

## MISSIONARY PAGE

### The Two Missionaries (AN ALLEGORY)

There came a day when two angels, busy on errands for the King, met at two graves in a tropical land.

"I wonder who is buried here?" inquired the first angel.

"I can tell you," said the second angel, "if you have time to tarry a few minutes."

"Say on," said the first angel, folding his wings and his hands, and preparing to listen.

So the second angel let down his wings, and looking away as though at a distant scene, began:

"Once there were two missionaries, a man and his wife. They left home and kindred and friends, and went out to the far-off fields where the harvest was plenteous but the laborers were few, to labor there for their Savior and Lord, and to gather in souls.

"After some months, the man said to his wife, 'Good wife, this is a very strange thing: our support, which was faithfully promised, has dropped off, and this month there is but half enough to meet our needs. Perhaps we should not go to market for food today.'

"It cannot be that the Lord has failed us," said his good wife cheerily. 'Though we gather but little, we shall have no lack, and the Father who feeds the birds shall feed us, and nestle us under His wings!'

"True," said the man heartily, and they sat down and ate their meal of rice and sweet potatoes with thanksgiving. They did not go to market that day.

"On a later day, the wife said to her husband, 'This is indeed a very strange thing, as you said—this month our needs are not half met. What do you suppose the trouble can be?'

"Take heart, my good wife," said the man, cheerily. Our Lord knew not only hunger, but thirst, as He went about His Father's business. He had not even where to lay His head. We must cheerfully sacrifice for the spread of the Gospel. In due season we shall reap, if we faint not.'

"True," said his wife, and they sat down to their meal of rice, and gave thanks. Nor did they go to market that day.

"Back in the vineyard at home, in a town called Promising, there were very few who gave much thought to the missionaries. Occasionally one or the other prayed kindly, 'O God, bless these servants of Thine, and give them souls, and supply their needs—for the laborer is indeed worthy of his hire.'

"Once on a day, Mrs. Can't-Afford-to-Christian said, 'I really should keep my promise and send some money to those missionaries, but food prices are so high that it takes all our money to feed the family comfortably, and there is nothing to spare . . . Come, father; come, children—dinner is ready!' And they all sat down to their simple fare of tomato aspic appetizers, roast sirloin of beef with Yorkshire pudding, cauliflower, hot rolls, pickled beet relish, butterscotch layer cake, milk and coffee.

"Miss Forgetful-Christian said, 'Oh dear! That missionary and his lovely wife have slipped my mind, and for some months I have neglected to send them what I promised. I must remember them with my gift very soon.'

Yet somehow nothing was ever done about it; for when she did remember, to do so was not convenient at the moment, for her check-book was not at hand.

"Miss I-Need-it-More-Christian took out her credit coin, and said, 'I know I really promised to support those missionaries, but I simply must have this new fur coat. It would be a shame to miss such a good bargain—only \$400, marked down from \$600! Of course, I cannot get much wear out of it this year—the winter is practically over—but I can save it till next winter.'

"Mr. Mean-to-Christian said, on a later day. I have been very lax in sending the support I promised to the missionary and his wife. I surely must do it soon. Yet as the days went by, with the best of intentions, always meaning to, he never did.

"However, Mr. Faithful-Tither-Christian and Mrs. Widow's-Mite-Christian continued to send off their gifts regularly, together with their prayers.

"Then the missionary and his wife were taken sick with fever. 'Doubtless it is just because we have been so tired lately, dear wife,' said the man. 'Had we all our energy, we would perhaps not have succumbed.'

"True," said his wife.

"We will be better soon," he said.

"Quite better," she answered.

"Then they lay silently, and neither of them said what the other was thinking—that had they eaten sufficient food of a nourishing nature they might not now be lying on their backs but would still be labouring for the Savior. A Christian native came and ministered unto them in their illness.

"Some days later, they were both dead. All the natives whom they had led to Christ, came and buried their bodies. They stood around the two graves and wept. 'Who will teach us of God and tell us of Jesus, now that they are gone?' they asked.

"Now when the news reached home many dear Christians were much distressed at their going, and wondered why, including Miss Forgetful-Christian, Miss I-Need-it-More-Christian, Mrs. Can't-Afford-to-Christian, and Mr. Mean-to-Christian.

"What a pity!" said Miss I-Need-it-More-Christian wiping away a tear—"but I am so glad I did not send my contribution. It would have been only wasted, for they were going to die, anyway, weren't they?"

With this, it seemed that the second angel's story was ended. For a long time neither angel spoke. Then the first angel stirred his wings.

"And they buried them here?" he asked, softly. "How very sad!"

The first angel's thoughts were still on the Christians in Promising Land.

"So much for self—so little for souls," he said, as though he did not hear him.

"But their reward in heaven will be great, will it not?" asked the first angel. "It's too bad," he remarked, as he unfolded his wings, "that no one else knows about it."

And, having said this, he flew off on his errand.—The Evangelical Christian.

### "Nothing! But . . . Prayer!"

(Mark 9:29)

Dale McClain

Wasn't it only "yesterday" or so that these, and others, came back and reported as if they were the Kingdom's "riot squad," saying, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto US. . . ." But look—today (and friends, it's TODAY that counts!)—nine baffled men they are. Actually, it is a distressing scene that Mark records in his ninth chapter. With His Transfiguration Glory scarcely veiled, Jesus and the "three" descend the mountain and find nine baffled, troubled, defeated disciples. The disillusioned father stands protectingly at the side of his little son, the son possessed of the spirit, that on many occasions, "sought to destroy him."

After Jesus had healed the little lad and had cast out the dumb spirit, He and His disciples were alone—by themselves. Not able to avoid the subject of their obvious failure, and perhaps not wanting to, the helpless, rending words tumbled out: "LORD, why could WE not. . . ." (When we REALLY get ALONE with

Jesus, we really can't sidestep our failures, or our sins, can we?) "And He said unto them, 'This kind can come forth by NOTHING BUT by PRAYER and fasting.'" Because it is the inner groan of real prayer burden that gives spiritual significance to the act of fasting (and our little fasting today, is only a sterner indictment of our little real prayer burden) we have thus underlined those three immortal words, NOTHING . . . BUT . . . PRAYER!!

Do not the annals of history where are recorded the "special records of the impossibles"—do not those annals rise in grand testimony, that Mark was right? God's Word is true? NOTHING BUT PRAYER could have recorded those victories?

A missionary, white and wan, low and mute before certain death—and THEN . . . the miracle, no reason—life slips back, a steady pulse and recovery! Why? "NOTHING BUT PRAYER!!"

Colombia Closing—blood of martyrs running red deep; schools closed; churches burning, people fleeing—certain defeat—but, suddenly, history is staggered! A new dawn of hope and liberty. What happened? "NOTHING BUT PRAYER!!"

INDIA—A closing door; missionaries turned back; visas denied; CRISIS PENDING!! . . . and . . . then . . . And here we must stop. You see, this cannot be written yet. Why? Because we've still to win this victory! And Prayer Warriors, hear the solemn words—India, Communist-threatened India will be won, revived, and kept open by "NOTHING BUT PRAYER!!" Remember, it's TODAY that counts!—Missionary Standard.

"No one can be an out and out Christian unless he is doing all he can for the millions of heathen who are groping in darkness; and no one has any right to think he has the spirit of Christ unless he has a missionary spirit."

A glance at the map and a look at the unreached population figures will reveal the sad fact that the world today with its enormous population, its vast unoccupied areas of human need, its soul restlessness and disillusionment after two world wars, is still in dire need of evangelism.—The late Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer.

The King's Highway

HAVE YOU PRAYED FOR AFRICA  
TODAY?