



# The Mission Trail

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"LIFT UP YOUR EYES, AND LOOK ON THE FIELDS; FOR THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST." — JOHN 4:35

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## The Macedonian Call--Part 1

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"And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us. And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them." Acts 16:9, 10. Down through the history of the church God has called different people to fulfill special missions for him. Paul was called to preach the gospel unto those of Macedonia. Others have been called into remote areas of the world and God has stood by them as they answered and fulfilled that call. Faith Stewart was one of those who felt a very definite call of God to the mission fields of India. I am going to give you some of her experiences from the book "Highways and Hedges" of which Grace G. Henry is the author. First the call of God:

"But all this time there burned in her heart a longing to go to the mission field, a longing and burden so keen that no amount of labor and sacrifice seemed to satisfy. One night quite late, with the weight of the burden on her soul for missions, and desiring to know and have a definite leading from God, she walked down alone to the beach. Here the restless waves beat upon the shore.

No one shared the beauty of the night with her, and all about was quiet save the sound of the lapping of the restless waves as they rippled and flowed and the deadened sounds of darkness. She sat alone on the sandy beach looking out over the vast expanse of the waters and communing with God. In that hour she cried out to God in the deep of her heart to make His will definitely known to her. She felt that the place whereon she sat was holy ground and sacred, that surely this night she was alone with God. She looked at the moving

waters in the darkness and the vaulted dome of the heavens, and God seemed very near. That night was always outstanding to her. She remembered it as clearly as in the first years. As she sat gazing intently into the dark heavens above her, slowly out of the blanket of night far above the tossing waves and pictured on the skies above, many, many little faces with arms outstretched were reaching out to her. Her whole soul was stirred within her, for she knew that God was speaking to her through this vision in the heavens, and she cried out: 'Oh God, where are they?'

"Slowly a change came over the scene. There appeared on the darkened sheet of the evening sky, letters in blazing light, as plain as the handwriting on the wall. . . They appeared just above the group of little faces. The message slowly spelled out, 'India's helpless little ones are calling you.'

