

Gerald and Johan Myhill with their sons David and Gerald.

There is enjoyment in work

Gerald Myhill and family left for Brazil in August 1974. Here he writes about their return to South America.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, says the Lord of Hosts!" (Zechariah 4: 6)

IN attempting to express our first impressions of Brazil and of our work here as missionaries, I would like to say simply that we feel overwhelmed.

Overwhelmed by the vastness of the country and by the amount of work that there is to be done in evangelism and pastoral work.

Overwhelmed by the rate at which Brazil is developing in agriculture, in education, in medicine, and in numerous other technological fields.

Overwhelmed also by the beauty and variety of the country itself; the scenery, which varies from high mountain plain to low lying steamy jungle; the enormous variety of fruit and flowers which continue to surprise and delight us.

Overwhelmed last, but not least, by the people of Brazil; a truly multiracial society, integrated in such a way that there appears to be no barrier (except financial) to prevent anyone, whatever colour or creed, from living wherever he chooses in peace and security.

Our first interest obviously lies in the work that we are to embark upon once we have completed our language training. While we praise God for His continual guidance and empowering Spirit enabling us to cope with our language study and integration into a new culture, it is our prayer that when we start work we will be going out in the power of the Spirit of God. Overwhelmed as we are by the vastness



of the country and the task before us we know that there is no other way.

It is too early yet for us to speak of the area in which we are likely to work. First, because our location has not been finally settled yet and, secondly, because the area from which an invitation has been received is one of the few that we have yet to visit. The possible area of work is the North West of Paraná, based in a town called Nova Londrina and extending into the surrounding towns of that region. We also have been given to understand that a large river skirts this area, large enough to include islands with a population of 20,000 people.

One of the things which has affected our view of Brazil in these first few months has been the fact that we were able to bring our children with us. It has been a great problem in the past for parents with children reaching secondary school age, in which painful decisions have had to be made in the choice between putting children into boarding school in England, or the whole family returning from the mission field to take up ministry in Britain.

Now that the hostel in Sao Paulo is in operation in order that children can attend St. Paul's English School there, our boys are able to be in Brazil with us. True, we do not see so much of them during term time, but it is a great comfort for both children and parents to know that if any crisis arises, a quick telephone call enables a parent to be on the next bus to Sao Paulo. The boys will be home with us at least four times in a year, this includes two long holidays of 6-8 weeks and two shorter breaks of about a week. Having the hostel has certainly saved us a lot of heartache, but even more important we feel that the children have not been too unduly disturbed, and at the present time we believe that they are benefiting a great deal from their experiences.

Overall, our first months in Brazil have been very enjoyable. After first having the call to the mission field in South America in 1968, followed by five years of study and training in Britain, our arrival here was just like a homecoming. We have felt so much that we are in the place that God wants us, that we have to remind ourselves sometimes that we are not on holiday, but just enjoying our work.

Lest I give you the idea that all is a bed of roses for the Christian in Brazil, let me just say that beneath the surface there is darkness and terror for many people. When we arrived we looked for a Christian bookshop in order to

buy a Portuguese Bible and hymn book. In the course of our search we found in every street, one or more shops selling beads and all sorts of objects which we took to be for the benefit of tourists. In fact they are dealing in objects used by the Spiritist cults operating in this country.

These cults have a firm hold amongst the educated classes in the cities and also play a large part in the lives of the country people whose livelihood depends on the elements and the tricks they seem to play. In such a fair land as this, with its natural beauty, its colour and its people, one can gain the idea that all is well and that it is good to relax, but Satan is subtle in his ways and attempts to lull us into a false sense of security.

There is much to be done in this vast country. Many people are coming to know Christ as their Saviour and Lord, and we believe that God is working mightily in the lives of many more. "There is a field ripe to harvest", there is also much seed to be sown. No wonder we feel overwhelmed at times, and when one thinks of those 20,000 people on a chain of islands on the border of the area in which we will possibly be working, we cannot help but feel that "the labourers are few". We thank God for His promises and put our trust in Him.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, says the Lord of Hosts!"

Johan Myhill making her selection of fruit from the local market.



The right doors opened

Elizabeth Wainwright looks back on her first few months in Zaire.

I HAVE been in Kinshasa for four months as I write this and would like to share with you something of that time.

As I prepared to come out I had the assurance that God was in control. He gave the strength for those last few days in England and the goodbyes and prepared the way wonderfully here, leaving behind one part of the Christian family to be immediately welcomed and accepted into another part of that family here.

I travelled out with several folk returning from furlough. We landed in Kinshasa airport towards the end of the dry season and so much of the vegetation was brown and everywhere dry and dusty, but there was a cool breeze that morning.

As we drove from the airport towards Kinshasa itself we passed small townships with poor housing, the houses being small and using a minimum of fabrics; then as we drove into the town itself the contrast in the building there was very striking. When I went to the shops I became aware of the high cost of things here, the prices continue to increase constantly.

Mixed groups

Each person arriving in Zaire has to register and obtain an identity card and in getting this I began to see the need for patience in living here.

I started teaching in the British School here a week after arriving and again had adjustments to make. I had a class of thirteen children, including nine different nationalities. I had taught in a multiracial school in England and



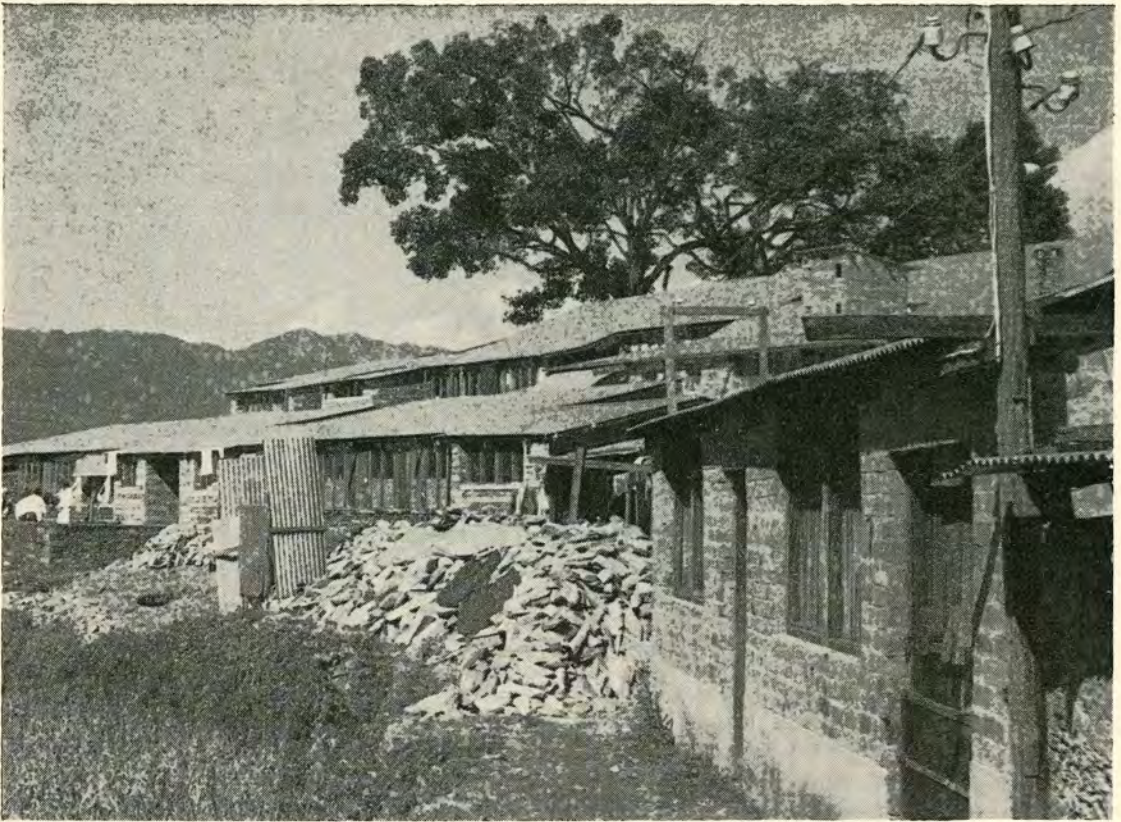
Play time for the school children.

found this a great help, but now had to adjust to a younger age group, a much smaller class and different routine, also the children here are facing different stresses than those in England.

Where next?

The opportunity arose to teach English at the Zairian church centre in Kintambo, which God showed me was his will. This showed again that God was planning what he wanted for my life and as I trusted him he opened the right doors that I could be where he wanted me.

There is much uncertainty about the future here and rumours are numerous, but through this I am learning to live one day at a time and to trust God more and more, knowing that all things are in his hands. Other issues to which there is a need to seek for answers are those of bribery and the question of attitudes to beggars. Throughout the time I have been here I have been aware of the way God is working out his plan in my life and I praise him that he is drawing me closer to himself. How wonderful and how true are the words, "Be still and know that I am God", and "I will be with you". The reminder that he wants us to be still before him, trusting him and knowing that he is Lord.



The hospital at Amp Pipal in course of construction.

This is how I see Nepal

writes Eileen Talbot, who has been there since
July 1974.

IT is hard to realize that already more than six months have passed since my arrival in Nepal for two years' service; and yet so much has happened in that time.

Two months of orientation and concentrated language study, not easy for anyone and particularly a mature student like me. However the delight of being able to understand just a little Nepali, and make oneself understood, sometimes makes it so worthwhile. To be part of such a large group studying together in

language school was an education in itself. We had students from India, Germany, the Netherlands, Canada, America, England and Ireland and, of course, the Nepali language teachers. This, combined with the interdenominational nature of the United Mission to Nepal, provided enrichment in fellowship and a growing together which was an unforgettable experience.

To help me to relate the secretarial work in which I was to be involved to people and places, arrangements were made for me to visit some of the clinics in the Kathmandu Valley. An under five clinic held in a hospital, gave some idea of the excellent work being done in educating the mothers while seeing their children regularly. It obviously takes years to build up relationships as had to be done here, so that a child went to the sister in charge for comfort after an injection in preference to her mother! Many mothers and babies wait their turn (not quietly) in the clinic room so that mothers can

learn by overhearing the discussions and advice given to other mothers.

An admission unit for babies with malnutrition in one of the villages was also interesting. Here the mothers came to stay with their babies and are taught the right way to mix locally available foods and cook them to provide an adequate diet.

Into the hills

Then I travelled by Twin Otter plane to visit Amp Pipal, one of the outlying projects of the Mission, for a week. This was an exciting journey, flying over mountains terraced in every available spot, and helped me to appreciate the mountainous nature of the whole of the rest of the country when compared with the Kathmandu valley. Delays with these planes seem inevitable and it is always wise to be prepared with a sleeping bag, food and drink. Amp Pipal is reached by climbing up steep footpaths for several hours. Here I saw some of the Community Health clinic work and looked around this new and beautifully situated hospital. As I stayed with Glenys Walker in the School House, my visit also gave opportunity to learn something about the school work: inevitably, as one of the classrooms is only five feet from her house!



So now, in the Community Health office in Kathmandu, my work is interesting and varied, Conferences, training programmes, publications, supplies of tuberculosis drugs, etc., latrine and water projects, to mention just a few of the items which come under the umbrella of the mission wide Community Health work, and keep the Japanese doctor, who is the Community Health Secretary, busy travelling around Nepal; one day up in the hills with village workers discussing their latrine project, and the next perhaps in Kathmandu discussing the



(above) the Twin Otter plane has just arrived at the Palangtar air-strip near Amp Pipal.

Nepali houses passed on the climb from the air strip to Amp Pipal.

Glenys Walker at the entrance to the classroom of the school in which she teaches at Amp Pipal.



future health programme with Health Department officials.

There is an International Protestant Church in Kathmandu which has a large English speaking congregation. Here one could almost imagine one had never left home. On the other side of the city is the Nepali church where there is no doubt one is in a different country. The capacity congregation mostly sit on the floor and there are usually children listening at the windows and seated on the windowsills. The Pastor gives a short summary in English before the sermon and this is very helpful, especially to those studying the language. It is a great privilege to be part of such a united and open fellowship where the members of the congregation voice their thanksgiving so readily during the service and where the hymns are obviously those of the young Nepali church and are not imported from another culture.

Kathmandu itself is a busy, fascinating city, and just to walk along its dirty streets, jostling with so many people, is a continual fascination. Goats, dogs, cows (and bulls!) bicycle rickshaws, people and children carrying heavy burdens either on yokes, on their heads, or slung from their foreheads in baskets, beggars (some obviously in need of medical attention), children selling postcards, sweeping the gutters, or asking for paisa (small coins). Before coming

here we were warned about cultural shock. Certainly the sea of suffering is so tremendous when compared with the western world, and the bucketful which we may be able to take out seems so small.

The article by Miss Ros Gooden in last December's Missionary Herald was so very true. How best can we give and show Christ's love in the place where we are? To give a few coins here and there would be too easy, but to do your work heartily as unto Him, even though it is sometimes hard to see the end result, and to be prepared to give yourself as He did. That is the continual challenge for us all, and is summed up in Romans 12: 1. "Be a living sacrifice, holy, the kind He can accept". When you think of what He has done for you, is this too much to ask?

THE B.M.S. PRAYER GUIDE 1975

gives information about Nepal in the week 6-12 April.

You can still buy a Prayer Guide for 25p and so share with many others in praying for B.M.S. work throughout the year.

The **Prayer Guide** is obtainable from B.M.S., 93 Gloucester Place, London, W1H 4AA.



The front of the hostel in Sao Paulo with the Chevrolet parked outside.

The house at Vila Sonia

Clifford and Lottie Parsons went to Angola, as B.M.S. missionaries, in 1940. Nineteen years later they returned to London where Clifford was Associate Foreign Secretary. There followed some years in teaching and the pastorate and then the return to B.M.S. service overseas as house parents to the missionaries' children. They write about the home they run and how it came to be the B.M.S. hostel for children.

LIKE a Spanish galleon the House at Vila Sonia rides squarely above her neighbours, her stern windows looking out across the valley with its two factories to the tree lined ridge beyond. Shading the forecourt are two blue awnings in lieu of a garage, with three white gates as entrances. Outside in the footpath a wide spreading acacia protects us from the heat of the afternoon sun.

Dashing up the stair on the port side are five figures, David, Gerald, Christopher, John, Sarah. It is 3.30. and we are just home from school, ebullient, thirsty, vocal. Five glasses of salt water await them, the daily gargle against meningitis. Then cakes and lemonade to stave off the pangs of hunger, a quick change into play clothes, old garments into the washing machine, and two hours to go before supper.

There is homework of course, magazines to read, letters to be poured over in the privacy of one's room, games to be played, "Startrek" to be watched, Fred the guinea pig to be fed and watered. And two hours are quickly gone. Supper is substantial, but school dinner taken six hours earlier has a good daily rating and helpings are unlimited. Afterward a slow lethargy overtakes them, jobs are tidied off, showers are taken, the stolen moment passes, they have their own prayers. Then, eight o'clock and lights out.

Holding their own

In the first weeks school bags bulged with books, but experience brought greater discrimination, or was it increased wisdom? After all,

“A large amount of books his satchel strains.
Why does he need them with so many brains?”

In a school where many nationalities are found studying one might have thought that the English child held an advantage, but competitiveness is great and it is generally agreed that standards are high. A first term in a new school is never easy, yet at the end we mustered one second, one fourth, and three coming along, in class ratings.

Next morning the house is awake at six. Prayers are at seven after a running breakfast, and by 7.15 we are on our way in the yellow Chevrolet. Turning into the *avenida* we run just over four miles along one of Sao Paulo's main arteries, that behind us leads away to Curitiba. We cross the river that once formed the city's western boundary and move into the very beautiful inner suburb known as “The Garden City”. Here in its four acres of grounds is the British School, founded in 1926 and taking children up to O-level. Its nearest competitor is in Buenos Aires, a thousand miles and two countries away.

House hunting

It was for this that three of us arrived in Sao Paulo just over a year ago, on a house

hunting expedition. A week later I wrote a prayer letter, “The first house visited was not for sale but rented at £800 a month, not quite our price bracket we thought. A 3-bedroomed house in a terrace, with virtually no garden, was on offer for £20,000. But we went on hunting. As in Britain values have spiralled in the past two years. We looked high, a 12th storey apartment quite out of the question, and low, a rather derelict house with huge basement rooms, not altogether impossible. But we have a problem. We ask your prayers and practical support for the Society in this matter, so that the long standing plans for the education of our missionaries' children in Brazil may be put into effect.”

That was in January. In May I wrote again. “In January I invited your prayers as we began the search for a house. Through a cousin of Maimie Macintyre, formerly of Angola, we got in touch with a house agent who worked very hard on our particular problem. And it was a problem. We needed at least four bedrooms, a spacious living room, a reasonable garden, within four miles of the school, on the Curitiba side of the city, and not more than £25,000 as it stood. I say “as it stood” it was too much to hope that we should not have to make alterations. This then the assignment, and for long it seemed impossible.”

The first day at school.
(left to right) John Doonan, Gerald Myhill, Sarah Collins, David Myhill, Christopher Vaughan, prepare for the journey in the Chevrolet.





Relaxing at home on the day the comics arrive. (left to right) David Myhill, Christopher Vaughan, John Doonan, Gearld Myhill, Sarah Collins.

The end of the search

“Then, one evening at the end of a long trail of houses, we came to Andre Saraiva 783. Upstairs was fine, but downstairs was deplorable, though to some eyes there were possibilities beneath the grime. And so, after many doubts and much prayer (and how often the two go together!) we have found ourselves here. And we are sure that it is right. Your prayers and ours have been answered.”

One thing however was lacking, a garden large enough for a dozen children to let off steam. But this also has been provided. A builder erecting houses on neighbouring land did not want the full length of the lots that were being sold, so we have bought the residue. This turns our holding into an L-shaped property with a garden of about 2400 square feet, which now has to be brought under control.

When we moved in in April we found that the former owners had left for us many useful furnishings that would have cost a great deal to replace, Venetian blinds, carpeting, light fittings, cupboards and kitchen cabinets. But the downstairs apartment, which was wholly separate from the upstairs, had to be remodelled almost

in its entirety. New windows have been inserted, walls sealed against damp, toilet facilities increased and the electrical wiring renewed. Senhor Francisco, a foreign builder in charge of the work next door, has been a good friend in all this. Now at last the noise and the dust have ceased to be.

The best link

Our greatest problem undoubtedly was how to link the two floors. Every visitor was asked where he would put the staircase and how. Chalk marks covered large areas of the upper floor, and we began to speak of the stair as “the moving staircase” until light shone. Now the link is made, and all the rival theorists and planners agree that it could not have been in a better place.

So our Spanish galleon of a house goes on its way. Your prayers surely had an important part in its birth: your gifts too. We ask you to go on remembering us, the children who come here, Ray and Heather Saunders who will eventually be taking over from us, and the children’s parents who through this house and home may have a quiet mind about the education of their children, while they are about the Lord’s business in the interior of Brazil.

I believe God is with me

This is the testimony of Margaret Popham who went to Trinidad in June 1974.

THE night before I left England for Trinidad, the handle of my grossly overloaded small suitcase, which I intended taking as hand luggage on the 'plane, broke! Ah, well, at least it did not happen on the morning of departure. On arrival at Heathrow, it quickly became clear that I could not take my precious typewriter. That was a rather bigger blow. At last, officialdom, shaking its head in rebuke, allowed me to take on board my two remaining pieces of hand luggage. I had not realized I was actually only permitted one. However, the 'plane, it was soon revealed, was underbooked, and there were two empty seats alongside mine on the aircraft. The stewardess directed me to place one holdall on the floor in front of each of them, so no one was in the least inconvenienced. I began to breathe again. The Lord was indeed with me.

And so He has been, throughout my first six months on the mission field with the B.M.S. One of the first things I noticed when I had been in the West Indies for a few weeks, and particularly after Eva Waggott, whom I had been sent to replace had left, was, that I did not feel for one single moment, the tiniest bit homesick. Now, don't get me wrong! I love my homeland and my people very dearly. It was just another of God's gracious indications that I was in the right place, that never for a second in those early days, or since, have I thought or yearned, "Oh, if only I were back in England".

On the contrary, right from the beginning I have been so happy, so utterly at peace, knowing my call to be confirmed in dozens of different ways. I began to make a little list of needs as the weeks went on, and one by one they were ticked off. My luggage arrived safely. A typewriter was wonderfully provided. (Eva and I did a swap!



Mrs. Angela Webb, full time teacher at the Girls Training Centre, with Margaret Popham.

She was to take over mine, when she reached England. Simple, really, but I had not thought of such a solution until the Lord put the idea in my head to ask Eva if she would be willing, shortly before she sailed for home.) Because the Lord has met and is meeting all my other needs, I have to go on trusting that He will also undertake about the driving test in His good time. As I write, attempt number three is scheduled, but when you read this, that too may have been ticked off the list!

Small but important

It is interesting how God confirms in such varied, and even apparently trivial ways, that you are where He wants you to be. Those who know me will be aware that the particular form of female adornment that appeals to me is, ear-rings. I am not overmuch a necklace, bracelet or brooch woman, but ear-rings I do like, and I left all my "jewellery" at home, except those. And lo! as the Good Book says, when I get to Trinidad what do I see but ear-rings, ear-rings everywhere on the fair sex, including good Baptist Christian females from about 13 to 60+, in the church, out of church, any day and every day. I also found that certain of my favourite branded products for personal use, were there waiting for me in the stores. All right, I know these are utterly trivial things, but to me they are some of God's loving little

“extras” that He has used to go on saying, “Yes, this is the place for you at this stage in your life.”

Then, too, I can look back to some experiences in recent years in my deaconess work in England, which I can see now were a preparation for me, in Trinidad. There was that pop-group, for instance, practising at full blast in the basement of the next door house, for hours on end, and particularly, it seemed, when I had returned from taking Sunday morning prayer meeting, helping in the Sunday School, and conducting morning worship, had prepared and eaten lunch, and was trying to snatch forty winks in the easy chair with my feet up, before tackling the washing up. How I blessed those musicians! (For the record, the police clamped down on them in the end for causing a nuisance in the neighbourhood.) Then I came to Trinidad and took up residence in Cocoyea Village, in the immediate vicinity of the Community Centre, where the steelbandsmen, pop groups and others practise at full blast. . . . The point about hot climates, of course, is that everyone’s windows are wide open. “Ah”, I thought, “Now I understand about the East London pop group, and their going on unchecked for nearly six months, despite earnest prayer for them, and for deliverance from their noise for my neighbours and myself”. How grateful I was, too, for advance warning given to us who were on the Caribbean Course at the Farnham Castle



Gail, Ann-Marie and Victoria on their way to school.

International Briefing Centre, that “Trinidad is a noisy place”. I love it. But its true—it is!

Another way in which I believe God has confirmed the call, has been through letters from Christian friends in England, who have encouragingly said that they too feel that this is the place of God’s appointing for me, that there is, to them a “rightness” about it, and I do not think it is only because I am excitable and like bright colours!

What about you?

When, just before Eva Waggott left, I was officially invited by the School Board to take over the running of the Girls’ Training Centre at Fifth Company, as Principal, and teach three subjects, English, Elocution and Shorthand, as from September 1974, I must admit I was horrified at the magnitude of the task. And yet, the first term is over, and God has undertaken; another confirmation of the call to Trinidad, and His honouring His promise to enable one by His Spirit and power. What a relief it is to know that “God doesn’t choose the fit—He fits those he chooses”.

God has spoken to me; amazingly, called me to missionary service; confirmed the call now I am here. **IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU.** Is He speaking to YOU? Calling YOU? There is urgent need for additional B.M.S. personnel, in Trinidad and elsewhere. If He is, don’t ignore the call, or refuse to accept this new demand He is laying upon you, for if you do, you will have no peace, and a task will remain undone for Christ’s Church and Kingdom for which you, in God’s plan and purpose, are uniquely fitted. Lay the “raw material”, which is, yourself now, however poor you think it, at the feet of Jesus Christ in obedience and trust, and leave the rest, prayerfully, with Him.

Jesus said, “Go therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them . . . teaching them. . . .” The Great Commission has never been rescinded, because the Giver of it has promised, through His Crucified and Risen power, “Lo, I am with you always. . . .”

So, “**COME OVER—AND HELP US!**” You ask, incredulously (as I did), “**WHO—ME?**” **YES, YOU!**



Type setting at the printing works, Yakusu. The centre of much of Hedley Ennals work.

Pastor and Printer

Mrs. Gladys Ennals writes about the work her husband was able to do at Yakusu.

The Rev. W. Hedley Ennals went to what was then Belgian Congo as a missionary of the B.M.S. in 1922 and served at Yakusu for the whole of his missionary career abroad.

During his first term he travelled widely in the Yakusu district (which was twice the size as Wales), westward down the Congo River, visiting villages where Christian work was already established and going into the Esoo forest behind Yalikina, the sub station of Yakusu at the confluence of the Congo and Lomami rivers.

Work in the Esoo forest was in its early stages and, in company with that indefatigable pioneer missionary, the late Rev. A. G. Mill, Mr. Ennals served a valuable apprenticeship in an itinerant ministry which was to stand in the years to come.

Mr. Ennals travelled in the mission steamer "Grenfell" with an African captain and crew far up the Lomami river as far as Opala, establishing Christian work in villages hitherto untouched.

During those early years of his missionary career Mr. Ennals was inspired by the vision of those who dreamed of a chain of mission stations girdling Africa from East to West.

In fulfillment of this dream Mr. Ennals pushed out eastwards from Yakusu and beyond Kisangani and was instrumental in founding the outpost of Maganga, 100 miles east of Kisangani on the forest route used by Arab slave raiders at the turn of the century and later by carriers carrying minerals from the East and North East to be shipped down the Congo river to Europe.

In pursuance of this idea of a chain of mission stations across Africa, Mr. Ennals and Mr. Parris travelled home for their first furlough by walking the 500 miles across the Gap as they called it, prospecting for possible mission station sites as they went. After six weeks walking they reached Uganda and the East Coast and going south by sea and then inland visited a relative in South Africa and so home.

The sites prospected, including Maganga, were handed over some years later with the consent of the B.M.S. to the Unevangelized Fields Mission who had men to man the posts.

The area of the Bamanga tribe to the North East of Kisangani, reaching out to the Aruwimi River, was also part of the Yakusu district. It was visited at first by the Rev. C. E. Pugh and later by the Rev. G. Wilkerson, and more recently by Mr. Ennals and Rev. D. R. Chesterton. This district too was later handed over to the U.F.M. and a flourishing Bible School established at the station at Banjwade.

In addition to the work of pastoral itineration Mr. Ennals had the responsibility of the printing press and, in conjunction with other colleagues, teaching in the station schools.

Priority for printing

He shared in other industrial work such as sawyer men felling timber in the forest, brick making, building and carpentry, but the production of books was always a priority.

For this purpose Mr. Ennals had been apprenticed to the printing craft before he went to Congo. He trained many school boys in the art of printing and the making of books, and the printing shop was enlarged and more machinery obtained without any cost to the Society, the necessary funds being obtained from the sale of books and exercise books (with a mass of information printed on the covers), and church stationery to other B.M.S. stations, and to many other Missions, north east and south east

of Kisangani.

As a fellow retired missionary wrote a short while ago, "When I think of the countless thousands of books of all kinds which Hedley produced from the Press that alone would have been a life work for any man. It was he who gave us the same idea of producing small books within the reach of the poorest, and actually printed our first edition of Gospel stories, 'Miako mi Yesu'."

Books etc., went out from the Yakusu Press in Lokele, Lingala, Kingwana, and other tribal languages and in French.

Carrying the gospel

In those days parties of colporteurs left Yakusu every month laden with books and other supplies needed by teacher evangelists, chalk, blackboards, large pictures, etc., The colporteurs travelled as far west as Yalikina, putting off men to the north and the south who visited Christian communities in the forests on each side of the main river, selling books, collecting church offerings, letters for boys and girls on the Station, and often gifts of food from their homes. These men were then picked up at appointed places on the return trip of the main party who, travelling by canoe, had rendered the same service to all the riverine villages as far west as Yalikina.

By pastoral visitation, by education in the schools, and by the production of books the Gospel was proclaimed in the heart of Africa and the work goes on, to the Glory of God.

People still travel by canoe visiting the villages in the Yakusu district.



CALL TO PRAYER

This call to prayer has been issued by the Baptist Union of Bangladesh. The invitation to pray is extended to you. The opportunity for service may well be a call from God to you.

PRAYERS can change people, organizations, societies and nations. This is the faith the Bible teaches and Christians profess, and it is in a special way the inheritance of those who serve our Lord Jesus Christ. In this faith also a special committee, appointed by the B.U.B. Council, has unanimously agreed that a prayer call should be sent out to all our churches so that we may be able to meet the challenges of this time. Why do we send out this call?

(1) We have realized that the present opportunities for bringing men and women to Christ from the non-Christian community are greater than

our resources can cope with. There is a spiritual harvest waiting to be reaped, but the reapers are few in number.

(2) The second reason for this call is that spiritual work of this kind must be done in a spiritual way. We have realized that re-organization of the Union's work and workers, though it may help greatly, cannot in itself provide all the men and resources needed to take the present evangelistic opportunity in this country. Unless God directs us, wrong motives or methods may lead to a failure to bring in the harvest. We believe that the established churches of the Union have a very important share in this evangelistic task, since divided and prayerless churches can hinder evangelistic work, but prayerful, loving and serving churches can greatly help it along and provide a home for new converts that will strengthen their new faith. St. Paul, facing such an opportunity, bid the churches to "cast off the works of darkness and put on the armour of light", and "pray always with all prayer and

supplication in the Spirit" for the work of the gospel. Everyone connected with the Union in any way can play a vital part in the present evangelistic outreach through maintaining a humble, fervent and loving spirit of prayer in the coming days, since God will never allow such prayer to go unheeded.

(3) The time is short: this solemn thought was present in our discussions at all times. It has been said that where God's Spirit moves in a community, drawing them to Christ, such a movement lasts about five years and not much longer. Already three years have passed since the first inquirers asked for Christian teaching. Shall we be able to finish all that remains to be done, teaching, baptizing, and nurturing all who now ask to know the way of Christ? Only if the churches pray can this short time be used to full advantage.

So let us pray, in our churches, our homes, and in our own private prayers, faithfully, lovingly and constantly, for the success of our evangelistic endeavours, for all preachers and teachers, for the Union and Union officers, and for the Church in every place in Bangladesh.

"Thy kingdom come, O Lord. And may it come through me".

Missionary Record

Arrivals

- 14 January, Miss C. Preston from Chandraghona, Bangladesh.
15 January, Miss D. M. West from Yakusu, Zaire.
28 January, Mrs. P. J. Plant and younger son from Barisal, Bangladesh.

Departures

- 7 January, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Riches and family for Yakusu, Zaire.
10 January, Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Swanson and family for Colombo, Sri Lanka. Miss D. Osborne for Bolobo, Zaire.
14 January, Dr. E. L. and Mrs. Burrows and family for Serampore, India.
16 January, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Tweeddale for Kathmandu, Nepal.
21 January, Rev. D. and Mrs. McClenaghan and daughter for Campinas, Brazil.
24 January, Mrs. D. W. F. Jolleyman for U.T.C.W.I., Jamaica.
26 January, Rev. G. R. and Mrs. Lee and sons for Kandy, Sri Lanka.

Acknowledgements

The Secretaries acknowledge with grateful thanks the following legacies and gifts sent anonymously or without address.

(1st January, 1975 to 30th January, 1975)

General Work: Anon. (B.N.) £2.00; Anon. (Prove Me) £5.00; Anon. £4.00; Anon. (K) £5.00; Anon. £5.00; Anon. £0.10; Anon. (G.W.) £1.00; Anon. (O.A.P.) £5.00; Anon. £2.00; Anon. £5.00; Anon. £1.00; Anon. £10.00; Anon. £5.00; Anon. £10.00; Anon. £20.00; Anon. £7.00.

Medical Work: Anon. (Lucas) £5.00; Anon. £2.00; Anon. £5.00.

Relief Work: Anon. £1.00; Anon. £2.00; Anon. £3.00; Anon. £10.00; Anon. £3.00; Anon. £5.00; Anon. £200.00; Anon. £10.00; Anon. £2.00.

Agricultural Work: Anon. £1.00.

Gift & Self Denial: Anon. £2.00.

Chandraghona Appeal: Anon. £5.00.

LEGACIES

	£
W. L. Anderson	500.00
Miss K. V. Colpman	1,916.73
Mrs. A. C. Crussell	3,600.00
Rev. W. Hedley Ennals	200.00
H. M. Ford Trust	23.22
Miss Vera Hemming	250.00
Annie Lawson	500.00
Miss J. W. B. Mathie	752.80
Mrs. G. B. Page	100.00
Miss F. H. Planner	50.00
Mrs. E. M. Rendall	3,510.00
E. K. Rolls	25.00
Miss F. H. Roscoe	483.35
Mrs. F. Throssell	300.00
F. W. Whitehead	100.00

COMMUNION SERVICE

INDIVIDUAL COMMUNION
CUP TRAYS & ACCESSORIES

Please write for illustrated list and literature

A. EDWARD JONES LTD.

CHURCH SILVERSMITHS

&

CRAFTSMEN IN METAL

(Incorporating Townshends Ltd.)

The originators of the individual Communion Cup
in Great Britain

Dept. M.H. St. Dunstan Works

Pemberton Street, Warstone Lane

Birmingham B18 6NY

Established 1902

Telephone 021-236 3762

DON'T FORGET 'JERUSALEM'!

Fred's in Barnsley. David's in Guildford.
Shelia's in Canterbury. Lois is in London.
They're all missionaries. In 'Jerusalem'.
Mission matters at home and abroad.
See what God is doing in your own country
... through the

BAPTIST TIMES

Only 6p

Every Thursday

ANNUAL BAPTIST ASSEMBLY 1975

Programme of B.M.S. Meetings in Liverpool

Monday, 14 April

- 2.00 p.m. Introductory Prayer Meeting
The Mountford Hall
Conducted by:
Rev. S. F. Thomas, M.B.E.

Tuesday, 15 April

- 1.30 p.m. Women's Annual Meeting
The Mountford Hall
Speaker: Miss Barbara
Maclean.
- 2.45 p.m. Annual Members' Meeting
The Mountford Hall
- 4.00 p.m. Medical Tea and Meeting
The Mountford Hall
Chairman: Mr. David
Wilson, F.R.C.S.

Wednesday, 16 April

- 11.00 a.m. Annual Missionary Service
Liverpool Cathedral
Preacher: Rev. George
Cumming, B.D.
- 1.10 p.m. Meeting of elected members
of the Committee,
Abercromby Room.
(Preceded by lunch at
12.30 p.m.)
- 7.30 p.m. Annual Public Meeting
Philharmonic Hall
Chairman: Dr. I. S. Acres
Speakers: Miss Christine Pres-
ton; Rev. H. F. Drake, O.B.E.

Valediction of missionaries for overseas.