

MISSIONARY PAGE

APPOINTMENT AT MFENE

Eric and Nina Haywood

Ber-er-er-ing! Ber-er-er-ing! Time to get up Eric! Huh! What time is it? Time for breakfast, and off you go to Mfene, "place of the baboon".

Breakfast is soon over. Car is out of garage. Horn is blown. Timothy comes running, and away we go. Nina is left to hold the fort. Come along with us!

Beautiful day, sun is beginning to shine, going to be warm, I do believe.

The car vibrates with power as we roll along up hill and down hill.

Delfkom is soon reached. We turn off here and make for Entungwini, some five miles distant. The road is rough, strewn with large and small boulders. The tall grass makes it hard to see the road at times. We pass an outpost on our right, Nkokweni by name. Down one hill and up another we go. Hills, hills, and more hills. The hill top is reached. Below us, and shining in the early morning sun, is the roof of Entungwini church.

The place is deserted. All have gone to Mfene.

Car is left in church yard. Timothy leads the way. Mfene next stop.

This is my first trip to this outpost.

Past corn fields, through tall grass we go. Hills, valleys, narrow ravines, edge of cliffs, all passed in a hurry. In valley below smoke ascends, people are just stirring. Cattle moving on valley floor look like small sheep.

Sun is now up over the mountains and the day is becoming warm.

Off in the distance we can hear the roar of the Pongola river.

The hills are becoming steeper. Very little grass grows on them. Small trees dot the hill sides. We stop to rest before we descend one more hill.

Looking straight ahead and far off on the horizon a mountain, behind this mountain, Hartland Mission Station. Immediately in front of this mountain is a thin silvery ribbon, glistening in the morning sun. It's the Pongola.

Skr-e-e-ch! Skr-e-e-ch! Whats that noise? My brakes slipping, steep hill. A long drop down, almost straight up and down. I'll get dizzy if I'm not careful.

Right, left, right, left. No we're not marching, just zig-zagging down.

Valley floor reached at last. Pongola River just at our feet.

River some 35 feet wide, 3 or 4 feet deep, fairly swift. Banks of river sandy. Trees tell us how high the water rises in freshet time. Along here the water was at least 25 feet deep.

Walking now along the river bank, in front of us Mfene kraals. We can see them through the trees.

Warm welcome awaits us. Morning lunch is prepared for us.

Following this I have a look at the Mfene church. To build this church the material had to be carried in on mules. Some of it was carried in on the heads of the natives. They wanted a church.

The church is of corrugated iron, that is, roof and sides. Floor is of cement. Lots of light inside. Church is used as a school during the week.

The sun is now directly over head. Very hot, little air moving. We are surrounded by mountains.

Services well attended, interest good, response—a number kneeling for prayer.

Chicken dinner awaited us, following the service.

Journey home long and tiresome. One half hour climbing one hill. One hour and half the car is reached. Forty-five minutes later we arrive at Altona.

Another Sunday nearly gone.

"What hath God wrought". Eternity will reveal.

THE POWER OF PRAYER

The potency of prayer hath subdued the strength of fire; it has bridled the rage of lions, hushed anarchy to rest, extinguished wars, appeased the elements, expelled demons, burst the chains of death, expanded the gates of heaven, assuaged disease, repelled frauds, rescued cities from destruction, stayed the sun in its course, and arrested the progress of the thunderbolt. Prayer is an all-efficient panoply, a treasure undiminished, a mine which is never exhausted, a sky unobscured by clouds, a heaven unruffled by the storm. It is the root, the fountain, the mother of a thousand blessings. —Chrysostom

O CHURCH OF CHRIST WHAT WILT THOU SAY?

A hundred thousand souls a day
Are passing one by one away
In Christless guilt and gloom;
Without one ray of hope or light,
With future dark as endless night,
They're passing to their doom.

The Master's coming draweth near,
The Son of Man will soon appear,
His Kingdom is at hand;
But ere that glorious day can be,
This Gospel of the Kingdom we
Must preach in every land.

O let us, then, His coming haste,
O let us end this awful waste
Of souls that never die.
A thousand million still are lost,
A Saviour's blood has paid the cost.
O hear their dying cry.

They're passing, passing fast away,
A hundred thousand souls a day,
In Christless guilt and gloom.
Oh, church of Christ, what wilt thou say,
When in the awful judgment day
They charge thee with their doom?

—A. B. Simpson

CHRISTIAN VOCATION

The work which each Christian is to do is not a chance work chosen at random. It is an assignment, a vocation. That is what each Christian's work is intended to be. We can accept all that comes with perfect peace of mind, and we can know that no power in the universe can overthrow us or make us fail if we find and do God's chosen work.

Dr. R. E. Spear.

THE NEW FOREIGN MISSION TREASURER

At the Alliance Session Rev. C. E. Stairs was elected treasurer of the Foreign Mission Board. Please send all money for foreign missions to him, at 38 Pleasant, Truro, N. S.

MISSIONARY NEWS ITEMS

Rev. Grace Sanders will sail for Africa when arrangements with the South African government regarding her status have been satisfactorily completed. Under the plan being negotiated, Sister Grace would serve as a government nurse—missionary, the responsibility for her support to be shared by the South African government and our Church.

Reginald Kierstead, son of Rev. and Mrs. Eugene Kierstead, has been accepted by our Mission Board as a missionary candidate and will take up his work early in 1956. Reginald is presently attending the Nazarene Bible School in South Africa.

Miss Uta Chase will continue to render part time service under our Foreign Mission Board, with particular responsibility in organizing and assisting the Women's Missionary Auxiliaries. Miss Chase is available for missionary meetings until mid-September. Mail for Miss Chase during this period could be addressed in care of the president of the Foreign Mission Board, Rev. B. C. Cochrane, 233 Aberdeen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

Storar Emmett, of Old Town, Maine, who graduated from University of Maine in '54, has completed his first year of medical training at Johns Hopkins University and will return to that institution this Fall. Storar is preparing for medical missionary service.

Giving for foreign missions reached an all-time high in our denomination last church year with nearly \$18,000 reported. We rejoice in this achievement but hope we can better it next year. Check this significant fact—churches raising most for foreign missions report "budgets paid in full" in support of every other denominational project. So God honours the church which gives liberally in support of foreign mission work. Consider also this seeming lack of balance—the \$18,000 figure represents less than 10% of all monies raised, as our statistical report showed more than \$190,000.00 given for all purposes. Did someone say we should give less to foreign missions? Less than 10%? That would be shameful! Every church should aim at a minimum of 10% of the total monies raised to be set aside for foreign missions.

We regret that the illness of Charles Sanders forces a change in plans regarding the return of the Sanders family to the mission field. However, Charles is improving, and we are hoping that he will recover sufficiently to go back to Africa next year. Please continue to pray for him, his wife and family. Charles' address is Roseway Hospital, Shelburne, N. S.

Considerable building will be done in connection with our Mission Stations and Bible School in Africa. Plans for the erection of two new churches are also being formulated. One church will be built by our Junior Crusader groups in memory of Rosamond Dow, the other by our Marysville church. Marysville has \$1,100 pledged for their project, money to be paid by Jan. '56. Money pledged for this special effort is outside of tithe and regular giving. Congratulations Marysville!

The King's Highway