

African Diary



by Dr. W.H. Mullen

The big Boeing Jet 707 zoomed out of Boston a few minutes after midnight on the morning of January 26, 1962, and with a prayer I was off for Africa. My wife Jean, my elder daughter Meredy, and a good representation of friends were to wish me godspeed. I cannot say that I was overjoyed at leaving my family, but all of them were glad that I could take advantage of my sabbatical leave to travel, even to far-off South Africa. Their enthusiasm for my venture made the going much less difficult.

After coffee, and other B.O.A.C. amenities, I tried to settle down for a nap, but my mind was in a whirl, not unexpectedly. Because we were flying about 35,000 feet, and going east, dawn came soon after 3:00 o'clock. Some where about here I did have a brief nap, and then I awoke to see green fields beneath me. Soon London and the airport. My watch said 6:20, but it was 11:20 local time. I hope to get those five hours back on the return trip.

Through customs without difficulty. Friends who knew I was coming met me at Barclay's Bank sign in the main terminal. When they wanted to take me out to lunch I showed little enthusiasm as I had just swallowed breakfast on the plane. But the suggestion that we eat in Windsor made me think that I could eat again. We drove by the Castle which is a tremendously beautiful thing, and then we found a quiet little lunchroom with a coal fire in the grate. From there we took a quick look at nearby Eton where I saw several boys with their traditional swallowtail coats. On a brief side trip I was delighted to see a flock of white swans on the Thames. Swans on the Thames!

Back in the airport for afternoon tea, compliments of B.O.A.C., and then at 6:00 p.m. I boarded a Jet Comet bound for Johannesburg. Landed at Rome about 8:30 or 9:00, and then a five hour flight to Khartoum, Sudan. I was impressed by the fact that the cabin lights were extinguished at about 9:30 and, theoretically, a man could sleep, but I had had too much tea. People were most courteously quiet. Postcards at Khartoum, and then Nairobi, Kenya. Sun shining and hot!

Take-off from Nairobi about mid-morning, and then back again in a little while. Engine trouble, repairs necessary. Two hours waiting, then three, then four. Finally, B.O.A.C. decided to send the total load of passengers into town by bus, to the New Stanley Hotel, where they would be more comfortable. Since we were leaving the airport we had to go through customs. The only thing the officer asked me was, "Do you have any firearms?" I had none with me. Coffee at a sidewalk table, and then to bed,

The King's Highway

but oh so briefly. We were routed out about 2:30, Sunday a.m. for the jouncy ride back to the airport. Another fairly long wait and then into the sky. Kilimanjaro was off to the left but I couldn't see much. Next stop Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, modern looking and beautiful from the air.

Finally, Johannesburg about 9:30 a.m. local time. Bill Booth, my friend by correspondence, was there to meet me. After a nice dinner with other friends in Jo'burg, we hit for Modderpoort, O.F.S., in Bill's Volkswagen. Made excellent time on our way through 275 miles of countryside, mostly great stretches of farm land covered by luxuriant growths of mealies (corn), much of it as high as an elephant's eye. As we approached our destination the land became more rugged, with many fascinating rock formations, much like pictures I have seen of Arizona. Off to the east we could see the great mountains of Basutoland. The mission school nestled up close to a vertical cliff about 300 feet high.

I will have hills to climb and things to see, and best of all, God is good!

OUR PASTORS SPEAK

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to the Redemptive System, drawing all the lesser bodies of truth toward it and infusing light and life into them. If we get away from the Cross, "out of orbit" in our spiritual thinking and emphasis, our preaching and church programme will lack the vitality and power that is essential to the salvation of men. This is the tragic thing that has happened in some sections of Christendom. The Calvary emphasis has all but disappeared from the songs and sermons and as a consequence the searching point and saving power of the Gospel is almost totally lacking.

"When blood is needed, only blood will do" is a slogan of the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service. There are no substitutes. If blood is not supplied, and blood of the right "type", the victim of accident or disease will die. Other liquids lack the life-giving power—"only blood will do." And this is God's message to those who have suffered the effects of the calamitous "accident" of Eden, to those who have inherited the dreadful and death-dealing disease of sin. For the renewing of spiritual life and the recovery of spiritual health, "blood is needed, and only blood will do."

"When stricken sore, the wounded soul
Lies bleeding and unbound;
One only hand—a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

Lift up Thy bleeding hands, O Christ,
Unseal the cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sins
But in Thy wounded side!"

"Jesus, keep me near the Cross!" There only, may I find the Atonement of God.

THE PRICE OF REVIVALS

A short while before Dr. J. B. Chapman passed away, he was addressing a gathering of preachers, when he said, "We have reached the place where one man plays a hand-saw and another gives a 'Life's Story,' gathering a big crowd and we call that a revival. No! that is not a revival; that is a farce. Tears, sweat, and blood are the price of revival, and some of us are not willing to pay the price."

—Herald of Holiness