



Bethesda Mission Station  
Victoria Falls P.O.  
Southern Rhodesia, Africa

### "A TRIP TO THE 'BACK OF THE BEYOND' "

The back roads and gravel roads that you grumble about are wonderful in comparison to some of the Bush roads that we have to travel on.

It was on Good Friday when a call came to go on a trip to the "Back of the Beyond". It had been a hard two days and I had just come off duty at three-thirty hoping to have time to put my feet up for a few minutes and then to do my regular week-end cooking. Dr. Emmett was away for an afternoon service, and Gene's car was petrol-less. Eric wasn't too interested as he has a service at seven o'clock. Well, we took off "flying low", as low as one can fly in a Land-Rover. The first fifteen miles were not too bad, except for one incident, when we went around a long bend in the road and there was a donkey cart. We swerved out around, never stopping. We stopped at the R. C. Mission to pick up the two men who were waiting to direct us and then we went on for another five miles on a fairly good road. We then turned off on a road new to us.

We had to cross a valley, which in the rainy season is impassable. It was dry fortunately, but kind of bumpy and once our rear wheels went down with a "bang" into a hole. Eric said, "There goes an axle," but later we discovered that everything was alright.

Once we got across the valley we were on a crooked road. You see, with the majority of these roads, the big trees were not cut down, just the small bush, so one winds in and out through the bush, thinking with every turn that the rear of the vehicle will hit a tree.

We arrived safely at our destination at about five-fifteen. I couldn't leave at once, so it was about six-twenty when we left in the car with a new mother and her premature (3 lb. 10 oz.) baby. It was getting dusk and Eric was in a hurry, so we took off, slipping and sliding around the corners, and winding in and out around the trees. We again met two donkey carts on a fairly straight stretch of road which was fortunate. We arrived safely back at the Mission at seven-ten.

Nina J. Haywood.

### OUR LAYMEN WRITE

Dear Highway friends:  
Greetings in Jesus name,

A letter from our corner of the Vineyard is in order. So often we wait to read letters from our Pastors, but we fail as laymen to tell what our Pastors and wives mean to us.

During the past three years the ministry of Rev. and Mrs. Owens has been blessed. The truth of the Word has been blessing to our souls, as they have ministered to us.

Brother Owens has ministered to us the deep things of God and it has been a blessing to our hearts..

Brother and Sister Owens have been a blessing in Pulpit, Sunday School, and in our homes. The Owens have been devout workers on behalf of our denomination. The church has been insulated, and new stained windows installed.

May God bless all our brothers and sisters in the Lord.

John and Muriel Alward and family,  
Killam's Mills, N. B.

### THE VESTIBULE OF PRAYER

Judson J. A. Sanders

One day in the gold of the afternoon I paused and took an hour apart to go and sit with Christ at the foot of the Old Rugged Cross. On my head and shoulders had been the burden and the heat of the day, in my hands many tasks, and in my heart I was weary and ill at ease. The dust of the milling throng was upon my feet, and in my ears its din.

So I sat with Christ a little apart from the crowded highway, just within the shadows, where loomed the Cross. I had many things to tell Him, and many thing to say. When I was done, I was about to rise and go, for I had dropped my unfinished tasks in a heap; but I paused long enough to ask Him the question that lay upon my heart and made it weary and ill at ease — "Is there ought that I lack? The Rich Young Ruler ran and bowed at Thy feet, and told Thee all that he had done, and asked Thee, What lack I yet? And Thou didst say, If thou wouldest be perfect, go, and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven, and come and follow Me." Is there an "if" in my life? Is there ought that I lack?"

"Yes, there is much that you lack. But I cannot tell thee now. Your ears are much too full of the din of life's fever, and your heart much too occupied with the many tasks which fill your hands."

And Christ looked at me with a look of ineffable sadness. I would have bowed my head and wept, but the tears that I felt were too bitter, and lay too deep. I had no words to say, and Christ said none. I sat there a long long time, but when I rose to go He spoke:

"Be ready to rise and open the door to Me, the next time I knock."

A new and a sharper grief swept across my heart. Had Christ oft knocked at my heart's door for fellowship, at break of day, and my ears been too dull and heavy with slumber and sleep to hear Him? Was I a follower of Christ, sometimes as Peter, afar off, when he had reserved for me a place close by His side?

I slept not at all that night. Words, words, words— why had I always been so full of words when I sat for fellowship with Christ at the foot of the Cross? My mouth full of words, as my hands full of tasks — why must I never come into His presence silent and with empty hands, ready to listen?

All night long I lay awake and grieved and thought on many things. How poor I was within, and how rich I could have been!

In the gray of the dawnlight there was a knock at my heart's door, and quickly I arose and let Him in. He looked upon me, and His look was one of tenderness and love. Swiftly I was aware that He knew all my heart, its tenderness and contrite sorrow.

"Come," He said, "let us go unto the House of Prayer."

My feet had many times went that way — the path was well worn. I opened for Him its door, and we entered. The door was tall and wide. We stood within the vestibule. There was a chair, a low table, a Holy Bible, and a kneeling mat, but no candle for the hours of darkness.

He turned to another door, a very small door, one that I had never noticed.

"This is but the vestibule of the House of Prayer," He said. "Let us enter here into the main chamber of prayer." Into the floor of the centre of this room had been let a great rock, gaunt and gray, the same rock at which Christ had kneeled in agony, in Gethsemane, and prayed, before He went a little farther, and fell on His face to pray again. Through tall and narrow windows the gold and crimson light of dawn now flowed into this strange

(Continued on Page 6)