

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

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.,
Sept. 21, 1947.

Dear Highway Friends:

So many very interesting things have taken place, since my last Highway letter.

August 4th saw the re-opening of our Bible School. A goodly number came so I took the beginners. They have really done well indeed and two can now read quite well, another can read but haltingly, while the other two are still learning the letters. One old grandmother is having a real struggle but she certainly has courage and is determined to learn to read. Mary has been helping her a lot and she says, "If determination will help, Jumima will certainly learn to read."

August 13th our new missionary, Miss Campbell, arrived and we were so glad to see her safely among us. She is a great blessing and help to the work already and she will be more so as she learns the Zulu language. She is spending much time, each day, studying.

Our welcome services were held at Altona, August 24th, and at Hartland the 31st. All the missionaries and children were present at both stations, except Sister Grace Sanders, who is just now completing her year's hospital training at Boksburg. Both services were very good indeed; a very sweet spirit was present.

Bro. Charles Sanders came over and taught in the school for a week to relieve Eugene so he could finish the walls of the Kipinyawo church. That week Bro. George Sanders had an appointment in Zululand and that is a long hard trip.

September 6 and 7 Eugene spent at Piet Retief where he had a wedding, Saturday afternoon and a service at night and also a Sunday service.

On Saturday Eugene had found that our son Harold, had been sick all week so on Sunday he took him to the hospital, to be operated on the following morning. We went out at once and are grateful to the dear Lord this morning, because He undertook and the operation was successful and Harold is now at home, and we trust he will be well and strong before too long. I do feel that we have much to thank God for. Three of our children have been operated upon within two months and God has blessed and helped each time. We do praise Him!

Sometime ago I began to think of ways I could help our heathen children. I couldn't walk miles to them but they often come here asking for salt for pieces of wood. So at last I sent word and told them to come a certain day and I'd try to have a little Bible lesson for

them. To my surprise, the first day, fifteen nearly naked heathen children arrived. We took a picture roll and showed them the picture of Jesus with the children and I tried to impress upon them the fact that Jesus loves ALL the little children of the world. Then we sang some chorus' in Zulu and Reginald prayed after I had given them all a card. I hope we will be able to do them good. I do pray they will return and that God will help some to really find Him in saving grace.

At our last Young Peoples' service, Mary gave a flannel graph lesson with the teacher acting as interpreter. He did very well and the children received a lovely lesson that day. They were very interested and all expressed a desire to have another such lesson soon. A good many testified and I felt the service had been profitable.

Our Bible School closed last week as this week is to be our Quarterly Meeting at Altona. We are expecting all our missionaries from Natal and are praying that God will pour out His Spirit upon us, in a real way. We do need a revival and we know that God is faithful and if we do our part He will answer our prayers.

We need your prayers, dear ones, the work needs them too. Ask God for a greater burden for the work in this land.

Yours, in Christian Love,

G. M. KIERSTEAD.

A WIFE BECAME AN OPEN BOOK

A wicked, drunken woman, in one of our large cities, was attracted into a church one Sunday evening and was converted to Christ. The pastor of the church went to see her husband, and found him a very shrewd mechanic, who was very bitter against Christianity, and greatly fascinated with Ingersoll's sneers at the Bible. He was full of contempt at his wife's conversion, and said he had no doubt she'd soon get over it. Six months passed away, and one evening the man called to see the minister in great anxiety: "I have read all leading books on the evidences of Christianity, and I can stand out against their arguments; but for the past six months I have had an open book about my fireside, in the person of my wife, that I am not able to answer. I have come to the conclusion that I am wrong, and that there must be something holy and divine about religion that would take a woman and change her into the loving, patient, prayerful and singing saint that she is now." The best books on Christianity are the men and women who have transformed lives in fellowship with Christ.

—Selected.

HE LEFT HIS MARK

He left his mark when he was gone
Upon the shores of time
To lift men up and help them on
To heights that are sublime;
Therefore he didn't live in vain,
Nor die in sad defeat,
As those who curse and blight and stain
The lives of those they meet.

His mark was that of noble deeds
He did along life's roads;
Of sowing good and wholesome seeds
That brought a wondrous load
Of happiness to other souls,
Of cheer and joy and peace,
That helps them on to reach their goals
Where glories never cease.

Likewise he left his mark in prayer,
And by his shining face,
That rescued men from dark despair
And helped them find their place,
That they also might nobly live
To bless the lives of men,
By going forth their best to give
By deed and word and pen.

He left his mark to show the way
That saints and sages trod,
Which leads to one eternal day
Before the throne of God;
And when God makes His jewels up
To shine in Heaven's realm,
He'll give to him a peaceful cup
And crown him one of them.

—Walter E. Isenhour.

"HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE"

A lawyer was in an elevator with some men he did not know when a big fellow among them began swearing. He used the name of God wickedly and loosely and seemed to think nothing of it.

The lawyer touched his arm, and said, quietly, "I wouldn't do that if I were you." Instantly the man stopped, looked troubled, and then exclaimed, "You're right! you're right! I shouldn't do that. I just don't think what I'm saying." And then the two had a pleasant talk together.

That same lawyer has made it his habit for years to speak to swearing men when he can. If a man is using the name of Jesus or God roughly, he says to them, "Please don't do that; you're speaking of a Friend of mine." And he has never met with any one who did not listen to him as a gentleman should. It is one way he has of testifying for his Lord and Saviour.—Sel.