

Go Ye Into All the World and Preach the Gospel to Every Creature

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Highway Readers:

Altona M. S.,
Feb. 17th, 1946

One of the worst droughts in the history of South Africa has been broken by the mercy of the Lord, and the land, at least in our section, is now almost too wet. We have not had so much rain in so short a time since we came out here. God has been good, for the spectre of hunger is giving way to a promise of plenty.

The last few weeks I have once more been reduced to travelling by bicycle as the rear axle of my old Studebaker is broken. I have been trying to get it replaced but so far I have not succeeded. The lack of a car is rather awkward as we have no means of bringing our children home from school for the week-end once in a while.

The planting season rush has given me an opportunity to do some gardening myself. I have been busy planting corn, peanuts, beans, and sweet potatoes. The prolonged rains have given an excellent opportunity to transplant trees and to start others from seed as well. Fruit makes a very fine addition to one's diet besides being very tasty. I have also been giving some of our native neighbors young trees in an effort to encourage them to grow fruit for themselves and overcome their superstition about planting trees.

It is pathetic to see natives so bound by fear and superstition. Almost every aspect of their lives is governed and restrained by fears and taboos. They are in constant fear of death in some form or other. They are even fearful of planting fruit trees for fear other natives, seeing their good fortune, will poison them. It is quite common to hear the remark, "It's no use to plant trees for you will never live to eat the fruit."

The last few mail days have caused considerable excitement in our household as letters and Christmas parcels have arrived in bunches. Even yet some of our letters take three or more months to arrive; others arrive in about a month. To those we don't get around to thank personally with a letter in the near future we say a hearty 'thank you and the Lord bless you.'

I was quite interested a few days ago to read that there was an Association for the Promotion of Scriptural Holiness here in South Africa. I am trying to get in touch with the promoters to see if we could not have occasional fellowship with 'others of like precious faith.' The African Evangelistic Band is another organization whose aim is the spread of Holiness although it seems to have a re-

semblance to the Oxford Movement so-called and the Keswick outlook.

As far as I know we have no old and well established Holiness churches or missions nearby at all. The Church of the Nazarene must be nearly 150 miles away by road. Wesleyan Methodists and Pilgrim Holiness people are still farther away. Some of you may be surprised to know that the Baptist Church out here is strongly orthodox especially as regards Conversion, and, Holiness as a second definite work of grace is experienced by some. I have been glad to note that South African churches as far as I know them are less influenced by modernism than their counterparts in Canada. There is more emphasis on Bible reading, prayer and evangelism.

We are looking forward to hearing about good services at Beulah and praying that you may have the best Camp Meetings yet.

Yours in Him,

E. A. M. KIERSTEAD

HIS LAST REQUEST

Matt. 28:18-19; Acts 1:8

His last request—wilt thou still say Him
"Nay"

The night draws on, and swiftly wanes the
day,
And many are the sheep that, far astray,
The mountains roam.

His last request—e'en now the harvest fair
Is white with grain, but laborers are rare.
Dost thou not wish in their blest work to
share,
And bring sheaves home?

His last request—hear'st not the heathen sigh,
Nor heed'st the prisoner's chain and bitter cry,
"Come over NOW, and help us ere we die,
And bring us aid!"

His last request—dost thou not hear Him
plead,
When His true servants tell how sore the
need?
Can'st say, thou lovest Him, yet take no heed?
Art thou afraid?

His last request—upon thy listening ear
The summons fall, and that from year to year;
For Him thou countest still the cost too dear.
He died for thee!

His last request—He waiteth day by day;
Souls sit in darkness, knowing not the way
He asketh thee to go, wilt thou answer:
"Nay,"
Or, "LORD, SEND ME?"

MISSIONARY SLOGANS

The following missionary slogans which have come down to us throughout the years are today considered classic. The Church of God may well take pride in these sayings and their authors are identified by them.

1. Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God.—*William Carey.*
2. Now let me burn out for God.—*Henry Martin.*
3. The world is my parish.—*John Wesley.*
4. I die for the Baganda, and purchase the road to Uganda with my life.—*Bishop Hannington.*
5. I will go down, but remember that you must hold the ropes.—*William Carey.*
6. The end of the exploration is the beginning of the enterprise.—*David Livingstone.*
7. The prospects are as bright as the promises of God.—*Adoniram Judson.*
8. I have seen in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been.—*Robert Moffat.*
9. Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything.—*John Eliot.*
10. The word discouragement is not in the dictionary of the kingdom of heaven.—*Melinda Rankin.*
11. Keep to work; if cut off from one thing take the next.—*Cyrus Hamlin.*
12. God helping me, I will go myself.—*Melinda Rankin.*
13. Oh, that I could dedicate my all to God. This is all the return that I can make Him.—*David Brainerd.*
14. We are playing at missions.—*Alexander Duff.*
15. We can do it if we will.—*Samuel J. Mills.*
—*Selected.*

GO YE

There's a call from the far off heathen land;
Oh, what can we do for the great demand?
We have not wealth, like the rich man's store;
We will give ourselves; we have nothing more.
We will give our feet; they shall go and go
'Till the heathen's story the world shall know.
We will give our hands, till their work shall turn
To the gold we have not, but they can earn.
We will give our eyes the story to read
Of the heathen's sorrow, the heathen's need.
We will give our tongues the story to tell,
Till the Christian hearts shall with pity swell.
We have little to give; but by and by
We may have a call from the voice on high—
"To bear My gospel o'er land and sea,
Into all the world go ye, go ye."
Though of silver and gold we have none at all.
We give ourselves, for we hear that call.—*Sel.*