



### **FOOD PROVIDED IN THE WILDERNESS**

*“And had rained down manna upon them to eat, and had given them of the corn of heaven. Man did eat angels’ food: He sent them meat to the full.” Psalm 78:24-25.*





**JACOB LEARNS OF GOD'S LOVE**

*“And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.” Genesis 28:12.*



*Chapter Sixteen*

# *Providences in the Wilderness*

“In perils in the wilderness.”—2 *Corinthians* 11:26.

Of the children of God in olden time it is said:

“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.” Ps. 107:4-7.

How often has the Lord done this for the children of men! The story of pioneering days in missions is particularly full of His delivering providences. A path had to be found over barriers and through obstacles, but the Lord led His servants forth “by the right way.”

### **SAVED IN UNTRAVELED WILDS**

In his *Narratives of the Introduction of the Gospel Among the Baralongs*, Samuel Broadbent tells of a series of deliverances in the wilderness that he knew to be wrought by the direct interposition of an ever-watchful Providence.

A missionary party of two families was lost in the desert regions of Bechuanaland. Their cattle had been stolen, and none could be procured in the country. In fact, the country was filled with ravaging hosts of tribesmen, warring with one another and putting the mis-

sionaries in constant peril of being discovered and slain. The native drivers, brought up from the colonial country, had determined to leave the wagons and turn back. For eighteen days the party had been held together by a little water hole.

Siffonello, the Baralong chief, who had visited their camp with some of his people, had made no offer to help them on, willing as he was to have them come to his tribe. He was the chief for whom they were now searching. The only thing left was to send letters a fortnight's journey to the nearest station, to see if cattle could be secured there,—of which there was little hope,—and in the meantime the peril of the party would increase. It was the last extremity, and just here Providence intervened. The letters were being written to send back by the native helpers, who were threatening to abandon the party. Mr. Broadbent says:

“While thus engaged, some of the people present discerned at a distance some cattle, or a herd of gnus or buffaloes. As an enemy was then in the land, Siffonello closely watched their movements. It soon became evident that they drew nearer to us, and were not wild beasts, but cattle driven by men; but whether by friends or foes we knew not.

“All eyes were directed toward them. I reached for the telescope, and clearly ascertained that a number of cattle were being driven by only a few men toward us. I went to Mr. Hodgson, who was busy writing on his wagon, and said, ‘I think our oxen are coming.’ He quickly replied, ‘Impossible!’ and took no further notice, plainly intimating that he did not wish to be interrupted in his writing. So I withdrew.

“Meanwhile our wives were using the telescope on the same objects; for, owing to the form of the ground, they could be seen at a great distance. They handed

me the glass to look again; when, scanning them minutely, I first thought I discovered one of our cows, and soon observed an ox with only one horn; and I knew that one of ours had a horn broken off. I went a second time to Mr. Hodgson, and said, 'Come out of your wagon, and satisfy yourself; our cattle are come!' He came out, and saw, and exclaimed, 'Why, this is miraculous!'

"All we could learn about them was that it seemed the party who had stolen them had abandoned them, from fear, as I suppose; and some Baralongs, discovering them, and knowing from their chief's visit to us our position, had conducted them to our wagons.

"How wonderful are the ways of Providence; and how needful it often is for a missionary to 'stand still and see the salvation of God!' "

The missionary adds that even the delay by the loss of cattle was seen later to be a providence; for, had the party continued as they were going, they would have missed Siffonello, the chief who had invited them, as he and his tribe had been driven out by the invasion of the Mantatees. And the missionaries would have moved straight into the midst of 40,000 of these fierce invaders. And the exact timeliness of the return of the animals was apparent, from the fact that just then it was seen that the water hole was going dry.

All along, the party had had no fear of lack of water, as beyond, in the far distance, they saw a lake; but when they proceeded on their way; guided by Siffonello's men, they found the lake was only a mirage, and nothing but dry sand was there Mr. Broadbent says again:

"We saw the hand of God, first, in stopping our progress by permitting our cattle to be taken away. In this way, we found the people we were in search of.

Next, in restoring them in time to prevent our own people from setting off for Campbell; in sending help before all the water in the little pool was used or dried up; and in keeping our minds from fear of drouth by the appearance of plenty not far distant. He led us a way we knew not; we trusted in Him, and were not confounded! Our night of anxiety was followed by a morning of bright prospects and hope."

Just as in olden time, the Lord delivers His children still, leading them forth "by the right way." The psalmist exhorts, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

#### **HOW THE LORD INTERVENED IN TIBET**

Tibet is still "the great closed land" in missionary annals; but there are signs of a breaking down of barriers. At various points on the Indian and Chinese borders, missionaries are camping and working, awaiting the time when they can enter.

Among the pioneers in Tibetan work was Miss Annie Taylor, who died some years ago in England. With a burden on her soul for Tibet, she lived among the Tibetans on the Indian side of the border till she learned the language. Then, in 1890, she pushed over the frontier in spite of regulations,—a young woman, and alone, taking her stand on the forbidden ground by authority of the gospel commission, "Go ye into all the world." Of her first experiences, Wm. Carey says in his *Adventures in Tibet*:

"Her presence was obnoxious to the authorities; and she was ordered to leave the valley. The captain of the guard of the Dong-Kya Pass came over from the Chinese fort at Khamba-jong to settle what should be done. Finally she was moved to Tum-long; and given a room in the monastery there. But the people had been told not to sell her any food, and she found it difficult

to live. On one occasion she followed a caravan over the stony roads and eased her hunger a little, by picking up the grains of parched corn which dribbled through a small hole in one of the packs carried by a mule."

Again, in emergencies, women would secretly drop their popped corn in the roadway; and "she would pick it up like the birds of the air, thanking God for the timely supply."

Still she held on for Christ and Tibet, refusing to be driven out. At last it was determined to kill her. The *Missionary Review*, of April, 1894, tells part of the story as follows:

"The natives would ask her frequently what they were to do with her body if she died. She told them she was not going to die just then. They have, however, a custom of 'praying people dead;' and to this they resorted, taking care to help their prayers in a very effective manner. One day the chief's wife invited the stranger to eat, and prepared rice and a mixture of eggs for her. Some conversation between the women as she was eating aroused Miss Taylor's suspicion as to the eggs placed before her; and, sure enough, after she had partaken she became ill, with all the symptoms of aconite poisoning."

How she escaped has perhaps never been put in print, as Miss Taylor said little publicly of the most intimate experiences with the Lord's delivering hand. But a personal friend of hers—one of the writer's acquaintances in London, now dead—told us that Miss Taylor believed that God interposed in a miraculous way to save her from death by the poison. She felt her strength going; her heart was ceasing to act; and as she looked out, she saw a crowd gathering silently about. She knew then that she had been poisoned by

deliberate and deadly design, and that the people were gathering in curiosity to see her die.

There she was, a young woman all alone in dark Tibet; yet not alone. For there was One who has promised His messengers, "Lo, I am with you always." His angels were there; and His Spirit in that moment brought to her mind the promise, "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them." The conviction came that God would save her; and, with strength ebbing, she laid hold of that promise and asked God to verify it just then—not for her sake alone, but for Tibet's sake.

Immediately she felt the blood again tingling in her veins, the heart began working normally, her strength returned; and rising up in the strength of the Lord, she took her Tibetan Scripture portion and went out to preach Jesus and His power to save to those who had gathered to see her die.

#### **WALKING OVER A GAME TRAP**

Dr. W.H. Leslie, of the Baptist Mission at Cuillo, in the regions of the upper Kongo, near the Kwango River, tells of occasions when the food supply was exhausted. And again and again game appeared so timely and unexpectedly, that the native men said, "The Lord not only gave us meat, but delivered it at our door." Dr. Leslie wrote in the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, February, 1909:

"In many ways has the Lord manifested His care for us. Once while seeking a short cut through a bit of jungle, I passed over a hidden game pit four or five feet wide and twelve feet deep, set with sharp pointed stakes at the bottom. The dead leaves covering it were rotted and packed together by months of rain, so that it was impossible to distinguish it from the surrounding ground. Only when I returned, and the long staff I

carried pierced the covering, and I stopped with one foot on the edge, did I know of its existence. How it was passed in the going is still a mystery, as it occupied almost all the narrow opening.”

**ZINZENDORF AND THE ASSASSINS**

Count Zinzendorf, the leader of the Moravians, is said to have been the first white man to set foot in the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania. While on a visit to America in 1742, he penetrated this region with his daughter and a few companions, to open mission work among the Shawanese. Conrad Weiser, the colonial Indian interpreter, like Count Zinzendorf himself, an observer of the seventh-day Sabbath, had piloted the party to the Indian village, near the present Plymouth, and then returned, leaving them in the wilds.

After a time, the Indians, suspicious and covetous, laid a plan to assassinate the party. Of how their plan was frustrated, Charles Miner, in his *History of Wyoming*, speaks as follows:

“Zinzendorf was alone in his tent, seated upon a bundle of dry weeds which composed his bed, and engaged in writing, when the assassins approached to execute their bloody commission. It was night; and the cool air of September had rendered a small fire necessary to his comfort and convenience. A curtain, formed of a blanket and hung upon pins, was the only guard to the entrance of his tent.

“The heat of his fire had aroused a large rattlesnake which lay in the weeds not far from it; and the reptile, to enjoy it more effectually, crawled slowly into the tent and passed over one of his legs, undiscovered. Without, all was still and quiet except the gentle murmur of the river at the rapids, about a mile below.

“At this moment the Indians softly approached the door of his tent; and, slightly removing the curtain,

they contemplated the venerable man who was too deeply engaged in the subject of his thoughts to notice either their approach or the snake which lay extended before him.

“At a sight like this, even the heart of the savages shrunk from the idea of committing so horrid an act; and, quitting the spot, they hastily returned to the town and informed their companions that the Great Spirit protected the white man; for they had found him with no door but a blanket and had seen a large rattlesnake crawl over his legs without attempting to injure him. This circumstance, together with the arrival soon afterward of Conrad Weiser, procured the friendship and confidence of the Indians.”

Conrad Weiser’s timely arrival was also a direct intervention of Providence, being due to the fact that, although he was far away, attending to other duties, he was seized with the conviction that Zinzendorf was in danger; so he hastened back, and arrived just in time to assist the missionary in the crisis.

#### **FAINTING IN THE FOREST**

It was among many perils that the early Moravian missionaries pushed their way in among the Indians of the Six Nations in the early colonial times. In his *Life of Zeisberger*, De Schweinitz says that Bishop Spangenberg, Zeisberger, and two Christian Indians were returning from a visit to Onondaga, the head town of the Six Nations Confederacy. Their food had given out, and a famine through all the country had almost depopulated it. At last they reached the Susquehanna and sank down on its banks exhausted. The historian says:

“Faint and silent, the bishop and his young companions waited to see what God would do; while Shikellimy and his son, with the stoicism of their race,

resigned themselves to their fate. Presently an aged Indian emerged from the forest, sat down among them, opened his pouch, and gave them a smoked turkey. They could not but recognize in this meeting a direct interposition of their heavenly Father.”

#### **A PROVIDENTIALLY ORDERED MEETING IN AFRICAN WILDS**

It was in the days of missionary preparation in Africa that Barnabas Shaw and his wife, Wesleyan missionaries, set out from Cape Town to find a way for the gospel among the Hottentots of unknown Little Namaqualand, five hundred miles to the northward. Methodism was not in good repute in official British circles in that early time; and Shaw's efforts to do missionary work near Cape Town had met with opposition. So, praying God to guide them to the right place, the journey was begun into the wilds. How wonderfully the Lord did guide, appears in the record of the opening of Namaqualand:

“They left the Cape on the sixth of September, 1815, being accompanied to their first encampment by a few Christian friends who commended them to God in prayer and returned to their homes, trusting that the missionary's way would be directed by the Lord.

“Mr. and Mrs. Shaw had pursued their toilsome journey for nearly a month, and had crossed the Elephant River without knowing where their lot would be cast in the wilderness. On the fourth of October, by a remarkable providence, they found an opening for a suitable sphere of labor. The devoted missionary actually met with the chief of Little Namaqualand, accompanied by four of his men, on their way to Cape Town to seek for a Christian teacher, being aware of the advantages which other tribes had realized by the reception of the gospel among them.

“Both parties halted for the night. The greater part of the night was spent in religious conversation, prayer, and praise, around the evening campfire. Having heard the affecting story of these simple Africans, and being deeply impressed with the fact that the finger of God was pointing in the direction in which he ought to go, Mr. Shaw agreed to accompany the chief and his people to their mountain home in the interior, and to settle among them as their missionary.

“The party of natives who had thus gone in search of a teacher, and who had thus so unexpectedly found one, immediately turned round and retraced their steps, that they might conduct the missionary to the settlement of their tribe on Khamiesberg, rejoicing as those who have found great spoil. They reached their destination about three weeks afterward; and great was the joy of the whole community when they saw their chief and his companions returning so quickly with a missionary and his wife, who were willing to spend and be spent for their benefit.

“Mr. Shaw forthwith commenced his labors, and founded the first Wesleyan mission station in Southern Africa . . . ‘In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.’ ”—*The Missionary World Encyclopedia*, pp. 319-320.

It was after traveling three hundred miles in the uncharted wilderness that the missionary met the party that had been led to start out to find a missionary; and these seekers after light had traveled two hundred miles before this providential meeting. Surely the Lord directed. He knew of the preparation of hearts in the dark interior, and how divinely natural that the missionary and the searching party had not been allowed to miss each other in those illimitable wilds!

The story of missions reveals an overruling Provi-

dence all the way. The same Lord who sent His angel to tell Philip, "Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza," just at the right moment to meet the Ethiopian searcher for truth in olden time, has sent His angels again and again in these latter days to bring together the bearers of the light and the seekers after it, in ways that cause us to realize that there is a living God directing in His work on earth.

#### **MEETING THE HOTTENTOT HERD BOY IN THE DESERT**

The story of South African missions contributes yet another incident, showing how, in a thing most trivial in itself, God's providence was revealed and recognized to His glory. In 1827 Barnabas Shaw, accompanied by a Mr. Munting and a native, was traveling across barren regions in the northwestern part of Cape Colony. The party became bewildered and lost, and were without water. Mr. Shaw says:

"It was a trying season; and, in this dilemma, I opened my Bible and read the account of Hagar in the wilderness. This seemed to encourage us to trust in divine Providence; and we had not proceeded far when I discovered several bullocks at a distance. Our hopes were now raised. We ascended the top of a hill, hallooing as loud as we were able and waving our hats; but there was no person to answer us. And to our great sorrow, the oxen disappeared; and we saw them no more.

"This circumstance greatly depressed us; and the wilderness became more solitary than before. While thus dejected, I again saw some distant objects, which proved to be a flock of sheep and goats. By this time my strength had completely failed; and I fell to the ground, faint and helpless. My African boy, William,

was also quite exhausted. Mr. Munting, being the strongest, pushed forward till he came up with a Hottentot in charge of the flock, who informed him that the farmer's house we were seeking was at no great distance.

"The man went at once to inform his master of his discovery. The kind-hearted Boer, Mr. Engelbrecht, sent horses to convey us to his place; and we were thus mercifully delivered from our perilous position.

"When we reached the farmer's place, he exclaimed, 'It is the Lord who has wonderfully delivered you this day. In the morning, when I arose, it was my intention to send my sheep to the northward; but the Hottentot had taken them away to the southward. I therefore reserved my orders for tomorrow. But had the sheep been sent to the north, instead of the direction in which you found them, nothing could have saved you from perishing, as you were going into a country where there is no water and which is destitute of inhabitants. The Lord kept me asleep half an hour longer than usual this morning to save your lives.'

"On hearing this, Mr. Munting cried out, 'The Lord has delivered us!' And, engaged as long as he lived in the world, he kept the eighth of January as a day of thanksgiving to God; and surely I may sing with the poet,

" 'Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,  
He gently cleared my way.' "

—*The Missionary World Encyclopedia*, p. 362.

Happier, and truer far, was the simple faith of the Dutch farmer who recognized God's providence overturning his own plan for the day than the attitude of mind that shuts God and His angels and His divine providence away from human affairs, unless it may be in the great experiences.

**A CRY FOR HELP IN THE JUNGLE**

Wm. Butler, founder of the Methodist missions in India, was fleeing from Bareilly, north India, with his wife and little ones. The terrifying news of the Sepoy mutiny at Meerut and then at Delhi had come; and no time was to be lost in getting to Naini Tal, a European hill station in the Himalaya Mountains. Native bearers were engaged to carry the doolies (palanquins). In these rode Mrs. Butler, whose health was precarious, and the two children with the baggage.

They had entered the Terai, a jungle region at the foot of the mountains, "reeking with malaria, and the haunt of tigers and elephants." Dr. Butler, in his "Land of the Vedas," says:

"The rank vegetation stood in places like high walls on either side. At midnight we reached that part of it where the bearers are changed. The other palanquins had their full complement of men; but of the twenty-nine bearers for whom I paid, I could find only nine men and one torchbearer; and this, too, in such a place!

"Darkness and tigers were around us; the other palanquins were starting one after another, each with its torch to frighten away the beasts, the bearers taking advantage of the rush to extort heavy bakshish."

Rendered desperate, Dr. Butler put the two children in one palanquin with Mrs. Butler. He ran after a man with a cart, who was disappearing up the road, and compelled him to turn his bullocks and take on board their servant Ann and the little baggage they were taking in their flight. Then the doctor turned to watch the bearers start on with Mrs. Butler and the children. But not one stirred.

"They were exhausted by extra work, and might have even fairly refused to carry two children with a

lady; and to have taken either of them on the bullock cart was impossible. Delay seemed ruinous to the only plan by which I could get them on at all. If the men refused the burden and left, they would take with them, for their own protection, the only torch there was, which belonged to them; and we should have been left in darkness, exposed to the tigers and the deadly malaria . .

“It was an awful moment. For a few minutes my agony was unutterable. I thought I had done all I could; and now everything was on the brink of failure. I saw how ‘vain’ was ‘the help of man.’ And I turned aside into the dark jungle, took off my hat, and lifted my heart to God. If ever I prayed, I prayed then. I besought God, in mercy, to influence the hearts of these men and decide for me in that solemn hour. I reminded Him of the mercies that had hitherto followed us, and implored His interference in this emergency. My prayer did not last two minutes; but how much I prayed in that time!

“I put on my hat, returned to the light, and looked. I spoke not; I saw my men at once bend to the dooly [a simple litter used to transport the sick or wounded]. It rose. And off they went instantly; and they never stopped a moment, except kindly to push little Eddie in, when in his sleep he rolled so that his feet hung out.”

On they went through the dark night, on through the jungle, and out at last into the safety of the mountain passes. Dr. Butler knew that it was the Lord’s own interference that had turned the hearts of those heathen coolies when he had exhausted every human resource in vain.

“God is the refuge of His saints  
When storms of sharp distress invade.”

**HOW STANLEY MET LIVINGSTONE**

It was surely at the hour timed by Providence that Stanley met Livingstone, at Ujiji, in 1871. Rumors had come out of Africa, that the missionary explorer was dead. No confirmation of the news could be had, however; and James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, joined by the *London Daily Telegraph*, sent Stanley into the unknown interior of Africa with orders to find Livingstone.

Meanwhile Livingstone had been halted in his quest for information concerning the river systems beyond Tanganyika. The Arabs, with whom he traveled in the Manyuema country, had been so merciless in the treatment of the village people that the missionary could see no way but to leave them and turn back to his base at Ujiji. Notes from his journal show how providentially his return fitted into the progress of Stanley's search for him. The inclusion of a few "notes by the way" will add features of interest, though we are watching for the story of the providential coming of Stanley to meet Livingstone at the very place and time where he had to have help:

*July 14.* "I am distressed and perplexed what to do so as not to be foiled, but all seems against me."

*July 20.* Leaves for Ujiji.

*August 8.* Spear thrown at him by native hidden close by the path. "As they are expert with the spear, I do not know how it missed, except that he was too sure of his aim, and the good hand of God was upon me . . . Another spear was thrown." This also just missed. Then a huge tree fell across the path. Livingstone heard the crack, as it started falling, and jumped from under the falling trunk. The lower limbs had rattled off. He was near the foot of the tree; so that he

again escaped.

“Three times in one day I was delivered from impending death. My attendants, who were scattered in all directions, came running back to me, calling out, “Peace! peace! You will finish all your work in spite of these people, and in spite of everything.” Like them, I took it as an omen of good success to crown me yet, thanks to the Almighty Preserver of me.’ ”

*September 22.* “In the latter part of it [the journey back], I felt as if dying on my feet.”

*October 3.* “I read the whole Bible through four times—while I was in Manyuema.”

*October 23.* He arrived at Ujiji, his base on the northeastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, expecting to find stores and goods for barter which he had left in the care of a friendly Arab. Hope of securing comforts and necessaries from this store buoyed up his spirits on the last weary weeks of his march. But arriving, he found his rascally friend had stolen and used or sold off all the stores. He had arrived a mere “ruckle of bones;” and now he was stranded indeed. He could only say in his extremity: “I commit myself to the Almighty Disposer of events.” But his deliverance was on the way, to arrive in time. He writes:

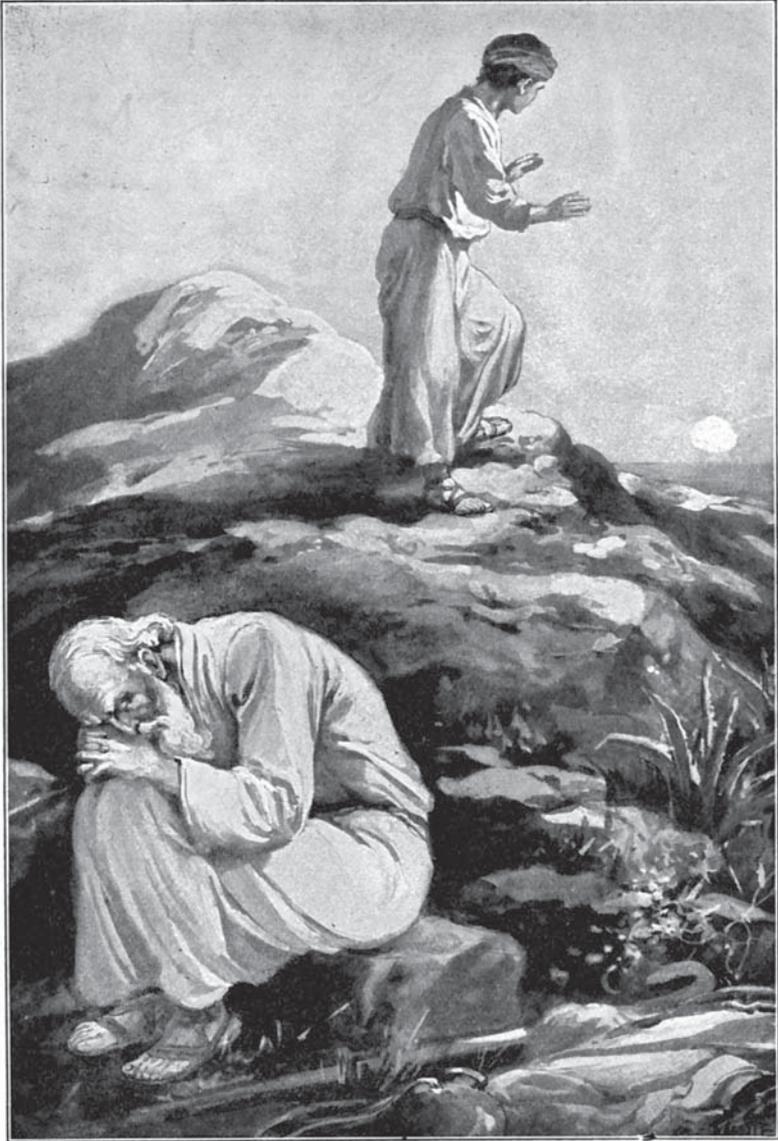
*October 24.* “I felt in my destitution as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves; but I could not hope for priest, Levite, or good Samaritan to come by on either side . . . But when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, the good Samaritan was close at hand; for one morning Susi came running, at the top of his speed, and gasped out, ‘An Englishman! I see him!’ and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of the caravan told me of the nationality of the stranger.”

“We are saved by hope.”—*Romans 8:24.*



### **THE LORD OF EARTH AND SEA**

*“He divided the sea, and caused them to pass through; and He made the waters to stand as an heap.” Psalm 78:13. “And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground: and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.” Exodus 14:22.*



### PRAYING FOR RAIN

*“And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, and said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea.” 1 Kings 18:42-43.*



*Chapter Seventeen*

# *How the Elements Worked Deliverance*

“Praise Jehovah from the earth . . . fire and hail, snow and vapor; stormy wind, fulfilling His word.”—*Psalm 148:7-8, A.R.V.*

Acting on no mere impulse of his own, but under the direction of the Spirit, Elijah prayed God for the rain which should assure the people of Israel that Jehovah, and not Baal, was the true God and the Giver of every good gift.

### **PRAYING FOR RAIN TO THE GOD OF ELIJAH**

Some years ago, on the African Kongo, a missionary band was driven to ask the God of Elijah for another such sign.

It is not that the human agent can command the Lord, or expect the Almighty to act upon man's suggestion. That would be merest presumption. Faith must always say, with the Author of faith, “Nevertheless not my will, but Thine, be done.” But oftentimes, in the conflict between truth and error in the dark places of the earth, the missionary has been put where the Spirit of God manifestly indicated the preferring of requests for divine interventions which should show to darkened minds that there is indeed a living God in the heavens who can do things on earth.

### **THE HEATHEN DANCED FOR RAIN**

In her book, *On the Congo*, Mrs. Fanny E. Guinness

tells of a time of threatening famine in the villages. The rainy season was passing, but there was no rain. The missionary one evening heard unusual drum-beating in the villages.

“He asked what it meant, and was told that the people were to assemble that night and dance for rain.

“The missionary said to the lad, ‘But you know that will not bring rain, don’t you?’

“ ‘O yes, teacher, it will.’

“ ‘Nonsense! How can beating a drum and dancing make the rain fall? If God wants it to rain, it will; but not otherwise.’

“ ‘Ah, well, teacher, you will see. Just notice now if it does not rain before tomorrow morning.’ ”

Everything looked dark to the missionary. Even the mission boys were under the spell of primitive superstition. “O God,” groaned the missionary, “forbid that Thy rain should fall in apparent response to the invocation of devils.” That night passed, and many nights; still no rain fell. Suspicion grew in the native minds that the missionary was driving away the rain god. What the missionary had said to the school lad came to the ears of the king, who sent word that the people believed the missionary was responsible for the withholding of rain.

#### **THE KING’S CHALLENGE**

“The missionary replied that it was not he, but the people themselves.

“ ‘How is that?’

“ ‘Just this way: God owns all the clouds; for He made them. Season by season He has sent the rain to you unasked, and you have had plenty to eat in all your towns. But who among you have ever once thanked Him? Instead of doing that, you have done that which He abominates, in praising and thanking

your rain fetish.'

" 'What then shall we do, white man?'

"Here was a most practical question. How ought it to be answered? There seemed to be but one way; and that was to take up the challenge of the heathen chief in God's name.

" 'Tell Kangampaka,' replied the missionary, 'to appoint a day for all the people to come together, and wait upon God to give them rain; and if they come to Him with sincere hearts, and put away their fetishes, He will hear them.'

"The answer came back very soon: 'The words of the white man are good. The king appoints tomorrow.'

"The morrow came, and the people flocked in large numbers to the little church, which was full to overflowing. Chiefs and people from all the adjacent towns were there. After some exhortation, prayer was offered and the people dispersed.

"All through the rest of that day, the missionaries agonized in prayer to God. Toward evening the answer seemed to be at hand; for thick, black clouds rolled overhead. But, alas, they dispersed again.

"It was a sore trial of faith; but still they prayed on, and gave the Lord no rest. Through that night they watched and prayed. And, before dawn of the next day, the clouds came overhead again; and, this time, they did not disperse until a glorious, refreshing shower had fallen upon the thirsty land."

Material mercies alone are insufficient. It was not long until the rain dances were on again in the villages. But many hearts had received a conviction of the true God; and the missionaries, in their isolation and helplessness before the walls of heathen superstition, knew that God had sent them a sign that He was within sound of their cry, to help and to deliver.

**FUGITIVE HUGUENOTS DELIVERED**

The leaders of the French Huguenots, the Prince of Conde, and the famous Admiral Coligny, had been warned of a plot of the Catholics to seize them. Hastily preparing for flight, they set out from Paris with their families and a band of friends, making for La Rochelle, three hundred miles distant. Soon their enemies were pressing upon them, and there were dangers on every tide. Wylie says:

“An incident which befell them by the way touched their hearts deeply, as showing the hand of God. Before them was the Loire, a broad and rapid river. The bridges were watched. How were they to cross? A friendly guide, to whom the bypaths and fords were known, conducted them to the river’s banks opposite Sancerre; and at that point the company, amounting to nearly two hundred persons, crossed without inconvenience or risk. They all went over singing the psalm, ‘When Israel went out of Egypt.’

“Two hours after, the heavens blackened, and the rain fell in torrents. The waters of the Loire, which a little before had risen only to their horses’ knees, were now swollen, and had become impassable. In a little while they saw their pursuers arrive on the farther side of the river; but their progress was stayed by the deep and angry flood, to which they dared not commit themselves.

“ ‘Escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers,’ the company of Coligny exchanged looks of silent gratitude with one another. What remained of their way was gone; with lighter heart and nimbler foot, they felt, although they could not see, the Almighty escort that covered them. And so, journeying on, they came at last safely to La Rochelle.”—*History of Protestantism, book 17, chap. 11.*

**WITNESS OF THE FORSAKEN IDOL TREE**

A forsaken tree shrine, in the wilds of the Shangani River country, bears witness to the God who sends His rain upon the just and the unjust. When a mission outstation was planted in this region, the ground beneath that idol tree was beaten bare by the feet of the worshipers. Now the grass grows rank about the shrine.

"Tell us about it," the writer, visiting Matabeleland, said to Missionary John de Beer, who was the first to go into that region with the gospel. "Well," he replied, "that experience brought courage to our hearts in the beginning of the work here." And this is the story:

"It was a very dark place; and it seemed hard to win the hearts of the people. We told them of the true God, but they still came to this tree to pray to the spirit that they supposed dwelt in it. One day there was a great crowd at the tree, and evidently some unusual worship in progress.

" 'What are they doing?' I asked my head native teacher.

" 'They are praying to the tree for rain,' he said; and he added: 'Now that they see rain in the sky, they have come to ask the tree-spirit to send rain; and if it comes, they will say the tree gave them the rain.'

"True, it did look like rain; we ourselves had prepared for the expected shower that very morning. The sky was dark and overcast.

"It seemed to come to my heart, however, that God, in His mercy, would give a sign to those poor people to turn their hearts toward the truth. 'The Lord may take away all the clouds to prove that He is the true and living God,' I said to the teacher. And we had a season of prayer, asking God to bear a witness to those darkened hearts gathered about the tree.

“Shortly the mission boys said: ‘Mfundisi [teacher], you were right; the Lord has taken all the clouds away.’ I felt in my soul that truly the Lord was bearing witness to the people.

“Next Sabbath nearly all these people came to the meeting, which was held under a big tree near the mission. I made a special effort to point them to the Creator, who had made all things. I told them that He it was who sent rain and gave all the gifts of life; and that He only could hear us when we pray.

“Rain was badly needed; and we knew that the people expected now that we would pray to God for rain to come. We were fairly driven to it by the situation. So we were led to pray to God to send us the rain if it was for our good and to His glory. I shall never forget that meeting. I noticed that numbers of the heathen took a deep interest in what was said. ‘We should be glad to know of a God who could do these things,’ some said. It was an impressive hour in our new mission.

“There were no clouds in the sky as we gathered for the meeting, no signs of rain; but, while we were gathered, the clouds began to come up. And two or three hours after the meeting, there came a very heavy shower.

“The next morning the headmen came to the mission and said: ‘It is true, there is a God in heaven. You have brought us the news. Now we believe it, because we can see what He has done.’

“There was a new interest in our meetings, and the people began to forsake the idol tree. They said to me: ‘Mfundisi, we have said salaguhla [good-by] to the tree.’ And now the grass has grown up about it. It is a witness to the true God. And some of those people have been baptized.”

Thus still, as of old, the living God is bearing witness to those who are in heathen darkness.

### **THE WALL OF PROTECTION**

There is a story of faith and trust told of the stormy days of the early Napoleonic Wars. The province of Schleswig, on the southern shores of the Baltic, was then a part of Denmark. Denmark's relationship with Napoleon brought the displeasure of the allies; and a hostile army from Sweden and Russia entered Schleswig.

On the road between Stralsund and the city of Schleswig, capital of the province, the invaders wrought desolation in the villages as they passed through. In one village on the highway, the widow Bertha Schmidt watched in her cottage, with her grandson Karl and his bride. They had barricaded the cottage door within, but it was feeble protection against attack. At any moment the advancing host was expected.

It was a wintry night in January. The story of prayer and trust and the answer from the Lord is thus told by an English writer:

"The aged widow sat with her eyes fastened upon her Bible. She raised her eyes; and, with a bright countenance, she repeated these lines:

" 'Round us a wall our God shall rear, and our proud  
foes shall quail with fear.' "

" 'What! dear mother,' replied Karl, 'is your faith as strong as that? Do you really expect God will build a wall around our poor hut, strong and high enough to keep out an army?'

" 'Has not my son read,' replied the mother, 'that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father?'

"Karl made no reply; and the little family sank again into silence.

"Just at midnight there was a lull in the storm, and

they heard the great clock striking the hour of twelve. At the same moment the faint sound of martial music caught their watchful ears. The fatal time had apparently come. They drew closer together; and, as the aged mother returned the pressure of the son's hand, she again repeated:

“ ‘Round us a wall our God shall rear,  
And our proud foes shall quail with fear.’ ”

“The music drew nearer, mingled with a confused sound of tramping and shouting. Soon shrieks were heard; and the crackling of flames told that the work of destruction was going on. But no hostile foot invaded the widow's dwelling; it stood quiet and unharmed amid the uproar, as if angels were encamping round it.

“At length the tumult died away, the storm ceased, and a deathlike silence fell upon the scene.”

After waiting till the morning hours, and marveling at the strange silence, Karl at last opened one of the shutters; and the cause of the silence was explained. The snow had piled high around the cottage, completely encircling it with a drift. The snowy wall of white had shut them in, covering the cottage from sight and from danger. The trusting mother said, “Faithful is He who hath promised: He also hath done it.”

Years ago the foregoing story was told in pleasing form by Gertrude H. Linnell, in the poem”:

*The Cottage Near Schleswig*

“Far beyond the walls of Schleswig  
Many a lonely cottage stands,  
Helpless when the fierce invaders  
Sweep across the open lands.  
In the pause between the battles,  
Friendly Danes no longer near,  
Angry hordes of Swedes and Russians

Fill each anxious heart with fear,  
As they onward press toward Schleswig,  
Past a cottage, lone and drear.

“Far from Schleswig, in that cottage.  
Hear the pious mother sing:  
‘Lord, with Thee is peace and safety,  
All my fears to Thee I bring.’  
But the grandson laughs: ‘Good Mother,  
That a poor defense will prove!’  
Youth, that has seen less of sorrow,  
Has not learned the trust of love.  
‘Build, dear Lord, a wall around us,’  
Is the mother’s earnest prayer;

“ ‘All our foes will fear before us,  
Guarded by Thy loving care.’  
But the grandson laughs: ‘Good Mother,  
That is not so quickly done!  
Can He build a wall around us  
Ere the setting of the sun?’  
‘Build, dear Lord, a wall around us,’  
Still the pious mother sung.

“ ‘Ah! my child, my trust is truer.  
If it be the dear Lord’s will,  
He can build a wall around us;  
All His words He can fulfill!’  
Near and nearer came the foemen!  
Beat of drum and trumpet’s blare,  
Tramp of horse and roll of cannon  
Fill the frosty evening air.  
‘Build, dear Lord, a wall around us,’  
Is the pious mother’s prayer.

“All around are shouts of terror  
And the Russians fiercer cry,  
As they sweep resistless onward,  
But this cottage pass they by.  
‘Hush thy song! It will betray us!’  
Cries the grandson, pale with fear.  
All night long the tramp of footsteps

Passing, passing, still they hear.  
 'Build, dear Lord, a wall around us,'  
 Sings the mother, low and clear.

"Fierce all night the north wind rages,  
 Cold the snowflakes that it brings.  
 'Children, close the window shutters;  
 Trust and hope,' the mother sings.  
 But the snowflakes falling, drifting,  
 Only bring another fear;  
 For the Cossacks on their sledges,  
 Cursing, shouting, now draw near.  
 'Build, dear Lord, a wall around us,'  
 Is the pious mother's prayer.

" 'Build, dear Lord, a wall around us,' "  
 Sings she softly all the night.  
 In the morning all is quiet;  
 'Look, my son, if all be right!'  
 At the door—ah! what a wonder!  
 See a wall most steep and fair!  
 All night long the snow had drifted  
 Till the hut was buried there.  
 'Build, dear Lord, a wall around us,'  
 Was the pious mother's prayer.

"Said the grandson, 'Yes, dear mother,  
 The good Lord has heard your prayer;  
 He has built a wall around us;  
 We can trust His loving care!'  
 In the fifth night of the year,  
 Only forty years ago,  
 Was the cottage thus defended  
 By the wondrous wall of snow.  
 'Build, dear Lord, a wall around us!'  
 Sang the mother, soft and low."

#### **A SOLDIER'S PETITION CARRIED BY THE WIND**

Shortly after the opening of the Great War, in 1914, as Spain increased its forces, a young Spaniard who was called to the colors had an experience that illustrates the promise of the text, "Before they call, I will

answer;" and a gust of wind was the agency in bringing him a quick answer to prayer.

This young soldier was a Sabbathkeeper, a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church; and he found many a perplexity in trying to perform the duties assigned and still be true to his faith regarding the Sabbath. His experience was reported by Dr. P.A. de Forest, of the Gland (Switzerland) Sanitarium, who visited Spain not long after this incident took place:

"He betook himself to prayer, intending shortly to petition his captain for release from military exercises on God's holy day. He was in the act of writing a letter to one of his brethren in his home church, asking that the church unite in prayer in his behalf; so that he might have liberty to follow the dictates of his conscience, when he was suddenly called out of his tent to inspection. The wind was blowing at the time; and, when he came back, his letter had been whisked away and was not to be found. In searching for it, he passed by the tent of his captain, which was situated but a little distance from his; and, to his surprise, he was called in and told that his desire to have the Sabbath free was granted. The officer was very friendly, and appeared interested in knowing more about the truths our brother professed; and then he told him that he had found his unfinished letter, which the wind had deposited at the door of his tent. He had read it and was impressed to grant him his request immediately."

#### **A PROVIDENTIAL GALE**

"Stormy wind fulfilling His word," bringing the protection for which they prayed,—that was the experience of one missionary family in the pioneering days of African missions. It was in Durban that Mrs. Blaine told the writer this story of the deliverance that came to her father and mother, when fleeing from natives

on the warpath. She said:

“When I was two years old, the natives had risen, and every one had to flee. My father and mother fled from the mission to a fort. The military said: ‘You would better take your wife and children to another place. We are so few here that we fear we may not be able to hold out.’

“When it was dark, my father put my mother and myself and sister into a wagon, and started to find a place of safety.

“As the wagon jolted on, the driver urging the oxen to make their best time, we met the native *impi*, or war party, traveling toward the fort. My father and mother could see and hear the *impi* passing along one side, men with their assagais all about; but the natives did not see us!

“Our driver could not urge the oxen on, for fear of making a noise. The lead boy walked on one side, and Father on the other; and they whispered to the cattle, to urge them on, while every moment it seemed the passing natives must hear the noise of our wagon.

“But suddenly a gale arose, a furious wind that made a roaring noise that drowned all other sounds and made the night darker yet. Thanking God for the covering protection that this meant to his family, my father urged on the oxen, passed safely by the war party, and reached the place of refuge.”

#### **THE FLASH OF LIGHTNING**

Traveling by night over the wilds of the Lake Titicaca region, Pastor F.A. Stahl found his Indian guide going uncertainly. The missionary had been called to visit a sick child over the mountains from the mission station of the Seventh-day Adventists on the lake.

“ ‘Have you lost your way?’ the missionary demanded.

“ ‘Yes; the rains have washed out the path,’ said the Indian.

“ ‘Let me go ahead, then,’ said the missionary.

“The missionary urged on his horse, trying to keep the direction in the darkness of the wild night.

“ ‘Suddenly,’ he said, ‘a flash of lightning blazed out, lighting up everything; and I saw just a yard or two ahead of the horse a sheer precipice. I reined the animal back and stopped on the edge of a chasm hundreds of feet deep, and thanked God for that flash of light in the darkness.’ ”

“The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy, He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing.”

—*Zephaniah 3:17*

“Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in His commandments.”

—*Psalms 112:1*

“The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom; and before honour is humility.”

—*Proverbs 15:33*

“Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect unto to recompense of the reward.”

—*Hebrews 11:26*

“If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.”

—*John 15:7*

“If a man love Me, he will keep My words: and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him.”

—*John 14:23*

“Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.”

—*Psalms 41:1*



**PAUL ATTACKED BY AN ANGRY MOB**

*“But the Jews which believed not, moved with envy, took unto them certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, and gathered a company, and set all the city on an uproar.” Acts 17:5.*



*Chapter Eighteen*

# *Delivered from Violent Heathen*

“In perils by the heathen.”—2 Corinthians 11:26.

## **THE RESTRAINING HAND IN THE SOUTH SEAS**

Someone has said that the record of early missionary achievement in the South Seas should be written in letters of starlight. Wonderful transformations were wrought in those island fields by the power of the gospel. Again and again the hand of God was stretched forth to save His servants from enemies who could not understand why they were powerless to carry out their savage purposes.

Mission work in Aneityum, in the New Hebrides, was begun by native teachers in the early forties. One of them has told, in his simple way, how God delivered him and his associates while on a visit to the heathen in the inland districts. They were met in the forest by a party of warriors with clubs and spears. The account continues:

They said that they had heard of us; they well-knew what we were trying to do; they knew that their gods were as true as ours. And that they were come out to kill us.

“One of our party, who well-knew their language, told us they were quite sincere in their intentions, and inquired what we should do. ‘Shall we fight with them,’

he asked, 'and thus try to defend ourselves?' To which I replied, 'No, friend; let us do nothing. Let not our hands be upon them. God is with us; let us trust in Him, and He will either save us out of their hands or strengthen us to bear the trouble.'

"While we were thus talking, some of the heathen party ran upon us, five or six of them upon each of us. Only one of our party made any resistance; the other two sat still upon the ground. The heathen soon became afraid; they were as children, yea, like dead men before us. Being thus left uninjured, we praised God, and proceeded on our journey.

"God's power and love were with us that day. We thought of His word, 'He is a present help in trouble.' He was our refuge and shield. He alone is God; there is none else."—*Gems from the Coral Islands, Gill.*

In those same days some Rarotongan teachers were set ashore on Efate, in the New Hebrides. Some time before, wicked sailors had robbed and killed some of the islanders; and, in retaliation, a party of twenty-one stranded sailors had shortly before been killed and eaten. But for the love of souls the teachers were willing to be left among these savages. Gill's account tells of opposition that quickly developed:

"Determined to prevent the further spread of the 'new religion,' thirty armed savage warriors came from a distant settlement in the bay, to the place where the teachers resided; and, in company with a few of the most daring there, they determined to put an end to their lives. They were as lambs among wolves, but an invisible hand was their defense; and not a hair of their head was then injured. For many days the warriors continued their schemes and experiments to strike the fatal blow, but all without success; and they returned home, declaring it a wonderful thing, and as

an evidence of a power that they could not understand, that the teachers, without weapons, should escape from their hands.

“Again and again these wicked men came in contact with the teachers; more than once they actually raised their hatchets, but their arms were restrained. They trembled and could not strike.

“Some time after, another party from another district set out on the same bloody errand and determined that they would not suffer a defeat, as their neighbors had done. Many canoes were ‘fitted out, in which not less than sixty of the most savage of heathen warriors set off on their murderous expedition. Could we have seen them skirting the shores, passing quickly along to the spot of their expected conquest, we should have heard their profane war song, already chorused with shouts of victory; we should have seen them whirling their paddles and their spears in the air, dancing about, as the limits of the canoe admitted, with diabolical fury, as their bloodthirsty desires seemed even already gratified . .

“But God was near to save. The party had not proceeded more than two thirds of their journey before they were overtaken by a storm; their canoes were dashed in pieces, and the whole company returned to their homes, more unsuccessful and more humbled than those who had gone before.”

The scene shifts to New Caledonia. Teachers were settled upon the island, and converts were increasing. Chief Mathuku, of the neighboring Isle of Pines, or Kunie, one of the wildest and most powerful chiefs in Polynesia, had again and again sent word to New Caledonia that the Christians must be driven out. Finally he sent the message, “If you do not kill the teachers, I will come and kill them, and you too.” He came

with canoes full of warriors. Taunga, the leading teacher, wrote:

“The people of our settlement wished us to flee to the mountains and hide ourselves; but we said, ‘No; Jesus is our mountain; and we will fly to Him.’

“On the day appointed, it was arranged that nine or ten of the heathen savages should come to the teachers’ house and commence an angry discussion about the resurrection of the dead.

“As the discussion advanced, one of the party, pointing to some graves near, demanded of the teachers in an angry tone of voice, ‘When will these men live again?’

“With mingled positiveness and kindness, the teachers replied, ‘They will live again at the end of the world. Jesus, the Son of God, will come, and all who have lived will live again, and will be judged. Those who love Him will then live with Him in heaven forever; but those who love Him not will live in everlasting fire.’

“ ‘By this we know you are deceivers,’ rejoined the heathen; ‘and we are going to kill you.’

“Upon this four men rushed forward, armed with hatchets; and one of them seized Noa’s right arm in his left hand, and raised his hatchet to strike the fatal blow. Another stood behind Taunga with his weapon over the head of his intended victim. The teachers bowed their heads and calmly resigned themselves into the hands of God. All was ready. It was as though the deed was already done. But strange to relate, the man at whose nod the hatchets were to fall, silently signified, ‘Not yet;’ and the solemn crisis turned in favor of the devoted teachers. A positive, yet unseen Power was there.

“The company dispersed; and the ‘men of Jehovah’ were left under the experience of emotions similar to those of him who said in former days, ‘Now I

know that God hath sent His angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod.' ”—*Idem*.

No wonder these faithful converts to Christianity, who placed their lives in daily jeopardy for the love of Jesus, came to know that their God Jehovah was able to deliver. “He alone is God,” they said; “there is none else.”

#### **DELIVERANCE IN THE NICOBARS**

A century ago, when the Danish authorities were administering the Nicobar Islands, East Indies, they found great difficulty in keeping civil officers in charge, owing to the deadly climate. On this account they asked John Haensel, a Moravian missionary in the islands, to act as official resident on the island of Nancowry, knowing that the Moravian missionaries always held to their posts to the last extremity.

The native islanders were friendly, but Malay robbers from the coast often raided and robbed along the islands. Suffering the want of many things, and in peril by robbers, the missionaries, Haensel says, cast themselves upon God and felt His special protection round about them.

On one occasion a Malay robber chief, with canoes filled with savage warriors, had stolen property of the Danish government at Nancowry; and Haensel had told him he would have to report it if the property was not returned. The chief, or *nicata*, became violently angry, and gave it out that dead men made no reports. Haensel says:

“The natives assured me that it was his intention to kill me, but that they would stay with me for my defense. I replied that though I thanked them for their kindness, yet they, as well as we, were much too weak to withstand the diabolical influence which actuated these murderous people; but that our hope and trust

was in God our Saviour, who was infinitely more powerful than the devil.”

Late that night Haensel heard a call from without, and opened his door. He continues:

“I was not a little alarmed to see a great number of Malays surrounding the entrance. I cried silently to the Lord to protect us against their evil designs; but though my fears were great, I assumed an authoritative air, keeping my station in the doorway, as if determined not to let them enter. The foremost, however, pushed in; and now the *nicata* himself came up. He treacherously held out his hand; but on my offering him mine, he grasped it firmly and dragged me with him into the house. The Malays immediately filled all the chairs, and I stood before them.

“I had no other hope but in the mercy of God, to whom I sighed for help in this trying moment . . . Though I preserved a firm and undaunted appearance, I cannot describe my feelings; for I expected immediately to be sacrificed to their fury . . . Some of them even drew their daggers and showed how they were tipped with poison. They looked, indeed, more like a host of devils than a company of human creatures.

“On a sudden they all jumped up and seemed to rush upon me. I commended my soul to the Lord, and called upon Him for deliverance, awaiting the issue in silence, when, to my surprise, they quitted the room, one by one, and left me standing alone, in astonishment at their conduct. I shall never forget the dreadful scene, and think of it at this moment with shuddering. As soon as they were all gone and I found myself in safety, and fell on my knees, I with tears gave thanks to God my Saviour, who had heard my prayers and rescued me out of the hands of these savages.”—*Letters on the Nicobar Islands*.

Next morning the *nicata*'s canoes were at Trincut, miles away. "The people [of Trincut] told us afterward," wrote Haensel, "that the *nicata* said that the Danish resident at Nancowry was 'a very great sorcerer; for he had tied their hands and they could do nothing with him.' It was not I who tied their hands, but God."

#### **DELIVERED FROM THE BASUTO RAIDERS**

While visiting some South African missions, the writer met the daughter of one of the pioneer missionary families of Africa—Mother Jeffrey, mother of E.W.H. Jeffrey, superintendent of the Seventh-day Adventist Kafirland Missions. Mother Jeffrey could tell many a story of the early days of African missions. Her father was William Shepstone, of the Wesleyan Society, one of those men of God whose work on the frontiers, in the early colonial times, forms a bright chapter in the history of South Africa.

One providence of those times was recounted by Mother Jeffrey. We reproduce the story from notes of her narrative:

"My father had a station near the border of Basutoland. Trouble had broken out, and the Basutos were trying to drive back the white settlers. My father was active in working for peace. Sekonyele, chief of one party of the Basutos, said to his chiefs, 'We must kill the missionary first. We shall never get on until we have driven out the mission. Then we shall be able to do something.'

"Everything was prepared for the raid upon the mission station. Friendly Basutos brought word to my father, that he and his family must flee for their lives, as that day the war party was coming to kill them.

"But the missionary could not flee. Even that very day a little girl had been born to the mission family. The mother could not travel. They could not escape

by flight. All the missionary could do was to put his family under the protection of God and await His merciful providences.

“That afternoon the Basutos came over the border, riding down upon the mission. But as they rode on, Sekonyele’s horse fell. It was pulled up, but stumbled again and again. And many of the horses of the war party kept falling and stumbling as they tried to come along. So remarkable and unusual was it that Sekonyele became afraid. He called to his chiefs, saying, ‘The great God is against us today. It is not good to try to kill this missionary. Let us go back.’ And he called off his people; and back the war party swept, over the border again, into Basutoland. The missionary family was saved.

“A little time afterward, the chief said to my father: ‘Your God protected you that day. We would have killed every man, woman, and child when we came if we had been able to reach you then. Your God surely helped you.’

“Then the Basutos learned why it was that my father and mother could not flee from them at the time—that the birth of the baby girl had held them at the mission. They were so convinced that God had turned them back on account of this, that they gave a name to the girl, after their own custom. They called her Ma-Sekonyele, that is, the mother of Sekonyele; ‘for,’ they said, ‘this baby was Sekonyele’s mother that day. She would not let him come, and turned him back. She shall be called Ma-Sekonyele.’

“So my father and mother knew that God had indeed protected them in their helplessness; they had borne a witness to those wild Basutos, that He was with the missionaries.”

And to us this story bears witness yet again to the

reality of the ministry of heavenly angels in these modern times, and to the ever-watchful providence of the living God.

### **ONE STORY OF THE BOXER UPRISING**

The story of the Boxer uprising in China, in 1900, supplies instances of the signal deliverance of Christian workers in peril from the heathen. One of the most striking of many similar experiences was that of a little company that fell into the hands of the Boxers after fleeing to the mountains of Chihli. They were dragged mercilessly to and fro by their captors.

“On seven successive occasions the Boxers determined to put them to death. But their time was not yet; each time it was prevented until at length their captors said, ‘These people live a charmed life; we cannot kill them. We had better let them go.’ ”

Finally it was determined that no further respite should be allowed. There was none to stay their hand, thought the blood-maddened mob, and why should they be so held back from carrying out their purpose? Made weary and perhaps superstitious by the difficulty already experienced in trying to kill their victims, it was determined to adopt a method that would insure success. The small party were sent on a boat down the river, with a guard, under secret orders that all were to be slain in a secluded spot where no blame could ever after be attached to any particular city or authority.

“As they floated down the stream, the callous soldiers sharpened their swords before the eyes of their victims. Remonstrance was useless. The boat was brought to anchor, and they were told to go ashore.

“Mr. Green, carrying baby John in his arms, left the boat first, in order to help the ladies ashore; and little five-year-old Vera and the ladies followed. When

they reached the bank, Mr. Green turned and gave the captain of the boat a bow in Chinese style, saying, as he did so, 'Thank you, sir.' Little Vera then crossed her hands; and, making the captain a charming bow (like a little Chinese lady), she repeated her father's words and said, 'Thank you, sir.'

"All this was too much for the burly captain. He turned to his men, and said, 'Look here, men, we cannot kill these people; we had better leave them alone.' And he sprang on his boat and called off his followers. Again the missionaries were saved.

"At last God raised up a friend in a Chinese gentleman who, after secretly conveying a message of sympathy to them, announced his plan and good wishes, went down to Tientsin and brought a rescue party, by whom, at last, they were escorted to the coast."

#### **DELIVERANCES IN PONDOLAND**

While visiting missions in Africa, the writer met a member of an old missionary family, who told of experiences that her grandfather had in Pondoland, the region near the coast where the borders of Natal and the Cape Province meet. Her grandfather was Mr. Tainton, of Bristol, one of the pioneer missionaries of South Africa. Mrs. Blaine said:

"There was a terrible drouth. Chief Faku said: 'You say there is a God in heaven, a great God. Then why don't you ask Him to send us rain?'

" 'You are a chief of the Pondos,' the missionary replied. 'If the chief wants rain, I think he ought to come with all his people and humble themselves before God, repenting of evil deeds.'

" 'I will do it,' said Faku; 'what day shall I come?'

"The day was set. Faku came to the mission, with a great company of his men. For three days there was instruction and partial fasting; and much prayer was

offered before God, especially on the last day of the meeting. When the prayer season was closed, Mr. Tainton said, 'Look there! Faku, what do you see?'

" 'I see a little black cloud.'

" 'Well, you must hurry home as fast as you can, or you will be drenched.'

" 'I don't care if I am,' said Faku.

"Before the people got halfway to their homes, the rain was pouring down; and sure enough, they were all drenched. Faku said: 'There is a God in heaven.' And he later confessed himself a believer in Christ.

"After these times, a tribe from Natal came down into Pondoland to 'eat them all up.' Faku came to my grandfather in deep distress.

" 'We are not prepared for war,' he said. 'What are we to do? We shall be wiped off the earth.'

" 'Faku,' said the missionary, 'do you remember what God did when you prayed for rain?'

" 'Yes,' said the chief.

" 'Well, come again with your people; and humble yourselves, and ask the Lord to save you out of the hands of the enemy. The Lord who saved His people from the hands of the Assyrians, may be implored to save you now. What He did for Israel He can do for you, if it is to His glory.'

"So they came up to the mission; and they fasted and prayed for deliverance.

" 'They are now but two days' journey from our villages,' said Faku to the missionary, as messengers came in with the news.

"But you have prayed to God to save you,' said the missionary.

"After two days, Mr. Tainton said to Faku: 'Where are your enemies? Two days have passed, and we hear nothing of them.'

“So Faku sent out some men to search for the enemy. After several days’ searching, they found their enemies, a large *impi* of warriors, lying dead in their camp in a forest. Some disease, it was decided, had broken out suddenly among them; and they had perished together. But however it was, Faku thanked God that He had heard the cry of His people and sent deliverance.”

#### HELP AT THE INSTANT IN FORMOSA

In the opening of work in Formosa, that great island off the coast of China, George L. Mackay, one of the missionary pioneers, met determined opposition. In Marion Keith’s book, *The Black-Bearded Barbarian* (the name by which Mackay was known), we are told how the way was providentially opened to establish work in the city of Banka, the Gibraltar of heathenism in Formosa. Not even a foreign merchant was allowed there. Mackay longed to enter. Twice he had been driven out; no one would consider renting him the smallest room. But apparently there was just one man in the city whose heart had been turned. Mackay and his helper, A. Hoa, “stumbled” upon him on a dark night.

“As they turned a dark corner and plunged into another black street, they met an old man hobbling with the aid of a staff over the uneven stones of the pavement. Mackay spoke to him politely, and asked if he could tell him of anyone who would rent a house. ‘We want to do mission work,’ he added, feeling that he must not get anything under false pretenses.

“The old man nodded, ‘Yes, I can rent you my place,’ he answered readily. ‘Come with me.’

“Full of amazement and gratitude, the two adventurers groped their way after him, stumbling over stones and heaps of rubbish.”

The rooms were old and dilapidated, and dirty; but with joy and thankfulness Mackay paid the money for the lease, and the old man disappeared into the night. They were in Banka at last! But what would the morning bring? The story continues:

“As soon as morning came, the little army in the midst of the hostile camp hoisted its banner. When the citizens of Banka awoke, they found on the door of the hut the hated sign, in large Chinese characters, ‘Jesus Temple.’

“In less than an hour the street in front of it was thronged with a shouting crowd. Before the day was passed, the news spread; and the whole city was in an uproar. By the next afternoon, the excitement had reached white heat; and a wild crowd of men came roaring down the street. They hurled themselves at the little house, where the missionaries were waiting, and literally tore it to splinters. The screams of rage and triumph were so horrible that they reminded Mackay of the savage yells of the headhunters.

“When the mob leaped upon the roof and tore it off, the two hunted men slipped out through a side door and across the street, into an inn. The crowd instantly attacked it, smashing doors, ripping the tiles off the roof, and uttering such blood-thirsty howls that they resembled wild beasts far more than human beings. The landlord ordered the missionaries out to where the mob was waiting to tear them limb from limb.

“It was an awful moment. To go out was instant death; to remain merely put off the end a few moments. Mackay, knowing his source of help, sent up a desperate prayer to his Father in heaven.

“Suddenly there was a strange lull in the street outside. The yells ceased; the crashing of tiles stopped.

The door opened; and there, in his sedan-chair of state, surrounded by his bodyguard, appeared the Chinese mandarin. And just behind him—blessed sight to the eyes of Kai Bok-su [the Chinese name for Mackay] —Mr. Scott, the British consul of Tamsuil!

“The mandarin asked the consul to send the missionary out of the city. ‘The consul said he had no such authority; but that the mandarin must protect British subjects in Banka. The mandarin ordered the people to let the mission alone. The victory was won; and the work continued.’”

#### **GETTING BACK THE CAPTIVES**

In his book, *New Acts of the Apostles*, Dr. A.T. Pierson reports the following story of deliverance in the wilds of Burma:

“A company of Breeks, a low, fierce tribe of Karens, made a raid on a Christian village; they carried off, as captives, two boys and a girl. They said: ‘Now we will see; if the Christians’ God delivers these captives out of our hand, we will believe in Him and all of us become Christians; but if their God cannot deliver them, we will go over and take more captives.’

“Just at this juncture Dr. Bunker arrived at the village, where all had been praying for help. They quickly told him; and he said, ‘Well, this is a case of God versus the devil.’ And he felt strong to say, ‘God will deliver them; keep on praying.’

“He sent a message, demanding the release of the captives. He got word back, ‘Come on; get them if you can. We have guns.’

“He sent them what he called his ultimatum: ‘If you do not deliver up those captives, we will leave you in the hands of our God, who can and will deal with you.’

“Meanwhile he and the Christians prayed mightily.

His messengers met the Breeks on the road, bringing back one of the captives. He then selected one of his preachers and fourteen followers to go unarmed for the other two.

“When they got to the village, they did not say a word to any of the tribe, but planted themselves in the road. The preacher took out his hymn book and read a hymn, which they sang; then he read a portion of Scripture and preached, then prayed. By that time, the villagers brought the other captives to them and said, ‘Now take them all, and be gone.’ ”—*New Acts of the Apostles, p. 311.*

“They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses.”

—*Psalm 107:19*

“Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit . . . He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing.”

—*John 15:2, 5*

“Truly God is good . . . even to such as are of a clean heart.”

—*Psalm 73:1*

“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

—*Psalm 126:5-6*

“Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.”

—*Revelation 22:14*

“O taste and see that the Lord is good.”

—*Proverbs 34:8*

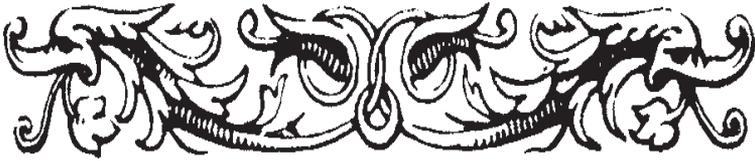
“Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.”

—*Proverbs 29:25*



**CHINESE CHRISTIANS**

*Worshipping in what was once their heathen temple.*



*Chapter Nineteen*

# ***Providences that Met First Steps of Faith***

“The smoking flax shall He not quench.” Isa. 42:3.  
 “When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him.”—  
*Luke 15:20.*

Those are cheering providences that show the kindling of the spark of faith in honest hearts shut up in heathen darkness. The Lord meets afar off those whose feet are turning toward the way of righteousness.

## **CALLING ON THE CHRISTIAN'S GOD**

The son of a chief on the Kongo, that great West African river, was a bitter opposer of the truth. His name was appropriately Nloko, meaning a “curse.” Mr. Henry Richards, of the Banza Manteke Mission, under the Baptist Society, says that this man would often go about the villages where there were Christians, to make disturbance. As a head man over carriers, however, he was much employed by the mission; and, as the Christian carriers always had worship and singing on the march, Nloko heard the gospel and opposed it as he might. Of an experience that wrought an entire change in his life, Mr. Richards says:

“Banza Manteke is ten miles south of the Kongo. The river is four miles wide, rapid, and rather dan-

gerous to cross. There was difficulty in getting carriers enough on our side of the river, so Nloko decided to try the other. One day, when he had crossed the Kongo to get carriers, and had failed, he came back to the river, having used up all his cloth, which serves in place of money. He expected to find a canoe man there to take him across. There was no canoe and no man. He called, but could get no answer. The sun was setting; and he thought of the alligators there that carry off many who go down to the river for water or to bathe or fish. There are also snakes, panthers, leopards, and other wild animals in the country.

“The man became greatly frightened, and was hungry, too. What was he to do? As he stood there all alone, the thought came to him: ‘Those Christians say that God answers prayer. I will pray.’ So he prayed and said, ‘You see how I am situated, God. I am here alone, and don’t know what to do. Those Christians say you hear prayer. Can’t you help me?’

“He had never prayed before; but, when he opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was the canoe man coming toward him. He was greatly rejoiced. The canoe man came along; and Nloko said to him, ‘I have nothing to pay you.’ The man said, ‘Never mind. Give me the cloth on your shoulders, and I will take you across.’

“Nloko broke down as he thought of how God had heard his prayer, though he had always been fighting against Him; and he began to shed tears. It takes a good deal to make those strong men cry.

“The canoe man said, ‘What are you crying for? I will take you across all right.’

“ ‘O man,’ cried Nloko, ‘it isn’t that; I can’t tell you why I am crying; for you wouldn’t understand.’ He could not bear the thought that he had fought so hard

against the very God who had heard his prayer and helped him in his distress.

“When he reached the other shore, he started homeward. And on his way he gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ; for he had heard the gospel, and knew the way of salvation.”—*Missionary Review, January, 1900.*

Nloko at first found difficulty, as the apostle Paul did, in persuading the Christians that he was really one of them, this man who had been their bitter enemy. But he soon convinced the believers; and Nloko, the “curse,” was renamed Paul. His labors as teacher and evangelist were so blessed that he is written down in missionary records as “Paul, the apostle of Banza Manteke.”

#### **CALLED OUT OF DARKNESS**

A remarkable experience was that of a native of Surinam, Dutch Guiana, whose story was told by Prof. Henry Dosker in the *Missionary Review of the World* ten or twelve years ago.

Some sixty years ago the Bush natives of Surinam were fetish worshipers, given to witchcraft and sorcery, which was called *winti*, or demoniacal possession. Professor Dosker says:

“John King, however, seems, from his early boyhood, to have been a white raven among his relatives and daily associates. In vain, efforts were made to bring him under the influence of the *winti*. He was persecuted and tortured; for three months at a time he was manacled hand and foot, and rubbed with sharp, aromatic herbs—all to no purpose. At last the *Gran-winti* declared that he had no power over King, because his heart belonged to the God of heaven.”

King was instructed, he says, by dreams and visions, in which Christ was revealed to him; and he

was told to go to the missionaries, who would teach him to read God's Book.

"There seems no reason to doubt the veracity of this strange story. It seems to have been an actual experience in King's life; and it certainly was the beginning of a new existence. Staehelin and the other Moravian missionaries, who knew the character and piety of King, never doubted the story.

"This experience was followed by others of a similar nature; and King steadfastly refused to further join in any idolatrous practices. His tribesmen, however, wanted to compel him to bow to an idol; but King said that the Lord spoke to him, 'If thou kneelest to the idol, thou shalt die. But I will save thee from their hands. Fear not, I am with thee.'

"The turbulent, frantic heathen closed about King. And a martyr's death seemed to confront him, when suddenly he knelt down and prayed aloud: 'My Saviour, if I do this in my own strength, then may my words have no effect at all; but if Thou hast elected me to bring them to Thee, help me, then, O Lord, to convert them to Thee, and cause them to see that Thou hast sent me.'

"When King arose after this prayer, his tormentors were stealthily leaving the place; and, unhindered, he returned to his own house.

"With great zeal King now began the work to which he felt himself called. He went to Paramaribo and visited the Moravian missionaries, who taught him to read and write, and instructed him in the truth of God. He advanced rapidly, while the mysterious visions and dreams continued. The missionaries warned him not to trust in them nor to be puffed up on their account; and King accepted their admonitions with the utmost humility."

This man continued for years in his work. Many an incident, both in the Bible stories and in modern times, affords suggestion of the divine possibilities in spreading the light of truth in ways out of the ordinary in this generation of world evangelization.

Of the closing days of God's work, the Lord says that He will "bring the blind by a way that they knew not." We shall see His arm revealed in saving power. "It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh." Acts 2:17. A great work is to be done quickly.

#### **THE FIRST INQUIRER AT THE SOMABULA MISSION**

In the planting of a mission station in a new region, the missionary is led to feel in a special way his dependence upon God.

Speaking of first experiences in the Somabula Mission, near Gwelo, in Rhodesia, Missionary F.B. Armitage, of the Seventh-day Adventist society, has told how the first inquirer was sent to the mission from a heathen village. Here is the story:

"We had been on the new station about two months, endeavoring to get a start and praying the Lord to send to us hearts open to receive instruction in the way of salvation. With us we had some Matabele orphan children, brought from our first Rhodesian station, near Bulawayo, where we had formerly labored.

"One Sabbath day, as we were gathering in our little meeting, in came four young people, three men and one woman. As the meeting closed, the eldest of the young men arose.

" 'Teacher,' he said, 'I should like to speak some words to you.'

" 'Speak on,' I said.

“ ‘Night before last,’ he went on, ‘I had a dream. In my dream, I came here to this little room; and, as I put my head in the door, I saw one of the boys sitting by the door reading from a book. I listened to the words and became interested. I sat down by the boy; and, at last, I said to him, in my dream, ‘What are you reading?’ ‘This is God’s Word,’ he told me. It was the first time I had ever heard of God’s Word. I had never heard before that God had spoken words. Then my dream ended.’

“To make the story short: He told us that, in the morning when he rose up, he went to his father and told him how he had visited the new mission school in his dream; and now he wanted to go and visit the place in person. ‘They have God’s Word there,’ he said to his father. ‘I saw it in my dream. Now I want to go and hear God’s Word.’

“ ‘So we have come today,’ the young man continued, ‘and I have seen and heard it all just as it was in the dream. This little boy,’ pointing to one of the orphan children, ‘is the same one that I saw sitting by the door, in the dream.’ And pointing to another boy and a girl, he said: ‘I saw these also; and the teacher there is the same. I should have known him if I had met him many miles from here.’

“That was our introduction to the work in Soma-bula. And we felt that truly our heavenly Father was verifying the promise: ‘Fear thou not; for I am with thee . . . yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.’ Isa. 41:10.”

It was this promise that had been of special strength and assurance in the starting of the new station.

“And what about the first inquirer?” we asked. “Did he accept the gospel fully?”

“ ‘Ah, yes,’ said Missionary Armitage, ‘he became

one of the teachers in the mission.’ ”

#### METHOD OUT OF THE ORDINARY

The essential thing is that men should follow the light of Holy Scripture. Where the Word of God is accessible, the fullest light shines, if souls will only turn toward it. But in regions of darkness, where there is utter ignorance of God, it seems clear that Providence more frequently works by means out of the ordinary, to awaken inquiry and lead men to come for help to those who have the light.

That historian of modern missions, Professor Warneck, in his *Living Christ and Dying Heathenism*, says:

“God often influences the inner life of the heathen by dreams and visions in such a manner that all psychological explanations leave something inexplicable. The function of these is to point to the gospel, as yet little heeded . . .

“We must not banish such experiences to the realm of fable. They are too well-attested . . . Neither must we overestimate them. They have nothing more than a preparatory significance; they lead no farther 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 soul, we see the sway of God, whose sovereign hand interposes in the destiny of men and turns their hearts, like the water brooks.”—*Living Christ and Dying Heathenism*, pp. 176, 181.

The Lord used these methods in Bible times, speaking to men who knew nothing of Him, as the king of Gerar, and even using men untrue to Him as messen-

gers of His Word to others. His hand is not shortened. 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 . . .  
 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."

Professor Warneck gives various illustrations of the use of dreams by Providence in awakening heathen minds, in cases where the fruitage was undeniably of God.

#### **ON NIAS, EAST INDIES**

"The savage Iraono Huna on Nias were led by a dream to accept Christianity. The wife of Solazo, 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."

#### **THE SANTALI (INDIA) CONVERT**

Skrifsud, the Norwegian missionary, reports the following dream by an old man among the Santals:

“He dreamed that a man appeared to him and said, ‘Go from thy village to a place which I shall show thee; thou wilt find something which thou wilt take to the missionary, and he will explain it to thee. Thereby thou wilt receive life; and then thou wilt bring it to others.’

“He went to the place by night; and, after long waiting, he found a piece of written paper, which he carried to the missionary. It was a Christian Santali poem; and this the missionary used to expound to him the message of salvation. He came to Christ and labored to bring his village to the truth.”

#### **THE WAY PREPARED**

“Before the advent of the missionaries, the Konde were forewarned by a visible phenomenon in the heavens, that men would come with a message which they were to receive. The missionary, Calditz, got a friendly reception on the Mosquito Coast; because an Indian had once seen, in a dream, a white man who summoned him to send for missionaries. Missionaries, before their advent, were also dreamed of among the Kols. A zealous idolater among the Bush Negroes of Surinam was warned in a dream and commanded to testify against idolatry, and to go in quest of missionaries. He then became a devoted evangelist.”

These experiences in no wise suggest any substitution of impressions for the only basis of faith—the Word of God; but they do suggest how the Lord may make use of the same methods today as in the ancient times, in hastening on the fulfillment of Christ’s prophecy of world evangelization.

“This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.” Matt. 24:14.

#### **DIRECTLY CALLED INTO LIGHT**

The following illustrations of this providential use of dreams are culled from the missionary reports of the Seventh-day Adventist society.

#### **A MESSAGE TO A CHINESE HEART**

Missionary B.L. Anderson, of the South China Missions, wrote:

“The evangelist at Hui An had a singular experience this season. His little boy, about five years old, was taken with the bubonic plague; 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 wonderful power in prayer.’ One evening the believers, also a number of others, 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.”

#### **THE INCA INDIAN TEACHER**

In the heights of the Andes, around Lake Titicaca, South America, a wonderful work has been wrought among the Indians. One valued helper has been an Indian named Camacho. First this Indian, who was one of the few among the villagers who could read, found a Spanish Bible. This brought the light of the gospel into his heart. Then he somehow came into possession of the Spanish paper published by our society in South America. And he sent word to the Peruvian headquarters in Lima of his interest in gospel work.

In 1909, Missionaries A.N. Allen and W.R. Pohle, of Lima, went to Puno, the railway station, near the

shores of Titicaca, to have an interview with Camacho. Missionary Allen tells the story:

“Having had correspondence with Camacho, and knowing that he had quite a following among the Indians interested in the gospel, we made every effort to secure animals to ride out to his home, some twenty-five miles distant. But all our efforts to obtain animals failed. Then we tried to send a message, telling of our presence in Puno and asking for an interview. In this we were no more successful. Feeling that we could not leave without seeing Camacho, we made it a special subject of prayer that night, praying earnestly that God would overrule in the matter, and in some way bring it about that we might meet this Indian brother.

“Next day, about noon, while still we waited on our quest, word came to us that the Indian Camacho had come into Puno. We found him; and, after talking with him for some time regarding his experiences and the way the truth had come to him, I told Camacho that without doubt God had chosen him as an instrument for introducing the gospel among his people.

“Then he related to us a dream that he had had the previous night—the night of our prayer season. It was this that had caused him to come to Puno. He said that in his dream he was in Puno. And there he met two strangers, foreigners; these men, in the dream, had told him that he was to teach the gospel to his race.”

In the years that have followed (by school, medical missionary work, and the preaching of the gospel) great changes in many communities have been wrought; and hundreds of Indians have been baptized into Christ.

#### **A HONAN CONVERT'S STORY**

Missionary J.J. Westrup, of Honan, China, wrote:  
“The old brother, Chao Ming, told us the other day

how he was led to find the truth.

“ ‘I had a dream,’ he said, ‘in which I saw a white bird fly to Shangtsai, where it had its nest and its home. That white bird, to me, was a symbol of the Holy Spirit; and I thought, If the Holy Spirit abides in Shangtsai, then they must have the gospel truth there too.’

“He continued his story: ‘I had heard people say that there was a church in that city that was called the ‘True Doctrine Church’ [Chen Tao Huei—a short name by which we are commonly known among the Chinese]. And I said to myself, They call that church the ‘true doctrine church;’ and, in my dream, I saw the Holy Spirit descending and abiding there. I must go and find out what they teach.’

“Then this man, who is over sixty years old, in company with another brother, started for Shangtsai, a distance of one hundred twenty-five li (nearly forty-two miles). That was a year ago, during the latter part of the hot season, when the roads were flooded; but they waded through water and mud.

“After their arrival they listened to the teaching, and rejoiced that they had not plodded the wearisome journey in vain. They rejoiced in the new light received. Thus the truth came to this vicinity.

“After telling us this story of the manner in which he was led into the light, this old brother told us about a dream he had just had. He saw a great many people in a wagon driving in water. As they were nearing a deep and dangerous place, where they all would drown (they not knowing that the place was dangerous), he called out, ‘Stop! stop! rescue! rescue!’ but they paid no heed, and went on and fell into the water. Then he wept aloud; and that awakened him.

“ ‘That means,’ he said, ‘that I must be out warning

the people of their danger; some in my vicinity will listen.'

"And now he is out seeking to bring the truth to those who will listen."

### **JOEL, OF MASHONALAND**

When the writer visited the mission stations in Mashonaland, South Africa, Joel Chirano, the teacher, acted as interpreter, in addresses to the Mashonas. Only a few years before this turning of English sentences swiftly into Shona, Joel was in untutored heathenism. His story is thus told by F. Burton Jewell, of the Tsungwesi Mission, near the Portuguese East African border:

"About three months before our mission was opened here at Tsungwesi, Joel Chirano, who lived near Umtali, had a dream in which he was told that if he wanted to be saved, he must go to school and become a Christian. This matter weighed heavily upon him; and, just about the time the workers were opening this mission, he and another young man started out in search of a mission school.

"They first applied at a Catholic mission; but as tuition was asked of them, which they were unable to give, they left that place and traveled westward about sixty miles. Their course brought them near our place; but they passed by, knowing nothing of the mission here. After going some distance, Joel's friend was stricken with a severe pain in his limbs; and they were obliged to stop. They were much disappointed at this; as another day's walk would have brought them to the mission that had been recommended to them. Now they must go back; for Joel must take his friend home. The boys and girls here want to be at home when they are sick, the same as in other lands.

"Securing the services of another young man, they

started back. After they had come some distance this way, the pain suddenly disappeared; and the friend exclaimed, 'Why, I am all right now! The pain is gone! Joel was provoked at this, and said, 'What do you mean? You have been deceiving me all the time!' But his friend affirmed that he had actually been suffering; and that now the pain had left as suddenly as it began.

"They stopped for the night at a kraal near us. Here they met a man who had just been to our mission; and he told them all about the new mission here. Joel was much interested in all that was said, especially what was told them with reference to the Sabbath. He decided to visit the mission at once; and he was favorably impressed with all he saw. He soon returned to school, bringing his friend with him.

"These two young men, together with a small boy who had accompanied our workers from the Solusi Mission, were the first students to come to our school here at Tsungwesi.

"Joel made rapid progress in his studies; and, as the wonderful Bible truths were taught to him, he readily responded. He was baptized at the end of the first year. As he told us the story, he said, 'O, how I do rejoice at the way the Lord has led me!'"

#### **THE HEATHEN CHALLENGE ANSWERED**

This book does not deal with narratives of healing by the hand of Providence. That field of experience is too large to enter. But here is a story that shows how the Lord used the faith of one who had but just entered the twilight zone of experience, to meet a heathen challenge.

In the book, *On the Congo*, Mrs. Fanny E. Guinness quotes, from the report of one of the Baptist missionaries, the story of Chief Mayala, who had found the

light:

“His child was very sick; and it seemed to be unto death. Mayala, the chief, being much concerned, went to the mission station and procured medicine for him and administered it, but without any satisfactory result. At last some of his people came to him and begged him to take the child to the fetish house, but he refused.

“Still the child did not get better, but rather grew worse. At length the people fetched the medicine man; but Mayala positively declined to allow him to interfere with his child, saying that he believed in the power of God.

“The people somewhat derisively replied, ‘We should like to see this power of God.’

“ ‘You shall see it,’ responded Mayala. So entering his hut, he shut the door, and prayed; and his ‘Father which seeth in secret’ rewarded him openly.

“The sick child was outside the house under the veranda; and while his father was in the hut praying for him, he fell into a deep sleep. Still the father wrestled with God in prayer for his child, and the people gathered round in curious wonderment. At last Mayala received the assurance he wanted; and he went outside his hut to the people. They were all expectation, and so was he; and God, who has promised that ‘the prayer of faith shall save the sick,’ raised the child up. He awoke, got up, and was soon playing about as if nothing had been the matter with him.

“Who taught Mayala this ‘healing by faith’? The Holy Spirit of God. No one had taught him the doctrine. It was his own childlike interpretation of such promises as, ‘What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.’ ”

**THE BENGAL LEPPER’S CRY ANSWERED**

**THE HEALED LEPER OF BENGAL**

*Sadhan Chandra Sircar was healed of leprosy, so that it was no longer able to destroy his body.*

The story is told in the man's own words, set down by Pastor L.G. Mookerjee, of Calcutta, who interviewed the brother at the writer's request.

Eighty years old at the time of the interview, Sadhan Chandra Sircar was strong in the faith of the "blessed hope" and active as a witness for the Lord in Bengal. At twenty he had been stricken with the deadly leprosy, which proceeded to a stage that would long ago have ended his life had not God miraculously intervened. He said:

"As a youth I was well-instructed in the Hindu sacred writings, the *shastras*; and so, though I had this dreadful disease, I was much reputed in the villages as a holy man. By the age of forty the disease had developed to the state where toes and fingers had dropped off, joint by joint. I still carry this sign of the malady, namely, hands and feet without fingers and toes.

"At this time my heart was always after God. The hunger of soul grew daily. Just then a missionary visited our village. It was a time of famine; and he was going from place to place by host, distributing rice and salt. One of the neighbors drew my attention to him as he was passing along the canal by my thatched house. I called to the missionary; and he talked with me from the boat, discussing religion. He asked me if I could read, and as I replied, 'Yes.' He left me a copy of Matthew's Gospel.

"In this I read of the spotless life of Jesus. Our own scriptures had taught us the evil lives of Krishna and others of our gods, who lived in sin; and I had concluded that these were sinners the same as I. But here was one who did no sin. After a struggle, I determined to be a follower of Christ. I read the experience of the leper, in Matthew 8:1-3, and believed on Jesus

as my only physician. At this time, in 1875, I was baptized by this missionary.

“After baptism the missionary and myself went to the Lord in prayer, asking God to heal my leprosy, anointing my body with oil at the same time. It was about six months that we continually kept this matter before the Lord; then the good Lord answered our prayers, and I was healed, to my own astonishment and to the wonderment of all the villages. People flocked from far and near to see me; and this gave opportunity to witness to the true Saviour and Healer.

“Many became Christians through my humble efforts; and, in process of time, I was made pastor of the village church. A chapel was built on my own grounds, next to my dwelling-place.

“In 1906, a tract came to my hands, *Jesus Christ a Sabbath Keeper: What That Means to Us*. It had a picture of Jesus walking the way of the ten commandments, leaving footprints for us to follow. The thought struck me, ‘The same Jesus who healed me of the leprosy kept the seventh-day Sabbath; and I ought to follow His footsteps.’ This made me resolve that, by His grace, I would keep the Sabbath that Jesus kept as my example. Since then I have rejoiced in the blessed truth. I have had a great deal of persecution and many losses to suffer. But I am still waiting joyfully for my Master’s return, and hope to remain firm unto the end.”

This is not a story of a leper in Judea or Galilee. It is easy to believe in wonders wrought in olden time and in Bible lands by the hand of God. This is one of those incidents of our own time that help us to understand that God is the living God still, calling His children to Him over many a strange path and showing His power to save.