

One Jungle Night

The tom-toms thumped on all night, and the darkness shuddered around me like a living, feeling thing. I could not sleep, so I lay awake and looked; and I saw, and it seemed like this:

That I stood on a grassy sword, and at my feet a precipice broke sheer down into infinite space. I looked, but saw not bottom—only cloud shapes, black and furiously coiled, and great shadows shrouded hollows, and unfathomable depths. Back I drew, dizzy at the depth. Then I saw forms of people moving single file along the grass. They were making for the edge. There was a woman with a baby in her arms, and another little child holding on to her dress. She was on the very verge. Then I saw that she was blind. She lifted her foot for the next step—it trod air. She was over, and the children over with her. Oh, the cry, as they went over!

Then I saw more streams of people flowing from all quarters. All were blind, stone blind; all made straight for the edge of the precipice. There were shrieks as they suddenly knew themselves falling, and a great tossing up of helpless arms, catching, clutching at empty air. But some went over quietly, and fell without a sound.

Then I wondered, with a wonder that was simply agony, why no one stopped them at the edge. I could not. I was glued to the ground, and I could not call. Though I strained and tried, only a whisper would come. Then I saw that along the edge there were sentries set at intervals but the intervals were far too great; there were wide, unguarded gaps between. Over these gaps the people fell in their blindness, quite unwarned; and the green grass seemed blood-red to me, and the gulf yawned like the mouth of hell.

I saw the picture of peace, a group of people under some trees, with their backs toward the gulf. They were making daisy chains. Sometimes when a piercing shriek cut the quiet air and reached them, it disturbed them and they thought it rather a vulgar noise. If one of their number started up and wanted to go and do something to help, then all the others would pull that one down. "Why should you get so excited about it? You must wait for a definite 'call' to go. You haven't finished your daisy chains. It would be really selfish," they said, "to leave us to finish the work alone."

There was another group. It was made up of people whose great desire was to get some sentries out; but they found that very few wanted to go, and sometimes there were no sentries for miles and miles at the edge.

Once a girl stood alone in her place, waving the people back; but her mother and other relatives called and reminded her that her furlough was due; she must not break the "rules." Being tired, and needing a change, she had to go and rest awhile; but no one was sent to guard her gap, and over and over the people fell, like a waterfall of souls.

Once a child caught at a tuft of grass that grew at the very brink of the gulf. The child clung convulsively, and called; but nobody seemed to hear. Then the roots of the grass gave way, and with a cry the child went over, its two little hands still holding tight to the torn-off bunch of grass.

The girl who longed to be back in her gap thought she heard the little one cry and sprang up and wanted to go; but her relatives reproved her, reminding her that no one is necessary anywhere—the gap would be well taken care of, they knew—and they sang a hymn. Then through the hymn came another sound like the pain of a million broken hearts wrung out in one full drop, one sob. A horror of great darkness was upon me, for I knew what it was—the cry of blood.

Then thundered a Voice, the voice of the Lord; and He said, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me. And he said, Go and tell this people."

Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature . . . and, lo, I am with you alway."—"Things as They Are."

God gave us but one great command—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." Soldiers in an army would be court-martialed if they treated their officers' orders in the cavalry fashion with which we have treated the Great Commission.—Billy Graham.

"GO YE"

What are we doing to obey this last and great command,  
To tell the story of the Cross in every clime and land?  
For dying souls are perishing, who might have known the way  
To Jesus and eternal life, if we would but obey.

What are we doing? Living on in selfishness and ease,  
Seeking alone the things of earth, how best ourselves to please,  
Forgetting that we're left in trust with God's abounding grace,  
His witnesses, to tell abroad the Gospel to the race.

What are we doing? Quicken, Lord, before it be too late!  
Show us our glorious privilege, show us our honor great;  
An honor and a privilege which angels well might crave,  
To tell the good news to the lost, and dying souls to save.

Some very soon shall see the Lord, and hear His blessed voice,  
Saying to those who've faithful been, "Well done! My child, rejoice!"  
Oh, grant that we may share that praise and see in that great day  
That we have been His instruments to show lost men the way.

Oh, use us, Lord! we're Thine to use—vessels of humble earth;  
But in ourselves there's to be found but very little worth;  
Oh, use us, Lord, to go or send, Thy Gospel to proclaim,  
The power of the Cross of Christ, the glory of Thy name. —Selected

By Elof Anderson

"And what more shall I say? . . . They were stoned . . . They were killed with the sword . . . of whom the world was not worthy" (Heb. 11:32-38).

Carlos Julio Tovar was a shoe shine boy in Cucuta, Colombia, South America. I first learned to know him when he wandered into the Cucuta church five years ago. Of this world's goods he had nothing. He was an orphan and a street urchin, who slept under a park bench or on the streets of Cucuta. He was cross-eyed and bucktoothed.

Carlos Julio was gloriously saved. He became a living testimony of the power of the Gospel. He told every one of his newly-found Saviour. He combined his two professions into one. He would shine shoes and at the same time witness.

In the spring of 1950 he was in the vanguard of the Cucuta Tract League. Because of his boldness and lack of inhibitions, he had frequent encounters with the police. One Sunday afternoon he was thrown in jail for giving out tracts. On the following Tuesday I heard of it and hurried down to bail him out.

On April 17 of 1950 I baptized Carlos Julio. Together with him I baptized his first convert, another shoe shine boy, Fidelingo Garcia. I shall never forget that Sunday! Their testimonies spoke of the transforming power of a living Christ. Soon I lost track of Carlos Julio. I left Cucuta. And Carlos moved to Barrancabermeja.

In a recent report on the persecutions in Colombia published by the Evangelical Federation in Colombia, there appears this notice: "POLICE STAB PROTESTANT YOUTH WITH BAYONETS AND THROW HIM INTO THE MAGDALENA RIVER."

"A young man, Carlos Julio Tovar, bought two Bibles and 12 New Testaments in the Protestant church in Barrancabermeja. He planned to sell them on the trip down the river to Puerto Wilches. On the boat going down the river, a government detective heard him talking to a woman about the Gospel. The detective would have killed him on the spot, but the captain of the launch restrained him, saying he could not kill any one on his launch, that if he wanted to kill the man he would have to do it on land. On arriving at Puerto Wilches, the detective took Sr. Tovar to the police station where they confiscated his Bibles and New Testaments. They put him to work carrying wood, which was too heavy for him, to the local slaughter house. The night of February 17 the police took Sr. Tovar to the slaughter house where they stabbed him twice with their bayonets and threw him into the river Magdalena. The next morning at 5.00 a. m. he was able to get out of the river and appeared at the house of the believers in Puerto Wilches."

I heard rumours of what transpired thereafter. I have tried for months to verify these rumours. Finally I have received the facts. Somebody informed the police of Carlo's hide-out. They sought him out, clubbed him to death, then disposed of his body in the river.

To be a follower of the lowly Nazarene in Colombia in 1954 is costly. This was promotion day for the shoe shine boy. He is one of those faithful ones who love the Saviour more than their own lives.—Christian Victory.