

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona, Jan. 2, 1945

Dear Highway Friends:

Happy New Year to you all! Another year has passed and we are beginning a new one. I pray that God will bless us all and use us to advance His cause.

Today has been rather cool but we have had very hot days recently. One day the thermometer registered 104 in the shade of the verandah. As I sat writing that afternoon, with windows open on either side, the breeze coming in, felt like the heat from an open oven door.

Well, our Quarterly Meeting and Christmas feast and tree that we had planned so much for is over. The Lord wonderfully undertook for us and the weather was very cool all through the services. The crowds were large from the first.

The Thursday, Friday and Saturday Bible classes were led by Brother George Sanders, Brother Charles Sanders and the writer respectively. Early prayers and afternoon and evening services were led by the native workers.

Friday was a wonderful day for the natives. We had our usual morning services and about one o'clock the workers gathered on the Mission house verandah while the people sat in front on the grass. A short shower of rain troubled us a little, but the people went into buildings for a short time, but soon gathered again and the service went on. Three native preachers and Brother George Sanders gave short addresses and after a good season of prayer and the benediction, the work of the Christmas tree began.

Some of the young men had brought a funny little tree and our boys had trimmed it in red and green and the gifts were mostly piled underneath.

I was surprised at the number of nice little gifts that I received and I am sure that I appreciated them as much as you good people in the homeland enjoyed your more expensive gifts.

You may be interested to hear a few:

From one of our workers I received 7 ears of corn, three others each gave me 12c; another a tumbler and another a little dish of carrots. A dish of goat meat came from Johannesi (this was not on the tree) and two others each gave me a cake of soap.

I also received two hens. They take a feather from the hen and put it through a slip of paper. The name is written on and who it's from and the paper is tied on the Christmas tree. Later they bring the hen. I also had a goat (I haven't seen it yet, but received a slip of paper on the tree, telling me about it), also several pieces of grass work, etc. I did appreciate it all a great deal.

We were unable to get matches for the crowd, but we did get enough to give all the workers a box. They also received slip-on Bible covers. To the three ordained preachers we gave black ties. Needles are very scarce and I had saved about fifty and also fifty safety pins and a bag of tiny candies. After the work of the Christmas tree was well started I took my things and went out

into the crowd. I did enjoy it so much. I tried to give all of our school women either a needle or pin and to every child present I gave a few candies. It wasn't much, but I believe they enjoyed it.

The day ended nicely for the natives. Many pots of meat and mealie rice had been prepared and they do enjoy meat. It was a sight worth seeing, the groups of natives sitting around in a circle with food in the centre. They ate with their hands, the meat first and then the rice.

An evening service was held that night and was well attended.

Sunday was a very cool day. We had the usual morning prayer service and after breakfast the people gathered at the river where eleven girls and women were baptized.

The ordination service was held in the afternoon. I was so glad to be present. The Spirit of the Lord was present and many were moved to tears, especially during the ordination prayer by Brother Charles Sanders.

The two outstanding services, to me, were those of Thursday and Sunday afternoons. Thursday afternoon Samuel Mavimbela and Talida Nzima were the speakers. Samuel read the first few verses of Romans 8, especially stressing the point that we must walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit; also the words from verse 6, "for to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

Talida followed, reading from Rev. 3 and using as her text, part of verse 1: "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." Talida usually talks so fast that I get little of her sermons, but I heard almost all, that afternoon, and got a real blessing from her words.

Eugene made the announcements at the close, and gave a special call to prayer, that we might examine ourselves to see if we had a name only, but were dead. A grand prayer service followed which was a wonderful blessing to me.

Eugene preached Sunday afternoon from Ez. 34—a charge to the shepherds. I believe it caused us all to remember our responsibilities and duties, to properly instruct those under our care.

This Quarterly Meeting was a real encouragement to me. The more I know of Zulu the more I am enjoying the Zulu services. I can see an improvement in my hearing of the language, since our July Quarterly Meeting and I thank God for it.

Everyone left either Sunday night or Monday morning. Sister Grace Sanders was unable to get here but we were glad that Brothers George and Charles were present.

Sunday night we had a watch-night service here. A heavy rain in the afternoon kept a good many from attending but those who were able to attend, felt it was a good service. It has been very warm with no rains for some time, so the people were very grateful for the rain.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.

The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

Yours in His service,

GLADYS M. KIERSTEAD

DON'T BURY YOUR TALENT

By Rev. W. E. Isenhour

You may have but one small talent, but don't bury it; turn it over to God and let Him use it. He can make more out of one talent than you can out of many. It is a known fact that very talented men oftentimes never accomplish anything great and worthwhile. They have the ability, but not the desire, the aim, the purpose, the will and the determination. They settle down to go the way of the evil world, and bury their talents, or let the devil bury them. However, those who really and truly give themselves to God to be used of Him are always the blessed people of the earth. They live for things worth while. God gives them gracious opportunities, and they use them to their good, to the good of others, and to God's glory.

I am reading a book entitled "An Irish Saint," which is the life of Ann Preston, better known to the world as "Holy Ann." This Irish woman was very poorly talented. She seemed to have but one very small talent, but it was given over completely to God. She was absolutely uneducated. Only went to school a few days in her life. She could not even learn the alphabet, but later on was wonderfully converted and sanctified, and became a saint of God indeed. Her prayer life was unusual. It is enough to put almost every Christian upon his or her knees more in prayer, far more, than the average man or woman prays. One of the miracles of her life was the fact that God enabled her to read the Bible without being taught. She never could read anything else. This is proof of what God can do for one who is wholly given up to Him. He takes the weak to confound the mighty. Praise His holy name.

Tens of thousands have heard of "Holy Ann," many of whom have read the story of her life, and realized that she lived nobly and died triumphantly and that her life was a mighty benediction to the world. When "Holy Ann" died, the Mayor of Toronto, Canada, said: "I have had two honors this week. It was my privilege to have an interview with the President of the United States. This is a great honor. Then I have been pall-bearer to Holy Ann. Of the two honors, I prize the latter most."

Reader, don't bury your talent. Let God use it. If you can't accomplish anything great and outstanding, you can become mighty in prayer, thereby blessing mankind and helping them heavenward. What is really greater! This is life's better way.—The Vanguard.

THE MISSIONARY'S BURDEN

It isn't the work that wears us,
At least not what we do;
But that which is left undone
When our busy day is through.

It isn't the work that kills us
But the strange, indifferent life
Of those who, too, are Christians,
But stand aloof from the strife.

It's seeing the sin and sorrow
That even children must bear;
And saying, "No" to the people
Who beg for loving care.

It's keeping up the struggle,
That we abroad must live:
Without the friendly backing
Which you at home could give.

—Gospel Herald