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A Day in the Country in Indo-China

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Who does not enjoy a day in the country? What a pleasure it is, once in a while, to run away from the noise and hustle and dust of the city and find relief in the quiet and wide expanse of the fields! Out here "fields" mean rice fields. They are either freshly ploughed or else filled with water in which rice is growing. One seldom sees fields in the sense in which the word is used at home; that is, stretches of land covered with short green grass and dotted with large shady trees, under which one enjoys to sit and rest when weary. Where there are such places that perhaps could not be used for growing rice, they are sure to be used for heathen worship.

We greatly enjoy these trips that we take into various villages nearly every Sunday. Although we believe that they do us good, physically, it is not for that purpose, nor yet to enjoy the scenery that we go, but that our little groups of Christians may be built up and strengthened in the faith. We go that some others for whom Jesus died might have at least one opportunity of hearing the glad news of redemption before it will be forever too late.

The "day in the country" that I should like to describe was none other than last Sunday.

Our car will hold five adults with perhaps a couple of children when necessary. We usually take our preacher and Bible woman, while the fifth place is often occupied by some earnest Christian who goes to testify and help in any way he can.

After an hour's ride, over half of which was on the dyke, we reached the village of Tu Nhien. There we have about fifty converts, among them many earnest women. Some of the young men are getting a burden for the lost. One of them has offered to act as colporteur. The Bible Society pays them five dollars per month for this work. This young fellow is evidently not after the five dollars, for he has offered to go without salary. Another colporteur said, "If he can't get

along, I'll do all I can to help him." In this little incident one sees the fruit of the Gospel—they are thinking of others; putting less value on material things, and helping one another, in brotherly love.

Within a radius of twenty miles from our door are hundreds of villages where Christ is not known. We hope to give the Gospel to every one of them as soon as possible. To do so, it will be necessary to have many more native workers.

We had an hour of fellowship with the Tu Nhien Christians, during which we partook of the "Holy Feast," as they call the Lord's Supper. On our arrival there, we were told that a high native official had sent us an invitation to visit his home, a few miles distant. We decided to go at once. How we thanked God for this op-

we were told all belong to him. We left the car in the care of a Christian and proceeded to walk.

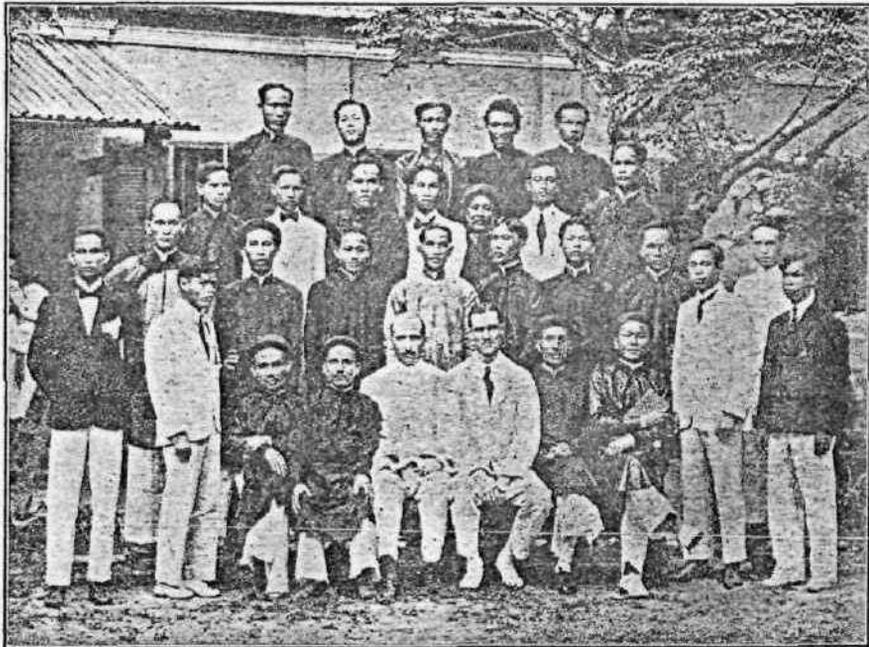
As we drew nearer, we could discern an artistic brick archway, making an opening in the hedge of graceful bamboos that surrounds the official's property. As we entered the arch, we were greatly impressed with the scene before us,—a small lake on either side of the raised path, lovely trees, gardens of fruit, vegetables and flowers. A fine large brick house was in process of construction. A little farther inside we came upon the large brick courtyard. At one end stands the foreign-built house of our official, while on either side is a long row of well-built native houses, divided into compartments. The official employs sixty or seventy men, some of whom live on the place.

We were cordially greeted by Mr. Doan. While we partook of the delicious bananas and oranges that were placed before us, the native preacher urged our friend to take time to read God's Word, and thus feed on the Heavenly manna. We hope that soon he will give us an invitation to preach the Gospel there in his courtyard to the scores of men and women in his employ. What a blessed influence he might exert over them if only he would step out boldly and confess Christ! It

seems that the higher the position, the harder it is to follow the Lord. How true! "Not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith."

We dared not tarry very long, for the sun was already getting low, and we had promised to visit another village that day.

At Van La we were most heartily welcomed by a small but earnest group of Christians. They have been greatly blessed and prospered since turning to the Lord, and are always praising Him for what He has done for them. They proudly showed us into a nice new house, which they have dedicated to God's service. Pointing to a small house across the



Men's Bible School, Tourane

portunity! Mr. Jackson had been there several times before, but it was to be my first visit. This official is favorably disposed toward the Gospel. He says that he would become a Christian, but for one thing, he realizes that his heart is very deceitful, and that if he should be persecuted or ridiculed for taking such a step, he fears he might give it all up. Hence, he still hesitates. Pray that God will give him boldness to do what he knows is right, regardless of what all the world might say.

From Tu Nhien we rode a little farther along the dyke. The home of our official is two kilometers from the dyke and in the midst of extensive rice fields which

courtyard, one of them said, "Look, there is all we had before we became Christians, but now, just see what God has given us!" Shortly after becoming a Christian, this man lost a ten year old child. His heathen neighbors ridiculed him saying, "That's what you get for following that new doctrine. You have displeased the gods, and they have taken your child." He said he tried to reason with them that

such was not the case, but that the child's time to die had come. He also reminded them that certain other persons, whom they all knew, had recently died in spite of the fact that they had brought offerings to the gods and had done everything to appease their wrath. Praise God for those who stand firm in times of sorrow and persecution!