

MISSIONARY PAGE

A Trip to Zululand

By Bill Morgan

Dear Highway Friends,

I must share with you an experience I recently enjoyed. Having seen most of the general areas of our Mission work I had been for some time desiring to visit Zululand, and to see our work in that area. This is the experience I would like to share with you.

Elsie and I left home on a Thursday morning for Louwsburg where she was to stay with Myra while Charlie and I went on a week-end trip to Zululand. Zululand is a very large Native Reserve Area where no whites are allowed to live and where a white must have a permit before he may enter. Shortly after dinner Daniel Mthethwa, (a native preacher), Charlie and I set out. We reached our first out post about 4:30. Our arrival was a surprise to the folk as they had not received the letter sent to announce our coming. After about three hours food was served including fresh chicken—hen yard fresh, having been prepared from start to finish after our arrival. The evening service got under way about 8:30 and continued until about 12:30. Next morning we were on our way again to the next outpost where we arrived at about 10:30. It had been a beautiful drive in the morning air of springtime. The landscape was a feast for the eyes with the rich shades of green cut up like a patchwork quilt by gardens plowed at different angles and showing a dark golden brown amongst the green. I let my imagination run a bit at times. We were passing through historic country—the country of the Zulus. Here had lived some of the most famous of the Zulu chiefs. What stories those rolling hills could tell! One could almost visualize hordes of Zulu warriors streaming over those green rolling hills brandishing their spears, travelling at an easy, rolling trot, singing one of their favorite war songs in a deep bass key.

But coming back to reality we were soon made welcome at our second outpost, where again they had not been expecting us, the letter not having reached them. After a cup of tea we set out for some kraal visiting. Time being short we did not stop to have prayer at each place, merely stopping to announce the evening meeting. But at one particular heathen kraal we had a particularly noteworthy meeting. The headman of this kraal sent out some of the children to call the people from neighboring kraals and when everyone had arrived we had nearly forty people, nearly all heathen. We took advantage of the opportunity and Bro. Sanders brought a helpful message. May the Spirit use it to the salvation of these people. We felt that the meeting in that kraal was one of the most important events of our visit at that outpost. The evening meeting was well attended and blessed by the Spirit. It ended about 2:30. At 5:30 we were awake and making preparations for an early start for the third outpost as we hoped to reach there in time to do some kraal visitation. And in this we succeeded. Returning to our stopping place about 4:30 after visiting a number of kraals we noticed a goat being killed. Not too long after it was delivered, together with other good Zulu

food, seasoned and cooked. The evening services concluded about 12 and after we had discussed some matters concerning the work we tumbled into bed.

The closing service was dismissed about 12 noon and we set off for home immediately after.

To me, it was a rewarding trip. Our work in Zululand is small, being at present mostly a follow-up of a few of our people who have moved there from other places. From Louwsburg we travelled 254 miles in reaching these outposts. And they were not easy miles. One thing I noticed. Those few scattered people in Zululand who are our followers realize the hardship involved in reaching them, and they realize that their numbers are few. The appreciation shown by them for the small amount of attention which it is possible to give them is a rich reward. And not only is it these few people who realize these facts, but the community around them also is appreciative. Through it they get a glimpse of Him who loves His sheep and goes out into the wilderness to seek them lest they perish.

Yours to reach the lost,
Bill and Elsie Morgan.

SEND ME OUT

Oswald J. Smith

**Lord, send me out with heart aflame
To win them to Thy fold;
Of Jesus and His wondrous love
The story must be told.**

**Lord, send me out, I care not where,
With power to win the lost;
To tell them of redemption free
Procured at awful cost.**

**Lord, send me out, it matters not
How hard the task may be;
The Gospel of Thy grace, I know,
Can set poor sinners free.**

**Lord, send me out, oh, let me go,
I dare not still delay,
The day of grace will soon be o'er,
Then let me speed away.**

SHE WALKED MANY MILES

A Korean woman walked two hundred and fifteen miles, carrying her baby on her back, to hear about Christ. Far back in the distant valley where she lived, the people had heard of Jesus. They had heard that He was in their country—that was all. The people were very poor, and they were all toiling for their daily bread; but they selected this woman, who had only one baby, to go for them—and she could go, if they helped her. So each of her neighbors put two handfuls of rice in a sack, and said:

“Go; this will feed you on your journey.”

So the woman took her baby on her back, and the bag of rice, and she trudged along until she found the missionary people who had Jesus with them.

Thus she found the Saviour for her self, and carried the message back to her people.—The Christian.

MISSIONARY ZEAL

A truly God-called missionary will go out in faith, and will accomplish eternal results. If he casts his bread upon the waters, it will return, perhaps only after many days.

Jesus promises an hundredfold, already in this life, to those who will leave father, mother, houses, lands, and friends, for the Gospel's sake; and in the end, everlasting life. Glorious compensation (Mark 10:28-30)!

Paul was a model missionary (II Cor. 11:23-33). Well might he say in the end: “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.”

Every truly converted person has the missionary spirit. No sooner has one tasted that the Lord is good than he wants to tell it to others.

Those who cannot go to Africa, or to China, or to India, in person, often visit those places by prayer. They meet the people at the Throne of Grace, where they intercede for them.

You, too, can have sheaves from Africa, if you will. You can make your prayers still more effectual by giving largely, that others may go. But if God wants you, your prayers or money cannot take the place.

Remember, the harvest is white, and the laborers are few.—Selected.

ARE THE HEATHEN LOST?

By G. Christian Weiss

One frequently hears the statement that men will not be condemned because of their sins but because they reject Jesus Christ, but this statement is misleading, for even if Christ had not come to be a Saviour, men would have been utterly lost. It is SIN that condemns men, and it is the heathen's sin that condemns the heathen.

While they who know not the Gospel are hopelessly lost, they will be held responsible only for the light they have, and will be judged accordingly. God will judge every man according to his works, without respect of persons. Even in hell there will be degrees of punishment though all there are lost eternally, and the suffering of the unevangelized pagans will not be nearly so great as that of the multitudes in America and Europe who know and reject the way of salvation through Christ! The servant who failed to do his Lord's will, through ignorance, was beaten with few stripes, and the one who knew the Lord's will and did it not was beaten with many stripes. God takes into account every thought and motive as He metes out judgments to men, and the condemnation even of the heathen will not be unjust, but just.—Selected.

WILLING SERVICE

It may seem only a little thing the Lord has for you to do, but it is an important one. Put not thyself out of the way of being employed by Him; do not begin by laying down laws for thyself as to what thou wilt do and what thou wilt not do; but cry out from the depth of thy heart, “Here am I, send me.” He has “need of thee.”—Hay Aitken.

“The Christian people of the world give to support missionary work the startling sum of one cent every ten days per individual!”

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