

PENETRATING FAITH IN SPANISH GUINEA

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“C.T. STUDD – CRICKETER AND PIONEER”**

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Foreword

MRS. ALEC THORNE, who with her husband has been God's instrument in the remarkable story told in these pages, is in England at the moment for a few months; so the opportunity was taken to submit the manuscript of this booklet to her in order to ensure its accuracy. Perhaps, after reading it yourself, you may be inclined to agree with what she writes after going through it, "I found this thriller on the door mat when I returned from a week away. It is a thrill to see how the Lord has worked silently, persistently, plodding through and over personalities, qualifications (which just are NOT), Governments, officials, languages and what not. *It sounds like a religious fairy tale.* Do you think the folks will believe it? Or will they think that it is just a far-fetched yarn—you know—a thrill with a moral ending? It is just FINE. And the end is not yet, praise the Lord. It is a true report of facts."

For the sake of those who are unacquainted with the existence of history of the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade, of which this work in Spanish Guinea is a branch, we have added an outline in the concluding chapter of the booklet.

My colleague, the Honorary Publications Secretary of the W.E.C., Mr. Charlton Smith, designed and drew the cover and map, the title came from a chance remark in a letter from him and he has been responsible for all details concerning the publication of this booklet.

N.P. GRUBB.

August, 1937.

TWO “UP AND DOWN” MISSIONARIES

“**M**AN alive! You make me feel like withdrawing straightaway when you talk of our ‘qualifications.’ Please understand once and for all, we have not got any of the qualities that I should desire in missionaries, let alone pioneer ones. Frankly, our only consolation and hope is that in the Bible some of the material God used for big jobs was truly poor stuff. Now what are you going to do about it? Are we still welcome to the W.E.C.?”

Such was our introduction to the answer to two years of prayer—the first applicants for West Africa. But we knew one thing about Alec and Mrs. Thorne, which outweighed all that they could say against themselves. They had found the secret—the only secret—of successful missionary service, for which no natural abilities can be a substitute. They were in Spanish Morocco for a short period as independent workers. “My life at that time [wrote Alec Thorne] was one of constant ups and downs spiritually, sometimes conquering, sometimes defeated; but, however much I tried, I seemed unable to get to a more satisfactory position. But while in Morocco, we came into contact with two ladies of the Emmanuel Missions, Birkenhead and I was forced to recognize that they had a power in their lives more like the power I longed for; although when one of them had a talk with me on this very matter, I quickly shut her up. I was far too proud to think that these sisters could teach me anything and I attributed the grace they displayed to their being naturally of a sweet disposition.”

Soon afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Thorne returned to England and their interest had been sufficiently aroused rather reluctantly to accept an invitation to the Missionary Conference of the Emmanuel Bible School, Birkenhead, from which these two ladies had come. Here both separately had their hearts’ longings fully satisfied. “The morning Bible Readings on the Sermon on the Mount searched me deeply [wrote Mr. Thorne] and I realized I was very far from what my dear Saviour taught. Still I was not convinced that any radical change was necessary in ME, until the last Sunday, when two testimonies were given that exactly suited me. At the close, the invitation was made to any seeking entire sanctification to go to the front and kneel there. God said to me, ‘You go.’ Oh! Talk about fever! I was instantly in a fever from head to foot. Then followed an argument with God something like this, ‘What, me? I can’t, Lord. I have been speaking here four or five times already. How can I go?’ But whatever I said, God replied, ‘You go.’ At last, just as the meeting was closing, God said, ‘YOUR LAST CHANCE, GO,’ and with that the Spirit lifted me out of my chair and I went forward. The speaker came beside me and said, ‘What is it?’ ‘Oh, I said, ‘I do lack this power for service.’ ‘What hinders, my brother?’ ‘I don’t know’; but as I said those words, the Lord shined in my heart and showed me all the hidden depths of depravity concealed there and I cried out,

‘Oh, yes, there is so and so.’ The preacher listened for a few moments and then said, ‘My brother, let me diagnose your case. What you need is not power, but a clean heart. Read Romans 6, II. It says you are to reckon yourself to be dead unto sin. How are you to do this? Read v. 10, where it says that Christ died unto sin *once*. Now how are you to reckon yourself dead?—“Likewise.”’ Then God took me through various incidents demanding confession, restitution or apology, till I felt that there had never lived a more contemptible worm than I. But with it all came the assurance that my Saviour came to undo the works of Satan and He could and would give me the CLEAN HEART. So by faith I trusted Him to do so and claimed it as an accomplished fact. Now *what* a difference it has made in my life, realizing in actual experience, not merely ‘positionally,’ that I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. Then God definitely called me to West Africa.”

Mrs. Thorne’s experience had been almost identical, the same up and down experience in Morocco, the same conviction through the two lady workers, the wrestling with God at the Emmanuel Conference, especially on the point of “whether I was willing to let God take first place in my husband’s life and be content to take second”; also on a money matter, God said, “What about that legacy you have always kept back from Me since you had it?” He touched me on the spot then and there was a battle royal. You know, it *is* nice, even for missionaries, to feel they have a nice little nest-egg in the bank in case funds do not come in! Eventually I gave in and said, ‘Yes, Lord, take all, only give me what I lack.’ For her the crisis was a half-night of prayer, about which she thought, “Well, I’ll have to go. I suppose there will be lots of noise, folks shouting out Hallelujah, and so on and I never could stand that sort of thing. I went and to me it seemed the quietest prayer meeting I had ever been at, for the Lord spoke to me and I to the Lord. I prayed, ‘O Lord, grant me that I may not have to get up from kneeling here until you have given me the Holy Spirit.’ I knelt on and prayed on and before I rose from my knees, a deep peace had taken possession of me. Do you think this experience has made any difference in my life? Ask my husband—he has to live with me! Anyway I have learned to say and to feel—Hallelujah!”

STAKING ALL ON GOD

TWO years previous to these events, God had given us in the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade our marching orders to occupy every remaining unoccupied region of West Africa not in the programme of our brother missionary societies. Daily we had brought before Him the names of the seven lands of West Africa, which, so far as we could ascertain, were wholly or partially unoccupied; and daily we used to thank Him in faith and enjoy looking forward to the coming days when He would have sent us as a preliminary, two pioneers for each. Amongst these lands, the smallest, yet always with an especial attraction to us, was Spanish Guinea.

At the Emmanuel Conference already mentioned, we gave a survey of West Africa. It has never been our policy to urge people to become missionaries, but rather the opposite, to make people see the full cost entailed and leave the Holy Spirit to do the thrusting out. This was particularly so in the case of West Africa, because as a first pioneer we had asked the Lord not for a tenderfoot, but a man of experience. But here in Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, God gave this first full answer, not one but two, both of considerable Christian experience and having had a taste of the Mission field and filled with the Holy Ghost. Out of the seven lands their knowledge of Spanish made the little land of Spanish Guinea the obvious choice. Even in natural qualifications, although in view of the greatness of the venture *they* stressed their lack, *we* saw a very different side of things, Mrs. Thorne being a fully trained nurse and Mr. Thorne both a trained male nurse and very practical in the handling of cars, carpentry, etc.

If they felt their weakness and let us know it, we also made sure that they should know our human weakness as a Crusade and have no temptation to trust in the W.E.C. rather than God. “If God is leading you to go to West Africa and in fellowship with the W.E.C.,” we wrote, “we are ready to go along with you. If God is in it—and it certainly looks as if He is—then will he also supply the necessary funds. I say this from the deepest poverty, for we are even being tested in our Congo field at this moment by shortage and in addition, we have Arabia and now Central Asia and another with us to open work in South America. Not a penny for all those projects, but all the same God will do the lot and more, if we will steadfastly look to Him alone and not to man.” To which their answer was, “We believe God is calling us to Spanish Guinea and if God calls us, there will be the necessary supplies and we are prepared to go where the Holy Ghost leads and leave the consequences to Him.” The next few pages will describe “the consequences” both financial* and otherwise, and demonstrate whether men do wisely or not to step out alone on God.

*From October, 1933, to September, 1937, the Lord has sent £1,184 14s. 8 1/2d. (\$5,973) for the Spanish Guinea work.

There was one more test, short and fierce, but one which has had great bearing on the remainder of this testimony. A few weeks before the date of sailing, we received information from a reliable source that it was useless to send missionaries to a Spanish Colony, as their recent laws (this was some three years before the Revolution) forbade the entry of missionaries unless of Spanish nationality. It was a heavy blow and we have to confess that the faith of the W.E.C. staggered. Other lands were open in West Africa, why should they not go to one of them? We put it to the Thornes. They went and prayed but returned to say that God had again spoken clearly and asked them what they were doing considering another country, when He had said Spanish Guinea. It took us a week-end to agree to going forward against the laws of a Government; a week-end of darkness which only lifted when we heard God saying the same thing to us, recognized His voice and yielded. *He* had said Spanish Guinea; very well, if a Government said No, it was a chance for a trial of strength between a temporal power and God, worthy of Bible days.

THREE SURPRISES ON LANDING

THE start was made on October 26th, 1933, bringing them after a six-weeks' journey to their land of promise on December 14th. They were the first British missionaries ever to go to this land, although the American Presbyterians had opened work years ago in the northern part, abandoned it again, but recently re-opened with a couple of workers, just in time before the new Spanish ban came into force. We had obtained the names of these missionaries and sent them a letter. We also made four definite requests of the Lord for the Thornes' arrival: that at the port of arrival someone would be raised up to befriend them: that some native should come along who could speak English: that the American missionaries would help them: and above all that in spite of all we had heard, the Lord would make the Spanish authorities not only willing for them to stay, but even be favourable to them.

Their own diaries tell the romance of their landing. Mrs. Thorne writes, "*December 14th*. Praise the Lord. The boat arrived at dusk and we stood and looked and looked at the land to which God has called us—tall trees, many kinds of palm; a European or native house here and there. As darkness fell, a few lights twinkled on the shore. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

"*December 15th* [Mr. Thorne continues]. Arrived and our feet planted on the shore at Benito, praise God. A German is standing there talking to the ship's officer. Coming forward he is introduced—Mr. Heid—and he said at once, 'Well you must come with me to my house and the lady can stay there and we will see about the Customs later.' So we turned and accompanied him, in some bewilderment. Well, this trader and his wife made us as welcome as if we were their own people. He would not hear of payment, either for bed or food! Now is it not just like the Lord to raise up someone like this?"

Their next discovery was that the American missionaries had their station at Bolondo, just across the river and though temporarily out of the country themselves, left the house at their disposal. So the next morning "two boys came over from the house and we duly all crossed the river to our new temporary abode."

"*December 22nd*. We have arrived at the hot time of year and we do thank God for this house to start us getting acclimatized; it is cool and facing the sea. The food question is a considerable difficulty, but He is helping wonderfully; we have been eating bananas, pawpaw, bread-fruit, pineapple, eggs (dear), fish, bully beef, so we are still very much alive. Dora is losing a good deal of her flesh to her delight and I am no longer qualifying for the cooking pot. Nature study here would be fascinating; the palm trees have ferns growing all the way up their trunks, making a most delightful drapery for them; greenery is profuse; birds and butterflies of wonderful colours flit about.

“December 26th. Now we are concentrating prayer on the necessary forthcoming visit to the Governor. We are asking God to so work in his heart that he shall rather help forward our entry into this land than impede it.

“December 28th. A car is going to Bata and the Governor returned yesterday. Off I go to see him. Well, now. What would you expect the Governor to do or say? I went up to his house and had to wait in his Secretary’s Office for half-an-hour. The Secretary can do a great deal of wire-pulling and so I believe the Lord arranged every detail. I told him quite frankly of our hopes and aspirations, then followed splendid opportunities of testifying to what great things the Lord has done for us. Then the bell rang announcing the presence of the Governor in the next room, so in the Secretary went and after a few moments I was sent in. The Governor greeted me in a friendly but not enthusiastic style, gave the merest glance at my passport and said, ‘Oh, you are a missionary.’ Then I again started explaining our object for being in the land. He did not say anything at all to oppose our going; in fact, when I told him we did not know where we should settle down, he said that was alright and that when I let him know, he would do what he could for us. But still so far he had not given the help I was expecting in answer to prayer, so I said, ‘May I ask, could you give me any idea as to where would be the most likely parts for me to find the people we want?’ And then he told me the best ways to investigate the land would be . . . (describing three routes). The Governor himself has given the idea of looking at the land, north, south, east and west. Hallelujah, I just felt it was, ‘The land is before you, Go up and possess it.’”

Thus every stage of their arrival was a string of answered prayer, culminating in the Governor himself being changed from what he should legally have been (as was officially admitted a year later) the one to refuse permission to work, to the friend and first adviser of the Thornes. The weak are God’s strong ones! I should like to have been present to hear Mr. Thorne (who said he lacked all missionary qualifications) coolly ask the R.C. Governor to advise him where to start!

The next stage was equally a provision of the Lord, this time due to the brotherly action of the American workers, whose main stations lie over the northern border of Spanish Guinea in the French Cameroons. Mr. Thorne writes,

“January 7th. Mr. McNeill, the American missionary, has come, with a Mr. and Mrs. Cousins for a rest.

“January 11th. I was not feeling quite happy about going straight into the interior, without being able to speak to the people at all. But yesterday Dora prayed definitely that if God had some other way for us, he would cause it to be spoken during breakfast. Just before we parted after breakfast, Mr. Cousins said, ‘If you would like to go to our house in Elat (Cameroons) for a time before you go down into the interior, to learn the language, you are very welcome to the use of our house.’ Well of course this came as a direct answer to prayer. We are receiving great kindness at the hands of these Americans.”

INTO THE UNKNOWN

THREE months were spent at Elat, studying a language which has close affinity to the Okak language, the main tribe of Southern Spanish Guinea to which they were going. Then, having mastered the first principles of the language, they moved back into the land and Mr. Thorne started on his first journey of investigation in the unevangelized southern area, leaving Mrs. Thorne at the American mission house at Bolondo.

“April 14th.” Hallelujah! I am just about to take the plunge and go into the unknown, but Jesus I know, and He is on the throne!

“April 18th.” Got off on the trail. Road is very bad, rivers and streams in plenty, water nearly to knees. Rocks galore and hills too many to count, about 16-18 miles, which was enough for a greenhorn at trekking. I tried for the first time to speak about 20 words of a message and attempted to pray in the language. I believe they understood.

“April 19th.” Within five minutes of starting got to the first river, to the knees; and five minutes later the second river, over the knees; and five minutes later a third one, up to the thighs and crossed by walking on a tree. Arrived on the other bank, we had a brief prayer of thanksgiving and I shouted Hallelujah, which was echoed from five carriers with chocolate coloured throats. Arrived at Evornlam. Rain close at hand and we must stay here, for the people tell us that we shall find no more people for 12 hours’ walking through the forest. God has brought us here without doubt and this morning, I had the hut nearly full while I tried to preach the Gospel. Oh my, what a poor creature I am. Satan has so many excuses to offer—it is not possible for a man of 44 years of age to learn such a strenuous life and so on. But if I am a coward, I will go through to the victory end. We had a good hearing from about 20 people and Osubita is keen on teaching the Gospel. O. is not a prize-winner of a beauty show, rather looks like a fierce boxer who has a grudge against you, but oh ! such a comfort to have round and so willing to tell the good news.

“April 20th.” Sometimes the path is turned into a series of waterfalls. Twice I slipped on rocks and sat down into the river just long enough to scoop up nicely two legs of water in my shorts! Arrived at Ngon. For one hour after we climbed up, up, up. The path was so steep it was necessary to take hold of rocks and trees to pull up; then after a short time it was down, down. Many times, I could only get a foothold by sharply driving my heels into the path. Today my feet got slightly sore from being so saturated and some chafing, but Hallelujah, I thought of how His feet were sore and wounded for me and I was glad to share a little of the soreness. Praise the Lord! I am regarding all these towns of the Okak as those which I have to claim by walking through them.

“April 22nd.” Our first Sunday on the road. We had a good number this morning, 77 were counted. There was excellent hearing and Osubita asked if any wished to follow

the Saviour. About eight said they did. Now this evening the headman wanted me to go and see the place where he proposes to build the meeting house. O. could hardly tell me slow enough for me to understand, the words just came tumbling out of a mouth normally seven or eight inches wide, but now lengthened to—I don't know how long! I could nearly have done a few somersaults.

“April 26th. Arrived at Oveng. About 45 listened to the message. I was invited to live here and I think it would make a good centre, but I do not think this is the Lord's guidance.

“April 27th. Here we are a Mejap Mebae. The headman wanted to know if we could not build a chapel. Our message 'spoke to their hearts,' and they *do* want to know the way to God's town. Here are four places on this road so far that are pleading for someone to teach them.

“April 28th. A meeting of over 70. This afternoon a couple of men have passed through the place. One of them came over to this house and begged me to send someone to teach them, saying it is just what they are wanting and waiting for. Waiting, waiting, while a sleepy Church holds up its hand in shocked self-complacency when anyone suggests that these ignorant black folk are worth risking one's life for. I believe God is just giving me this land wherever I go. It is wonderful.

A REMARKABLE GUIDANCE

THIS fourteen days' trek, after giving him daily evidence of the open door for the Gospel among the natives, brought him to the chief government centre for the whole southern area of the colony, itself practically the centre of the colony, Evinayong. It consists of a number of native towns on surrounding hilltops, with the central one as the government post and native soldiers' quarters, the whole white population, however, only numbering four, an official, Spanish sergeant and two traders. But here was the ideal centre from which to continue in earnest their journeys of investigation, until they found God's choice for a mission station. Evinayong is also the terminus of the only motor road from the capital, Bata, on the coast, into the interior, a distance of 120 miles. From Evinayong southwards all communications are by native tracks.

On May 1st, Mr. Thorne arrived here:

"May 1st. The morning mist soon cleared away and the sun came out just scorching and after about seven miles we suddenly came on a motor road. We arrived at Evinayong. Not being a native village, it had no palaver house. So we wearily turned back along the way we had come in and at a shop where I saw a TABLECLOTH on a table I stopped and asked if any white men were living thereabouts. One Spaniard lived there in charge of the shop, so I asked if he could tell me where I could sleep tonight. 'Why, yes, here of course.' Gratitude just filled my heart again, for all the Lord's goodness to me. So I sat down—in a chair! After a while up came a motor lorry with a white man in it, who came bustling into the shop and after a short time came out to me and said, 'And who are you?' I told him and he brusquely asked a few further questions and then said, 'Oh, you are English, are you? Come in and we will talk.' He proved to be a German, in charge of all the shops of a certain firm. He had come over quite unexpectedly to replace the Spaniard with a native. 'But what do you want here?' 'Well, I want to find a house to bring my wife down here and also my things so that I can work out from here.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'if it is a question of a temporary place to live in, you can occupy the two rooms behind the shop and the native can sleep out in the other building. I shall be returning to Bata tomorrow and if you want to go, the lorry is at your service !!'"

Here was another wonderful provision of the Lord. First on arrival at Benito, then at Bolondo, then at Elat, now at Evingayong. They moved to their new quarters on May 10th, praising God once again for this second experience of outstanding kindness at the hands of a German trader. What a total contrast their reception at everybody's hands had been from what the devil tried to tell us they would meet with! He is the prince of bluffers!

Now came the most important matter of all—the choice of a mission station. It has always been a strong point on all new fields of the W.E.C. that God’s guidance can be found as much in details as in big decisions and that the One who sends workers to a field can be trusted to show them their exactly right location on arrival. But in Mr. and Mrs. Thorne’s case, the guidance was startling. Three days before his first arrival at Evinayong, he recorded the following in his diary:

“I have been very much impressed with John 15:16, ‘I have chosen you . . . that whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He may give it you.’ Well, I’m tremblingly putting on record that I have asked the Father in Jesus’ Name accordingly, not only to show me where He wants us to live, but to have the house ready. An impossibility. I have been trying for days to pluck up courage to commit it to writing, but now it is done. Hallelujah, He must keep His word.”

No wonder he had a difficulty in putting such a thing on paper—that a ready-made mission station would be provided in a district which had never had a missionary! The tests that followed, faithfully endured and the wonderful outcome, are the perfect proof of the reality of the guidance and the aptness of it for one who had no experience of tropical house building.

During the next few weeks no ray of light came about the station. Both had periods of illness. Opposition began to appear in some villages through the R.Cs., “where the people appear to have been warned that I am the devil!” “So far [he wrote] God has not shown us the place of His choice for us to make our Headquarters. Although we have four or five places offered us to build on and the people begging us to live there, I dare not choose. There is a tremendous fight on with the devil and the R.Cs., but we have claimed victory and praised and thanked the Lord for it and are waiting to see it come.”

At the end of a month the test became fiercer still. An unexpected request came to remove from the trader’s quarters to a small hut offered them “for a short time.” “We are now installed in our new quarters consisting of bed-sitting-dining-room—library—office—study and chapel, all most conveniently situated under one roof, that only leaks in places, which we have patched with a few leaves stuck in the holes, so praise God we have dry beds.”

Journeys were made in various directions, but still the guidance did not come, for nothing would move them to act until God should give the promised sign. Twice in the earlier years of their experience, zeal for God had caused them to make their own choice of a sphere of labour instead of finding out His and they were not going to be caught again. On one occasion, Mr. Thorne wrote, “The headman is most persistent in asking me to live there. In my judgment, we could not get a more central position for the work, but I have asked God to give me the seal of His choice by giving us a house. So far the headman has not offered to build a house and I must not hint at it or I shall be displacing guidance.” In another place he wrote, “They told me that if I would go and build a house, they would do the work. (Oh, how near! Yet not the sign asked for.)”

Then on June 15th the test reached its height. “We have to go from here and where we are to go I have not the faintest idea yet. We have had notice to quit. We cannot walk out of here and go on trek, for we cannot cart all our belongings about with us. That God will guide us I have no doubt.”

Then, two days later he wrote,

“A woman came from a distant town that I have had before me a good deal lately and she said the people would very much like to hear the Gospel. Is that guidance?”

The next day he started on a three-day trek to this place, Akurenan; and Mrs. Thorne recorded in her diary that she felt sure that God would give the guidance on this journey and that the place of his choice would be Akurenan. But he returned to say that it was a very suitable place, but “there was nothing that could possibly be taken as the Lord’s guidance.”

Daily they expected the native trader to arrive who was to occupy their hut and the trial to their own faith was very great.

“I do not know how many times the natives have told me themselves, in a polite way, I am a fool to talk of praying to God for guidance, when I have only to choose which of several places offered me to build on. And now whenever we meet any of those headmen, we are asked, ‘Has God told you where to live yet?’”

And on June 27th, “No light whatever has been shed on our pathway, but so confident are we that guidance is coming that we have been preparing the things for shifting.”

But still the days passed and as they had not been actually moved, Mr. Thorne went another trek along a new route, but returning via Akurenan. After eleven days on foot, he reached Akurenan, to find the walls of Jericho fallen flat!

“A four hours’ walk and an hour’s pause to tell the Gospel, brought us to Akurenan. Here I heard almost at once that the one white man who lives at a shop here is going to Spain in a hurry because of his daughter’s death. Is this God’s opening? What of the house and shop? A visit to him revealed the fact that he cannot say anything for certain till he has seen a Mr. K. (a trader) who may want to buy it. But if not, he would charge (he says) as low as possible—half the cost and it was only finished last December. I believe this will be an excellent place as a permanent centre and the district is well populated.”

Kiwi* returned to Evinayong and God continued to work. Within a few days Mr. K. resigned his claim to the house owing to the sudden illness of his wife, compelling him to take her to the coast. The door was now wide open and Kiwi writes,

“Returned to Akurenan and found that everything had been prepared by the Lord for me. The Spaniard included two native cane beds and three chairs and a native-made table and the floor is covered with a kind of native-made matting. Also it is just wonderful how God has arranged for the work in a way I should not have thought of. He has given us a house that is big enough for us to divide up to accommodate our two sisters coming out, as well as ourselves and leave a room that will be a kind of general sitting-room and can be used as a chapel. In addition to the house there is a separate kitchen and a native’s kitchen for the natives who will be living in the three native houses built alongside, which are also included in the price, £18. There is a garden which is now yielding a good number of beans and a number of banana, plantain and paw-paw trees and a number of pineapple plants and plenty of room to extend. From my innermost being I say a big Hallelujah.”

Finally he writes his first letter from Akurenan on August 31st,

*The African word for “thorn,” from which they call Mr. and Mrs. Thorne “Kiwi” and “Ma Kiwi”.

“Our hearts are filled with praises to our loving Father for the way He has guided and chosen for us to go down to Akurenan. In all probability I should never have asked for the seal of a house ready for us, if I had known beforehand of how things are done here, for of course, no one ever thinks of doing anything except build their own house, except evidently fools of faith missionaries; but now I really believe God led me to ask that sign in order to keep me from precipitate action. I can only say what Fools we are to doubt for one second. Now here we are looking forward to welcoming Ma Lui (Miss Lizzie Smith) to the Headquarters of the W.E.C. in Spanish Guinea.”

FOREST HOME AND FOREST PEOPLE

THE journey to Akurenan was quite a triumphal march.

“The people had many shocks to their nervous system [wrote Mrs. Thorne] as they saw a WHITE woman. Before we reached each town, one of the carriers chanted out, ‘Come and see the white woman who is going to live at Akurenan.’ AND the people came. It was quite as good as a Punch and Judy show. How they laughed and ran beside the chair. To see the white face and hands, and glasses and a sunshade and boots, were all things of huge interest; and when we had a rest and I gave the folks an extra pennyworth by taking my hat off and showing my carrot hair—well then I really thought it was time to take the collection; however, being a W.E.C.er, I thought I had better not. Then, quite unexpectedly to me, we arrived and when I saw the W.E.C. Headquarters, I just couldn’t say anything else but ‘Praise the Lord! Isn’t it wonderful!’” Kiwi and I went in the house first and thanked the Lord for His goodness.” Then she gives a description of the house and garden, followed by, “Come with me down the narrow path through the garden, with forest on either side. Down we go, sliding, slithering, but look now in front of you at the lovely little clear stream among the iron rocks. This is our private water supply, so clear, so clean that it need not be boiled. Now we will cross over the stream a little way and—do just look at this—a beautiful little natural pool of clear, cold water, surrounded by rocks of reddish hue and hundreds of tiny ferns. A veritable fairy land, with the trees meeting overhead. I guess the W.E.C.ers will be found wandering there and meeting God in His garden. Above the birds sing and the butterflies hover around and one feels the Beauty of God who made this wonderful spot in the forest land.”

Without any further delay, they got down to the one business of soul-winning. Mr. Thorne wrote, “*September 9th*. I must write you today—our first Sunday here. We have just had our first little meeting, unannounced, with a congregation of about 30.

“*September 23rd*. A small gathering today, but after the meeting, eight people stayed behind who wished to become ‘people of God.’ I asked about fetish medicine, and oh the joy of hearing one woman’s answer, ‘Fetish medicine I have not, but I have got a heart filled full of dirt.’ Six of these folk returned this afternoon for more. I asked the woman with the dirty heart, if she believed Jesus had cleansed it and her face beamed as she said, ‘Yes.’

“*October 1st*. yesterday we had a good number in, and another five started on the Way of Life. It is gloriously encouraging and is in spite of great language difficulties. One man brought a second lot of fetish medicine and said that he had now given up all and had cut down his tobacco plants and given up tobacco altogether—and that without any but casual references to tobacco.”

In a few weeks, Kiwi trekked to the coast, a distance of 150 miles to welcome their first reinforcement, Miss Lizzie Smith of Aberdeen and the Emmanuel Bible School, Birkenhead, known to the natives as Ma Lui. She received as uproarious a reception en route as Ma Kiwi.

“This morning I nearly got tired enjoying the fun, [wrote Kiwi]. The questions! ‘Who is she?’ ‘Let’s see her hair.’ Shrieks of amazement! ‘My, ain’t she beautiful!’ I translate at this juncture and there is a peal of laughter from Ma Lui. That is beyond anything. They nearly go wild with delight. Many and hearty were the greetings given as we got near to Akurenan. Praise God. What a change.”

Lizzie Smith writes of her first Sunday, “*November 11th*. Sixty-two gathered at the morning service. What a joy it was to see so many come and hear the Word of God who two months ago had never heard of Jesus and His love. It was wonderful to sit and look at them, mouths open, eyes fixed, bodies well-oiled, all drinking in the Word of God. I was overcome as I watched them.”

“*November 12th*. A tremendous cheer this morning [wrote Mrs. Thorne] when a man came and handed over seven charms which had been suspended from various parts of his anatomy, followed later by four others bringing them in. The marvel is that the last Official had prohibited them and they were only being kept with the danger of arrest, but now when God touches the heart, they are willingly brought out in public and given over for destruction.”

“*December 23rd*. To His glory I would record that today saw the fiftieth person make a definite profession of faith in Jesus. I know a couple of these have proved unsatisfactory, but God only knows how many of these have stretched out a feeble hand of faith to Him and ‘as many as touched Him were made whole.’ These fifty come from sixteen different towns.

“*December 25th*. Aren’t we to be pitied! Christmas Day! Oh, Hallelujah! We had a glorious day this morning, 106 people were counted in the meeting. One old man got up and pushed his way forward evidently in dead earnest, closely followed by another who said he did not intend to go to hell and by the time we had finished the hymn we had three men and four women standing there. The afternoon meeting was a HAPPY meeting and I tried to teach them ‘Hallelujah,’ explaining it as meaning, ‘I am happy inside, glory to God.’ After the talk, the first one to say ‘Hallelujah’ was the old bald-headed man who came to the Saviour this morning. He has got it badly! He seems full of joy.”

In the new year, the visiting of the women in their homes was begun by Ma Kiwi and Ma Lui. The latter (Lizzie Smith) writes,

“*February 27th, 1935*. This work lies heavily on my heart and I am looking for the day when I shall be able to speak to them in their own tongue. One home we went to was Afang’s, a young woman of about 24, one of five wives of a headman nearby. The house soon filled with thirteen women and six children. There were two fires, burning furiously at each end and we were almost smoked into kippers. The house consisted of four native beds which in the day time act as seats; on one side of the wall hang all their wooden spoons. As Mr. Thorne was giving a message, there came in an old woman about 50, but she looked almost 80, her poor body and face were simply withered and wrinkled; she had nothing on except a piece of loin cloth. There was another middle-aged woman, they both sat with their mouths open drinking in the Word of God for the

first time. *Think of it*, hearing the Word of God for the first time; it was all too much for them, they could not keep back the tears. The dear old soul asked, ‘Does God love me?’ Praise God, we were able to tell her, ‘Yes, God loves you.’ If ever I longed to speak to these dear women, I did that day; as I shook hands with her, I could not keep the tears back, as I thought of all she has missed of the joy, peace and love that the Saviour gives. She took hold of my hand with her two hands and gave it such a grip which spoke to me louder than words.”

Now that they were established in their headquarters, Mr. Thorne pushed out along tracks never previously visited. One to the south-west was peculiarly fruitful. The number who made profession of faith was 132; that trek took physical toll, as part of the eleven days was with blistered feet and short rations, mostly only bananas being obtainable as food. At one place one man brought him a sack with “the portions of seven or eight human skulls”; another asked tremblingly, having turned his heart to God, “would the man whose skull he had possessed condemn him after death?” One woman, who listened attentively, asked, “It is no use to say one believes, is it, unless it is true belief IN THE HEART and turning from the old ways?”

On the station too, the work began to go deeper amongst the believers. There was first a period of hardness, then a sudden break.

“*May 5th*. A morning of wonderful blessing. At first, it looked as if the appeal would not have any result. Then one stood while we sat and sang, ‘Clean inside, clean inside, Oh cleanse my heart, make me clean inside’; then another and another, apparently all professing believers. It was obviously a case of dealing with them individually, so I retired to our living room and had them in one by one. The first said he wanted to follow the Lord and had been living an immoral life, but since he had had a talk with me, he had not sinned in that way, but his trouble was—when he saw an attractive young woman, how could he get ride of the dirt in his heart? Another said, ‘I have hatred in my heart towards some woman in my village, how can I get rid of it?’ Another, ‘I have borne five children, all girls, one is dead and the others have been married; with the money paid for them my husband has purchased other women younger than me and only makes fun of me. I hate them; this hate is dirt in my heart. How can I get ride of it?’ Another, ‘I made fetish medicine with the bones of a man to kill some cannibals who had killed my child; that medicine is troubling me, I want to be sure I shall not be condemned for making it.’ I truly believe several sought true heart cleansing and the indwelling Holy Spirit.”

In June, the second reinforcement arrived, Miss Emma Munn of Belfast and also Emmanuel, Birkenhead. She wrote of the usual initiation into the joys of trekking life.

“The first of my trekking was in Africa, oh the sun! I was like a Red Indian when I got in. I slept in the room next to Mr. Thorne (who had gone to meet her) and just before getting to bed, a great big rat ran up the wall. I called out, ‘Kiwi, come quickly, and as he entered, another ran across the bed. I said to him, ‘I’m sure my bed must be infested.’ ‘Well, he said, ‘that’s alright, leave them alone! Don’t disturb them!’”

Then, after describing the thrill of her arrival and first Sunday, she adds,

“Praise God, 99 souls have taken Christ through the Word in the home and about 150 souls through treks and visiting.”

HOW GOD CHANGED A GOVERNMENT

AS we already know, ever since Mr. and Mrs. Thorne had set foot in Spanish Guinea, their eyes were wide open to the fact that according to Spanish law they had no business to be there at all. Every now and then they had direct warning of this. In a further interview with the Governor's Secretary, for instance, they were told that they must not build a chapel without a permit from Madrid. Then again, on arrival at Akurenan the Spanish Official showed Mr. Thorne the printed orders,

"The special order says, There is liberty of worship and conscience, but missions must be authorized from Madrid and be conducted by Spaniards. The Official sarcastically told me if I was sure God wants me here and would answer my prayers, all I need to do is to sit still and make no application to anybody, but just pray that a special order shall come from Madrid saying we can work here, but till that time arrives, we are not to be allowed to conduct any meetings or engage in missionary work. I told him our orders are to pray as God revealed His wishes to us. He said, 'Well then, pray that the law of Spain may be changed.' I said, 'God is ALL-POWERFUL and can do even that.' He agreed, but said I have a faith which is 'fantastic'."

This interview was to be of great significance in a year's time, but when they started life at Akurenan, its only effect was to make them decide to keep the letter of the law in not building a place of worship or holding an official meeting, but to obey the higher law which Peter proclaimed to the Sanhedrin, 'We must obey God rather than men,' when it was a question of bearing witness to Jesus to all who came to their private house, or whom they met in visits to villages. The consequences we have seen, in their being permitted to pray and sing and preach within earshot of the military camp for over a year, with over 250 Okaks confessing Christ.

Then the threatened storm burst and on July 14th, 1935, Mr. Thorne wrote, "I received a summons to the camp and was informed that I was deliberately disobeying written instructions and by order of the Sub-Governor must immediately report at Bata and make my residence there."

He went to Bata, saw the Sub-Governor: "very pleasant and helpful, but adamant that we must leave Akurenan pending a reply from Madrid. He said he was satisfied I was doing no wrong and not wilfully disobeying orders; if otherwise, it would have meant immediate deportation. He had had a complaint against our doing medical work, but refused to interfere in what as an act of charity. He agreed as a concession that we might go to Bolondo (the unoccupied station of the Americans near Bata) pending the reply, on condition that *no* mission work is done."

So to Bolondo the whole party moved, 150 mile journey. It was a sad parting.

“People are coming by the dozen and expressing their sorrow at our going. They quite seriously suggest I could leave ‘Madam’ here as a guarantee of my return.’ Poor wee lambs. They tug at our heart strings. Ma Kiwi is feeling our leaving badly; it seems to have knocked her out for a day or two.”

The months passed in their temporary home, which again their American friends allowed them to occupy, the time being spent in study of the Okak and Spanish languages and in much prayer. Then in December, five months later, a change of location was allowed. After a further interview with the Governor, permission was given to go back to their own place at Akurenan, but still on the strict understanding that no mission work was done. They returned with joy, to receive a wonderful welcome.

“Possibly 300 have been to see us today. The native soldiers too have been along to greet us and say how glad they are to see us back and to express their desire to hear the Gospel as soon as we are allowed to preach it. One of our women believers came in and as she knew that we could not yet tell her the Words of God, she told them us, by repeating all the passages of Scripture she had learned months before.”

A further trying period followed, when they kept strictly to the agreement under which they were allowed to return, visiting the people, joining in their joys and sorrows, “but it is sad still to have to say No when they ask, ‘Has the permit letter come yet? We do truly want to hear the Words of God. When it comes, many, many people will come to your house and hear and we will rejoice much when you sit here and tell us about Jesus and the path of God.’ One headman comes over an hour’s walk every Sunday to enquire.”

But a few weeks before their return to Akurenan, while they were giving so much of their time to prayer at Bolondo, an event was recorded in their letters which would be accounted so many empty words by those whose vain philosophy of life is “seeing is believing,” but of fundamental importance to those who have proved that faith is the true substance of things hoped for (Heb. II.I). Each of the four wrote independently to say that God had given them full permission of deliverance. Lizzie Smith wrote,

“God poured light and assurance into my soul that his work which had been commenced in Spanish Guinea and had been stopped, would again be resumed.”

Most remarkable was God’s word to Mr. Thorne,

“We got to prayer, after recounting how God had led us. Then a wonderful thing happened. The Lord reminded us of how this was the very time to claim the answer to the challenge given by the Official away back about fifteen months ago. He had then said how he was sure we should see increasing difficulties and I replied I was sure God would clear them away. Then he told me I had a faith which was fantastic (would to God I had!). So I replied I had a great God to trust in; till finally he told me very sarcastically, ‘Well, all you need to do is to pray to God to change the Spanish Constitution and you will be able to get on.’ My reply was, ‘God can do that quite well if necessary’ (or words to that effect). Now God asked me, ‘Can God? Can you put God to the test of claiming that He will bring deliverance in a new and unexpected way?’ Of course one always hedges on these occasions, so I said, ‘I’ve asked the home end to take the matter up with Madrid.’ ‘Yes, you cabled in July and now in October you haven’t heard a thing. Are you trusting in their efforts? Can God do it apart from all human help? Are you really willing to believe for a *miracle* to be done now and get it by faith?’ So I prayed definitely that He would do it in His way and have declared my faith in writing.”

Most wonderful guidance and seizing of an opportunity to prove the Almightyness of God against the word of a Government, to be realized in the most staggering completeness a few months later, in an event not dreamed of by them or anyone else, an event which has literally altered the Spanish Constitution.

In Akurenan they continued in the same steadfast assurance that God had spoken and the deliverance would come. For instance in February, 1936, a new official came and Mr. Thorne writes:

“Went to ‘salute’ the new official. He asked me what we were expecting to do, so I had to tell him we are waiting for God to clear the way in answer to our prayers. The Lord has given us wonderful assurance of the coming victory, in spite of everything apparently going against us.”

In April, the Governor General himself passed through Akurenan and received Mr. and Mrs. Thorne and although he told them that “permission to preach the Gospel was an impossible thing, because the law is absolutely against it,” and plainly implied it was a waste of time being here, Mr. Thorne’s answer was,

“I told him that while I wished to show him all possible respect, I still trusted (in answer to prayer) our request would still be granted, for we had come at God’s orders and could not do anything but stay on till God showed us otherwise.”

An answer to the highest official in the country equal to the declarations before kinds by the heroes of faith of old.

Then in August, just a year after the ban on their work, in one week the mountain was removed and cast into the sea in the last way they could dream of. One morning the Official suddenly stopped the court and went off. They heard he had gone to Bata, but no one knew why. A week later they knew.

“I heard the news of the conditions in Spain, to my utter amazement. News here is very conflicting, only the radio news being known and each one who has a set remembers just what he has been pleased to hear. So we too tune into the heavenly set and hear, ‘Let not your heart be troubled’.”

Indeed, how could they possibly recognize at first sight that this awful conflagration was their longed-for deliverance? The next thing they knew was soldiers at their doors to bring them to Bata under arrest and everything looked blacker than ever.

“A knock came at the door. Some soldiers stood there; they had brought a letter from Evinayong. It was an official declaration that a state of war was declared and demanding our urgent attendance there. Two soldiers entered and stood on guard, then the further escort arrived—a total of thirteen armed soldiers (rifles loaded too). Off we had to start. Soldiers before us, close beside us and bringing up the rear. Oh my, how they did beat the poor unfortunate creatures whom they impressed to carry the loads.”

On arrival at Evinayong, they were conveyed to Bata by car.

“I was escorted to the Commandant’s house, where I was told to sit down and after less than five minutes, the Commandant came and told me it was alright, we were foreigners; and while they did not WISH to have foreigners in their colony, those who wished to come would be accorded every facility possible for normal transactions, but they asked that we should not abuse their hospitality by any interference in politics, but **HELP THEM BY SEEKING TO KEEP THE NATIVES AS CALM AS POSSIBLE**; so would we please immediately return to Akurenan. A pass would be given to me immediately and we could return without the ladies needing to get out of the car!”

Sent back by the Government (a few days later General Franco's men seized the country) with a commission to keep the natives "calm"!! it did not take the missionaries, on their tiptoes for the lawful permission to preach the Gospel, long to recognize their golden opportunity, for the only way in which a person can be kept truly peaceful is by a personal introduction to the Prince of Peace. The permit had arrived, although the very officials that gave it did not realize it. Those fast closed doors had opened wide without a finger being lifted to unlock them, except in that most potential of all ways, "lifting up holy hands without doubting" to the throne of grace. One the one side, governors, officials, constitutions; on the other, the word of faith. "Whatsoever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive and ye shall have." If it might be objected that their taking these words of the Commandment to mean that they were free to preach again was only their interpretation of them, not the Government's; we have only to point out the fact that since that date, August 1936, up to the present, the four have carried on every department of their missionary programme in the full view of the Government officials and having openly informed them what they are doing, and this, in spite of the fact that the control has passed to the party commonly called the Insurgents, who in at least one other Spanish Colony known to us have severely restricted Protestant Missions. Indeed most remarkable of all, the present Governor has just given a further charter of liberty beyond anything in the past, as will be told in due course.

Very soon after their arrival back at Akurenan, Mr. Thorne sent us, as it were, their official declaration to freedom.

"October 17th. As under present conditions it is a case of no fixed Government, I consider we are no longer bound by the restrictions of an out-of-date Government, and so, God willing, shall open the doors tomorrow and again start having meetings as before."

A DAY MUCH TO BE REMEMBERED

FROM that time onwards all their energies have gone into the evangelization of the Okak tribe. A number of treks have been undertaken by Lizzie Smith and Emma Munn, now sufficiently conversant with the language and everywhere they have met with the same response in the villages. For instance, Ma Lui writes:

“Deep conviction at N. One soul trusts in the Lord Jesus. As she was passing out of the house, she said to Ma Mondo (Emma Munn), ‘I don’t follow Jesus, but I want to,’ so Ma Mondo had the great joy of leading a dear woman to Jesus. In that little house I have seen five souls pass from death unto life.

“I was greatly constrained to visit a village and take an old dress to a little girl of thirteen. Some fifteen months ago she was married. Previously she was a regular imp of mischief, but since then all the brightness in her eyes has gone. When I got there, she was with her mother and another woman from a far-off village. These were the first two dear native women whom I had the great joy of pointing to the Saviour a year ago. When I entered the house, oh ! the hugs, the dear woman took me in their arms and gave me such a welcome. Then I produced the dress and put it on the girlie and oh ! the joy written across her face. Then the other woman, who has only heard in fifteen months, said, ‘I want to hear more of the words of God.’ So again in that little house the Word of God went forth.

“I visited six villages and oh ! the welcome received was wonderful; they all showered me with gifts of food. It was a real tonic to meet the old believers and God has indeed been working by His Holy Spirit during these past 12 months. In one village twelve gathered and were intent to listen. One man who was spokesman, said, ‘We want to hear the Word of God every day; do come, Ma Lui and teach us.’ All along the road there was one continual cry, ‘We want to hear the Word of God, do teach us.’

“The headman from a further village came to see if we would go and tell his people the Word of God. What a crowd had gathered. Had a royal welcome. Talked to them and sang with them until darkness came. Again there was the cry, ‘We all want Eternal Life’.”

And all sorts of experiences go to make up a missionary’s life on trek!

“At Akonibe we were greeted by the headman of the town. He has ten wives, all very young girls and he an old grandfather and he has countless children. He called his wives and they all had to stand in a row so that we could see them. Next morning from 9 to 1:30 was one continual stream of witnessing. The headman sent a deputation of four men to propose to us. They told us that we wanted us to become his wives and that he would put away his other ten wives, if we decided. So you can imagine we protested hot against it and then gave them the Gospel, and they got more than they bargained for!

When I had finished, three went out and the other said he wanted to trust in Jesus, so had the joy of pointing him to the Lord; he came with a message seeking a wife for the headman, but he went away with salvation, Hallelujah!”

Meanwhile steady teaching of the earlier converts and grounding of them in the Scriptures went on upon the Mission Station, until a day of great importance arrived in the history of Christ’s Church in Spanish Guinea—the establishment of the outward Church by the baptism of the first believers. That Church in the spiritual sense was formed from the day the Holy Spirit came to take up His abode in the first Okak believers, when some two years previously they had come as repentant sinners to the fountain opened for uncleanness, in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. But the objective of the first missionaries of the Church in the Acts had always been, not merely to preach the Gospel, but to leave behind them in each place an organized body of believers, united by the outward symbols of baptism and the Lord’s Supper and the ordination of elders from their number, as well as by the inward bonds of the Spirit; with the object that under the direct lordship of the Spirit, each local church might function as the centre of light to all the souls in its area, leaving the missionaries free to pass on to regions beyond.

With the vision of this self-governing, self-propagating Church of the Okaks before them, against which the gates of hell will not prevail, November 15th, 1936, was a great day to that little band of missionaries:

“This is a day much to be remembered [wrote Mr. Thorne]. Our first baptismal service, when thirteen were received by baptism into the visible church and then united in partaking of the Lord’s Supper! Their ages varied from a lad of about 19 to old people whose race on earth is nearly run, wrinkled faces, hair going white, but joy written on their faces as being the windows of their hearts. Afterwards there must have been joy in the heart of the Lord as He saw some of the gifts they put into the box placed on the table—the first time any such thing has been done. A spirit of quiet and holy joy, yet of great solemnity pervaded the whole. It is certainly a thing that can fall to the lot of a person but seldom, to see the founding of the visible Church in a previously unreached part; and words fail altogether to express the joy it means.”

With that scene we will close this glimpse of one of God’s present-day miracles. The work has gone steadily forward. The number now baptized are twenty-nine, some giving much joy, though there are others who have fallen by the way and others who need the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. The latest report gives believers at as many as 200 Okak villages and hamlets, although many may be only units and their light very dim. One or two are developing as leaders. There is already a group of believers who form a native church near Akurenan, under a spiritual leader. The meetings too on the Mission Station are now often taken by the natives themselves, even the keener women overcoming their ingrained backwardness and taking part. The next great problem will be the translation of the parts of the Scriptures into Okak and the teaching of the believers to read—a matter which is especially occupying the attention of Mr. Thorne and for which Emma Munn is showing special aptitude.

The final piece of news of special encouragement has been the verbal lifting of the ban by the Governor on building places of worship. This was a complete surprise.

On April 16th, 1937, Mr. Thorne wrote from Bata, at the coast, when he was paying a visit,

“Today makes history. Yet everything in God’s own quiet way. I knew it would only be an act of courtesy to a new Sub-Governor, for me to pay my respects, so I dressed up in coat and tie and went to his office. Instead of having to wait an hour as is often the case, he saw me in three minutes and greeting me in a most friendly manner, started chatting and said when he could manage to visit Akurenan, he would be very pleased to visit us. So having gone in absolute dependence on the Lord, it was just marvellous to see how He led the conversation so naturally, that it was not at all sought-for to say to the Sub-Governor, ‘Well, there is only one thing. When we went to Akurenan, we purchased a little shop with the permission of the then Sub-Governor and have since been holding meetings in it and living in the rooms adjoining. Probably it would be better if we had your permission to build a separate chapel.’ He replied, ‘Oh, that is very easy, there is plenty of ground there, there is no reason why you should not do that.’ I did not know the time had come! I only knew God has told me over and over again in these interviews, to ‘settle it in my heart NOT to premeditate what I am going to say.’ So I did my duty to the Government and obeyed the Lord and before I had time to realize what was happening, I was out of the office with permission to build granted. Temporary buildings only, of course. ‘Then were we like them that dream.’ But WHERE was the victory won? In the prayer meetings that are sending up the long distance bombardment continually. Thank God for our prayer partners.”

THE COMMISSION

THE Worldwide Evangelization Crusade was founded in 1913 by C.T. Studd, the well-known “cricketer-missionary.” After making a special study of the least evangelized areas of the world, he set out by himself to the heart of Africa, as being at that time the most neglected region. Soon after sailing, he records how God spoke to him in his cabin “in a very strange fashion,” telling him that “this trip is not merely for the heart of Africa, but for the whole unevangelized world.” He translated this divine commission into action by the writing of some flaming booklets to awaken Christian people to their responsibilities and to proclaim the foundation of a last Crusade “to evangelize the remaining unevangelized parts of the world in the shortest possible time, beginning with the heart of Africa.” He likened himself and those who would join him to “Christ’s Etceteras,” the great missionary societies being “the regular army of God” who have so magnificently captured so many of the enemy’s stronghold for Christ, while the new Crusade is called into existence to enter and occupy what remain. The New Crusade, which was later given the name, Worldwide Evangelization Crusade, was to be interdenominational and international, in fellowship with and the servant of all existing missionary societies and in order not to be in competition with any of them in the appeal for funds, it was founded on a strictly faith basis, God alone being trusted for supply, with no appeal to man and no collections taken on its behalf.

During the early years of the Crusade, the work was concentrated in the heart of Africa (North Belgian Congo) and the whole area which was previously unoccupied is now in process of evangelization by other missions and ourselves, the W.E.C. sphere covering a region larger than England and Wales, with twelve main stations, over 50 missionaries and many thousands of converts.

In 1931, rapid developments were begun in other lands. First in South America, in its most neglected Republic of Colombia, a staff now totalling thirty are in process of occupying five previously unevangelized provinces, reaching several millions of people.

In 1933 the prayer of two years had its first answer in the first W.E.C. pioneers for West Africa. Investigations had shown us that seven of its lands needed either complete or partial evangelization. The wonderful story of this booklet has been the account of the experiences up to date of these first two and the two who joined them, in the first of these seven lands which the W.E.C. was entered, Spanish Guinea. It stands as a monument to what God will do in every evangelized land, on the simple condition that He finds the men and women with like precious faith and endurance. Since then, work has also been established in two more of these seven lands, Ivory Coast and Senegal. Workers are also now preparing to enter two more in the new year, Portuguese Guinea and Liberia. The remaining two are also provided for, one by the entry of other missions

and the other (N.W. Gold Coast) from the fact that it can best be reached as a development of our existing field in Ivory Coast. Thus, our prayer-hearing God has provided the first pioneers for all the seven in these six years.

Our attention was next drawn to the outstanding opportunities in India today, particularly amongst the sixty million Hindu Outcastes. This came to us as a direct commission from God, knowing how many millions are still outside the scope of existing missions. We now have our first eight workers in this field, studying the language as a preliminary to opening stations in the United Provinces. Amongst the Moslems in the north of India, we have three stations in Kashmir. And this year the first worker goes to open the first of a series of stations amongst the Buddhists along the Nepal Border.

We realized to the full and with deep thankfulness the wonders that God has done these years in the provision of men and money. But the full commission is to complete the evangelization and the founding of Christ's Church in EVERY unreached area in our generation and millions still remain without a ray of light. Reinforcements are coming forward, but the Lord is going to do much greater things yet for the fulfillment of this vision. Many must go out to India: Kashmir has five provinces without a missionary, each with a population of about 200,000: some twenty million Outcastes have never heard. West Africa needs reinforcements in every one of those seven lands. In Latin America, Ecuador has two millions unreached and there is the whole of the Panama Republic. Many islands are in like case: we have two workers in the Canary Islands, but none are in Guadeloupe, Martinique, and Reunion Islands.

In the past five years, God has sent over a hundred new Crusaders in batches of ten, fifteen, twenty-five and fifty; each specifically prayed for and received, together with the amount needed to send them out. We are now asking God for a further seventy-five in the next two years. God will send them. We say with Paul, "I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me." God is marching on. We march with Him and it may be as you read this booklet, God will call you to join the ranks in one or another of the ways in which you can help at home or on the fields in this Last Crusade.

For further information write to the W.E.C. Headquarters of the country in which you are residing, and order

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