

The Iron Missionary

By H. R. Kierstead

Do you know him? You probably know all the missionaries on the field, or do you? Allow me to introduce you to the Iron Missionary. His heart is made of cast iron, his body steel. He is capable of increasing the usefulness of a missionary a hundred-fold, yet some people claim he is a luxury—meant for the idle rich.

In the case of the Superintendent he is a 1953 model G.M.C. pick-up, Rev. W. Morgan a 1953 Austin pick-up, Lic. Harold Kierstead a 1938 Hudson car, Rev. C. Sanders a 1937 Willys car, Miss Mary Campbell a 1950 Ford Prefect car. Except in the case of the Superintendent's truck all the other cars are the personal property of the missionaries concerned.

If it were not for the labours of these, and other retired iron missionaries, who died with their boots on, it is a definite fact that our mission work would never be in the place it is today, or even near to it.

Imagine twenty years ago—a missionary was limited to a horse or bicycle to cover an area of maybe 400 square miles, and try and visit each outpost in that whole area frequently. What happened? It was impossible. After all there is a limit to the endurance of our human frame, especially under tropical sun and up and down steep hills.

The missionary of today is in a more fortunate position—sometimes. If he is fortunate enough to own a car, and have the wherewith to run it, his whole area is within a few hours run with the iron missionary. How big are the areas today? Well here they are: Altona is 250 miles away from its farthest outpost Benoni near Johannesburg, then come Breyton 130 miles, Ermelo 100 miles, Msobocheeni 65 miles, Piet Retief 40 miles and so on. Of course there are other outposts in-between these. These mentioned are the centers, there are many others besides. Hartland is 50 miles away from its farthest outpost Lembe, with many more in-between. Louwsberg is about 100 miles away from its farthest outpost, Zululand and so the list goes on.

It costs a lot to keep a car running in this country, wear and tear is very heavy. Roads are mostly dirt, not gravel and incredibly rough. A lot of them are mere cow paths, very steep and full of rocks. It is quite often that one or other of the iron missionaries have some of their underneath torn off on a rock hidden in grass.

Rattles and squeaks? we gave up long ago trying to find them all. Petrol (gas in Canada),

NOT CALLED

Can you say, "I am not called?"
When souls around you grope in sin's dark night?
When dying millions, with no ray of hope
Could, through your efforts, find the Gospel light?

Can you say, "I am not called."
When every day you see sin weary men,
Pagans, in a so-called Christian land,
Whom you could help to find their way again?

Can you say, "I am not called?"
There yet remain unsaved ones, sick of heart.
Unfathomed numbers, dying in their sins,
Could live for aye if you would do your part.

Say not, "I am not called."
Were you not called to serve the Christ you love?
Give talents, money, time, and all to Him
In faithful service then your love you'll prove.
Kathryn Hillen, Waterloo, Iowa

is very expensive, and as can be expected, tires take a beating and don't last long.

But the cars still go on, the far away outposts can be visited, and the work of the Lord can go forward. About three-quarters of our outposts can be reached by car, so the iron missionary has become a very important member of the mission staff. After all our Lord said: "Go ye into ALL the world and preach the Gospel". It is our duty to use all means possible to spread the news of Christ's Salvation and to enable one person to cover as large an area as possible on this task.

Do you know that some missionaries in this land are using airplanes to cover their areas? They find they are cheaper to run than cars owing to heavy repair bills on cars. With an airplane you can reach all your outposts and also in a straight line. Hartland is about 15 miles from Altona as the crow flies and 65 miles by road. Even with a car we still have to walk up to ten miles to reach some of our outposts. Who knows? Maybe the iron missionary of the future may be an airplane for us too.

This has been written with one object in view. To introduce you to these grand fellows who do so much to further Christ's Kingdom out here. They never complain and sometimes I truly believe the Lord keeps them going to get us there and back, and to haul the tons of material necessary to build a new church or school.

That's another one of his jobs. How do you think the material and workers get to the new church site? It's that man again! He hauls all the material and men needed to erect a new beacon to shine forth in a dark and backward area and show men and women that Christ is love and that He loves them too.

A LIGHTHOUSE LESSON

A friend told us that he was visiting a lighthouse lately, and he said to the keeper: "Are you not afraid to live here? It is a dreadful place to be in constantly."

"No," replied the man, "I am not afraid! We never think of ourselves here."

"Never think of yourselves! How is that?"

The reply was a good one: "We know that we are perfectly safe, and only think of having our lamps brightly burning, and keeping the reflectors clear, so that those in danger may be saved."

That is what Christians ought to do. They are safe in a house built on a rock which cannot be moved by the wildest storm; and, in a spirit of holy unselfishness, they should let their light gleam across the dark waters of sin, that they who are imperiled may be guided into the harbors of eternal glory.—The Quiver.

BOLD THROUGH THE HOLY SPIRIT

At Pentecost the ascended and glorified Christ sent His Spirit as He had said. Now in the Spirit of God the disciples had power. Divine power to carry out the great commission to proclaim the Gospel of the risen Saviour to the uttermost parts of the earth. Power was at once manifest. Timid disciples became bold and fearless. Silent followers became vocal preachers of the Gospel.—A. S. Loizeaux.

STRIKING BACK

Here is a remarkable incident taken from the life story of Hudson Taylor, the famous Christian missionary to the Chinese:

"One evening, when the light was beginning to fade, Mr. Hudson Taylor, dressed as he was in Chinese costume, came down to the side of a river in China intending to cross. He hailed the boatman from the other side, and while waiting for him to bring the boat across, he stood down there on a jetty. Presently a Chinese, richly dressed in silk, came down and stood waiting, also; and when the boat drew near, this man, not seeing that Mr. Taylor was a foreigner, took his hand and struck him a blow on the side of the head, and knocked him over into the mud. Mr. Taylor himself said that the thought came to him for just a moment to smite that man, but God immediately stopped him.

"When the boat came up, the Chinese went forward to get in, but the boatman said, 'No, I came across at the call of the foreigner.' When the Chinese turned and saw that Hudson Taylor was a foreigner, he could hardly believe his eyes, and said: 'What! You a foreigner! And when I struck you like that, you did not strike back?'

"By that time, Mr. Taylor had got into the boat, and he replied, 'This boat is mine. Come in here, and I will take you to the ship where you want to go.'

"On the way out, Mr. Taylor poured into the ear of that Chinese man the message of the Gospel which made him, a foreigner, treat in this way a Chinese who had struck him. He left the man with tears coursing down his cheeks; and, although he never saw him again, he had good hope that the Gospel of Christ had entered with power, into that man's heart."—Our Young Covenanters.

ONE FOOT IN THE DOOR

A one-legged school teacher from Scotland came to J. Hudson Taylor to offer himself for service in China.

"Why do you, with only one leg, offer yourself, and think of going as a missionary?" asked Taylor.

"I do not see those with two legs going, so I must," replied George Scott. He was accepted.—Selected.

We leave the responsibility with the Great Designer, and find His service one of sweet restfulness. We have no responsibility save to follow as we are led; and we serve One who is able to design and to execute, and whose work never fails.—J. Hudson Taylor.

BE A MISSIONARY

Go, go, go; the Bible says to go
To every land, till every man and boy and girl
shall know,
That Jesus died on Calvary's tree
To bring to all salvation free,
Oh, who will go? Oh, will you go?
Pray, pray, pray; the Bible says to pray
That reapers brave may harvest save, lest souls
should die today;
That boys and girls who never heard
Be plainly told the blessed Word,
Oh, who will pray? Oh, will you pray?
Give, give, give; the Bible says to give
Your service true and money too, that boys and
girls may live.
How much to give? with open hand,
For Jesus' sake give all you can.
Oh, who will give? Oh, will you give?
—Wendell P. Loveless.

The King's Highway