

1920

Vietnam

Dec. His trip

Apparently written during a stop-over in Hong Kong.

prob. Not important here

(His trip from Am. to China)
For Whom Christ Died.

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We are told by the followers of modernism that the days of miracles are past. The higher critic refuses to accept a miracle as ever taking place. But I beg to differ with these of superior intellect, knowing the work that has been done in my own heart and the way of salvation that has taken its course in my life to be nothing less than a huge and miraculous transformation. Next to this is the inevitable fact that I am in China as a missionary which to me is a supernatural event of immensity. Were it not for the momentary working of God in this age of apostasy and day of declension and hour of deterioration my life would be smothered and stifled; yea, exterminated by the tremendous under-tow of unbelief.

But early in the month of August there was granted to me the supreme joy of setting foot as an envoy, an ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ. Boarding a train for the "far country" I left the old Bay state behind. Through the metropolis of a dozen states ascending hill and crossing stream we pushed forward, greeted by waving wheat and dancing oat fields. After speeding over the boundless prairies the rough and rugged Rockies summoned us to a task not small. But on mounting their crests of beauty it was not long before the placid Pacific presented itself to our view. This journey of five consecutive weeks had just begun.

A few hours after the world had received its light on the morning of August 21st 1920, we embarked from the ever-loved States of America. In my heart there was a zeal and an increasing fervor to be in service for my Lord. As I saw the land of my nativity fade away on yonder distant horizon it was not to lament over. My people had had the ark-light of the Gospel for centuries while China has been sinking without a flicker.

God shall ever be praised for the voyage across the trackless and danger infected sea. At times we were rolling in the seething brine or balancing on an enormous white-cap, while our bark trembled and vibrated from stem to stern. Without warning this sea monster would stand on end as her bow rode over the dashing breakers or as the rudder and propellers fanned the salty air. More than this we enjoyed days of re-

splendence and nights of serenity. Our party was preserved from that feared and hated nausea that is peculiar to sea travel, and at the worst it was a voyage not easy to forget.

While in the States there were scores of missionary addresses that sounded in my ears. With keen interest I listened to the power of the Gospel which had done its work of purging and cleansing in the hearts of the heathen. I tried to picture a group of Chinese who had been washed in the stream that flows from Calvary. But since becoming an eye-witness of God's miraculous power my picture has proved to be a lamentable failure. Never have I seen anything to compare with such transformed lives. There is nothing in America to exemplify the difference between a raw heathen and one who has been dug from the depths of licentiousness and by the power of God has been polished into beauty. Diamonds from the rough they are indeed.

From a verdant hilltop I am scanning a little kingdom in the valley beneath. Up and down its narrow streets and within its city walls there is a rushing and pushing of real human life. Just as other missionaries have halted their pen, so must I, and with a long deep sigh turn to you in appeal. Tongue can not tell, pen can not describe, brush can never paint the picture that is mine this hour. The sights that are exposed in this Christless land are so demonized that it seems they will wrench and tear one's very heart strings.

The psychologist says that education will lift these people to a sufficient standard,—give them teachers. Hygiene is introduced by the scientist as a way of relief. We hear the echo that social and moral reform is the solution or even modern improvements. But China has been deceived long enough worshipping the creature rather than the Creator. She has been trying to satisfy herself with counterfeits and apologies. The result is, she continues to go down in unbelief.

China!!! We hear your sad cry with a death rate of twenty souls a minute. Oh, the heart rending cries for light, the emaciated forms of helpless sufferers covered with vermin and sores. Men, women and children stand silent, famishing for the Bread of Life. Their only appeal comes from their sad eyes through which one looks as through an open window into their agonizing souls.

These people are maimed and crippled under the tyranny of a fine array of crooks, thugs, dynamiters, phosphorus fire-bugs, prison-birds and revolutionists. From north to south and from east to west there has been an undercurrent that has sapped the foundation of their lives until they are almost engulfed in the raging torrent. They are helpless in the hands of ranting, howling, mentally warped, law defying aliens and international mis-fits.

What is the remedy for such lewdness? You who have appropriated the blood of Christ to your heart will answer, "JESUS". Then in the Name of our Great Commissioner *come* to the rescue before this wreck submerges under the hopeless waves of idolatry and ancestral worship. Why fritter one's life away on material things when such eternal values are at stake? Our nation demanded the cream of her youth for the U. S. Army. God expects nothing less and is pleading for recruits to fill up the gaps in this army of the Lord. Will you enlist and become a regular? What, oh, what if you fail God!

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