jesus to forgive us." The little native boys went home and the little boy came to tell his mother about Mavela and the little service. After he finished he was quiet for a minute and then he said, "Mother, while I was talking to the boys, I remembered something I hadn't confessed. Do you remember the thermometer that was broken?" She said, "Yes, I

remember." He said, "Mother, I did it and I'm sorry I didn't tell you before." Of course his mother was glad that her child wanted to do what was right.

The next morning the mother wondered why the little boy was so quiet, in his little bed. Usually he was up and dressed very early, but as she watched she saw he was awake and had his little face down in his pillow. As she watched, he suddenly lifted his head and with a shining face came over to her and said, "Mother, I've been praying. Five times I prayed a long prayer." It's very plain that God can wonderfully work in the hearts of very young children.

I've seen what God can do in the hearts of my own children and I do pray that we as workers, will help along the work of God in this direction too.

Yours, for winning our children for Jesus,  
GLADYS KIERSTEAD.

Altona Mission Station,  
October 15, 1948.

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings to you all in the precious name of Jesus.

Lately my letters to the Highway have been few and far between. When we are penned in on the Mission Station month in and month out with few people in and little taking place that would be of interest to you, I lay back and let the monthly letters which Gladys wrote so faithfully suffice for me as well. However, I see my error now since it is through the Highway that we keep in touch with all of our Christian friends in the homeland and too that Sister Gladys' letters are not my letters.

Before coming out here, yes, and ever since I was converted, I prayed, "Lord, lead me through the different experiences, hard though they may be, that will make me the best all-round-worker for thee." How God does answer prayer! And it isn't the way we with our finite minds may expect Him to either! These past three months (almost) I've had much training in nursing, cooking and running a mission house. In none of these things had I much previous training. It has seemed quite burdensome at times and it was anything but easy to see sister Gladys so sick but we know that Romans 8:28 applies. As you can see, I think I know how it applies to me but as yet we cannot understand why Sister Gladys has been laid aside from active service for her Lord when she is needed so much. It is indeed comforting though, to know that "Sometime We'll Understand." Gladys will be a long time recovering completely except the Lord undertake. We know He is abundantly able and that it is in His power to heal her instantly if He wills so to do. Friends, won't you pray hard for her healing.

During this shut-in period naturally I have had little opportunity for studying Zulu or for doing any work among the natives but the Lord does wonderfully undertake for us at such times. One Sunday no preacher was present for Altona and I did feel that the Lord was giving me this opportunity and that I must take it. So, although I was very weary and had time only to send up a quick plea for help in this my hour of need, I preached my first sermon in Zulu. Now, mind you, it wasn't an hour in length but the Lord did help me to get a message across to the natives that they understood. Since then I've preached in Zulu twice—once in a church service and once in class.

The natives are still coming for salt, for medicine, to have wounds bandaged, etc., so there are many little "extras" to add spice to the life on the mission station. Often they just laugh at me when I try to talk to them about Jesus, sometimes they look at me with a blank stare, but today I was able to persuade seven of them to stay to Sunday School. The teacher told me they seemed to enjoy it so I do hope they will return next Friday.

One of my trials during this period has been the language. If I could only talk freely and understand easily! It has been difficult for me and also for the girls. Much of their talk is like Greek to me (and I never studied it either), and the expressions on their faces when I am trying to put something across would convince me that their difficulty is no less than is mine. And yet, there are times when we simply must make ourselves understood! Here too, our Heavenly Father is helping. He is helping me to acquire more Zulu and the girls to acquire more English.

How I do long sometimes to be in a good wide-awake service—all in English! Such is my longing some Sundays here at Altona. Last Sunday I stayed with Gladys while the first preacher preached and then went over. The second preacher was launching forth when I went in and sat at the back with the usher. Nobody must take his seat until the congregation is singing. I could get enough of the message to know it was good but I knew that I was missing some choice tit-bits. Then I did think of some of our good revivals in the homeland and wish for a good service in English. Ne'er-the-less, I am very happy to be here in Africa even if I am serving the Lord in a very small way. May He help me to always "brighten the corner where I am," and never to lose an opportunity to grow into a closer relationship with Him and to become more useful in His work.

Naturally any advances that are made towards getting the Gospel to the children please me. Except the pastors and people get behind the children's work and help to push it, the situation becomes difficult indeed. Let us all determine that in every one of our churches there will be D.V.B.S. next summer and that even now "Junior Crusade" meetings are being held weekly in many if not all of our churches. May God bless and help all who are putting forth special efforts to draw the little lambs into the fold and to give them spiritual food.

Yours for souls both here and in the homeland.

MARY CAMPBELL.

P.S. Before closing this letter let me add my grateful thanks for the gifts of money I've been receiving from various D.V.B.S. and from different individuals. I'll be writing separate "Thank you" letters as soon as I can.

Love to all,

MARY.

Hartland M. S.,

September 17, 1948.

Dear Highway,

Once more we greet you from "Sunny South Africa". In my last letter I promised to tell you of the strong pull I felt to the many kraals. These were so close together, on the side of a large, long hill, that as I stood at that out-post, on another high hill, and stretched out my hand (with palm downwards), each finger seemed to rest on a Native kraal. I said to Andrew's mother, "Lucy, Oh, let's go