

Missionary Column

MISSIONARY LETTER

184 Hlobane Street, Vryheid, Natal, S. A.

Dear Highway Friends,

Greetings in Jesus' precious name.

It was so nice to receive some Christmas Cards, letters—and parcels. These made our hearts glad to know we were remembered and being prayed for too. Thank you very much and may you be blessed of God.

We have had so many blessings of late, among them the privilege of having some of our relatives visit us and stay over night at Christmas time and following it. Charles and Myra, Pamela, Esther and Joy, and Paul and Mary, and Maryella. We enjoyed the Christian fellowship and of hearing again of the great scope for harvesting souls on the Reef and of God's blessing on the nearer fields.

Then we had the privilege of having Christmas Dinner at Rev and Mrs. E. Kierstead's where most of the R. B. Missionaries were gathered. Here we got a little better glimpse of Rhodesian opportunities and know that only as we pray and trust God can we see the longing and desire of our hearts accomplished for these challenging areas.

David was away during the two weeks following Christmas, doing some building at Altona in connection with the Bible School there. But I was able to get to the evening meetings during the Conference. Some visiting Ministers and Missionaries were there and we enjoyed good messages on Holiness and such hearty singing, it reminded one a little of Beulah Camp Meeting. We do so miss the Home-and singing, the preaching Services and Christian fellowship! Though my father-in-law is old, he went to three meetings and enjoyed them very much.

I am finding many opportunities to speak to souls who call at our door, and giving out tracts to these Natives—mostly (unconverted) professing Christians. Pray that I may be given the wisdom to help them. Then I am finding quite a bit to do for the Europeans physically and spiritually. I do praise God for this opening and long to win precious souls for Him. So do pray that it shall be a fruitful Ministry.

Wishing you God's rich blessing with the promise, "As I was with Moses so shall I be with thee."

Yours for souls,

Grace and David Titlestad.

LIPS AND LIFE

"He thinks it better for his quiet influence to tell," said an affectionately excusing relative of one who had plenty of special opportunities of soul-winning, if he had only used his lips as well as his life for his Master. "And how many souls have been converted to God by his 'quiet influence' all these years?" was my response. There was no answer! —Frances Ridley Havergal, in Kept for the Master's Use.

SOUL - WINNING

Brainerd said, "I care not how or where I live, or what hardship I go through, so that I can but gain souls for Christ."

Matthew Henry wrote, "I would think it a greater happiness to gain one soul to Christ than mountains of silver and gold to myself."

Fletcher of Madeley said to Samuel Bradburn, "if you should live to preach the gospel forty years and be the instrument of saving only one soul, it would be worth all your labors."

—Selected

THE DEACON WHO TALKED TOO MUCH

Deacon Lee, who was a kindly, silent, faithful gracious man, was one day waited upon by a restless, ambitious, worldly Church member, who was labouring to create uneasiness in the Church, and especially to drive away the preacher.

The deacon came in to meet his visitor, who began to lament the low state of religion and to inquire as to the reason why there had been no revival for the past three years.

"Now, what do you think is the cause of things being dull here? Do you know?" he persisted in asking.

After a little thought the deacon answered frankly, "No, I don't."

"Do you think that the minister fully realises the solemnity of his work?"

"No, I don't."

Then he asked, "Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and hire another?"

The old deacon started

as if he had been shot,

and in a tone louder than his wont, shouted, "No, I don't."

"You talk so little sir," replied the guest, not a little disturbed, "that no one can find out what you do mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the old man rising to his feet. "Thirty years ago I got my heart humbled, and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity; and don't you tempt me to break them!"

The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immovable man, and asked, "What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which He had planted him. In my blindness I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in his right hand. I and the men that led me thought we were doing God's service when we drove that holy man from his pulpit and his work, and said we considered his work ended in B— where I then lived. We groaned because there was no revival, while we were gossiping about and criticising and crushing, instead of upholding, by our efforts and our prayers, the instrument at whose hand we harshly demanded the blessings. Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation while we hung as a dead weight to the wheels; we claimed that he had not the power of the Holy Spirit, so, worn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die. Scarcely had he gone when God came among us by His Spirit to show that He had blessed the labours of His respected servant. Our own hearts were broken and our wayward children converted, and I resolved to visit my former pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for

his faithfulness to my wayward sons,

which, like long-buried seed, had now sprung up. God denied me that relief, that He might teach me a lesson every child of His ought to learn, that he who touches one of His servants touches the apple of His eye.

"I heard my pastor was ill, and, taking my eldest son with me, set out on a 25-mile ride to see him. As I entered the room he opened his eyes and said, 'Brother Lee! Brother Lee!'

"I bent over him and sobbed out, 'My pastor! My pastor!'

"Then, raising his thin white hand, he whispered in a deep impressive voice, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.'

"I spoke to him and told him I had come to confess

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The King's Highway