

MISSIONARY PAGE

FROM THE FIELD

HARTLAND MISSION STATION

Dear Friends,

This morning I was thanking the Lord for some of His many blessings to us. When we begin to offer praise to Him for what we do see: it seems to result in blessing to the soul, and a keener appreciation of what He is doing for us.

In our local service here at Hartland yesterday there was a little girl who gave herself as a seeker. She is boarding here with us and attending school. We trust that she will follow Jesus all the way.

Recently I conducted the funeral of one of our faithful Christian men. What his heathen relatives said of him was that he was a very good natured man, the way it was expressed: "We say of a good natured person, they are as good natured as a cow, but of this man we would have to say, like a sheep."

The grave had not been completed when I arrived, in the early afternoon. After greeting the men and expressing my sympathies I went to the little hut where the women and widow were. After a short prayer and further words of sympathy, I asked the widow what were the last words of this man. She said that some of what he said she could not hear, as it was not audible. Near the end he said, "He that is in the field shall not return to the house." I suppose that he was trying to quote Matthew 24:18, "Neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes." In reply to the question, "How is it?" he gave his final testimony in one Zulu word: "Kuhle," which would be, literally, "It is well," or "It is good," or "It is beautiful."

From our church records I find these particulars: he was born about 1882, baptized and received into church membership 1926. On the whole, since then, he had lived a fairly steady and consistent Christian life. This is an example of what the fruits are, of the work that you are supporting on this foreign field.

The day after this funeral, I was in the Xaba section, no doubt Brother Parks will recall the long walk: over hills and valleys, that we had in that section. Before the meeting of the day I called in the home of a man who has had some education, started off in the Christian way. Married one of our good Christian girls, and then another woman came upon the scene, and he took to himself a second wife. Great possibilities lay before this young couple, but they have been largely ruined by this fall for polygamy.

After our regular meeting, we went up a little hill and had prayers for a woman who has suffered from T.B. of the ankle, I think it is, for seven years. I took some time to question her about her soul, and learned that she had no definite experience of salvation. She belongs to another church, which emphasizes physical healing almost to the exclusion of soul healing. I tried to explain the way of salvation and urged her to seek for a definite experience of conversion. Leaving a Zulu tract with her I walked up a long valley and over the last hill to where my bicycle was waiting for me.

We have had fine rains this spring and the peach, plum and orange trees, are almost covered with beautiful blossoms. The wattle is also blossoming and the mulberry trees are well covered with the rich, dark green leaves. Our banana grove looks pretty well damaged by frosts and wind: the winter frosts have killed the leaves and the wind has blown down many trees, but new leaves are coming up and a new start is being made to recover from these death dealing blows.

What news we have received of Beulah is encouraging, and we trust that Riverside has also been blessed of the Lord.

Yours happy in His service,

C. D. M. SANDERS.

VRYHEID, NATAL

Dear Friends:

Greetings to you all in the Master's name! I am so glad I know Jesus as my Saviour. He truly is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Oh, it is wonderful that He should care for me!

Seeing before me my schedule for the summer D. V. B. S., I am reminded that I have not written since I was engaged in this work during the month of July. I don't mean to neglect the Highway family. My attitude was much the same as it was when I left my home to start teaching school—mother had so many children at home that she wouldn't miss me. Your "family" on the mission field is becoming so large that you would never miss my letters.

The schedule for the summer is a very busy one. From the last of November to the last of January every day and every evening is filled except for the short recess for Christmas and the Christmas Quarterly. Friends, please pray for us. This work yields much fruit but the enemy contends so strongly that we became "worn to a frazzle" as we frantically battle against him. He knows the value of this work—that when children are saved they very often go on unto perfection, therefore, he does all in his power to hinder.

In the different places where D. V. B. S. have been held previously, the children are continuing to sing the choruses and many are making a start in this Christian journey.

Today is a beautiful sunny spring-like day. Birds are singing (?)—as much as they do in Africa. The grass is as green as it becomes in Africa. Cannot we see God in everything?

The world is in a turmoil—wars and rumors of wars. At such a time yea, and at all times, isn't it wonderful to have that deep abiding peace.

We are busy making up Christmas parcels for our native workers and their families. Sister Kierstead is a wonderful help as she knows all the workers and their families and she never forgets. Such work, is becoming easier due to the generous help from the homeland. God bless you one and all! If you could only go with us into some of these homes and witness the scenes of joy as each one receives a dress or some garment, then you would feel amply repaid for any sacrifice you may have made. Really friends, even if we give our all physically, mentally, materially and spiritually, we make no sacrifice when you consider the price paid for our redemption.

"Give of your best to the Master." Keep on the firing line! How thrilled we are to hear of the advancement in the homeland! May the good work go on and on! Never a day passes that we don't pray for you all. If you have any special subjects for prayer, send them to us.

Remember—a church really develops when it is "all out" for missions.

Yours for souls,

MARY CAMPBELL.

In case I don't write again before Christmas, I'll take this opportunity to wish all the Highway family a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with much blessing from the Lord.

—M. C.

ALTONA MISSION STATION

Altona Mission Station,

October 12, 1951.

Dear Christian Friends:

Greetings to you in Jesus name from South Africa.

The days are becoming longer and much warmer. Summer is coming. We have had several hot days, and since I'm not accustomed to very much heat I have minded the heat.

I have been here at Altona for over two months and will be here indefinitely.

Miss Chase and I have been very busy with medical cases. There seems to be a lot of sickness. During the month of September we attended ninety cases. The doctor, besides his clinic once a week, had to come out to take several seriously ill patients into the hospital. We were also out to visit sick people in their kraals. Since we don't understand Zulu we can do our best without it. God requires our best no matter how small it may seem.

I am taking Zulu lessons, but I'm afraid it will be sometime before I can do much at it.

It is very strange to go to church and not understand what is being said. I'll be glad when I can understand and speak the language. When we have to speak in service the head teacher here interprets for us. There seems to be plenty to do, if we cannot speak the language.

We have a vegetable garden planted with a few things already up. We have also been making flower beds and planting flower seeds. Since we both are new at gardening, Sister Uta thought the seeds weren't growing fast enough, so she went digging to see whether the seeds were germinating properly.

I praise God to-night for the calling that He has given. The call to this land far across the sea. It pays to go all the way no matter the cost. God will go with us if we will do, be and say what He requires of us. With Him all things are possible, without Him life is barren. What a wonderful God we serve.

We must work while it is yet day, for the night is swiftly drawing near when our work here on earth will be over. The harvest is still great and labourers are few. Let us do our best now while we have the time.

Yours in His Service,

NINA SMITH.

**"Lord, millions are awaking,
Light is dawning,
Emancipation calls to youth and age.
Stir thy servants,
Ease forsaking
To labour and to give the sacred page."**