



## Chapter 3

# MOTIVATIONAL MISSION STORIES

Throughout the years, my passion for missions has been sparked by challenging sermons, songs, statistics and motivational writings. At times, a short story has “stuck with me” for years—moving me to compassion and compelling me to take action. As Christians, we all need to be shaken out of our comfort zone to our places on the battle field.

This chapter is a collection of writings that have greatly impacted my life. As you read these selections, you may feel convicted by an author’s tough statements and opinions. These works are included NOT to condemn you, but to inspire you to realize the great need for world missions. Most of these writers not only talked of this need, they committed their entire lives to reaching the lost. Jesus Himself used strong words as He warned of the judgment. He was the one who emphasized the fact that “*the harvest is ripe, yet the laborers are few.*”

As you and your children read these selections, allow the Holy Spirit to give you His direction and wisdom. I hope and trust these writings will minister to your heart as they have to mine.

### A Hundred Thousand Souls Author Unknown

*Every day, every hour and nearly every second, precious souls around the world are perishing without hope. God is not willing that any of these people die in their sins—yet it is up to us to bring them the Good News of God’s redemption.*

A hundred thousand souls a day  
Are passing, passing fast away,  
In Christless guilt and doom;

Oh Church of Christ, what wilt thou say,  
When in the awful Judgment Day,  
They charge thee with their doom.<sup>1</sup>

### Thy Brother’s Blood Crieth by Amy Carmichael

*Ezekiel 3:18-19 says, “When I say to the wicked, ‘You shall surely die,’ and you give him no warning, nor speak to warn the wicked from his wicked way to save his life, that same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood I will require at your hand. Yet, if you warn the wicked, and*



he does not turn from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity but you have delivered your soul." *These verses stress the vital importance of our obligation to share with the heathen about Christ. So often, we are distracted by good activities—even in the church. The following vision compares these activities to making "daisy chains."*

*Miss Carmichael was a missionary who lived what she believed. For fifty-five years without a furlough, she tirelessly ministered among the lost in India, especially in rescuing children from Hindu temple prostitution.*

The tom-toms thumped straight on all night, and the darkness shuddered round me like a living, feeling thing. I could not go to sleep, so I lay awake and looked; and I saw, as it seemed, this:

That I stood on a grassy [hill], and at my feet a crevice broke down into infinite space. I looked, but saw no bottom; only cloud shapes, black and furiously coiled, and great shadow-shrouded hollows, and unfathomable depths. Back I drew, dizzy at the depth.

Then I saw forms of people moving in single file along the grass. They were making for the edge. There was a woman with a baby in her arms and another little child holding onto her dress. She was on the very verge. Then I saw that she was blind. She lifted her foot for the next step...it trod air. She was over, and the children over with her. Oh, the cry as they went over! Then I saw more streams of people flowing from all quarters. All were blind, stone blind; and all made straight for the crevice's edge. There were shrieks as they suddenly knew in themselves that they were falling, and a tossing up of helpless arms, catching, clutching at empty air. But some went over quietly and fell without a sound.

Then I wondered with a wonder that was simple agony, why no one stopped them at the edge. I could not, I was glued to the ground, and I could not call; though I strained and tried, only a whisper would come.

Then I saw that along the edge there were [guards] set at intervals. But the intervals were too great; there were wide, unguarded gaps between. And over these gaps the people fell in their blindness, quite unwarned; and the green grass seemed blood-red to me, and the gulf yawned like the mouth of hell.

Then I saw, like a little picture of peace, a group of people under some trees with their backs turned towards the gulf. They were making daisy chains. Sometimes when a piercing shriek cut the quiet air and reached them, it disturbed them and they thought it a rather vulgar noise. And if one of their number started up and wanted to go and do something to help, then all the others would pull that one down. "Why should you get so excited about it? You must wait for a definite call to go! You haven't finished your daisy chain yet. It would be really selfish," they said, "to leave us to finish the work alone."

There was another group. It was made up of people whose great desire was to get more [guards] out; but they found that very few wanted to go, and sometimes there were no [guards] set for miles and miles of the edge.

One girl stood alone in her place, waving the people back; but her mother and other relations called, and reminded her that her furlough was due; she must not break the rules. And being tired and needing a change, she had to go and rest for a while; but no one was sent to guard her gap, and over and over the people fell, like a waterfall of souls.

Once a child caught at a tuft of grass that grew at the very brink of the gulf; it clung convulsively, and it called—but nobody seemed to hear. Then the roots of the grass gave way, and with a cry the child went over, the two little hands still holding right to the torn-off bunch of grass. And the girl who longed to be back in her gap thought she heard the little one cry, and she sprang up and wanted to go; at which they reproved her, reminding her that no one is necessary anywhere; the gap would be well taken care of, they knew. And then they sang a hymn.

Then through the hymn came another sound like the pain of a million broken hearts wrung out in one full drop, one sob. And a horror of great darkness was upon me, for I knew what it was: the cry of the blood.

Then thundered a voice, the voice of the Lord. And He said, "What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

The tom-toms still beat heavily, the darkness still shuddered and shivered about me. I heard the yells of the devil-dancers and weird, wild shrieks of the devil-possessed just outside the gate.

What does it matter, after all? It has gone on for years; it will go on for years. Why make such a fuss about it?—God forgive us! God arouse us! Shame us out of our callousness! Shame us out of our sin!<sup>2</sup>

### The Urgency of Missions

by Melvin L. Hodges

*The following dramatic words stress the vital importance of world evangelism. Missions cannot be an option! We are in a time of war, and all believers are needed in the fight.*

WORLD EVANGELIZATION is the goal that Christ has set before the church.

This is a crucial hour in the course of human events. NEVER HAS THE NEED BEEN SO URGENT FOR THE SPREADING OF THE GOSPEL TO ALL THE WORLD; never the times so significant; never has the church of Jesus Christ been called upon to do so much in so short a time. In this our day of opportunity and responsibility, let us ask ourselves: What am I doing—what is my church doing—toward reaching this all-important goal?

We are in danger of UNDERESTIMATING the importance of our part in this world program—of UNDEREMPHASIZING missions.

We must give or die!

We must evangelize or perish!<sup>3</sup>

### Who Cares?

by General William Booth

(Put into modern English by Keith Green)

*William and Catherine Booth founded The Salvation Army, and devoted their entire lives to reaching the lost. On their ministry banners hung the powerful words "Blood and Fire" as they fulfilled their mission to "Go for souls, and go for the worst."*

On one of my recent journeys, as I gazed from the coach window, I was led into a train of thought concerning the conditions of the multitudes around me. They were living carelessly in the most open and shameless re-

bellion against God, without a thought for their eternal welfare. As I looked out the window, I seemed to see them all...millions of people all around me given up to their drink and their pleasure, their dancing and their music, their business and their anxieties, their politics and their troubles. Ignorant—willfully ignorant in many cases—and in other instances knowing all about the truth and not caring at all. But all of them, the whole mass of them, sweeping on and up in their blasphemies and devilries to the throne of God. While my mind was thus engaged, I had a vision.

I saw a dark and stormy ocean. Over it the black clouds hung heavily; through them every now and then vivid lightning flashed and loud thunder rolled, while the winds moaned, and the waves rose and foamed, towered and broke, only to rise and foam, tower and break again. In that ocean I thought I saw myriads of poor human beings plunging and floating, shouting and shrieking, cursing and struggling and drowning; and as they cursed and screamed, they rose and shrieked again, and then some sank to rise no more.

And I saw out of this dark, angry ocean, a mighty rock that rose up with its summit towering high above the black clouds that overhung the stormy sea. And all around the base of this rock I saw a vast platform. Onto this platform, I saw with delight a number of the poor struggling, drowning wretches continually climbing out of the angry ocean. And I saw that a few of those who were already safe on the platform were helping the poor creatures still in the angry waters to reach the place of safety.

On looking more closely, I found a number of those who had been rescued, industriously working and scheming by ladders, ropes, boats, and other means more effective, to deliver the poor strugglers out of this sea. Here and there were some who actually jumped into the water, regardless of all the consequences, in their passion to "rescue the perishing." And I hardly know which gladdened me most—the sight of the poor drowning people climbing onto the rocks, reaching the place of safety, or the devotion and self-sacrifice of those whose whole beings were wrapped up in the effort for their deliverance.

As I looked on, I saw that the occupants of that platform were quite a mixed company. That is, they were divided into different "sets" or classes, and they occupied



themselves with different pleasures and employments. But only a very few of them seemed to make it their business to get the people out of the sea.

But what puzzled me most was the fact that though all of them had been rescued at one time or another from the ocean, nearly everyone seemed to have forgotten all about it. Anyway, it seemed the memory of its darkness and danger no longer troubled them at all. And what seemed equally strange and perplexing to me was that these people did not even seem to have any care—that is any agonizing care—about the poor perishing ones who were struggling and drowning right before their very eyes...many of whom were their own husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and even their own children.

Now this astonishing unconcern could not have been the result of ignorance or lack of knowledge, because they lived right there in full sight of it all and even talked about it sometimes. Many even went regularly to hear lectures and sermons in which the awful state of these poor drowning creatures was described.

I have already said that the occupants of this platform were engaged in different pursuits and pastimes. Some of them were absorbed night and day in trading and business in order to make gain, storing up their savings in boxes, safes, and the like.

Many spend their time in amusing themselves with growing flowers on the side of the rock, others in painting pieces of cloth or in playing music or in dressing themselves up in different styles and walking about to be admired. Some occupied themselves chiefly in eating and drinking, others were taken up with arguing about the poor drowning creatures that had already been rescued.

But the thing to me that seemed the most amazing was that those on the platform to whom He called, who heard His voice and felt they ought to obey it—at least they said they did—those who confessed to love Him much and were in full sympathy with Him in the task He had undertaken—who worshiped Him or who professed to do so—were so taken up with their trades and professions, their money savings and pleasures, their families and circles, their religions and arguments about it, and their preparation for going to the mainland, that they did not

listen to the cry that came to them from this Wonderful Being who had Himself gone down into the sea. Anyway, if they heard it they did not heed it. They did not care. And so the multitude went on right before them struggling and shrieking and drowning in the darkness.

And then I saw something that seemed to me even more strange than anything that had gone on before in this strange vision. I saw that some of these people on the platform whom this Wonderful Being had called to, wanting them to help Him in His difficult task of saving these perishing creatures, were always praying and crying out to Him to come to them!

Some wanted Him to come and stay with them, and spend His time and strength in making them happier. Others wanted Him to come and take away their various doubts and misgivings they had concerning the truth of some letters which He had written them. Some wanted Him to come and make them feel more secure on the rock—so secure that they would be quite sure that they should never slip off again into the ocean. Numbers of others wanted Him to make them feel quite certain that they would really get off the rock and onto the mainland someday; because as a matter of fact, it was well known that some had walked so carelessly as to lose their footing, and had fallen back again into the stormy waters.

So these people used to meet and get up as high on the rock as they could, and looking toward the mainland (where they thought the Great Being was) they would cry out, "Come to us! Come help us!" And all the while He was down (by His Spirit) among the poor struggling, drowning creatures in the angry deep, with His arms around them trying to drag them out, and looking up—oh! so longingly, but all in vain—to those on the rock, crying to them with His voice all hoarse from calling "Come to ME! Come, and HELP ME!"

And then I understood it all. It was plain enough. That sea was the ocean of life—the sea of real actual human existence. That lightning was the gleaming of piercing truth coming from Jehovah's throne. That thunder was the distant echoing of the wrath of God. Those multitudes of people shrieking, struggling, and agonizing in the stormy sea, were the thousands and thousands of poor harlots and harlot-makers, of drunkards and drunkard-makers, of



thieves, liars, blasphemers, and ungodly people of every kindred, tongue, and nation.

Oh, what a black sea it was! And oh, what multitudes of rich and poor, ignorant and educated were there. They were all so unlike in their outward circumstances and conditions, yet all alike in one thing—all sinners before God—all held by, and holding onto, some iniquity, fascinated by some idol, the slaves of some devilish lust, and ruled by the foul fiend from the bottomless pit!

All alike in one thing? No, all alike in TWO THINGS—not only the same in their wickedness but, unless rescued, the same in their sinking, sinking...down, down, down...to the same terrible doom. That great sheltering rock represented Calvary, the place where Jesus had died for them. And the people on it were those who had been rescued. The way they used their energies, gifts, and time represented the occupations and amusements of those who professed to be saved from sin and hell—followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. The handful of fierce, determined ones, who were risking their own lives in saving the perishing, were true soldiers of the cross of Jesus. That Mighty Being who was calling to them from the midst of the angry waters was the Son of God, “the same yesterday, today, and forever,” who is still struggling and interceding to save the dying multitudes about us from this terrible doom of damnation, and whose voice can be heard above the music, machinery, and noise of life, calling on the rescued to come and help Him save the world.

My friends in Christ, you are rescued from the waters, you are on the rock. He is in the dark sea calling on you to come to Him and help Him. Will you go? Look for yourselves. The surging sea of life crowded with perishing multitudes rolls up to the very spot on which you stand. Leaving the vision, I now come to speak of the fact—a fact that is as real as the Bible, as real as the judgment day will be, and as real as the heaven and hell that will follow it.

Look! Don't be deceived by appearances—men and things are not what they seem. **ALL WHO ARE NOT ON THE ROCK ARE IN THE SEA!** Look at them from the standpoint of the great white throne, and what a sight you have! Jesus Christ, the Son of God is, through His Spirit, in the midst of this dying multitude, struggling to save

them. And He is calling on YOU to jump into the sea—to go right away to His side and help Him in the holy strife. Will you jump? That is, will you go to His feet and place yourself absolutely at His disposal?

A young Christian once came to me and told me that for some time she had been giving the Lord her profession and prayers and money, but now she wanted to give Him her life. She wanted to go right into the fight. In other words, she wanted to go to His assistance in the sea. As when a man from the shore, seeing another struggling in the water, takes off those outer garments that would hinder his efforts, and leaps to the rescue, will you who still linger on the bank, thinking and singing and praying about the poor perishing souls, lay aside your shame, your pride, your cares about other people's opinions, your love of ease and all the selfish loves that have kept you back for so long, and rush to the rescue of this multitude of dying men and women?

Does the surging sea look dark and dangerous? Unquestionably it is so. There is no doubt that the leap for you, as for everyone who takes it, means difficulty and scorn and suffering. For you it may mean death. He who beckons you from the sea however, He still calls to you and bids you come.

You must do it! You cannot hold back. You have enjoyed yourself in Christianity long enough. You have had pleasant feelings, pleasant songs, pleasant meetings, pleasant prospects. There has been much of human happiness, much clapping of hands and shouting of praises—very much of heaven on earth.

Now then, go to God and tell Him you are prepared as much as necessary to turn your back upon it all, and that you are willing to spend the rest of your days struggling in the midst of these perishing multitudes, whatever it may cost you.

You **MUST** do it. With the light that is now broke in upon your mind, and the call that is now sounding in your ears, and the beckoning hands that are now before your eyes, you have no alternative. To go down among the perishing crowds is your duty. Your happiness from now on will consist in sharing their misery, your ease in sharing their pain, your crown in helping them to bear their cross,

and your heaven in going into the very jaws of hell to rescue them. Now, what will you do?<sup>4</sup>

### Rescue the Perishing

by Fanny Crosby 1820-1915

*This old hymn emphasizes our urgent need to reach the lost. So often as Christians, we sail through life as on a luxury-liner while multitudes are drowning all around us. We must realize that life is not a love boat cruise; we are stationed on a coast guard cutter in the midst of a vital rescue mission.*

Rescue the perishing,  
Care for the dying,  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;  
Weep o'er the erring one,  
Lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

Rescue the perishing,  
Care for the dying;  
Jesus is merciful,  
Jesus will save.

Rescue the perishing,  
Duty demands it;  
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;  
Back to the narrow way  
Patiently win them;  
Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.

Rescue the perishing,  
Care for the dying;  
Jesus is merciful,  
Jesus will save.<sup>5</sup>

### The Starfish Story

Original Source Unknown

*The needs of the world can be so overwhelming at times, that we fail to realize the importance of simply doing what we can. Never forget that souls are won one-by-one, and for every lost sinner who comes to Christ, the angels in heaven rejoice.*

Once there was a man walking along a long beach at low tide. Across the sand he could see thousands upon thou-

sands of small starfish drying in the sun. He knew that they would soon die, but thought nothing of it. As he continued to walk, he noticed a young boy throwing something into the water far ahead. Coming closer, he could see that the boy was hurriedly working to throw the starfish—one by one—back into the water.

"Why are you working so hard?" the man asked the young boy. "Can't you see how many starfish are still on the sand? What difference does it make?"

The boy looked down at the starfish in his hand, then looked up to say, "It'll make a difference to this one." And he proceeded to throw the little starfish into the water.<sup>6</sup>

### Are You Called?

by Keith Green

*Throughout Keith Green's ministry and music, his "No Compromise" and "Get Right With God" themes were continually stressed. Toward the end of his life, this focus went one step further to the importance of reaching the lost—especially those overseas. Only weeks before his fateful plane crash, Keith and his wife, Melody, together with the Cunninghams of YWAM, interceded for world missions. Keith fervently cried out to God for the lost, and prayed that God would use him to raise up thousands of young missionaries. The following words were spoken at one of his last concerts, and later repeated by video at Keith Green Memorial Concerts across the nation. Multitudes of young people have responded to the call. Even years later, these words ring out with the same urgency and passion as when they first were spoken.*

It's not God's fault that the world isn't being won. It's not His will that any should perish. There's a little command in the Bible that says, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

We like to think that was for the disciples, for the missionaries, for old ladies that can't find husbands that need to bury their troubles on the mission field, or for humanitarians, for real Christians that are so spiritual they can't stay in society so they go overseas....

The world isn't being won because we're not doing it. It's our fault. Nowhere on earth is the gospel as plentiful as it is here in the United States. You don't need a call—

you've already had one. If you stay [in America] you better be able to say to God, "You called me to stay home." If you don't have a definite call to stay here, you are called to go."<sup>7</sup>

**Commitment**  
Author Unknown

*Many people felt condemned when Billy Graham read the following letter, but it is a challenging example of commitment. Written by an American college student who had become a Communist, this letter was given to his fiancée to explain why he had to break off his engagement. If Communists can be committed to their cause, how much more should we as Christians, be committed to sacrificing for the true and living Gospel of Jesus Christ?*

We Communists have a high casualty rate. We're the ones who get slandered and ridiculed and fired from our jobs and in every other way made as uncomfortable as possible. A certain percentage of us get killed or imprisoned. We live in virtual poverty. We turn back to the Party every penny we make above what is absolutely necessary to keep us alive. We Communists don't have time or the money for many movies or concerts or T-bone steaks or decent homes and new cars. We've been described as fanatics. We ARE fanatics! Our lives are dominated by one great overshadowing factor—the struggle for World Communism.

We Communists have a philosophy of life which no amount of money could buy. We have a cause to fight for, a definite purpose in life. We subordinate our petty, personal selves into a great movement of humanity. And if our personal lives seem hard or our egos appear to suffer through subordination to the Party, then we are adequately compensated by the fact that each of us in his small way is contributing to something new and true and better for mankind. The Communist cause is my life, my business, my religion, my hobby, my sweetheart, my wife and mistress, my bread and meat. I work at it in the daytime and dream of it at night. Its hold on me grows, not lessens, as time goes on. Therefore, I cannot carry on a friendship, a love affair, or even a conversation without relating it to this force which both guides and drives my life. I evaluate people, books, ideas, and actions according to how they

affect the Communist cause and by their attitude toward it. I've already been in jail because of my ideas, and if necessary, I'm ready to go before a firing squad.<sup>8</sup>

**The Whole Estate**  
by Oswald J. Smith

*Growing up on a farm, my husband learned the importance of hard work at harvest time. It was not commendable or exceptional behavior to help bring in the crops. It was expected. Everyone was needed, and their part was simply their obligation as a member of the family. If they did not all work hard and fast, they could get caught in the rain, and the entire harvest would be lost. This was not the time to relax, clean out the barn, or paint the house. Everyone was needed in the fields! As members of God's family, we too are expected to do our part to bring in the harvest of souls throughout the world. Proverbs 10:5 tells us that "He who gathers in summer is a wise son; [but] he who sleeps in harvest is a son who causes shame." May we be wise and obedient children of our Lord.*

Here is an estate. The master tells his servants that he is leaving, but that he will be returning. And while he is gone, they are to bring the entire estate under cultivation.

They begin working around the house. They beautify the gardens and flowerbeds. Next year the weeds grow and again they go to work, keeping the lawns in perfect condition. Presently one of them remembers his master's orders. "I must go," he explains. "Our master told us to bring the entire estate under cultivation." And he prepares to leave. "But," they cry, "we cannot spare you. See how fast the weeds grow. We need you here." In spite of their protests, however, he leaves and begins working in a far corner of the estate.

Later on, two others remember their Lord's orders and in spite of objections they, too, go and cultivate another part of the estate.

At last their master returns. He is pleased as he looks at the flowerbeds and gardens and the lawns around his house. But before rewarding his servants, he decides to explore the rest of the estate and as he does so, his heart sinks for he sees nothing but wilderness and marsh, and he realizes that there has not even been an attempt to cultivate.

Finally he comes to the one man working all by himself in a distant part of the estate and he rewards him richly. He discovers the two in still another part and likewise rewards them. Then he returns to headquarters where his servants are waiting and expecting a reward, but his face indicates displeasure.

"Have we not been faithful?" they explain. "Look at these flowerbeds and gardens. Look at these lawns. Are they not beautiful? And have not we worked hard?"

"Yes," he replies, "you have done your best. You have been faithful. You have labored diligently."

"Well then," they cry, "why are you disappointed? Are we not entitled to a reward?"

"There is one thing you have forgotten," he replied, "you have forsaken my orders. I did not tell you to work the same gardens and lawns again and again, year after year. I told you to bring the entire estate under cultivation, to cultivate it, and when your companions insisted upon going and doing their part, you objected. No, there is no reward."<sup>9</sup>

### The Call for Reapers

by John O. Thompson 1782-1818

Far and near the fields are teeming  
With the waves of ripened grain;  
Far and near their gold is gleaming  
O'er the sunny slope and plain.

Send them forth with morn's first beaming;  
Send them in the noontide's glare;  
When the sun's last rays are gleaming,  
Bid them gather ev'rywhere.

O thou, whom thy Lord is sending,  
Gather now the sheaves of gold;  
Heav'nward then at evening wending,  
Thou shalt come with joy untold.

Lord of harvest, send for reapers!

Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;  
Send them now the sheaves to gather,  
Ere the harvest time pass by.<sup>10</sup>

### Parable of the Fishless Fishermen

by John M. Drescher

*The old saying, "Actions speak louder than words" especially holds true when dealing with world evangelism. People are lost and dying and we need to DO something about it!*

Now it came to pass that a group existed who called themselves fishermen. And lo, there were many fish in the waters all around. In fact, the whole area was surrounded by streams and lakes filled with fish. And the fish were hungry.

Year after year these who called themselves fishermen met in meetings and talked about their call to fish, the abundance of fish, and how they might go about fishing.

Continually they searched for new and better definitions of fishing. They sponsored costly nationwide and worldwide congresses to discuss fishing and promote fishing and hear about all the ways of fishing.

These fishermen built large, beautiful buildings called "Fishing Headquarters." The plea was that everyone should be a fisherman and every fisherman should fish. One thing they didn't do, however; they didn't fish.

They organized a board to send out fishermen to other places where there were many fish. The board was formed by those who had the great vision and courage to speak about fishing, to define fishing, and to promote the idea of fishing in far away streams and lakes where many other fish of different colors lived.

Also the board hired staffs and appointed committees and held many meetings to define fishing, to defend fishing, and to decide what new streams should be thought about. But the staff and committee members did not fish.

Expensive training centers were built to teach fishermen how to fish. Those who taught had doctorates in fishology, but the teachers did not fish. They only taught



fishing. Year after year, graduates were sent to do full-time fishing, some to distant waters filled with fish.

Further, the fishermen built large printing houses to publish fishing guides. A speakers bureau was also provided to schedule special speakers on the subject of fishing.

Many who felt the call to be fishermen responded, and were sent to fish. But like the fishermen back home, they never fished.

Some also said they wanted to be a part of the fishing party, but they felt called to furnish fishing equipment. Others felt their job was to relate to the fish in a good way so the fish would know the difference between good and bad fishermen.

After one stirring meeting on "The Necessity for Fishing," a young fellow left the meeting and went fishing.

The next day he reported he had caught two outstanding fish. He was honored for his excellent catch and scheduled to visit all the big meetings possible to tell how he did it.

So he quit his fishing in order to have time to tell about the experience to the other fishermen. He was also placed on the Fishermen's General Board as a person having considerable experience.

Now it's true that many of the fishermen sacrificed and put up with all kinds of difficulties. Some lived near the water and bore the smell of dead fish every day. They received the ridicule of some who made fun of their fishermen's clubs and the fact that they claimed to be fishermen yet never fished.

They wondered about those who felt it was of little use to attend the weekly meetings to talk about fishing. After all, were they not following the Master who said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men?"

Imagine how hurt some were when one day a person suggested that those who didn't catch fish were really not fishermen, no matter how much they claimed to be. Yet it did sound correct.

Is a person a fisherman if year after year he never catches a fish?<sup>11</sup>

### Who Will Go?

by James A. Barney

*In war-time America, posters showed Uncle Sam pointing out and saying, "I WANT YOU!" God is also searching for new recruits in His army. Will you volunteer?*

Hark! I hear a voice from o'er the waters  
 'Tis the cry of anguish and despair,  
 'Tis the cry of precious souls in darkness  
 While waiting for the light of Jesus there:  
 Hear the idle laborers near us saying,  
 "Master, what wilt Thou have us to do?"  
 THE HARVEST NOW IS GREAT! Oh haste, my  
 brother!  
 The reapers—few!

Will you go and tell them of a Saviour;  
 Tell them how He suffered on the tree?  
 Will you give your very life to save them;  
 And tell them Jesus died to set them free?  
 Will you take the way, endure the suffering;  
 Finding in the Cross your only rest?  
 For suffering here with Jesus brings the glory.  
 His ways are best.

Who will go? Who will go?  
 To the ends of the earth.  
 Hast thou a passion for the lost?  
 Dost thou realize what a soul is worth?  
 Who will go? Who will go?  
 Tell of Jesus' death upon the tree;  
 Oh, who will answer quickly:  
 "Here am I, Oh Lord, send me!"

We will follow, we will follow Jesus.  
 Willingly and gladly we'll obey.  
 He will never leave us nor forsake us;  
 He is our Friend, our Comforter, and stay!  
 Though He lead us o'er the briny ocean;  
 Though He lead us o'er the sandy plains;  
 We will trust in Jesus Christ our Savior.  
 Oh, praise His Name!

After we've received the Spirit's fullness,  
 Filling all our hearts with love divine;  
 We're to witness to this blessed Gospel  
 In every nation, country, land and clime.  
 When we give the Gospel as a witness  
 Unto every people far and near;  
 With lightning flash, we'll see in clouds of glory  
 The King appear!<sup>12</sup>

**Man of Mission—Man of Prayer**  
 by Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor

*Hudson Taylor was a man mightily used by God, who founded the China Inland Mission. Yet the most outstanding aspect of his life was that he was first of all a man of God. No matter how much we do FOR God, our most important ministry is our time WITH Him!*

God was first in Hudson Taylor's life—not the work, not the needs of China or of the Mission, not his own experiences. He knew that the promise was true, "Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." And is the promise less true for us today? Let the experience of one of the leaders of the Mission stand for the many.

It was not easy for Mr. Taylor, in his changeful life, to make time for prayer and Bible study, but he knew that it was vital. Well do the writers remember traveling with him month after month in northern China, by cart and wheelbarrow, with the poorest of inns at night. Often with only one large room for coolies and travelers alike, they would screen off a corner for their father and another for themselves, with curtains of some sort; they then, after sleep at last had brought a measure of quiet, would hear a match struck and see the flicker of candlelight which told that Mr. Taylor, however weary, was poring over the little Bible in two volumes always at hand. From two to four in the morning was the time he usually gave to prayer; the time when he could be most sure of being undisturbed to wait upon God. That flicker of candlelight has meant more to them than all they have read or heard on secret prayer; it meant reality, not preaching but practice.

The hardest part of a missionary career, Mr. Taylor found, is to maintain regular, prayerful Bible study. "Satan

will always find you something to do," he would say, "when you ought to be occupied about that, if it is only arranging a window blind."

It was just because he did this that Hudson Taylor's life was full of joy and power, by the grace of God. When over seventy years of age he paused, Bible in hand, as he crossed the sitting room in Lausanne, and said to one of his children: "I have just finished reading the Bible through, today, for the fortieth time in forty years." And he not only read it, he lived it.<sup>13</sup>

**A Passion for Souls**  
 by Herbert G. Tovey, 1888

*May this hymn remind us of God's heart for the lost, and His desire for that love and passion to flow through us to others.*

Give me a passion for souls, dear Lord,  
 A passion to save the lost;  
 O that Thy love were by all adored,  
 And welcomed at any cost.

Jesus, I long, I long to be winning  
 Men who are lost, and constantly sinning;  
 O may this hour become of beginning  
 The story of pardon to tell.

Though there are dangers untold and stern  
 Confronting me in the way,  
 Willingly still would I go, not turn,  
 But trust Thee for grace each day.

Jesus, I long, I long to be winning  
 Men who are lost, and constantly sinning  
 O may this hour be one of beginning  
 The story of pardon to tell

How shall this passion for souls be mine?  
 Lord, make Thou the answer clear;  
 Help me to throw out the old life-line  
 To those who are struggling near.<sup>14</sup>

on the alert.

"I was attending to my duties in the heart of Tibet," explained the Prince, "when news reached me of a Society organized especially to get the Gospel to my kingdom. Thou mayest well know, my lord, that I was at once on the alert. I called my forces together to discuss the whole situation, and we presently agreed on a plan that promised success.

"With great determination, two men sent out by the Society travelled across China and boldly passing over the border, entered the Forbidden Land. We allowed them to advance about three days' journey, and then, just as it was growing dark, two savage dogs, such as are found all over the country, sprang upon them. Most desperately they fought for their lives, but finally one was dragged down and killed. The other, protected by invisible forces which we were unable to overcome, somehow escaped."

"Escaped!" cried Satan, making a hideous gesture. "Escaped! Did he get the Message to them?"

"No my lord," responded the Prince of Tibet, in a tone of assurance. "He had no chance. Before he could learn a word of the language, our hosts had him set upon by the natives themselves. He was quickly tried and sentenced. Oh, it was a scene that would have filled your majesty with delight. They sewed him up in a wet yak skin and put him out in the sun to bake. For three days he remained there, his bones slowly cracking as the skin shrank, until finally life ceased."

The room had been filling fast while the Prince of Tibet was speaking, and at the conclusion of his report, a great cheer rose from the entire assembly, while all bowed to the majestic figure of Satan, still beautiful, in spite of the ravages of sin. But a moment later, the cheering subsided, hushed by a wave of Satan's hand.

"And what hast thou to report?" he asked, turning to another fallen angel. "Art thou still master of Afghanistan, my Prince?"

"That I am, Your majesty," replied the one addressed, "though were it not for my faithful followers, I doubt if it would be so."

"Ah! Has an attempt been made on thy domains also?" exclaimed Satan in a loud voice.

"Yes, my lord," responded the Prince. "but listen and I will tell all."

With a wave of his hand for silence, he began:

"We watched their advance; there were four of them—all zealous to make Him known.

"Thou knowest, my lord, of the sign that meets the traveller just inside the border of my kingdom. It reads as follows:

'It is absolutely forbidden to cross this border into Afghanistan territory.'

"Well, they knelt down around it and prayed, but in spite of this, our valiant forces prevailed. Fifty feet from the sign, on a pile of rocks, sits an Afghan guard, rifle in hand. After praying, the little company stepped boldly over the border and entered the Forbidden Land. The guard allowed them to advance twenty paces, then, like a flash of lightning, three shots were fired and three of the company lay on the ground, two of them dead, the third wounded. His comrade hastily dragged the wounded man back to the border, where, after a short sickness, he died, while he himself lost heart and fled from the country."

Prolonged cheering followed this recital, and great joy filled every heart—Satan's most of all—for was he not still in possession of Closed Lands, and had he not triumphed on every field? The Message, thanks to his countless hordes, had still been kept out, nor had the dreaded Name yet been heard.

"Wilt thou not tell us, Oh, thou mighty one, why thou art so anxious to keep the knowledge from these our empires? Knowest thou not that the kingdoms of the Prince of India, and Prince of China, and His Royal Highness the Prince of Africa, are being invaded by strong forces, and that men are turning to Christ every day?"

"Oh, yes, full well I know. But listen all, and I will explain why I am so jealous for the Closed Lands," answered Satan, while all bent forward to hear.



"There are several prophecies, perhaps best summed up in this one," he began, "which reads as follows: 'This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.' 'Now it is very clear,' he continued in a low tone, "that God is visiting the Gentiles, 'to take out of them a people for his name,' and 'After this,' He says, 'I will return'; and the Great Commission implies that disciples are to be made from among all nations.

"Now," he exclaimed with indignation, "Jesus Christ cannot return to reign until every nation has heard the Good News, for it reads, 'I beheld a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues' (Rev. 7:9). Hence, it matters not how many missionaries are sent to countries already evangelized, nor how many converts are made, for not until the message of the Gospel has been proclaimed in Alaska, Tibet, Afghanistan and our other domains, where it has never yet been heard, will He return to reign."

"Then," broke in the Prince of French Indo-China, "if we can keep every messenger out of the Closed Lands, we can prevent His coming to reign on the earth and so frustrate the purposes of the Most High."

"And that we will," cried the proud Prince of Cambodia. "Only the other day," he continued, "a missionary himself wrote saying, 'At this time we do not know a single Cambodian who has a saving knowledge of our Savior Jesus Christ.' We will see to it, your majesty, that not one escapes."

"That is good," said Satan. "Let us be even more vigilant and frustrate every attempt to enter the Closed Lands."

As the great plan dawned upon them, they shouted with glee, and hurried back to their empires, more determined than ever to prevent the escape of a single soul.

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Fifty years passed. Restlessly his Satanic majesty paced back and forth. Dark, foreboding frowns passed over his countenance. It was quite apparent that something of an unusual nature was troubling him.

"It must not be," he muttered to himself, "and the very plan, too," he continued in a louder tone. "Yes, the very plan. They seem to have caught a vision of it at last. 'Evangelize,' 'pioneer,' I don't like these words. And then that written statement of theirs, 'The objectives sought by the Society include the following: To hasten the return of our Lord by following his program for this age which is to 'preach the gospel in all the world for witness to all nations,' and, 'to take out of them a people for his name,' as He said, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' Its aim is to engage in only such activities as contribute to world evangelism. Its missionary policy is to avoid duplicating existing Gospel agencies abroad by directing its efforts to pioneer service among peoples, tribes, and nations where Christ is not named.'

"Regions beyond,' 'unoccupied areas,' 'pioneer service among people, tribes and nations where Christ is not named' and 'to hasten the return of our Lord by following His program for this age.' Then that phrase of theirs, 'Bringing back the King.' 'The King!' 'The King!' It shall not be. I must frustrate their purposes! 'The King!' What will happen to me when He comes? I must call a council immediately."

In a few minutes they were all present. From the uttermost parts they came—mighty fallen angels, dignitaries, princes, captains, world rulers of the darkness of this age—in countless multitudes they gathered around their lord, who stood with pent-up rage in their midst. Silence...silence...like the silence of death, reigned. Presently, Satan spoke:

"Prince of Alaska, stand thou forth!"

Trembling and afraid, with a shrinking form unlike his appearance of fifty years before, he approached his dread monarch.

"Prince of Alaska," inquired Satan, "have they entered yet?"

"Yes, my lord, they have," slowly responded the Prince, with a look of fear, hardly raising his eyes.

"How! What!" thundered Satan, scarcely able to control himself. "Why didst thou not better guard my empire?"



"We did our best, your majesty, but it was all of no avail. Word somehow got back; the frozen bodies of the first two were discovered. It set the whole church on fire. Others ventured. Several we destroyed. More grew discouraged and turned back. But finally, in spite of all we could do, they got through. Guarded and protected by legions of angels, they entered and stayed; not could we drive them out. And today, there are hundreds of Eskimos in the Kingdom of God, while thousands have heard the Tidings!"

The scene that followed beggars all description. Satan fumed and fairly bellowed out his rage. The very air seemed alive with a million spirits. His leading princes cowed before him and sought to get away from his terrible eyes.

"Prince of Tibet, stand thou forth!" roared the enraged fiend, a moment later. "Thou has a better report to give, I hope," he continued, as that renowned leader stepped forward.

"No my lord, I have fared but little better," answered the Prince.

"What!" stormed Satan. "Have any heard the Name in thy domain, O Prince?"

"No power at my disposal could prevent it," responded the Prince quietly. "We did our best. All our forces toiled day and night to overcome them. It seems there is a movement raised up for the sole purpose of going where no one else has gone and preaching in so-called unoccupied areas of the world, whose leader, the Prince of China,...tried to destroy, but in vain. Protected by legions of angels, he lived. Dogs were turned on them. We filled the priests with deadly hatred towards them. Pitfalls were laid for them on every side. Starvation methods were adopted. Disease did its part. But it was useless. On and on they pressed, until today, there are scores of Tibetans lost to us forever, and thousands of others have heard the News. Far and wide, witness has been born."

At that, Satan's rage knew no bounds. Without a moment's delay, he turned and gave his final command: "Prince of Afghanistan, stand thou forth!"

There was a moments hesitation; then, with slow steps and downcast eyes, the one addressed responded, and

stood trembling before his sovereign.

"Prince of Afghanistan," began Satan again, "thou has guarded well my domains. Shouldst thou also fail me, I know not where to turn."

There was no reply. Silence held the great audience spellbound.

"Speak, O Prince. Have they entered?"

"They have, my lord."

"Prince of Afghanistan," exclaimed the fiend, springing forward with fury in every expression, "hast thou not been true?"

"Yes, my lord, I have, but it was no use. We did our best. Up until a year ago, not a soul heard. Then two young men were sent by that Pioneer Society, and—"

"Curse them!" broke in Satan.

"The whole church prayed," continued the Prince. "They all seem to know that He will not come to reign until the Gospel has been preached in every tongue. Angels guarded. Oh, yes, we fought, but could not withstand them. On they came, and a week ago one man accepted the Christ and several others have already heard."

"And now," roared Satan, "All is lost! Thousands have been saved in India and China, but the news I have just heard is the worst of all. He may come now. At least it will not be long, for with the vision of these people, every tribe, tongue and nation will be reached. And then, woe, woe is me!"<sup>23</sup>

### From Greenland's Icy Mountains

by Reginald Heber 1783-1826

*All over the world, multitudes are waiting...and waiting...and waiting. Who will go?*

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand  
Where Africa's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand  
From many an ancient river

From many a palmy plain  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain

Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.<sup>24</sup>

### Fulfilling Your Destiny

by Moishe Rosen, Director of Jews for Jesus

*When I was a little girl, I remember a plaque my grandma had which said, "Only one life, 'twill soon be past. Only what's done for Christ will last." I believe these words, but also know that only what's done WITH Christ, in obedience to His will for our lives will make an eternal difference. Every one of us has a unique call and purpose for our lives. May our hearts' desire be to fulfill this destiny and someday hear the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."*

He was a wise young man—a coal miner who became a lawyer by studying at night school. First he learned shorthand. Then he found work in a law office. Later, when his shorthand improved, he became a court reporter. He attended law school at night and passed his bar exams. Then he received a call from God for missionary service. He even knew the place—Burma.

She was the most popular girl in her class, but never took any of her suitors seriously. She, too, had received a call from God. After high school she enrolled at a newly-founded missionary college in preparation for answering that call.

Each of them might well have been named "Most Likely to Succeed" by society's standards, but they both had other standards in mind. They wanted to serve God above anything else. They met at that missionary college. It was inevitable that they should decide to marry. Together they prayed and looked forward to their missionary service. They were married the day after their graduation.

Before their appointment to Burma came through, there arrived a small complication. He weighed 8 pounds, 4 ounces and was 20 inches long. When finally the appointment was made, her need to recuperate from an extremely difficult labor prompted them to postpone their acceptance for a year. But the next year brought a flu epidemic. It nearly took his own life and did claim the life of their little son. The overwhelming medical bills caused another delay. To get out of debt, he became very much involved in his law practice.

The third year brought another baby. The new father, by now a successful lawyer, was in the midst of a contested probate of a godly widow who had left a huge sum of money to missions. Her ungodly children were using all kinds of legal maneuvers to keep that mission society from receiving the funds. He felt he could not leave for Burma until the case was settled. He reasoned that he was fulfilling his call by serving as an attorney for God's work, and that the delay in going to Burma must have been God's will. That case took four years.

Once again he applied as a missionary, but this time only half-heartedly. He now had three small children, and with relief he accepted the mission board's notification: they could not use him on the field—Burma had since been closed to missionaries.

His law practice continued to flourish. His monthly donations supported several missionaries. He served on the board of directors for several mission agencies, and through his generosity several churches were started. I attended their 45th wedding anniversary celebration and heard that very attractive couple declare their happiness and sense the fulfillment and their love for the Lord and one another. But they were never to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary. She passed on; then, he became frail in health. One day he told me a shocking secret.

At that time I was a young missionary and greatly discouraged in my ministry, thinking that I might better serve the Lord in some other way. I considered "tentmaking" as Paul had done. The idea had always appealed to me. Because there is an onus on being a missionary to the Jews, it would be so much easier if I could continue to witness, but do so as a shoe salesman, a teacher—anything respectable—anything but a missionary to the Jews, which was not at all "respectable"!



I shared my burden with the elderly lawyer because I knew and respected him greatly. That was when he told me the shocking secret he had kept from even his closest associates. He confided it to me because I needed to hear it, and I have never forgotten it.

He said, "I've had a happy life, but not a joyous one. I've made and given away a fortune. I have the love and respect of many, but I did not fulfill my destiny. It's easy to excuse myself by saying that circumstances dictated another call, but only in the last year of my wife's life could we admit to one another that we had chosen to do the second best. I am not unhappy, but I am not fulfilled."

Then he added something that helped me overcome my discouragement. He said, "I recognize that you are a man of destiny. You have a call from God. Don't do anything less than what He has called you to do."

He died shortly after that. He was a man who taught me many things. He was certainly a godly man. I can testify to that. He was happy and successful, but by his own admission, he had not fulfilled his destiny.

How we love to quote Romans 8:28—"...all things work together for good..." But we must be careful to remember the rest of the verse: "...to those who are called according to his purpose." And if you read the rest of that passage you find that God calls us to be conformed to the image of his Son. We are not all called to be professional missionaries. We are not all called to be preachers. But we are all called to fill and fulfill a definite role within the Body of Christ. As those who have received the Spirit of Christ, we know what God asks of us, and we know in our hearts when we settle for doing, or for giving Him something less.

That godly lawyer knew. He told me, "You are a man of destiny. You have a call." He didn't want me to settle for anything less. He exhorted me as one who had not fulfilled his own destiny. I, in turn, want to say to all blood-bought believers in Christ, "Your call is to do your part in accomplishing the purposes of our Heavenly Father. Once you realize this, you have the potential of excelling in the fulfillment of your destiny. And fulfilling your destiny will bring unmatched and lasting joy."<sup>25</sup>

### We've a Story to Tell to the Nations

by H. Ernest Nichol 1862-1928

We've a story to tell to the nations  
That shall turn their hearts to the right  
A story of truth and mercy  
A story of peace and light  
A story of peace and light

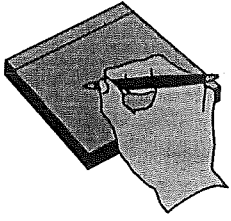
For the darkness shall turn to dawning  
And the dawning to noonday bright  
and Christ's great kingdom shall come to earth  
The kingdom of love and light

We've a song to be sung to the nations  
That shall lift their hearts to the Lord  
A song that shall conquer evil  
And shatter the spear and sword  
And shatter the spear and sword

We've a message to give to the nations  
That the Lord who reigneth above  
Hath sent us His son to save us  
And show us that God is love  
And show us that God is love

We've a Savior to show to the nations  
Who the path of sorrow hath trod  
That all of the world's great peoples  
Might come to the truth of God  
Might come to the truth of God

For the darkness shall turn to dawning,  
And the dawning to noonday bright  
And Christ's great kingdom shall come to earth  
The kingdom of love and light.<sup>26</sup>



**NOTES:**