

# MISSIONARY PAGE

## CALVARY MISSION STATION

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings to you all in Jesus' name! This letter is long overdue. Christmas 1951 is in the past, so also is New Year's Day 1952. I trust that you had a very good Christmas and that already in this new year you have received special blessing from the Lord. May it be a year of great revivals—the greatest ever witnessed. May every church in our Denomination experience such a revival. Such is my prayer. Too, "O Lord, help all of thy children to be so completely yielded to thee in body, soul and spirit and so emptied of self and filled with thee, that not one of them will in any way prove a hindrance to a revival."

Thank you dear friends for helping us to have such an enjoyable Christmas. I received many lovely gifts, cards, letters, etc., from overseas and I do want to thank you one and all. Isn't it strange that although I received so much, I can't help but think of some that I didn't hear from? Is that selfishness? I don't think so. Friends are valuable, and the only way we have of keeping in contact with them is through the medium of correspondence. That is one reason we quickly tear open our cards to see if there is a letter inside. However, back to the point. I am very very grateful to all who remembered me in any way. God bless you!

Sister Uta and I were with the Kiersteads for the Christmas season. Thanks to Uta's Aunt we had lovely decorations on our pine tree and we were able to get some red and green paper almost the same shades as we have at home to decorate the room. (Out here they use pink, green, purple and such colours). Yes, and we actually had a pine tree! Sister Uta and I went off on a tree hunt Christmas eve and one of these kind South Africans, realizing our plight, actually dug a pine out of his own yard and gave it to us.

You will note by the address that I am at Calvary Mission—yes—another D. V. B. S. My original schedule, I didn't follow, but sandwiched in an extra D. V. B. S.—Hartland.

At Piet Retief, the attendance kept up quite well both for the morning and evening services and we closed with a note of victory. From there we went to Kipunyawo, at least Uta and I gravitated between Altona and Kipunyawo. I do believe He is weakening Satan's stand there and that He is soon going to completely destroy it. Praise Him! One little heathen girl seemed to get victory Kanyisiwe is her name. Do pray for her! She gets only discouragement in her heathen home. I left Dec. 20 for Vryheid, Uta having gone up Dec. 16 when Brother Kierstead was at Altona for Communion Sunday. Following Christmas, we went to Hartland for the Christmas Quarterly. It was a good Quarterly with much blessing on the services. The noise around the Christmas tree was not too pleasant for Sister Myra who was sick in bed, but the Lord wonderfully sustained her. We are praying that she may soon be restored to health and strength. How glad we were that she could have with her Sister Nina, a trained nurse! The D. V. B. S. we plunged right into the day after the Quarterly—a poor time as many were at home with tummy aches from

eating too much meat. Too, many had to stay at home to hoe, and some were sick with measles. Still, we have to redeem the time as the holidays are not long enough to give meetings to all who require them. I believe some definite results may yet be seen from the meetings there. God's Word will not return unto Him void. On one of our kraal visits, we encountered a beer party. Enough of the men and boys crowded into the hut to well-nigh fill it, and I felt that the Lord really undertook for me that day. Three of those boys came to the altar on Saturday night. Do pray for them! They seemed very much in earnest, but they do need your prayers. After the Closing on Sunday I came to Paulpietersburg where we started on Monday. (Sister Uta had come there to help me, fearing too for my safety on that location.) Although we didn't see much victory at Paulpietersburg, we did see some and the interest was good throughout. Six days is too short a time to spend in one place. Oh, that our numbers were great enough that we could keep an Evangelist touring the field, spending a month in each place.

We are trusting the Lord for some real victories here at Calvary. We close here Saturday and start at Louwsburg Monday. I said WE but I fear I am and will be alone as Sister Nina, who was going to accompany me is at Hartland with Sister Myra.

It is wonderful that Sister Gladys is so improved in health. Every one of us admonish her lest she lose the ground she has gained. 'Tis hard for these ambitious people to let others do things they so long to do for themselves. We are looking forward to the day when Sister Gladys is completely restored to health—no more nasty injections, no more pills, no more medicines of any kind. Our God is able.

Attention, Children's workers! If you want busy work for the children, do have them mount pictures and fix cards. Of cards and pictures, we can use any amount.

The Highways are a great blessing to us. The articles in a fairly recent one seemed especially for me. Thank God, the work is advancing in the homeland. How we do praise Him for the wonderful revivals! May every church be a missionary church, is my prayer.

To think that we will soon be seeing Bro. and Sister Morgan! God bless them and give them a good journey on the water. The other night, poor Sister Uta became rather sick herself while thinking of them rolling and tossing on the water.

Do pray for us too, friends! We need your prayers. Right now there are opportunities to expand, had we funds and men. Obey the Lord at all costs. If He asks you to sacrifice some more, don't hesitate. You will be duly rewarded. God bless you!

Yours for souls at home and abroad,  
Mary Campbell.  
January 15, 1952.

"Everything vital in the missionary enterprise hinges upon prayer."—J. R. Mott.

"Everyone can go into 'all the world' in the ministry of prayer."

## HARTLAND MISSION STATION

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings from South Africa. I am sorry that I have not been able to write and thank you each one for the lovely Christmas parcels, etc., which helped to make our Christmas so pleasant. Charlie has written some letters and we hope to get around to you all eventually. Since the 4th of December I have been wrestling with a bout of anaemia, but I am happy to say that my strength is returning and I hope to soon be back to normal health. The Lord has been so good to us all. We sent an SOS over to Sister Nina and she has been helping us out for the past two months, which has been a great blessing. The two older children have had measles and now have whooping cough. There has been an epidemic of measles in this area for the last three months and several native children have died from complications. Then whooping cough seemed to follow on its heels. The natives have kept us quite busy giving out remedies. One of the Zionist preachers prophesied that the people should not use kerosene in their lamps, but burn white candles, and that they should drink green soda water. Then they were to smear themselves with clay made from a certain kind of ant-hill. After this they ducked them in the river. Wonderful treatment for little children who were running high temperatures! We can thank God that we were born in an enlightened land.

Last Sunday Charlie was at our Ukembeni outpost; on Tuesday he called in several kraals in another direction where there is sickness, and to enquire about children coming to school. On Friday he was over in the Xaba section to call on one of our Christian women who had been accused of poisoning a man who ate meat in the kraal. There was a post-mortem examination and she was cleared of any guilt as it seems the man died of heart-failure rather than poisoning. We made a point of asking the district surgeon about the case.

Today I praise the Lord who has done so much for me. He never fails. It has been wonderful to know that He was holding my hand and saying: "Fear not." If I had another life to give, I'd want to give it to my Lord for the foreign field. The centre of His will is "home" to me.

Yours, happy in Him,  
MYRA SANDERS

### TODAY

"The restless millions wait  
The Light whose dawning  
Makes all things new:  
Christ also waits  
But men are slow and late,  
Have we done what we could?  
Have I? Have You?"

No Christian can live through these days without incurring great responsibility.

The present is the time to PRAY, TO DO, TO GIVE. It is a time for the utmost possible service to be rendered. It is a time to fill the hours and the days with self-sacrificing, Christ-like ministries. The days are passing with the swiftness of the wind. Our lifetime soon will be gone. Not a redeemed soul anywhere has enough time at his disposal to justify him in mispending any of it. We are to be faithful stewards of it all.—My Father's Business.

The King's Highway