

MISSIONARY PAGE

From Rev. and Mrs. W. Morgan

A Days' Work in Africa

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in His Precious Name!

I fear a report from us is long overdue. First of all may we say that the Blood avails, the anchor holds. Praise His Name. We are grateful for the blessings that rejoice our hearts and for the tests that draw us closer to Him and cause us to prove His manifold grace. Truly our God is great, and greatly to be praised. We thank Him that He found us when we were lost and undone, pulled us from the miry clay, set our feet on the Solid Rock and called us into His service.

We are just passing through what we hope is the last remains of one of the coldest winters South Africa has experienced for many years, so we are told. The cold weather has taken its toll of lives, especially among the older people. Some were prepared to go and others, sad to say, were not.

In the first part of July I was informed of two aged people who had died. The case was so significant that I feel I should speak of it. These two people were next door neighbors to each other; one a woman, the other a man. The woman had been a Christian for many years; the man died a heathen. I was called to take the service at the burial of the woman as she had been a member of our church for many years. It so happened that Brother Charlie Sanders was at Hartland at the time as it was during the July 50th Anniversary services being held at Hartland. He readily agreed to go with me to interpret for me which I greatly appreciated for even after a year and a half in Africa my tongue is still slow to follow the Zulu language.

The service was largely attended and one could tell by the sorrow expressed that she had been a woman much loved and highly respected by the people of that area.

The heathen man was buried the same afternoon and after we had closed the service we went to his kraal to have prayer with his wife, who is a seeker in our church. We found her at the grave of her husband where a small group of men were engaged in finishing the grave where he had been laid. The thing that most impressed us was the great difference in the number of people at these two funerals. With the Zulus, a man always rates far above a woman in respect and importance. But here was not only a man, but a man who claimed royal Zulu blood. Why was his burial attended by only a few people while this poor widow had drawn such a large group to pay their last respects? There was only one feasible answer: The power of the Gospel of Christ manifested in her life.

Just a few days ago I was called again to officiate at the burial of another who had fallen prey to the cold winter. His case was one of narrow escape. After serving Satan for a lifetime, he finally sought the Lord on his deathbed. We thank our heavenly Father that His love is so great as to take one who has nothing whatsoever to offer except a life completely wasted in sin. We rejoice that this man sought and found the grace of God, though he nearly delayed too long.

We are reminded that our names also will be called one day. May we be ready. And may

Mrs. G. M. Kierstead

We had really planned on a week-end trip, but Thursday night, as I was busy getting the last things packed, the workmen here at the college got into an argument, which nearly resulted in a fight. The superintendent was away as well as many others, so we felt we should stay, and only go for a day now.

So bright and early Friday morning we were up and away. It was a beautiful day, cold but sunny, and as we were going towards the east the sun was very blinding at times, and the roads were just like wash-boards, and so dusty, as we haven't had rain for weeks and weeks.

We reached Paulpietersburg in good time, however, stopped for gas and started on to Hartland.

At the native conference, held in July, it was decided to station Rev. Absolom Sibiyi at Hartland, and this was the day set to help him move.

During the week my husband had been to Louwsburg and got the load of Absolom's furniture that had been stored there, while Absolom was in Bible School at Stegi. So that load was on the truck.

The road into Hartland was just as good as the one to Vryheid, except that perhaps it was more dusty. In some places, as Brother Morgan said, it was as if you were striking a huge powder puff of dust. The clouds of soft, fine, powdery dust seemed to come into every tiny space, until we felt we were even eating dust. I have always been afraid of the hills on that road, but its really a most beautiful drive. When everything is so green, in summer, it's nicer but now the hills are brown, but the grandeur is there just the same and it causes our hearts to rejoice as we remember that God "stretched forth the heavens and laid the foundation of the earth." He made the hills and the valleys and is the Creator of it all.

At Hartland we unloaded, loaded on the last of Sister Nina Smith's things and my husband started for Altona, while I spent the day at Hartland.

Sister Smith was away at one of the nearby outposts, having a D. V. B. S. so her things were left at Altona and then on the truck went to Kipunyowo where Absolom's belongings were loaded. Then the family climbed aboard and they started towards Hartland.

Absolom's father is old and blind and he found it hard to have his son and family leave him, even though there are others to care for him. I don't think he is a Christian and he does need our prayers that God will lighten his darkness, with the sunshine of His love.

The truck arrived safely at Hartland, where again it was unloaded and then, after enjoying a good supper, we started for Vryheid, arriving

we do our utmost to see that others also are ready. Let us not go empty-handed. Pray for us out here. Hearts are hard. Pray for the showers of grace and love from God that will soften the hardest hearts to heed the Gospel offers of abundant mercy.

Yours to sow the Seed,

Bill and Elsie Morgan

about eight o'clock. Our boys and my little dog, Brownie, gave me a good welcome home.

We felt the day had been profitable and we do pray that Absolom and Evelyn will be a real help and blessing at Hartland. This week Sister Campbell is having her last D. V. B. S. session, for these holidays in the Hartland area and I think Absolom will be helping her. One of Alfred Metula's daughters is also with her.

I was able to see several of my friends. Elizabeth Maseko, Johane Maseko's wife, was one. Her husband has had a stroke and is quite crippled on one side, so is helpless and sick. Elizabeth was troubled, yet she was brave and cheerful and was trusting the Lord. I also saw two of my former girls, one from Hartland and the other from the Altona district, but married to a boy from Hartland. I was so pleased to see them. They brought their babies to show me. Do pray for these dear young women; they do need Him so much.

I didn't accomplish very much but it was lovely to have the day with Brother and Sister Morgan and on a mission station again.

Continue to pray for the work out here. Good foundations were laid and much has been builded thereon, and there is yet much to be done. May God help us to be careful that we build well, for Him.

"It is the universal testimony of missionaries in all countries, to which I am glad to add my own, that there are times when we are conscious of unexplained increments of strength, grace and protection, and of assistance in experiences of great difficulty and hardship, which are the registered answer in our lives of the prayers of friends in the home-lands. We sincerely believe that prayer is a direct and effective plan of missionary work, starting into operation spiritual forces in the distant parts of the earth at definite points, and in connection with definite enterprises and definite needs. This is the prayer creed of every missionary in my acquaintance, and back of the solicitation so publicly and insistently made by missionaries before home congregations for the benefit of the prayers of the faithful there stands this sincere sense of need and an unshaken faith in the effectiveness and reliability of prayers."

—Selected

A song leader at a missionary service announced the song, "O Zion Haste," adding, "Omit verse five." After the meeting a missionary looked up verse five. It reads, "Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious; Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious, And all thou spendest Jesus will repay." The missionary said, "We ought not, we dare not, we shall not, omit verse five from our missionary program for it is the very heart of the program."—Other Sheep.

"We are the children of converts of foreign missionaries, and fairness demands that I must do for others as men once did for me."

—Maltbie Babcock.

"There was a time when I had no care or concern for the heathen—that was when I had no concern for my own soul. When, by the grace of God, I was led to care for my own soul, I began to care for them."—Alexander Duff.