

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

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,

August 16th, 1947

Dear Highway Friends:

At last our new missionary has arrived. Miss Mary Campbell is at Altona. Thank the Lord for journeying mercies and for an increase in the missionary forces. We pray that the Lord will make her a blessing to us and to the African church.

Our spring has just appeared around the proverbial corner; the mulberry and pomegranate trees are nearly leafed out and the frogs have started their first serenade. May God infuse new life into His people and cause the Gospel seed to grow in other darkened hearts.

The Bible school has been open for two full weeks—fourteen hungry minds are drinking at the fountain of wisdom and knowledge. It is a real pleasure to teach pupils who are eager to learn and who are mature enough to appreciate what is being done for them. Others would like to be present but are tied at home by other duties. Rev. Metula is moving and building a new home on our new Grootspuit property (Calvary Mission), and Rev. P. Nkosi has been getting bricks burned for the new Kwabanakile church building.

We recently had a visit from the Government Ethnologist, who is making a survey of native life and advancement towards civilization. He wanted to know the main facts about our Mission work—the number of members, churches, schools and pupils, and so on. We were able to report 200 members, 165 pupils, 15 preaching places and 4 schools. This of course is only in the Transvaal.

Building operations at Kipenyawa are held up temporarily on account of the Bible school and for the need of building materials, but as soon as we can get two or three to build we shall be able to finish the walls and roof.

Our new Elder, Daniel Sukazi, has started to visit our Transvaal outposts and be greeted by the various congregations. The Ntuvane people greeted him with a collection of over a dollar. Tomorrow he is to go to Little Mapondleni (D. V.) The Altona teacher and I are planning to go as well; we shall travel about half the fifteen miles by bicycle and the remaining distance on foot.

A good number of workers were on hand on Thursday's Class Day and were able to see and greet our new missionary. Rev. J. Nkosi preached from I. Peter 1:15: "Be ye holy in all your walk" (as it has been translated into the Zulu). It was a heart-searching and inspiring message. The question emphasized was, were they as Zulus, just emerging from heath-

enism, really holy in all phases of their life or not, or were they still clinging to some of their old fears and superstitions?

We praise the Lord for the good reports of revivals in the Canadian churches. Let the good work go on.

Yours in His vineyard,

EUGENE A. M. KIERSTEAD

THAT NIGHT OF PRAYER

One missionary and his wife labored on a certain island thirteen years. He and his wife sowed the gospel with tears, amid much persecution and opposition. This missionary at last became heartbroken to see the want of success, and he came to us and pleaded with us to let him go to one of the other islands where the people were crying out for a missionary. But we said to him, "You have acquired the language in the island where you are placed, and translated the New Testament into it, and we could have no one that would gain your influence there for many years to come. Hold on, and we will all pray for you that God's Spirit may be poured out upon your work, and we hope ere long that you will have cause to praise God for the triumphs of the gospel of His love."

The missionary and his wife returned to their former sphere, but when they returned, a fight had taken place between the slavers and the natives. A native chief had been shot by the white man, and deeds of darkness had been done that I can not now enter upon. The missionaries were greatly disheartened. Moreover, the old chief got angry with some of his own people, and he was determined that if they would not confess some wrong they had done he would coerce them by war.

One morning the missionaries heard the yells of savages approaching, and believing their intention was to murder them, they, with their children, entered a boat at once and set off with all possible speed. It was told the old warrior, however, that the missionary and his wife and children were leaving. He then ran down to the beach and called out to them, "Come back; if you do not I will send my swiftest canoe after you, and shoot you every one."

The missionary's wife said in tears to her husband, "Have we not risked our lives these many years for them, and suffered much amongst them? That may be God's voice that we hear in that old savage. He cries, 'Come back; let us commit ourselves to God in prayer, and let us turn back and leave the results entirely to Jesus, and if we and our children are all murdered, oh, the joy of getting into heaven at the same moment with them

all!" And then they prayed as men will pray only when on the verge of eternity.

Oh, friends, it is not in the police, or in the arm of law, or in the blessings that civilization gives, that we missionaries trust in the hour of danger and difficulty, but it is in throwing ourselves upon the promises of Him who said, "Whatever ye shall ask in my name, I will do it." Therefore that missionary and his wife poured out their hearts to God in prayer.

The boat was turned, and the old chief saw where it was to land on the beach. He ran down to the spot, and there stood with his great club drawn, as if to strike the first that came ashore. The boat hesitated for a moment, but the missionary's wife, picking up the baby and coming to the front of the boat, committed her all to Jesus. When she landed, the old savage swung his club over her head. But he said to his men, "Do not strike them; we will finish our own work today, and we will shut them in their own house, and come back to-morrow and dispose of them." He thereupon drove them up to the house, and left them there for the night.

But that was a night spent in prayer, and when the morning came they were calm, and resigned in the arms of Jesus. The old chief came back soon after daylight, and called, "Come out, I am prepared for you now." He looked at the crying children and sorrowful parents, yet not sorrowing "as those that have no hope."

They stood for a few minutes in silence, and then the chief said, "Before I begin, I want to ask you a question. How could you come on shore as you did when you saw us there to murder you? Had we been in the boat in your position we would have tried to escape. How could you do as you did? Tell me that before I begin." The missionary's wife, in tears, said, "Our Jehovah God helped us to do what we did. You called on us to come back. We came at your request, and now we are in your hands; but if you murder us you murder those who love you and who would die for you, of which we have given you ample evidence, and who wish to make you happy."

The old man stood looking at them for a few minutes, and then he sat down and said, "Sit down beside me," and they sat down. "Now," he said, "tell me of that God that so helps you in your difficulty and danger: our god never serves us in that way."

They then told the story of God's love and mercy, and of Christ dying for poor sinners, and suddenly the old man stopped them and said, "What! a God of love and mercy! a God who came to die for me! Can I be interested in that God's death, and that salvation? Make it plain. Begin again."

And so they spent the day in tears and prayer, while the Holy Spirit wrought in the