

MISSIONARY PAGE

From Mrs. Gladys M.
Kierstead

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in His dear name! For some time I have felt that perhaps I shouldn't write to The Highway and take up space, when I had so little to write about. Recently I've had letters from home that make me feel now that I should keep on. So again I'll try my best to bring a bit of Africa and the work out here a little nearer to you.

Our Christmas Quarterly was the most important event of the past month or so. I expect others may have written about it too, but I will also mention a few things that were most encouraging to me. The advances made concerning our young people's work made me very happy indeed. I cannot remember the exact date that our young people's work was started in South Africa. I stopped and looked it up and find we had our first young people's service in 1945, at Altona. It has grown since then and we do praise God for what our eyes have seen and our ears have heard.

Another thing that blessed me during our stay at Altona was to learn that four of our workers and young people were going to Swaziland to Bible School, and also to learn that others are interested. We thank God for a holiness school to send them to, to get the needed training. Mr. and Mrs. Ngwenya from Msobotsheni, Shadrack Nkosi from Piet Retief, and Enoch Sukazi from Entungwini, are planning to go at once. Pray for them, friends.

There is so much to do and I am so interested in it all. Hartland Mission house looks so nice and the high walls and ventilators, etc., should make a great difference in the health of your missionaries, at that place, as well as making the Mission Station look so much nicer. We do praise God that this has been accomplished.

The church at Entungwini, where our old worker, Samuel, lives, is near completion. Week before last Brother Morgan went to Altona and helped Harold put the roof on, of corrugated iron. That will last for years. These are not beautiful buildings, but they are made to last, and friends, God meets with us here in the plainest buildings, just the same as He does with His children in the most beautiful churches in the world.

Then there is Mfeni church that must be done before May, I think it is. The materials are being carried down now. That is a terrible task and due to the hills, etc., a truck cannot get down there at all, so everything must be carried on the heads of the people. I've never been there and I guess Sister Campbell is the only lady among us who has attempted that trip, and I don't think she was as tired as some of the men have been when she returned.

Then Msobotsheni church must be built as soon as possible. It takes time to get materials, get them hauled, etc., then get builders, and really get the buildings up.

There is so much to do, one just wonders where to start. There is the constant grind of the Mission Station life, the sick ones to care for, schools to look after and keep equipment in them, etc., the Sunday services, the class days. I can truly say it's a busy life but when

R.M.M.V. "STIRLING CASTLE"

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in Jesus' name!

Is it possible that I am now on the last lap of my ocean journey and that by March 5, D.V. I'll be in Cape Town. You must have been remembering me before the Throne in a very real way. Sunday I docked at Liverpool, England. Monday I washed a few clothes and relaxed. Tuesday, my friend and I went to the shipping office. From then until Thursday was one grand rush as I booked a sailing for Thursday. Wasn't I fortunate to get a cancellation so quickly? God was in the plan. He doeth all things well.

Let me take this opportunity, friends to say a big "Thank you" from the depths of my heart to one and all who sent telegrams or letters or cards or anything saying farewell. Everything was appreciated. If only I knew how to express adequately in words the appreciation that I feel so deeply!

The Stirling Castle is a beautiful boat and my travelling companions are agreeable and they don't smoke. I have much for which to be thankful.

God bless you one and all.

Yours for souls,

MARY.

"MASTER, WHERE SHALL I WORK?"

"Master, where shall I work today?"

And my love flowed warm and free.

And He pointed out a tiny plot,

And said, 'Tend that for Me.'

But I answered quickly, 'Oh, no, not there.

Not anyone could see.

No matter how well my task was done—

Not that little place for me.'

And His voice, when He spoke, it was not stern,

But He answered me tenderly,

'Little one, search that heart of thine,

Are you working for them or Me—

Nazareth was just a little place,

And so was Galilee.'

—Missouri Councillor.

God has called, it's a marvellously happy one too.

Yes, discouragements came to me. I got tired and I got lonely and homesick too and then I got sick. That doesn't sound so happy, does it? But that part comes to us all, sometime or other in this life. But to have Jesus to help bear the hard things and to know, beyond the shadow of a doubt that you are where He wants you, makes the hard places easier.

I never lost the vision for the cause during even the hardest days of my illness, and now that I am so much better, I have such a desire to do more for Him. He has done so much for me and I somehow feel He is going to give me back those five years that seem so lost to me today. I realize that I look at them from the human viewpoint—perhaps they are not lost, as He looks at them.

Now I've tried to make you feel the need. Have I done it? At any rate, pray, friends.

Each day is shortening up, one day less to work for Him, one day less to help others know Him. Oh, may we all get under the burden for our home work, that is so important,



Mary Campbell
Writes Enroute
to Africa

Many times does a doctor recommend for his patient a long sea voyage. Surely that is a prescription worth following if the main concern is one's health. As soon as I embarked, gone were many of my good resolutions about the work I was going to do. Oh the work I had planned! Every minute must be filled "with 60 seconds worth of distance run." Yet I felt so weary that I have driven myself very little. By this time I must have absorbed so much fresh air and sunshine that when I reach my station I'll be ready to plunge right in up to the ears.

Beside my own folk, many from Halifax were at the boat to see me, some of our church folk and some other friends. As one crowd left, another crowd came on. How helpful these things can be! God bless you!

Apparently our Highway friends have been praying for me in a special way. From Halifax to Liverpool I shared my cabin with an English lady who hated smoke. Too, on the boat was a very fine class of tourist passengers. Then, instead of having to spend a month or two in England, I practically stepped from the train to the boat by getting a cancellation in two days.

The Stirling Castle is a beautiful boat. Again both of my cabin mates hated smoke. The weather has kept wonderfully cool even going through the tropics and the sea smooth. True, there is a very worldly crowd of passengers on board, but that merely throws one a bit closer to the Lord. He has been my chief companion since leaving Halifax. He never disappoints His children. I have been amazed to find that many who never gamble at home, will do so on the boat. There are a few missionaries on board but the most of them can neither speak nor understand English. This morning I met two very fine missionaries who do speak my language. Praise God!

Once again, let me say from the depths of my heart a big "Thank you" to one and all who remembered me with farewell letters, telegrams, gifts, etc. It is hard to find words to adequately express my appreciation. Many I have written personally, but lest in the scramble I have overlooked some of you, please regard this as your "Thank You." This refers too, to those who remembered me at Christmas. God bless you one and all!

Yours for souls,

MARY.

for the work out here, that is so near to our hearts; the lost souls, the buildings, the work in general, and for the world also. Every country needs Him so. In our own fair country, as well as in all other countries, there are crying needs for a revival and an out-pouring of His Holy Spirit.

May God bless you, everyone.

Yours for His work,

GLADYS M. KIERSTEAD