

MISSIONARY PAGE

GRACE SANDERS WRITES OF ARRIVAL IN AFRICA

On Board M. S. "Thorsgaard"
June 1st to 5th, 1956

Dear Friends:

Our average daily speed of 15 nautical miles an hour, has brought us 1887 miles from Dakar, making 1733 yet to go to Cape Town. It has been one glorious day. Cloudy at first then cleared away and the sun shone brightly. Taking advantage of its healthful beams I reclined on one of the comfortable, springy-mattress-covered cot-like deck chairs, with an adjustable headrest! And enjoyed myself for some time, in reading, meditation and prayer. I also take advantage of the abundance of raw fruit kept replenished in the smoking saloon. Apples, oranges, pears, peaches and grapes, no less than 3 kinds at a time.

As we journey on the Cape rollers meet us and a strong breeze. God seemed to draw so near and seems so close as we approach again the Coast of Africa. The fifth we sighted albatross. There is a great swell today and passing the Sister Ship Thor I in the early morning, she told us that there was SNOW on Table Mountain. It is colder and we are putting on warm clothing again. At last the albatross came close enough for inspection. Oh, what a beautiful, graceful bird! One passed over the ship at the same speed, and was so close I could see its eyes. It gave it a sweetly solemn expression and that with the whiteness of its under part and body and wide expanse of wings, reminded me of angels guarding us on our way! Their wings are black on top with two white dots, underneath white tipped with black. Their body is white all over but a sprinkle of grey on the breast in such a way it forms faint stripes across. They soar and wheel around in flight so off the tips of their pinions just skim the crest of the waves.

Wednesday, 6th, I rose early and at day-break sighted the Southern Coast of Africa.

The beautiful albatross have made their appearance—numbers more than on the south-western side of Africa. It began to sprinkle; then, oh, such a beautiful rainbow appeared in the clouds—so very close I could have almost touched its end, had I been on the lower deck! The ship in the centre of the arch and the graceful albatross soaring around, back and forth made a scene not soon to be forgotten! The voice of God seemed to be speaking again, "See, there is the 'bow of my promise' in the sky. As I have fulfilled my word to Noah so long ago, and it is just as sure today, so are my promises to you as sure!" So I began to sing, "Standing on the promises of God!" and my heart was filled with praise to my wonderful God! Turning in my walk I saw the carpenter so I passed on to him the thoughts God had just given me and he listened attentively. I had given him a tract some time ago but later found he had not read it and he seemed hard.

Chief Engineer tells me we have never travelled out so far from shore before; it is rougher on that account and is slowing us a bit, so we will arrive in Durban to-morrow night, Sunday 10th, and after breakfast go ashore! (On Monday) I am glad as I dislike having that to do on the Sabbath day!

I went in the evening to the Chief Steward's cabin to see about getting money changed and had a little chat with him and his wife and gave them their "tip." They are Norwegian and have been appreciative of my brief words on Spiritual lines and appreciated much a little word of prayer with them.

In my next I shall tell of landing in Durban. "Brethren, pray for us."

Yours for all His will,

Grace Sanders

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On Board "Thorsgaard," Cape Town Port,
6th June, '56.

Dear Friends:

Greetings from the Cape of Good Hope. The steamer is tied up at the wharf unloading jet planes in what looks like large capsules. Now everything is quiet because of the rainy weather.

As I was waiting for the others to arrive for breakfast this morning, I looked out onto the most enhancing view which touched me to the depths of my soul! We were in full view of the very southern end of South Africa. Heavy clouds hung low over the dark continent giving it a very gloomy aspect. Suddenly a break came in the clouds sending forth golden light from the rising sun in beautiful beams lighting up the semi-darkness of the landscape, reflecting in the rough billows beneath. At once I thought of my great privilege—to take the gospel message of light to the inhabitants of that dark continent. But the immensity of the job—it seemed too great for me. Then came the assuring word, "And lo, I am with you even unto the end of the world." How blessed! I am simply His instrument to be used as He wills, where He wills. And I am so near the "where" now! It causes me to go afresh to my knees in prayer to petition anew His wisdom, guidance and strength to accomplish for Him what He has ordained I should do for Him. I believe there is something special—or why work a miracle to get me back here?

5.00 p. m. Just returned from going ashore and seeing the nice shopping centre of Cape Town. Others were going and offered me the chance to accompany them in a taxi. We left in a shower and by the time they dropped me it was just pouring! Busses, cars and streams of pedestrians crowded the wet streets. I never saw a faster moving stream of people go to and from a Post Office than I watched waiting my turn to make a dash for it too. It was too wet to go far without rubbers so I returned to the ship. It rains much during the winter season in the Cape. While waiting for the shower to ease up I had a nice talk with a lady on the door-step. Her son had had polio and tears filled her eyes as I mentioned God's help if we trust Him. She told how not only her Church, but those of most all in Cape Town, when they heard of her grief and trouble, had special prayers for him. And he is wonderfully improving.

The druggist, Mr. White, was very nice to me when I called in there and introduced myself to him and told him I might be dealing with him again as need arose. He gave me helpful information. Remarking about the state of affairs he said how we do not get from our leaders the kind of uplifting help we need, but that things were dropping to a

lower level, it seemed. I said, that we needed God-filled men. He replied that we have not got them. There is the form. I said that was so but "they lacked the power." He told of a man remarking what a beautiful sermon was preached that just suited So-and-so and So-and-so—but nothing for him in it, implying that today people are not humbling themselves before God and walking in the Light. Dissatisfaction and heart-hunger I meet at every turn. Like at Montreal one of the telephone women said her Church seemed to be just a money-making-business so that she was losing faith in it all. Then I learned she was a Roman Catholic. I am so glad for a salvation that satisfies and that we have a Saviour to satisfy the need of every heart. My heart yearned over the native men who swarmed aboard to unload the ship. "What do they know about God? Have they an experience? They spoke a strange tongue to me—now and then a Zulu word like, "pezulu" means UP. It sounds strange to hear the Afrikaans tongue spoken again and the accent of the English spoken here, and to handle again the large South African coins and bank notes. Yes, I am actually in Africa again on the threshold of the wide open door of opportunity. Pray that utterance may be given me of God to win hearts to Him.

Yours for souls,

Grace Sanders

CHARLES SANDERS' FAMILY SAILING FOR AFRICA

Rev. Charles Sanders, his wife, Myra, and their daughters, Pamela, Esther and Joy, are scheduled to sail from Montreal "about September 5th," according to word received from the steamship company. A farewell service will be held at Riverside Camp Thursday, August 16th.

FROM MRS. G. M. KIERSTEAD

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in Jesus' Name!

February and March have been full of very hot oppressive days, but this morning, after three days and nights of rain, we awakened to find a difference in the air. It's cooler and has the feeling of approaching winter.

We feel to thank God for the summer months and for the victories He has given.

Souls have been saved and the churches strengthened, in different places. We thank God for the Conference and Youth Camp that took place after Christmas and for the times of blessing, both to God's children and also to the unsaved.

But always at this time of the year the words of Jer. 8:20 come to my mind: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended and we are not saved." So very many are yet unsaved and how our hearts cry out to the God of the harvest that He may send other laborers into the ripened fields and that He will help those already here to reach the many who need Him so much. It is true that many do not realize their need and are seemingly so unconcerned and hard to reach, but James 1:5 says: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him," and the next verse says: "But let him ask in faith." If we don't know how to reach these seemingly unreachable

(Cont'd on Page 7)

The King's Highway

THE NEW OUTLOOK FOR CHURCH EXTENSION

By Rev. William S. Deal
in "Pilgrim Holiness Advocate"

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" (John 4:35).

Church extension work today is faced with what is perhaps its greatest opportunity and in many respects, its hardest task. Never was there a time when more people needed the gospel and when there were better means and methods of communicating it to people; and likewise, never was there a time when there was so much competition for the work of the church in winning souls to Christ. For every effort of gospel work there appears to be many allurements to attract people away from the gospel appeal. In the midst of this, however, there remains the age-old hunger of the human heart for something beyond what this world can offer for solid satisfaction. The battle for souls constantly grows more intense in its struggle to reach them.

Looking at the whole picture of church extension, we would list the following as some of the newer phases of the present outlook:

1. The new outlook population-wise. The upsurge in population in America since World War II has been amazing. At present there are approximately 11,000 new faces making their appearance every day in the United States. This means a small city is born every twenty-four hours. With this constant increase there is afforded a marvelous opportunity for reaching new people. Think of the possibilities of a whole new city of 11,000 people to work with in winning souls to God.

But it is not just that simple. There are multiplex factors entering into this new increase, of which we can name but few here. The unco-operativeness of religiously lethargic parents make starting a new work a problem, for most successful works today are first started at Sunday schools. The shift in population is another problem. Just about the time a family is won for Christ, new work attractions may draw them halfway across the country. Then there is the ever-present problem of people connected with the church by remote relationship who use this as a safeguard against all your interests in winning them to God, while they go on in their sins. They have some church connection possibly hundreds of miles away, from which they have moved. Take for instance the trek westward.

2. The new housing methods of this age also present a new outlook for church extension. Hundreds of new houses are being built in new sections. These homes are generally quite modern in every respect, costing thousands of dollars each. New stores, shopping centers, and school buildings are arising nearby with equally attractive buildings. Occasionally, some wealthier denomination will build a church or chapel in the area, but more often it is entirely unchurched. Within this scope of opportunity again comes the church extension problem. To reach this type of community, a nice, attractive building is almost an absolute necessity. To begin with less is to cripple the project, many times. Yet to finance such a building is a heavy responsibility. In some instances a new work can be started in the home of an interested family,

but often this is not feasible. This means, then, another step of faith in building. Quite often the best method is that of religious survey to determine just how many church related people there are, and how much interest there may be. And those working these projects should not overlook the fact that in some instances the planners of such projects have purposely left lots suitable for other public buildings, including a church. It is often the one who gets there first with the ability to place a building and qualified workers in the area that wins.

3. The new outlook for church extension cannot overlook the fact of how important a place properly qualified workers hold in today's demands. There was a time when a man who had a good experience of grace and could exhort and sing quite well was almost assured of a hearing. But today's demand for ever better qualified men presents another picture.

As a church, we cannot ignore the increase in cultural and intellectual progress and expect to succeed. All the standard media of expression have improved, and the general information of the public has been so increased thereby that we must meet this demand of increased preparation or take a back seat and fail to reach the goals for which we strive. Training is no longer an intellectual ornament, if it ever was, but an absolute necessity.

But let me hasten to add with all seriousness that this is only one part of the needed preparation for this great task. In this cold-hearted age, if workers are not also aflame with the love of God and the Holy Spirit's compassion and strength, they will most assuredly fail. The message of full salvation can no more be successfully propagated by cool-headed, well-prepared men without this passion than a man can light a candle without fire. Our work never will rise above the character and spiritual quality of the men who start the new churches. They must not only be wise in training and tactful in reaching people, but be able to commit a spiritual life of deep and abiding quality to those whom they win to the church. Otherwise, we shall reap a harvest of spiritual weaklings at the circumference of our work which in time will crush the center of it.

The new outlook for church extension, then, is one of great opportunity, one requiring the utmost in hard work and patience, and the best workers which the church can afford, if it is to succeed as it should.

GO FORTH

As the Father Hath Sent Me—So Send I You

So send I you—to labour unrewarded,
To serve unpaid, unloved, unsought, unknown,
To bear rebuke, to suffer scorn and scoffing,
So send I you—to toil for Me alone.

So send I you—to bind the bruised and broken,
O'wandering souls to work, to weep, to wake,
To bear the burdens of a world weary,
So send I you—to suffer for My sake.

So send I you—to loneliness and longing,
With heart aching for the loved and known,
Forsaking home and kindred, friend and dear one,
So send I you—to know My love alone.

So send I you—to leave your life's ambition,
To die to dear desire, self-will resign,
To labour long and love where men revile you,
So send I you—to lose your life in Mine.

So send I you—to hearts made hard by hatred,
To eyes made blind because they will not see,
To spend, to be it blood—to spend, and spare not—
So send I you—to taste of Calvary—

So send I you!
Lord, here am I!
Send me!

E. Margaret Clarkson

The King's Highway

An Old Disciple

"...one Mnason of Cyprus, an old disciple, with whom we should lodge" (Acts 21:16).

Few men whose names occur in the New Testament have so little said about them as Mnason. His name appears only once. The Word merely says that he was "an old disciple," and that he was from Cyprus. Less could hardly have been said.

But wait! What is said is very significant, for it suggests, among other things, continuation and contentment. After Mnason became a disciple, he remained a disciple. Mnason was an old man, but he was facing the sunset of life with peace and contentment in his heart.

The statement about Mnason also suggests proximity. When Moses, after the long journey through the wilderness, stood on Mount Nebo, he was standing on his last mountain, in close proximity to the land of promise. Even though he never actually entered Canaan, it would have been hard for him to be nearer without doing so. Mnason, too, even though he was old, frail, and weary, now stood on his last mountain facing homeward, very near the heavenly Canaan—just waiting for the summons to enter.

The names of many persons occur in the Bible in connection with heroic achievements: Adino, Shammah, Benaiah—these men were all national heroes. One of them slew eight hundred enemy troops with his spear in one encounter. Another defended a field of lentiles against the Philistines and slew many of them, winning a great victory single-handed. Still another slew a lion in a pit during a snow-storm. There are others, too, whose names are associated with special acts of courage. They stand out for what they did. But Mnason is not distinguished for heroics, or for anything he did. He stands out for what he was.

Mnason was not a great preacher like Paul, nor was he eloquent like Apollos, nor famous like Peter. He was simply an "old disciple." The passage suggests that he had become a disciple when he was young. But even though many others had done the same, Mnason was different from some because he "endured to the end." Demas, Phygellus, Hermogenes, Hymenaeus, and Alexander—these men had all been disciples at one time. But some had deserted the cause, some had made "shipwreck" of the faith. They grew old, all right—but they were old backsliders, not old disciples.

If we could view Mnason's life in retrospect, we would doubtless discover that there had been fierce battles, for such occur in the lives of all God's children. There had been milestones in Mnason's life—like Jacob's—some bright with blessing; others dark with testing. Moreover, the text suggests that Mnason had been faithful, for no believer attains the status of an "old disciple" if he has not been faithful. In the sight of God, faithfulness is more than rubies, and its reward is a crown of life. Even though a Christian may not possess outstanding abilities, he can be faithful.

Antipas is another disciple about whom little is said in the Bible. He was a "faithful martyr" and died for his religion—because he had a religion worth dying for. Antipas proved that a man can live for God and be faithful even if the devil lives in the next block (see Rev. 2:13).

Mnason was an example of God's sustain-

(To next Page, Col. 3)