

MISSIONARY PAGE

CHRISTIAN LITERATURE IN HAITI

Thelma Rose

It is being recognized increasingly by foreign missions that one of the best and most effective Gospel endeavours is the distribution of Christian literature. In Haiti, like most other countries, there is made available by false cults such literature as will spread all sorts of erroneous teaching.

It would be interesting to the Reformed Baptist supporters to know that they have had a part in making Christian literature available in Haiti. The R. B. Catechism has been translated in Creole and will answer a great need. It happened like this: I was so pleased with the catechism that I forwarded it to the Field Supt. of Haiti Inland Mission, suggesting that it be translated and printed. He was on the literature committee of the Holiness Association of Haiti. (The H. A. H. is an organization of all Holiness missions in Haiti including the Nazarenes, the Wesleyan Methodists and some faith missions, a number of which are interdenominational like Haiti Inland Mission.) This literature committee of H. A. H. examined the catechism among others presented and chose it as being the most inclusive, concise and suitable for translation. Already some copies are available and the catechism will be used by these various holiness missions and others who wish to purchase. We have been selling some at the book store, by the dozens.

The Reformed Baptist have made possible four mobile libraries of Christian literature which I bought with Christmas gifts from various societies that did not specify the use of the money sent. The mobile library is in the experimental stage. Each consists of \$25.00 worth of French books (well chosen for their spiritual value.) The books are placed in metal suitcases, with regulations attached, and left in the care of a reliable person who could see that the rules are followed so that the books may be kept in circulation. One library was placed at La Victoire.

Some of the H. I. M. missionaries gave much prayerful time and effort to make possible the Christian Book store (Librairie Chretienne) which has now been in operation for over three months. It is wonderful how many good spiritual books in French may be obtained from producers in France, Switzerland, England and North America. Miss Riddle worked long and hard to put this book store on a proper basis, and I'm glad to be able to relieve her while she takes a needed month's vacation. It is a new and interesting experience, as well as a blessed one, to be selling all books in French. One must get accustomed to foreign currency, especially when some customers mix American coins with Haitian money.

My French is still limited. I know the titles of the books, and am acquainted with the contents of many that are translated from English. All Haitians speak Creole, so usually we resort to that language. (Miss Riddle has a good grasp of French and Creole.)

We sell many Bibles, New Testaments, Gospels and Song Books at Librairie Chretienne. For this we are happy, and for each portion of literature sold we are blessed to think of its possible influence on hearts and minds as it goes forth in circulation.

I have had some interesting discussions with some Catholics who "drop in" to look around. Some are curious, others hungry for spiritual

food. Often I introduce to them books such as "The Monk who Lied Again" by B. H. Pearson, and some literature of Charles Chiniquy who exposed to the world the fallacy and filth of the Catholic religion behind the garb of religious robes and pious ceremony. I was successful in selling one of his books to a man who professed to be a devout Catholic.

The Librairie Chretienne also gives us contact with many Christians from various churches. It is always an inspiration to see the marks of transforming grace and feel Christian fellowship with those who have seen the "Light" as it is in Christ.

Missionaries Haitien pastors and church workers also will avail themselves of what is obtainable here as spiritual aides.

The Book Store is not a paying proposition financially, but please pray with us that it will pay in fruits of eternal values. Any gifts toward the expenses here will be blessed for the extension of God's Kingdom.

The Librairie Chretienne stands on a corner of the busiest street in Port-au-Prince. The heat of the day, the dust and noise of the continual traffic, and the varied and constant stream of pedestrians make our environment. The pitiful beggars stop to plead for a coin, the occasional elite enter to inquire or make a purchase and the middle class seek to buy according to their means, their spiritual hunger and ability to read.

While on the subject of literature in Haiti, we would mention the Creole Sunday School Lessons which have been made available the last year by the Holiness Association of Haiti. The various missions take turns mimeographing and binding these quarterlies. It is a real job as all missions are bogged down with routine schedules. The materials for the lessons are assigned to various missionaries to prepare and translate.

Worthy of mention is the ministry of tract distribution by our dear Sister Helgen. She never leaves the house without a supply. These she gives along the way and they are readily received by children and adults on the street, in the bank, at the air-port or in a taxi cab. She has not been able to go out so much since her major operation but she is still on the job, sharing God's Word by the printed page in all contacts. One cannot think of her without being impressed by her ministry in Christian literature. Her contribution to the book store, and to the leading libraries help to make them possible. Please pray for her and all who have a part in this important phase of missionary endeavour.

NOTES FROM E. H. B. S.

Bill and Elsie Morgan

Second term of second year began on Aug. 2nd. Eight students took up studies.

Chapel service on opening morning was turned over to students for opportunity to testify and report on the workings of the Lord which they had witnessed during the holiday. That together with our regular Saturday morning prayer service for God's blessing in our midst and upon the work revealed that God has been working both in using our students during the holiday and in leading them out in the things of the Spirit.

The prayer service revealed a new urgency in prevailing prayer and a deeper determination

to go all out for God in personal consecration. A spirit of expectancy for special blessings from God during this last semester for the graduation class seemed to prevail.

Night classes for local people are to reopen on Tuesday and we are expecting a return of our class of eleven.

We have often felt pained for some of our students whose financial straits have forced them to dress very poorly—scarcely befitting their vocation. We do like that our Bible students might be able to dress respectably. Some are almost dressed in patched patches at times. This has led me to wonder if perhaps there are not good used suits hanging in many closets of our people at home which will probably never be worn by the owners again. Would you have a look in your closet? If you should find a pair of good used trousers or a coat or a complete suit, wouldn't you tie it up in a little box and mail it to us for the use of present and future Bible students! Thanks in advance.

We are already thinking about our first graduation to be held in Nov. We expect to have four graduates. We are praying that God will use the graduation services to His glory. Pray with us also for God's directing hand upon the graduates as they leave the school that they may find that particular place and work for which God has prepared them. Some of the other students will also be leaving us at the end of the year as they are only able to take a one year course.

We are looking to God to raise up more young people to enter the ranks of those who preach Holiness unto the Lord.

IF WE ONLY HAD A MAN

Bill and Elsie Morgan

A holiday at the Concord Missionary Home in Durban not always leaves one with the greatest peace of heart. I am writing from there this morning due to a conversation which took place over the table the other day.

Concord is the pivot point at which missionaries and Christian workers from all over Africa make contact. They come and go continually. Some only stay for a meal as they pass through. That was the case with the lady who is the cause of this article. She was just passing through and stayed for one meal. She was not a missionary but a very ardent Christian; a nurse touring on some sort of work under that vocation. She had just come from Northern Rhodesia and that mineral rich area known as the "Copper Belt".

What she said was this. She was amazed at the great pains taken to provide for the native workers in those mines. At one mine some 26,000 natives were employed and lived in a mine compound. They had every modern facility including modern night clubs, theatres and all the rest of it, but she said, there was not a single thing to provide for their spiritual needs. She enquired if no one ever had services for them and was told that they sometimes arranged some weird sort of religious services among themselves. That was all. She asked to preach to them and was given every assistance and facility. Not only that but was told that missionaries were welcomed and the facilities of the mines were at their disposal—auditoriums, P. A. systems, etc.

Think of it! What an opportunity! Twenty-six thousand people! And all grouped together in a compound. Easy to reach. Open to the

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Let's Cultivate Simplicity And Solitude

A. W. Tozer, in "ALLIANCE WEEKLY"

We Christians must simplify our lives or lose untold treasures on earth and in eternity.

Modern civilization is so complex as to make the devotional life all but impossible. It wears us out by multiplying distractions and beats us down by destroying our solitude, where otherwise we might drink and renew our strength before going out to face the world again.

"The thoughtful soul to solitude retires," said the poet of other and quieter times; but where is the solitude to which we can retire today? Science, which has provided men with certain material comforts, has robbed them of their souls by surrounding them with a world hostile to their existence. "Commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still" is a wise and healing counsel; but how can it be followed in this day of the newspaper, the telephone, the radio and the television? These modern playthings, like pet tiger cubs, have grown so large and dangerous that they threaten to devour us all. What was intended to be a blessing has become a positive curse. No spot is now safe from the world's intrusion.

One way the civilized world destroys men is by preventing them from thinking their own thoughts. Our "vastly improved methods of communication," of which the short-sighted boast so loudly, now enable a few men in strategic centers to feed into millions of minds alien thought-stuff, ready-made and predigested. A little effortless assimilation of these borrowed ideas, and the average man has done all the thinking he will or can do. This subtle brainwashing goes on day after day and year after year to the eternal injury of the populace—a populace, incidentally, which is willing to pay big money to have the job done, the reason being, I suppose, that it relieves them of the arduous and often frightening task of reaching independent decisions for which they must take responsibility.

There was a time, not too long ago, when a man's home was his castle—a sure retreat to which he might return for quietness and solitude. There "the rains of heaven may blow in, but the king himself cannot enter without permission," said the proud British, and made good on this boast. That was home indeed. It was of such a sacred place the poet sang:

"Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;

* * * *

But now, proud world! I'm going home.

"I am going to my own heart-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone—

* * * *

And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

"O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

Such ideas as the poet expresses could

The King's Highway

hardly have occurred to him had he been a victim of our twentieth-century "progress." With less beauty but more truth the average American might now say as he alights at the familiar corner,

"God-bye, old bus, I'm going home

To the recorded crooner's sexy moan;

Where the only sight of bush or tree

Is in a wild West show on my new TV.

Where salesmen and clowns shout all day long,

And the apartment's filled with a noisy throng,

And dancers and night-club stars make free
Where God and worship used to be."

While it is scarcely within the scope of the present piece, I cannot refrain from remarking that the most ominous sign of the coming destruction of our country is the passing of the American home. Americans live no longer in homes, but in theaters. The members of many families hardly know each other, and the face of Arthur Godfrey is to many wives much more familiar than that of their own husbands. Let no one smile. Rather should we weep at the portent. It will do no good to wrap ourselves in the Stars and Stripes for protection. No nation can long endure whose people have sold themselves for bread and circuses. Our fathers sleep soundly, and the harsh bedlam of commercialized noise that engulfs us like something from Dante's inferno cannot disturb their slumber: They left us a goodly heritage. To preserve that heritage, we must have a national character as strong as was theirs. And this can be developed only in the Christian home.

The need for solitude and quietness was never greater than it is today. What the world will do about it is their problem. Apparently the masses want it the way it is, and the majority of Christians are so completely conformed to this present age that they, too, want things the way they are. They may be annoyed a bit by the clamor and by the goldfish-bowl existence they live, but apparently they are not annoyed enough to do anything about it. However, there are a few of God's children who have had enough. They want to relearn the ways of solitude and simplicity and gain the infinite riches of the interior life. They want to discover the blessedness of what Dr. Max Reich called "spiritual aloneness." To such I offer a brief paragraph of counsel.

Retire from the world each day to some private spot, even if it be only the bedroom (for a while I retreated to the furnace room for want of a better place). Stay in the secret place till the surrounding noises begin to fade out of your heart and a sense of God's presence envelops you. Deliberately tune out the unpleasant sounds and come out of your closet determined not to hear them. Listen for the inward Voice till you learn to recognize it. Stop trying to compete with others. Give yourself to God, and then be what and who you are without regard to what others think. Reduce your interests to a few. Don't try to know what will be of no service to you. Avoid the "digest" type of mind—short bits of unrelated facts, cute stories and bright sayings. Learn to pray inwardly every moment. After a while you can do this even while you work. Practise candor, childlike honesty, humility. Pray for a single eye. Read less, but read more of what is important to your inner life. Never let your mind remain scattered for very long. Call home your roving thoughts.

Stewardship

"Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God. Moreover it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful" (I Corinthians 4:1-2).

The people of God have been called by many different names in the Bible. In our text they are called stewards. This combines all that is meant when they are called "The salt of the earth," "The Light of the world," and the like.

1. A steward is one who has in trust the property of others to be used for them. God has given us in trust our lives and all that we have—talents, money, influence, time, all belong to Him to be used for Him. We have no more right to injure our health, for instance, than we have to misappropriate the money of others, since our all belongs to God.

2. A steward is not to use his master's money for his own private gain. We have no right to use our God-given powers for selfish purposes.

3. We are to be just as conscientious how we live as an honest steward would be in accounting for every penny his Lord intrusted him with. How careful we ought to be then in employing our time for the glory of God! How wicked to squander any time!

4. The only thing required of a steward is to be faithful. He is not required to make great profits, but to be faithful. In the last day it will not be said, "Well done, good and successful servant," but it will be said, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Every one of us cannot be successful as the world understands it. But we can all be faithful according to the talent and position God has given us.—Selected.

TIME TO LIVE

I said to my friend, "Be a Christian." That means to be a full man. And he says to me: "I have no time to be a Christian. I have not room. If my life were not so full! You don't know how hard I work from morning till night. What time is there for me to be a Christian? What time is there, what room is there, for Christianity in such a life as mine?" But does it not seem to us so strange, so absurd, if it were not so melancholy, that a man should say such a thing as that? It is as if the engine had said it had no room for the steam. It is as if the tree had said it had no room for the sap. It is as if the ocean had said it had no room for the tide. It is as if life said it had no time to live, when it is Life! Life is the thing we seek, and man finds it in the fulfillment of his life by Jesus Christ.—Phillips Brooks.

Order and punctuality are signs of self-control and consideration for others. Carelessness generally goes with a certain self-indulgence and lack of attention to the convenience of other people. It is therefore a real flaw in character.—Unknown.

Gaze on Christ with the eyes of your soul. Practise spiritual concentration.

All the above is contingent upon a right relationship to God through Christ and daily meditation on the Scriptures. Lacking these, nothing will help us; granted these, the discipline recommended will go far to neutralize the evil effects of externalism and to make us acquainted with God and our own souls.