

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland Mission Station,  
Dec. 19th, 1948

Dear Friends:

It seems hard to realize that one week from today, Christmas will be past. Time surely flies! We are having our warmest weather and nice rains also. At Christmas time I do remember the snow at home, and the cold, and the gaily decorated tree, and lots of things—the lovely carols also. But I am not unhappy. No, I wouldn't want to leave Africa now and go home unless the Lord so willed. It is a great joy to work for the Lord here. We thank God for His great Gift to the world, the Lord Jesus Christ, and for the privilege of telling others of Him. May you all have had a Merry Christmas and may the New Year bring greater blessings than the past. As a people, may the Lord help us to advance and take new territory in His name.

Last Sunday we had the S. S. closing for the holiday season. I cut pictures from Christmas cards and constructed a flannelgraph of the Christmas story. The children with the highest attendance received prizes, and each child received a pin and needle book and some candy. Some of the children are very faithful in attending, and others came for only a few Sundays. Often they must shepherd the cattle or watch the grain, but in some cases the parents are not interested. It does make our hearts ache, for we do desire to see these children find Jesus as their own Saviour. So please pray for the S. School.

On Friday we will have a small celebration here for those who will not get to the Big Christmas at Altona.

At the hospital there has been a series of accidents. A boy cut his nail and part of the flesh from his thumb, requiring several trips here for dressings. Another man had the same accident with his great toe, only an ox stepped on it. On Wednesday in the middle of a marriage ceremony, a boy called me out, and I found that one of our school boys had broken his great toe at the first joint. Fortunately the police car had passed with the doctor. They had been out to investigate a suspected murder case. As they came by we asked the doctor to take a look at the boy and he took him to town to get fixed up. He is now back and I am dressing his foot daily. On Friday, Joseph Ngoza, a local preacher, while riding his bicycle, struck a rock and got a nice black eye and several other bruises which he came to the hospital to have dressed.

Another day I was called to a kraal about seven miles from here to help a young girl. As usual, the hut was full of women, each trying to give advice. At last I got them all out except those whom I needed to help me, and Charlie organized a prayer-meeting and had a good chance to preach to them. The Lord did hear and answer prayer. We had left Pam and Esther with the native girl so I was anxious to get home, and a storm was coming up also. The people almost deafened us with their joy when we told them a baby girl had arrived. They were very grateful. We got home about 5.00 p. m. to find the children well and happy. We do pray that the people in that kraal may come to the Light. None of them attend church. The mother told me she worshipped beer and snuff. I tried to talk to them about their soul's need. I hope they understood. We do not need to worry if we are faithful in sowing the seed. God is able to give the increase, as Paul said:

"I have planted, Apollos watered but God gave the increase." Pray for the seed sown.

At present three of our number are laid aside: George, Gladys and Paul Nkosi. We are daily bearing them to the throne of grace, and we do know that God is hearing and answering prayer. The enemy would like to mock us and discourage us, but we are not of those who draw back. We don't take orders from Satan. Praise God. God is our Captain and we are marching on and will conquer in His name.

Continue to pray for the sick ones, dear friends. God is able. And these dear ones who are ill—their courage is an inspiration to us all. God bless them.

The Lord continues to supply our needs, and protects us from harm and danger, seen and unseen. He gives us rest in our souls and peace that passeth all understanding. "In the shadow of His wings there is rest."

"Pray on, O soul of mine, pray on!

The Lord will keep thee true and strong,

And answer all thy prayers ere long.

With joy my soul, pray on!

Brethren, pray for us.

In His joyful service,

MYRA SANDERS

E. T. T. College,  
Vryheid, Natal,  
Jan. 30, 1949

Dear Highway Friends:

The days go by swiftly, even though I am in bed most of the time, and the past month or two the days have been brightened much by the letters, parcels, etc., from home. For the past week I have been unable to write, so I want to take this opportunity to thank all our dear friends who have remembered us with Christmas gifts, letters of cheer, etc. As I am able I shall write to each one.

Also for those who have been praying for me, I am very grateful and thank you very much. I am still very thin and weak, but God is undertaking and I am more comfortable and can breathe easier. I do praise God for His help to me and am trusting that He will continue to heal me.

My husband and Brother Charles Sanders were at Altona this week putting the roof on the new class-room. We have an extra teacher there this year. It has been extremely hot there this summer. I thank God for providing me with this cooler place and yet my heart is at Altona. I do not feel that my work is finished there. As I look back over the nine and a half years spent there and remember the many struggles, testings, etc., that I have had there, and see how wonderfully God brought me through, of the peace and comfort to be found in following and obeying Him, I think how worthwhile it has been to come to Africa, and obey the call. I have seen many become better established in the Lord, many here given themselves as seekers, many have been baptized and a number have died in the Lord during those years. Then it's been my blessed privilege to watch the raw heathen leave their sins, grow in grace and be baptized. What a privilege has been mine and, oh, I long to be well and able to do more for Jesus than I've done in the past. Dear friends, please continue to pray for me, that if it's His will I shall yet be able to do more for Him, who has done so much for me.

Our three younger boys have started to school here, and the college opens next

Wednesday. With two hundred young people on the Campus what an opportunity we will all have here.

For the past month a number of Swedish Holiness Missionaries have been here, helping with the building of the new dormitory. Several of the wives came too and I have enjoyed them visiting me. One night they all came down with two guitars, a violin and piano accordion. First, they sang "Speak to my Soul, Dear Jesus." Then "They Come from the East and West," in Swedish, and then "When the Roll is Called up Yonder I'll be There." Mr. Balman, the head teacher of the college, prayed. How I did enjoy it! It was a pleasure to know these Swedish people. The ladies certainly looked liked holiness women, in their dress too, and it was so nice to have fellowship with them.

We were so delighted to have Brother and Sister Charles Sanders and their two lovely daughters to visit us for a day. My husband got them with the car and what a pleasure it was to me as I hadn't seen them since Baby Esther was three weeks old. Now she is nearly nine months!

We haven't heard from Brother George Sanders lately, but trust that he is improving. Sister Grace is "holding the fort" at Altona now but Sister Campbell will be going to help her as soon as I am better.

I do pray that the dear Lord will give you all much blessing in your souls during 1949, and use you to help others to find Him, whom to know aright is life eternal.

Yours, resting in Him,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD

Hartland M. S.,

Jan. 10, 1949

Dear Highway Friends:

New Year Greetings, wishing you the best that God has in His plan for each Christian, who is following in the steps of Jesus.

Once again we owe an expression of gratitude to the individuals, churches, Sunday Schools, etc., who have sent us kind greetings and pretty Christmas cards, money, and parcels, with useful things inside. May the Lord bless you all abundantly for remembering your missionaries so generously. It adds a lot to Christmas in a foreign land to have these reminders of friends who are in the homeland.

Yesterday I was at one of our outposts in a native kraal and the father and mother and children thanked me for the nice clothes they had been given by Myra. I told them that they should thank God for these things, as it was a result of God's love that people in the homeland sent out parcels of clothing which made it possible for us to give these articles to the needy ones.

This morning there came an old woman who is a very poor soul. She was given a dress and some other small items. So you will get a glimpse of how much appreciated and useful these articles of clothing are out here among these dark-skinned people.

Brother and Sister Kierstead and Miss Campbell are in Vryheid, because of the serious illness of our fellow missionary, Mrs. Kierstead. We are praying that, if it is God's will, she may be restored to health again. The doctors do not give us much encouragement, but we look to God for her help.

Brother Kierstead brought George and Grace over to Hartland, so we were able to have Christmas together. Then he took us over to Altona for the Quarterly. Myra and the