

MISSIONARY PAGE



Farewells, Journeying and Arrival

By Rev. Eric Haywood

Greetings to the Highway Family from your new missionary representative.

Letter writing is a task I care little for, however, here goes.

After "farewells" were said and the wave of the hand, the boat pulled away from the wharf and out into the dark, destination Cape Town.

Unknown to me before leaving St. John the boat was to stop at two African ports. One Dakar, French West Africa, the other, Boma and Matadi, Belgium Congo.

The voyage was long and tiresome. The first part of the trip was good but, from the Congo river to Cape Town it was rough and stormy. The last three days I was sick. I'll never make a sailor.

Going through Customs was very easy.

While I was in Cape Town I stayed at the Andrew Murray Missionary Home. I was made to feel like one of the family.

The journey up through the country would have been very nice had the trains been warm, clean, and fast. My, they can use trains no other country would use.

I was met at Glencoe by Miss Campbell, Kennie Kierstead and Nina. It was a grand reunion! The Lord is good!

I stayed at Paulpietersburg with Rev. Harold Kierstead and family for a few days until OUR WEDDING.

Nina and I were married at Altona Mission Station by Rev. F. A. M. Kierstead.

After a few days of honeymoon we returned to Altona and the work.

Trust that you folks will remember us in prayer that GOD will bless us as we work together for HIM in this needy field.

CLEAN LIPS

"Amend your ways and your doings and obey the voice of Jehovah."

A missionary worker in Australia, among the Kanakas from the Solomon Islands, led a number of these men to Christ. Among them he noticed one that had evidently stopped smoking. He was no longer seen with the inevitable cigarette between his lips. The missionary asked him why he had stopped smoking. The Kanaka answered, "Him no likee me play (pray) along dirty fellow lip."

"Who doesn't like it?" asked the missionary.

"Him—Jesus," said the Kanaka.

"But who told you that Jesus doesn't like it?" urged the missionary, for he thought that surely someone must have had a word with the new convert about the tobacco habit. Then the man in response smilingly said, "Him—Jesus."—The Sunday School Times.



News From Altona Mission Station

By Mrs. Eric Haywood

Today I sat in the school house at Prudentia. The school is a rondoval about ten feet in diameter, and is also used as a church building. There were no desks nor seats, therefore we sat on the floor.

I thought as I sat there and heard the children recite scripture verses and sing choruses, of the changes the last year and a half has brought. I went with Miss Campbell the first trip that she made over there. The children dressed in very little, flocked in from all over the hill. They didn't know a scripture verse or a chorus. They hardly knew the name of Jesus and if they did, they didn't know who He was. They were untaught in the way of salvation, they didn't know that Jesus had died to save them from their sins. There wasn't even a school to teach them in secular things. Plans had been made and we were trying to obtain a teacher but no teacher went there until last January.

Today although fewer were present, still one could see the difference. They were properly dressed. They have been taught the way of salvation, and four girls have given themselves as seekers. God is still working. These children are eager to learn and we pray that they each will walk in the light.

"Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

MISSIONARY INTERCESSION

Mrs. Chas. E. Cowman

"Up; for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hand: is not the Lord gone out before thee?" (Judges 4:14).

Faith speaks and acts in the present tense and imperative mood. Hope belongs to the future, but faith lives in the present moment. Its watchword is "This is the day." "Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation." "Say not, there are yet four months and then cometh the harvest. I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

This is especially true regarding our attitude to the extraordinary opportunities in the mission field today. Surely the Lord has gone out before us, and opportunity is written large on many mission fields. The Lord's message is "Redeeming the time," the present time, the point of time, the immediate opportunity. Indeed, opportunity has become intensified into emergency, and in many respects it is in our missionary work as in the matter of personal salvation, now or never. Let us not be calculating on human probabilities respecting harvest time, for the fields are white to harvest.

Our greatest asset is prayer; our mightiest resource, missionary intercession. In a remarkable passage in the fifteenth chapter of Romans, the Apostle Paul speaks of his missionary work (verse 16) as a great priesthood, "the offering

MRS. E. A. M. KIERSTEAD WRITES:

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings to all your friends in His Name! It has been some time since my last letter, but I have had little to write about as I am in the Home Guard, so to speak, and not out on the battle front. Yet it seems that God has a corner for us to fill, and I pray that I may shine and work in mine, as He would have me do.

I am just recovering from pneumonia, bronchitis and malaria fever, and a week ago Harold brought me here, Addington Hospital, Durban, where I am having a complete check-up, etc., to find out what was causing my temperature to stay up. The doctors feared T. B., but we do thank God that the X-rays were negative. The trouble has been discovered and is clearing up and I trust I shall only have another week here.

I am in a huge ward of over thirty beds with women of so many nationalities and with so many kinds of sicknesses. Three women have been brought in drunk—one had even cut her throat. Such tragic things I have seen and heard!

I haven't been able to walk but have had opportunities to witness for the Lord, both to doctors and patients. On one side of me is a little heart patient, about my age, and I have been able to have several talks with her. She seems to really know the Lord.

Later: I am home and so glad to be here. The Lord wonderfully helped about leaving the hospital a few days early. I hadn't thought of leaving until Saturday morning when the thought suddenly came to me, so I spoke to the sister and she spoke to the specialist and it was arranged at once. While I was waiting to telephone I looked out and here was the friend who went with me and my husband and Reginald! Before I prayed He answered!

Humanly speaking, the report from electro cardiogram, X-rays, etc., is most discouraging. Doctors cannot cure me and if I want to live, I must lead a very quiet life indeed, only up about two hours a day. I cannot feel that this is the best God has for me; if it is, I say, "Not my will, but thine be done," but I am looking unto Him with expectation as Jehoshaphat did in II Chron. 20. I don't know what to do, but my eyes are upon Him, and I am trusting that He will reveal Himself very clear to me and increase my faith.

I have not been able to get my usual Christmas letters off, so please, dear friends, accept this as a personal message to you each one, bearing our very best wishes for a very Happy Christmas and all His best in 1955. I would greatly appreciate your continued prayers, letters, etc. May God be with you.

Gladys Kierstead

up of the Gentiles" on the altar of intercession. The margin reads "the sacrificing of the Gentiles." The original bears the sense of the priestly offering, and the word for ministering in this verse is the technical word for priesthood. Our chief missionary work is priestly rather than executive. What we say to God means much more than what we say to men. This is a field of service in which thousands can be engaged who are excluded from the opportunity of direct evangelizing, at least in foreign lands. Shall we offer ourselves as God's Levites for this high and holy ministry and be found with white robes and burning censers ever ministering at the altar of sacrifice and service?