



GRACE SANDERS' LETTER

On Board M. S. Thorsgaard
Hope Harbour,
Cape Town.

My Travalogue Continued:

Thank you, dear friends for the prayers! I know that God is answering them and that accounts for the following experience ashore on the 7th:

Rains had slowed down the unloading process so we had another day. I had a chance to go ashore in a Taxi with some of the other passengers and after doing considerable looking around in some of the well supplied departmental stores, I found that prices of some articles compare favourably with those in Canada, some are considerably higher, such as Nurse's Uniforms for example are much more expensive here.

I was surprised at the interest the Cape Town people seem to have in Missionaries. In one store the Clerk began asking questions about the place where I was going and the work I was to be engaged in, etc. As I answered his questions a lady clerk drew near to listen and I was drawn out to tell them of God's wonder-working power which can be released when we fully trust Him. Time and again their eyes filled with tears as they listened. I trust some word will be used of God to help their faith in Him.

In order to get a Taxi back to the Ship, I had to stand in the middle of the street under a signpost. It was raining hard. Two came, halted a minute and drove on FULL of passengers. Then, as I was almost desperate, came a third - but as it stopped I saw the driver was a "Black" man. An Indian of nice appearance, so I got in. As soon as I had given the address of the place I wanted to go, he asked me if I was from America! (My Canadian accent always gives me a point of contact, somehow). I prayed for words of wisdom and help for this man. God answered prayer, for the words came easily. I started off by telling him of God's love-gift, Jesus Christ. He told me that they believed in Mohammed! I said that I knew somewhat of him and their belief. He explained that they believe in Jesus as a good prophet given power by God to perform miracles but that He was NOT the true Christ. The true Christ was not crucified. In other words Jesus Christ was NOT OUR SAVIOUR! They, he said, read the Koran. I asked if he ever read the Bible. He said they do read the Old Testament. I advised him to read the New Testament. I told him that we read the Old Testament too and in it find where all that was prophesied about the Christ. The true Messiah, was fulfilled in Jesus Christ, even to the death by crucifixion on the cross of Calvary, in every detail. That this is one proof that He was not just "a son of God", but that He was THE Son of God. He is a risen Saviour of the whole world. God's only begotten Son given to redeem whosoever will accept Him as their Saviour. He is "The Way . . ." and the only "Way" to God. The Indian man talked more about Mohammed. I said that I could believe in Mohammed, or Buddah, or Confusiest or any other man, but that it would not get me to Heaven or save my soul, unless I believe on the one appointed of God as "THE WAY, THE TRUTH, and the LIFE, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me," (said Jesus.)

To illustrate I said, "If I were at Durban Station and wanted to go to Cape Town by train. There were two trains standing there. I say to myself, 'They are both trains, what difference does it make which one I board?' So I get on the first one and find myself, awhile later, landing at Johannes-

burg instead of at Cape Town where I wanted to go very much! I should have taken the one headed for Cape Town instead!" He was impressed and, as I pressed the truth home of how essential it is that we believe on the right Person, etc, I could feel conviction settling down. I was sorry I had not purchased the little cheap Testament I had been looking at in a store. I told him so and that they were so cheap, he had better buy one. He promised me that he would buy one and read it. Then I was glad that I had not waved him past when his dark-brown face loomed up in the rain in that Taxi. Since Dakar I have changed my mind. Surely the Mohammedans can be reached! He said his name is, I believe, Omar. Please put him on your prayer list. He spoke English with ease and expressed gratitude, as I was leaving the Taxi, for the interest I had taken in his soul.

(To be continued.)

Grace Sanders.

THE PRICE OF A HARVEST

(Cont'd from Page One)

are firm believers with not a modernist among them, members who are clean in habits, separated from worldliness in ethics and fashion; yet, weeks slip into months and not a single outsider is born into the family of God. Tears rarely flow, and soul-burden is a thing longed for but rarely seen.

It is time to declare a fast. Let there be strong crying with confession and with weeping for sterility, for coldness, for complacency. "It is time to seek the Lord until He come and reign righteousness upon us."

Revival is one flaming heart that ignites another. It is not a creed, not a dogma, but a leaping flame of love that knows no sacrifice and never turns from the long road of suffering that produces the harvest—"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit" (John 12:24).

"Bearing precious seed."—Opinions never feed the starving soul. Shakespeare's dramas, Walt Whitman's homely philosophy, and Will Rogers sharp humor converts no souls. Human eloquence alone bears no harvest. "The seed is the word," said the Master. As the soul winner goes he is not to proclaim his opinions, he is not to attempt to answer every objection. He is to plant the seed of God's Word. Some will fall on hard, stony, and thorny ground, but some will fall on good ground. The Word will not return void. The "thus saith the Lord" will stop the mouth of the mocker.

You cannot bear the seed unless you know the seed. It is insufficient to have a Testament in your pocket, you must have it in your heart. You must know the Book, not isolated passages, but the Book. Souls confronted with a plain statement from God's Word are often convinced.

The Bible is in almost every home, but in few hearts. It is translated into more languages than ever before, but it is neglected by its friends.

Take the Word to your friends. Live the Word in the factory. Let your life be so transparent that they can see the reality of the story of redeeming love. This will produce a harvest in any climate.

"Bringing his sheaves with him"—The greatest joy a soul is capable of enjoying is found in the act of bringing another soul to Christ. If your joy well is dry, lead another soul to Christ and the springs of gladness will again flow.

This is God's plan for a harvest; for a blessed, joyous church. Let us go in for a harvest at all costs.

—Wesleyan Methodist.

The Foreign Mission Treasurer Writes:

"In the next two months over \$4,000 is needed. At the present, money is coming in slowly." A letter from the treasurer will appear in next issue.

The King's Highway