

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

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland Mission Station,  
December 16, 1947

Dear Friends:

Greetings from home at last! I arrived yesterday. Paul, Grace and I had spent two weeks with Brother and Sister Kierstead at Altona, after our return from Durban. We had a most enjoyable stay and our souls were blessed and refreshed in Christian fellowship. What a joy to meet our new missionary, dear Sister Mary. She is a real inspiration. Never was she more needed than at this time, when Gladys is so poorly. What a brave soul Gladys has been—practically alone so much of the time and so often far from well. How missionaries have to depend on God! How the need of the lost souls grips the hearts of the missionaries so that they can turn their backs on their wives and families (when in times of sickness). One learns to commit their loved ones to God who gives such peace, rest and assurance in such circumstances. "Verily I say unto you, 'there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife or children, for the Kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.'" Luke 18:29-30. It is the vision that enables one to do this. "Where there is no vision the people perish."

In my last letter I promised to tell you of the second glimpse God gave me of a portion of the "great harvest field whited, already to harvest."

I had the rare privilege of attending "Dorothea's" birthday celebration service. Dorothea is a Bible Training School for native men and women workers and evangelists. It is situated near Pretoria. The service was held in a large tent. There was a good turn-out of Europeans. There was even a bus load of university students. How our hearts were touched as we listened to the soul-stirring testimonies of those native men and young women. They told of how God saved them; how He called them to work in His vineyard; of their evangelistic trips to the locations; of the terrible lives of sin thousands of their tribesmen and women and girls are living; of the appalling darkness and bondage, the very stronghold of Satan. It would seem there was no one to care for their souls!. One dear girl just broke down and wept when she tried to picture to us the need of the native locations. She was shocked to behold the deplorable state her people were living in. As they drew near her she recoiled from their very presence so vile, 'unlovely and unlovable' were they—and yet "Jesus loves them!" She said she had paid a big price for the nice

dress which she wore. She loved her dress because it cost her so much. Should it be burnt, it would break her heart! But she had spent "only silver and gold" on it. Those souls whom she saw that day were doomed to be burned in Hell's everlasting fire. For those souls Christ paid a great price, far above the price of silver and gold—His precious blood—so that they might be saved. How He loves them. How He yearns to see them saved! "When I think of this my heart breaks in pieces," she cried, and broke into sobs. There was hardly one dry eye in that tent before she was through.

Close beside this large tent was a small one in which sat many natives listening. One European minister described his tour of the various native locations near Pretoria. He told of the thousands of natives swarming these places and of the amazing, shocking scarcity of churches or even school buildings. All of the addresses that day brought home to our hearts with great force the multitudes of natives at the back-doors (so to speak) of the European homes, unevangelized as yet! We rejoiced to see that God has called some to be "reapers." But they are far too few to cope with the heart-breaking situation. As we listened, a burden of prayer pressed heavily upon our hearts—"Oh, Lord! Send forth labourers into Thy harvest!"

Dear one, as you read this, will you help us pray this prayer?

There is another glimpse of the "Harvest Field," which I shall tell you of in my next letter.

Yours for lost souls,  
GRACE SANDERS

Altona M. S.,  
Dec. 31, 1947

Dear Highway Friends:

Another year is fast coming to its close and as usual the thought comes to me, "I am satisfied with Jesus, but is He satisfied with me and with my work during the year?" He has been and is unspeakably precious to my soul this morning and has helped and undertaken for us in every situation and we praise Him. We do desire to know Him better and do more for Him than ever before.

We have had Christmas for our S. S. and had a very nice time. The Testaments and hymn books, bought with the money sent by Rev. M. E. Slipp, were a great help, and appreciated very much by the children.

We have sent out a good many parcels of used clothes for our workers and families, that we hope will bring pleasure to those who receive them. We do thank those who have sent us good clothes for this purpose.

We were able to collect some money from

our church people, then we added nearly as much again and bought a nice shirt for Johannesi, our Altona preacher. He is a grand worker but has a large family and is very needy. We invited the people here and Mary presented him with his gift. My, he was pleased. We sang, prayed and enjoyed a social hour and served a lunch and I am sure we all felt it was "more blessed to give than to receive."

We have recently enjoyed a visit from Sister Grace Sanders, who has completed her midwifery course in the Boksburg hospital, and her niece, also Grace Sanders. They were with us nearly two weeks and were a real help and blessing in the services too.

My blood pressure has been very high the past month and if it doesn't soon lower I expect to enter the Piet Retief Hospital for treatment, after Christmas. I covet your prayers that I may be healed and better able to carry on the work that God has called me to. I know that He is able!

To all who have sent us gifts, cards, letters, etc., we wish to send our thanks. I shall try to write personal letters of thanks as soon as I am able.

May God bless you all at this Christmas season and give you all a good year in Him.

Yours, in His love,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD

## CORRESPONDENCE

13 College Ave.,  
Waterville, Maine

Dear Highway:

I am enclosing a folder, "13 Facts About Alcohol," which may be of interest to your columns.

It was my privilege to attend the world's W. C. T. U. Convention in Asbury Park, New Jersey, last June.

We also went over to Ocean Grove, a Methodist Camp of long standing, on Sunday morning. We had two sermons that beautiful June morning. The Auditorium seats 10,000: there were seventy-three ushers. It was the opening service of the season, which lasts until Labor Day.

In Convention Hall, seating 3,100 on Sunday afternoon and evening, we heard Homer Rodenheaver and Dan Poling. It was the privilege of a lifetime, in convention with women from all parts of the world, working for the cause of Temperance.

I wish to acknowledge, with thanks, the gift of a purse of money from the ladies of the Fort Fairfield Church at Christmas time.

I have great reason for gratitude to my