

MISSIONARY PAGE

GIVE WHAT YOU HAVE

In some special services a woman came to me and said: "Oh, I would give anything to be in this work actively and actually. I would give anything to have some living part in winning men and women for Christ, but I do not know what to do."

This was my answer: "Sister, are you prepared to give the Master the five loaves and the two fishes that you possess?" She replied: "I do not know that I have two loaves and five fishes." But I persisted, "Have you anything that stands out in your life? Have you anything that you have used in any way specially?" No, she did not think she had.

"Can you sing?" I asked.

"Well, yes," she replied. "I sing at home, and have sung in an entertainment."

"Will you give the Lord your voice for the next ten days?"

"I don't think I can," was her answer.

"But you can sing to entertain people. Cannot you use your voice to win hungry souls to the Lord?"

"I will," she said. I shall never forget the way she sang a Gospel message with the voice that she had, feeling that it was a poor worthless thing. And that night there came out of the meeting into the inquiry room one man. Later he told me it was the Gospel that was sung that reached his heart, and from that day to this he has been one of the mightiest workers for God in that city that I have ever known.

How was it done? A woman gave the Master what she had, and He put His hand upon it and blessed it, and the harvest was reaped right there and has been going on ever since.

Will you give what you have to the Master?
—Campbell Morgan.

A MIGHTY MAN OF PRAYER

Four, six, eight, or even ten hours a day John Hyde prayed for the souls of men with such earnestness that at the age of forty-seven he died as a direct result of this terrible burden of prayer. But, because of his prayer, revivals came which swept a hundred thousand souls into the Kingdom of God.

Praying Hyde—for so he was called by his fellow missionaries—began this ministry of intercession in preparation for a great conference of missionaries and Indian pastors scheduled in 1904 at Sialkot, India.

The church life in the Punjab was far below the Bible standard. Few were being saved among the Christless millions. John Hyde and a friend decided that this would not be just "another conference," but that they would wait upon the Lord until torrents of blessings should fall.

Thirty days before the conference began, these two men set themselves apart for prayer. After seven days a friend joined them, and for twenty-one days these three prayed day and night.

When at last the conference began, the power of God was there. As a result of that conference, literally thousands were prayed into the Kingdom.—Selected.

MISSIONARY QUOTATIONS

From "Mary Slessor of Calabar"

"My life is one long daily, hourly record of answered prayer. Cavilling, logical or physical, are of no avail to me. Prayer is the very atmosphere in which I live and breathe and have my being, and it makes life glad and free and a million times worth living. Food is scarce just now. We have not more than will be our breakfast today, but I know we shall be fed, for God answers prayer."

THE WAIL OF HEATHEN NATIONS

Hark! A wail comes from the distance.

List! The cry comes back again!

'Tis the wail of heathen nations;

Shall their calling be in vain?

Listen now to what they're saying

In the cry so full of pain,

As they call out from the darkness,

Where they're bound in error's chain.

"Send the gospel to us faster—"

Hear you not the heathen's cry?

Grant the boon we meekly ask for,

Do not pass us longer by.

You have heard that Christ, your Master,

In His blessed, holy Word,

Bade you tell to all the message,

Can it be that you've not heard?

"Know you not that we are dying?

Care you not our souls to save?

Why do you withhold the message,

When for it we humbly crave?

Send the gospel to us faster,

We are dying in our sins;

You can save our souls from ruin,

Here your charity begins."

Yes, they're calling; you have heard them;

Now, my friends, what will you do?

See, the fields are white to harvest,

But the laborers—oh, how few!

Up, my friends! Be up and doing

For the cause while yet 'tis day;

Let each one of us be willing

To help bear the news away.

—The Youth's Visitor

From "George Mackay of Formosa"

"I recall something of the feelings of that hour (with his first convert), the strange thrill of joy, the hope, perhaps the fear, the gratitude and the prayer. I look back through those twenty-three years, see the earnest face of that young man and hear again his words of resolve and conviction—'I am determined to be a Christian even though I suffer death for it. The Book you have is the true doctrine.' Were those true words? That young man did become a Christian, a student, a preacher, and today after twenty-three years of long trial and testing, he is still chief among the native preachers, the man on whom, more than any other, the care of sixty churches in North Formosa falls."

VRYHEID, NATAL

Dear Highway Friends,

When the first of May arrived I thought to myself "I must try to write my Highway letter early," but little do we know what the month holds, and again this time, it is nearly over and my letter only started.

The 3rd is a date that we shall always remember. In the morning we received word that Glendon could leave for Canada, as soon as he could get a sailing. I didn't think he would be going this year and it was rather a shock to think of him going so far away. Glendon felt differently. Once he got the matter all settled he felt he was going and set about at once getting his passport, etc., and even inquiring about a sailing. As a result he soon found out that he could get a sailing for Aug. 25—on the ship that Rev. and Mrs. Morgan came out on and Sister Campbell returned to Canada on.

I felt lonely about him going but it also gives me a thrill to think that he will soon be seeing all our friends and loved ones, Beulah with all its dear memories and then to attend our own Bible College that we had dreamed of and prayed for, for years. When I think, on this line, I get nearly homesick and wish I could go with Glendon.

That, of course, isn't possible and I'm so happy to be here in His will.

The night of the third we received a telephone call from Johannesburg saying that little Jennifer May Kierstead had just arrived at Harold and Shirley's. It is interesting to think that we have a little girl in our family. We do thank God for her and pray that she will early accept Him as her Saviour and grow up to be a blessing.

This morning I've been reading over the past three Highways and thinking what a good paper it is. Truly there is food for the soul and I got blessed, as I read. Today I was especially impressed with the article, "Overlooking the opportunities to win souls." You will, no doubt remember how it told of a missionary secretary who was so busy seeing that the Conventions were a success, that she didn't notice the many opportunities for service, all around her. It reminded me of what a missionary told me shortly after I arrived in South Africa. A certain lady came to this country and went to a busy mission station. After a few weeks she said "If I didn't have so many interruptions by the natives, I could do some real missionary work." She overlooked all the wonderful opportunities to talk with those who came to her, while she waited for some big thing to do. With most of us, life is made up of the small things. Oh, I do pray that God will help us to watch for any little word that we may speak, any service we can render, any little thing we can do for Him, to make use of all the opportunities that come to us, and be a blessing to the world.

May God greatly bless you all, I pray.

Yours for souls,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD.

FALSE TEACHERS

A Missionary of South Africa General Mission said, "Jehovah's Witnesses are pressing in everywhere with their gospel of a second chance and a message that does not demand a separated life. It appeals to the African and closes his ears to the truth."—Selected.

The King's Highway