

MISSIONARY PAGE

VRYHEID, NATAL

My Dear Friends:

The Christmas season is over and we are entering a new year. The past year held sorrows and joys, disappointments and times of rejoicing, but I praise God that we were not in despair, for we tried always to "look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things that are not seen are eternal."

We know not what the new year holds but we do know that Jesus went the way before us and if we are true to Him, He has promised not to leave nor forsake us. Praise His dear name!

For the first time in four years I was able to walk to the dining room for Christmas Day. I cannot yet walk very much or very far but it was so nice to feel better and be able to enjoy the day with our family and Sisters Chase and Campbell. The girls came up early to help with the cooking. Sister Sanders was not well so Sister Smith was at Hartland and also gave a hand at preparing for the Christmas Quarterly that began the day after Christmas.

We feel we have so much to thank God for. Truly He never fails!

We want to send our thanks to all who remembered us at Christmas with gifts, cards, letters, etc. I shall do my best to write, just as soon as I can. The cards were so beautiful but so numerous that it will take me some time to answer all. We do appreciate all your thoughtfulness to us.

We also feel to give thanks to God for sparing the life of one of our workers, Rev. Johannes Nkosi, who underwent a serious operation, just before Christmas. We hear he is well on the road to recovery now.

We are looking forward to seeing Brother and Sister Morgan before too long, and are praying that God will give them a good journey to this land.

May God bless you all during 1952 and may we all keep close to Him.

Yours for precious souls,

Gladys Kierstead

WILLIAM TYNDALE LAID DOWN HIS LIFE TO TRANSLATE THE BIBLE INTO ENGLISH. WHAT IS IT COSTING YOU TO GIVE IT TO THOSE WHO HAVE NO BIBLE IN THEIR OWN TONGUE?

I have sometimes thought I must have a day or two of rest, but I frankly confess that rest is very little to me, for I think I hear the cries of perishing souls, the wailing of spirits going down to hell, who chide me thus: "Preacher, can you rest? Minister, can you be silent? Ambassador of Jesus, can you cast aside the robes of your office? Up! and to your work again."—Spurgeon.

"Every book in the New Testament was written by a foreign missionary."

ONE JUNGLE NIGHT

By Amy W. Carmichael

The tom-toms thumped on all night and the darkness shuddered around me like a living, feeling thing. I could not go to sleep, so I lay awake and looked; what I saw seemed like this.

I stood on a grassy sward, and at my feet dropped a sheer precipice. Over the edge I looked down into infinite space. There was no bottom—only cloud shapes—black and furiously coiling, great shadow-shrouded hollows, and unfathomable depths. I drew back, dizzy.

Then I saw forms of people moving single-file along the grass. They were making for the edge! There was a woman with a baby in her arms and another little child holding to her dress . . .

She was on the very edge . . .

Then I saw that she was blind . . .

She lifted her foot for the next step . . . she trod air. She was over, and the children with her. Oh, the cry that rent the air!

Then I saw streams of people coming from all quarters. All were blind, stone blind; all made straight for the edge. There were shrieks as they suddenly felt themselves falling, and a tossing up of helpless arms, catching, clutching at empty air. But some went over quietly and fell without a sound.

Then I wondered, with a wonder that was agony, why no one stopped them at the edge. I could not. I was glued to the ground, and I could not call. Though I strained and tried, only a whisper would come.

Then I saw that along the edge there were sentries set at intervals. But the intervals were far too great; there were wide, unguarded gaps between. And in these gaps the people fell in their blindness, quite unwarned. The green grass seemed blood-red to me, and the gulf yawned like the mouth of Hell.

Then I saw, like the picture of peace, a group of people under some trees, with their backs turned toward the gulf. They were making daisy chains. Sometimes when a piercing shriek cut the quiet air and reached them, it disturbed them and they thought it a vulgar noise. If one of their number started up and wanted to go to help, all the others would pull him down. "Why should you get so excited about it? You must wait for a definite 'call' to go. You haven't finished your daisy chains. It would really be selfish," they said, "to leave us to finish the work alone."

Once a girl stood alone in her place, waving the people back; but her mother and other relatives called. And, being tired and needing a change, she went to rest awhile; but no one was sent to guard her gap, and the people fell, a waterfall of souls.

Once a child caught at a tuft of grass that grew at the very brink of the gulf; he clung convulsively and called but nobody seemed to hear. Then the roots gave way, and he dropped, his little fists still holding to the torn-off bunch of grass.

And the girl who longed to be back in her gap thought she heard the little one cry, and sprang up to go; but her relatives reproved her, reminding her that no one is necessary

VRYHEID, NATAL

I thought I would thank you this Christmas for all the lovely gifts you sent me. There were so many that I decided to send you a letter through The Highway.

Christmas has now passed and we look forward to the coming year. It is dark to us, because we are not able to see what it holds for us, but we can be sure of it, if we keep close to Him who was given a gift for us on this blessed day we have just celebrated, it will be bright because of His love and presence with us. If we take a look at our Bibles we see in John 3:16 the true meaning of Christmas. It all happened in such a simple way, yet to us who are His followers, it means LIFE. The assurance this verse gave during the Christmas day, gave me a great desire to return service for this great gift. All of us have a service to render to God and our fellow man and as I looked about and read of all the things drinking, etc., has done to poor souls on Christmas it made me feel that if all of us would serve Him wholeheartedly, many of these souls would be brought to Him. Let us strive to win souls, and to hold the gospel banner as high as possible so that others may see the light and come to know Him. May each one of us begin this coming year with Him close to us.

I want to relate a true story of a little girl who gave herself to Him:

A girl named Anne had given herself to Jesus. Before this she had been a very bad little girl, but now she was trying to be a good girl, as best she could, with the little experience she had. She had been getting along very nicely when one day, at a party her parents were giving, some of the elders decided to give her a try to see whether she really could stand fast on the rock, so one of them asked her, saying, "Anne, what would you do if Satan came to tempt you? You know you are so weak that you couldn't fight him, so what would you do then?" She sat for a few seconds in silent prayer asking for guidance, then she looked up, her face beaming with Heavenly joy, "I would send Jesus to the door of my heart." This is the kind of simple, child-like faith we should pass through the coming year with.

May the dear Lord help and keep you till we meet again. I remain,

Your friend in Jesus,

Reginald

ALL GOD'S GIANTS HAVE BEEN WEAK MEN WHO DID GREAT THINGS BECAUSE THEY RECKONED ON GOD BEING WITH THEM.—Hudson Taylor.

anywhere—the gap would be well taken care of, they knew. And they sang a hymn.

Then through the hymn came another sound like the pain of a million broken hearts, wrung out in one sob. And a horror of great darkness was upon ME, for I knew what it was—the cry of the blood of the dead.

"Then thundered a Voice, the voice of the Lord, and He said, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me. And He said, Go and tell this people . . . Jesus said, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

—From THINGS AS THEY ARE.