

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,

August 23, 1948.

Dear Highway Friends:

August has arrived again. Sister Campbell has completed a year of service, for the Master, in Africa. How well I remember a year ago this month! How excited I was when the telegram arrived, the 13th, saying she would be in Piet Retief, that very day. Then came the trip out, the hurried glimpse of her, on the train, at Moolman, and then on to Piet Retief, where she left the train. She had had a long trip alone but God was with her and I know His presence has been very near since her arrival at the Mission Station. Miss Campbell is doing well, with the language study, and already has preached twice, without an interpreter. Each time the people have understood her and are so glad she is trying to talk to them, in their own tongue.

Yesterday, the church at Kwabanakile, was dedicated to the work of the Lord. Eugene and many of the workers and people from the Transvaal walked over on Saturday—yes, and some went over on Friday too. Brother Charles Sanders and Sister Grace Sanders went by horseback from Hartland and others also went from there. Eugene returned last night, after the service, having walked most of the twenty miles up and down the mountains and across two rivers after it was dark.

Our school is on the increase. I believe we had nearly one hundred and thirty children on the register, but quite recently two of our school children have died. The first one was a little girl from another church. The cause of her death was spinal meningitis, we believe. She was a very nice little child and we are very sorry for the parents. The second one was the eldest son of Shadrach and Vesta Msili. Vesta has been a church member for years and Shadrach is a seeker but recently he hasn't been seeking very hard at all. He has now taken another wife and I hear he plans to take a third one right away. Poor Vesta has had her trials lately, with her husband taking other wives and three of her six children have died. A boy and a girl died in infancy and lately the oldest son died. Norman was a seeker, an industrious boy and a big help to his mother and grandmother. He was taken sick Saturday evening and died Sunday afternoon — it seemed the work of an evil doer. Norman was too ill to talk much but we do trust he was ready to meet God. Our hearts go out to Vesta at this time. I have not seen her but the workers say she is trusting in the Lord.

Paulina, the girl who has been working for me for nearly four years, is leaving the end of the month to be married. She is very trustworthy and we shall miss her very much. Girls who can be trusted are not too common in this land.

I have been in bed for over a month but am able to sit up in a chair by the bed, for a few minutes each day now. We have been praying and trusting God for His help at this time, and I'm expecting to soon be much improved in health and able to be up again. We do covet your prayers for us and for the work each day. The enemy of our soul is so clever and active, in these last days, it does become us to watch and pray.

Yours, resting in Him,

G. M. KIERSTEAD.

Piet Retief Hospital,  
Transvaal, So. Africa,  
August 27, 1948.

Dear Friends:

Greetings, from my sunny corner, in His dear name.

Tomorrow will be the 60th day since I came here. I hope my prolonged stay here will soon come to an end.

I have been given a pair of crutches and have used them a bit in the last four days.

I was given a "skin-tight" plaster on my leg and though the lowest fracture has not knit yet, the weight is taken by the knee and the exercise will help the circulation and quicken the healing process.

It seems a long time since the accident. It was the 30th of June at 6 p.m. a half hour after dark and I was a little over five miles from Altona, where the people were gathering for the Quarterly Meetings.

The accident occurred as I came around a bend in the road, to be faced by the oncoming vehicle some 300 yards straight ahead. I was a bit over my half of the road and swung to my left.

The oncoming light was blinding so I tipped my cap to shade my eyes and continued on for a hundred yards.

Then we met. Just a few inches, perhaps a foot further over, and I would have cleared it.

The foot gear of my cycle caught on his right running board, as did the foot-rest. My leg must of been jerked on to the running board in time to strike sideways the empty free-wheel holder then on to the mud-guard. A twist that splintered a bone or two and I lay a yard in front of the shining light of my motor-bike, four feet from the bank of the road, and parallel with it.

The driver of the pick-up drove on for 60 yards before he could pull up by the roadside, and came running back and picked me up, but oh, the pain!

I glanced at my foot, as it bent double and asked to be left alone, till he could get help. Off he ran to a store 400 yards distant, and soon returned with the storekeeper's son, in a fine big car. I was helped into the back seat and in an hour's time I was X-rayed and had the leg put in shape and bandaged.

In the first week I endured much more pain than the first day. It made me think of lost souls and how awful it would be to be without hope, of their torments being eased or ceasing. There will be no rest there, or a second chance, only regrets, which shall be as fire in one's bones. How many of the people we meet daily, or of our friends whom we know have not made peace with God and are under condemnation? And what are we doing and what should we be doing?

Lord Nelson had his flag of no retreat nailed to the mast and also these words: "England expects every man to do his duty." How much more should we be true to our calling, which was not of men, but of God, before whom we shall stand to be judged by every word we have spoken and also where we fall short. By God's grace we need not fail.

In closing I wish to thank each one for their prayers and letters of sympathy.

Yours in His keeping,

GEORGE W. L. SANDERS.

Hartland M. S.,

August 29, 1948

Dear Friends:

Beulah has come and gone and as yet we have heard but little news, but we understand

that big and far reaching changes have taken place this year. We shall be glad when we can receive a more complete picture of the change that has come over our Denomination. We rejoice for the spiritual blessings and for the souls that found victory there, at this Camp.

Last Thursday we were able to visit George in the Piet Retief Hospital, and were glad to find him out of bed, and able to get about with crutches a little. We understood that there is a possibility of his coming home soon, but do not feel that this will be wise if he still needs constant doctor's care or x-ray pictures, as we are far from these facilities. It will be a long time yet, no doubt, before the bones are fully knitted.

George's accident has made a necessary delay in his and Grace's furlough. This has given Grace time to visit quite a few of our outposts and also to make a few kraal-visiting, revival efforts. Spending from two to six or eight days visiting the natives in their homes gives one of the best chances of reaching them and leading them from darkness of heathenism to the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Here in their homes you find them where they are battling with life as it is among the natives. No doubt she will be giving you interesting accounts of some of these trips, through The Highway, or in person, after she reaches Canada.

George had been travelling far and near, with the motorcycle saving him much time and allowing him to go farther afield: but at the same time exposing him to greater dangers. His accident has cut all these trips short, and no doubt one of the hardest things he has had to endure has been the realization that he can not continue to get to the many more points he felt that he should reach before he left Africa for his furlough. But God has His purpose in every circumstance of life; and if we will let Him, He is able to "make all things work together for good." We appreciate all the prayers that have been and still are being offered on his behalf and also for the letters, etc., that have been sent him from both sides of the sea.

The Kwabanakile church-opening was one of blessing and profit both spiritually and financially. I think that all who were privileged to be present, will remember, for many days to come, the fine message brought by our latest-to-be-ordained native elder, Daniel Sukazi. He spoke of Jesus, the One who was with God before creation began. He concluded with Jesus who after His resurrection declared to His disciples that "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." His power comprehended all our earthly needs and reached beyond the grave into eternity so that the one who trusted Him had no need of fear for the present or for the future. He who set the bounds for the troubled seas, and their powerful waves obey His commands: why yet does man disobey His will? He seemed to give the true picture of the great advantage there is to the Christian, who trusts in this wonderful Jesus, as compared to the man without Him, no matter what he might chance to put his trust in.

This area, the centre of which, for us, is Hartland M. S., was proclaimed as a Native Trust area, quite a number of years ago, and the farmers owning land within this area were given till 1960, I think it is, to sell their farms voluntarily. After this date the Government can make it necessary for the land owners to sell. Recently three farms were bought by the Government under this scheme. For many