

MISSIONARY PAGE

The Marvel In Korea

By Evangelist Dwight Ferguson

Life in Korea today reveals much of the raw, and there is no glamour. The sad plight of the civilian and the seemingly meaningless nature of the military effort, all contribute to a dull blend of gray that casts a drab shadow before the eye as far as the picture extends. Only the clear day with its untarnished sky looms beautiful with opportunity for an upward look. One does not tackle life's unseemly tasks by sky gazing; there must be the horizontal vision, and into this wide frame marches the endless, haggard throngs. All modes of vehicles and transportation are battered and worn beyond description, though limpingly attempting to move. The housing is patchwork of salvaged material pieced together to shield the babies, the growing children and the aged. One is impressed that with all the planning about Korea there is so little action compared with the actual need.

Standing amidst such surroundings, the marvel is the spiritual Christian church of Korea. Rugged courage is an understatement when attempting to describe their attitude. They have been pursued by the machines of destructive war. They have been captured, and have disappeared behind the Iron Curtain, but their wives, children, and parents do not discard their faith. They carry on. They have buried their dead in times of flight. Some remained hidden under buildings, lying prone and cramped for months. Instances of being buried alive are known. Koreans do not talk much, but just work at reconstruction with a wonderful will. The natural endurance seems characteristic from childhood to old age.

Under these excessive loads borne upon the backs and the heads of both children and adults, there is a grim countenance which would become the portrait to some degree, of the soul of the people of Korea. However, the Christian native church is fortified with a secret power of precious faith that the greater percentage of the population does not possess, and they are fighting over a come-back trail that would defy any other people. They will not succumb to the crushing weight of their load but they are seeking to return against awful odds.

In instances where Christian homes, churches and schools have been bombed or otherwise destroyed, make-shift tents are erected, and a Bible School may be reopened three hundred miles from their destroyed school. They patch together some wooden structures, crude as they may be, but they are signs of their comeback determination. Resting mid granite rocks, and located on a precarious hillside spot, without furniture, no semblance of convenience, they convert the class room of the daytime to the bedroom for the night. In the bleak winter time, cold students and cold teachers would prepare material and ambassadors to carry the gospel of Christ to a bleeding people. In the cold morning atmosphere as the biting winds cut their faces and their hands showed a bluish numbness, we heard them sing, "There Is Power In The Blood." The spirit of the song has a quality of power.

Hardly had we been in Korea two days until thirty pastors from distant places appeared in

Pusan asking for evangelistic assistance in their church located some place in free Korea. Crowds filled the large church in Pusan. People were packed in closely and many were seated upon the floor. It breaks one's heart to view the marvel of this challenge presented in Korea and then to note the sad lack of missionaries and equipment and money to accept such a privilege. Remember, the open door for the gospel in China, closed! Where are those who will stand with these faithful ones who are coming back over the wrecked road? We use the word NOW so strongly in our American vernacular. We move heaven and earth to realize immediate results. The attention of rich Christendom needs to come alive to the NOW of the Korean hour with youth, missionaries and funds.

Preaching of the gospel bears abundant and glorious fruit in Korea. No present auditorium will begin to house the people who wish to attend a service. The zestful singing, the evi-

The Harvest is White

Gracia L. Fero

The harvest is white, but so few are now reaping

The souls that the Master is longing to win;

Unheeded His call, Pray ye therefore that laborers

May be sent forth in the byways of sin.

Rouse up, heart of mine, and be praying!

But how can they go unless someone will
And how can they send unless others
will give?

A thoughtful denial of selfish indulgence
Will send out the message, that lost ones
may live.

Rouse up, heart of mine, and be giving!

But have I done all, with my praying and giving,

That Christ will demand when I stand at
His throne?

Ah, no, there are those whom my every day
living

Could reach; I must not meet my Saviour
alone.

Rouse up, heart of mine, and be doing!

dent liberty in prayer, the ardent attention to the presentation of God's word, all reflect the solid type of spiritual missionary groundwork laid before this sad episode of the present war. This evidence speaks loudly in commendation of the labors of the Oriental Missionary Society and others whom God has sent to this field. War has been the test tube to establish the value of reality in this part of world missions. From Pusan to Seoul believers wait for one hundred and six churches to be rebuilt. They are without incomes and live on rations that barely maintain life. Could we match such courage as they possess? Pray for the true church which is the outstanding marvel of Korea at this hour. — The Herald.

"Jesus has redeemed your soul, but you must redeem your time."

NEEDED NO EXCUSE

A lady visiting in a minister's family was told of some bright, cultured family in the neighborhood, who, however, never attended any religious services.

"I will go and see them," the visitor volunteered.

"But what excuse will you have for going?" the hostess asked anxiously. "Oh, yes; take this book. I remember having heard one of the daughters express a desire to read it."

"But I don't want an excuse," was the reply. "I want them to know I am interested in them."

As a result of this visit, every member of the family became a regular attendant at the church services, and three of them became Christians. Speaking of it afterwards, the mother said, "I never realized the danger we were in till I saw that someone else—and that one almost a stranger was concerned about me."

A word spoken in due season, how good it is (Proverbs 15:23). —Unknown.

KEEP ON SOWING

A Christian, traveling in a steamboat, distributed tracts. While they were taken and read by many, a gentleman took one, and folding it up, cut it with a penknife into small pieces; then holding it up in derision, threw it away. One piece adhered to his coat; he picked it off and looking at it, saw only the word, "God." He turned it over; on the other side, "Eternity." They stood out as living words before him. "God"—"Eternity." He went to the bar, called for brandy to drink to drive them away, but in vain. Then to the gambling-table to social intercourse and conversation; but those solemn words haunted him wherever he went until he was brought a penitent to the feet of Jesus. What an encouragement to the Christian traveler to sow seed by the wayside! —King's Business.

GO, FETCH THEM!

At a Salvation Army Congress in London, General Booth told of a sympathetic person who said to a young woman, a captain in the general's forces, that he admired their work, but disliked their drum.

"Sir," she said, in reply, "I don't like your bell."

"What!" said he, "Not like the bell that says, 'Come to the house of God!'"

"The bell may say 'Come!'" said she, "but the drum says, 'Go and fetch 'em!'"

That is the missionary order: "Go and fetch them." "Go, make disciples of all nations."

"It is God's will that all Christians shall have a place of service in His kingdom. The Apostle Paul spoke of being an apostle by the will of God. God has willed and planned a program of work for every one of his children. No one else can do that work but you. And if you fail his kingdom will suffer in proportion as you fail."

"I cannot, I dare not, go up to judgment till I have done the utmost God enables me to do to diffuse His glory throughout the world." — Dr. Asahel Grant, Persia.

The King's Highway