

MISSIONARY PAGE

We Go to the Quarterly

By Myra Sanders

For some time we had been debating about going to the Quarterly at Altona. The Willys was in the yard, but we needed a licenced driver to go with us. At last we struck upon the idea of getting Brother Bill Morgan, so Charlie and a neighbor went to Hartland and got him.

Early Monday morning after family prayers we loaded the car with camp-beds, bedding, suitcases, various baby paraphernalia and toys, and started off. Between Vryheid and Paulpietersburg we ran into rain, and the road began to get slippery. The farther we went the more slippery it became, and the Willys was sliding around until at last in desperation, it shot off the road into a wattle grove, right side up and the occupants only slightly startled. We got back on the road again and proceeded to Paulpietersburg.

The plan was to go to Hartland for the night, and go on to Altona Tuesday morning. So after getting lunch at Paulpietersburg we turned down the road leading to Hartland. At one place the car started sliding around again, so the driver turned out of the road into the veld in order to get around the slippery place. At last we arrived at Hartland, where Mrs. Morgan and Miss Smith gave us a warm welcome.

The new Mission house at Hartland is certainly an improvement over the old house that we lived in. I just couldn't believe it was the same place. It is just lovely, and we are hoping for a house just as nice, when the building is done here at Louwsburg. For whether we or others live here, a comfortable Mission home is needed, and not only here but at Altona also. We spent a nice day and after a good sleep started out for Altona. The only mishap we had was that Joy fell out of bed in the night.

On our way out of Hartland we met Rev. and Mrs. Kierstead going down to get Mrs. Morgan and Miss Smith. At Commondale where we stopped for petrol, Esther in her haste to cross the road, fell and skinned both knees and cut her forehead. The day was lovely for driving, and we reached Altona shortly before noon. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kierstead gave us a warm welcome.

The Lord was with us. The workers arrived early in spite of flooded rivers, etc.

Instead of morning Bible Class, that period was devoted to lectures by Rev. Kierstead, on the 'Change from the old Covenant to the new Covenant,' and by Charles on the Book of the Revelation. These lectures were profitable and were appreciated by our workers as they had especially asked for them to be given. Abaslom Sibiya, recently graduated from the Nazarene Bible School at Stegi, Swaziland, gave a report on his two years of study. This seemed to stir our workers, making them realize the benefit of Christian training. Possibly four will go to school this year.

The business sessions were times of harmony and co-operation, and at times a bit humorous. One evening Trifina Msibi was having a little nap, and woke up in time to

second a motion that had not been moved. The Young People were allowed to elect their own officers and conduct their own services, under supervision.

On New Year's Eve there was a watchnight service. New Year's Day, Christmas was celebrated by the natives. Rev. Metula and Charles preached to a good congregation. Gifts were given out from the nicely decorated tree, and a feast of meat and samp was enjoyed.

On Sunday morning five candidates were baptized. These were given the right hand of fellowship in the afternoon service. Two babies were dedicated and a goodly number partook of communion. Rev. Morgan and Rev. Metula preached. Many requested prayer after Brother Morgan's message, "Behold I stand at the door and knock."

The Europeans also held their first field conference. We have long felt the need of this.

MISSIONARY VISION

Lord God of Hosts! Open Thy people's eyes
That they may see earth's whitened harvest field
Widespread; may note the precious grain that lies
Unreaped. Open! that they may see the promised
yield
Perish because no sickles touch the grain,
Making Thy Son's great sacrifice in vain.

Lord God of Hosts! Quicken Thy people's hearts!
Cause them to feel what pain, what grief is Thine,
While wasted lie the heathen lands, vast parts
Of Thy domain, untouched by Love divine;
Help them to share Thy bitter grief—
And move them, Lord, to send relief.

Lord God of Hosts! Open Thy people's purse,
That they may give—not less, but more and more!
Oh, may they never taste the bitter curse
Of Meoz! Help them their treasures all to pour
Into Thy saving work of grace,
Thy coming hastening on apace.

Lord God of Hosts! Call forth our young and strong
Into Thy harvest field where die the lost
In sin's black night for fear and hate and wrong.
Lord! call them forth to toil at any cost
To self, and gain, and home, and life . . .
Baptize them for earth's final strife!

Lord God of Hosts! Open Thy Church's door!
Send forth Thy flock—north, south, and east and
west,

To reap the ripened fields! Upon them pour
Thy pentecostal power for toil, not rest . . .
That ransomed multitudes may stand
With those who reaped, at Thy right hand.
—Author Unknown.

We planned, D. V., a week end of special services at Vryheid during Easter and trust that each one shall receive new blessing in order to be more effective in the Master's service.

Late Sunday afternoon we started for home. We had trouble with the lights which held us up for a while, but eventually we hit the Louwsburg road. Some of us slumbered peacefully until one person noticed that we were coming nearer and nearer to one of the side drains of the road: our driver was also having a little nap. We reached Louwsburg about 11.45 p. m., happy to have had the time of fellowship and blessing, but also happy to see our little home.

"Go labour on, spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do thy Master's will,
This is the way the Saviour went;
Should not the servant tread it still?"

FIRST A BIBLE THEN A CONVERT— THEN A CHURCH

A missionary in Central America recently wrote her father, a pastor in Springfield, Missouri, the following letter, which reveals afresh the power of the Scriptures to impart the power of the Holy Spirit:

"Let me tell you the story of a boy in the Latin American Mission seminary here in San Jose, studying to be a preacher. He lived in a rural section of a prosperous farming district of Costa Rica. There was no evangelical work of any kind. His father bought a new farm and decided to send Jose to run it.

"Jose knew that he would be lonely, so he gathered up all the reading material in the house to occupy his time. Among other things he found a Bible which was just another book to him.,

"When Jose got to the farm he began reading the Bible. He began to see that his life was not the kind portrayed in the New Testament. So, alone he accepted Christ as Saviour. When he returned home, all his family and friends saw a great change in him. They asked him, and he told them. Then they wanted him to read the Bible to them.

"Finally, without the help of any outsider they wanted a church of their own. A missionary heard about Jose and offered his service to help organize. After organization they called Jose as pastor, since the missionary had other duties. For some time he filled that place. At last another missionary went to help full-time while Jose came to the Latin American Mission for study. No one can guess where the Bible came from, but someone years ago put it into the hands of a member of the family, and at last it bears fruit. That story thrilled me through and through. What power there is in God's Word to the lost!"—Bible Society Record.

MISSIONARY JOURNALISTS NEEDED

Dr. Frank Laubach

The swiftest, most titanic educational upsurge in history—and the most dangerous—is going on right now all over the world. For good or ill, nothing can stop it now.

In rapid succession nations are starting literacy campaigns, and calling upon educated Christians, as well as others, to help teach. This is a perfect opportunity for evangelizing, as it offers endless occasions when a Christian can witness for Christ while he is teaching a friend to read.

The millions of new readers each year demand an ever increasing supply of literature. At this moment a river of printed hate, prejudice, crime and filth is pouring out over the world. Good literature is produced and distributed in a mere trickle. The church of America must send skilled Christian journalists abroad, many of them!—to train indigenous writers to produce and distribute attractive, character building books and periodicals. America must meet this challenge!

If we don't respond, the governments around the world will teach this rising tide of illiterates anyway in the next twenty years, and the Christian Church's supreme opportunity of two thousand years will pass.—From Call to Intercession.