## Pray for Laborers

(Continued from page 14)

disciples that they must abide in Him in order to carry out the enormous task of preaching and of teaching all nations to do all the things that the Lord had commanded them. Christ was showing His disciples that they had access to a power much greater than they had comprehended.

Then, as if the confidence in recognizing the power that Christ imparts was not sufficient to motivate the disciples to teach all nations of Christ, Jesus gave His followers the assurance that He would constantly be present with them—He would never leave them!

Receiving the Great Commission as our own can be the means to discover the nature of God in an exciting, new way. It can show us how little we have in ourselves, but it can reveal to us the power of our risen Savior Who will be with us always, "even unto the end of the world."

## Thailand's Prayer Needs

(Continued from page 14)

has its own culture, dress, customs, taboos, language, people, and religion.

While Thai is the official language, there are 75 languages spoken in all. Only 15 have a Bible, and 9 have a New Testament. Pray that the Lord would send laborers to proclaim to "the land of the free" the freedom from sin that Christ has already won on the cross.

Our Saviour longs to shine His glorious light into the hearts of those who live in Thailand. His heart aches to break their chains of bondage—He died for them. Pray that the Lord of harvest will send forth laborers into

## Faithful Footsteps to Follow

by Mrs. Susannah Spurgeon (1832-1903)

"At the close of a dark and gloomy day, I lay resting on my couch as the deeper night drew on; and though all was had garnered up bright within my cozy room, some of the external darkness seemed to have entered into my soul and obscured its spiritual vision. Vainly I tried to see the Hand which I knew held mine, and guided my fog-enveloped feet along a steep and slippery path of suffering.

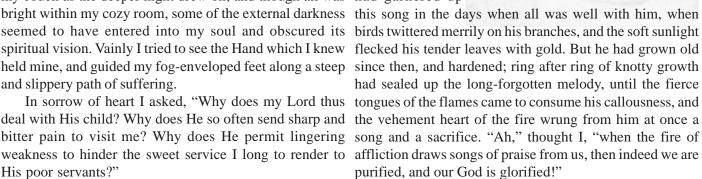
deal with His child? Why does He so often send sharp and bitter pain to visit me? Why does He permit lingering His poor servants?"

These fretful questions were quickly answered, and through a strange language; no interpreter was needed save insensible; we should give forth no melodious sounds, were the conscious whisper of my heart.

For a while silence reigned in the little room, broken only by the crackling of the oak log burning in the fireplace. Suddenly I heard a sweet, soft sound, a little, clear, musical my soul found sweet comfort in the note, like the tender trill of a robin beneath my window. parable so strangely set forth before "What can it be? Surely no bird can be singing out there at me. this time of the year and night."

Again came the faint, plaintive notes, so sweet, so helping us, if that is the only way to melodious, yet mysterious enough to provoke our wonder. My friend exclaimed, "It comes from the log on the fire!" The fire was letting loose the imprisoned music from the old heated seven times hotter than oak's inmost heart!

Perchance he



Perhaps some of us are like this old oak log, cold, hard, it not for the fire which kindles around us, and releases notes of trust in Him, and cheerful compliance with His will.

"As I mused the fire burned," and

Singing in the fire! Yes, God get harmony out of these hard apathetic hearts, let the furnace be before.

