

MISSIONARY PAGE

From Thelma Rose

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Gal. 6:2.

Some months ago the writer put down on paper the following words which before now have not appeared in print:

"Perhaps someone is asking, 'What are the burdens of the foreign missionary?' It is not as some suppose, that the heaviest burdens result from dangerous travelling, acclimating to tropical heat, learning and applying a new language, or giving the Word of Life in a land of darkness permeated with the power of evil. The last is a privilege and a joy when the doors of opportunity are open. The other things mentioned can be ventured, endured and conquered through the strength, grace, love and power God gives.

The greatest burden of the missionary in any land, as our African workers no doubt will agree, is to see that which cannot be done without your prayerful help. The needs that ever face us place a burden on our souls and your prayers are not only effectual in sustaining us on the field, but effect God's working in answer to the many needs. We missionaries cannot earn money ourselves to contribute to the support of national preachers who often are hungry and their families destitute of the essentials of life while they consecrate their time, strength and families in a Spirit-led life of sacrifice. How well we know that the faithful ones can reach their own people better than the foreign workers. They have no language barriers. They make contacts for us to gain audience with their people and lead us to places where Satan has had his way too long. Greater than the need for new missionaries is the need to train and support them, and some of these God-called Nationals are already available to God's work. One of the most distressing things is to see the answers to their simple, trusting faith delayed and often hindered as they pray for necessary means to build churches and finish others in poverty stricken areas.

My regret is that I had not a greater vision of the need previous to coming to the field. I never could have enjoyed so much the comparative abundance to eat, and the comforts and conveniences of living had I known others were in such pitiful need. One has to see to realize fully. I pray God will forgive me for absorbing so long the Gospel privileges and benefits, and for failing to share with those who are victims of circumstances that cause soul degradation, material poverty and physical neglect. The need is so great that one would hardly know where to help first, so we keep praying to a compassionate Christ to help each of us to know and do His will. Will you help us pray?"

The above was the cry of the writer's heart and though not yet expressed to others, God heard that cry and supplied some definite needs. This was done through gifts and contributions during the Christmas season, which made that the happiest one ever spent. We thank all the societies of the Reformed Baptist Churches that remembered this part of God's vineyard. Such gifts did not only help the financial need, but brought moral support

and encouragement to the missionary. Praise God for those who continue to "hold the ropes." Letters have been sent to all contributors to acknowledge all gifts.

You will be glad to know that God sent enough to enlarge the little house to twice its size, thus giving us a comfortable place to worship until the new church is built. You can't imagine how cramped we were before. How grateful we are. Also we have received a contribution toward the building of the church. We thank all who have prayed with us for these needs.

My heart is filled with praise. These are some of the joys of a missionary, to have others share so wonderfully.

Now there is a need to which some hearts will respond. Could you obtain and mail some good Gospel tracts in French? (Be sure not to include anything but literature else the package will go through customs with demands for excessive duty.) Also please be sure the tracts are fundamentally sound, and not tainted with the Eternal Security doctrine. There is too much of that here already. Generally it does not produce deep, conscientious Christians, and it is difficult to impress the believers regarding the awful consequences of sin.

The native pastor at La Victoire often comes to the mission home for prayer before leaving for a trip of visitation. He just reported a wonderful deliverance of one who had been demon possessed. The pastor asked for tracts to take. Unfortunately I had very little to offer him. I said, "Do those people read in that home?" He said, "No, but the presence of the Word of God in the home will give them protection against the return of the evil spirit." O Friends, think of it! The power of the Word to those who cannot even read it! However, there are those who can read, and some have come to the mission home asking for French tracts which I did not have. I regretted to turn them away.

"Behold the hands stretched out for aid, darkened by sin and sore dismayed. Will you to their rescue go and help them in their endless woe? Publish glad tidings, tidings of peace, tidings of Jesus, redemption and release."

From Rev. and Mrs. W. Morgan

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in the Name of our Precious Lord. Monday morning and this is the day that we leave for Grootspuit to have our D.V.B.S. Grootspuit is an outstation about 35 miles from here, Hartland. Needless to say we can't make the trip every day as that would evolve approximately 70 miles of driving over rough mountainous roads and that is too much for many reasons. The only alternative is that we must go and stay there for the whole week, that also means that we will have to live in one of the native huts. For Bill this will not be a new experience as he has slept and lived in the native kraals many times since coming out here. For me it will be a new experience, which is putting it mildly! I have had tea in the native huts served by natives but have never spent the night in one.

We didn't get started as early this morning as we had planned. It was about 6.30 before we got our eyes open enough to say that we

were really awake. Then began the scurry of packing our things into the back of the truck, getting breakfast, seeing that the house was securely fastened, etc., etc. When we were nearly ready to start a woman came wanting to send a telegram. We have a telephone here and the natives make more use of it than we do, however, we are here to help them. The woman didn't have the complete address of the person to whom the telegram was to be sent so she had to scoot home and get it. In the meantime a young native man came wanting to send a telegram also. Well, eventually Bill got the two telegrams off and also a telephone call for the same native young man. We were very late in getting started and thus were late in arriving at Grootspuit. The children were all there waiting for us as we drove in, but first we told them we must take our things to the kraal where we were to stay and then we would return and have the Bible School. We drove about a mile further on to the place where we would stay and stuffed our things in the little 2 x 2 room that was to be our home for the whole week. We then went back and had a very successful first day of D. V. B. S. There were nearly thirty in attendance today which was quite good considering that the school is on a farm and at this time of year the farmers take all eligible children and have them hoe in the fields of corn. However these children are apparently finished for this time and are free to come to the D. V. B. S. Finishing our first day we started to drive back to the kraal, about half-way we were stopped by a girl in the field asking us to come and have prayer with her sister who was very ill. The sister was crouched outside on the ground under a fruit tree and evidently very sick as she seemed to be breathing quite hard. We feared it to be T. B. After having prayer at the kraal we continued on our way. The room that is allotted us at the kraal is in the main house building, the house being built of brick put together with mud and with a low grass roof. As soon as we could we got our things straightened around and began to prepare our supper. We were a bit hungry as we had had no food since breakfast. We brought our own food with us which is fortunate as we discovered that the wife of the kraal has to work every day for the farmer so she wouldn't have much chance to cook anything for us. I am quite happy to cook my own food though, believe me! Well, we sat down to eat our supper, holding our plates in our laps. We had just nicely started when a fresh odor of cow manure floor gently drifted into my nostrils. Oh dear, is that the appetizer that we're going to have all week? A prayer service at night beginning at 9 o'clock closed the events for the day. The service was held in the same place where we stay, in a different room. The people gathered in and sat around on the floor, two little flames were the only light the room had, the flames wouldn't give even as much light as a candle. The scene reminds me of what I would think the black-outs were like in London during the war; almost like a secret underground meeting, all darkness with just a little light showing in the corner of the room.

Tuesday morning. My first night in a kraal is over and a new day begun. Last night a relative of the sick woman came and asked us to take her to town to see the doctor. We agreed; she really was very ill and we felt she should see the doctor as soon as she could

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