



THE WGM CONVENTION Impressions and Afterthoughts

I just finished reading Rev. B. C. Cochrane's article on the World Gospel Missionary Convention at Marion, Indiana, and now I am re-living those days all over again.

Returning to my congregation after being at the Convention, I told them that I had never been so close to Jesus. Truly I felt His heart-throb, the heart-throb for a dying world.

The Greatness of Christ—that was one of the things which impressed me, as I heard of His unstrained power operating through Christ-centered personalities. The evidence of the miraculous was so manifest in the experiences of God's men and movements as related at the Convention. When little Samuel Doctorian of little Lebanon told of his vision to win the predominantly Moslem and potentially pro-Communist Middle East for Christ, you knew that he had a big God. (Syria is 84% Moslem; Iraq 96%; Saud Arabia 99%; but—thanks be to God—little Lebanon is 68% Christian.) Rev. Gordon Atkeison indeed voiced my conviction at a noon luncheon when he sang, and testified in the Spirit, "How Great Thou Art." Yes, I had heard the song before and knew of God's omnipotence, but God was never so big to me before. I came home to a "smaller" Nova Scotia than I had left. Praise His Name.

The Power of Prayer was also impressed upon me. Remarkable reports from missionaries told of victories and deliverances that corresponded perfectly in time with prayer battles waged and won by the home forces. And there stood young Hughbanks, a miracle of healing, to tell of the Christ who lifted him up. He had had a severe case of polio with paralysis from the mid back downward. An SOS had gone to the prayer bands. God had heard and His servant left the hospital in two days with no evident after-effects. "I believe in prayer bands," Brother Hughbanks said with a knowing and grateful smile. Any wonder? (I salute World Gospel Mission because it has given prayer its rightful and revered place).

The Catholicity of Christ was another impression. Different colors, classes, and convictions were there—not as barriers but as blessings. We saw what Paul speaks of as a diversity with a unity through Christ the Head of the Body. Mennonites, Methodists, Friends, Reformed Baptists; Japanese, American, and Indian; employer and employee; rich and poor—were one great and gracious fellowship in Christ. When it came Mrs. Kuba's turn to speak at a luncheon, it was her topic which reminded her of her nationality. Smiling, she remarked radiantly, "It just dawned on me that I am a Japanese." "In Christ there is no east or west."

Need I say that I was impressed with the Importance of Missions? My conviction about missions is not new; it is only clearer and stronger. Someone has well said, "The mission of the church is missions." Missions, it should go without saying, involve both home and foreign endeavor. But the man who has no vision for foreign fields has only half a vision, if he has that. The church that has no missionary vision is itself a mission field, awaiting a man with a burning heart. Yes, my task and my church's task is clear. "We've a story to tell to the nations."

I probably have given away already the fact that I was impressed with World Gospel Mission. Its leaders are humble, holy people, capable and consecrated. Its

methods are spiritual and scriptural, as well as systematic and sound. Its growth and success have been phenomenal in recent years. The Convention itself spoke well for the leaders, missionaries, and supporters of World Gospel Mission. Let it speak on.

If attending a national missionary convention would do as much for you readers as it did for the writer you should not deprive yourself of the privilege if it ever becomes available.

Associations with national conventions on missions, Sunday Schools, and such would greatly benefit our people. Why not go by carloads or busloads?

Churches should gladly free their pastors that they might attend such occasions, for their pastors will be benefited and their churches blessed. The army idea of sending its officers to refresher courses would work in the church, wouldn't it?

—By C. E. Stairs.

REGINALD KIERSTEAD WRITES FROM:

Montreal, P. Q.

(Oct. 29th.)

Dear Highway Friends:

At last obedience to a call of God received when I was but eight years of age is a reality—I am on my way to Africa!

It is with mixed feelings that I leave Canada. I am constrained to go, in answer to the call of God, but the friends I have made in Canada are a great pull on me to stay. God has been good in giving me so many wonderful friends. May He bless you, one and all.

During my recent tour, I visited many churches which I had not seen before. After Beulah Camp I went to Hartland for evangelistic services at Victoria Corner, missionary meetings in the churches at Lower Brighton, Hartland, and Victoria, and D. V. B. S. at Hartland. Then to Gordonville to assist in D. V. B. S. there. At Ingomar, N. S., I assisted with the music in evangelistic services conducted by Rev. Wm. Burbury, pastor, and with Revs. Stewart Steeves and Karl Gorman as evangelists. Then there were two services at Saint John, N. B., and return to Yarmouth to meet brother Kenneth, just arrived from Africa to attend Bethany Bible College. What a happy reunion! Truro was the next point of call, then Plaster Rock, N. B. for a missionary convention. Marysville was next, then Sussex, Fredericton, Port Maitland, Seal Cove, and Londonderry in quick succession, and new friends everywhere! My last services were at Sandford, N. S.

At Beulah God gave promise that He would supply the funds if I should go to Africa. I told Him that it was a bargain. First, passage money came in. What an answer to prayer! Then, on my tour, I received enough to buy a beautiful piano accordion—music for Africa! At Sandford, a final evidence of God's leading—promise of support from the church my mother belongs to. This thrilled my soul!

And now I am anxious to get out there. I wish I was there right now! There are hard facts to face, I know. Will you join the prayer circle for me and the other missionaries?

Yours for souls,

Reginald Kierstead.

CONTRIBUTES FIVE CENTS A DAY TO MISSIONS

A contributor writes, "Last May God spoke to me and said if I could afford thirty cents a week for a newspaper, I surely ought to give five cents a day to missions and not call it tithe. My income is so small that my tithe is just a 'widow's mite.'"

"I have learned to obey gladly the voice of the Spirit. Herein please find a check for \$7.65."—The Free Methodist