

## *Multitudes, Multitudes in the Valley of Death!*

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During my brief stay in Hanoi, I decided to take advantage of every opportunity to "lift up" my eyes on the fields of Tonkin to see the teeming millions of souls there "ripe unto harvest." Therefore, Monday, after Easter Sunday, being a holiday, three of our Annamese workers and I planned a trip out to the village of Tu-Nhiên, about fifteen miles from Hanoi, where, in spite of closed doors, Brother Cadman has wedged an opening, having eleven baptized believers there, and many more enquirers.

We went as far as the station of Thoung-Tin by train, and then went the remaining five or six kilometers on our bikes. They had evidently received some rumor of our coming, for there was a group of about ten people awaiting us. (As we are not allowed to rent Chapels outside the two cities of Hanoi and Hai-phong, one has to content himself with simply-visiting the Annamese in their own homes.) After having rested a bit, and

drunk our tea (the Annamese always give you tea at any hour of the day or night), we discovered that there were several present who had not yet heard the Gospel message, so, we started in to tell them the Story of Redeeming Love. Wanting to take some pictures of them, I asked them, after about an hour spent in talking and discussing, to come out on the road, where I spent a few minutes in arranging them, and in setting my photographic apparatus. Many passers-by stopped to watch

the proceedings, and soon we had a crowd of perhaps fifty people around us. We did not dare, however, to hold a public meeting there, for it is prohibited. After the pictures were taken, we were glad to see many of them follow us back into the house, and soon we were once more busy giving out the Word of Life as the Lord gave us utterance.

An hour or so later we jumped on our bikes and went to visit another enquirer some two or three miles away. It was on this trip that I began to really see the "field." That the French government is really modernizing Indo-China is evidenced nowhere more than in the good roads already constructed or under way, in which vast sums of money and prodigious labor are required. In that short distance of two or three miles, I saw literally thousands of men and women toiling in the mud, the mire and dirt, extricating clay, excavating dirt, carrying heavy baskets of dirt on their heads, throwing up a great highway across that swampy land; some passers-by would have only seen an immense army of laborers performing a magnificent task. I saw something more,—a great host of human souls, LOST! And my heart yearned for them to come to the knowledge of Him, whom to know aright is Life eternal.

Leaving the road, we went on across rice fields to the enquirer's home, where we spent a profitable half-hour talking over practical and spiritual things. We had prayer before leaving, and as far as I know, never before had the voice of prayer to the true God in the Name of Jesus been heard in that home.

Coming back to the village of Tu-Nhiên, we saw again those thousands of laborers working unceasingly like armies of ants. Returned to our Christian's home, we found another bunch of people who had come to enquire concerning the Gospel. We talked with them until noon, when we stopped to eat an Annamese meal. Then, having waited too long to catch our train, we set out for Hanoi on our bikes, which pleased me very much, for we thus had a better opportunity of seeing the country and people. Again similar scenes as those above described met our eyes, i. e., thousands of human souls who, we may be reasonably sure, have not one ray of spiritual light. And these

thousands that I saw on this trip are only an insignificant fraction of the great population of Tonkin who must go to Christless graves unless we give them the Gospel. Friends, when are we going to give these dying souls the remedy for sin, and the Bread of Life?

One more thing on this trip, worthy of mention, was the zeal of one of our workers to spread the Gospel. On the train, Brother Quôc gave tracts to practically every passenger, with a cheery word accompanying each tract. Then, coming back to Hanoi, he rode his bike with one hand, winding in and around carriages and rickshas to give them the Gospel message, and giving tracts to pedestrians and groups of people. Doubt-

less many souls were blessed by this "sowing along the wayside." God bless our brother, and give us many more like him!

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