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An Easter Message

(Prepared Especially for The Survey)

CHARLES R. ERDMAN

OF ALL the stories of the visible appearance of our risen Lord, none is related with more dramatic vividness and more definiteness of detail, and none has a more evident spiritual message and is more easy of practical application than the narrative of the walk to Emmaus.

On the afternoon of the Resurrection Day two disciples were on their way from Jerusalem to the little village which lay some seven miles to the northwest, when Jesus, unrecognized, joined them, and drew from them a statement of their discouragement and despair. He rebuked their unbelief, he opened to them the Scriptures, and then revealed himself to them, suddenly disappearing, as they hastened back to tell their friends that the Lord was risen indeed.

Here is a picture of the divine Presence who, too often unrecognized, walks with us all the way as we journey onward through the changing scenes of the lengthening years. No truth of our Christian faith is more inspiring, more comforting, more transforming, than the belief in the unailing companionship of One,

"Who walks beside us in the gloom
Who shares the burden wearisome
Who all the dark way doth illumine
And bids us look beyond the tomb,
The larger life to live."

It is a picture, too, of the needless sadness which so often shadows our lives. That should have been the happiest and most joyous day those men had ever known. However, its dawning had brought them no hope, its passing hours had not relieved their distress, and now, while Christ was near, while he was talking with them, their faces still were sad; but when the Master had disappeared, when it was too late to appreciate and enjoy their unique privilege, then they realized what the day might have been, and how great was the joy they had missed. Such experiences we all have. The saddest of words are still these, "It might have been". We often fail to appreciate our opportunities, our privileges, our

friendships, until they are gone; we do not see that the day has been beautiful until the evening light grows purple on the mountains; we do not know that we have been passing through Elysium until the journey is just done.

So too it may be as we look back over the path of life, when we have seen the unveiled face of our Lord, it may be with something of regret as we are reminded that he walked with us all the way and we knew him not; that we felt lonely and discouraged and sad while we might have been enjoying his friendship, his comfort and his help.

"For thus the past does often win

A glory from its seeming far

And orb into the perfect star,

We saw not when we moved therein."

Yet further, here is a message as to how our eyes may be opened, of how we may avoid the experience of such sad regret, of how our faith may be strengthened and our doubts removed.

We must talk together of our divine Lord, must keep him in mind and recall his promises; Christian fellowship helps us to realize the presence of Christ. We must keep our Bibles opened and seek to find in all the Scriptures the truths concerning our suffering, risen Lord. We must ask him to abide with us. We must sit in reverence at the table where he has bidden us to recall his redeeming death; possibly there at the blessed sacrament, or it may be at our daily task, or when we are on our knees in prayer, he will reveal himself to us in clearer vision, so that we can go out with new gladness on our faces to tell our waiting companions our vision of the living Lord.

Surely, as the journey ends, as the shadows fall, as the day is far spent, as we enter the home toward which we are journeying, surely then we shall see him face to face; but that vision will not fall in deepening twilight; it will grow more glorious through the eternal day.



king some of the white man's liquors, but drunkenness is always drunkenness, though there seems more of it now. And so child marriage, and domestic slavery, and selling of women and girls, and stealing, and lying, and adultery, and polygamy, and hatred,—in short, *sin* all its viciousness flourishes as it did fifteen years

and fifteen hundred years ago, and the black bodies here house souls just as unchangedly black with the foul touch of SIN as ever before, and their need of SALVATION through a SAVIOUR is as unchangedly great as ever before. God and you and we can change such a condition, if you and we will.

An Argument for Medical Missions

DR. E. R. KELLERSBERGER

MISSIONARY critics like to point to the failures of converts on the mission fields, in order to disparage the work done there. One admits that there is much to be seen in the lives of new converts won from rank heathenism, that is disheartening and discouraging. On the other hand there is also great cause for rejoicing when we see lives that were steeped in gross sin, utter ignorance, and filthy superstition—turned literally face about into a rich, clean life such as only the transforming power of the Holy Spirit can give. The average Christian at home is no better than the average one out here, and considering the privileges and helps, the enlightenment and fellowship he enjoys at home, he deserves less credit than the African, who has been lepped out from among unspeakable things, taken his stand often at a great cost, and not infrequently physical suffering and persecution. One has no patience with not only a profound pity for those in our enlightened lands who presume to sit as judges over the poor despised natives, and freely, in their ignorance and selfishness, criticize those who are trying to help them. God alone is the final judge of all these things, and we can safely leave it all in His just hands.

At home we are grieved at the worldliness and lack of power in the average Christian, but now and then here comes before us a radiant Christ-touched and filled life that makes up for all else, a life that blesses each one it touches, and makes one glad to be alive. Yes, thank God, such is the case on the mission fields too. Here comes into one's life a transformed native, a miracle of God's grace, which fact alone may sink into insignificance any sacrifice, even to the laying down of one's life, that one may have to pay with in coming out here far away from home among these people.

Mukandila Paul (the Christian name he has taken) is such an one! To see him, and to watch his steady life and faith is a daily inspiration. He became a Christian only in his maturer years. Though he is from a tribe near this station, he first came under the influence of the work at our Lusambo Station, long before this station was founded, and while Reverend Bedinger was here. There he and his wife became Christians. In 1921 Mukandila became sick, and he and his wife and little baby girl came to this station for treatment. He had a heavy hookworm infection, which made him look like a bag of skin and bones. After being treated he improved very much, and some months later we were able to correct for him a serious surgical defect, and he

went home happy. For several years we didn't see him, but in 1924, late in the year, he returned, and this time with sleeping sickness. He made an admirable patient, and soon was entirely cured. He became a real influence for good among the many patients, the most of whom are raw heathen. His faith and loyal support was a big help. Soon he was made "kapita" or foreman of the village of the sick, and as such he has admirably served for two years. He is an older, dignified man, just and fair and loved and respected by all. His judgment is fine, and together with the other three subkapitas, he ably manages the everchanging village of some 250 sick. There is a large workline for three hours each morning, and various building, clearing, agricultural, sanitary etc., matters to be looked after. Then there is the morning prayer meeting, and the afternoon school and catechism. There are disputes to settle, or violent or helpless sick to handle and control. In it all he lifts a huge burden off our shoulders. We can trust him, and with it all he is very humble and unassuming. Till now he has lived in a small grass house like all the others. Now we have constructed for him and his family a neat little two-room sundried brick house, with a kitchen back of it, and he is very proud of it.

He never learned to read nor write well, but he knows his Bible very well, and gets up and gives very practical talks, and leads in earnest prayer. He is a real layman, and we are thankful and happy each day to have him. He is an example for many of us. Two months ago when I was paying off some brickmen, and him too, he put his whole month's pay and rations back on the table, saying, "This is the month I have promised to God, all of it, and here it is." He did it so simply. His wife is a fine substantial Christian woman, and Ntumba, a precious and spoiled girl, of some six years. And how they love her! She was sick recently, and how they were concerned for their only child; they literally held her in their arms for several days, till she got better again, and how very grateful they were.

Mukandila is one part of my missionary life that has made Africa worthwhile for me. "With God all things are possible" where we fail. God takes these people—some of them—from the depth of their heathen environment, and makes them vessels fit for the Master's use. It is also another clinching argument for medical missions and its power as a way opener and a contact maker. Thank God for Mukandila!

Japan gives a name to each era of her history. The reign of the grandfather of the present Emperor was known as the "Era of Enlightenment." His son, the Emperor recently departed, ruled an "Era of Great Righteousness." The present Emperor's reign is one of "Enlightened Peace."