

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.,

Dear Highway Friends:

May 28, 1951

We greet you this morning from this land of need that God called us to, and to which you sent us, to try to bring light to those who were bound, and in the shadow of sin, and death.

Time seems to pass so quickly as each day seems so full of work that needs to be done. We thank the Lord for the improved health that Myra has, and for His care for us all. And for the way He has supplied our needs during the few years we have served Him in this Missionary work. We are glad for the little that we have been able to do for Him in this land, and for these poor natives. It is good to know that there are a few that have been saved, and sanctified, and enabled to live the Christian life, and have won the victor's crown: leaving behind them the testimony of a life freed from sin, and words that clearly stated that they knew they were going home to be with the Lord. However, when we compare the number of the saved, to those who yet need to be saved, we feel that there is yet a tremendous need about us.

As we count the years since coming out here, I find that I have been here over fourteen years, and Myra has been here over six years. There has been talk of our furlough, and it may be that that time for our departure from this land, and return to the homeland is drawing near. I am praying that the Lord will help us to finish the work that He sent us out here to do for Him, before that time comes. We also pray that God will definitely lead, both in the homeland and out here: to show us when that time comes. As He led definitely about our coming out here, so I believe He will lead just as definitely about our time to return to our own country and people. We shall appreciate your prayers on our behalf for these two requests we have of the Lord.

We have heard that there are Christian friends in the homeland who have raised some money towards buying a car for us. Will you accept our appreciation; we say thank you, and the Lord bless you for this sacrifice on your part, to make our work easier, and greater for the Lord; and to provide a means of conveyance in time of emergency. A car for Hartland seems a necessity in some ways. This station is slightly over 17 miles from our nearest town, and railway station and doctor, etc. Then there are parts of this Missionary work that need supervising by regular visits from the Missionary located at Hartland. It seems to be beyond the strength of some of us to reach all these points as we should, when using a bicycle and horse and walking. So that is why we feel a car is needed at Hartland, and especially in this day of modern methods.

If it should be that the money raised for the car does not attain its object till after we leave here, we feel it would be good for the effort to be kept up till this object is attained, and that this car be given to whoever takes over at Hartland after we leave. I suppose that those who give this money will be willing for this.

Yesterday I was in the Nkembeni section and the Lord gave us a blessed message, as we considered the life of devotion and service of Mary Magdalene. She had been saved from much, and she loved much. Pauline Lukele,

our worker from just across the Pongola, told of some special meetings that she has been conducting since this year began. We were glad that there are sixteen people who have taken a stand, either as new seekers, or as those who are decided to try again, after having failed the Lord in some way.

This work mentioned has been done in the Transvaal, in the Ntungwini section. Because we are short handed on the Natal side, it has been arranged that Pauline should work on both sides of the Pongola River when this river is not too full. The daughter-in-law of this woman mentioned, and another young woman living near by, were given positions at our last Piet Retief Quarterly, and they will be the main ones coming across the Pongola to help on this side, when this river is not too full. We are trying to get a Sunday School started in this section called Nkembeni. There are many native kraals in this section, and many children and young people. It is in this same section that we are trying to get a site from the Government, on which to build a church. At the present time we have meetings in a native hut. We are glad for those who are praying for this project. There is much opposition and difficulty involved in securing such a site. But God is able to do here what He did at Lujojwane. He gave us that site in spite of strong opposition.

It is time now for us to prepare our church reports.

So we are reminded that Beulah will soon be here again, and we take this opportunity to wish all the privileged ones, who will attend, the special blessing of the Lord for that great gathering.

We are glad to know that Harold Kierstead and his wife have felt a call to the Missionary work. May the Lord bless them as they prepare, and determine to respond.

We praise the Lord for Sister Kierstead's improved health, which is nothing short of a miracle.

Yours glad to be in His service,

REV. & MRS. C. D. M. SANDERS

## CORRESPONDENCE

Mrs. Austin Culligan writes: We enjoy The Highway very much and love to have it coming.

Mr. Judson Green writes: I enjoy this paper very much. It is a great blessing to my soul.

Mr. Otis Ames, of Fort Fairfield, says: We think you are doing a great job on The King's Highway.

We appreciate these encouraging comments from our good friends.—Editor.

1010 Coulonges Ave.,  
Sillery, Quebec City,  
Quebec, June 3, 1951

Dear Brother Dow:

I am writing for my aunt, Mrs. Kierstead, who is ill—

I appreciated your letter very much, but have been unable to answer it. I had two very bad falls and suffer a lot. I am partly confined to my bed. Today I go to the hospital for a while. You can please tell my friends where I am. I owe them so many letters, and am unable to write.

Hope you are well and your work is going good. May the Lord bless you all.

SISTER KIERSTEAD

## SIX MINUTES TO SPARE! . . .

At one time, E. L. Hyde, the evangelist, was conducting a revival campaign in the State of New Jersey, and in the course of his remarks, he said that he could prove, to the satisfaction of any infidel, within ten minutes, that he was a fool. He little thought that he would have occasion or opportunity of doing so.

The next morning, while he was out walking, a man accosted him very abruptly by asking:

"Aren't you the evangelist preaching up here at the church?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I supposed that you were a gentleman."

"I claim to be one."

"Well, I don't think you are. Did you not say last night that you could prove, to the satisfaction of any infidel, within ten minutes, that all infidels are fools? If you do not prove it to **my** satisfaction, I shall publish you in all the city papers as the most consummate liar that ever struck this city."

Seeing there was no possibility of reasoning with the man, Mr. Hyde inquired: "Where is your infidel?"

"I claim to be one," was the reply, "and I I am no fool, either."

"You don't mean to say there is no reality in Christianity?"

"I do, sir. I have studied all phases of the subject. I have traveled and delivered lectures against Christianity for more than twelve years, and I am prepared to say there is nothing in it."

"You are certain there is nothing in it?"

"Yes, sir; there is nothing in it."

"Will you please tell me," said Mr. Hyde, "If a man who will lecture for twelve years against NOTHING is not a fool, what, in your judgment, would constitute a fool?"

The man turned away in a rage, and Mr. Hyde, drawing out his watch, insisted that he still had six minutes. But the infidel would not hear him; nor was Mr. Hyde published in the city papers.—Selected.

## FULL SATISFACTION . . .

Not here! not here! Not where the sparkling waters

Fade into mocking sands as we draw near,  
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters—

"I shall be satisfied!"—but, oh, not here!

Not here—where all the dreams of bliss deceive us,

Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;  
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,

Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling  
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know;

Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,

And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while sorrows still enfold us,  
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,

And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us

Than these few words: "I shall be satisfied."