

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,  
Jan. 12th, 1942

Dear Highway Friends:

The days slip by rapidly and I believe it has been over a month since I wrote my last Highway letter. Christmas of 1941 is past and I hope you all had a blessed Christmas season. Now we have entered upon a new year. We know not what it holds for us but we do know that if we keep in His will God will stay by us at all times, for we have His promise that He will never leave us nor forsake us. Praise Him!

We had a very nice Christmas. The weather was fairly cool and several friends here remembered us as well as overseas friends. We want to thank all those who sent us cards, letters, etc. It all helped to make the Christmas season a happy one and we thank you, and we also thank God, the giver of all good and perfect gifts, for all His blessings to us.

We also had a nice watch night service. We began the service at 9.30 p. m., Dec. 31st, and the meeting ran until 2.30 on New Year's morning. We began New Year's Day by morning prayers and at eleven we had a service too. Since coming to Africa I have never been in a sweeter service. The Spirit of God seemed so near to us and at the altar service, at the close, the Lord very graciously blessed me as I poured out my heart to Him in prayer.

The afternoon service was well attended. Johannis preached and many testified. We had a special time of prayer in that service. First, we asked God to strengthen us spiritually during the new year; secondly, we asked His help that wars might cease, and thirdly we asked for rain, for the sun was fairly burning up our gardens. We have had more rains recently, for which we do thank God.

We are expecting to soon have two weddings at Altona. One is to take place next week and one the week after. The first wedding is to be that of our worker, Samuel's daughter and a young man who was baptized at our last quarterly meeting. The next one will be that of our worker, Trifina Msibi's daughter and a young man of another church. We thank God for young people who desire to go in the Christian way and we trust that they may establish real Christian homes.

We are having a quarterly meeting at Hartland the last of the month. We trust that it will be a time of blessing to all who attend.

We are praying that God will graciously bless during the winter months at home, and that there will be a real ingathering of precious souls for the Master. May God bless you all and give you rich blessings during this year of 1942.

Yours in Him,

GLADYS KEIRSTEAD

## THE SIX REQUIREMENTS

William H. Leach says it takes six things to make a great preacher. Here they are:

1. A divine call which will not be evaded.
2. A consciousness that he has a message for hungry souls.
3. A well-grounded knowledge of God's revelation to men.
4. The passion for souls which will not let him rest.
5. An enthusiasm for work which makes his task joyous.
6. Praying laymen to hold up his hands.

Given these six conditions, even the one-talented man will challenge the attention of the world.

—The Church Press.

## THE BENEFIT OF A HANDICAP

Address given to the students and faculty of the Bible College at Intercession City, Florida, by W. Edmund Smith:

I am glad indeed of this privilege of addressing you students this morning. I confess that I come with some diffidence in view of the great messages you have been hearing the past two weeks and especially that masterly address by Dr. Mills yesterday morning. But God has given it to some men to shoot big guns. The most of us must be content to shoot little pistols. But a little pistol can do some execution at short range provided it be not loaded with a blank cartridge.

I want to read from Paul's 2nd letter to the Corinthians, 12th chapter, beginning at the 7th verse: And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me, and He said unto me, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me . . . For when I am weak then am I strong."

Paul was pre-eminently the theologian of the N. T. What Jesus taught in germ, Paul more fully amplified. Jesus knew that the disciples, with their carnal hearts, could not keep the wonderful precepts of the sermon on the Mount. He must die, rise from the dead and send the Holy Ghost upon them before they could do that. But Paul looked back to a place of salvation fully consummated and could cry, "Come! for all things are now ready!"

Paul was the incarnation of his own preaching. He never had to apologize for inconsistent conduct. He held himself up as an example of moral rectitude. "Follow me as I follow Christ." The things that ye have received and seen and heard of me do, and the God of peace shall be with you." Such exhortations don't sound like the 7th chapter of Romans. Paul's experience is in the 8th chapter.

But in spite of the wonderful revelations Paul received, he never claimed to be a superman. We are inclined to think him as such. But when we read his confession as found in the Scripture I have read, we see he was a man of like passions and limitations as ourselves. We see him here groaning with a thorn in the flesh, some physical affliction, the devil used to buffet and discourage him. Paul took it to the Lord in prayer. Not merely ejaculatory cries, but I believe, periods of intercession. After perhaps a long night of prayer, no response came from God. Again he pleaded, perhaps saying as we sometimes have said, "Oh, God take this thing from me, for thus I could become more efficient in Thy service," but no answer came. The third vigil brought an answer, but not the one Paul desired. Jesus sweetly whispered, "Paul, my grace is sufficient for thee, My strength is made perfect in weakness."

Immediately Paul's eyes were opened to see that the thing he had regarded as an affliction was a blessing in disguise. Even Paul was in danger from the abundant revelations given unto him of becoming exalted. He who climbs the highest in grace, walks the most humbly, and always sees the possibility of a fall. The folks who live down in the cellar of their nature can never fall. They are down all the while. Now Paul stands on the victory side

of his affliction and will not only endure it, but glory in it; will praise God for it, and make it a stepping stone to still greater spiritual advancement. So my theme this morning is the benefit of a handicap or the advantage of a disadvantage.

1st. Consider the disadvantage of our environment due to our humble parentage. Most of us if we had had any choice would have chosen to be born in a home of wealth and affluence, and of parents who held a proud place in society. These things look the more desirable to the carnal heart. But when grace has wrought a complete change, we see things differently, especially when we have travelled on to three-score years and ten.

I well remember, not far from my home, when a boy, there were two men who gained wealth, rising from humble circumstances. Both these men had three sons. I attended school with one of those boys, a handsome fellow, well dressed, a gold watch and chain. He could drive a fine horse and carriage. He married at twenty-one a beautiful girl. But I saw him die at twenty-six, the victim of his own dissipation. The father died a bloated libertine. The other two boys of that family died young.

The other man became a lumber and cotton king. He built for his sons beautiful homes and lavished upon them his money. I well remember seeing those young men driving by our humble home on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, their splendid matched teams, made more attractive by their silver-mounted harness. They were attached to elegant carriages, and the fashionably clad occupants rode along leisurely. How my poor foolish carnal heart envied the lot of the rich man's son! We were not poor in comparison with the average, but in comparison with these others, we were poor. I almost despised my hard-working father because we hadn't even a light carriage at that time. But we saw that rich man and his sons all fade away in their ways. One son died of delirium tremens. How many times I have thanked God I had to toil and battle for all I got! Had wealth been lavished upon me, I would have been carried down to death and hell as even they. So my young friends, I do not speak disrespectfully. I judge that the most of you are travelling the same path I trod—that of labor and toil. You may think it to be a handicap. I congratulate you on your advantage. It may not lead you to greatness like it led Abraham Lincoln, the rail splitter, or James Garfield, the mule-driver, or Calvin Coolidge, the country store-keeper's son, or Herbert Hoover, the son of a Quaker preacher-woman. I contend that you may have a nobler greatness than that of proud positions, even that of self-mastery that makes "him that ruleth his own spirit greater than he that taketh a city." If you keep in the will of God you will thank Him for the battle you have had to fight, because of the small financial resources of your home.

2nd. Some of us felt home discipline and parental restraint were a handicap to our happiness and personal good. The prodigal son felt that way and he soon landed in the pigsty. I, when a lad, used to reckon the years when I could go where and when I wanted to go, and do as I pleased. My father brought us children up, and brought us up oft-times with a sudden surprise. We had no option about going to Sunday school or church. We had prayer twice a day and grace at every meal. No going in swimming or rolling the logs in the river Sundays. Father had a pew in the