

face said to me later, "Why I saw women weeping there! I've not seen such an altar service for years!" About four got saved, and many others help. We do praise the Lord and give Him all the Glory.

Yours Happy in His service,

GRACE SANDERS.

Altona M. S.,

Oct. 26, 1948

Dear Highway Friends:

Such a beautiful morning it is, in sunny Africa. We have just opened up the shades to let the sunshine in. Later in the day it will be very hot, but it is lovely now. I've been praying that the sunshine of His love may be very present in my heart today.

The past week has been a busy one, on the Station. I have longed to be up and about my Master's work, but at least I can pray, and our trust is in Him, who doeth all things well and makes no mistakes.

The classes on Thursday were fairly well attended and a good spirit present in both services. Daniel Sukazi gave a good Bible lesson in the morning and Talida Nzima preached in the afternoon. On Sunday Losaya said they had a wonderful service. She felt led to call an altar service at the close, and she said, "it was very sweet indeed to their souls."

Sister Campbell also had Young People's Service Sunday morning. She gave a flannel-graph lesson, one young girl gave a short talk and many testified. I got blessed hearing them sing, "Lord, I am willing to do my best for Thee."

While the others were away, I spent that time with my Bible. I've been reading Ezekiel and that morning the Lord especially blessed me as I read chapter 33. I noticed the words of the Lord concerning the sinner, that if he turn from his sin, and do that which is lawful and right, if he restore the pledge, give again that he had robbed, walk in the statutes of life, without committing iniquity, he shall surely live. I stopped and thought how wonderful that is—no matter how great the sin it shall be forgiven. Then I read on: "None of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him." Isn't that enough to make anyone happy? Truly God will cast our sins all into the sea of his forgetfulness. No matter what our sins against God have been, whether great or small, they will keep us out of heaven, if not confessed and forgiven, and I don't believe any of us care to be reminded of them. It does bless me to think what a loving Heavenly Father we have!

I've been thinking of Myabo, a heathen woman, who I met shortly after coming here. About four or five years ago she gave herself to the Lord during one of our Quarterly Meetings. For weeks I watched and waited to see some sign of putting off the old heathen dress or any progress in a spiritual way, but I saw none. She came to church once in a while, seemed not too concerned about leaving her snuff, etc.

At last it was nearing the time for another Quarterly Meeting so I talked to her. She said she really hadn't money to buy clothes so I found a dress and kerchief for her head and gave them to her, telling her that I expected to see her dressed at the services. Sure enough, she came and really seemed to grow in grace after that. But she was a very frail little woman. I think she told me that eight of her childred died—three are living now—and even though I did all I could for her and she also got medicine from the doctor, yet she continued to grow weaker. The best part was as

she grew weaker in body, she grew stronger in the Lord, and a few weeks ago she went to be with Jesus.

Oh, I do appreciate what God has done for me and thank Him for calling me to be a missionary. It is a wonderful experience to see a heathen turn from darkness to the light of the liberty of Christ Jesus. I think I feel like Moffatt did when he wrote the following words in the autograph book of a friend:

My album is the savage breast,
Where darkness reigns and tempests rest
Without one ray of light.
To write the name of Jesus there,
To point to mansions bright and fair,
To see the savage kneel in prayer
Is my supreme delight.

Yours, in His glad service,

G. M. KIERSTEAD

Vryheid, Natal,

November 9, 1948.

Dear Highway Friends,

Just a few lines this morning to wish you all a very Happy Christmas, filled with the love and peace of God. In past years I have tried to write Christmas letters to our friends. This year I must ask you to please accept this one as a personal letter to you all. It is sent with Christian love and with a prayer that God will be especially near and dear to everyone of His dear children, as we celebrate His birthday, and that the coming year will be one of great blessing and encouragement to your souls.

We are now in Vryheid, as Doctor ordered a complete change for me. It has been very hot indeed at Altona and I do enjoy the coolness here and pray that I shall gain much in health, while here. Sister Campbell is with me, until I am able to be up, and Sister Grace Sanders is at Altona. I do thank God for the way He has arranged everything for us and I am resting in Him.

It seems wonderful to be able to see white faces, other than those of our own family, every day. The other missionaries here have been most kind to us and the Christian fellowship is very sweet to us, after being so long deprived of it, with others of our race. Kenneth was very homesick at first for his little black friends, also he has had a severe attack of acute conjunctivitis in his eyes. Now he is getting better and finds there are three little missionary children here, so feels it's a very nice place too.

In closing I will use the words that Jude closed his epistle with. "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

Yours, for Jesus,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD.

Altona Mission Station,

November 10, 1948.

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings to you all in the precious name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Another Christmas and New Year season is fast approaching and if we in this far-away land are to get our Christmas and New Year wishes to the many many friends in the homeland we have to start thinking about it about two months beforehand. For one accustomed to running to trains, etc., at the last minute, this isn't too easy. Even though I may be slow sometimes, my wish is no less sincere—

the wish that this Christmas and New Year season Christ may be closer to you than He ever was before. May all the children who are Christians and all the young people who know Him mount more rungs on the spiritual ladder, and too, may all of the older Christians be greatly enriched in their experience in grace. God grant that His people may so manifest His great love that those outside the fold will have an earnest desire to know Him.

My daily prayer for the people of God is that we should all humble ourselves before God and pray mightily that we may see God work in our midst as He so longs to do; and that every church in the homeland may experience a great Holy Ghost revival during this new church year.

God give us a greater passion for souls—clothe us with Christ-like humility—Give us a greater vision of the spiritual needs of this world—Give us a zeal according to knowledge.

From the depths of my heart I can truly say that "Every day with Jesus is sweeter than the day before." I am happy in the service of the King of Kings.

God bless you all, especially those who help to make Foreign Missions a glorious possibility by their praying and their giving and their working.

Yours for souls, both at home and abroad,

MARY CAMPBELL.

O ZION HASTE!

- O Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling,
To tell to all the world that God is Light;
That He who made all nations is not willing
That one soul should perish, lost in shades
of night.
- Behold how many thousands still are lying,
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of a Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to live.
- Proclaim to ev'ry people, tongue, and
nation,
That God, in Whom they live and move, is
love;
Tell how He stoop'd to save His lost crea-
tion,
And died on earth that man might live
above.
- Give of thy sons to bear the message glor-
ious,
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their
way;
Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic-
torious,
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.

Chorus: Publish glad tidings, tidings of
peace;
Tidings of Jesus, redemption and
release.

—Mary A. Thomson

He brought me forth also into a large place; he delivered me, because he delighted in me (Psalm 18:19). And what is this "large place"? What can it be—but God Himself, that infinite Being in whom all other beings and all other streams of life terminate? God is a large place indeed. And it was through humiliation, through abasement, through nothingness, David was brought into it.—Madame Guyon.