

## MISSIONARY PAGE

### A CHINESE GIRL'S PRAYER

An incident is related by Mrs. Howard Taylor concerning a little Chinese girl whose Mohammedan grandfather was in the habit of beating her for praying in the Name of Jesus. The time was one of distress and danger on account of the bandits, and the grandfather had suffered not a little from one company who had taken up their abode in his premises. So, great was his alarm one day, when, walking on the city wall, he espied the same robbers in uniform returning.

Searching in vain for some hope of aid, the grandfather suddenly bethought him of the little girl. Why, of course, did she not pray? Hastening home he found her, shook her roughly to awaken her to the seriousness of the situation, and cried—"If ever you prayed in your life, pray now. Those soldiers are coming back. I have seen them from the city wall; they will soon be here. You say God answers prayer. Go into that room and pray. Pray that they may not come to our house."

Suiting the action to the word, he pushed the child into an empty room and closed the door. All alone, the little girl, who was about eight years old, knelt down. Was she frightened, tearful, uncertain?? Her mother who was in an inner room, heard her as she poured out her heart to the Lord.

"Heavenly Father," she said, "I am so happy, so thankful because my grandfather has told me to pray. Always before, he beat me or kicked me if I prayed, and was so angry, but now he has told me to pray. Heavenly Father, now's your chance; please show my grandfather that You do answer prayer. Please don't let them come to our house." And her prayer was in the Name of the Lord Jesus.

The soldiers entered the city, and came tramping down the very street. The door of the grandfather's house was standing open, for he knew that it would be of no use to shut it. The officer in front of the band drew up and turned his horse's head to go. That was the place he was making for, and the little girl was praying inside—"Don't let them come to our house Heavenly Father. Now's Your chance, please show my grandfather that You answer prayer."

Was that little girl heard and answered? Ah, yes, something happened; perhaps the last thing one would have thought of. Most unaccountably, the horse would not go in. No, it backed and kicked, it shied this way, and that way, and nothing would make it go in. The officer beat it, and dug his spurs into it, but all to no purpose, until at length the superstitious fears that are never far away in China, overcame him, and he turned to his men and said—"why, this courtyard is full of demons. We cannot see them, but the horse can. Not one of you go in there." And he turned his horse and led his men to another part of the town.

What the horse saw or feared we do not know, but we do know what Balaam's ass saw long ago when it turned aside in the way. And we know it would be just as easy for the Lord

to send His Angel with a drawn sword now at it was then.

We know also from a missionary in that city that the grandfather came round to the "Million House" the next day, and when they met, tears were in the eyes of the proud Mohammedan. "To think," he said—"that all the while that little granddaughter of mine was right, and I was wrong. Teach me about the God who answers prayer like that. Teach me to pray."

### TO WHOM SHALL WE PRAY?

A little lad in Central Africa had learned to read the New Testament in a mission school. Some time later, the Roman Catholic fathers persuaded him to be baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. They gave him a medal to wear in which was a representation of the virgin. "It will be easier to pray when you look at that," they said, "and the mother of Jesus will pray to her Son for you."

Several months passed and the boy returned to the evangelical mission. Asked the reason why he did not go to the Roman Catholics, he said, "I read in the Gospels that Mary lost Jesus when she was on a journey; so I thought, 'If she forgot her own little boy, she surely will forget me, so I am going to pray straight to Jesus.'"—Christian Digest.

### MISSIONARY ILLUSTRATION

#### A Holy Passion

When Mr. Duff, a white-haired veteran, was pleading for India in the General Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, he fainted in the middle of his address and was borne to the vestry, unconscious. In a little while he recovered and begged to be taken back. "You will die if you do," he was told. "I'll die," he answered, "if I don't. I must go and ask the young men of Scotland if there is nobody left but me to go back and tell the millions of India of the love of Jesus."—Selected.

### WHAT ARE YOU LIVING FOR?

What are you living for? Time passes on;  
Today, with its openings, soon will be gone;  
Many an aching heart, saddened and tried,  
Waits for some sympathy, close by your side.

Many a suffering one, bearing his pain,  
Seeks someone to help him go forward again;  
Many a young life, blighted through sin,  
Longs, with your counsel, afresh to begin.

Many a fallen one, facing despair,  
Cries for some brother his burden to share;  
Many a tempted one, weak 'gainst the foe,  
Is secretly longing some strong friend to know.

Many a doubting heart, fearful, oppressed,  
Wants you to guide it, lead it to rest;  
Many a heathen land, still dark as night,  
Calls to Christ's soldiers: "Bring us the light."

Many lost souls, in this great fair land,  
Need you to succor, give them a hand.  
What are you living for? Why do you stay?  
Numberless openings confront you today.  
—Selected

### "SUNSHINE CLASS"

A report of our "Sunshine Class" might be of interest to the regular readers of our "highway".

Beginning a new year we look back and wonder if the class has fulfilled its purpose during '54. Let's take stock and see:—

During the year:—

12—Cards have been mailed to the sick and shut-ins.

21—rose-bowls were delivered to the sick of our Church and community.

\$115.00—was raised for Missions including the support of a native worker in Africa.

9—missionary boxes were mailed to Miss Campbell including—Hospital Supplies, Dresses, Shirts, Trousers, etc.

Already materials are being made ready for mailing in this new year.

43—beautiful Christmas baskets were packed and delivered personally, by members of the sick and shut-ins' of our community.

Yes, there are many things we can do (and cost us little) in order to scatter "Sunshine"!

Our class consists of thirty members who are all willing workers. Once a month we meet at the different homes and enjoy an evening of devotion, business, programme and social time. This, of course, calls for another evening for handwork, sewing and packing of boxes which is every week at the home of Mrs. Roy Rickard.

We would encourage any Churches who do not have such an organization to begin now. The benefits are Blessed and Joys are Eternal.

Mrs. T. Alton McCrea  
Reporter

—Barker's Point Church

### INTO THE DARKNESS

"Father," said a dying heathen girl, "Father, where am I going? What lies before me in the darkness? O Father, I am frightened! Help me! Help me!"

"My little girl," groaned the stricken father. "I cannot tell. There are other lives beyond, though the body decays in the grave—but \* \* \*"

"O Father, are they happy lives? Or will I suffer there? Can you not give me hope? Tell me!"

But he knew nothing more. Not even his love for his dying child could pierce the impenetrable pall shrouding so much mystery and terror. And so in the darkness, the slender fingers tightened upon the father's hand, till they grew cold in death.

The message of hope reached that father, and he found rest, but the child of his love had passed out into the darkness, because of the indifference, the heartlessness, of the Christian church.—Selected.

"Blessings, temporal and spiritual, press heavily against heaven's windows, close barred by our selfishness. Let the Church push in the whole tenth; that will slide the selfish bolt, and the rich gift will burst forth and overflow all her room to hold it."—Scudder.

## DON'T FORGET THE EASTER OFFERING!!