

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.

Dear Highway Friends:

I trust that you all have had a blessed time at Christmas and that the New Year will be blessed of God to the enrichment of your souls and to usefulness in the service of the Lord.

Our Christmas this year for the Natives is to be at Altona and it is to be celebrated on the 1st of January. It holds prospect of being a sad Quarterly and Christmas because of those of our forces who are so seriously ill: Mrs. Kierstead, George and Paul Nkosi. We are praying, and know that you are also interceding on their behalf.

Last Saturday and Sunday I was over to Paul Nkosi's outpost and home at Kwabana-kile, across the Pivaan river. In the night service there were many testimonies given by our members of this section. It was encouraging to hear the note of victory in these testimonies. This note of victory was particularly evident in the testimony of Joana, Paul's wife, and she is the one who must feel most keenly the danger in Paul's present state of health. Heathen neighbors intimate that Paul's present sufferings are a result of his calling the Government officials to come and divide up the garden lands. Of course this is not true: even had Paul desired to do such a thing the Government would not make policies upon the recommendation of a lone Native. As near as I can tell it is that Paul has stood for the light and the right in that community and as a result Satan's hatred has thus been manifested through these heathen neighbors. So instead of sympathising with Joana, at this time of anxiety, they as much as say, "It serves him right." And yet in spite of all this the Lord has given Joana victory and blessing. With a husband, who has had an operation for cancer, and who is receiving treatment, and so far as we have heard it seems he is slowly sinking.

Before our Sunday morning Young People's meeting we had interview with members who needed help spiritually but it seemed that we did not get to the bottom of this matter, so we can expect that this matter will come up again later.

Our Young People's meeting was good. Before the lesson, we had testimonies and a few gave testimony to having a real experience and a few to having a hunger for an experience. Later in the afternoon meeting five of these young people sang us a special, which was appreciated.

Three babies were dedicated in the afternoon service. We also had the Lord's supper, which is always a solemn and inspiring addition to a meeting.

At the close of this afternoon service I had a talk with our preacher Sibiya, and the prayer woman and licentiates of this section. Probably I should say exhorters. We discussed the need of keeping a vital experience personally. The need of co-operation and charity so that they could pull together; and finally about being active for the Lord. To do these things so that the local and outpost work of this section would not suffer while Paul was ill. Both George and Paul worked in this Lowsburg section and for the present both have been taken out of active service in this section.

It was fortunate that we were able to get home Sunday night for I understood that the Pivaan river was full by Monday morning.

God was good and protected us from lightning and hail, as a bad storm threatened to

come down upon us as we ascended the steep mountain up from the Pivaan river.

Last evening again God protected us from lightning as there was a severe electric storm that seemed to be all around us, at Hartland.

Praying for God's blessing upon the Home work and the Foreign work.

Yours happy in Him,

C. D. M. SANDERS

## WHAT ARE WE WEARING?

"Here comes Mrs. Rowland Hill with a chest of drawers on her back," exclaimed that lady's husband—a famous preacher of early Methodism. Mrs. Hill had long desired a chest of drawers, but she also needed a cloak. Which should it be? She finally decided to purchase the chest, but returned wearing the cloak. To her inimitable spouse she was veritably garbed in a chest of drawers.

Our choices reveal our sense of values and length of vision, spiritually.

"There goes May Stuart with a Chinese church on her back!" She had \$200.00 set aside for a special cause. The opportunity came to invest a portion of it in the erection of a church in a very promising field in China. She acknowledged the need and promised the Lord to supply it. But, in a shopping tour, her values became mixed, and the entire \$200.00 went into a genuine sealskin, which in her eyes outshone a cheaper but durable fur coat.

Mary Green was about to return on furlough from India. The dry season evangelistic program was opening, but delayed for the lack of a cart. Mary had saved an amount required for the purchase of a coat suitable for the voyage and the homeland. After some struggle, she trusted God with the future and turned the sum over to her fellow missionaries in the hope of the souls who might thereby be reached. As she journeyed homeward among some well-dressed people she was often conscious of her faded apparel; but the swift recollection of multiplying eternal riches thrilled her world with an "otherworldliness" and dignity which more than compensated, and which drew needy souls to her for sympathy and advice.

John Grant, a steward for God, found a high value in a used car. With the cash available he could pay for it and still have \$100.00 for evangelism in Chinese markets, and tent meetings in unoccupied areas. However, a high-pressure salesman got John at the wheel of a later model. He pointed out the new gadgets and what John owed himself as a reward for years of hard work. His vanity and self-pity were aroused. John is now in debt, sorrowfully remembering that the depreciation in value on his new car after but one trip would have evangelized ten villages in China. It was yet a new car, but now a used one—but he had his way, and his family had been gratified.

Furthermore, John now has the habit of turning in his car for a new one periodically. With specious arguments—to man, at least—he justifies himself in having used three cars to cover the casual mileage which one good used car would have done without difficulty. Worst of all, he has become hard and worldly; he has lost his missionary vision completely and, with it, the missionary spirit. Over one hundred souls, penitent souls, still sit over their opium pipes and worship their wooden gods in China.

What are you wearing?—Missionary Banner.

## IMMOVABLE

I remember asking an old friend, between seventy and eighty years of age, and who, so far as I have been permitted to know Christian men, is mightier with God than almost any man I have met, "Do tell me the secret of your success in prayer." He said: "I will tell you what it is. I say to myself, 'Is that which I am asking for promised? Is it according to the mind of God?' If it is, I plant my foot upon it as upon a firm rock, and I never allow myself to doubt that my Father will give me according to my petition."—Bishop Bickers-teth.

## A LIVING SAVIOUR

A very learned man once said to a little child who believed in the Lord Jesus, "My poor little girl, you don't know whom you believe in. There have been many Christs. In which of them do you believe?"

"I know which one I believe in," replied the child, "I believe in the Christ who rose from the dead."—Selected.

## CORRESPONDENCE

Fredericton, N. .

Dear Highway Friends:

We do thank the Lord for His goodness and mercy extended to us through the year that has passed, and for the measure of health that we are enjoying at the present time, and most of all for the presence of the blessed Holy Spirit who abides with us. Praise Him forever! We are still deeply interested in the work of the Lord among us as a people, and are glad for the victories won. Glad that our pastors are being so nobly supported by their congregations. Our hearts were warmed as we read in the last Highway the article written by Brother H. S. Dow—it was food for the soul. Amen! We enjoy the articles from our own brethren. We were well remembered at the Christmas season: so many beautiful cards and letters from saints far and near—our hearts were cheered and comforted and we say, God bless you all from the depths of our souls. May this year of 1949 be our best year in soul health and unundertaking for God. If we cannot go we can pray: there is no age limit to Isa. 40:29-31; Matt. 18:19. Keep on praying. Pray for us.

P. J. and MRS. TRAFTON

## SIMON, THE CYRENIAN

By Kathryn Blackburn Peck  
That day, as thou wert passing by  
The dark Golgotha road,  
What thought thou of the Man who fell  
Beneath His crushing load?  
Did pity stir thy pagan heart,  
And didst thou gladly bear  
The burden laid upon thy back,  
To ease His anguish there  
Oh, did His eye flash gratitude,  
And did He whisper, "Friend!"  
And didst thou stand near by His cross  
Until the very end?  
Ah, Simon of Cyrene! I, too,  
Am forced to bear a cross,  
But thou hast taught my heart to see  
Beyond the pain and loss.  
Since 'tis for Him, I shall not flinch  
To drain my bitter cup,  
That on my cross the world may see  
My Saviour lifted up!