

MISSIONARY PAGE

Just Another Trip

Mrs. G. M. Kierstead

The day was clear and looked as if it would be hot, so my husband, Kenneth and I left Vryheid early, enroute for Altona, but with work to do at Paulpietersburg and Piet Retief also.

It was Saturday morning, the roads were extremely rough but not so dusty, and we were just remarking that we were nearly half way to Paulpietersburg, when suddenly a terrific banging started in the engine. It seemed as if the Studebaker was falling to pieces and on stopping and investigating it appeared that it literally was. The bolts holding the engine had loosened and the engine pushed ahead and the fan hit the radiator.

Nothing to do but try to fix it so my husband and son went to work, with insufficient tools, etc., and they managed to get it to hold together until we reached Paulpietersburg. Here the car was put into the garage, while the work was looked after and then we headed for Piet Retief.

Everything closes here on Saturday at one o'clock and Kenneth and I had an appointment to have our eyes tested. The Lord surely undertook for us, the car was repaired, and we reached Piet Retief just before one. My glasses have to be changed and Kenneth will start with his first pair, but just for school and reading, etc.

While we were busy about our eyes, Eugene went to the Location to see how things were there and to get Rev. Malaza's two daughters to take to Entungwini to visit their parents for the 10 days of holidays. They are attending the Piet Retief school.

We reached Altona safely, about half past three and received a warm welcome.

Sunday morning, when my husband started to go to Kipunyawo for a special service and communion, he found a tire was flat. He put on his spare and behold it also was flat. His pump was broken and so was Sister Campbell's. For awhile we wondered what we would do but the Lord undertook and a neighbour helped us out and after the services were over we started home and arrived safely about half past eight, that evening.

My, the roads are rough! After travelling nearly sixty-two thousand miles over these roads, hauling building materials, etc., it is little wonder that the mission truck is getting tired and beginning to give a good bit of trouble now.

Sister Campbell is having a D.V.B.S., this week, at Entungwini. This is the ten days of holidays in the Transvaal schools—next week it will be in Natal. We have never had a D.V.B.S. in October before, but Sister Campbell is very zealous for the work and we do pray that the results will be satisfying with many precious children and young people giving their hearts to Him.

Sister Smith is busy. Timothy, our Altona worker, says that more and more natives are coming to the mission for medicines. Saturday night, just at supper time, her help was needed in a near-by kraal, so she left her supper and went to help out.

IS THE FOREIGN FIELD REALLY FOREIGN TO US?

By Annie Kartoizian, in the Missionary Standard

When I was in a private school many years ago a little girl came to us from a non-Christian home. She had large brown eyes and an interesting face covered with freckles. She was very observant and nothing escaped her brown eyes.

Her first stay with us ended when she saw her roommate kneel beside her bed to pray. Little Brown Eyes listened and observed very carefully. Then she also knelt by her bed to pray. She did remarkably well for one who was new at it. She even included the missionaries although she probably did not know who they were. "O God," she prayed, "bless the missionaries in the corn field." She was not familiar with the word foreign which we so often use in referring to the mission fields. To her it sounded like corn field. I am sure little Brown Eyes soon learned to say, "bless the missionaries in the foreign field."

But I wonder which is more nearly correct, the foreign field or the corn field Jesus said, "Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields for they are white already to harvest." Fields—harvest—these words that Jesus used sound more like the prayer of little Brown Eyes than the prayers you and I offer when we refer to the foreign field. Is the foreign field really foreign to us? When we repeat those words do we think of far-away shores separated from us by thousands of miles of land and sea? Do we refer to strange lands completely unrelated to our everyday work and experience, lands no closer to us than the worn pages of the old hymn book which spoke of Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand? Do we vaguely picture people without faces and without audible voices? If so, we do send our missionaries to the foreign field and soon their faces become indistinct too and their voices are no longer heard even though we read and glance through their letters and reports.

When Jesus spoke of the fields He referred to fields of grain, not foreign fields. He pointed to fields that could be seen because they were near by. Fields that produced harvest familiar to all who heard Him. They were fields vital to the physical life of all and could not be neglected. Anyone who looked upon them as foreign to himself would suffer serious loss personally in addition to losing the harvest. God never intended the mission field to become the foreign field to His redeemed children. In sending His Son to that field God went Himself—in giving His life for that field Jesus invested His all. We who are His children can do no less—we too must go—we too

We do need your prayers that God will help us to win souls. That's our first work. I am so glad that when He calls, He gives us the love for the people and the work He has called us too. The call doesn't grow dim, it becomes stronger and is such a comfort to lean on, when the enemy would try to discourage and upset us. I do thank God that He called me to be one of His messengers.

must invest our lives and our all for God's world-wide corn field.

My heart is filled with praise to God for those who see the fields which they have never visited, for those who hear the voices of people with whom they have never talked, for those who feel the sufferings of the unfortunate who have never knocked at their doors and for those who take into the very center of their prayers the ones who live in strange and far-away mission fields. It is my prayer that I who am privileged to be a missionary on the field and you who are privileged to be missionaries in the homeland shall share in the spirit and work of Christ's kingdom in such a consecrated and vital way that the foreign fields will no longer be foreign to us. They are God's corn fields. May they be our corn fields too.

DAVID BRAINERD

David Brainerd was a man great in prayer. The work which he accomplished by prayer was simply marvelous. In the depths of the New England forests, alone, he was unable to speak the language of the Indians, but he spent whole days literally in prayer.

What was the praying for? He knew that he could not reach those savages. He did not understand their language. If he wanted to speak at all, he must find somebody who could vaguely interpret his thought. Therefore he knew that anything he should do must be absolutely dependent on the power of God.

So he spent whole days in prayer, simply that the power of the Holy Spirit might come upon him so unmistakably that these people should not be able to stand before him. What was the answer? Once he preached through a drunken interpreter, a man so intoxicated that he could hardly stand up. That was the best he could do. Yet scores were converted through that sermon. These results came through the tremendous power of God in answering prayer.

William Carey read Brainerd's life and he was so moved by it that he went to India. Henry Martyn read his life, and by its impulse he went to India. Payson read it, as a young man of twenty years, and said he had never in all his life been so impressed by anything. Murray McCheyne read it, and was powerfully moved by it to prayer.

Witness Brainerd in the woods of New England pouring out his soul before God for the perishing American Indians,—and let us in like manner now give up everything to God, and pray for God to save America and her godless multitudes!—Selected.

HEARTS ABLAZE

The heart on fire is eager to serve. Blazing hearts never think they have done enough for their Lord, always they are seeking fresh opportunities and new ways to preach Christ and Him crucified. The warm-hearted Christian is the life of his church or assembly, never content to do just as much as others; but to pray more, give more, to love more.—Eric W. Hayden.

"The promises of the politicians and reformers are what they are going to do, but the promises of Jesus Christ can be realized right now."—Gypsy Smith.