

# MISSIONARY PAGE

VRYHEID, NATAL

## ALTONA MISSION STATION

## "Who Will Go for Us?"

The Quarterly Meeting convened with the Church at Altona Mission Station April 9-13. There was a good representation from most of our churches and a good spirit was in each service.

The daily programme, with the exception of Saturday, was as follows: Sunrise Prayer Meeting at 6 a. m.; Bible Class at 10 a. m.; Preaching Service at 2 p. m.; Evangelistic Service at 8 p. m. On Friday night we had an all night service and a Young People's Service was held two mornings from 8 a. m. to 10 a. m. The first business meeting was held Thursday morning but others were held between services or at night.

Sunday was a full day, beginning with Sunrise Prayer Meeting followed by the Young People's Service. Later, one candidate, Kenneth Kierstead, was baptized.

The afternoon service began at 12 noon, and lasted four hours. The service opened with singing, followed by prayer, and then one of the native preachers brought a message. This was followed by Rev. Charles Sanders giving the report of business meetings held during the Quarterly.

Then Rev. William Morgan conducted a most impressive Dedication Service in which five babies were dedicated. Rev. Alfred Metula gave the Right Hand of Fellowship to three new members.

Since it was the Easter season, the natives had a feast following the afternoon service.

Each of one of our missionaries who was in attendance was given the privilege of speaking at one of the services. We felt that each service was blessed in a special way.

Pray for us that these Quarterlies might be a great source of blessing to all who attend, and that they might have far-reaching effects in this sin-darkened land.

Rev. E. A. Kierstead brought the closing message, using as his text, "Without Holiness no man shall see the Lord." Holiness is always a suitable message, but I felt it was even more suitable that day as there were so many other churches represented. This meeting was followed by Communion Service.

There were approximately three hundred people in attendance at the last service, and still there was room for more, so you can realize what a large church we have here at Altona.

Yours in His service,

UTA CHASE

## A PASSION FOR SOULS

Bishop Taylor Smith had his Master's passion for preaching the Gospel. Not long before his death he was taken ill in San Francisco and was ordered to the hospital. There two friends visited him. It was eleven o'clock at night when they reached the hospital. When they opened the door of his room they saw the bishop with his two hands on the head of the nurse, praying earnestly on her behalf. They felt it was too sacred a scene to intrude. Later the nurse came out in tears and said, "That dear old man! I am the third nurse he has led to Christ today."—The Evangelical Christian.

"Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I: Here am I; send me" (Isaiah 6:8).

Brethren, the heathen are perishing, and there is but one way of salvation for them, for there is but one Name under heaven given among men whereby they must be saved. God in the glorious unity of His divine nature is calling for messengers who shall proclaim to men the way of life. Out of the thick darkness my ear can hear that sound, mysterious and divine, "Whom shall I send?"

If ye will but listen with the ear of faith, ye may hear it in this house today, "Whom shall I send?"

While the world lieth under the curse of sin, the living God who willeth not that any should perish, is seeking for heralds to proclaim His mercy. He is asking even in pleading terms for some who will go forth to the dying millions and tell the wonderful story of His love, "Whom shall I send?" As if to make the voice more powerful by a threefold utterance we hear the sacred Trinity inquire, "Who will go for us?"

I feel in my soul, though I cannot speak it out, an inward grieving sympathy with God, that God Himself should have to cry from His throne, "Whom shall I send?" Alas, my God, are there no volunteers for Thy service? What, all these priests and sons of Aaron, will none of these run upon Thine errand? And all these Levites, will none of them offer himself? No, not one. Ah, it is grievous, grievous beyond all thought, that there should be such multitudes of men and women in the Church of God who nevertheless seem unfit to be sent upon the Master's work, or at least never offer to go, and He has to cry, "Whom shall I send?" What, out of these saved ones, no willing messengers to the heathen? Where are His ministers? Will none of these cross the sea to heathen lands? Here are thousands of us working at home. Are none of us called to go abroad? Will none of us carry the Gospel to the regions beyond?

Are none of us bound to go? Does the Divine Voice appeal to our thousands of preachers and find no response, so that again it cries, "Whom shall I send?" Here and there a young man, perhaps with little qualification and no experience, offers himself, and he may or may not be welcomed, but can it be true that the majority of educated, intelligent, Christian young men are more willing to let the heathen be damned than to let the treasures of the world go into other hands.

We shall not always throw the emphasis on the last word "me," but read it also thus, "Here am I, send me."

He is willing to go, but he does not want to go without being sent, and so the prayer is, "Lord, send me. I beseech Thee of Thine infinite grace qualify me, open the door for me, and direct my way. I do not need to be forced, but I would be commissioned. I do not ask for compulsion, but I do ask for guidance. I would not run of my own head, under the notion that I am doing God service, Send me, then, O Lord, if I may go; guide me, instruct

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in His dear Name! The dear Lord is very real to us these days, and we do thank Him for His care and watchfulness over us.

The Easter Quarterly Meetings were held at Altona last week. Most of the missionaries were present and I believe it was a time of rich blessing. Brother Morgan said it reminded him of Beulah. Glendon said it was the best Quarterly he ever attended, etc., so it all sounded good and we were grateful that the presence of God was so present. One was baptized on Sunday—that was Kenneth, our youngest son. We do thank God for dealing with the children. It's so much easier to guide their feet in the right way.

I believe three persons were given the right hand of fellowship. There were good altar services and from what I hear that was good food for both soul and body.

After the morning service, here at the college, the student body and some of the teachers came over, on our lawn, to sing to me. They sang several Easter hymns, one of the teachers prayed and then I spoke a few words to them from the verandah, after which they sang several choruses and left. It was such a nice thing for them to do and I did appreciate it very much. I longed so to be at Altona, yet felt it was His will that I stay, and the hymns, etc., were so comforting to me.

The Zulus are nearly all good singers and when they know the Lord and sing from the heart, it is even better.

The days are getting shorter and cooler. The natives will be reaping their gardens, but I fear in many places there will be little to gather in to the store houses. The drought was so severe in many places. Food will be expensive and scarce, I fear, before the year is over.

We do pray that many will be gathered into the fold during the winter months. We thank God for what we have seen and heard and are trusting for greater things.

Yours for souls at home and abroad,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD

me, prepare me, strengthen me."

I feel certain that some of you are eager to go for my Lord and Master, wherever He appoints. Keep not back, I pray you, Brother, make no terms with God. Put it, "Here am I; send me—where Thou wilt, to the wildest region, or even to the jaws of death. I am Thy soldier; put me in the front of the battle if Thou wilt, or bid me lie in the trenches; give gallantly to charge at the head of my regiment, or give me silently to sap and mine the foundations of the enemy's fortresses. Use me as Thou wilt. Send me, and I will go. I leave all else to Thee; only here I am. Thy willing servant, wholly consecrated to Thee."

With my appeal, in earnest and at once, for it is the appeal of God, sit down and listen to that sorrowful yet majestic demand, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us." And then respond, "Ready, yet ready for anything to which our Redeemer calls us."

Let those who love Him, as they perceive all around them the terrible token of the world's dire need, cry in agony of Christian love, "Here am I; send me."—Chas. H. Spurgeon.