

MISSIONARY PAGE

FROM THE FIELD

VRYHEID, NATAL

Dear Friends,

Greetings to you all in Jesus' Name!

Another Christmas will soon be here. If I am to be in plenty of time with my Christmas greetings I must get a note off this week. God grant that all the Highway family may enjoy much blessing from Him during this Christmas season and throughout 1952 if Christ tarry. As each New Year approaches I wonder how much longer we will have the privilege of working for our Master of snatching souls from the fire of Hell. Oh, may we be more faithful! May our passion for the lost increase! May we have a greater vision of what it means to be lost!

In a day or two I'll be starting the summer's work, first to Altona to help with preparations for the Sunday School closing then through December and January Evangelistic campaigns both among the children in the form of D. V. B. S. and among the parents and young people in the form of evening meetings, kraal visits, etc. Do remember us! Sister Smith plans to accompany me to Kipunyawo, Calvary and Louwsburg where we'll board ourselves. Where we have to stay in hotels or boarding houses it is very expensive for two. It makes it more pleasant for me if I have some white companionship at these outposts, somebody that understands the ways of us white people.

The work is progressing in this part of His vineyard. Every so often we hear things that gladden our hearts as, people coming to the Lord, advancing in the way, etc., and church, Sunday School and school attendance increasing. Different victories I can trace back to D. V. B. S. when this boy or that girl knelt at the altar of prayer. One lad comes to mind especially. He was a terrible mischievous youngster. As we would kneel he would be laughing and making others laugh. The last day of that particular school he became much more serious, manifesting a great desire to be a Christian. About a month after that he made a definite start. Different other examples I could give you, did space and time permit. Are these crusades worth while? Well, I guess!

How we do rejoice as we read about the crusade for souls in the homeland! Truly God is blessing and He will continue to bless if we are willing to "burn out" for Him. May every child of His be on fire for Him and may each one be on fire for missions too.

God bless you one and all! Keep on the firing line. Always put first things first. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

Yours for souls both here and over this wide world,

MARY CAMPBELL.

**HAVE YOU PRAYED FOR
AFRICA TODAY?**

ALTONA MISSION STATION

Dear Highway Friends;

Greetings in the Precious Name of Jesus from Altona Mission Station.

I know my letter is long overdue to you dear people and as hard as I am trying I can't think of a reasonable excuse for not having written before. When I was in Canada I used to begin all my letters with, "I am sorry I haven't written before but I just haven't had the time". It seems to be the excuse many people are familiar with for not writing. However since coming out here I have changed my viewpoint somewhat as Sister Mary says, "We can always find time to do the things we really want to do". I believe it don't you?

Nine months ago we left Canada enroute for South Africa. Eight months ago we arrived in Vryheid, and after about two weeks I came to Altona and was introduced to life on a Mission Station.

I don't know if all people felt as I did when first arriving in a foreign country as a missionary or not, but perhaps a few have. I can't tell you of all the 'mixed-up' emotions that went on in my heart as many of them have never become really clear to me. I can tell you this however I did go through quite a long, discouraging 'adjustment period'. I was more than lonely a lot of the time. Sometimes it almost seemed I wished God hadn't called me out here at all—even though I felt strongly the call of God upon my heart for this work. I don't know if you can understand a person who has been 'really called' feeling that way or not, but I trust you all understand enough about human beings to understand my — maybe selfish desires.

I have told you all of that to tell you this—I don't know the week, day, or hour it happened but all of a sudden I had the most gloriously contented feeling pass over me and it didn't pass away. It grows with the days. Now I think I am the happiest and most contented person in the world at least one of the happiest. This Contentment is something the world can not give, neither can it take it away. Praise His Name.

I can now say thank you, and really mean it, to all of you dear people who have sacrificed so much to make it possible for God's plan to be fulfilled in my life.

When I think of the little I had when I gave my life to Jesus and how very much I have now both temporally and spiritually, crowned with this wonderful peace and contentment, I feel like travelling on. It does cause my heart to rejoice and say, "Praise the Lord". He is more than I ever fancied He could be.

It is wonderful to be able to serve a God like ours. I do want to praise Him for giving me this blessed opportunity of serving Him in Africa. Thank you dear co-workers in Christ for making it possible for me to come out here.

This field is indeed a needy one and to quote something which has been quoted thousands of times before, "The harvest truly is great but the labourers are few". This work presents a real challenge to our souls and we purpose to keep in the place where Christ can use us to win souls for Him.

Yours, Happy in Jesus, Content in His Will,
UTA CHASE.

VRYHEID, NATAL

Dear Highway Friends,

Last night I dreamed of Beulah. I was at the first evening service. It all looked so good to me and while many were strangers yet there were many I knew. Bro. Deverne Mullen was song leader and the first hymn was "Crown Him Lord of All." Everyone seemed to be so blessed and filled and the very rafters seemed to ring as we sang. The tears began to run and I prayed "Oh Lord, thou art Lord of all, to me." Then another hymn was announced and we didn't seem to know it very well so Bro. Mullen said: "Sister Owens, won't you please sing the second verse?" She stood and started to read the words over first and then I awakened. The room was dark, I was in the same bed, in the same room and the same old feeling of oppression was still present, making it difficult to breath. I was sorry it was only a dream but as I prayed the dear Lord made His presence felt and then things never seem so dark, do they?

Well, it was just a nice dream but it made me realize that I should get my Highway letter written for October.

Summer is here with some hot days but also lots of rain which does make everything look so fresh and clean and keeps the atmosphere cooler.

The past two Sundays Eugene has been to outpost near Altona. Two weeks ago he left on Saturday taking Mrs. Charles Sanders and her new little daughter, Joy Louise, as far as Paulpietersburg. The roads were so bad, from several days' rain, that he did not dare go down into Hartland.

The following day he had a good service at Kipunyawo. The teacher there seems to be very helpful and had all the children out to the service too. My husband had a special little sermon for them and then asked if they wanted Nkosazana Campbell to have another D. V. B. S. session for them. Every hand went up and they sent word asking her to come. And when the call was given for those who wanted to choose the Lord, I think it was five young people, who responded. I am more and more convinced that work among the children and young people, is most profitable. Jesus loved them, when He was on earth, and He loves them now.

Last Sunday my husband had service at Entungwini, where old Samuel lives. He took one of the native teachers and a quartette of young men from the college. They had a good service and a good crowd out.

We do praise God for His many blessings to us. He is working in our midst, praise His dear Name! Continue to remember your missionaries and work out here, when you pray.

Yours, for souls,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD.

WHO HAS BEEN HIDING THE BOOK?

A colporteur told the Christmas story to the people of a village of North India, then read it from the scripture. "How long ago was this great day when God's son was born?" one asked. "About 2,000 years," the colporteur told them. "Then why has the news been so long in reaching us?" the villager asked in surprise. "Who has been hiding the Book as this time?"—The Glad Tidings.

The King's Highway