

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

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland Mission Station,
September 5th, 1947

Dear Highway Friends:

It is a nice sunny day after two very cool days. The weather has been very warm, so one minds the cool days when they come. The orange and peach trees are in bloom, and the mulberries are turning red, so spring is really here. There has been no rain yet, so the hills are still brown, and black in many places where they have been burned.

We were certainly happy to hear of Miss Mary Campbell's arrival, and feel we could hardly wait to see her. Brother Kierstead arrived on Aug. 22nd and took Charlie, Pam and me over for the welcome service at Altona on the 24th. We had a lovely time, and Mrs. Kierstead had a large family to care for, as there were eleven people counting Pam. Brother George Sanders came over on Sunday too.

Saturday evening meeting was a nice meeting and I stayed until 11.30 p. m., the longest I've ever stayed to one of these evening services. I think it lasted until 1.00 a. m. The Sunday afternoon service was a blessed service, when Miss Campbell told her experience. It was nice to hear someone speak in English, and I did enjoy it. We do thank God for this new missionary and her zeal and love for Him.

August 31st a welcome service was held here at Hartland, the missionaries arriving on Saturday. After dinner we had a missionaries' prayer-meeting, which all enjoyed. Sunday morning was a combined Y. P. and Sunday School, and Miss Campbell gave a short talk. The children were much interested.

Sunday afternoon Miss Campbell spoke again, and the interest and spirit were good. Everyone left after service, and Charlie went over to Altona to help Brother Kierstead in the school for a week. Brother George had been helping with the building of a church on the Transvaal side, and has now left for Louwsburg and Zululand. So Pam and I are alone for a few days.

I have had seven or eight people here for examination and medicine today. Just before dinner a man arrived and asked me for a needle. I had never seen him before, and did not like the look of him too well. I gave him the needle, and then he said he was in debt to me. I told him there was no debt—he could have the needle, but he insisted he was in debt to me. When I asked the girls who he was, I found out as I suspected, that his mind does not work very well. So I was rather glad when he bade us farewell and went his way.

After school I was fairly deluged with re-

quests from the school children for fruit and sugar-cane. Interruptions are good for one's patience, they say, so surely we should develop patience here.

I heard today of the death of a girl who came here to see the doctor. She had a lung abscess and was sent to Maritzburg for examination. The doctors there wanted her to go to Durban for special treatment, but she wanted to come home. So she returned about two months ago. I do not know whether she gave herself to the Lord or not. Both Charlie and George, also Kelina, our native worker, have visited in her home quite frequently.

One day Charlie asked Andrew, our worker, why it was that the people are so slow to seek help from European doctors. He said it was because they have so much faith in their own native doctors, that it hurts their pride to come to the Europeans.

It is Monday now, but I will finish this. The sun is very warm today but there is a slight breeze. Charlie returned from Altona on Friday with Brother Eugene, who spent the night here and returned home the next day. Yesterday Charlie went to the Watervaal outpost for service. I had services here. There were not many present but the Lord blessed us. Charlie had more than usual present at the outpost and good services. I am so glad the Lord can be present everywhere and bless us. We are so limited but God is not limited and what is impossible with us is possible with Him.

After service, Pam and I took a walk over toward the Maseko kraal. Near the kraal was a herd of goats and kids. Pam had a lovely time playing with the kids. She seemed to think they were dogs, like our dog Jock, of whom she is very fond. We called on the family at the kraal. There was the old grandmother Maureen, and her two daughters-in-law, Bessie and Elizabeth. Little Bhelina had her new little baby brother strapped on her back. He was sound asleep with his little head hanging over the blanket. Then there were at least seven or eight other children. They had been playing and all had their faces painted with red mud. Little Juluja, about 3 years of age, has a T. B. spine and is almost a cripple. We are trying to get her into an institution for treatment, and I do hope we can succeed. They all were pleased that Pam was able to walk over to call on them, and they appreciate her greeting in Zulu.

May the Lord help us to be a means of help to these people. They need a closer walk with God. My prayer is that I might walk closer to Him in order to help them.

Yours, happy in Him,

MYRA SANDERS

THE STANDPOINT OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

A. B. Simpson

In Acts 15:16, 17 we have three distinct stages. First, God visits the Gentiles to take out of them a people for His name. This is what He is doing in the missionary work of today. Second, after this, He returns to restore Israel and build again the Tabernacle of His ancient people. This is His second coming, for which we are looking and waiting. And then, third, after His coming, the remnant will seek and find Him, and in the Millennial Age the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

This is all very plain. This is the divine order up to which we are working. God is visiting the Gentiles today; it is a passing call; it is a selection of those willing to come. It is a spiritual preparation for His advent. He is gathering an escort which, in every tongue that man has spoken, shall be able to herald the coming King, and stand in glorious ranks around His Millennial throne, as the first-fruits of the nations.

This is our mighty calling: to find a Bride for Him; to gather a people for Him; to invite one, and two, and three here and there, to meet Him. Let us not be surprised if multitudes refuse to come. They are doing it at home, and they will do it in lands abroad; but let us be content, if we find His sheep, if we gather His people.

What infinite encouragement this gives to missionary work! We are not depressed if the world refuses to accept its Lord. It has always done so, and will do so until He comes. Seed will be scattered in every field and furrow, and much of it will spring up and be choked by thorns, or plucked up by the birds of the air, or withered by the stony places; but some will bear fruit, and His expectation will not be disappointed.

Oh, how this should stir and thrill our hearts with holy energy and aspiration! I cannot understand how any man or woman can believe in the second coming of the Lord and not be a missionary, or at least be committed to the work of missions with every power of his being. There is no mockery more sad and inconsistent than that of believing and speaking of the "blessed hope" with folded hands and selfish heart.

An emergency is a situation of such extreme need as will brook no delay. It is a case of life or death, now or never. When a hundred entombed miners are signaling from the depth of some shattered coal shaft, and children and wives are shrieking and sobbing in dismay, and rescuers are rushing to the shaft for instant relief—that is an emergency. When