

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,
South Africa,
8th May, 1950

Dear Highway Friends:

It is a beautiful evening after a beautiful day because of the very welcome coolness after the summer's exhausting heat. Soon we will be having frosts. Late rains have caused a new growth of grass so the countryside is fairly green with the exception of the garden lands. Harvesting is taking place and the natives are very busy.

I'm glad to be able to report steady progress towards recovery the last two or three weeks, and thank those who have been praying for me. It causes me much joy to be around awhile each day to do a little mission work. Daily I find opportunities to deal with precious souls. Yesterday three people were contacted, two heathen, one of which asked for us to have a service in her kraal. Our local preacher or the Bible woman and the Young People will call there as soon as possible. On the whole God is blessing in this section. Seekers are coming forward.

Last Thursday was Bible Class. More than usual attended. Rev. Daniel Sukazi was too late. He is usually here two hours early to give his reports. He is very keen, spiritual and zealous for the Lord. He gave a thrilling report of his trip to Ermelo with Rev. Johanisi Nkosi (Piet Retief). There is a wide area there hungry for the gospel. At one place six gave themselves as seekers. At another nine and two babies were dedicated. Some of these seekers are Usutus, a different dialect from the Zulu. At the close of the afternoon class the workers gathered together for a special class where they testify to their spiritual state and tell any problem on which advice is needed or seek help for personal trials. This was conducted by Daniel Sukazi. It was a sweetly blessed little "class." Bible Woman Traifina cried and told us the burden over those Usutus which came to her when Daniel gave his report. She says that many years ago God showed her, in a dream, a people of a strange dialect. She was preaching to these through an interpreter. She wondered if these Usutus' are not the people of her dream. She wept over being a woman. If only she were a man! She is more and more concerned over the lost and carries a real burden for souls. As the closing hymn was being sung Daniel burst out into sobs, and exclaimed: "Oh! those lost souls!" He said: "Seekers are from three sections, far enough apart to place three workers. But where are the workers? Unless workers can be placed there soon these seekers will be lost to us. Pray that God will show to us the solution to this problem!"

Two weeks ago God saw fit to take to Himself one of our young preachers from Entungwini. He came to us from another denomination. He was so interested in the work that Samuel was assisted by him from time to time, at homes where he was unable to go. Samuel is old and because of having lost a leg, is greatly handicapped, so when he united with us he was soon put up as a preacher. He was humble, earnest and faithful and brought in a fine report at April's Quarterly Meeting here. Brother Kierstead was just saying how fortunate we were to have him to help out there. No stranger would be welcomed there (to live there) because those living there want all the garden lands for themselves. So we feel the

loss to the work of this fine young man very keenly! The call came suddenly. They tell us he awoke in the night, the day before he died. Hearing some one calling, he went outside to see who it was. His brother was sick in a hut close by. He went to ask if he had called him. "No! I did not call you I heard no one call you either." The voice called him two or three times. He went to the "Big" Sunday at Kipanyawo and gave a good testimony four days before. The day of his promotion he was very busy reaping, chopping brush for the grain hut. He quit work much earlier than usual and went into his hut. His wife heard him singing and praying. She thought some one, as usual, had come asking him to pray for them. But the prayer she heard him utter startled her, "Oh, my Lord, if this means it is my time to go, receive my spirit, I pray!" She went to him at once. "What, are you alone here? What are you praying about?" He told her he had a severe pain in his chest and back. Asked for hot water. A brother came to see him while water was being heated. He dashed the water over his chest and arms, which pained too. As per his request, his wife wrung a towel out of the hot water and placed it over the pain between his shoulders. He immediately collapsed and died. He leaves besides his widow, four children. "Pray ye therefore Lord of the Harvest that He will send forth labourers into the harvest."

Yours for souls,

GRACE SANDERS

A LETTER FROM GLADYS KIERSTEAD

P. O. Box 33,

Vryheid, Natal

Dear Highway Friends:

Such a beautiful Easter Sunday it is! I do feel such a thanksgiving in my heart today because Jesus died for me. How wonderful that we can have the Risen Saviour with us at all times.

My thoughts and prayers are directed especially towards Altona these days, as the Quarterly Meetings started there on Wednesday. We had such a day of rain on Wednesday that it was impossible to leave, but Thursday afternoon my husband, Reginald, Sister Campbell, our native girl and the little girl who stays with us and goes to school—Rev. Paul Nkosi's second daughter—left for Altona. They planned to take others from Paulpietersburg and go down into Hartland to get Rev. Charles Sanders and family. I expect the roads were very bad but we have been praying for journeying mercies and great blessings upon the services.

For a month now I have been gradually improving and it's so wonderful to be able to move around our home again. Each day I feel a little stronger and am more steady on my feet; have been able to take short rides in the car and can do quite a bit with my hands. After the worst heart attack of November, 1948, all the doctors said that my heart was completely worn out and I could not live but a few months but I am still here and better than I have been for two years and I do give God the glory and praise Him with all my heart.

We have had good reports of the work lately. At one place, where two of our workers had special services, I think it was 18 who gave themselves to the Lord. We do praise God for it all and are trusting to hear of yet greater victories at other places.

The days are getting cooler, soon winter

will be here while you will be enjoying summer weather in Canada. May God keep us faithful, as the days come and go, is my prayer.

Yours for souls,

G. M. KIERSTEAD

Box 33,

Vryheid, Natal, S. A.,

May 14, 1950

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings to you all in the name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. It is a long time since I last wrote but you have been much in my thoughts.

Haven't we much to praise the Lord for! Truly, He is a wonderful Saviour! Sometimes Satan makes things look dark and gloomy, but we who know the Lord can see the silver lining in the dark clouds.

This is a beautiful fall day, warm and sunny. Some fall days here in Vryheid are cold and miserable, but not today. Brother Kierstead has gone to one of our outposts for Communion Sunday. Sister Gladys isn't feeling too marvellous so she hasn't been getting up the last few days. We do praise the Lord for the way He has undertaken for her, but apparently it wasn't His will to heal her instantly, and it does look as if the road back to perfect health may be hard climbing. At the moment symptoms indicate a touch of malaria, but we are not sure.

I don't believe I have written since the Quarterly at Altona. What a feast of Spiritual things! All of the white missionaries were there except Sister Gladys and three of her boys. Two stayed home with her and Harold is in Johannesburg. Needless to say, in between meetings we did considerable talking and visiting, but the meetings were great right through. What thrilled me most was to hear Johanisi's boy, Shadrach, declare his call to preach and later to see him follow the Lord in the ordinance of Baptism and join the church. He needs your prayers as there is many a pitfall for these young people. With him was another very promising boy from Piet Retief who was baptized and joined the church. Friends, if your boys about thirteen years of age have any extra clothes, what better thing could you do with them than to help these boys? I did feel sorry that Shadrach didn't have a good suit the day he joined the church, but his parents have had great difficulty to care for their big family, and this boy has had the misfortune to lose all of his clothes on two different occasions, once while crossing the river and once he left them on the train.

My place seems to be here in Vryheid for a little while yet as I don't see how Sister Gladys could manage without me. We are talking D. V. B. S. for July, but I do hope she is well enough that I won't be afraid to leave her. Meanwhile I've been trying "to do with all my might whatsoever my hand findeth to do." I've been teaching a Sunday School class of girls here at E. T. T. C. Now though that Sister Gladys is able for me to leave for week-ends to get out to our different outposts, I'm going to give up this class. Besides, for some time I've been taking weekly lessons in Zulu. Naturally these require extra time for study. These things, along with my regular duties, have provided work enough to keep me out of mischief. It is a big help to know that I am in the centre of His will. When the cloud