

CORRESPONDENCE

Grey's Mills, N. B.

To The Highway:

The monthly missionary meeting of the Reformed Baptist Church of Grey's Mills was held Tuesday evening, August 10th. Opened by President. Opening hymn, "The End is Not Yet." Prayer by Brother Wesley Cosman and Sister Ida Hayes. Singing, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross." Minutes of last meeting read. Testimony and speech, Bro. Wesley Cosman. Reading, Miss Jean Scott, of Saint John; testimony, Mrs. Rodgers; testimony, Mrs. Wesley Cosman; reading, Miss Ida Lake; testimony by W. W. Patterson; testimony by Mrs. W. W. Patterson; singing, "A Charge to Keep I Have." Testimony, Miss Dora Bradley; testimony, Miss Grace Williams; reading, Miss Lucy Bradley; testimony, Miss Lena Williams; testimony, James Bradley; reading, Miss Jetta Rodgers; testimony, Mrs. Wilson; singing, "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus." Testimony, George Reed; reading, Alice Bradley. During service the offering was taken. Closing hymn, "Seeking to Save." Benediction by president.

Grey's Mills, N. B.

Dear Bro. Trafton: Just a few lines to make known to you the progress of our little church. Although we are without a pastor, the Lord has been very good since Beulah in providing us with a speaker.

On July 13th our returned missionary, Sister Faith Sanders, was with us for a prayer meeting in the evening also Rev. Miss Slipp. The congregation, which was larger than usual, enjoyed a very pleasant evening. Sister Faith gave a very instructive and enjoyable address on "Missionary Life," after which she showed many curios given her by the natives of South Africa to show their appreciation of the Word sent heathen darkness.

Rev. Mrs. Kierstead was with us on July 25th in the afternoon. The message she brought to us was well enjoyed by all. In the evening she held a well attended service at Lower Kingston. At the close a few stood for prayer. Also Sister Kierstead led our prayer service on July 3rd. A goodly number were present. Although her message was very short, all were abundantly blessed. During the testimony period, in which all took part, a special blessing was granted us.

On August 1st Sister Faith Sanders was again with us. The stirring message she brought to us was very well delivered and all were deeply touched and greatly blessed. She again showed the people a few of the curios which the natives of South Africa have sent.

On August 3rd Bro. George Rogers was with us for prayer service Tuesday evening. He delivered to us a beautiful message from the 23rd Psalm. Again each one present testified and we certainly had a feast of good things. The Lord simply poured His blessing on our soul for which we praise Him.

On the 22nd, the Lord willing, we expect to have Rev. Mr. Kierstead with us. He will have a service and baptism in the morning; also a service in the evening at Grey's Mills. He will hold service in the afternoon at Lower Kingston.

We praise the Lord for these new souls

and are looking forward for a wonderful day.

We feel greatly encouraged with the work in this little community and trust and pray for a richer harvest in the future.

Your brother in Christ,

S. H. BRADLEY,
per A.A.B.Fredericton, N. B.,
Aug. 24th, 1926.

Dear Highway:

The writer had the pleasure of spending Sunday, the 22nd, with the good people at Grey's Mills, preaching twice during the day, and baptized three happy converts in the river after the morning service, all members of Bro. Bradley's family. Their names were as follows:—Alice, David and Faith. The last named is only ten years of age. Bro. and Sister Bradley have a wonderful family—four boys and five girls, all now Christians. May they all continue "faithful unto death that they may receive the crown of life." We also preached at Kingston in the afternoon on Sunday and two stood for prayers. We enjoyed very much meeting these dear ones in both places and preaching to them.

Yours in His Service,

I. F. KIERSTEAD.

Beulah Camp,
July 13th, 1926.

Dear Friends:

The last letter I wrote was from Africa, and now this is from your beautiful Camp ground. That seems very wonderful to me. Perhaps you would like to hear a little of the journey that lies between.

We were in the midst of a sweeping revival this time last year, and for seven months had seen at least a soul a day brought through to victory. The Lord had for thirty-seven months blessed me with Divine strength and health, enabling me to launch out in the work as never before, and His service in that dark land was very sweet and blessed. Then, on August 7th, 1925, He suddenly and completely withdrew that gift, laid me aside from His service, and through the next long six months plainly revealed it as His will and purpose that I should leave Africa and come home to Canada. Well, praise His name! It was not easy, but His will is certainly blessed, and I thank God today for the sweet privilege of being in Canada in His will.

I promised Him that at the end of January I would write and let you know. You saw the letter in the Highway. Oh, how He blessed my soul after that act of obedience. The two months which intervened were one long good-bye to Africa, and when that cable arrived on March 30th, "Come home for Beulah; remitting," I could feel the welcome right across the sea. My last faint hope of staying in Africa died, and my soul which had been crying that very day, "How is my soul straitened!" (for the pressure had grown from day to day, and the enemy whispered, "Oh, it will take a long time for them to raise the money, and maybe they will not bring you home at all; it will probably be six months at least," and I felt as if I could not live that long, inactive where the need is so great and so real.) Now my

release was signed, and my soul leapt up in gratitude that sent the tears coursing down my cheeks as I read it again and again, even while my heart seemed to break with the thought of so soon being torn away from my loved ones, and the more beloved work. Right here I want to say a great big THANK YOU from the bottom of a full heart to every precious soul who contributed so promptly, freely and willingly to that passage fund. Oh it has been so wonderful to me to see God's hand in it all like this, and to know that you, His children were shewn it to be His will. God bless you good for it.

I left on April 3rd to visit Paul and Ruth on their lonely Mission Station in Zululand, before putting the sea between us. A week was spent in Durban getting my outfit, passport, passage booked, etc., and while going about that city all alone on all this business, the presence of Jesus Christ was made very manifest to me. Riding in the tram car, or sitting in an office, a voice would speak sweetly to my soul: "Jesus is here," and the sick desolate feeling of loneliness and fear would go from my heart. One sunny morning, crossing the city square alone, I caught the glimmer of something shiny by my side and looking down to see what it was, was caused to realize that a shining angel moved on either side. From that moment all fear left me and I was ready to go with Jesus alone to the ends of the earth.

After having waited a week in Durban for a reply from Paul, stating that he would meet me at Hluhluwe railway station, I gave up hope of being able to visit him, and booked my seat home. Then the telegram arrived and I was overjoyed at the prospect of seeing my dear brother and sister. The Lord gave me a safe and prosperous journey and the privilege of leading a soul to Him which rejoiced my heart. A kind neighbor of theirs took me in a motor car to the foot of "Makowe Mountain," where Paul's native boy met me with his horse "Prince." The ride up the hill in the cool of the evening was very enjoyable, and as I rode up to the gate of that old mission station, Paul and Ruth and dear little Hope and Grace all came down to meet me. Here the curtain falls! I leave you to picture the fond greeting. They were all very eager to introduce me to a certain young gentleman whom I was very anxious to meet—little Frank Norman, their son and heir, just five months old was certainly a bonny baby; and during the fifteen days of my stay there he had only one crying spell and that was one night when he was not well. The rest of the time he lay kicking and cooing or sleeping in his little cot making little demand upon his busy mother's time and sympathy.

Makowe Mission Station was established before ours; in fact, Ruth, Paul's wife, was born there. Her parents worked there for several years. The S.A.G.M. Native Bible School and a thriving mission work was carried on there. For years the work was successful, but grievous wolves entered in, the flock was scattered and for some time there has been little mission work carried on there. Paul and Ruth came to a desolate wilderness, overgrown and neglected both spiritually and materially. I believe there were two men and

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