

## OUR FATHER

By G. Franklin Allee

It is said of the Mohammedans that they have ninety-nine names for their god, Allah. Yet among so many appellatives none can be found to compare with the gracious, loving, reverent yet intimate term with which Christ taught us to address the great and mighty God of the universe—"Our Father."

Can any better comparison be made between the god of superstition and the God of reality than that? Can anything be greater—or as great—as One who, though the great and mighty God, permits, yes, more than permits, encourages and authorizes us to call Him "Our Father"?

How close that term brings Him to us. How personal the relationship into which we enter. How loving and devoted it should make our hearts; how obedient our lives.

And so He teaches us to pray:

In times of trouble—Our Father, help us.

In the hour of pain—Our Father, heal us;

When temptations assail—Our Father, strengthen;

When duty beckons—Our Father, direct us;

When problems thicken—Our Father, give wisdom;

When joy gladdens—Our Father, we thank Thee;

Always, everywhere—Our good, gracious and heavenly Father.—Y. J. Journal.

## THE ABIDING PRESENCE

"Lo, I am with you alway."—Matt. 28:20.

"Lonely? No, not lonely,

While Jesus standeth by—

His presence fills my chamber,

I know that He is nigh.

"Friendless? No, not friendless,

For Jesus is my friend;

I change—but He remaineth

True, faithful, to the end.

"Helpless? Yes, so helpless,

But I am leaning hard

On the mighty arm of Jesus,

And He is keeping guard.

"Saddened? Ah, yes, saddened,

By earth's deep sin and woe;

How can I count as nothing,

What grieved my Saviour so?

"Happy? Yes, so happy,

With joy too deep for words;

A precious, sure foundation,

A joy that is my Lord's.

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

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home of Ngati Msibi. Here I saw my first tobacco store room, at close range. This man is a heathen but dresses part of the time and consents for his wife and family to become Christians if they so desire.

Here too I saw the sticks up over the door and the bone of a cow planted into the floor. This is done by a native doctor when the hut is made. He puts medicine on these things and they are supposed to keep the house from being destroyed by lightning.

The people knew that we were coming but were not quite ready so they spread out mats and asked us to enter and they went out to get ready for the service. After a bit someone brought me a chair and I was very grateful for it. I was tired from the walk in the hot sun, and I didn't find sitting on the floor very restful.

People soon began to come and then Abra-

ham arrived. He lives at this kraal and is a nephew I think. It was because of his troubles that we had come. About a week ago he was taking two boys to the Cana Mission. About a week ago he was taking two boys to attend school there. He had a big boy on the carrier and a small one on the cross bar. When going through a sandy spot, the forks broke and the two older boys and the broken bicycle came down on top of the small boy, breaking his neck and causing serious head cuts and injuries. That was afternoon and the child died at night and was not able to speak again. Such a sad accident! I do not know the child or his family, but I do feel so sorry for them. Abraham had a bad shoulder injury and one arm was badly hurt.

The heathen wanted Abraham to take native medicine that is supposed to comfort his heart, etc., but he refused and sent word for the Christians to come and pray. He said he felt that prayer was the best medicine. How true! There was another prayer meeting on today but I suggested that we divide our forces and some of us go to try and help this poor young man in his trouble.

We had the service in a large round house with a good crowd present. We sang and prayed and then I began the service with the comforting words of Jesus in John 14, and after I had spoken a few minutes, Losaya and Trifina also spoke nicely. Nearly everyone testified and the spirit of the service was very tender. We closed with a good prayer service that God would help this man and give him the comfort and help he needs just now.

It was getting late and I wanted to make another call but we were told to stay a little while. Soon they brought two big mud pots full of amahago, a sour drink that they make and enjoy very much, but they brought me a cup of tea which I appreciated much more as I do not enjoy amahago at all.

We left there shortly after four o'clock and I was able to visit the Tabete kraal. We only had a few minutes as the sun sets early now, but I was so anxious to see the young woman who washes for me. She had three little girls and a few weeks ago a little son arrived. Two of the girls had just had measles so the little fellow got them too and has been quite sick but is better now and a lovely baby. The father told me that he thought I should name this baby and they wanted a very special name as he was the heir—the first son. I named the second little girl Leta which is a very easy name for the Zulu to say. Some of our English names they find very hard.

Estelle said she was very anxious to get back to her work for me as her oil, sugar, etc., was finished and those little extra she provided with her money. She is a very nice person and I pray that God will help her to bring up her little family in the fear of the Lord.

We arrived home, just as the sun was setting and just in time for prayers and supper. It was cooler coming home and we came by a shorter way where the river was wider. The women wondered if I would be able to get across but I managed very nicely and arrived much quicker than we would have otherwise.

I am tired tonight but so happy to be able to go among the people for awhile, to visit in their homes, and I trust that we were able to take a little comfort and cheer.

Pray for us that we may be able to help

## THE EXTRA MILE

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and children in America have no religious training at all. Think of it! What a challenge for the extra in Christian activity, Christian evangelism, Christian religious education, Sunday school activity, spiritual worship, and such like!

It is the extra that counts. What is the difference between the early apostolic church and the modern church? It is simply this—the early apostolic church went to the upper room and tarried until \* \* \* then a blazing revival. The modern church went where and tarried for what? We do not mean any reflection on the church, but we simply desire to help Christian people to see the need for the extra. Take the cause of missions. Why the record of some men, records that are immortal? The answer is—they went the extra mile. Only yesterday we read that when Judson died, hundreds of baptized Burmans and Koreans were sleeping in Jesus, and over 7,000 survived in sixty-three churches, under oversight of 163 missionaries, native pastors and helpers. Judson had finished his Bible translation, compiled a Burmese dictionary, and laid the basis of Christian character deep down in the Burman heart.

"In the Baptist meeting-house at Malden, Massachusetts, is the simple memorial tablet with the following inscription:

"In Memoriam

Rev. Adoniram Judson

Born August 8, 1788

Died April 12, 1850

Malden, His Birthplace

The Ocean, His Sepulchre

Converted Burmans and the

Burman Bible His Monument

His Record is on High."

—Progress of World-Wide Missions

And so it runs. We may find such glorious illustrations of the Christian extra in every vocation of the Christian church, the ministry at home and missionaries abroad, yes, and among Christian laymen.

The world is waiting for the Christian extra. The challenge is to us. Let us lay aside the mere natural and seek the supernatural; lay aside the dreary drudgery and seek the divine dynamic; place emphasis on God and use methods as His probable means; lay aside this "dying rate" and take on the glorious march of the true church militant. While conducting services among the soldiers in Egypt, Dr. Stuart Holden asked a big sergeant in a Highland regiment, a soldier with a bright testimony for the Lord, how he was brought to Christ. His answer is interesting. "There is a private in the same company who was converted in Malta before the regiment came on to Egypt. We gave that fellow an awful time. One night, a terribly wet night, he came in very tired and very wet, and before getting into bed he got down to pray. My boots were heavy with rain and mud, and I let him have one on one side of the head and the other on the other side and he just went on with his prayers. Next morning I found those boots beautifully polished and standing by the side of my bed. That was his reply to me, and it just broke my heart I was saved that day."

The extra did it!

these people that Jesus came to save, the same as for you and me.

Yours in His love,

GLADYS KIERSTEAD