



Painting by Calette

MIGHTY TO SAVE

"All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." "Lo, I am with you
always, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28: 18, 20.

MIRACLES *of* MODERN MISSIONS

Gathered Out of the Mission Records

By William A. Spicer

"How great are His signs! and how mighty
are His wonders! His kingdom is an ever-
lasting kingdom, and His dominion is from
generation to generation." Dan. 4:3.

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“Come Unto Me”

“Assemble yourselves and come; draw near together.” “Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.” Isa. 45: 20, 22.

The Goodness of the Lord

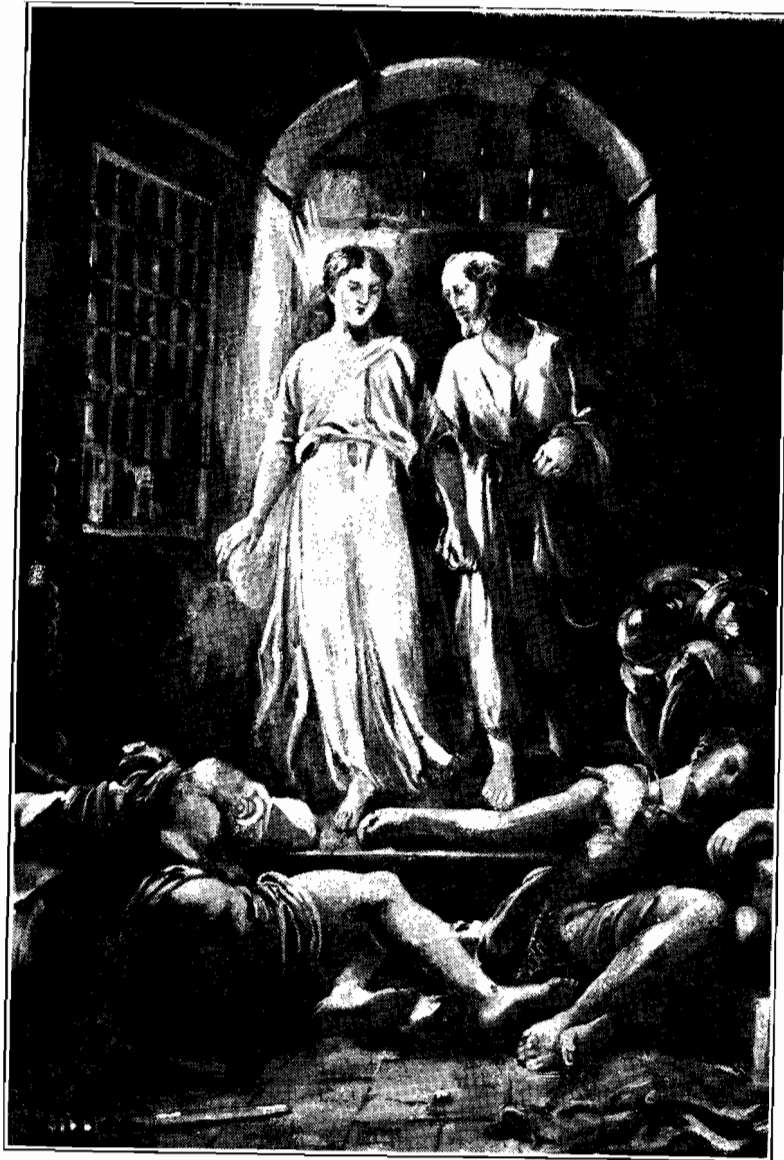
O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for He is good:
For His mercy endureth forever.
Let the redeemed of the Lord say so,
Whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;
And gathered them out of the lands,
From the east, and from the west,
From the north, and from the south.
They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way;
They found no city to dwell in.
Hungry and thirsty,
Their soul fainted in them.
Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,
And He delivered them out of their distresses.
And He led them forth by the right way,
That they might go to a city of habitation.
O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness,
And for His wonderful works to the children of men!

For He satisfieth the longing soul,
 And filleth the hungry soul with goodness.
 He sent His word, and healed them,
 And delivered them from their destructions.
 Let them exalt Him also in the congregation of the people,
 And praise Him in the assembly of the elders.
 He turneth the wilderness into a standing water,
 And dry ground into watersprings.
 And there He maketh the hungry to dwell,
 That they may prepare a city for habitation;
 And sow the fields, and plant vineyards,
 Which may yield fruits of increase.
 The righteous shall see it, and rejoice;
 And all iniquity shall stop her mouth.
 Whoso is wise, and will observe these things,
 Even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.

— *From Psalm 107.*

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PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON

"Ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Acts 1: 8.

A New Book of Acts

THE translators have divided the Book of Acts into twenty-eight chapters. As many chapters for a new Book of Acts might be compiled from the story of modern missions.

AT PENTECOST

The old Book of Acts records the amazement of the multitude of various nationalities gathered at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, as they heard the apostles speaking with tongues, telling "the wonderful works of God."

"Are not all these which speak Galileans?" the hearers exclaimed one to another, "and how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?"

"O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES!"

The various nationalities listed as present at Jerusalem on that Pentecost might possibly have represented, say, forty or sixty spoken languages. Today the Bible societies list eight hundred tongues in which Scripture portions are repeating the story of "the wonderful works of God." In the onward sweep of world missions, with new languages added year by year, it will not be long now until a thousand tongues will be speaking the words of life. In a way the old hymn writer never anticipated, his prayer will be answered:

"O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

And wherever the words of Holy Scripture go, the story of the Book of Acts is being continued.

At the close of his Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles, Dr. Adam Clarke placed this note:

"The Book of Acts is not only a history of the church, the most ancient and most impartial, as it is the most authentic extant; but it is also a history of God's grace and providence."

Open the Book of Acts, and what do we find? We find men and women of ordinary natural gifts going out to tell the message of salvation. What else do we see? We see angels of God going with them. The risen Christ, in glory, is watching over His servants on earth, fulfilling the parting promise, "Lo, I am with you always." By the ministry of angels He guides and directs and intervenes. The Holy Spirit speaks to inquirers, angels bear messages to men in dreams of the night, or by voice of entreaty or warning heard in the soul. There is constant connection between heaven and earth in the Book of Acts. The living God was actually doing things on earth. And so it is in these modern chapters of the new Book of Acts.

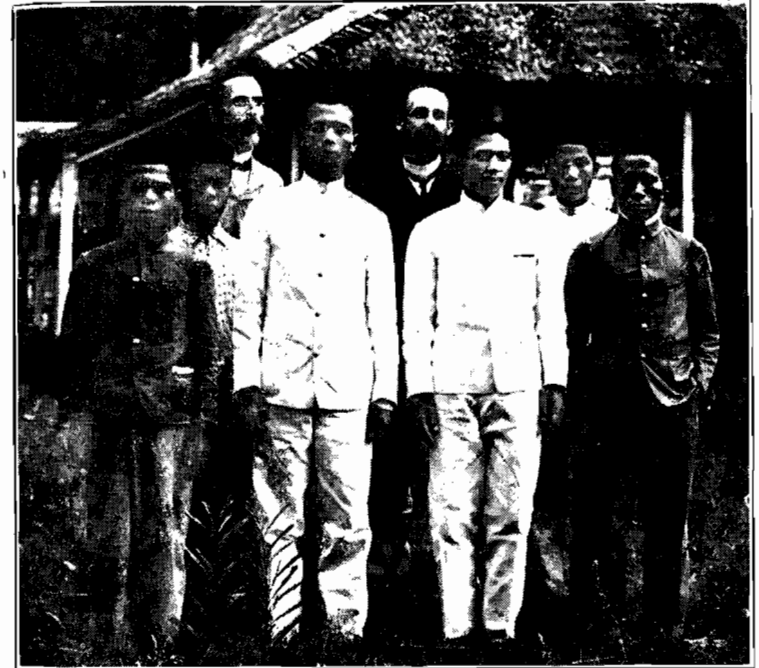
THE FINGER OF GOD

These interventions of the hand of Providence do not appear merely as displays of supernatural power. They come into the mission experiences in a divinely natural way, to bear their witness under circumstances that seem particularly to call for something more than ordinary. One veteran of the East Indies, Joh. Warneck, says in his "Living Forces of the Gospel:—"

"The finger of God is more visibly and more frequently seen in the mission fields of heathenism, warning the ignorant that now is the day of salvation, than it is in Christendom. . . . Foreign missions today are not necessarily accompanied by manifold wonders, as in the days of the apostles, because there are other means of gaining the attention of the heathen. But the marks of God's mighty presence are plainly perceptible in mission work today. God sometimes condescends to show the helplessness of their own gods and His own power to the heathen who know Him not. He sometimes condescends to punish blasphemers, to accompany with His blessing remedies given by His messengers in great weakness, to answer the stammering prayers of those who would like to know whether His power is with them, and in marvelous ways to preserve His servants.

"The Battak Mission has witnessed many clear interpositions of God, especially in its first days. The missionaries were several times preserved from attempts on their lives. They have taken poison without injury, and restraint was put upon their

enemies, such as to reveal to Christian and heathen alike the finger of God. The Nias Mission has had the same experience, especially in the western region. . . . But for such clear proofs to the heathen of the divine power, these two provinces could



Elders E. H. Gates and G. A. Wanzlick, With Their Battak Boys, Padang, Sumatra

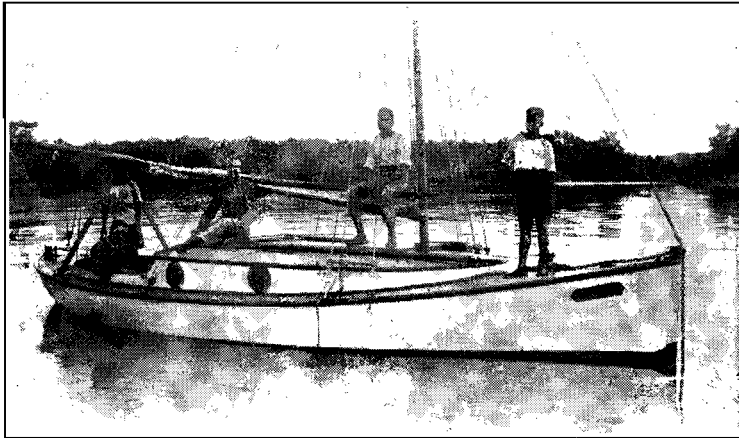
hardly have been held, though in both a rich harvest has been gathered in under marvelous conditions.

"The reader of missionary news will frequently come upon instances of such things, reminding him of the experiences of Old and New Testament messengers of God. Such experiences strengthen the faith of the missionaries and their helpers in their many trials, striving with the powers of heathenism, unsupported by Christian fellowship. The critic will find it easy to assail these acts of God, but they are precious to those who experience

them,—mission workers, Christians, and heathen,—and they produce blessed and permanent results.”

BEYOND HUMAN RANGE

The stories of special providence come often from the remotest parts. No region is beyond the circuit of Heaven's watchful care. Away beyond the present range of missionary



Missionary Launch "Eran"
Used by C. H. Parker, superintendent of the New Hebrides

endeavor, the Holy Spirit is evidently at work, turning hearts toward light, and preparing the highways for the advancing line of missions. Far beyond our ken, we may well know, this work by direct divine agencies is continually going forward. As the author of "Lead, Kindly Light," wrote:

"Mid Balak's magic fires
The Spirit spake, clear as in Israel;
With prayers untrue and covetous desires
Did God vouchsafe to dwell;
Who summoned dreams, His earlier word to bring
To patient Job's vexed friends, and Gerar's guileless king.

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Why should we fear the Son now lacks His place
Where roams unchristened man?
As though where faith is keen, He cannot make
Bread of the very stones, or thirst with ashes slake."

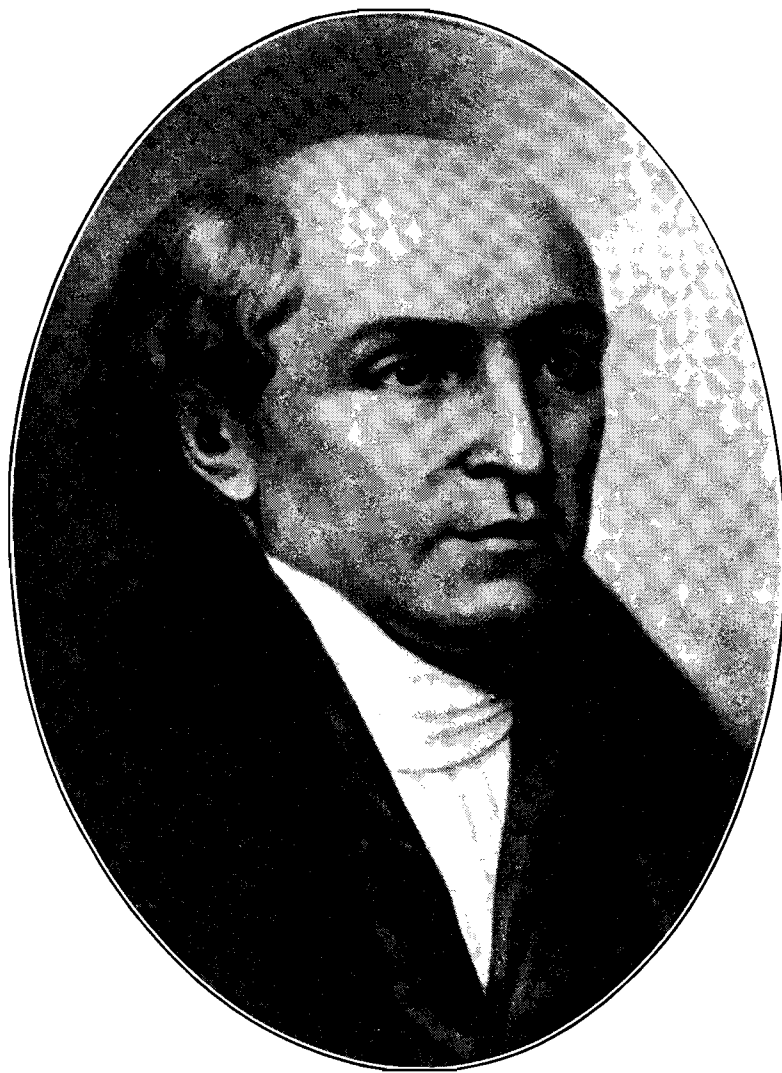
Isaiah, the prophet of world evangelization, puts into the mouth of the church of the gospel age this prayer that God may make bare His arm as in olden times:

"Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art Thou not it that hath cut Rahab [Egypt], and wounded the dragon?

"Art Thou not it which hath dried the sea, the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over?" Isa. 51:9, 10.

And He who made bare His arm in ancient Bible times, who is able to make ways where there are no ways, answers this prayer with the assurance (to quote Bishop Lowth's translation):

"He marcheth on with speed, who cometh to set free the captive;
That he may not die in the dungeon,
And that his bread may not fail.
For I am Jehovah thy God;
He who stilleth at once the sea, though the waves thereof roar;
Jehovah God of hosts is His name.
I have put My words in thy mouth;
And with the shadow of My hand have I covered thee:
To stretch out the heavens, and to lay the foundations of the earth;
And to say unto Sion, 'Thou art My people.'"



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WILLIAM CAREY
Pioneer Missionary to India

“In Journeyings” to the Field

“Thus saith the Lord, which maketh a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters.” Isaiah 43:16.

BREAKING THE WALL OF ICE

READERS of the story of early missions will remember the brave attempt of Egede, of Denmark, to spread the gospel in Greenland. He it was who preceded even the Moravians in carrying a burden for remote heathen peoples lying in darkness. It was in 1721, after years of prayer and waiting, that the Danish pastor and his family sailed from Bergen, Norway. Mrs. Egede had delayed the enterprise for years, resolutely holding out against the thought of the hardships of such a journey. But at last the Spirit of God had convicted her that she was holding back the light from those for whom Christ had died, and she had turned from her opposition and was aggressively encouraging her husband to go forward.

The good ship “Hope,” on which the family were sailing, accompanied by another little ship, a galiot, so called, was nearing the icy wall of Greenland after four weeks of tossing in the northern seas. Now came the greatest peril to the voyagers. We follow the story of young Paul Egede, son of the pioneer missionary, whose journal is published only in German, entitled, “Nachrichten von Grönland.”

“It was a hateful and frightful coast,” Paul wrote, that faced the Egede family as they sighted the Greenland shore. They were beset with constant stormy winds, preventing their turning northward to land. Recent arctic exploration has made us familiar with the perils of the Greenland coast, even in this day of steamships specially built with strong, ice-breaking hulls. The account continues:

“We were at last compelled to go westward, in order to get out of the ice, which the wind and storm dashed against us.

"On the 24th we experienced the greatest peril to life. In the morning we saw an opening in the ice. The captain asked my father if we should venture to go forward into it. He answered, 'Yes,' and the captain, having received his consent, went on into the ice (by this opening).

"But instead of getting through it, we were in this position shut in, so that we had not a cable length of open water. We went on with reefed sails, and the storm laid hold upon us.

"Anxiety and fear were over all. This became the greater as the captain, who knew by the signal that the galiot had received injury, sprang into the cabin with fear, and cried to my mother and to us children: 'Pray to God, and prepare to meet death; there is no hope for our lives. The galiot has been struck and is sinking.'"

Then it was that the missionary's courage and faith in God took command of the situation. True enough, death seemed upon them. The missionary family betook themselves to prayer; but the burden of their prayer was for deliverance from the ring of ice in order to reach the people of Greenland with the gospel of life. The father labored while he prayed, and went on deck encouraging the crew and rebuking the captain for his lack of faith. While they worked to save the ship, they prayed to God to make a way of deliverance for them through the ice. And God heard their prayers.

"The storm and fog continued all through the day and until midnight," says Paul Egede's journal. Then the praying toilers noticed that the walls of ice were breaking through. God was answering their prayers for deliverance from the ring of ice that had shut them in. By dawn the little ship was out of the encompassing peril and into open water. They bore down upon the smaller ship, and found that by continuously pumping, that also had been able to weather the storm. After further perils endured, the journal says, "The Lord guided us to the land for which my father had so earnestly sighed."

HOW CAREY REACHED INDIA

The providential hour had struck for the opening of the great era of modern missions. Not only was William Carey

the agent chosen of God for launching the movement of foreign missions, but he was to go out to India himself, to be the agent of Providence in laying the foundation of a great work on which others have built during all this century and more of missions.

So important did it appear in 1792 that Carey should get to the field without delay, that he, with a Mr. Thomas, engaged passage, even though Mrs. Carey was to be left behind for the time being. The passage was secured on an English ship, and Carey and Thomas embarked in London. Without a doubt had they succeeded in getting fully off on that ship, they would have failed to secure permission to land in India, where the East India Company wanted no disturbing religious influences. Providence overturned Carey's plans, and sent him by the right way, even though the process was so strange it seemed to him as if everything was working against the missionary undertaking.

It was the time of the French wars, and Carey's ship, "Earl of Oxford," after sailing down the Thames and round to the south of England, put in to the port of Ryde, Isle of Wight, to wait for convoy. Here it was that, through some unfortunate misadventures of Mr. Thomas, Carey's companion, it became known that the missionaries were on board. A letter reached the captain, telling him that he might be brought into serious trouble with the East India Company if he ventured to take a missionary to India. Frightened, the captain gave orders canceling the passages, and Carey and Thomas were put ashore with their baggage. In a recent book entitled, "William Carey," F. Deaville Walker tells how God overruled it all to His glory, and sent Carey to India by the very way that Providence had in reserve for the pioneering venture, out of which was to come so great a world movement. Mr. Walker says of Carey's feelings as he was ordered ashore:

"Carey was moved to tears at this overthrow of all his cherished hopes. But the captain was resolute, and there was nothing left for them but to remove their baggage from the 'Oxford,' and store it as best they could.

"As they watched the ship leave the anchorage and sail away in company with four other vessels, Carey's heart must have been well-nigh breaking. It was mid-May, and there was very little hope of getting another ship that season. With a heavy heart, but still undaunted, Carey wrote to Fuller of the trouble they were involved in, adding: 'All I can say in this affair is that, however mysterious the leadings of Providence are, I have no doubt but they are superintended by an infinitely wise God.'

"And he was right. Never for a moment did his faith waver. Though sorely perplexed, he was undismayed. The conviction that God had called him strengthened him in that dark hour.

"Leaving the baggage at Portsmouth, the missionaries took coach for London. Carey's first idea was to go boldly to the East India Company and seek their permission to go to India, trusting God to move their hearts to grant it. Another idea was to attempt to reach India overland. He desired, however, to consult his trusted friends. In reality there was little hope of the company's yielding, for at that very time they were hardening their hearts on this subject. . . .

"On reaching the city, Thomas, with his usual resourcefulness, and realizing that it was through him that Carey had been refused a passage, went to a coffeehouse, with the faint hope of hearing of some ship of other than British nationality, and therefore not under the control of the East India Company—perchance a Swedish or a Danish merchantman. Overhearing his questions, a waiter slipped into Thomas' hand a card on which he read and reread the words:

" 'A DANISH EAST INDIAMAN
No. 10 Cannon St.'

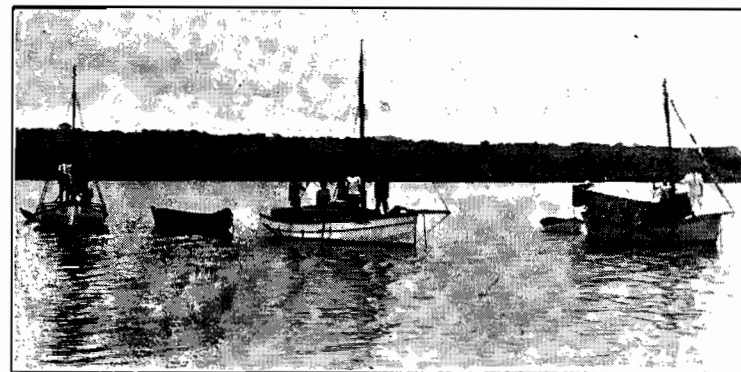
"Hardly daring to believe his eyes, Thomas 'fled'—that is the word he uses—to No. 10 Cannon Street, and learned that the 'Kron Princessa Maria' was even then on her way from Copenhagen, and was hourly expected in the Dover roads."

Now Carey saw the intervening hand of Providence in the overturning of his plans. Declaring himself "convinced that God was opening a door before him," he made one more effort to get his wife to go out with him. Her reluctance was overcome, funds were provided, and by strenuous exertion, in those

days of coach transportation, the missionary party got off from Dover by the Danish boat, the foreign ship being the very means of insuring that Carey should be able to get into the field despite the watchfulness of the hostile East India Company.

"MASTER ON TOP, HE STRONG"

Thus, in the pidgin English of the New Hebrides, the islanders of Malekula declared their conviction that the invisible arm of the Master was stretched forth in power to right an over-



New Hebrides Fleet
Little boats in which missionaries hazard their lives in the New Hebrides

turned ship, and deliver the missionary and his island crew. When an old chief first heard one of the boys telling how the ship, with mast and rigging under water, had been lifted up and set upright, he said, "No, that cannot be true; such a thing never could be." But when all the facts were told, the islanders agreed that the "Master on top, He strong."

The story was told by Missionary J. D. Anderson, of the Australasian Seventh-day Adventist missions in the New Hebrides. The missionary, with a crew of six boys of Malekula, was on a 260-mile journey to meet the steamer at Tulagi, and return to his station. His report of the outward journey, taken from the *Australasian Record*, continues:

"After a very pleasant run of five hours, a heavy storm broke upon us just as we were about to enter an opening in one of the reefs to anchor for a short time. The wind blew fiercely, and the rain was so heavy that we were unable to see any more than the length of the boat. Charlie, my native helper, who has had much experience with boats, was acting as captain, and gave orders to put to sea. I immediately went to the engine, and being assured that all was well there, I came on deck, but at once felt that we were in danger, so again disappeared below to place the position before the Lord.

"Up to this time we had been steering by the land, but while I was on my knees, almost audible words said to me, 'Get out your compass.' This I did, and found we were going straight for the reef; so we put to sea. After about half an hour the storm lifted, and we were able to get in through the reef to a safe anchorage, and just in time, for a heavier storm came on, and continued all the afternoon and well into the night.

"Next morning early we left again, with fine weather, and by 10:30 A. M. came to a place from which, in fine weather, we leave the Malaita coast for Gala. Everything seemed to be in our favor, so we decided to make the run. After an hour's run a southeast wind sprang up, and grew stronger and stronger. At 2 P. M. we battened our little boat down, and from then on for six hours the deck was almost incessantly awash.

"How thankful I felt that the people of Australasia had made it possible for us to have such a seaworthy boat under the conditions in which we found ourselves!"

To shorten the account, Gala was reached, and then the next day Tulagi, where the steamer was met. After the week-end at Tulagi, the homeward run was begun. Storm-bound at Sioto, on Wednesday morning they were again at sea, with fair weather prospects. That homeward voyage, with the deliverances that put awe and thanksgiving into their hearts, is thus described by Missionary Anderson:

"By 7:30 the wind again arose, and it was not very long before we were in a heavy sea. Up to this time the engine had been running nicely, and our sails were folded. A voice seemed to say, 'Put up your sails.' But I felt that it was safer to run along under engine power. Almost immediately the words again came, 'The engine is going to give out, so you will have to put

up the sails.' Scarcely had these words been spoken when a small piece in the engine broke, so I gave orders to set sail and run with the storm.

"This done, we were going along at a fair speed when the thought came to me, 'What would you do if the boat went over?' Then a voice seemed to say again, 'You are going to turn over, but angels will lift the boat up, and you will speak, and the waves will be calm.' I said in prayer, 'O Lord, it is too much.' But again the voice said, 'Why be afraid? The angels will help you, and this will take place to show the boys that the God whom you serve is able to deliver.' I again said in prayer, 'Thy will be done, O Lord, not mine.'

"We had not proceeded far when two large waves came. Charlie was holding the main sail and instructing two other boys who were holding the helm. The little boat was turned to meet the first wave all right, but was not able to right herself again before the second wave caught her and seemed to stand her almost mast downward. All hands on deck were thrown into the sea. At the time, I was standing in the cabin with my head out, but was thrown headlong into the water. I cannot recollect what happened to me then, but I do know that, although the worst swimmer of all, I was the first on deck. When I did recollect myself, I was sitting on the side of the boat.



Peo
A baptized native teacher in the
South Pacific Islands

WHAT HE SAID

"As I sat there, the boat began in a miraculous way to right herself, notwithstanding the fact that everything was against her. Everything inside the boat was thrown to one side, and some of the boys were hanging on to the sunken side. One boy came up on the boom as the boat came up. As she righted, I remembered the words spoken to me regarding the waves,— 'You will speak, and the waves will be calm,'— so I prayed and lifted up my hand to God, which was noticed by some of the boys; and for about fifty yards back from the boat the water appeared as smooth as a pool, nor did any waves of any size reach us again until we had everything righted and were well under sail.

"Charlie and I went into the cabin and thanked the Lord for the wonderful deliverance. The other five boys, who had never shown any interest in things of God, were astonished. On arriving at a safe anchorage, they could not talk quickly enough about it. They said, 'Truly your Chief is strong. If this had been any other boat, we would have all been drowned today.' We had been from fifteen to twenty miles from land at the time.

"As the wind died down for only a few hours each night, we were able to do only short runs for the following three days, but eventually arrived home without any further exciting incident.

"On reaching their homes the boys related their experiences during the trip, but many of the old folks would not believe what was told them. So I was called to the island where they lived, as an authority, and there asked to relate everything,— what was spoken to me before the accident, and everything that occurred at that time and afterward. If I forgot anything, the boys would prompt me, and when I was through they said, 'True, it was this Master up on top that helped us.' Most of the old folks then also said, 'Master above, He strong, first time He win him.'

"An old sea captain who has weathered many a storm and to whom I related the incident, exclaimed, 'How ever did the boat right itself?'

"All who were with us seemed to be very favorably impressed. Continue to pray for us, for we are up against the very devil himself here."

Amid the dashing spray that swept the deck in the Adriatic Sea of old, an angel stood, saying to the apostle Paul, "Fear not." The same angels are with the missionaries today.

SUDDEN PERIL AT THE JOURNEY'S END

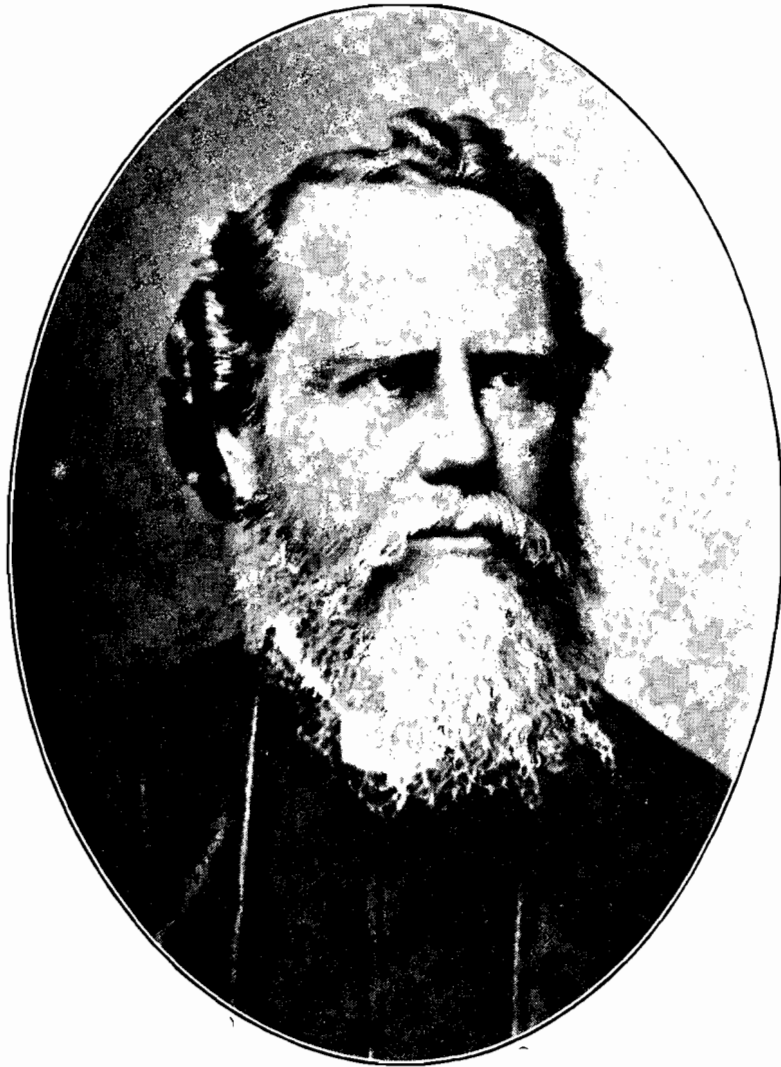
Any one who has ever seen those heavy transport wagons of the African veld country knows what a chariot of destruction one of them would be if set rolling down a hill. One of the



Traveling in South Africa
Eleven yoke of oxen pulling the boat out of the river for a two-mile land trip around Gonyi Falls

pioneer missionaries of South Africa, G. S. Thomas, told how he saw destruction turned aside by the hand of Providence as he and his wife sent up instant cry to God. It was in 1857, as they were journeying to their station in the Kafirland mountains. The story is told in the old volume, "The Missionary World Encyclopedia." Mr. Thomas says:

"Toward the close of the journey we experienced a most merciful interposition of divine Providence. We had arrived within about six miles of the station, and were come to the bottom of a steep hill, so steep that one team of oxen was unable to pull the wagon to the top. We therefore took the team out of the



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J. HUDSON TAYLOR
For Many Years Superintendent of the China Inland Mission

other wagon, in which were my dear wife and child, and having fastened these in front of the other team, the word was given, 'Trek! trek!' and the wagon soon began to ascend the hill; when suddenly, just as we gained the summit, the trek-tow, or that by which the oxen were attached to the wagon, broke, and in an instant it began to descend the hill with fearful velocity toward the other wagon. All were panic-stricken, but nothing could be done to save either the wagon or my wife and child. She saw the danger with horror, but there was no time to escape; she had merely time to clasp the babe to her bosom and cry, 'Lord, save us!' And He did save; for just as it got within a yard of the two oxen still attached to the pole, without any apparent cause, it turned suddenly round along the side of the hill and stopped of itself, without sustaining the least injury or injuring anything else. Had it turned to the other side, it would have fallen over a precipice two or three hundred feet deep. To our God alone we ascribe the praise."

THE STORM COULD NOT HINDER

The work of J. Hudson Taylor for China forms a striking chapter in the book of modern missions. The Lord called him as one of the pioneering agents for the time of China's opening. He was the founder of the China Inland Mission, one of the most aggressive of missions. In his little book, "A Retrospect," Mr. Taylor tells of a providence as he embarked the first time from Liverpool for China, in 1853. He says:

"We had scarcely left the Mersey when a violent equinoctial gale caught us, and for twelve days we were beating backward and forward in the Irish Channel, unable to get out to sea.

"The gale steadily increased, and after almost a week we lay to for a time; but drifting on a lee coast, we were compelled again to make sail, and endeavored to beat off to windward. The utmost efforts of the captain and crew, however, were unavailing; and Sunday night, 25th September, found us drifting into Carnarvon Bay, each tack becoming shorter, until at last we were within a stone's throw of the rocks.

"About this time, as the ship, which had refused to stay, was put round in the other direction, the Christian captain said to me, 'We cannot live half an hour now; what of your call to labor for the Lord in China?'

"I had previously passed through a time of much conflict, but that was over, and it was a great joy to feel and to tell him that I would not for any consideration be in any other position; that I strongly expected to reach China; but that if otherwise, at any rate the Master would say it was well that I was found seeking to obey His command.

"Within a few minutes after wearing ship, the captain walked up to the compass, and said to me, 'The wind has freed two points; we shall be able to beat out of the bay!' And so we did."

ON THE OLD ROUTE ROUND THE HORN

It was in the early missionary times of 1835 that A. W. Murray and others, bound for the South Pacific Islands, sailed down the Thames from London. They sang the old hymn that was sung as the ship "Duff" carried the London Missionary Society's first missionaries down the Thames on the way to Tahiti in 1796,

"Jesus, at Thy command
We launch into the deep."

It was a stormy deep that Mr. Murray's party found as they essayed to round Cape Horn, the southernmost point of South America. It was winter. Again and again the ship was driven back. In his "Forty Years in Polynesia," Mr. Murray tells how deliverance came:

"Matters had well-nigh reached a crisis. Provisions were getting very short; there was no hope of a change of wind; twice had we doubled the dreadful Cape, and been driven back; and the question was being seriously discussed whether we had not better change the ship's course and stand away for the Cape of Good Hope; but it was a choice of difficulties. Had we adopted that course, we should have had such a distance to run that we should in all probability have suffered from a scarcity of food and water."

They were shut up to look to God. They had agreed that instead of the usual Sunday evening service, a prayer meeting for deliverance should be held in the main cabin that night. The story continues:

"There was a tremendous sea, and our little bark was being tossed about apparently at the mercy of the winds and waves, now mounting aloft, then descending into the yawning depths, and seeming as if at any moment it might be engulfed.

"But 'man's extremity is God's opportunity.' Deliverance was at hand. Fervent prayer was offered throughout the day, but that day closed, as so many before it had done, without any change.

"The hour for the evening service drew on, and we were about to meet to carry out the arrangement of the morning. But 'before they call I will answer.' An announcement from the deck, such as had not been made for many a day, was heard. 'A change of wind!' 'About ship!'

"Oh, what a joyful surprise! Our prayers were largely turned into praises. The crisis was past, and from that time forward we proceeded on our way without further interruption. The storms of Cape Horn were soon left behind, and instead we had over us a cloudless sky, and under us the gentle waves of the Pacific."

"UNTO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN"

Little as the ancients used the sea as a highway, as compared with moderns, the psalmist nevertheless leaves on record the story of oft-repeated deliverances from the fury of the waves. "So He bringeth them unto their desired haven," says the 107th psalm, recognizing that God's hand was at the helm. It is a word of thanksgiving often repeated by the missionaries among the island fields of the South Pacific, where one must travel constantly by sailboat or launch to visit the stations. Too numerous for them to record are the incidents in which these missionaries recognize a protecting Providence.

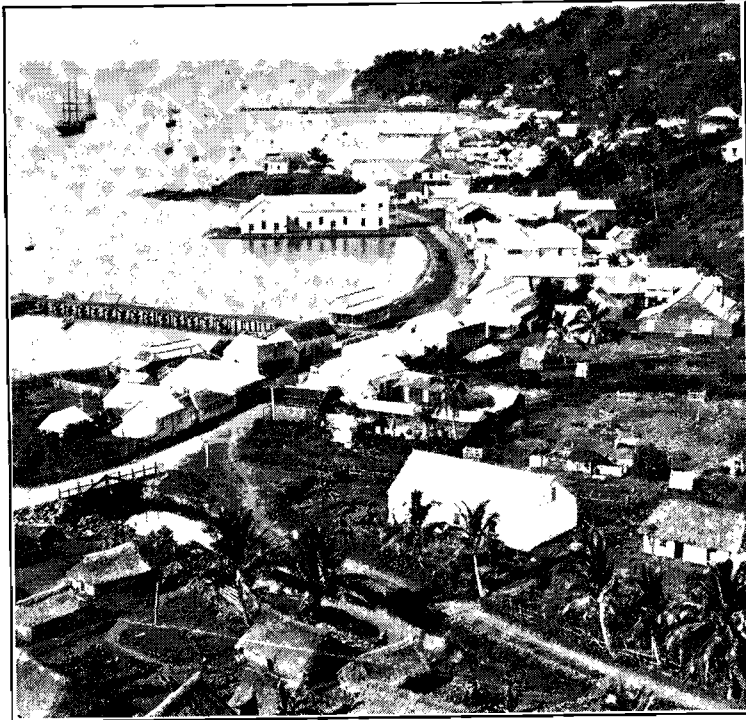
Here is one story of the Fiji group, told by Missionary G. McLaren, of the Seventh-day Adventist Society:

QUENCHING THE VIOLENCE OF FIRE

"While sailing from Taveuni to Levuka some time ago in our little mission cutter, the 'Talai,' we had a remarkable experience, and saw the hand of the Lord outstretched to save.

"It was evening. There was a big swell on the ocean, and we were going along with our engine and sails at a fair rate.

I told the native boy to fill the benzine tank before it got dark. Tomasi opened a case of benzine, and in trying to extract a tin from the case, knocked a hole in the tin. Our steering lamp was alight on the after part of the deck. The benzine splashed



Levuka, Fiji

out of the tin, came in contact with the flame of the hurricane lamp, and there was an explosion. Flames shot up twenty feet in the air. There were fifteen natives on board.

“We had a small dinghy that would hold four men at most. The natives in their panic rushed to lower the dinghy to get away from the burning vessel. I saw that to try to get away in the dinghy would mean death to most of us. I asked the Lord for help. Then taking hold of the burning case of benzine, I lifted it and threw it overboard, burning my arms.

“The flames on the deck were fast taking hold. One of the boys, when he saw the case of benzine put overboard, unlashed the fresh water cask, and tipped the water on the fire. This caused a greater flare. The flames ran along the deck, and the housing of the ship was soon alight. We were helpless. No — we were not helpless; the Lord was with us.

“We offered a quick prayer for help, and suddenly it seemed as if a wet blanket was put over the flames, and they were ex-



The Church and Congregation at Naqia, Fiji

tinguished. The decks were just smoldering. We were unable to do anything; we had done nothing; the Lord had saved us. We realized that the arm of the Lord is not shortened that He cannot save.

“I wish you could have heard the songs of praise and the prayers of the native brethren when the flames were extinguished. We were exhausted from the mental strain; but we thanked and praised God for deliverance from what seemed to be certain death.”



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A CHINESE BIBLE WOMAN

By Audible Voice

"Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." Isaiah 30: 21.

THE VOICE IN THE WILDS OF NEW GUINEA

PERHAPS no one of the missionaries famous as pioneers was less given to imagining things than that matter-of-fact Scotsman, James Chalmers. But he tells us in his autobiography that he surely heard the voice of the Lord speaking to him in the wilds of the Fly River district of New Guinea. He had gone into this region to search for a place for a mission station. He had a remembrance of a favorable spot which he had noted on a former visit. Now in his mission cutter he had anchored in the mouth of the creek. He says:

"It was an anxious night, as we did not know how we should be fixed in the morning. I did not know the creek, and there was only swamp land about, and I wondered where the sandy land was that I had seen the year before. We had prayer, and I told Maru and his wife to stay by the boat, and that I would go and look around.

"I was very cast down. When walking along, I heard a voice very distinctly say to me, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.'

"I sat down on a log close by, and said, 'If Thine, O Lord, is the voice, teach me to hear and act;' and I heard, 'Fear not, for I am with thee; neither be thou dismayed.' I thanked God and took courage."

Cheered by the evident presence of the Lord, he went forward through a native village, deserted save for the dogs that barked at his approach, and on yet a little way, where he found the very spot on which his future station was planted. The good hand of the Lord upon him was manifested in the friendliness of the villagers when they returned from a fishing expedition. The right place for beginning the new work had been found.

A PROVIDENCE THAT FOUNDED A MISSION

In his "History of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church," published in 1832, Dr. Nathan Bangs, one of the organizers of the society, says of their first mission to people of another tongue than English:

"The introduction of the gospel among the Wyandottes, a tribe of Indians living at the Upper Sandusky, in the State of Ohio, is illustrative of one of those singular providences which tend to 'confound the wisdom of the wise,' and to prove that 'the excellency of power' by which sinners are converted from the error of their way, is 'of God and not of man.'"

The agent, John Stewart, was a freedman of Virginia, a mulatto, called in a remarkable way to a work which Methodist history declares fully confirmed the genuineness of his experience. He had lived a godless, intemperate life, but the Lord converted his heart. The account of his call is given in Stewart's own words:

"Soon after I embraced religion, I went out into the fields to pray. It seemed to me that I heard a voice, like the voice of a woman, praising God, and then another, as the voice of a man, saying to me, 'You must declare My counsel faithfully.' These voices ran through me powerfully. They seemed to come from a northwest direction. I soon found myself standing on my feet, and speaking as if I were addressing a congregation.

"This circumstance made a strong impression on my mind, and seemed an indication to me that the Lord had called me to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come; but I felt myself so poor and ignorant that I feared to make any such attempt, though I was continually drawn to travel toward the source from whence the voices came. This impression followed me from day to day; but I resisted from a sense of my unfitness for such a work, until I was laid upon a sick-bed.

"On my recovery I concluded that if God would enable me to pay my debts, which I had contracted in the days of my folly, I would go. This I was enabled soon to do, and I accordingly took some clothes in a knapsack and set off toward the northwest, not knowing whither I was to go. When I set off, my soul was very happy, and I steered my course, sometimes in the road and sometimes through the woods."

The Delawares besought him to stop with them, but he felt the call urging him ever northwestward until he reached the upper Sandusky, where his labors were blessed of God to the conversion of many of the Wyandottes. As the work grew, it was taken over by the Methodist organization in Ohio, Stewart being associated with it till his death, in 1823.

Reviewing the circumstances of the man's call and the blessings upon his service, Dr. Bangs declares:

"That he should succeed in awakening such attention to the things of Christianity among a people so strongly wedded to their heathenish customs or to the mummeries of a fallen church, and finally bring so many of them to the knowledge of 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' cannot, I think, be accounted for otherwise than by acknowledging the divine hand guiding him in all these things, and giving sanction to his labors."

THE SUMMONS TO THE CHIEF

It was after a visit to the Solomon Islands that Secretary C. K. Meyers, of the Seventh-day Adventist Board, wrote this story of the conversion of a savage chief.

In the village of Ramada, in the Solomon Islands, in a service which led into a testimony meeting, the chief of the village gave the following statement as to how he came to be interested in and accept the gospel message:

"You are listening," he said, "to the word of Mavo, the chief of all this people. They can testify that I have been a very wicked man in my day, and they can also testify that by the grace of God a great change has taken place. The change came about in this way:

"I first heard about Seventh-day Adventist missionaries when Brother G. F. Jones was working sixty miles away, down the coast. One day, as I was thinking of what I heard about Mr. Jones' mission, a voice down in my heart said to me, 'Mavo, that is what you need for your village. You must send for Mr. Jones.'

"That voice became so strong that I sent for the missionary. But he sent back word that he would come sometime.

"Months passed," said the old chief, "and he never came; and again that voice said to me, 'It is time you were sending

again for the missionary.' And so I kept sending for two years; but the missionary was too busy to come.

"Then finally I sent a strong deputation, and while my men were gone, some of your enemies came to me, and said, 'Mavo, don't you know you have done a very foolish thing in sending for the white missionary? He is not your friend. You have seen enough of the white men to know that they are all alike, and like the traders they will come in here and steal your coconuts and reduce your people to slavery.' And then," said Mavo, "I wished in my heart that the missionary would not come.

"But," he continued, "this time the missionary came, and of course I had to be kind to him because I had sent so often for him.

"And now," he said, "we have tried the experiment, and if this thing is bad, as your enemies said, then I am wholeheartedly for the thing that is bad; for see what it has done for our village! Our children are in school, our old wicked practices have been removed, and we are rejoicing in the knowledge of the great God."

Then with intensity beaming out of his black, beady eyes, he solemnly said, "There must be no 'tacking about' with Mavo, but by the grace of God he must make a straight course to the kingdom."

THE GUIDING VOICE

Many years ago it was, in a great city in the north of England, that a seeker after light, praying for guidance, was directed by a spoken voice to this Seventh-day Adventist people, the very denominational name being spoken to her soul. She found us after persistent searching.

Here is a story of more recent times. South Africa is the place. At a conference in Cape Town, Mr. and Mrs. H— were in constant attendance. He is an active business man, and must have had to neglect business that week. "It is wonderful!" said Mrs. H—, as day by day the program of the conference brought all phases of the work of God before us.

She had had a rather special experience of the guiding hand of God in coming into this way. This is her story:

"I had heard the message preached, and was receiving Bible studies. I felt convinced that this was the truth, and that I ought to keep the Sabbath. But my husband at that time was opposed to the doctrines we had heard. He was really bitterly opposed.

"I was tired and lying down one day, worried with anxiety over the question of duty. I felt very broken. I felt that I must follow Jesus, even if it meant forsaking all for Him. I prayed earnestly, as I lay there, asking God for assurance in the right way. Was this the people of God? and should I go with them?

"Half dozing in my weariness, I heard a voice that instantly set me wide awake: 'They are My people; and I will be their God.'

"I got up and looked out of the door to make sure it was not one of my girls speaking. No one was there. I was fully convinced that God had given me the assurance for which I had prayed. I took my stand fully for this truth, and soon Mr. H— did the same."

So once again the promise was fulfilled:

"Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." Isa. 30: 21.

Yet our sister was hearing that voice in Holy Scripture, speaking all the time. Her heart was listening to the word, and that is the sure voice, above anything that could possibly come to the senses. The one in doubt as to the way must ever follow the way that stands written in the plain old Bible.

In these crises of experience that come, in deciding for or against the truth, men and women must deal with God, as it were, face to face across the written Word. Yet it is cheering as here and there these experiences of direct intervention are reported, showing that angels of God, unseen by mortal eyes, are hovering near to help all seekers after truth.

Of that experience long ago in the north of England, alluded to above, it may be well to speak more fully. The story was told me by Evangelist A. S. Rodd, who has held evangelistic missions year after year in the cities of England and Scotland. He said:

"A lady, with her husband, a retired sea captain, came to the meeting. They were interested and continued attendance. As I was just getting into the Sabbath question in the addresses, the lady said to the Bible worker:

"'Are you Seventh-day Adventists?'

"'Yes,' said our worker, at the same time fearing that the interested hearers might not continue to come; but they came.

"The Sabbath question was fully presented. Then the lady told the worker the following experience:

"'Twelve years ago, as I was longing to know the way of truth and was praying to know which way to take, I heard a voice speak to me, saying, "Every denomination has some truth, but the denomination that has the most truth is a small one called the Seventh-day Adventists." I had not heard the name before, and have not heard it since until I asked you if you were Seventh-day Adventists.'

"I had that night in the discourse referred to the Lord's speaking to hearts in the silent watches of the night. The lady came to me at the close of the sermon, and said, 'How did you know the Lord had spoken to me in the silent watches of the night?'

"I disclaimed any personal reference. But she said, 'That has been my experience,' and turning to her husband, she said, 'I am determined to keep the Sabbath.'

"Her life has since been a credit to the church."

LED TO THE WORD BY NIGHT

Brought into touch with mission effort in one of our great Eastern cities, a lady whose father was a Jew and her mother a Catholic, told me how God had directly called her to seek the light of truth. She said:

"I had known nothing of the Bible. At the time of which I speak, my husband had been called away on business, and I was alone for the night in my home.

"Soon after midnight I awoke, startled. Somehow a terrible fear was upon me. I could not explain it, but it was so real that I feared to stay in the house alone. A voice, calling me by name, said, 'Go to the hotel and take a room.' I got up and dressed and went out into the city, and took a hotel room about one o'clock in the morning. When I was shown to the room at the hotel, I saw a book lying on the table in my room.

It was one of the Bibles which the Gideon League distributes among hotels throughout the country. It was a new book to me.

"Thoroughly awake, I sat up the rest of the night and read that Bible. By early morning I wanted a Bible of my own. At first I thought I would ring for the boy, and ask him to ask the manager if I might not buy that copy. Then I thought it would appear strange, and they would think I was not quite balanced, coming to the hotel at one o'clock in the morning and then early in the morning trying to buy a Bible from them. So I went home.

"A friend called. I said, 'Have you a Bible?' 'Surely,' she said, 'I have two or three of them.' 'Let me have one,' I said. So, finding myself in possession of a Bible, I began to study it."

Very soon the lady was rejoicing in the experience of personal faith in Christ and His salvation. In telling me the story, the narrator said she could never cease to thank God that He woke her up that night so strangely, and sent her to the hotel to come in touch with His Holy Word.

"MY CHILD, JESUS LOVES YOU"

Fifteen hundred miles up the Yangtze, in China's Far West, a Bible woman came to me, saying, "I want to tell you what Jesus did for me. But I do not want you to think He would pay any special attention to me, or that I amount to anything." And here is the story Dora Li told:

As a small girl she had once attended a mission school, and had learned a few Bible texts. Then came her marriage, in girlhood, into a well-to-do Chinese family. She lived the ordinary life of the Chinese woman, with no thought of God. But she fell ill, and for weeks lay half conscious. Then it was that the long-forgotten Bible texts of years before kept coming to her mind. She often repeated them aloud.

"Stop it!" commanded her father.

"But I cannot help it," she answered. "They keep coming to my mind."

Then one day came a voice speaking to her heart. "It sounded so clearly that it seemed as loud and distinct as if a

human voice was speaking to my ear," said Mrs. Li. "And it said to me, 'My child, Jesus loves you; get up!'"

"I rose from my bed, and from that time made constant improvement until well and strong. Then I began to search to find some one to teach me about Jesus."

She found the Way, and was out among her Chinese sisters in Szechwan as a Bible woman.

"But I don't want you to think that I amount to anything," she said, "or that Jesus would pay any special attention to me."

The spoken voice had called her out of darkness to search for the true light.

TO THE JAPANESE INQUIRER

Evangelist Kuniya, of Japan, reported some years ago:

"An old lady about sixty years of age became interested and attended our meetings regularly. However, her husband and son opposed her, and she finally stopped coming.

"A few days ago she called one of our young workers, and related her experience. 'For some time,' she said, 'I was troubled greatly because my family opposed my attending your meetings. I thought it not good to disturb the peace of the home with my new religion, so decided to study and pray alone; but one night I was shown that I should attend the meetings.

"I heard a voice say, 'If you stop going to church, your soul will die.' Still I had not the courage to go. Very soon I was taken sick, and suffered for several days. I prayed the Lord to heal me, but the answer was, 'No.' I was perplexed and disappointed; but last night I saw the sin of neglecting to heed the warning of the messenger, and repented, and prayed to the Lord to heal me. Now the fever has left me, and I have promised to attend the meetings, and also to tell my friends and relatives of this truth.'"

She accepted Christ, and her testimony was a blessing to others.

THE VOICE OF ASSURANCE

About the year 1824, Samuel Broadbent was in Maquassi, the head kraal of Chief Siffonello, of the Baralong tribe of the Bechuanas. The tribes of South Africa were in commotion in

those days. The stronger nations, like the Zulus, were taking tribal areas by force; and lesser tribes, driven by fear and hunger, were overrunning one another. The Baralong had been driven from their old grounds, and were holding uncertain tenure of the Maquassi district.

One morning, Mr. Broadbent says in his "Narrative," the town was in confusion, and the people in a wild flight. He learned that scouts had brought word that thousands of the Mantatees, on war footing, were sweeping the country, aiming straight for the town. Everybody was fleeing. Chief Siffonello, who was friendly to the missionary, begged him to flee also. But Mrs. Broadbent had an infant only a few days old, and it was impossible to think of flight into the wilds. "You will be destroyed if you do not," begged the chief. "I cannot remain to defend you; they are too strong for us." But the missionary said he would stay and put his trust in his God. Mr. Broadbent says:

"There remained with us, after the chief and those with him had left, the wives of our wagon drivers, and a native boy and girl; but while my wife and I were taking some food in our room, these fled also, without letting us know of their intention to do so.

"And now we and our two children were left alone. A melancholy silence prevailed during the remainder of the afternoon. The evening drew on, and the usual sounds of men, flocks, and herds were not heard around us. The sun set, and the shades of night mantled over us.

"I sat alone in the center room of our dwelling, my wife and children in the adjoining lodging-room. I was not without gloomy and depressing forebodings as to what might be the events of that night; when suddenly it was spoken to me as clearly as by a voice in the ear, 'The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.' I instantly closed the window shutter (for we had no glass), went into the room with my wife and children, and in prayer and faith committed ourselves to the protection of that Name.

"Strange as it may appear, yet it is a fact, we were sooner than usual wrapped in sleep, and rested better that night than we had been accustomed to."

For three days thereafter, he says, the Mantatee warriors were passing through the town. But he adds:

“Mercifully, divine Providence kept them from us. This fact, and my refusal to flee, obtained for me the credit of great courage, which, indeed, I did not possess; for I should certainly have fled with my family had it been possible. The Baralong reported long afterward that I would not flee from the whole army of the Mantatees, and that they dared not come to the station while I was there.”

Well did the missionary know that the Lord who spoke the assurance in that time of peril, had sent His angels to guard His servants from the armed host overflowing the land.

GREEKS LED BY A VOICE

In the records of mission work in Asia Minor and Turkey, one runs across incidents that recall the fact that it was in this same region that the feet of apostolic missionaries trod the paths in New Testament times. Then it was in no wise unusual for the voice of an angel or of the Spirit to speak the word of conviction or guidance. Here are two incidents of about 1895, narrated by the late H. P. Holser, of Europe, showing how the spoken voice from above led two Greeks into the light. A young Protestant evangelist, an Armenian, was holding meetings in Turkey:

“Among the first to attend the meetings was a Greek, a zealous member of the Greek Catholic Church. He said but little, which is a rare exception, for the Greeks are great disputers, as they were in Paul’s day. This young Greek was quiet all the time, and when he heard the subject of the sanctuary and of Christ’s ministry as our high priest, he embraced the truth. Hereupon he asked the brethren if they had ever heard him dispute. They told him they had not. He then explained why. ‘The first time I came into your meeting,’ he said, ‘a voice said to me, “That young man has the truth. Listen to him; do not dispute!” And I followed the instructions of that voice; that is the reason I have not disputed.’”

Yet again in those times the Lord intervened in the unusual way.

“Another Greek was induced to come to the meeting. He opposed all that he heard, and finally decided not to come any more. One day as he was crossing the street, a voice said, ‘Turn down this street!’ He said, ‘No!’ But the impression became so strong that he finally yielded, and turned down the street. As he arrived before the house in which our meeting was held, the voice spoke to him, ‘Enter here,’ and he said again, ‘I will not go into that meeting today!’ But the Spirit strove with him until he went in.”

Still the young man opposed and disputed; but on a journey shortly after into ancient Cappadocia, the same Spirit that sent conviction into hearts in apostolic days strove with the young man until there on his journey he made his new surrender to Christ and to obedience to the truth.

A VOICE FROM ABOVE

It was in the Canadian Northwest, among the Russian-Ukrainian settlements, that a young Catholic was led to search for the Bible by a voice speaking to his soul. As an evangelist later among his people, I heard him tell, at a Canadian missionary conference, the story of his conversion. I transcribe from my notes as follows:

One day he was at an auction, standing indifferently by, merely out of curiosity. The auctioneer held up a large book and offered it for sale.

No one seemed to be interested, and as the auctioneer talked about the size of the book and begged for an offer, the Ukrainian youth good-naturedly bid 25 cents at a venture, never expecting to get it. But the auctioneer threw the book at him without waiting for another offer.

The book was called “Bible Readings for the Home Circle.” It was full of Bible pictures, and he was impressed that his mother would like to see those pictures. He would give the book to his mother. She would enjoy having so many religious pictures. But as he examined it, he saw references again and again to the Bible.

He was not acquainted with the book called the Bible. Somehow, the very references to the unknown book challenged his heart. He found that he wanted to know about God and about the Bible. The more he thought about it, the more heavily the burden pressed upon his heart that he must find God. He must know about religion.

It became an earnest, sincere burden upon his heart to search for the living God. He did the best he knew; he took a Catholic prayer book into the woods. Instructed in the ways of penance, or self-punishment, as a means of persuading God to be merciful, he cut out a sharp block with his ax, and knelt



A Colporteur of Northwest Canada

with his knees upon the cutting edge, doing penance for his sins, conscious that he was a sinner and without hope.

Hours he knelt before God in the woods, praying and pleading for mercy and for help. He continued until, from lack of food and pain from his self-imposed torture, he fainted.

Now, in his own words:

"When I came to, I was in despair. I felt that surely there was no God, or He would have somehow heard me. The heavens seemed but brass, and there was no hope in all the world, or in heaven above.

"Just then a little bird burst into singing in the trees above my head. Somehow the bird's song lifted the current of my thoughts. I thought there must be a God who made the birds sing. 'The bird is joyful,' thought I; 'why have I not joy?'

"Just then a voice spoke to my heart as clearly as though spoken to my ears. 'Rise up! You are to be a witness for Me to the Ukrainian people!'

"I went home, assured that God had spoken to my heart, and that there is a God who cares, and who had called me to serve Him. I was longing to know more. I knew so little as to what His salvation and service meant, but I was seeking now for light from God, and longing to know Him."

Next in order of Providence, a gospel colporteur came along. He talked of the Bible, and showed a religious book to the Ukrainian youth. "You needn't say anything more, I will take it," he said; "but what I want to know is how to get a Bible." Soon he had the coveted Book in his hands, and found there the Saviour from sin for whom he had been searching.

"RISE. AND GO!"

In his book, "Out of Darkness," Andrew D. Stewart relates the following story of the call that came to a young girl of India years ago:

"To a simple peasant couple living in a quiet little village among the hills of the Cuddagrab district of India, there was born a daughter, whom they called Radha. At five years of age she was betrothed. Ere she was of age to undertake the duties of wifehood, her betrothed husband died. It may be that this calamity increased the serious tendency of her mind, but from this time she had much serious thought of the great Unseen.

"'Mother,' said the thoughtful child, when she had not completed her eleventh year, 'tell me some way to heaven.'

"But the heathen mother's reply brought her scant comfort. As soon as she was old enough to undertake a journey, she set out on a pilgrimage to a well-known shrine, returning home with her heart no lighter. Thinking that perhaps her hard-earned money gift had not been sufficient, she resolved to visit the shrine of Venkateshwara, and that in addition to a money gift of six rupees, she would give her hair as an offering to the god. But even this brought her no satisfaction.

"In turn, she visited Rasverudu and Kadiri, and at the latter she again had her head shaved, and presented her hair as an offering. She returned to the quiet mountain home with a heavy heart. Her offerings and her pilgrimages had brought her no peace.

"On the occasion of a great religious festival, every man, woman, and child had left her village. She had no heart to go.

though her companions pressed her to accompany them. She was feeling very lonely and forsaken. Evening set in, and it became dark. As she sat in her loneliness, she heard distinctly some one say, as though the words had been spoken at her side, 'Rise, and go to Rajapalli!'

"Where the voice came from, she knew not, but she answered, 'Who is there?'

"Receiving no reply, she became frightened, and rose up and hurried out to meet the returning villagers. All the next day, the words kept ringing in her ears, 'Rise, and go to Rajapalli.'

"Why should she go? she asked herself. There was no temple there; and her friends sought to dissuade her. Again she set off on the old quest for peace. She arrived at Rajapalli, and spent a day or two there. As nothing happened, she set out for a town two miles distant, where lived a wonderful fakir who had never been known to speak. There was a crowd of worshipers who ministered to his wants, but her worship of the holy man seemed only to displease him, for he turned away from her. But salvation was near at hand.

"In the same town she met those who told her of the Christian's God. She was attracted by what she heard, and went again and again to those who knew of Him, asking to hear more concerning Him.

"When her relatives became aware that she was attending Christian services, they cast her out. A kindly neighbor took pity on her, and through her she was brought to the mission at Avandapat. Here she found the light she had long been seeking, and here she gave her whole life into Christ's keeping. She received Him with the simplicity of a little child, and continued joyfully and trustfully to walk with Him."

WARNED TO ESCAPE

In the Matabele rebellion, of 1896, outlying mission stations were endangered by the raiding tribesmen. Missionaries fled to Bulawayo. In his book, "On the Trail of Livingstone," W. H. Anderson tells of trips from Bulawayo to the region of the forsaken station, in order to get food supplies. The foraging for supplies had to be done by night. Of one experience he says:

"When our provisions began to run low again, I thought it was my turn to take the risk, and so went through to the farm in the night on foot to get another supply. While I was there, the natives reported to me that I could buy provisions at Solusi's village, about four miles away. I went down to see what I could find; and on my way back, a voice spoke to me, saying, 'Get out of here quickly, for you are in danger!'



A Matabele Village

"I wondered where the danger could come from, but hurried along the path as fast as I could run. That night I feared to sleep in our house at the mission, so took my blankets and slept in the thick bush about half a mile away.

"Next morning some friendly natives came up to the house, and asked what path I had taken on the way home from Solusi's kraal the night before. I told them which path I had taken, and they asked me where I was when the sun went down. I told them that I was near the river.

"They looked at one another in astonishment, and inquired if I had seen none of the rebels. I said, 'No.' Then I learned that within a few minutes after I heard the warning voice, about 300 of the rebels came down another footpath into the one along which I was traveling, and went on to Solusi's kraal.

"Again I was reminded of the assurance, 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.'"

THE VOICE TO HER HEART

Attending meetings in Queensland, Australia, I met one of the aged mothers in Israel, who bore clear testimony to the direct intervention of the Lord in turning her feet into the way of obedience to His commandments. This is the narrative, as set down from her own lips, as Mother Snape talked of the



Superintendent's Home, Solusi Mission, Southern Rhodesia

goodness of the Lord in guiding her through a long life. She said:

"I was a stanch Presbyterian. My husband and I had had some talk with Pastor G. B. Starr, who had come to Toowoomba. We knew that he was a Seventh-day Adventist, and had had some talk about the Sabbath question. One Saturday my husband and I were out in the field at work. Pastor Starr came along, having been holding meetings over in the Ranges. He stopped for a moment as he passed us.

"'Ah,' he called out, 'I see you are breaking the Sabbath to keep the Sunday.'

"I replied lightly, 'Yes, that is what we are doing.'

"Immediately a voice said to me, 'Yes, that is what you are doing, breaking the Sabbath.'

"And all day long, and all through the Sunday service at the church next day, every now and then it was ringing in my ear. 'Yes, that is what you are doing, breaking the Sabbath.'"

"You did not hear it with your ears?" I said to Mrs. Snape, as she was relating the experience.

"No," she replied, "not with my ears, but it was so clear that I thought every one else would hear it with their ears. It was just as distinct as if it was being spoken in an ordinary voice."

Before the next Sabbath came, Mrs. Snape and her husband had decided to keep the Sabbath of the Lord.

THE CHALLENGING VOICE

While visiting in Australia I met a resident of Sydney, an earnest Christian and an energetic man in business. His experience shows that still, as of old, the Lord is able to deal with honest hearts, however careless, sometimes taking an unusual way of turning feet into the right path. The brother said:

"I had been an ungodly man, and drank quite a bit. My wife and daughter had kept the Sabbath for twelve months before I knew it, as they had feared my objections to their joining this people.

"One day I went into the hotel [saloon]. As I lifted the glass of beer to my lips, it tasted stale and putrid.

"'What is the matter with this beer?' I asked.

"'Nothing,' said the barkeeper. 'Others are drinking the same. The trouble is with you.'

"He gave me a glass of stout, but it was just the same. It was intolerable to my taste. Next I called for whisky, and it was the same experience. It was most unpalatable. I turned and left, and found that the whole desire for drink was taken from me from that moment. My mates could not understand why I had ceased going to the hotel, but I was done with the drink. I did not tell my wife, however.

"Two or three weeks later the camp-meeting came on, and I attended. An appeal was made at one of the early morning meetings. Brother Knight said to me as we left the tent, 'When will you take your stand?'

"'Not now,' I said; 'I am not inclined to change my position.'

"But after the meeting, as I walked with him down toward the dining-tent, I felt something as if a hand pressed against

my breast, and a voice said, 'How far are you going before you turn back?'

"I knew it was the voice of God. I stopped. The brother said, 'Why have you stopped?'

"'Never mind,' I said, 'you go on.'

"I thereupon returned to the ministers' tent where Pastor Fulton was, and said: 'I have had a call from the Lord,' and as we talked there that morning, I made my surrender to God."

IN EARLY RUSSIAN DAYS

Here is a report from early Russian times, showing how the Lord spoke directly to one Russian family:

"Listen how the Spirit of the Lord works in this country: On July 27 a Baptist went with his family to his field to harvest. It was the Sabbath, and we were just gathering to study the Word of God together. After being there a little while, the man came in with two scythes on his shoulders, followed by his wife and children, all in tears. For a moment we hardly knew what to say. When we asked him, he told us that when he began to harvest, a voice seemed to say to him constantly, 'Today is the day of the Lord, a holy day.' He could not work any longer, and today they united with us."

"TAKE THE OTHER ROAD"

Speaking of a Seventh-day Adventist preacher's deliverance from a hostile plot in the Brazilian interior, F. W. Spies, president of the East Brazil Union Conference, has reported:

"In a certain section, an interest sprang up among Catholics. Some had already embraced the Sabbath truth, and were keeping the day. This exasperated those who turned against it. Satan decided to put a stop to the work by inspiring the opposers to give the preacher a good flogging.

"A secret plan was laid, and some thirty of the enemies of the truth gathered at a small rum shop by the road where the worker was expected to pass. They then encouraged each other by drinking more rum and telling how they would flog the preacher. They even tied the gate through which he must pass, and felt sure they had him in their power.

"The worker, however, was entirely ignorant of this plot, and was planning on taking this, the usual road, as he journeyed

on the following day. There was another road, which would take the worker to the same destination, but it was more difficult and less traveled.

"On the morning of his departure, as he was saddling his mule to continue his journey, the conviction seized him, and it seemed almost like an audible voice, saying to him, 'Take the other road.' Though the old and known road would have been far preferable, he obeyed what seemed to him the Lord's guidance, though he could not then understand it, and was soon well on his way.

"Not small was his surprise when, upon a later visit, the worker was informed of the plan of the opposers, and he realized how marvelously the Lord had led him and frustrated the designs of the would-be persecutors of His servant."

"GET UP, AND GO!"

In 1926, Dr. Ang, son of our veteran Pastor Ang, of Swatow, China, was captured by bandits, who held him prisoner in a cave for ransom. Of his second night in captivity, Missionary I. B. Newcomb wrote:

"He claimed the promises of Psalms 34:4, 7, and that evening went to sleep, feeling assured that the Lord would not forsake him.

"About midnight he was awakened by some one's telling him to get up and go. At first he thought the men were joking with him. He spoke to them, but they were all sound asleep. He quickly arose and slipped out past the two men on guard at the entrance, who were sleeping soundly.

"He started to run, but where should he run? Here he was, miles from he didn't know where. So as he ran he breathed a short prayer for guidance, and immediately heard the same voice that told him to get out, now telling him to follow the stars. On looking up, he saw three very bright stars. These he followed as he ran, stumbling and falling over the bowlders (he afterward showed me many bruises and cuts he had received on the jagged rocks), and even swam two or three rivers, until he arrived at a small village, where he secured lodging for the remainder of the night, then took a boat for home the next morning."



MISSIONARIES IN THE ANDES

"He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee." Ps. 91: 11.

The Footprints of Angels

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Hebrews 1: 14.

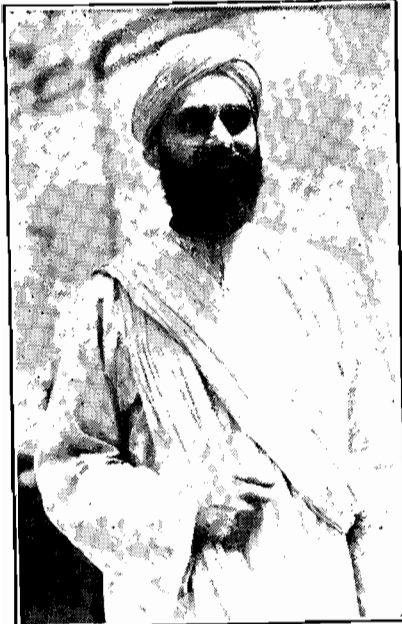
PROTECTORS IN "SHINING RAIMENT"

A REMARKABLE character in India is Sundar Singh, called out of Hinduism to be an evangelist in such out-of-the-way places as Tibet, Nepal, and other forbidden areas along the northern India border countries. Where no European missionary could go, Sundar Singh, in his robe of the Hindu holy man, or *sadhu*, but with the Christian evangel on his lips, made his way to and fro alone. He has related many a story of providential deliverance. A Lutheran pastor in Europe, Fr. Heiler, who has published a book in Munich about the evangelist, relates the following:

"Once as he [Sundar Singh] sat on the banks of a river, having lost his way in the jungle, lo, a strange man came and bore him, swimming across the rushing stream to the farther bank. But as he looked about to thank his helper, the stranger had disappeared. . . . Once a band of men armed with sticks fell upon him. He began to pray, and behold as he opened his eyes after prayer he was alone. Next morning the men who had attacked him returned, and asked him about the men in shining raiment who were round about him as they had attacked the night before, and he recognized that the angels of the Lord had encamped round about."

Sundar Singh takes a very modest, sane view of those experiences. To him they are but natural tokens of the promised presence of the Lord with those who go in His name, into regions where it would be impossible to go in human strength alone. He told Pastor Heiler:

"The greatest, I may say the one great miracle that we can experience is the miracle of Christ's peace. That a poor, un-



Wide World Photos

Sundar Singh

A Christian Indian missionary from the Punjab district of northern India

sage by an uncommon experience. She could not read. Later she came to feel that in her ignorance God had in mercy drawn her attention to the Christian teaching by special means. After she had destroyed her idols and become fully a Christian, she told this experience, reported by Evangelist Kuniya:

"When I came to the meeting the first night, I had never heard a Christian sermon. As I came into the meeting room with my daughter and sat down, there seemed to be a strange light by you while you were speaking.

"I asked my daughter if she could see it; but she said that she could see nothing strange. I continued to see it as long as you were speaking from the Bible; and since I have learned more of the Bible, I have come to believe that it must have been

clean, restless, sinful man may receive the forgiveness of God, and taste the peace of Christ that passeth all understanding, that is a miracle above all miracles. If one has experienced this miracle, one need not be skeptical about any so-called miracle without.

"The greatest miracle of all is the new birth. Has any one experienced this in his life? Then may he know that all other miracles are possible. He who believes in this miracle believes in all miracles."

WAS IT AN ANGEL'S PRESENCE?

An elderly Japanese woman who came into an evangelist's meeting had her attention riveted upon the preacher and his mes-

an angel of the Lord sent to lead me to the true religion. I thank and praise Him for showing the light to me, a poor heathen."

"A MYSTERIOUS RESCUE"

Under this title, a chapter in F. A. Stahl's book, "In the Land of the Incas," tells the story of a deliverance that came to the missionary and his wife, pioneering among the Indians



Missionaries F. A. Stahl and His Wife
Visiting the Indian Stations in the Lake Titicaca Mission Field

of Peru. They were staying in a village, when a mob of about five hundred Indians attacked the party. The priests had been giving the Indians alcohol, and were inciting them to drive out the missionaries. Some of the attackers were armed with guns. On they came, picking up stones as they surrounded the house where the missionaries were staying. Missionary Stahl says:

"The first thing they did was to cut loose our five horses, so that they plunged frightened down a ten-foot bank and ran

wildly off across the valley. I tried to stop the horses, but was attacked by some of the mob, and struck several times with stones. One stone wounded me severely on the head, and the blood blinded me. I almost fell; but Mrs. Stahl pulled me into the hut and closed the door just in time to avoid another terrible volley of missiles.

"In another moment, however, hundreds of stones crashed through the door, smashing it into bits; and the yard was filled with shouting, frantic Indians. We quickly piled our baggage in front of the opening in the door, to prevent them from forcing their way in. They were shouting now loudly in the Indian language, 'Pitchim catum,' which means, 'Catch them and burn them,' all the while trying to push the baggage aside, and striking at us with their steel-tipped whips. The very fact that so many were trying to force their way in at one time, retarded them. Above the yelling of the Indians, we could hear the laughter of the priests.

"In all this time we had not forgotten to seek the Lord, and we were ready to meet death for Him if He so willed. I hastily wrote a few lines to our coworkers and children at the home station, asking them to go on with the work. Mrs. Stahl prayed with and comforted the two Indian women who were with us in the hut. Our three native young men were brave and true, and were only concerned for us. With great difficulty did I restrain Luciano from rushing out upon the mob. Had he done so, he would have been torn to pieces in a moment.

"At this juncture, the priests called loudly to the Indians to set fire to the straw roof; and soon some were coming with torches to obey the command. One of them climbed upon a pile of stones to light the roof; but as he applied the torch, the Indian woman who owned the hut jumped up on the stones beside him, knocking him off, and pulled out the burning straw with her hands. Just as she succeeded in tearing out the last of it, she fell down, and some of the straw fell upon her bare head, burning her severely. She afterward proved a very important witness, because of this.

"At this moment, when others of the Indians were making ready their torches to set fire to the hut, and we had given up all hope of rescue, the whole mob, priests and all, withdrew. We came out of the hut in time to see the priests mounting their horses quickly, and fleeing across the valley, the mob following them.

"We asked a frightened-looking Indian who stood near why these people had fled so precipitately. He said, 'Didn't you see that great company of Indians coming, all armed, to defend you?' I did not see them. I turned to Mrs. Stahl, and asked her if she did. She said, 'No.' The Indian insisted that there was a great army of Indians coming to help us. We looked around, but could see no one. We know now that God sent His angels in that form to rescue us. There is no other way to account for what occurred."

THE "FOURTH" MAN IN THE BOAT

The missionary knows well that the promised presence of the angels of God round about in the work of winning souls, is to be relied upon, though no visible sign of their activities is usually in evidence. Especially may he claim the heavenly helpers' aid in times of special peril.

Here is a testimony to the presence of a heavenly guardian guiding in a stretch of river currents more perilous than the missionary was aware of. Missionary L. J. Borrowdale was pioneering along one of the rivers of Venezuela, having two helpers with him in the mission launch. Coming to a fork of the river, they decided to take the right branch of the stream, and on they went over unknown waters.

They had not proceeded far when they saw that they could not go farther up that branch. They returned to the fork and took the left branch, went as far as the waning light would permit, cast anchor, and slept in the boat. The next morning they proceeded on their way, and held meetings with the people of a certain town. On returning down the river, they stopped at a house at the forks of the river, and were given permission to stay all night. We will let Missionary Borrowdale tell the story in his own words:

"The owner of the house wanted to know where our companion was. We told him he was down at the boat, and would soon be up. I thought he had reference to the boy.

"He asked, 'But where is the other one?' I said we were all there. He said there were four of us when we went up.

He then asked, 'Didn't you know that this is a very dangerous part of the river?'

"We replied that we did not know that it was.

"Then he said, pointing to my companion, 'You were at the front steering, and you [pointing to me] were at the side leaning over to watch, and the boy was on the other side taking the depth of the river.'

"I asked, 'Where was the other man?'

"He replied, 'He was standing right by you.'

"He told us how each of us was dressed, and I asked, 'What did the other man have on?'

"He replied, 'He was dressed in white, and he stood beside you.'

"Later he told us the same thing again, and I was made to realize that 'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.' We should never forget to give God thanks, for many times He delivers us from dangers that we are not aware of."

HELD BACK FROM DANGER

While I was visiting the Far West of Australia, several friends were engaged in conversation regarding the delivering providences of God. Mr. H. Ward, one of the members of the Perth church, related an incident which I summarize from the notes as follows:

Formerly connected with the company of believers in Perth was a blind brother, now dead. He lived at East Perth, and traveled in and out of the city by suburban trains. He was aged, but knowing the city well, he freely made his way about alone.

One day he was traveling homeward by train. The last station before his own had been passed, and he was waiting, alert, so that he might step out quickly the moment his train stopped by the East Perth platform. He was alone in the compartment.

The train stopped, and he stepped quickly to the door, and tried to open it, but the catch held fast. He worked at it energetically, fearing the train would move on again. (It should

be understood that in the English compartment system, the door from each compartment opens outward on the side of the train, passengers stepping directly out.)

As he tugged at the door in vain, an express train dashed by close alongside, almost brushing the side of his train. Then he knew that he was not at the station, but that his train had stopped in the yards in order to let the express pass. Had he been able to swing open the door of the compartment, he must surely have been struck by the on-coming express.

In a moment his own train had pulled into the station, stopping at the platform. The blind man put his hand upon the door latch, and found that it opened easily as ever aforetime. He stepped out on the platform, thanking God for his deliverance.

"Ever afterward as he spoke of it," said Mr. Ward, "he would state his confident belief that the angel of the Lord had held fast the door to save him from peril when he had mistakenly tried to leave the train in the yards."

LED TO THE RIGHT PLACE

The following experience, related by Evangelist A. S. Rodd, of England, bears witness that truly the Lord does sometimes take an extraordinary way of leading honest hearts into the light. The usual way of working brings the great ingathering of souls. Yet while acknowledging His blessing upon these usual processes of soul-winning activity, it strengthens our faith to see His hand clearly revealed in extraordinary ways. This is the story as told by Pastor Rodd:

"Some years ago a lady came to our evangelistic meetings in ——. She had been an invalid, scarcely able to walk. She was an earnest Christian, but dissatisfied with her past experience, and longing to find the way of truth more fully. To this end she had prayed.

"One night in a dream, she told us, it seemed to her that an angel came and spoke to her. In the dream she said to the angel:

"'I do not see how you can find the time to come to me.'

"Her visitant replied: 'I can spare time always to visit any one who wants the truth.'

"He beckoned her to follow, and led her to a mission hall, and pointing her to a certain seat in the hall, he bade her listen here and receive the truth. 'You will find the truth here,' the angel said. Then she awoke.

"'Ever since,' she said to us, 'I have looked for that mission hall.'

"She had searched long up and down the city, visiting one place and then another, without finding the hall of which she had so vivid an impression.

"'But here I see it tonight,' she said, 'and there,' pointing to a certain chair, 'is the very place where I sat in my dream.'

"Needless to say, she was an attentive listener as the meetings continued, and with joy she accepted fully the message for these times."

If all the angels are "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," why should it be considered incredible that an angel should visit a praying soul and point the way to the place of truth? One cheering lesson of the story is the evidence it gives that God knows every home in all the great cities where a soul is praying for light.

GUARDIAN ANGELS

An Australian Christian worker, A. M. Williams, has put into verse the Scripture teaching as to angel guardianship:

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34:7.

"There are faithful angel watchers with their wings above us spread,
Shielding us from unseen dangers night and day;
Prompting us to seek for guidance when unconsciously we tread
In the paths of hidden danger by the way.
Could the veil of mist be lifted and our mortal eyes behold
Silent records being taken of each scene,
How we'd guard our words and actions, many tales we'd leave untold,
And we'd strive to keep our records pure and clean.

"And the books were opened." Rev. 20:21.

"For the solemn hour approaches when those books by angels kept,
Will be opened at the page that bears our name.

Do we fear to meet the record — deeds o'er which the angels wept,
Sins for which our Saviour suffered grief and shame?
When our names are called in judgment, will our Advocate appear
And confess before the angels, 'They are Mine'?
Or deny, 'I do not know them, they refused My call to hear,
And those cherished sins of theirs would not resign'?"

"I prayed in my house, and, behold, a man stood before me in bright clothing, and said, Cornelius, thy prayer is heard." Acts 10:30, 31.

"When we stand for truth mid error and temptation's waves resist,
All is noted by these angel friends of ours;
And they draw a little nearer, ever ready to assist,
And thus weaken by their aid the tempter's powers.
When discouragement o'ertakes us, and we sink beneath its waves,
Looking through the hazy glass of doubt and fear;
Angel guards press close around us, pointing up to Him who saves,
And again our hearts are filled with hope and cheer.

"We wrestle not against flesh and blood." Eph. 6:12.

"Evil angels throng our pathway, as with eager haste they press
Their temptations and their snares to trip our feet;
Holding up the world before us in its artificial dress,
Luring to forbidden pathways by deceit.
As the brightness of the candle lures the moth to hidden death,
So the glitter of this world appears to charm;
But its joys are on the surface, and destruction lurks beneath,
Blinding eyes to faithful signals of alarm.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Heb. 1:14.

"But our Father in His wisdom knows the weakness of our frame —
Knows our adversary's strength and subtle power;
And in tender love and mercy sends the angels in His name
To sustain and keep us in temptation's hour.
Angels find their highest pleasure in this work for fallen man,
Dwelling with us mid earth's saddest scenes below;
Working in co-operation with their loved Commander's plan
To uplift and save the world from sin and woe."

Man or Angel--It Matters Not Which

*"For thereby some have entertained angels un-
awares." Hebrews 13:2.*

DELIVERED FROM THE DEATH PIT

WHILE visiting America, Sundar Singh, the Indian evangelist, who goes into places where no European missionary can enter, told the following story in an interview secured by the *New York Evening Post*:

"Once when I went into Tibet, into the Forbidden Land, I was thrown into a well forty feet deep, where all the murderers were thrown. Before I was thrown in, my arm was almost broken, so that there would be no hope of escape. The bones of the murderers were about me. The well top was locked, and there was one key only, in the possession of a lama. I was condemned to death. I had no hope of escape from the well. I prayed to God only for escape from the body, and intrusted my spirit to His hands.

"I was there two days and two nights, and the third night somebody came and opened the door, and I asked him for help. He had a rope, and told me to put the rope under my legs and he would pull me up, and he did. It was a quite dark night, and I could not see him well. When I was up, he disappeared, and I waited for him to come back. But he did not come.

"In the morning I preached again in Rasar, in that same village, and the lamas were surprised to see me alive and out of the well. They put the men of the village in a line, and asked me which one had done it, but I could recognize no one. And they said the key had been stolen, but it was found in the lama's girdle. They said some one had broken the lock, but they found it was not so. The lock was quite all right. I did not think at first it was something extraordinary. I thought it was just a good man. But later I knew it must have been something extraordinary. 'Lo, I am with you even unto the end of the world,' Christ said. And He was with me!

"The lama was frightened, and asked me to forgive him, and to take his woolen shawl as a sign that I forgave him.

Since then the people in that village of Rasar have been my friends."

"Perhaps it was an angel," said Sundar Singh in another relation, "or Jesus Himself, who drew me out of the well. However it was, it was a miraculous work. The greatest marvel,



Tibetans in Winter Dress

however, was that in the midst of these fearful sufferings Jesus filled my heart with His peace."

"Not that the days of miracles are past," says Sundar, "but the trouble is the days of faith are gone."

FRIEND OR ENEMY IN BORNEO WILDS?

The missionary knew that if the man with the weapon was an enemy, only the restraint of God could hold him from attacking; if a friend and guard, then surely he was sent of God. It was in Borneo. Missionary L. B. Mershon's experience in the wilds that night is told in Mrs. Elizabeth Mershon's "With the Wild Men of Borneo," in her husband's own words. He had been into the jungle to visit an Indian inquirer, on a remote rubber plantation. He says:

"I found the Indian man and his wife at home, and both were very anxious to hear more of the gospel. As I had not had lunch, they placed food on the table, and told me to eat

while I talked. They were eager to know more of the Saviour, and why He came to this earth to die for man. They urged me to stay overnight, so that they might learn more. This was impossible. I had to hold a service at a little town near Papar on the following day, and my appointments were made to leave for Singapore the day after.

"Still wearing my wet clothes, I started off on the return journey with the guide. It was late in the day; and as there is no twilight in the tropics, we hurried to pass the Bajan villages before dark. It is dangerous for a man to pass through



The First Man Baptized in Borneo
The stakes are to keep off the crocodiles

any of these villages at night. I had in my pockets \$400, which I had collected on my journey up the line, and I was a little nervous about going through the jungle with the darkness coming on. When we had gone half the way, the guide told me he could not go the rest of the distance. The truth was that he had a friend who lived close by, and he wanted to visit him. Darkness was almost upon us, and there remained two villages to pass. I knew it was useless for me to urge him to come along, and although dreading the journey alone, I told him he could leave me there.

"Starting off alone, with a prayer in my heart to God for protection, I plunged into the jungle, with more than three miles yet to go. Presently a form loomed ahead of me. In the dim light I saw that it was a native with a huge club in his hand, going in the same direction. I did not want to pass him; so, lessening my pace, I followed slowly behind. Some time elapsed, and he did not seem to gain ground; so I decided to pass him

and put a greater distance between us. I knew that one blow from that club would kill me, and after being relieved of the money in my pocket, my body would provide food for the crocodiles in the river close by, and no one would be the wiser. Fear gripped my heart, but the promises of God came into my mind.

"Starting forward and walking at a rapid pace, I soon overtook the native and passed him. You can imagine my feelings when I saw him fall into step with me about a pace and a half behind. Afraid to run and thus reveal to him my nervousness, I hurried still more. So did he. I slowed down; he slowed down. Again I hurried, and again he hurried. Seeing that I could not shake him off, I stepped aside, pretending to tie my shoe laces. He waited for me. Not a word was said all this time. There was nothing for me to do but to go ahead. We got into step again, I in front, and the native just behind. If I had been considered a fast walker before, this time I broke all former records. On we sped, and not an inch did I gain. My feet were sore, and my muscles began to weaken. Soon I saw the lights of Papar in the distance, and when we reached the outskirts of the town, my native companion vanished.

"To this day, I have never known whether he was an angel sent to protect me, or a native bent on hurting me, but restrained by the power of God. I know that I was delivered, and God's hand was in it. Thus we see the precious promise fulfilled."

THE UNKNOWN DELIVERER

In his "Tight Corners in China," Samuel Pollard, of England, tells how an unknown savior interposed to deliver him from surely impending death. An armed mob in western China was attacking his house. He says:

"I asked one of my men what it all meant. He quietly replied, 'Capture—murder.' Then I became aware of the fact that I was face to face with death, and in all probability a cruel death.

"Seeing there was no way of escape, I slipped on my Chinese gown, and went out to the men who had come to capture me. I was immediately surrounded by the armed men, who were about sixty in all.

"I can hardly tell you what my feelings were as I stood in the open midnight air in the midst of the fierce, shouting mob.

One man of the crowd kept near me and fascinated me terribly. He was armed with a long sword, such as executioners use in China, and from the way he stuck to me it seemed that he regarded me as his prey, on whom he would soon try his skill. I found out afterward that it had already been decided that I should die by beheading, and so it was that the man with the sword walked by my side.

"Two of the three Miao who had come with me were cruelly beaten, and I could do nothing to save them, except to entreat our captors to let them go, as they were in no way responsible for anything.

"I tried to keep my wits about me, and wondered if in any way I could escape. And I prayed in that dark hour for all I was worth. When I thought of my wife and children in England, life seemed so sweet to me that I longed to escape.

"Presently we came to a bank, with a stream running at the bottom. There was a little confusion as we came here, and taking advantage of this, I jumped at a venture. Landing in the water, I ran for my life down the stream, hoping that in the darkness I could elude my pursuers.

"As soon as it was known I was trying to escape, there was a great hue and cry. As all hands were concentrated on me, my companions in trouble managed to slip away in the dark, and my attempted escape brought salvation to them.

"My run was only a short one. My pursuers knew the short cut, and before long I was again surrounded on a sandbank in the bed of the stream.

"Savagely the men drove at me. The first to strike me was a strong man with a huge club. I watched him swing this club round, and as it descended I wondered what the next moment would mean for me. Crash—it came on my poor ribs, and then I was lying helpless on the sand.

"Trying to rise again, I saw another with an iron weapon striking hard at me, and then it was crash once more. From this cruel second blow I have suffered more than from all the rest put together.

"From all sides they came at me, and I lost count of what they did. At last I wished they would strike hard in some vital place, and let me go home to Jesus. I never thought I would live through it, after what I had endured.

"There was One, however, who was watching over me, and it was not His wish that I should die at that time.

"As I was lying broken and hopeless, expecting every minute to be my last, there came a change, dramatic and sudden. From the ranks of the men surrounding me there stepped out a man clad in a white sheepskin jacket. What was he going to do? He stepped to my side, knelt down by me, and with arms folded around me he lay on me as I lay there. He interposed his body between me and the blows.

"This sudden movement took the men aback, and for a moment they hesitated. He backed up his movement by shouting: 'No more beating! No more beating!'

"To this unknown man in the sheepskin jacket I owe my life. Because he risked himself, I am living today. I never found out who the man was. To me he is still the unknown savior."

THE LOAF IN THE FOREST

A Swedish colporteur was returning from the mountain settlements in central Sweden, where books had been left in many homes. The story was told me by the colporteur:

"I had the money for the books in my pocket, but on the return journey through the forest roadway I ran out of food. I was exhausted, and needed something to eat. It was really a serious matter. I turned aside from the path among the trees, and prayed to God to give me strength and help me to keep on until I could find food. The Lord blessed in that prayer season among the trees, and I turned back again to the road with my heart encouraged and my spirit strengthened.

"Just as I came into the road, a man met me, the first human being I had met for hours on that lonely way. He was carrying a sack on his back. As I stepped out into the road, just as he came up, he stopped and put his hand into the sack and took out a loaf of bread. Holding it out to me, he said, 'Here, do you want this?' I took it, for I did want it. I realized that God had sent it to me. I turned aside after passing on a little way, and sat down by a stream, eating my bread and drinking from the mountain brook, and thanking God for His love and care."

Whether it was man or angel who handed out the loaf on that forest path, the colporteur says, is an immaterial consideration. The essential fact is that he was a Heaven-sent agent bringing help in answer to the prayer of a child of God in need.



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JOHN G. PATON
Pioneer Missionary to the New Hebrides Islands

The Restraining Hand

"He suffered no man to do them wrong; yea, He reprov'd kings for their sakes; saying, Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm." Psalms 105:14, 15.

"WHY DID WE NOT DO IT?"

IN 1877 the French pioneer of missions in Rhodesia, François Coillard, was pushing northward toward Bulawayo. Lobengula was king there, and a savage. But long before reaching Bulawayo, Coillard and his wife and niece and some native Christian families found themselves in deadly peril. One of their wagons was stuck in the mire. The chief Masoula and his men surrounded them, foaming with fury, and refused to let them go on. These savages dragged the women of the party to the tops of some high rocks, but Coillard followed after, and by dominating their wills was able to turn the party down again to the wagons. His native teachers wanted to begin fighting with guns, saying they would rather die like men if they had to die. "Yes, my friends," Coillard said, "die like men, but like Christians, too. Lay down your guns, and put your trust in God and pray. 'They that be with us are more than they that be with them.'"

So for hours the little party was threatened, and some of the oxen were stolen. Led by the witch doctor, the savages swarmed round and round the wagons, waiting for courage to crush the little camp.

"'The night is falling,' they cried, 'and you are in our hands. We will have your blood and everything you possess, and we shall see if your God will deliver you.'

"I trembled at the thought that one blow from a hatchet might explode the chest lying outside the wagon, which contained our whole stock of powder. Seeing me stand opposite with a sjambok [rhinoceros hide] whip in my hand, they withdrew a short distance. The sun was going down, and our position became more critical every instant. My wife on her

side was doing her own work; she had assembled the wives and children of the evangelists around her, to besiege the throne of grace and gather strength and calmness in prayer.

"When once the bullocks were inspanned, we thought the cry of 'Trek!' would be the signal for a hail of arrows and assagais. But no! It only provoked the yells of the infuriated mob, and the bullocks were so excited thereby that they gave a vigorous pull at the yoke, and dragged the wagon out! The effect upon the natives was magical. Those who were blocking the way fell back to let us pass; the others made no attempt to pursue us.

"Meanwhile what was to be done? Night fell, and the natives would not retire. All around us their fires were glowing along the edge of the forest; we could even hear them commenting with animation on the events of the day. And then it was that the plot revealed itself, which laid bare the horror of our adventure the day before. To throw our ladies down from the crag we were climbing, and then fall upon us, massacre every one, and plunder our possessions — such had been their design.

"'And why did we not do it?' they kept asking each other, clacking their tongues.

"Still when we considered it calmly, we found we had more reason for thanksgiving than for murmuring. Our lives were safe; though our goods had been looted, our cases had not been rifled; and although we had lost a good many bullocks, thirty remained, ten for each wagon.

"We could not go far, for the night was very dark; and at every difficult place we had to double the teams. We had to resign ourselves to wait till the morning. The natives surrounded us, but did not attack us. Thus 'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.'"

In the morning the presence of the Lord still held off the enemy, and slowly Coillard made his way on to Bulawayo, only to be sent away hastily by King Lobengula, who was furious at the white man's preaching, and refused the presents that were brought. However, he compelled the wild Banyai to restore the oxen they had stolen, saying that he wished nothing to hinder Coillard's making rapid speed in getting out of his country.

"Why did we not do it?" was the cry of these savages who could so easily have done it, had they not felt the restraining presence of the Lord, who again and again in the missionary wilds has said in our day, as in olden time, "Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm."

MOFFAT FACES THE CHIEF'S SPEAR

When Robert Moffat was about leaving England for Africa, a lady asked for his autograph in her album. He wrote:

"My album is the savage breast
Where darkness reigns and tempests wrest,
Without one ray of light:
To write the name of Jesus there,
And point to worlds both bright and fair,
And see the native bow in prayer,
Is my supreme delight."

Among the Bechuanas, Moffat met savage breasts that had little use for the gospel message. The rains failed, and by many signs the witch doctors could tell that the missionaries were responsible. Moffat was to be driven out or killed. The head chief and his men came to execute the decision. Moffat tells how he saw the good hand of Providence holding the chief's hand:

"While the chief was speaking, he stood quivering, his spear in his right hand. Mrs. Moffat was at the door of our cottage, with the babe in her arms, watching the crisis, for such it was."

The babe, by the way, was Mary Moffat, later the wife of Livingstone. Thus the chief threatened the missionary with spear poised. Deane's story of Moffat quotes the missionary's dauntless reply and refusal to flee:

"Then throwing open his waistcoat, Moffat stood erect and fearless. 'Now then,' he said, 'if you will, drive your spears to my heart; and when you have slain me, my companions will know that the hour has come for them to depart.'

"At these words the chief man looked at his companions, remarking, with a significant shake of the head, 'These men must have ten lives, when they are so fearless of death; there must be something in immortality.'"

Robert Moffat, with breast bared to receive the blow, knew that the restraining hand of God alone had held the savage arm powerless to strike.

FURY RESTRAINED IN TURKEY

It was in ancient Asia that the apostle Paul found safety in the violent dissension that arose between the differing schools of Pharisee and Sadducee, as the Jews were trying him. In modern Asia, in earlier pre-war days, an Armenian Seventh-day Adventist evangelist, the late Z. G. Baharian, found deliverance by dissensions that arose between members of a mob seeking his life. The building where he had held a meeting was surrounded. Stones were flying. He wrote:

"Death seemed very near. We had no refuge but God, whom we trusted. One man was climbing up the wall to enter and take me out. If I were once in their hands, I could have no hope for life. But surely the angels of God had been sent to keep me from danger. I prayed to God, holding fast to His word, and behold, the people became divided, one class saying, 'Let us take him out this very night,' and the other, 'Let us wait till tomorrow.' The latter prevailed, and they went home. Thanks to God, it was very still, and we rejoiced."

The preacher went away at once. But when, later, he returned to the same city, the wild uproar broke out again. A report tells how, this time, the eyes of the mob seemed held to allow the escape. We read:

"While they were engaged in their worship, another crowd assembled, until about a thousand people were there. They were screaming, crying to have the preacher given to them, throwing dust into the air, and stoning the house. A few brethren in the house barricaded the door, and then the mob began to dig a hole through the wall. The brethren within said, 'Now is the time to go.' They went out through the crowd who were pulling and hauling one another to get at the preacher. The preacher and his friends continued on to the dwelling of the mayor of the village; and all the way not a particle of harm resulted. The mayor told the evangelist he must leave the village; that it was impossible to restore order until he did. So the mayor provided horses and soldiers, and sent him out of the village."

"IT IS AS IF I AM BOUND"

In his book, "Out of Darkness," Mr. Andrew Stewart tells the story of a girl in India who, despite threats and persecution, followed the Way of which she had heard by the preaching of a street evangelist. The story goes:

"She was but a little girl, but her relatives became alarmed when they saw what a change had come to her. They tried to force her to worship the idols, and to rub her forehead once more with the sacred ashes of Siva. She had found the living God. All other gods were henceforth dead to her.

"Her parents, finding persuasion fruitless, tried all the cruel means their heathen hearts could devise to force her, but she would not yield. To save herself from the terrible fate that she knew awaited her if she remained longer at home, she fled. She took refuge with Miss Wilson-Carmichael, of the Church Mission.

"Again and again her father came to claim her. They dared not have retained her at the mission had he insisted, even had she refused to go. He had always to leave without accomplishing his object. He had been heard to mutter, as he went away:

"'What is the matter with me? My hands are strong to take her. It is as if I am bound and held from touching her!'"



One of India's Millions
Martha, the girl wife, married at six years
of age, purchased her liberty and gave
herself to the work of Christ

CANNIBALS HELD BACK

James Chalmers, the pioneer missionary among the cannibals of New Guinea, knew well that the Master who said, "Go," was with him in the perilous round of pioneer service. In his autobiography and letters, prepared by Richard Lovett, we are told of one occasion when he was compelled to leave Mrs. Chalmers for a long period alone with only the native teachers. It was an arrangement justified only by faith in the power of the Lord to be the defense of His servants. Often the cannibals gathered round about for their feasts. Lovett says of Mrs. Chalmers' determination to remain for the sake of the work:

"Never was there a more courageous or self-denying action than this. Alone among a horde of cannibals, for the sake of Christ! There was no possibility of her hearing from her husband. All her possessions were eagerly coveted by the savages, and that the bodies of herself and the Rarotongan teachers would have been considered choice dainties for a feast, there was no doubt.

"From one of the chiefs, Chalmers came to know later that again and again the murder of the whole missionary party had been determined, and that those appointed to do the deed had come once and again to the low fence surrounding the mission home. The same chief told Chalmers that at the low fence *they were restrained by some mysterious thing* which held them back. When we remember that Mrs. Chalmers' only helpers were two or three Rarotongan teachers and their wives, no devout mind can but believe that God's protecting care was ever present to keep them."

"PUT AWAY THOSE GUNS"

This story of a rescue by Christian islanders on cannibal Tanna in the New Hebrides, is told by Nairn, in his "Hero Tales of Mission Lands." Iavis and Lomai, two former war chiefs, are the heroes. Near to the Christians lived enemy tribes, and beyond the enemy's land friendly tribes had been defeated and were starving in the bush. Two women had come through the enemy lines to bring word. The story goes:

"Instantly Lomai called for volunteers, and soon a large band of worshipers had started southward. As they passed through the Loinio country, the heathen of their tribe thronged round them. When they learned what was being done, they besought their chiefs not to venture on so dangerous an expedition, or at any rate to wait until they could gather a large force of armed men.

"Iavis rose to reply, but Lomai put up his hand. 'This is no time for talking,' he said. 'This is a day for action in God's name. Let us who trust in God go alone.' The worshipers, led by their chiefs, then pushed on toward the enemy's country. Suddenly another band of worshipers joined them, carrying their guns.

"'Put away those guns,' said Lomai.

"'We are afraid to go without them,' was the reply.

"'Then go back home,' said Lomai, 'for we go in God's name, and not a worshiper shall take his gun this day.'

"Shamefacedly the men turned back. At length the worshipers reached the gullies that were the boundary of the enemy's country, and immediately they pushed across them.

"'Stop!' called out Lomai, 'I see trembling among you. Let us worship God, and He will take away all our fears and lift up our hearts.'"

So, there in the bush, in the enemy's land, where any step might lead into ambushment, the rescue party sang a hymn and Iavis prayed. "Immediately all their fears vanished," we are told. They passed safely through the enemy land, found the distressed tribesmen hiding in the forests beyond, and at last persuaded them to believe that God would help them to escape by the same way over which their rescuers had come. "God has sent you deliverance this day," said Lomai.

Back they marched, the return being the more perilous, with men, women, and children, and aged and infirm. They were again traversing the enemy country.

"Suddenly the banging of guns was heard in front of them. Instantly there was a halt, and many turned to fly. The enemy had cut them off. In another moment the stronger ones would have plunged into the bush, and left the sick and weak and their rescuers to the mercy of their foes, but Lomai stopped them.

“ ‘Don’t be afraid,’ he said, ‘God has sent us to you today, and we are all safe in His keeping.’ ”

“His firmness and courage stopped their panic, while scouts were sent ahead to see what was happening. Presently they returned to say the road was safe, and the refugees started again. It had been a band of the enemy whose guns they had heard, but God had protected them, as Lomai had said, and the warriors had turned back just before they reached the point where the fleeing people would have crossed their track.”

So safely through they came, weaponless and trusting only in the divine protection. It had seemed an impossible thing that such a crowd could pass unnoticed through a tribal area on that small island; but Lomai knew the God in whom he trusted, and was vindicated in his declaration, “We are all safe in His keeping.”

THE CRY AT MIDNIGHT

In 1839 two families had been landed at Somo-Somo, in Fiji, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lyth and their wives. Soon the natives were threatening to kill and eat them. The old missionary volume, “The Cannibal Islands,” tells how deliverance came one midnight:

“At last it became evident that the people were preparing to put into execution their many threats, and one night the end seemed at hand. The missionaries had reason to believe that the people had gathered to murder them and their helpless families.

“In the great gloomy house where the missionaries lived, with their mosquito nets hung up to prevent the natives from peeping in through the reed walls, this little band betook themselves to prayer. They looked at the death before them. They saw beyond it, laid up for them in heaven, crowns of gold purchased by the Saviour’s blood. Although husbands and wives looked at each other and at their little ones, and realized the horrors of their situation, yet in this hour of danger they were ready on their knees in prayer to complete in death the sacrifice they had begun by leaving their homes and country.

“At midnight, while they were praying, a wild shout rang through the air, and each head bent lower in anticipation of their enemies’ instant approach. But it proved to be the cry

of their deliverance. The people had changed their purpose; and the cry they heard was a call to the women to come to a dance.”

DETERRED BY A SERIES OF “ACCIDENTS”

In carrying on mission work among the Indians of the high Andean plateau country, in South America, Missionary Orley Ford once reported a pioneering trip into a region formerly noted for thieves and robbers. “I had hesitated,” he says, “as they boasted they would kill the first ‘evangelista’ who came.” The report continues:

“I found a few friendly, but the majority were not. About 400 of the Indians gathered in ambush in a ravine where I had to pass, armed with clubs, poles, slings, etc. Through God’s care, a friendly Indian brought me word, and also led me by a circuitous route over a mountain around this ambush.

“Little by little the gospel seed grew in that place until a few began walking the twenty miles to the mission meetings. For a year they called for a teacher. Finally we sent them a native teacher, a very sincere Christian boy. God has had a divine care for this boy and his work. Soon after his arrival, his enemies gathered one dark night to kill the teacher and burn the schoolhouse.

“While they were gathered in council before the attack, a bolt of lightning fell from the sky, striking the *cabecilla*, or leader. When they saw their leader killed, they decided that the time was not right for the attack.

“A few days later they again gathered for an attack, but first held a sort of spiritualistic meeting to invoke God’s help. In some way the Indian medium, burning the incense, set his headdress on fire and burned himself badly. The sign was again interpreted that God was against them.

“The third time they gathered, preparing a basin with fire to use in setting fire to the schoolhouse. Here matches are expensive, and they carry fire from one house to another in earthen bowls. Accidentally, they set fire to a large stack of barley of their own. This seemed finally to convince them that God was against them and in favor of the teacher, so all quit being enemies, and began listening to what the teacher had to say. Several of the Indians making up these mobs are now, two years later, earnest believers in Jesus and devoutly serving Him.

“Recently I had the privilege of preparing a baptismal class of twenty-three at this place, and shortly afterward they received baptism. Another class is in waiting. ‘Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee: the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain.’ Ps. 76: 10.”

THE ZAPOTECAN INDIAN'S TRUST

A Zapotecan Indian, a youth, whose people alone of his village had found the gospel path, and had learned the promises of Holy Scripture, wrote of his experience during one of the risings of revolutionary times in Mexico:

“When we read Psalms 34 and 91 and Revelation 3: 10, wherein are contained God's promises to His faithful children who keep the word of His patience, our hearts are greatly encouraged. Has He not promised, ‘The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them’? Because of our unbelief, at times we doubt, and think that we have received nothing of the Lord. Yet the Lord has promised that He will lift up a standard against the enemy.

“One day the time came to try our faith in the Lord's promises. The revolution covered all my country. The troops were called away from our town, so that the authorities could not give us protection against the rebels. When I saw this condition, I felt that our only security was in the Lord. Rom. 8: 31. My mother advised that we hide all our belongings, for fear the rebels would come and destroy everything, as they were doing at other places captured. I told her that God's angels would deliver us from the rebel host, in case of an attack.

“One night at midnight the rebels came against our town. There being no resistance, they had every opportunity to destroy and pillage. As I lay in my hammock on the rear porch, I could hear them coming down the streets, the heavy tread of their horses' hoofs on the cobblestones, their excited voices giving commands and threats as men or women refused to open their doors, whereupon, with heavy timbers, houses were crashed into, accompanied with all the horrors of war. As they came nearer, my heart went out to God in earnest prayer; and while they pillaged the town, I kept on praying. I could hear them running by our house and breaking into the houses of neighbors about us. ‘Surely they shall not come nigh thy dwelling,’ the Lord had said, and I believed His promise. There was not a house, save ours, that was not broken into.”

THE WIDOW AND THE PRIEST

Some years ago, while attending a missionary conference, President L. H. Christian, of our European Division, reported the following experience:

“I met not long ago a woman whose husband was a Roman Catholic; she is living in a Roman Catholic country of Europe. The priest came to her one morning and said, ‘We are going to take your children.’ The woman had two young children, a boy and a girl. The priest said, ‘I will take that boy and make him a priest; I will take that little girl within a week [and the law permits it], and make a nun out of that child of yours; and they will never see you again.’

“The mother turned to him and said, ‘Before you do it, I am going to pray to my God.’ The priest mocked her and said, ‘Your God cannot stay the power of Rome.’ She called a few of her friends together, and they placed their prayers against the papal power, and the priest never came and took those children! Something else happened that exposed and ruined him, and all who heard of it said, ‘A miracle has come to our people; there is a power in heaven that responds to faith and prayer.’”

THE BLOWS RESTRAINED

A colporteur in Central Europe had just sold to a young woman a copy of the book, “Steps to Christ,” which has been published in many of the languages of Europe. Just after he had delivered the book to the young woman, her mother appeared. When she saw what her daughter had purchased, she raged with anger. The colporteur said:

“Once she started into the corner, seized the hammer, and came at me, crying, ‘You false man with the false books, your head must be broken!’

“But the Lord held her back. She sank down upon a seat, and could not carry out her intention. I on my part kept quiet, thanking God for His wonderful help.”

A similar testimony to the restraining hand of God — though not in a foreign mission land — comes from eastern New York. This time again it was a colporteur whose work aroused the fury of unbelief. Our colporteur-evangelist said:

"I was canvassing in eastern New York, telling the story of my book. I was talking to a man working in his shop. The effort to tell him of God and of His truth seemed to enrage the man beyond all description. He stepped quickly over, and seized a large hammer and lifted it to strike me. But as he braced for a blow, he was seized with weakness, and staggered back helpless. I left him, and passed on my way. I believe the angel of the Lord was there to restrain the man from his purpose."

THE BOOK UNBURNED

It was in Czecho-Slovakia, the land of Huss, the Reformer, that a Bible passed through the fire unscathed, to the joy of a praying wife. The mother and daughter had become Adventists, but in that Catholic region the husband was bitterly opposed to their faith. Field Secretary H. F. Schubert, of the European Division, tells the story as follows:

"One afternoon when some of our people were visiting there, the husband took the Bible, the New Testament, 'His Glorious Appearing,' and some papers, and put them in the kitchen stove, and was very happy when the fire was burning good. Our poor sisters were crying at the loss of their good books and papers. At supper time, when our sister went to make the fire again, in taking out the ashes she felt something hard. She looked closely, and there she found the Bible and the New Testament! They were not burned at all! All the other books and papers were burned to ashes, but the Bible looked just as nice as if it had never been in the fire. Today that husband is no more angry with his wife. When church time comes, he says, 'It's time for you to go now.'"

"THE RESTRAINING HAND" ON MALEKULA

From the island of Ambrym, in the New Hebrides, four newly converted men volunteered to go over to Malekula, fifty miles away, to join in working among savage bush people. Some of the experiences of these island workers were told in the *Australasian Record* by Pastor J. E. Fulton. He wrote:

"Joel and Joe, brothers, were threatened again and again. More than once muskets were leveled at them, but it appeared that a restraining hand held back the assassins. As of old,

faith still 'subdued' men. Faith stopped the bullets, and through faith again these simple natives, with meager knowledge, 'waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens.'

"One day Joel went to a water hole near his home, to drink and wash. On returning to his house, it was learned that he had passed within six feet of the wild bushmen who were hunting his head, waiting in ambush for him in the tall grass for



Photo by J. E. Fulton

Joel and Joe

this very purpose. Yet these wild men, with no fear of man to deter them, were for some unknown reason held back from shooting when they seemed to have Joel in their power. He passed close by them. A moment later, when they were discovered, they fired a volley into the house, and the 'army of aliens' took their 'flight.' Who held them back? And was Joel afraid? No! He recognized that God was with him. Just out of heathenism himself, here he was facing bullets for the Lord's sake.

"Joe, the brother of Joel, was located at Malua Bay, a place notorious for its fierce people. One day he and a companion were invited into the interior by a chief who sent a messenger to call him. The chief sent word he was ready for a mission. When they reached the chief's village, they were ushered into

the chief's house, where they found most of the men of the place, each holding a musket.

"Shoot him! Shoot him!" the chief cried out.

"The men leveled their muskets to fire, when suddenly an influential native was moved to action. He flung himself in front of Joe.

"Don't shoot him!" he cried; 'he is my friend. If you shoot him, you shoot me first.'

"The chief, however, still called for Joe's death. But the men let their guns down, and Joe and his helper quietly made their way home.

"At a missionary gathering I heard Joe tell his story, remarking that as God had closed the lions' mouths so they did not harm Daniel, so God did not allow harm to come to him amidst those savage people who were cannibals and would have devoured him as eagerly as lions would.

"No, the day of miracles is not past, and here in heathen New Hebrides the wonders of redeeming love are to be witnessed."

"AS IF HELD BY AN UNSEEN POWER"

In recounting deliverances in China, during the Boxer uprising, Mr. A. E. Glover remarks that nothing else than belief in the inspiration of the words of Holy Scripture could have supported him in the "daily dying" and mental anguish of hours upon hours of suspense in peril. The promises of the Bible came to him as direct from the lips of Christ:

"Had my faith not been founded upon that Rock before the flood arose and the stream beat vehemently upon it, in those awful weeks of the ever-shadowing presence of the king of terrors, I know that my reason must have given way. It was 'by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,' as recorded in the Book of His inspiration, that I and those with me lived then. Our mental and physical, as well as our spiritual, life was supernaturally sustained by it. Through the written Word laid up in our hearts, the Eternal Word manifested to us both Himself and the Father. Jesus Himself drew near and talked with us by the way; and the words that He spoke to us, they were spirit and they were life.

"It was literally as if I heard His living voice beside me. Now He was breathing in my ear. 'Fear not them which

kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; but fear Him, which after He hath killed hath power to cast both soul and body into hell. Yea, I say unto you, Fear Him.'

"Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

This comfort in the promises, actually respoken for the hour, is mentioned by Mr. Glover in connection with the stripping of his party of their clothing, with some rags thrown to them to partially cover themselves, while the executioners were aside preparing their instruments of death. The party could only sit on a slope of the hill and wait in the presence of the jeering mob. Then, lo, again the deliverance! He says:

"How long we continued to sit there I could not say. The time seemed interminable. The sun was dropping to the west, and still the mob held back, and still the Boxers had not come. At length, to my amazement, one of the men (probably a *shac-sheo*, or village elder) called to us:

"What are you sitting there for? We don't want you here. Be off with you! *Tseo pa!*'

"The cry, '*Tseo, tseo!*' was taken up, and I saw our God-given opportunity.

"We have no wish to stay here,' I said. 'If my respected elder brother will allow us to go quietly on our way, we will go at once.'

"We got up and moved off. Once more the crowd fell back before us, as if held by an unseen power, and not a hand was lifted to touch us as we passed on to the Kao-p'ing road."

CONDEMNED, BUT DELIVERED

In that memorable flight from far Shansi, in the days of 1900, almost daily beset by peril, Missionary A. E. Glover and his family saw the delivering hand so continuously that his book telling the story could not be more accurately described than by its title, "A Thousand Miles of Miracle in China." On one occasion, knowing they were condemned to death, and were to be carried in their mule litters to the edge of town for slaughter, they had said good-by to one another. Mr. Glover says:

"We now engaged unitedly in prayer, in which I commended each one into the hands of our Father, in respect of the death we were about to die. But even as I prayed, the petition seemed forced to my lips, 'If it is not Thy will that we should die at this time, then, O our God, for the glory of Thy great name, bring their counsel to naught and weaken their arm.'

"Almost immediately afterward the Lao-ie entered with his following, and in peremptory tones ordered us out to the litters. I led the way with my little boy, followed immediately by my dear wife, leading baby Hope. But Ma's impatience could no longer brook restraint, and brutally broke bounds. Seizing Miss Gates by the hair, he dragged her from the k'ang, and thrust her to the door with a blow from his clenched fist.

"We were scarcely allowed time to seat ourselves before the signal to move on was given. Our Chinese boys were dragged back and not permitted to accompany us. So far as I was able to see, the three litters started together, that occupied by my dear wife and little girl following close behind mine; for which I thanked God, as the thought that possibly we should be divided in the article of death was the one thing that had burdened me.

"As we passed out of the courtyard into the street, what a sight met our gaze! The roadway for the first hundred yards was held by Boxer guards, armed with sword and spear, and brave in Boxer red; while on either side, as far as the eye could see, was massed in dense formation a countless multitude, eagerly expectant, and armed (apparently, to a man) with some rude implement or other.

"No sooner had we cleared the inn gate than the mob closed in upon us. Then we were halted, and they formed themselves into a procession, headed by Ma, the Lao-ie. A young man with a large gong stationed himself beside my litter. When all was ready marshaled, at a signal from the Lao-ie the procession moved forward to the measured beat of the gong.

"I could only attach one meaning to all this. It was a sacrificial procession, and our murder was to be viewed in the light of an offering to the gods. The appeal, therefore (very subtly), was to the strongest of human passions — the religious — in order to make the issue doubly sure.

"As we swung on in the midst of the surging mob to the place of sacrifice, it was only to prove afresh the power of Him

on whom our mind was stayed, to keep in perfect peace. To the natural man, the situation was one calculated to inspire the utmost terror; but I bear record that the only dread I felt, so far as my own lot was concerned, was that suggested by the barbarous implements carried by the mob. I am telling the simple truth when I say that at the sight of the keen blades and pointed spearheads of the Boxer soldiery, I fervently thanked God; for they augured at least a speedy dispatch. A desperate set of men hung on to the poles of the litter. I can see the man who was next me even now, stripped to the waist, his queue lashed around his head, ready for action, a great stone in his right hand, a bowie knife in his left. . . .

"We had traversed about two thirds of the long main street when an extraordinary commotion ensued. The Lao-ie dashed at my leader's head, and tearing at his mouth forced a halt. Then, in orthodox Chinese style, he raged and cursed, and denounced the people of the place for their 'peaceableness,' and for having 'ruined the whole business.'

"What this could mean I was at a loss to understand at the time, but evidently the preconcerted signal for attack had not been responded to. In all probability the Lao-ie's orders were that, at a given spot, and when the gong ceased to sound, they were to fall upon us. The spot had been reached; the gong had ceased to sound — that, at least, was certain; and the people had failed to answer the call!

"Yes, had we not definitely prayed before leaving the inn, that God would bring their counsel to naught? It was a remarkable incident, the very last that one would have thought could occur in such circumstances; and I who witnessed it and realized, as no one else can, the absolute hopelessness of the situation from the human standpoint, testify that it was nothing else than the work of Him who had heard that prayer, and taken the wise in their own craftiness.

"The Lao-ie's rage yielded at last to the persuasive vehemence of those about — the men who had witnessed against us — as they urged him to have us taken to the boundary of the town, where they would themselves finish the matter to his satisfaction. Whereupon the procession moved forward, and we were borne rapidly on without the gate.

"We were well outside, when Ma thrust his head into my litter, and said, 'Throw out your bed-bag — quick!' . . . The disappearance of the bed-bag and its contents was followed

forthwith by the temporary disappearance of those immediately about us. It was as a sop to ravenous wolves; and while they tarried to fight over the spoil, we were hurried on to the boundary. . . .

"It was now clear to me that the end had come. To remain longer in the litter was an impossibility, unless we committed ourselves to the ropework; and to do this only meant eventual death in the entanglement of its meshes. So, infinitely preferring to die outside rather than in, I took Hedley under my arm, and lifting my heart to God, jumped to the ground.

"The scene that now passed before my eyes baffles description. Shut in as one had been in a vehicle closed on three sides, it had been impossible until now to take in the whole situation. It would seem that the Lao-ie's demand for my bed-bag had been the signal for a general *mêléc*. The mob that had flocked out after us set upon the three litters simultaneously, and was soon broken up into squads of fighting demons, mad for plunder. Amid fiendish shouts they fought for the spoil. I had not been a moment too soon in leaving the litter; for scarcely had my feet touched the ground before it was overborne, crumpled up, and demolished.

"And now I looked anxiously for the other two litters. Not that I expected to see any one of their occupants alive, any more than I expected to be left alive myself. This was death, certain death, for us all; it was only a question of moments. But it was the natural and the uppermost thought in my heart. Where are they? Are we still together? . . .

"Miss Gates' litter was nowhere to be seen, and I concluded that she was dead. But there, parallel with mine, about twenty yards away, was my wife's; and between her and me the howling, fighting mob, surrounding and besetting her on every side. Looking back over the whole period of my sufferings, deep as were the waters of anguish that I passed through before and since, I can think of nothing that touched the agony of those moments. If ever a sword pierced through my soul, it did then. I had to be a helpless spectator of what I knew could only be the taking of the life of my nearest and dearest.

"I saw the litter heave over and fall heavily to the ground, the mules stampeding. I saw it buried the next moment under a seething, struggling mass of devilish humanity. I saw the knives with which they slashed at the cordage and framework; and I called aloud upon God to have mercy upon my precious wife and child, and to shorten their sufferings.

"Death was easy to me now, and I was even thanking God that it was as near as it was, when, as I looked, out from the midst of that murderous mass crept the form of my beloved Flora, and sweet Hope was with her! I looked upon them both as one might have looked upon Lazarus coming forth from the grave. The miracle is not less astounding now than then. It was nothing else than resurrection. As Abraham received his beloved from the dead, so also (I speak with deepest reverence) did I receive mine. Oh, how I sprang forward to meet her! Her hair was disheveled, and her face ashy white; but she was as calm as when I saw her through the hole in the litter. Both mother and child had come out unscathed. There were bruises and torn clothing, but not a wound, not a scratch; and baby Hope was as calm as her mother. Not only so, but to complete the marvel, Miss Gates was with them, unhurt and calm as they!

"It is impossible to convey to the reader's mind any adequate idea of the miraculous nature of their deliverance (for Miss Gates' experience was, I believe, the counterpart of my wife's). How it came to pass that the frail structure did not collapse under the impact of that great human mass hurling itself upon it; how it was that the occupants were not crushed by the weight under which they lay buried; how it happened that not a knife blade came near them as their assailants struck at the single mat of straw which formed their only protection; or how it was possible for them to break free from the narrow confines of their prison, and to find a way of escape, uninjured, through the murderous mob about them,—these are questions the answer to which can be found alone in the Word of God, 'The Angel of His presence saved them.'

"I cannot pretend to describe the feelings with which we stood once more together. We drew aside to a clear spot just off the roadway, and lifted our hearts in praise and thanksgiving to Him who alone doeth great wonders. It seemed to me the earnest of deliverance even to the end; and together we rejoiced over so signal a fulfilment of the promise given when we started, 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.' . . .

"When once the litters were cut up, it did not take long to dispose of their contents. As soon as one and another possessed themselves of what they wanted or could lay hands on, they made off with their ill-gotten gains. To our amazement, they

were presently hurrying in all directions, as if in flight; and we were left standing alone! Was it the breath of God scattering them? Or had they, like one of old, seen the form of Another, like unto the Son of God, standing with us? In a few minutes there was nothing left of the great throng that had carried us out to death, save a few scattered groups in threes and fours watching us at a distance. . . .

"Thus miraculously ended one of the most critical episodes of that critical period."

"NEVER LEFT WITHOUT HEARING THE PROMISE"

Facing death on savage Tanna, John G. Paton says he never was left alone. The consciousness of the Saviour's presence was his support. This presence, he knew, was the secret of the restraint that had so often held the hostile arm powerless. Thus, shortly before leaving hardened Tanna, he and his Aneityumese teachers were in flight from their station, through the bush, to the other side of the island. A chief, Faimungo, had agreed to guide them through his land. But the warriors gathered, their weapons were poised and leveled.

"They encircled us in a deadly ring, and one kept urging another to strike the first blow or fire the first shot. My heart rose up to the Lord Jesus; I saw Him watching all the scene. My peace came back to me like a wave from God. I realized that I was immortal till my Master's work with me was done. The assurance came to me, as if a voice out of heaven had spoken, that not a musket would be fired to wound us, not a club prevail to strike us, not a spear leave the hand in which it was held vibrating to be thrown, not an arrow leave the bow, or a killing-stone the fingers, without the permission of Jesus Christ, whose is all power in heaven and on earth. . . .

"Faimungo and others now urged us to go on in the path. I said, 'Faimungo, why are we to leave you? My God heard your promise not to betray me. He knows now what is in your heart and in mine. I will not leave you; and if I am to die, I will die by your side.'

"He replied, 'Now I go on before. Missi, keep close to me.'

"His men had gone, and I persuaded my Aneityumese to follow them. At last, with a bound, Faimungo started after

them. I followed, keeping as near him as I could, pleading with Jesus to protect me. . . . The host of armed men also ran along on each side with their weapons ready; but leaving everything to Jesus, I ran on as if they were my escort, or as if I saw them not.

"If any reader wonders how they were restrained, much more would I, unless I believed that the same hand that restrained the lions from touching Daniel held back these savages from hurting me! We came to a stream crossing our path. With a bound all my party cleared it, ran up the bank opposite, and disappeared in the bush. 'Faint yet pursuing,' I also tried the leap, but I struck the bank and slid back on my hands and knees toward the stream. At this moment I heard a crash above my head among the branches of an overhanging tree, and I knew that a killing-stone had been thrown, and that that branch had saved me. Praising my God, I scrambled up on the other side, and followed the track of my party into the bush. The savages gazed after me for a little in silence, but no one crossed the stream; and I saw them separate into two bands, one portion returning to the village and another pressing inland. With what gratitude did I recognize the Invisible One who had brought their counsels to confusion!"

The Elements Overruled

"Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps: fire, and hail; snow, and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling His word." Psalms 148:7, 8.

A MANTLE OF MIST

WELL KNOWN in the history of the Vaudois Protestants is the incident of the providential deliverance of a company of them by a covering cloud of mist that came down upon them, on an Alpine height, just as the hosts of Savoy were surrounding them. So, too, fugitive bands of the old Scottish Covenanters were more than once veiled from their pursuers. The heroic Peden, leading a flight from the dragoons on a hill called the Sandy, prayed, "Lord, cast the lap of Thy cloak over old Sandy, and save us this one time." And "in this he was heard," says the Scottish chronicler, "for a cloud of mist intervened immediately betwixt them." If this were not a record of modern mission providences, we would be constrained to follow further the story of providences among these Scottish hills,

"Where Peden bold in flood and fold,
On mountain, moor, or glen,
All seer-like, bore salvation's cup
To fainting martyr men.

"Where Heaven's brooding wing of love,
Like Israel's pillar-cloud,
Them lapped in nature's misty tent
A prayer-woven shroud.

"Their home was oft the mountain cave,
Their couch the waving fern,
Their pillows oft the gray moss stone,
In moorland dark and stern."

But the untiring bands of missionary pioneers have had their share of deliverances by the intervention of the elements providentially overruled. A covering mist was a mantle of deliverance to a missionary party in the early South African days.

Cato, a chief of the Amazulu, was raiding the border. Mr. William Shepstone, a pioneer of Wesleyan missions, was compelled to flee from his station at Morley. In Mr. Shaw's "Story of My Mission" we are told:

"The station was not abandoned, however, till the enemy were within a few miles, and until Mr. Shepstone and his people saw several kraals in flames, marking their destructive progress. Hastily packing up their goods in two wagons, the missionary families and the people left Morley toward the end of October, 1829; and most providentially a dense mist or fog concealed their movements from the invading Amazulu, or there is no doubt they would have been attacked on their way."

BY TEMPEST AND METEORITE

Twice over, after having established a mission station in the wilds of what is now western British East Africa, Mr. Stuart Watt and his family experienced deliverances through the providential overruling of the elements of nature.

Mrs. Watt tells the story in her book, "In the Heart of Savagedom." They were among the fierce Akamba, who were continually warring with neighboring tribes. Mrs. Watt says:

"One evening a vast multitude of warriors, who had determined to wipe out the white man from their country, were on their way to our station from a distant district, under the chieftainship of a very active and influential savage named Mwana Muka.

"By sundown large numbers of these armed men, dressed in full war paint, had reached the base of the neighboring hills, from which point they were to make an onslaught on our station. Mwana Muka had told his warriors that they need not fear the white man, for he had made medicine to overcome all his powers."

The night came on. Mrs. Watt says they had put the children to bed with clothing and boots on, ready for instant flight. "We had brought the matter of our position before the Lord," she adds, "and were assured that, if it pleased Him, He would in His own way bring us deliverance."

As the darkness drew on, and the armed host of savages bided their time of darkness, with torches prepared with which

to set fire to the mission buildings, the missionaries saw the signal deliverance for which they had prayed. Rain came on. The heavens were lighted up with jagged lightning. Mrs. Watt says:

"As the earth was illumined by the flashes, we could see that, even where the ground sloped at an angle of forty-five degrees, it was covered with a flowing sheet of water several inches deep, so copious was the fall. The two quiet, silent streams which daily wended their way on either side of the elevation on which our station was built, were turned into deep torrents, which roared as if the bases of the hills were being laid bare, and rushed through the valleys with such vehement impetuosity that huge trees were torn up by the roots and carried out into the distant plains. During the space of half an hour the heavens were let loose in such a manner as I have never seen since or before in that land of tropical down-pours.

"We could not but see the mighty hand of God in this wonderful deliverance. Not only were the multitude of resolute warriors enfeebled by the drenching torrents, but their sinewy bowstrings were thereby rendered useless in discharging the poisoned shafts. Realizing that the elements, and probably God Himself, were fighting against them, they slunk back in a half-dying condition to their booths in the bush."

Again, at a later time, after a British protectorate had been declared over this region, the savage Akamba were on the war-path. A government post, near the mission, had been overwhelmed. The officials at the nearest fort urged the missionaries to flee to it for safety. They felt, however, that to flee would leave the mission to be destroyed, and all the moral gains of past efforts would be lost. So Mr. Watt and his family again put themselves under the protection of divine Providence. Mrs. Watt says of the crisis:

"That night was a time of inexpressible tension and painful suspense. The two infant children were fast asleep, and although the others had been put to bed in their clothing, they were kept awake by the excitement of the hour and the perturbed expression, which we tried to hide, but which they readily detected.

"Every possible preparation had been made by my husband, with the few men at his disposal, to combat any attack upon our station. . . . Having done all that lay within our power to enable us to make a momentary show of resistance to the savages, we threw ourselves upon God, and prayed that it might please Him to defeat and confound the plans of these fierce, relentless warriors, and send us deliverance.

"While thus occupied, we heard an unearthly detonating sound overhead, and springing to the door to see what was the matter, we found the heavens ablaze with light, and our eyes caught sight of a white-hot aërolite of immense proportions shooting across the firmament over our station. The gigantic fiery ball whizzed through the atmosphere with terrific velocity, illuminating the whole country with a lustrous, dazzling glow, and leaving behind it a great trail of fire as it disappeared, striking a mountain thirty miles distant.

"The huge meteorite had swept directly over the heads of the multitude of warriors, who were struck with such terror and mortal dread that they rushed panic-stricken to their homes among the hills."

Thereafter a great change was seen in the attitude of the people toward the mission. The victory had been won.

TURNING THE RIVER CURRENTS

While I was visiting the East Bengal district some years ago, Evangelist L. G. Mookerjee pointed out to me the old home of the late Mathuranath Bose, whose simple faith and trust in God led many to call him "the George Müller of Bengal." His old mission station, under the Church of Scotland, still stands close along the river bank. This whole region of the delta of the mighty Ganges is a marvelous network of rivers and interlacing canals. One story of this man of faith was thus told me by Mr. Mookerjee:

"Mr. Bose had formerly been a judge, receiving an excellent salary. However, he felt called of God to give himself to mission work. His mission station was being threatened by some turn of the river current which was cutting into the bank. Day after day the current was wearing toward the very buildings. Mathuranath Bose felt that it was a case to bring before his Lord. He set himself to make earnest prayer to God to stay

the course of the waters and save his mission station. The answer came. The current was turned; and remarkable to recount, the river channel turned in such a way that the silt was actually piled up along the bank by the mission premises. Gradually the bank was built up again by the heavy deposit from the muddy river waters. Even the Hindus all about were impressed that God had intervened. They knew of the good man's prayers to the living God, and to this day the heathen say that God delivered Mathuranath Bose's mission from the power of the waters."

We were told that again and again he was called by the villagers to pray for rain upon their fields in time of drouth, the Hindus saying that the Christian's God does, of a truth, hear prayer.

NON-CHRISTIANS PRAY TO JEHOVAH

In one of the remote valleys of Shantung, one of our Chinese evangelists, Mr. Liu, was invited to preach to the people by the aged schoolmaster of the village. The account, which appeared some years ago in the Far Eastern Division *Outlook*, continues:

"After the discourse the schoolmaster remarked that now it would be most fitting if they all do honor to the great and only supreme God. He had been a student of the classics, as he said, and there it was stated that the ancients worshiped the one supreme God by a solemn 'kowtowing' in the open air. He desired that they might revive that most admirable worship. And so they spread a mat in the courtyard, and solemnly lined up in two lines, elders in front and pupils of the school behind, and these forty or fifty people, who never in their lives before had worshiped anything but idols, filed forward one by one and 'kowitzed' the head to the ground three times to the invisible God, tendering in the most respectful way known to their race their acknowledgment of His authority.

"The evangelist, perceiving their sincerity, entered heartily into the proceedings, suggesting that they close the ceremony with public prayer led by himself. Some of the farmers present asked if it would be proper to pray to this invisible God for rain, as they had been doing, alas, in vain, for many days to their idols. Shantung had had a drouth for three years, and the small farmers were reduced to starvation. The wheat this

year had already been planted some time, but no rain had yet come to make it sprout, and should it not come very soon there would be no hope for the poor people but to sell their wives and daughters into slavery, and take their sons and go begging. The evangelist took the situation by faith, read to them from the Bible of Elijah's experience, and prayed earnestly that God would send rain immediately.

"The meeting closed, and while the evangelist was going through the ceremony of taking his departure, the raindrops began to fall. A heavy rain followed, soaking the evangelist to the skin as he took his way across the fields to a neighboring village. 'The incident was blazoned through the district,' wrote the missionary in charge, 'interest in idols and deities waned, and many people await a teacher to instruct them in the worship of the Christian's God.'"

DELIVERED BY LIGHTNING

It was in post-war times in one of those countries of Eastern Europe where Protestant separatists from the state church have had to endure much. Of one group of Seventh-day Adventists, all were arrested and haled before the judge.

The priests demanded a beating first. The account of an evangelist in that region at the time reported:

"They did beat them — flogged them cruelly — and decided they would sentence them the next day. But I want to tell you what happened. The judge came home that day, and found that every one of his cattle had been killed by lightning! The neighbors remarked on it as looking like a judgment, and consternation filled his heart. He said, 'It must be that I am sinning against God in sending those people to prison.' It is a serious thing in those countries for a man to lose his cattle; it is almost like taking his daily bread. The next morning he called that company into the court, discharged them, and asked them to pray that the Lord would not further punish him. That is the way God sometimes cares for His own."

RESCUED FROM BANDITS

A timely eclipse of the moon was the overruling means of deliverance that saved a Chinese lad who later became a winner of souls. Not that the eclipse itself was timed for young Keh's rescue. These lunar and solar eclipses were timed from crea-

tion, and the circuits of the heavenly bodies have run on through the ages with infinite, unvarying precision. But an overruling Providence surely timed the crisis in the experience of Keh and his father, so that the eclipse spoke the message of deliverance at exactly the right hour.



Tientsin Believers

This group walked eighty miles to attend a general meeting, distributing literature and doing street preaching on the way.

Young Keh's father was a Christian in a region hostile to Christianity. One day the father and his son were seized by an armed band and taken into the mountains. The narrative is given in Mrs. Emma T. Anderson's "A'Chu and Other Stories," as told in later years by Evangelist Keh himself:

"Forty-nine strong men, armed with knives and firearms, entered the village as the sun was setting. Keh Cheng Soan stood by the door of his house when three strange-looking men passed that way. He greeted them politely, and they paused beside his door. As they were talking together, one of the men took up the boy Tsu Eng rather roughly in his arms.

" 'I beg you, do not tease the lad,' said the father Keh. 'These few days he has not been well, and only today has begun to get better.'

"These words had scarcely passed his lips when the whole armed band dashed into sight. Seizing both father and child, they hurried to get away.

"Mrs. Keh was inside, preparing the evening meal, when the scuffle of feet and the loud tones of strange voices drew her to the door in time to see the angry mob seize her husband and child. At the risk of her own life she dashed into their midst to rescue her child, but the men threatened her with their swords and drove her back into the house. In the tumult of rebellion there was not a soul to hear her cry, so the helpless woman gathered her remaining children with her into the house to pray.

"That evening Evangelist Keh Cheng Soan and his eight-year-old son, Tsu Eng, were taken to the neighboring village, where they were locked in a dark room alone for the night. Next morning the captives were told that a great army was to be raised, and when all the towns and cities of the surrounding country had surrendered to the rebels, they would celebrate their victory by sacrificing the Christian preacher and his son on the mountain top before their flag. This threat was repeated over and over to the victims for three days in succession.

"Shut up in the dark room, with no way of escape, the captives were not alone. In telling this incident, which he still well remembers, Pastor Keh Nga Pit [Tsu Eng] said, 'My father prayed day and night, beseeching God to open the way before us, to hear our prayers and deliver us from our enemies. He often spoke to me, "Son, fear not. Our heavenly Father is able to save us. Only believe, and do not doubt His promises."' "

"On the evening of the third day, being the fifteenth day of the Chinese month, the moon came up beautiful and bright. The rebels were in high spirits, and all the inhabitants of the village, both grown people and children, came out into the moonlight, and gave themselves up to merrymaking, with wild dancing and playing.

"In the midst of their gayeties, suddenly a strange dark shadow began to creep across the moon. 'An evil omen!' hoarsely whispered the old men. They had planned a great war of rebellion that would throw the yoke of foreign [Manchu] rule from off the neck of the Chinese people, and exalt their

native village to be the very capital of the empire. Now, lo, at the very beginning, the Lord of heaven and earth showed His displeasure with them by darkening the moon.

"An order was given to bring the drums at once. All the gongs to be found in the village and all the drums that could be mustered were brought and beaten violently to save the moon. But the dark shadow crept silently on. The people were terri-



Natives of East Africa Bringing in the Lord's Tithe to the Kamagambo Mission

fied at the sight, and in the darkness groped their way back to their homes. They were filled with fear of a terrible punishment to be visited upon their wrong-doings.

"However, the eclipse passed over before midnight. Then the people cooked the small lunch customarily served at night on such occasions, and refreshed themselves.

"Up to this time the rebels had been very cruel to their Christian captives. 'Formerly they threatened to kill us,' said Pastor Keh; 'now they were changed, and begged us to eat with them the lunch they had prepared. Afterward they urgently besought my father to leave their village, and return to his home. On the seventeenth day, five days after our capture, they hired

a comfortable sedan chair, and carried us home with a large escort of people.'

"In closing the recital of this incident, he said, 'This is an experience I myself passed through when only eight years of age. Does not this plainly show that the true God hears and answers the prayers of His people?'"

AT THE LAST GASP

A missionary in equatorial East Africa had traveled to the limit of endurance without water. His African boys could no longer lift him in the machilla (a hammock swung on a pole to be carried on the shoulders). They were weak with thirst. The missionary, Mr. Stuart Watt, had sent two or three men forward with empty water bottles to reach the nearest water twenty miles on, while he and the men with the luggage were trying by short stages to meet them as far along as possible on their return. But long before this meeting, Mr. Watt was "at the last gasp." His story of deliverance is quoted by Mrs. Watt, in her book, "In the Heart of Savagdom:"

"At last I realized that the climax had come. To the native who kept close by me all the time, I said as plainly as I could, 'Sudi, I can go no farther. If the men do not bring water here, I die.' I threw myself down under the partial shade which a great baobab tree afforded, and stretching out my hands to the burning heavens, I prayed to God for one drop of rain to cool my feverish body.

"While I was praying, a little cloud appeared in the heavens. Borne by some God-directed current, it came directly over where I was lying, and instantly there fell a few big heavy drops. My vest I pulled wide open, so that they might fall on my heated breast. The drops increased in number until there was a little shower of rain. I opened my mouth and thrust out my tongue to catch the precious fluid.

"In about five minutes or less the cloud was spent, but I was revived. My undervest and pants were quite wet on one side. I got up and felt greatly strengthened. I said to Sudi, 'Do you see what God has done for us?' 'Yes, master, I see it,' came his response. I was then enabled to proceed in short stages all the afternoon until sundown, when I met my two faithful porters laden with their water vessels."



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DAVID LIVINGSTONE
Pioneer Missionary and Explorer in Central Africa

“In the Wilderness”

“They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses. And He led them forth by the right way.” Psalms 107:4-7.

THE UNUSUAL HALT

IN her book of missionary experiences in equatorial East Africa, “In the Heart of Savagedom,” Mrs. Stuart Watt tells how they recognized the special providence of God in an unusual halt of their carriers and party that was irregularly called one midday. Regularly, on the journey to their field, they had pushed on with the caravan without stopping at noon; but this time the missionary children were so hungry they stopped, a fire was kindled, and lunch partaken of. This was in the country of the Masai, fiercest and most feared of East African warriors at that time. Mrs. Watt explains the sequel:

“We had little idea of what was happening at that moment in the forest, within thirty or forty minutes’ reach of where we sat; but on that afternoon there was brought very vividly before our minds one of the many marvelous providences of God.

“We were soon on the move once again in a drenching thunder shower. After we had proceeded for some time through the forest, our *kilangozi* [guide] suddenly stopped the forward part of the caravan, and sent a hasty message for my husband to come up. When we arrived at the place where the men were standing, we found them all in an evident state of excitement, giving vent to suppressed ejaculations of ‘Masai! Masai!’

“It was plain to be seen that a numerous body of these plundering warriors had crossed our path after the recent thunder shower, for their tracks had been made in the sand since the rain had fallen. Their numbers were large, probably

one thousand strong, for an exceedingly wide trail was beaten down in the forest by their multitudinous footprints.

"On that particular day we had been providentially led to make a fire and boil the kettle,—quite an unusual thing with us on the march,—and were thus delayed half an hour or more. Had it not been for this detention, our feeble caravan would



Traveling in East Belgian Congo

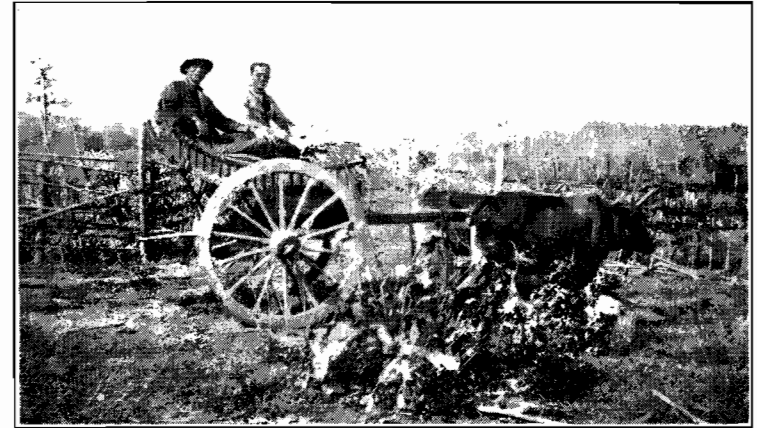
have met them in the teeth, and, in all human probability, we should have been murdered to a man by these fierce and blood-thirsty marauders."

FINDING THE BULLOCKS

In the Old Testament story, Saul, the Benjamite, was not above seeking aid of the prophet Samuel in his search for the lost animals belonging to his father, Kish. Here is the story of a missionary in Burma who prayed for help in finding the mission's lost bullocks. It was in the Taungthu hills of upper Burma that Missionary H. A. Skinner, of our Southern Asia Division, felt that God guided the search that evening:

"I was camping with four native lads about me, and we kept our cart bullocks tethered for safety, but the lad who had charge of the animals grew careless, and loosed them while we were engaged in evening worship.

"About 8 P. M. I noticed that the two animals were gone, and asked the lad what he had done with them. Then he remembered that he had loosed them and forgotten to tether them again. We went out in five different directions, searching for them. But though we hunted high and low through the jungles and over the leopard-infested hills, we could not find the bul-



The Bullock Cart of Burma

locks. We all found our way to camp again after a while, and said, 'We must try once more.'

"Starting out alone, I went about a quarter of a mile from the camp, and stopped to listen for some sound of the lost cattle. Then falling upon my knees there in the wet grass, I asked the Lord to help us find those animals, as the work was His, and I was His, and I was out there in that wild place, not to please myself, but Him.

"We had arranged that the man who found the animals should shout, so that the rest would know, and not continue the search. As I arose from my knees and stood listening, I heard a shout from a hilltop not far away. Ko Hpo Shein, the one Buddhist lad of my party, had found the bullocks.

"When we all got back into camp, Ko Hpo Shein said: 'As I was going to the left of that hill, something seemed to urge me to turn to the right, but I went straight on, going toward the village. Again I was impressed to turn to the right,

and this time the impression was so strong that I did so, and reaching the top of the hill, came right upon the two bullocks lying in the tall weeds.' When the boy had finished his story, I told mine, and he exclaimed at once, 'I turned to the right because you were praying to your God!'

"O, what a kind and loving Master is our Father! How tenderly He watches over us, keeping in all their ways them that put their trust in Him!"

SUCCORED IN THE "THIRST COUNTRY"

In his book, "Twenty Years in Khama's Country," J. D. Hepburn, one of the pioneers of African missions, told how prayer brought deliverance to him when he was exhausted in the "thirst country," as the land was called south of Lake Ngami.

He had been traveling through the tsetse fly belt, where it was difficult to get through with cattle. Word came to the wagons that some of their loose cattle had been lost. Mr. Hepburn turned back to try to find them, for no mission station in those remote times could afford to meet with the loss of cattle. Burning with fever and weak as he was, he started the search, leaving his wife and the native teacher, Khukwe, to urge the wagons along. The missionary prayed as he went. He says:

"God heard and helped me, for all the lost oxen were found together, and were got out of the district without being bitten by a single fly.

"The sun rose on me with not a bit of pith left in my bones, plowing my way back again to the wagons.

"Stopping under the shade of a tree, I stripped off all my extra clothing, which I had put on for the cold night. Then I tried it again. At last my tongue was parched, and my legs refused to move, and I dropped down upon the sand, weary, and wishing for water.

"Faint with want of food, and perspiring at every pore, I tried again, and again I lay down to rest.

"'O God, my heavenly Father, send some one with a bottle of water and a little bread,' was my prayer, uttered in deep distress."

This was all long years ago, before ever the wireless and the radio were heard of; but ever since the lost race of Adam began to call for help, Christian believers have known very well that messages sent up by lips of prayer have found answer in heaven, bringing help when such deliverance would redound to the glory of God. Mr. Hepburn says of the answer to his prayer:

"Khukwe was driving his wagon all night himself, because his driver was too lazy to do it, and wanted to sleep. He outspanned his wagon, and white with sand dust, went to say good morning to my wife.

"'Did you see Monare [Hepburn], Khukwe?'

"'Yes, Missese, I saw him. It is far, very far to the cattle.'

"'But what can we do, Khukwe? He has nothing to eat, and no water, and he's sick too. Who is there that can be sent back again?'

"'Me, Missese; I'll go back.'

"And so, with a bottle of tea and a bottle of water slung one over each shoulder, and a little bread, he returned in answer to my prayer.

"No need to envy those who can explain away all these things by natural laws and chance. If it is a delusion, it is then a very happy one to believe, as I must do,—there is no help for me,—that a kind heavenly Father is about my path, and that a tender, loving eye is ever beholding me with affectionate regard.

"But these things are almost too sacred to be spoken or written about, and yet it is unkind to keep them back.

"Aye, Khukwe, there is One, not I, who will reward you for that cup of cold water which you carried, travel-worn, weary, and dust-whitened as you were, back into the tsetse fly region."

PRAYER FOUND THE WAY

Speaking of an experience of many years before, Colporteur Reekie, a veteran in gospel service in the "back blocks" of Australia, told how prayer found the way out of a difficulty in the wilds. The very simplicity of the solution led him to see more clearly the Lord's answer to prayer. He says:

"I was in West Australia at the time, working with a horse and cart. The cart had turned over, and I could not get it turned fully back. I had exhausted every device I knew, but in vain. And it was a Friday afternoon. I decided I would have to take my horse and go for help to the nearest house, which was five miles or more back. As I rode along, the thought came to me, 'God helps those who need His help; why should I not ask Him to help me get that cart turned over?'"

"I got off the horse and turned aside into the bush and prayed. After the prayer I felt impressed to go back to the cart and try again.

"I turned back, and just as I got in sight of the overturned cart, it flashed into my mind what to do—to hitch the horse onto the side of the cart in such a way as to pull it over. Quickly it was done; and I arrived at my stopping place in time for the Sabbath.

"Now I had studied and thought before as I worked at the overturned cart. When the way out came to me, it was so simple I could not understand why I had not thought of it at the first. I believe the Lord kept me from seeing the way in order to teach me that He could help and guide, even in these lesser troubles in which we are so apt to think there is no way but to go at them and solve the difficulties ourselves."

AN ACCIDENT THAT SAVED LIVINGSTONE

As the chosen agent of Providence for the opening of the Dark Continent, Livingstone was preserved amid many perils, to die at last on his knees in the little hut at Ilala. It is evident that the whole life and work of Livingstone and the circumstances of his death were overruled to turn attention at the right time to the vast African interior and to start the currents of commerce and missions which have opened the way of access to the hundreds of tribes and tongues before practically unknown.

All this adds interest and meaning to the story of Livingstone's narrow escape from death in the rapids of the Zambesi. The story was told to that prince of missionary biographers, Mr. Basil Mathews, by Sir John Kirk, who was the companion of Livingstone in his later explorations of the Zambesi. Living-

stone and Sir John were traveling by canoes down the river below Victoria Falls. Sir John Kirk said:

"My canoe was leading, and Livingstone was in the canoe behind. The deep stream moved slowly. Suddenly there was an amazing swirl from below, which caught my canoe and



Rapids of the Zambesi River

turned it over against a rock. The swirl came like a mound of water, as though a huge hippopotamus had risen.

"I shouted to Livingstone to keep back. My canoe was turned upside down, and all my notes, instruments, sketches, and specimens were carried away, never to be seen again. Fortunately the swirl of the water set continuously against the rock, keeping both the canoe and myself there, otherwise I should have been drowned. The current dragged at my legs so violently that I thought a crocodile must have got them. Livingstone put back, landed, and pulled me out by ropes. We then found the previously unknown Kebrabasa Rapids were ahead.

"We could not take our canoes overland, nor navigate them down these terrific rapids. Then the men let the canoes go. One went over the rapids and down, down under the water. We never saw it rise again. Another went down and shot up again into the air, split in two from stem to stern.

"If the accident of overturning the canoe had not happened to me, we should all have been swept over the rapids, and nothing more would ever have been heard of us, for no trace of us could have been left, nor would any of our men have survived to tell the story."

Mr. Mathews says that as he strolled in Sir John Kirk's garden, he noticed as an ornament the great skull of a hippopotamus, and spoke of it to Sir John.

"Yes," he said, stopping before the hippopotamus and lifting its enormous upper jaw until the huge head resembled a cavern. "I think I am the only man who has had his thigh between the jaws of a hippopotamus and escaped!

"Livingstone and I were traveling in boats up the Shire. I was lying back in the gunwale, steering, and taking little notice of anything save to keep the boat from running into a bunch of reeds. I allowed my leg to rest carelessly along the edge of the boat.

"Suddenly a bucketful of water was hurled into the boat by the rising snout of a hippopotamus. He opened his enormous jaws—the lower jaw under the boat, the upper over my leg. Had he closed his jaws, he would have crushed the boat and carried away my leg, but for some mysterious reason he turned and dived. We never saw him again.

"One of our Makololo men turned to me and said of the deliverance, 'It is God's providence only!'"

A PROVIDENTIAL LIFT ON THE PRAIRIE

Distances were often long in Western Canada for the Christian colporteur on his rounds among the pioneer settlers of earlier days. Colporteur James, then of Alberta, recounted this experience:

"I was on my way by train to visit a family that lived twelve miles east of the railway. As the train slowed up at the station, I remember very distinctly this short prayer was heart-breathed: 'Lord, if it is for my good and will glorify Thee, provide a

way that I need not walk; but if it is best, I am willing to walk.'

"It was a bright Sunday morning, and as I stepped from the train, my eyes at once scanned the street for signs of an answer to my prayer. Down the street stood a team of ponies hitched to a buggy. Since faith must work, I made for the sign, and found a man untying the team.

"To my question, 'Do you know of any one going a few miles east this morning?' he replied, 'A friend and I are going right now, and you may ride, if that suits you.'

"A question as to the nature of my work turned the conversation at once to religious themes. He made light of the thought that God has any work for us or has anything to do with our plans; and if such a Being exists, He has left us to shift for ourselves. Thus the question was discussed mile after mile, but Bible proof and personal experiences failed to touch his heart.

"At last I thought of my prayer, and how God had planned this very ride I was taking. The impression came to tell this experience, but another voice said, 'He will only scoff at such a thing.' Then came the reminder, 'God gave you this ride, not alone for your good, but for the good of this man, that God may be glorified. Tell it, for I have blessed thee that thou mightest be a blessing.'

"Then I told those men that I believed God was interested in all our needs, and how I had asked the Lord to provide a ride for me if it was best, as I had a large bag of books to carry out to Mr. Ricks' place.

"With a surprised look the man said, 'That is the very place we are going.'

"'Do you think it just happened,' said I, 'that I found you going out this way? and did it just happen that you are going to the very house I desire to reach, when there are hundreds of other homes all around here?'

"Instead of scoffing, he replied, 'It certainly looks as if God did answer your prayer, and has something to do with our plans, for we didn't plan this.'

"His whole attitude changed as he realized that God had used him to answer my prayer. But suppose I had failed to tell him! God will answer the prayer that has in mind the second blessing, even as Jesus said, 'Father, . . . glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee.'"

Supplied in Time of Need

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you." 1 Peter 5:7.

PATON'S WELL ON SAVAGE ANIWA

It was more than disappointment over failure to get water that John G. Paton risked when he determined, in the name of God, to sink the first well ever put down on savage Aniwa, in the New Hebrides Islands. He risked loss of all the prestige he had gained even among those becoming friendly to the mission. But the rains were all too scanty. The one water hole of the village was low. The sacred witch men were using the fact as evidence that the gods were angry with the people for listening to the new teaching. And any time, at their malicious whim, the missionary might be forbidden to take supplies from the holes where they gathered the rain water.

Mr. Paton felt that he must try for a well. In that famed and blessed book, "Autobiography of John G. Paton," he tells the story of this search for what was truly "living water:"

"One morning I said to the old chief and his fellow chief, both now earnestly inquiring about the religion of Jehovah and of Jesus, 'I am going to sink a deep well down into the earth, to see if our God will send us fresh water up from below.'

"They looked at me with astonishment, and said in tones of sympathy approaching pity, 'O Missi! wait till the rain comes down, and we will save all we possibly can for you.'

"I replied, 'We may all die for lack of water. If no fresh water can be got, we may be forced to leave you.'

"The old chief looked imploringly and said, 'O Missi! you must not leave us for that. Rain comes only from above. How could you expect our island to send up showers of rain from below?'

"I told him, 'Fresh water does come up springing from the earth in my land at home, and I hope to see it here also.'

"The old chief grew more tender in his tones, and cried, 'O Missi, your head is going wrong; you are losing something, or you would not talk wild like that! Don't let our people hear you talking about going down into the earth for rain, or they will never listen to your word or believe you again.'"

However, Mr. Paton got together ladder and ropes and shovel and pickax, and went to work, trusting God to guide



Sabbath School in the New Hebrides
Showing the Sabbath School Picture Roll to the people of the Big Nambus tribe

him in sinking the shaft at the right place; for failure to strike water the first time would be a calamity. With fishhooks he bought the reluctant service of native helpers to take out the earth as he dug away. He had reached a depth of thirty feet. Now, he says,

"The phrase 'living water,' 'living water,' kept chiming through my soul like music from God as I dug and hammered away!

"At this depth the earth and coral began to be soaked with damp. I felt that we were nearing water. My soul had a faith

that God would open a spring for us; but side by side with this faith was a strange terror that the water would be salt. So perplexing and mixed are even the highest experiences of the soul, the rose-flower of a perfect faith set round and round with prickly thorns.

"One evening I said to the old chief, 'I think that Jehovah God will give us water tomorrow from that hole!'"

"The chief said, 'No, Missi; you will never see rain coming up from the earth on this island. We wonder what is to be the end of this mad work of yours. We expect daily, if you reach water, to see you drop through into the sea, and the sharks will eat you! That will be the end of it — death to you, and danger to us all!'"

"I still answered, 'Come tomorrow. I hope and believe that Jehovah God will send you the rain water up through the earth.'"

"At the moment I knew that I was risking much, and probably incurring sorrowful consequences, had no water been given; but I had faith that the Lord was leading me on, and I knew that I sought His glory, not my own.

"Next morning I went down again at daybreak, and sank a narrow hole in the center, about two feet deep. The perspiration broke over me with uncontrollable excitement, and I trembled through every limb, when the water rushed up and began to fill the hole. Muddy though it was, I eagerly tasted it, lapping it with my trembling hand; and then I almost fell upon my knees in that muddy bottom as my heart burst up in praise to the Lord.

"It was water! It was fresh water! It was living water from Jehovah's well! No spring in the desert, cooling the parched lips of a fevered pilgrim, ever appeared more worthy of being called a 'well of God' than did that water to me!"

The faces of the Aniwans above at the top of the well expressed still their incredulity. Then a jug was filled and brought up. Mr. Paton wrote:

"The old chief shook it to see if it would spill, and then touched it to see if it felt like water. At last he tasted it, and rolling it in his mouth with joy a moment, he swallowed it, and shouted, 'Rain! Rain! Yes, it is rain! But how did you get it?'"

"I repeated, 'Jehovah my God gave it out of His own earth in answer to our prayers and labors. Go and see it springing up for yourselves.'"

Then others tried to dig wells. They, too, would find the water in the earth. Here and there wells were sunk. Explain it as one may, the fact was that nowhere else did they find water. The missionary had apparently been guided at his first venture to the one spot in the village where the water waited for its finder. The chief said,

"Missi not only used pick and spade, but he prayed and cried to his God. We have learned to dig, but not how to pray, and therefore Jehovah will not give us rain from below!"

It was a message from God that the well preached on Aniwa. Mr. Paton tells how Chief Namakei begged to be allowed to preach a sermon about the well on the next meeting day. We ought to quote a portion of the sermon as a sequel to the story of this well. All the island came to the meeting. The cannibal chief was excited. He flourished his tomahawk, says Paton, and launched into his first sermon:

"Friends of Namakei, men and women and children of Aniwa, listen to my words! Since Missi came here, he has talked many things we could not understand — things all too wonderful; and we said regarding many of them that they must be lies. White people might believe such nonsense, but we said that the black fellow knew better than to receive it.

"But of all his wonderful stories, we thought the strangest was about sinking down through the earth to get rain! Then we said to each other, 'The man's head is turned; he's gone mad.' But the Missi prayed on and wrought on, telling us that Jehovah God heard and saw, and that his God would give him rain. Was he mad? Has he not got the rain deep down in the earth? We mocked at him; but the water was there all the same. We have laughed at other things which the Missi told us, because we could not see them. But from this day I believe that all he tells us about his Jehovah God is true. Some day our eyes will see it. For today we have seen the rain from the earth. . . ."

"Something here in my heart [beating his breast] tells me that the Jehovah God does exist, the Invisible One, whom we

never heard of nor saw till the Missi brought Him to our knowledge. . . . From this day, my people, I must worship the God who has opened for us the well, and who fills us with rain from below. The gods of Aniwa cannot hear, cannot help us, like the God of Missi. Henceforth I am a follower of Jehovah God.

"Let every man that thinks with me go now and fetch the idols of Aniwa, the gods which our fathers feared, and cast them down at Missi's feet. Let us burn and destroy these things of wood and stone, and let us be taught by the Missi how to serve the God who can hear, the Jehovah who gave us the well, and who will give us every other blessing, for He sent His Son Jesus to die for us and bring us to heaven.

"This is what Missi has been telling us every day since he landed on Aniwa. We laughed at him, but now we believe him. The Jehovah God has sent us rain from the earth. Why should He not also send us His Son from heaven? Namakei stands up for Jehovah!"

The lesson of the well and the declaration of the chief broke the back of heathenism in Aniwa, says Mr. Paton. That very day the people began to bring in their idols to be burned or cast into the sea.

THE MONEY BY POST

Out of the war-stricken regions of Eastern Europe, in the days following the war, came stories of many a struggle of Protestant believers to keep going in the midst of universal distress, and with the hostility of feeling against Protestants in some sections. One such family had run out of food. Work had seemed unobtainable. The parents and children were actually in extremity of need. The story was told by President L. H. Christian, of the European Division:

"The father was praying one morning, with his wife and children. They were suffering the pangs of starvation, and they turned to God in prayer as their only hope.

"As the father prayed this morning, he seemed to hear a voice saying, 'If you have faith, you will be saved.'

"He took it as an assurance of deliverance, and the family thanked God that He had heard their cry.

"Just a little later the mail carrier came to their door with a letter. The letter was opened, and it was found that only money was inclosed. Who it was from they knew not. But there was money for their immediate need. It saved them from threatened starvation, and tided them over until they were able to find ways of earning a livelihood again amidst the desolations that the war had left in its wake. I know the facts, for I saw the family only a few weeks ago.

"Some time later the father attended a meeting held near his home. He there told of his experience, to the glory of God, and added, 'I should like to meet the one who sent me that money.'

"There was a man present who then stood up and said, 'I sent that letter. I sent it before I became an Adventist believer. One night in a dream an envelope, addressed with name and place, was held before me, and a voice commanded, "Put so much money in this envelope, and send it to that man!" I did not know who the man was,' he continued, 'and I never had heard of the place. But it was so clear and commanding an experience that next morning, as I awoke, I felt I must obey. I addressed an envelope as I had seen it in the dream, I put the money in it, and dropped it into the post. After I had done it, it seemed so unreasonable a thing for me to do that I feared I might really be losing my mind. But it was done, and I could not recall it.'"

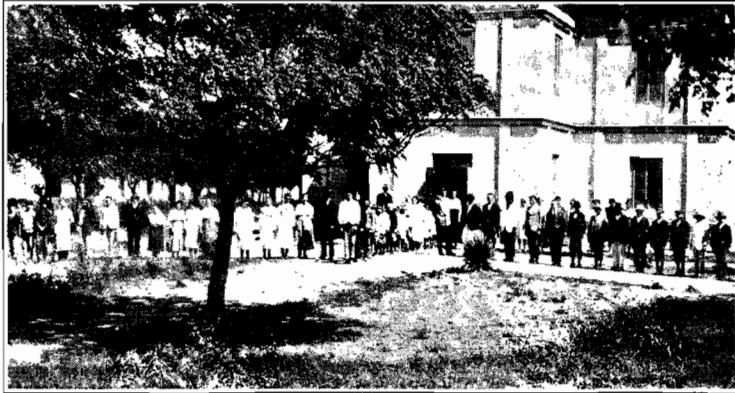
Soon afterward the man who sent the money was visited by a colporteur who sold him a book that led him into the light. Hearing of the meeting to be held, he had come to thank God for the light that the open Bible had brought into his life; and there he heard the story of the man to whom he had sent the money, not knowing what he was doing, save that God called him to do it. It was a happy meeting between the two men.

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE"

This promise, the basis of Christian confidence through the ages, was the trust of a band of pioneer Seventh-day Adventists in the early days of our work in the Argentine, South America. They were colonists from Switzerland, working on rented lands. Because of drouth and locusts, they moved to a new region, in

Santa Fé Province, and were struggling with indebtedness in getting a new start.

In those times, in Latin countries, Protestants were the target for scorn and persecution in Catholic communities generally. Missionary F. H. Westphal, pioneer of Seventh-day



Argentine Training School

Adventist missions in South America, told of one of the experiences of these colonists. He wrote in the year 1900:

“The harvest was fairly good. They intended to free themselves from all indebtedness; but a spirit of persecution arose, and one Sabbath while they were at meeting, their grain was all taken away, save a few sacks fit only for chicken feed. A large notice left with those sacks read: ‘Now the Lord care for you!’ And the Lord did care for them. He provided them (unexpectedly) with an abundance of work among the Jews of Moisesville, and enabled them to witness so truly to the truth that a family in Palacios accepted it, one member later being elder of the church.”

This reply of Providence to the mockery of unbelief finds its exact counterpart in a story of earlier times in Europe. This narrative, from “The Preacher’s Homiletic Commentary,” may therefore well be included here, though strictly not a story of missions:

“A mill owner was obliged to dismiss several of his hands. Among them was a man whose faith and trust in God always led him to say, ‘The Lord will provide.’ One day when he had eaten his last morsel of food and his faith was tried to the utmost, some street boys, opening his door, flung in a dead raven, shouting mockingly, ‘The Lord will provide!’ He quietly took up the dead bird and tenderly stroked its plumage. Suddenly he felt something hard in the crop of the bird, and wondering what it was, he took a knife and opened it. To his amazement he found there a gold chain. He felt here was God providing for him and his family. He went straight to a jeweler, telling his story, and asked if he would buy it. The jeweler saw it to be a chain of great value, with initials on it, and said:

“‘If you could learn the name of the owner, would you return it?’

“‘Certainly,’ replied the workman.

“‘Well, then,’ said the jeweler, ‘it belongs to your late master.’

“Hearing that, the man set off without delay, and put the chain into his master’s hands, who received it with great joy, as he had on missing it accused one of his servants of theft. Greatly struck with his workman’s honesty, he told him he wished him to return to his employment, as he could not part with so honest a man.”

GUIDED ARIGHT

He was a Chefoo cook, not yet a full Christian. But the influence of Miss Louisa Vaughn, for whom he worked, had led him to believe in the living God. Just then the wanderlust seized Sao Si Fu, and he determined to sail with a party crossing the Yellow Sea to Port Arthur. Miss Vaughn prayed God to keep him from going to that place, then so full of evil adventurers. But the cook left. He had been gone three weeks when one morning some one said to Miss Vaughn, “Do you know your cook has returned?” She says her heart sang for joy.

Soon Sao Si Fu, repentant, came to the mission to tell his story. The party he sailed with were off Port Arthur, already watching the animated life on the water front, when a storm came up and drove them back. They despaired of life, but

reached Weihaiwei. There they waited for a favorable wind. Just as they were to set sail, the shipmen sent the cook to a shop to buy something. Then they made off, and the poor lad returned to the dock to see them sailing away with his bag and all his possessions. Miss Vaughn tells his story in her little book, "Answered or Unanswered: "

"Despair seized me. I wept! I called! I begged other boatmen to overtake them, but in vain. I had no money, and they knew it. Blinded by my tears, staggering like an old man, I made my way up the street. It was then the Holy Spirit reminded me of you, Han Ku Mang. In any calamity, you always prayed.

"'Lord, help me!' I cried, as I walked along and wept. Suddenly I remembered a friend's son who lived in Weihaiwei. Continuing, I besought the Lord to let me find Tswang-I-Nien's son, the friend who lived here. This petition I kept repeating as I made my way up the street.

"In the distance I saw a peddler carrying his pack. Oh, I thought, he will know all people, and where they live. I shall ask him for information. Accosting him, I ventured, after Oriental etiquette had been satisfied, to inquire if he knew a man called Tswang, the son of a cook in Chefoo, one who lived many years in the mission compound on Temple Hill.

"'What is your business with him, may I ask?' said the peddler.

"'I am in great trouble,' I answered, 'and I seek his help. If you can give me any information, give it to me, for I must die if I do not find some one to help me.'

"'Strange, indeed,' said the peddler, 'it should be so. I am the man you seek! The son of Tswang-I-Nien of Chefoo, Nan Lo, Temple Hill. What can I do for you?'"

So Sao Si Fu found a friendly helper, earned money to return to the mission, a repentant believer in the living God, and later became a church leader.

THE BAG OF FLOUR

Again, from out the war-torn regions of Eastern Europe, comes a story of deliverance in those distressful post-war times. Pastor L. H. Christian, of Europe, once reported:

"A man whom I knew, and his family, were starving. They had not had a bite to eat for two days and a half. Then they saw a miserly man, a man whom they knew never would sell flour unless he received a very high price, hurrying up with his little cart. He pulled out a sack of flour, threw it on his shoulder, and rushed up to the house and set it down, then hastened out as fast as he could. The father rushed out after him and said, 'What do you mean? What about the flour?'

"The man replied, 'I don't know what I mean. I had planned to sell the flour, but have not had any peace for two days. I couldn't sleep at night. I had to come, I don't know why, and put the flour outside your kitchen.'

"So the family thanked God, and were saved."

The story is similar to one told of the year 1847, known as the "hunger year" in southern Germany. It is recorded by a German writer, Fr. Schwenker, in a little book entitled, "Das Gebet" (Prayer), published years ago in Leipzig. The writer says:

"In the hunger year of 1847, there lived in the neighborhood of Heilbronn a pious man who, one early morning hour, could find no rest. A voice called to him, 'You are to take a bag of meal, and go forth with it. There are many who have nothing to eat, and the Lord will show you what you should do.'

"He placed the bag of meal upon a wheelbarrow, and started forth. He pushed on, however, through the first village, because there seemed no indication that he should turn in at any house. Even so he passed through a second village, and another, until he passed the fourth. Weary, he now came at evening to Heilbronn.

"Suddenly, as he came to a high house, it was said to him, 'There it is!'

"On the first floor and on the second story lived well-to-do people. At last, when he reached the top, he said to himself, 'Here it must be,' and he pushed a door open, set the sack of meal inside, saying aloud, 'This the Lord sends to you!' Without waiting, he went on his way.

"In that room as he spoke, a widow was upon her knees, with seven children about her, suffering with hunger almost to the death. And she was praying, 'O Lord, today only have a care for us.'"

Thus over the long road was relief sent to the right place, just at the time of need. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." Ps. 107: 43.

HOW MONEY FOR THE FARE CAME

In a little book, "On Muleback Through Central America," Mrs. Mattie Crawford tells how money came in time for her and her husband to take the boat homeward, after a trip through Nicaragua, scattering Scripture portions. As they prayed, they had felt constrained not to wait in the interior town (where they had lived) for the next mail, but to go to the port. The boat they hoped to take was due to sail next day. Mrs. Crawford says:

"We made ready to leave on that boat, but there was no money for the fare. As I prayed in my room one morning, the Lord said, 'Go and ask for your mail.' I thought, 'I don't believe the mail is opened here, but on arriving, the post is immediately sent to different parts of the country.' But as I prayed again, the Lord spoke once more, 'Go and ask for your mail.' I knew it was the voice of the Lord, for He had wonderfully spoken to us all the way; so I went. On asking for the mail, I was told that no mail was coming for two weeks, and when it did come, it would not be opened there, but would be sent out to the different parts of the republic."

Meanwhile the sailing of their boat was postponed for a day or two. Next morning they saw a new ship coming in. On inquiry, they learned it was an unexpected mail-boat arrival. Mrs. Crawford hastened again to the postmaster, saying the Lord had impressed her that the expected letters were to come in. "How do you know?" asked the man. She explained how God had impressed her in prayer that the money for the fare would be provided at the port. She gave the man a New Testament, and spoke of the Saviour's love. Mrs. Crawford says:

"He began to weep, and told me he had never before seen a Bible, had hated and persecuted the missionaries, had hated me when I came inquiring for mail, and had not even believed

in God before; but my coming so many times, saying the Lord had told me there was mail coming for me, in spite of my knowing that the mail ship was not due for two weeks, then the arrival of the mail ship before time, and the postponed sailing of the other vessel upon which I said we were to sail, had convinced him that God was actually speaking to me; and he promised to try to get our mail.

"However, there were thousands of letters, and he was rather doubtful if he would find our mail in the midst of so much other; but promised that if I would return in the afternoon, he would do his best for me.

"In the afternoon I returned for the mail which I was sure would be there. The man came hurrying to me, and handed me two registered letters, saying they were on the top of the pile of mail in the first bag he opened. Surely God had spoken to me, he said, and he knew now there was a God."

HOW GOD PROVIDED FOR THE OPIUM REFUGE

The necessity of finding money for his relief work and opium refuge drove a Chinese convert, Hsi (pronounced Shee), of Shansi, to prayer. And out of waiting upon God came the development of a grit that he knew not he possessed. Hsi had gone far already in ministering to the needy — too far, the missionary had warned him.

"I see," said the missionary, "that in this matter you are seeking to follow the Lord's example in feeding the five thousand. But do not forget, the Lord did this only twice, not constantly."

In Mrs. Taylor's "Pastor Hsi" the story of a crisis in finance is thus told:

"Toward the close of the year, after his missionary friend had urged retrenchment, when Hsi came to balance his accounts, he found to his dismay that there was a threatened deficit of over eighty thousand cash: just what the foreign shepherd had feared, and what the heathen around him were always prophesying. He could see his way to making up about a third of this sum, but that would still leave him nearly fifty thousand in arrears. He could not borrow money, for that was against the clear injunction, 'Owe no man anything.' And rack his brain

as he might, no plan presented itself by which so large a sum could be raised. His heathen relatives angrily declared that he would bring them all into trouble. His wife and fellow workers were silent and anxious. But Hsi gave himself to waiting upon God.

"And just then the unexpected happened. From the capital of the province a remarkable paper made its way down to Hsi's neighborhood, and came into his hands. It contained a list of a number of subjects connected with the Christian religion, upon which literary men were invited to write theses to compete for valuable prizes. The essays were to contain about five thousand characters, and might be written either in verse or prose, but the highest prize was for poetical compositions, and consisted of fifty ounces of silver. The offer was from the T'ai-yuan missionaries, and open to all the literati of the province.

"This," cried Hsi with enthusiasm, "is the Lord's answer to our petitions. The first prize shall assuredly be mine."

"With faith and courage he set to work. It was already the tenth month of the year, and there was no time to spare. The first prize was for poetry only, and so to that line of things he confined himself.

"Little though he realized it at the time, there was a deeper purpose in that versifying than the one he had in view. The growing church of his own hills and valleys needed a new hymnology, something of their own, expressing in local language the experiences of the heart. Hsi was dimly conscious of the need. He knew the hymns they used did not appeal much to the people. But it had never occurred to him that he might be enabled to write others that would. Now as he pondered, pen in hand, thoughts came to him and the verses flowed, until one after another poems were written that discovered a gift never again lost sight of.

"A little later the missionary paid another visit to the western Chang village, this time not to advise caution, but to confer upon the winner of the first prize a shoe of silver worth seventy thousand cash—amply sufficient to close the year with a balance on the right side. This was to Hsi a memorable experience, quite a milestone on life's journey."

FROM A SCRAPBOOK

Though it is not a narrative of modern missions, let these anonymous lines from a scrapbook tell in verse the story of —

"ANSWERED PRAYER

- "Within a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night in vain for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that He was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to Him for food.
- "When prayer was done, her oldest child —
A boy of eight years old —
Said softly, 'In the Holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied the prophet's need.'
'Yes,' she answered, 'but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed.'
- "But, mother, God may do again
What He has done before;
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unloose the door.'
Then little Dink, in simple faith,
Threw ope the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.
- "Erelong, the burgomaster passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night.
'My little Dink has done it, sir,'
The widow, smiling, said,
'That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread.'
- "Indeed!' the burgomaster cried,
'Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may now be had.'
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy."



EXILED FOR CHRIST

A Hindu Wife, a Voluntary Exile From Husband, Home, and All, for the Master

Meetings Providentially Arranged

"Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot." (The meeting of Philip and the Ethiopian treasurer, on the edge of the desert.) Acts 8:29.

"GOD HAS BROUGHT ME TO YOU"

A MISSIONARY woman in India had been visiting one of India's child wives to engage in brief moments of Bible study. The young girl's heart was touched, and forsaking all for Christ, she became a trained nurse and a valued helper in our India missions. In her own words, Kheroda Bose tells how providentially she found "her missionary" at the instant of dire need, when a few moments' delay would have been fatal.

One day, the account goes, the girl's husband returned from business, and found the missionary at his home. He threw a brick at the lady, whose foot was cut.

"I began to cry," said Kheroda.

"Do not cry," said the missionary, "your husband does not understand. Christ suffered for us, and I am glad to have the privilege of suffering for Him."

"We had just been studying about His death on the cross, so I understood her words; and I marveled. I had never seen the like before."

Just then Kheroda's family moved to Kashi,—"Kashi the Splendid," as the temple city of Benares is called,—and she saw no more of her missionary friend. Then one day, in Kashi, who should call at the door but the very missionary lady herself! She, too, had been transferred to Kashi.

"As she was about to leave," says Mrs. Bose, "I asked her where she lived."

"Not far from here," she said; "just over in the missionary cantonment. But why do you ask? Will you come to see me?"

"Then looking me straight in the face, she said, 'Do you love Jesus? Will you forsake all for Him who forsook all for you?'"

"I said nothing; but I marveled that Jesus had forsaken all for me, and I longed to forsake all for Him."

The longing grew into a purpose. A few days later the young girl, with trembling — for a young woman of her class was not supposed ever to show her face on the street — opened the gate and plunged out into the hurrying throng, blindly hoping that somehow in the great city she could find “her missionary.”

“As I walked, I prayed,” she says, “Lord, I am forsaking all for you; show me the road to the missionary’s home.”

She saw a gharri (a public carriage) passing, and called to the driver and told him to drive her fast to the mission homes.

“We had scarcely started,” she said, “when some one threw a tract into the gharri door. I looked, and there was my missionary herself!

“‘Mem-sahib! Mem-sahib!’ I called, and she stopped the gharri.

“‘God has answered my prayer,’ I said, ‘and brought me to you.’”

Instantly, as the missionary learned the girl was giving herself to be a Christian, she well knew the need of quick action in that sacred city of the Hindus. Without returning to her home, the missionary drove to the railway station, and hastened the girl a two days’ journey away to another mission.

Immediately Kheroda’s flight became known, the city was in uproar. The mission compound was invaded by searchers. But no one there had any knowledge of the case. Later, when police activity traced the young convert, she was able to secure her freedom to be a Christian by declaration before the courts. Taking the training as a nurse in our Calcutta Sanitarium. Kheroda has given many years to Christian service, never ceasing to thank God for the watchful providence that brought her “missionary lady” to her door in the strange city, and then guided her own flight so instantly and surely into the way of safety and deliverance.

MEETING THE MOSLEM CHIEFS

It is a remarkable thing to hear of Moslem chiefs in the East African hinterland searching for Christian truth. As they were turning back, disappointed in their search, whom

should they meet in the wilds but men who could tell them of the very message their hearts were longing to hear? Of that search party and the providential meeting, the following account is given by Foreign Mission Secretary W. E. Read, of Europe:

“On the northeast coast of Africa, some months ago, two Moslem chiefs came up to the capital, evidently tired of the superstitions of the past. Their hearts were burdened with a great need for God, and so they came up to the capital and called at one mission station after another, but somehow they did not get the satisfaction their souls longed for, so they began to retrace their steps. They had already traveled for nearly six weeks, day after day, through hostile tribes, to get to the capital.

“They were about two days on their journey back when some of our native brethren met them on the road. As is the custom in those countries, the two parties greeted each other, and our men found out who they were. When our brethren knew the chiefs were seeking for a missionary, they asked, ‘Did you call at the Adventist mission?’

“‘No, we have not heard of such a place.’

“‘Well, you’d better come back with us.’

“So they took them back to the home of Missionary Gudmundsen, in charge of our station there, and they stayed two whole weeks and listened to the Word of God as our brother taught the message to them. They had received the very thing that touched their hearts. The peace of God came into their souls, and they gave their hearts to Jesus, and began to rejoice in His message of freedom from sin.

“Then they went back to their villages. They walked day after day and week after week, and by and by they got within sight of the villages. The people, seeing them, came rushing out to greet them.

THEIR NEW-FOUND JESUS

“‘Well,’ they asked, ‘what have you found?’

“And then these two chiefs told of their new-found, loving friend Jesus. They taught all they could to those people. Several hundred of them were gathered round.

“A few weeks later a runner came up to the mission station, announcing that there were a lot of people down there longing for further light, and that we must send them a missionary. Missionary Gudmundsen studied how he could do it, and finally

chose his best man, who, with a friend, started on the long journey. They were away three months. It took a month to get to the place. They reported 200 people keeping the Sabbath, who longed for a missionary to live with them."

MET AT THE RIGHT TIME AND PLACE

Standing on the corner of a street in the city of Calcutta, a man depressed and disheartened by failure to find any one who could help his troubled mind, was accosted by a messenger of the very message that he was searching for. Surely God's providence timed the meeting in those thronging streets of the great Oriental city of a million and more people. Missionary W. H. Stevens, of Calcutta, gives us the story as follows:

"Suboddhi Choudhry is a man's name, and to most persons it is but a name among India's millions. To the writer, however, it stands out distinctly, and means more than many of the great names, not because of heritage, wealth, or personality, but because of the story connected with that name.

"In May, 1920, a tall man in Cuttack, who had been connected with a certain mission for seven years, left his wife and child, and started for Calcutta. Had he deserted them? No, but he went in quest, not of money, but of the true riches. Thinking some one may be interested in his story, I take a few minutes to write it.

"Suboddhi, as a Hindu, had belonged to a joint-family of eighty members. Having espoused the Christian faith, it was necessary for him to leave all that this family meant to him. He became a worker in the cause of Christ, and was very happy.

"In the year with which this story begins, he had a burden to go back and tell his relatives of Christ, who had done so much for his soul, but he realized the need of preparation; so he set out to read his Bible through, marking such passages as appealed to him as being helpful in pointing his Hindu relatives to the Saviour.

"With this resolute purpose in mind, the study was begun with Genesis 1. When he reached the second chapter, a query was raised in his mind, for does not this text say that God rested on the seventh day, and blessed and sanctified that day? Not being able to harmonize this clear statement of Scripture with his own observance of the first day of the week, and think-

ing surely the pastor must have some authoritative explanation, he decided that this point must be settled before proceeding farther in his study.

"So he went to the pastor; but not being satisfied, and becoming more and more perplexed, he decided to visit Calcutta, for surely there must be some one there who could explain the matter; and moreover, if God really meant what He said, there would be some one somewhere observing the seventh day.

"His wife, a mission school teacher, said, 'Husband, you know how much these missionaries have done for us, and how they love us. Do not go away; we are happy here, let us stay.' But the reply was, 'I must go.' Accordingly he took the train for Calcutta and began the search.

THE FIRST RAY OF LIGHT

"For three weeks, Suboddhi visited every church he could find, but the problem only grew more dense, until one Sunday morning he was standing on Dhuramtallah Street, bewildered, and not knowing which way to turn. Presently a young man accosted him thus:

"'Good morning, sir; may I show you some good papers?'

"After looking at the papers, Suboddhi asked, 'Are you a Christian?'

"'Yes, sir,' was the reply.

"'Why are you selling literature on the Sabbath?'

"'Excuse me, sir, but I observed the Sabbath yesterday.'

"'Why did you do that?'

"'Because I believe that the Bible teaches the seventh day is the Sabbath of Jehovah.'

"Some further questions and answers were exchanged, and our colporteur invited Suboddhi over to meet our evangelist, who began to study the Bible with him; and ere long Suboddhi was rejoicing in having found that which he had started in search of,—a people observing the Sabbath of the Lord."

SURELY NOT AN ACCIDENTAL MEETING

Years ago, on a journey from Buenos Aires to Rio de Janeiro, Mrs. F. W. Spies, of the East Brazil Mission, found herself sitting on the deck alongside a fellow passenger, a Norwegian sea captain. The captain had been invalided to hospital in the Argentine; and now, forced to turn over his ship to another, he was proceeding to his home in Norway to

die among his own people. As they talked, he said to Mrs. Spies:

“Many years ago a man sold me some religious books in Liverpool, as I was sailing from that port. They were strange books, teaching doctrines different from the general teaching of the churches. They disturbed me, and I put them away. Later I read them again. They upset me. The end of it was that I finally threw them overboard. Years after that, my ship was off Pitcairn Island, in the southern Pacific, and I stopped to get water and fresh fruits. And — will you believe it? — I found the people of that island believed the same doctrines taught in those books. They all set in to try to convert me to the teachings. That was years ago. But since I have been sick and must soon die, I have kept thinking more and more of the things taught in those books.”

“And now,” Mrs. Spies said to him in reply, “I must tell you something more of those books. I belong to the people who printed them, and who are preaching these doctrines in all parts of the world.” And she had opportunity to have good talks with the invalided captain about the “blessed hope” on which every believing heart may rest with all confidence for life or for death.

How clearly the trail of a kindly Providence is seen following that man from the first sale of the books in Liverpool — by that pioneer ship missionary, George R. Drew — to this meeting along the Brazilian coast while the old captain was on his last voyage homeward, with the thoughts of the teachings of those books coming forcefully into his mind as he faced the call to prepare for eternity.

PRAYING FOR THE MESSENGERS OF REVELATION FOURTEEN

In the prophet's vision of the last great gospel movement, proclaiming the message to all nations, “Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come,” the bearers of the world-wide message are described under the symbol of angels flying in the midst of heaven. As appears plainly in some versions, the word “angel” means messenger. And so, in a remote region of Czecho-Slovakia, a family were

praying for the messengers of Revelation 14 to come. Field Secretary H. F. Schubert, of Europe, told the story as follows:

LIKE AN ANGEL FROM HEAVEN

“Just two months ago, in a certain place in Czecho-Slovakia, there was a colporteur sixty miles away from the nearest railroad station. He went to a house and canvassed the lady. When he was through, the lady said:

“‘I see you believe the Bible.’

“The colporteur answered, ‘Yes, of course I do.’

“‘Well, if you do that, you must also keep the Sabbath?’

“‘Yes, I do.’

“‘Have you been baptized?’ the lady asked.

“‘Of course I have.’

“‘Do you believe in the second coming of Christ?’

“‘Oh, yes, indeed, I certainly do!’

“Then the lady became excited, and called to her husband, ‘Come, come! The Lord has sent us the angel of Revelation 14, for whom we have prayed so long!’

“There were ten persons in that place who had never seen one of our tracts or books, nor any of our literature, and who had never heard an Adventist preacher, but who had studied the Bible, and learned from it that they must be baptized, that the Lord is coming, and that they must keep the Sabbath; and then they prayed that the Lord would send them the angel of Revelation 14. Now he had come in the person of the colporteur, and later those ten persons were baptized.”

Thus the colporteur, in that remote region, was led of God to the very home where inquirers after light were praying for the messenger to come with the message of Revelation 14.

The story reminds one of an experience reported by a colporteur in the “back blocks” of Australia. Showing his book to the lady of the house, he was quickly questioned about the Bible Sabbath. Learning that he kept it as God's holy day, she had no thought further, for the moment, of his book. Seizing the rope of the large farm bell, she rang for her husband, and when he appeared, she cried out, “Come, husband, here is another man who keeps the Bible Sabbath.” They had thought themselves the only ones in the world keeping the sacred day.



A KOREAN COLPORTEUR
Selling Papers on the Streets of Pyeng Yang

Instructed by Dream

"It was so, when Gideon heard the telling of the dream, and the interpretation thereof, that he worshipped, and returned unto the host of Israel, and said, Arise; for the Lord hath delivered into your hand the host of Midian." Judges 7:15.

THE WAY PREPARED

THE Midianite soldier's dream of the barley loaf that rolled into the camp, prepared the Midianites for flight and was turned as a signal from God to Gideon's men to go forward to victory.

In many a mission field, Providence has prepared the way by the lesson of a dream.

In discussing the providential use of this means of preparation for the hearing of the gospel, Warneck says:

"God, like a wise teacher, condescends to the childlike thought of uncivilized man, that He may tell him, in a way he can understand, things which he would otherwise hardly accept. We cannot fully explain these soul-processes without the thought of the divine influence working there, for they are often opposed to the knowledge and will of him who has them, and force him to actions for which he can find in himself neither the power nor the inclination. That, however, does not imply that false ideas and misunderstandings may not be mixed up with them. It is not a question of revelations, but of rude shocks meant to point them to the revealed truth.

"We must not banish such experiences to the realm of fable. They are too well attested; and they are met with everywhere among animistic peoples with considerable regularity. Neither must we overestimate them. They have nothing more than a preparatory significance; they lead no further than to the door of the gospel. Like other divine reminders, they may be disregarded; they may also be misinterpreted and abused. Anyhow, in innumerable cases they have fulfilled their purpose of pointing stupefied heathen to the gift of the gospel, which they had hitherto overlooked. In such divinely influenced processes of the soul which have abundant parallels in the Old and New Testaments, we see the sway of God, whose sovereign

hand interposes in the destiny of men and turns their hearts like the water brooks."

And this German writer, of the Rhenish Society's missions in Sumatra and the East Indies, narrates the following experiences as illustrative of the point:

"In the Battak Mission the attention of the heathen was frequently drawn to Christianity by dreams. Many converts from heathenism speak of dreams which had a decisive influence on their lives. These are still more frequent on Nias. An old priestess there dreamed that the dead ancestors of her kindred appeared to her, and said the new religion was good. The dream made a profound impression on all the relatives. The savage Iraono Huna, on Nias, were led by a dream to accept Christianity. The wife of Salago, who afterward became a leading supporter of Christianity, dreamed that she saw at a great distance, a large man with his feet on the earth and his hand reaching to heaven. He became smaller and smaller till, as a little man, with a white garment, he sat down on a stone and said: 'I come from heaven, and have to ask you people of Lolowan if you go to church at Lahusa. Are you willing to follow the teaching of God?' Then they prayed together, and he once more exhorted her to go to the missionary, that he might show her the way of life. Next day the whole village came to be taught, and the idols were thrown away.

"This dream had a decisive effect upon the whole district. Others dreamed of a good spring which rose up near the mission house or came from the city of God. Heathen of Lahomi were commissioned by a dream to follow the custom of the missionary, and thereby return to the 'old custom,' i. e., the original, true religion."

THE BUDDHIST WOMAN'S DREAM

The following experience was related to me by a lady medical missionary, Dr. Ollie Tornblad, of the Seventh-day Adventist mission in Burma:

"Does your God answer prayer?" asked a Buddhist woman.

"Yes," said Dr. Tornblad.

"Does He do it?" she said. "Can He do anything that He will?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well," said the Buddhist woman, "my husband is a good man, but he drinks; and when he is drunk, he beats me, and

breaks up the household things. Could your God keep him from doing this way?"

The missionary explained to the woman the Lord's power to turn hearts when it is to His glory, and how we can always turn to Him and pray, knowing that He hears. So the poor woman asked prayer for her husband. Dr. Tornblad prayed, and the woman prayed, and they kept on praying from day to day.

Soon afterward Dr. Tornblad was called to that home. She found the husband in agony. While in one of his drinking bouts he had eaten something indigestible, and was seriously ill. While attending him, the doctor talked with him earnestly. She warned him of the course he was taking, and of its sure end in ruin. The man was a lawyer, and spoke English well. The doctor spoke of God's power to help and deliver from the power of evil habits.

As a result of the ministry to his suffering and the appeal to his heart, the man gave his hand and his word that he would leave off drink. "And the Lord surely did help him to keep his word," said Dr. Tornblad, "greatly to the joy of his wife."

Some time later the wife fell very ill, and again Dr. Tornblad was called. She says:

"I found the woman so ill that it appeared, as it indeed turned out, that her life could not be saved. But she told me a story that showed how God had been working in her heart. She had had a dream of falling over a great abyss, but that the missionary had caught her and saved her.

"'I believe,' the woman said, 'that it means that your God is the true God, and the one to worship. My heart looks to Him.'

"A little later the poor woman died, and I believe she knew the saving grace of Christ in those last hours."

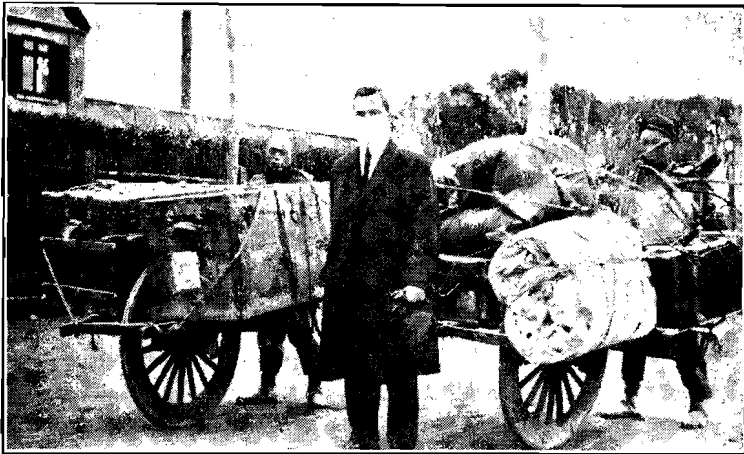
Thus in a dark land the voice of the Spirit evidently spoke directly to one poor soul.

LED TO CHRIST

In the records of our South China Mission is the story of a heathen brought to Christ by providential intervention. Mis-

sonary B. L. Anderson wrote that the son of a Chinese evangelist was stricken with bubonic plague.

"He was but five years old, and from all appearances it seemed that he would soon be silent in death. The only hope of his recovery was in God. The child earnestly urged prayer. 'Pray,' he said, 'there is a wonderful power in prayer.' One



Perils of Inland China

Nathan Brewer returning with baggage from interior plague-infected districts

evening the believers, also a number of outsiders, gathered at the chapel and united in prayer for the child. There was a heathen man in the congregation who felt the presence of the Spirit of God, and that night, while sleeping upon his bed, he had a view of Jesus standing by the child, and he was very definitely impressed that the boy would recover. The boy did get well, and the heathen accepted Christ as his Saviour."

A CHINESE HEART PREPARED

As one thinks of the gross darkness in the great non-Christian lands, it surely seems natural that the special providences of God should appear here and there as witnesses to heathen hearts. Here is one such story of North China, preserved by Andrew Stewart in his book, "Out of Darkness," published by the Religious Tract Society, London:

"A prosperous farmer living in Kuan not far from Peking had a dream one night. A heavenly visitant appeared to him, and warned him against spending more money on the temple services. He had lived a devout and worthy life, had been faithful in his attendance at the temple and liberal in his contributions to its superintendent. The holy one told him that the services were not clean, and the priests were unworthy. He astonished him further by intimating that on the twenty-third day of the seventh moon he would meet a man who would tell him what to do.

"About eight or ten years previously a messenger had given him a copy of the New Testament and one of 'The Peep of Day.' While these had greatly interested him, and had more or less influenced his thought and his life, he had never had any clear conception of their meaning.

"During the seventh month there came to his district a simple Christian evangelist, his own countryman. He was a colporteur, and day after day he set up his bookstall and sold his books. He likewise had been guided by the divine Spirit to visit this district at this time, because God had a special work for him to do there.

"On the day mentioned in his dream the farmer stopped at the bookstall, and entered into conversation with the evangelist, with the result that he invited him to his home. Here they spent three days discussing the things belonging to eternal life. Two months later they traveled together to Peking, where the farmer stayed for a short time. He did not return until he had been baptized, after which he set out with great joy for his home. Here he became a faithful evangelist, preaching the gospel successfully to his own people, proving that God is able to use the weak things of the world to confound the mighty."

GUIDED OUT OF DARKNESS

As missionary work is done for the aborigines of Australia, hearts are found waiting to be taught the way of salvation. The experience of one aboriginal woman has been related, I believe by Pastor B. P. Rudge, of New South Wales. This woman had caught a glimmer of gospel light, and the report tells how this little spark was fanned into flame:

"By degrees she learned of the Saviour and His wonderful plan to save, and as time went on, she desired to know more

of God and Jesus, but she did not seem to make any further advancement, much to her sorrow. About this time she had a dream in which she thought she was making strenuous efforts to peer into heaven for more of God's light, but could see nothing but smoke — smoke everywhere — which she finally traced to her own mouth. In the morning when she arose she told the dream, which was impressed upon her mind, to her husband. They talked it over, and decided that the Lord had shown them that tobacco was hiding the light of heaven from them. They burned their pipes, and the woman has not smoked since."

Very soon after thus discovering, by the direct intervention of the Lord, that the enemy of her soul was attacking her from behind the smoke screen, this woman came in touch with our missionary teachers, and was quickly rejoicing in assurance of the fulness of Christ's saving grace.

A KOREAN WOMAN'S CALL

Among the stirring stories of missionary progress in the Land of the Morning Calm is this one, showing how thrice over, in crises, the Lord intervened to save a Korean woman, and guided her into soul-winning service. The account comes from a report by Mrs. Theo. Wangerin, of the Seventh-day Adventist Mission:

"At the age of thirty-two she went to a missionary doctor for aid. A native Bible woman gave her tracts and Gospel portions. She read these with great interest for three months. Her husband then saw the books, and she had to take them back. That night she had a dream. It seemed as if her father had given her a heavy load to carry, and some bread that she was to eat along the way. Then some one with nail-prints in His hands spoke to her. He raised His hands and said, 'When you had the bread of life in your hands, why did you send it back? Take this bread, and give it to the world.' The next day she went to visit the Bible woman, and brought back the books.

"That very day she destroyed her idols. Her husband was very bitter, and for ten months beat her every day because she persisted in reading these books and praying. One day he beat her from morning till late at night. She then decided to take her three children to the missionaries, and as she could not

live under those conditions any longer, she planned to jump into the well and put an end to her life. That day her husband brought in a large knife with which he was going to kill her. At the very moment he was to carry out the awful deed, the Lord sent some one to their home, and persuaded them all to visit the missionaries. From that day on her husband ceased to persecute her.

"She has led many to accept Christianity. More than fifty women whom she led to Christ have engaged in Bible work. At one time she became weary, and decided to stop preaching. She had still another dream. Sitting in the midst of great light and glory was an angel. He had a letter in his hand. He gave this to her and said, 'Tell this news to all you come in contact with.'

"She is truly a mother in Israel. She has befriended many, and is always ready to help those in trouble. Although in poor health, she still does all she can to win souls to Christ."

THE INDIAN'S DREAM SAVES THE BISHOP

How Missionary Bombas, who later became a bishop and famed as a pioneer, was saved by an Indian's dream, is a story told in Graham's "Bishop Bombas of the Frozen North." The medicine men were determined to eliminate Bombas. He was with a party going up the MacKenzie River to Ft. McPherson. There was trouble in the camp, delays, and quarrels. The medicine men declared Bombas was the cause of bringing an evil spirit into the camp, and that his presence brought them all into peril. It was their way of working up a spirit among the Indians that would enable them to put the missionary to death if he did not turn back. It was in 1870, when the frozen North did pretty much as its wild will chose. The writer says:

"Mr. Bombas realized the situation was most critical. One night, after a day of unusually hard work,—when little progress had been made,—the natives became so hostile that Mr. Bombas feared they would take his life ere morning. But notwithstanding the impending danger, the faithful servant committed himself to the Father's keeping, and, wearied out, soon fell asleep.

"His great friend among the Eskimos was the old chief, Shipataitook by name, who had at the first invited him to visit

them, offered the missionary the use of his camp, and entertained and fed him with the greatest kindness and cordiality. He had taken such a fancy to the brave young white man that he could not see him murdered without making an effort to save him. He had heard the threatening words, and when the plotters were to fall upon their victim, he told them to wait, as he had something to tell them before they proceeded farther.

"Then he began a strange story, which, falling upon the ears of the naturally superstitious natives, had a great effect. He told them he had had a remarkable dream the night before. They had moved up the river, and were almost at Ft. McPherson; and as they approached, they saw the banks lined with the Hudson Bay Company's men and Indians, all armed, ready to shoot them down in the boats if they did not have the white man with them.

"When this story was told, all plotting ceased; and in the morning when Mr. Bombas awoke, he found no longer angry glances cast upon him, but the natives were attentive to his care."

WAITING FOR GOSPEL LIGHT

A Bible woman, visiting homes in a Hungarian village, found one home prepared in a special way for her coming.

"There was an isolated house far off from the road, but the Bible woman, feeling a special burden for the people in it, took it upon herself to wade through the mud to the house. Before she reached the house the woman came out to meet her with the words, 'The Lord sends you to me, and you will bring me the book you have in your yellow bag. I saw you last night in a dream, and bought a book from you that showed me the way to God. Thanks be to Him!'"

LETSIKA'S CALL TO SERVICE

Here is a story of a young convert of our mission in Basutoland, Africa. Letsika had found Christ, but his father and mother were heathen. The mission reports tell how he was led to make the effort that brought his mother to the light:

"One night Letsika dreamed that an angel of God stood by his side, and rebuked him severely for not laboring with his heathen mother to bring her to Christ. He was told that God held him responsible for this lack. He awoke sobbing bitterly. With a cry he ran out of the hut into the cold night

air. Kneeling on the frost-covered ground, he pleaded with God for the conversion of his mother, and power to meet the antagonism of his heathen father.

"His wife awoke, and going out, saw him in prayer. She feared that he had gone mad, so ran to the near-by village to tell his parents. But he was not mad. The Lord had laid upon him a burden for his mother's conversion. He went to her, and labored with such earnestness and fervor that she yielded to God, and is now a baptized member of the church."

THE CHINESE GIRL'S SURRENDER

Walking by the mission school compound, on the outskirts of Shanghai, Secretary C. C. Crisler said to me, "There is the Buddhist girl who was led to Christ in so remarkable a way recently." She had come to make arrangements to attend the school. Mrs. B. Miller, of the Shanghai circuit, told me the story of Miss Tsang's conversion as follows:

"In our work in one of the villages, we had become acquainted with a young woman of a wealthy Buddhist family. One of our Bible women, Miss Siao'tje, had held studies with her, as she, like her family, was a devout Buddhist idol worshiper. We were impressed that this girl was a fine character. The Bible woman had labored faithfully, but apparently the girl was settled in her conviction that she did not want the gospel. We kept in touch with her, however.

"Not long ago we were to have a general meeting and Bible institute at a place near Shanghai, and we invited the girl to attend.

"'You will see Shanghai,' I told her.

"To my surprise the girl came along with our Bible woman. She listened to the studies, but at every consecration meeting Miss Tsang was unmoved. Little Tsire Siao'tje, the Bible woman, was heartbroken. But one morning I began a study of Christ's work as our great high priest, ministering for us in the heavenly sanctuary. The evangelist put up a chart showing a picture of the sanctuary in the camp of Israel, with its furniture, with the high priest engaged in the service. I noticed that the Buddhist girl was excited as we put the chart up. She was talking in an agitated way to the Bible woman.

"'What is that?' she said. 'What is it?'"

"I feared that something had been done to upset her mind about something, and after the study I said to the Bible woman:

“What was the matter?”

“I believe the Lord has spoken to her heart,” the Bible woman said. “Three months ago, she said, she had a dream, and she saw just the view she now saw represented in the picture. She saw the high priest in the service, and everything as represented on the chart, with a wonderful light round about it. Then when she saw it on the chart, she said, ‘Now, I know this is the truth. I am glad I have found this truth.’”

“Before that she had said, ‘I will not believe this Jesus doctrine; I will not believe it.’ But now all was changed, and when they went to their room, the Bible woman said, ‘Don’t you want to give your heart to Jesus?’

“Yes, I want to,” said the girl.

“The next day we had a consecration service, singing (in Chinese), ‘All to Jesus I surrender.’ It was really a wonderful meeting, and one after another the women came up to give their lives in consecration to Christ. The heart of our Bible woman, little Tsire Siao’tje, was quite melted as the Buddhist girl walked straight down to the front to surrender her all to Jesus. It meant forsaking home and all, but she felt that God had prepared her from aforetime, by her dream, to give heed to the gospel message which now she had heard.”

PREPARED FOR THE MESSENGER

When we understand, as by Hebrews 1:14, that the angels of God are going before us in all the world, preparing hearts for human messengers, a wonderful view is opened before us. Every now and then the curtain is drawn, and we see in individual cases how truly the Lord is preparing souls to hear the message. Here is a story illustrative of this. It comes from Burma. While attending a Rangoon meeting, Evangelist Chit Hla, one of our Burmese workers, told me how he met a Burmese dentist, and found that truly the angels of God had gone before, preparing the way. This is his account, as my notes have preserved it:

“As a young man the dentist had attended a Roman Catholic school. By the time he had finished the school, however, he had decided that he did not wish to be a Roman Catholic. He was searching for the truth. For years he tried Buddhism, but that did not satisfy him.

“Then one night in a dream he saw two men coming to his house. They were wearing all white, which was rather unusual, so that he remembered it. Then it was said to him, ‘These men will tell you of the Lord of peace.’ In the dream he asked which was the true church, Catholic or Baptist. The answer was, ‘The true church will tell you about the revelation [the prophecy, as the Burmese word means]. A King is soon coming,’ he was told, ‘who will rule the whole world. These men will reveal to you about that coming King and explain to you the revelation.’

“For two or three months the dentist thought over this strange experience. Then one day one of my helpers, Maung Potok, and I, traveling along the road canvassing, came near to the dentist’s home. We were wearing white clothing throughout. Dr. — came along the road and saw us. Greeting him, I asked, ‘Where are you going?’

“‘I am on my business as a dentist,’ he replied, adding, ‘Who are you?’

“‘I am the new doctrine preacher,’ I replied.

“‘What is the new doctrine?’ he said.

“‘We are seventh-day keepers.’

“‘Can you tell me about the *a-na-ga-de-chan* [revelation, prophecy]?’

“‘Yes,’ we said.

“At once the dentist was much interested. He wanted to meet us at our stopping place, but we had no place. We were staying at the railway station. So he told us where he lived, and we went to his house later.

“‘Now,’ he said, ‘I am waiting to hear. Can you tell me about the new world Ruler who is coming?’

“I opened to Daniel 2, and gave an explanation of that prophecy. When I finished, he said, ‘You are the man I saw in a dream.’ Then he related to us that experience.

“He accepted the truth with joy, and has been baptized. He goes out preaching the truth to others.”

THE DIRECT CALL OF GOD IN SIBERIA

As Mrs. O. E. Reinke, returning from Russia, passed through Washington, she gave to me copies of several letters from one of our workers in Siberia. The worker had just moved when the first letter was written, and had reached the new location with a little money, but almost nothing else —

“without furniture,” he said, “without beds, without one chair.” But he was busy at the work. He added that no one was to think he and his family were having only hard experiences. The blessing of God made their hearts glad as they were working in the “vineyard of the Lord.” He continued:

“We rejoice under the freedom that we have, and in various places success attends the work. Men turn from darkness to the light of the gospel. Our power is weak, so the Lord works wonderfully by His power. I will tell of an experience or two:

“In one village several people had remarkable dreams. All alike were impressed in their dreams with the nearness of the second coming of Christ. They heard His voice. They were so startled that they began to seek God. They found our meeting place, and now there is a group of people prepared to follow the truth in that place.

“In another place the Lord Jesus appeared to a preacher in a dream, and commanded him to turn about and be converted. As the man awoke and reflected upon the vividness of the message, he wondered what the experience could mean. Soon afterward he came in contact with one of our brethren, and as he heard of the present truth, he understood clearly the meaning of the dream he had had. Today this former preacher is a brother in the faith.”

A FILIPINO OPPOSER TURNED

Some years ago, in the *Eastern Tidings*, organ of the Asiatic Division Missions, Superintendent L. V. Finster told how one opposer of the work was turned abruptly into a friendly inquirer. He wrote:

“Ever since we opened our work in the province of Bataan in central Luzon, Philippine Islands, the head of one of the churches in that district has continued a bitter opposition to our efforts. He would gather his pastors together and come to the place where we were holding meetings, and try in every way possible to discourage the people and hinder the work.

“About a month ago he had a very impressive dream. In this dream he was told that he should not ‘oppose our work,’ but should ‘investigate it.’

“True to this impression, the next day he decided to attend the meeting and investigate the truths that were taught. He became interested in the subject presented, and continued his

visits to the tent the following evenings. Soon he became very much interested in the message that was being given, and asked that he might have an interview with our pastor. After some talk, they arranged for a daily study. When he understood our real position and the truths that we preach to the people, he was glad, and was willing to follow the truths as revealed.”

“YOU ARE THE VERY ONE”

In the *Inter-American Messenger*, published on the Canal Zone, Missionary E. E. Parchment, of Jamaica, tells of a lonely ride on horseback into a part of Jamaica far from the highway. As he stopped at one house, he says:

“I was greeted with a smile from one whose stooped shoulders and hoary locks told the story that many an autumn had passed over her. Having never been there before, I was surprised to hear her say, ‘I know you, sir.’

“I replied, ‘You are mistaken, for I never have been this way before.’ But she insisted that she had seen me. With great interest I listened as this woman, enfeebled by age, told her experience.

“She said she had heard of Seventh-day Adventists and their message, and that, being perplexed over many points of their doctrine, she had asked the Lord, on bended knee, to send her some one who would teach her the hidden truths. That very night she saw in a dream a young man riding on a horse. He entered her home, and said that he had come to teach her.

“When she finished relating her dream, she threw up her hands to heaven, and thanked God that her prayer was answered. She said, ‘You are the very one, sir, that I saw in my dream.’

“I spent three hours with her, and by the help of the Spirit of God I was able to throw light into her darkened soul. When I left she was rejoicing in her new-found faith.

“Truly, friends, ‘God moves in a mysterious way.’”

THE BENGAL FARMER'S SEARCH FOR TRUTH

Speaking of ways that the divine hand has of leading souls out of darkness into light, Pastor A. W. Cormack, president of the Southern Asia Division, told the following story of a Bengal farmer's search for the right way:

“I remember the case of a man who lives over in northeast India. He had come in contact with Christianity, and so far

as he understood the truth he was obedient to it. Then he had a dream one night. He dreamed that there would come to India representatives of a new mission body, who would be teaching that the second coming of the Lord was near at hand, and not only that, but they would also teach that the seventh day of the week should be kept in this dispensation.

"We do not know that he ever received any of our literature, or that he ever came in contact with any Seventh-day Adventist representative; but he had this dream. He was so impressed by it that he left his home and made a journey of about fifty miles from village to village, and inquired of the people, 'Can you tell me of a people who teach that Jesus is soon coming, and that the seventh-day Sabbath should be kept?' But no one could tell him of such a people.

"Finally he came away up to Ranchi, where we have a mission station, but the station was closed, the missionary, L. J. Burgess, being away on furlough. The inquirer returned to his home without having found the representatives of this mission body of whom he had dreamed. He went back dejected and disconsolate.

GOD'S HAND NOT SHORTENED

"Then the Lord, who can cause the wrath of man to praise Him, achieved His purpose in another way. This man had failed to meet any of our missionaries, but a missionary of another society went to his village, and in his teaching began to disparage the work of Seventh-day Adventists, saying that they were frightening the people, preaching about the nearness of the end of the world, and not only so, but they were teaching that the 'Jewish' Sabbath should be kept.

"The old man listened, as these disparaging references were made. He heard not the disparaging words, but only the description of the teachings being spoken against. He remembered his dream; and decided at once that he would go again and search for these missionaries. He came again to Ranchi. By this time Missionary L. J. Burgess and Mrs. Burgess had returned from furlough. One day a man knocked at the mission station door, and inquired whether the missionaries there believed that Jesus was coming again.

"Oh, what a question!

"'Surely,' Brother Burgess said, 'we believe that.'

"'And do you believe that the seventh day is the Sabbath?'

"'Yes. Wherever our missionaries go,' he explained, 'they preach that Jesus is soon coming, and that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord. That is why we are called Seventh-day Adventists.'

"The man asked if he might come in. He came in, and sitting at the feet of the missionaries, he listened and learned something of the message, and then went back to his village. Again and again, at his own expense, he came to visit the missionary,—fifty miles from his farm,—and each time he would go back and tell his neighbors and friends what he had learned.

THE DREAM BEARS FRUIT

"When one of our missionaries went down there, he found a large congregation of people willing to listen to the truths for these last days; and very soon after that, eleven persons were baptized in that village. Now a church is being built there. Before we had a missionary, a representative, to send to that village,—one of the 775,000 villages in India,—God had sent a message in a dream to this old man.

"You remember God says, 'I will pour out of My Spirit,' 'in the last days,' 'upon all flesh: . . . and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.' I do not suggest that every old man's dreams signify much; but the Lord used that dream to establish the message in that village."

FROM SATAN TO CHRIST

How a Korean seeker after light, fasting and praying to Satan himself for peace, found light and peace at last, is told by Dr. Riley Russell, pioneer in our medical missionary work in the "Land of the Morning Calm." Sending a letter with an inclosure of writing in Korean characters, the doctor said:

"One man took this inclosed document containing prayers to Satan, along with many others, and shut himself away from mankind up in the mountains for two years. There he prayed to Satan, and fasted, hoping to reach a condition of peace. But not being satisfied, he decided to become a Christian, and began reading the Bible. But he was bothered because there were so many sects. He wanted to know where he would find the right way. So he prayed to God to show him the right way, and at night he dreamed he saw a tree bearing twelve kinds of

fruit, and near the tree a blazing Chinese character representing the number '7.'

"The next day one of our Korean colporteurs, traveling the mountain path, met the man as he sat thinking of his dream, and gave him a Bible study. Our brother had him read a description of the new earth, in the course of the study. When the man read Revelation 22:2, describing 'the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits,' remembering the vivid representation that came to him following his prayer for guidance, he said, 'This is the true church.' He wanted to know the meaning of the figure '7,' blazing with light, that he saw in his dream.

"Well," said the colporteur, very naturally, "it must mean that the seventh day is 'the Sabbath of the Lord thy God,'" and the Seventh-day Adventists are the people who are preaching the message of the true Sabbath in all lands."

The man came to Soonan, the school headquarters, and after fully accepting Christ, he gave over this document with the strange characters, to be sent us as a memorial of the last time he ever prayed to Satan for peace.

Who sent the man the dream that night, and then guided the feet of the colporteur up the mountain path at the very right moment, guiding the humble agent also in choosing just the topic for his brief study that would connect with the inquirer's dream? It was an ever-watchful Providence.

There is a hand reaching down from heaven to meet every hand stretched up in the darkness. In these accounts that come so frequently of the providential working of God to prepare hearts for the receiving of the truth when it reaches them, we are reminded of that word in 2 Chronicles 16:9:

"The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him."

THE UKRAINIAN FARMER'S DREAM

Along the snow-covered Canadian plains, where Ukrainian farmers from Russia have made new homes in the New World, Colporteur Zachary was making his way with truth-filled books. He traveled with snowshoes, drawing a toboggan sled on which

his books were packed. Secretary W. W. Eastman, of the General Conference Publishing Department, reports one experience of this pioneering missionary worker:

"One day he was passing a small straw-covered shack, and it was almost buried in snow. He said he made up his mind not to stop there, for they would be too poor to buy a book; but the song came to his mind, 'Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,' and then he thought how awful it would have been if the Saviour had passed him by. Immediately he returned, went to the door, and was greeted with a cordial, 'Come in.' As he entered, the man turned to his wife and said, 'Here, wife, is the man I have been telling you about all day; here he is, here he is!'

"The colporteur could not understand such a greeting, but presently the man turned to him and said, 'You are the man! You are the man! I saw you in my dream last night. I was traveling, and we were passing by a field of grain, ripe, overripe. It was going to waste, and I asked the man who was driving why this grain was not reaped, and who was responsible for it. And then we saw a man coming through the field with a scythe on his shoulder, and he came out near where we were. The grain was sticking to his clothes.

"I asked him the question why this grain was not reaped, and who was responsible for it. The man did not answer me, but pulled a book from under his coat, and began to show it to me. It had a red cover with large letters on it, and I noticed, as he showed the book, that there were pictures in it of the coming of Jesus in the clouds of heaven. I wanted the book, but he said, 'I am just taking orders,' and he would not let me have the book. I pressed him for a copy, and presently he pulled out of his hip pocket a black book with gold letters on it, and in this book was the page where he wrote down the orders for the larger book, and he took my name. Now,' he said, 'you are the man, you are the man I saw in my dream; but where is the book? where is the book?'

"The colporteur brought out 'The World's Hope' in the Ukrainian language. 'Oh,' said the man, 'that is the book, that is the book!' and he took it from Zachary's hands, and hugged it to him. 'This is the book,' he said; 'but where is that little black book?'

"The colporteur reached in his hip pocket and took out his order book. 'Oh, yes, that is the book!' the man exclaimed.

It was a small book with black covers, with the guaranty slip. 'Don't take this book away; I must have it,' said the farmer, holding on to the copy of 'The World's Hope.' And although the man did not have the money, Zachary left the book with him, and received payment for it two months later.

"A little later Colporteur Zachary had the privilege of seeing fifty Ukrainians rejoicing in the truth. Thus the grain, as represented in the farmer's dream, literally 'stuck to the clothes' of the colporteur as he went through the ripened fields."

STRANGELY LED IN THE KAREN HILLS

Speaking at a missions conference on providential preparations of the way in one section of Burma, Missionary E. B. Hare, of the Seventh-day Adventist missions on the Salween River, told the following story:

"While I was in a village visiting among the people, I noticed one man who had a red cross on his shoulder. I went up to him and said,

"'Uncle, I haven't seen a man dressed like this, with a red cross on his shoulder. I didn't know that the hospital had a Red Cross Society out here. What kind of man are you, anyway?'

"He said, 'I am a Klee Bow man.'

"'What kind of man is that?'

"'A Klee Bow man is a man that belongs to the Klee Bow church.'

"I said, 'That is very interesting. And can you tell me what the Klee Bow church is?'

"He said, 'Oh, you see the Klee Bow church is the Klee Bow church.'

"'Well,' I said, 'that's fine, but I want to find out about this church.'

"He said, 'You better go and see the bishop.'

"'Oh,' I said, 'you have a bishop?'

VISITS THE KLEE BOW BISHOP

"About three weeks after that we had time and opportunity to visit the bishop. We had to walk three days from the railway station until we had covered a distance of fifteen miles over some of the most rugged territory I have ever seen. When we arrived, I saw a little man who could easily stand under my arm.

"I said to him, 'I am looking for the Klee Bow bishop; does he live here?'

"He said, 'I am the Klee Bow bishop.'

"'Oh,' I said, 'are you? I'm very glad to meet you. This is Sunday; let us get your people all together, and let us have a meeting.'

"'Well,' he said, 'I suppose we might tonight, but all the people have gone to their paddy fields today.'

"'What,' I said, 'aren't you keeping Sunday like a good Klee Bow man?'

"'Oh,' he said, 'we don't keep Sunday; we rested yesterday.'

"'But,' I said, 'yesterday was the seventh day.'

"'Oh,' he said, 'but yesterday was the seventh-day Sabbath.'

"I said, 'Yes, it is the Sabbath we keep.'

"'Oh,' he said, 'that is the Sabbath we keep.'

"I said, 'Well, I am very glad to see you; let us sit down and talk about this thing.'

"So we sat down, and I said, 'Bishop, how did you hear about the Sabbath?'

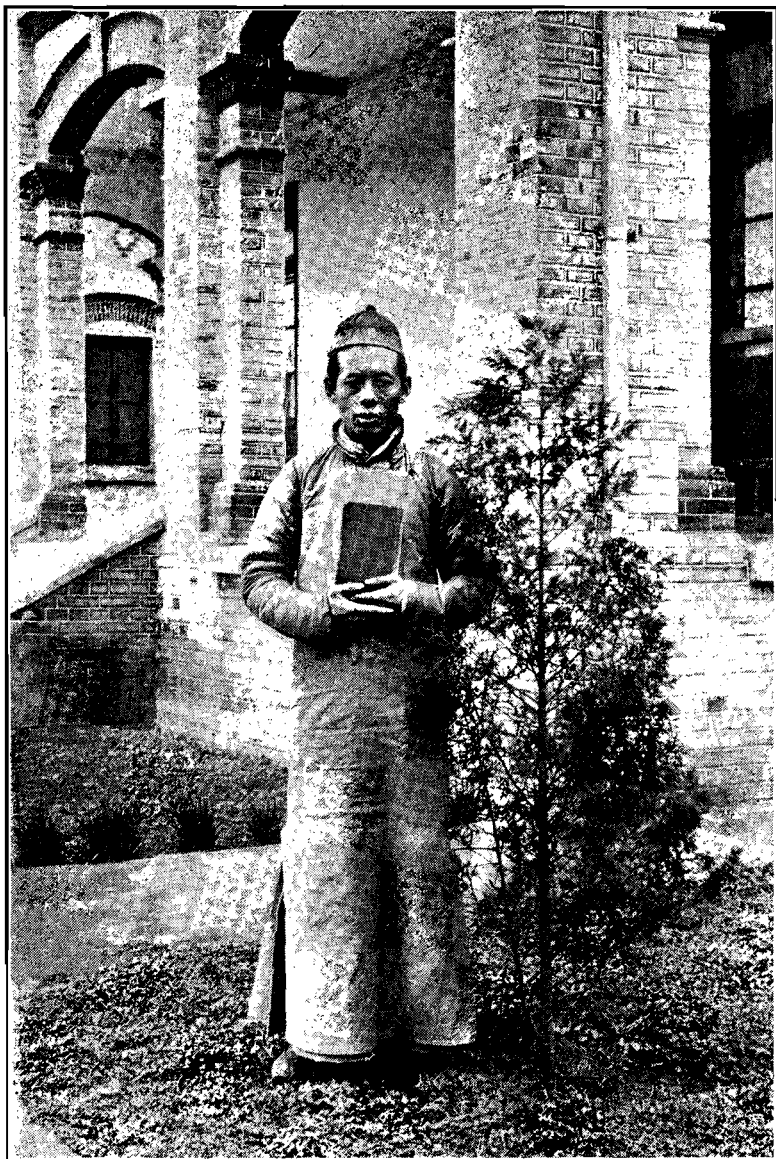
"He said, 'About five or six months ago I had a vision in the night, and there was a voice speaking which said, "Pelico, you must keep My seventh-day Sabbath." So,' he said, 'I called my preachers and teachers together and said to them, "Brethren, we have got to keep the seventh-day Sabbath." Those men said, "Well, bishop, if you want to keep the seventh day, you keep it, but we are going to keep on keeping Sunday."'

"Those men went back to their villages and churches, and the poor old bishop was badly discouraged.

"It wasn't more than a month after that experience till in some way or other the only Karen tract printed by our people was placed in the hands of that old Karen bishop. There he read with his own eyes of a people scattered throughout the world who were keeping the seventh-day Sabbath. At once he called his preachers together again. They sat down and studied the question. As a result of the ministry of that tract, those men went back to their churches, and thirty Klee Bow elders changed over to keeping the seventh-day Sabbath.

"I said to the bishop, 'Where did you get that tract?'

"'Oh,' he said, 'somebody brought it up from the city, but who it was I don't know.' But I know, dear brethren, don't you?"



A CHINESE CHRISTIAN EVANGELIST
Who Suffered Great Tortures at the Hands of His Heathen Father. The Father Now
Is Reading the Bible, and Is Friendly to the Gospel

“In Perils of Robbers”

“In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers.” 2 Corinthians 11:26.

IN DAYS OF REVOLUTION

AN evangelist in Mexico, Señor Marchisio, told the following story of deliverance from highwaymen who infested the land during the uncertain times of revolution and war:

“I was traveling to Vznaga. Times were unsettled, and no sooner had I set out than two fierce-looking men met me with abuse and then disappeared. They looked so bent upon evil that I thought of returning to the city and waiting; but there on horseback I prayed the Lord to direct me, and felt impelled to go on.

“However, farther on these same two men came upon me. One man, galloping up, gave my horse a vicious blow, and at the same time with a sharp knife about three feet long he threw himself forward to strike me. I swung down in the stirrup on one side, to shelter myself below the horse’s body. With all this, my horse, which was a restive one, never moved. Then the other man came up and reached over and grabbed my assailant. ‘Quick,’ he called, ‘let us run.’ And away they went, as though pursued.

“How it was that my horse stood still all the time, knowing him as I did, was a marvel to me. Only the Lord could have held that horse quiet when another horse came galloping up from behind, to say nothing of the blow which the man gave him. And had my horse acted according to his usual temperament, I must surely have been badly if not fatally injured in the position I was. The face of my assailant was a fierce and ugly one, and he was armed with that savage knife, which could quickly have put an end to me. I have always felt that the angel of the Lord took charge of that horse, and frightened away the highwaymen.”

A Mexican colporteur, Juan Cruz, had carried a burro load of books to sell down near the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. So

perilous were these wild regions in that time that people usually made their journeys in companies, for mutual protection. The report says:

“About midway on the journey, the company in which Señor Cruz and his wife were traveling, was held up by bandits and robbed. Practically every member of the company was relieved of his cash and blankets, some even being robbed of a part of their clothing; but the colporteur, who was striving to carry the gospel message by scattering the printed page, surely seemed protected by his guardian angel. He says:

“When one of the thieves came up to me and started to take what I had, he began trembling like a leaf, and turned ghastly white. He made repeated efforts to untie the rope with which my books were bound to the burro, but the harder he tried the more nervous he became, saying after a few moments, ‘This is nothing but books, do not bother them.’ The man who tried to rob me appeared to be the leader of the band, and when he said, ‘Do not bother them,’ the man who had started to take my blanket let it fall to the ground.’

“Thus the colporteur escaped without losing a thing, and went on his way rejoicing, praising God for delivering him from the robbers.”

THE MASAI RAIDERS TURNED AWAY

While alone in camp, her husband being away on a hunt to replenish their provisions, Mrs. Stuart Watt, of the Church Missionary Society, in equatorial East Africa, felt that God intervened to put courage into the hearts of her porter caravan at a moment when all seemed lost. In her book, “In the Heart of Savagedom,” she says:

“After my husband had been away for some time, and the majority of the porters were lying resting themselves by their loads, some of them fast asleep, a murmur went through the camp that a band of the much-dreaded ‘Elmoran’ (fighting men) of the Masai tribe were almost upon us.

“The gleaming spears of these far-famed raiders and murderers could be seen hastily approaching through the forest. The porters seemed to lose all nerve power, and were already commencing to run away.

“I realized in a moment our defenseless position, and the probability of the immediate slaughter of my child, myself,

and the whole caravan, in the absence of my husband; and lifting up my heart to God, I peremptorily commanded the terror-stricken porters to fall into line.

“Acting as if under the influence of some external power, the men of the entire caravan fell into order at the word of command. Such a formidable phalanx was thus presented to the on-coming warriors, that, under the providence of God, they at once slunk off into the forest and disappeared.”

GEORGE BORROW'S JOURNEY TO MADRID

In the book, “Letters of George Borrow to the Bible Society,” there is an account of Borrow's journey from Oviedo to Madrid, in the days of the Carlist uprising in Spain. It was in the year 1837, when lawless bands robbed at will along the remote highways and bridle paths. George Borrow felt that God's protecting hand was over him as he pushed on with his work of Bible distribution. He says:

“I committed myself to Providence. I will not dwell long on this journey of three hundred miles. We were in the midst of the fire, yet, strange to say, escaped without a hair being singed; robberies, murders, and all kinds of atrocity were perpetrated before, behind, and on both sides of us, but not so much as a dog barked at us, though in one instance a plan had been laid to intercept us.”

On that occasion a lad rushed out from an inn to notify the Carlists that an English spy was there. In the dead of night, Borrow and his man were aroused by a cry, “The Carlists are coming!” and they fled just in time.

“Had the Carlists succeeded in apprehending me, I should instantly have been shot, and my body cast on the rocks to feed the vultures and wolves. But ‘it was not so written,’ said my man, who is a Greek and a fatalist.”

Of the most perilous stage of the journey Borrow wrote:

“The next night we had another singular escape: we had arrived near the entrance of a horrible pass, called ‘El Puerto de la Puente de las Tablas,’ or the pass of the bridge of planks, which wound through a black and frightful mountain, on the further side of which was the town of Oñas, where we meant to tarry for the night. The sun had set about a quarter of an hour.

Suddenly a man with his face covered with blood rushed out of the pass. 'Turn back, sir,' he said, 'in the name of God! There are murderers in that pass: they have just robbed me of my mule and all I possess, and I have hardly escaped with my life from their hands!'

"I scarcely can say why, but I made him no answer, and proceeded; indeed I was so weary and ill that I cared not what became of me. We entered—the rocks rose perpendicularly right and left, entirely intercepting the scanty twilight, so that the darkness of the grave, or rather the blackness of the valley of the shadow of death, reigned around us, and we knew not where we went, but trusted solely to the instinct of the horses, which moved on with their heads close to the ground. The only sound which we heard was the splash of a stream which tumbled down the pass. I expected every moment to feel a knife at my throat, but—it was not so written. We threaded the pass without meeting a human being, and within three quarters of an hour after the time we entered it, we found ourselves within the *posada* [inn] of the town of Oñas, which was filled with troops and armed peasants, expecting an attack from the grand Carlist army, which was near at hand.

"Well, we reached Burgos in safety, we reached Valladolid in safety, we passed the Guadarrama in safety, and now we are safely housed in Madrid. People say we have been very lucky; Antonio says, 'It was so written;' but I say, 'Glory be to the Lord for His mercies vouchsafed.'"

IMPRESSED TO WAIT

The impression that he should delay—against all his own purposes and judgment—was so strong upon the Chinese evangelist that he waited. And in that delay was safety to himself and succor to the missionaries. The story was told by Mrs. R. F. Cottrell, of our Central China Mission. During war and uprising, it was necessary to send money through to some foreign missionaries who could not safely make the journey out at the time. The commission of relief was undertaken by one of the evangelists. Mrs. Cottrell says:

"This Chinese brother took a supply of money with him, and you may be sure we all prayed a great deal while he made the perilous journey. He was asked to send a telegram on his

safe arrival, and we were glad indeed when it came. Later a letter came from him, telling how God had preserved his life and the money from robbers.

"He said that at one city, although he was very anxious to get on, yet he remained over two days without any known reason. He was impressed to wait. He wanted to go, yet seemed held against his will and judgment—waiting, he knew not why. But when he went on, he found that previously every person passing over that road had been robbed, until it became so dangerous the government had sent soldiers, and during the two days he was waiting in the city they had cleared the road of all the robbers; so that as he came along, he passed unharmed with the money he was carrying. So tell the people at home that God who helped in ancient days in times of trouble, is with us still to protect and guide."

HORSEMEN SENT TO THE RESCUE

In the year 1792, John Baker, a Moravian, was traveling from Utrecht into Germany. Like most of that devoted Moravian band, he was a missionary, though traveling also on business. Of his peril by robbers on the journey and of merciful deliverance, the following is related:

"When he passed through a forest which was infested by a gang of robbers, he was seized by four of them. These brutes robbed him of his money, stripped off his clothes, kicked him, and dragged him toward the thicket, evidently with the purpose of torturing him to death.

"Suddenly two riders came galloping up. On seeing them, the robbers took to their heels. The riders took him to their master, a rich proprietor in a neighboring village, who received him with the words: 'Sir, you are, no doubt, a true Christian and in the peculiar keeping of the Lord. When I was taking a walk in my garden, my heart demanded that I should send two servants to the forest, and when I thought that I might safely put it off till afternoon, my restlessness increased. I hurried off to command these two servants of mine to gallop to the forest. When they started off, quiet and peace returned to my mind.'"

Attackers Foiled

*"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."
Psalms 34:7.*

THE WALL THAT FELL DOWN

NOT that the whole wall in this instance "fell down flat" like the walls of Jericho, when the angel force that marched with Israel of old laid hand on those high ramparts; but a portion of a wall in a hostile Indian stronghold did fall down just at the time when it meant the only way of escape for two missionaries.

Messrs. Howell and Howard, in service with our missions among the Indians of South America, in the highlands round about Lake Titicaca, were called to a village that had always been hostile. But now, it was said, the people wanted to talk about a school. They rode in, but found no men about the streets. The place seemed deserted of men. "We may as well go back," they were saying, when two young men stepped up. Mr. Howell's account continues:

"'Señores,' they said, 'you will surely come up to our house and rest a little before going on.'

"We told them we would be glad to visit them in their home, and so went with them. They led us down about two blocks, to the street on which the clubhouse was, then turned abruptly to the right, up a hill in a street lined by high stone walls. The street ended at the house to which we were guided, the house completely closing the street, the street walls terminating at each end of the house. There was not a hole of any kind in those ten-foot walls.

"Mr. Howard remarked twice as we passed along, 'What a fine trap this would be if they had anything against us!' But we didn't entertain the least idea of their having anything evil in mind.

"We tied our horses just outside the house and went in. Some fifteen minutes passed in interesting conversation. The

young man I was talking with seemed to be thoroughly delighted with the prospect of having a school in their midst.

"Suddenly there rang from the street below, 'Long live the evangelists!' (Evangelists is what they call us to distinguish us from the Catholics.)

"The young man I was talking with remarked, 'They talk all right, although they are drunk, don't they?'

"I said, 'Yes, they do.'

"The words had hardly gone out of my mouth when up went the cry, 'Down with the evangelists! Kill the heretics!' accompanied by such cursing as I had scarcely heard in my life.

"The young man I was talking with turned pale and became very nervous, but made no explanation.

"I said to Brother Howard, 'I think we had better be going now,' just as calmly as I could.

"When we got outside the house, we saw that we were trapped. There were about thirty men in the street below, with large stones in their hands. They were cursing and calling for the priest to come to help them. There seemed but one thing to do,—mount our horses and go down to argue them out of their evil purpose, or ride through them and away.

"As I got on my horse, the young man with whom I had been talking stepped up, his face pale, his lips quivering, and said, 'God grant that it go well with you today, sir.' I really believe he was sorry for the part he was playing in the whole affair.

"I answered, 'Thank you, it always goes well with God's children; it shall go well with us today.'

"I turned my horse to go down to meet them, Brother Howard and our Indian helper coming just behind. Just as I got about half way to them, there appeared on the side the mission was on, a hole in the wall. It must have been a new hole, for the men evidently did not know it was there, else they would have been there instead of down below. Also, Brother Howard's remarks about the wall as we were going up give evidence that it had just been made. The stones that had fallen were still there by the side of the street. It was our door of deliverance.

"I turned my horse and went through. Brother Howard and the Indian followed. The men waiting to attack us looked at each other, said something, and ran around the wall to get at us on the other side. They succeeded in part, for the first

stone hit my stirrup, and the second struck Brother Howard a terrible blow in the middle of the back. However, we escaped without serious injury, thankful to God for His love and protection in our hour of need. Truly 'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.'"

HIGHWAYMEN FRUSTRATED

Living "under the shadow of the Almighty" more often than they know, the lifting of the veil now and then rejoices the hearts of the missionaries.

In Dr. Robert Glover's "Ebenezer," is a report of two deliverances from Chinese highwaymen, told by John E. Fee, of the Lutheran mission. It was in Kwangsi Province. Mr. Fee had a colleague living in a village two miles away, who came to take his evening meals with Mr. Fee. Usually the latter walked home with his colleague in the evening, returning alone. He says:

"On one occasion a villager had stolen some meat and a coat from our native evangelist. Being accused, he resented the charge, and fearing that we would report him to the mandarin, he and another wicked man resolved to attempt my life.

"Provided with knives, they repaired to a valley at dusk to wait for my return alone. But all unconsciously my colleague had come over that evening an hour earlier, supper was eaten, our walk over, and I was back home before the time we usually started out.

"On another occasion a band of men planned to cross the river after dark and take our lives. A neighbor in league with the plot, but feigning friendship, told my servant of having heard of some conspiracy, and suggested bringing in arms and sleeping with him that night. The boy, filled with fear, allowed the man to come in after I had retired, and there he lay all night, waiting to open the door when the others should arrive.

"But for some reason which has never yet been explained to us, the district official gave orders that very evening that under penalty of fine no boat should cross the river after dark; so these highwaymen, after having actually assembled, were thwarted in their foul designs. Thus again and again did the Lord preserve and care for His helpless but trusting children."

THE CHINESE MAGISTRATE'S IMPULSE

It was in Shantung Province. A mob had attacked a Christian chapel, destroyed the furniture, wrecked the houses of Christians, and carried the Chinese elder and deacon bound to the magistrate. They all swore the elder had shot one of them in the arm with a gun, which they produced. Miss Vaughn says in her little book, "Answered and Unanswered:"

"Day after day we prayed, for forty-two days, and day after day things looked darker for the Christians and brighter for the idol worshippers.

"The strongest evidence against the prisoners was the gun. The deacon swore that it belonged to the elder, and the elder frankly admitted it. His denial would have meant nothing, for the gun bore his name in full.

"The prisoners told exactly the same story, namely, that a rioter entering the church had shot at the elder, who dodged under a table, and that the rioter who accused the elder had caught the bullet in his arm as he raised his hand to strike a Christian woman on the head. No one believed the story.

"But we had asked the Lord to bring the truth to light, and He had not forgotten our prayer. On the afternoon before the sentence was to be pronounced, the official was moved by a strange impulse to take to pieces the elder's gun. Strange, I say, because a Chinese gentleman never does anything himself which can be delegated to a servant. The gun was thoroughly clogged with dust and dirt! It could not possibly have been fired in years."

The magistrate set the prisoners free, and ordered the guilty rioters prosecuted. There was great rejoicing among the Christians over the deliverance. The guilty men came to beg for mercy, and the believers interceded successfully with the magistrate for them. The whole community was stirred.

THE ASSASSINS PASS AS HE TURNS ASIDE FOR PRAYER

It is a wonderful work of gospel seed-sowing that the colporteurs are doing on Brazilian frontiers. President F. W. Spies of the East Brazil Union Conference (Seventh-day Adventist), puts on record the providential deliverance of one worker:

“A faithful colporteur had worked in the interior, and scattered a goodly number of his message-filled books. These stirred the ire of the dragon. The priest of the little town hired two ruffians to kill him as he continued his journey. The following day he started out, all unconscious of the danger that threatened him. But God had His eye on His servant. Our colporteur soon entered a large wooded tract, in which he must



A Baptismal Scene at Moscow

travel for an hour or more, and in which Satan had decreed he should find his grave. But he had not gone far when he felt the need of holding converse with his Master, and presently he and his burro disappeared in the underbrush. He spent half an hour in prayer, then resumed his journey.

“He was scarcely out on the road again, which was little more than a path, when he was overtaken by a horseman, who stopped and stared at him as if he beheld a man risen from the dead. Finally he stammered, ‘Are you alive yet?’ then added, ‘The priest hired two men to kill you. They have just passed by this place, and are now ahead of you.’ The stranger then pointed out another and safer road to God’s messenger, and he went on his way rejoicing, and was soon out of reach of his would-be assassins.”

A “MISTAKE” THAT FOILED A PERSECUTOR

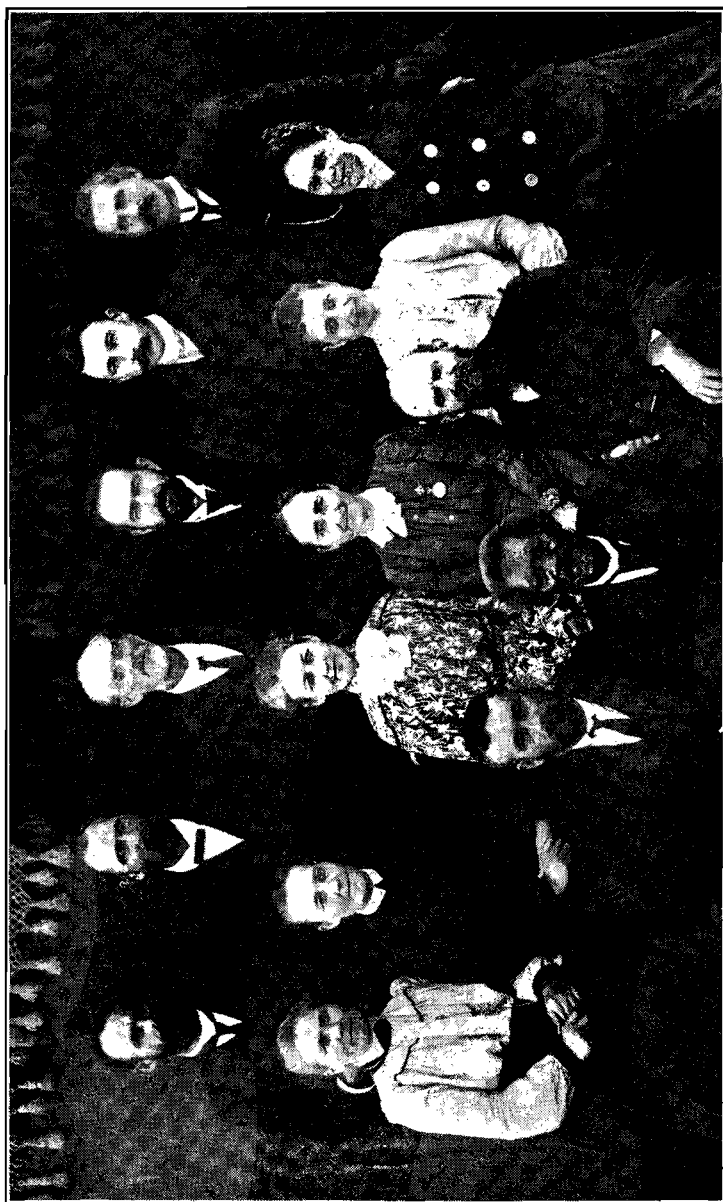
In the old-time Russia there was little opportunity to appeal against plans of persecutors. Believers were in special peril

in the early days of the World War, when persecuting officials harried them into prison or exile without even formal trial. Speaking of those times, our people in a certain city said in later years to President L. H. Christian, of the European Division, “Do you know what once happened here?” This is their story:



Other Converts in Russia
Fourteen candidates dressed in white for baptism

“During the war one of the officials determined that every Adventist should be killed, and he went to headquarters to get authorization to do it, for he hated us so. The government official told him, ‘You go back home, and we will send you the documents, and you carry on your work.’ But our brethren gave themselves to prayer, and God surely heard their prayers. The official told all over town what he was going to do. He had the hated sectarians in his power. He got an envelope a few days later with the document which he expected would authorize him to pursue his wicked purposes. When he opened it, he saw, to his great chagrin, that his official appointment had been changed (everybody thinks it was done by the secretary by mistake, for instead of writing the name of this city, he had written the name of another much like it a thousand miles away). But it was an order by the imperial government just the same, and had to be obeyed. So the man had to leave, and our brethren were saved.”



PIONEER SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST MISSIONARIES TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

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Stricken With Fear

"The Lord had made the host of the Syrians to hear a noise of chariots, and a noise of horses, even the noise of a great host. . . . Wherefore they arose and fled in the twilight." 2 Kings 7:6, 7.

AN INCIDENT OF THE INDIAN MUTINY

THE story of the providential deliverance of an Indian Christian preacher at Agra, as he prayed under sentence of immediate death, is told by Thomas Evans, a Baptist missionary, who was in the Agra fort during the long siege by the mutineers. The Indian Christians shared the peril with the Europeans in those terrible days. They had embraced the "foreign religion," and were marked for slaughter along with the foreigners. In his book, "A Welshman in India," Mr. Evans says:

"The following incident is worthy of notice, for it shows how God can save at the last moment those who put their trust in Him:

"The Baptist Mission in Agra had a substation in a village about twelve miles off. The Christians had come into the fort in the month of May, but one old native preacher, whose name was Thakur Dass, said, 'I am an old man, and who will kill me? I will stay here and trust in God.'

"He was not touched until the day of our battle in Agra, on the tenth of October, when some wicked men resolved to kill him. He was taken out of his house, bound with cords, and about to be slaughtered, when he asked of his murderers one favor, and that was to allow him a few minutes for prayer, to commit his spirit into the hands of God.

"This favor was granted, and while he was yet in the act of prayer, a loud cry was heard, 'The English are coming!' This created a panic, the would-be murderers fled, and left the old man, bound, on his knees. He was soon let loose, and returned to his house unhurt, and lived years after this to preach the gospel.

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"Now, mark the strange working of Providence. It was not our soldiers who caused this panic, but fugitive rebels defeated in the battle of Agra, who, rushing away for their lives, were taken by the people to be our troopers coming out to chastise the villagers. It was this mistake that saved the good man's life. Truly, God can deliver out of the lion's mouth."

Many a testimony has been borne to the preciousness of trust in God by those who passed through the great Mutiny. This missionary, Mr. Evans, makes this remark in the narrative of his experiences:

"I never saw the beauty and power of the psalms of David until the time of the Mutiny. The language is so appropriate for those in 'the day of trouble,' and the promises of God were sweet and encouraging in the midst of danger and death."

The words of supplication for help and deliverance, and of trust and praise, in those inspired hymns voice the language of believing hearts amidst trial and danger. Whether in deliverance from death or in deliverance from the fear of it, God's grace and power were wonderfully revealed in the Mutiny days.

After the awful massacre at Cawnpore, it was learned that while the mutineers were sharpening their swords for the slaughter of the missionaries and other Europeans in the prison room, two little missionary children led that company of nearly a hundred in singing,

"From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat."

And how their hearts must have fed upon the words,

"Ah! whither should we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of sin defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?"

Thank God for the testimony through all the ages that His comfort and His grace reach to the uttermost! He is a "present help in trouble."

ATTACKERS CALLING FOR PROTECTION

In the earliest times of mission work in the South Sea Islands, a little group of but half-instructed converts saw their enemies stricken with the fear of Jehovah as they came to destroy those who had turned from the island gods. John Williams, the missionary pioneer and the martyr of Erromanga,



L. A. Roth

Natives of Tahiti Making Coconut Oil

tells the story in his "Missionary Experiences in the South Sea Islands." Not a foreign missionary or trained native teacher had as yet been on Raiatea.

Chief Tamatoa had gone to the island of Tahiti to help reinstate his neighboring chief, Pomare, after tribal war. While he was there, the revival came, in the absence of missionaries, that set the people of Tahiti seeking after God. Tamatoa's heart was turned to the new worship, and he went back to Raiatea an avowed Christian. A Christian group formed about the chief. He burned the great idol Oro, the fiercest of the island gods, whose image, says an early missionary, well answered to that of Moloch,

"Horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears."

Then the heathen were aroused. They built a great inclosure into which they planned to drive the Christians, who were then to be burned. They secured the aid of a neighboring island chief, who agreed to come with his men to destroy the believers. Tamatoa made efforts to effect peace. "There is no peace for god-burners," the heathen party replied. They meant to burn the Christians as Tamatoa had burned the idol Oro.

The night before the attack was a sleepless one. The Christians prayed, the heathen feasted. The canoes of the chief of Tahaa and his forces neared Raiatea next morning. One of the Christians, an old war chief, proposed to take a band of men and meet the canoes as they landed. "A panic may seize them," he said to Tamatoa, "and God may work a deliverance for us."

Thus half-instructed faith began to think of the living God's power to deliver. Tamatoa agreed to the suggestion, but said, "Before you go, let us unite in prayer." John Williams' account continues:

"Men, women, and children then knelt down outside their stone embankment, and the king implored the God of Jacob to cover their head in the day of battle, and on concluding, thus addressed this little band of faithful followers:

"Now go, and may the presence of Jesus go with you!"

"Taking a circuitous route behind the brushwood until he arrived opposite the place where the heathen were landing, the commander extended his little army as far as it would reach, and gave strict orders that no noise should be made until they were emerging from the bushes.

"The arrangement proved most successful. The heathen were seized with consternation, and after a short resistance, threw away their arms and fled for their lives, for they expected to meet with barbarous treatment similar to that which they would have inflicted had they been the conquerors. But perceiving that no injury was sustained by those of their brethren who fell into the hands of the Christians, they peeped from behind the bushes and shouted from the trees in which they had taken refuge, 'Here am I; spare my life, by Jesus, your new God.'

"The remainder of the day was spent by the Christians in conducting their prisoners into the presence of the chief, who remained for several hours upon the very spot where in the morning he had commended his little band to the protection of God. A herald stood by his side and shouted as the fugitives approached, 'Welcome, welcome! You are saved by Jesus and the influence of the religion of mercy which we have embraced.'

"When the chief of Tahaa, who led the heathen, was taken and conducted, pale and trembling, into the presence of Tamatoa, he exclaimed, 'Am I dead?'

"His fears, however, were immediately dissipated by his brother chieftain, who replied, 'No, brother; cease to tremble; you are saved by Jesus.'

The Christians prepared a great feast to spread before their captives. At the feast one of the heathen chiefs said:

"This is my little speech: Let every one be allowed to follow his own inclination; for my part, I will never again, to the day of my death, worship the gods who could not protect us in the hour of danger. We were four times the number of the praying people, yet they have conquered us with the greatest ease. Jehovah is the true God. Had we conquered them, they would at this moment be burning in the house we made strong for the purpose; but instead of injuring us or our wives or our children, they have prepared for us this sumptuous feast. Theirs is a religion of mercy. I will go and unite myself to this people.'

"This declaration was listened to with so much delight, and similar sentiments were so universal, that every one of the heathen party bowed his knees that very night for the first time in prayer to Jehovah, and united with the Christians in returning thanks to Him for the victory He had on that anxious day so graciously afforded them.

"On the following morning, after prayer, both Christians and heathen issued forth and demolished every *marai* [idol house] in Tahaa and Raiatea; so that in three days after this memorable battle, not a vestige of idol worship remained in either of those islands."

IN THE ANDEAN WILDS

Reporting deliverances from attacks by superstitious and hostile Indians in the wilds of the Andean highlands in Peru.

Missionary E. F. Peterson, superintendent of the Inca Union Mission, wrote:

"We have additional evidences of the Lord's interposition throughout this field. At one of our missions, where the enemies of our work threatened to attack the station, we were told that at night those who were planning to make the attack saw twenty burros loaded with rifles and ammunition go to the station, thus causing them to feel that it was well protected. And no contradiction can make them believe otherwise than that the mission station was protected by this large supply of arms and ammunition.

"At another station, enemies gathered on the near-by hills, planning to make an attack to secure food, of which there was a scarcity. However, when they gathered to make the attack in the dark, upon advancing they saw that the mission station was surrounded by a large force of men to protect it. The facts are that there were only three men at the mission, and they were inside the house. But the marauders insist on having seen the large number present to protect the station against their attack.

"At another time, upon gathering for an attack upon one of our stations, a heavy storm came up, and down the road where the attackers must pass, the lightning seemed to flash almost continually, running along the ground in long streaks, like fiery serpents, thus frightening them, and frustrating their evil purposes. It is wonderful how the Lord protects the work against all the efforts of the enemy to destroy it."

THE MOB'S FLIGHT DURING PRAYER

Recounting experiences in evangelistic work in one of the interior towns of Spain, where public sentiment against evangelical teaching was violently hostile, the late Evangelist F. Bond, of the Adventist Mission, related the following story of the sudden flight of a mob as prayer was being offered to God for deliverance:

"The opposition determined to put an end to the meetings. On the second night, when I was in the midst of my discourse, a company of young men appeared in the street, headed by a priest, who began to stone the meeting hall. The noise was great. I had to cease speaking. The crowd increased, and efforts were made to break through the windows and doors. We were shut in like sheep in a corral, surrounded by the

threatening mob, with stones raining on every side. Those who had come out to the meeting were alarmed, and women and children were crying.

"The only thing I could think of to do was to pray. So I began to pray in the midst of the loud noise, lifting my own voice loudly and calling on God above the tumult. Within a very few seconds the mob fled. The whole opposition dissolved. They had broken through the front door. They had broken a window on the front balcony. They seemed determined to get in, as if to tear us in pieces. But the moment I began to pray, they fled in terror.

"There we saw the hand that intervenes just as plainly as Wesley and his associates saw it in the attacks and deliverances of the early Methodist days. No policeman had appeared on the scene. The sentiment of the town generally was back of the mob. The only thing we could think of that would cause such sudden flight was the power of God. He surely must have spoken terror to the hearts of those people when we lifted up our hearts in prayer to the living God."

It was evidently a touch of that same supernatural terror which sometimes drove the persecutors into flight in old Reformation times. In those days, in the neighboring country of France, two Protestants were to be executed in Bourdeau. The two men were drawn on hurdles to the place of burning. The persecutors had it all their own way; for there was no force of sentiment in the place to restrain persecution of Protestants. Yet the authorities were fearful. Foxe says:

"Moreover, albeit there was no such cause (they being two simple poor men), yet the magistrates commanded (upon what occasion I know not) all the gates of the city to be shut, and guarded with keepers."

The martyrs earnestly exhorted the people gathered round the stake, bearing witness to the truth of God. To drown their voices, the trumpeters sounded constantly until the men were dead. Then above the noise and tumult, and amid all the display of the power of arms, the still, small voice of God was heard in guilty hearts and consciences. They had killed the witnesses, but the angels of the living God were there. The old martyrologist continues:

“And further, to note the work of God that followed when these two mild and martyred saints were almost consumed in the fire to ashes, suddenly, without matter or cause, such a fear fell upon them at the execution that the justices and the people, notwithstanding that they had the gates locked for them, and were defended with all manner of weapons about them, knowing not wherefore, took them to their legs, in such haste fleeing away that they overran one another. The prior of St. Anthony’s fell down, so that a great number went over him. The judge Pontacke on his mule, with his red robe, fleeing as the others did, was overthrown with the press in the street called Potenin in such sort that he was fain to be carried to Pichon’s house, a widow, and there cried within, ‘Hide me; save my life; I am dead! I see even the like matter as at the last commotion! My friends! hide my mule, that no man see her nor know her.’

“Briefly, such was the fear which came upon them that every man shut up his house. After the fear was past, every man asked what the matter was, but none could tell, neither could the enemies of God’s truth perceive who was He that put them so to flight and fear, without any semblance of any adversary about them.”—*Acts and Monuments*, Vol. IV, page 425.

Well we know that the angels of the Lord encamp round about the servants of God. Perhaps in modern times and in olden times, as a forewarning of coming judgment, the Lord gave the persecutors just a sensing of the presence of the angelic hosts that could so easily have smitten them with instant judgment. The Syrians about Samaria once fled in terror at “the noise of a great host” that God caused them to hear. (See 2 Kings 7:6, 7.) David and his men rejoiced at the sound of the marching hosts of God, which was the signal that the victory would be won. “It shall be, when thou shalt hear a sound of going [“marching,” R. V.] in the tops of the mulberry trees, that then thou shalt go out to battle: for God is gone forth before thee to smite the host of the Philistines.” 1 Chron. 14:15.

It is good to know that the forces of the living God have been abroad through all the great controversy between good and evil in the earth. And they are still with us—more for us than all that are against us.

Delivered From Captivity

“When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.” *Psalms 126:1.*

SET FREE AS THE CHURCH PRAYED

It will be remembered that while Peter lay in prison, that time when Herod had stretched forth his hand to vex the church, and the believers were praying for him in their meeting room, the angel of the Lord was sent to strike off the prisoner’s chains and to lead him forth into the night. As Peter knocked at the door of the gate where the believers were praying for his release, the girl Rhoda went to the door, and then ran back carrying the good news. Although praying for that very thing, the answer came so immediately and unexpectedly that those inside could not believe that Peter was really at the gate.

A story somewhat similar was once told by Evangelist F. G. Lane, who worked in one of the Catholic cities of South America:

“Among the company of believers was a young man named Miguel. He was an earnest, devoted young man. He was in the employ of a man who had a carpentry and cabinet shop. One day a thief came into the shop and stole some money from the employer. The matter was reported to the police. The police suspected young Miguel, but the employer had the utmost confidence in the integrity of the youth. He assured the police that he knew Miguel would not be guilty of such an act. But as the police investigated the case, they determined that Miguel was the only one known to have been in the shop at the time, and decided that he surely must be the guilty man. So he was arrested and taken to prison.

“At times the police tried to extort a confession of guilt from the prisoner. They had him chained by the wrists, and would twist the chains until they bit into the flesh most painfully. At the same time they would taunt him about his new religion, telling him to pray to his God for deliverance. Through it all, Miguel protested his innocence, and declared that he

would not untruthfully admit guilt, even though it might release him from the pain of their torture.

"It was nearing the week-end, when two of us visited the prison. We were distressed at the situation. We represented to the police that they had been unable to find the slightest evidence of Miguel's guilt, and that his employer and we who knew the young man were sure that he was incapable of theft. The police acknowledged they had no evidence, but said they could not release the young man. According to their regulations they were bound to keep him in detention at least two weeks while continuing to secure evidence. It would be against the police regulations if they released him earlier.

"That Friday evening a little company of believers met for prayer meeting. Needless to say, we prayed most earnestly for Miguel in his trial. We prayed the Lord to deliver him. After the meeting the little company continued talking together, and then, as all felt the burden, another special season of prayer was held in Miguel's behalf. So, late that night, all returned to their homes.

"Next morning we gathered in the meeting place for the Sabbath services. The meeting was held in our dwelling house. Inasmuch as prejudice was very strong, we felt it unwise to hold the meetings in the front room next to the street, lest the sound of singing should attract attention in that intensely Catholic city, so the meeting room was in the rear. It was reached by passing through the gate and down a passage. A girl was stationed at the gate at the time of opening the meeting, so that she might direct any strangers down the passage to the meeting place. Suddenly she came running back into the meeting room, saying, 'Miguel is coming, Miguel is coming!'

"'No,' the people said, 'you must be mistaken. It cannot be Miguel.'

"But all hastily went out to see, and there was Miguel at the gate, smiling and joyful.

"'How came it that you were released?' we asked.

"'Well, I do not know,' he replied, 'only that the officers came to me and took off the chains, and told me I was free and could go.'"

So once again, when the church prayed, as in the days of the Book of Acts, the Lord sent release to one of His children so immediately and abruptly that even those who were praying

could scarcely credit their senses when their friend appeared before their eyes.

HYMNS IN PRISON

In one of the countries of Southeastern Europe where dissenters from the state church have been living in the twilight zone of religious liberty, two Adventist colporteurs entered a



Colporteurs of the East Hungarian Conference

village with their books. This is the story, as told by Secretary E. Kotz:

"The priests saw them, and immediately informed the police that these men were communists, and should be arrested at once. So they were cast into a damp prison cell. While some people are always anxious and thinking what effect this or that hardship may have upon their health, these brethren began to pray and sing the songs of Zion.

"It so happened that some gentlemen of influence and education passed by the prison, and were astonished to hear songs of praise and prayer issuing from the prison window, instead of the blasphemies and curses which they were wont to hear. So they went to the chief of police to make inquiries, and were informed that these men were communists; whereupon

the gentlemen in question strongly protested, stating that dangerous communists were not in the habit of singing hymns and praying. These men insisted that the prisoners be set free. This the chief of police at length consented to do, knowing himself that it was simply priestly prejudice and intrigue that had caused their imprisonment. The gentlemen then invited the released prisoners to an excellent supper and a good, clean,



Colporteur Leaders of Czecho-Slovakia

comfortable bed for the night. The next morning the colporteurs went their way to the next villages, feeling very much encouraged and full of joy in the Master's service."

THE ANSWER GIVEN FOR THE HOUR OF NEED

In the post-war times in one part of Eastern Europe it was only necessary to accuse a man of being a communist to send him to prison or to the firing squad. By priestly influence an Adventist colporteur was so charged and thrown into prison. He was then called into court. The story was told by Pastor L. H. Christian, of Europe, as follows:

"They brought their accusations against him, and asked that he be shot the next day as a traitor and agitator. Before pronouncing sentence, the judge gave the young man a chance to speak. He was in a hard place, but the Saviour's promise came to his mind:

"When they shall lead you, and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate: but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye: for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost.' Mark 13:11.

"With the promise came the suggestion to ask an unusual thing of the judge. He turned to the judge and said, 'I think you are a fair man. I am not used to speaking in my own defense, for I have never before been in prison; but it seems to me before you sentence me you ought to read the books I am selling.'

"The judge said, 'That is good, I will do it.'

"The young man was led back to his cell, knowing that the next day he would either be accounted guilty and perhaps die, or be set free. In those times in that country they had a short way with those accused of communism. He spent the night in prayer. Men can pray under those conditions.

"The next day at eleven o'clock they gathered together again. There were more priests present than before, more policemen and soldiers. After they had all assembled and the court was opened, the judge said:

"Gentlemen, I have read the books. I spent a good share of last night studying these books. I have never read anything like them in our language. They make plain our need of a Saviour and the way to Jesus. I am not going to sentence this young man for selling these books. They are not treason, they are apostolic Christianity.'

"Then he said, 'We have really done him a great wrong by putting him in prison and keeping him there all this time. Instead of sentencing him, I am going to authorize this young man to show his books to every one of you, and I expect every one to buy a book.' They all did it, and did it quickly."

THE KAREN CAPTIVES

The missions were winning on all sides among the Karen hills. Jehovah was returning to the Karens, some villagers said. They referred to those strange traditions which had been kept

alive for generations by the village elders and bards. Once the Karen fathers had known of God, they said, and had the book of Yuah (their rendering, evidently, of Jehovah). But in the wickedness of the early times they had lost the book. Folk songs, sung in the jungle villages, had told the story for centuries,

“Book of silver, book of gold,
Book that God the Father told,
Lost, it will again appear,
When the white man brings it near.”

So, when the missionaries came with the Book of God, some saw in it the fulfilment of the age-long predictions. The gospel had won its way among the Brecs, a fierce hill people. One chief of the Brecs was jealous of the prosperity of the Christian villages. In a time of scarcity, Chief Tee Peh proposed to attack the Christians and loot their villages. Some of his people thought it would be perilous to do this, as they feared the Christian's God, Yuah (Jehovah), who had returned to the Karens. The Baptist missionary, Dr. Bunker, in his “Sketches From the Karen Hills,” tells the story:

“Tee Peh, however, urged that they did not really know that Yuah was a living God till they should put Him to proof. Like the cunning old heathen that he was, he proposed that a test case be made. They would make a raid upon a Christian village, seize some of the children if possible, and hold them for ransom. If Yuah came for them, they would deliver them up, and so escape punishment; if He did not come, they would know surely that Yuah was like the dead gods of the Burmans, and they would have nothing to fear from Him.”

The attack was made and two children were captured. The attack was known to be a direct challenge to the living God. “It was clear that we could not oppose force with force,” says Dr. Bunker. He continues:

“Letters were sent to the churches, the case plainly stated, and prayer asked. The elders and devout men were summoned to meet, over the mountains near the seat of trouble in the Brec country, as soon as the rains ceased, that we might seek a way

of deliverance for the captive children. In due time the elders, and all who were interested, gathered from all the churches at the village of Sau-pe-le-cho for this new kind of warfare.

“During the time that elapsed from the capture of the children to that of this assembling of the Christian workers, the excitement greatly increased. It is true, said they, that God delivered His ancient people many times from their enemies; but the Karens are a poor people, and few in numbers. Perhaps He would deliver the white people, but will He take pity on us Karens? It became for them a test question of absorbing interest. At our place of meeting was assembled a great body of disciples, and two days were spent in conference and prayer.

“Repeated demands were made upon Tee Peh, in the name of the great Yuah, for the deliverance of the captives, but were met by him with a curt refusal, and also with threats, if the messengers should return without the ransom. In the meetings the burden of the prayers was that God would put His fear in the hearts of these heathen, and that the children might be so delivered that all the heathen, far and near, might be convinced that it was the living God who had appeared in behalf of the Christians.

“At the close of three days, during evening worship, messengers returned with the captive children, their captors having surrendered freely through the impelling fear of God.”

“The fear of the Lord,” says Dr. Bunker, “fell upon the heathen generally, with great power.” From all sides came the requests for teachers of the gospel. In various towns captives who had been held for one reason or another were set free, from fear of Yuah, “the God of the Christians.”

A TEXT STRANGELY GIVEN

It was during the war, when feeling ran high in one country of Southeastern Europe against any dissenter from established ways in religion. An Adventist evangelist was haled before the magistrate on accusation of heretical teaching. He was committed to prison until trial, which was to be before the civil judge with the ecclesiastical authorities present. The narrative of his deliverance was told by Pastor L. H. Christian, in one of our missionary councils:

"While praying in his prison and meditating upon the course to pursue when brought into court, there came upon him the strong and clear conviction, 'Matthew, twenty-third chapter.'

"'But I don't remember what is in that chapter,' he thought. He looked it up. There he saw the burden of the chapter was Christ's warnings and woes upon the Pharisees.

"'But that is hardly the line of argument for me to take before the bishop and the judge,' he thought to himself. 'I should be sure to be taken out and shot in these times, if I used that chapter as my defense.'

"However, as he prayed and waited before God, he could get no release from the conviction; 'Matthew twenty-three' was ever pressed upon him.

"He feared he surely would be shot, but he decided that the burden of Matthew twenty-three was the message he meant to deliver.

"He was called into court. As his reply to the accusations against him of teaching heresy, contrary to the state religion, he read from Matthew twenty-three and gave an exposition of it.

"He told how the scribes and Pharisees of New Testament times brought charges against Christ and His disciples of teaching contrary to the accepted views; and how the priests plotted against Christ, although all the time He taught according to the Scriptures, which they themselves were set to teach.

"Then the accused preacher showed how the simple life and Scriptural teaching of Christ bore witness against the worldly and often wicked lives of the priests, and he showed that the priests and Pharisees of Christ's time and the disciples of Jesus had their counterpart in our own time; and that these warnings uttered against the priests of old were Christ's warnings today, against the priests of today, who were living worldly lives and persecuting those whose teaching rebuked them and who were really feeding the flock of God with the word of God.

"Thus the prisoner at the bar brought the ways and the lives of the accusing priests before the court of 'Matthew twenty-three.' As the man finished, the judge turned to the bishop.

"'How about this?' he asked the bishop.

"'It is true; every word he says is true,' said the bishop.

"'Take the man away,' ordered the judge; and addressing

the clerical authorities, he added, 'and don't you bring him here again.'"

Thus it was given to a gospel witness in that hour what to speak; and the Spirit of God spoke there to the hearts of men.

DEFENDERS UNEXPECTEDLY APPEARED

On one occasion of need, before a hostile court, the deliverance was wrought, not by any testimony brought to the minds of the accused on the instant, but by the testimony of friends raised up on the instant. In one of the Greek Catholic countries of Eastern Europe, where Protestantism has had a struggle to maintain its witness, four young women of the Adventists were brought to court for distributing Protestant literature. The account follows, as told me by those who were there:

"The courtroom was crowded. The public prosecutor was bitter. He denounced the young women, not only as schismatics going about with heretical papers against the church, but as shameless, abandoned characters.

"The attorney for the defense was evidently carried away by the hostile sentiment of the court, and his defense was so weak and timid that it was no defense at all.

"The judge summed up against the young ladies. It was clear that in the end he would condemn them.

"Then it was that two attorneys, watching with the crowd in the courtroom, sprang to their feet and asked the privilege of intervening. They went into the case as if it were their own. They seemed as well prepared as if they had been assigned the case. They appealed to the new constitution, granting religious freedom, and to the liberal sentiment that made for enlightenment and progress.

"Their strong defense under the statutes and their earnest pleas for religious liberty, completely turned the tide of hostile feeling. The judge was won, and set the young women free."

PRAYER OPENED THE CHINESE PRISON

In her "Story of the China Inland Mission," Mrs. Geraldine Taylor tells of an old Chinese woman who had heard but one

preaching of the gospel message, and whose heart was touched. Just then trouble came to her home. Her husband was a constable. A murder was committed. The constable was ordered to find the murderer. He could not do it. Then he himself must die, said the mandarin.

"No, leave him to hunt out the criminal," was the mandarin's second thought. "Imprison his son instead." Somebody must die. Mrs. Taylor continues:

"So the only son of the poor old couple, a promising young fellow of good character, was imprisoned under threat of execution if the real offender was not soon forthcoming.

"Heartbroken, the mother made her way to Huan-yen to ask the evangelist's help. Chu Sien-seng was away, but his place was supplied by another native preacher, who told the distressed mother that, although no political influence could be used on the young man's behalf, she could pray to God for him, and that the hearts of all men are in His almighty hand.

"Alas!" replied she sadly, 'I don't know how to pray.'

"The assistants taught and helped her, prayed for them all in their extremity, and asked that the mandarin's heart might be changed, the young man delivered, and that both he and his mother might be eternally saved, and made a blessing to many.

"We have now committed the matter to God,' said he. 'Go home, Lao Nai-nai, in peace. Your trouble you have given over to the Lord. You must leave it with Him; your son will soon be set free.'

"Quite comforted, the poor mother went home in simple faith, and told her neighbors the good news.

"It is all right. My son will come back again.'

"They, of course, did not believe her, and waited incredulously to see the result of so strange a proceeding. But when, in a few days, the mandarin, after beating the young man nearly to death, did actually release him, they were beyond measure amazed. The grateful mother made him kneel down in the midst of their bewildered friends, and, kneeling herself beside him, publicly gave thanks to God for His wonderful answer to her prayers. The neighbors naturally grew anxious to have a teacher and learn more about the strange new doctrine, and thus the blessing spread."

Protection From Animals

*"My God hath sent His angels, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me."
Daniel 6: 22.*

WHAT AMAZED THE MOHAMMEDAN

WHEN the first mission ship "Duff," of the London Missionary Society, sailed down the Thames en route to open the wonderful story of missions in the South Sea Islands, the missionary crew singing,

"Jesus, at Thy command
We launch into the deep,"

Captain Wilson was in command, the first missionary ship captain enrolled for service in the history of modern missions. He had been preserved from peril in India for this missionary task. He was taken prisoner by the forces of Hyder Ali, and imprisoned at Seringapatam. He jumped from the wall of the prison, and swam the crocodile-infested river Coleroon. He was recaptured, but his preservation in the river so amazed the officials that, though holding him prisoner still, they spared his life as that of a man under Heaven's protection. The story is told in Campbell's "Maritime Discovery and Christian Missions:"

"The officer at headquarters was a Mohammedan, one of Hyder's chieftains. He questioned the poor prisoner closely as to his person, history, and destination. The captain gave him a full account of his escape, with the reason of it, and all the circumstances attending his flight. The enraged Moorman looked at him and said, 'That is a lie, as no man ever yet passed the Coleroon by swimming; for if he had but dipped the tip of his fingers in it, the crocodiles would have seized him.' The brave mariner reasserted the fact, and presented evidence so indubitable as to remove all doubt, when the warrior, raising both his hands, exclaimed, 'This is God's man.'"

IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE

This story was told by the late Miss Belle M. Brain, that writer so blessed in setting lessons for the home students of missions. "From all parts of the mission field," wrote Miss Brain, "come stories of deliverances so great that they would seem to be miracles."

The experience of Mrs. Scudder in the tigers' lair was as follows:

"While on a long journey across India, Dr. John Scudder, the first medical missionary from America, contracted jungle fever, and it was thought he could not live. When word reached Mrs. Scudder, she borrowed a tent, laid in a stock of provisions, hired the necessary bearers, and started to him at once, taking her little son with her.

"The way led through a dense jungle infested by wild beasts. All went well until night came on, when the bearers became so terrified at the growling of the tigers that they suddenly fled.

"With no human arm to protect her, the defenseless woman spent the long hours of that lonely night in prayer. Again and again she heard the tread of wild elephants, and the low, menacing growls of tigers not far away. 'All night long,' says her brother, 'they seemed to be circling around the spot where she knelt, ready to spring upon her and her child. But God held them back.'

"In the morning the bearers returned, and the journey was resumed. At its close, Mrs. Scudder found the crisis past and her husband convalescent."

THE WOLVES FELT THE PRESENCE

Many are the experiences told of Hsi (pronounced, Shee), of Shansi, whose life of faith and activity has been written by Mrs. Geraldine Taylor. Soon after his conversion, Hsi walked thirteen miles to a mission service. The story in the book, "Pastor Hsi," continues:

"The service over, he was resting a little while before the homeward journey, when a poor man sought him out and begged him to go at once to the village of the White Mountain, to pray for a woman, dangerously ill, who wanted to hear of Jesus.



Painting by Britton Riviere

DANIEL'S ANSWER TO THE KING

"My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." Dan. 6: 22.

The village was seventeen miles farther on. No cart or animal had been provided. The road was lonely and somewhat dangerous. And no one was going home that way with whom he could travel. But it never even occurred to him not to go.

"Hour after hour, faint and solitary, he pressed on. At length evening fell, and he had only reached the rushing torrent three miles from the village. Very soon it was dark, and neither moon nor stars could be seen. Belated on that mountain road, he knew that travelers were exposed to the attack of hungry wolves grown fearless since the famine. And sure enough, as he stumbled on, he heard sounds that too plainly indicated their approach. Yes, they were on his track. Nearer and nearer came the howling, until he knew that they were all around him in the darkness. But there was a Presence nearer still.

"Falling on his knees in that moment of peril, Hsi cried aloud to the unseen Friend. He never knew what happened, or how he was delivered, but the next thing he was conscious of was silence, and that he was alone.

"'Everything,' he records, 'grew strangely still. I know not when the wolves disappeared, or where they went. But they returned no more. Truly the Lord was my shield and my protector.'"

HOW "UNCLE BUNTSONG" ATTENDED CHAPEL

This is not a story of deliverance from danger, but a record of faith in God's power to make a buffalo cow behave as a carrier to bring an old Chinese Christian to the place of worship. This story comes from South China. Missionary F. E. Bates reported it in the account of an itinerating tour in the Swatow district:

"At one place, 'Uncle Buntsong,' as the villagers call him, sixty-nine years of age, was left through illness without sufficient strength to walk beyond the narrow confines of his own house. He was especially anxious to attend chapel services on the Sabbath. But the only available means of transport was a buffalo cow.

"This cow has a very unruly temper. She sometimes becomes very fierce, and few dare approach her. However, 'Uncle Buntsong' believed the Lord would open the way for him to attend the service, and earnestly prayed that he would make the cow gentle and trustworthy, so that he might ride her to the chapel.

"When the hour for service came, and the Chinese brass kong — a kind of tin-pan-bell arrangement which is used when it is desired to call any public meeting — was sounded, he went to the front door of his house where the buffalo had been tied, and opened the following one-sided conversation with her: 'Now, you are a cow, created to work for man. I am a man. You must be good and let me ride you to the chapel today, so that I can meet with the others to worship the Lord.'

"His instruction completed, he was helped to mount, and rode directly to the chapel, where the usually unruly beast stopped and let her master dismount. After the morning service, we held baptism in the river about a quarter of a mile away, and 'Uncle Buntsong' again mounted the buffalo and rode to the river, and later back to his house. From the first to the last the buffalo was as quiet and obedient as one could wish. 'Uncle Buntsong' was very grateful for this evidence of the Lord's care."

SAVAGE BEASTS RESTRAINED

Not alone on the far foreign field, but in mission service along the home borders, gospel workers meet these experiences of the restraining hand of a watchful Providence. A home missions toiler, a lady colporteur engaged in neighborhood visiting along the sparsely settled southwestern American border, reported two occasions when she was very sensible of special protection:

"I was in a country district. As I came up through the yard to a house, a dog with a chain dangling from his neck rushed savagely at me. He was just ready to attack and bite me when he seemed seized with fright. He gave one yelp of terror, and ran back under the house to hide away. Just at that instant the lady came excitedly to the door and said, 'Oh, did the dog bite you?'

"'No,' I replied, 'he seemed frightened at me.'

"'Frightened!' she answered. 'No. He was not frightened. He is terribly savage. We cannot leave him when strangers are about. My husband let him loose this morning because I was to be left alone at home.'

"'Well,' I said, 'then the angel of the Lord must have frightened him, because I did not touch him when he rushed at me.'

"That is more like it," the lady said, "for I know you could never have come up to this door without a miracle from heaven."

"I had a good talk with the woman, and left her some tracts."

"On another occasion in the country, I had passed through a farmyard in order to reach the house. I did not see the gate or pathway, and so stepped through the fence, passing close to a herd of cattle. A large bull stood by the herd, looking at me as I passed, but did not make any sign of resenting my intrusion. I went on to the house and had a good interview with the lady. As I was about to leave she said:

"How did you get to the house? I did not see you when you came."

"I said, 'I came through the pasture.'

"Did you see that bull?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied, "I came right by him."

"Well, that is very strange," she said. "We have to keep him chained when strangers are about. Our men folks can hardly handle him. He always tries to get through the fence to attack any stranger that comes about him."

"I said, 'God surely then must have power to restrain any kind of wild beast, just as His angel shut the mouths of the lions in Daniel's time.'

"Yes," she replied, "I believe God surely cared for you in coming to this door. But don't go back through the pasture. Here is the gate at the side."

"I thanked her, and went by the safe path, for it surely is unreasonable to expect God to protect us when we walk presumptuously."

A PRAYER IN A BRAZILIAN PASTURE

From South American missionary reports comes the following story of a colporteur's prayer for protection in a Brazilian pasture:

"As he was walking through a field, he saw a bull begin to paw the earth and act as if it were going to make a charge on him. He immediately stopped and offered the following prayer: 'O God, Thou art the Creator of these animals, and this is Thy work; I beseech Thee to protect me.' He had scarcely stopped praying when the bull stopped his pawing and began to run in the opposite direction as if frightened by

something. When he arrived at the house and told the owner of the bull his experience, the man could scarcely believe it. He said he saw the colporteur coming, and remarked to his wife, 'If he meets that bull, I pity him.' He further said that many times men, even on horseback, had encountered great difficulty with the bull.

"Shortly after the colporteur reached the house, some neighbors arrived. They were so impressed with his experience that they immediately purchased literature. They said, 'A man that can pray like that must have good literature to sell.'"

HOW THE HORSE WAS STOPPED

An Australian home missions worker, a lady, told the writer of a deliverance from imminent death as she sent up a prayer to God to stop a runaway horse. She was out visiting village homes in the Australian temperance campaign of 1916. This was the story she told me:

"I was driving a little gray horse attached to a sulky. My husband had bought the horse with the assurance that he was perfectly safe for a woman to drive. After the experience I am about to relate, however, we learned that the animal had had the reputation of being a regular runaway. My husband had driven the horse with only good reports, and now for the first time I was out alone with him, having left the two women in the village.

"Returning, the horse shied at something in the road. One of the traces must have broken, for the horse immediately started kicking as if mad. He was perfectly wild in an instant. He bolted and ran. I put on the brake. I pulled the reins with all the strength I had; but my efforts had no effect whatever. I was well shaken up, and the sulky was swaying from side to side, so that I had difficulty in holding on. So he ran for half a mile, the traces loose and striking the horse as he dashed on.

"Suddenly I remembered that a little farther on there was a sharp turn in the road with an embankment below, where at such a pace the sulky was sure to be overturned. I had thought of trying to get out at the back, but I could not do this with the wild swaying of the vehicle. I sent up a prayer to God to let me get out. The horse stopped so suddenly that I was thrown down against the dashboard, then the horse gave a second movement forward and tossed me back in the seat; and there

the horse stood in the shafts, feet still, but his body swaying back and forth as though endeavoring to go on, while it seemed as if he was held at the head by some powerful hand.

"I jumped out, intending to go to the horse's head to quiet him; but the moment I was out, the horse bolted again, dashing on as wildly as before. I prayed God to keep the horse from injuring any one, and followed on slowly along the road. I found later that in turning the sharp corner the sulky had turned over as I had feared it would. The horse ran on for two miles, and ended his mad dash by running into the place of a friend where we had been before. As I walked on, I met people coming along the road, expecting to find some one dead or badly injured.

"Have you seen my runaway horse?' I asked.

"Oh, was that your horse? How did you ever get out?'

"I prayed,' I said, 'and the Lord stopped the horse.'

"People were dumfounded as I told them of the experience. One lady whose heart had been hardened until she felt herself really an infidel, was deeply touched. The conviction seemed to reach her heart that God had heard me pray. A score of people along the road believed it to be an answer to prayer. I fully believe that an angel of the Lord stood by and held the horse for that moment as I prayed the Lord to give me a chance to get out."

THE BIRD THAT GAVE WARNING

A young Karen teacher, speaking at one of our young people's missionary meetings in the Burmese hills, said:

"I want you all to pray for me, because even though I am a thara [teacher], it's one thing to preach about courage and not being afraid, but it's another thing to do as my sister and I had to do yesterday—walk through twenty miles of jungle, where just a few days ago a woman was killed and eaten by a tiger; and tomorrow I must go the same way alone!"

We will agree it calls for courage to walk such tiger-infested paths. No wonder the missionary pauses to register thanks to God for tokens of His providential care amidst jungle perils. Here is such a record.

In his "Sketches From the Karen Hills," Dr. Bunker, of the Baptist missions, tells how the presence of a hornbill in an

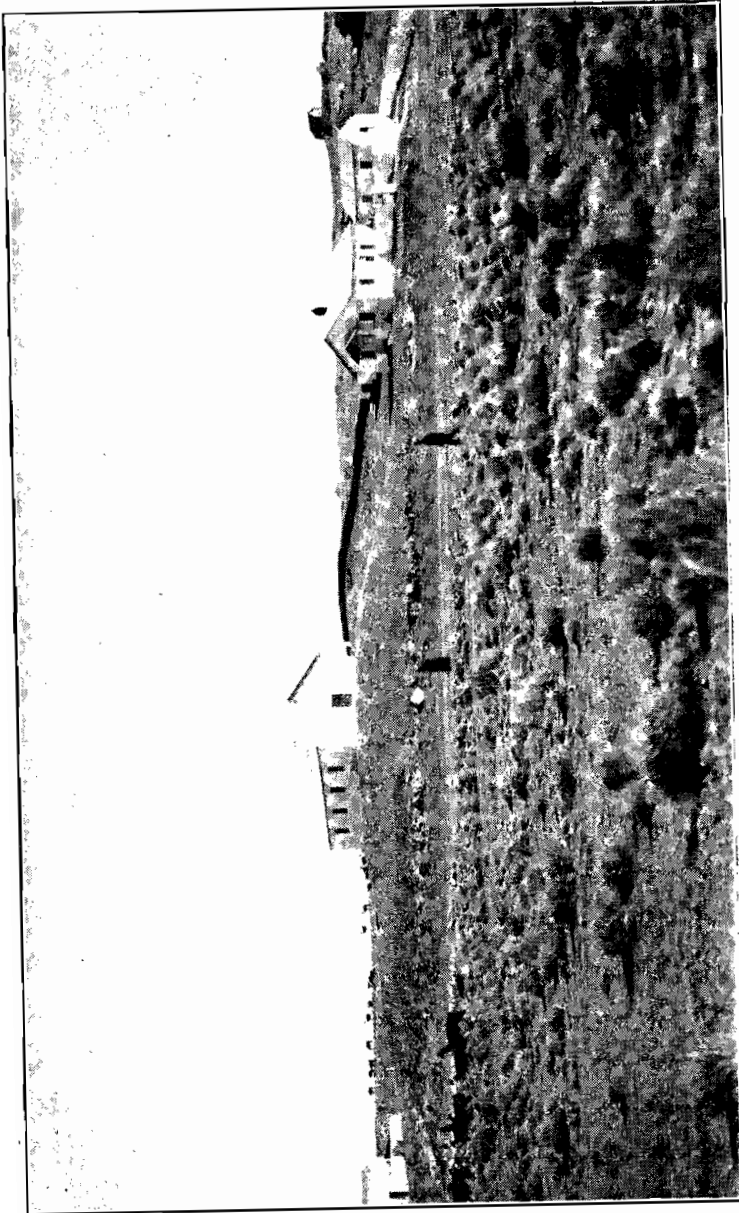
unusual spot was made the means of his deliverance from a stalking man-eater. Dr. Bunker was leading a party of Karens on a visit to his churches. They were in the jungle grass and bush. He says:

"The jungle path which we followed through the grass had been the haunt, through the rains, of a man-eating tiger, which was said to have killed more than a score of native people. These tigers are peculiarly fierce; for having lost their claws and teeth from old age, they are no longer able to pull down the jungle animals that form their usual food. They therefore beset some jungle trail, and prey on human beings, whom they easily capture.

"Being full of care and anxiety about the state of my sick child I had left, and also about the state of my churches, I quite forgot the tiger, and tramped along ahead of my attendants. After traveling six or eight miles through the dense grass, which was eight or ten feet in height, I came to a jungle stream flowing across the path. As I approached the bank, a hornbill arose from the bushes on the opposite side, and flew into the top of a small tree. This surprised me, as the bird is seldom seen save on the highest trees.

"As the Karens are especially fond of its flesh, I shot the bird. And that shot not only killed the bird, but apparently saved my own life, for the tiger had been stalking me through the jungle, as a cat does a mouse, seeking a good chance to pounce upon me. This he certainly would have had at this ford. I heard his leaps into the jungle very near me; and the ponies, scenting the beast, as they are quick to do, were so frightened, together with the three Karens who were leading them, that the latter began to shout to me: 'O teacher, we are all dead men, for there is a tiger about! The ponies will break away from us!'

"I shouted back: 'The tiger has gone! Fear not! Come on! Surely God has delivered us.'"



ROSARIO MISSION, HAPACHICA, BOLIVIA
Founded by Reid Shepard, With Dispensary at the Right and Church at the Left of Mission Home

Timely Deliverers

"Thus saith the Lord to His anointed, to Cyrus, . . . I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me." Isaiah 45:1-5.

PRAYER AND THE WAKIKUYU PROTECTOR

MR. STUART WATT, of the Church Missionary Society, was passing through the land of the Masai and the Wakikuyu, in equatorial East Africa. The caravan was disturbed by rumors of an attack as it advanced. Mr. Watt put on a bold front, and treated the rumors as baseless. But as he talked with his interpreter, he found that the Wakikuyu warriors had been overheard by the porters plotting the murder of the entire party and the stealing of the goods. The interpreter also gave word that the porters were planning to flee as soon as it was dark. Mrs. Watt says:

"My husband had a long talk with me about the matter, and we then knelt down in our tent and asked the Lord to guide and direct our movements; and that if it were in accordance with His will, the lives of our little ones and our porters might be preserved.

"In the course of half an hour our headman returned to the tent and told my husband that the son of the chief of the district wanted to see him. The young man was brought near to the tent door. He was a very fine specimen of physique, stalwart in form and manly in bearing. . . .

"The warrior desired to know where we were going. To this query my husband gave a frank reply, telling him the route we purposed following and the situation of the district to which we were proceeding, and acquainting him fully with our purpose in coming to the country, which was to tell the people of the great love of God to them, as revealed by His Son Jesus Christ.

"The keen-faced savage, with rolling and inquiring eyes, seemed to have his tongue loosened by the blunt and candid information which my husband fearlessly gave him; and thrust-

ing the pointed iron base of his spear into the ground, he related to us the fact that a multitude of warriors were in ambush upon the path which we were following, and that if we proceeded, we would all surely be massacred. He advised us to go round by another way, through an uninhabited part of the forest, and so escape certain destruction.

"We were quite convinced that the Lord had answered our prayers, and that this man had been sent to us to show how we might avoid the slaughter of our children and porters. We were greatly impressed with the evident fact that God can raise up a messenger to fulfil His behest, even among the most brutal and depraved of earth's human tribes. Until the young man appeared, my husband had been fully determined to proceed on our way at all hazards."

Now, however, warned by the messenger of deliverance, so providentially sent, the missionary turned from the main path, and on the caravan marched in safety.

THE UNEXPECTED PASSENGER

Recounting experiences in evangelistic work in Spain, Mrs. Bond, wife of Evangelist F. Bond, told how an unexpected fellow passenger proved a protector sent of God.

Mr. and Mrs. Bond, of the Adventist Mission, had gone to a mountain town in one of the Spanish provinces, to visit a Protestant family and to follow up interests already awakened by a brief evangelistic effort. But permission to hold meetings was denied by the magistrate of the town. The law allowed, however, cottage meetings attended by any number less than twenty. So meetings were held in the private home of the family of believers, not above nineteen persons by arrangement being in attendance. One night, during the meeting, the mayor and his secretary, accompanied by three other men, suddenly appeared. They declined the seats offered to them, and remained standing while they counted the number present.

There were only sixteen present, so nothing could be said. But the visitors walked out giving evidence of great displeasure. Thereafter every day the school children of the place were given a half holiday, and were permitted to fill the street in

front of the Protestant's house, where they sang and shouted. They sang a song which, roughly translated, is,

"Away, away with the 'Protestantes,'
Away, away from the nation;
We are lovers of the Sacred Heart,
Long, long live the Virgin."

They stoned the house day after day by the hour. One day ninety children were counted engaged in this attempt to prevent the cottage meetings. The daughter of the house was seriously



Frank Bond and His Family
Missionaries to Spain

injured by a stone. When the grandfather called the mayor's attention to this, he replied, "Then these Protestants must not come here." Mrs. Bond said:

"We kept up the meetings, however, for about two weeks. Then it was planned to leave the place. We had to make a three hours' journey by stagecoach to reach the railway. It seemed as we took our places in the coach that we were to be the only passengers that day. We learned later that it was well understood that we were to be the only passengers. However, just as the stage was about to leave, the owner of the

stage line himself hurriedly took his seat in the coach, evidently having just decided that he must make a journey.

"We started out. But along the streets of the village, and along the main road outside the village, we began to notice the groups of boys and children gathered. As the stage passed along with the owner of the line conspicuous in it, we noticed the boys and children quietly dropping stones from their hands. We saw their pockets bulging with stones also. Afterward we learned that there was an organized plan for the boys to kill us that day as we drove from the village.

"It seems that the driver was not at all in favor of us, and we would have been an easy prey had not the owner of the stage line suddenly decided to make the trip at that time. We saw in this the protecting hand of God."

THE SLAVE TRADER AND THE EXTRA CANOEMEN

On a tour of missionary exploration on the headwaters of the Amazon, in eastern Peru, Missionary F. A. Stahl experienced a deliverance through canoemen providentially impressed to join him at danger points, despite the evident planning of a slave trader to betray him to his death in the dangerous rapids. The missionary says:

"In my journey I met several slave traders. I knew them well, as the Campa Indians had complained to us about them. One of the most noted of them all I had to deal with near the end of my journey. I asked for a canoe *fully manned*, and he gave me four men, saying that would be all right for the trip. I soon noticed that two of the four were not very strong men, but thought nothing of it, as the river did not seem very swift the first day out.

"The evening of the first day we were hailed from the shore by three Indians, and as we put to shore, one, a great powerful fellow, jumped into the canoe, giving me to understand that he had come to help us on our journey. I thanked him, and the morning of the next day I was indeed glad for his help, as we passed several dangerous places. In the afternoon he asked to be put to shore, bade us good-by, and said that he was coming to the mission to visit us. He then jumped out and disappeared in the forest.

"Two days after this we were again hailed from the shore by a group of Campa Indians. As we stepped ashore, they

greeted us in a very friendly way. We bought bananas from them, and as we started, two Indians stepped out of the group, remarking as they got into our canoe that they wanted to help us. I did not think much about this, as the water had been so calm the last two days, but we had gone only a few miles when we came to a rapids, one side of which was filled with fallen trees and the other side had a high bank against which the water rushed with frightful force. I confess that I became nervous as I saw the dangerous situation. I called a halt, and asked if there was no other way to get through. The two Indians who had gotten into our canoe shook their heads and grimly grasped their strong poles. We followed their example, and soon were battling for our very lives against the terrible current of the rapids. Even as we fought I realized that the great God had provided those two extra men for us, for they were more skilful than the others.

"Many times during that awful half hour when it seemed that we must be dashed to pieces against the rocks, these two men would by a strong dexterous maneuver bring the canoe out of danger. The water dashed into the boat. The Indians groaned as they strained desperately to push the boat ahead. Poles were snapped and others grabbed up with the quickness of lightning. I saw now that the men were becoming exhausted. Their compressed lips were bloodless. I shouted words of encouragement to them as I struggled at a pole with them, and just as it seemed we could not hold out another minute, we came to a sharp turn in the river where the current had lost its power. We sank down in the canoe utterly exhausted.

"It was then I began to suspect that I had been given a canoe poorly manned on purpose by that slave hunter. This I afterward found was true, for no one ever attempts to go up this river with less than six men. God had supplied the lack. These two men stayed with me to the end of my journey by water, and when I offered to pay them they said, 'We want to help all we can.' This is only one of the many instances of how God provided needed help on this journey."

BOLIVIAN SOLDIERS UNEXPECTEDLY TO THE RESCUE

While on furlough in North America, Prof. C. P. Cramer, of South America, told a story of the determined efforts of a priest to drive Missionary Reid Shepard away from his work

among the Indians of Bolivia. Of the timely arrival of protectors at the crisis of peril he says:

"Finally an attack was planned for Sunday night at midnight, on the occasion of a high religious feast, when usually liquor was freely flowing. They were going to do away with the missionaries and scatter the people. It seemed impossible, this time, unless God interposed to protect them, that they could escape.

"Mr. and Mrs. Shepard were tired and worn, and retired early, thinking to get a little rest before the attack should come at midnight. They prayed earnestly as they retired, knowing that their lives were in jeopardy. An hour afterward, the Indians came and excitedly told them that the soldiers were coming. They thought the soldiers were coming to join the drunken Indians in their attack on the mission.

"Missionary Shepard went out and saw twelve cavalymen under the leadership of a lieutenant. But they had not come to destroy the mission. This is what had happened:

"There was a friend of the mission living near by, a colonel, who heard of the plan of attack, and sent two telegrams, one to the president and one to the Indian commissioner of the government. These sent telegrams back to him to protect the mission. But he had no soldiers with which to do it.

"Just at the right time a general of the Bolivian army came on from the capital, bound for another district. He had to pass the place where that colonel lives. The colonel handed the general those two telegrams, and said, 'Here is my instruction from the president and the commissioner, but I have no soldiers to carry it out. The general said, 'Take mine.' And just four hours before the planned attack was to come, they landed on our mission station to protect God's servants — a lieutenant sent by order of the president and the minister of Indian affairs. It was a great triumph for the cause."

" KNOCK AGAIN "

The Christian colporteur passing from door to door cannot always know how timely some of these visits may be. When I was visiting in Australia, Evangelist L. D. A. Lemke, of the Avondale College, who was formerly connected with the publishing department in that field, related to me the experience of a colporteur in Tasmania:

"He was a godly Christian man, and his brief visits were a blessing to many as he went from house to house taking orders. In one home in Tasmania he knocked and waited a moment with no response. He knocked again and again. No one answering, he was about to turn from the door when the impression came strongly upon him to remain and continue knocking. He knocked yet more earnestly for admittance, and in a few moments a woman appeared at the door. She looked disturbed.

"'What do you want?' she said.

"'I am showing books that help the people to come closer to the Lord,' answered the colporteur.

"She invited him in. He described his book and talked with her of the Lord and His mercy and love. He then asked the privilege of praying, and engaged in earnest prayer. The woman invited him to come again. On his second visit, she said to him:

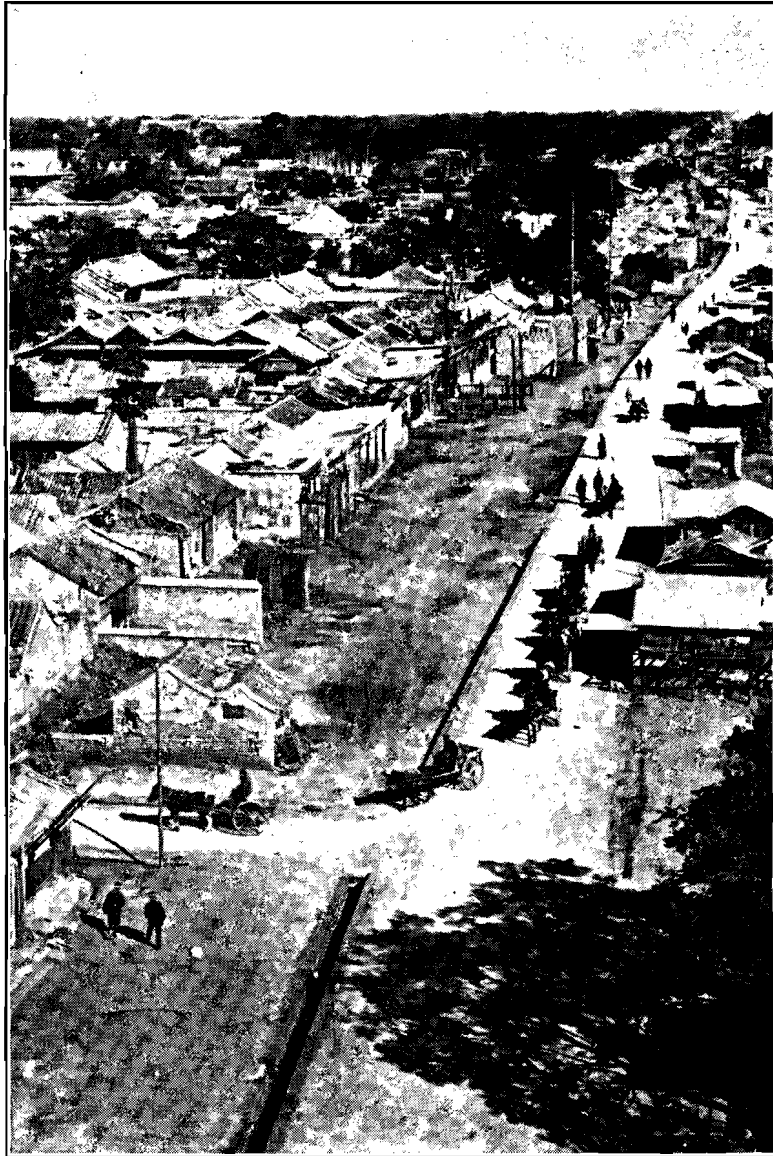
"'Do you know what I was doing when you knocked at that door the first time you called?'

"'No,' said the colporteur.

"'Well,' she said, 'I was fixing a rope to take my life.'

"Today this woman is a rejoicing Seventh-day Adventist, a candidate for immortal life."

But for the conviction that came upon his heart as a command to remain and continue knocking, the colporteur would have passed on; but there was One who knew that inside the door was a discouraged and desperate soul in need of help that instant.



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Street Scene in Peking
Looking north from the Ha-Ta-Men gate

The Changed Purpose

He "hath sent His angel, and delivered His servants that trusted in Him, and have changed the king's word." Daniel 3:28.

" IN THE NAME OF THE LORD "

WHEN there seemed no hope of escape, a young woman commanded a defiant guard "in the name of the Lord" to stand aside, and the fear of God came into that wicked man's heart and into the hearts of a mob, compelling obedience.

The Misses Prentice and Landis, in Kwangsi Province, China, were called to visit a Chinese woman who was ill in a village. The woman was an inquirer for truth. The ladies felt they must respond, though it was a perilous journey at that time. They committed themselves to God.

The verse on their Morning Watch Calendar for that day was, "Ye shall not need to fight in this battle; stand still, and see the salvation of God."

They needed that promise as a refuge before the day was done. The story is told in Dr. Robert Glover's "Ebenezer."

While visiting at the home of the sick woman, they found a mob gathering. The house was attacked. Miss Prentice (later Mrs. Glover) said:

"We hastened to try to assure the men that we had come on the invitation of Sin Shang Neung, and would leave at once, but they were now quite out of the mood of letting us go. We tried to push our way out, but when we reached the large outer courtyard, we were intercepted.

"There we were, two young women, shut into an inclosed yard and surrounded by a crowd of several score of rude, angry Chinese, completely at their mercy — but God!

"Of the insulting treatment received at their hands it is unnecessary to write. Several times it came to us to resort to force to defend ourselves and escape, but the precious message

of the morning. 'Ye shall not need to fight,' was whispered in our hearts, and restrained us.

"Then for a moment they somehow got to quarreling among themselves, and we slipped through the crowd toward the gate; but only to find it barred and a man standing against it. For the first time a sense of our utter helplessness swept over us, but the promise, 'Stand still, and see the salvation of God,' flashed to mind and upheld us.

"We bade the man step aside and allow us to pass out, but he and the crowd of onlookers only jeered. Again we spoke more emphatically, but again they laughed us to scorn. Our hope was in God alone.

"Looking up to Him for help, it came to us in the name of the Lord to command him to step back, and I did so. For one moment such a strange hush fell upon the crowd, and without a word the doorkeeper stepped back while we quickly passed out. God Himself had delivered us!"

"A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE"

So Mr. A. E. Glover characterizes one of the deliverances that came to his family and Miss Gates, an associate who went with them through the chain of marvelous experiences described in the book, "A Thousand Miles of Miracle." They were fleeing out of far Shansi, during the Boxer uprising of 1900. Their Boxer guards, driving them on, had increased in numbers and ferocity. All the upper garments of the party had been torn from them. Mr. Glover says:

"As the men faced us again with the garments in their hands, I looked at them and said:

"'Ni-men tsui shī ren, ie muh iu ren ch'ing' ('You are human beings, it is true; but you have not the feelings of your kind') — about as stinging a reproach as one could well address to a Chinaman's ears; containing, too, a righteous, pertinent, and legitimate rebuke. I am bound to say that I was not prepared for the effect it produced.

"To my amazement the word went home like an arrow to the mark. Sullenly they took the garments, first one and then the other, and flung them back to their respective owners. I have that very garment of my wife's in my keeping at this moment — a token that speaks louder to me, every time I look

at it, of the living power of the living God, than any treatise could. Platform 'Evidences of Christianity' undoubtedly have a use and value of their own; but they are dreary things to me beside that soiled and tattered 'evidence' of a God that 'worketh for those who wait for Him.' It also speaks to my heart as nothing else does of a Christ that 'liveth in' His own, in the manifested beauty of His own life — a life that could only be divine.

"What the effect of this incident was upon the bystanders I cannot say. I only know that one by one they melted away, and ere long the four Boxers alone were left with us. Resuming their seat on the knoll, they again talked together, while we continued to cry to God for their removal.

"Once more they confronted us, this time with the order to get up and follow them back to Lu-an city. We replied that it was impossible — we were too tired to attempt it. If they wished us to go, they must fetch a cart for us.

"'A cart for foreign devils!' they cried; 'we'll fetch ropes, and we'll fetch men; and if you can't walk, you shall be dragged.' And with a mocking laugh and the information that they would be back directly, they shouldered their weapons and walked swiftly away, *the whole batch of them*, and in a few seconds we were alone!

"Our God had done for us the impossible thing that we asked, and the mountain that was ready to fall on us had been removed in answer to the prayer that gave glory to God. The faith that offered it had been severely tested when the natural impossibility had been only increased instead of diminished by the sight of the added numbers, who also were against us. But 'if God be for us, who can be against us?' 'Therefore we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.'

"With real awe in our hearts at what God had wrought, we watched the men disappear. It seemed strange that they should not have left a guard; for two, or even one, would have sufficed for the errand on which they were bent. But no: the thing was of God, according to the terms of our petition that He would 'be pleased to take them right away, one and all;' and to Him we ascribed the honor due unto His name.

"The moment the last was out of sight, Sheng-min said, 'They are gone, thanks be to the Lord's grace! Now come quick: we have not a moment to lose.' In an instant he had

caught Hedley in his arms, and I Hope; and the next, we were in full flight."

"IT IS JEHOVAH!"

That was the cry of the fierce Fijians who felt an overmastering power restraining them, and reversing their very wills. In an old book, "The Cannibal Islands," the story is told of some native Christians of Viwa, whose canoe was disabled along the coast of Viti Levu. The outrigger broke. The men of Viti Levu rushed to their canoes to capture the disabled boat and plunder its cargo and take its crew for a cannibal feast. The account says:

"When they were near enough to see that the canoe was from Viwa, revenge increased their eagerness; for only a short time previous several of their friends had been murdered by Viwans.

"Hundreds of armed men assembled on the reef near the canoe, which lay tossed about in danger of being capsized at any moment, while the people on board worked hard to keep her right, and prayed earnestly to the Almighty to save them from the hands of their enemies, who, with brandished weapons, cried out, 'You are in our power! Now we will kill you in return for the murder of our friends!'

"A young man of the company cried to them, 'Kill us if you wish; but know that we did not kill your friends. Before they were killed we were Christians; and since that we have left off doing such evil deeds. It will be better for you not to kill us, but come and help us to bail the water out of our canoe.'

"This answer restrained the anger of the heathen, and some of them even went to the canoe, helped them to bail it out and lash the outrigger, so that the canoe could safely sail away!

"Heathens who heard of it said, 'It is Jehovah! for nothing like this was ever known in Fiji before!'"

THEIR MOTHER'S BIBLE

Two children in a Catholic land of Eastern Europe saw a cruel man's heart entirely changed and made new by their faithfulness to their dead mother's Bible. This story was told by Field Secretary J. C. Raft, of the European Division, at a great missions conference:

"Some time ago, at a baptism, a mob came, with a priest as leader, and began to stone our people who were baptized. Then they threw them into the river; but they all got out except one mother. A stone had hit her in the head, and she drowned. She had two nice children, about eight and ten years of age, and after she was buried the neighbors said, 'Now the mother is dead, we will take her children, and put them into a family where they will be brought up to be Catholics.'

"The children were taken by a man who was cruel. The first Sabbath he looked for them, but could not find them. Well, he went out into the barn, and away up in a corner he found that little girl and boy, with their mother's Bible, reading it, and keeping the Sabbath. He took them and gave them a hard whipping, took the Bible away, and said, 'I will teach you.'

"The next Sabbath he found them in the same place, and he whipped them unmercifully. He was so cruel that the neighbors went to the authorities and said, 'You will have to stop it; he is killing those poor children.'

"The man was called up, and the children were taken as witnesses. The judge sentenced him to prison; but those two children walked up to the judge and said, 'We know we have had a hard time; we know this man has treated us unmercifully, and has whipped us cruelly; but, O judge, if he will only promise not to do it any more, please let him go back home. Don't punish him. Our mother's Bible tells us to pray for our enemies.'

"And, do you know, those children talked in such a way to that judge that he let the man go, and the man went back home with the children.

"When he got home, he took the children to his side and said, 'Children, you have a religion that is better than mine. I will not whip you again. Will you forgive me?' And that man today is elder of one of our churches over in Europe.

"Nothing is too hard for God. He is able to do what He has promised. O that we could trust Him more fully!"

HOW MINDS WERE CHANGED AND AN AMAZONIAN MISSION WAS FOUNDED

The overruling hand of Providence was clearly seen in the founding of mission work among the savage Indians on the headwaters of the Amazon. Missionary F. A. Stahl, former pioneer of the Indian work of Seventh-day Adventists in the

highlands of Lake Titicaca, has pioneered this work also in the Amazon wilds. His story of God's leadings and deliverances in the founding of that work is as follows:

"After selecting a site for the mission, I found that the land was owned by an English corporation with headquarters in Lima, Peru. The important thing of course was to get this land from the company. After making it a subject of prayer, I visited the president of this corporation, and told him what



The Perene Mission
F. A. and Mrs. Stahl move into the first missionary home among the savages of the Amazon country.

we wanted. 'This looks good to me,' he said, 'but you go up into the interior, and get the O. K. of our coffee plantation manager there.'

"So I returned into the forest, where this company has great coffee plantations along the border of a dense jungle where the savages live. The manager of these plantations is not a Protestant, and somehow I felt in my heart that the Lord would have to do something special for us if we ever got his signature to our application for this land where we wished to establish the mission.

"After praying earnestly, I got on my mule one day and rode thirty miles to his headquarters. When I arrived, the caretaker said, 'You cannot see the manager, because he is very ill.' I quickly pulled out a card and wrote a greeting to him,

signed my name, and asked the servant to deliver it at once. Then I went to get my mule ready for the return journey.

"But before we got away, the servant came rushing back and said, 'The manager wants to see you at once.' I was shown to his room, and found him confined to his bed, suffering agonies. An examination proved that he had a very bad case of auto-intoxication. At once I began eliminative treatment, and by the blessing of the Lord he was at ease within an hour.

"As he fell back on the pillows greatly relieved, he said, 'What did you come here for?'

"Well,' I said, 'I don't wish to trouble you when you are not feeling well.' But he said he was feeling fine after the treatments, so I took out my fountain pen and the application for this land, 750 acres, put it in his hand, and told him all I wanted was his signature.

"You shall have it immediately,' he said, and added a few words of recommendation. I took this back to Lima, and we got our grant of land free of charge.

"After eight months of hard work, we had our mission quite well established. The savages came to us for help, and to be taught about the true God. Many of them began keeping the seventh-day Sabbath, and among these were some employed on the coffee plantations. Several large companies were raised up in near-by villages.

"This angered our opposers very much, and they immediately determined to force us to leave that part of the country, by stirring up the manager against us. Again and again they went to him, telling him he had done wrong in giving us this land and allowing our mission to be located there.

"Finally, one day he sent for me, and told me that we must not teach these people to keep the Sabbath, but that we must teach them to work on the Sabbath.

"I explained to him that it would be impossible for us to go directly against the command of God, and told him about our beliefs.

"Becoming very angry because I did not yield to him, he left his chair, and began to pace the room, saying, 'I will place every obstacle in your way!'

"I quietly and kindly told him that I had heard this from other people when we were at work in the Lake Titicaca region, but that I believed the Lord would stand by us. Finally he quieted down, and shook hands with me as I left.

"But he immediately wrote to the president of the corporation, greatly exaggerating the situation, telling him that we were not only teaching the natives not to work on the Sabbath, but hindering their work on Friday, telling them to prepare their food on that day, and as they did not want to work on Sunday, three days were lost. He placed the matter before the company in terms of dollars and cents. As a result of this, the officials sent back word that the mission must leave at once.

"When I received this message, I got down on my knees and laid the matter before the Lord. The work was going well. We had a growing interest, a nice school filled with promising young people, and it seemed that we could not possibly leave them. I asked God to step in and work for us.

"A few weeks after this I learned that the president of the corporation, whom we will call Mr. A., was coming down to visit the plantations. We found out later that it was his purpose to enforce the ruling that we must leave.

"As soon as I heard he was coming, after praying earnestly, I felt impressed to go out to the village where he and his party would leave their automobiles in exchange for saddle animals, so I would be able to talk to this man on the narrow trail leading to the plantations twenty miles away. I knew he could not escape from me there on a trail four feet wide, with a high stone wall on one side and a great precipice reaching down to the river on the other.

GOD'S MEANS OF DELIVERANCE

"Arriving at this village, I waited for his coming. Automobiles usually reach there at ten o'clock in the morning, so that the dangerous trip over the trail may be made before dark. I waited with absolute calmness and assurance, positive that God would do something special for His work. Friends, our Father in heaven has a care for His work and His people, wherever they may be in this world.

"Well, I waited all day, and Mr. A. and his party did not come. I thought: Something is happening already. Perhaps the Lord has taken off the wheels of his automobile, as He did the chariot wheels of the Egyptians when they followed the children of Israel! Finally at six o'clock in the evening they arrived. Upon inquiry I learned that they expected to continue their journey to the plantations that night over the dangerous trail in the darkness. Immediately I rode my mule to the out-

skirts of the village, and waited for them at the entrance to the trail.

"Finally they came, with their flashlights leading the way. As Mr. A. passed, I fell in behind his horse, and said, 'Good evening.' He hardly answered. I said, 'Mr. A., I would like to talk to you about the mission.'

"'Well,' he replied, 'I don't want to talk to you!'

"'But,' I said, 'I want to tell you how wonderfully the work is going forward; how savages are turning from their savagery.' I talked fast and earnestly. I told him about the school, of the young people coming in from the forests, free as the air, and learning how to read and write. I pointed out to him that some day the whole neighborhood would reap the benefits of the education we were making possible.

"Finally he said, 'I will see you tomorrow at twelve o'clock.'

"That was rather a strange hour to set for meeting me, so I repeated, 'Mr. A., do you really mean twelve o'clock tomorrow?'

"'Yes, sir,' he said, 'twelve o'clock.'

"'All right. Good night,' I said, and spurred my mule on ahead. He did not answer, and by that time it was so dark that I could not see my hand before my face.

"I knew that about ten miles ahead there was a curve in the trail, and that the people had thrown up a road cutting that curve in two, saving about five hundred yards in distance. It was used only in the daytime, but I felt that the Lord would guide my mule safely across, and He did, bringing me to the home of a Spanish friend about four miles from the coffee plantations. There I received a cordial welcome, and as I retired, I thought to myself, 'I have plenty of time, and will take a good rest. I can go over those four miles quickly, so I will sleep until eight o'clock in the morning.' I was very tired, as I had been up several nights.

"But instead I awoke at four o'clock in the morning with the impression that I must go to the plantation at once. I dressed and went out to saddle my mule. When my host came to the door asking what was the trouble, I explained to him that I felt I must go at once to the plantation. 'I am not going to take time to go the regular way across the bridge,' I said, 'I am going to swim the river.'

"'But,' he said, 'that is a very swift river. You don't want to do that. We never risk it!'

“‘Oh, yes,’ I told him, ‘God will care for me; I must go at once. All I ask is that you guide me through the forest and show me the best place.’

“So we went through the jungle, my mule plunged into the water, and I reached the other side all right, going up to the plantation headquarters on a gallop.



A Dangerous Road
The point on Chamchamayo River trail where General Cooper's horse went over the embankment.

“In the doorway of the house I saw an Englishman standing. He rushed out to greet me. ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘I’m so glad you came! We have been waiting for you, and wondering where you have been since last night. Mr. A. fell over the precipice in the darkness, and is very badly injured.’

“I found the man all bandaged up. ‘O Doctor,’ he exclaimed, ‘I’m so glad to see you! Last night, as we were going along in the darkness, my horse suddenly seemed to be walking in space, and the next thing I knew I found myself rolling down an embankment toward the river. I don’t know what condition I am in. Won’t you take care of me?’

“The manager stood by, and he said, ‘I have

taken care of Mr. A., and I think he is all right.’

“‘Well,’ I said, ‘I will look him over. Please get me some hot water,’ and this and that and the other thing I called for. He immediately got me everything for which I asked. It somehow reminded me of Haman, and his humbling himself before Mordecai. I got out my instruments, and probed and cleaned a very serious wound on the injured man’s head. A broken

branch had penetrated the skull. It took about forty minutes to fix him up. When I had finished, he said, ‘I feel like a new man; I have a new lease on life. Now what shall I do?’

“I said, ‘You must stay in bed for three days.’

“‘I will do anything you say,’ he answered. ‘And now I know you don’t care to stay until twelve o’clock to talk about that mission, do you? Would you just as soon talk now?’

“‘Certainly,’ I answered, and he asked the manager to go and get a copy of the letter he had written, containing his accusations against us.

“While the manager was out of the room, I had a very friendly listener, and I told him all about our mission and our work. The manager returned with the word that he could not find the letter. ‘Never mind,’ said Mr. A., ‘just tell me what you have against this man.’

“At that the manager became very much confused, and could not seem to get down to the point. ‘Come,’ said Mr. A. at last, ‘tell us just what you have against the mission and this man.’ But the manager could not seem to remember. ‘It was something about the Sabbath,’ Mr. A. prompted him.

“‘Oh, yes,’ he said, his memory refreshed, ‘yes, he is teaching the people not to work on the seventh-day Sabbath, and we are losing money.’

“‘Well,’ said Mr. A., ‘I don’t know about that, and I don’t know about the Sabbath. God made heaven and earth in six days, and I don’t see why Saturday wouldn’t be a good day to keep, as this man teaches.’

“‘No,’ insisted the manager, ‘we cannot do that here.’

“‘Maybe you can,’ Mr. A. replied. And turning to me, he said, ‘Maybe you can teach him after a while. You go forward with your work, and we will help you in every way we can.’

“Then turning to the manager, he said, ‘Are you satisfied with what I have told him—to go ahead with the mission?’

“‘Yes,’ he answered.

“‘Shall we put it in writing?’ Mr. A. asked him.

“‘No,’ he answered, ‘I understand.’

“He put the same question to me, but I replied that I understood the situation perfectly, and bade him good-by.

“Three days later I went back and found Mr. A. doing nicely. At his invitation I remained for dinner, and from one o’clock in the afternoon until ten-thirty at night this man, and an

English captain who had accompanied him, and his son, plied me with questions concerning our work and our beliefs. I had a splendid opportunity to preach the third angel's message to them, and the Lord helped me to improve it.

"I want to say in closing that the manager is now very much interested in religious things, and asked me just before I left the mission to attend this meeting, if I would not tell him more about the Bible upon my return to South America.

"This is only one of the many providences in our work. It is just a simple story, but it shows how God used the medical work in a very special way to save a mission."

"AT THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD"

The decision had been reached by the Chinese, in the Boxer uprising, that the women of Mr. A. E. Glover's party, Mrs. Glover and Miss Gates, were to be killed as their cart reached the field beyond the temple shrine. Mr. Glover and the children were to be carried on to Tsehcheo, where they were to be dealt with by official condemnation. But the women, supposedly possessing an especially malign influence to cause the drouth, were to be sacrificed to the rain god near the shrine. Mr. Glover's account tells us:

"Notwithstanding the fact that the word had gone forth, and that everything pointed to its accomplishment, we still did not cease to make our prayer to God, our refuge and strength, that He would even now show Himself strong in our behalf, and save us from the very jaws of death for His own glory.

"As the escort emerged at last from the inn, followed by the mules, we knew that the critical moment had come. The animals were put in, and the order to 'go on' was given. Amid a silence strangely like the hush that had prevailed when we left our morning inn, the trollies moved forward. An awe that rooted them to the spot where they stood settled upon the crowd; and instead of being driven to yonder field at the right of the shrine, we passed on through the gate to the Tsehcheo road.

"At the last moment the decision had been reversed, whether through the irresolution of the village elders, or from whatever cause, matters not. The simple fact remains, 'to the memorial of Thy great goodness,' that 'I sought the Lord and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.' I needed to fall back

upon no second causes for what was so evidently supernatural. Indeed, Elisha's experience in Dothan was not more real than ours in that nameless Chinese village. For just as then 'the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha;' so also were we given to know now that the angel of the Lord had encamped round about us who feared Him, and had delivered us.

"That it was in no sense due to any change in the escorts' disposition toward us was evident, not only from their conversation, but also from the fact that they made one more determined effort to get rid of us before the journey's end. They sent on two of their number to warn the people, at the last place of any size that we should pass, of our approach, and to incite them to fall on us at a given signal, which signal was to be the raising of the bludgeon at the 'present.'

"My heart quailed at the scene before us as we approached. A mob of several thousand had assembled to meet us, and it seemed incredible that we could run the gantlet of the long street unscathed. Never shall I forget the feeling of momentary terror when, as we entered the gate, I saw the soldiers suddenly bring their bludgeons to the 'present.' What happened? The sense of terror gave place to that of perfect peace as the word came almost audibly to me, 'Fear not; for no man shall set on thee to hurt thee;' and then of awe and wonder as I saw the tumultuous crowd fall back on either side, and like the waters of old 'stand up on an heap.' The same mysterious hush we had known before was upon them as we slowly traversed the narrow path between; and to the unconcealed amazement of the disgusted soldiery, not a soul broke bounds, or gave heed to the summons to fall on us.

"This was the last attempt the escort made to hurt us; and marveling in themselves at the things their eyes had seen, they brought us in due course to Tsehcheo.

"Faint and weary indeed we were at the end of that terrible and wonderful journey; but hunger, thirst, and aching limbs were forgotten in the realization of its threefold deliverance. Jordan had been driven back before our eyes; and driven back, we knew well, 'at the presence of the Lord.'"



The Times

AN AWE-INSPIRING AUSTRALIAN BUSH FIRE

A Great Tree Burning in Fern Tree Gully, Near Melbourne, With the Appearance of Forked Lightning in a Thunder Storm

On the Wings of the Wind

"The Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night." Exodus 14:21.

THEIR HOME SAVED

Out of Russia, in the days of the revolution, came the following story of the experience of an Adventist worker:

"He was in a village that was being bombarded by revolutionists. The wind was blowing strongly, and they set fire to the side of the village from which the wind came. And those straw-thatched buildings, when dry, burn very quickly. Our brother, who was our minister there, and his wife and children were in their little home. They knew that the fire was nearing them. I shall not say that you should have done as they did; but they told me that the determination came to them, 'God has placed us here as light-bearers for Him, and we will remain until He sends us away.'

"They knelt down in the little grass-thatched cottage in which they were living, and began to cry to God for deliverance. While they were praying, the house next to theirs caught fire. Then suddenly the wind turned, and blew as heavily from the opposite direction. The fire was beaten back, and their house was saved, and our workers praised God for His salvation."

DELIVERED FROM FOREST FIRE

It means something to the missionary colporteur in the "back blocks" of Australia to be away from his little home when the bush fires are on; but the Lord's business calls for steady service. Colporteur Maybee related this experience to me some years ago:

"I was away from home. The fires were burning in the bush, and had swept down upon the little place we had been trying to carve out by the edge of the woods. My wife and boy had fought the fire long as it pushed on toward our place, but it seemed of no use. A strong wind kept bringing the flames on. They had burned a gap in the bush around the edge of the place, but the fire jumped it.

“‘It is no use,’ my wife said to the boy. ‘We cannot stop it. Come on, we will get out the horse and trap, and save what we can before it reaches us.’

“So my wife and son left the bush and gave up the fight. They got out the horse and trap, and were packing what household goods they could quickly lay hands on. As they worked hastily, looking only at the task in hand, they felt a cool wind blowing. It was from the south, while before the wind had



Painting by Starley Berkeley

The Terrors of a Bush Fire

been blowing from the north. The sudden change was so distinct and refreshing that they stopped to see what it meant. The boy, running out to the outbuildings, called back,

“‘It is all right, mother, the wind is blowing the fire back.’

“The mother went out, and sure enough the fire was retreating. It had burned to the fence just back of the sheds; some of the fence posts were alight, and the boy was putting the fire out. Our little place was saved.

“‘Well,’ the mother said, ‘come on, we will get something to eat now.’

“They had been fighting the fire and had not stopped to eat. While eating they heard the crackling of the flames, and looking out they saw the wind had swung around again, but as already

the fire had burned everything up to the sheds, making a good fireguard, there was nothing more to burn there, and the fire swept past the place on both sides, still leaving it unharmed.”

WHILE THE ISLANDERS PRAYED

ON the island of Mangaia the Christian converts were fasting and praying for deliverance. Out at sea the veteran



Seventh-day Adventist Church, Rarotonga, Cook Islands

missionary, John Williams, was sailing for another island, all unconscious of the peril on Mangaia. In the book, “Missionary Life in the South Seas,” James Hutton says of Williams:

“He had no intention of touching at that island, but was forced to run for it against his will, in consequence of contrary winds.

“After the anchor was dropped, the ship remained for some time seemingly unnoticed, until a solitary individual came off in a canoe, and reported that it was a day of fasting and prayer, as the heathen had threatened to attack the settlement in great force on the morrow, and exterminate all the Christians. . . .

“Recognizing the hand of Providence in the winds which drove him to Mangaia, and perceiving that not a moment was

to be lost, Mr. Williams slipped into the canoe with three chiefs from Rarotonga, and being lifted over the reef on the crest of a billow, landed on the part of the island that happened to be uninhabited."

Williams pressed on into the hostile region, placated the chiefs, and persuaded them to a peace.

"In the end the idolatrous chiefs not only engaged not to molest the Christians, but gave permission to as many of their



Rata and His Family
First native converts of our mission on Rarotonga

people as pleased to proceed to the settlement for instruction. Several individuals thereupon accompanied Mr. Williams, and placed themselves under the native teachers, and shortly afterward the bulk of the population was brought to prefer light to darkness. The adverse wind had in truth proved itself a 'ministering angel.'"

THE BLOWING OF THE SOUTH WIND

Samuel Pollard tells how the blowing of the south wind, together with the prayers and efforts of the missionaries, saved a Christian village in far Kweichow, China. It was among the Miao hill tribes. The Miaos, like the Karens of Burma, have

preserved in their tribal poetry wonderfully distinct traditions of creation and the flood. For instance, one folk song runs,

"Who made heaven and earth?
Who made insects?
Who made men?
I that speak don't know."

The answering stanza is,

"Heavenly King made heaven and earth,
Heavenly King made insects,
Heavenly King made men.
How is it you don't know?"

However, the Miaos made it hard in the hills where Pollard worked. Enemies had determined to burn a Christian village that had grown up about the mission station; and the intent was to kill the missionaries in the confusion of the night. A north wind was blowing, and the fire was set on the north edge of the houses so that the wind would sweep the flames upon the village. All were up that midnight, fighting the flames and praying for deliverance. Suddenly the wind veered straight about. In his "Tight Corners in China," Pollard says:

"The village was saved. The Miaos whose homes were thus destroyed never uttered a harsh word in my hearing. Patiently they bore the loss.

"What of the men in hiding? They also watched the fight with the flames, and at last came to the conclusion that they had better leave the Christians alone.

"They may have noticed how God sent the south wind to blow the flames away from the village, and possibly in their hearts they superstitiously feared to attack the flame-fighting, fearless foreign men. At daybreak they were seen quietly slinking back to their homes, defeated."

THE CHINESE PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE

Thrice over, in answer to prayer, this Chinese evangelist saw the hand of God turn back the devouring flames. On a trip up the Grand Canal of China, Director H. J. Doolittle came to a town, and found that a large area of houses had just been wiped out by fire. He says:

"The fire had started in a thatch-roofed house about a city block from the chapel, and with a strong wind blowing, had rapidly advanced toward it. The pastor, a Chinese brother, saw that there was no help, humanly speaking, unless God should intervene. Going into the chapel, he knelt and imploringly besought God to save His house of worship, and thus glorify His name in the presence of the heathen.

"While he was thus prostrated in prayer, the fire came roaring on. To the left of our buildings was one in which 500 five-gallon tins of kerosene oil were stored. On the other side was a wine merchant's store, well stocked with alcohol and wines. Thus, to the human eye, there was no escape from the flames, and furthermore it did not seem apparent that it was God's will to stay the conflagration.

"On, on, came the fire. The building next to ours was already burning. Ours would have been next, but the hand of God intervened. The wind changed just at the critical moment, sweeping the treacherous flames back and away from our building, leaving it a monument of His power.

"And this was not all. Two weeks later another fire broke out on the opposite side of the chapel. But again in answer to petitions before the throne of grace the hungry flames were baffled.

"I remember, too, another similar experience that this same Chinese preacher passed through seven or eight years ago. At that time he had been a member of the church for only about two years. We had placed him in charge of a little station on the Huai River, in the province of Anhwei, where he was preparing to conduct a tent effort. He had already received the tent, and was waiting for some other workers to arrive and assist him in setting up the tent and conducting the effort.

"One night during the interim of his waiting, the call of 'Fire!' was heard, and soon the streets were filled with hurrying men, women, and children, carrying what they could of their more treasured belongings. A strong wind was blowing. The thatched roofs, undampened by any rain for weeks, were but food for the voracious fire. In this instance, too, the wind was bearing the fire directly toward the chapel. Neighbors and friends came to the chapel, desiring to assist our pastor in carrying away as many as possible of the more valuable things. But in place of complying, as most of us would have been only too

glad to do, he kindly but firmly refused them, locked the door of the chapel to make sure that they would not execute their kind offer, then threw himself on the ground before the rostrum, and prayed in the agony of his heart.

"'O God,' he prayed, 'answer this prayer of Thine unworthy servant! O Father, save this Thy place of worship to the glory of Thy name! Thou knowest how I have told these poor benighted people of their useless worship of their gods of wood and stone! O God, Thou knowest how I have pleaded with them to give up their lives of sin, and worship Thee, the true God, the living God, who answers prayer! If I now turn and flee from here like these other helpless ones from pleading to deaf and helpless idols, will they not mock and say, "Wherein is thy God better than our own?" Hear then, my Father; let not Thy name be mocked!'

"Thus, like Hezekiah of old, when besieged by the Assyrian hosts, this Chinese servant of the Lord took the matter to his heavenly Father, and continued there, prostrate in prayer, while the fire came roaring and leaping on like some frenzied giant. On, on, came the fiery demon, devouring lowly homes of straw and grass at a lap of his tongue of flame, befouling the night air with his hot breath of smoke and showers of flaming cinders. Nearing God's sacred house, it opened wide its mouth, preparing to engulf it within a throat of flame, when, lo, the wind changed, and it was driven back. God, in answer to that humble prayer, had saved His lowly place of worship!"

On the Waters

"Which maketh a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters." Isaiah 43:16.

THE ANSWER FROM THE SEA

IN the early times of missionary work among the South Sea Islands, John Turner, a pioneer in the Friendly group, had word that a chief on a remote island was calling for teachers. He sent word of this opening to the society in London. That old volume, "The Missionary World Encyclopedia," tells how the answer came back from London:

"While waiting at Nukualofa, in a state of considerable anxiety and suspense, in the month of January, 1830, an incident occurred which clearly shows the superintending providence of God in the affairs of the missionary enterprise.

"A small box was washed on shore, and brought to Mr. Turner by one of the natives. On being opened, it was found to contain a letter from the missionary secretaries, giving the sanction of the committee for the extension of the mission in the Friendly Islands, and the appointment of a missionary to Haabai without further delay.

"The vessel by which this communication had been sent, a schooner from Sydney, had foundered at sea, and all on board were lost. It is said that neither vessel nor crew, nor any of the goods with which she had been freighted, were ever seen or heard of again. The package containing that letter alone, a messenger of mercy for a people waiting for the law of the Lord, guided by Him whom wind and sea obey, escaped the general wreck, and was cast on shore at the right place and at the right time to relieve the minds of the anxious missionaries, and to enable them to go forward and enter the openings which appeared before them for the proclamation of the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

GENTLY LIFTED OVER THE REEFS

A providential deliverance that brought a party "unto their desired haven" is told by Missionary Ross James, of the Aus-

tralasian Seventh-day Adventist society, working in the cannibal portion of the New Hebrides. He says:

"We were traveling by launch from the western coast of Santo. I had Mrs. James on this trip. The missionary's wife is the greatest asset in helping the savage peoples. Somehow she seems to have a stronger influence to soften and subdue hard hearts. And, too, the wife often wants to make these journeys, to share difficulties and dangers in companionship with the husband. It is hard for the wife to be at home, waiting in uncertainty, while the husband is perhaps kept a week or two weeks beyond the expected time of return.

"We were this time driven onto the beach by a storm, gas tank and engine flooded with water. We got safely on land, and spent two days putting engine and boat to rights. Next morning we were off. When we got round the point of Santo, we came into heavy seas. It was raining and blowing. We made but ten miles in eight hours. The engine was not working properly. We knew we must run for shelter, and here is where we plainly saw the wonderful deliverance of God.

"I knew there was an opening into a reef along the shore. Here would be safety if only we could make the narrow opening, which was but little wider than the boat. As we drove in on heavy sea toward the passage, I was surprised to see the opening filled with low rocks. I had gone in before at high tide and had not known that the rocks were at water level at low tide. We could only utter a prayer, and our boat was lifted by the waves and deposited on the rocks so gently it did not even jar us. There we rested on the rock. The next wave that came rolling up lifted us and again set us down gently on another rock in the middle of the passage. So narrow was the opening that I put out my hand and felt the sides of the rock. The launch rested quietly upon the rock, balanced as evenly and naturally as though in the sea. Then came a third heavy sea breaking upon the reef, and the waves carried the launch quite over the impassable barrier, and brought us safely into the quiet waters of the lagoon. We could only, with melting hearts, give thanks to God whose hand had so marvelously lifted us over the impassable barriers, and brought us safely into the desired haven, where we rested until the storm was over."

Said Mr. James at a great missions conference:

"I could tell other experiences where God has delivered us from the terrible storms that sweep over these islands. On

three occasions our little vessels were thrown onto the beaches, but no harm came to them. God has blessed our work.

“But the greatest thrill that can come to any missionary is to see these savage, degraded men learn to love God and serve Him, and to see harmony and love come in among the people, instead of the tribal wars and strife.”

PRAYING AND BOAT BUILDING ON PITCAIRN ISLAND

While visiting Australia a few years ago, I met Missionary M. R. Adams, just returned from lonely Pitcairn Island, where he had conducted a school. He told a story of answered prayer and providential care.

During the war the ships ceased calling at the island. “We longed for a touch with the outside world,” he said, “not only to learn of events, but to secure needed supplies.”

At last they made it a subject of earnest prayer.

“Then it was,” said the teacher, “that, as we prayed, a ship from Western Australia came sailing on, never touching a port, till it was off the island one Sabbath morning. It hove to, and the captain came ashore. He was so interested in the Sabbath services and the people that he volunteered to bring anything needed on his return voyage from Oregon.”

The Seventh-day Adventist church in Portland, Oregon, to whom the captain reported, more than filled the list of needs which Pitcairn had given to the captain.

Again, with the island still so nearly cut off from communication, Missionary Adams said they prayed for help to build a boat of their own.

“As we began the work, and found our need of this or that that the island could not furnish, we prayed. And as we prayed,” he said, “the ships began to come in again. One ship gave us a compass and some iron. Every time we came to the end of our resources, we met and prayed, and it seemed truly that the Lord sent a ship to bring us what we needed. The captains would ransack their ships and pile the odds and ends on deck.

“It took us thirteen months to complete the boat. We had not a thing for taking observations at sea. Just then a captain

from Panama came in and gave us a sextant. This sextant was one that the captain treasured, as it had belonged to his father. ‘I would not give it for anything else,’ he said, ‘but I will let you take it. If I come back, I will bring you another and get it back.’

“Another captain gave an anchor. After long deliberations and scratching his head, deciding whether he could do it or not, he said, ‘I will make that a present from the company.’”



Landing Place and Boathouse, Pitcairn Island

At last the “Messenger” was launched, and one day its crew headed the little ship for Mangareva, three hundred miles distant.

“That night,” said Missionary Adams, “a storm broke upon us. The islanders said it was the worst storm they had ever encountered. Used as they were to battling with the sea, they despaired of life; but we got through safely, and in three and one-half days we were in sight of Mangareva.

“After three days on Mangareva, we put out on the return, but on the third day we met strong head winds. For about three weeks we had only head winds, and had to tack and tack.

Then the wind came with hurricane force, more violent than on our outward voyage. For thirty-six hours we ran with the hurricane. The seas were terrible. All the expanse of water was just one mass of foam. The waves came rushing upon us from the rear, mountain high, but they seemed to flatten out just before striking us. Never a wave fell upon our boat. We



A Pitcairn Island Home and Family

have a Father who controls the waves. It seemed wonderful to see these curling masses of water rush up to us, and never break over us."

That little crew, praying their way over the raging sea, sang the sentiment of the "Travelers' Hymn," as they drove before the storm:

"When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the dreadful wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

"The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

"In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly ask for more."

"But when the force of the hurricane was spent," said Mr. Adams, "we were five hundred miles from Tahiti, in the Society Islands." Now what should they do?

"The question was, Should we go on to Tahiti, or should we head for Pitcairn, or should we make for the Austral Islands? Praying God to guide us, we cast lots. The lot fell for Tahiti. Thereupon immediately the wind turned and blew straight on toward Tahiti. Running with this favorable wind, in five days we were off the harbor. Then two miles out the wind absolutely failed; but the pilot of the harbor saw us becalmed outside. He said to himself, 'Perhaps this is the Pitcairn boat.' He came out with his launch, and threw us a rope and towed us in. We had used up our last supply of meal and our last drinking water when the wind fell and left us becalmed within sight of the harbor."

No one listening to Teacher Adams' relation of the experience could fail to understand, as he said, that of a truth we have a Father who is able to control the waves, whose pathway is in the storm and upon the great waters.

The party safely reached Pitcairn Island. Their ship "Messenger" served them for some years, gathering supplies and earning money for missions. Then, when ships were more frequently calling at Pitcairn, and the special need for a craft of their own had passed, the little ship foundered far out at sea, just after a passing steamer had taken off the crew, who had been praying for rescue.

OVER THE OCEAN CURRENTS

A home missionary worker who believes in sowing the seed beside all waters, was on a school outing on the Delaware River. She noticed some of the children throwing bottles into the river. (They had carried soda water on the trip to drink with the lunch.)

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"We are writing our names and addresses on pieces of paper, and putting them in the bottles," the young people replied, "and throwing them into the river."

"A new thought came to me. I had brought along some tracts to distribute if I found an opportunity. I said, 'I am going to put a tract in my bottle, and send it out for some one to read.'

"So I put a tract into my bottle, writing upon the margin my name and address. With a prayer in my heart, I threw the bottle over into the river. That was five years ago.

"Two weeks ago I received a letter from a sailor of the United States Marines. He told me that he was on a man-of-war off the coast of Cuba. He had fished my bottle out of the water, and had found the tract which I had set adrift nearly five years before. He wrote me that he would like to receive more publications. He told me in his letter that I would have one star in my crown of rejoicing in the kingdom because of sending this tract so full of truth to him across the sea."

One sees a kindly Providence preserving the message of that bottle, bobbing up and down in the ocean currents for five years, to come at last into the hands of a reader whose heart was blessed by it.

"YOU HAVEN'T PRAYED"

While attending a missions conference in Australia some years ago, I heard Missionary Stewart, of the New Hebrides, tell how he had toiled under the burning sun at a dead engine in his little mission launch, till he was discouraged. He and his island boys were far out at sea. The engine was stalled. "I can't do anything with it," he said to the boys.

"But, master, you haven't prayed about it yet," they answered — boys who were not yet fully Christian.

"I felt the rebuke," said the missionary. He had a season of prayer, and, shall we say strange to tell? the trouble was immediately found, and the engine was again driving them on to home and safety.

So roaming the ocean highways in their search for souls, these missionaries and their helpers are continually seeing "the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." Ps. 107:24.

ON SEAS MOUNTAIN HIGH

Many a rough sea journey in the South Seas ends happily, the island missionaries believe, because there is praying on the little boats, buffeted by combing seas, and praying at the little mission homes on shore. A picture of the home prayer place is given by Secretary H. M. Blunden, of the Australasian missions to the Polynesian fields:

"Our little fleet of vessels travels the tropic seas where tide rips are very numerous. On one occasion we struggled two and a half hours right in one spot with a most dangerous rip, wondering whether we would ever come through. These missionaries travel for weeks at a time when the seas are mountain high.

"Let me paint you a picture of a little dot on the bosom of the Pacific about one and a half miles around, and picture a lone woman among eight hundred cannibal savages. Her good husband, starting off to visit other stations, says to her when he leaves, 'Now, my dear, I will be home on Sunday morning, all being well.'

"Sunday morning comes, and she is awake early, quickly rises, and at the very earliest dawn she begins to scan the horizon round the point of land a mile or two from her home, and watches throughout the day till night, and with aching heart she wonders where he is.

"She retires that night all alone. But little sleep comes to aching brow. Next morning with the earliest dawn she is on the lookout again. Another day passes, a week goes by, dear friends, and still he doesn't come. Great waves arise, clouds come over, and the storms come up; but she still wonders what has become of her loved one.

"These dear sisters sometimes have to wait a week, ten days, two weeks, beyond the time appointed; and then one fine day, by God's grace, the little vessel rounds the point and makes its way into the harbor!

"It makes my heart ache for these dear sisters who are willing to brave such conditions in order that the love of God may be revealed to benighted savages."



MAKING A TREATY WITH THE INDIANS
Squanto Acting as Interpreter

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On Old Indian Trails

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Isaiah 43:2.

RELYING ON THE PROMISE

THIS promise of Isaiah 43:2 was tried out by two Moravian missionaries following the Indian trails of colonial Pennsylvania.

John Mack and Christian Froelich had been pioneering the way for a mission in the Wyoming Valley. The daily texts of the Moravian Calendar were a support to their spirits in the rough and hazardous journeying over rocks and through forests. On their way back, says John Mack's journal:

"The woods were on fire all around us. . . . After d'ner we came between two great mountains. . . . Before us there was sent such a great flame that we were a little afraid to go through it, and we could find no other way to escape it. Brother Christian went through first. The flame went quite over his head; it looked a little dismal. He got through, but I did not know it, because I could not see him for the smoke. I called to him; he answered me immediately. I thought I would wait, but the fire grew fiercer. He called me again, and prayed me to come through, saying our dear Saviour promised, 'When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned.'"

Mack plunged safely through, and then they thanked God that He had kept them through perils by water and fire. "When we came to Bethlehem," the journal says, "we found that the watchword for that day had been Isaiah 43:2."

A PROVIDENTIAL MEETING IN THE WILD

Spangenberg, who became a bishop of the Moravian Church, and a successor to Zinzendorf in leading the early missionary work among the American Indians, had met Conrad Weiser,

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the Indian agent of the Pennsylvania colonial government. Weiser was a Christian man, and eager to see the Indians helped. He urged Spangenberg to do something among the Six Nations.

Spangenberg had told Zinzendorf. One day, in 1742, Zinzendorf had felt a very definite impression that he should visit Weiser. Acting on the impelling conviction, he made the journey into the present Lancaster County, then three or four days' journey west of Philadelphia.

Just as he reached Weiser's home, an embassy of Iroquois chiefs came in to see Weiser. The count, through Weiser as interpreter, addressed the Indians, and asked permission to establish missions among the Six Nations. The chief made reply in stately terms, telling how he was impressed that this meeting was ordered by Providence:

"Brother, you have journeyed a long way from beyond the sea, in order to preach to the white people and the Indians. You did not know that we were here; we had no knowledge of your coming. The Great Spirit has brought us together. Come to our people; you shall be welcome. Take this fathom of wampum; it is a token that our words are true."

Shortly afterward, Weiser guided Zinzendorf to the Wyoming Valley, which had never before been entered by the white man. The interpreter here left the party to go on without him to the Shawanese village (now Plymouth), under the guidance of Andrew Montour, a half-French Indian. Weiser returned to engage in business elsewhere. But he was seized with the conviction that Zinzendorf was in danger. Hastening back, he arrived just in time to thwart a plan to massacre the missionaries. At every turn in the narrative of early Indian missions, we see the hand of Providence.

We today can scarcely realize the missionary urge that the sad state of the American Indians supplied to the awakening church in those times of over a century ago. In the old missionary hymns the Indian's need was often sung. Here are two stanzas from an old London book:

"When shall th' untutored Indian tribes,
A dark, bewildered race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel His grace?"

"Haste, sovereign Mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to the lamb,
The vulture to a dove."

In 1742 Count Zinzendorf, organizer and leader of the Moravians, pushed on into northwestern Pennsylvania. Purdy's "Legends of the Susquehanna" tells of the missionary penetration of the wilds:

"Then over mountains bearded thick with pine,
Down through the valleys where the streamlets shine,
With patient footsteps, past morass and glen,
Came Zinzendorf to seek the souls of men.
His beating heart, like beating drum, became
A herald of the cross and Saviour's name."

THE MESSAGE THAT POSSESSED TSCHOOG'S DREAMS

The first of the Moravian pioneers among the Indians was Christian Rauch. Rauch had heard of their need while still in Herrnhut, the Moravian headquarters in Saxony. Moved to carry the message of Christ to them, he landed in New York in 1740. Having found two Mohicans who could speak a bit of Dutch, he persuaded them to guide him to their village. They were half intoxicated, however, when they agreed to this. As they sobered up on the journey, they repented of their bargain, and slipped away, leaving Rauch in the forest. He pushed on, praying for guidance, and found the chief's village at Shekomeko, on the New York and Pennsylvania border.

In the camp of Chief Tschoog the missionary first told his message, and then lay down to rest. Afterward, when Tschoog had become a Christian, the chief told how the message possessed his dreams, and how the young man's fearless trust sent conviction to his heart. At a Moravian conference in 1745 Tschoog said:

"A preacher once came to instruct us, and began by proving to us that there is a God. Then we said, 'Why! do you think we do not know that? Return to where you came from.' Again a preacher came desiring to teach us. 'You must not steal,' he said, 'nor drink, nor lie.' We answered him, 'You fool! Do you think we do not know that? Learn that yourself, and teach the people you belong to not to do so. For who drinks, or steals, or lies more than your own people?' And we sent him about his business likewise.

"After some time Rauch came and sat down with me in my hut. The substance of what he said to me was this: 'I come to you in the name of the Lord of heaven and earth. He wants you to know that He would like to make you happy, and that He desires to lift you out of your present misery. For that end He became man, and shed His blood for you.' He went on thus, and then lay down on a board in my hut and fell asleep, for he was weary with his journey.

"Then I thought: 'What sort of man is this? He lies here and sleeps so calmly. I could strike him dead, and throw him into the wood,—who would make inquiry about him? But he is not uneasy.' I could not, however, get rid of his words. They recurred to me again and again, and even when I slept I dreamed of the blood which Christ has shed for us."

Some one has put the chief's story into verse:

"He told us of a Mighty One, the Lord of earth and sky,
Who left His glory in the heavens, for men to bleed and die;
Who loved poor Indian sinners still, and longed to gain their love,
And be their Saviour here, and in His Father's house above.

"And when his tale was ended, 'My friends,' he gently said,
'I am weary with my journey, and would fain lay down my head;'
So beside our spears and arrows he laid him down to rest,
And he slept as sweetly as the babe upon its mother's breast.

"Then we looked upon each other, and I whispered, 'This is new;
Yes, we have heard glad tidings, and that sleeper knows them true;
He knows he has a Friend above, or would he slumber here,
With men of war around him, and the war whoop in his ear?'

"So we told him on the morrow that he need not journey on,
But stay and tell us further of that loving, dying One;
And thus we heard of Jesus first, and felt the wondrous power
Which makes His people willing, in His own accepted hour."

THE YOUNG MOHAWK HUNTER

In the "Journal of Jasper Dankaerts," covering the times of 1679 and 1680, there is an account of the experience of a young Indian who determined to become a Christian against all the opposition of his family. He was a Mohawk. His aunt had broken away amidst persecution, and gone among the Christians to learn of God, and the youth longed to find God also. His uncle, however, who was responsible for the youth, taunted him, and declared that this desire of his to learn of the Christian's God would spoil him as a hunter and a man, after the Mohawk standard. Young Wouter went out to prove that his longing to know God need not spoil his skill as a hunter. The old Dutch journal of Dankaerts quotes the boy's story of that first day's hunt, when the scoffing uncle had gone one way into the forest to show how an Indian brave could hunt, while the lad had gone another way, hoping God would save him from disgrace. Here is the story:

"'Now when I was tired out,' said Wouter, for we heard it from himself as well as from his aunt, 'and had traveled and hunted the whole day without finding any game, with the evening approaching, grieved that I had shot nothing and troubled at the reproach of my uncle, my heart looked up to God; and I fell upon my knees and prayed to Him, that although I was no Christian [he meant baptized], I loved God, and only longed to learn the language in order to be instructed in Christianity, and would receive it with my whole heart, that God would be pleased to send me a wild animal to shoot, so that the slur which my uncle had thrown upon me might be wiped off.'

"While thus down on his knees, with his hat hanging upon a bough which was bent down, his prayer not finished, there comes and stands before him a very young deer, not twenty paces off; it comes softly up to him; his gun rests alongside of him loaded; he takes aim, shoots, and hits the deer in the breast, and the creature drops down before him on its two forefeet and there remains. Without going to the deer, he thanks God upon his knees that He had heard his prayer and had turned back his reproach. 'O,' said he, 'now do I know there is a God, who is in the woods also, and hears, loves, and thinks of me there.'"

The lad took the deer on his back and went to meet the uncle, who was angry, having neither found nor seen anything all day. Wouter met him crying, "Look at what God has given me upon my prayer." Dankaerts' journal continues:

"The uncle stood and looked, and knew not what to say, being ashamed at what he heard and saw, and of himself. Wouter said further, 'I know there has been no wild animal round about here, for I have explored the whole place, far and near, without being able to discover any; and now in so short a time this one presented itself before me, and it is, therefore, certain that God placed it there or caused it to come there. I have no doubt of it.'"

On another occasion, "during the last harvest, in the year 1679," Wouter was out hunting beavers. He ran out of food and was compelled to eat beaver's flesh, from which he revolted. Dankaerts says:

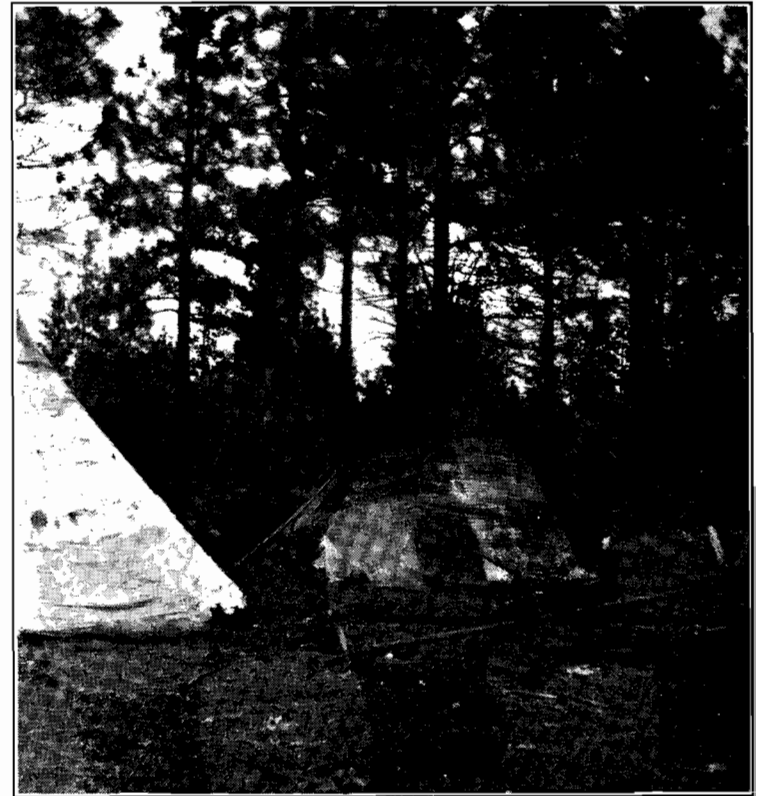
"He felt his heart boil [this is his own expression] and fell down upon his knees and prayed that God who had heard him before might be pleased now again to hear him and give him other food, not so much to satisfy him as to show that He was God and loved him—a God whom the Indians did not know, but for whom he felt he had a greater hunger than his hunger for outward food. . . .

"While in the midst of his prayer, there stood a fine deer before him, which he aimed at and felled with one shot. He quickly loaded his gun again, and had scarcely done so when he saw close to him a young buffalo. He leveled his gun and brought it down; but on running up to it, he came to himself, his heart was disturbed, and he became anxious and ashamed in considering his covetousness, that he had not thanked God for the first small animal; so that he could go no further from joy and fear. He fell upon his knees before God in great humility, shame, and reverence, confessing his fault and want of gratitude, praying God to forgive him and thanking Him now for both, saying that through his unthankfulness for the first one, he was not worthy to have the second and larger one."

The young Indian's earnest seeking led him out of the darkness, and he followed his aunt into the Christian way.

THE INDIAN AND THE GOLD PIECE

Somewhere in the narrative of early New England days is the original of the story of Nauhaught, the Indian deacon, member of one of Eliot's early churches.



The Red Man's Home

It has been told as follows by a New England writer:

"One cold winter, when the snow covered the fields and woods for many months, the game became very scarce. There was very little food in Nauhaught's home, his wife was ill with fever, and his little boy was very hungry. One night Nau-

haught dreamed that an angel dropped into his hands a gold piece. In the morning he went out to search his traps, but found nothing. Then he prayed that God would send him the angel of his dreams.

"As he came out of the woods, he saw something shining in the sunlight. He picked it up, and there in his hand was a purse full of gold coins. 'My dream is true!' he shouted in his joy.

"'But,' said a voice, 'the angel brought one gold piece.'

"'My wife is sick and my boy is starving,' he answered the voice, 'and who will know it? The woods cannot tell it.'

"He looked down again. An ugly black snake lay coiled at his feet and a black-winged bird sat on a bough beside him. 'It is the tempter,' he said. 'The gold is not mine. I must find the owner of the purse. I am a Christian Indian; Nauhaught cannot be a thief. Should I do this secret meanness, the birds would tell of it, the sun would know it, and the stars would watch me at night. Yea, "Thou God seest me."'

"Then Nauhaught stood up very straight, and took the purse of gold coins to the fishing hamlet where he lived. He went to the door of the little inn and asked, 'Has any one lost anything today?'

"'I have,' answered a big, broad-shouldered sailor. 'I have lost a purse that my daughter made for me from the silkworm's web. It was filled with golden coins.' Nauhaught placed the silken purse in the stranger's hand. Then the man said to him, 'One of the gold pieces belongs to you. You are an honest man; you make me very grateful. I could replace the gold; but I love the purse, because I love my little girl.'

"He walked quickly home to his sick wife and little boy. And as he showed them his big, shining gold piece, he told them about his dream and about the big, broad-shouldered sailor, and then he said, 'I saw an angel where others see a man.'"

This is the story which Whittier's poem has made ever new. Here it is, slightly abbreviated:

"Nauhaught, the Indian deacon, who of old
Dwelt, poor but blameless, where his narrowing Cape
Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds
And the relentless smiting of the waves,
Awoke one morning from a pleasant dream
Of a good angel dropping in his hand
A fair, broad gold piece, in the name of God.

"He rose and went forth with the early day
Far inland, where the voices of the waves
Mellowed and mingled with the whispering leaves,
As, through the tangle of the low, thick woods,
He searched his traps. Therein nor beast nor bird
He found; though meanwhile in the reedy pools
The otter plashed, and underneath the pines
The partridge drummed: and as his thoughts went back
To the sick wife and little child at home,
What marvel that the poor man felt his faith
Too weak to bear its burden,—like a rope
That, strand by strand uncoiling, breaks above
The hand that grasps it. 'Even now, O Lord!
Send me,' he prayed, 'the angel of my dream!
Nauhaught is very poor; he cannot wait.'

"Even as he spake he heard at his bare feet
A low, metallic clink, and looking down,
He saw a dainty purse with disks of gold
Crowding its silken net. Awhile he held
The treasure up before his eyes, alone
With his great need, feeling the wondrous coins
Slide through his eager fingers, one by one.
So then the dream was true. The angel brought
One broad piece only; should he take all these?
Who would be wiser, in the blind, dumb woods?
The loser, doubtless rich, would scarcely miss
This dropped crumb from a table always full.
Still, while he mused, he seemed to hear the cry
Of a starved child; the sick face of his wife
Tempted him. Heart and flesh in fierce revolt
Urged the wild license of his savage youth
Against his later scruples. . . .

"His Christian garb
Seemed falling from him; with the fear and shame
Of Adam naked at the cool of day,
He gazed around. A black snake lay in coil
On the hot sand, a crow with sidelong eye
Watched from a dead bough. All his Indian lore
Of evil blending with a convert's faith
In the supernal terrors of the Book,
He saw the tempter in the coiling snake
And ominous, black-winged bird; and all the while
The low rebuking of the distant waves
Stole in upon him like the voice of God
Among the trees of Eden. Girding up
His soul's loins with a resolute hand, he thrust

The base thought from him: 'Nauhaught, be a man!
Starve, if need be; but while you live, look out
From honest eyes on all men, unashamed.' . . .

"Then Nauhaught drew
Closer his belt of leather, dulling thus
The pain of hunger, and walked bravely back
To the brown fishing hamlet by the sea;
And pausing at the inn door, cheerily asked:
'Who hath lost aught today?'

"'I,' said a voice;
'Ten golden pieces, in a silken purse,
My daughter's handiwork.' He looked, and lo!
One stood before him in a coat of frieze,
And the glazed hat of a seafaring man,
Shrewd-faced, broad-shouldered, with no trace of wings.
Marveling, he dropped within the stranger's hand
The silken web, and turned to go his way.
But the man said: 'A title at least is yours;
Take it in God's name as an honest man.'
And as the deacon's dusky fingers closed
Over the golden gift, 'Yea, in God's name
I take it, with a poor man's thanks,' he said.
So down the street that, like a river of sand,
Ran, white in sunshine, to the summer sea,
He sought his home, singing and praising God;
And when his neighbors in their careless way
Spoke of the owner of the silken purse,—
A Wellfleet skipper, known in every port
That the Cape opens in its sandy wall,—
He answered, with a wise smile, to himself:
'I saw the angel where they see a man.'"

SAVED FOR FUTURE SERVICE

While not pertaining directly to mission service, an incident in the life of George Washington may be included here with no impropriety; for one cannot read the story of Washington's early days in the Indian wilds without feeling that Providence overruled in his life to allow him to fulfil a destiny as founder of the new Republic of the West. Certainly he was guided in giving counsel and shaping affairs in such a way that from the beginning the new country lifted toward all the world the blazing torch of civil and religious liberty.

Washington himself felt that a divine protection alone spared him through the exposures of the French and Indian Wars. In a letter to his brother, quoted by the historian Sparks, Washington said of his escape from death at the scene of Braddock's defeat:

"By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, although death was leveling my companions on every side of me."

A comment on this personal statement by Washington is found in the report of an Indian chief who was one of the leaders in the forces against the colonials whom Braddock commanded so disastrously.

As Washington and a Dr. Craig were in what was then called the Western country, they came across a venerable chief-tain living among his people on one of the Ohio rivers. Around the council fire the old chief told of an experience on that day when he led his forces against Braddock's men who were standing in European formation in the open, their red coats a bright mark for the Indian warriors fighting from ambush. The chief said:

"I am a chief, and ruler over my tribes. My influence extends to the waters of the Great Lakes, and to the far blue mountains. I have traveled a long and weary path, that I might see the young warrior of the great battle. It was on the day when the white men's blood mixed with the streams of our forest that I first beheld this chief. I called to my young men and said, 'Mark yon tall and daring warrior? He is not of the red-coat tribe. He hath our Indian's wisdom, and his warriors fight as we do. Himself alone is exposed. Quick, let your aim be certain, and he dies.' Our rifles were leveled, rifles which, but for him, knew not how to miss. 'Twas all in vain. A power mightier far than we shielded him from harm."

Custis, in his life of Washington, repeats the story as told to him by Craig. Washington was the young warrior against whom the Indian chief found himself powerless, recognizing that he must be shielded from harm by a power divine.

Under the Promise

"In My name shall they cast out devils; . . . they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them." Mark 16:17, 18.

THE DEATH POTION HARMLESS

THIS remarkable story of the East Indies is told in a German book, "Einzelzüge aus der Arbeit der Rheinischen Mission."

Missionary Nommensen had gathered about him a small group of Christians. One evening a member of the group, Nicodemus, came to him, saying that he had heavy guilt upon his mind that would give him no rest. And what did he confess? That today also there was fulfilled to Christ's servants what He had promised to the first disciples: "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them." He then related the following:

"As you came to Silindong some years ago, and many talked about you and your intentions, it came to me that you would bring misfortune to our land. I waited a long time to see if some one would not make you leave. But it seemed always that no one could bring this about.

"Thereupon I made a resolution to put an end to your life, in fact to poison you. I sought through frequent visits to the kitchen to find the way to carry out my purpose. One morning as I laid my pipe yonder I put poison in your porridge. That is my guilt, and now I beg you to forgive me, and pray to God for me, that He may cleanse away my sin in the blood of Christ."

"Nommensen was deeply touched by this revelation of the fulfilment of the Saviour's promise and the mighty protection of the Lord. As he expressed his thanks to God, the penitent exclaimed further: 'Yes, in this have I myself experienced God's protection over you. As you ate what in others would have caused death, I believed in God's word and became a Christian.'

"The missionary, feeling how great a debt of gratitude he owed to God, went, deeply moved, into his little bedroom, and wrote in his daily record book: 'Should the Lord once lift the veil which hides all the dangers from which He has delivered me, what would one such deliverance be?'"

DELIVERED BY THE "NAME"

While the Spiritualists of the West count the year 1848 as the birth year of modern Spiritualism, the dark lands of paganism have known this spiritistic manifestation through the ages. In the religious system of the Solomon Islanders, spiritism is the chief factor. Our missionaries have known what it is to wrestle against "wicked spirits in high places" there. Converts just turning from the darkness have been often set upon by unseen agencies. One day a group of people came to Missionary G. F. Jones, exultant and rejoicing. They had scarcely begun to receive instruction, but they cried out, "We have learned how to drive away the evil spirits that come into our village!"

"How do you do it?" asked the missionary.

"It is *tepo, tepo* [prayer] to Jesus," they said. "When we called on the name of Jesus, the evil spirits left off disturbing us."

They had learned the power in the Name by their own feeling after divine protection.

Writing of one youth's deliverance, Mrs. D. Nicholson, one of our Australian missionaries, says:

"Here is a remarkable experience of a young man in the Solomon Islands, named Kioto. He had taken the dinghy (a small rowing boat used as a tender to a vessel) from the launch in order to visit a village, leaving us at anchor on a lee shore. The night was calm when he went, and as the weather looked favorable, he decided to sleep at the village. But toward morning he was awakened by a heavy wind. His thoughts immediately flew to the launch, and he decided to return. But after he had proceeded some distance on his journey, he said that lights and sounds from the spirit world began to surround him, and, to use his own words, 'It caused

every hair of my head to leave me, and the hair of my body to stand on end.' He was prevented from rowing. While held spellbound in this condition, he thought of prayer, and by praying to Jesus obtained deliverance. He said that as soon as he began to pray, the manifestations ceased, and his physical power returned.

"This young man had many similar experiences in the days before he made a full surrender. He was also beset by more temptations than any other young person in school. It is significant that this same young man today is having wonderful success as a worker."

WARNED AGAINST WITCHCRAFT

Warned by a dream against witchcraft and the witch doctors, and repeatedly urged to search for the truth, a woman of the South Sea Islands was prepared, with her husband, to accept the message of light. It was on Raiatea, of the Society Group. Missionary George L. Sterling reported the experience in the *Australasian Record*:

"Recently, while examining some candidates for baptism, I inquired regarding a sister's former acquaintance with sorcery as practised by the natives of these islands, and her willingness to give up all such practices. In reply I was told that she had had some peculiar visitations, or 'visions,' in years gone by, that had led native witch doctors to believe that she was in touch with the spirit world, and they had advised her to enter the *tahuas*, or cult of native doctors. She had not followed their advice, owing to the opposition of her husband, who had become disgusted with the pretensions of the witch doctors. The husband of this sister related to me the following:

"Years ago my wife had a 'vision' in which she saw a man standing before her and saying very plainly and distinctly, 'What are you and your companion doing? Why don't you search for the truth?' Some months or years later she recognized the same person again in another 'vision,' who said this time, 'Why are you so long? Why aren't you searching for the truth? Time is short.' She was not an Adventist at this time, though she knew of them.

"Later on, and after the death of two famous witch doctors, she saw a third 'vision,' in which appeared, standing before her, the same personage she had seen twice before, and

the two witch doctors recently deceased. At their feet sat a woman who spoke for them, and said, 'These doctors want to tell you not to follow their profession. It is a fraud; therefore have nothing to do with it.'

"We said to him, 'We cannot condemn such 'visions' as those. If your wife follows this good instruction, she will surely find the kingdom of God.'"

WRESTLING WITH A SERPENT

For the love of souls and with trust in God, the Moravian missionary, Dahne, alone on the Corentyn, in the wilds of Guiana, South America, met danger from wild beasts and the wild Arawak and Carib Indians, endured hunger, outwore fevers, and fought the battle with loneliness year after year. His deliverance from a serpent is thus told in his own words, repeated from the early Moravian records:

"One evening, not being well, and going to lie down in my hammock, upon entering the door of my hut, I perceived a large serpent descending upon me from a shelf near the roof. In the scuffle, the creature stung or bit me two or three times on the head, and pursuing me very closely, twined itself several times round my head and neck.

"Supposing that this would be the occasion of my departing this life, I, for the satisfaction of my brethren, wrote the cause of my death with chalk upon the table. 'A serpent has killed me,' lest they should charge the Indians with the deed. But on a sudden that promise of our Saviour to His disciples was impressed upon my mind, 'They shall take up serpents; and . . . it shall not harm them,' and seizing the creature with great force, I tore it loose and flung it out of the hut. I then lay down to rest in the peace of God."

THE POISON PLOT FRUSTRATED

In this case the missionaries were not delivered from the effects of poison, it is true, but from the eating of it.

The worst enemies of the mission work on Tutuila, in the South Pacific, were the renegade foreigners living there. When Mr. A. W. Murray, of the London Missionary Society, settled at Pango Pango, these degenerates openly threatened the

mission. In his "Forty Years in Polynesia," Mr. Murray says:

"We had no human means of protection or defense. Our home was open, and we and all we had were entirely at their mercy. Night after night we used to lie down, feeling that there was nothing restraining them from putting us all out of the way but the dread of the natives and the hand of God.

"Amidst all our perils, however, we were safe; an unseen eye was upon us, and an unseen hand was our defense. The designs and attempts of our enemies against us were baffled, and they were virtually taken in their own snare.

"We were ignorant of it at the time, but we found out afterward that our fears had been but too well founded. A plot was formed, and well-nigh carried into execution, to cut us all off by poison soon after our settlement on the island.

"The opportunity was to be embraced when the teakettle was on the fire. Cooking, boiling water, etc., are done in open sheds on the islands. The time fixed for carrying the plan into effect was service afternoon. The lad who attended to the boiling of the water was accustomed to fill the kettle and put it upon the fire before going to the service. Hence there was afforded just the opportunity which our enemies sought.

"We had all gone to the service, and there was no human eye to watch their movements. The appointed afternoon happened to be windy, and while the man who had undertaken to carry the plot into effect was in the act of doing the deed, another, who had been smitten with remorse, struck his arm, and scattered the poison; they had no means of obtaining more, and so the attempt failed."

Years later the missionary learned that this failure of the plot was the means of scattering the hostile party. He concludes:

"Looking at the thing apart from man, we mark with devout gratitude the hand of God in the whole affair. He had work for us to do, and He kept us in safety while destruction hovered over us; and by means of the attempt to cut us off, He wrought for us a great and most unexpected deliverance. It led to the breaking up and scattering of the party. They no doubt felt that they had laid themselves open to be dealt with as murderers. A man-of-war might drop into the harbor any day, and they could no longer trust one another."

VICTORY OVER POISONOUS FUMES

When the family of Archibald Glover, with Miss Gates, an associate, were fleeing from Shansi during the Boxer troubles of 1900, they were imprisoned at Lanchen Cheo. Their captors laid a poison plot. Fearing to end the lives of the missionaries by direct attack, the guards and officials conceived the idea of



R. F. Cottrell

The New and the Old

A Chinese colporteur with a group of discarded idols

putting them to sleep by burning some stupefying drugs in their prison room, and then, when all were unconscious, putting them to death. Guards were in the prison room, but as they were used to opium fumes, they were expected to keep awake, and to give the word when all the foreigners became unconscious. The missionary group united in audible prayer in the Chinese tongue. Mr. Glover says in "A Thousand Miles of Miracle in China:"

"There was dead silence as the prayer went up. By the dull light of an opium lamp, we could discern the forms of the

five men lying or sitting in different postures about the room; but it was not sufficient to reveal the expression of their faces. Presently, however, the silence was broken, and out of the semidarkness came the words:

“They have been praying to their God to deliver them. Ai-ia! deliver them indeed! too late for that now. *What is the use of praying when everything is fixed?*” . . .

“It must have been shortly after midnight, as nearly as we could judge, when a stealthy knock was heard at the door, and



F. A. Allum

Gathering the Crude Opium From the Plant

a voice demanding admittance. The bolt was thrust from the lock, the bar drawn, and the form of the Tseh-cheo Lao-ie showed big in the doorway.

“Up, up!” he said, “up and be doing! Now’s your time. These foreign devils are under your hand and in your power, and you must put them to death. Do it in any way you choose; but do it you must, and do it now. Kill them at once, and don’t be afraid. Poison them with opium, if you will; and to prevent trouble, stupefy them first by burning such and such a narcotic. Do as I counsel you, and never fear.”

“And with that he passed out into the darkness. The burden of this terrible communication was interpreted to me by Miss Gates in the whispered words:

“‘The end has come. The Lao-ie has instructed them to kill us now.’

“Without giving the jailers the slightest intimation that we had understood what had passed, we made our prayer to our God, and set a watch against them. Meantime, the door was once more secured, and a short consultation held, after which the men lay down as before. In a little while they were, to all appearance, asleep.

“Time went on, and we saw no indication that foul play was intended. Miss Gates was reclining in a half-sitting posture toward the back of the k’ang veiled in shadow, which the yellow glimmer of the opium lamp failed to penetrate; while my wife and children were covered by my kneeling form as I swept the fan above them.

“At length one of the men got up and busied himself with preparing some stuff in a vessel. When ready, he put a light to it, and returned to his place.

“Why did my arm move so heavily? and whence this overpowering sense of weariness? I changed my position, and stood up on the k’ang, to rouse myself; for at all costs the fan must be kept going in such a stifling atmosphere. Again I knelt, and then again stood up. It was a hard fight, but the battle, I felt, was against me. An unconquerable drowsiness held my eyes; I swayed to and fro; and a stupor from which I strove in vain to shake myself free, clouded my faculties. The movement of the arm as I fanned became indolently mechanical; then spasmodic; and then—the fan dropped to the k’ang, and I helplessly after it. It was no use. Sleep I must, whether they killed us or not. And dazed to ‘don’t care’ pitch, I passed into unconsciousness.

“The noxious fumes of the burning drug were doing their work entirely to the satisfaction of the watching jailer. The utter stillness that pervaded the k’ang proved it to a demonstration; and leaving his resting board, he brought the lamp across to scrutinize his victims before giving the *coup de grâce*. What was his amazement to find, as he held the light to Miss Gates’ face, that she was wide awake, and that upon one of the ‘kuei tsī’ at least the narcotic had had no power! A quick movement, designed to let him know that she was fully alive to all that was going on, so took him aback that he could only blurt out a disconcerted ‘Ai-ia! not asleep yet?’ and withdrew to his plank and his pipe. In the strengt^h of God and the

patience of Christ, our dear sister continued the lonely vigil of self-denying love and unceasing prayer, to which undoubtedly we owed the preservation of our lives."

Seeing that the poison drug fumes had no power over one of the foreigners, the plotters of death became afraid. In the

morning the keepers decided to report to the officials: "These people have been praying to Shang-ti Ie-ho-hua [Jehovah God], and we could do nothing against their prayers."

The frustration of the poison plot averted the death stroke, and soon a way of deliverance came and the missionary party pushed on toward Hankow and safety.

DELIVERED FROM DEMONS

Reporting from Korea, Missionary C. L. Butterfield described a case of deliverance from spirit possession, so closely parallel with one of the New Testament incidents that it may well be recited here.

A man whose wife was thus afflicted was advised by his friends to go to the Christians for help. He brought the poor woman to a Korean Seventh-day Adventist church, ten miles from his home, and the believers prayed for the woman's deliverance.



Kora, a Korean Girl
Who attends a Seventh-day Adventist
mission school

"When they read the Bible in her presence, she made all possible outcry against the Book. Though she had known nothing of the Bible before, she now saw in it an enemy. She would snatch at it, to throw it away, saying she was afraid of it. No other book held in her presence so affected her.

"Ere long, as these simple believers prayed to God for her, a change began to take place. She claimed to be possessed with five demons. When prayer was offered that they be cast out, they at last replied, 'Where will you send us?'

"The Korean leader replied, 'When Jesus was upon earth, He sent the evil spirits into the swine. You can go there if you wish.'

"But that was not what they wanted. They asked to be allowed to enter into some other person, or to return to this same woman after a time. The Christians stoutly refused to grant that, and continued to read the promises of the Word of God and plead with God that the evil spirits might be driven out.

"At last the evil spirits could resist no longer. 'We will leave in three days,' they said, speaking through the medium of the poor victim; 'and we will go to a certain small creek in the mountains.' Still the Christians held on by faith in prayer for the woman's deliverance.

"On the third day the woman was taken with violent crying and contortions. She rolled and tossed about on the ground for some time. Then, as the struggles and cries ceased, she sat up calm and in her right mind. The evil spirits had indeed left her. From that time she was faithful in serving God, to whom she gave her heart, thanking and praising Him for her wonderful deliverance from the power of Satan."

WRESTLING WITH EVIL SPIRITS

Every missionary of any experience in China knows that devil possession is a very real and terrible thing in that land of idols and spirit worship. Here is a story of deliverance told by Superintendent W. C. Hankins, of the South Fukien Mission:

"Among those who attended the meeting was a woman who had been possessed with a devil for a long time. She had been a gambler, and one night went to the temple and slept before the idols, hoping that they would give her a dream of some lucky number in the lottery. When she returned home, she was pos-

sessed with a devil. This devil would tell her not to go out to work, not to eat, and many other things.

"It was soon known that she was possessed of an evil spirit, and her husband sold all his property and used the proceeds in an effort to have her cured. First he inquired of the idols, and paid the priests large sums to exorcise the devil, but this was of no avail. Finally he went to the pastors of one of the missions in the city, and inquired if they could help his wife, but they said that they had several in their own church who were thus possessed, and that they could do nothing for her.

"He was starting for home, thoroughly discouraged, when he met a man who asked him why he did not apply to the preacher at the Sabbath mission. 'Those people have great power with God,' said the man, 'and it may be that they can help you.' So as a last resort he came and requested that our worker visit them. Sabbath afternoon the preacher and several of the more zealous of the brethren and sisters went to the man's house.

"'Can you do anything for my wife?' asked the man.

"'No,' answered the worker, 'God will not hear our prayers.'

"'Why not?' was the startled inquiry.

"'Because you have all these idols and ancestral tablets standing here. These things belong to the devil, and as long as they are here, the evil spirits will be sure to come back, even if driven out. You must first burn these things if you expect your wife to be healed.'

"By that time there was a crowd of villagers standing around, and they raised a vigorous protest against the man's burning his idols, telling him not to let the exponent of the foreign religion deceive him. But our worker was firm that the idols must be burned before he would pray, and the man finally took them out and burned them, while the crowd still protested that the woman was incurable and that he was being deceived.

"When the idols had been destroyed, the little band of believers knelt around the woman and prayed for her, weeping and confessing their own sins as well as those of the woman. The woman herself all the time called out in a loud voice to the idols. When they sang a hymn, she chanted an incantation to the idols, trying, apparently, to drown their voices with her own. That day the devil was not driven out, but they returned

the next day, and prayed and sang, while the woman again invoked the evil spirits, but in a much lower voice. The next day they repeated their prayers for her, and this time the devil departed, and the woman was once more in her right mind.

"The man had promised that he would keep the Sabbath if his wife was healed, so they both became regular attendants at the Sabbath services; but one day it was very hot, and the man suggested that they stay at home. His wife protested that they had better go, but he said it would do no harm to stay away for one time, and so they stayed.

"That very day the evil spirit returned, and the woman was as bad as before. In haste he called for the brethren to come and pray. Again the evil spirit was driven out, and told to stay away.

"Again all things went well until they grew careless and neglected one Friday to prepare the food for the Sabbath. Having no food in the house, they went out and bought some, and again the evil spirit returned and took possession of its former abode. As long as they obeyed God they were safe, but transgression was immediately followed by devil possession. Once more the devil was driven forth by prayer, and from that time to this he has stayed away."

FROM SERPENT BITE

Recounting observations among the missions in East Africa, President L. H. Christian, of the European Division, wrote:

"Our missionaries have much faith in prayer, and many times they have placed the power of God against the powers of the medicine man. At one station a prominent woman among the natives was bitten by a puff adder, which is very poisonous. They did not let the missionaries know of this, as her husband wanted to call the medicine man. She was bitten a little below the knee. The medicine man ran his needles or pins into the leg many times. The leg swelled up, and she grew rapidly worse, and the man declared that she must die.

"Some eighteen hours after she was bitten, they hurried to the mission for help. There was nothing to do but pray. The woman was beyond human succor, but the missionary said that if all the people in the home, most of whom were pagans, would join, he would pray for her. It looked hopeless. They all knelt down and prayed. The swelling began to decrease, and in a very short time she was well.

"The natives have a very simple faith in God, which often puts even the missionaries to shame."

A DEMONIAK SET FREE

An Australian missionary, Miss Bessie Dowell, returned from China, reported in the *Australasian Record* the following experience in one of our missions, she herself being acquainted with the circumstances:

"A company of believers, consisting of a Chinese evangelist and his wife, a Bible woman, and several members of the young people's society, went into the country to hold a gospel meeting. While the service was in progress in a public thoroughfare, the workers were asked, 'Can your God heal a demoniac?' The inquirers were assured that the true God has power to cast out demons. They then led forth a wild-looking man, bound with chains about the wrists and ankles. This man, who had been demon-possessed for many years, was a terror to the community around him. He had tried in various ways to destroy his own life and others' lives.

"As soon as he came into the presence of our workers, he cried out, 'Can you heal me?'

"They said, 'If you believe in Jesus, you can be healed.'

"They then told him how Jesus, when He was on earth, had healed the sick and cast out demons.

"'What must I do?' he asked.

"'You must believe in Jesus, worship Him, and pray to Him.'

"'How do you do it?' he then questioned.

"In reply to this, the workers taught him a short prayer consisting of two or three sentences. The poor sufferer then knelt down, and while he repeated this prayer, those present prayed for him.

"The man was immediately healed. Some of those who prayed for him visited him three days later, and he came out to greet them 'clothed, and in his right mind.' His countenance was changed. The chains were gone.

"This wonderful miracle of healing stirred up a great interest among the people of the little village where he dwells."

Covered and Hidden

*"Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings."
Psalms 17:8.*

HIDDEN FROM THEIR EYES

THE early settlers in South Africa had their border warfare. In the 'forties and early 'fifties the Kafirs were up along

the borders of the eastern province. A missionary, George Brown, was making his way through the disturbed area to safety. He was seen by a hostile band, and a "Goliath of his race" laid hold of him by the arm. Brown says:

"He made me spin out of the path as if I had been a child. As he grasped me firmly with his left hand, he stamped with his foot upon the ground, and in his right hand grasped his assagai, which in savage frenzy he raised over me as I was falling backward, and gave the horrid weapon the peculiar twirl with which they plunge it into their victim!

"What arrested the descent of that weapon?



Ordained Ministers of South Africa

He only, who covered me under the Almighty's arms, knows! Yet when I think of it, my heart beats quick, and a perspiration breaks out all over me. Of a truth the Lord was to me 'a God at hand' that day."

Then the mob became divided, some for killing, some for waiting. In the confusion of strife among themselves, Brown got away. Exhausted with his journeying, he and his Kafir guide sat down on a rock by the river Keiskamma. War parties were passing. His story goes on:

"There I sat upon that large block of stone, exposed to every eye; the path traversed by those bands of excited men



Thekerani Camp-Meeting, Nyasaland, Africa

passed within less than twenty yards of me; there was not an intervening bush or branch to hide me from them, my whole appearance and color so very distinguishable from that of any native; and yet group after group passed by without ever a soul turning out of his way to ask who I was!

"Surely that Jehovah to whom Elisha prayed, 'Smite this people, I pray thee, with blindness,' was not far from me that day! If ever any creature of His hand was covered with His shield — hid in His pavilion — I was!"

Now they got out of the Kafir area. Nearing Gwali, where there was safety, Totaue, the Kafir guide, told him twenty English had been killed while he was fleeing. Brown concludes his narrative of escape:

"Totaue looked me in the face, and said, 'Myabonana kaloku, ibingu Tixo yedwa numhla?' (Do you now see that it was God only this day?) Most heartily do I say, Yes, it was God only for me that day."

"COULD NOT FIND ME"

An Armenian Christian tells of protection in helplessness that rendered fierce men powerless to carry out evil purposes. The young woman, one of our members, had found refuge with others in a room offered by a poor Turkish family. It was during the war. Her letter recounts:

"The room we occupied was no better than a stable, yet we thanked God for this kindness and for shelter. A few days after our arrival, we were one night attacked by a party of Turks. They meant to carry me away. My mother-in-law tried to defend me by quickly blowing out the lamp. She was badly beaten by the gendarmes. Meanwhile I had crept into a corner, and was hiding beneath a heap of bedding. Notwithstanding the room was small and they were fierce, armed men, they seemed held back, and could not find me in the darkness. We felt that God did it. So again we were miraculously delivered."

FELT THAT HIS EYES WERE HELD

A man in Spain had become angered against a foreign Protestant missionary and his two Spanish helpers. He determined to take their lives. The missionary, our late Evangelist Frank Bond, told how the intent was frustrated:

"We were not aware of his feelings or his purpose. The leader of our colporteurs and I were about to leave the city by train. We were accompanied to the railway station by the evangelist. We got into the train and bade the evangelist good-by. Just as the train was moving away, I looked out the window and saw the man, of whose anger I have spoken, standing near the train. I said good-by to him. I noticed at the time a furious and intent look in the man's eyes; but the train was moving, and we passed from sight.

"Shortly after the train moved out, the man met our evangelist, who remained behind. As they talked, the man told him that he had come to the station with the determined purpose of taking all our lives. He was armed and fully prepared; but he

said, 'I did not see them,' though he was watching all the time. As the three of us had come together to the train, it was impossible for him to understand how he, standing by the side of the very car we had entered, could have missed seeing us. He felt that God had intervened, and this conviction cooled the anger of his mind.

"Later I met the man and had conversation with him. He told me again of his former feelings and of his purpose. He could not imagine how it was he had not seen us. He himself believed the Lord had mercifully hindered and restrained him, and he had thoroughly repented of his anger against us.

"Considering the circumstances, we could not but be convinced that God had miraculously intervened to deliver us from his hand. We could have no doubt of it."

WERE THE SOLDIER'S EYES HELD?

Orders had gone out in the city of Damascus, at one stage of the war, that Armenian Christians were to leave. Evangelist B., an Adventist worker, who with his wife had found refuge there from persecution, says:

"Of course, according to the orders, we also were required to move on. From time to time officers were coming to the houses along our street, putting down the names and ordering the Armenians away. It was winter; snow was on the ground.

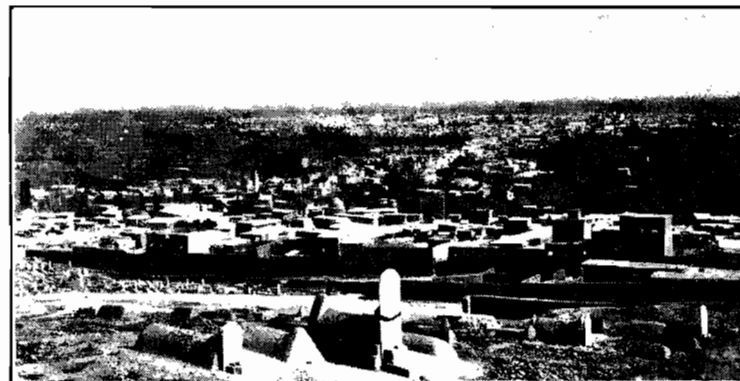
"At least twenty-five times these searching parties came to our street. We often watched them from our house, but not even once in all those visits did they come to us or to our house. They were searching on both sides of us, but somehow they never came to us. It seemed to us that it was a miracle. In this condition we lived on two years in that place."

In telling this story at a general meeting in Constantinople, one of the visitors present asked Evangelist B. how he accounted for the fact that with all these many visits and with the authorities knowing that he was there, the searchers never got to his place, but searched to the right and to the left.

"Well," replied the evangelist, "you remember how the Lord held the eyes of the men of Syria in the time of Elisha, so that they could not see; that is the only way I can account for the fact that the searchers did not find us in Damascus."

THE ERROR IN THE REGISTER

Not alone in meeting hostile attacks in heathen lands, do we see an overruling Providence changing the purposes of men. Here is the story of God's care for a medical student in a French university, beset at many a point with difficulty over requirements that were in conflict with his keeping of God's Sabbath. He saw things changed in answer to prayer; and these expe-



Press Illustrating Service

A Panorama of Damascus

riences of his student days are rich in results in his work today, as Dr. J. Nussbaum combines his medical practice in France with an earnest and fruitful work of public evangelism that is winning many souls to Christ in that difficult field.

Years ago, while still a student, Dr. Nussbaum related to me in France his experience of God's intervening mercies. Of two crises only will I tell,—including the one of the error hidden so providentially,—transcribing his narrative from my notes as follows:

During his course in Montpellier, an examination came so that the oral part was on the Sabbath. The dean said it could not be otherwise; said they would make it unusually short, and that, if need be, our brother could have a private room, so no

one should know he was taking an examination on that day. But it was explained to him that no arrangement could make it right to break the Sabbath.

That Sabbath the father and son prayed earnestly that God's will might be done; for it seemed the end of the course had come. On the next Thursday, however, our brother was called to the faculty room, and found several university professors there, as the dean explained, to give him his examination. Such a thing had never before been known, some said; but our brother thanked God for His gracious intervention.

Later on, in Toulouse, where the course was continued, his class was required to report every morning at a hospital clinic. No exemption for the Sabbath could be secured. Our brother was faithfully at his post every day — on the Sabbath with the believers worshiping God, on the other days at the clinic. Again it seemed the way was closed, for three absent marks during the period meant failure to pass. At the end of the time, however, Dr. Nussbaum found that by some unaccountable error his name had been omitted from the list, so that he had no record marked against him. No one had noticed the omission the whole year through. It was as if the registrar's eyes had been held. And as the error was on the part of the authorities, his attendance was credited at full value. Then came a competitive five days' examination,—none of which fell upon the Sabbath,—in which our brother was successful, gaining a position in which thereafter no attendance on the Sabbath was required.

It was a simple story, but it had meant at each crisis the laying down at the Lord's feet of the whole life's purpose; for he had determined, to begin with, that he could never allow any pressure to lead him to yield the slightest in giving obedience to God. And it is this uncompromising determination to stand by God and by His truth, come what may, that gives the Lord His opportunity to open ways where there are no ways.

Useless Weapons

"No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." Isaiah 54:17.

"ALL THE POWER WENT FROM ME"

THAT is what an Arab brigand told Archibald Forder, in the land of Moab. Of missionary perils and the dangers faced by the traveler and explorer, Forder says in his "Ventures Among the Arabs:"

"The life of a pioneer, whether missionary or otherwise, must of necessity be one full of danger, trial, and fatigue. The difference between the two classes is this, that the explorer, scientist, or hunter generally goes relying on his fire-arms or foregained knowledge of the people or land, to carry him through, while the missionary should, if he does not, rely solely on God for protection and guidance under all circumstances. A man in possession of firearms will be sorely tempted to put his trust in them when danger comes, and so weaken his faith in God; and to spill blood among the Arabs would mean lifelong enmity."

The missionary then tells of an experience that, he says, taught him that "there is a God that can and will deliver." He had frustrated a young brigand's attempts to steal from him and to extort money from him. The young man had vowed before others that he would take the missionary's life the first time he met him out alone. One day Mr. Forder was abroad, riding over the plain, when the brigand rode down upon him. The missionary says:

"He was armed with his long spear, and as he rode up to me, pulled from his side a revolver and leveled it at me, laughing and saying, 'God has given me my opportunity; now I will kill you and throw your body into a pit, and no one will know where you are or what has become of you.'

"I replied, 'If no one else knows, God will, and He will punish you.'

"At once he dropped the arm holding the deadly weapon and said,

"I never met a man like you; had you been one of our people, you would even now be dead. Why are you not afraid?"

"I trust in God to protect me from evil," I replied, "and that is why you could do nothing."

"No," he said, "when you said, 'God will know,' all the power went from me."

"He then asked me where I was going, and on being told, said he would return with me and see that no harm came to me."

The enemy had been turned into a friend and protector.

THE INDIAN CHIEF'S GUN

A young Indian of the Port Simpson region of the Northwest, where the gospel light was spreading, felt called to go among a tribe living in rather primitive conditions, and known for their superstitious violence against Christian teaching. They were dominated by their medicine men.

The Indian made his way to their country, a hundred-mile journey. In a series of articles on "Gospel Work for the Indians of the Northwest," in the *Youth's Instructor*, Elizabeth J. Roberts some years ago told of the young Indian's reception:

"Seeking out the chief, the medicine man demanded that the strange Indian's teaching be stopped at once, and insisted that the best way to do this was to kill him. The chief, having a superstitious fear of the medicine man's power, went to his tent, secured his loaded Winchester rifle, walked to within about sixty feet of where Henry Pierce stood preaching, and took careful aim at him.

"Henry, in telling about it afterward, said he fully expected to fall dead, but determined not to pause in giving his message of truth. The chief pulled the trigger, but the rifle missed fire.

"Henry, without pause or a sign of fear, continued his earnest talk. Quickly throwing in another shell, the chief a second time took aim and pressed the trigger, but again there was the same strange result of a misfire.

"By this time every eye was turned toward the chief, who was plainly nervous and worried. With desperate haste he threw a third shell into the firing chamber of his rifle, took careful aim, and pulled the trigger; but, as before, there was no report from the weapon. With a look of terror on his face,

he dropped the rifle from his shaking hands, and fled to the shelter of his shack.

"The Indians had been looking on in surprised bewilderment, first at their chief, and then at Henry, standing straight and tall at the foot of the great tree, and talking quietly and earnestly as if nothing unusual were taking place. As soon as he had finished speaking, the crowd of Indians pressed in around him, and in many ways showed their appreciation and wonder over what they had seen and heard.

"Presently the chief, venturing from his hut, came to the edge of the crowd. Henry saw him, and stepping forward, extended his hand, and said, 'Chief, why did you try to kill me?'

"The chief, taking the extended hand, replied that the medicine man had made him do it.

"Why did you drop your gun and run?' was Henry's next question.

"With an uneasy look over his shoulder, as if fearing an unseen Presence, the chief replied, 'Long time I have that gun. I go into mountain, I see bear, I raise gun, and—bang! One shot kill 'im every time. I try three times to kill you, and all I hear, snap, snap, snap.'

"As a result of this incident, the young preacher's fame as one bearing a charmed life went far and wide among the Indians, and he was welcomed and listened to with respect. But Henry knew that this remarkable experience was only another fulfillment of that precious promise in Psalms 34:7, 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.'"

A WAR PARTY DISMAYED

The New Hebrides Islands, in the South Seas, have been the scene of many a special providence.

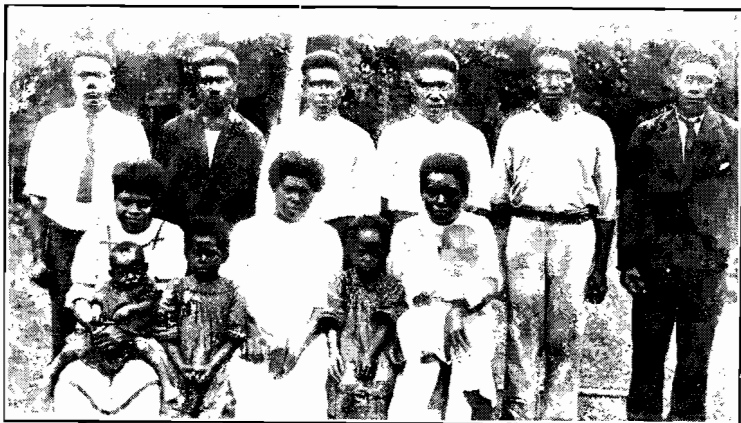
John G. Paton tells how, after the gospel had begun its work on the coast of Aniwa, a Christian chief led a party of his tribesmen into the interior to tell the good news. Met by the inland chief with a war party, the Christian chief called out:

"We come to you without weapons of war! We come only to tell you about Jesus. We believe that He will protect us today."

"As they steadily pressed forward toward the village, spears began to be thrown at them. Some they evaded, being all except one most dexterous warriors; and others they literally re-

ceived with their bare hands, striking them and turning them aside in an incredible manner. The heathen, apparently thunder-struck at these men thus approaching them without weapons of war, and not even flinging back their own spears which they had turned aside, desisted from mere surprise, after having thrown what the old chief called 'a shower of spears.' Our Christian chief called out:

"'Jehovah thus protects us. He has given us all your spears! Once we would have thrown them back at you and



Tried Native Workers of the New Hebrides

killed you. But now we come, not to fight, but to tell you about Jesus. He has changed our dark hearts. He asks you now to lay down all these your other weapons of war, and to hear what we can tell you about the love of God, our great Father, the only living God.'

"The heathen were perfectly overawed. They manifestly looked upon these Christians as protected by some Invisible One! They listened for the first time to the story of the gospel and of the cross. We lived to see that chief and all his tribe sitting in the school of Christ."

THE GUN THAT FAILED ONCE

In 1922 bandits had taken captive Messrs. Lundeen and Ledyard of Honan, missionaries of two societies. Mr. Ledyard tells of a gun that failed when pointed at him, but which proved

a deadly weapon the next moment, when otherwise aimed. His story is told in Anton Lundeen's "In the Grip of the Bandits." His deliverance, he says, came about as he was separated from the larger party. His mule was exhausted, and could not keep up. A lone bandit was set to guard him. They had fallen far behind. Night came, it was cold, and the guard led him into a hut to get warm. Mr. Ledyard says:

"It was indeed by the Lord's guidance that we did so, for had we gone on, we would have passed an ambush of seven armed men hiding behind a small temple a few yards away, waiting to shoot us down, so there would have been little hope for me.

"Barely had we entered the hut and sat down when a young fellow came in and whispered something to my guard, who instantly rose and went out, and I followed. When he got outside the door, he was immediately seized from behind and held till the armed men came up and disarmed him.

"Seeing these wild-looking men, all armed and terribly enraged, I attempted to run, but was stopped by a rifle pointed at my head. The trigger was pulled, but thanks be to the Lord, the cartridge was a misfit and failed to go off. Some one said, 'Don't shoot! He is a missionary.' Then they turned their attention to the guard. A moment later the man who tried to fire at me shot my guard."

In the confusion Mr. Ledyard got away, swam a moat, but then fell into the hands of a village mob that set about pulling and striking him while discussing what to do with him.

"A cry went up, 'The brigands are returning, the brigands are returning!' (Really it was only the local militia returning from chasing those two bandits.) Immediately the temple was emptied. Every man fled for his life."

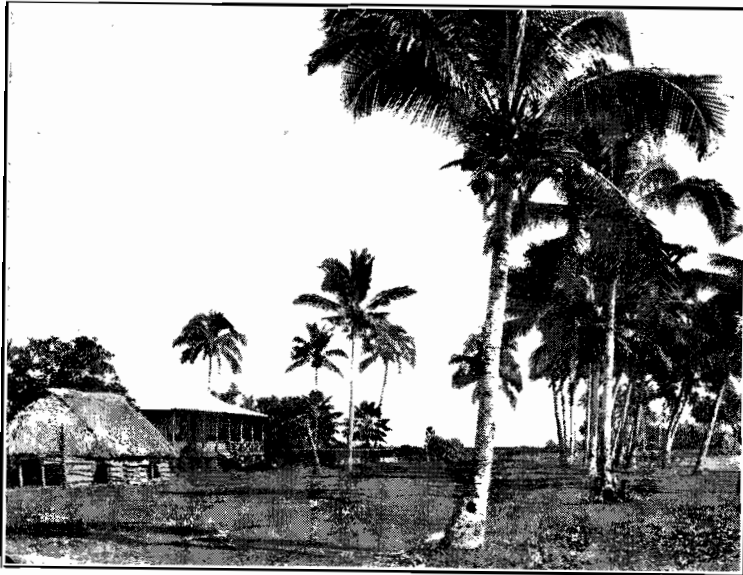
The temple keeper hid the missionary until a Christian Chinese, hearing a foreigner was in trouble, came and rescued him, assuring the villagers the missionary was no party to the bandit raid.

THE BAFFLED SAMOANS

In the early mission days in the Samoan Islands, the heathen planned an attack that failed. In his "Nineteen Years in

Polynesia," George Turner, of the London Missionary Society, tells the story as follows:

"The heathen party forbade the beating of the native wooden drum, the common substitute for a church bell. They said it made the gods angry.



A Typical Scene in the Samoan Islands

"The Christian party refused; they knew what the issue would be if they yielded. They still beat the drum as usual, to call the people to worship.

"One night the heathen party came, stole the drum from the side of the teachers' house, and threw it away in the bush. The Christian party quietly sought for it, and brought it back. This was repeated.

"Then the heathen party declared war. The day came; the Christian party armed too, and were all engaged in united prayer when the shout for battle burst upon them. They started to their feet, and were presently face to face with their painted savage enemies.

"Guns were presented, triggers drawn, the powder flashed in the pan, but not a gun would go off. They raised their clubs, but not a man had courage to rush and strike a blow. Spears were poised, but not one was thrown.

"It was the same with the guns of the Christian party; they would not go off, and not a man struck a blow or threw a spear. The people felt confounded, wished to fight and could not.

"The teachers were at hand; rushed in between the parties; all listened, sat down, were astonished at 'the power of God in shutting the mouths of their guns, and in making their clubs and spears useless,' had a friendly conference, agreed to live at peace with each other, and dispersed.

"It was a complete victory on the side of Christianity. Day after day the teachers had fresh converts from heathenism, and soon there were none left in that district but a few harmless, uninfluential obstinates."

WHY THE CARTRIDGES FAILED TO GO OFF

One tribe of savages on cannibal Malekula, in the New Hebrides, had become friendly to the mission. But still they held to the bush custom of keeping their rifles and muskets handy. Superintendent C. H. Parker, of the Seventh-day Adventist mission, tells how he saw the hand of God distinctly revealed at a crisis in the tribal conflicts, all the heathen evidently being impressed that God was speaking to their hearts. Here is Superintendent Parker's account:

"Several months went by, and the Big Nambus shot an old man from the heathen portion of the Malua Bay town which had not united with the mission. His two sons retaliated, and killed the man who killed their father. Then they came down with all their relatives, and settled on the mission. This caused the Big Nambus to look at the mission as confederate with these men, and they declared war upon the mission.

"One morning at daybreak Missionary Smith was going down to his pasture, which was under a cliff, to milk his cow. Twenty yards from him a native rose up in the path and leveled his musket at him, with the words, in pidgin English: 'Master, Master, you listen to me. You stop, go back to the mission. We fight not you, but your black boys.'

"Brother Smith turned to go back, but had taken only a few steps when there was the crack of a rifle up on the top of the hill,

followed by a crash of musketry. Missionary Smith hastened to the top, and there in the path lay the chief of the town shot dead.

"Our villagers all rushed out with their rifles, and aimed at the fleeing forms of their enemies. But something happened; not one of those rifles went off. Once again they tried, with the same result. They were astonished beyond measure, and said they had never had that experience before. They could not understand it, but a few days later they did. Waiting below the cliff were over two hundred Big Nambus men. If one of their attacking party had been killed or wounded, they would have rushed the town and blotted it out of existence, and no doubt in their rage they would have killed both Brother and Sister Smith. Whose hand kept those cartridges from exploding? There is only one answer, God.

GOD'S WONDERFUL PROVIDENCE

"Exhausted through watching day and night, our native people requested that we should remove them to some other island, where their enemies could not reach them. Missionary Smith and I talked the matter over on our knees before God, and we were both agreed that this could not be done without destruction to all of our work along the Malekulan coast.

"In this light we put the matter before our poor people. They acknowledged it was so, but it was hard for them to make the supreme sacrifice. Then the faith of Brother and Sister Smith rose to the occasion, and they said, 'We will stay, though not another soul stays with us.' This was the turning-point for victory, and demonstrates the truthfulness of 1 John 5:4: 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.'

"The next day was Sabbath, and the Lord gave a wonderful meeting. After Missionary Smith had spoken on faith, the Lord's Spirit took possession of the meeting. Harry, who had been so badly wounded at the first, got up and said quietly, 'I am now ready to be a martyr for my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

"Manoa, his brother, rose and said, 'Harry has given in my testimony, for I will never leave this place alive.' The waters of the great deep were broken up, and all were weeping like children.

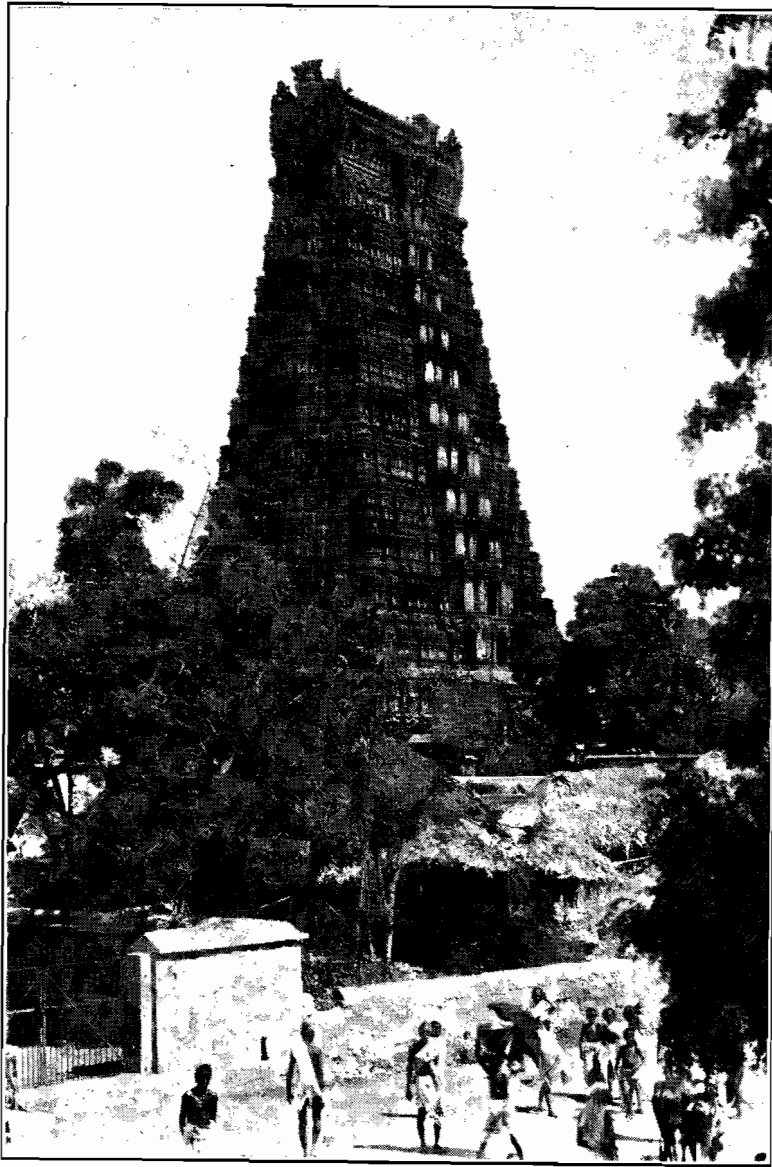
"At this juncture something took place. Dark forms glided back and forth before the door, and it seemed to Brother and

Sister Smith that the supreme sacrifice was about to be required, but instead it was a large bush tribe who had been thinking, before the trouble began, about leaving their heathenism and uniting with the mission. They had now come down to mediate between our people and the Tinambet tribe of Big Nambus, who had been causing all the trouble.

"While they were talking, several other tribes of bush people came; and, stranger than all, several of the Tinambet men came and manifested a very friendly spirit. They told Missionary Smith that the way was all open now for him to visit their chief, and that he need not have a particle of fear, for the chief would like to see him, and that they would give him a bodyguard up and back.

"They said also, 'We have no quarrel with your mission, and we want it to stay.' In a short time all their differences were adjusted, and a friendly spirit created again.

"Brethren, how true these words, 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee' "



HINDU TEMPLE OF SOUTH INDIA

Faithful Stewardship Honored

“Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.” Matthew 6:33.

THE DEDICATED TREE

FROM all about, in one district of India, heathen men and women came to a convert's plantation to see the barren tree that God had blessed with fruitage. Here is the story:

“An old man found the light of truth. He had been a Hindu for fifty years. He was a bright, intelligent man, though his degree of enlightenment, they say, was not so wonderfully great. He had received the Scriptures as the voice of the living God; and he believed what he found therein. He obeyed God, and the Lord honored his faith.

“In his Christian experience he decided to ‘honor the Lord with his substance.’ He heard of the instruction of God to His people anciently, that one tenth of their increase was the Lord's, holy unto His service. The old man determined to return to God the tithe of all the Lord gave him.

“He had a grove of cocoanut trees. That was his living. He went through them, marking every tenth tree for the Lord. When this was done, he found that he had set the Lord's mark upon one tree that was barren. It came tenth in the order of marking, and he had not noticed it as he had counted and set the marks. What should he do? He had not meant to bring to the Lord any offering with a blemish upon it.

“Realizing the integrity of his own purpose, but troubled over the matter, he fell upon his knees at the foot of the barren tree, and prayed to God, ‘O Lord, accept this tree, for Thou knowest that I did not choose it as Thine because of its barrenness.’

“That year the tree bore ninety nuts. People from all about came to see the tree that had never borne fruit until it was dedicated to the living God.”

THE LOAD OF DEBT LIFTED

A missionary in the far south of China, wrote of a fisherman convert who had fallen so deeply into debt that he was

ready in his discouragement to give up his Christian faith and Sabbath worship, feeling that he must go out and work full seven days every week in order to live.

The man's little boy, attending the mission school, begged his father not to give up. "Come," he said, "come to the meeting once more, father, and I will ask them to pray God to help you. Father, do come!"

Led by the boy's pleading faith, the father went to the Sabbath meeting. There he told of his debts and discouragement and temptation. His fellow believers encouraged him and prayed for him, and anew he took his stand to be true to God. Prayer for financial blessing was offered for the man. The missionary told how the fisherman came out:

"That evening, starting out fishing, he was impressed to go in a direction opposite to his fellow fishermen. He himself was aware that it was not ordinarily a good place, and also others told him not to go that way. But he heeded no one and went, following some inward guidance. It was not long before he had a load of fish worth a very large sum in Chinese wage.

"Some nights later, again going out in the evening, he had a draught of fishes yet larger, while all the rest of the men, who caught nothing, were greatly astonished. He paid all his debts, and bought for his boy, who is with us learning weaving, some new shoes and clothing. His joy as well as ours is great."

THE BRICKKILN THAT SURPRISED A CONTRACTOR

It was in the Telugu country of South India. A mission chapel was to be built by Missionary T. R. Flaiz, and a Hindu contractor had the job of burning the bricks. As a condition of the contract, he was not to stoke the fires on the Sabbath day. There came a time, however, when he declared he must continue feeding the fires into the hours of the Sabbath. This is the narrative of experience, as reported by Superintendent G. G. Lowry, of the South India Union Mission:

"When the contractor was asked how long the kiln would have to be fired before the furnaces could be closed and sealed up, he replied that usually they had to be fired from twelve to eighteen hours before the furnaces were finally sealed.

"It was pointed out to him that it was then only a few hours until the Sabbath was to begin, and that on the Sabbath all work must cease. The foreman replied that he could not help that, the fires had already been started, and they must be kept going until all the wood had caught fire before the furnaces were closed, even though it should take most of the Sabbath to do it.

"He was then told that the furnaces must absolutely be closed before the hours of the Sabbath, no matter what happened. The foreman said, 'If you do this, the fires which are



Brick Layers of India

just getting started will go out, the bricks will be only one third burned, and all our work on the kiln will be lost. If you insist on this foolish way of prematurely sealing up the furnaces, I will leave the job and go home.' He was told that he could do as he pleased about going home, but the furnaces would be closed before the Sabbath. He was very angry and went home.

"As soon as he was gone, Missionary Flaiz and his helpers set to work as hard as they could, and stoked the fires, putting in all the fuel that the furnaces would hold, and then closed them up. They sealed the last furnace, and then all knelt down in prayer around the pile of burning brick, and asked the Lord, who doeth all things well, to bless the work of their hands, and to see to it that the bricks were properly burned so that they could build their church, and thus glorify His name. They went to bed that night, and left the kiln in God's hands.

"Next day they found that instead of the fires going out, as all the unbelievers had predicted, the whole kiln from one end to the other was alive and roaring with fire. And it kept burning until the bricks were perfectly burned.

"The old foreman, hearing about this, came back to see if the bricks were properly burned. Upon examining them, he found them perfectly sound, and noticed also that by prematurely closing up the furnaces, nearly half of the wood provided for the burning of the brick had been saved. This put a new idea into his head, and thinking to profit by this experience, he went and took another contract for brick-making for considerably less than the usual price, hoping to save on the wood as our people had done. But instead of having a similar experience, his fires went out soon after the furnaces were sealed, his bricks were spoiled, and he lost heavily.

"Not only our own people but all the Hindus round about are convinced that the living God is different from other gods, and really does things that show He is the true God."

A MISSION OF COMFORT

One night in the East Bengal delta country, among the villages built along the canals and rivers, an evangelist received an impression that he must go to a certain village and to a certain little home. He knew not why, but he learned later why God had sent him that night with a message of comfort to one of His children. This is the story told by Pastor Cormack, of Southern Asia, while attending a convention in America:

"One poor man in East Bengal sent word to one of our schools, 'I want to pay to the Lord a tenth of all He gives me, but I do not know how to reckon it. Will you send one of the boys down to figure it out for me?' So Evangelist Mookerjee sent a schoolboy down, and he reckoned up what that man's tithe was, and it amounted to ten rupees (about three dollars) for the whole year. He said, 'I will pay that.'

"A good while afterward Pastor Mookerjee had an impression one night that he must get in his boat and go to a certain village and visit a certain hut. How do such impressions come? Well, God, who moves in a mysterious way, has a divine system of wireless telegraphy. Evangelist Mookerjee tied up

his boat at the village, and went to the hut. There he found the wife of this poor man lying sick even unto death. The husband said, 'My wife is unconscious almost all the time, but she said, "If only I could just once see the man that baptized me, I should die happy." Who sent you, brother?'

"Brother Mookerjee told him it was the Lord. He sat there, and the wife seemed to be unconscious, lying on that



A Little Native Home in the Delta Country of East Bengal

rude bed, waiting for death. Then she regained consciousness, and when she saw the visitor, she turned over, and from the corner of her shawl untied a knot in the cloth, and took out six rupees. With her breath coming slowly and laboriously, she said, 'We have always paid the ten rupees tithe.' You see they paid ten rupees every year because they did not know how to reckon the amount exactly. 'We have always paid it until this year, and we have been keeping it, but because of this sickness my husband has spent four rupees. He spent four, and we are so sorry. I am so sorry that he did it, but here are the six rupees. And after I am gone he will earn the other four, and will make up this year's ten rupees.'

"It was cold, as it can be at certain times in the year in that country. The man was almost naked, and his wife was very poorly covered and thinly clad. He was sitting at a fire that had gone out because they had no fuel, and was nursing a little child that was shivering; yet they would not break further into the Lord's tent."



E. D. Thomas and His Family
Superintendent of the Tamil Mission,
South India

"I think that God can take six rupees and breathe upon them a blessing that will make them go farther than thousands of dollars upon which we sometimes place our dependence."

Who does not know why that impression was wirelessly to the evangelist that night? Surely it was because a poor woman, a conscientious steward of God, doing business for Heaven, was longing in her dying hours to have the joy of discharging just one more sacred trust before passing into eternity.

"BLESS THIS HARVEST!"

A tenant farmer in South India was con-

verted. One of the things required of him by the owner of the land was that, according to custom, a fowl should be slain for Krishna at a certain season in order to insure a bountiful harvest. Missionary Lowry wrote of the convert's experience:

"He decided that it would be a sin to make such a sacrifice, so he asked his landlord to excuse him from performing this ceremony, and told him the reason.

"The landlord was impatient with him, and told him that he would not run the risk of having a failure in the crop just because he did not wish to make the sacrifice, and said, 'If you do not make the offering, then you will have to leave my place.'

"Poor Paul did not know what to do, for it meant much for him to face the prospect of leaving his home and finding another place to farm, and yet he felt that he could not disobey God.

"The time finally came for him to make the offering, so he brought his chicken along and made ready for the sacrifice. He was told to take the chicken by the neck and swing it around and around over his head and say, 'O shree [holy] Krishna, bless this crop and give a bountiful harvest!' He took the fowl and swung it around his head, but instead of saying, 'O shree Krishna,' he said, 'O shree Jehovah, bless this crop and give a bountiful harvest.'

"The landlord was displeased, and threatened to drive him away if the crop in any way failed. But the Lord surely heard the simple prayer of this humble man, and gave the best crop the land had ever produced. So we see that indeed 'the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear,' but that He is ever ready to hear the prayer of him who calls upon Him in faith."

PROTECTED FROM THE DESTROYER

From missionary reports from India and from the Philippines come two very similar narratives of the experiences of two simple believers who "proved" the promise of the Lord in Malachi:

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, . . . and I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes."

In South India a Telugu told his experience, related thus by the missionary who heard it:

"Samson had been very faithful in paying tithes on everything, whether much or little. He had a field of rice which was just ready to be harvested. The heads of rice were heavy and bending over with the weight of ripened grain. Just at this time a heavy wind and rain storm came, which absolutely swept down and destroyed the rice fields of the farmers who lived

around Samson, and whose fields adjoined his, but not a stalk of his rice was blown down nor a grain of it lost. His field was left standing absolutely unmolested by the storm, a very striking testimony to the heathen of the faithfulness of the Christians' God in protecting those who are faithful to Him.

"The faith of Samson and our other Telugu brethren has been greatly strengthened by this experience. And those around who know not the true God have been led to say, 'What manner of thing is this? We have never seen things done after this fashion before.'"

How a family in the Philippines found protection in the promises is told in another report, based on the story the wife and mother told at a mission meeting:

"The Philippines for two or three years had been infested with locusts, and they were thick in the neighborhood of this woman's cornfield. The fields of neighbors were being devoured. This field was six or eight miles up in the mountains, and one day the woman anxiously made a visit to the place, fearing that all would be devoured. They were tithing payers, however, and had read where God says, 'Prove Me;' and that if we do pay our tithe, He will rebuke the devourer for our sakes. These promises they had pleaded in their prayers. To the believing woman's great delight and, she confessed, to her surprise, she found that the locusts had parted when they came to her field, and had gone on both sides. The field remained untouched until the crop matured."

THE BENGAL FISHERMAN

He was a fisherman in the delta of the Ganges. An Indian evangelist had told him of a coming conference, and urged him to go. The story is told by Evangelist Mookerjee, superintendent of our East Bengal Mission:

"But I am a poor man,' the fisherman said; 'how can I go?'

"He earned about 20 or at best 25 cents a day by catching fish. He and his family had to live on this amount.

"I cannot go,' he repeated, 'my wife has no proper clothing for the meeting; and seldom have we two days of food supply ahead. How can I get money enough to buy food for the four or five days of the meeting?'

"That seemed the end of the matter. 'But,' he added, 'if I ought to go to the meeting, you will have to pray God to send me the money,' and they did pray; feeling a special burden, they prayed earnestly that God would open the way.

"That night the Bengali fisherman set his traps as usual; but in the morning, when he went out to look at them, he found them full of fish. When he spread the whole upon the bank, he found it by far the greatest catch he had ever made. He usually caught a few annas' worth of fish in a night, but here were rupees' worth!

"When he sold the fish, he declared that never before in his life had he held so much of his own money in his hand. He knew that it was the answer of God to the prayers for help. He bought clothing for the wife, and together they went to the conference, where they gave their testimony to the delivering hand of God.

"The Friend of the Galilean fishermen still lives," said the evangelist in closing this report. "and shows Himself in this touching incident as the friend of the fisherman of Bengal, and the encourager of the hearts of His missionaries, to whom nothing is so refreshing as to see unmistakable evidences of the Lord's providential hand leading His children."

AMIDST VOLCANIC FIRES

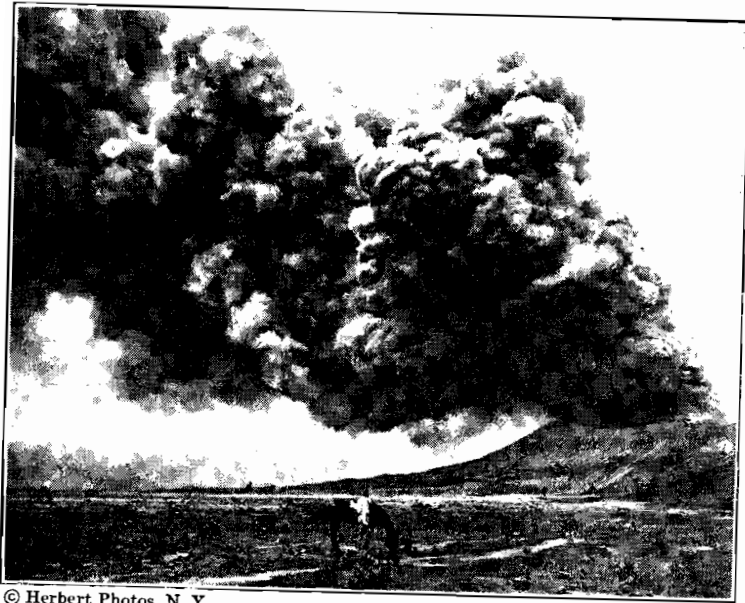
In the reports of mission work in the island of Java is the story of a faithful Christian, whose first thought after escape from a volcanic eruption was to bring in her gift of money for the Lord's work. A visitor to Java heard of the incident from Missionary Albert Munson, and reported the experience as follows:

"In a *kampung* [little native village] on the slopes of Mt. Kloet — the scene of the awful catastrophe of 1919 — there lives an elderly Chinese woman who is a member of the church. She earned a scanty living by selling fruit and vegetables grown in the *kampung*.

"Twice a year this Christian woman brings to the mission a bag of coppers — the title of her meager income.

"During the eruption of Kloet, it was thought that this aged Chinese believer must have been lost, and all hope for her safety was given up. Imagine the joyful surprise at the mission when one day in she came as usual, with her bag of coppers!

"On being questioned as to her escape amidst the disaster, she told how the burning lava poured down the slopes of the mountain, destroying villages and hundreds of lives. As the flood of fiery lava came to the top of her *kampung*, the lava stream suddenly divided, and passed on either side, leaving her village and its people unharmed, though they were in utter



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Volcano, Mt. Bromo, Java

darkness for some time. As soon as she was able to travel through the débris and ruin left by the eruption over the mountain side, this aged Christian's first thought was to bring in her tithe, sacredly laid up for the work of God.

"As I listened to this story," said the visitor, "the words of the psalmist came to my mind: 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty,' also the promise. 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . and I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes.'"

REBUKING THE DEVOURER

One of the richest farming countries in the world is the region of South Australia near Mt. Gambier. Riding out from the city by horse and cart with Pastor C. P. Michaels, I attended a meeting in the midst of this farming district. There I met one of the new believers who had had a remarkable experience of the Lord's intervention to rebuke the devourer for the sake of those who trust in Him. It will be remembered that the Lord exhorts His people to faithfulness in paying tithes and offerings, and makes the promise: "I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground." Mal. 3:11.

A year or more before our visit, a brother in that region, a farmer, found himself threatened with disaster. He had made heavy investments in starting his farm, and was dependent upon the year's crops to meet his payments. When, therefore, a plague of caterpillars swept the region, the brother's situation became precarious. Evangelist T. A. Brown, who was an eyewitness, related in these words the deliverance that came to our brother:

"The district was visited by a plague of caterpillars, which destroyed acres of beautiful grain and grass crops. It seemed as if nothing could stop them. One man was the proud possessor of a particularly fine field of grass, soon to be cut for hay. The devastating pests bared his land as if it had been plowed and harrowed. Right beside it was an immense field of oats belonging to one of the brethren lately come into the truth. This brother watched the caterpillars, like Attila's hordes, pouring through the fence toward his crop. His workman, who is not a Seventh-day Adventist, standing by, remarked quite seriously, 'You need not fear, they will not touch your oats, because you keep the commandments of God.' And so it was. Our heavenly Father was true to His promise in Malachi 3:11.

"On visiting there some days afterward, I saw the dead bodies of these devourers lying thick along the edge of the oats, as if the angel of God had allowed them to come to the danger point, then 'breathed in the face of the foe as he passed,' smiting them with death before they touched one blade. The

bare acres on one side of the wire fence, and the full waving heads of strong, healthy oats on the other, were an overwhelming evidence of the reality of God and of His fidelity to His promises."

As we talked of the experience, our brother, whose heart was very tender at the thought of it, told us how he stood by his fence, watching. "I got down by the fence alone," he said, "and prayed the Lord to help me." He was new in this way and in religious experience, having but just begun to yield obedience to the Lord's truth. He knew the Lord had delivered him, he said. But because of his indebtedness in getting started, he had not as yet begun to pay the Lord's tithe. So it went until the next year's crops were well grown. Then again the insect grubs appeared in the fields. He got a neighbor, one of our brethren, to go quickly down to get poison with which to fight the grubs and to save as much of his crop as possible.

"I determined then and there," he said, "that henceforth I would give to the Lord the tithe, whatever came."

He felt that God had blessed him the year before in a marvelous way, rebuking the devourer, and that he had not kept faith with God. A new and deeper experience came to him as he faced what seemed inevitable disaster. The neighbor came with the poison, and went out into the fields to begin the fight. Soon, however, he came back to the house, saying:

"You don't need to put the poison out. The caterpillars are climbing down the stalks and leaving the field."

And so it actually was. We saw brethren at the general meeting who testified that of a truth the caterpillars forsook the place, leaving the waving fields as a testimony to the delivering hand of God.

As the troubles of the world increase and the curse devours the earth, we cannot expect to carry all the material things through to the finishing of the work. We must, like Habakkuk, rejoice even if the fields and herds should fail. But ever and anon the Lord's dealings with His children here and there show that He is standing by, able to deliver.

A TESTIMONY FROM CONSTANTINOPLE

The treasurer of our church in Constantinople, Mrs. Diamond Ashod, once told of her observation of the truthfulness of that promise in Malachi, in the experiences of a mixed church of Greeks, Armenians, and other nationalities, seeking to keep the faith and win souls in that cosmopolitan city of Turkey. She wrote:

"For ten years I have been serving the Constantinople church as its treasurer. During this time I could not help but observe how the Lord has blessed those members who were faithful in tithe paying. I know members who were very poor in the beginning, but who faithfully brought in the tithe of their little income; and I saw how from week to week their tithe increased. There were others financially well situated but unfaithful, and in the course of time they lost their good position, shop, or work. I also noticed that the blessings of tithe paying are not limited to material prosperity, but that they bring also many spiritual blessings. I will mention here only one case which exemplifies the above statements:

"There was one brother with his wife who could hardly make their living. They had two small children and a grown son, a selfish, unconverted boy, who never rendered the slightest help to his parents for the support of the family.

"It was during the Great War, when every one was on rations. I noticed that the meager tithe of this family was not coming in regularly. I visited them one Friday afternoon, and was impressed more than at any time before with their poverty and how little they had. We spoke on other topics, and after the beginning of the Sabbath I returned home.

"I went again the next Friday, and God helped me to speak to them in a convincing way about faithfulness in tithe paying and the blessings that will follow. Then the brother said:

"I have earned only 100 piasters [\$5] this whole week, and we have spent all but one-half dollar, with which I was intending to buy some bread and cheese for tomorrow. We have only a very little food for this evening. But I am convinced of my wrong, and now I prefer that we have no food for tomorrow, and I will pay my tithe with this fifty cents."

"He opened his purse and handed it to me, that I might take the fifty cents, which was all the purse contained. I took

the money with trembling hands. I had the feeling that I was touching something holy. But I told him that God could do wonders, if he would believe on Him. Then we had Sabbath worship together, and I came home.

"When I reached home, I was troubled. I did not know whether I should send them some food, or not. Finally I decided to leave the matter with the Lord, believing that He could work wonders. Still I could hardly eat my supper, and that night I slept very little.

"The next morning I went early to church. Soon afterward the brother came to me, pressed my hand, and said: 'We are thankful to you that you took our last fifty cents yesterday. We have learned a great lesson. We have seen that God can do wonders for us if we are faithful. A short time after you left us last evening, the grocer of our quarter came in with two loaves of bread, saying that not all of his customers had come on that day to take their fixed portion of bread, and thinking that we were needy, he wished to present these surplus loaves to us. An hour later our son came home with a full basket of eatables, a thing which he had never done before.'

"After this experience, this family continued to pay their tithes and offerings faithfully, and in a short time a considerable increase was noticed in their weekly income."

THE BLESSING UPON THE FIELDS

A missionary in the Philippine Islands, Superintendent S. E. Jackson, of the Philippine Union Mission, told in the Far Eastern Division *Outlook*, of a member's experience who took God at His word. He said:

"A good member named Augustin lives at Tagudin, P. I. Tagudin and vicinity suffered very much by drouth this year, so much so that the rice crop was very short; but when Brother Augustin came to harvest his rice, he found that he had twice as much as last year from the same field. The neighbors are saying, 'Oh, that must be because Augustin pays tithe.' Yes; Brother Augustin is not only faithful in tithe paying, but in all his Christian duties, and his is a happy Christian family, blessed of his God."

Continuing this theme of the blessedness of rendering to the Lord the sacred tenth, Missionary Jackson wrote in this

Asiatic journal of experiences that came under his observation back in his home country. He wrote:

"There was a young man in Minnesota, a farmer, whose mother was a believer, but whose father was not. Marrying, the youth was not being prosperous on his own farm in spite of his industry. He was a bit careless of religious things. He fell ill with typhoid, and for a time his life was despaired of.

"His mind was clear, however, and he promised God that if He would only spare his life, and permit him to rise from his bed of sickness and go about his work, he would ever pay his tithe and live a consistent Christian life. He had decided to take his heavenly Father at His word; and so with recurring strength he endeavored in every way to live a consistent Christian life as he went about his work. At harvest time an honest tithe was returned to God.

"In the course of three or four years financial matters began to brighten up very decidedly, and at the end of ten years his eighty-acre farm was paid for, and he purchased three more eighty-acre tracts, so now he was the owner of 320 acres. He had built a fine house and barn, and had contributed hundreds of dollars to foreign missions.

"This brother is still living, paying a good tithe and giving much in donations to the Lord's cause. No manner of argument can make him believe that God does not do exactly as He says, 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . and prove Me now herewith, . . . if I will not . . . pour you out a blessing.'

"A different experience came to another family in the same State. It was about the year 1879. At that time the grasshoppers, or locusts, were raiding many sections of the country. They came in swarms of countless thousands, sometimes literally darkening the sun. After deciding on a place to light, they settle down on the ground and march straight ahead, eating and destroying every green thing before them.

"This tithe-paying family was living in the community being devastated by this pest. The man was poor, and felt that he could not afford to lose his crop. The country was new then, and there was little to live on if the crop failed, so the family took the matter to the Lord in prayer. They told Him that they had been living Christian lives, that they had been paying their tithe, and reminded Him of His promise that

if they should bring the tithe into the treasury, He would pour them out a blessing; and they asked that their crops might be protected in this trying time.

"Meanwhile the grasshoppers were marching straight for his little wheatfield. They came within a few meters of it, and then, without any cause or reason known to man, the column parted, and went around it on both sides, letting the field stand untouched. Yes, indeed! this family believes that God will do just what He says, and that when He says, 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove Me now,' if we bring in the tithe, He will do His part and will give a blessing."

THE APPLE ORCHARD

From an Australian paper comes this story of an orchard that revived under partnership with God. The late Pastor J. N. Loughborough, visiting Australia on an evangelistic tour, certified to his knowledge of the facts. He met a farmer who was in debt on his place. The farmer said:

"I have tried to pay it off for several years, but cannot reduce the debt. I do not see, therefore, how I can agree to pay one tenth of my income while I still owe that debt. I believe the system of tithe paying is all right, but how can I do it?"

Pastor Loughborough continued the farmer's story to its sequel in the Australasian *Record* of some years ago:

"He had a fine fruit orchard, and from it he got a good crop each *alternate* year. I spoke to him of the Lord's promise in Malachi of opening the windows of heaven upon his crop, and I was impressed to say to him with much force, 'Brother, the Lord could easily make your trees bear an abundant crop of apples every year.' I was somewhat startled myself, after I had said it, especially when he replied with much force, 'Do you think so? I will make the pledge.' And so he did, and was very happy as the result of his decision. The tide of affairs with this brother began to turn at once. That year he had the finest crop of apples he had ever had, while the crop of fruit in the adjoining orchards was short.

"This brother also related his experience at a later period and said, 'My debts are all paid. I have several shares in the publishing association, and cash on hand.'"

"But now for the sequel of this story. Some years later the daughter of this brother, meeting me, said, 'Do you remember what you said to my father when you were urging him to take hold of the tithing principle?' I replied, 'Yes, I do, and I was startled after I had said it, and he decided so quickly to do it. I was not a prophet, and the thought occurred to me, Now he will expect a big crop of apples, and if he does not get it, what can I say?'

"'Well,' the daughter replied, 'there has never been a year since but that orchard has borne a fine crop of apples. It not only helped father out of debt, but furnished means with which to help the cause. That is not all. That fruit orchard is noted all over the country. Nurserymen come to ask father how he manages to get such great crops of apples every year. "To be candid," he says, "I do not treat my orchard any differently from what my neighbors treat theirs. I can only call it the blessing of the Lord."'"

DESTROYERS TURNED ASIDE

A woman of Cebu, one of the islands in the Philippines, claimed the promise, and her eyes saw the deliverance sent directly from heaven. Secretary C. C. Crisler heard the story from her lips when on a visit to the Cebuan missions. Having written of one Cebuan business man who told how wonderfully God had blessed him in tithe paying, Secretary Crisler added:

"A member of a near-by church in the same mission, told of her payment of a faithful tithe, and of an experience she had had with the locusts. Locusts in great swarms were approaching her little field where the year's crops were in an advanced stage, nearing the time of harvest. She prayed earnestly to God, and pleaded the promise of protection assured tithe payers, as set forth in Malachi and other scriptures. The locusts came on and on; the sister kept on praying. When the devastating scourge reached her field, having swept clean everything before them, they suddenly parted and went around her field, clearing the land on either side of all vegetation, and reuniting on the opposite side of her property, destroying all as they continued their advance. Her field stood out alone in that region, untouched, witnessing to God's power to protect those who are determined to obey faithfully His commands."

Healing as a Sign

"They draw near unto the gates of death. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses. He sent His word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions." Psalms 107:18-20.

NOTE.—The record of God's intervention in response to prayer for the sick, whether in mission lands or at home, is too vast in volume to permit entering upon in this narrative. Herewith are only incidents



F. A. Stahl With the Indians of Peru
On a medical missionary visit at the home of Chief Ticoli, who had pleaded for a mission for his people

which show how this stretching forth of the healing hand in dark places has proved to be a sign to the beholders that the living God hears prayer, and has opened the way for gospel work.

THE MEDICINE MAN'S BABY

MISSION work, for the first time in the history of that region, was beginning among the wild forest tribes on the Peruvian headwaters of the Amazon. Confidence was but partially won. Any awkward incident might lead to fierce

hostility. Just then an Indian, evidently a chief, came with his wife to the missionary. They brought a sick babe. At the first examination Missionary F. H. Stahl saw that the infant was near death with pneumonia. An account gives the sequel:

"The babe was gasping for breath. Clearly no treatment would avail. But the missionary was wonderfully stirred. He



A Mission Station Under a Tree
A witch doctor of the Amazon country who brought his baby to be healed

was so anxious to do something for those wild people to win their hearts and to minister to them the word of life. He said to the chief,

"I can do nothing, myself, for your child."

"Then he told him, in a few brief words, about the God of heaven whom he served and loved; and he said to the Indian,

"This God whom I serve can heal your child."

"It means much, under such circumstances, to move by faith and not step over the line into presumption. There is where the Spirit of God must lead.

"The missionary knelt down there with that Indian and his wife, and prayed to God for that babe, laying his hands upon it and anointing it with oil. When he arose from his knees, the babe was sleeping and breathing naturally. He then did what he could as a nurse to help the child, and to show these Indians that it was right, while trusting God, to do all that is possible on the human side. The Indians went away after three days, the child fully restored.

"The missionary had noticed some peculiar ornaments worn by the chief. After their departure, he inquired about the visitors. 'Who was that chief?' he asked, 'and what are those ornaments and trappings that he had about him?'"

"'Oh,' he was told, 'don't you know that man? He is the medicine man for that whole tribe; and if he has come to you, then all the other Indians will come also for help.'

"Thus God had revealed His power in a way to break down prejudice and suspicion."

SICKNESS RETURNED WHEN IDOLS WERE RESTORED

From Manchuria the following experience was reported by Bernhard Petersen:

"A little boy attending one of our schools came from a heathen home, but what he heard of the gospel story day by day made an impression on his mind, and he told his parents of the things he learned. As a result, his father became interested, and expressed a desire to study the Bible. His wife had been sick for a long time, and asked if our evangelist could not come over and pray for her recovery. The evangelist went, but before offering prayer he asked that the idols be removed. This was done, and they joined in prayer together. The next day the wife felt much better, and she kept steadily improving.

"One day her mother visited her, and seeing that the idols were gone and learning the reason, persuaded her daughter to restore them. She did as her mother said, and with the restoration of the idols the sickness also returned. Now she refuses even to talk when any of our people visit her.

"But her husband's mother noticed the effect of prayer in her case, with healing, and how the sickness returned when the idols were restored, and it made such an impression on her that she began to attend our meetings and worship the true God."

ONE OF GOD'S WITNESSES IN THE BYWAYS

Out in the villages of Kiangsu, China, an old Chinese woman was able to bear witness to the power of God to save. In a region where the people have few chances to know the way of life, the Lord used this faithful soul as a witness. Especially has He blessed her in praying for the sick.

"I never saw anything like it," said Mrs. B. Miller, of the Seventh-day Adventist Mission, who had charge of the women's

work in a wide circle of villages. Mrs. Miller told me of Wu Tha Tha's experiences as follows:

"She is working now as a Bible woman. When she came to the first institute, she had never learned to read. In our institutes for the women we have always two or three hours of reading and study each day. I hesitated about giving Wu Tha Tha a primer on account of her age, but she begged to be given a chance; and at the end of the institute I found she had done better than the rest. She kept at her work, and in less than a month she had read every character in the book of John. Now she can read the whole Bible. But as for her gift in praying for the sick, I never saw anything like it. In dozens of cases the Lord has certainly blessed.

"The wife of one of our native Chinese believers was taken sick. They sent for Tha Tha to come, but it was some time before she could make the journey. The wife of one of our evangelists went with her. Reaching the sick woman, they found her unconscious. The neighbors thought she was dead. But Tha Tha knelt down, and in her simple way prayed to the Lord who has all power. When she finished praying, the sick woman, who had been lying still and unconscious, took two deep breaths and called Tha Tha's name. The evangelist's wife is a cool, sober woman, not in the least given to being excited. She told of the sick woman lying there, so still and unmoved, but when Tha Tha prayed, she said, the woman took two deep breaths and sat up.

"'O, but it was wonderful!' she said.

"When Wu Tha Tha goes to pray for the sick, she will not pray for any until everything that indicates idol worship is thrown away. True it is that some who have been healed do not believe in Jesus."

"THEN ASK HIM TO DO IT"

Now and then to mission dispensaries come those cases that challenge the missionary's own faith in the true and living God. Pastor M. N. Campbell, of England, visiting the missions, brought back this narrative:

To a station in West Africa a man was brought who had been bitten by a wild animal. A great piece of flesh had been torn out of his leg. Instead of bringing the man at once to

the dispensary, they had allowed the native doctors to experiment until gangrene had set in and the victim was dying. Then they turned to the missionary.

"As Missionary H. W. Lowe and his wife, a nurse, began to remove the native packing to cleanse the wound, they saw that the case was evidently hopeless.

"'Why did you not bring him sooner?' they said. 'Now it is too late. We can do nothing.'

"The natives drew apart a little way and held a palaver. Presently they returned, and a spokesman said,

"'Could your God heal this man?'

"'Why, yes, of course He could. He has all power.'

"'Well,' they said, 'then you ask Him to do it.'

"Those missionaries realized that they were facing a challenge, and that the power and reputation of the Christian's God were at stake. It was a serious situation for those young folks. It was a real test of faith. But they met it. They went on their knees and asked God to vindicate His power; they pleaded with Him the need in that dark place of a sign that He is the true and living God.

"Then they went to work and did all they could to cooperate with divine power. God heard their prayers, and in a marvelous way the dreadful wound began to heal. Before I left the country that man was able to hobble about with a stick. It showed me that God stands by His servants who go down into the dark places of the earth in His name."

"YOUR GOD IS GREAT!"

It was only by special urging, in a great mission conference, that Missionary V. E. Toppenberg, of the Abyssinian Mission (Seventh-day Adventist), told of the healing of a man who had come many miles to the mission for help, having heard that "their God was great, and could help people in need." Responding to request for the story, Missionary Toppenberg said:

"I have been rather reluctant to speak about these matters, because I do not profess to be a saint, and some people think that these things happen because of something good in us. I want to tell you that this experience has nothing to do with my Christianity. It is simply a matter of faith on the part of a poor heathen."

Thereupon, he told the story as follows:

"This old man heard of our mission work. You know we began our work in Abyssinia with medical work. It is indeed the key that unlocks hearts. This man came several days' journey from the interior, and said, 'I have heard that you pray to the God of heaven, and that He hears your prayers and can heal the sick.' One side of this man's face was so deformed that we thought he was born that way. He looked like a beast from that side. So we asked him what was the matter.

"He said that some six or seven years ago this swelling came on him. He did not know what it was. We pressed on it in different places, and found it was almost as hard as the bones of his face, and so I said, 'I am afraid we can do nothing for you, but we will pray.'

"He seemed very much disappointed that we would not do anything, so I painted his face with iodine. I was ashamed to arouse any hope in this man, but he would not leave us.

"So I said, 'I will take you down to the doctor, and see what he says. I am not a doctor.'

"There was a Russian doctor in the town who was a friend of mine, and I took him there, and said, 'This old man is very persistent, and I don't know what to do.'

"He looked him over carefully and said, 'This is a very severe cancer extending far down into the tissues of the neck. If we should operate on the man, he would probably die on the table. But if you think we ought to, and the old man is willing, we will give him an operation.' When I told the man about it, he said, 'No, I will never have the doctor cut into me.'

"He followed us home, and stayed around so long that we were ashamed of it. My wife said, 'I feel so sorry for that poor man. Let us pray for him.' We did that for several days. The man left the station, but on the third day he came back. The boys came running to the door and said, 'Come out and see that man.'

"I went out and said, 'What do you want?' I did not recognize the man. He looked so surprised at me. I said to the boys, 'Who is that man?' They told me that he was the man that came in the other day with that terrible face. I asked him, 'Where have you been?' His reply was, 'I have been in my hut. I went home to my relatives feeling so sorry that you had only painted my face.'

"Then he began to smile, and it began to dawn on me that the Lord had done a wonderful thing for that man. I said, 'Surely God must have done that,' and the old man raised his hand and pointed to heaven and said, 'God, God. Your God is great!' So this man attributed his healing to God, and that is the only explanation that I can give of this case. I believe God does hear the prayers of these poor heathen when they are willing to lay hold of His power."

EAST INDIAN INCIDENTS

In his "Living Forces of the Gospel," a pioneer German missionary to the East Indies, Joh. Warneck, gives the following incident of experience on Sumatra:

"In Iluta Djula, a mountainous region of Sumatra, Christians give numerous examples of how God answered their prayers and how many heathen were thereby brought over to the church. A heathen whose son was sick unto death promised to become a Christian if God would answer their prayers on his behalf.

"Thereupon a Christian chief prayed: 'Lord, Thou hast heard our covenant; do not put us to shame, have mercy on us, and heal this sick one, that my comrades may see that Thou art God and hearest prayer, that they also may know Thee and love Thee, and cease betaking themselves to dead idols.' The boy was restored and the family passed over to Christianity."

Yet further, he continues the story of East Indian experiences:

"The reports of the Nias Mission have much to say of the life of fervent prayer. A heathen chief was seriously ill and had lost all speech and hearing. Salago, a young Christian, visits him, 'that the people of Ojo may see that our God is almighty.' He prays with the sick man: 'Great Almighty God, Thou knowest why we are here; make this man well, and show Thy power and might to the people, that they also may follow Thee.' Immediately the sick man could hear and speak. Medicine was then given him by the missionary Krumm, and he became quite well, and with sixty of his people threw away his idols.

"Ama Gahonoa, the first fruits of the west coast, was zealous in prayer from the first moment of his conversion. His prayer was a talk with the heavenly Father. His prayers for

the sick were often followed by surprising results. The following story indicates his relation to God:

"Called to a case of serious illness, he prayed for the restoration of the patient, but his prayer was in vain. He prayed again, but with no success. This occasioned him serious thoughts. During the night he was troubled by the fact that his prayer on this occasion was not heard. Then he dreamed that the parents of the child kept in concealment ancestor idols, and that his prayer was thereby hindered.

"The day had scarcely dawned when he ran to the parents and demanded of them, 'Where are the idols you have hidden? Out with them! They make my prayer of no effect.' Terrified, the people produced the idols. After they were removed, he prayed again, and in a short time the child was well.

"At a later period, when the growing Christian community had become a living proof of the divine truth, the striking signs fell once more into the background, a fact which Ama Gahonoa found to be quite usual."

FROM THE BONDAGE OF OPIUM

Too many stories are told in China of deliverance, straight out, by prayer, from the bondage of the opium habit to admit of giving place to them. The same is true of deliverance from the cocaine habit among the Indians of Peru, who chew the coca leaf from infancy. However, as an example of such experiences, let this story be told from Mrs. Taylor's "Pastor Hsi." Soon after his conversion, Hsi (pronounced Shee) had established a refuge for victims seeking release from the opium habit. Formerly he had grown the poppy and produced much opium on his estate, and now, having left estate and all for Christ, he felt that he owed it to his fellow men to help them gain freedom from the drug. Here is one experience:

"On one occasion, for example, three men came together from a neighboring village, begging to be taken into the Refuge. Hsi was there at the time, as it happened, and was doubtful about receiving them on account of age. They were all advanced in years, the youngest being over sixty, and were opium smokers of long standing. But they were so eager to be cured that finally they were admitted, the principles of the Refuge having been made especially plain.

"For the first day or two all went well, and the old men became much interested in the gospel. But by the third evening one of them was feeling desperate, and during the night he called the others, begging them to rouse Hsi or Fan, and get something to relieve his agony.

"'Why should we wait for that?' cried his friends. 'It is not medicine you need. Kneel down, and let us pray.'

"Only a poor cave-room in that little village, far away in the heart of China, and three old men kneeling alone at midnight. Was He there, that wonderful Saviour? Would He respond with ready succor as of old?

"Tremblingly the cry went up in the darkness: 'O Jesus, help me! Save me! Save me now!'

"A few minutes later the sufferer was lying quietly wrapped in his wadded coverlet again. His groans ceased. His distress passed away. And in a little while he was fast asleep.

"'Jesus truly is here,' whispered the others. And they too slept till morning.

"Then bright and early they were up, eager to tell their story, and with smiling faces accosted every one they met:

"'True? Why, of course it's true! We know all about it. Your Jesus does indeed hear and answer prayer.'

"They were overflowing with joy and confidence that proved contagious. And faith in many hearts was strengthened. For such testimony cannot be gainsaid."

MEETING THE INFIDEL CHALLENGE

This is a story of city missions. The incident was reported by Evangelist R. S. Fries, holding a mission in one of the great cities of America. The narrative may be published now without reserve, as the woman whose faith God so wonderfully met is now dead.

Evangelist Fries said that while conducting a mission in a Western city, he became acquainted with a woman whose heart turned to God in the meetings. She earned her livelihood by keeping a small shop. He continued:

"About this time she became acquainted with a man who finally asked her to marry him. He seemed in every way a true man, and expressed interest and sympathy with her newly revived religious experience. She accepted him and they were

married. But very soon after the marriage she found that his religious interests had been only simulated in order to win her heart. He showed no interest whatever in religion, and had no sympathy with her in her desire to follow Christ. Disheartened and discouraged by this discovery, she felt that truly she had made a mistake.

"So keenly did she feel this that she counted herself unworthy to meet with us. She ceased attending the meetings. However, she had learned enough of God so that she clung to her Saviour and to her faith in God. As time passed, the husband became more and more bitter, and she found him an avowed infidel. Hard experiences came to her. The husband seemed infuriated by her effort to hold to her faith in God; especially was he furious if he found her praying.

"For years she had been afflicted with disease of the bones in the right shoulder, causing partial paralysis of her arm. Her arm was rigid, and she was able to lift it upward but a few inches. One day the husband came in and found her on her knees praying to God. He stormed and denounced her. He ridiculed her, and told her it was of no use to pray. 'If there is a God and He answers prayer, why doesn't He heal your arm?'

"There upon her knees she was moved, evidently by the Spirit of God, to accept the infidel challenge. She declared her faith in God, and said to her husband, 'Would you believe that there is a God if He gave me strength to lift this arm up and turn on the light above my head?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I would,' for he well knew that she had not been able to lift that hand even to her head. With her heart lifted to God in prayer the woman felt strength and life coming into the arm withered almost to the shoulder. She prayed again, and rising from her knees, she reached up to the chandelier above her head and turned on the electric light. The husband seemed driven out of his mind in his fury. He even sought her life, the attempt landing him in the hands of the authorities, so that he was confined in jail for some time. Out of this experience with God the woman renewed her consecration, and began again to attend our meetings. Some time later she united with our church."

Several years later, meeting Evangelist Fries, I said, "What about the experience of that woman who answered the challenge of the infidel husband?"

"She maintained her faith and Christian experience," was the answer, "and only recently died fully trusting in God."

"And what about that withered arm?"

"She had the use of that arm until the day of her death," was the reply.

DIVINE ASSURANCE

An African girl, student in one of our mission schools of East Africa, was fortified by a dream to resist the village tra-



Nurse Southgate at Work in Nyasaland, Africa

ditions and to call for prayer for her healing. Her people were furious over her refusal to let the witch doctors in. A visitor to the field, Pastor L. H. Christian, tells how faith triumphed:

"Later, one of our Christian native teachers went there to visit his students, and she called for him. She said, 'Place your hand here on my chest, and pray. I have had a dream that you would come, pray, and heal me.' A bit reluctant, the teacher did as she asked. The natives all knelt with him, and asked God to help her, and almost immediately she was well."

Stories of Children

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven." Matthew 18:10.

A BABY'S WAKEFUL HOURS

A PERSIAN monarch's restless night in days of old led to the searching of the records, and finally to the issuing of a decree for the deliverance of the people of God. In the missionary annals of India is the story of an infant's restless night which was turned to the deliverance of the family. Even the missionary's heathen servants declared that it surely was the hand of Providence.

Before telling the story, it should be recalled that the white ants of India are a great scourge. They attack the woodwork about a house, perhaps eating unperceived, inside a beam, until it may be hollowed out and seriously weakened. Mr. Thomas Evans, in "A Welshman in India," wrote:

"One night the baby was very restless and would not sleep; she did not seem to be in pain, but try all we could she would not rest. I dozed off, and about two in the morning my wife, who was sitting up with the baby, woke me, and said there was a noise in the roof. I looked up, and said it was nothing, and went to sleep again.

"But baby would not rest. Again my wife roused me, and said there was a noise overhead. I looked up, and saw the beam bent in the middle as if about to fall.

"I sprang out of bed and took my wife and baby into the next room, where the baby soon fell asleep. I called the servants to help me move the furniture, and just as the carpet was being taken out, down came the roof with a fearful crash.

"The huge beam fell first, immediately over the spot where our bed had been, and the whole room was full of broken masonry and timber. One of the bricks would have been sufficient to kill any one of us.

"Our heathen servants fell at our feet and said, 'Your God must be great to deliver you in such a wonderful manner.'



An Indian Christian Girl

The story is preserved by Andrew Stewart, in his book, "Out of Darkness:"

"A little girl, Six-faced by name, had heard the gospel in an open-air meeting. She came to Miss Carmichael, desirous to join the Christian way. As she was so very young, and could know little of the serious step she proposed to take, she was sent home.

"Yes, truly it was He, and He only, who delivered us from such a death, by means of our little babe. When the roof fell in, I felt as if I were on the verge of eternity, and had looked over and stepped back again."

ANSWER TO THE INDIAN GIRL'S PRAYER

We of the West can scarcely appreciate the moral bravery as well as the physical pluckiness required on the part of a young girl of India to break away from home and traditions and people in order to follow the way of Christ. In the mission records of India is the story of one young girl whose name translated means "Six-faced," who was led into the right way by a Christian Indian woman whose name translated means "Pearl-shell."

Stewart, in his book, "Out

"She was shockingly punished by her relatives for having expressed a desire to join the Way, and was sent to the care of an uncle in the town where Pearl-shell had gone to reside.

"Her uncle treated her cruelly. As he beat her, he was heard to say, 'This is for daring to join the Way.'

"She was closely watched during the three years she was there, lest she might attempt to escape. She had heard the gospel only once, and only once had heard a Christian offer



A Girls' School of Calcutta, India

prayer. She made up her mind to pray, and this was her first prayer, 'Keep my uncle from beating me.' Never again did he beat her.

"As the day of a proposed marriage for her was drawing near, she prayed: 'Jesus, O Jesus, stop it! Do not let me be tied.'

"The marriage arrangements fell through. She had found that the Christ heard and answered her simple, trusting prayers.

"Having been told the story of Six-faced, Pearl-shell determined to rescue her. With the childlike faith that had been hers since the day of her emancipation, she prayed for guidance in so difficult a matter.

"One day while she prayed she believed that she was told to go to a certain stream, where the girl was sent to bathe, and an opportunity would be given her to bring the child away, and the eyes of the people around would be kept from seeing them. How could she, an ignorant woman, dare to do such a thing? She did it.

"She went to the stream, found Six-faced there, and had a chance to speak a word alone with her. The child in utmost

simplicity believed, as Pearl-shell told her, that God would work a miracle and 'blind the eyes' of the people they must certainly meet. Together these two simple, confiding souls, in the keeping and in the fellowship of Christ, walked through the streets of the town and out to the village three miles distant, where the missionary lived. They reached it without any one taking notice of them, and were accorded a glad welcome and all the protection they required."

THE BABY AND THE KAREN ROBBER

This is a story from the Karen hills of Burma. It is told by Alonzo Bunker, of the American Baptist Mission, in his book, "Sketches from the Karen Hills:"

"Our youngest child was about six months old, and she had formed the habit of awaking about one or two o'clock at night for a drink of water. So habitual was this that her mother was accustomed to place a glass of water on a stand by her bed. The servant was also requested to fill the earthen cooler on the sideboard every day, and this he usually did.

"On the night in question the child awoke as usual, but by some oversight the glass of water was absent. I was asked to go to the cooler on the sideboard to supply the lack. There also I found no water. This was a surprise, and necessitated my going around the house on the veranda (we lived on the second story) to a filter. It was light enough to see clearly all objects near at hand. At the back of the house an ell projected, which was used for a bathroom. All the windows of the house were protected by wooden shutters, which we carefully barred at night.

"As I stooped to dip water from the filter, I happened (if anything happens by chance) to look across to the window in the ell, which I had barred that night. There I saw a Burman, stark naked, hanging across the window sill, with knife in hand, on the point of entering.

"He had pried open the window in some way, and the whole house was open to his will. It was, of course, impossible to know how many accomplices he might have. There was nothing to hinder him and his fellows, if he had any, from reaching every room in the house. Only this discovery at the crucial moment, occasioned by the circumstances above narrated, enabled us to defend our house and family.

"This providential interposition in our behalf made a strong impression upon our hearts in all subsequent years. If it can be proved that God watches over His children carefully at all times, what rest should come to the faith of those who trust in Him! We could not, in considering the events of that night, doubt that a loving intelligence had truly interposed for our protection. . . .

"First, the awakening of the child at the fixed time; second, the forgetting to place the water on the stand as usual; third,



A Cottage in Burma

the failure of the servant to put water in the cooler, and hence the necessity of going to the filter on the back veranda; and these all so timed as to bring me to the danger spot just when needed. A minute earlier or later, and the robber would not have been discovered. Such a combination of events argued beyond reasonable doubt that a wise and benevolent mind had our welfare in charge."

YET ANOTHER WAKEFUL CHILD

The hour of the great earthquake in Tokio, Japan, just before noon on that fateful day in 1923, was the hour when a certain mite of a baby in a missionary home near Tokio was accustomed to take her nap. Regularly as a clock, almost, the baby was sleeping in her cot just before noon. On that day,

however, the mother toiled in vain to persuade the child into sleep. The baby would have nothing to do with sleep. At last, giving up the task as hopeless, Mother Armstrong took the little one with her to the Sabbath morning service.

Then the earthquake came. And when Pastor and Mrs. Armstrong returned to their home across the compound, they



Earthquake Ruins of Homes in Tokio

found the chimney had fallen, crashing through the roof; and the baby's crib, in its accustomed place for the baby's morning nap hour, was crushed to the floor beneath the bricks from the fallen chimney.

That morning the parents thanked God that the baby, under providential care, had refused to take its regular nap.

THE AFRICAN LAD'S ESCAPE

In the region of Usumbara, East Africa, a young witness for God had truly a providential escape from death that had been planned by the witch doctor to silence his testimony. The witch doctor was the chief Kimueri. He was believed to have

power to make rain and to control generally the hidden forces of nature. Near his village lived a Christian blacksmith and his son Silas, nine years of age. The story is told in Stewart's "Out of Darkness:"

"One morning while Silas sat just within the door, he was startled by the sound of the chief's horn. He set off in haste to the village to learn the cause. His father warned him not to stray far away, lest he fall into the hands of the cruel robbers, the Masai.

"Having reached Wuga, he found that the chiefs of Dule and Handei had arrived, and other chiefs were expected shortly. They were commanded to plead with Kimueri to bring the rain. Kipingu (also son of a blacksmith) belonged to the village, and was a playmate of Silas. He began to speak of the greatness of their chief, who could so easily command the rain, when Silas spoke up,

"'Only God can make rain. My father told me so.'
 "'O, Kimueri can do everything that God can,' replied the other.

"'God is greater than Kimueri,' persisted Silas.

"'No; Kimueri is greatest.'

"'No; God is greater than any one.'

"While they thus argued, they were startled to notice the chief himself standing close by. They knew that he had heard their words, and Silas knew that he was angry. Kimueri would gladly have killed him on the spot, but he felt it would be



Bessie

The little Japanese girl who came back after the earthquake to find out about the dead

beneath the dignity of so great a chief to do so; but killed he must be.

"He asked the boys to accompany him to his royal hut. There he presented Kipingu with a blue shirt and a blue cap, and to Silas he gave a white shirt and a white cap. When they had donned their much appreciated gifts, he gave them a bottle of medicine to carry to the neighboring chief of Bumbali, and counseled them to return quickly.

"The boys set off in great glee. Meanwhile he had commanded three of his slaves to overtake them, and while unobserved, to kill the wearer of the white shirt and cap. This was quickly accomplished. Meantime Kimueri was with Kipingu's father in his hut. At sunset a frightened cry was heard in the village, 'The Masai are upon us!' A terrified little boy in a blue shirt ran for protection to the blacksmith's hut.

"Kimueri, recognizing Silas, asked in an anxious voice, 'Where is your white shirt and cap?'

"'I exchanged with Kipingu.'

"'But where is Kipingu?'

"'The robbers have killed him; but I ran on here as quickly as I could.'

"The chief had been outwitted, all unconsciously, by the boys—or shall we say by the God behind the boy who had acknowledged His power?

"The story of the chief's treachery leaked out, and the sympathies of the people went against him. They said that the God whom Silas honored, had honored the boy and saved his life."

NAW PAW-GAY AND THE TIGER

In his "Sketches from the Karen Hills," Dr. Bunker, of the Baptist Mission, tells how a little Karen girl stooped over to draw water just at the second when stooping over saved her life. Here is the story:

"Many instances arise in missionary experience to show that God exercises His providential care over heathen children as well as over those of Christian birth. The following incident is given to illustrate this fact:

"In a village perched on a mountain side far away in the jungle, a teacher had begun his work of preaching the gospel. Down the mountain side was a spring which supplied the village

with water. According to the usual custom, the young children collected the wood and brought the water for family use.

"One of the elders of the village had discovered tracks of some wild animals around this spring, and with visions of a venison dinner, he had planted bamboo spikes about it. This act was called 'do-mer' (spike-planting). The spikes were made of the toughest part of the bamboo, were about four feet long, the points sharpened and made hard in fire, and made a very formidable weapon for attack or defense.

"One morning Naw Paw-Gay, five or six years old, took her bamboo for water. It was longer than herself. She put the strap across her forehead, and trotted down the hill to get the water for the morning rice. As she stooped to dip the bamboo into the spring, a dark shadow fell upon her and a rushing sound passed over her.

"Instantly she awoke to her peril, as, looking up, she saw a frightful beast. It was a man-eating tiger which had secreted itself in the grass near the spring to watch for its breakfast. The moment the little girl stooped to dip up the water, the tiger sprang for her head. Missing it, he went over her and fell upon the spikes and was securely impaled upon them. Her terrified screams quickly brought the villagers to her rescue, and they shortly dispatched the tiger.

"Henceforth the name of Naw Paw-Gay was changed to Ke Roy-Po, or 'the tiger-child.' The skeptic may call this an accident; but the believer in God's loving care will regard it as a special interposition of Providence."



Painting by Anton Dietrich

“PEACE, BE STILL”

“What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?”
Mark 4: 41.

Amidst the Convulsions of Nature

“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.” Psalms 46:1-3.

FOREWARNED

ON the night of a destructive earthquake in Central America, a missionary family had an experience of God's watchful care. The wife was at home that night, the husband, Secretary Bodle, of the Seventh-day Adventist Mission, being away from the city on tour. The missionary wife, keeping watch and ward at home, tells the story as follows:

“It seemed that God took care of us in a wonderful way. I had such a feeling come over me about nine o'clock in the evening. I was alone with my boy and another little boy about twelve years old. I could not shake off the impression of danger; so I awoke the boys and had them dress, got food and bedding ready, and we waited indoors ready to run to the back yard. I asked the Lord to give me some help, and picked up our church paper, the *Review and Herald*. On the back page was an article, ‘Present Help in Trouble.’ It was so encouraging. One expression was, ‘Whatever comes this night, know that God is a *present* help.’ So we prayed and committed ourselves into God's hand.

“We sat there until 12:30, midnight, and nothing happened; so I pulled the cot up by the door, and told the boys to lie down. We were all ready, and only a few feet from safety in the back yard. They had just fallen asleep, when at a quarter of one came the crash. No words can describe the terrible roar underground, buildings falling, and screams of those buried under them. It was pitch dark, and we sat in our back yard until morning, glad we had our bedding, as it was cold. The ground shook almost constantly until ten o'clock

next morning. But somehow I was most wonderfully sustained all night.

"I was so thankful that we were ready. A great mass of mud came down where the boy had slept before, and he might have been killed if we had not been warned beforehand."

THE DELIVERANCE OF HILO

In one of her travel books, Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, the English woman traveler and writer, told the story of the deliverance of Hilo, one of the towns of the Hawaiian Islands, during the great eruption of 1855. She told the story after interviews with the late Titus Coan, the pioneer missionary, and with other old residents. It should be remembered that Miss Cumming was not writing of missions and missionaries, but speaking as a traveler describing the lands visited. The following is quoted from Volume I of her book, "Fire Fountains:"

"In August, 1855, there occurred the most awful eruption on record. It commenced near the summit of Mauna Loa; and you can easily understand that when a flood of liquid rock boils over its mighty caldron at so tremendous a height as 14,000 feet above the sea, the position of persons living at the base of the mountain is not one of enviable security.

"In the present instance it overflowed in a stream of sufficient volume to overwhelm the whole town and harbor. In some places it was three miles wide; then finding more level ground, it expanded into lakes from five to eight miles broad; then parting, it formed a network of rivers, burning their way through the forest. . . .

"For six months this lava flow advanced steadily toward Hilo. Day by day parties went up from the town to report on its progress, anxiously scanning its approach to such ravines and valleys as would have offered a natural seaward channel.

"Great was the alarm of all when it was found that the overwhelming flood had arrived within six miles of the town, and that there was apparently nothing in the nature of the ground to check its steady onward progress straight to the sea.

"Then all the people assembled in the churches to humble themselves exceedingly before the Lord of the universe, entreating Him that He would be pleased to turn away His terrible

river of fire, and preserve the homes of His people. You may well believe there were no half-hearted, sleepy worshipers in those congregations, but all with one voice united in such true and earnest prayers as are never offered in vain.

"That cry for help and protection was heard in heaven, and answered speedily. At the very moment when danger seemed most imminent, and it appeared as if nothing could avert the destruction of the town, the danger was most literally turned aside. The course of the river was unaccountably diverted; the stream divided, and flowed to the right and to the left; and though the great roaring furnace on the mount continued in full blast for twelve months more, not one foot nearer to the town did the flood come. It gushed out laterally in streams sixty miles in length, depositing millions of tons of lava along its track, and covering nearly three hundred square miles of land."

Again in 1880 and 1881 the fiery stream was pouring down toward the city. Miss Cumming in her second volume tells the story as she gathered it from eyewitnesses:

"That man's extremity is God's opportunity is an old saying; yet ever new, and here it was once more proved. For when the people of Hilo had almost given up hope, they appointed a solemn day of humiliation on which they assembled together, that all might with one voice upraise the prayer which had for months been ascending from many a heart and many a household, though its answer had been so long delayed. But now all agreed to meet and plead that if it so pleased the Lord, their homes might be spared. All places of business were closed, and crowded services were held at morning, noon, and evening in the churches. . . .

"Even the stranger within their gates joined in that solemn act of worship; for the Chinamen, who had burned their joss sticks and made offerings to the fire demons all in vain, came in a body to attend the evening service at the Hawaiian church, that they might test the power of the Christian's God.

"We may leave it to those materialists who deny the overruling hand of the Creator in the wonderful working of the great forces of nature, to search out purely natural causes for the strange coincidence that, from that very hour, the fire flood was stayed. The stream, which for nine long months had been steadily moving seaward, suddenly stood still, and thenceforth did not advance one foot. There it now remains, an abiding

monument of the appalling danger and of the miraculous deliverance."

It should be understood that the volcanic fountain above kept pouring forth its flood for days still, but unaccountably, otherwise than by the good hand of Providence, the lava stream kept piling up as a barrier in front, holding back the fresh flow of the molten stream behind it.

THE WATERS STAYED

One of the veteran missionaries of the East Indies, Chaplain R. W. Munson, some years since retired from the foreign field, wrote of a deliverance that came to an island mission in the East Indies. His account was published in the *Youth's Instructor*, of Washington, D. C. Here it is, slightly abbreviated:

"Skeptics and unbelievers generally discredit the stories narrated in the Bible which represent that miracles were wrought in the deliverance of God's chosen people in ancient times. Particularly the crossing of the Red Sea by Israel in their flight from Egypt is marked for criticism. No sane man, say they, can accept that story as authentic; but here is one verified by people now living who either themselves or their parents passed through this experience.

"It happened in the Sangir group of islands that lies between the Celebes and the island of Mindanao in the Philippine group. The missionary, whose name I have forgotten, was fortunate in having entered that field before the missionaries of Islam, or Mohammedanism, went there. They came later, and succeeded in winning over the sultan and his court.

"By way of explanation, I should say that this group lies directly in the volcanic belt, or 'line of fire,' as Sir Alfred Wallace called it, that starts in Sumatra and runs through Java and the islands that lie to the east of Java, northward through the Celebes, then through the Sangir group, through the Philip-pines, and finally terminates in Japan.

"The missionary had labored for a long time among a people who were most accessible to missionary influence,—raw heathen, Bishop Thoburn of India would call them,—and had gathered out a church of about one hundred fifty members. A church had been built, and a mission home, both of which stood on a rise of ground in the farther end of the town from

the sultan's palace, if the rude, palm-thatched structure in which he lived could be called by so noble a name. There had been some signs of activity in the old volcano that lay just across the mile-wide strait that separates the main island from the one on which the volcano stands. There had also been signs of persecution emanating from the 'palace,' incited by the Mohammedan emissaries, who wielded a great influence over the mind of the sultan. Trouble was feared, and it was significant that trouble from two quarters at the same time seemed about to burst upon the devoted band of Christians.

"Finally, the volcanic disturbance, accompanied by agitation of the earth's crust, as is often the case, so alarmed the Christian community that they fled to the missionary's home and person for the protection which they felt that he could afford them. Nor was their confidence misplaced.

"As they all stood in front of the church, gazing at the belching volcano, they suddenly beheld the volcano 'blow its head off,' and a large part of the summit of the mountain was lifted by the tremendous internal force and slid right down into the straits. The displacement of the water of the straits that inevitably took place, created a tidal wave many feet high, which swept straight on to the village where the church and mission home and group of Christians stood. They saw it coming, and knew well what it meant if God, the Almighty One, did not avert the calamity. They all involuntarily fell upon their knees or faces, and cried to God to save them. And save them He surely did in a most marvelous manner.

"As the wave advanced, it swept everything before it, including the sultan's palace and all in it and around it, as well as the entire village. When the water reached the mission compound, it stopped at a certain point, and ran around the property on both sides, as if checked by a wall of invisible glass. The water found its level by escaping out to sea at both ends of the straits, leaving the mission compound, and all within it, dry and unhurt by the wave. No one was injured, and all were profoundly impressed by the fact of God's presence there to deliver His people that believed in Him.

"The son of the missionary, who was just a lad at the time when this happened, said that they could see the sharks and fishes swimming in the piled-up water as one would behold them in an aquarium. They were deeply solemnized by this experience.

"I got this wonderful story from Alfred Lea, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society as far back as 1888. He had visited the island group, met the old missionary, and got the story first-hand from him. Mr. Lea said that he went out and examined the traces that still remained of the elevation to which the tidal wave rose, as clearly marked high up on the hillside, and it impressed him as very few incidents of his life had ever done.

"I questioned an Ambonese Christian whom I met in Batavia, Java, in 1911, and he made it very clear that the story was true. The water of the straits was stayed from overwhelming the Christians, just as the waters of the Red Sea could not overwhelm the Israelites. But it did overwhelm the enemies of the truth, as the waters overwhelmed the armies of Pharaoh in the Red Sea.

"In ancient times God said, 'Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm.' He still has a care for His ambassadors who go out to the ends of the earth with the gospel message."

Just the Same

As when He stilled the tempest on the storm-tossed sea,
As when to His disciples over Galilee,
The Saviour still is watching, blessed be His name!
On the sea or in the tempest, He is just the same.

As when He rose triumphant, nevermore to die,
O'er sin and death victorious, to His home on high,
He is ruling now in heav'n, blessed be His name!
Our King and Lord forever, He is just the same.

— *W. C. Poole.*

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