

Greetings from the Eastern Hemisphere

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Around me cling clusters of living memories. Visions of "by gones" are prone to present themselves with the rapture that filled the days of long ago. To each one I send my heart-felt appreciation for all the ways in which you have ministered unto this servant of the Lord. Your fervent spirit has been such an incentive in hours of trial and depression, and with Paul, "I desire fruit that may abound to your account."

Six thrilling and eventful months have passed out and into eternity since I stood on the deck of the good ship Arabia Maru and watched the land of my nativity as it faded in the distance and became lost on the sinking horizon. The experiences have not been a few since that crisis hour and to you of kindred faith, who are still enjoying the freedom and richness of ever loved America, I send this message of friendship.

After four days at sea we began to feel the pulsating of the mighty deep. The unbridled gales from the snow-capped mountains of Alaska were thorns in our flesh as they piled up hills in the ocean upon which we were compelled to balance our trembling barque. The deep dyed blue of the placid Pacific had been transformed into a seething mass of brine. Suffice it to say, we were not minus that sensation so peculiar to sea travel, but God shall ever be praised for preserving our party from the dread reality of seasickness.

Days and nights of resplendence followed however and great joy filled the day when our eyes beheld the "land of the rising sun." (Japan) But even more welcome was that never-to-be-forgotten hour when we sailed into the tranquil harbor of Honkong. The fact that I was in Asia was a huge reality.

But Hongkong was only a stopping place and not my abode. Making trans-shipment, I embarked again for French-Indo-China. Lest you be deceived, I will inform you that *Indo-China* is not *China*! This land is as separate and distinctly different from China as are the burning sands of India. These natives speak Annamese which is as foreign to the Chinese as to the Japanese tongues. China's southern province borders on Tonkin and if the truth be known, these words are being formed 1,000 miles from the nearest Chinese territory.

Indo-China is composed of five States, namely, Tonkin, Annam, Cochinchina, Cambodia and Laos. Hidden away amongst the mountains and jungles or employed on the blistering plains of this long lost land are 16,000,000 never dying souls.

By God's all-powerful Spirit our faithful missionaries have forced their way through countless vicissitudes of insurmountable difficulties and established a mission station in three of these thickly inhabited states. The Swiss Brethren have a work in the vast and neglected territory of Laos, but Cambodia, with its populous throng, is sinking under the tidal wave of heathenism with not so much as a single witness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The religions of the Annamese are pure idolatry, their practices are pagan, the atmosphere is pregnant with demon hosts, and the powers of darkness are awful. This is not to arouse your emotions or seek sympathy, but is a request for your co-operative prayers. If God has saved you from the terrible sin of unbelief will you not ask Him to break the shackles of sin and superstition that bind these people to the bondage of the underworld!

In His infinite love to us, God has stationed a few in these first line trenches, and we praise Him for it and covet no greater privilege than to be a soldier of the Cross on a distant out-post. But we plead with you to "strengthen the stakes while we lengthen the cords."

Recently a clean cut young man of twenty odd years came to our home in the early morning hours. He had heard the story of Calvary just once. In coming to us his one objective was to learn more of this message of love, empty his polluted heart at the foot of the Cross and accept Jesus has his own and only Saviour. In loyalty to his Lord he is still standing true.

Since then another lad of but nineteen years came to us with a receptive heart. From a distant inland town God sent this lonely wanderer. As a sponge soaks up water this boy absorbed the Truth. We sent him away after showing him the plan of Salvation and asked him to return in the evening. Ten minutes had not passed before he was back again, unwilling to wait. The result was that we dismissed our language teacher, explained to our new friend the Gospel more in detail and prayed with him for soul cleansing. A day later he turned toward the interior and a heathen home, his father being a Buddhist which means bitter opposition and even persecution. We hope to see him again and learn of his testimony which has stood the acid test and fiery trial.

And now with appeal we echo the last command of Christ our Saviour and ask for your young men and women to enlist in the cause that is eternal.