

From Reginald Kierstead*

SINNER NEXT DOOR

Dear Highway Friends,

It seems to me that many of you will ask, "Why the change in address?" As you can see I am at a Nazarene Bible College. It has just started the beginning of this year. As many of you friends will know from past letters, I have been called to the mission field. Glendon is now at Bethany. That is where I would like to go myself, but the opportunity opened for me to come here. Since I have arrived I have been struck with the great calling we have received in Christ Jesus.

As a small boy, the son of a missionary, I always wished I could be a missionary as well. I never thought it possible, but God worked in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform. I am so glad I have a Saviour who was mindful of the fact that without good preparation I could not do His work effectively. He has at last opened the way and as I have yielded to His will, He has blessed me richly. Not only do we get food for our minds, but we are spiritually strengthened and built up. How I praise the Lord Jesus for His love!

That He should be mindful of me: a sinner, condemned, unclean! He has lifted me and called to His blessed service. What could I do but answer? He loved me before I ever knew Him. Praise His Holy Name! Jesus is truly wonderful.

At the college, we are next door to a Nazarene church. The services are conducted in Afrikaans, but since we learn the language in the S. African schools that presented no problem. The college is nicely furnished—all the result of Young People's Societies in America. The Lord has blessed their work in a mighty way. Each week-end the students go out to proclaim God's word. Many needy souls are reached in this way.

For two weeks Rev. Maynard James, a famous evangelist from England was here. This led to a number being saved and sanctified. Praise the Lord! His arm is not shortened that He can't reach down and pick up those straying lambs so precious in His sight!

I have written of the way Jesus has worked here that you might pray for us. Many of you young people especially, might have a strong desire to become missionaries. I don't blame you! Yet the time passes so slowly, and you might think that it is impossible. It is not. You can be a missionary right now. You may not be in Africa or any other foreign country, but you can pray. You can intercede for those who are already on the mission field. We need your support. Won't you be a prayer missionary? We want revival and are praying for revival. In our own mission work we are sore in need of a revival where the unsaved will be saved, backsliders brought back and believers sanctified. Won't you join us in prayer for the extension of God's Kingdom in S. Africa? Maybe you think I am preaching a sermon to you. I wish I were over there in Canada to do just that right now. Maybe someday I shall be privileged to see you all, but until that day let us pray that God will use us as well as those who are already in the vineyard. I am sure all the missionaries would appreciate your prayers, so let us band together in world wide prayer

Miss Manning loved a missionary. Before he left for India, he wrote her and asked her to marry him; if she sent no answer, he would consider it a refusal.

She wrote her acceptance at once. Since it was pouring rain, her brother offered to take the letter to the post office.

She never saw her lover again. Later she heard he had married someone else. Twenty-five years later the Manning family moved to a new house; in the moving an old coat of her brother's was found. When the pockets were turned inside out, there was the letter, yellow and crumpled; it had never reached the man she loved.

God has given you a letter to the sinner next door. Is it still in your pocket, undelivered?—The War Cry.

"The greatest work that has been done, or is being done, in championing the oppressed, is the work of the foreign missionaries."

STIR ME

Stir me, O stir me, Lord, I care not how
But stir my heart in passion for the world.
Stir me to give but most to pray,
Stir, till the blood-red banner be unfurled
O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie
O'er deserts where no Cross is lifted high.

Stir me, O stir me, Lord, till all my heart
Is filled with strong compassion for these souls;
Till Thy compelling must drive me to pray
Till Thy constraining love reach to the Poles
Far North and South, in burning deep desire,
Till East and West are caught in love's great fire.

Stir me, O stir me, Lord, till prayer is pain,
Till prayer is joy, till prayer turns into praise.
Stir me, till heart and will and mind, yea, all
Is wholly Thine to use through all the days,
Stir till I learn to pray exceedingly,
Stir till I learn to wait expectantly.

Stir me, O stir me, Lord, Thy heart was stirred,
By love's intensest fire, till Thou didst give,
Thine only Son, Thy best beloved One,
E'en to the dreadful Cross, that I might live;
Stir me to give myself so back to Thee,
That Thou canst give Thyself again through me.
—Bessie Porter Head.

OBEDIENCE

We can never make up for our lack of obedience by giving extra ministry, or by becoming more enthusiastic in some particular sphere. The Lord wants obedience, and if we yield ourselves to Him for a life of obedience, He will look after our character and build it up into the likeness of His Son; and there will be no doubt about conquest in the realm of ministry.

Dr. J. C. Macaulay

union that God might send us a mighty Holy Ghost Revival. I long to be out on the mission field, but then I realize that God needs those who pray as much as those who work in the Harvest Field. Will you join me?

The Lord bless each one of you and make you real warriors for Christ. Let us claim the VICTORY in Jesus' name! Amen! The Lord bless you.

I remain,

Yours for souls,

Reginald Kierstead.

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The late Dr. A. T. Pierson's daughter, who laid down her life on the Indian mission field, thus wrote to her brother, a prospective missionary:

"I write these words for you to ponder and pray over. Do not go to any foreign field till you know beyond a doubt that God Himself sent you to that particular field at that particular time. If you marry any missionary field in haste you will repent at leisure. There is a romance and halo about being a missionary which disappears when you get on the field, I assure you—and, believe me, from the first minute you step upon shipboard on your way to the foreign field, the devil and all his agents will attack, entice, and ensnare you in order to defeat the purpose for which you cut loose and launched. Nothing but the fullness of the Holy Spirit will carry anyone through, and if you do not know you have received Him, do not fail to obey the command to 'tarry till you be endued with power from on high.'

"Believe me, the foreign field is already full enough of prophets who have run, but He did not send them. Because of this, things are in a bad state in the missions themselves. If you know beyond a doubt—and you may—that God is empowering and sending you there and now, go and fear not, and when through days, months, or years of suffering that are sure to come in this cross-bearing life, the question arises again and again, 'Why is this? Am I in God's path?' the rock to which you will hold in this sea of questionings and distresses is, 'God sent me here, I know beyond a doubt; therefore I may go on, fearing nothing, for He is responsible and He alone.'

"But if you do admit 'I do not know if He sent me or not,' you will be thrown into an awful stress of mind by the attacks of the great adversary, not knowing what will be the outcome, and you will find yourself crying out, 'Oh, that it were time to go home! What a fool I was to run ahead of the Lord!'

"Do not think, my brother, that God sends us to the field to sweetly tell the story of Jesus, and that is all. He sends us there to do what Jesus came into the world to do—to bear the cross. But we will be able to trudge on, though bowed under the weight of that cross of suffering and even of shame, if our hearts are full of Him, and our eyes are ever looking upon the One who is invisible, the One who sent us forth, and therefore will carry us through.

"I pray that this message may shake you in all that is to be shaken, that that which cannot be shaken may remain at the Rock of Ages."—World Conquest.

EASTER ASSURANCE

One of the messages of Easter is the assurance it gives to the outcome of life. We are not to be beaten back into inglorious defeat. We can stand rebuff and temptation and grief for part of the span of the present life, for we know what joy and freedom and fullness of life awaits us on the other side. We can afford to walk with the tread of a conqueror. We dare not be careless, but we may be confident. Each returning Easter sets the seal of conquest upon those who are Christ's.—Selected.

The King's Highway