

MISSIONARY PAGE

P. O. Box 33,
Vryheid, Natal,
July 14, 1951.

Dear Highway Friends,

Such a beautiful cool sunny morning it is, here in Africa. The winter has been very cold but today, it seems that summer is not far away.

We are so grateful for the good meetings we had at Altona. I believe that many received help.

I had a bad cold and didn't get to any of the services, but I was there and able to hear from others and to see some of my friends. Many hadn't seen me for three years and did not know who I was. One day a young boy came in to speak to Sister Chase and I greeted him. He answered me but I knew he didn't know who I was. So I said, "Don't you know me, Gilbert?" He said "no, I do not know you." I told him that he did know me. He looked and looked but only said "No, I do not know you." Then I said, "But Gilbert you surely know Umfundisi Kierstead's wife." He started, put his hand over his mouth and just looked, then he crossed the room and put his hand out to shake hands. He lives very near to Altona and attends our school. His mother, Joana, did belong to our church and I believe she lived with the Sterritt sisters, when they were at Altona. When she married she went to her husband's church, as is the custom among the African people. Joana came to see me and was telling me some of her troubles. She has had ten children but only four are living, yet she said she was so grateful to the Lord for the ones she had. Every Zulu woman greatly desires children.

Joana Bembe, one of our young workers, was appointed leader of the young people's work. She has been Sister Campbell's helper through most of the D. V. B. S. sessions and was a most suitable person for that work. So services were held, for the young people, both in the morning and the afternoon of every day. I believe many were definitely helped.

On Sunday Rev. Johannes Nkosi baptized five girls and one woman and in the afternoon these were received into church membership. We do thank God and pray that they will go on with Him and not fall out by the wayside.

Saturday night we had a very heavy rain that lasted all night so on Sunday it was dark and rather cold but Monday dawned quite bright and clear.

Monday morning, after a Quarterly Meeting out here, reminds me a little of Beulah, when the people are leaving. Everyone was up early, some left by foot with suitcases on their heads, others left by bicycles and Eugene left early to take the folks back to Piet Retief. He was to return and take the Sanders family into Hartland, on the way back to Vryheid, so as that would make the trip longer for me, it was decided I should go with Sister Campbell. She is a very careful driver and I had a most delightful trip back, arriving here about four o'clock in the afternoon. My husband and Reginald arrived about eight in the evening. Kenneth stayed down to help Sister Chase hold the fort at Altona as Sisters Campbell and Smith went on to Calvary Mission and are in the midst of D. V. B. S. and evangelistic services at the moment.

As I write, the burden for lost, never dying souls is so heavy on my heart and I do long to be able to get out into the work more. Oh, may God keep us ever faithfully doing our very best for Him each day, is my daily prayer.

The words of the chorus comes to my mind. "Without Him I could do nothing, without Him I'd surely fail." How very true! Without Him we would fail but with Him we are strong.

As I opened my Bible, this morning, the first words I saw were, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." I'm so glad that I belong to Jesus, I am His, and He has promised to be with me and His promises never fail. Praise His Name!

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

The Lord make His face shine upon thee,
and be gracious unto thee:

The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee,
and give them peace."

Yours, for souls in Africa,
GLADYS KIERSTEAD.

TRUE MISSIONARY SPIRIT

"God had only one son, and He was a missionary."—David Livingstone.

"A true missionary never knows defeat."—A. A. Fulton.

"If I thought that anything could prevent my dying for China, the thought would crush me."—Samuel Dyer.

"The prospect is as bright as the promises of God."—A. Judson.

"If you want to serve your race, go where no one else will go, and do what no one else will do."—Mary Lyon.

"I feel as if I could not live if something is not done for China."—J. Hudson Taylor.

"If I had ten lives, I would gladly lay them down for Christ in the white man's grave, to gain, by the grace of God, the black man's resurrection."—Canon Taylor Smith.

"It is my deep conviction, and I say it again, that if the Church of Christ were what she ought to be, twenty years would not pass away until the message of the Cross would be uttered in the ears of every living man."—S. H. Calhoun.

"Christ's call is to feed the hungry—not the full; to save the lost—not the stiff-necked; not to call the scoffers, but sinners, to repentance."—C. T. Studd.

"That land is henceforth my country that most needs the Gospel."—Zinzendorf.

"We are the children of converts of foreign missionaries, and fairness means that I must do for others as men once did for me."—Maltbie Babcock.

"It is easier for people to love you if you make yourself loveable."

AN HOUR IN PRAYER

A native missionary in China has had remarkable results from his gospel work. On being questioned by a missionary, he said that his work was supported by a merchant in the United States, and that every week he sent him a list of the natives he had been able to reach and who were under some conviction. On his return to the United States, this missionary visited the merchant, and going into his inner office, found on open Bible with a list of Chinese names. The merchant told him that every day he locked his office door and spent an hour in prayer for these individuals.—Selected.

Behind all work for God stands God Himself, its inspiration and its assurance, its warrant and its reward. Let us believe that His command constitutes authority and His promise security.—Selected.

A MISSIONARY CHURCH

By C. Warren Jones

We have often heard the claim made, "Our church is a missionary church." The implication, at least, is that some churches are not missionary. This leads us to say that a truly genuine church is missionary. The first New Testament church was missionary in spirit and missionary in practice. That is why the members kept such a good Christian experience and why the church increased so rapidly in numbers. Had that church lived within herself and merely existed for herself she would have never moved beyond the borders of Palestine. From the beginning they gave themselves for others. Someone has said that if we do not give our religion away that we soon will not have any. It is not a matter of keeping but a matter of giving. Paradoxical as it may seem, the more we give the more we will have to give.

Every church that has succeeded has been a missionary church. It has been true of denominations and equally true of individual churches. Some time ago we were in a southern city. Here we found a beautiful brick and stone edifice that had cost more than £25,000, the gift of a rich man. He had not only built the church and paid for it, but had left an endowment fund, so that it was not necessary to take offerings. When I was there the pastor was drawing a handsome salary and all the current expenses were paid from the endowment fund. They were doing nothing to get the Gospel to the city or to any foreign people. The membership was on the decline, and no one seemed interested enough to even apply the brakes. It went under the name of a church. What a misnomer! That was merely a social club on the way out.

Certainly the above is an exceptional case, but the truth remains. A church, if it lives up to the name, must be missionary. To the degree that she is missionary determines her success. If she is permeated with a passion for the lost in the community, in the city, in the district, and in the world, she will have no trouble in maintaining spiritual health and the right to be called a church.

The pastor has much to do in determining the set of the sail for the local church. If he is liberal, he will soon have a liberal people; if missionary, his people will soon catch the vision, and if deeply spiritual, it will soon be reflected in the lives of his people.

HE DID WHAT HE COULD

A young man accepted for the African missionary field reported at New York for "passage," but found on further examination that his wife could not stand the climate. He was heartbroken, but he prayerfully returned to his home and determined to make all the money he could, to be used in spreading the kingdom of God over the world. His father, a dentist, had started to make, on the side, an unfermented wine for the communion service. The young man took the business over and developed it until it assumed vast proportions—his name was "Welch," whose family still manufactures "grape juice." He has given literally hundreds of thousands of dollars to the work of missions.

EVERY JOB IS MISSIONARY WORK WHEN WE INTERPRET IT BY STEWARDSHIP.—The Presbyterian Advance.

The King's Highway