

UNDER HIS WINGS

(Autobiography)

By

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Plains of Glory and Gloom,

Visions Beyond the Veil

Heaven and the Angels,

The Three Worlds,

Through Tribulation to Glory

And several other books

Iris 2008 Edition

Foreword to the Iris 2008 Edition

When Rolland and Heidi Baker first went abroad as missionaries in 1980, forming what is now called Iris Ministries, they did not do so absent the guiding impulse of a long vocational ancestry. To be understood rightly that descent must be traced down lines both spiritual and natural, but of all its recent progenitors, perhaps the single most influential on either count was Harold Armstrong Baker. He was Rolland Baker's grandfather, and my great-grandfather. His were the core mission practices — expressions of his highest values for all ministry — which have influenced those of my parents to a greater extent than have any other examples in living memory.

Rolland Baker, my father, grew up in the Far East, as had all the Bakers from Harold onwards. Newly wed, he would return there with my mother soon after they had completed college in America. It was their first mission field. They began in Indonesia, home of my own earliest memories, and soon came to Hong Kong, where for four years they labored among widows, gangs, and the homeless in some of earth's most crowded slums. In their constant devotion to the poorest and most "problematic" individuals, as well as in their willingly subservient adoption of a dizzying myriad of cultural novelties for the gospel's sake, they closely mirrored much of Harold Baker's work — consciously to some degree, but even more so as a natural and effortless result of a shared vision of Christ's special love for the downcast. When my parents came to Africa some fifteen years later, they were borne there not by whim, but by a very particular momentum which has now crested with a remarkable revival in Mozambique and many nations beyond. This has proven a divine work that unquestionably reverberates in the same spiritual notes as one which God ignited the better part of a century ago, in one of the most remote and then-wild regions of China. In that movement, Harold Armstrong Baker was used as a primary catalyst, serving for many years as a nearly lone spiritual custodian to numerous tribespeople in the far southwest

mountains of Yunnan province. I believe that God has seen fit to preserve the inheritance of his calling and lifelong service, among many other ways, by its distinct bestowal upon his grandchildren.

That older movement in China can be traced further back, of course, to Azusa Street and from thence back through all the centuries filled with saints. Yet with Harold Baker, if nothing else, the course of our own family surely takes a radical turn for the most pioneering forms of ministry (as our friend Dr. Chevreau once pointed out, my parents have usually not so much resembled “settlers” as they have “commandoes.”) Beyond this, however, I believe that through the work of Harold’s lifetime something new and distinctive can be seen to emerge, which before was not but today remains — in Iris as well as in many other ministries worldwide. Of what this distinctiveness consists is best grasped, like so many of God’s most profound blessings, through its *story* — and there are few resources today that can stand alongside this one for telling it. This is Harold Baker’s autobiography.

Notably, one of those few other resources is Harold's most well known book, *Visions Beyond the Veil*. That work details the extraordinary blessings and extensive visions of the supernatural world given to a small group of orphaned children at the Adullam orphanage, whom he and his wife had taken in from the brutal streets of a small mining town by the name of Kotchiu. For those who have read *Visions Beyond the Veil*, this autobiography will locate the events recounted there, among a great many others that he considered to be of equally surpassing wonder. (Indeed, what multitude of signs and miracles he witnessed in his earthly life we are now unlikely to discover, this side of heaven, but these further accounts ought to serve as a fine supplement for the hungry.)

In light of the events of *Visions Beyond the Veil*, it is just one conspicuous example of the continuity between the blessings Harold recounted and those we have seen in Mozambique today that a majority of the most powerful supernatural experiences among us have occurred with

our children. Much like Harold's rescued orphans, we have a large family of kids who came to us from one of the most unreported, politically insignificant and apparently powerless social strata in the world — street urchins and village outcasts in one of the world's poorest nations. Giving them a home and a family has been the central effort of Iris Ministries since 1995, and it is by no means coincidental or arbitrary that they are blessed after the heritage of the children of Adullam. For whatever common mantle God may have passed from Harold to Rolland and Heidi Baker, through years and faithful generations, surely it can never be separated from this: a burning desire not only to save souls, but to bring the fullness of the miraculous power of the manifest Holy Spirit specifically to those whom the world has considered the most hopeless, the most afflicted, the most negligible, and the most lacking in all modernistic potential. It is the privilege of this call to render to these the service due kings.

Harold Baker was above all else honored to serve as heaven's ambassador to peoples that remained, by and large, very far from the world's centers of focus. He lived a life almost entirely isolated from all attentions of the socially lofty. Yet in all sincerity, he considered the men and women of his chosen tribes priceless, seeing in them eternal fruits exceeding the worth of every treasure of his age. He cared far less whether they or he should become famed in the nations than he did for the service itself; nonetheless, God had a purpose in the recording of these things, and Harold's writing too was prompted by more than whim. Harold knew and taught that God especially loves to bless such peoples, not in spite of the low appraisal the world gives them, but precisely because of it. He believed that God's attitude concerning the poor ought always remain a lesson to us, a theme to be read and re-read throughout his rough-hewn books. One finds in them a voice proclaiming that the poor are blessed because God's power is made perfect in weakness; blessed because his grace is sufficient. They are blessed because He would

use the things that are not to shame the things that are; blessed because He confounds the wisdom of wise. Blessed because of the compassion of the heart that spoke out in the beatitudes; blessed because He would have witnesses that His power does not end, but rather *begins* with being victorious over the darkest and most challenging of all human circumstances. Most of all, they are blessed simply because these whom He loves are those who have not refused to enter into His wedding feast — even while so many of their richer judges have deferred. What Iris does today is built on the premise that what God does through them will yet shake the world to its foundations.

Insofar as the culture of ministry my parents have sought to build holds these things to be true, and inasmuch as they have been entrusted with the testimony, the revelations, and the responsibility that have accompanied God's call to their particular field of service, they, along with all of us who would stand alongside them, remain indebted to Harold Baker. Not chiefly for his direct teachings, though many are fine ones; nor for the texts he left, valuable as many of them are. But we are indebted above all for the heart which God put in him concerning these things, which stands behind us like a mountain extending its kind shadow across our path — the memory of a forbear who finished his race with all his heart. With toil and devotion he uncovered anew for his descendents a great many of those old wells of truth from which we, in our present labors, are constantly refreshed. We believe that the privilege of tending the still-living fruits of his service is to us an exceptional honor, and to him a standing reward.

Now neither this honor nor any other of his greatest legacies — whether of learning or wisdom, understanding or compassion, or of any other kind — are in any way confined to us. Ultimately, the things Harold Baker gave a life towards are not merely principles for missionaries; they are far more. They are concrete visions of how God has

loved and cared for some of His children in the world — how He has been pleased to work in men and to make Himself plain to them. They are a still-unfolding collection of His stories, each one unique, each an irreplaceable portrait of the Unchanging One. As particular expressions of God's heart, they will always remain liable to shoot forth roots and bloom again... in all cultures, times, and places. Should this newly redistributed edition of Harold Baker's life story find any reader with a hunger for those treasures, whole-heartedly we pray that any and all of them may fall also to you — in form and measure apposite to that life which has been prepared for you. May they find fertile soil in you, and bear a rich fruit. So be it.

Elisha James Baker
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Original Publication Forward by H.A. Baker

This volume needs many apologies. Although it's A, B, C's were correct in the original manuscript, they had a mixup when the type had to be set up by hand, one letter at a time. The printer could not read or speak English. One letter might be b, or d, or p, or q, depending on which way or which end up it was turned. Since I had to do my own proof reading, several readings could not eliminate every typesetting error. It is well known that a writer cannot see all mistakes in his own manuscript. Had I the time, I suppose several more readings would have corrected nearly all the mistakes of spelling and wrongly divided syllables.

So far as composition is concerned, this volume breaks a good many of the rules of all the many composition books that I have carefully studied. The pilgrim road that I have come evidently was not intended for a story with proper chapters, while who knows how many paragraphs on a page behave as they should.

All that I can say is that I have written my story pretty much in my own literary style and order in the hope that my friends will understand the thoughts I have intended to express.

H. A. Baker

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PREFACE

Autobiography. “A life history of a person written by himself,” the dictionary says. In my case unless I write my history myself about myself there would be no such record at all, for no one has followed this lone pilgrim close enough to know what to write.

My objective in writing is none other than the hope that my testimony may help others. For that reason, to be sure that I in no way wrote for self glory, my intention was to leave the manuscript for this book and have it published after I had left. However, this plan may not work out as I had hoped, because all through life my experience has been that I personally have had to see to every detail of what I have desired to be done.

And so with the help of my wife I must correct and edit my own manuscript; I must make all arrangements for printing; I must do my own proof reading. Being independent of all organizations, I have been free to write and publish books without hindrance and personally see to the distribution of my books.

I hope that what I have herein written will help the reader to see how *small* I am and to see how *big* Jesus is. Were I able to write properly, Jesus would be magnified by showing how He has led a very ordinary person in endless details. Since most people are common people, and since life is mostly made up of countless small things, and since I am most certainly a very common person, the way Jesus has led me should encourage every reader to believe that he or she may enjoy as sure and even better leadings of the Lord than I have had.

If at any time I seem to be bragging or apparently self-exalting, even that should help bring glory to Jesus, because it will all the more show how good He is to overlook so many faults.

My reason for believing that this autobiography will help some readers is not that I am “somebody,” a person of such natural

qualifications as to command attention. On the contrary, my hope for being helpful is based on the fact that in the Bible we are told that God uses the “nobodies” to confound the “somebodies” and uses the “foolish” to confound the “wise.” Because of this I have some right to believe that I may be near enough to the “nothings” to become a vessel of clay into which may have been placed some jewels, or at least be a broken vessel useful in pouring some living water on some of the flowers in the garden of God.

I never could get interested in keeping a diary. I recall that on itineraries among the tribal people I often thought that could I keep a diary, every day I would have many very interesting things to write, telling what the Lord was doing in our midst. Accordingly, this present writing is far from a complete account of some of my experiences in life as led by the Lord.

CHAPTER I

My First Walks With God

Midnight. A cold, dark midnight in the middle of miserable winter, in a lonely farm-house an uncomfortable voice crying. I had arrived in the world of sorrow. After more than eighty years of contacts with this cold, dark, and evil world, like the first contact, it still hurts.

Nevertheless, a sense of a better world where every contact is bliss must have been born with me that disagreeable winter midnight. That inborn longing for heaven and God was an inheritance from my father. He was a not well educated farmer. Yet he was the most consistent Christian I have ever intimately known. His last words that I ever heard were his final prayer in church. Just after his last “amen” on earth he was at home in heaven.

My parents said that before I could talk clearly I liked to kneel by my baby chair while my father prayed before going to bed. If for any reason family prayer was being neglected, I would cry, they said, until my father prayed as usual. That was a baby-cry for a better world, a sort of heart-cry, not audible, that never left me. It was a deeper sense than a bodily sense that God gave to help me do a little to lighten a small corner of this gloomy world.

As soon as I was old enough, I learned before going to bed to pray: “Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take. This I ask for Jesus’ sake.” When I grew older I just jumped into bed and went right off to sleep without asking the Lord my soul to keep. Nevertheless, He kept it. He knew I wanted to be good, and so He helped me.

When I was thirteen or fourteen years of age, during an evangelistic meeting I became convinced that if I wanted to go to heaven I must publicly accept Christ as my Savior by confessing my acceptance before

the congregation and then being baptized by immersion in water. Nothing was said about prayer. At the time of baptism I was very happy in the thought that I had things made right with Christ. Thus I was satisfied with the belief that heaven was now assured. Had I not “joined church?” Was I not trying to do what was right? Did I not go to church more regularly than any of the neighbors? I still did not pray, for I felt no need to pray the Lord “my soul to keep.” I read the bible at times when we were having competition in Sunday School to see who could read the most chapters in a week. I specialized on the short psalms. It never occurred to me that the Bible had anything to do with me personally or with anyone else. And so it went on until I was nineteen.

At that time a preacher came to our church who preached as though he meant it. From him I finally got the idea that a person who did not pray to Christ and talk to Him could not be His best friend, or at best would be a queer one. I’d better pray, I decided. When? Well, I would wait until I got home from church. That night decision worked on me all of the way home as I alone drove “Nellie” along in the old-fashioned, high-wheeled buggy. I was in no hurry to reach home, for I dreaded that prayer ordeal ahead that really scared me.

When I got home I opened the upper barn doors and drove “Nellie” in onto the board floor. “Woh.” “Nellie” stopped. My heart must have slowed down, too. There I sat. I sat some more. There we were, just “Nellie” and I. I had a hard job facing me. All the way home had I not said to myself that I would pray when I got home? Yes. Wasn’t I home? Yes. Don’t you do what you promise? Yes. Then pray. Will you pray? Yes. When? Now. It must be out loud. All right, here goes: “O, God,” I said out loud. Hearing my voice there in that silent barn half scared me. But I must go on. I managed to hold out for half a minute, perhaps even a whole minute. No more; I had run out of words. Finished.

What did I say when I prayed that one minute? I do not know. It would have been something like this: “Lord, forgive my sins, (though I

knew of none in particular). I am willing to do what you want me to do. Help me to do what is right." At that time I did not know how to pray more.

It was several years before I knew what really was meant by sin, that all men become sinners by sinning, and that every man inherits a sinful nature that results in his sinning. It is self-evident that what I got as a result of that short and very ignorant prayer there in the buggy was a "gift" of God by *grace*.

I unhitched Nellie, unharnessed her and put her in her stall in the basement. I went to the house feeling somewhat better, having relieved my mind by actually praying a few sentences. I went to bed feeling as peaceful as when in childhood I had prayed: "Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

I wakened in the morning to find myself born into a new world. Jesus said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." I was born "again." The Bible also says, "If any one is in Christ, he is a new creature." Now I was a new creature. I was really in Christ. Although I did not know that the Bible said you must be born again, nevertheless I was born again. A baby does not have to know processes of birth. I did not know that the Bible said that "if any one is in Christ he is a new creature." Furthermore, I did not even know that a man can get "saved" and know it. Yet I got saved but did not know it. I had never heard that Christ got inside of the "new creature" and also put the "new creature" into Christ; yet in spite of my ignorance Jesus got hold of me and into me that night in the barn. He never let me go. Why? Because I was "in Christ" and Christ was in me. I had been taught that the work of the Holy Spirit ceased when the Bible was complete. Nevertheless, I then and there received a measure of the Holy Spirit that the world, the flesh and the devil were never able to take away. That was because the Lord who sought me and bought me is somebody bigger than the devil who lost me. I did not know that when Jesus died on the cross He was my

substitute. No one had told me. I did not know that it was Jesus' "blood that cleanseth from all sin." I did not understand these things until years later. In spite of all that ignorance of all these things, nevertheless Jesus was my substitute on the cross and His blood did cleanse from all sin. I did not know there was anything to "pray through." Nevertheless, I had "prayed through." It was a very short "pray," but it has been a life-long *through*.

Just what minute or hour I was really born from above and became a "new creature in Christ," I cannot say. I felt better as I got out of the buggy. I felt still better in the morning with the new satisfaction that I had definitely prayed the "Lord my soul to keep," for I had a sense of a capable Keeper. When I got to church the next Sunday I felt still better. When I heard old elder Brother Pennock pray, every word seemed alive. Something like fire or electricity took hold of me. In the past I do not know that I ever heard one word in a whole prayer. This time every word moved me. God seemed to be right there. He was. I was now in Christ and Christ was in me.

When I looked over the congregation I felt sure that these church members did not know what I had just found out: that God is still alive, that the Bible is for Now, that we and God and the Bible need to get mixed up together. What the now living Christ had put *in* me began to work *out*. When church was over I started shaking hands with everyone in sight. My, how I liked everybody. From that day on I was a real hand-shaker. As soon as church services ended I began shaking hands and speaking with those present, and I kept it up without a pause until I shook hands with the last person in the church. This new abounding and overflowing love for everybody continued and even grew warmer as long as I was on the farm.

Whence came this sudden and unexpected passionate love for everyone? It was the supernatural Holy Spirit in my heart. Does the Bible not say that "we know that we have passed out of death into life, because

we love the brethren?" This, the Bible says, is the sign of having "passed out of death into life." The outflow of love is the "sign" or evidence, of the inflow or the incoming of the Holy Spirit, who is love.

Our church had taught that a person not baptized by immersion attended by a certain formula was on shaky ground, to say the least. Now it was not long after I became this "new creature" with the new love, that I found out what I had been suspecting for a long time, namely, that there were other Christians who had not been baptized by immersion in our church denomination. Sectarian walls seemed to have all tumbled down. To this day I have had no interest in trying to put them up. So it was, then, that whenever I saw a church member who showed any interest in the Lord by going to any church, that Spirit-begotten love "for the brethren" made me feel like hugging him.

As the days went by this wholesome Christian attitude prevailed more and more. I soon became Sunday School superintendent and leader in simple church meetings. Although I could speak little in public, when I did the best that I was able, I experienced an exhilarating, happy reaction. After a Sunday in church, on Monday morning I was reluctant to come down to mundane duties. I wished every day was Sunday. That happy feeling about God and His affairs continued as I harnessed the horses, when I raked the hay, and when I plowed a field. It was that way for two years until I left the farm to go to college.

During those two years my personal dealings with the members of that little church confirmed my first impression after my experience in the barn that other members of the church, with perhaps a few exceptions, had never received what I received there in the barn. Now, why was that? Evidently because these church members, like myself, had never been properly taught that each should personally contact Christ by prayer. This weakness was largely due to the belief and teaching of the fundamental part of that church at that time. It taught that on the day of Pentecost, when Peter preached the first New Testament gospel sermon, he made

known the Lord's plan of salvation and the conditions of church membership when he said to the convicted multitude, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." So far all right. But that church made its great mistake in stopping the middle of that verse. The verse continues, "and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit." Acts 2:38.

Why did our church stop in the middle of that verse and not follow Peter's instructions all the way? It was because of the theory that no one could receive the Holy Spirit since the days of the founding of the church by the apostles. This misconception, as well as failure to teach the necessity of individual prayer to make the "repent" effective, resulted in that little church's membership being made up of people who had never really prayed and made personal contact with Christ. Through ignorance and unbelief they had missed the promise, "ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit."

However, Jesus passes by many mistakes. He overlooks much ignorance. In spite of human failure, He reaches down and touches earnest seekers and teaches them to reach out and touch Him. That is what He did to me. That is what He does for others. That is what He is doing right now as I write these lines. Just a few days ago I read how a preacher in my boyhood church organization had recently come to see and to believe that "ye shall receive the Holy Spirit" was for now and for him. He prayed for and received "the gift." He said that recently quite a group of this same church organization had accepted all of Acts 2:38 as for them now. He said also that when this group were being baptized in water the majority of them received "the gift of the Holy Spirit while in the water, and they praised and magnified the Lord right then and there as the Holy Spirit gave them utterance." Something like Jesus' baptism, was it not? Something like it should be, was it not?

All of salvation is by *grace*. God by the Holy Spirit calls people out in manifold ways. Some one else might sit in a high-wheeled buggy forever

and not get what I got. Would it not be folly for me to insist that anyone wishing to be saved must pray in a buggy? Yet a host of people think that God can be found only by following the form that conforms to their own particular experience and ideas.

Multitudes can tell the day, the hour, and even the minute they passed across the line between death and life. They had an instant transformation, a tremendous experience that never left them. In fact, that seems to have been the usual Bible way.

On the other hand, throughout the centuries multitudes who have attained Spirit-filled lives could not tell just when the Holy Spirit led them over the line from death unto life. The new life came in quietly and developed the ultimate outcome of redemption. It is all the calling and guiding and the over-ruling of the Lord.

It is the voice from above that calls men out of the wilderness of sin to the highway of life in holiness. Jesus said, "No one can come to me unless the Father who sent me draws him; and I will raise him up at the last day." Jesus further says, "All that the Father gives me will come to me; and he who comes to me I will not cast out." John 6:44, 37. Thus, all whom the Father gives come to Christ, and all whom Jesus gets He keeps. How long? How long does He keep? Till the resurrection at "the last day." That is what Jesus said, is it not?

Accordingly, it is "by grace you have been saved through faith; and this is not your own doing, it is the gift of God not because of works (character) lets any man should boast. For we are His workmanship, created in Christ for good works." Ephesians 2:8-10. Here it is again: salvation is something given. A "gift" that man's character has nothing to do with but accept. It is something that a man is not fit to have that he gets as an outright "gift." Hence, a bad man can get it as easily and quickly as a so-called good man. Perhaps the bad man will grab the "gift" quicker.

Where does the Lord put the "gift" that he gives to the undeserving man? Into his picket? Into his hand? Into his feet? Into his head? Or

inside of him? The answer: Into his *whole* body. “Do you not know that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit within you?” I Corinthians 6:10. This gift from above works like a super-natural battery that electrifies and quickens the whole man. It starts the hands to working for things above. It starts the feet traveling on the narrow heavenly road. It starts the head on a new line of thinking; and starts the heart to new loving. This inside function starts the whole body, mind, and heart to moving in a new way and in new directions toward God and toward men.

Thus the “gift” that is given us starts us giving, “for God is at work in you both to *will* and to *work* for his good pleasure.” Philippians 2:13. What does that mean? It means that it is God, the Holy Spirit, who makes us “will,” decide, and want to work for his good pleasure. Hence, a desire to work for Christ is wrapped up in this package “gift” of eternal life. However, that desire would be useless were there not in the same package the “power” to work out that “desire” in godly life and service, “for his good pleasure,” not self-pleasure.

In view of all this, I see that all I have received from the Lord is by grace, and all I have done for Him is by grace. I hope to show that all the glory belongs to Jesus Who found this straying pilgrim and is leading him home.

CHAPTER II

The Farm and I

Although I now recall but few details of my early life, one general impression still remains. I remember having worked beyond my natural strength. Due to my father's poor health and frequent sickness, I tried to do a grown man's work, while still in my early teens.

I definitely started my working career at the age of six. At that age I began tramping the hay my father pitched onto the hay wagon. I also hand-raked the hay my father's fork failed to collect. I followed the reapers who bound the sheaves of grain, carrying or pulling the sheaves together ready to make into shocks. I helped to build rail fences as soon as I was strong enough to place a rail on the fence by first lifting one end and then the other.

Just how many miles (was it hundreds) did I walk over loose and often stony soil, following my father's corn cultivator in order to uncover corn that needed it? Those rows of corn on a hot day seemed to stretch out longer and longer and also to become too numerous to count. Ask a boy how long is a row of corn, and see what he will say. In the heat of the day I carried drinking water from the spring that seemed too far away, while the sun was too hot. Evening had its chores: bringing the sheep into the barn, feeding the sheep, the cows, the horses and the hogs. Fuel must be carried into the house, and many other things that had to be done about as soon as a boy began to be a boy.

I never resented all of this work at such an early age, for I rightly thought that I only did what it was my duty to do. My hard-working parents needed all the help I was able to give.

I was always under-size. Even in later years I never weighed over one hundred and twenty-five pounds. From childhood I never had the natural physical vigor of those in robust health. This weakness through

life has had to be overcome by undertaking the seemingly impossible and then sticking to the job with unremitting perseverance, through thick and thin to the end of the row. This life-long success by perseverance can be no better illustrated than by an account of my first real man's job, which I will now give in some detail.

This first big job began when I was a slim little youngster merely ten years old. I was then old enough to hold the reins and drive our team of horses. Since my father did not have the time, and there was no one else to do this work, he started me to plowing the worst field on the farm, a field that was due to be cultivated that year. In some parts of this field loose stones were more in evidence than the soil.

Having harnessed the team for me, my father early in the morning started me a-plowin'. Although I could not lift the plow and at best could only partly drag it into position, it was a wonder how skillfully I taught that team of horses to do what I could not do. I could take hold of the plow handles that came up to my shoulders and guide the plow to cut a proper furrow. That was one thing I could do. *Having taken hold of the plow handles I could hold on.* Holding to the plow, I could follow that team of horses from early morning till set of sun. More than that, after the neighbors had quit I still plowed on. I found that last hour after the others had stopped was the best hour of the day.

A question. How many furrows must be plowed around a field to make enough? How many miles will you have to walk to plow all of the field? The answer is that there must be enough furrows to turn the last spot of soil. Nobody knows how many miles of walk is in the plowing of a ten-acre field. There is many an all-day walk; and an all-day walk is a long walk for a ten-year-old boy.

Who would have thought that all-day-long walks behind a plow was the beginning of a well-nigh twenty thousand miles of long walks over the rough mountains of China, bringing the sheep home? That ten-acre, stony

job had many features that made it a sort of blue print of my future life, as I will now indicate.

When the team of horses was walking rapidly turning a nice furrow, very frequently the plow would unexpectedly strike an immovable hidden rock. This would usually throw me and the plow out of the furrow, and would drag me a distance by the time “Woh” could bring the horses to a stop. But *I held on to the plow*. So far as I can recall, in all of its frantic jumps and wild capers that plow never shook me loose. The horses and I would finally manage to get the plow back into the furrow, patch up the muss the best we could, and plow on.

In much the same way as this plowing the Lord set me at life’s plowing. In spite of striking many a hidden rock and many a long furrow, I am still clinging to the plow handles and plowing on. I think the last hour, the sun-set hour, will be the best. Perhaps I can still be gripping the plow handles and plow some more after all of the neighbors have already turned in. That would make the last hour of the day still better, since I could lay down my work at dusk and return home with the great satisfaction of having worked as long as possible and turned the last furrow my strength and time would allow.

When working alone in those early days, I not only expected every day to be a full day by working early and late, but I also expected to follow the plow every mile of the way and persevere until the last furrow of the field was successfully turned. A job ninety-nine percent done, in my opinion, was a job not done.

There might be many a bump, I might be slung around and dragged along, the sun might be hot, and I might get tired; but the job I had begun must be finished and thoroughly done.

In our neighborhood we had just one kind of dog that had this hang-on-never-let-go disposition. He was called a “bull-dog.” If he ever got hold and set his teeth you could not compel him to loose his hold. You might scold and slap him, switch him and kick him, use a club and

mercilessly beat him all over the body and over the head; but he would only bat his eyes and still hold on. The only way to get him loose was to choke him until his last breath was gone. He persevered to the end.

Now my having been endued by some of this same disposition by the same Lord, how can I take credit for hanging on when this never-let-go-spirit dominates? I have the advantage of being guided as to where I should grab hold to help and not to hurt. Thus it is that no place remains for personal self-praise. "What have you," the Bible asks, "that you did not receive? If, then, you received it, why do you boast as if it were not a gift?" I Corinthians 4:7.

I wish now to indicate some more special things in which my plowing that ten acre stony field when I was a tiny ten-year old youngster was a blue-print for all my future.

1. **Undertaking the Impossible.** It was considered impossible for a child that age to do that work. How many times I have been led into, or pushed into, undertaking the seemingly impossible; and ending with success, is hard to tell.
2. **Bumps and rough places.** The plow striking hidden rocks, throwing me about or dragging me along; there have been a plenty of times.
3. **I have hung to the plow.** When I once took hold I kept a hold. The Lord alone knows how many times I have had success by perseverance, by doggedly (bull-doggedly) hanging on in spite of everything.
4. I have numberless times had by greatest *victories the last hour of the day*, after the neighbors had all turned in. Had I kept a diary, I believe it might show hundreds of times when others would have stopped and I myself might have given up in despair, had I not decided to make one more try after all of the neighbors had turned in to rest.
5. **Finish the job.** Plow the last furrow in the field, was my motto. One hundred percent is perfection. No aim lower is right. We are told to love God with *all* of our heart, *all* of our strength. I have never been satisfied

with second class or any class that fails to be the best possible. These are the times the Lord has specially led, as I hope to show.

Home Life

Aside from the Lord, my father by example and teaching had more influence on my whole life than any other person ever had. I never heard him speak an unkind word. I never heard him scold any of us children. He so drew out our love for him that he secured our obedience. Neither did I ever see my mother with an angry look or hear an unkind word spoken by her. I never saw the least indication of any disagreement between my parents.

Can you not see that we were thus blessed by the gift of consistent Christian parents who reared us in a wholesome Christian atmosphere? This was Jesus' plan to prepare us to will and to work for His good pleasure. To Him be the glory and praise for all things.

For some years before my father's death it was my duty to carry on the main part of the outside work of the old homestead my father had rented. I was the oldest of six children with two little brothers who were still too small to do any heavy work at the time of my father's death.

In Private School

Seeing that I learned readily, my father wanted me to add to my very meager schooling. Although I had by that time completed what could be done in that little country school, I protested that, as the farm work needed all of my effort, further school work was impossible.

However, since at that time a retired high school professor having moved to a village not too far away and having started a private school, with my father's encouragement, when the farm work was slack in the fall

and winter, I started to this private school, daily walking the three miles to and from.

During the noon hour when the teacher had gone home the students began playing cards. At first there were half a dozen who had never played cards and supposedly did not think it right to play. One by one these all were enticed into the game. I was finally the only “queer” one in the group. Every day at noon hour while my classmates were having what to them was a good time I sat aloof, studying, a lone oddity. I surely felt like a companionless mortal. Yet it was doubtless the Lord’s hand upon me, holding me steadfast in purpose to persevere in my dedication to what I believed was right. Nevertheless, a young person put outside the camp, despised and left alone, can feel like a very lonesome pilgrim.

The teacher was not interested in nor did he know how to teach the common studies we needed to prepare us to become teachers in the country schools. He persuaded me to begin the study of Latin, which did me no good until I entered college.

The next winter I tried another private teacher three miles in the opposite direction, with no better success. All that derelict teacher was interested in was collecting our money and spitting tobacco juice on the stove.

Thus it was that I myself had to study the best I could with what time I could find. Here is where I had to hold on to the plow handles. Rough as it was, I followed the furrow. I had taken hold. There was to be no letting loose. My teeth were set.

All this time real plowing and work on the farm went along with studying and “plugging.” One day when I was plowing in our “back field” my little sister came with a letter she had brought from the post office a mile away. While leaning on the plow handles I tore open this eagerly-hoped-for letter and pulled out its contents. What do you suppose it was? A school teacher’s certificate. It thrilled me, it dazzled me, it set the world a whirling around me. Was it true? Or was I “seeing things?” Why. If

what I seemed to see in my hand were true, although one hand still held to the plow, I now as a *school teacher*. Think of that! NO, not a farmer, a real school teacher! Who ever did or could get such a thrill?

Teaching School

I applied for and secured a school three miles from home. Fifteen dollars a month! Real money, mind you, all my own, that I really really earned. I daily walked the three miles to school, rain or shine, sleet or snow, dust or mud. But I liked it. I loved the pupils and they loved me. Those first loves were real loves. As teacher in that school I was "it." I was janitor, who on a zero morning must get on the job early in order to have that lonely coal stove have the place warmed up by school time. I was superintendent over all the teachers. I was also all of the teachers, as well. I taught all grades from ABC to five feet tall. That was the way we did it then — one school one teacher.

The second year it was necessary to pass another teacher's examination and secure another teacher's certificate. One of the examiners told his high-school pupils that my examination papers were the best.

I taught the second year in our own district school. School teaching was due to my continued perseverance in private study plus the help of the Lord. It had not been long before that when the Lord and I met in the barn and I had come under His more direct leading and help.

Off to College

The time had now come that a desire to be more useful to the Lord led me to plan to go to college for a year and then see how the Lord would lead. I hurried up the work on the farm, sowed the fall crops, and husked as much of the corn as possible. The unhusked corn was hauled into the barn to await my return at holiday vacation. I sold the little horse my

father had given me, and I counted out the money I had saved from teaching school, plus the small amount I had saved from childhood. Having bought the cheapest trunk I could find, I packed my simple belongings therein; I was then ready to launch out into the unknown.

There were heart-strings pulling in opposite directions. On the one hand, there was a pulling toward home and the farm. I had an increasing liking for the farm life and ways. My widowed and not too strong mother and five younger brothers and sisters needed me. The youngest was only two years old. If ever an older brother and son was needed at home that brother appeared to be me. On the other hand, there seemed to be a not well-defined higher calling that I later came to know was the voice of God. That leaving the life of my boyhood days, my early manhood years, my home, my mother, my dependant younger brothers and little sisters was a “must” from Jesus. That *first* leaving was not easy. Reluctantly I kissed my mother and little sisters good-bye. I could not see how they could get along without me.

Having bade that grievous good-bye, we got my packed trunk and my worldly possessions into the old spring-wagon. My little less-than-half-grown brother, Maurice, climbed beside me into the seat. The horses that had pulled the plow for me were now pulling me away from my boyhood home.

When we came to where the one track railroad three miles distant crossed our narrow, dirt road, the two of us with difficulty managed to unload my trunk onto the little roadside wooden platform. We then waited till we saw the once-a-day little three-coach train coming around the bend, puffing out its black column of dirty coal smoke. At our signal the train stopped and took my trunk on board. A final handshake with my little brother. While he sorrowfully watched me, I climbed into this wonder-train that carried me off into a different world. I carried with me the precious jewel the Lord had placed in my heart when I sat alone in that high-wheeled buggy in the barn.

During that first year in college I grieved not a little, and I suffered a homesickness that seemed to me to be a call at the end of the school year for me to return to my former home and fulfill the natural duties of oldest son and brother. As that first summer at home drew to a close that “must” from God again prevailed with an urgency and clearness that broke my home ties and took me away from my former home and life forever.

CHAPTER III

College Life

In the Wilderness

Abraham, when the Lord called him away from the homestead of his youth, became the rest of his life a “stranger and pilgrim upon the earth.” He was not the last one. That jerky little train that took me away from the home of my youth at the call of the Lord surely started me on a pilgrimage in the wilderness, not knowing whither I went. I was a real “babe in the woods.” About all I knew was the 3R’s and how to sweat on a farm, plus God. The world that lay before me with its ways and wickedness was indeed an un-traveled and unraveled wilderness. But I was now in it. My cheap-looking trunk, with my worldly possessions, was dumped on the college ground, and I stood beside it.

A Lone Pilgrim

How lonesome I was and how queer I felt after leaving the quiet of the farm and country and landing the midst of capable, educated, and active students in a college, only those who have been through the mill can even imagine. Anyway, there I was and now ready for all the things the Lord might reveal and teach that I wanted to learn.

With an open and hopeful heart I went to the religious service in the YMCA. There was something I wanted to feel, but I did not feel a thing. I went to the chapel service. I still felt homesick for *something*. That “something” must be in the Sunday church service, I supposed. A wise professor preached. I supposed he was very wise; but how was it he did not preach like he really meant it, did not preach like our poor country teacher preached so that he made you feel “something,” something about

God, something that made you glad you had gone to church? That is the way it was those first weeks and months. I was homesick to go back to the country church and have the country preacher give me “something” to take back home.

I remember walking a long way out into the country, clear out of sight of college buildings and college school bells. I was lonesome, lonesome, so lonesome. I felt all dried up and so queer. What was it all about? I must myself be really queer. I did not fit into things, and things did not fit into me. Was I queer, or was it the college that was queer? All those wise college professors must be right and must know the truth. I should listen carefully. I did not doubt that these wise men really knew almost everything. I listened.

Little by little I got to know their beliefs, no, unbeliefs. It shocked me, it knocked me, it floored me. But that was to be expected, they said. It was a natural reaction on the part of those coming from the country into the realms of light and learning. But be that as it may, here are the real facts, like it or not, we were told: No really educated and well-informed person now believes the Bible as it reads. Only backwoods, ignorant people any longer believe the Bible, you see.

In the first place, the Bible’s claim to inspiration by God is false; God never speaks directly to man, if perchance, there is a God, they said. In the second place, the names attached to the different books of the Bible are erroneous. No such authors as claimed ever existed. On the other hand, a great many unnamed authors at widely separated intervals wrote the Bible, we were emphatically assured.

I supposed these deluded men in telling me this knew what they were talking about. Still it confused me. I could not but wonder who all of these nameless Bible writers were, anyway. Where did they live? When were they born? When did they die, etc.? Why did they not sign their names to what they wrote? Of course an ignoramus like I should not ask such questions.

Anyway, they said that neither Moses nor any one else wrote those first books of the Bible at the date claimed, for man at that time had not got far enough away from the monkey to know how to write. He may have still been climbing trees. As to Old and New Testament miracles, all of those miracle stories were just a lot of myths. They were exaggerated accounts of some unusual things that had developed into folk-lore myths. There were no miracles, that's sure, for miracles cannot take place now, and so never did. Prophecy? No such thing. How could man or God know anything about what had not come to pass? Prophecy? Not reasonable. Absurd! The prophecies, so called, in the Bible were written by those who wrote *after* the events had already taken place. They were not prophecies at all, we were taught.

If the Bible is untrue and its account of creation a myth, then we must look to some other source to find the true account of creation and the origin of life and all things. Thus our teachers launched into the account of origins and the development of all things as follows:

Once upon a time, long, long, long ago (sounds like a grandmother's ghost-story, doesn't it?) there was a great big ball of gas whirling around at terrific speed. That cooled off and in one way and another formed our sun and earth and other planets. Then again still very long, long ago, many, many millions of years ago, on this earth some-where, no one knows just where, a tiny, tiny little speck of a cell too weeny to see even with grandpa's reading glass, began to wiggle just a little. Up until then in all of the world there was not a wiggle nor a speck of life. This life, coming from *nowhere* and from what had *no life* was the beginning of *all* life on earth.

That first tiny cell, for some reason unknown, divided into two cells like itself in substance and in every way. From cells acting in this way in the beginning we have all of the life on earth from a blade of grass to the mightiest oak, from the ant to the elephant, from the tadpole to the whale. A whale of a story, is it not? We were expected to believe it.

Since all life came as it did, it is evident that the idea of worship was a physical development from within, not from above. Accordingly, Jesus being a product of this monkey-man line, he was no more divine than the rest of us. The only difference being that Jesus did a little better job than others in this upward development. Jesus, we were assured, made many mistakes and had many limitations. True, He treated the Old Testament stories as if they were true. But he was either ignorant, and like the people of his day, supposed there had been such miracles, or else, if he knew these were mere superstitions, he thought it best not to contradict the beliefs of his day. Of course, we were told, Jesus performed no miracles. People who liked him exaggerated some of his doings into legendary myths.

Thus, we were asked to believe that there is no personal God and believe that all men, including Jesus are equally divine. Already in many ways wiser than Jesus was, we are still on our way up, up, up. The sum total of all men is all the god there is. We are IT. Of course all the above being true, we were taught that there is no place called heaven, no angels, no personal Satan, no devils, no demons, *no sin*, no hell. Just man, who is on the way up, and who needs no one else to help him higher. He has passed the monkey and will soon pass the man in the moon. How it is that the three million other living species all stopped in their tracks with no more "up," our mistaken teachers never told us. Is not all the preceding godless teaching anti-Christ? Did not Jesus say that the world will come under the reign of an anti-christ? You have little idea how subtly the devil feeds in his poison pills, one at a time, covered at first with Bible vocabulary and mixed with truth. Little by little this goes on until the covering is all taken away and only MAN, almighty man, is there, all by himself, (in a bad fix).

Nearly every one of the students who came to that college were church members who did not doubt but what the Bible was true or doubt that God was what the Bible claimed Him to be. Every year the new

arrivals, who were at all concerned about their souls, suffered many heartaches and tears as they were being robbed of their Bible and God. So far as I know very few, if any, ever again found the Bible and the God they had lost. I fear that those who found a God and a Bible may have found a different God and a made-over Bible.

What saved me out of this mess? Who saved me out of such infidelity? Jesus. There is no other explanation. Jesus, the God who touched me in the buggy in the barn still touched when I prayed. He kept me praying to a God, who in spite of all the wise (?) professors said, I still believed to be bigger than the sum total of man.

While active in every kind of religious college activity, my praying led me to believe that, although I could not explain it, God and the Bible must still be in some way mixed in all that I was being taught. I know now, as I did not then, that the Lord never left me; but that He was leading me and was guarding this wandering pilgrim through this pathless wilderness.

There came a day when my Savior came to my rescue. He picked me out of the miry intellectual muss and battering waves of doubt and placed my feet on the Rock to stay. I was standing by our cheap little table up in our poorly furnished room in the attic in the third story, reading the New Testament that lay on the table before me. As I was reading in the gospel something that Jesus said, it came to me with compelling force that what Jesus said and did was true. Accordingly, the whole Bible was true, as Jesus taught. This I am sure was a flash from heaven. Real faith came to me then and there that suddenly. A love gift from God. Out of that third story went a whole armful of doubts and the monkey, too. The monkey never got in again. Previous to this moment of the great decision there were some things leading up to it, and later, as I may relate, I came to know that real science and real scholarship and real proven facts are all on the side of God and the Bible. But suffice it here to just say that it was the Lord who at that time let me out of the cage. It was His Spirit within

me, that, like the intuition of the homing pigeon, started me on the flight that unerringly will take me home.

To this day I consider mine a great deliverance. Does a redeemed drunkard not know that he was saved into a different life? Does not a man who was sinking hopelessly in a raging sea forever give thanks that he was pulled out of the devouring waves and placed on an immovable rock? My salvation from modernism and those infidel beliefs was just as definite and as glorious. The nearer I reach home in my homeward flight the oftener I thank Jesus for saving me out of that college modernism, when I stood there alone in the attic. I thank Him for this almost daily. I thank Him now, as I write. I will doubtless thank Him tomorrow when I pray. I expect to thank Him throughout all eternity. All glory to Jesus. He alone rescued me. It absolutely was not my own wisdom.

New Adjustments

Upon first arriving at college at Hiram, Ohio, I was met by my cousin, who had encouraged me to go to college. We secured a poorly furnished room in the old Garfield House where Garfield lived before becoming president of the United States.

My cousin Clarence began at once to initiate this "hayseed" into the mysteries of college life that he knew all about, as I supposed. He had already been in that college a whole year. Why should he not know everything?

When he pointed out who were leaders in places of importance I looked upon such as being most unusual beings. Seniors and all upper-class men must be very wise, I thought. I admired them all. To be introduced by my cousin to a senior or a student leader I considered a great favor. To suppose that I should ever reach any position of importance or honor among these wonderful students was far beyond my fondest dreams. However, strange to relate, in the course of the six years I

was in college I occupied or had opportunity to hold practically every position of importance and honor in the student body. At any rate, no other one student occupied as many places of leadership as I held while I was in college.

During all of my college days I seemed to be two different and distinct persons. When active among the students, I was apparently intense, aggressive, happy, and given to cheer others by my jokes. When away from others, I appeared to myself as an entirely different person. I was incessantly plagued by fearful melancholy. At such times no achievement, no honor, no amount of popularity gave me a ray of comfort. I could not make myself believe that I was fit to be called a man. As I sized myself up in these times of "blues," it seemed to me that if people really knew me as I truly was, or as I knew myself, not a soul would want to be seen walking on the same side of the street I was going.

No one but a person subject to melancholy, as I was, can understand what I am here writing. All who are subject to times of depression will understand me in some measure. What others experience only occasionally seems to have been, in my case, an inborn part of my make-up. From early childhood onward, almost constant depression and melancholy seemed to be my lot. Under this dreadful influence I was robbed of the natural enjoyments in life, was lacking in ambition, and much of the time had no desire to live. Since, as I say, this depressive strain continued right through my college life, the reader will understand as I proceed through my narrative that while at times and in many ways I was a most honored student, perhaps the most honored student at the time, at the same time I was without a doubt the most lonesome and melancholy person in that whole student body, or the whole village, for that matter.

I was accustomed to fool myself into thinking that were I to obtain a certain position of honor I would feel happy and satisfied. That was a

delusion. Having reached a desired goal, I found it a rainbow bubble that burst when I merely touched it.

Although after college days I had much relief from such deep spells of melancholy, my chief release was after receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I am never so free and happy as at times I am under special anointing of the Spirit enjoying a foretaste of heaven.

God Gave Wisdom

As I now relate some of my college experiences I want to give all of the glory to Jesus Who gave me the gift of the dispositions I have pointed out in connection with my boyhood plowing, the inherited characteristics that prevailed throughout college and after life. One other thing I did not mention in connection with boyhood days was that one evening as I was shoving hay into the barn basement for the horses, I was thinking of the story my father had told me of how Solomon chose above all else to have unselfish wisdom to govern his people. I said, "Lord give me wisdom as my one choice." Strange how through life I have remembered shoving hay down that trap door and praying for wisdom as I did so. Praying for wisdom to rightly meet the problems of life has been a life-long experience. Accordingly, whatever wisdom I have had I think of as a gift from the Giver of wisdom. I will now proceed to relate some of my experiences while I was a college student.

Class-Room Work

Since I had done no high school work, it was necessary for me to enter the preparatory department of the college before beginning the regular four-year college course, making seven years work in all. I did this in six years. The passing grade was seventy percent. In all of my six years my grades never fell below ninety except twice when I received only

eighty-five percent due to interruptions that interfered with study. While in the preparatory department I was among the first in all of my classes. As president of the senior class I delivered the graduation address. I was active in many phases of the student activities from near the beginning of my college life.

Beginning with my sophomore year in the main college course a scholarship prize was given. I received this first prize and also this prize given the succeeding two years that I was in college.

College Debating

It was in my sophomore year that I helped win the annual inter-literary debate. This was as high as honor as could be attained in the student body, except perhaps to win an oratorical annual contest.

A somewhat detailed account of one of these annual debates may be interesting. Early in the school year each of the two competing societies would choose by competition three debaters and also a second team to work against these three with opposing arguments. Months before time for the debate the debaters secured an armful of books on the subject, from the Cleveland or other libraries. These books by the best authorities, we studied with a thoroughness that no college text book ever got. By the time the debater had prepared his debate speech he became almost a first class authority on the question at issue. We debated big questions. The year I debated, our subject for debate was essentially the same as that of the European "common market" that is a subject of world discussion today.

The college annual debate was one event in which every student in the college was expected to show interest by attending. This interest was not primarily in the question to be debated. It was the social aspect of the event, connected with an interest in seeing which society would win. The debate was always followed by each society's giving a nice banquet for its

members and friends. The banquet was presided over by a capable outside guest-toastmaster who wittingly introduced the after-dinner speakers.

This being a big annual student-body affair, every man was to be there at his very best, accompanied by his best girl, or if he could not bring her from his home town, then bring his second best. A girl was a "must." In order to insure success in this, each society appointed what we called a "matrimonial committee" whose business it was to mate the mateless, date the dateless, and help the hopeless. The "matrimonial committee" saw to it that every fellow took an order of his own selection of flowers to be brought from Cleveland for a banquet bouquet for his "best" or second "best."

A few days before the debate every student and every member of the faculty would appear wearing a fancy bright-colored badge that represented one or other of the two contending societies. When the evening came for the long-expected event the whole student body and the entire faculty assembled in the auditorium, all dressed in their best "bib and tucker" and all full of expectancy. Just before the debate began the three judges were ushered in and seated in different places. These judges were outside prominent lawyers or persons of repute. The moderator now took his place on the platform. While the orchestra played, the entire audience applauded as from the rear the debaters marched down both aisles and took their seats by tables set for them on either side of the platform. Now the debate was on, each speech heartily applauded. When debating was finished intensity became increasingly intense. As the moderator read the decision of the judges the audience almost breathlessly heard the decision of the final judge saying, "In my opinion the best debating has been done by the affirmative." Our team was the affirmative. Did that bring thrills and congratulations and hand shaking and great rejoicing! I remember that at the opening of my speech at the banquet that followed my first remark was, "Tonight I have realized the fulfillment of a highest college ambition."

Our team later debated with another college and won again. Since a student was supposed to participate in only one annual debate, the following years my debate activities were confined to helping our society teams.

Religious Activities

From the time I entered college I was always active in religious work. However, as I have said, religion then was more of a formality than a reality, almost devoid of any real life. I had part in almost all phases of YMCA work. Eventually I was president.

The men I then chose for my cabinet were among the most capable in the college. Since they were the few who could be counted on to do their work promptly and thoroughly, it is no surprise that nearly all of those cabinet members later came to occupy positions of importance. The state YMCA secretary told me that we had the best organized college YMCA in the state.

Student Volunteer

Strange as it now seems, we had a volunteer band composed of volunteers for the foreign mission field. This was made up mostly of persons whose college contacts had not brought them into close touch with the modernism that was then beginning to permeate the whole school system. Some of the old professors had not yet been eliminated. Contacts with these out-of-date "old foggies" helped some students to retain faith in God, where the wise modernists did not have a chance to tear it away.

Anyway, we had a volunteer band that I eventually joined and later became its president. Only five of us ever went to a foreign mission field. I think that only four of us continued on the mission field.

How was it that I became a volunteer for the foreign mission field? Well, I never altogether lost my faith in God. As I advanced in my college work I still retained the intention of making my life count for God. I thought that dealing with *life* was of far greater value than dealing with gold or any material things. Thinking it over, I decided that teaching and preaching offered the best opportunities for dealing directly with *life*, the most precious thing in all of the world. I knew I could teach, for I had tried it and I liked it. But better yet would be preaching that would include teaching as well. I would wait to see whether or not I might be able to speak in public. Practice in our literary society showed that I could speak a little in public. Then why not use whatever speaking ability I had to preach? I thought I should preach.

Then there was the question of the Where. Should it be the foreign mission field? I decided, yes. Whatever preaching or teaching I could do, much or little would, I thought, serve the Lord best and please Him most were I to go to the place of greatest need. That would be the foreign mission field. Since I liked to sing, the best way to sing would be to teach the heathen to sing praises to God. So now you see how it was: A set purpose to do all the will of God regardless of place or consequences. I had again taken hold of the plow handles. I had started to work for the Lord. Going to the foreign mission field was not a matter of sentiment. It was a matter of common sense directed by wisdom from the Lord.

Since I was so active in the religious work of the school, I was one of the four delegates sent as our quota to the international student volunteer convention held every four years. That year took us down to Nashville, Tennessee. The Ohio delegation was assigned seats in the third balcony, where we could hear a few sentences spoken by a few of the speakers, but not even hear a word spoken by the others. That was before the day of loud speakers. The only benefit I got out of that interruption of school work was an every-morning breakfast of those famous southern hot biscuits, plus the enjoyment of hearing that southern dialect.

Lost Opportunity to Sing

I had a fairly good tenor voice and I liked to sing, but had no opportunity and I had no chance for voice training or music study. I had sung in the country church choir at home. Now at college a glee club was organized that would need tenor voices and gave me a chance to sing. I attended one meeting. I certainly could have continued to sing in the club. However, I saw, much to my disappointment, that with all the different positions I had in the student body there was no place for glee club practice or time for absence from school on out-of-town engagements.

I sang on Sundays in the church choir, when eight singers sat high up by the pipe organ. In college daily chapel it was the custom for a member of the senior class to lead the singing. This consisted in standing up by the pipe organ, behind the railing, and formally starting the first note. A senior classmate and I thus led the chapel singing alternate weeks during our senior year. None of this was any help to me. This old time desire to sing has lately been partly satisfied by a friend at home sending me many tapes of southern "spirituals." These have revived my early longing to sing in a quartet or duet and at the same time stirred me into a greater zeal to work for the Lord. However, the Lord knows our needs. After receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit, singing in other tongues seemed to just naturally outflow from somewhere far down inside. This has continued to the present day. Now the Lord satisfies me through this gift of singing in other tongues in a fullness of expression beyond the natural. He also gives me songs in English, really poems with many verses, the words and tunes of which I do not remember afterwards. All of this now more than makes up for what I missed in the college glee club or otherwise.

Athletics

I liked athletics. Baseball practice began when I was a youngster playing ball with myself by throwing and batting a ball against the barn. I could seldom have been found without a ball in my pocket. This love for baseball was almost a second nature that followed me. But after going to college, where I certainly could have joined a college team and gotten a big “H” on my sweater, a mark of honor as a college athlete, I found it impossible to find time for practice. Furthermore, baseball lacked the physical exercise that I daily had to have. Accordingly, a baseball “H” had to be passed by.

I liked basketball. As soon as I entered the preparatory department my first year at college and got my hands on the first basketball it was like meeting a long hoped-for friend. Here was plenty of exercise, plenty of excitement, and clean sport. We members of that “prep” team who began to play together my first year in school as a class team and thus continued for some years really became quite expert. We won our class meet and looked for more worlds to conquer. The other members of our team were promoted to the college team and proudly put the hoped for big “H” on their sweaters. As captain of that first class-team I was certainly as good a player as any. I, too, wanted an “H” and I felt sure of one if only I could find time for the necessary daily practice. I had no time for practice. I could not afford the interruptions of school studies when absent on college meets. Impossible. No “H” for me.

I was then elected college basketball manager. I could do the work along with my studies and other work. However, this involved much writing to other colleges in order to arrange schedules for college meets. I had to look after all details in many of these meets: advertisements, train connections, door tickets, care for visiting players, and endless details. All of this, after all, took much of my college time. Yet I got the job done well.

State Oratorical Association Secretary

In my junior year another important and work-involving position fell to my lot. A number of colleges and universities belonging to a state oratorical association alternated in each year appointing a state secretary of the association whose duty it was to make all arrangements for the annual state oratorical contest. That year since it was our turn to appoint the secretary, our society elected me to do this work. When I heard that, my reaction was, "I do not know how to do that work." But I did it. I wonder how.

That work involved almost everything connected with the contest, except making the speeches. I had to contact all of the contestants, collect their orations, have all of them printed, and then send copies to all of the judges. I had to arrange for the judges' transportation and stay for the contest. Since that year the contest was to be Wooster, Ohio, extra correspondence was necessary. After the contest it was my duty to have all orations printed and to send copies to all of the contesting colleges. It appeared that I was the first secretary who ever carried out this requirement of the constitution. You may here recall what I said about my plowing to the last furrow before letting go of the plow handles. The above was a case of the kind.

That year our Hiram orator won the contest by a wide margin. I had no part in that except the rejoicing. All of this secretary work involved a great deal of letter writing. So did that of the basketball management. In all I wrote three hundred letters that junior year, while carrying on full college studies.

The Play

There was another activity that busy junior year which brought me the most glory and the deepest regret. It was this way: it was customary

for the literary societies in turn to present a standard play at commencement time. It turned out that in my junior year it was our turn to present this annual play and also that that was a special home-coming year which brought to the college an unusual number of former graduates and friends of the college.

The play our literary society chose was a famous old classical comic by Oliver Goldsmith. The main interest of this play centered around the playing of the star part by the naughty boy. Our society asked me to play this star part. Since I had never attended a play or theater and never intended to, and since I did not believe in such, I refused to have part in this play. My friends, however, coaxed me to reconsider my refusal. They insisted that this was no theater play. It was just an ancient, harmless, well-known comic. This was just our own college affair anyway, not a performance for the theater-going public. If I did not play this important part, who could? I finally yielded to these wrong persuasions and consented to play the star part.

In preparation for the big event I spent much time thinking over every sentence and word. I so entered into the spirit and reality of it all that it actually, for the time being at least, became a part of me.

We played to a full house. My mind was one hundred percent keen as I kept the audience following me. My playing was constantly interrupted by applause while I really starred playing the "star part." Between scenes, when I went outside for a little fresh air, as I passed by, a girl sitting in an pen window called down to me saying, "I never saw better acting in the Cleveland theaters." Some compliment. That student was never seen in one of our religious meetings. She did not associate with us, for she belonged strictly in the theater-going crowd. Now here I was was, gone down to her godless level.

The college president put it rightly as he laughingly congratulated me when he said, "Well, you covered yourself with *in* famy, Oh, no, I mean real fame." *Infamy* was more correct. For the next few days I was

being covered with whatever it was, fame or infame, when almost every one I met on the street or anywhere, acquaintance or stranger, stopped to congratulate me.

That felt nice at the time. However, when the dust cleared away and I got a view of things from a distance, I saw that what seemed like a high pinnacle of fame was the lowest morally of any outstanding work I did in all of my college days. Throughout life at unexpected times “naughty boy” scenes of that play would unbiddingly flash through my mind. The things I did for show found unwelcome place within me. I saw that no actor can successfully act a part and not live it. I read that the men who have played the part of Judas in the world-famous “passion play” have all (as I recall) committed suicide.

How Did I Do It?

How did I manage to do all that work in my junior year? As I have related, it included the YMCA presidency, the literary society presidency, the college basketball management, the conducting of the state oratorical contest at Wooster university, playing the star part in the annual play, keeping all of my studies high enough above ninety percent to win the scholarship prize for that year, as well as participating in helping the debating team and many other school activities. I also worked part time to help pay for my board.

How did I do it? I remember that I used every minute aggressively. I kept plowing all day long. I ran from my room to classroom. I ran between classes from one building to another. I did committee work between classes and with students coming to and going from chapel. I hung onto the plow and never let go of a job until I had satisfactorily turned the last furrow in the field. I still plowed on when the neighbors had turned in. It would have been hard to find me idle for ten minutes. How did I do it? Jesus was with me. He gave me that disposition to never

let up until a job was one hundred percent done. He set me at the plow and helped me hang on, as I have pointed out. Although I did not see it then as clearly as I do now, I know there was never a time that I did not want Jesus to have less than first place, even when I may have failed to give Him that rightful place.

During all that year when I had to make every minute count I never studied or did student work on Sunday. All of the students I knew would at times study on Sunday. I gave that day to God, and in turn God gave me success in everything I undertook in the student body. I got better school grades than any of the students who studied on Sunday and wasted God's time during the week. I received the scholarship prize for that year — a gift from God. God made the impossible possible. Can't you see it? What I knew nothing about doing He gave me wisdom to successfully do. When I needed Him, Jesus was there even when I did not know He was there.

The Woods and the Birds

I had to have exercise. I never could carry on indoor work without daily outdoor exercise. I found that the best exercise was not athletics, but walking. Hiram college is located in a beautiful, rolling country covered with maple forests. I bought a Reed's pocket colored bird guide; and then, whenever possible, I spent an hour or two every day tramping through the scented forests, seeking birds. There probably was not a spot within an hour's walk off the college that I did not visit many times. I wonder whether there was any kind of bird that did not come within range of my five dollar bird binoculars.

Here was a study in which I was at the top. I was the only ornithologist in the college. I wonder whether any one in the college knew the difference between a robin and a screech owl. What did that wise (?) professor, who thought he knew how to analyze and tear apart my

experience of God, know about how refreshing it could be to leisurely ramble through God's forest scented by mossy undergrowth? It might have helped his infidelity to watch the happy squirrels scampering among the tree branches, and to listen to the caroling birds.

My childhood had been among forests, where on a summer day I could lie on my back and look into the tops of the trees that God had made. In the springtime my sister and I could gather bouquets of Jonny jump-ups and daisies which grew by the little rippling brook of crystal water. We knew the common birds. We knew within a day or two the exact time the woodpeckers would return from the south and begin pecking again on the dead limb of the old white oak. The swallow had the swallow-clock. No matter how far south it had to go that winter to find it warm enough, no matter how the wind blew en route, no matter how many mountains had to be crossed and rainy days encountered, our two home-loving house-swallows each year would return at almost the same day and hour and being to build their nest right over our house door. No wonder that having spent my childhood where God was, and having had that same God who guided the swallow home, He also put that homing sense into my heart as I sat alone in the buggy in the barn. I got something that professor could not take away. As I now make the last stage of my homeward flight I rejoice that the God who guided the swallow home has been guiding me. Only the fool has said in his heart there is no God.

I hope you like this little meditation under the trees out there in the woods. My love for birds and nature began at childhood. I used to gather the beautiful birds' eggs, one of a kind. Now in college days my love for God's creation had this opportunity for further development. I was naturally of a solitary disposition and wished I might have been a naturalist. I was more interesting in making friends with birds than with men, for I loved God's animate and inanimate creation. But God's will for me was to move among and work for His creation — men.

I must do what I can to guide men home, guide men back to the paradise where eyes will be opened again to see the beauty of the lily, where they can enjoy the fragrance of the rose, rest by crystal streams, listen to the singing birds, and walk and talk with Jesus.

CHAPTER IV

College Life (continued)

Selling Books

During much of my college course I did some work to help expense such as washing dishes, waiting tables, soliciting boarders, etc. But selling books during three summer vacations was what helped me the most.

At the close of the school year in June some twenty of us would take the train to some distant place in order to sell books. From a decided center we were to separate and go different directions, usually by train, and each work his own territory. Having arrived in our field of labor we would then each alone walk into the surrounding farm country to sell his books; or actually, take orders for books to be delivered in the fall.

Every year, of the twenty students or more who started out this way, there would be a few who could not sell a book and so would go home at once. Others having poor success, would one by one return home, until there would fewer than half a dozen who would finish the summer. I was always one of the "finishers." However, it was always after plowing much stony ground.

When we began the summer's work, the first week or two was the hardest. Walking in the hot sun and drinking too much of the different kinds of water to quench our awful thirst would make us sick. Forcing yourself along those hot, dusty roads and trying to sell books to strangers when you were sick, surely was plowing stony ground. It was another case of doing the impossible that, as I have said, has always been a feature of my life-work.

That first year of book-selling was the most miserable. From childhood days I was always timid in the presence of strangers — a sort of man-fearing make-up. How I suffered inside as I made myself go up to a

house or approach a man in the field, nobody except a person like myself can even imagine. Although it was my business to meet people and sell books to them, I was always glad to find no one at home when I knocked on the house door. I liked to find no one at home.

One thing that helped me to force myself along was the expectancy of seeing my schoolmates over the weekend at the center from which we worked. Aside from meeting in heaven, it seemed to me that there could be nothing more joyous than our coming together after a week out in the “wilds.” I never experienced anything like it. To separate on Monday to go away alone out among strangers to me was terrible. I have no vocabulary to describe that. I was schoolmatesick, homesick, heartsick, and every other kind of sick there can be inside where such “sicks” exist. I was utterly lonesome, thoroughly depressed, devil obsessed, blue until I was black, dead except for a little heart flicker — a sort of man and yet nothing. I was not worth two cents. To think of college achievements did not help even a fraction of an iota. And yet I felt worse than all that I have said could indicate.

On Monday I seldom sold a book. I could scarcely talk. I was so homesick. How then could I persuade? Tuesday was some better. I might sell a book or two. Wednesday would usually find me getting back to common sense. By the end of the week I would be a whole man again. The next week would be like the one before, down, down to the bottom and up again. Thus I went around the vicious circle week after week the whole hot summer long. It might be that I found it easier as the weeks went by. Anyway, I came through. The Lord must have kept by hand on the plow, for I do not recall any intention of turning back.

On weekends those of us who remained had many experiences to tell one another. I had my share of such. For instance once when I had had a good week I canvassed later than usual before seeking lodging for the night. The first place I applied could not take me in, they said, for some reason or other. The second place it was the same, though as usual I said

that I would pay for lodging. Place after place it was the same. That really started me a walking, how many miles I do not know. It got interesting to see just how many places would refuse me lodging. Nineteen places. It was now too late to seek further. Lights were all going out. I came to a darkened house with a barn near it and the barn door standing open. Since there would be no one in there to turn me down, I decided to turn in. Inside safely, I was feeling around to find a place to lie down, when I discovered a bunch of hay. I was spreading that around when, "Ugh," I landed on my back down in the basement. I fell through an open trapdoor. I finally managed to get back through the door, only bruised a little. That was more fortunate than I knew at the time; usually there was a dog down there where I fell. It looks like the angels were caring for me even in those early days.

At break of day I got out of there and started for the train in a happy frame of mind; I had a good week, was safe and sound, and would have the best story to tell.

On Monday I decided to return to the place where I had slept in the barn and do my best to sell a book at every place I had been refused lodging for a night. I sold a book where I had slept in their barn. These were nice folks who said I could stay with them that night. The story of who I was, my nineteen refusals, and my fall in the barn soon spread all over the community. I sold many books, was welcomed everywhere, could get meals or lodging wherever I liked and seldom had to pay for anything.

A prize of a fine gold watch was offered for selling a specified number of books in a summer. Well, off and on that watch kept dangling before my eyes all summer long. After a good week I could see it. After a poor week I couldn't. When I started my last week I had some hope; yet when I ended the week and had sold my last book I had no hope. Finished. No more sales. No watch. Was I disappointed as I was crestfallenly trudging along the dusty road toward the train? Too bad about that hoped-for watch! But the summer's canvassing was ended.

Thus dejected I sat down by the dusty roadside to rest for a minute. I took another look at that mockingly disappointing order-book. What? Was that a flash of lightning or what? It couldn't be a gold watch could it? A big thrill. A new sensation. I had won the watch. I had miscounted my sales.

Did this not prove true that our class motto which I had helped choose at college that read, "Perseverantia Omnia Vincit (perseverance overcomes all things)"? Did this book selling not fit into that stony field plowing experience? Was this not a case of a person of my timid makeup undertaking the impossible? Was it not a case of hanging on to the plow when it was dragging me along? Was it not plowing on after the neighbors had turned in? Was it not finishing the field and plowing the last furrow needed? Was it not like finishing well the work at which my father set me in the morning when the last hour of the day was the best?

The next year took us to west Virginia. We arrived there almost penniless, each with a book to sell toward the summer's expenses. Upon arriving at our center and going to the post office we had a big surprise. There was a letter for me and an enclosed check for fifty dollars. A note from the college secretary informed me that I was given the scholarship prize for that year. I did not know about that, as it was the first year for this prize. I had paid no attention to its announcement in the catalog. That fifty dollars was like manna right down from heaven. We divided that money around according to need. It gave us a start that helped us overcome a seemingly almost impossible situation. Does the Lord not care for His children?

The people in West Virginia were very friendly. They were hospitable, too. You could get a meal, a good meal at that, anywhere in any house for twenty-five cents and get a night's lodging and a good breakfast for fifty cents. The scenery with winding roads in the valleys and along the tree-covered low hills and mountains was glorious. We had a good summer in West Virginia. I earned another gold watch. Since I did

not need it, I was allowed its worth in books at a reduced rate. What I needed was money, and I got it.

The third year of selling books we worked in Indiana. There we could walk all day and see nothing but corn. At first it was little corn that you could see over, miles and miles of it. Later it was tall corn that you could not see over or ever walk around. The people in Indiana were friendly. I liked to listen to their hoosier country accent.

The first two weeks there was awful. The drinking water was the worst we had ever seen. It was yellow and sulfurous with its odor so sickening it seemed like we could smell it as far as we could see it, and when we could not see it we certainly could smell it. When we started out on a Monday we each took a lemon or two in our pocket in order to squeeze a trifle of its juice into that abominable water to enable us to quench that awful thirst. It made us sick. How in the world could any man ever get used to drinking such water? Doing the apparently impossible again, I got used to the yellow water and came really to like it and it liked me.

That third summer of selling books was not like the two previous summers. The Lord was so leading that I seemed to be tired of college. This was the summer vacation after that strenuous junior year. I did not seem to be much concerned whether I sold books or not.

I carried a pocket New Testament and made it a rule every morning before talking to men about books to find some quiet roadside spot and then read the Bible and talk to God. My times of depression were less frequent than in previous years. I was finding heart-satisfaction.

Near the end of the summer two of the men got sick, one with typhoid fever. I managed to send them home by train. I then had to hunt out the few scattered people to whom they had sold books and make fall delivery for them. That took my time to the last vacation day, making it impossible for me as usual to visit my mother and home folks before returning to school. I was very sorry.

As it was, having left that strenuous junior year without rest, I had launched out into the book work. Now again without rest I rushed back into school again. Did I not say that when I began my life-work that I began a day at dawn and finished a day's plowing at dark?

I did not sell as many books as usual that summer. I did not care. God was going something that helped my head and heart and body. I returned to college with a better and clearer outlook on life than I had before. I had decided several things.

I had decided that I had had all of college that I wanted. I had studied all of the sort of studies that I wanted to study. It now seemed to me that popularity and positions of honor and importance tired me inwardly and got in my way. I had conducted and attended committee meetings until I was committee-meeting-sick. I wanted never to see another committee. (Never did see many.)

I thought that I had fulfilled my full obligation to the student body by participating in all phases of college life to the limit of my time and ability. In being diligent in my scholastic work I had done my duty by my teachers. Now I thought that I had been the whole round of college life. At heart, I had really come to commencement graduation at the end of my junior year. However, custom demanded one more formal year in college.

There was still one more student position that I had not occupied. That was the management of the college annual, a book put out each year by the senior class. When I steadfastly refused to become manager of that publishing work, one of my class mates in disgust told me that I was a "quitter." He was a "righter," for I really was a quitter of past college life. I was facing another direction.

I became president of the student volunteer band. I began preaching every two weeks in a little country church. I withdrew from every phase of student activity except that three of us acted as sort of middle-men between faculty and students.

Essay Writing

During my senior year the prize to be given for scholarship required also the winning of an essay competition. I needed that prize money to apply on school debt. Accordingly, I began an essay and concentrated on this theme writing, using every spare minute.

You will see how the Lord definitely helped me. I had chosen by my thesis to show that missions in India considered as a whole had changed from originally being primarily evangelistic to an attitude now essentially educational. To prove that it was necessary for me to secure the official reports of the Indian ecumenical conventions held every ten years, beginning a hundred years in the past (I do not remember the exact date). These old convention reports had to be hunted out from various scattered colleges, universities, and other libraries, all of which I knew nothing about when I began my search. I now wonder how I succeeded in finding these scattered reports. Toward the last only two reports were lacking. I must have those to make my record perfect and my thesis complete. But where in the world could I find those two lacking reports? I do not now recall how it was that I found one in the public library at Boston and the other at Wooster University, Wooster, Ohio. These were loaned to me. I surely believe the Lord helped me locate those scattered long-out-of-date, generally unimportant reports. I believe that the One who guides the chirping sparrow to its breakfast can and does, as occasion needs it, guide His pilgrim to the object of his quest. I believe in a Jesus who is concerned with little things, like preparing breakfast for His hungry disciples after He rose from the dead.

As the time drew near when the thesis must be turned in, I was working full speed overtime trying to do my final copying. But the closing date came faster than my writing came. When only one more day remained I hired a schoolmate to help me copy. I had my uncopied material hurriedly scribbled so badly that I did not suppose any person

but myself could read it. It did not look like longhand or shorthand or any man's handwriting. Nevertheless, the man I hired to help me copy could read my scribble. It was soon apparent that the two of us could not copy all that was necessary that day. A friend happened to come along and seeing out situation he began to help copy. I never would have believed it, but he, too, could read my awful scratching. Pretty soon another schoolmate came along and taking a section of the manuscript he, too, began to copy as rapidly as he could. Another came and another until there must have been half a dozen of them, or more. Every one could read my writing. We all worked at highest speed until after dark. We hurried on and on. At last the various sections the men had been separately copying were ready to assemble. The assembling was hurriedly done, making a volume in a variety of handwritings, supposedly in proper arrangement. I handed the completed thesis in at ten P.M., two hours before the midnight hour set to close the contest.

I invited the men who had helped to go with me to "John's," the college "snack" place, where we each had a piece of pie. I was so grateful and happy I would gladly have treated them all to anything John had. They would not allow me to treat to more than pie nor would they take any pay for their help.

How as it that those schoolmates came along to help me? I did not inquire. I wish I had inquired. Schoolmates were not in the habit of coming to my room. I am not sure that any of those who came that day had ever been in my room before. Some certainly had not. If they had not come thus unsolicited to help me, if even one less had come, that thesis upon which I had worked for months and set my hopes would not have been finished on time.

My grades passed the required test. My thesis passed the test. I got the prize, the money I needed to turn in at once on my college debt. Do you not believe that the One who cares for the sparrow and helped me collect the reports for that manuscript sent those schoolmates along

something like He sends His angels to minister to those who inherit salvation?

Perhaps I should add that the original research required by my thesis, amounting as it did, to a good sized book, and containing all of the proof-text necessary, would compare favorably with the sort of thesis postgraduate universities require for issuing a Ph.D; but I was not at all interested in anything but the money.

I Got a Wife

Perhaps the Lord sent me to college to see that I could get the right life companion. The Bible says that it is not good for a man to live alone. I was an unusually “alone” creature. I needed another half. Since my proper life companion would be in college, how could I have found her had I not gone to the same college? Even then, how was I to know which one was to become my wife? How could these things work out so that there would be no mistake in such an important affair?

An old preacher who had much experience in dealing with people said that getting married was a gamble. The problem was how to eliminate the gamble feature in mate-choosing. God alone could do it. And so if ever a man needed to pray for guidance, it is in this matter of mate-choosing. Two lives are involved for a whole lifetime for better or for worse. I saw this and very earnestly prayed about it.

One of our professors said that a person should fall in love like he went in swimming — head first. That sounded more like sense than like sentiment. According to sense and the Bible, then, a Christian should never mate a person who is not a real Christian. In my case I should have a wife who herself expected to be a missionary. Preferably we two should have been “brung up” in similar environments, resulting in similar character foundation. All this could so directed by the Lord as to insure a proper consummation. This the Lord proved in my case.

Mrs. Baker, Josephine, and I were college classmates. We were “brung up” in similar environments separated fifty miles; yet where customs were the same and where without question “when the rooster crows everybody knows eggs for your breakfast in the morning.”

In our two communities farmers did not work on Sunday. In the case of our two families the horses that pulled the plow during the week were on Sunday hitched to the buggy or wagon and pulled us to church. At an early age Josephine taught in Sunday School. If the rooster failed to crow so that on Monday you had to go to the grocery on the corner to buy an egg you paid for it spot cash. That is what our two families did. “Yes” was “yes.” “No” was “no.” We did not lock our doors at night.

Josephine remembers that the first money she earned was by picking potato bugs at three cents per hundred. She picked so many so rapidly that her parents cut her wages to one cent per hundred. Incidentally, I, too, picked potato bugs, the same kind of bugs. Like Josephine I drowned them in “lamp oil.” Some things in common to start with.

Josephine’s early schooling, like mine, was in a one-teacher country school. She later became that one teacher in her home school. In order to attend high school in the city she and her sister Glaydes went there to live. Her sister forfeited her own chance for more education by getting a job and thereby earning enough money to support the two of them for three years while Josephine attended high school. How was that for unselfishness? Glaydes then studied to become a nurse. The fourth year in high school Josephine supported herself by working in a private family.

One summer vacation she applied for work in a restaurant. “Can you cook?” she was asked. “Yes.” “O.K., you are hired.” As a matter of fact, all she knew about cooking was how to cook for her own country, small family. When she took over that cooking in the restaurant she was surprised to learn that she was expected to cook for about one hundred customers every meal. She was in for it, but the Lord was in it, too. She planned and ordered all of the food and herself did all of the cooking. All

the help she had was that of an old woman who washed the vegetables and peeled the potatoes.

How was that done if the Lord did not help do it? That money earned in the restaurant was a start toward college. Like myself Josephine did some book selling during vacation. Something more in common, you see. The last year in college Josephine was matron of one of the girls' dormitories.

When only eight years of age she decided to become a missionary. Of course she did not know that she was to be a missionary wife as well as a missionary. In college she was active in the religious activities and was one of the very few, so far as was evident, who had a vital experience of the Lord.

We two were classmates and close friends all the years in college. The last year we worked together in the student volunteer band. The more we worked together the more we were drawn together. We decided to work together and have been doing so for more than fifty years. We graduated in the same class in 1909.

We believed that we should clear our college debts before marrying, in order to start life together free from debt. Accordingly, Josephine taught Latin in high school for two years and I pastored a church at Buffalo, New York. We finished paying our debts at the same time. We married at once and moved to my church, as poor as the proverbial church mouse.

We decided from that time to never go in debt again, following the Bible direction to "owe no man anything but to love one another." Romans 13:8. We have literally obeyed this clear admonition. During the more than fifty years of our married life we have never owed any man one dollar. We have always paid cash for every purchase. I will tell more of the money-miracle later.

Having been brought together by the Lord, neither of us have ever doubted but that our marriage was of the Lord. He has led us as we

walked and worked together, baptized us the same day in the Holy Spirit and is still leading us on and on. We have often thought that perhaps the chief reason for our going to college may have been to enable us to meet and mate.

First Preaching Experience

During my senior year, partly for the good I might do but chiefly to help expenses, every two weeks I ministered to a little country church near New Castle, Pa., that seemed the greatest contrast to my school successes. I simply could not really preach a good sermon. I did not then understand what the gospel really was, nor had I yet had a deep anointing of the Holy Spirit. However, I loved my few people and they loved me and the Lord loved us all. We were sorry we had to part.

Billy Sunday had preached in New Castle, Pa., for eight weeks. So many saloon keepers and drunkards were converted that Sunday almost put the saloons out of business. One Sunday afternoon shortly after Billy Sunday had gone I attended a small gathering of men in a little country school house, many miles from New Castle. Who were these men? Billy Sunday's converts, formerly some of the worst toughs in all the surrounding neighborhood. What were they there for? To read their Bibles and pray. These men had no leader. They were uneducated. Not one was a public speaker. What did they have? Jesus and changed lives.

In eight weeks thousands of wicked people had been converted by Billy Sunday, not a highly educated man, just a plain man filled with the Holy Spirit. During all those college years I had been hearing lifeless preaching and had been listening to "wise" professors who thought they knew better than the Bible taught. Although my own thinking had become muddled, I was now able to do a little straight thinking. I thought that, whereas Billy Sunday in eight weeks had converted thousands of drunkards and hopeless people, my "wise" professors could not have

converted one drunkard in eight thousand years. Right. I had made no mistake in getting over on the same side as Billy Sunday and his Bible. What I hoped for I now saw — miracles. Yes, my decision was final. My contract with God must stand forever, come what might. Were I a gambler, I would be gambling all the future of my work and life on God. No turning back, so help me Jesus.

CHAPTER V

Out Into The Deep

Looking Backward and Forward

I graduated on Thursday. Friday night I took a steamer at Cleveland that would take me to Buffalo, New York, the next morning. My going to Buffalo came about in this way. Up until near the time to graduate I had given little thought as to what I would do after leaving school, except that I intended to preach. It was of the Lord, then, that shortly before time to graduate the president told me that he had received a letter from Buffalo asking him to send them a preacher. He asked whether or not I was willing to go. If so, he would recommend me. After my writing to Buffalo, I believed it the will of the Lord to go there.

Upon boarding the steamer that was to take me, I found I was to occupy a two-berth cabin. My traveling companion, who occupied the lower berth, was an elderly man of perhaps 60 years of age. He asked where I was going. "To Buffalo to preach," I replied. "What are you going to preach?" he asked. "The Bible," I said. He liked that. He talked until after midnight telling me how good God had been to him and his family. He was a humble Sunday school teacher and an elder in a Cleveland Baptist church. I never forgot that talk. It seemed like a proper prelude as I left the life behind and crossed the lake to the new life ahead.

Man's Education Ways

After arriving on the other shore I had occasion for a back look toward the shore from which I had arrived. Whence had I come? What good did I bring? What had I that would help me to help men and lead them to God? As I thought it over, it seemed to me that although I had

been fooling around in college class rooms for six years, I came away destitute. I felt so lacking the things I had hoped for that I did not want anyone to know that I had ever been to college.

At that time I could think of only three things worthwhile resulting from all that time on a college campus.

One. Four years in debating activities had helped me to distinguish the difference between fancy and fact, theory and proof, monkey and man.

Two. The one-volume thesis I had written I considered of value because it helped me verify my boyhood experiences that there should be no relaxing the plow handle until the last furrow in the field was successfully and well turned. Work, or investigations must be absolutely thorough. Incidentally, this thesis system was in later life followed out in studying and investigating four hundred Bible study subjects.

Three. I got my wife at college, evidently the only one in all of the world planned for me. These three values from college days were not the products of classroom study. They were results of private, independent activities.

After more than fifty years I still wonder what value, if any, was received or what time was wasted skimming over classroom studies. There seemed to be little abiding value in repeating enough of the skimming to get an "A", number 1 grade, the whole thing to be forgotten overnight.

In view of such thought about what I had left back there on the other side of the lake, had any one offered me a free scholarship in any university on earth I would have refused it with scarcely a thank you. I could not think of anything I had tasted inside college walls that had created a longing for more of it. I told my grandson that I would rather have the baptism of the Holy Spirit as I later received it than to receive a stack of university diplomas as high as Mt. Everest.

Upon arriving at Buffalo, N.Y. I was met at the wharf by the man who had written asking for a preacher. He took me to his home. The next day I spoke to the little group of about a dozen who came to the church

service. I found the place to be a little mission started fourteen years previous, which after many ups and downs was not self-supporting. At the time of my arrival it had but a few attendants. It was located in city ward No. 53, considered the worst school ward in the city. The little church was in a Catholic settlement of working people in semi-slum conditions. The homes were poor and the streets unclean. There were ten old-fashioned, screen-door, speak-easy saloons within three blocks of the church.

A new basement intended for Sunday School work was almost complete. At the time of my arrival a young man from another church was there trying to organize the little group of Sunday School people into an up-to-date, graded Sunday School. Having just completed this, he turned it over to me to superintend and care for. I started the conquest of my promised land.

Giants

Now I met the first giant in this promised land, the first big hindrance. His name was H.A. Baker. I had never lived in a city. My early life had been in the country, a quiet life on a farm. The college I had attended since farm days was in the scenic country in a village consisting of very few people aside from the students. Thus, up to the time I now crossed the lake to a new order, my whole life had been spent in the quiet country.

Furthermore, I had just left the unique but quiet student world, a world all its own. Now I found myself precipitated all of a sudden into a world for which I was not prepared. It was terrible. Noise, noise everywhere. Noisy old-fashioned street cars were grinding and pounding along steel rails in the middle of the streets. Horse-drawn wagons of every description were rattling along. People of all sorts rushed along. Poorly clad boys on the street corners noisily were gambling by throwing coins, "shooting craps." Motion and commotion everywhere. No quiet zone. Not

a tree to wave its branches inviting rest in its shade; not a bird, not a flower; just men, noise, bedlam. I found no companions such as I had been used to for several years. I had been dropped down into a different world. I was “out of my element.”

My! O, My! What could I do? Get away from it! Walk, walk. I walked and walked, north, south, east, west. No good. Just more of the same things, noise and commotion. I took a precious nickel (5 cents) and got on a Niagara Falls street car and rode far out of the city into the country. But it was not like my country. No nice scenery anywhere. No use going farther. I pulled the cord that rang the bell that stopped the street car and climbed out. After walking far out into a harvest field and in the hot sun, I sat down by a shock of wheat. A shade tree would have been a little paradise.

Who could describe my condition? Lonesome, depressed, discouraged, despondent, melancholy, hopeless, and feeling helpless, I sat there in the hot sun trying to pray with very little success — a weary, lonely pilgrim. Thinking of college honors brought no relief. I had met a giant too big for me. I took a street car back to my apparent doom.

The Little Human Angels

I think I know how Elijah felt. I know that the Lord knew how I felt. Elijah’s God was my God. He who sent an angel to encourage and strengthen Elijah sent angels in human form to encourage and strengthen me. These were the children who came to Sunday School. The children were the God-sent messengers to me in my disheartened condition. As soon as I had dismissed Sunday School I hurried to the door and shook hands with even the smaller of the children. When their happy, smiling faces looked into mine as they gave me their little soft hands, it seemed like these were little angels sent by Jesus to bring me some of the milk and

honey I was to have in the promised land. The children fed my hungry heart.

When the children saw me walking down the street they would merrily run half a block to get hold of my hand, one child for each hand. The children seemed to take me, or adopt me, into their world. This adoption by children discouraged Elijahs. How many of those loving children will I meet again to take their hands in mine in that land where we became childlike and never grow old?

Jericho

Having crossed the Jordan waters, I soon found that I was confronted with Jericho. The problems that faced me seemed as humanly impossible as the conquest of Jericho with its walls must have appeared to Joshua. This mission to which I had come had floundered along for fourteen years with many a fight, many an internal quarrel. It was a loser in the fight for survival. The mother church that had helped it along all these years had just abandoned it, considering it hopeless. It surely was sick nigh unto death when I arrived.

This final bad condition had been brought about by a self-appointed dictator whom no one in the little mission could successfully oppose. He was a man of strong personality who had been rescued out of jail. He appeared to be very religious but was, in fact, a very big hypocrite or else a man with a warped mind, probably both afflictions, plus the devil's leading. He had caused almost everyone to leave the mission. For Jesus' sake a few endured him and remained, hoping to save the mission. However, no one liked the dictator. He was the worst source of trouble to me. I could neither put him out of the church nor follow his many wrong suggestions. It seemed to be a question as to whether the Lord and I or that dictator and the devil would win. It was a continuous, invisible battle,

one engagement after another in which the Lord gave me victory in every instance, though the devil gave me hours and days and nights of anxiety.

Sermon Worries

My worst worry was that I could not prepare sermons. Beginning early in the week I was under the nervous strain of trying to think up subjects for two sermons on Sunday. I seldom could decide on two sermon topics before Saturday. Even then my anxiety came to a bad climax on Saturday, for I could not write sermons. Anything I wrote was lifeless by the time I preached it. If I finally managed to make an outline and notes, even then all I could think on the topic on Saturday I could speak in three minutes. How in the world could I manage to hold out twenty-three minutes on Sunday?

On Saturday I could do nothing in my miserable despondency other than wander around in the park, or walk on the street, or sit in my room, all the time my mind confused by trying to do the impossible — think up ideas enough for two sermons. Every Saturday as I spent all of the day getting nowhere, I would vow over and over that no Saturday would ever again find me in such a deplorable condition. I would surely begin Tuesday and that day or the following get my two sermons all ready so that I would be happy the rest of the week and free from sermon-anxiety. Hopeless. Week after week I made the same vow. Yet week after week I went around the same vicious circle. Saturday night still ended up in the same miserable condition. Only they who have experienced like things know the misery and anxiety involved. Did you ever sit on the platform expected to speak to the already assembled congregation, feeling so helplessly destitute of anything to say that you wished the floor beneath you could open and swallow you?

This lack of previous preparedness for sermon preaching has characterized, to a large extent, all of my subsequent life-time preaching. I

have always considered myself fortunate to get a sermon subject ahead of time. I was especially happy if I were to experience a real *must* preach. You see I was not naturally a preacher. I needed the anointing of the supernatural. Even after receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit this experience of not knowing ahead of time what I was going to say has continued, but without the nervous strain I once suffered.

After receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit I still experienced must restless anxiety because of my inability to prepare sermons, until I found relief in the passage of scripture which reads: "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God." Did that not mean preaching under the unction and direction of the Holy Spirit? It also came to my mind that Jesus said that when believers were to stand trial for their faith that they should not "premeditate" what they were to say. Jesus said, "*Take no thought* beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye *premeditate*, but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye; for it is not you that speak, but the Holy Ghost." Mark 13:11. Did that not mean speaking without knowing ahead of time what you would say? If disciples were to depend wholly on the inspiration of the Holy Spirit to speak through them when they were in hard straits, could I not believe that, since I could not "premeditate" what I was to preach, that so far as I was concerned, the Lord would give me "in that hour" what I should speak? At any rate, all through life I have had to depend upon the Holy Spirit to help me speak without thought-out sermons. As a rule before speaking I feel about as destitute of a message as I did in the beginning in those first preaching days in that little mission. Before speaking I sit there wondering what in the world I can say, with no sense of a burning message, and I likely have no desire to speak. I thus wish I were out of there. I often think at such times before speaking that I must feel just like an empty barrel must feel. Strange as it may seem, I actually feel as though my body were an empty shell entirely hollow on the inside like an empty barrel. I have had that sensation many times before speaking. All I then can do is pray, "Jesus,

help me now to speak ‘oracles of God.’” My most barren pre-preaching times have been followed by my best preaching. On such occasions the minute I began to speak the Holy Spirit flowed into my heart and with love flowed out to the people before me with words and illustrations that did not come from my own mind.

I got much satisfaction in reading what Charles Finney wrote. He said that preachers should speak extemporaneously. He said that he was constantly thinking how to present the gospel and make known the things of the kingdom of God. But he preached without prepared sermons. Concerning the last sermon he preached at Oberlin he said that he got the subject for his message when he was praying as the bell rang for church service. What John Bunyan, the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, wrote also helped me. He said that before speaking he was in a miserable state of depression and a sense of utter barrenness, really melancholy. But when he began to speak this discouragement left him, and under the anointing from God he was able to speak with great spiritual freedom. I will have further testimony on this subject when I come to the account of my ministry in the mountains of China. I hope, however, that what I have now written is sufficient to show that I never was a naturally gifted preacher. I never was like some preachers who preach under such full anointing of the Holy Spirit that they are almost prophets of God, His unhindered channels of blessing. I trust that it is evident now that whatever good has resulted from the time of my poor preaching in that little mission has resulted from the Lord's helping and teaching this helpless pilgrim to say what he wanted to say. To God be all the thanks and glory. He has made something out of nothing. He helped me to preach in the beginning. He is still helping me in the ending. As in that hard beginning so it is in the better ending. I must depend wholly on Jesus.

CHAPTER VI

My First Conquest (continued)

The Devil Took a Hand

Now to return again to the mission. My poor preaching with its endless worries seemed to be getting nowhere toward helping the inside life of that church. I visited every house and talked with every individual with no successful outcome. I no sooner got one sore spot cured than a fresh quarrel would break out in another spot. It was like cancer in the blood.

Thus it was that after working all week over these apparently endless conflicts and worrying the whole week over my helpless sermon preparation efforts, that when on Sunday I came to preach to the dictator and mutually unharmonious few people before me, when I looked up and saw the dirty loose paper hanging from the ceiling and then looked around to see the places loose plaster had fallen from the filthy walls, I thought it could not be worse. Nevertheless, it could be worse, and it became worse. A man showed up with an unpaid bill for material the dictator had bought for the unfinished basement. Further promises from the dictator stayed that man off. Soon after another man appeared with a larger bill. He said he had waited for pay too long and had had empty promises too often. Now he would have pay or he would shut the church. No one but the dictator knew anything about these bills nor did I until they unexpectedly kept striking us like thunder bolts from the sky. How could a few poor people with an empty treasury pay those big bills accumulated by that senseless dictator? Impossible. Now who do you suppose came along next? The devil. He had had an unseen hand in the muss all along. Now he came out overboard with his real objection. He would kick me out and

bury that mission already abandoned by its mother-church. And so the devil came at me now with a front attack.

“You are working too hard. Do you have good success?” he asked.

“No. No success at all.”

“Do you have good prospects ahead?”

“No, the further I go the more hopeless the future outlook.”

“You have been caught in a trap. Of course, had you known that coming here you were getting into such a hopeless situation you would not have come. Right?”

“Right.”

“Why don’t you resign and kick out of it? Are you not wasting your valuable time and talent?”

“I think so. I am discouraged to the n’t h degree.”

“No one can blame you. Just throw down your tools and walk away or run away from the job.”

“That’s right. I’m off. I am quitting this job right now.”

“Good. Good bye. I’ll see you later.”

The devil was pleased and left me to my fate. He thought he had won. Nevertheless, I had not gone far at his suggestion until I seemingly heard another voice.

“Wait a minute. Where are you going?”

“I don’t know where, but I am getting out of here.”

“Why is that?”

“That’s because I am working myself to death at this useless, worthless job. I have fooled around college six years without getting one thing that is a particle of help in my present undertaking. I might just as well have remained on the farm. Anyway, I am leaving this miserable place even though I have to go back to the farm and plow.”

“Is that so? Did you not make a thought-out decision to become a foreign missionary?”

“I did.”

“Well, do you suppose that is an easy or a hard job?”

“A hard one.”

“Correct. Do you not know that to go to a far away foreign land to work among a heathen people of strange language and unfamiliar customs who may oppose all you have to preach and who may say you are a foreign devil will be a harder job than working among these people of your own race and language and customs? Now, if you are too soft and do not have the courage to stick by your present work and make a success of it, what earthly or heavenly use do you think you would be on a foreign mission field?”

“No good, I suppose.”

“Do you remember how it was that when you were a little chap you hung on to the plow handles when you were walloped about and even dragged along?”

“Yes, I remember.”

“Do you remember the bull dog having got his teeth in would not open his jaw unless he was being choked to death? Are you not acting more like a whipped pup than behaving like the bull dog?”

“Yes, I see the point. I am going to hang on to the plow. I have set my teeth again. So help me Lord.”

The devil came back with reinforcements in more than one encounter with the same outcome. He had finally to leave me still holding on to the plow and intending to do so until I had turned the last furrow in the field. No place was now left for inherited perseverance or bulldoggedness. Such had flunked. It was Jesus Who set me going again.

I did not know at that time that saints as well as sinners are followed about by devils and demons, usually invisible, evil spirits, who obsess, discourage, depress and may hinder the life and work of the best of Christians. I did not know what Paul meant when he wrote, “We are not contending against flesh and blood, but against the principalities (high rank evil spirits) against the powers, against the world rulers (invisible

evil, spiritual world-rulers) of this present darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places.” Ephesians 6:12. Although I did not know it at the time, I know now that those hosts of Satan’s powers from the first heaven and the devil’s demons on earth were the real source of my hard times in that little mission that Jesus intended to save.

CHAPTER VI

Conquests in Canaan

Marching Around Jericho Walls

It should be clear now that before me was a Jericho whose walls could not be scaled or penetrated, whose gates were barred. What could I do? All I could do was to take in hand the Bible that I now believed, trust in that Bible's God, follow the angels, and march.

With such ability and power as I could muster I incessantly preached that Christians should all be soldiers for Christ, enlisted to capture souls for Jesus in the regions of beyond. I said that beginning at our own home we should then go to the next-door neighbors. From there we should go on and on to earth's remotest bounds. I was fascinated with that program. I preached it with feeling and enthusiasm. The little group know nothing about missions.

By that time annual home-missions Sunday came along the people had learned to like me and had confidence in me. Although it seemed to them that since they themselves had for years been "home missions" and at that time were in such very evident need, they certainly should be still on the receiving line. As usual that home-missions-morning they listened to me carefully and responsively. I had preached "give and you will get."

Having preached about giving to missions for some time, I now wanted results. So it was that having preached that "giving" sermon I shut my Bible, stepped over beside the pulpit, looked over the people a moment in silence, then said in substance, "Now what are you going to do about it?" "I am going to give five dollars," a working man almost shouted. "I'll give two dollars," "I'll give one," "I'll give fifty cents." A total of nineteen dollars, a record breaker. Never anything like it. We were off. The church had now started on its way to the end of the earth, later almost to use

blood money broken-heartedly to send me to the most remote mission station in all of the world. Having started to obey the Lord and to go to the ends of the earth, as could be expected more money than before began coming in for local needs, so that the more pressing debts were relieved as they came along. That was miraculous.

So far as I knew I had no enemies, no critics, except the dictator who now was more or less a mute listener. He could not propagate his own irrational ideas that opposed mine.

It was not long until I came so to love every one of my people that it seemed to me there were none so fine; yet the inside mutual dislikes still prevailed. Where there should have been mutual love there remained mutual discord. My persuasions and my preaching had failed to make reconciliations and destroy all enmities. Jericho's walls had not fallen down.

The Sunday School

As already stated, when I arrived at the mission a Sunday School was being organized. I immediately turned my attention to getting the School into correct departments and classes. With the help of two teachers from another church, things were soon in good order, though some of the classes were small. However, we now had the setting, the machinery. Now we must start it buzzing. My coming with new life-blood and ideas was a real stimulant. I carefully studied all the literature I could get on up-to-date Sunday School methods. I wanted to try everything. The Sunday School began growing week by week.

I read that in some places a men or women's small Bible class with only the teacher active, after being organized with officers and committees later had made phenomenal growth, even to hundreds of members. That to me was a new idea. I must try it. I had only five men in my church. Not another man came to church or to Sunday School. I told them about this

organized Bible class plan. They knew nothing about it, but as usual, they were willing to try anything I suggested. We set a date and went to work. I knew several of the parents though visiting in the homes of the Sunday School people. I called on several of the men telling them that we had something new ahead, a men's organized Bible class with a president and officers, etc. I wondered whether I would have more than my five regulars on Sunday. We had twelve. They were not as excited as I was with such a good start. It was not long until we had a regular attendance of twenty or thirty with an enrollment of over fifty.

The men became friends. Many of them began attending evening church services. It not only inspired me but it inspired everyone else at Sunday School to see the platform behind the pulpit and on all sides crowded with men.

What was good for the men was good for the women. We started a women's organized class that also was a growing success. These adult organized classes with their activities had much to do with the whole Sunday School's progress. We were not a big Sunday School, but we were alive, so alive in fact that the publishers of widely known Sunday School literature wrote asking for a write up of our Sunday School and pictures of the school with its classes.

We all worked hard for every new member we got. I recall that one Saturday night I called on twenty new men who promised to come to Bible class the next morning. Not one came. However, the Sunday School was a real encouragement; it gave everyone work to do. I worked incessantly. I had an old-fashioned rocking chair in my room, but I never took time to sit in it. One thing is sure: I will not be caught in a rapture in an easy rocking chair.

We kept on marching, marching, marching. Yet we had not marched our seven times around Jericho. The walls had not fallen. Although the Sunday School was a great encouragement, it was not a

church. The church itself, although improving, was not a true church so long as there were mutual animosities instead of mutual love.

Jericho Walls Fell Down

It came about in this way: Having read in our church paper that a college schoolmate, who had lived in the same house I did, had success in his church, I asked him to come for a meeting. He brought his brother along to help with the singing.

At the start I persuaded three or four persons to accept Christ and go forward at the conclusion of the preaching service. Probably it was the first night of the meetings that they did so. That was a very encouraging beginning. By the next night I had a few more promises. This continued day after day. The evangelist and the people were of one mind. I and the evangelist agreed that I would do personal work during the day, while the evangelist would study his Bible, pray, and prepare for the evening service. It was a perfect plan. The Lord so used me day by day getting decisions that almost every day I could tell the evangelist just how many would accept Christ that night. The evangelist stirred the people. I brought them to decision. I was so zealous in personal work that sometimes I forgot all about meals. I was then working in my proper field of service.

The last summer that I sold books during school vacation I had often thought that a Christian should do for Jesus just like I was then doing for money — seek individuals and persuade them to a decision, never let up, persist, not take a “no.” I now was enjoying to the full this coveted opportunity to seek the individual and to exhort, and beseech him to be reconciled to God.

In these meetings we had a total of one hundred decisions for Christ, including many who may have sometime in the past claimed membership in a church. Of that one hundred I doubt whether there were

more than a half dozen whom I did not myself bring to decision when talking face to face with the individual. The evangelist had a large share in all this. Yet the personal work was the biggest factor, and that was made possible by the Lord. In all of my ministry I have depended mostly on personal work with the individual.

We had a real revival led by the Holy Spirit, despite the fact that neither the evangelist nor I talked about the Holy Spirit or His work. We preached and talked what we knew about Jesus, that salvation was through Him alone, that all who wished to go to heaven must publicly confess Christ as Savior and confess a willingness to obey Him. All such should be baptized and subsequently put forth every effort to do His will as revealed in the Bible.

After all, we knew the main track, for Jesus is the Way and the Road. To those who choose that way, Jesus sends the Holy Spirit to lead them on that Road, the only Highway that leads home.

The meetings increased in spiritual fervor and power from night to night. Nearly every adult who had attended Sunday School with any regularity had now accepted Christ and been baptized. In one way and another I was led to find many strangers also and lead them to the Lord.

The meetings had not gone on but a short time before the Lord got hold of the dictator and made him go and confess his faults to those he had wronged. Other animosities were demolished. The walls fell down flat on all sides. Jericho was conquered. There we were more than a hundred strong standing more than victors blowing spiritual trumpets, thanking and praising the Lord. There was not an enemy left.

The Mission Became a Church

We were no longer a mission. We were a real church. We could now join hands and truly from the heart sing, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." We were a church with Jesus in our midst

working with us through the Holy Spirit, whether or not we knew all of the Bible terms or how to analyze our experiences.

I took a liking to a man who came once to our men's Bible class and promised to come again but did not. I kept calling for him for months. I remember that I thought I must have called for him at his home about fifty or sixty times. If he happened to be the one who came to the door, he would promise to come on Sunday. If he knew it was I, he would have his wife tell me he was not at home. I would vow many a time that I would never call again. Then some weeks later when I was passing his house I would feel impressed to call "just once more but never again." When the meetings had begun I made another of those "never-again-calls." That time the man came to the Sunday morning Bible class. He was much impressed. "What a nice, big group of men studying the bible and interested in the Lord," the man considered. "Better do something about this and seek God myself. He came to the meeting that night, early. I met him on the corner, coming down the side isle. I asked him to accept Christ. He did at once. I suppose I baptized him the next night, for it always has been my belief that people should be baptized immediately, as in the Bible days, without any requirements except faith in Jesus Christ and a declared purpose to serve him.

Anyway, here was an instance of sticking to the plow with unrelenting perseverance met by determined resistance. It was the Lord wanting that man, Who gave me the special liking for him and the persistence which got that wandering sheep.

As soon as I had baptized him, and while his clothes were hardly dry, as it were, that man started after the lost sheep on his own street. That street was a long street of similar project, small, one-family houses. This long-sought-for man went to every one of the not less than fifty houses on his street testifying for Christ and urging people to come to church and God. He talked to every man in the garage where he worked. No doubt there were those who supposed this man so changed had lost his

mind. He had, and had found the mind of Christ. All the time I remained in that church and for years after that I remained in that church and for years after that man's zeal for souls never fagged.

A worldly woman from a neighboring Presbyterian church came to one of the services. When she got inside the church the Holy Spirit got her. She came and was baptized by immersion in water and so completely baptized by the Holy Spirit that I have known but few people who have had such an all-time daily and hourly walk with Jesus. She told me more than once that Jesus was so close to her that she felt like she could reach out her hand and almost touch him. He was closer than that. He was within her. Her body was indeed the temple of the Holy Spirit, although she did not know how it was that she had become a new creation in Christ. She continued her membership in the Presbyterian church and also attended our evening services. It was some ten years later when I met her where she had moved to another city. That was when she said that Jesus seemed so near she felt like she could almost touch Him with her hand. Her husband was a hopeless gambler and a hindrance. She surely would believe in the perseverance of the saints.

A very strong-willed woman from the Methodist church came to one of the meetings. It was not like what she was used to. She thought she would come no more. But she came again. Although a member of her church, she, like many others, was a real worldling, a card-playing, theater-going, dancing worldling. I told her she should repent and be baptized the Bible way. She argued, made excuses, and in her heart vowed she would never come again. She did not know why it was that when evening came she could not stay away. I surely talked strongly to her, insisting it was repent or perish. At long last she gave in and at the time of invitation publicly confessed her faith in Christ and willingness to repent. She refused to be baptized by immersion and remained in that practically dead Methodist church. She did not come to our services. Some ten years

later I met her on the street. She said, "I still go to the Methodist church, but I never went back to the old life."

Here is another instance. The landlord where I roomed, every Sunday morning would sit on the porch in front of my window reading the Sunday paper. I got him to come to our meeting. I told him that the Sunday paper was "the devil's catalog" of crimes and evil. That sentence gripped him. He decided for God and the Bible. I baptized him at once; he whole-heartedly went to work for God Who became his all in all, his one interest, one theme of conversation. Years later he received the baptism of the Holy Spirit speaking with other tongues. He was just another saint who persevered.

I have no way of knowing how many were truly converted in that church. I do not know that a sufficient number truly found the Lord and a new way of life to make that a born-again church, a transformed, harmonious church, obeying the Bible and loving each other. It was a unique church in that it had more men than women. It was a hand-shaking church. If a stranger came along he never got out of that church until every man that could get to him shook his hand.

What the Lord had done to that church by making something out of nothing was a wonder not only to the other churches of that frontier, but also in some way became known at the St. Louis headquarters of the denomination. I was asked to write up the story of our church for their main publication.

A home and foreign mission spirit developed rapidly. At the same time our debts were gradually dwindling.

My friend came again for a meeting the second time, when quite a number of new members were added to the congregation. With others added from time to time we soon had a church of two hundred members.

If ever a pastor and his people loved one another it was our church. The potter had molded the clay into vessels and put them through the fire and fitted them for His use.

No one knew that I intended to go to the foreign mission field. They were planning to increase my salary, thinking we were to have a continuous future together. Who suspected that I was going to leave them?

Without telling my people anything about my planning to be a missionary, I put a big challenge before them. I suggested that they become a “living link” church — a church that would support its own missionary. At that time only a limited number of the best churches with money were “living link” churches. I do not think that among all of the churches in that denomination there could be found a church of working people such as ours even to consider becoming “living link.” So far as I knew, with hardly an exception our people were all renters. I wonder whether even one of them had a dollar in a savings account. Nevertheless, when I suggested their becoming a “living link,” supporting their own missionary and involving the giving of much more money than they had ever given, there was a happy and enthusiastic response to the challenge.

Having set a Sunday to make pledges, our men two by two called on all of the church members. I cannot describe my mingled feelings as the men returned with their reports, when very poor people had made pledges that were astonishing. I knew their poor home conditions and needs. Their pledges were so large that, had I not known that the way of the cross is the way home, I would not have consented to some of the generous pledges.

I am sure that among the other churches there would not be a man who would think that our little church of common working people would for a moment consider the possibility of becoming a “living link.” Yet with one united effort, within a few hours we accomplished the apparently impossible. It was a time of genuine rejoicing.

Now we were in glory-land. We were a harmonious, one-minded, big family. We were so happy together, pastor and flock. What a hopeful, still better future seemed just ahead as we could not more fully carry out the plan of the Lord by sending our very own missionary to a far away

land. We could be thus working for the Lord here and far away at the same time. In this rejoicing no one supposed that I was to be that “living link” missionary. How could I do it? How could I break the news that would break the hearts of those I loved so much? I had now come to love my people and become so absorbed in the work among them that I would like to continue with them. However, I had promised the Lord to go, and so go I would. This now was not a matter of sentiment. It was a matter of having taken hold of the plow and not turning back. I had volunteered to go for the King to the regions beyond, go anywhere. That anywhere was now to be the uttermost part of the earth, to the most remote mission station in the world, to Tibet, the roof of the world. At that time one of the two missionaries who had been in Tibet for two years was at home, so I asked him to come and talk to our people. He was the first missionary they had seen or heard. He told of the needs of those devil-bound people in that far away land around on the other side of the earth, where every man and every woman chants prayers to a heathen god, where about every seventh person is a robed priest who spends all of his time repeating prayers and worshiping devils. The missionary told us that Tibet was practically the center of the devil’s kingdom on earth, one of the very most difficult mission fields. But the Lord needed missionaries to go there with the good news of eternal life, the life they hoped for but which could be found in Jesus Who alone is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

When the missionary had finished speaking the people were much moved and so was I. I had not planned it so, but now when we were so moved by this call from Tibet I felt led to say:

You all know that I have always been telling you about the needs of the regions beyond; you have so gladly responded that now you want to become a “living link” and send your own missionary to the mission field. I have never told you that before coming to you I was a volunteer for the foreign mission field. Now I must tell you that the time has come that I

must leave you and go. I am going to Tibet where you have just now heard the Lord calling.

That was all that I could say. We just cried. All of us. No exceptions, I think. One sister pretty well expressed the feeling of others when she told me she did not think she would feel more sorrowful were it her own son who was leaving for that far away place. I could have honestly replied that I myself would feel the breaking of those ties the Lord has so tightly tied more keenly than the breaking of ties with my own relations, for through the years of separation flesh and blood ties had been loosening.

The time had come for additional new ties. Josephine and I were certain the time had now come to marry and prepare to depart for Tibet. Just then one of our best families came to me saying that they were planning to be gone for some time. Would I and my wife like to come and live in their house? That was just like the Lord to have everything arranged — a home to come to and pre-arranged place to do our difficult packing of the many things we would need in the years to come in a home thousands of miles away and far beyond the bounds of civilization.

We wrote to the mission board telling them that we were ready to go to Tibet, as we had already been accepted for that field. In reply they asked whether or not we would be willing to wait a year, as funds were low and that was an expensive trip. They later wrote that, if we could get two “living link” churches to support us and if we could raise our travel expenses, they would gladly send us to Tibet at that time.

Now we could see how Jesus helped by opening the road and leading the way. As I have shown, my own church and people unawares had become my “living link,” my promised support, and I had become their very own ambassador to the regions beyond. They would help with my travel expenses as well. Led by the Lord, I asked the church at Niagara Fall whether or not they would like to become a “living link” to support Josephine. It was truly a miracle. They gladly accepted the challenge. It meant that they would have to triple the amount of mission

money they were accustomed to give. Was that not clearly a miracle? The mission board being ready to supply what might be lacking for travel expenses, the way was now open before us.

Why had we chosen Tibet? We had thought of going to Africa, where it was easy to make converts and where that mission had a very prosperous work. How was it that instead we decided on Tibet, the most different place, where we would see very few if any converts? One reason probably was the challenge of the seemingly impossible. Another reason was the fact that it might be difficult to find those who would prefer so hard a field. Still a better reason was the great need of testimony in that land of darkness so long monopolized by the devil's kingdom. However, the predominating reason for our choosing Tibet was that Jesus chose us and so overruled that we were in His will to prefer Tibet as our mission field. He thus took me out of my church then in good working order and where others could carry on and sent me to a work where I was most needed. We were to pioneers, then and all of our subsequent lifetime. Tibet was to be only the first of our spiritual as well as physical "regions beyond."

After two very busy months of buying and packing and making final preparations, the time came that I had to part with my first church-love. I would never again in all of my life love a people like I had loved my spiritual brothers and sisters and whole family of the Lord Jesus at Buffalo, New York.

In a foreign land or among any class of people anywhere, when in the Spirit, there is a perfect supernatural fellowship, regardless of race or kind. Every barrier to fellowship is removed. Nevertheless, when among a strange people of a strange language, customs, and habits of thought, there lacks that natural fellowship that is associated with those of the same race and nation.

After a sorrowful goodbye with my church people and goodbye visits with our relatives, we were ready to break ties with relations and

friends in the homeland. Just at that time I received a telephone call from Hiram, our college-town church, requesting me to speak there on Sunday. I was glad for that opportunity. I had a responsive audience in which were quite a number of my former schoolmates. Having this chance to tell why we were going to Tibet, I said that we were going because we believed that all of the Bible is true, that we were not taking more myths to the Tibetans who had plenty of myths of their own. But we believed we were taking the way of life in Christ that the Tibetans did not have. I do not remember my sermon. I did not speak with the freedom I did sometimes. But the pastor was well pleased and thought my hearers also were pleased.

I recall that at the conclusion of the service quite a number came to the front to speak to me and one student said that he felt "All stirred up." One of the conservative teachers said that when the pastor of the Buffalo first church was holding some meetings at Hiram he had publicly told what the Lord had enabled me to do those two years in Buffalo. He told his Hiram audience that I had success, and that I had done a work that with all of his experiences he would not have undertaken. This pastor was later chosen to pastor the church the denomination had built at Washington, D. C. He was right. Neither one of the denomination's biggest men nor any other man could have done that work in that mission. It was a miracle. Jesus did that work at Buffalo. Give him the glory. That sermon at Hiram-church was farewell to America. The next day we left for Tibet.

I will not attempt an account of goodbyes as we departed for regions beyond. Those farewells were to be last farewells with some. One was my aunt. Another was my brother. There were still others.

The last sad farewell being said, we boarded the train going west, as the beginning of our journey that would continue west until if continued further it would be coming back east. The trip to the west coast was

uneventful except that Josephine had some money and a fine gold watch, which was given by her brother, stolen on the train.

CHAPTER VII

Two Years in East China

First Impression of China

A month after leaving home we arrived in Nanking, South China, one of our mission centers. That was old China just starting to become new China. It was only the second year of the Republic. The men had just cut their queues, long plaited hair. The women and girls of the higher class still had bound feet. Their faces painted white with red finishing touches appeared so artificial and doll-like they hardly seemed like people. Were the present-day young people to meet one of those girls they would not realize that they belonged to the same race.

The men and boys not belonging to the working class wore long gowns, or in the case of young men, had just previously discarded such.

Having arrived in this other world, everything seemed strange to us. I was now among people of a different race and appearance. They everywhere were speaking a foreign language. Their customs and manner of life were so unlike I had always been used to that it seemed to me it would take me a long time to make the adjustments necessary for close contact with these new people. However, I did not find this as difficult as I had expected, for the Lord can quickly remove all race barriers.

A few days after our arrival we attended our first Chinese church service. That service made a lasting impression. The preacher was one of the teachers in the Bible school, who preached in the Chinese language to a congregation made up of students and some civilians. I expected to find an enthusiasm and compassion manifest, intended to move the hearers heavenward and Godward. However, I could not tell whether the audience or the preacher was most indifferent. The preaching appeared altogether mechanical, so like a machine performance. I wondered

whether in speaking the Chinese language it might be impossible to put life into it like we can in English. Perhaps the best that a missionary could do was just to pronounce the words, I thought. That sermon seemed to me as lifeless as just so many words without meaning or purpose. It was lifeless because life comes through the Holy Spirit, and because that sect did not believe in the Holy Spirit. It was very usual for its members to miss a real experience of life. That preacher may have been a modernist and just a well-educated man. In any case, this first contact with missionaries and a Chinese church was the beginning that finally led me out of that sect into a lone pilgrim search for more reality.

A few days after that first Sunday service, we were sent to Kuling, a mountainous resort where missionaries of all denominations in that part of China each year spent two or three months to escape the awful summer heat. A Chinese teacher went along to teach us the Chinese language. Although we were going to Tibet where we would use the Tibetan language, it was essential to study the Chinese language so that we could travel across China and also have their language to help us in such contacts as we would have with the Chinese.

Chinese Language Study

To learn that Chinese language at first seemed like a hopeless undertaking. The Chinese teacher would point to Chinese characters (words) that looked more like chicken tracks than words of a language and say, “fu, fu, fu, fu, fu.” That string of “fu’s” did not actually sound like “fu” or any kind of a word. I could not distinguish anything that seemed to be words, for everything spoken just sounded like an unseparated clatter. Just the same, those five “fu’s” were five words, each written with a different character (a written word) and each had a different tone, though not so distinct as “do,” “ra,” “mi,” “fa” notes. Five “fu’s” with five tones were lesson one and lesson two and mixed in with other lessons until we

could get those five tones. We must get those tones correct, for every character (word) in the Chinese language must be spoken in whichever one of those tones belongs to it. For instance, if you were to say “tien” in one tone it would mean heaven. But were you to speak it in another tone “tien” would mean a rice field. Were you to say “dju” in one tone it would mean “landlord.” If you spoke it in a slightly different tone “dju” would mean “hog.” Of course the written characters or words are not the same. From this it is apparent that learners and even older missionaries make some bad blunders and some ridiculous mistakes much worse than a foreigner makes when speaking English. The Chinese are courteous and show no sign of noticing ridiculous and bad mistakes; on the other hand they say, “You speak our language very well, even better than we speak.”

Although each character (word) has its own of the five tones and it written differently from any other word, there is no alphabet; there is nothing to show the pronunciation of that word, or which of the five tones belongs to it, or what it means. Each character (word) must be memorized separately. There are plenty of these different characters from which to choose — 100,000. Help yourself. Pronounce it without foreign accent, in its right tone, and string the words along in the right place in sentences, each word with its own tone; now you will be speaking first class Chinese that will please every Chinese that hears you speak. Furthermore, a language perfectly spoken in common is a big step toward mutual heart fellowship.

The regular mission boards require new missionaries to spend nearly all their time the first year in language study and to pass regular language examinations. In the second year some missionary work is included with study, but study is the main thing.

I began to do some preaching at the end of six months of study. Whether or not anyone except myself understood my imperfect language is a question. Anyway preaching did me good.

It is claimed that to learn a language well is as difficult as to complete a college education. In my opinion it is more difficult.

Some Denominational Preaching

Church services in this missionary summer resort were a great disappointment to me. One of the big leaders from one of the larger denominations preached each Sunday. The preaching seemed to be a head-performance performed by the highly educated man-trained. Just as it had been at Hiram in college days and as it had been in the case of missionaries I had been hearing, so it was in listening to these “big” men at the summer resort — all head, no heart, it seemed to me. In one whole summer I recall only three exceptions. One exception was a guest preacher from the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church in New York City. Another exception was the series of spiritual talks by S. D. Gordon, author of the “Quiet Talk” books. The third exception was one of the old missionaries from our own denomination. His sermon had God in it and so was heart-moving. Aside from these exceptions I cannot believe that those I heard speak that summer had the Holy Spirit or any real born-again experience at all. All of them may have been modernists; at any rate, they were men missing God’s best. Of course there were many really spiritual missionaries there from these large sects and from the smaller groups, but they were not heard in these church meetings. In any case, I spent that summer as I had spent many in the past wandering about as a lone pilgrim in spiritual wilderness.

Bird Friends

In that resort I found church services a bore and language study an endless grind. To study from daylight till dark and from dark till bedtime and then see those chicken-track-like words dancing around in my dreams

made some break in such continuity imperative. I found relieving friends — the birds I could now make new bird-friends, not exactly like my American bird-friends but just as nice.

The first summer that I was at the resort a real ornithologist gave a scientific lecture on birds, that was published in a little booklet. This gave a scientific description of the bird-in-hand — its exact length by measuring from tip to tail, and waist to chest measure, so to speak.

This bird-in-the-hand-information was not much help to the uninitiated person who wanted to get acquainted with the “bird-in-the-bush”. However, it helped get a start. The second summer, so far as I know, I was the only one of the several hundred persons there who was making friends with the birds. My bird study was interesting, and at times really thrilling.

At the end of the season I was asked by the Royal Asiatic Scientific Society to give a lecture on birds. That pleased me, for I wanted to introduce people to my bird friends. All I could do was to tell about “the-bird-in-the-bush” and how to identify it without a picture of it: When did you see it? Where did you see it? On the ground, on a rock, on a tree, in a bush? If on the ground did it hop or run? Did it fly level or undulatingly? Describe every color and feather marking. How long did it appear to be? Imitate its song if it had any. What calls did it make? Was it alone or with other birds, etc. The people were interested in my lecture.

At the conclusion of my talk it was moved that the Society have it published with additions to the list of birds I had described. The talk was published in booklet form under the title, “Two Hundred Birds of the Lower Yangtze Valley”. I understood that the books were soon sold out. I had left that part of China for Tibet and lost all contact with the readers. I should have had that booklet republished, for as far as my investigations had gone, there was no other book like it, at any rate not in that part of China.

Just recently here in Formosa I met a missionary from China who had gone to that summer resort in Kuling. I was surprised when he said that he had been interested in birds there at Kuling and that there were several bird-study groups. He said these groups had been able to identify over three hundred kinds of birds. I suppose that included those seen in mission stations. Whether or not my study and booklet had much or little to do with the beginning of all this I do not know. At any rate, I was a pioneer. Had I remained there I would no longer have been that lone pilgrim seeking bird friends.

I hope all this I have just written may have a practicable result in interesting some of you good readers in starting out to make acquaintance with God's caroling feathered friends, whom the Lord feeds and whom He teaches to praise Him for our enjoyment and encouragement. Why not buy a pair of cheap binoculars magnifying from three to five diameters and a "Reed's Pocket Bird Guide" which has pictures of every bird in natural colors? Then with your children and friends you can learn more about God's wonderful creation. Everything you learn to enjoy of God's Eden here will help you better to enjoy God's paradise above, where the roses never fade and the plumed choristers will sing forever their enchanting carols.

I Began Missionary Work

After our summer in the mountains we returned to live in the home of a missionary of our Society. There we were to continue the study of the Chinese language until time to leave for Tibet. I still retained my enthusiasm for a men's Bible class like I had so reluctantly left at home. Now I had my first chance in China to try for a class. One of the church members went with me to call on some of the merchants and other men. As at home, so was it here. We had a better response to our calls than I anticipated. It was not long till we had forty or fifty men in our class

enrollment. By that time I had learned enough of the language to teach the Bible in Chinese language. I truly liked those men in my class. They were very considerate of my efforts to learn their language and customs.

Our Son James

We had not been there very many months when our son James was born. The Chinese church member who helped me get men for my Bible class told me that I should observe their Chinese custom when a first son is born. With the Chinese the birth of the first son is a big event, for it ensures the continuation of the family name. Since I was as happy as any Chinese could have been in having a son, I fell in with the suggestion to announce his birth in Chinese fashion. To do this I was to fill my pockets with hard-boiled eggs colored red, and then go calling on my friends. My native helper then took me to the members of my Bible class and to other friends, where I was to announce the arrival of a son. At each place I called I was served a cup of tea. After sipping tea and talking a few minutes I would take a red egg out of my pocket and present it, thus announcing the birth of a son. That was a happy performance which pleased the Chinese and me also. Now you can see that James, our son, got a proper Chinese start.

James later became very Chinese-like. When we had an orphanage he played with the Chinese children. In doing this he learned to speak their language just as the children did without the least degree of foreign accent. This was a big asset, for very few, if any adults, can learn another language without carrying the mother-tongue accent. Thus when any adult European comes to the States, we notice a betraying accent and grammatical errors. To speak the language perfectly with proper order and pronunciation is a big help. A language in common does much to break down all natural race barriers. The red-egg-start James had was a good omen of later Chinese language and customs. Wherever he goes he

gets a very cordial welcome, for the minute he speaks just one sentence, in glad surprise he is asked where he came from. "Why, you speak our language just like we do. If we could not see you we would think that you are Chinese". So it is that wherever James goes into a shop or does any business, it must be preceded by some friendly conversation. A missionary born in China has a big advantage.

After his school work and some time as a teacher in a Bible School in the United States, James returned to the mission field. He started a Bible School on the Chinese mainland and then one here in Formosa. He also has built and pastors a church here in Formosa. He is married and has five children. I am not sure that I have ever told him about his red-egg-introduction to China. Anyway that was a happy introduction. He was meant for China.

Hindrances

James' birth was followed by Josephine's coming down with malaria fever. While she was sick James almost died, due to using canned milk. I shall always remember that when I sat with him on my lap I could see that unless there was a change he would die very soon. A doctor was called from Nanking. He thought the trouble was due to unsuitable canned milk. He was right. A change of milk, and James began to mend. I believe the Lord gave that doctor wisdom or our son would not have been with us many days longer. He was at the very verge of death. One more step and he would have gone over. Salvation by close margin.

Cases and cases and cases of the right kind of canned milk accompanied him all the way across China to Tibet.

Helping the Poor

One thing that gave me favor with the people was my helping the poor. Like every Chinese city at that time the streets were lined with beggars. Some of these were beggars because of poverty. Many were such because of sickness or physical infirmity. Those who could walk went from shop or from door to door with a rice bowl, begging for food. Some went hobbling along with a bamboo cane, some crawled along on the street, while others who could not rise up sat right on the filthy street that was covered with slushy mud and horse manure, helping themselves along by a sort of lifting and pushing with their hands. These beggars were so numerous and so filthy and naturally repulsive that even most missionaries seldom gave them more attention than to flip an almost worthless coin to them. I was a new arrival. I had not become beggar-hardened (and never did) to the place I could not pity an individual in need. If I could not help the many, I could help a few, I thought.

Seeing what I wanted to do, the missionary in charge of the hospital offered me a little room opening off the hospital court. I then surprised a helpless beggar. I did not flip him a valueless coin, as he hoped. I offered him a life saver. I took him to my refuge room at the hospital, where they gave him food and treated his sores. I took in more men as money allowed until I had about twenty — a room full. The men slept on straw or mats on the floor; that was not uncomfortable for them.

One of the men whom I rescued I had frequently seen sitting in the filth of the street, lifting himself along little by little with his hands. I got him to the hospital, where he was cured. At the city gate I had frequently noticed two little boys cuddled up together to keep warm where they lay on a little bundle of grass up close against the open gate. One day as I was passing that way I saw the father of the boys, a man fifty or sixty years of age, come along with some grass he had gathered from among the graves just outside the city gate. He came and spread this grass over the boys to

help protect them from the cold wind. Having decided to add these boys to my refugees, I told the man to bring his boys along with me to the hospital. I suppose one boy was about six and one ten years of age. They were starving inch by inch and did not have many more inches to go. They could not stand up or walk. They had lain in that curled up position so long that neither of them could straighten his legs. Although they looked like just two bundles of bones, they really were two boys with a little flesh and skin and blood. The father, who had a little more flesh than his boys, got the older boy on his back and taking the younger one in his arms followed me to my refugee room at the hospital. So far as I know, neither the father nor the boys were diseased; they were starving. They gradually put on flesh. The boys legs straightened out, enabling them to stand and walk. Some weeks after I had taken them in, early one morning here to my door came the happy father leading his two recovered boys. They did not come to ask for food or money. They came to “thank”, “thank” me for saving them. The father was taking the boys home to their mother. I suppose they would get help by begging all along the way as they walked home.

One day when I was going for my daily walk out through the many-hundred-acres city graveyard, as I passed a little grass-covered shack, underneath a straw covered lean-to at the side of the shack I saw a man lying on some straw. He was in a pitiful condition. One leg from knee to ankle was just one deep-seated big open festering sore. When some people came out of the hut, they told me they did not know the disabled man. They just allowed him to lie there and beg from those passing by. “If you will carry him to the hospital, I will get him in,” I said. When we returned from church the next day this disabled man and the two bamboo poles used in carrying him lay at the hospital door. Like the others I had taken there this man was cared for daily. His sores were washed and medically treated, while I paid only for his rice. The man’s sore leg healed rapidly. Some weeks later, early one morning he came to our house robust and

perfectly healed. "I have come to thank you," he said. "I am now going home. Thank you, thank you, thank you". "Here are a couple of dollars that will help a little on the way," I said, as I offered them to him. He refused them saying, "No, I will not take any more of your money, you have helped me enough. I will get home. You need not worry. Thank you, thank you, for saving me" and he was gone. Was not that genuine appreciation? Were not those helpless destitutes real people just like the rest of us? They were more real persons than some people I have met who never had a sore or saw a patch. Each of these men had his own life story.

This man I had helped was from north China a thousand miles or more distant. His younger brother had come south to seek work. This man not having been heard from for a long time, his older brother had come south to hunt for him. Not finding him and having used all of his money, this older brother had got a job on the railroad, where a rock had tumbled on his leg, resulting in this infection, so very common. This kind of sore may heal after weeks or months or years or never.

When finally the time came to leave for Tibet it was also time to say goodbye to my refugees. I had learned to like them. I had visited them daily. I now stood in the doorway for the last time to say goodbye. They were all reluctant to say Good Bye. I noticed one of the men standing in the corner weeping. Perhaps he was the one I had found sliding through the mud on the street. Yes, these were people, unkempt and unattractive on the outside but just like the rest of us on the inside.

This work I did among the poor made quite a good impression on people in the city. They had not seen it done that way before. My helping the destitute also made it easier to recruit men for my Bible class.

I was also reluctant to say goodbye to the men in my Bible class. The morning we were to take the train to leave on our way to Tibet twenty or thirty of my Bible class were at the station to see me off. As we passed along the street on our way to the station some of the men fired fire crackers before us. This, according to custom, was to call attention to the

fact that some official or person of unusual importance was passing by or that something special was taking place. This was intended to give us a friendly send off to help us remember these friends from my Bible class.

When the train pulled out with the new-made friends standing by bowing with genuine Chinese etiquette there was that pulling of heart-strings that you never get used to and never forget.

Shortly after I left, the church had a baptismal service. Sixty were baptized. The missionary there in his report to the home paper said that the sixty baptisms were mostly from my Bible class and the result of my work. He wrote that he had not seen so good an impression in so short a time. This was clearly a case of the Lord's working with and for those who are out and out for God, even when personal experience of the Holy Spirit is not as deep as it should be. All that I could say about myself was that I was enthusiastic, worked hard, liked the people, and desired most of all to obey Christ and save men.

It was necessary to leave for Tibet at that time in order to have guidance across China. Some years previous two families had opened that mission, Batang, in Tibet. After two years the Chinese revolution made it necessary for them to leave. Now they were returning, taking us and another newly married couple along with them. This couple was to go ahead with one of the older families and we were later to follow with the other family. Since this family that was to be our guide was now returning, we must be ready to go. However, Mrs. Baker was in bed, or on the couch, unable to work, to say nothing about traveling. Baby James had not fully recovered. He then was only four months old. The mission doctor where we were staying, and who temporarily was our doctor, said that in view of Mrs. Baker and baby James' sick condition, he must refuse to allow our starting to Tibet. However, he added, since we belonged to the Tibetan mission he did not have absolute authority to stop our going.

Josephine and I surely prayed for guidance. With such sickness how could we go? On the other hand how could we stay and miss our

only chance to go to Tibet? One day when Josephine was lying on the couch still sick she said, "We must go to Tibet. Your job is to pack. My job is to get well. You do your job and I'll do mine". The doctor was away. We needed no more doctor consultations. When the doctor returned a few days later our packing boxes were scattered about the compound, some already packed and some being packed. I can guess what that doctor thought, seeing how we were going contrary to his advice, but he never said a word against what we were doing. He was a true Christian and his wife was the same. He was Dr. Elliot Osgood. We had lived almost a year in a little cottage in a corner of the doctor's compound. They never criticized us green young missionaries. When the time drew near for final packing, Mrs. Osgood took us into her nice kitchen, and throwing the cupboard doors wide open, told us to take anything we wanted. "You are welcome to take anything we have", she said.

The day I started packing, Josephine started her job of getting well, and so did baby James. We all finished at the same time. Dr. Osgood accompanied us by train to the Yangtze river, where we took a steamer to Shanghai to join the missionary family returning from their furlough at home. "The Lord has surely helped you," the doctor said. "Mrs. Baker and baby James are well now. You go with my full consent, and may the Lord lead and bless in all your ways."

Was that not God? Does He not choose and lead His workers? Does He not make the impossible possible? When I decided to reject entirely the teaching of modernism and to believe all of the Bible I thought that I should then see miracles. I did. Without miracles we never would have seen Tibet.

CHAPTER VIII

Across China to Tibet

Up the Yangtse River

A week waiting in Shanghai for the returning missionary family; then we began the journey that would take us across China to Tibet. The first stage of four days was by a large river steamer up the quiet mile-wide Yangtze, the longest river in the world. At this stage the river was bordered on both sides as far as you could see by level plains just a little above the water level. After four days we took a smaller steamer for the second stage. That took us a few days farther, to the end of modern travel at that time. We were there delayed a week or more while buying supplies and bargaining for a native houseboat. We then began the third stage by houseboat, that would take us about two months farther up the Yangtze river.

The houseboat that was to be our moving-home was thirty feet or more in length and eight or ten feet wide. The belongings of our two families were stored away in the hold beneath the floor. We two and the other family with the two small children had two tiny rooms. Our room was just large enough for a board bed with about two feet of standing space beside it. We had one room in common that served as mutual sitting room and dining room. We could scarcely all get into this room at the same time. The boat pullers, over twenty in all, ate and slept on top of the bow, or on the front end of the boat. We had one large, patched sail that we could seldom use. We also had oars that were of use only a few times. To get along we usually depended on being pulled by twenty men who walked on the shore, pulling by a bamboo rope that was over an inch in diameter. This rope must have been at least a quarter of a mile in length, attached to a wheel that could take it up or release it at will.

Our food for the two months on the houseboat consisted of canned things supplemented with native vegetables such as could be secured at villages along the way.

The Yangtze Gorges

The river scenery was so monotonous that in general it did not leave any deep impression that I can now recall. The exception was the section through the famous Yangtze gorges. At that place there were times that the river was narrowed down between perpendicular cliffs on both sides, but in one way and another the gorges deserved their fame.

The river being narrowed down and forced through these gorges, does so with a very rapid and extremely dangerous current. From the bottom of the gorges huge rocks extend upward, some just beneath the water and some just above. Not everywhere, but in many places it was that way. Traveling through these gorges was the best at the time we went through, for then the water was at its lowest and the greater number of jagged rocks were visible. However, at all times boats are being sunk by entirely invisible rocks. We saw a big freighter wrecked and lodged on a rock in the middle of the river. Men were trying to save as much of the rice as they could that was still above the water in the sinking boat.

A special set of men pull all the boats through these dangerous rapids. These men use especially strong pull ropes for their work. Some of the bamboo ropes used for pulling big freighters are two or three inches in diameter. As many as thirty or forty men are used in pulling some of the larger boats through the worst rapids. Our own boat having been pulled through rapids, our own men would then take charge again and continue pulling us further by our own rope.

Having been pulled through the last bad rapids between the final cliffs, my fellow missionary and I went ashore to walk along the beach. Our boat was far out in the middle of the river, being pulled above the

rapids by our men on the shore far on ahead. Suddenly the pulling rope snapped. The boat at once began rapidly to drift toward the rapids. The few men on board grabbed the oars and began rowing with all of their strength, while chanting their rhythmic boat song that helped them pull in unison. From my position on the shore I surely had some extremely anxious moments as I saw that boat with Josephine, baby James, the other missionary mother, and her children all drifting toward the not far distant deathly rapids. The men rowing with all their might had the boat angling toward the shore. The down current and the strength of the rowers were in contention. Which would the boat first reach: the swift boat-devouring rapids, or the peaceful shore? Thank Jesus for one more deliverance. The shore was safely reached, but the place of safety was near the awful rapids.

How many precious women and children and men are drifting on an angle just above the dangerous rapids? Will they first reach the peaceful shore or first reach the dangerous rapids and be sunk by its unseen, invisible rocks? I wonder.

Traveling Again on Land

Without further mishaps two months after leaving Shanghai we arrived at our landing place. We were welcomed by the missionary family there. After a week of making preparation for land-travel we started on our way. I bought a pony to ride, while Mrs. Baker and James were carried in Chinese carrying chairs. Four days brought us to the home of another missionary family. A few days later we started again for another eight day stage. We crossed four small mountain ranges. Near the passes the road was over rocks such as one of our home horses could not have got over; yet my pony climbed over easily as I walked and led it.

As we crossed those mountains it was raining some, while the clouds so enclosed us that we could see only a few feet ahead. This stage

was our first experience of sleeping in the dirty wayside inns, something I cannot really describe. Those were indeed gloomy days. Surrounded by clouds all day, sleeping in filthy, vermin-infested inns at night, and climbing over one rocky mountain pass after another produced a melancholy feeling that we had left forever our former world and life. I remember how it seemed that those mountain ranges were so many walls that shut us away and shut us in. However, we climbed on and on through the gloom within and the clouds without until after eight days we came to the end of one more stage of our journey.

This brought us to an old worn-out, semi-Chinese and semi-Tibetan town crowded into a crotch between mountains that towered fifteen thousand feet. The town consisted of old shops and rickety houses lined close to both sides of a noisy mountain stream that carried away the water from the snow melting in the mountains.

We were now on the border of Tibet. Although the Chinese governed that part of the country, aside from the Chinese soldiers, the population was entirely Tibetan, and Tibetan customs prevailed as in days of old.

The Last Mission Stations

Here was next to the last Mission Station on this fringe of civilization. The lone missionary there gave us a welcome, for we brought him a change from monotony. His was a lonesome and very discouraging work; neither the Chinese merchants and soldiers nor the Tibetans were interested in the missionary's activities. The Tibetan people were a discouraging lot, and the place itself added to discomfort. The mountains on either side of the restless stream were so close to the dirty stone-cobbled narrow streets that you felt like you could almost spread your arms and touch the mountains on both sides. These mountains shut out much of the sunshine, and due to the altitude the place was naturally cold.

Was not that a desolate place for a missionary to live day after day pegging away at an unproductive job? I say, Yes. What do you say? Think it over. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lonesome missionaries are on remote islands of the sea among the uncivilized, without companionship or any understanding friends; some are among hostile people, not knowing what a day may bring forth, never safe, never sure but what any day may end by death an apparently unfruitful life given to save. Let us pray for them. I have been too confined in prayer to my own little circle. My praying should circle the earth, calling upon the Lord to search out and to bless and to send His angels to be with and comfort the lone lonesome missionaries.

Above all and most important of all every missionary should have the baptism of the Holy Spirit and gifts of the Spirit, so that no matter where his or her body may be on this desolate earth the soul and thoughts and life may be much in heaven. Like Paul, I would that “ye all spake with tongues,” for “he that speaketh in an unknown tongue edifieth himself” (I Cor. 14:4, 5). What a blessing, what a gift from heaven to the lone missionary! No wonder lonesome Paul could say, “I thank my God I speak with tongues more than you all”, for he could “pray with the spirit” (tongues) and “sing with the spirit” (tongues) and thus “edify himself.” Cor. 14:15. I covet for every lone missionary this Paul-like experience of God through this “gift of the Holy Spirit”, for I know from experience what Paul was writing about. I myself have been edified and strengthened in those years when I was a lone missionary in regions beyond, by daily praying and singing in other tongues, as you will see in later chapters of my story.

Now to return to the desolate town on the Tibetan boundary. We stayed in one little room for two months, waiting for the two families who had gone ahead to send back their tents. In the meantime we boxed and packed our things, so that everything could be carried on Yak.

The yak are a half-wild species of horned black ox with long mane-like hair hanging down from the neck and sides. They are confined to Tibet, "the roof of the world", and must live at an altitude of over ten thousand feet.

Our things were strapped or covered with yak skin that had been soaked in water until soft and pliable. As it dried the yak skin would shrink and tighten.

On the border of India Tibetans who became Christians were sometimes bound in yak skins that would gradually shrink and crush the victim to death.

Our things being packed and ready and the tents having arrived, we were then ready to begin the last stage of our long journey, which would take us through strictly Tibetan country. This was to be a detour. The direct route would have taken us over twelve mountain passes, the highest of which reached an altitude of seventeen thousand feet. At that time that route was infested with robbers. I am glad we were able to detour by a longer but much better route at an altitude that, as a rule, was from eleven to twelve thousand feet and almost free from higher passes.

The day we began this long detour that was to take thirty-nine days, we did not get started until noon, too late.

Our belongings were to be transported free by the Tibetans, who were by the Chinese government made responsible to escort us from district to district. In this way each district furnished yak to carry our things and horses for me, my interpreter, and our Chinese cook to ride. This was an imposition, but the only possible way to go. Mrs. Baker with little James was carried in a regular Chinese carrying-chair by eight Chinese, four carrying at a time in shifts. I rode a small, skinny Tibetan horse or walked.

That first day we had to climb up, up, up, to a mountain pass with an altitude of fifteen thousand feet. Climbing or walking at such an altitude must be very slow. Some women cannot walk at an altitude over

eleven thousand feet. Even the Tibetans at high altitudes take a few steps then stop; wild animals do the same in order to get a free breath.

By the time we finally got to the mountain pass it was dark. We were above all vegetation, among jagged, barren mountain peaks. Having crossed the windy pass, it was time again to give James his milk. Impossible! The wind blew out every effort to light the little alcohol burner used for heating milk. We then passed down a gradual, rockless, unsheltered descent where there was no shelter from the wind nor a place to heat the milk. Accordingly James got no milk, nor did the carriers stop to rest until we reached our destination at nine o'clock without anyone having had any supper.

James then would not take his milk, and the other missionary children were too tired to eat. So far as I can recall, we finally went to sleep in a Tibetan house without eating anything.

The next morning I thought we should rest a day on account of the children. The older missionary, who was in charge of things, said, "No, we're going on," and so on we went. We could not complete the day's stage, for by mid-afternoon the caravan of yak were tired out. The chair carriers were tired out. We were tired out. The missionaries children being too sick to eat, we gave them some milk. We then put up our tents and rested, as we should have done in the morning. The next day we finished the stage to some Tibetan houses reserved for travelers, where we had a large upstairs room with plenty of space to put our cots, scatter our things around, and comfortably rest until the next morning.

One more stage and we came to the last mission on the Tibetan border. Here another lone missionary was faithfully holding the fort. Since our son James had not yet fully recovered his normal strength after that hard first day, here again I wanted to tarry for the children's sake, especially on account of James' weakened condition. "No, we must go ahead", was what the older missionary thought. Thus we had a mission problem much the same as spoils the work of every organization I have

ever heard of, regardless of sect or denomination. So it is my conviction that wherever it can be done, missionaries had better work independently, each family in full control of its own work. Even so, he will have plenty of mission problems in contending with his own self-will.

Our first mission problem was solved by my staying with our part of the caravan and the older missionary going on with his share. We young missionaries were thus left alone to make the rest of the thirty-five stages through wild Tibetan country.

We had our own Chinese cook, I had a good Chinese interpreter, our chair carriers were faithful and helpful, and the yak and their drivers nicely moved us along from district to district. We really enjoyed that thirty-five days as free and independent missionaries with the Lord to guide and direct us as to when to go and where to stop. That older missionary made more missionary problems. Later when at home in the States he made news for the newspapers. He hanged himself.

James having fully regained his strength, was the best traveler. He so enjoyed the rhythmic swing of his little basket on his mother's chair that he never seemed to get tired. At the end of the day when he was laid upon his cot he had a hilarious time kicking and enjoying himself.

For food we had canned supplies plus native vegetables from the last mission station, but it was not many days until all such fresh vegetable food was gone except the cabbage. Thus, for vegetables, we had cabbage yesterday, today, tomorrow and all of the tomorrows to come. When I saw the last cabbage and told it goodbye I never wanted to look another cabbage in the face. We could buy no food on the way except that two or three times we got a few eggs and little cow or yak milk. The chair carriers could eat the Tibetan parched barley flour and drink the Tibetan buttered tea, the main food of the Tibetans. The men had to carry a supply of food, for there were times that for a day or two we did not see a house or meet a man.

CHAPTER IX

Batang Our Mission Station

First Days at Batang

At the end of thirty-nine days of travel through Tibetan country we arrived at our long-hoped for destination, Batang, a strictly Tibetan town of five thousand. The houses are two-story, built of clay walls and flat roofs so joined that it is almost possible to walk on the roofs from one side of town to the other.

We arrived in good health. Our son James, who was four months old when we started across China, was now one year old. We had been eight months on the way from Shanghai, four months of which we were actually traveling. We had now come halfway around the world. Had we gone farther we would have been on our way home around the other side of the earth. We had now literally gone to the uttermost part of the earth as Christ's ambassadors, to beseech men to be reconciled to God.

Our First Home

Some years previously the China Inland Mission, who had been in Batang a short time, had rented some rooms and papered them. After our being on the road so long and spending the nights in Tibetan houses, we were delighted upon entering these three tiny rooms that were to be our very own rented home. It seemed almost luxurious by contrast. Each of the small rooms had just one small window covered with greased paper that in place of glass admitted some light. Since the windows were small and set in walls fifteen inches thick, it is easy to see that we were not dazzled by too brilliant light.

We occupied one half of the upstairs, while a Tibetan family lived opposite a narrow hall in the other half. According to good Tibetan custom, the cows and yak occupied all of the one room downstairs, that for safety reasons, had only one opening — the door. To reach our rooms upstairs we had to walk through the manury downstairs cow stable and then go up a stairway to our rooms, accompanied by the stench and flies. For light at night we had candles which we had brought with us from where we had left the houseboat. At that time we thought that our first home was all right. We got real thrills as one by one we opened the boxes containing things we had brought half-way around the world and found the things in as good condition as when packed — even the dishes. The Lord must have helped bring our things intact.

It seemed to us that we would never see another thing from home. In view of all the mountains we had crossed and that long journey across China, it seemed impossible to get a letter from home friends. However, it was not that bad, for by sending a Tibetan runner to the nearest post office, which took him a month to go and come, we were able to get letters from home that had been on the way six months, and we could get replies to our letters after a year. We could also get freight — after being on the way one or two years — if we got it at all.

I did not regret having come to this “region beyond”. I remember, however, that sense of being in a sort of wilderness, contrasted with my life that I had left at home. There I had been incessantly busy in a bustling city. Here for the first time I felt lost in stagnant inactivity.

There were people all around us, but I could not talk to them. Aside from a few Chinese merchants and some Chinese soldiers and a few school children, no one understood the Chinese language, and so neither my English nor my Chinese language helped break the monotony.

I sometimes looked up at the 16,000 or 17,000 foot mountains, barren save from sagebrush, that surrounded our plain, and wondered: Am I to spend an unfruitful and unknown life in this barren bowl?

However, I would always decide that I was willing, were it the will of the Lord; for I knew His appointments were without error. However, I am happiest when I am too busy and least happy when least active. The Lord intended that I should work.

It seemed almost impossible to make a readjustment to such a spiritual and physical wilderness. In looking for a more suitable place to rent, I found only one place that I felt might help the sense of lonesomeness. There was a cluster of three big English walnut trees.

Underneath was a plot of native green grass the size of a bed. I felt like hugging the trees and lying down to caress the grass. There was a dilapidated house that belonged with the trees. It was all right for the cow stable that occupied the lower story and for the rats that lived in the holes of the dirt floor of the upper story. It was, however, a poor prospect for a home to go with the spreading walnut trees, I thought. Yet if we could only get to live with those nice trees and have that little patch of grass, anything would do for a home. I remember how I coveted that place, which was the only place I could find anywhere that I thought would ever seem a little home-like. We had trees and grass where I came from.

I asked one of the missionaries who could speak the Tibetan language to make inquiry as to whether that house was for sale or rent. "No," was the answer. I still kept walking past those big walnut trees and longing to own them. The house was terrible, but the trees were superb, I thought.

I sincerely believe that the Lord takes note of such right desires if you are living first of all to work for His glory. Does the Bible not say, "Delight thyself also in the Lord and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart?" He puts the right desires into your heart and fulfils them. Ps. 37:7. All through life Jesus has babied me in satisfying my desires many a time in even very small things. Accordingly, He would satisfy this desire for a home. Thus it was that after some weeks the missionary came with the

good news that I could buy that house with its trees. Was I glad? My hopes floated up higher than the snow-topped mountains about us.

House Remodeling

Who could we find that could make anything out of that cow stable and rat-house? Since the Lord alone must find a man for us, He found a very capable Chinese carpenter, who like many others had fled into those remote mountains to escape justice. The missionaries had tried to use him but could not get along with him. Here is where you can see the undertaking of the Lord: As soon as we had arrived, this Chinese carpenter called to visit us. This man being a Chinese and I having enough language to visit with him, I liked to have him to talk to. I really liked the fellow and he liked to come frequently to sit and talk for a long time. That carpenter was a real God-send. He did the apparently impossible in transforming that rat-house into a nice home for us.

Mrs. Baker's Sickness

Josephine and I were very happy coming out through our downstairs cowstable every day and going over to what was to be our first home and there sit under the trees watching the carpenter and his men make something out of nothing. When the house was nearing completion we had a calamity. Mrs. Baker was stricken with typhoid fever, and a child born at that time died soon after. For three weeks the work on our house was of no interest to me. Perhaps we would not need it. However, after three weeks of serious sickness it was apparent that Josephine would recover. Life to me was again worth living.

That carpenter was an expert. Without nails he transformed that place into a nice home with a sitting room, a bedroom, a dining room, a study for Josephine with her native language teacher, and with a

bathroom upstairs. My study was downstairs where the cows had been. When the carpenter began making furniture I was able to buy cheaply from the Tibetans some dry walnut logs. With their hand-saws they sawed the logs into rough boards which the carpenter made into nice furniture. A little native oil added put on a fine finishing touch. We now had nice furniture which cost less than the cheapest furniture would cost at home. Show the carpenter a picture of what we wanted and he would make it. He who did the work charged reasonable wages, worked full time, and never gave me any anxiety. When his work was ended we were as good friends as ever and both were well satisfied. That was a miracle. If you do not believe it, ask any missionary from any place in China who has built or remodeled a house or a church.

The two older families each built a house for \$2,500, the amount allowed by the Mission board. We were to be allowed the same amount in turn, plus an allowance for furniture. Our house-purchase, the remodeling, and the furniture cost us only \$500. We did not want or need a new house. Thus the Lord gave us our first home and supplied the man to make it.

At Home

When our house was finished and we moved in, Josephine had not yet fully recovered from typhoid fever. She remembers using a chair to help her move about from place to place.

At times while relaxing from language study I leveled out the open space near our walnut trees. In order to make a little lawn, I then sought native grass seed wherever I could find a little along an irrigation ditch.

Some pretty weasel-like little animals the size of grey squirrels had their home inside of one of our English walnut trees. They seemed to know that with us, being safe from dogs, they were free in the day time to

frolic on our lawn. They had a fine time. Who would suppose that they were chicken-thieves at night?

Some Tibetans sold us a baby fox that was so young it could scarcely walk. We put it in the hollow at the foot of one tree and gave it some milk, which it knew how to take without a bottle. It was pretty and cute, and as it grew older it was very playful. It like to romp over the lawn and to play hide-and-seek with me and would come near in play but not allow me to touch it “except.” Except when I opened the door in the morning to let it out from where it had been shut in for the night. When I opened the door it would rush out and show its joy and appreciation by rolling at my feet. Then only would it allow me to touch it, pet it, and caress it. I had never seen such appreciation for liberation by animal or man. I remember the friendly little fox. It makes me think how a sinner should rejoice when let out of the devil’s prison.

Flowers

We should learn to love and get acquainted with God’s creatures and with His beautiful flowers. Here is where I learned to love flowers — here in this barren, almost flowerless place. When on the house-boat on the Yangtze river, a man sold me a tiny rose bush and a Japanese lily bulb. We cared for these all of the way to Batang. Having subscribed for a flower magazine and studied it, I sent home for flower seeds that I got a year later. Beautifying our premises with flowers was indeed a good relaxation from intensive language study. There must be a change. I became an ardent lover of flowers and so did Josephine. Thus it was that the nice green little lawn with little animals playing on it, surrounded by beautiful flowers, with its spreading walnut trees and vine-covered house made our first home a happy place in the wilderness roof of the world. There was nothing like our beauty spot within more than a thousand miles.

Language Study Again

While remodeling our house, I continued my study of the Chinese language. I then hired a Tibetan teacher and began the study of Tibetan, which is an entirely unrelated language. Our teacher was a typical native wearing long boots made of cloth and yak skin, and wearing a long gown. That gown would reach to the ground, but it was pulled up and tied by a cloth belt long enough to go around his body more than once. In the belt, across his abdomen, was inserted a typical Tibetan sword two feet in length. This long gown was the only clothing for the day and the covering at night. This teacher, “Gei Gen,” who taught me faithfully, was always good to us. He was said to be able to cast out devils and do sorcery work. When we were leaving he took my hand in both of his, while weeping he said, “I will never see you again.” He died a few years later. Following Buddhist practice in that place the teacher’s body would be tied up in a bundle and thrown into the nearby river so that its swift current running over the rocks, with the help of the fish, would disintegrate the body and destroy it as quickly as possible. The discarded body must be destroyed, it was believed, before the soul that had just left could be reincarnated, or reborn in some animal or child.

If the former life had been wrong, this rebirth might be into some animal that had to carry loads. It might be a rebirth even into a worm. The hope was that eventually rebirth might be into a lama, or priest, and continue upward to finally reach the state of Nirvana, where individuality disappears into a state of bliss — nothingness, in fact. Such is the Tibetan’s highest hope — Nirvana, nothing.

Preaching Activities

As I have said, two families had been in Batang before the revolution; but as far as I know, no one there had been baptized. Now we were four families, two of whom were doctors. The doctors now had charge of the hospital, one family had school work, while my work was the evangelistic. Upon arrival I at once began preaching to and working with the few Chinese merchants and the Chinese soldiers. There were no Chinese women.

I eventually had a nice group who were baptized and appeared truly to love the Lord. I remember that on one occasion when I baptized a group in the river two of the men were weeping, the men who were helping in making rugs. One of these young men who had been unusually covetous, after he was baptized was a changed man. He truly was in Christ Jesus, for old things had passed away and all became new (I Cor. 5). This formerly covetous man now took every cent he had been able to save and gave it to the hospital. Like in Bible days, was it not, when early Christians in their love for Jesus gave away all of their possessions? In all, I baptized thirty or more of these men who, like myself, were strangers among aliens far away from home and relatives and friends of their own race and language. Just how many of those I baptized will be able to cross the boundary into the land of pure delight I do not know. I do know that happy number will suffice more than to repay all the toil and travel and money spent in helping them over into the gloryland. I consider it worthwhile to have gone halfway around the world to reach this little group for Jesus.

Gospel Work Among Tibetans

Our missionary work among the Tibetans began in this way: when I was preaching to the Chinese in the upper story of the Tibetan house I had rented for that purpose, some of the Tibetan children came in. Since they liked to hear the singing but could not understand one word, I asked a

school-boy still in his teens, a half-breed orphan supported by one of the missionaries, to take these Tibetan children downstairs and tell them Bible stories in the Tibetan language.

The Lord so anointed this school-boy for that work that he soon became expert in telling Bible stories to those children and in teaching them to sing. His own experience of the Lord seemed to develop as fast as his class. In a short time that room would not hold all the children. Having then moved upstairs, the number finally reached as high as two hundred.

We had hymn books in the Tibetan language, which made it possible to sing in the Tibetan: "Jesus Loves Me This I Know," and sing other hymns the children liked.

One of the missionaries who spoke Tibetan started a women's class with just a few Tibetan women. That class grew to forty or more. No men, however, could be induced to come into the church.

The boy who taught the children was clever at drawing. Each week he would draw on a slide something to illustrate the Sunday lesson. This slide we used in an old carbon-lighted lantern. Having covered the windows, I then reviewed the lesson in the Tibetan language to the assembled Sunday School, who were quite interested and responsive. That was seed sowed in fertile soil.

The Women Came

Not long before we left Batang we decided to have a special women's meeting to show our lantern slides. The school boy, Li Gwei Guan, who was then full grown and had become a good preacher, agreed with me that we would probably have about a dozen Tibetan women come to our meeting. They began to come, a few at first, then some more and some more. Still they came. They filled every seat in the church. Almost two hundred women came. Li Gwei Guan suggested that they sing "Jesus Loves Me This I Know," and started the song. Wonder of wonders, these

women could sing it, more than a hundred strong. They had learned it from their children. Who can estimate the final outcome of seed sown in Jesus' name?

CHAPTER X

Batang (continued)

Helping the Poor

An old Chinese man was trying to get enough food by selling pumpkin seeds which the people eat roasted like we eat peanuts. Could I not do something to help him, someone asked me. My sympathy for the destitute led me to take this needy man in and allow him to live in the church. He was a good old man, who soon became a consistent Christian. He especially loved children. He became a good care-taker and helper in many ways. I gave him his food.

Other needy persons came for help. There was the boy we called Andrew, a club-footed boy. There also was the man whose feet were so useless that he had to sit and slide along by using his hands. Old Tibetan women came, too old to do any heavy work or make a living. Two men came who knew how to make the Peking style of hand made woolen rugs. If I would give them merely enough for food, they would make rugs to help the church, they said. Thus it was that I began making rugs to help support some of the poor.

The man with the useless feet could wash and then hand-card the wool. The old women could spin the yarn from which the rugs were made. Thus in one way and another I was able to give some work that helped a dozen or so of the needy poor.

I had my difficulties in this undertaking. These rugs must be made from pure wool and dyed with native colors that would never fade. These dyes must be made from roots, seeds, berries, vines, etc. The yarn to be used had to be boiled in these dyes without let-up for one or two days or even longer. With suggestions from others and by my own experimenting I at last was able to work out all the colors. That was a very difficult

matter. It sometimes took weeks of experimenting and failure to successfully work out a desired color. For instance, one time I got a nice pink. Although I tried for weeks to get that pink again all I could get was an ugly color. About a month before we left for America I discovered the cause of my trouble: our red was made from a cut-up vine that came from some place in the interior of Tibet. For the first time I learned that there are two grades of this vine that come from two different districts. I had now found out where to get the red vine that made my nice pink. This successful working out of all the colors would have ended in failure had it not been for my inborn disposition to never let go of the plow until I had plowed through — plus the encouragement of the Lord.

I now had unfading colors of every kind. Eventually for twenty years we carried with us one of these Tibetan rugs that, in spite of constant use mostly in sunshine, kept its colors without fading. These rugs were as thick or thicker than our home floor-rugs. They were used as floor rugs by missionaries and Tibetans and also used underneath the Tibetan's horse saddles.

At last everything was worked out in good running order. We were making beautiful multi-colored rugs of endless designs, and plans for future sales were hopeful. I had laid in a good supply of raw material, when unexpectedly we had to return home.

The poor old Tibetan women who spun the wool into yarn cried when we had to say good-bye. They hoped that “hhla,” the Buddhist god, would be with us and help us. They did not understand about our God. We had come and gone too late.

A Trip to the Railroad 1000 Miles Distant

Now to return to other parts of my story. A few years after we had been in Batang, when another missionary and wife were coming to join us, I was appointed to meet them at the border of China more than 1000 miles

away by going down a new route through almost the full length of the province of Yunnan. That would take me to the Yunnan end of the little, narrow-gaged railroad that came up through Vietnam and southern Yunnan. This trip took me away from my work for six months — two months on the way down, two months waiting, two months returning.

When on that trip for the new missionaries, I was given a very small tract on salvation by faith. That was a revelation to me, for I had supposed that we were to depend on obedience. On the sixty-day down-trip I had read the New Testament through carefully. In doing so I saw that I lacked much in perfect obedience and the holiness the Bible taught, nor did I see natural hope of perfection. That tract led me into a satisfactory experience of the Lord, such as I had not known before. On that trip I also made my first contact with people who had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and had spoken with other tongues. My association with these people convinced me that they had *much* of what I had a *smaller amount*. On the return trip by reading a book given me at that time showing that speaking with other tongues was scriptural and for today and showing that speaking with other tongues had accompanied all big religious revivals since the days of the apostles, I was convinced of the reality of this experience.

That return trip with the new missionaries was far more dangerous than I supposed at the time, for I had to change or secure Tibetan silver money for our own and the mission's use, and bring it with me the last thirty days of the trip. We had a few horse loads of this silver money as we traveled for that month through Tibetan wild country. Later, when that new family and another family were returning to America over this same road, they were robbed of absolutely everything but their clothes. They had a terrible time for a week. Still later the mission doctor was shot and killed by a robber just a few miles from our home. Thus we were surely "in danger from robbers."

While I was gone Josephine was alone with our two children. Nothing happened except that one night, hearing a scream, she was awakened to find that a rat had bitten little baby Bobbie.

Goodbye to Little Bobbie

Bobbie was our second son then eighteen months old. He never was vigorous, perhaps due to the altitude. I had read that the children of the Moravian Mission on the Indian border of Tibet would die at an altitude of 10,000 feet or more. The altitude of Batang, where we were, was said to be 10,000 feet. Regardless of the reason, as months went slowly by, little Bobbie got worse and worse. He could not digest food. He was gradually starving to death. All that six months I was gone I kept praying the Lord to let Bobbie live till I got back.

After being gone so long and being sixty days on the way home and staying overnight in such filthy places, getting back home must have been much like reaching heaven. When one of our Tibetan helpers came out to meet me, bringing our son James riding on a little pony he had hired, my joy knew no bounds. When I saw Josephine standing outside our gate, her face lit up by that radiant joy-light that shines from gloryland, I could discern how it would be to have the angels standing by the gate of heaven to welcome you to your home in heaven. When I entered our home with everything clean and in order with our nice home-made furniture and our new colorful rugs on the floor, I thought it could not be more glorious to enter the palace of a king. It really was the King's Heaven for a moment.

Then Josephine brought little Bobbie out and handed him to me. As I took him in my arms he tried to smile. He was almost a skeleton. He was starved to death. The Lord had done what I had asked — let me again see my dear little Bobbie. We buried him in a little grave beside his little sister and put up a little stone slab to mark the place. The last night he was with us, when he was in distress and I would sing, he would become quiet and

go off to sleep again. The next day while he was sleeping an angel came and took him away to the infants' paradise. There in an angelical temple amidst floral magnificence he was to be nurtured and developed by the angels. Bobbie has by now progressed from temple to temple and from glory to glory. One of these days before very long I will see him again and will know him, now a grown up beautiful child of Jesus, who will then take me into his enfolding embrace. Certain. But we miss those who have gone ahead, you know. We were indeed in a far away land of very high mountain tops and very deep valleys. Children seemed more precious there so far from home.

I Narrowly Escaped Death

One time as I was hurrying along a ledge of a perpendicular mountain cliff I jumped a "V" shaped opening and lost my balance. I found myself falling backward and sideways on the sheer cliff to a sure death on the rocks three hundred feet directly below. It flashed through my mind, "I am gone. I'm falling to sure death." My blood ran cold with horror and fright. Quick as a flash I was erect on the ledge again. I never could account for that except that an angel must have pushed me back onto that ledge. This thing has come to my mind hundreds of times and still keeps coming. It still brings back that feeling of horror I felt when it thought I was falling to my death on the rocks I saw far below. In all of these many years as I think it over and try to decide whether or not it was possible for me by myself to regain my balance, I do not see how I could have done it. I was falling with no place for a handhold or foothold, so it was humanly impossible to recover my balance. In later years angels were frequently seen about me at times of outpourings of the Holy Spirit or when I was preaching. The Bible says that the angels camp about us. We believe in guardian angels, do we not? One thing is sure, in any case: I am

alive today and writing this after having escaped death by less than a hair's breadth, less than a split second.

How the Mission Got Water

The two missionary families who had been in Batang before our time had been unable to purchase usable land for the mission. All of the crops in that valley depended on irrigation from a stream of water that was constantly fed from the melting snow in the mountains. Since every tillable acre was irrigated and needed to produce food, no good land could be bought. Accordingly, the missionaries had been able to purchase only a useless piece of waterless land covered with thorny sage brush. Yet the hope of building missionary homes, a hospital, school, and essential gardens all depended on having water to use.

Upon returning home, the two missionaries had bought two windmills with the vain hope that with all parts intact and without the loss of a screw, these could be transported to that remote corner of the earth. Actually, two or three years later a few parts of those mills did get to Batang. The remaining parts never did get there, as might be expected. The wind mills were a hope against hope. Shortly after our arrival, when out for a stroll, I noticed a section of artificial ridge along the mountain side. That must at some time have been an irrigation ditch, I thought. Here and there I could see where that ditch led to a perpendicular cliff. I thought that if that waterway could be opened and a way planned to lead the water around that cliff our water problem would be solved. The outcome was that upon inquiry I found that I was right in supposing that what I saw had been an irrigation ditch which fifty years previously had been destroyed by an earthquake.

We talked it over and the mission decided that I should undertake the reconstruction of that old irrigation ditch. I gave the contract to some men who surprised us by how quickly they did the work. By using

troughs made of hollowed-out logs to lead the water around the cliff they soon had a good stream of water running to our barren mission land. In a short time we all had good spacious gardens. Later the desired mission homes and buildings were put up on the premises. How could we have got along without water? Does the Lord not supply our needs from His riches in glory?

This work helped us more than our mission. There was quite a stretch of barren, useless land below and beyond ours. The men made the irrigation ditch wider than my contract in order to enable them also to get water. In that way they were able to turn much waste land into productive soil with good crops.

Our Strawberries

Dr. Macklin, a famous missionary in Nanking, a garden lover, gave us a few strawberry plants. When we left Nanking we took care of those plants all of the eight months' travel across China. When we arrived in Tibet seven plants were still alive. We potted these like precious house plants until we got moved to our remodeled house. Out near the walnut trees we made a little garden spot and carefully planted our seven strawberry plants. These started sending out runners with the runners rooting and sending out more runners, and these multiplying by progression. That first year those seven strawberry plants multiplied to fifteen hundred. Did you ever hear of anything like it? I never saw anything like it before or since. By the time the strawberry plants were ready our new gardens were also ready. We planted one thousand five hundred plants by actual count. Who is it that makes berries grow? Did not the missionaries in that berryless, barren land need strawberries? Is the Lord not interested in such little affairs as strawberries?

Those Apple Trees

When we missionaries divided our newly irrigated land, a part of one section of ours was an apparently useless, rocky steep bank, too steep and too rocky for a garden. As I have said, from childhood I constantly prayed for wisdom. Here was an instance of the Lord's giving me wisdom about that rocky bank. I hired some men who put in a few days work digging a series of terraces.

I wanted to plant my apple trees on those terraces. Where did I get the apples? I'll tell you. In one of her six-month-enroute letters, Josephine's sister Glaydes sent her some Northern Spy apple seeds. I properly prepared a little planting spot under the shade of our walnut tree. Almost every seed sprouted — forty in all. This was very unusual. I knew how to care for these by replanting until I had thirty three-year-old thriving apple trees in a nursery row in my garden, all ready for a last and permanent replanting. These trees and my newly made garden terraces were ready at the same time. Thus it was that my apple trees and newly leveled out terraces made just the right connection. The difficulty in replanting the threes was that among all of those many rocks it was almost impossible to find enough soil to cover the fine apple tree roots. However, the replanting of my thirty apple trees was successfully done just before we went home to the States.

Several years later I had a firsthand report of my thirty apple trees. Every tree grew. Every tree bent beneath a load of usable apples — fourteen kinds! The missionaries had been able to propagate and multiply those apple trees and send trees into Tibet. I suppose the Communists are now eating my apples. Here is the wonder, the miracle, I believe: apples generally do not come true to seed but are apt to be unusable wild-type apples. I know it, for we had some seed-produced apples on my boyhood farm. Whether on off years other good apples bore fruit or not, those seed-produced apple trees were loaded with so many apples that when they fell they covered the ground in heaps. These apples were sour enough “to

make a pig squeal,” we said. Even the pigs would not eat them. The cows would not eat them. The apples rotted on the ground. Now consider my thirty seed-produced apples from *just one kind of seed* producing *fourteen kinds of usable apples*, not one of the pig-squealing kind. Judged by the law of chances was that all a “chance” or was it a “miracle”? Did the missionaries not want apples when there was not an apple within a thousand miles beyond those mountains? Does Jesus not please His children many a time by giving them “the desires of their hearts”? If a father can give his children candy to please them can’t our Father pet us and give apples? Why not?

Subsequently when I was where we could get apples, I tried over and over to raise apples from seed. I never could raise a tree. I gave up trying. The seeds would not sprout.

CHAPTER XI

Homeward Bound

We Had to Leave Our Tibetan First Home

By the time we had been on the opposite side of the earth for more than seven years America had vanished like a half-forgotten dream. America and American life and things actually had gone out of my memory and thoughts as though some unseen hand had blotted America off of the map. America, once the great reality, had become the great unreality. Tibet had become the reality. When time came for furlough after more than seven years since leaving home, I had no desire whatever to return to America. Nothing or no one there seemed to have a real existence. That was a state of mind such as I experience at no other period in my life.

After getting to know the Tibetans and learning to speak to them in their own language face to face we had become one of them in more ways than we supposed. We had learned more and more to like the Tibetans. They had become our people among whom it appeared that we should live and work indefinitely.

Since I did not want to leave for furlough then or ever, we asked our home board to allow us to remain a year over furlough time. Permission was granted. We had everything in order for that extra over-time year. At the time of that trip to get those new missionaries, a month's journey before reaching Batang I was able to buy kerosene to replace the candles we had taken in with us and had been burning all those years. I then bought a few horse loads of kerosene in five-gallon tins. I also bought on that trip a good supply of "rock candy" such as we pounded up and used for all sugar purposes. All in all we were supplied with every personal need for that overtime year. Now at last I had the rug work running very

well, every worker knew his job. I had a good supply of all necessary raw materiel. I had money for the future from the supply of money I had brought in on that long trip.

And so we apparently were not only settled for another year but beyond that were settled for a future life work. I did not know then that the Lord had set us apart not to be “settled” missionaries but to be pioneers.

Just when we were ready to begin that extra year, Josephine became affected with internal adhesions. She gradually became worse until she lay on the couch all day long. The doctor told us that blood tests showed up worse and worse. At last he said that we should return home without further delay. We might not be able even to reach Shanghai, he said.

We prepared at once to leave. We soon found the necessary eight chair carriers for Josephine and two for James. Just before we left, the Spanish Flu had struck Batang. Whole families had died. The streets were deserted, save for one here and there sitting in the doorway, with a bandaged head. As we left the town, *our* town, a few sick Tibetans were just able to gather at the town gate and as we passed out say a final “Ga Lieh Pei Roh,” “go slowly” — the Tibetan polite farewell. A few persons accompanied us a distance, where with a last “Ga Lieh pei Roh” we said a sad goodbye to Tibet forever (although we did not know it then). This had been our first mission love and our first real home. We would never again have a people on the mission field become ours like the Tibetans were. We would never again have a home become home as did our first far-away home in the uttermost regions. We left two little graves there; we buried many missionary hopes there.

The Tibetan Religion

What can I write about the Tibetans' religion that will at all describe it? The poor devil-deluded Tibetans are of all men most to be pitied. Every person in Tibet prays to his god, Buddha (what if every American prayed to our God?) He prays or chants, "O Ma Ni Be Ni Hun," a meaningless phrase which is translated, "Buddha in the Lotus Blossom." While no one seems to know any basic meaning in this expression, there is supposed to be great merit in its repetition — the oftener repeated the more the stored-up merit. This and other prayers are chanted everywhere as people walk about. Prayers are written tens of thousands of times on paper placed in cylinders, small and large, that can be twirled to say as many prayers as are written inside the cylinder at every revolution. Prayer-cylinders are placed in the streams for the water to turn. Prayers are written on countless flags and placed on the house roofs for the wind to move, and prayers are carved into stones placed in great heaps along the roads to be walked by and acquire merit. At the door of the wealthier homes large cylinders four feet high and ten inches in diameter, filled with tens of thousands of prayers, are placed where passers-by can give them a whirl and accumulate merit.

Homes that can afford it hire experts from distant places to come and put a prayer room in order with nice carved wood and other things. No other room is so nice as the finished prayer room with its carvings, its ornamental colored idols, its beautiful floor rugs. Such a room costs much. A lama, or priest, is hired to live in this elegant prayer room to spend all of his time studying Buddhism and saying prayers for the family. Imagine a family at home hiring a preacher to live in the family, all expenses paid, in order to have him work and pray for the welfare of the family!

It was estimated that one out of every seven Tibetans is a lama, or priest. As a rule in every family with one or more sons one becomes a priest (where are our preachers?) In order to become a priest at Batang

where we were, the person intending to become a priest must first go to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet and the home of the head lama who is supposed to be the reincarnation of Buddha, to study Buddhism for three years. In order to get to Lhasa the intended priest must walk and beg his way nearly two thousand miles. Having completed his study he must beg his way back. However, no Tibetan is supposed to turn a lama away without giving him something.

In many places lamaseries have thousands of lamas — as many as five thousand. Batang had had three thousand in its lamasery, which was destroyed and later rebuilt.

What, after all, is the Tibetans' hoped for heaven? He hopes that after countless reincarnations in the form of a child, or an animal, or even a worm, or an insect he may eventually eliminate his imperfections enough to become incarnated into a good priest and finally reach Nirvana, the Buddhist heaven. That means to loose individual personality and disappear into the Buddhist one-mind state of bliss. As I see it, the Buddhist heaven would be nothing, even though attainable. Deluded Tibetans. Vain repetitions.

This belief of the Tibetans is given credence by being backed by Satanic supernatural manifestations. The Tibetans consult the lamas and the sorcerers for everything. The sorcerers, when in a state of trance, perform miracles by demon power, exceeding any miracles you have ever seen or heard of today, aside from raising the dead.

I cannot know how much good we did. The church I started continued. After the communists took over there was a little group of Christians in Batang cared for by an old pastor Li. Was it my Li Guei Guan? Some of the Christians were Tibetans; others were Chinese. That is the last word from Tibet.

First Days of Homeward Travel

Seven years after leaving home we began our homeward journey. As soon as we were on our way Josephine's health began to improve. Although she did not fully recover, she had strength for traveling. We returned home by coming out south through the province of Yunnan via the French railroad that came up from the coast to Kunming, the capital of the province. It would take us sixty days to reach the capital, about forty five of which we would be actually traveling. The first ten days would be through Tibetan country. The rest of the trip would be through tribal and then through Chinese territory.

Danger From Robbers

The first ten days through Tibetan country was dangerous. About ten miles from Batang, where we started, was where the older mission doctor was later murdered by a Tibetan robber. Chinese soldiers crossing that little pass where the doctor was shot were constantly being killed there. Two or three days' journey farther on was where later the two missionary families returning home were robbed of everything except the clothes they wore. They were robbed by people from our Batang mission station. Men from there some years before our coming had killed a Catholic missionary who came to Batang. It was said that all Tibetans are robbers when away from home. Nevertheless, even the robbers all say Buddhist prayers.

The Snow Mountains

After eleven days' travel through Tibetan country, as we descended from the high Tibetan mountains we could see the peaks of the ten famous sacred snow mountains, the snow of which never melted. One of these

mountains was especially famous as a sacred mountain to which pilgrimages were made from long distances. To get the blessing of the spirit of that mountain it was believed to be necessary to make a pilgrimage all the way around it. There is a very dangerous section of that road so icy and bad that many pilgrims, together with the sheep they take along to sacrifice, slipping from the trail fall to death in the ravine far below. It is said that in that ravine are to be seen heaps of the bones and skeletons of the unfortunate pilgrims and their sheep. We met a company of pilgrims with their sheep on their way to this sacred mountain.

The Tibetan wife of one of our chair carriers together with her small daughter and her mother accompanied us for thirty days on their way to another sacred snow mountain.

Dangers from River

After eleven days when we emerged from the high mountains we came to the Mekong River. The first eight days' travel along the Mekong was extremely dangerous. Our path was along steep mountain sides sloping to the river, or along precipitous cliffs through river gorges. Our road was seldom two feet wide, sometimes not more than a foot wide and within a foot of the edge on the river side. In some places over the outer edge of this narrow path was a sheer drop of one or two hundred feet to the blue, deep waters of the river. When the men carrying Josephine's chair, two men in front and two in the rear, went around an inside curve, Josephine's chair would hang in the air directly over the deep river two or three hundred feet below. There were places it was necessary to cross these curves by short bridges. These little crude bridges ten or twelve feet long were made by some poles cut from the mountain and covered with brush and dirt. These bridges were so narrow that were Josephine to look down out of either side of her chair she would see no bridge — just see the river far, far below directly underneath her. She depended on the Lord

and those four men to get her safely over the bridge, much as we have to depend on Jesus to get us over many a dangerous bridge. Just how safe were those bridges anyway? They were safe until they collapsed. No one knew more than that. There was no road inspection. I saw how a bridge let up in its old age. One evening just about dark when I was escorting those new missionaries over this same road we were following just behind a caravan of loaded ponies and mules. The caravan was crossing one of those little bridges and had almost all gotten across when the bridge broke. Since it did not completely collapse at once the mule on it manage to climb out of the far end. We and a few of the mules and ponies remained on our side. Some of the men with the caravan used their two-foot-long swords to cut some poles from the cliff, cover these with brush and dirt sufficiently to enable the rest of the caravan and us to cautiously get over. What might happen to the next or some later caravan that would not know the danger of that very poorly repaired bridge? I often wondered.

In some places it is very difficult to make the turn around projecting ledges. These ponies and little mules have become expert in stepping out near the outer edge of the path far enough to allow their load to miss the ledge by a margin of only a few inches. To allow a wider margin would force the mule off of the path into the deep river far below. Accordingly, only these experienced local ponies and mules dare to carry loads along this road. If by any chance a load bumps into a ledge or for any reason a mule or pony gets out of the regular order, others on the narrow shelf become frightened and stampede, thereby shoving one another over the edge to drop into the river. When I passed along that route on my way to meet the new couple I was told that just shortly before them six ponies and mules at one time had all fallen down one of the cliffs and had never been seen since they hit the deep river below. On that same trip by the roadside I saw graves of men who had drowned and were buried there.

The Scariest Section

The worst piece of road on the whole trip was along the face of a sheer cliff. For a distance of some fifty yards or more a wooden scaffold had been fastened to the precipice; upon this was a roadway two wooden planks wide. A poor railing protected the outer side. This artificial bridge-road is directly above the river, which being narrowed by cliffs on either side was very deep at that point. This plank-road followed the in and out curves of the cliff to add something to the danger and furnish some extra thrills as you negotiated the turns. Just at the entrance to this bridgework it is necessary to step across a V-shaped indentation in the sheer cliff. The night before we had arrived two Chinese men riding ponies had come that way. Since it was already dusk, the people at the nearby stopping place warned these two travelers not to go on. However, they went on a ways. At that step across the "V" one of the men's horses made a bad step. Looking straight down the precipice a hundred feet or more, I saw the dead horse lying on a tiny shelf of the cliff. Had it fallen one yard farther out it would have fallen directly into the deep river. The dead rider was found still clinging to the saddle. That was our introduction to the cliff trellis-bridge-road.

At last we finished the final and eighth day of this stage of our trip. Those days had been full of danger. The filthy wayside inns at night had been full of many things — not a monotonous day or night that week.

After sixty more days enroute we arrived at the home of missionary friends in Kunming, the provincial capital. This was the terminal of the French railroad that would take us on to the coast at Haiphong, Vietnam.

Japan

After a few short delays enroute, we got to Japan. That was just after World War I, when the only way to cross the Pacific was by freighter. We had to wait three months in Japan.

A devastating earthquake had visited Japan since we passed there on our way to Tibet. At that time when we stopped at Yokohama it was a flourishing modern city. What did we see this time? A white city, a city of tents. As far as you could see in any direction, just tents, miles and miles of tents. All shops along the streets were tents. All homes were tents, a flat city exclusively of tents — tens of thousands of tents.

Just when fires had been started to cook a meal, an earthquake shook the frail Japanese houses down. These collapsing simultaneously started fires throughout the city, cutting off avenues of escape. Great areas were inundated by tremendous tidal waves that rushed in from the sea. Two hundred thousand people perished almost instantly. At Tokyo multitudes being surrounded by fire rushed into the wide open city square where they lay piled upon one another in heaps four or five feet high. All perished. A sea of corpses five feet deep. Yokohama had been a modern Sodom. Whole streets were houses of ill fame. *All* of the cities of all the world, like Yokohama will soon collapse when God shakes the whole earth. Heb. 12:26, 27. The apostle John foresaw this final climax of this godless immoral age, our corrupt civilization, that is now at its end. He wrote: “There were flashes of lightnings and noises, peals of thunder, and a great earthquake such as had never been since men were on the earth (think of the earthquakes that have been) — and every island fled away, and no mountains were to be found, and great hail stones dropped on men from heaven.” Rev. 16:18-21.

Mrs. Baker's Healing

Although Josephine's trouble from internal adhesions got better as soon as we started home from Tibet, she was not entirely healed. She constantly had trouble. Since we would be delayed in Japan waiting for a boat, it was decided best for her to undergo an operation there. Furthermore, a famous surgeon having come to Tokyo from England also made an operation advisable at that time.

When this surgeon made the operation-incision, he found such a mass of adhesions he dared not pull them loose. The operation was useless.

After reaching home, having come to understand that Jesus heals now as in early days, we decided to trust Him for healing. One day when Josephine's old affliction was giving her trouble she was severely attacked by some other sickness. She had been in bed a week getting weaker every day. It looked like she might die in another week or two the way her strength was going. One day I had gone on the street, leaving her alone at home so sick in bed. When I returned, what do you suppose I found? Dinner on the table and Josephine there dressed and well, ready to eat it with me. She was completely healed. Her old affliction never recurred. The Lord Jesus has been our only doctor ever since — more than forty years.

CHAPTER XII

At Home Again

Our freighter on which we came from Japan got to Vancouver in the evening. I immediately went ashore and walked out into the nearby residence district. Ah! Where was I anyway? Was I really some place, or was that a bewitching dream? If not a dream, what? Where? Earth? Heaven? Anyway, I was in a Paradise. Look at the beautiful, clean avenue. If not a street of gold it did not lack much. See the cosy many-colored nicely painted homes on either side, see the beautiful flowers of every hue and kind. Notice happy children all beautifully dressed — everyone in multicolored garments — playing joyfully on the spacious green lawns. Along the walks well dressed men and women were to be seen hurrying homeward from the toils of the day. The happy birds the Lord had made were in their resting places in the trees singing their go-to-sleep carols. If not a dream, then I was in Paradise. Whether on earth or in heaven, what did it matter? I had no capacity for more. Come to think about it, I was on earth, for I very hazily remembered seeing some such things many years before — so long ago, in fact, as to have passed almost from my memory.

I have insufficient words to describe that first little stroll on the shore of America. Could I be happier when my feet should touch the golden street in the paradise of God? It was a passing from darkness to light, from gloom to glory, from earth to heaven, from death to life — a pilgrim come home.

I like the beautiful. I like homes. I like paradise. Those who read my books must see it. Yet there is nothing I like so much as to be in the will of the Lord and know it. To live under the anointing of the Holy Spirit is far better than to miss the will of the Lord and live in the palace of a king. This world is not our home, we're just a-passing through, like Abraham, to

the city whose builder and maker is God. We enjoy just as much or as little of Paradise now as the Lord allows.

Needed at Home

After that paradisiacal glance at Vancouver, the next day we continued on to our two homes, first to Josephine's home at Warren, Ohio, and then on to my home fifty miles farther south. We had been six months on the way home. Being the oldest son, when fifteen years previously I had left my mother and her small children they needed and had depended on me. However, the Lord had marvelously helped them through. Nevertheless, they had always needed help that I alone could give. How my heart went out to my people when I now saw their need for help that I had not been able to meet.

I now want to relate here how the Lord helped me to help my people, in order to show how Jesus is with us to guide and help us in everyday affairs. I had been reading McConkey's book on the Holy Spirit and thereby came to see more clearly than ever that we should expect the leading of the Spirit in all things of life. Since boyhood I had constantly prayed for wisdom, as I have said. I seemed now to receive a special endowment of faith that I would have wisdom from the Lord as to how to manage the problems before me, how most to help my people.

The time had come to sell the old homestead. Almost at once we sold it to a neighbor. We moved mother to Warren where Josephine's people were. All of her life my mother had lived on the farm. Strange! She liked it at once in the city. Lights, water, gas, heat, friends, church, and other conveniences she had never known, all contributed in making this new move to the city like a move heavenward. Money from the farm paid for the home. Some repairs made it suitable for an extra family. The rent this family paid took care of mother's simple needs. It was arranged for my

youngest sister, Lois, to live with mother and take care of her. This she did for some thirty years until the time of mother's death.

My mother had great love for me. From the time I left to go to college she wrote to me regularly, perhaps every week. I am sorry I did not write as often. I do not suppose mother wrote half a dozen other letters in a year. All of the years I was gone, whether in Tibet or elsewhere, mother's letters always came regularly until just a few years before she died, when she could write no more. During those many, many years, while I was far away on the mission field, I was told that mother kept my photo where she could see it all day, and at night she would take it with her to her bedroom. In later years she hoped especially that she could see me again. I hoped so too. I had been gone more than twenty years. When the communists drove us out of China and I had to come, mother did not know me. She remained cheerful and happy for some years, but she was devoid of memory. She died at ninety-five. I never heard her speak a cross word to me or to anyone else. She was always cheerful. When we were children she worked beyond natural strength, indoors and out-doors on the farm. It seemed to me she never ate — always so tired she “did not feel like eating” at mealtime. Her years in the city were all happy years. Although she did not know me when I kissed her the last time, I said, “Goodbye, mother, I will see you again where the roses never fade.” She will know me then. I will stay at home with mother then. Father and others will be there too. Do you wonder why I do not mind going to that everlasting home? Since Josephine has been with me in my work and travels, she wants to go with me to see her folks, too, when I go to see mine. We often talk about it but cannot arrange it. Maybe Jesus can.

My younger sister, Lois, who lived with mother, at first made a living by taking in washings. She later got work as a telephone operator and was promoted and held that job for over thirty years, until ready to be retired on pension.

When I was gone my younger brother died, leaving two small children. His wife, Hazel, was living in our little country village trying to live on a tiny bit of interest from a little money my brother had managed to save. What could she do? No work was available in that small place. She was at the end of things. I helped her also to move to Warren. The Lord helped me again to find a very suitable house at a good bargain. In each case I knew at once when I had found the right house. The carpets just fit the rooms in this house as though they had been made to order. Hazel made a down payment, bought an electric washer, rented out part of the house, made the regular monthly payments and in time paid for the house. Those were hard times when men could not find work. Did the Lord not have a hand in this?

My sister Cora two years younger than I was the most needy. She and her husband were living in a little village near our old homestead. Work was very scarce. Only occasionally could my brother-in-law get any work on the railroad. He had twelve children. The youngest two were twins. How they had managed to live is more than I know. Seeing that they must move or starve, I believed that they too should move to Warren. With the help of the Lord, I found a very cheap house just outside of the city. I found a job for my brother-in-law that enabled him to make the small payments on the house. When my sister and all of her twelve youngsters got crowded into that small house it was a reminder of what we had heard when we two were youngsters that, "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe who had so many children she didn't know what to do." My sister could not do much work on account of poor health, but the children helped one another to all come through together. They did not live on cake and ice cream. Many a time a pumpkin made a dinner, no doubt. Just what did they live on anyway? Ask them. Where have they come to? Eleven of those twelve children have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. They all are consistent good Christians, zealous for the things of God, many of them very active in church work.

This sister, Cora, and I were baptized in water at the same time. She believes that she made a real contact with God at that time, and it has seemed so to me. We two were simply “different, queer,” not like our schoolmates. We were the only two who did not dance. We did not play cards, smoke, swear, or carouse. We two were very close companions.

My other two sisters were unconverted, nominal church members when I got home, as worldly as any. They subsequently received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. My brother-in-law took special delight in provoking Christians. His work was in a coal mine. One day as he was riding a little car of coal down an incline in the mine it jumped the track, threw him off and broke his leg. He thought he was being dashed to his death. That wakened him. He sent an urgent letter to me, saying, “Harold, come quickly, don’t delay; get here just as soon as you can. I want to get saved.” I went. I had never seen so sudden a change of attitude. When I prayed for him the power of the Holy Spirit came upon him. After he and my sister later spoke with other tongues and received “power from on high” they became preachers until the age to retire. What they needed from me was help to move from death to life.

I had a married brother living on a small farm. As his wife lay near death Josephine and I felt led to go to help them. My sister-in-law, only a nominal church member was too weak and near death to carry on conversation. I talked to her for days about the Lord and the way of salvation and prayed with her and sang hymns. In response to my questions as to her understanding me and the way of salvation she would nod her head. She believed Jesus died in her stead on the cross, that his shed blood cleansed her from sin and that by thus accepting and believing him she was saved for heaven. Just as she was dying she raised both hands heavenward (something she had never done or see others do) and as she gazed heavenward, said, “Praise the Lord.” An expression of happiness and joy lit up her face with a heavenly light from the glory-world. She was gone. Her husband standing nearby said, “I believe she

saw an angel." I do too. She went home with the angel. I was glad I had come. She needed me.

When my younger brother was cranking his car it back-fired and broke his arm. That made it more imperative than ever that we should remain for a time to care for the little farm he had rented and care for his three now motherless little children.

I must now turn time back and again become a farmer as in boyhood days. It took little practice once more to be able to harness horses, hitch them to the mowing machine, mow the hay, do other work about the little farm, clean the horse stable, and feed the pigs. I worked for a neighbor for two days plowing for him with his own team at twenty-five cents an hour. I still could hold the plow handle and plow a straight furrow. Having given my brother what help he needed, after considerable time we were free to return to Warren.

I had now been able to help my mother, my sisters, and my brothers' families, the Lord had given me wisdom how to meet each need. In every instance, without a single exception, this leading of the Lord worked out successfully in later life. It was never again necessary for me to meet any similar needs on the part of any of my relatives. Every one of them had a particular need right then. Had I delayed in Tibet that proposed extra year, it would have been unfortunate. Jesus assuredly guides even in small details in everyday practical affairs. In these dealings with my relations it is self-evident that so many things all dove-tailing so perfectly harmoniously could not have been accidents. God's hand was in it all. In helping my relations we unsparingly used our time, ability, and money and would gladly have used more had it been needed and had we more to give. In putting the needs of others unselfishly first we had given little thought to our own personal affairs. The Lord had helped my relatives *up*. He now helped us *down*.

We Hit the Empty Moneyless Bottom

And rolled around on it. What money we had been able to save during our term on the mission field we had used to loan or in some way help my people to get readjusted and settled. We had just a trifle left. As I will explain later, we had felt led to leave the foreign missionary society, and so had no source of income. I had no preaching appointments, no connections with any church. Hoping against hope I held out as long as possible against seeking a secular job. At last in desperation I got a job of cutting bank props in the forest. I bought work-gloves, an ax, two iron wedges, a saw, and a maul. I went to work. I was taken to a woods where all of the good bank props (timbers used in coal mines) had already been culled out. Since I was not naturally a husky manual working man, I could not have run competition with good timber to cut. Anyway, I must do my best. I took my lunch box and went to work on my hopeless job. I chopped and sawed and split and sweat; I worked myself out of breath and strength for twelve days. I cut hardly one good prop, for no good props were available to cut. I did not cut enough props to earn more than my salt. My job ended in twelve days. Neither I nor the other men received one cent. We had been working ourselves to death for a crook.

I had an ax and a saw and two wedges and a maul to sell or give away. No one wanted them. Now was the Lord in this? Of course. It was good to be a laboring man and rub shoulders with such. I have always looked back to those few days as valuable assets.

Since I had started job-hunting, I must go all of the way. Near where we lived a construction plant was going up. I went and applied for work. I could have work in the morning, I was told. Upon arriving in the morning and asking for my work, I was pointed to a wheel-barrow. "Wheel brick to the masons," was the order. When I took hold of the two wheel-barrow handles they felt familiar, much like those two plow handles I used to hang on to all day long when I was a boy. A half dozen other

men also took hold of wheel-barrow handles. They all were Negroes. Wheeling brick there was an exclusive Negro job. How I came to get in on it I know not. But I did. The Lord gives me many unexpected up-lifts. I must be a Negro now, with, and one of them. So we Negroes took hold of our wheelbarrows and went to work wheeling bricks to the masons. I wonder what the brick-masons thought when they saw an off-color white Negro handing red bricks up to them.

I know what I thought; I thought that I liked the Negroes more than I liked the masons. Being skilled workmen with easy work and high salary, the masons naturally supposed they were somebody going over the top. You could tell that by the way they swore and spit tobacco juice, though it only splashed on my face once, and I wiped that off.

The Negroes, on the other hand had been put in that *special* class, "the nothings," until they had now made the adjustment. By that time I, too, had been knocked around so much and had so many corners knocked off that I was just about suited to be exalted to the *special class* of "nothings." On my way home from my first day's work I got this thought. "Nothing" was the right name for my class; I knew no kind of skilled labor, no kind of technical work; I could not even shovel as much dirt as the laboring man. When it now came to seeking an honest job to buy a loaf of bread or a glass of milk, all of those years in college could not now help me to make a toothpick or earn a penny. Right, I did not know anything; I could not do anything. I got home and set my lunch box on the table. I had hit bottom. I rolled on it awhile. I had no warm, every-day working-man's clothes; so I wore an old faded-out, threadbare overcoat. No one else wore overcoats at a job like mine. No, not even the Negroes. Even my personality made a weak impression, else why at first sight had I been sized up as a wheel barrow man? Furthermore, the Lord had also taken my size and helped fit me in with the Negro workmen.

Since it was so good a fit, I got acquainted at once with my fellow workmen. Two or three men could have wheeled all of the bricks the

seven of us were wheeling. I was not needed at all. I had been given a sort of fake job, just to help me out, I suppose, for thousands were then idle. Thus the negroes and I had a good deal of time to sit on our wheelbarrow handles and visit. I really liked them. Yes, we were a fit. I was where I belonged. We had a topic for conversation — Jesus Christ. Bad language and swearing stopped; those fellows liked to have me talk to them about Jesus. I liked those Negroes and the way they responded.

I had not been there but a few days until the mason brick-layers found out that I was a preacher and had been a missionary. The shock of my life had been the way these men used filthy language and smutty talk in all of their conversation, with scarcely a clean sentence. They took the name of God and Jesus in vain with almost every breath. I had never in my life been in this way thrown in contact with this class.

Well, what do you suppose? All bad language stopped when I was within hearing. I did not now hear a vile word. The brick layers all became very respectful and friendly. I was beginning to see doors open for conversation with them. One of the roughest of the men came to me and asked whether or not little children who died went to heaven; I suppose his had died. When I assured him that of such is the kingdom of heaven, he asked if the Bible did not say that you must be born again. "That is talking about adults," I said. I told him that all adults sin and must be saved and born again. He said that he thought he was not so bad. The only thing was that he ran with other men's wives. He was opening doors toward salvation.

I was enjoying my job. My real job was personal work. I saw a great opportunity, but I lost my job. Late comers were all turned off. That construction work was never completed. I had received twenty-five cents an hour. A church member who knew me saw me working with the Negroes. "You have taken a lowly job. The Lord will surely exalt you," he said. He was right.

Up From the Bottom

It was not long until our money was all used. Our fifteen dollars monthly rent was due the thirtieth. When the time approached we lacked three dollars. The thirtieth came and we still lacked that three dollars. As already stated, when we married we had decided never to owe any man anything. All of those following years we had never been in debt a single day. Now how about that three dollars for rent? To fail to pay rent that day meant to go in debt. Was the Lord going to let us down after all? All day long on the thirtieth we felt distressed because we did not have that necessary three dollars rent-money.

In the evening when James came home from school he handed his mother an envelope with her address. It contained three dollars. A church where Josephine had spoken in a women's meeting had sent the money. What a rebuke to faith. When did the Lord ever fail in small affairs? Was not that three dollars sent by order from heaven? It was not a coincidence. We paid our rent on the thirtieth. We were saved from owing any man by just a mere margin. It is very usual for the Lord to test faith that way. We have many times found it so. That was our financial low-low, the nearest we ever came to being in debt in over fifty years.

The immediate problem now was food. How could we buy food without going in debt, without grocery bills? I was at the end of job-hunting. Thousands of men were idle, looking for work at any price. I had no preaching appointments. The larder was empty and so was the pocket book. There we were, "Bakers" without bread. As I have stated, ever since when as a boy I thought of Solomon as I shoved hay down to the horses, and decided that I should seek wisdom, not honor or money, I have prayed for wisdom. I, or we, needed wisdom now. What should or could we do? Here is where Jesus gave wisdom. Otherwise who ever naturally would have thought of what Josephine did? Of the few dimes we had, perhaps the last ones, for all I know, Josephine bought twenty five cents

worth of sugar and made it into large pieces of candy-fudge. She then bought small paper bags just the right size to hold ten large pieces of her candy. When son James, then about ten years old, came home from school, his mother put ten pieces of her home-made candy in each bag, arranged the bags neatly in a little basket and then sent James to sell her candy to the neighbors at ten cents a bag. In a surprisingly short time James returned with an empty basket. That candy seemed to be just what people had been waiting for. The next day was a repetition. Josephine had taken another twenty five cents for sugar capital and used eight cents of the candy proceeds to buy a loaf of bread for supper.

Every day Josephine made candy; every day James sold it; every day I was getting free board without having to do a stroke of work. We were now on the way going up from the bottom — started up from twenty five cents; a “close shave,” another case where little was much, because God was in it.

James and his mother were now in the candy business. A school-mate came to help sell candy, then another and another came. My sister came weekends to help make enough candy for school boys to sell on Saturdays. They sold candy in the shops and stores and banks. When the elevator girl refused to allow him to go up to sell to those on the upper stories, James went to the bank president and got permission to use the elevator. The boys were in business; they soon had regular office girls, store clerks, and others as every-Saturday-customers. Along toward spring, out of candy money profits Josephine bought a beautiful forty-dollar rug for our sitting room. We later took this rug to China and used it there for many years to beautify and make cheerful our common-place sitting room wherever we moved. Have you not read the first Psalm? Does it not say of the one whose “delight is in the law of the Lord” that “whatsoever he doeth shall prosper?”

Jesus in Business

Since in the spring when the weather got warm the home-made candy would melt, that ended the candy business. Although now it was my turn to buy bread and jam, working to earn money was the last thing I wanted to do. I wanted to work only to lead men to Christ, and I had held out as long as I could to that end. Thus it was that I very reluctantly yielded at last to the suggestions of a friend that, like him, I sell vacuum cleaners. In view of my canvassing and selling books in college days, it seemed likely that I could canvass house to house and sell cleaners. The discouraging thing was that I detested going out in secular work to hunt money.

When I finally began canvassing from house to house I felt as though I had jumped the track. I was in the will of the Lord, however, as will be seen when I recount in some detail further developments.

The first day when I canvassed for prospective cleaner-buyers I got a few names. The head salesman was surprised, because some of his men had just canvassed the same street I had gone over without finding any prospective customers. The head man now went with me, showed me how to demonstrate the cleaner, closed the sale, and gave the profit to me. I was started in business selling vacuum electric cleaners on commission. I am sure that Jesus helped me make sales. I now think of His having been with me guiding me as my business manager and giving me wisdom.

Although I already had a few people who thought of buying washing machines, I could not stir up a particle of enthusiasm to talk washing machine. All of my washing machine enthusiasm centered in just one kind of machine that operated on a different principle from the others; it was the kind I had had my sister and sister-in-law buy, the kind that was so successfully working. I feel certain it was no accident that I overheard the agent for that washer, when talking to a friend, remark that he no longer sold that machine. He had been buying it from a man named Van

Cise in Youngstown, he said. I caught the words and tucked them away in my mind — “Van Cise, Youngstown.” To hunt one man without an address in as big a city as Youngstown appeared like “hunting a needle in a haystack.”

The next morning as I was starting to work I asked the head salesman whether he had ever heard of a man in Youngstown by the name of Van Cise. “Why, yes; I know him. I am going to Youngstown right now and will take you to see him,” he said. That was the leading of the Lord. The salesman drove me direct to Van Cise’s store. He introduced me, saying that I was selling vacuum cleaners for him and was his best salesman, who now wanted also to sell his washing machine. Van Cise was delighted. He replied that he had just been wanting an agent in Warren and that he would send up two machines the next day. He then surprised me when he showed me the only kind of machine I had wanted, now improved with every desirable feature — just perfect, I thought. I thus suddenly became selling-agent for what was at that time reputed to be the best selling washing machine in the United States.

Shortly after that the district agent for the vacuum cleaner came to see me and gave me the wholesale agency for the vacuum cleaner. That cleaner was also said to be the best seller in the United States. Who arranged these top agencies if not an All-Wise Business Manager?

I did not, on the spur of the moment, realize that a washing machine business required several thousand dollars capital. I sold the first machine for cash. O.K. I could pay thirty days cash for that. But I must make time sales. No cash. I must buy machines. No money. I had started all right. That all-right-start was just ending, when I believe it was the Lord who sent a real-estate man to my mother’s house where I was. In conversation with him it must have been the Lord’s “word of wisdom” that caused me to suggest to that man that he might be interested in an investment that would make him fifteen per cent profit. “You furnish the capital, I sell the machine on time, and you hold the contract for security,” was my

proposition. "I'll try a few," the man replied. That was of the Lord, the Lord's "wisdom." Where could I have secured a needed outright loan of thousands of dollars without as much security? The real estate man gave me capital as I needed it without even asking for a receipt for the money. He never even took a look to see whether or not I had bought the machine I was supposed to buy and for which I gave him the contract. We had fine business for several months. I got all of the capital I needed any day I asked for it. I promptly made all payments due every month. After several months the real estate man informed me that he could no longer provide capital for me because of other deals he had on hand.

What was I to do? Was business to collapse? Did the Lord not then give me the "word of knowledge" when I learned of a big finance company in New York whose business was that of financing time-payments? But since such concerns loan only on solid security basis, it was another glad surprise of my life when that big New York financing corporation accepted what security my business by that time could give. Thus my washing machine and vacuum cleaner business went on without a hitch, now backed by a big finance corporation.

I had put up a nice little booth in the city market-house, equipped with desk, etc., where we kept our cleaners and machines on constant display and demonstration. At first Josephine took care of this office while I was out demonstrating and selling machines. Later I employed an expert salesman to help in selling and employed his sister-in-law to take care of the office. Both were Christians. Thus the wages I paid went to Christians.

By the end of a year I had made several thousand dollars, had financial backing, and people in charge of my business.

Now to recapitulate a little. The Bible says that there is a gift of "the word of wisdom" and another of "the word of knowledge." Accordingly, Jesus may give unusual "wisdom" and "knowledge." Whence came that "wisdom" that caused Josephine to start a big business with twenty five cents when she bought that sugar to make candy? How was it that the

candy business prospered so well? How was it that when the candy business melted away the vacuum business sprang up in its stead? Was it by chance that I got the agency for this best selling vacuum cleaner? Why was it that I could not get interested in selling any washer but one, the easiest to sell? Was it by accident that I found Mr. Van Cise immediately and that I got the agency I wanted at once? Who sent that real estate agent around at exactly the right place to meet me? Was it not some gift of “wisdom” that gave me right then the plan that financed my business? Was it by chance that man financed me until I had enough money to get other financial backing? Had this man stopped financing me sooner would my business not have collapsed? Was it some “word of knowledge” when I heard about that finance corporation in New York? Without my seeking help could it have just happened that an expert, converted Christian salesman and a Holy Spirit anointed office girl came to help put the finishing touches on my business? Was it not just like Jesus to prosper me as He said He would prosper all who “delight in Him” and then give me “the desire of my heart” by releasing me forever from any more money making business? Conclusion, Jesus is a perfect manager. Jesus worked in all things for our good — Bible-like.

CHAPTER XIII

Spiritual Experiences

Something Better than Business

About the time I started in business I also started some work for the Lord that resulted in a church. A man who had started a little Sunday School in a school house in a suburb of Warren invited us to help. The attendance was small; yet I was more interested in that work than I was in making money. In fact, on Saturday afternoons when men were free from work, making that the best for my business in the market house, I preferred to slip away when possible to go working for the Sunday service and Sunday school in the school house. Josephine had a class of teen-age boys who seemed very nice in Sunday School. However, since that was a rather lawless outskirts of the city, according to the boys' later story they were not as good as they appeared. They said that they were especially clever at stealing things on display in the city stores and shops. I also taught a Sunday School class and followed that by preaching to the little Sunday School group.

After we had been doing this work for some time I invited a pentecostal friend to come for a few night's meetings. When he had preached his first sermon he invited all who were willing to repent and accept Jesus to go to the front and pray. I thought the sermon had been so commonplace there would be no response. To my surprise Josephine's bad boys made "a bee-line" for the front. They knelt down and started in business with the Lord. I wondered, did those boys know what it was all about? They did. They were in dead earnest.

Somewhat later this preacher asked whether I would like him to bring his friend from Cleveland some night to pray especially for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. He said that people who had long sought

the baptism of the Holy Spirit in many places unsuccessfully, upon coming to her home would receive it. She was a middle-aged Negro with a family. Of course we wanted her to come. We liked her when she came. She was the wholesome, commonplace kind the Lord also likes.

By that time we had moved near the school house where we had church and Sunday School. The night sister Nickens arrived, more than twenty persons came to our home for the meeting. Josephine's boys, other young people, and a few adults were there.

Like Peter in the home of Cornelius, telling them about Jesus and the Holy Spirit, Sister Nickens was standing in our home telling the same story. Like Peter she never finished her talk, because as in Peter's case, while she was still speaking the Holy Spirit suddenly fell upon all who were listening. Twenty persons were suddenly prostrated on our sitting room floor. Fourteen spoke with other tongues, praising God and his mighty works as in Bible days in the home of Cornelius. Among those were some of Josephine's former "bad" boys and one man who in vain had earnestly sought the Holy Spirit for eight years. He was glad that he had persevered. He said that he had not supposed speaking with other tongues would make so much difference.

One of Josephine's half-grown boys became a real prayer intercessor. He would weep and pray for the lost, especially the Chinese. He became a preacher. Among those baptized who also received the Holy Spirit was one of the worst girls in the community. She was at once transformed into a fine loving Christian who continued such all through life. We recently had a Christmas card from her. A Catholic woman who had tried to commit suicide came to our prayer meetings and appeared to get a real contact with God.

Just below the school house where we had our service was a man who had not been to church for twenty-five years, as I now recall. His wife, a good Christian, hoped I could do something for him, yet I did not ask him to come to church, as I did not think that was in order.

Nevertheless, I made every effort to get his confidence and friendship. When I thought the right time had come to do so, I approached the church question. He said he had not been near a church for twenty-five years. When he was a young man he had belonged to a young men's bible class. He said, "How happy I was at that time, I would give anything if I could get that happiness again." This is what happened: one time the lady-teacher of the class, for some purpose, asked the boys to contribute twenty-five cents each. "We boys resented it and left the class and the church. I have never been to church since." Mr. Evans continued, "How I wish I could get that former happiness back again." "Why, you certainly can get that happiness back and much more," I told him. "Too bad you have missed it all these years; you fellows were wrong," I said. "That teacher had a good reason for asking you boys for that money; and you should have given it. For a twenty-five-cent sin you have lost twenty-five years of happiness. Too bad, too bad. Yet it is not too late. You can get the Lord to forgive you and give you the Holy Spirit, then your joy will be more than you have ever known." For the first time in twenty-five years Mr. Evans saw that he was in error about that twenty-five-cent affair.

The first night my friend preached Mr. Evans came to the meeting and went forward to pray. The Lord met him there. Jesus took all of his sins away and gave him more joy than he had ever known. Was he happy? Every morning as dinner pail in hand he went off to his work, he went away weeping for what the forgiving Jesus had done for him by grace. Brother Evans has now gone over there to that happy land where sins are remembered no more, where every longing for happiness is satisfied, where joys are forevermore. If you get there before I do you will meet him and know him. "Shake his hand for me." If you get home before I do tell him I think of him yet and will be along one of these days.

After we returned to China, Sister Evans and some of the other women found a holiness church that could come and help them, for I knew no one that I could suggest to take over where I left off. The last I

heard the church work there was doing well. The people were grateful for the foundation work I had done.

This, then, is a brief record of some of our direct activities for the Lord while I was busy in business — something better than business.

Some Earlier Things

Now to return again to earlier things. We had no sooner arrived home from Tibet than I found myself on the bottom, as already stated. From then on it was to be my lot the rest of my life at intervals to return to the bottom and start all over. These repeated experiences that were to be mine are described in colloquial as “the end of the rope,” “hitting the bottom,” “come to the end of things,” “up against a stone wall,” “at wit’s end,” “the jumping off place.” My life experience has been somewhat like a piece of iron raised to white heat, then pounded and plunged into cold water, the process to be repeated over and over.

By the time I returned from Tibet I had learned something about the Lord’s return, divine healing, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, salvation by faith, and other Bible truths. However, I did not at that time have a very clear understanding. In my personal contacts I had come to see that the nominal Christians whom I had met appeared to know about Christ through reading or hearing, a head knowledge, without having personally met him. They did not seem to have felt the touch of the hand that in my youthful days had touched me while sitting in that buggy in the barn. I saw that I and all whom I had met needed more of that power and life that could come from God alone. I longed for a closer walk with Him and a better knowledge of the Bible.

The denomination I was in and under whose mission board I worked was rapidly drifting into modernism. In any case, no part of it was ready to accept what I now had come to believe. It had to be done. I must leave the denomination or stop following the Lord. I must resign from the

foreign missionary society. I was sorry to find this necessary, for the men on the board were good men who loved the Lord and had given us special favors. When at the time of World War I the mission board had to cut the salaries and allowances on all other mission fields, they had continued ours as usual and given us whatever we asked. They gave us Tibetan missionaries special favors.

When I resigned and went to meet the mission board they tried to persuade me to continue, saying that they had been counting on me as the leader in their Tibetan work. Knowing they would not be able to understand the reason for my leaving, I felt that all I could say was that I believed it was the will of the Lord that I leave the Tibetan work. I said that as a pastor at home moved from one field of labor to another a missionary could also move his field of labor in the will of the Lord. Of course they could not understand, nor could I explain.

As we left, the secretary put his arm around me saying, "Brother Baker, I fear you are ruining your life." I liked the men on the board, but they could not see what I saw ahead, Jesus calling onward. I had seen that I must go. I very sorrowfully left. I later had a nice letter from the secretary, wishing me well and saying that he was interested in my work in China.

As I have said, cutting ties with Tibet was like cutting a life-line. That was our first mission-love; never again would we have one like it. Our work, our home, our high hope lay buried there beside the two little graves. We tried to get Tibet out of our thoughts by working hard at present tasks to avoid looking back toward Tibet, our home, and the Tibetans we had come to like and had left so recently.

When I ministered in that church in Buffalo, New York, constantly preaching about foreign missions, a girl who had stopped high school work returned to school and then went to college to prepare for the foreign mission field. She married and with her husband went to Tibet.

We gave them our home and all of our supplies and belongings. We still wanted to help Tibet.

Since with my beliefs I would not fit in to pastor any church, I now saw no hope in any direction. I was indeed a lone pilgrim wandering in spiritual wilderness. I do not intend to take you back with me and make you miserable with those wilderness wanderings that continued for a discouragingly long period. I was a man without any full fellowship in any Church.

Seeking the Holy Spirit

While in the spiritual wilderness I read the best books I could get on the Holy Spirit, books by F. B. Myers, Andrew Muray, McConkey, Lawson, Torry, and others. Every passage of scripture about the Holy Spirit I studied over and over. I had definitely decided that speaking with other tongues was for today. Since I had talked with no one about this experience who could explain it to me, I knew little about it. I did not want to go to the “tongues people” to ask about it. I would just pray by myself.

The real question was whether or not everyone who received the fullness of the Spirit would speak with other tongues or only some people would thus speak. The authors of the books I read, not having spoken with other tongues themselves, actually were not authority. After reading all of those books I was as confused as at the start. I decided that I probably was one of the “some” who did not speak in tongues but could just take the baptism “by faith.” Just believe that you have it and you have it, whether or not you feel or experience anything, was the theory.

In The China Inland Mission and Out Again

Seeing no way to return to Tibet, we decided to return to China, if possible, under the interdenominational China Inland Mission that was free from modernism. This mission accepted suitable missionaries from any evangelical denomination and allowed each to follow the beliefs of his particular cult — except. Except what? Pentecost. But I was not Pentecost. I did not speak with other tongues. I had the baptism of the Holy Spirit “by faith,” according to the good books I had read.

The China Inland Mission accepted us at once and thought they would likely want me to open a Bible School in Yunnan, China. According to the mission rules we must remain at headquarters a month before going to the mission field. A requirement hard for us to meet was that all children over six years of age must be sent to their children’s school in China. That meant giving up our only son, James, for several years, except for vacations. At last we bought blankets for him, had packed some of our boxes, and were making necessary purchases, while the mission was arranging steamer passage for us.

I was disappointed. I had expected to find a very spiritual, Spirit-inspired mission. However, it seemed more formal than spiritual. One woman that came from outside to the prayer meetings was the only one who showed the live touch with God that I had expected to find. I was afraid. I was also disappointed in myself, for I was in need of power from on high, an overflow of heaven’s living waters. That was a crisis-time for me.

Power From On High

Just at this critical time I got a short one-page letter from a Chinese missionary friend. For some years he had sent me an occasional short letter without saying anything about the Holy Spirit. He thought I was

poor soil, I suppose. However, at the foot of the page of the letter this time was a P. S. which read: "Now that you are free and endeavoring to follow the Bible, why do you not seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit as on the day of Pentecost. You will never regret it. I never did." That after-thought P. S. was of the Lord; it changed the whole course of my life — by a very close margin. When I picked up my Bible and read once more about the baptism of the Holy Spirit, a new thought flashed through my mind. It was this: water baptism is by complete bodily immersion in water. Spirit baptism therefore must be complete immersion in the Spirit; then the tongue and mind will be immersed in the Holy Spirit. I knew I had never been submerged in the Holy Spirit. Hence, I did not have the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

When out for a walk Josephine and I had seen a Pentecostal meeting advertised. I now suggested to Josephine that we go there and ask the saints to pray for us, and we would seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit regardless of consequences.

A thought came to me this way for the first time: these Pentecostal people are "specialists" on the baptism of the Holy Spirit. They are specialists in speaking with other tongues. They are authorities on this particular question. They have the experience. They are the ones who know. If I have a tooth ache, I would expect to go to a dentist. If I broke a leg, I should go to a surgeon. If I did not know how to get my tongue under the Holy Spirit, I should go to the "tongues people" — specialists, yes, indeed, God's specialists, as I came to know.

We started to seek the "specialists" by going to the meeting where we had seen the sign, "Trinity Pentecostal meetings." In the after-meeting in the basement we told the little group that we were missionaries from China and candidates for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. We asked them to pray for us. Two nights later the elders in that place were praying for the sick, while I was sitting on the front seat "dead as a stick," unable to pray at all and thinking what a dead, useless thing I was, when I began to

feel a tingling in my fingers that seemed just like the tingle from the current of an electric battery. That gradually went up my arms. It then got inside of me and tingled all over. There was a stir in my heart that started me into quietly praising the Lord Jesus. He was becoming a reality. That power on my body quietly and gently prostrated me to the floor. Jesus was very real. The love of God flooded my whole being, while entirely independent of my own volition I was caused to yell almost at the top of my voice, "Jesus is God, Jesus is God." This was continued for considerable time. The floods of liquid love flowed on and on, causing me to weep for joy.

Later I became quiet, enwrapped in the love of God. Was Jesus there? Or was it an angel, or was it a company of angels? There were heavenly visitors. That is certain. I seemed to be surrounded by a love-cloud ten feet in diameter. I never had supposed that any human being this side of heaven could experience such an inflow of superhuman love. It was heaven come down, heaven all around and in me. This condition must have lasted two hours.

After all others had left, a group of the Spirit-filled saints gathered around me, sitting in a circle. They prayed and then sang a hymn. When they sang I seemed to see a fine golden thread reach from each heart of a singer directly into my heart as a center. Furthermore, I could clearly distinguish the spiritual love impulse from each separate heart. Thus was revealed to me the mystery of the Holy Spirit's indwelling in the heart of every true believer. Of course those singers were not aware of what I saw and experienced; yet they surely had me surrounded and tied and in their midst by cords of love.

The next morning, wanting to seek a quiet place outside of the city, I got on a street car and rode to the end of the line. As I walked on further I met a funeral procession. I coveted that dead man's experience, if he were a Christian. How fortunate he was. The Holy Spirit had made

heaven so real that I could think of nothing so desirable as to die. I would have liked to have changed places with the dead man.

As I walked along, the Holy Spirit came upon me so mightily that I could hardly go on. Seeing some trees in the distance to one side, I went over there and lay down under one of the trees. I was there so immersed in the Holy Spirit that I was almost lost to my surroundings, though I could still hear the birds singing in the trees. I lay there on my back with my hands folded across my chest like a dead person all day until late evening. I seemed to spend the whole day at the foot of the cross. Although I had no vision, it appeared like Jesus was just before me hanging on the cross. All day long I was kept there thinking of myself as a sort of corpse lying there on my back in that position as one dead, trying to consider myself dead to everything but Jesus, who hung there before me. Tears kept streaming down either cheek the whole day long, while my thoughts seldom wandered away from Jesus there before me on the cross. To him, as best I could, I over and over dedicated my all; my body, my spirit, my work, my financial affairs, my everything I could think of.

I then and there gave my body over into Jesus' keeping. Since then He has saved me from imminent danger and death more than once. I have never since then gone to a doctor for medicine or help. As I write this in my eighty-third year I have more abundant health than I had at the period when I made that full dedication.

At the end of that day with Jesus on the cross, when I arose to return home, I wondered how many people had such an experience with Jesus. I thought what a wonderful gospel I now had to preach were I to be allowed again to preach and be enabled to do so. I had a story to tell. I have never been able to tell it as I then knew it.

Of course the China Inland Mission could not understand my thus receiving from the Lord the very thing they themselves needed most. I told them about my experience and gave them a brief summary of the Scriptures dealing with the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I said that since I

understood that they did not accept this teaching and that I would not be free to teach it in China, my continuing with them would not be satisfactory to either party. Accordingly, I tendered my resignation from the mission. I was told that I would not be asked to resign; but I would not be sent to the mission field. Accordingly I would save them embarrassment, I said, by simply resigning.

CHAPTER XIV

Receiving the Holy Spirit

We returned to our home at Warren, O, bag and baggage almost penniless; but we had with us our son James and his red blankets for “keeps” until he was twenty one. We were once more free forever from man’s domineering church organizations, free to start all over again with Jesus alone as manager.

This was the time I have already told about when we were at the bottom of the barrel and Josephine started her candy business with twenty-five cents as capital. That, as I have related, was followed by the successful washing machine and vacuum cleaner business.

At the time of that wonderful experience of the Holy Spirit in Toronto I did not speak with other tongues. Nevertheless, since at that time we had decided to seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit speaking with tongues, as you might expect, I was determined to persevere until I did speak thus.

All of those controversial questions about speaking with other tongues — who could or would, did or didn’t, all or some, when and why, then or now, for and against — I disposed of with one clean sweep. I personally would speak with other tongues or I would never return to China. Why could I not speak with other tongues? Why should I not speak with other tongues? All of the apostles did. The writers of the New Testament did. Paul did; he found it so beneficial that he wished everyone else might speak with other tongues. He personally thanked God that he spoke with other tongues more than they all. He sang with tongues, for one who “speaks with tongues edifies himself.” Of course I could speak with tongues, for aside from all other considerations, there is a straight out “gift of various kinds of tongues” (I Cor. 12:10) to be had for the asking if we “earnestly desire.” I “desired” that gift. I must get it and go. Until I got

it I could not go. I had to wait almost three years to get it. It was then that God was ready to give it.

That three years delay put me in a hard place so far as Christian work was concerned. I could not ever think of pasturing a denominational church, for such lacked the power of the Holy Spirit and would not understand its teaching. I did not feel altogether at home among the little group of Pentecostal people I knew, for they spoke with other tongues, which I did not. That being true, they had the Holy Spirit, while I did not, they ignorantly supposed and dogmatically declared. The deadest, most dried-up, most unspiritual man in the group was the most cock-sure that I did not have a bit of the Holy Spirit, while he gloried in having the fullness (??).

I observed that since that anointing of the Holy Spirit in Toronto whenever the Spirit was in our midst in a special power that I was as sensitive to his movements as were they who had spoken with other tongues. That I knew, whether others did or not. Nevertheless, I was a sort of object of pity, a nice lamb not in the fold or out of it. Some of the people thought they knew just why I had such a hard time getting “the sign;” it was because I was too proud; I needed to humble myself; or I was not hungry enough. I should be hungry — starve myself, I suppose. Or it might be that I did not praise the Lord enough or, perchance, shout loud enough or open my mouth wide enough. Maybe I had all of those hindrances and many more. Therefore, since I was taking a new course in training I certainly should obey my experienced teachers. Accordingly, when they told me to praise the Lord I got my dry lips to say, “praise the Lord.” If I was told to hold up my hands, I held them high in the air. If told to open my mouth and the Lord would fill it, opened it as widely as I dare without too much embarrassment (did not get it filled with anything but air, however).

There were several other recipes. I tried them all plus some of my own get-up. After going around and around the same circle till I had worn

a beaten path, I came up against the hard, high wall and stopped. I was indeed at wits' end. I knew how to sell vacuum cleaners, and I knew how to sell washing machines, but I assuredly did not know how to get that experience of speaking with other tongues. Neither did anyone else know how to help me get it. Evidently there is a lot some people do not know about the Holy Spirit.

After so long a time, having come to my end in seeking the Lord and a deeper work of the Holy Spirit, in my mind, if not in words, I made a sort of business proposition to the Lord something like this: "Lord, I have been for almost three years seeking you but could not find you as I hoped. I've stopped hunting. Now you hunt me. I will be found "diligent in business" and faithfully working away at my Sunday School and little church and other Christian activities. You know, Lord, that I am a candidate for the fullness of the baptism of the Holy Spirit just like Peter and James and John had, for I have put in my application these hundreds of times. Now, Lord, you hunt me. You know where I will be at any particular day or hour. I will be glad to have you bring that gift anytime, anywhere, day or night." With this clear understanding I went about my business and God went about His, apparently very satisfactory, for considerable time. However, I never entirely forgot what I had coming, nor did the Lord forget what He was to give at His own convenience.

This situation continued for some time. In the meantime, I was becoming less and less interested in business while more and more interested in the work of the Lord. I got my business going well with a good salesman and office-girl mostly in charge. I was tired of talking money. I could now let others do that, I thought, and make what money they and we would need. We did not want a bigger or a better house to live in. Our sixty-five-dollar Model-T Ford would take us or a washing machine anywhere. We had no desire to buy a new car. I could not think of any Christian or Christian enterprise that I wanted to make money to support. So it was that at this juncture Josephine and I decided to rent a

little house out near the school house where we had been having Sunday School and church, as already related, so that we could conveniently work there better for the Lord. At the same time we could sell or not sell washing machines just as we liked or might need to. All was now set up once more in right order to go ahead indefinitely just as had been the case in that first church in Buffalo and had been the case in Batang, Tibet. We now had our own income, our own undenominational church work. We were free to sail on, sail on.

However, it turned out that the time I had planned all this was the very time the Lord had planned to bring me that “gift” we had agreed upon. Just as I had said, the Lord knew where I was and soon found me, and as I had said He would find me — busy. I was hurrying along a quiet, suburban street in Warren, O, on my way to conduct a Bible class in a hotel. Josephine had gone ahead. As I was walking rapidly to overtake her my lips suddenly began to quiver, much as they had in boyhood days when I was cold. “What’s that? I’m not cold; anyway, that is only a childish performance.” Ten more steps and my lips were violently blowing as though struck by a gale. I hurried on. Now my tongue went out of control and began to clatter. What was all this? Oh, I know now. The Lord has brought that promised “gift” along. He was going to find me receptive, for I had decided that when he brought it I would not know how to handle it. Accordingly, I was going to allow Him to give it any way he pleased — put it on my head or in my hands or in my feet or in my mouth or in my pocket. Anyway, anywhere, regardless of appearances I wanted it and I wanted it all and I wanted no one to fuss and muss things up by laying hands upon me and meddling with God’s affairs. The Lord knew that I wanted it and approved of it. That was why He waited to bring the gift to me in the evening out there in the quiet where there was no one around to meddle with things.

When all of that quivering and clattering and rattling began around my mouth I caught the idea. The Lord was going to use my mouth to

speak words it had never spoken before and was now getting it ready. Since this was to be a *whole body* performance, for our *bodies* are the temples of the Holy Spirit, I would gladly yield by *whole body* to the Holy Spirit to move and shake and mold and make as He saw best.

Thus it was that my legs were affected. I was making no forward progress. I never would overtake Josephine at the rate I was going nor would I get to that Bible class on time. I couldn't walk straight. I had a terrible wobble. There came a couple of women. I would control that "wobble" until they got by, I thought. However, a suspicious wobble was evidently apparent, for after the women had gone by they returned and very kindly asked what was wrong and where I wished to go. "We will help you," they kindly said. They thought I was drunk. I was drunk. I was drunk with Jesus' new wine the same as made spectators suppose the one hundred and twenty were drunk.

I manage to assume a sober appearance and say, "you will not be able to understand this; but I have been seeking the Holy Spirit for a long time, until as I was walking along right back there the Holy Spirit suddenly came upon me. That is what this is." "Oh," the women said, and went on, and so did I. In a very similar way I was again thought to be drunk and offered assistance. Aside from these instances I was alone with God in that quiet street, now dark.

The Holy Spirit gently pressed me down to bow and worship Jesus. I was gently prostrated on the street. I went through a spell of deep lonesomeness as though I were to be a lone pilgrim. I have since that time traveled much on that lonesome road.

After an hour or more I managed with difficulty to reach the little Pentecostal church, where a meeting was in progress. With an effort, by taking hold of the steps-railing, I managed to get myself inside the church hall and down into the basement. Since I could scarcely stand, I looked for a place to lie down. That long table might do, but I might roll off. There was an easy bamboo chair pulled up before the little gas fire. I sat down in

that; it seemed just right. No, that was not it. The spirit gently pushed me out of that chair right down on the cold concrete floor. I was dressed in my black Sunday-to-go-meeting suit!

I was there on the concrete floor till two o'clock in the morning. There was a conflict going on. Whereas in past experiences I had to praise the Lord and keep my mind on Him in order to keep under the anointing, it was not so this time. I did not have to do anything. Was it not the understanding that I had quit "doing" and was just to be on the receiving side? I was just a sort of spectator watching how the Lord would get the "gift" delivered. I did not need to ask for it any more, or pray for it, or praise — just wait while the Lord and the devil fought back and forth over my prostrate body. I knew without a doubt that that was the night. I did not feel I had any part in the fight. Other people praising and praying or singing did not seem to do a particle of good. Whether people came or went was a matter of indifference. I would stay right there on my back on that concrete floor until the Lord got that gift across that He had right there in his hand. The Lord had started with me alone. If need be I would stay with Him alone, for this was the time.

Those two powers had a long fight. The devil was getting weary. No use staying longer. If I would not go and the Lord would not go, the devil would go, he decided at long last. That was what we hoped for.

A sister near me on the floor suddenly burst out in Holy Spirit inspired laughter, that wonderful laughter that only the Spirit-filled know. That laughter spread all over me like a beautiful warm blanket. I laughed, too, from away down inside, from down there whence Jesus said living waters would flow. Along with that happy victorious heavenly laughter there came that flow of peaceful waters upon which were floating words of some beautiful language I had never heard. Then from some happy park of paradise, from the beautiful isle of somewhere, a beautiful melody entered my heart and floated out over my lips in peaceful strains in words these feeble lips had never lisped.

From within, the living waters flowed on and on. At last without breaking the flow I went home for the night. That “gift” was a lasting one. That gift or heavenly language and other languages, I suppose, and those Holy Spirit inspired songs in other tongues have never ceased from that day to this — forty years of it. The last years have been the most blessed and wonderful of all. Jesus hath “ascended on high and given gifts unto men.” Seek and ye shall find.

The second day after I spoke with other tongues Josephine also had that experience. She had hoped to receive in such a way that she would be sure that man had no part in it. The Lord gave her the desire of her heart by baptizing her with the Holy Spirit when she was alone in our home. The Lord saw to it that she was rolled around on the floor and put through sufficient manifestations to satisfy her that what she did was not from her own volition nor did any man have anything to do with it. It was God. That was one thing certain. Josephine had wondered why the Holy Spirit should not come like a wind as it did on the day of Pentecost. Now when she received, she felt the Holy Spirit come blowing upon her like a warm quiet breeze.

Since the Holy Spirit came upon me when I was alone on the street and came to Josephine when alone in our house, it was self-evident that the Lord did not baptize us into any sect or clan.

What was to result from thus receiving the Holy Spirit?

Where Do We Go From Here?

The two of us at the Lord’s time having received the Holy Spirit, what were we to do with it? Certainly we did not get the Spirit to make money for us. Making money now seemed like playing in the dirt. I wanted to work for the Lord. Where? Common sense said, “China.” I could speak the language, I knew the customs of China; and I was oriented to live the life there. Not that the Chinese would be found falling

over one another by rushing out to meet us with open arms. Nevertheless, common sense said that China was the place to go, whether the people should call us “devil” or “sage,” for the gospel testimony is to be everywhere, and China is a part of everywhere. But where in China and how were we to go? I knew of no mission or missionary in China where we could make any hopeful contact. Neither did I know any mission, church, or man ready to back us with a dollar. Furthermore, we knew only a few people who would support us regularly with prayer. We decided that under these circumstances we should get our money out of business and pay our own way to China. If doors opened before us, we would walk in; if they remained shut, we would walk away and pay our way back, feeling we had fulfilled our obligation.

At this stage, one day when I was talking with the pastor of the little Pentecostal assembly in Warren, Ohio, he happened to remark that when his son left New York to go to India, Brother Swift saw him off. “Why, Brother Swift,” I said. “Years ago I knew a Brother Swift in China. I wonder whether by any chance it could be he.” In some way or other I made contact and found that it was the Allen A. Swift that I knew. I then wrote him a letter telling him that we had recently received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and were planning to go to China. I got an immediate reply: “Do not do a thing until you get my letter.”

His letter said that Sister Swift had been praying for years that some time I might work with them (she was a great intercessor). “We had lost you, not knowing whether you were in China or in the States,” the letter said. “Before we came home we had withdrawn from our organization two years previously and started a mission of our own. The church where I am now ministering wants me to remain here at home another year. Could you go ahead to that mission now at once and take charge?”

Do you think that we could go? The Lord had thrown a door wide open and pushed us toward it. Sister Swift had not for years prayed in

vain. Do you know who that Allen A. Swift was? He was the man who had written that after-thought postscript from China that I received in Toronto, which was used by the Lord to turn me out of the China Inland Mission to wait until we received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and the right door was open. Having waited almost three years, the time was ripe; the Lord had baptized us in the Holy Spirit and was sending us to China to the Swifts' work. We were free from organizations. This was now intended by the Lord to be our work, as time proved. Had the Lord baptized us sooner with the Holy Spirit our field of work would not have been ready.

Just think a moment how many details covering a period of years were all perfectly woven into one perfect pattern. Yesterday I received word that Brother Swift has just gone to glory, praising God. He and Sister Swift were always interested in our work in China and have always helped it.

We were delayed for two months, partly because we could not get our money free. Then quite unexpectedly we got a letter from Brother Swift saying that if we would go to China at once the church where he ministered would give us one thousand dollars travel fare. After that we must depend upon the Lord. It cost us one thousand and fourteen dollars to reach the mission station in China. Thus it was that two months after receiving the fullness of the baptism of the Holy Spirit we were again on our way to China.

CHAPTER XV

China Again

We took little luggage, only what we took on our tickets after leaving the States. We decided this time to make things just as simple as possible.

“When will we see you again?” our friends asked as we took the train to leave. “When will you come back on furlough?”

“We do not know,” we replied. “As is our going so must be our coming — directed by God, not man. We do not take furloughs.”

Josephine remained in China seventeen years before returning at wartime on the last passenger steamer to cross the ocean, while I remained twenty seven years, until driven out of China by the Communists.

The place the Lord sent us was a town of five thousand called Kotchiu, in the southwest corner of Yunnan, the most southwest province of China. The way to Kotchiu was from U.S.A. by steamer to what is now the coast of Vietnam; then from there by a narrow-gauge French train that ran to the capital of Yunnan province, China. Before reaching the capital we came to the junction of a very tiny railroad which ran to Kotchiu, a mining town. It was then we arrived at the junction called “Bed-Bug Street,” a very appropriate name. When we were eating supper in the hotel the waiter told us in Chinese that Kotchiu, where we were going to our mission station in the morning, was in the hands of brigands. He said that it would be alright to go, however, for the brigands and the people in the town had come to an understanding and were orderly. The next morning we went on the little tiny train that looked much like a child’s toy.

Having arrived at Kotchiu, we were met at the station by a worker whom Brother Swift had left. We were then taken to the house the Swifts had lived in. This was a spacious house with plenty of living room upstairs but nothing nice — no ceilings, just tile roofs with here and there a glass

tile in the ceiling to let in some extra light. Windows were small, admitting little light. Used beds and Chinese chairs and tables constituted the inside furnishings. The cheap outfit we had brought with us fit in just right with general surroundings — nothing to appeal to brigands.

Three Years Among Robbers

Here we were to live for three years among robbers. This town of Kotchiu was said to be the worst town in all China. We had worked in what was said to be the most remote mission station in the world. Now we were to work in another “most,” the most wicked city in China. While there is no way of knowing which is the worst of the wicked cities, I can truthfully say that I do not see how any town the size of Kotchiu could be any more of a hell-hole. Kotchiu was an old-time town of fifteen thousand, situated in a narrow valley between low mountains. The old shops were mostly along one cobblestone, dirty street without sidewalks. I do not recall having seen one nice shop or house such as would be seen today in any town of that size. There was not one thing nice about Kotchiu, inside or outside.

In the surrounding mountains ninety percent of the tin ore of China was then mined, a high quality of tin mostly shipped to New York. This little spot of concentrated wealth was also a concentrated spot of vice. Its free flow of corrupting money attracted money-vultures from distant parts of China. Among these pleasure and money seekers, drinking, gambling, opium smoking, and immoral carousing ran riot with little restraint.

Due to fighting between rival sections of the army, some time before our arrival all soldiers had been withdrawn from that end of the province. Brigands taking advantage of this situation had rushed into and occupied this rich mining town. The town changed hands more than once during our three years there. We went through the fighting each time and heard the bullets whistle from more than one band of brigands. The last band,

the one that was there when we left, had nearly one thousand members, crowded into the homes and everywhere they could squeeze into a sleeping place. Of course, these brigands had their own officers and controlled the town in every way.

Heavily armed robbers were running around everywhere; in the tea shops and other places. A fully dressed brigand carried one or two automatic pistols in his belt and a rifle in his hand. He had a belt of cartridges about his waist and another belt of bullets crossing diagonally over each shoulder. We were not allowed to forget that we were living in the wild. When we could not see the outlaws, we could hear them. Very frequently we would be wakened in the night by a volley of pistol shots. The next morning we would hear what rich man had been robbed or kidnapped. He probably would have been taken to some cave in the mountains or to some other secret place to be held for ransom. Some of these men were returned, while some of them were never seen or heard of again. No doubt quarrels, enmities, and gambling affairs had a part in all this. This shooting in the night and robbing and kidnapping went on all of the three years we were in Kotchiu.

Gambling, drinking, opium smoking, robbing and murdering never let up. One dead man whom I saw on the street had been killed in a two-dollar gamble quarrel. One day as I went on the street a dead man lay at the gate of our compound. He had been murdered in the night. Another morning when we got up and looked out of our bedroom window we saw a dead man lying prostrate in the open space behind our house. He had been caught alone and murdered where he lay or killed elsewhere and dumped there. He lay there two or three days. Other lives were cheap in man's eyes. We ourselves had been bought with a price. We were kept safe by more than human hands, as will appear.

The very atmosphere of this place seemed poisonous. It was not only gospel-hard; it was anti-foreign as well. When walking along the street as soon as we had passed some distance the children at the front of

the shops would yell in a loud voice, "Yang Gwei Dze," foreign devil, or actually a worse word than that. So it was that, to begin with, the gospel was unusually undesirable. We had a gospel chapel on the main street. I do not recall having ever seen a merchant from one of the shops come in to listen to the gospel. A man from one shop came in quite regularly; but his shop was a pretext, for he was the chief man who handled the plunder stolen by a large brigand band of a thousand men out in the country. This man became very friendly. I believe that at the time the city was invaded he did much to save our house from being robbed and burned.

As soon as we arrived in Kotchiu some of the leading men in the city called on me, telling me I should not venture out of the city, as there was danger everywhere. However, I could not follow this sound advice because, as I have already stated, I could not work without taking daily exercise. I had to risk bandit-danger or not do my work. The Lord surely protected me.

Several months later an unusual danger arose. The British soldiers in Shanghai shot a few students who were rioting at the British consulate. That stirred up such bitter anti-foreign feeling that in many interior places missionaries were advised to leave. The American Consul gave us freedom to do as we liked. We had orphans to take care of and so continued. My helper and I continued our street chapel work in spite of danger until I contracted flu or some other contagious disease and I became so sick I could not walk to the chapel. I believe that was a hold-up by the Lord. A day or two after I could not walk out of the house my helper thought he would take a walk where I had been in the habit of going every day. He had not gone far when, to his surprise, he came upon a group of half a dozen or more men armed with pistols, sitting by the path. They were strangers to him. "Where is the pastor?" They asked.

"Sick," he told them. The helper thought they were waiting there to kill me. I, too, thought it most likely. All pain from my sickness left me, but I could not get strength to walk. I ate well, slept well, felt at ease; yet I

could not walk or work. I believe the Lord held me there in the house until imminent danger was past. Otherwise, I would have gone about my work as soon as I could walk, for we were in danger always.

It would have been a simple matter to kidnap me any night as I returned from the street chapel over a poorly lighted alley that opened right out into the country. One night when I was preaching, someone at the door sent me a note in the Chinese language telling me I should be careful, for evil men at the door were discussing me and saying I should be considered, because I had money. On the way home from the chapel I surely had angelic protection. I sometimes could sense such. At any rate, we were living amongst robbers and kidnappers and murders all of the time. We did not have a sense of fear, though only the Lord knows how many times His angels caused dangers to pass us by.

One such instance came to my attention. At the time of that Shanghai affair when the armed men had say by my path probably intending to shoot me, one evening a group of some friends of my helper's father were together visiting and discussing the Shanghai affair. They became quite furious at what had taken place. Someone suggested that they get some of the bandit rogues to go and kill us. "No. Do nothing of the kind," this friend's father said. "These Americans are good people; they are my friends. Leave them alone." This was a man of influence whom I had never met personally. I think that was once the Lord kept me sick for a purpose. When that time of unusual danger was past and it was time to turn me loose again, I at once was able to do a full day's work and go right ahead.

Gospel Work

We had a gospel chapel on the main street, where my helper and I preached several nights a week. Every night many men from the surrounding mines came down on the street to make purchases, gamble,

visit, etc. These men, together with a few local people, would usually fill the chapel, which would seat forty people. We found these men quite willing listeners, nearly all of whom had never heard the gospel. The difficulty was that they would have to return to the mines the following day. It was something like preaching to a procession. We had a children's meeting in this street chapel before the regular service. This kept the children from disturbing the other service and stopped the "foreign devil" calls on the street. We also had a mid-week men's service in our home for preaching, prayer, and seeking the Holy Spirit. I find an old account which says that at the end of several months seventeen had been baptized in water, all of whom had had miraculous anointings of the Holy Spirit and some of whom had spoken with other tongues.

Josephine had a women's class with as many as forty attending on every Thursday. The Holy Spirit was always at work in this women's class, and some were constantly being prostrated under the power of the Lord.

The Girls' School and the Sunday School

Since it became impossible for the city longer to conduct their girls' school, they asked us to take it over. This brought the girls from the best families. One of the teachers was one of our Christian girls.

We had our Sunday chapel preaching service and Sunday school on our house compound. By giving out cards the Sunday School attracted the boys from the city grade school. I had about a hundred in my teenage class. We had a truly live Sunday School that reached as high as four hundred on a Sunday.

At that time we also had twenty in the Adullam orphanage. Thus it came about that just when it would seem that the foundation was well laid and the work ready for a hopeful advance was the very time were to leave it to work elsewhere. So it had been at Buffalo, N. Y., at Batang, Tibet,

and at Warren, O—when we had put a work in running order or finished a testimony we were to move on. We were to be pioneers, as I have said.

I will presently tell about the circumstance of our leaving Kotchiu, but I must first give some account of the beginnings of the Adullam orphanage which we conducted for ten years.

CHAPTER XVI

The Adullam Orphanage

We called ours the Adullam Mission to indicate that in all phases of our work the mission had an open door for anyone, no matter how poor or needy. The name "Adullam," comes from the Adullam cave to which David escaped "and everyone who was in distress, and everyone who was in debt, and everyone who was discontented gathered to him" I Sam. 22:1.

Many of the boys first brought into this Adullam refuge were from the nearby mines. These boys were especially useful for carrying out the clay and ore mixture. The holes into which the boys had to go sometimes for a mile, being only about three feet high, were best suited to boys.

There was no end to the stories as to how the boys got to the mines. In some cases it was like the story one boy told me. He said that an agent who captured boys and sold them to the mines fooled him into a covered boxcar with about thirty others likewise fooled, and brought them to the mines to sell for sixteen dollars each.

The year we started the orphanage there was a scourge of dysentery and other diseases causing a special influx to the city of the sick and the dying. I wish now to quote from what I wrote at the time, giving some account of the beginnings of the Adullam Orphanage especially as related to boys rescued from the mines. The following was written at that time:

The boy may have been promised that he would go into the mines about once a day to carry out a load of ore. He finds he must make four long and trying trips. The holes that lead into the mountain are so low in many places that the boy who is carrying his load of dirt in two sacks slung over his shoulder must stoop a good deal of the distance as he laboriously makes his way to the outside world with his heavy burden. In many places he must crawl on his hands and knees. The carbide lamp he carries continually gives off an offensive odor. It opens the road toward

consumption and blindness. The passage of many carriers through these unventilated passages soon exhausts the pure air and leaves in its stead an impure poisonous stench that it would seem no human could breath. An eye witness told me that upon reaching the outside each carrier deposits his burden and stretches out on his back with his head in a low position, while he fairly gasps for fresh air. These boys are right in saying that they eat the rice of the upper world but do the work of the infernal underworld.

What is the reward for this life of dangerous work? The boy is given only rice to eat with occasionally a little vegetable. He is allowed three or four dollars a month in addition. If he wants a little salt, some vegetable, or tea it is taken from his wages. By the end of the month his money is gone. He is as poor as ever in externals and poorer yet in body.

A few days ago I saw a boy in a dying condition crouched under a window. We brought him home. He grew steadily worse and died last night. His boss in the mines had beaten him with a club, inflicting internal injuries that took his life. I saw others just dying or already dead on the street.

I seem to hear them crying
As they sink into the grave,
 "We are dying, we are dying,
Is there none to help and save?"

We must have a "Cave of Adullam" where those who are destitute may come for refuge. We felt that we must help some of these boys, even if it did mean to take them into our house compound regardless of their sicknesses. Twice have these fierce diseases fixed themselves upon me and twice has God delivered.

My Vision

I had a vision while held in the grip of one of these plagues as follows: Jesus seemed to appear and talk with me. At first He wept. I asked, "Lord is it because of my failures and faithlessness?" He replied, "No, I weep because there are so few real shepherds." Then in a most touching way He told me how the shepherd must go out into the pathless mountains, over the rocks, and through the thorns to seek the lost and wandering sheep. He told me that the thrusts of the thorns and the bruising of the rocks would sometimes cause pain and suffering; that those who would follow the lost sheep must share some of the lost sheep's suffering in order to be able to give him love and sympathy. The shepherd must give his life for the sheep, He said. Then He asked, "Do you know how to care for the lamb you have found?" "No," I replied. He gently embraced a lamb folded in one arm, holding it to His bosom, talking to it and caressing it. He stooped down among the wayside thorns and with the other hand made a soft resting place in a nest of fresh-gathered grass. "Now," he said, "tell my children they are all my shepherds whom I send out into the mountains to seek the wandering lambs." Then Jesus was gone. Two hours later the Holy Spirit came upon me and I was set free from the fetters of the disease that had held me in its power.

The First Adullam Boys

I will now quote from an article I wrote at the time of events referred to:

There he sat by the roadside, looking quite dejected. Since his cap and clothes were colored with red clay, I knew that he was from the tin mines. Asking him what his story was, this what he told me: He had come from his home ten days distant to work in

the mines. With him had come fifty others, many of whom had died. Some had run away, until only six of the fifty were left. As his family was hopelessly poor, he with an older brother had started to come to Kotchiu to find work in the mines. The elder brother turned back, leaving a dollar and a half with this younger brother to bring him on to Kotchiu. Here he had carried ore from the mines until he became so weak that he could carry no longer. Then his boss drove him away, finally kicking him over and hurting him. He then started from the mines to come down to the streets of Kotchiu, walking all day without food. At night he had slept under a cliff. The next day a woman gave him a little rice, some little of which he ate out of his cap. In another place he was given a few cents. Further efforts to secure food proving unsuccessful, he had wandered outside the city, discouraged and dejected.

“Why don’t you go back home?” I asked him. “I have no money. I can’t go,” he replied, and began to cry. That left just one thing for me to do, which was to say, “Come along with me and I will help you.” In this way the first boy came into the Adullam Rescue Home.

Some weeks later our Bible woman saw him kneeling by his bed praying and crying. Upon inquiring the cause the boy replied, “My mother did not care for me and allowed me to leave. I was thrown out of the coal mines. I did not know how to beg. If you had not taken me in I would have died.” Thus as he prayed he was expressing his gratitude to God for saving his life.

Not so long ago as we were returning from preaching in the street chapel one evening we saw a boy near the place where we had seen one dying in the rain. This boy had cuddled down on a straw mat before a shop door and was pulling another mat over him for a cover. Our questions brought out this information: he had been carrying ore in the mines when some quarreling men

rushing down the narrow passage ran into him, injuring his shoulder so that he could not carry his sack of ore. He then was thrown out and had been begging ten days. He cried as he told his story, ending by saying that he would start for home tomorrow. He feared we would not allow him to sleep there. It would gladden your heart to see how joyfully he jumped out of those old mats to follow us home. These boys are typical of others we have rescued.

There were others who had not been in the mines. Chen Ih Djong, for instance. He had been left without relatives or friends when his father died. I saw him on the street with his little discarded tin can, apparently not very successful at begging. Although we were crowded for room, feeling we should rescue this boy, we took him in. He had done a little school work and was very bright.

The change that took place in these boys was very striking. When some of them were rescued they were so weakened in body and broken in spirit that a person wondered whether they could ever laugh again and become real boys. When their sickness was gone and they had been given sufficient food for a time, a great change took place. They became a happy group. When they were now kicking a football their shouting and laughing made it hard to believe that not long ago they were dejectedly dragging through the valley of death. These boys act like brothers of a big family, showing every kindness to the little girl orphans who call them "older brother." They have given us no trouble. They were obedient in every way. Their laughter and shouting and singing kept the place cheerful.

Letters by Mrs. Baker

We took a few girls into the Adullam home, also a few very small boys. Mrs. Baker gives some account of these in letters that she wrote at the time from which I now quote:

One rainy evening as we walked along, my Bible woman called my attention to a boy lying by the side of a wet street. He was so sick that my heart ached for him. He was crying for a drink of water. We got him moved under the shelter of an extending roof, promising to take him with us. On our way home we engaged a beggar to carry our newly found sick boy. As these outcasts are all in such filthy conditions, no one except another beggar will touch them and then will do so only for money.

Before we arrived at the place where we had left the sick boy we found another one in a still worse condition. It was raining and almost dark. There the little boy was, alone and apparently dying on the muddy street. Many people were passing by, but no one seemed to notice him. There was only one thing for me to do; that was for me to find someone to carry him home for us. I did feel sure the Lord would heal these boys. In any case, I was certain it was the Lord's will for me to do all I could for them. Can you imagine our returning at dusk with two beggars, each with a dying boy on his back? On another rainy day the children came running to me saying, "There is a little girl on the step." There she was, scarcely able to sit up. Her feet were already swollen. That is one of the symptoms of near-death in this disease. This little girl was such a dear little child. Her body was so starved that when I picked her up it seemed as if her bones would come unjointed. For days I dared to give such children only rice, and raw egg.

Just a week ago on a cold afternoon James came to me saying, "Oh, mother, there is the prettiest little boy left at our gate." While it was still raining I went out to take a look at him. I opened the door just in time to see him fall forward on his face. His little bare feet were in a puddle of water. As I picked him up I saw that he was about to draw his last breath. I thought how cruel it was for anyone to put a child out in the cold and rain to die like that. We carried the child into the house, then we wrapped him in blankets and put his cold feet into warm water. Gradually the stiffened jaws relaxed, the set eyes slowly closed. Thirteen hours later he wakened from a peaceful sleep. Although too feeble at first to move hand or foot, from that time on the child showed no sign of disease and he gradually gained strength. When we undressed this child wearing boy's clothing we found that we had a little girl. She grew up in our Adullam Home.

These articles written at the time as just quoted are characteristic and give a fair idea of the beginning of the Adullam Rescue Orphanage that continued for ten years, having eighty children in it the last two years.

The Lord began visiting these children miraculously from the start. I shall now quote an account of the first few who were baptized in water.

Quote:

As we were kneeling in prayer the boys would all be praying when one after another, being quietly filled with the Spirit would slip down on the floor until four or five at a time would be lost in the things of God. One boy was taken in a vision, as real as life, along a narrow rocky, steep path. He had to cross a narrow bridge suspended by chains over a river. From there he was led upward and onward as the path grew wider and more beautiful. Farther on it led into glories such as tongue could not describe. There were

trees and fruit and birds and flowers in a park of great dimensions where God seemed to have collected the most beautiful of Edenic creation. From this beautiful Eden-park the boy was led by an angel through a magnificent gate into the heavenly city. Inside the city the angel guided the heavenly visitor to see Jesus and then took him to see the city. Everywhere they welcomed the visitor. Wherever they went the people kept saying, "Oh, you have come, have you?" It seemed impossible to describe the golden streets that were glasslike. The boy was shown mansions, which he was told had been prepared for those who would believe. "When you return tell the people all these things are prepared for them," Jesus said.

The Lord's Money Box

Jesus in vision gave this boy a locked box to carry on his back. Upon the box were written five Chinese words, "Ye Suh Gi Duh Chien" (Jesus-Christ-Money). A key was put in the boy's hand, the straps of the box placed over his shoulders, and then he started back home with the box. He was told that the money in the box was to buy food and clothing for the children and that he was to carry it to our Adullam Rescue Home.

The boy then returned by the same road he had gone over. On the bridge he had a conflict with the devil. Having overcome the devil, he continue his journey home, rejoicing at his victory over the devil and because of the money inside the box that Jesus had given him to bring home.

Having returned to earth, now being conscious and realizing that he was in our room, when he looked around, the vision was still so real that he kept feeling his back for some minutes before he could make himself believe that he did not have that box of "Jesus-Christ-Money" still strapped to his back.

I told him that perhaps the Lord was going to send us some money, as we had been praying for money for the children's needs. "Jesus has already given the money," the boy insisted. "I know He has already given it."

A week later at the time of the Chinese New Year we had enough money given in special New Year gifts to buy suits and caps for all the boys, give them two extra fine meals, buy them fruit, candy, fire crackers, and give them a dollar apiece. The boy who brought the Lord's money box from heaven said, "this is some of the money the Lord gave in that box." Just the other day a gift of some money came for the children's needs from a woman in very poor circumstances. When I told the boys about it, the boy who brought the Lord's money box was sure this gift also came out of that box. I think so too.

More About the Lord's Money Box

That vision of the "Jesus-Christ-Money" box as given to that boy was a true revelation of our divine money provision. From the day of that money box to today, for over forty years, we have never gone to any other source for money needs. Never once have we asked any man for a cent. Never in our literature have we thrown out even a hint of money. No one could tell from my writing whether we were well or poorly supported for. I now make this first announcement: our requests for money have been to Jesus alone. Our source of supply has been the Lord's money-box. As indicated by that money-box, the supply has never run short. Without going to anyone except to the Lord to make our needs known, we conducted the Adullam Rescue Orphanage ten years, the last two years of which there were eighty children. In this way we used thousands of dollars. There never was a time during all of those ten years when I could not go to the Lord and get the money, clothing, bedding, rice, vegetables, and any other food needed. I provided a school teacher and a teacher also

to teach a trade, paid the rent and met every money need, yet always had money for future needs. We have personally used thousands of dollars for living expenses, travel to and from America, our son's education, our mission needs, rent, etc. Since coming to Formosa we have given thousands of dollars to the poor and starving. We have sent out over half a million Chinese gospel tracts.

Then, again, when I felt led to write books I was led to print and publish these myself in order to be free. That took additional thousands of dollars. We have given many thousands of dollars to send out gospel tracts in sixty-five languages. Since starting the Adullam Rescue Home we began at intervals to publish and distribute the news booklet called "*The Adullam News*."

The Lord has so provided that by the time any need would arise there would always be enough money in the Lord's Adullam Money Box to avoid any cause for anxiety. The "Jesus-Christ-Money-box" has never been empty to this day. Since the boy in vision was given the key to the Lord-given money box we have been given access to the treasures of a king.

Upon being forced by the communists to return to America, as before when at home, the Lord continued to supply our needs without our asking any man or church for anything. It was never necessary in any of my talks to mention a money need; I had none. The Lord saved me the embarrassment of ever having to solicit money. On the contrary, He enabled me to carry some of my books wherever we went and give them away. In that way our campaigns among the churches were giving-visitations by which we were able to give away thousands of dollars worth of my books. In our final campaign up the west coast, while I gave away several thousand dollars worth of books about the same amount was feely given to us. A happy shifting about of the Lord's money.

All of these many years our work has not been supported by large gifts. Our money co-workers have almost exclusively been individuals

who have been more interested in Jesus and His work than they were interested in any denomination or in any doctrine about Jesus. Many of these faithful friends have been backing us from the very start of our independent work for the Lord. How could we have done what has been done for the kingdom of Christ without the help of these consecrated friends who have given so freely and prayed so earnestly for us all these years?

All money that comes brings a sense of anxiety lest we might fail to make every one of these consecrated dollars do the most possible good for Jesus. As stewards of the Lord's money we have an incessant sense of responsibility. That being true, all our lifetime Mrs. Baker and I have been very careful in the use of money and have tried to be as sparing as possible. The more economically we could live the better we were satisfied.

Although at times the money in the box was scarce, the box was never entirely empty. We never made a purchase until there was enough money in the box to pay the price. I never undertook the printing of a book till I had enough money to pay the printer. Since, as I have said, our marriage resolution was to "owe no one anything, except to love one another," the Lord knew our truthful intention and has seen to it that our purpose has been carried out to the end.

After receiving the Holy Spirit, when we left for China we knew of no man or church intending to support us with any money, as already related. In our publication, in the Adullam News, we did not even say that we were "faith missionaries" as a hint for money. Neither did we say that we were without church or organized backing. To trust God alone meant that our needs must be made known to God alone. If we made our money and our other needs known to God in secret, did He not promise to reward us openly? Would not that open reward include money?

The Lord gradually raised up individuals here and there to pray for our work and send gifts as led by the Lord, as just stated. Since this

money was consecrated money given out of loving hearts, it was like putting the Lord's money into our hands.

This is the first time I have thus written about financial affairs and doubtless the only time I shall do so. However, in writing my life story it would lack much were I to omit this account of how Jesus has supplied all of our need as well as desires and also controlled both our desires and needs.

CHAPTER XVII

In the Midst of Fighting Brigands

As already stated, all of our more than three years in Kotchiu, except a short period, were spent among brigands. At last things came to a climax. A large band of about a thousand additional brigands determined to enter Kotchiu to get a share of its money. The bandits in the city prepared to fight those proposing to enter. The civilians succeeded in avoiding a fight at that time by persuading the two antagonistic bands of brigands to divide the city between them, each company to exclusively occupy one half of the city.

Our half of the city fell to a leader by the name of Li. It was one of his head men who had been so friendly to me and who had so frequently attended our street chapel. For six weeks, with our consent, half a dozen of his men were allowed to occupy a tower that was part of our orphanage, as this was necessary for the self-protection of the bandits. These men were always good to our orphans and never molested us. As long as they were with us we could feel secure, they said, for they would shoot anyone of the other group who should come near us.

The Brigand Fight was on

Unexpectedly the peace which had prevailed for six weeks came to a sudden end. When some men from the two enemy camps were gambling a quarrel ensued that broke into a fight and killing that soon involved all of the forces of the two antagonist camps.

The Li side, the side we were on, soon began losing in the fight. Their men were daily driven nearer and nearer and nearer to our place. As the enemy advanced they burnt shops and homes.

How we became involved, trapped and delivered is a story too long to relate here in full detail. The full account as written at that time for the Adullam News covered twenty-six closely written pages. I shall now as briefly as I can touch on some of the outstanding things of those last days of the fight:

The shops on the main street were burned flat almost to our street chapel. The chapel was spared. On another street the houses were burning down almost to the home of one of our good Christian women. Right in the middle of the street in front of her house, she knelt down in the midst of the excited gospel rejecting heathen and loudly called upon God to save her home. It did not burn. She believed the Lord stopped that fire right by her house.

In the Midst of Fire and Fighting Bandits

The enemies' fire and guns finally drove a section of the men on our side into our court, our downstairs, and into the orphanage. The rich landlord's courts, of which ours was one, were also filled with brigands. The next day was to be the final day of burning and slaughter, the enemy expected. The two enemy firing lines were separated from our house on two sides by only the width of our garden, a distance of less than two hundred feet.

All night long the two sides kept exchanging occasional shots, calling each other "robbers" and shouting, "kill, kill." That night, although fighting bandits were in our court shouting "kill" through the holes they had made in our clay walls, and although vicious enemies were within stones' throw of our house, the peace of God was with us. To be safe from bullets Josephine and son James lay down to sleep on our upstairs sitting room floor, where they soon went into peaceful sleep. I, too, felt peaceful. However I thought I should stay awake as a guard.

The downstairs and court was filled with street refugees whom the fires and fighting had forced into our place. These people had brought small parcels containing their valuables. From my position upstairs, during the night I could see a few men come in now and then and go through those parcels until nothing of value remained; yet not a man came upstairs. All night long I kept watch, seeing this robbing going on and hearing the “Kill, Kill” out in our front court. At the same time, I was experience that peace that came not from human source. Through that long nightwatch with my wife and son sleeping so peacefully and the powers of hell all about me, a hymn I had not heart or sung for years kept running through my mind, the words of which were:

“I am in my Father’s keeping.
I am in His tender care.
Whether waking, whether sleeping
I am in His care.”

A God-quiet in the center of the circle of the cyclone.
When Josephine and James wakened in the morning from their peaceful night’s sleep, Josephine said, “I had a truly peaceful, restful sleep. Every time I wakened a little, a hymn kept running through my mind that I had not heart or thought of for a long time. It was:

“I am in my Father’s keeping
I am in His tender care.
Whether waking, whether sleeping
I am in His care.”

The exact hymn and words that had been going through my mind all night, inspired by the same Father Who Had us in His keeping. Had

we not indeed been in His keeping, that night might have been our last on earth, as subsequent events the next day proved.

Imminent Danger from Fire

Soon after daylight, fighting began again with great ferocity in which our enemies hoped to completely wipe out the men on our side by final fires and fighting. One of the bandits, from our enemy's side, whose wife was a refugee in our house and who attended our meetings, came rushing in and in great excitement grabbed his wife's belongings, telling her to hurry and quickly get out, for our house might be burned any minute.

Although our men had made an opening in our surrounding clay walls and in the orphanage wall through which to shoot and could also use the upstairs of our chapel and orphanage as barracks from which to fight, the greater part of our men had no place from which to shoot. These men sat out of bullet range idly holding their rifles. I asked one of the officers whether there was any way we could escape out of the trap in which we were caught. He said that he knew of no way. He warned us to stay out of bullet range and said that when they left they would take us with them. This robber really wanted to help but was himself helpless.

No Natural Hope Left

With enemies surrounding us and fighting and burning houses all around us, it looked like we had now come to the end of earthly things. With the orphans the three of us sat on the floor in our upstairs sitting room below the windows and safe from bullets. It looked like we might all die then and there together. All we knew to do had been done. All we knew to pray had been prayed. All we knew to say had been said. We sat there in silence, waiting alone with the orphans. We had not sat there but a few minutes

when the thought came to me, almost as clear as a voice. "Go stop the fight and escape." It came as a flash in the dark, an opening in the jungle. "I am going to try to stop the fight and get away," I said, as I jumped up and fairly ran downstairs. I hurried to one of the brigand officers, who with many others, was sitting by a wall, idly holding his rifle. "Do you suppose I could help talk terms and stop the fight?" I asked. "Yes, you might," the officer said. "Li, our leader, will be in the adjoining landlord's garden here in a few minutes. I'll take you to see him." On the way there we met Li's adviser, who turned around and took me to Mr. Li, whom I found standing with several heavily armed bodyguards.

"Here is an American who will act as peacemaker," the adviser said. "Do you want him to do so?"

Li simply said, "Yes." The adviser at once took over, while I followed him and his directions. He led me directly to the rich landlord's house and courts.

Acting as Peacemaker

These courts were every one filled with merchants and families who had been forced to take refuge there to escape fire and bullets. The doors to some of these courts were locked. Some were separated by long narrow hallways. They were a perfect deathtrap. In case of fire or panic there was absolutely no way for that multitude to get through those doors and hallways. Those houses were the next in order to be burned. The fires might start any minute. I estimated that there were a thousand people in that death-trap ready for the slaughter. I saw at once that the Lord sent me to help save more than our orphans.

The adviser, or secretary, took me from group to group to group telling each group to quickly prepare a white flag on which were written large Chinese characters, or words, asking for the ending of the fighting. That was surely tact thus to put upon the civilians the burden of the peace

appeal. Between the waving of white flags and calling to the men on both sides, shooting almost ceased. Some bullets were still flying, however, when with the peacemakers I made my first trips between the firing lines. Our lives were not without danger.

From this point on I shall omit the full account of my activities that day. I lack the disposition to take you with me through all of that day's miseries.

In the morning it had seemed for a time that we might be allowed with our orphans to pass through the enemy's lines and escape. Josephine and each of the orphans prepared a small bundle to take along. However, when we came downstairs and started toward the enemy's lines our men said that it was too dangerous and that we should go back in the house as quickly as possible. Just then other men came for me to go with them for more peace talks. Telling Josephine that I was going and for her and the children to be ready in case I arranged our escape, I went with the men. That was in the morning. I had no opportunity to return until night to report what progress I was making. I will here copy Josephine's account written at that time about her anxious waiting, not knowing what had happened to me.

Waiting (written by Josephine Baker)

Word came that our house was about to be burned. The fires on two sides of us were but a little way off. More and more the robbers on our side were being driven into the few remaining houses. We knew that nothing would stop the attempt of the enemies to burn out the men entrenched in our place. Fire was the only effective weapon. What mattered the lives of a few hundred citizen refugees to the angry, howling mob of war-crazed bandits on both sides?

The best part of the city already lay in ashes; the homeless people sat helpless, destitute, stunned on the streets and in the gardens. "Fire! Fire. Kill! Kill!" was the war cry we had so often heard shouted above the cracking timbers and the rifle firing at the fleeing men.

For a whole day our orphan children and I had remained upstairs behind locked doors while Mr. Baker alternated back and forth between us and the fighting men downstairs. The brigand officers had told us to keep out of sight, and they would do what they could to protect us. They could do no more. Now we were all in equal danger, except that we knew One who could deliver, while these men knew no hope.

Many times I had pled the blood of Christ, as with the orphans I had sat huddled close to the thick mud wall or lay sleepless on the floor. I had written two notes to be sent to America and had given the notes to the boys to mail in case they escaped and we did not.

Ready to Flee

Had we not better get out of here if we can, suggested my husband? He at once went to seek permission to be allowed to escape. After a considerable time he returned and told us we could go. We grabbed a few things and hurried downstairs, leaving everything behind us except the clothes we were wearing and a few small packages of extra garments we had had in readiness for several days, and a blanket fastened on the back of each orphan boy. At the moment, I thought of two loaves of bread which I quickly put into a pillow case and gave to one of the boys to carry.

The older boys carried the crippled children. One little lad led the blind boy. By one hand I led the smallest boy, while in the

other hand I carried a small bag containing our passport, bank-book, and what money we had. I realized that all of these things might be taken from us, as we had seen so many poor people robbed of the few things they had managed to rescue from their burning homes.

There was a lull in the fighting, although occasional bullets were still flying about. The men still stood at the gun-holes ready for instant action. The men on our side insisted that we go back in the house at once out of danger. There was nothing to do but obey. As I mounted the stairs I heard my husband say, "be ready when I call." I knew he was going once more to seek a way of escape. I looked at my watch. It was just 8:30 A.M. Fearing that I might not be able to hear his call amid the voices and confusion of so many people downstairs, I stationed the orphan children on the stairsteps, each child having his particular charge in hand, bidding them be quiet and listen.

As time passed and no call came, the children got tired of their inactivity and wanted to rearrange their luggage. To get out of sight of the restless men who downstairs were pacing back and forth, the children went back into the house and locked the door. The orphans were loath to leave behind so many useful and desirable things. Each one made a survey of the rooms to see what more he could carry. To me clothing and furniture seemed unimportant; however I allowed the children to take whatever they could carry. One boy rescued a missionary woman's hat and another put on a pair of my shoes. Another boy put on a sweater that had been given to me. Since one of the little boys liked my pretty table-cover he rolled it up like a blanket and hung it across his back. The orphans put on all the clothing they could possibly wear. Since I knew that whatever was left behind would be destroyed by fire or pillaged by looters, I denied the children

nothing. The assortment of things that found their way into pockets that morning was astonishing: a small clock, spoons, soap, worn out stockings, picture cards, shoe polish, safety pins, and numerous other things. At last all were again ready to flee; but there was no call.

As time went on it was not easy for twenty children to stand quietly ready for flight. Just waiting becomes monotonous. The children had eaten no breakfast. There had been no way to cook the little bit of rice we had left, and the cupboard was bare. I thought of some fruit and opened a can of peaches. This was passed around with one spoon. Out at my table one boy emptied the jelly cup, while another cleaned the butter dish.

At noon I asked our native woman helper whether she could get some rice from the bandit-cook. In a little while she returned with all the steamed rice she could carry. Although burned rice is not good eating, this time the children ate it gratefully.

As hours passed, my mind was filled with anxiety. What was the reason my husband had been gone so long? I knew he was somewhere with the robbers, but where or with which ones I had no idea. All the stories of kidnapping by bandits that I had heard came to my mind. Not until later did I know of the peril Mr. Baker had been in that day.

About 3 P.M. our Chinese woman left us. Although she had given no reason for her going, I felt sure that she had gone to seek news of my husband. After some time she returned, saying there was a report that he had crossed the lines and was talking peace terms with the bandits on the other side.

As the afternoon wore away our bandits became more and more restless. They were hungry. They wanted food. Many times they pounded on our upstairs door asking me to let them in. They wanted to search for themselves. One man pushed his bayonet

through the crack in the door trying to unfasten the lock. Not until I bluffed him with the threat to call his official did he go away. The men were continually coming to the door asking for something to eat, especially for vegetables. Two days before they had taken nearly all the rice we had. As we had not been able to have vegetables for several days, I think the men believed me when I told them that we had none. Some of the Mohammedan bandits wanted vegetable oil. Even in times of war these Mohammedans are very careful to eat no pork or even use a bowl of chopstick soiled by use with any fat.

The men kept pounding on the back door, asking for water. Our water supply was very limited. Before our water source had been cut off we had reserved some water in crocks upstairs. The supply had become so short that the last rice had been washed in strained dish-water, something I was not supposed to see. The rice bowls had been used without washing. That morning I had told the orphans they could not have water to wash their faces, although it was badly needed. The one and only thing I had to give the men was a batch of cooked squash we had found too tough to like. Finally the men came for salt which we handed out in little pieces of paper.

It was now so late that I felt certain that there would be no escape that day. The children all laid aside their bundles and trappings and were very orderly and quiet. I knew there was a spirit of prayer in that room. What was uppermost in each one's mind was, "What has become of Mr. Baker?" Tired and helpless, I rested across the foot of the bed wondering what I should do if my husband failed to return. There was no outward look, but I could still look up. We were like prisoners in our own home, which was still unburned, but for how long I did not know. God had now overshadowed us for another day. All I could say was: "Father we

are in your hands." Many times I had pled the blood of Jesus against the flames that had illuminated our house; against looters who had robbed our downstairs people of all their possessions; against the lawless men who had tried to break into our upstairs. Now once more I pled the blood against unknown peril to my husband. A peace came into my soul. I was again singing:

"I am in my Father's keeping.
I am in His tender care."

Again I looked at my watch. It was just 5 P.M. I heard a familiar voice downstairs. When I opened the door I heard my husband say, "The fight is over, the Lord has saved us."

Protected by Fire and Bandits

Early that morning, although we knew only of the imminent danger of our house and orphanage being burned, it was later that we learned how three attempts had been made to burn our place. The first attempt was made by four men who started to run across our narrow garden to the orphanage. Our men shot two of the four. The second try was by a man who ran across the other end of our garden, succeeding in reaching the wall of our compound by sneaking along this wall below the gun-holes. This bandit got to the wooden door of the orphanage. He had a supply of oil which he poured over the door as they had been doing in burning other houses. This time, however, his oil would not light. All efforts to light the oil on our door having failed, the man managed to sneak back to his own firing-line. When he was replenishing his supply of oil one of the local people suggested that, since we were missionaries and since we had orphans in our home there in those buildings, the man should not burn it. "I do not care who or what is in there. I'll burn them," the villain replied.

He got another pot of oil and started to run across the end of the garden as he had done before. Our men shot him dead. His brother followed and our men shot him too. The spilled pot of oil and the blood-saturated spot of ground for many days remained a visible witness that the angels of God encamp around the servants of the Lord and deliver them. That surely was angelic deliverance.

They Could not Shoot me

Before evening all shooting had stopped, and peace-terms were being arranged. I was still out with some of our brigands within our lines standing just outside a door where something was being discussed, when unexpectedly a man shot at me from a gun-hole in our wall not two hundred feet distant. The bullet missed my head only a few inches, splattering dust over my clothes. Our men yelled at the fellow who had attempted to kill me, while we stepped inside the door. I had helped to save that man and his whole robber band when they were helplessly surrounded and about to be annihilated. That murderer had his gun resting on a loophole less than two hundred feet from me, not a stone-throw, yet he missed me. I am bullet-proof until my work is done. A devil cannot shoot a bullet through my guardian angels.

The Last Day with the Mohammedans

All that night and the next day was quiet. The two companies of bandits were talking peace terms. I spent the greater part of that day downstairs with the bandits. The detachment that occupied part of our orphanage for six weeks and those who now had possession of all our premises were Mohammedans. From the time the Li-brigand had entered Kotchiu the Mohammedan section of the company was most hated as

being the worst of all. Where they were they tore down the doors and tore up the floors for fuel — the most lawless brigands of all.

Nevertheless, the different ones who had been assigned to our place those six weeks had seemed very nice and had treated the orphans like friends, sometimes giving them good food. During that first day and night when everything was wild, the officers of the Mohammedans did all they could to protect us, coming around occasionally and asking whether anyone was molesting us. I noticed that a few of the men who at first were the rudest and most lawless soon changed their attitude to one of manifest friendliness. The officers seemed to like me and I liked them. Believe it or not, they seemed like good people: which helps show that there are good areas mixed in with the perverse.

The last day of the fighting Li's men were joined by a company of forty soldiers who had mutinied. The Mohammedan officer told me that these men were a real danger, as they had not yet been organized and had no leader. They might make us trouble. Do you know what that Mohammedan officer did? That night he brought his sleeping mat and spread it down right in our open court gateway and slept there himself to guard us. During the night if anyone went in the direction of our stairs this officer would roar at him like a lion. He saw that we were not molested.

Toward the evening of the day after fighting had ended, the understanding was that Li's men, those on our side, should leave the city. Just before they left the officer ordered his men to bring a big sack half-full of cooked rice and give it to our orphans. He himself came upstairs to say "Good-bye" to us. I unlocked the door and invited him in. He presented me with a long thick stick of cinnamon bark, a native way of showing friendship and courtesy. After some friendly conversation he courteously bid me good-bye and left. A few minutes later I saw a section of these men leaving the city. Eighty of their men had been killed during the fighting.

Renewed Bandit Dangers

About fifteen minutes after General Li's men were allowed to leave the enemies were free to do as they pleased for a time. It was as though a host from hell had broken loose. Those bandits came rushing in, running like wild men, every fellow for himself, each striving to grab a hog's share of the loot and the guns Li's men had abandoned. Since these crazy men also wanted to search our upstairs for plunder and possible enemies, I took a few of them through our rooms, one at a time.

It was not long until all was quiet except occasional individuals or small groups passing through. When everything again seemed settled and peaceful all of a sudden near midnight a group of about a dozen men armed with pistols and guns came into our yard asking to search the upstairs. They had come to rob us. After going downstairs and talking to them I saw that all my persuasions were futile and that if I did not open the door they would break it in. I unlocked the door. These vagabonds at once scattered through all of our rooms grabbing our things — more than they could hold in their arms. Josephine, James, and I followed them around the rooms talking to them and trying to persuade them to leave our things alone.

I got the attention of the leader and others long enough to reason with them a little. I told them that now having driven all of the bandits and robbers out of the city they had now become our protectors. For them now to rob us would make a mess of the whole business and queer the work of those now in control of the city. I had met their head man and he surely would not allow them to rob us. Thus I would get the men persuaded to leave us alone and put our things down; then they would decide again to take them. This going through our rooms with the repeated pickup and put-down process must have continued an hour or

more. It seemed much longer than that to me. At last the leader told the men to put our things down and go.

They all obeyed except one young villain about twenty years of age who evidently was a scoundrel. He had gathered up bedding and other things and wrapped all in a sheet and placed his bundle conveniently near the door. As the other men were leaving he lingered behind with pistol in his hand giving others a chance to go out ahead of him. He waited until the leader and his men had all gone down the stairs before he picked up the bundle he was supposed to leave. He now stepped to the door. He had the intention of getting away with his bundle of spoil. Then another devilish idea struck him. Why not rob us on his own?

I saw his plan. He stood in the doorway stooping over watching the men go down the stairs intending to return with his pistol in his hand to rob Josephine and me and do as he pleased with us. But Josephine was outside the door. "Get in here quick," I said. Since she was making her way too slowly past the thief who half blocked the doorway, I grabbed her hand and pulled her into the room. At the same time I pushed the door near the villain, who was still leaning over gazing after the men who were not yet all out of sight. Then with one sudden hard push I shoved the door shut, forcing the man with his pistol outside, as with a quick action I bolted the door. I jumped to one side lest the fellow shoot. He cursed as he left with his bundle. That was all he could do. Another hair-breadth escape.

Fire Fire

It was now midnight. All was quiet once more. As I had no sleep for two days and one night, I was dead tired. I had gotten into a real bed again and just fallen into a deep sleep when I was suddenly awakened by my wife's voice, "Harold, Harold, fire, the nearby houses are burning." All of the buildings near and our court were lit up from the flames which were

shooting high from the land-lord's other houses. I hurried up onto our housetop to have a look. Several houses were burning with crackling flames shooting high in the air. Our house was separated from the burning houses connected with ours by an alley only eight or ten feet wide. If fire or sparks from the burning house should cross that narrow alley and ignite the house on this side, our house connected with it would go with it.

I watched the roaring flame rise higher and higher as I felt on my body the heat of the ferocious fire. There was no wind. The flames shot straight up. As I sat there on our housetop wondering whether flames for our destruction would leap across that narrow alley, an inner voice as real as a natural voice said, "it shall not come nigh thee." Peace like a river flooded in. It quenched all fear as though quenching those angry flames. I was at rest. I was as much at ease that instant as I was a few minutes later when the roof and walls of the burning building fell in and all danger vanished.

The rich man's houses were all pillaged and burned. That day all of those hundreds or a thousand refugees we had seen in those rich man's courts had been permitted to go out empty handed. Their packages of valuables had to be left with the robbers. The men who had gone with me and helped stop the fight and saved those in the fire trap told me that we had saved several hundred lives, they thought.

The day I acted as peace-maker at personal risk, those in the fire trap called me nice names and pled with me to do all I could to rescue them, be a sort of savior. No one called me a "foreign devil" that day. Neither did anyone ever come to express thanks for what I had done. When we were leaving no one came asking us to remain as an asset to their Sodom.

CHAPTER XVIII

Where We Went & What We Left

Adullam on the Move

After staying in this Sodom some months following the fight, we believed it to be the will of the Lord to take our orphans and leave. I shall here quote the reason as set forth in the Adullam News at that time.

Quote:

Our friends should know why we finally left Kotchui. Although we thought that the part we had in saving so many of the citizens might be God's way of opening hearts to the gospel, we saw no evidence of any impression along that line. In the second place, the brigands remaining were worse than those driven out. These who remained were the ones who had burned the city. Robbing, murdering and kidnapping still continued unabated.

Then, again, another famous robber chief led his bandits into the city. They were enemies of those already in possession. Shortly after this, still another brigand leader brought his gang into the city. As before, the city was in the possession of brigands who were mutual enemies. There were two distinct divisions with two leaders on each side, making four leaders, all independent with no one head to the city. There was every reason to believe there would be another fight. In fact, one was narrowly avoided. We could see no hope of better conditions in the future.

The final and deciding reasons for our leaving were these: we could no longer do any work in Kotchui except care for the Adullam orphans. The better citizens had left the city. The streets were filled with brigands carrying rifles and pistols. Women dared

not appear on the streets. No schools could be opened anywhere. Our own school teachers for the orphans had all left the city. Our Sunday School of four hundred was without a single pupil. Our Bible woman and my helper both at this time proved to be hypocrites who had been deceiving us ever since we had come to this city. The brigands coming from country places did not understand my language very well, and I had no one to help with the gospel work. Since for a year or more beggar boys had ceased to appear on the streets, the rescue work was apparently finished.

For other reasons as well as for those just mentioned, we believed our testimony in wicked Kotchiu was finished. We thought that the way the Lord had saved us and enabled us to save the orphans and citizens was sufficient proof of the reality of our God for all who knew the circumstances.

I had held onto the plow handles until that field was plowed. It was the Lord's time for us to move. The Lord wanted us to go. We went.

Like Lot when he got out of wicked Sodom, we had no good place to go. Nearby towns were in the hands of brigands. The capital and large cities were in a state of confusion due to civil war at that time. So it was that we took our orphans and all of our possessions and moved back down the French railroad to where it entered the province, intending to do what we could until the situation cleared up.

Living in the Devil-House

At that place we found it easy to rent very cheaply commodious premises with room for all of us. I was much surprised at being able to find vacant such spacious quarters. Later on I learned the why. That was a haunted house, a devil inhabited place; therefore no one dared live in it.

There were in all twenty-five of us. Beginning two or three days after our arrival, within less than a week, twenty of the orphans were sick, some at death's door, stricken with tropical malignant malaria fever. As it was winter time, we all had slept on the floor several nights without mosquito nets or noticing any mosquitoes.

The first boy we had rescued, as already told about, and another of our best boys died. When the first one was suffering much pain saying that he was likely to die, he suddenly jumped off his bed and was very happy as he put on his clothes. "I was a dead man," he said, "but now I am alive. I do not know whether or not there will be any hindrance on the road." He seemed to be well and normal. The boys had put his bed in order. Having happily dressed and speaking thus, he lay down again on his bed, took a few deep breaths, and was off on his way to heaven. There would be no hindrance, for devils would stand aside as angels escorted him happily home.

Two weeks before another boy died he was caught up in a vision to paradise. As he lay on the floor in a trance he laughed and had a glorious time up in heaven for quite a while before returning to our room. He had been rescued out of the most despicable conditions. He now was the last to take this malaria fever, that can kill in two days' time. This boy, Djang Hsing Yin, had been a wonder the way he so tenderly had taken care of those who were sick. From the time this plague struck him he never regained consciousness. He died in two days' time. He suffered constant agony.

As I was passing by on my way to the street I stopped by his bed, laid my hands on him and prayed. When I did so I felt the tension in his muscles relax. His face became peaceful, and his whole body at rest. He must be healed, I thought. Shortly after I had left him he began to laugh hilariously, the same happy laugh he had experienced that night when in vision he was caught up to heaven. "Are you all right now?" one of the sick boys near him asked. No reply. Djang Hsing Yin had left us, left by

appointment. One of the boys told me that Djang Hsing Yin had said when he was caught up to heaven that night that the Lord had promised that two weeks later he could return to stay. Accordingly he was due to go when he did.

Those two boys I have just told about were the ones so frequently seen in heaven later when the Adullam children were caught up there in vision. It was these two boys who later escorted the others around over heaven's glory land, as related in my book, "Visions Beyond the Veil."

We could not do missionary work where we were then, because the people were Cantonese and did not understand our Mandarin language. Conditions in China having changed, as soon as the Adullam children were all recovered we moved to Kunming, the capital of Yunnan — one more Adullam move.

Some Kotchui Results

Having thus told where we went from Kotchui, I wish now in some detail to write an account of some results of our seed-sowing in that stony Kotchui soil.

When passing our Kotchui street chapel one night Yin Da Go, a gardener from near the city, went inside the chapel to see what the gospel was about. He listened very attentively. What he heard made good sense, he thought. The next night he came back to hear some more. He got caught on the gospel hook. He never got loose. After we left Kotchui he followed us and continued to be a good Christian the more than twenty years we remained in China.

After he had been a Christian for some time, having contracted the dread typhus plague, he lay at death's door, deaf, blind, and only semi-conscious. Since he felt sure he would die unless he could get out of his heathen environment and come to our place, he was brought over to us and for some days continued near death.

One day I when I was passing by the door where he lay, I stepped inside and laying my hands upon him prayed for him once more. This time as I prayed I could feel his body relax. Yin Da Go also began to pray in a scarcely audible, very weak voice. Pretty soon I observed that he was having a vision of the Lord's passion, for he was describing what he saw. I could tell he was following the crucifixion scene in detail: the driving of the nails, the mocking and torture, the drawn out agony by slow death, and the final collapse. After a pause and watching the burial, as I expected, Yin Da Go saw the tomb and Jesus come forth. When He did so, by summoning all his strength Yin Da Go managed to get on his knees so that he could bow down to worship his risen Lord. From that time onward he rapidly recovered sight and hearing and was perfectly cured.

According to Chinese custom Yin Da Go's wife had returned to live with her mother a period of time after her marriage. It was now time for her to return to her husband, who had become a Christian since she had seen him and was now a follower of that much despised Jesus sect. Although she could not avoid returning to her husband, at any rate she would refuse to become a Christian for at least six months, she decided. She wanted to be dead sure it would not be too dangerous.

Nevertheless, upon arriving at our place and seeing how well her husband was enjoying his faith and how the Adullam children loved the Lord and very evidently were receiving direct help from heaven, Mrs. Yin was at once convinced that Jesus was what she, too, wanted. She was naturally a very nice woman and very responsive to the Gospel. As soon as she accepted Jesus, Jesus accepted her and gave her a precious gift, His Holy Spirit. I never saw anyone more enjoy such a wonderful gift. Being prostrated on the floor she was rapidly rolled from one end of the thirty-foot chapel to the other end. Then she was rolled back again. This was not the work of any human hand nor the result of any sub-conscious mind, for neither Mrs. Yin nor any of us had ever seen this order of things. As rapidly and as accurately as a person might have rolled a ball

back and forth the length of that chapel, an unseen hand had rolled Mrs. Yin, with her eyes closed, back and forth, each time stopping and reversing the roll just before striking the wall.

All of the former devil-worship old life was rolled out. Mrs. Yin was enveloped in a robe of heavenly glory. After that jubilee night, to my mind Mrs. Yin became "Mary." When she prayed an other-worldly-beauty was reflected from her face. She truly seemed to be sitting at Jesus' feet. Every evening as we met with the Adullam children she sat on the seat to the right just in front of the platform. Every night the glory light from beyond the stars shown from the face of this one at Jesus' feet. There she danced in the presence of the King, as she ejaculated his praises in heaven-inspired language after we all left the room while she often remained in communion with Jesus. This communion and close fellowship with Jesus continued for years. How many years I do not know, but it was so while she was with us at the orphanage. She never lost her love for Jesus and her fellowship with Him. I thought the Lord had placed this "Mary" before me where I might daily see a standard to which I had not yet attained.

This sister had a little David two years old to whom she was very much attached. He became very sick. Although we all prayed very earnestly for him, expecting the Lord to heal him, the Lord wanted him over there. The heart-broken mother with the help of the Holy Spirit yielded to the will of God in a submissive spirit that was truly inspiring to see.

When the Adullam boys carried little David to the graveyard two miles away, although his mother was sick at the time, she slowly walked to the burial place.

By the time the boys had completed the burial it was moonlight. We formed a circle about the grave and sang a hymn. When we did so the presence of the Lord was very real. At that time the mother in spirit entered, for the time, into that land of pure delight where her little David

was then so happy. She was not then standing by her dead son but was rejoicing with her little living son in heaven. In that children's paradise she happily danced and praised the Lord at the head of the grave where we had laid the corruptible that little David had discarded to be clothed upon by the immortal. We all returned to the Adullam Home singing hymns and rejoicing that we had found something better than gold, something better than houses or lands, something that will roll on and on while ages last and all things of time will have fled away.

The Yins had another little son perhaps less than four years of age. One evening when the children were gathering for the evening service he said, "I'm going to pray for the Holy Spirit this evening." Sure enough, at the conclusion of the service, when as usual we all began to pray at once, this little boy hurrying up to the front, knelt down by the platform and began to pray. The Jesus who loves little children and who said, "Let them come unto me," reached out His loving hand and touched the little praying boy, gently laying him out on the floor.

This Yin family called out of that wicked Sodom-like Kotchiu is an example of what Jesus can do for any family who will likewise come to Him Who came to seek and save those who are lost.

Where are the Yins now? I know that by deceit the communists got one son. Brother Yin was so outspoken for God that I fear he might have suffered or be suffering now for Jesus' sake. He may have given his life. All or part of this family of God may as you read this be suffering the fate of those who love not their lives unto death. It is not too late to pray for them and many of their kind in China. Do it.

After returning from Kotchiu to his home in the country several days' journey from Kotchiu, a middle-aged, uneducated Christian succeeded in gathering a little group of Christians. Although he would not be able to teach them much, he could tell them who God was and how to be saved through Jesus' blood. I would that every naturally uneducated saved person knew the supreme wisdom of pointing sinners to the Lamb

of God who takes away the sins of the world. I remember one evening when we were praying the Holy Spirit took hold of this man's two hands, raised them high above his head and held them there so tightly that the man himself did not have the strength to bring his hands down. Thus he praised the Lord until his sacrifice of praise had been completely offered to God. He could then lower his hands.

What was that? A corpse standing on his feet before our door? It looked like one; yet a corpse could not move and talk like this object appeared able to do. For out of that bundle of filthy rags a yellow, opium-bleached corpse of a face spoke out asking whether or not I wanted a gardner. Yes, I did, but what could a corpse do with a hoe? Well, I'll let him try, I decided. While it was hard to believe that such an emaciated body could manipulate a hoe, I found that, depending on an unnatural source of strength from opium, this man could garden very well. In my opinion opium was attended and supplemented by devil-strength. This man, Niu Da Go, was such an opium fiend that he practically lived on opium, eating very little food.

When he heard the gospel every night Niu Da Go readily accepted it, learned to pray, and claimed that he had broken the habit. It was some time before I heard that he secretly smoked his opium in an opium den on the street. Since he had been playing this double life for quite a while, praying and testifying in public, I was in no humor to deal with him gently. I immediately went out into the garden where he was working. I made him a very short speech about as follows: "I hear that you are trying to play a double game — serve God and the devil. You must decide which it will be, fool along with the devil and enjoy opium a few days then suffer for ages in hell, or break opium by suffering a few days now and then spend eternity free from suffering in unspeakable joy in heaven. You should decide to break opium even if it kills you. You would gain heaven." Having told him thus to decide whether he proposed to go this way or that, I went to the house.

Two days alter I saw Niu Da Go leaning on his hoe, something unusual. He was a good worker. One of the boys said that he was breaking opium. He told me that was true. He had decided that he was going to stop opium, for if he died at it, in that event he would get to heaven and avoid hell. Live or die he had quit opium.

At night he sent word that he would not be at the meeting; he was having too hard a time. However just as the service closed Niu came in asking for prayer. I told everyone to pray, while I would lay hands on him and pray. When I did so, in Jesus' name commanding that opium devil to come out, Niu was thrown to the floor, and began to kick and strike like a mad-man. I kept my hands right on him and in Jesus' name commanded that devil to come out. The very touch of my hand seemed to hurt that devil and make it mad. Suddenly there came a change. That demon, having more of Jesus than he could stand, came out. Niu's body quietly relaxed. Peace from heaven came in as he had a vision of heavenly realities. All craving for opium had gone. No pain followed. This was such a miracle that for six months Niu's brother would not believe that Niu did not smoke opium.

Having been so miraculously delivered, Niu now wanted to preach and to testify. But how in the world could he preach? A good idea; but an utter impossibility, I thought. Why? Because he stuttered terribly. It took him "forever and a day" to get out one ruffled-up, dissected sentence, if by chance he ever really got it finished. Nevertheless, Niu would go with the boys to the villages and take his turn stammering and stuttering, using almost enough time working on one sentence to have preached a sermon. This sort of thing went on for considerable time, in my opinion showing a lack of good sense on Niu's part.

One day when the boys came back from where they had been preaching they were very much excited. "What do you suppose," they said. "Niu Da Go preached without a stutter." It seems that when he was blundering along with his tongue all tied up, all of a sudden it was set free.

With a strong voice he then preached with great liberty, without a catch in his speech. It was as though the walls of a dam had broken and the pent-up waters had rushed out in a flood. Liu never stuttered again. His deliverance from stuttering was as instant and as complete as had been his deliverance from that opium devil.

CHAPTER XIX

A Church That God Gathered

Several years after we had left Kotchiu a New Testament-like church was established in another place as a byproduct of the Kotchiu church. The founding of that new church was a clear answer to the Bible question, “Has not God made foolish the wisdom of the world?” I Cor. 1:20. We will know that the answer is “Yes” when we now see how “God chose what is foolish in the world to shame the wise.” I Cor. 1:27.

After we had gone from there that church at Kotchiu was joined by an old man and his wife by the name of Ren. Mrs. Ren was only a nominal Christian, in reality an out-and-out sinner. As a victim of the devil, her habits compelled her to smoke opium, smoke tobacco, and drink wine. She was self-willed and ready to enforce her desires by verbal battles. There was only one thing she did not know — salvation through Jesus’ blood.

Then it happened. An evangelist from Shanghai came along bringing the “good news.” Through the preaching of this Chinese evangelist Mrs. Ren found out who she really was and who Jesus really was. Jesus truly got hold of Mrs. Ren, delivering her from many years of the devil’s enslaving bondage and making her a daughter of the King. From the King she received something too good to keep quiet — an anointing of the Holy Spirit that made witnessing a mighty *must*. Although she did not speak with other tongues, what she did receive was sufficient to make her use her own tongue in her own language a witness for Jesus.

Who could naturally expect anything from Mrs. Ren? She surely belonged to the derelicts, the nothings. She must have been sixty years old, getting grey. Her squinty eyes showed that they were more gone than good. Her little baby-like feet bound according to ancient custom necessitated walking stiff legged on heels alone. She was so entirely

uneducated that had she been able to see clearly she could not have read a word. If she had ever been good looking, no one would suspect it now.

Now there was something inside of her that kept bubbling and bubbling. There was an inside pressure that must be released. Mrs. Ren must see that sister and her family, for she had met a wonderful person about whom her sister had not even heard — Jesus. She now knew something that family did not any of them know — the way of salvation. She had got something better than gold — a new heart, a miraculous gift from heaven. She had got a candle that would shine in any dark corner, a candle that no wind could blow out.

Having received all of these wonderful blessings, she had to tell about it. That was an irresistible *go*, a *must* that could not be passed by.

This family that must be seen lived three horse-stage days' journey from Kotchiu, in the region called "Giang Wy." "Giang Wy" means "Beyond the River." Since it was such a lawless and such an unprogressive country, it might well have been called "Beyond-the-River 'Wilds'." The whole country there was so infested by brigands all the time we were in Kotchiu that it was considered the place not to go. Since the modern ways of the new republic had not yet to any extent penetrated those dense wilds, ancient superstition and customs still prevailed. Evidence of this could be clearly seen in the way according to old customs the feet of the little girls were still being crushed and bound.

Mrs. Ren with her candle now proposed to penetrate this region of darkness and keep at the penetration until she reached the home of her sister. Just how she managed to get there, I do not know. Had I feet bound like those of Mrs. Ren I would have considered it quite a chore to hobble even across town. Whether she hobbled it or not, in any case, Mrs. Ren got to her sisters' family. She took with her a Bible, some gospels, and some gospel tracts. These she placed on the ancestor and idol shelf. This shelf, which extends almost across the front of the main sitting room, is used for the ancestor carved wooden tablets, incense urns, small idols, and

heathen ornaments. On the wall back of this shelf is a big written poster before which incense is burned. As I have said, it was on this ancestor and idol-worshipping shelf that Mrs. Ren placed her Bible and gospels and tracts.

The next morning when she appeared she said, "I had a strange dream last night. I saw a lot of devils running away from here. In the scramble to get away the big devils ran over the little devils, knocking them down in one pell mell rush. These devils said, 'Let's get out of here. We can't stand it there with those abominable gospel things on our shelf. Run.' They surely were running." Just after Mrs. Ren had finished telling her dream the son appeared. "I had the strangest dream last night," he said. "I saw a crowd of devils running away from here in a wild rush in which the larger devils knocked down and ran over the smaller. I heard them saying, 'Let's get out of here. Those awful books and gospel stuff on our shelf are too dangerous and terrible for us to endure.'"

These were more than dreams. They were visions of realities. That whole family at once believing in Jesus, every idol and bit of heathen stuff was at once smashed up or burned. Devils no longer had any place there.

Furthermore, still other devils had to go, for Mrs. Ren had along with her someone bigger than all devils, someone Whom devils hated and feared — Jesus. Where she went Jesus went with her. He went with her from place to place, helping her as He promised to do when He had said, "These signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Mt. 16:17, 18. In accord with this Mrs. Ren, who *believed*, laid her hands on a woman who had been bed-fast for twelve years. The woman got up and walked. A dying child, with hands and feet already cold, was cured. A man who had had malaria for twenty years was set free, while his son who had been sick for eight years was also made perfectly well. Another man who had been afflicted with palsy for many years was entirely delivered. Others were

healed of various diseases of the body and thus led to the Healer who also saved their souls.

This untalented, peculiar woman had brought something new to these people who had for centuries sat there in the wilds. Mrs. Ren hobbled to fourteen villages. The news of what she was saying and doing spreading rapidly, almost before she knew it she had a big crowd gathering on Sunday. Although Mrs. Ren was entirely uneducated and naturally could not have preached at all, she had a mighty anointing from God that helped and that impelled her to tell who Jesus is and what He can do to heal the sick and to save sinners.

Suddenly after nineteen days of victory all hell seemed to break loose. It was apparent to these superstitious people that this new religion was threatening all of their time-honored customs. If those who became Christians would not be allowed to sacrifice to the dragon, where would their water come from? Everyone knew the dragon was its source. If they refused to sacrifice to and worship the god of the mountain, where would they get their wood? Many gods were essential to protect from many types of danger and to supply manifold needs, everyone supposed. It was no wonder that the devil found it easy to persuade these superstitious people that this influx of this new religion must immediately be stamped out.

Persecution began. Blasphemous placards were written out in the Chinese language and tied on the backs of the Christians; then they were compelled to sweep the streets. They were beaten and roughly treated. One man struck with a gun was so injured that he had to be carried. Having swept the streets, the Christians' hands were tied tightly behind them and then they were thrown into the room in the temple used as a jail. The man who was unable to walk was dumped on the floor.

Mrs. Ren was not there to encourage these new converts, who had been Christians only nineteen days. Although they could pray very little, they could praise and thank the Lord. This they unitedly did. The Lord

heard their cry and answered it. He *shook the whole temple*. Like Acts 4:31, wasn't it? When the temple shook the persecutors were so scared they ordered the loosening of the prisoner's bonds.

God calls and keeps nineteen-day-old Christians. "All that the Father gives me will come to me," Jesus said, and "this is the will of Him who sent me, that I should loose nothing of all He has given me." John 6:37, 39.

When Mrs. Ren appealed to her church in Kotchiu for help she was told that since they had not sent her out, they had no responsibility. When she went to another mission, she was told they could not help her because she did not belong to their organization. After some months through the undoubted leading of Jesus Mrs. Ren met one of our orphan boys, who told her that if she could find me I would help her. In some way or other Mrs. Ren got my address and wrote to me. I went to the rescue. Here I must omit a long story of how the Lord helped me after two or three years to finally bring all persecution to an end.

It was seven days' travel from where we then lived in the mountains among tribal people to this "beyond the river" place of persecution.

An angel from heaven could not have been much more welcome or more royally treated than I was by those persecuted saints who had been in trouble for more than a year by the time I got there. Every meal every day was a feast, each family, in turn, preparing the best food they knew how to make. The last meal was a breakfast given by a very zealous widow. I am certain that she worked all night in preparing that breakfast-feast. Fourteen kinds of food. There was chicken and pork in various forms. There were many kinds of vegetables prepared with mean and tasty spice and flavorings. I cannot describe a feast of this kind, because it is too far beyond the experience of those who have never eaten a good Chinese feast of this kind. These simple people felt that they had no way of showing their appreciation and gratitude. Believing that I had saved them, they truly treated me as a savior or a king.

At intervals of two or three years I managed to get away from my distant work in the mountains to visit these “beyond-the-river” saints. Space forbids telling the full story as I would like to tell it. I must generalize. In all, I baptized a total of one hundred and seventy at the time of my various trips, every trip of which was a time of blessing to me.

Two or three years after the Lord first sent Mrs. Ren into that Giang Wy country, her errand for Him seemingly finished, the special anointing of the Holy Spirit having left her, she became a very ordinary Christian there in the Kotchiu church. Jesus became the one real leader of the Giang Wy Christians.

I recall that two or three years after I had baptized more than one hundred I was told that less than half a dozen had backslidden. Surely these were God-called, for they were God-kept. In the main village, without a leader who could read the Bible to them, or lead a song all those years in a little group met every night for prayer in one of the homes. How is that for perseverance?

Having heard that where I worked there were some who danced in the Spirit, before the Spirit had fallen on this group, one of the most zealous saints wondered how they would get along. “We women have bound feet. We cannot dance,” she said. I told her that I never asked anyone to dance. The Lord saw to that. Well, when the Holy Spirit fell upon us, this good woman was the first to dance. She had never seen anything of the kind. Dancing was impossible, she supposed. If that dancing was not from God, how account for it?

A Holy-Spirit-Church-Service

I wish now as best I can to tell about the day and night when the Holy Spirit in full baptizing power first came upon us there. In the morning meeting when we all stood to pray, as is our custom when praying for the Holy Spirit, there came a truly heavenly downpour from

the Lord. Almost at once, involuntarily all hands were held high as praises ascended to Jesus. Very shortly everyone was half-jumping, apparently trying to grasp something just above but beyond reach. Tears were flowing as the jumping and reaching continued for quite a while. The saints said that they could see a glory-light just above them that for some reason they felt like grasping but could not quite reach. All had the same experience that morning; it made them happy all day.

In the evening after I had spoken as usual, we all again stood to praise and pray and expect the presence of the Holy Spirit. As we united in one voice in praise the glory the saints had seen in the morning service now came all the way down, enveloping the whole group in its heavenly splendor. They need not jump to reach it; they were in it.

The whole group began to jump and dance and rejoice mightily in loud voices. In their rejoicing some of the women in trance joined hands and danced around in a circle laughing in hilarious, Holy-Spirit-inspired glee. They were surely happy, praising Jesus. Some of the women were joyfully hugging each other. Others were standing still worshipping and praising the Lord. This was a mighty jubilee in the presence of the King. These did not “praise Him with loud clashing cymbals,” only because they did not have the cymbals. They did not “praise Him with the timbrel and dance,” only because they did not have the “timbrel.” But they did have the dance, and they praised the King like in Ps. 150. Even that dancing was itself “noisy.” What would it have been like if that night these devoted saints had had the “trumpet sound” and “the flute and harp” and “the strings and pipe and timbrels and cymbals?” Ps. 150.

Now as can be seen, things that night were exceedingly “noisy, disorderly, indecent, unreasonable” with all of those women with bound feet jumping and dancing on their heels. It was even unsightly. What about all the confusion and noise? Were things not going “just a little too far?” Was there not a lot of “flesh” in all this? Look how some of those women were sweating. It is “flesh” that sweats, not spirit.

Would not most of those good people you know decide under such circumstances that it was then, if ever, time to get out that good out verse of scripture which says, "All things should be done decently and in order," and clamp down on what is going on beyond our knowledge? "God is not a God of confusion." What passages of scripture does the devil use more effectively than the one about "decency and order" to cause men to misapply it in hindering the manifestations of the Holy Spirit?

I had long ago asked God for wisdom in this matter, and I got it many a time. I surely needed it this night, and I got it again. Now what was I to do? All that noise would surely bring unbelievers in from the street. What would be the result? Would they not think that we were all crazy? Should I clamp down the "decently and in order" verse? No. I knew better. God had started this. God must decide the "order." I had learned to be "decent" and keep my hands off *God's* "order." I had learned that where Jesus had laid His hands on I was to keep my hands off. I was to be a spectator, not an actor. By thus standing back and looking on I have seen some wonderful things. So it was now.

Just as I expected, men and women from the outside came in. They stood on benches and chairs on order to see over the heads of those in the doorway. These, like myself, were spectators watching to see what would next take place.

After considerable time the dancing and jumping gradually died down. All became quiet. All commotion and all motion ceased, except that on the part of one young man. He stood in the middle of the room. Not a sound, not a word. He then with closed eyes began by pantomime to act out the passion of Jesus. His silent motion showed himself being bound and led away. He bore his own cross. While we all watched in dead silence the crucifixion was portrayed. Then in silence the boy, still with closed eyes, stretched himself full length on the floor, where he lay motionless for quite awhile in almost breathless silence. Jesus was in the tomb.

After this period of continued silence the boy, still in a state of trance, rose to his feet and stood. A very prayerful, spiritual and Holy-Spirit-endued young married woman, also with closed eyes, was by the Spirit caused to step out from the others to the side of the young man still in trance, who then broke the silence by speaking a few sentences in other tongues. The woman in trance, standing near him, turning her face toward him seeming to listen very carefully to what he spoke in other tongues. Then with eyes still closed, turning toward those in the doorway she said, "This is what he said," interpreting the few sentences the young man had spoken. He then spoke a few more sentences in other tongues, and the woman still in trance, again turning toward him appeared to be carefully listening to every word. She then, as before, turned around toward the people at the door saying, "What he has said was this;" and then gave the few tongues sentences, a literal word by word, sentence for sentence interpretation, I am certain. This message by tongues and interpretation continued sentence by sentence for some time as everyone carefully and silently listened without a stir or sound.

I did not write down this message from the Lord interpreted into Chinese as I might easily have done. In substance it was something like this: "Please listen carefully now for this is God speaking to you. I made heaven and earth and all things and all men. I made all things good, but you have missed God's intended good. What a pity, what a mistake! Now men are missing the best in life because they do not want to come back to God and get His help. So now it is that I send these to you who can tell you the way back to God and to a life of everlasting happiness after death. If men would now believe in Jesus, He would forgive all their sins and give them true life now and forever."

This is only a hint of the kind of language used in telling those former ignorant persecutors how much God loved them and was yearning to save them now and for eternity. It is doubtful if a reader of these lines has ever anywhere heard such a loving appeal made to sinning men as was

made by the message direct from Jesus — this sermon that Jesus preached.

When the appeal was ended the Spirit lifted from the young man and young woman, who at the same instant opened their eyes and without another word quietly took their seats. They did not know what they had spoken. We had heard from God through supernatural tongues and supernatural interpretation. Everyone must have known it. So far as I recall it, not a word was spoken as these at the door silently went away one by one. They had been talked to from heaven.

I inquired later whether anyone had heard any criticism from these one-time-persecutors. No. No one had heard a word of criticism. “Tongues are for a sign for unbelievers.” I Cor. 14:22. God does all things “decently and in order,” but He does not follow man’s ignorant order. The next day after this meeting which was so evidently God-conducted, some women came to the meeting who had not been there.

After my first visit, in the village where the daily meetings continued to me held, persecution stopped. The little group of saints at that place met daily for prayer, depending for encouragement and inspiration upon the young man and woman who spoke with other tongues and interpretation. The last time I visited there I heard this story of the Lord’s leading:

A company of communist-backed bandits were gradually making their way from village to village toward this village where the Christians were. Knowing the havoc these bandits wrought wherever they came, the people in this village gathered up such things as they could carry and fled into the hills or went to distant places.

Not knowing what to do, the saints prayed to the Lord for guidance. They got it, as might be expected. The Lord as usual speaking through that young man with other tongues and that young woman interpreting told the Christians not to run. He would protect them, he said.

Seeing that all of the other families in the village were leaving, the head man came to inquire how it was that the Christians were not leaving

also. "Did your God tell you not to go?" he asked. He was told that it was so. When all the other families continued to flee, the head man came twice more, asking if the Christians' God had assured them to remain. Again he was assured that it was so. I presume that he believed, or if he did not believe it then he surely would have to believe it later, for when the brigands came they lived up to their bad reputation. They pillaged and plundered every house except the homes of the Christians. They did not molest a house of the saints or take any of their things.

One night one of the brigand's worst desperados with a few others of like mind came to the street just above where the Christians as usual were meeting to pray. This evil man had brought his lawless gang there for the express purpose of setting fire to that house where the saints were praying. When they got to the place where the steps led down from the street to the house of praying saints, one of the chief men suddenly objected. He said that these Christians were good people who had remained there, and they were to be left strictly alone. He had enough power that no one dared oppose him. He went to where the Christians were praying and told them what had taken place and that they had nothing to fear, but to go right on as usual with the meetings. Had Jesus not spoken to those simple saints through tongues and interpretation telling them that he would protect them?

Although these devoted believers did not have a church building, they were a real church, an assembly of believers whom the Father called together and no one was able to snatch them out of the Father's hand. John 4:28, 29.

On my last visit to these Christians I did not know that I was to go home. However, I had told them that I did not think I would return to them, for I lived too far away, and my other work occupied all of my time and strength. The people insisted that I certainly must return.

The morning that I left they escorted me out of the village and lined up in a row to say goodbye. The Chinese "Good Bye" is, "We'll meet

again.” On this occasion these saints insisted that this goodbye was no formality. They meant it literally, “We’ll meet again.” I must surely return to them. I did not get back, but we shall “meet again.” I’ll never forget that “good bye” scene. I still can see my beloved people standing there insisting that I must return to them and meet again.

CHAPTER XX

Life in Kunming, the Yunnan Capital

Some More About the Adullam Orphanage

Now to return to our Adullam Orphanage story. Having moved with our twenty orphans to Kunming, the Capital of Yunnan province, we were in a new field of service. As we were able to do so, we continued what was to be our main work for the time, namely, the rescuing of beggar boys from the streets. These boys could be said to be “riff-raff,” or dregs, of the street. Children from respectable families seldom needed to beg or be put into an orphanage, because there was a demand for such to become sons for childless couples. Girls were wanted for daughters. The beggar boys were often runaways and those of the vagabond type. They depended more on stealing food from the streets and on stealing goods from the ships than on begging. In cool weather, having only rags to wear, they kept somewhat warm at night by sleeping in layers, or piles, the bottom and top layers occasionally changing places.

Some of these vagabond boys liked our orphanage at once. Others preferring the vagabond life would steal orphanage bedding and clothes and run away. We probably were not able to keep more than the half of those we took into the orphanage to whom we gave clothes.

Other missionaries seeing our nice lot of orphans whom we *did* retain, tried orphanage work in vain. They could not get so much as a start, for the boys would all run away.

Anyone who could understand how difficult it was to build up a good orphanage under such conditions must see that as David in the Adullam cave had the Lord with him so also did our Adullam Refuge have Jesus with us. His presence was such that from the start there had always

been manifestations of the Holy Spirit. We always had a predominating Christian atmosphere in the orphanage.

We had garden work for everyone who was big enough to carry one side of a pail of water. We also had a good carpenter to teach the older boys to do carpenter work. All children old enough did school work the half of each day.

After our orphans had increased to eighty, for some reason or other there ceased to be any more beggar-boys on the streets. At that time when we were in need of new quarters for so many children and did not know where to find such, I was asked by the provincial government to take charge of the provincial Agricultural Experiment Station.

The Adullam Orphanage Moves Again

Thinking that this new move would give us a place for the orphans to live, a place for them to work on the farm, and perhaps an outlook for the future, I consented to take the management of the Government Agricultural Station. I was asked what salary I would demand and what buildings I would want. I replied that I would need no salary and would use the present buildings. I did not want to become bound by government obligations. I agreed to take this government office for two years. During that time all of our eighty orphans remained faithful to us. Not one ran away. It was a good place for work on the farm and gardens, a good place for the school and trade-work, and a good environment out in the country.

The orphans were paid some out of government funds according to the value of their work. I sometimes had as many as three hundred hired outside workers planting rice.

At the end of the two years' contract, when with a great deal of difficulty I had the farm and work in good running order, as in the past when a job was in good order, it was again time to move.

An urgent call repeated over and over had been coming from a brother Callender of the Presbyterian mission in the Red River valley to visit a mass-movement of six hundred tribal families in the nearby mountains. I turned this call down as an impossibility, giving it no attention. Later that call got deeper into me. I did not want to do any more of that agricultural experiment work. We could find no more beggar boys in the city when our boys went there boy-hunting. I had no one to help in evangelistic work in the villages. I had again come to a dead-end. Notice this — a *dead end*. No more chance for orphanage growth; no more chance for good general evangelization; no way out of the government job. The government had asked me to continue another two years. In view of the help they had given, I felt that I was under obligation to accommodate them another two years. I was told to estimate how much money I would need; then it would be put in the bank for me to get any time I needed it. Furthermore, I was free to run the experiment station as I pleased.

It thus was apparent, was it not, that I was at another *dead end* and tied by two strong chains — the Adullam Orphanage and the Provincial Government? What could *I* do? *I* could do nothing. Once more I could only stand still and see what God would do. I had come to hope and pray that I might be able to respond to Brother Callender's call to the tribes in the far away mountains. I was helpless. I never felt more like I wanted to get loose and go. I never felt bound so firmly that I would have to stay.

All through life it has been much as it was at this time. The Lord sees to it that I get in a naturally hopeless situation with the Red Sea before and the Egyptian army behind and on all sides, so that all I can do is to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. Thus it was that about two weeks after all arrangements had been made for my continuing another two years as manager of the Provincial Agricultural Experiment Station the secretary of the mining and agricultural departments of the provincial government sent word for me to come to the city to see him. When I arrived he told me that a new situation had arisen in that the

governor, to whom he was chief adviser, had asked him to go to Kotchiu to look after the tin-interests. Since he could not then take care of my department, could I relinquish my government office and move my orphanage back to the city? If so, when I found a suitable place to move to he would pay the rent for a year.

I told the secretary that I would be very glad to return to the city. Although I was thankful for his kind offer, he need not advance any rent, for I had as much money as needed. I am sure he never before saw an official turn down a money offer. A few days later the secretary himself came out to see me. He said that he had an offer to make me. Government affairs are hard to manage, and they make trouble, whereas private affairs are easy, he said. Accordingly, he had a friend who owned a coal mine ten miles distant; they had been talking things over and had decided to make me a proposal: with the help of ten of their rich friends they would buy a big section of land by the lakeside near the coal mines; then they would lease or rent this to me for my orphanage for as long as twenty years for the first lease. Would I please see his friend, Mr. Wei, and go with him to see the proposed area?

A little later I saw Mr. Wei, an American-educated man with whom I was well acquainted. He, too, urged me to go with him to see that proposed tract of land near the lake and his coal mines. As politely as I could I explained to these men that I now expected to continue my real work of preaching and could not accept their generous offer. As I think of it now, I do not believe that I properly expressed appreciation for these friends of mine.

I had no interest whatever in the rich man's tract of land, but I was delighted at the prospect of visiting the penniless poor in the land of extreme poverty. Had that friend offered me one of his coal mines I likewise would not have cared to see it.

As will appear later in my story, it will be seen how clearly God got me free to gather out men more precious than gold, who were finally to be

settled forever in jeweled mansions of splendor in a land where never comes a night.

Adullam Moves Back Into the City

To find a suitable building for eighty orphans, a home for ourselves and garden ground enough for the children to work was naturally a most difficult thing in a large crowded city. I mounted a nice government horse and rode through the city to investigate. I searched all day in all parts of the city, inquiring in every place and from every person I could think of without any prospect of finding what I wanted.

Late in the evening as I was untying my horse to start home to the Experiment Station, a Chinese Christian acquaintance seemed to just happen along (not really “happen” for God’s affairs do not “happen”). “Why do you not go to see the Gwei Chou Provincial Guild House manager,” he asked. “The Guild House is spacious and empty,” he said. I went to see it. It was the place intended for us. The Lord had it empty and waiting. There was one large empty room that once had been a theater, not a bench or chair in it. There was plenty of room for all of the orphans’ beds without crowding, and room to spare. In the adjacent court were separate rooms for our girls and one room for a kitchen and other purposes. At the front of this nice, clean court was one large room that at small expense made four good rooms for our own home. At the opposite side of our court was room for a chapel larger than necessary for the orphanage gospel services. Using the government ox-carts, we moved at once into these new quarters surely provided by the Lord.

When we started looking for a garden, we found that all garden space was in use. Ordinary gardens were too small and too costly. To find what we needed seemed impossible — another dead end.

I do not remember whether it was in a shop or on the street that I happened (another of God’s “happened”) to meet a French lady I had

never before seen. She asked me whether it was true, as she had heard, that we were looking for garden space for our orphanage? I told her it was true. She then asked whether or not the vacant space reserved by the Salt Commission for building purposes would do to make into a garden. I told her that it would be fine. "All right," she said, "I know the Salt Commissioner very well. I'll tell him to get that vacant ground for you." When I saw the Commissioner he said that he would gladly allow us to use that vacant land for a garden. Furthermore, he said that he would have papers made out and signed by the head government in Peking that would make it impossible for anyone ever to get that land away from us aside from building purposes. More than that, they would charge no rent.

Pointing out of the window the commissioner said, "There is a good French, sweet grape vine. You are welcome to it. Dig it up and move it." That sweet grape vine later went with us into far away mountains and gave us plenty of grapes, as good as Concord sweet grapes, the only sweet grapes in all that country — a sort of Eshcol grapes, a harbinger of the promised land ahead.

In less than two months we had everything in running order again. As usual, we had school work half a day and garden work half a day for all the children old enough to carry water. We had a good carpenter to teach the older boys the carpenter trade. Every evening in the week, save one, we had Bible stories, Gospel talks, and Scripture memorizing. The children memorized so many Bible texts that they could quote for perhaps an hour without a pause. Every evening we unitedly prayed for the anointing of the Holy Spirit Who was always with us with supernatural manifestations.

Bible Study

I was led by the Holy Spirit to spend much time in Bible study. This began at the time of my first term of missionary service at Batang, Tibet.

One day there when talking with a doctor missionary I made the statement that a doctor should thoroughly have mastered what was to be known by the intense study of the books of his profession. I saw at once that according to my own statement a Christian, especially a missionary, should have a thorough knowledge of the book of his profession, the Bible. This was a thought from God, I believe. I knew that I did not have the doctrines of the Bible so classified that I could give to my helpers a clear list of scriptures on any one subject. That being so, I determined then and there that the standard I set for a doctor was the standard of thoroughness I must set for myself as a Christian. Accordingly, I must study every doctrine in the Bible; I must search out and study every verse of scripture relating to every subject.

However, the usual method of studying scripture references on any subject, I found to be defective. By the time I had studied a list of scriptural references in various parts of the Old and New Testaments I found it impossible by the time I had studied the last passage to remember exactly just how earlier passages read. I needed to get all the passages together at the same time. To do this I got several Bibles, in order to clip out excerpts of whatever passages I desired on any subject. This was not only a system of thoroughness; it was also a method that brought many surprises and much edification. I found that the passages of scripture on any subject could be put together in a way that would read as smoothly and pleasingly as though they were originally that way. When all cut-out excerpts had been arranged in proper order I would then paste them together on one page or section, with references marked.

This method of Bible study began in Tibet was followed off and on for thirty years by the time I had completed the last topic I had in mind. The whole series of Bible studies with my notes all put together would amount to what would make more than ten printed volumes. These studies cover over twenty main subjects and four hundred subtopics, with thousands of passages of scripture, as I have indicated.

I used no commentaries or other people's notes. I depended on the Holy Spirit to lead as I studied each topic. I realized that since the Holy Spirit directed and inspired the writing of the Bible, it can be rightly understood only by those who have the indwelling of the Holy Spirit and are wholly consecrated to His teaching and leading. In other words, the Holy Spirit, who inspired the Bible and is its author, is its right interpreter and instructor. In thus trusting the Lord for the help of the Holy Spirit in my study of the Bible, I received much definite inspiration and wisdom from Him in an understanding of the subjects considered.

CHAPTER XXI

The Outpouring of the Holy Spirit and Book Writing

The Outpouring of the Holy Spirit on ADULLAM

It was when we had forty children in the Adullam Home that the mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit came upon us, as told about in my book, "Visions Beyond the Veil." That outpouring of the Holy Spirit came upon us, as told about in my book, "Visions Beyond the Veil." That outpouring was not only wonderful; it was also unique. I have never in Christian literature read of any outpouring of the Holy Spirit like it. In the past there have been as wonderful visions of the unseen world to individuals, as recorded in my published books. This outpouring in Adullam was unique in that the same visions were simultaneously seen by whole groups of children. Another unusual thing was that these children were not only given visions and revelation of the New Testament order but also were caused to demonstrate New Testament Spirit-inspired preaching and the exercise of some of the gifts of the Spirit.

I know of no such a clear revelation of the kingdom of the "spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places." Eph. 6:12. Many of the Adullam people visited these habitations. Neither do I know of any such clear and complete revelations of the demon world about us on earth as were given these children. Some of our most ignorant children came to know more about the devil's invisible kingdom in the heavenlies and his kingdom on earth among men than is known among our church leaders today. Between what all of our Adullam children came to know about these two realms of the devil's kingdom and the ignorance of our leaders and laity, the gap is astonishingly wide.

It is my opinion that the whole Christian world from the highest in rank to the lowest in the pew could have done as I did, sit at the feet of these Spirit-anointed, naturally ignorant and untalented children and have learned much about the kingdom of Satan and the invisible worlds.

That visions and revelations of the devil's kingdom as given these children were basic and reliable I had plenty of chance to prove in my subsequent missionary work in the mountains in my contacts with the devil's kingdom. By investigating these things from many authentic sources I found that these sources all corroborate the revelations given Adullam concerning the invisible part of the kingdom of God.

A highly educated, Spirit-baptized, lowly and humble man being used by the Lord to lead students in some of our largest modernistic universities into the baptism of the Holy Spirit in passing through Formosa called to see me. He wanted a copy of "Visions Beyond the Veil." He had impressed me as being as child-like as our Adullam children. Thus it was he wanted to sit down with them and learn about the kingdom of God and the kingdom of the devil. The reader of these lines would do well to get one of those books and also sit down among the former children-vagabonds and learn some of the profoundest things.

I can do no better than here quote the circular used in making known the contents of this book-account of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on Adullam. It is as follows:

You have never read its like. That's one thing sure. No such message ever came from behind what is now the China "bamboo curtain." Here were little Chinese beggar boys picked up from the dirty streets — ragged, filthy, lousy and some of them as tough and rough as you could find.

Here was a group of China's lowest and poorest, gathered in, given a bath and clean clothes and told about a loving Savior Who stoops down low enough to embrace and save the lowest.

This message from America to those who were “nothing” was acceptable. Jesus knew it. He gathered up these outcasts, off-scouring of China, and took them to where He is in heaven, to make them messengers to God’s people all around the world.

The curtain that hides us from the invisible was drawn aside. These one-time nobodies from the gutter, singly and in groups, time after time, “in the body or out of the body,” they knew not which, were taken to Paradise. Together they wandered about talking to one another (we heard them), going with angelic guides through heaven’s glorious parks and visiting jeweled mansions. They talked with Bible saints of old. They played by crystal streams with boy companions who had previously died and preceded them to heaven. They saw and talked with Jesus. They worshipped at His throne.

Many times they were taken to hell and saw demons dragging victims down. They talked with the lost in hell. They saw the demon world and the demons about us and described this in more completeness than we have ever read in Christian literature. Even the best of Christian leaders seem to have but little idea of the demon world compared to what these children saw face to face.

These teachable and leadable children also visited the first heaven, the realm of “the principalities and powers of the air,” the realm of the fallen angels against which “we wrestle.” They saw the thrones and heard the wranglings of these agents of the devil who wield such controlling power over rulers and kingdoms of the world. They saw the Devil himself, “that old dragon,” and they saw the anti-Christ and much of his end and work.

Angels were about them and in their midst, sometimes dancing with the children. At times angels turned the whole place into such heaven that those who could not see them could feel their presence.

These children, some of whom had never heard of future mysteries, had revelations of the end of all things. They saw the last war of the ages. They saw the Lord return with angelic hosts, destroy the wicked and cast the devil into the pit and shut him in. Graves of the righteous dead burst open and the glorious resurrection was seen.

After all this the children were told to preach to all men that the end of all things is at hand. Under the anointing of the Holy Spirit, children less than ten years of age could preach to the lost. Little did they or anyone else know that these things given them from heaven were to go clear around the world to men and women of many tribes, races and tongues.

Strange, but some of the youngest and least informed and most ignorant received as deep and wonderful revelations as the older and better informed ones. China's lowest of the low were taken to high heaven's highest and sent back to tell the story, the story of redeeming grace — Jesus' love for all the lowest of men.

This unusual, mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit was not primarily for the benefit of the Adullam children. By grace in God's plan these revelations were given to the children for them to give me to give to God's children everywhere. Although at the time of this outpouring the Holy Spirit came upon me in mighty power and at that time I entered into a better and deeper experience of the Lord, yet during nearly all of the time of this outpouring I was so hindered by hoarseness that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. Consequently, I could not speak enough to lead any meetings or lead in prayer and song. The Lord and the children had full charge of all meetings, day and night. I was mostly a spectator, a listener, and a reporter. I was to sit and receive in order to arise and give.

I wondered why this outpouring with such remarkable revelations came to these Adullam children rather than to others. My conclusion was that there were three apparent reasons for the revelations coming to Adullam. One reason, I thought, was because these children were responsive. They were yielded to any movements of the Holy Spirit without any preconceived ideas as to His method of working. Adults could not be so pliable mentally and physically as were the children. Jesus said that the kingdom of heaven is revealed to babes, babes such as these.

In the second place, it was to Adullam this visitation came, partly, I think, because by coming to us I would not hinder attendant physical manifestations such as are a part of mighty outpourings of the Spirit. The children acted out their visions by many remarkable and unusual physical manifestations. The Lord long ago taught me to keep my hands off the Lord's hands. I was to interfere with only what was clearly from the devil.

These manifestations attending the contacts between God and man are naturally more than man's methods. I am convinced that at times of outpourings of the Holy Spirit many ignorant yet well-meaning saints are so afraid of manifestations being "in the flesh," as they say, that they themselves act in fleshly nonsense. There is much in this effort to bring the Lord's affairs in line with man's idea of decorum that amounts to man's trying to direct God rather than to follow Him.

I know so little about what may take place when the mighty power of God comes down that I am thankful that He taught me to keep my fleshly hands off when He lays His divine hands on flesh. I suppose that almost all missionaries and preachers, had they been in my place, would have interfered with the extraordinary manifestations among the Adullam children to such an extent that there would have been no "Visions Beyond the Veil" book to write, for there would have been nothing unusual to write about.

Thus it was that in coming to Adullam Jesus came to a group that was pliable and moldable; it was at the same time a place where His activities would be unmolested.

In the third place, I am quite certain that these revelations came to and through Adullam partly because I would gladly accept such and publish them abroad as Jesus desired. Although at the time of this gracious visitation from heaven I had no idea how it was to be done, I sincerely wished that others might know about this visitation that had meant so much to me. To write a book was far from my thought. I did expect, however, to report this outpouring to our own constituency through our bulletin, *The Adullam News*, which we sent out from time to time.

When it came time to send out the next edition of *The Adullam News* and I was going to write a chapter about that visitation from God, I had no unction to write. Every bit of write-spirit left me. Later when I tried again to write that chapter my mind was “murky.” It was easier to sleep than to write. All of my writing-fire had been watered out. This sort of thing went on for several days. Do you know why? I can answer in one word — the devil. Every time I had tried to write about those marvelous revelations from God a company of devils about me put me under a cloud.

What could I do? Persist and resist and trust Jesus and the powers of God to triumphantly make the powers of the devil fly away. That’s the secret. Never let up. Hang on to the plow handle.

The angels must have come down. Victorious in their battle with those hindering devils, they now kindled the fire and fanned it. Light from heaven must have shone about me. My pen could not move fast enough as it seemed almost to write automatically that first chapter about the outpouring of the Spirit on Adullam.

Two months later when I attempted to write another chapter about that wonderful visitation the devil must have found out about it and sent another gang of his devils to hinder me. I had no difficulty in writing the

other articles for our booklet. Not so this chapter about the revelations. My first try to write was no good. Try number two. No good. After many vain efforts, as before, the angels prevailed and I wrote chapter two under the anointing of the Holy Spirit. It was a year or more by the time I had written the last chapter of the story. Every chapter was written only after a fight with the devil for about two weeks. Had eyes been open to see what was going on in the world of spirits, they would no doubt have seen angels and devils in conflict around me. Readers of “Visions Beyond the Veil” will understand this. As it was, the devil fought every effort to write the account of those revelations and yielded ground only inch by inch when forced to do so. Why? Because these revelations were to be written and sent out far and wide to God’s people. How? I had no idea.

After all copies of our booklet were gone readers kept writing for more copies that gave an account of that heavenly visitation. So it was that I assembled the chapters on that subject and sent the book that I called “Visions Beyond the Veil” to our regular constituency — our friends.

Although in my opinion I knew nothing about writing, printing, and distributing books for the public, almost before I knew it other editions of this first book were going into circulation.

It has now been over thirty years since that first edition was published. More copies have gone into circulation the last two years than in any such previous period. An eleventh edition in English has just been printed. These revelations, like those in the Bible, will never grow old. This book has been published in periodicals as a series, in English and in other languages. Without any initiative on my part, and in some cases without my knowledge, “Visions Beyond the Veil” has been translated and published in six or seven foreign languages. A fourth edition has recently been published in the Finnish language.

I have now done the best I can to give some idea of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on Adullam. I feel that this account comes farther from making clear these realities than anything I have tried to describe. There

were two main outpourings, the second of which was after we had moved to the Agricultural Experiment Station. At the times of these mighty visitations everything else stopped for two weeks or more while we were living in the realms of the other world.

In two weeks in this school of the Holy Spirit, through the Adullam children I learned more about the kingdom of God and the kingdom of Satan than I could have learned in six years in a theological seminary.

Two of our smallest boys were used by the Lord to teach me much. For months, when all of the other children had left the prayer room and gone to bed, these two small boys would still remain in the room lost in the Spirit. I sat by these boys for hours listening to them when they lay in a trance talking to each other about what they were in vision seeing in the invisible worlds. All of my books fail to make known all that I learned from our Adullam children as used by the Lord when under the anointing of the Holy Spirit.

About My Books

The first of my books was "*Visions Beyond the Veil*," as I have already indicated. My second book, like the first, was a book that I had not expected to write. It began in this way: in writing a footnote to one of my Bible studies I wanted to make clear some things of the other invisible world as seen and revealed by the Adullam children. That footnote was a wonder. It kept growing until I decided to make it into a booklet of not over one hundred pages to send to my friends. When it kept expanding I set the limit at two hundred pages; still I could not control it until it had passed five hundred pages. When with an effort I got it stopped, I eliminated a hundred pages, and that's the book.

The Three Worlds

Begun in Adullam Orphanage days it was several years before it got into the readers' hands, due in part to the devil's hindrances for two years or more, as I shall later show. I wanted to illustrate my book. How could I arrange that where I was away off in China? Since there were illustrations that took a tremendous amount of thought and work to arrange, I had to become a sort of cartoonist. It sometimes was weeks before I could think out how certain cartoons should be drawn to illustrate what I had in mind. It took time and work to get permission to use some illustrations. It also took time and letters to enable me to locate one of the best known Christian cartoonists, who drew cartoons for me at half price. On the whole the planning, the securing, and the arranging of the illustrations probably required as much time and effort as the writing, correcting, and typing of the manuscript. There are over two hundred illustrations.

The poetry in my books came about in this way: one day when I was on a missionary itinerary in the mountains among the tribal people, I had been climbing up and down rough mountain trails the whole day. Having arrived at our expected destination where I was to spend the night after a meeting, a little time remained while the Ka Do women prepared rice and vegetables for our evening meal.

As usual trying to utilize every spare moment to write book manuscript, I took advantage of this leisure to go out into a little ravine behind the thatched quarters to write a while on the manuscript for *The Three Worlds*. While sitting there on a rock among the weeds and brush I was trying in my writing to describe heavenly glories and the beauties of its paradise as seen by our Adullam children. As I did so, my writing seemed too prosy and inadequate. I could not write what I thought and felt about heaven. When trying to write what it seemed I could not write, most unexpectedly while I was feeling the anointing of the heavenly realm my writing began to come in rhythm and rhyme.

But I was no poet. I was writing prose. I never did write poetry — seldom read it. I backed up and tried it again, while that heaven in my heart came out like a poem in song. Since I apparently could not write, I went into the house. The next time when I undertook to write what I had not finished about heaven, every time I tried to express my thoughts and heavenly feelings in prose the language came poetically. Accordingly, I decided that I would just write along as though writing prose, rhyme or rhythm or whatnot and see how it would turn out. The turn-out was mostly a poem with some prose mixture. I corrected this, gave it a few finishing touches, arranged it in poetical form and there it was — my first poem, a poem about heaven expressed in language above the reach of prose.

Do you know what had taken place at the end of that day's prosaical walking over hard mountain trails while I sat on that hard, rough rock amidst weeds and brush? The Lord had there and then given me a poetry-gift. He "ascended on high and gave gifts to men," you know, as the Bible asserts. This unexpected "gift" from heaven lifted me and still lifts me almost daily above the prosaical level.

As songs lift the spirit into a realm above usual language and the commonplace, so does poetical expression soar in language above the language of prose and help express thoughts and emotions above the commonplace. Hence, the Lord gave me the "gift" of poetry to enable me to express His thoughts which could not so well be expressed in prose. It was some time before I realized what the Lord had done. Then I saw that He expected me to use poems in my books. Accordingly, I then made a careful study of poetry in order to arrange my poems in correct form. Some of my best and longest poems had their start unexpectedly when I was itinerating in the mountains. The first lines of a poem might come floating through my mind almost any time — when I was writing prose, when I was climbing a mountain trail, when I was resting, when I was going to sleep, or when I was praying.

Many of my poems were written slowly after much careful thought and with the help of the Lord. On the other hand, some of my longest poems came by direct inspiration as rapidly as I could write. One of these poems thus written as by direct inspiration, really as though it were dictated to me line by line as rapidly as I could write it, the one called "A Pilgrim's Welcome by the Angels." It is a poem of eighty lines in my book, "Heaven and the Angels." This poem came to me as rapidly as I could write just as it appears in the book. It came without forethought line by line. When I was writing one line I had no idea what the next line with its rhythm and rhyme would be. This must have been direct inspiration by the Lord. That this was true was further indicated by a vision. I later read of someone seeing a pilgrim welcomed by the angels almost exactly as described in this poem that came in this way.

I shall now give another instance of being given a poem apparently by direct inspiration as though dictated word for word and line by line. I wanted a poem to summarize a certain chapter titled "The Infant Paradise" in my book "The Three Worlds." Since I was on a long and very crowded itinerary, my time would be so occupied that for three months I could think of only one place where I would have half a day's leisure to write that poem I wanted. When I arrived at this place it was red-hot-noon time. It was down in one of those torrid river valleys that saps out all energy. Even my native helpers, when in these valleys in the afternoon seem to all fade away and go off into dream-land.

Now I tried to write. I could not write. I was lifeless. My mind was asleep. I thought I would read. I was too sleepy. What was I to do? Just do as my helpers and the natives do these hot afternoons. Lie around, drowse, and sleep.

So it was that I went out to a little ridge of stony gravel, drowsily stretched out full length on my back, put a hat over my face, folded my hands across my breast, shut my eyes and started toward the land of nowhere. Ah! What was that which came singing into one ear like this:

Come, parents listen to the lay
Of children death hath swept away,
That tells how leaving earth below
They have escaped a life of woe.

I'd better catch that, for that will be good for that poem I want about Infant Paradise. I got out a little notebook that I carried in my hip pocket, found a little pencil stub and scribbled down those lines. Having once started, that little pencil stub in very fine scribble in that very small notebook kept scribbling on —

And born again to better state
Were wafted up to heaven's gate.
When death would snatch your child away
An angel robbed him of his prey.

Then more lines came and still more. Supposing I had now finished, I put my notebook and my pencil stub back in my pocket, stretched out again on the gravel, put my hat over my face ready for that afternoon nap. Ah! Hear that? There comes some more. I wrote it down, stretched out again for that nap, heard more lines a swinging and a singing and wrote some more. There having come no more pauses, I wrote on for four or more hours until called for the evening meal. The moment supper was finished the poem sang on as rapidly as I could write it down. The writing was completed just in time for the evening service with my tribal people. This poem of 160 lines appears in the book just as I got it word for word.

As the service concluded, the Holy Spirit came upon us. Some of the Ka Dos were dancing as they were in Spirit caught up into the glories that belong to the heavenly paradise, such as I had been writing about for half a day. I, also, may have danced with the Ka Dos, I do not remember. I have done so many times.

Thus it was that on that hot afternoon I got no sleep. My rest was writing poetry for many hours with no leisure until after the evening service. I then felt refreshed. I was not tired. I had spent half a day and

night in the realm of the supernatural. I slept peacefully on boards, and the next day with renewed strength I continued my itinerary that would not allow half a day's rest for many weeks.

The last poem in "The Three Worlds," a poem of one hundred and forty lines, was written originally word for word as it appears in the book. This poem came to me as rapidly as I could write. It was written without forethought on my part or my knowing ahead how any line was to be written. In this case I wrote for several hours when being hindered from crossing a swollen river too dangerous for a bamboo raft.

Having unexpectedly been given this "gift" of poetry which enabled me to express my thought more clearly, I believe it was the Lord Who suggested the plan of presenting the thought of my books in a three-fold-way — namely, prose, poetry, and picture.

To follow this plan I would want a photo, a cartoon, or some kind of picture or drawing to illustrate all of the main thoughts of a book. These illustrations with their description underneath should enable a busy man or any person to get a good grasp of the main themes through the illustrations. Pictures would be a big help to all readers, for it is said that ninety percent of our knowledge comes through the eye. A picture leaves a strong impression on the memory.

According to the suggested plan, at the end of each chapter a poem or more would recapitulate the thought of the prose and pictures in the preceding chapter. Some readers would especially like poetry. In this way the thought of each book would be thus thrice presented — once by prose, one by picture, and once by poem.

To make clear the Where, the When, the How, and the Why of my book-writing is impossible. This writing, other than work on Bible studies, began the last years of the orphanage work and continued off and on for over twenty years, when I finished my missionary work in China. Nearly all of my writing time most people would have lost. When working on a book manuscript and not too hard pressed with other duties my mind was

continually occupied with the theme of the book which I was writing. I felt a sort of incessant urge which never seemed to let up, a something that overruled physical weaknesses and hindering circumstances. For the time being I lived in my book; I constantly watched for the opportunity to write.

Since the greater part of my writing was done when I was on preaching itineraries, where I had no writing facilities, much of it was done with pencil while using a notebook held on my knee. Were I fortunate enough to have a native table, I sat on a six-inch-wide bench while I wrote. When I had been walking during the day I would sometimes snatch a little time to write while supper was being prepared. In this and other ways I found snatches of time in which to write. I have always considered time more precious than money; something not to be wasted but to prayerfully well-used. I had the satisfaction of feeling that when writing I was doing the Lord's work in utilizing time to help other members of the Kingdom of God.

I remember how I saved some time one morning. It happened that having no clocks except the roosters, on this one occasion the rooster's clock ran too fast. The cock crowed too soon. Accordingly, breakfast was over, our bedding was wrapped up, and we were ready to travel an hour or two before daylight. Here was a characteristic utilizing of time. I sat on a block of wood by the open fire in the courtyard, while with pencil I wrote in the notebook on my knee. A Ka Do tribal Christian helper sat by me, furnishing light for me by holding a torch of splintered fat pine.

I also recall sitting on a mountain side for half a day with a native blanket around me as I wrote in my notebook on my knee. It was so cold that I had to wear gloves. Yet when writing under anointing I would be so concentrated on my writing as to be almost dead to other things.

For instance, when we were returning from an itinerary, just after we had reached the hut of a very poor tribal person there came a heavy rain that poured all night. I slept well in the attic, under the thatched roof

open at both ends. The rubbish accumulated some time after the world began, and the cats and the rats and the vermin did not interrupt my long sleep. I was safe in my mosquito net. The next morning it was still pouring rain. Since we were on our way home and had no preaching appointment, there was no need to travel in rain and mud. Here was a fine opportunity to write. But where? There was just one place, a dirty, tumbling-down mud-wall room with scarcely a level square foot of clay floor. In front of the open door lay the family ox. All around it was so much manure that it was almost impossible to go in and out. No need to try to describe the stench in the room.

I got the broken-down table where it would not wobble, found a one-foot-high bench, and settled down to my writing. I wrote all day long. My mind was concentrated on my writing. The tumble down house, the dirty table, the hard bench, the cow stable at the door were all of small concern. I was sort of hid away from all those things. That, for me, was really a good day.

For supper we had corn, I think, and probably a little pickled vegetable of some kind. I had another good night's sleep with the pattering rain coming down and the cats and rats doing as they pleased.

Since it was still raining the next morning, I thought I would have another good day to write; but, no. My Ka Do helper said he could not endure another day there. It was too filthy and uncouth for him — a native. Rain or no rain, a little mud or mud knee-deep, we were getting out of there, he said. That spoiled a day's writing for me. We got our baggage together carefully, step by step picked our way past the ox lying in front of the door, and launched out into the rain and mud. The rain soon stopped. Traveling through mud was part of our business. Anyway, since we were on our way home from a hard itinerary, we were happy all the way.

I do not now recall many details of my book-writing. I remember that at times as I trudged along some mountain trails this thought came to

my mind: "If anyone ever asks me how it was that I was able to write those books while so busy with other things, I would reply, "I wrote them with blood."

I do not think that anyone else under the same circumstances would have written the books I wrote. My books were included in my cross and my blood. Since I seemed to have a compelling urge, a burden to write in order to help other pilgrims on the heavenly road, I believe it was the Lord Jesus Who put it into my heart to write each book and who gave me the anointing that enabled me to do the writing.

The writing of two books was exceptional leading. That came about in this way: one evening before time to start the annual itineraries, when I was out for a walk, I had a fall that sprained one knee. Since I could not walk nor afford to be idle, I decided to write some notes about heaven and the angels to enlarge on some things in my book, "Visions Beyond the Veil."

The difficulty was that, as I have said, I had to have daily exercise to do effective mental work. How, then, could I do this proposed writing with no possibility for exercise? The Lord solved the problem. By fasting two days a week my mind was clear; and I had a constant anointing of the Holy Spirit which enabled me to write eight or ten hours a day.

Josephine kept beautiful flowers, several vases of them, on my desk and about the room. Thus at home, free from the pressure of other work, and under ideal circumstances, I wrote for a month about heaven and the angels. I was very happy with so much of heaven about me.

Thinking that the main body of my manuscript was complete for a book that I intended to call "Heaven and the Angels," it evidently was time to get that useless knee out from under my desk and put it into action. With the help of a cane in each hand I started hobbling down the very uneven bad path which led down to the church. My good foot stepped on a loose pebble that gave me a hard fall, striking my sprained knee exactly where it had struck in the first place.

Josephine helped me to return to the house before reaction set in. When it did the pain was almost unbearable. Josephine brought the olive oil, and we anointed that terribly painful knee. Every pain left immediately. Although the pain was gone, that knee was useless. It could not stand weight or movement. I put it back under my desk; Josephine brought in fresh flowers; I fasted twice a week and wrote daily for another month. The result was my book, "Plains of Glory and Gloom," an unexpected continuation of "Heaven and the Angels." I needed that second month to finish my incomplete theme. I saw why I needed that second tumble.

As I expected, when that manuscript was finished and not sooner, I was able to get that useless leg out from under my desk again and start it hobbling on a two-hundred-mile mountain itinerary, as annual itinerary time had just come. The completion of the manuscript and the time to itinerate exactly dove-tailed. This was just one of hundreds of such dove-tailings. Had I kept a diary and noted all such dove-tailings, I suppose the record would fill a volume or two.

Josephine typed my manuscripts for my books and helped in correcting mistakes. Without her help I could not have gotten my books ready for the printer. Son James did the greater part of the typing for my Bible study work.

CHAPTER XXII

Last Days in the Capital

Good Bye to the Adullam Orphanage

To return to some final things about the Adullam Rescue Orphanage. The time came when we were sure that it was the will of the Lord to discontinue the Orphanage. It had served its purpose as a refuge. Before we had moved from Kotchiu we had ceased to find beggar-boys on the street there. Likewise, where we were now we again ceased to find such needy boys.

This work was carried on at considerable expense. Furthermore, after taking care of a child for several years at no small outlay of money there was no certainty as to the final spiritual outcome. No one can predict what turn a child's mind may take when it reaches the adolescent age.

Now I had the opportunity to reach many more children and young folks in the mountains who lived in their own homes and were still more responsive to the Gospel than were the type of children in our orphanage. Moreover, while reaching a much larger number of children than before, at the same time, it would necessitate no money outlay. More than that, this new field of labor would take all my time and strength with much work still untouched. And so I am certain that anyone knowing the situation would agree with us that the Lord was now calling us to a wider field of service which necessitated the discontinuance of the Adullam Rescue Orphanage.

When it came time to disband the orphanage we found this much easier than we anticipated. Our smaller boys were wanted to become sons, and the girls were desired to become daughters or servants. We could have found homes for more small children than we had. Although I was planning high school studies for the older boys, as usual with teenagers

they were getting restless and anxious to go where they would have a chance to turn the world upside down. These older boys had no difficulty in finding places to work. On the whole, the children were not unwilling to leave, for they had high hopes as they were adopted into private family life where they would no longer be simply one of a sort of job-lot family.

Two boys about twelve years of age were an exception. They absolutely refused to leave us. They were not going to be some other person's sons. They were going to be our sons. Telling them that we were going to a far away land, to a people of strange language and ways had no effect on them. These two boys insisted that they were going where we were going, live where we lived, do what we did, and presumably die where we died. We had to take them with us. They won. They got to go with us to the tribal country. This was definitely the leading of the Lord, as later developments made clear.

When we had not been in our new field in Ka Do Land half a year these boys had learned to speak the Ka Do language frequently. They liked the Ka Dos, and these tribal people loved them. The younger of the two boys died a few years later. I now wish to give some account of the older of the two boys, Siao San.

Siao San was quite young when picked up on the street and brought into the Adullam Rescue Orphanage. Never did a child show better or more appreciation for being saved. He soon became the one most liked by the gardener. He was one boy who never shirked his work. If assigned to carry ten pails of water he carried ten, perhaps more, but never cheated. The gardener thought Siao San an almost perfect boy. He did his work well; he never cheated, never quarreled.

I myself can say that Siao San was the most willing worker, the most obedient, the most unselfish person I have ever known during the more than twenty years he was with us much like a son. He could not have been more obedient, helpful, and ready to please. Had he a shoe half laced when I suggested something to do at his leisure, it would have been

characteristic of him to stop right there and then to do what I suggested, before finishing lacing that shoe. He would instantly drop any work he was doing to do anything I asked him to do. Were any of the tribal people to get into a situation that needed it, it would have been characteristic were Siao San to give him not one of his two coats but to give both of them.

All of the Christians from the various tribes liked him. He married a good tribal Ka Do girl. He became a kind of father to all of the tribal Christians. They consulted him about their affairs. They got his help with their problems. He was chief advisor.

He had charge of the local church when I was away. He preached to the Ka Dos in their own language. When I was compelled by the communists to leave Ka Do Land and go home, I turned over to Siao San the supervision of our nearly forty churches. What has happened to him the Lord only knows. He may be in prison. He may have been killed by the communists. The Chinese, who governed the tribal people, disliked them and especially hated Siao San, a Chinese who had become one of the tribal people and who belonged to the Christian system, which they always opposed. Siao San had expressed himself as a person willing to suffer and if need be die for Jesus' sake. He was so openly, uncompromisingly out and out for Christ that, being at the head of all of the tribal work, it is almost certain he would be the victim of communist hatred and persecutions. It is not too late to pray for him. He was a son to me. He was my substitute who took over my work to live or die in my place where I had expected to end my days on earth.

Perhaps Siao San's testimony and service is worth all of the time and money that was invested in the Adullam Rescue Orphanage. Such a life cannot be calculated in ordinary values.

When all of the missionaries finally had to leave China Siao San and another of our former Adullam boys, then preaching, became the head of a group that took over the care of all the American Pentecostal churches in

the southern part of the province. Some others of our Adullam family became preachers. Since we were unable to keep in touch with our scattered orphans we knew little about them as they grew up.

With the Adullam Rescue Orphanage work, as it had been with other undertakings, when we had completed what the Lord evidently expected, with His leading we had to leave this field of service and pass on to another work. Once more it was made clear that the Lord expected me to be a pioneer, a pilgrim working here and there while hoping for the city whose builder and maker is God.

About Our Son James

A short time before we said Good Bye to our Adullam children we had to say "Good Bye" to our only son James. The time had come when he must leave us and go to America to continue his studies. It is in order here to tell something of his affairs.

It had always seemed a tragedy to me that missionaries must be separated from their children during formative years in order to continue school work. Those early years would be best spent with their parents, who would thus be able to impart their own ideals.

Here is where the Lord again did us a big favor in allowing our only son to remain with us until he was of age at twenty-one. James did his grade and high school work in the American Correspondence School in Chicago. His mother helped him when necessary. Although I was supposed to help in mathematics, I was needed only a few times, as he did his arithmetic, algebra, and geometry by himself. When it came time to graduate and receive his high school diploma James could not, for some reason, get his final French examination papers. Accordingly, I wrote to the president of the school, who granted a diploma. The Lord no doubt helped.

We did not know where there was a suitable Christian college. At this time a visiting missionary told us that one of his relatives had a son in Asbury College. It was a very spiritual college, the missionary said. I knew at once that this information was like a message from the Lord. Another problem was solved. James was to go to Asbury College. A way was opened through another dead end.

Upon writing to Asbury College I was told that James would be welcome; but according to their rules, all correspondence school graduates must take an entrance examination. I therefore wrote to the college president requesting him to make an exception by allowing James to enter college without requiring the usual tests. I wrote that if James' grades were not above the average when he was tried out, then he would gladly take the passed-over examination. I prayed and I expected. The president wrote that he would allow James to enter college without the usual entrance examination.

Unexpectedly, it suddenly became uncertain whether the Lord wanted James to go to Asbury or to go to heaven. He was suddenly stricken with acute appendicitis. He suffered such terrible pain that he could not eat or sleep or even lie down, only sit on his bed, suffering incessant pain.

We were then still on the government experiment farm, not near a doctor. Nevertheless, we had no inclination other than to trust the Lord.

Much as I dreaded the thought, I knew that the time had come that we must part with our son. Were he to go to America alone into the temptations of that wicked country, who could foretell what dangers lay ahead? Were he to go to heaven, eternal life was assured. Whether to go to Asbury or to go to heaven, which was far better, which was now the will of the Lord? I did not know. All I could do was to commit and trust.

It looked like James might die any hour, with such a disease at such a stage. It was then that as James sat on the bed, suffering terrible pain that the thought, undoubtedly from the Lord, came to him that were he to

get out of bed he would be healed. And so with much effort and pain he succeeded in working his way to the edge of his bed and then slowly in agony got his feet to the floor. The instant his feet touched the floor he was healed — every whit. James would not be alive today had the Lord not miraculously healed him, I am certain.

When the time came for James to leave us, since we planned no furlough and had no certainty of returning to America, his leaving us was an occasion of great heaviness of heart, for we knew that we might never see each other again.

James' mother accompanied him by train to Haiphong, the seaport of Vietnam, where he was to take a steamer to Hong Kong and then continue his way to London, England, and then to America. I could not leave the orphanage. The steamer James took at Haiphong was a French one with a French crew and passengers who spoke only French.

James' mother had determined to show only good cheer in seeing him off. In that she was quite successful until the boat began to pull away from the shore. There at the stern stood her only son whom she had petted from babyhood and taught and lived with to manhood, now on that foreign steamer among people of a different language and customs launching out with strangers into a strange and unfamiliar world. As now the steamer pulled away farther and farther with James still in sight, a lone pilgrim still waving Good-Bye, his mother — you can imagine the rest as she stood alone till her son was out of sight. When she told me her experience it became a reality to me also. This is something that only those who have parted with loved ones understand. Those who have been in like circumstances will know how lonely our home became with just us two.

James successfully made all necessary steamer and railroad connections, was met at London as planned, and in good cheer arrived at the Pentecostal Bible school. After six months there, with an accent like a born Englishman, he left for America. He found Christians on the way

across the ocean who became real friends. Without delay or mishap he arrived at Asbury College as planned.

My prediction that his grades would be above the average proved true. That first year in a mathematics class of eighty James got the highest grade. His grades were high through all of his college courses in spite of the fact that he had done all his pre-college work at home.

The spiritual atmosphere of Asbury College was first-class. It was truly a holy holiness school. I recall that one morning when the students were giving their testimonies the Holy Spirit began to work so mightily that there was no let-up at class time. No classes for a week.

After graduating from Asbury James graduated from the Pentecostal Bible school at Green Lane, Pa. Next he took the course at Central Bible Institute at Springfield, Missouri. Upon graduating there he was asked to teach. This he did for four years, after which he went to Yunnan province in China to start a Bible school there. He taught his students for more than a year. Having then built a Bible school building just in time for the communists to take it, he had to leave the Chinese mainland. For some time he then taught in the Hong Kong Bible school. At present he is in Formosa, where he started and built another Bible school. Later, desiring to do direct gospel work he moved to the southern part of the island, where he and his wife have a nice group upon whom the Lord poured out the Holy Spirit much as He did upon our work in Ka Do Land. James and his good wife have five children who are doing fine work in school and going on well in the Lord.

CHAPTER XXIII

Ka Do Land

The Move to Ka Do Land

Now to return to the story of our departure for Ka Do Land. Again it was pack, pack, pack boxes the right size to be carried on pack-ponies. The packing having been finished, and horses having been hired, a box was strapped to each side of a horse. The caravan was off on its way to Ka Do Land, a trip which would require eight days or more.

Josephine and I were to follow in the morning. Midnight. What was that loud knocking on the gate? A runner from the American consulate. I must go to the consulate at once. Having arrived, the Consul told me that the communist army, which was approaching the city, might attack us in the morning. A special train would be waiting at the station ready, if necessary, to evacuate all foreigners. We were to be prepared to take this train at seven o'clock in case we got an emergency call.

I explained our situation: all our belongings had left by horse caravan in the evening; they had gone ahead, expecting us to leave in the morning. I said that I believed we should by all means go to Ka Do Land as already planned. I thought that in case the communists should capture the city we could escape by going south from Ka Do Land and out via what is now called Vietnam. The Consul was very considerate. Since no one could foretell what turn things might take, the Consul said, he would allow us to do as we thought best. In that case, I said, we shall be leaving early in the morning on the steamer that will take us across the lake on the first stage of our way to Ka Do Land.

There was no more sleep that night. It was not yet daylight when with aching hearts we had to say good-bye to the place that had been our nice comfortable home where we had been surrounded by our Adullam

children who were now widely scattered. At six in the morning, just daylight, we boarded the steamer that would take us across the lake toward Ka Do Land.

Josephine said that this was characteristic: when all of the other missionaries were supposed to go one direction — out, at seven o'clock; I was starting another direction — in, at six o'clock. Well, be it so. I must admit that I never followed the crowd.

As it was, the communists passed by the city without attacking, with the government troops pursuing. That was before the world war.

We were right. We got one more definite and clear leading of the Lord as to where He wanted us to go — Ka Do Land.

What I disliked was taking Josephine away from our nice home and flowers to a rough, wild, strange, and different world and work. Having crossed the lake, we entered the border of this new world with its different life and experiences. Josephine got her first taste of the rough life ahead about as soon as she set foot on its dry land. Having left the steamer, we were able to go ten miles by bus in the direction of Ka Do Land. This ten miles was over a road full of chuck-holes. The bus driver's purpose appeared to be to "get there." The physical condition in which he would deliver his passengers was of little concern.

Although I tried to hold Josephine down on the hard bus seat, I could not prevent her at times (chuck-hole times) from being thrown up from the seat until her head would bump into the top of the bus. With this rough beginning toward the rough work ahead in ka Do Land, at last (it seemed like a long "last") we finally arrived at a Chinese inn, leaving the muddy chuck-holes a little deeper, no holes made in the top of the bus, and Josephine's head still whole with no serious bumps.

Having worked hard in getting ready to move and having lost a night's sleep, I was dead tired when at noon we arrived at the Chinese inn. I laid down on those hard boards called a bed and went into a sound sleep that lasted till evening. I soon went to sleep again, sleeping soundly till

morning, while those tiny bed-companions that work only at night had a good time. Thus ended our first day and night as we roughed it toward what was to be our next home in Ka Do Land.

Josephine was then carried in a carrying chair while I walked the more than a week's journey to our future home. Because our men did not know the right road, we did not always find a convenient stopping place at night. I recall that one night Josephine slept in one horse manger, while I slept in another one. That was where Josephine lost her glasses. At one stage we had to find our way through a forest down a trackless mountainside.

Our Ka Do Home

After a little more than a week on the road we finally arrived where our home was now to be in Ka Do Land. This was in the extreme southwest corner of China not far from the south and west borders. A friend from a Danish Mission had been remodeling for us a very poorly built and unfinished little grass-covered house which on a previous trip I had bought for twenty dollars. The repair work had been sufficient to allow us to move into the house when we arrived there. We were able to "move in," but into what? The primitive house now had a tile roof and stamped-clay walls. Two of the upper story rooms, which were to be our home, had rough hand-sawed board floors. The other little room did not yet have a floor. There was not a door or a window in the holes left in the walls where these were to be put.

The day after we arrived the summer rains began. Since it really knows how to rain in Ka Do Land, this rainy season now made a generous start. No water was spared in the downpour. Although the rain did not get through the roof, with the help of a strong wind it came into the windowless and doorless holes in the wall as though the house was meant to be a water tank. However, with the help of oiled sheets and loose

boards we managed to keep the rain outside where it belonged. Since all around the house was clay, the clay and the rain made a mutual mixture called mud. Only the amount we could carry on our feet got into the house. Although that was not to my liking, it did no harm, for those floorboards could not be spoiled by mere mud.

Our two Adullam boys, not yet full grown, who would not leave us, together with the boxes containing our belongings were successfully crowded into the downstairs.

And so we were now moved into what was to be our home for many years in another far away corner of the world. Our house was located on a steep mountain rib covered with a few inches of soil “too poor to grow beans.” Here, again, as it had been in Tibet, it was necessary to make something out of nothing. This applied not only to the house, but also to its surroundings. In order to make a garden it was necessary over a large section to move rock. Underneath a few inches of that poor soil was one big sheet of soft rock. I found that with much effort, ingenuity, and sweat that the seemingly impenetrable rock could be chipped, and pried, and picked loose bit by bit. I could not ever guess how many tens of tons of that rock I myself worked loose to a depth of fourteen inches. When exposed to the air this rock pulverized into clay that made good garden soil. During the rainy season, crop-planting season, or times between itineraries, I found it was a real pleasure as a profitable exercise to work at this job of making something out of nothing. This doing the seemingly impossible appeared to be the way I was always led in my pilgrimage. As it was, with some help from the boys we eventually had a very spacious garden with deep soil.

In a little ravine quite a distance from our house was a very small spring which was the source of our water supply. The Ka Do men having cut down tree saplings, carved notches in these along the sides, then placing these little troughs end to end they made a way for the water to flow. In this way a little thread of water less than a finger thickness was

led down to our premises. Though but a tiny stream, its constant flow day and night supplied all of our own water needs.

That tiny stream of water was another of those apparently small things that amounted to big things in the plan of the Lord. It was like a little stream of God's love flowing down from heaven. It is hard to see how we could have lived there without that never-failing water.

In all of my itineraries I found no place as desirable for a home center as this particular section, the most thickly populated section. In this desirable section the only house available was this unfinished house that seemed to be there waiting for us. It was located on the mountainside that gave us the most scenic view. It was less than one chance in a hundred that we could have secured tile, as we did, to cover our house. So many main things and small details all harmoniously dovetailing exactly right was a clear leading of the Lord in everything that concerned our move to a new house and new home. I believe in a God Who directs the house-swallow in collecting material and who gives it wisdom to build its nest under my house eaves.

In time (months, years) our house, garden, and premises were in nice order. I cannot describe the joy Josephine and I experienced step-by-step working out details in making our place a happy, satisfactory home.

The Food Problem

The food problem defied a good solution. Every attempt to raise American vegetables ended in failure. However, the few varieties of native vegetables grew well and made the garden an indispensable asset. No vegetables were for sale at the distant market.

Here is the place to continue that Tibetan-like strawberry story. When we had the Adullam Rescue Orphanage our gardener, having secured some strawberry plants, took care of these the same as the garden vegetables. They never did well, producing only a few small, sickly berries

not worth eating. When we moved to Ka Do Land we took along a few sickly strawberry plants . After being in our new garden these plants still looked sick until for some reason the boys began giving them an unusual amount of water. That was, I believe, another idea from the Lord. Almost over night we had vigorous strawberry plants. At Christmas we had our first few strawberries, so large and so sweet as to be truly exciting. The amount of berries daily increased until July, half a year. From early spring on we could daily take a pan or pail and pick all the berries we wanted.

Year by year this abundance continued as long as Josephine was in Ka Do Land and as long as I was at home. As soon as I could not be at home at strawberry time those berries failed. Water or no water strawberry production ended. You probably recall my strawberry story to which this is a sequel when in Tibet seven plants in one year multiplied to fifteen hundred. I believe in a God Who makes the strawberries grow.

I also have a grape vine story. As already stated, when that French Salt Commissioner rented the garden to the Adullam Orphanage, at his suggestion we dug up his grape vine and planted it in the garden there. For two years it did no good, merely kept alive.

When we moved to Ka Do Land we took the grape vine with us. Not having time to do things properly, we just dug a hole in the hard, barren, poor soil and planted that vine therein. Who would have believed it? That grape vine began growing as though it had come to its right place. How was that? The way and place that vine was planted could hardly have broken more horticultural rules. The same Lord who made Jonah's vine grow overnight must have touched that French grape vine. It soon had to have a trellis. Every year we had delicious sweet French grapes, such as our concord grapes.

I planted other kinds of grape vines. Not one grew. I made several cuttings from the French vine, got them well rooted, just right for propagating. Having prepared several beds of soil according to horticultural rules the way I knew from experience that grapes should be

planted, I planted my little well rooted vines. They would not grow, not one. They died, every one of them, even the one well planted right beside that badly planted parent vine.

From that French vine we had those delicious grapes every year while Josephine was in Ka Do Land and as long as I was at home at grape season. As soon as I could not be at home at grape season, that large, productive French grape-vine withered and died.

I believe in a God of little things — a God who cares for just two sparrows, a God Who will feed just one or more. Those grapes and strawberries were food specials. At the three-mile distant every-ten-day market all we could buy was pork, lard and rice. The only rice available was a poor grade of unpolished red rice. Even the Chinese coming to Ka Do Land at first found this rice difficult to eat in sufficient amount to satisfy bodily needs. Since we must live on local food in that remote place this unpolished rice must be our main food, like it or not.

Our regular meals consisted of rice, meat, and usually just one kind of vegetable from our garden. Chinese and tribal style, we ate only two meals a day — with chopsticks. One of the small boys was cook. He boiled and steamed our rice as he did their own in a three-foot-wide native cooking iron bowl. This one vessel was also used to cook the vegetables and meat.

To supplement the poor rice diet we sometimes managed to buy a little wheat; this we ground between two native mill-stones, resulting a coarse whole-wheat flour from which we separated only a trifle of the coarsest part. To make real home-like bread of this ground up wheat was impossible. The best we could get was a half-risen something that was neither real bread nor real anything anyone had ever seen. However, it could be eaten with some relish in spite of the fact that there was neither butter nor jam to help it on its way down. Later on we were able to have some flour sent to us from the capital. Although bread made from flour that was “white” and looked more like what white foreigners eat, it did not

taste like foreign bread. Nevertheless, it was an occasional agreeable change from the native bread. We had some eggs and an occasional chicken. That is all I can now recall about our food. It was so very poor that I wonder how Josephine got along with it at all, for she was at home all of the time without a change. Here again is where the Lord helped.

CHAPTER XXIV

Beginnings in Ka Do Land

The Setting

Ka Do Land is the name I gave to the section of the province of Yunnan in the most south-west corner of China, as already stated. The Ka Do is the largest of the primitive tribes in that part of the province. In the whole province there may be as many as one hundred different tribes, each with its own particular language and customs. Some of these tribes are related, having many words in common. Many of the tribes, however, have nothing in common with the other tribes. The tribal small villages and settlements are so promiscuously intermingled that in one day's walk a person may sometimes pass settlements of three or four different tribes, each village different from any other one.

This whole section of Ka Do Land being mountainous, with scarcely a level spot the size of a baseball field, affords but small areas suitable for cultivation. Consequently, the population is very sparse. Although less than a hundred years ago there were many populous settlements, at present seldom can a village or settlement be found that has more than twenty or thirty families scattered here and there on the mountain side.

As a rule these tribal people are very destitute. They are mostly dependent on corn. Due to the steepness of the mountainsides much of the corn ground must be dug by hand and the crop entirely cultivated and cared for by hand. Since too much rain or rain coming too late will make the corn crop a partial or a complete failure, most of these tribal people barely exist. The food is scarce and poor, and clothing and comforts so lacking that the death rate is very high. Due to poor food and heavy work the young people look old and die early. I noticed when baptizing these

pitiable people that even the little girls have rough calloused hands due to using the mattock in the corn patch.

Nearly all of the married young women have a baby tied on their backs, but few, if any little children by their side. Why? Because of insufficient and poor food and clothes and lack of proper care it seemed to me that most of the children die in infancy.

One of our best Christian Ka Dos and his wife, both of whom now have the baptism of the Holy Spirit, before my coming here had ten sons all die when very young. Later, as the mother was dying she saw every one of the children and spoke their names one by one as they came to welcome her to glory land. Hence, these poor Christian tribal people who love their children and have lost them here on earth will see them again happy and grown in perfection in the land where death and separation never come again.

Scourges, famines, hard conditions, and one thing and another deplete whole villages and settlements. For instance, from our house in Ka Do Land we could see eight vanishing houses, the lingering remnant of a village of eighty families who lived there less than a hundred years ago. Just across the little valley from there where we had our church, ninety families had lived within the century. There is not even one little hut there new. Some settlements became depopulated during my time in Ka Do Land. Some whole tribes were disappearing — just a house or two or a few individuals remaining. Mountains once under cultivation are now barren because of the lack of rain that at one time was abundant.

The tribal people have no temples. They worship no idols. They half-heartedly worship ancestors by burning incense before tablets on which the names of ancestors are written and placed on a shelf in the main room of the house. Once a year food is sacrificed to the ancestors.

Devil Bound

Every one of the tribal people, so far as I know, believes in sacrificing to devils. When sick or in some special need these people call in a sorcerer to go through incantations and offer sacrifices to the devils which are supposed to be the source of trouble or to be able to ascertain and point out the remedy for trouble.

In most important cases a sorcerer specialist is called, who knows how to invoke some particular devil to come and take possession of him. This devil having come and taken possession, the sorcerer goes into a trance and becomes unconscious of anything that takes place, while the devil in possession takes over and uses the sorcerer's mouth.

I cannot take the space here to elaborate on how the devil's miraculous power is manifested through these mediums in every tribe in every settlement to such an extent that all of the people are brought under the devil's power in one way or another. This is discussed in my book "Devils and Dupes."

At one time the tribal people occupied the fertile plains and valleys. Then in one way and another the more clever Chinese secured possession of all the good places, compelling the tribal people to move into barren mountains to carry on their losing struggle for existence. The Chinese are the ruling class. They despise the tribal people, call them barbarians, and use them to their own advantage and the tribesmen's loss.

In recent years primary schools have been started in the scattered Chinese villages and in some of the tribal settlements. However, the teaching is so poorly done that, although the tribal pupils learn to speak some Chinese language, they do not get to really understand the meaning of the Chinese words they have learned to read and pronounce.

The moral, or should I say unmoral, condition of all tribes is very low. I feel safe in saying that were you to ask a tribesman whether he knew an adult man or woman who had never committed fornication or

adultery he would answer that he dare not say “yes.” Once in the early stages of the work I gathered sixty young men, still unconverted, for a period of Bible study and gospel preaching. After the Holy Spirit began to work among them they began to confess. Every one of these sixty young men, as I recall, confessed that he had been immoral — had committed fornication or adultery.

So much for a glimpse at the fast-disappearing remnants of tribal people to whom the Lord sent me to carry light to some of them before they, too, like those in the past, should disappear into the darkness beyond the grave.

The Mass Movement Toward God

The turning to God in ka Do Land was a mass-movement started and directed by the Lord, as will be seen as the story unfolds. The Presbyterian Mission in the Red River valley, inhabited by the one prosperous Buy Ee tribe, thirteen years previously had opened a small primary school in a little village of the Ka Do tribe a day’s journey in the mountains. Although for thirteen years this place had been visited from time to time by missionaries and their helpers, the village had not accepted Christianity. There probably was not a converted man in it or one who even professed to be a Christian.

After so many years, for some reason or other, one of the men decided that it would be a good thing for the whole village to accept Christianity, the principal advantage being that the sick could be prayed for freely, whereas the calling of a sorcerer to exorcise devils cost much corn, and chickens, and goats. This man who decided to enlist the village was Bay Dah Go, an uneducated, untalented, good-natured, lazy fellow in his forties. When he talked over his plans with the old headmen of the village, they accepted his suggestion. That settled the question for the whole village, for these tribal villages and settlements trust all of their

general affairs to the old men. Without any elections or appointments some of the older men become the recognized rulers of the village. In some cases only one man with a strong personality has become “the whole thing.” What this one man or group of men decide is final for every family and individual — a sort of dictator system. Much as some individuals would like to be Christians, very seldom could any be persuaded to accept Christ except in villages or settlements where the dictators had decided the whole village would be Christian.

Bay Dah Go having got the decision of the dictators, hurried down to the mission in the valley to have workers come to take out of every house the ancestor tablets and other objects of heathen superstition, for no unconverted tribesman dare remove the smallest of these heathen things lest the devils make him trouble. This village, having its homes now cleared from heathen devil-things, was now a village of “believers.” What sort of “believers?” Ignorant believers. While a few had some understanding about their being one God Who created all things, the others knew only that they were believers because the old men said so.

Bah Dah Go’s village was one of the poorest Ka Do villages, a village of perhaps twenty families living in thatched, clay-constructed, decadent houses. The one suit of home-spun clothes, which each one managed to get each year, by the end of the year looked more like a bundle of rags than like a suit of clothes. One time I baptized twenty of these poor people, mostly women, in a stream in a ravine when the water was so cold it made my feet ache. Having baptized these people in their only ragged thin dress or suit they possessed, they had to line up by the cliff and stand there in the sunshine on that cold morning until their ragged dress or suit was dry. Who could be more destitute?

So it was that this remarkable mass-movement, attended by some of the most striking manifestations of the Holy Spirit on record, began with Bay Dah Go, an uneducated, untalented, almost useless man; it also began

in one of the poorest of the poor tribal villages hidden away in the unfrequented mountains.

Other Villages Follow

This village having now after thirteen years become “believers,” another village followed its example. Then another and another joined the movement until soon it became an almost panicky rush. Workers from the Red River valley were kept busy hurrying from one village and settlement to another ridding homes of heathen things until in a short time six hundred families had joined in this stampede toward heaven.

One of the largest settlements became exceedingly anxious for the valley workers to visit them to rid them of heathen utensils, because they had heard that the foreign missionary had set a time limit beyond which it would be too late to enroll in this movement that would roll you into heaven. I am quite certain neither this settlement nor any of the others that joined this movement had ever heard one clear gospel sermon.

Among the old-men-dictators there may have been, in some cases at least, an expectancy that this new thing would put them in touch with an overseeing Father, a supreme God who would help them in the affairs of life.

My First Contact with Ka Do Land

As I have already explained, the mass-movement’s beginning with six hundred families took place two years or more before we closed the Adullam Orphanage. I hope that I also have made it clear that at that time, two years before moving to Ka Do Land, when Mr. and Mrs. Calender were visiting us, they urged my making a visit to Ka Do Land. They and their associate missionary family, Dr. Park and his wife, were impressed by what had taken place at the time of the mighty outpouring of the Holy

Spirit on the Adullam orphans. Had not these two consecrated Presbyterian missionary families been open to all of the present-day movements of the Holy Spirit in New Testament pentecostal power and manifestations, there would have been little, if any, Ka Do Land story to write.

Having gotten free from the Agricultural Experiment Station and having put my house and the orphanage in order, as already explained, I started on my first visit to Ka Do Land. I took with me Niu Dah Go, the consecrated former opium-smoking gardener from Kotchiu whom I have told about. He would carry my outfit.

After six or seven days' travel we arrived at a village within twenty miles of the Red River Valley Presbyterian mission. We were then unable to hire horses to carry us farther. After two or three days' effort was in vain, it became clear that it was a case of walk it or return home. Since as I had hold of the plow-handle and had that never-let-go disposition I have told you about, of course the "go home" idea had no place. Easy or hard, I must walk it. No turning back.

With difficulty we succeeded in hiring a man to carry our blankets and the camp cot I had brought along. We then started on what appeared to me to be quite a venture. Could I walk twenty miles in a day? I wondered. Never had I walked more than fifteen miles in one day. Being, as I have said, a person of less than average strength, I had found that fifteen miles very difficult and tiresome. Anyway, I had to make the venture.

Every three or four miles the carrier would put down his load and sit down a few minutes to smoke and to rest. Each time I would stretch out on the ground and try to calculate the prospects. Each time my conclusion was, "O.K. I will manage to walk it." I arrived at the mission before sundown, feeling delighted at being able to walk into the compound as a sort of victor, not too tired, "a feelin' mighty good," as some might put

it. How was it that I made that twenty miles so easily? I had the secret — Jesus had walked with me and helped me along.

Upon arriving at the mission, Mr. Calender told me that since he was not well, he could not accompany me into the mountains. He said that I should go ahead as planned; he would send with me one of his workers who was familiar with all the details of the mass-movement. “Do just as you please,” he said, “Who knows? Perhaps the Lord might want you to do that tribal work. Our mission may be leaving it.”

Mr. Calender wanted me to take his nice horse that could climb mountains and take me anywhere. Notwithstanding, I declined the offer. In the two days I had remained there I had had time to pray and to think and to listen. An inner voice had been talking. I had decided some things: Here was virgin territory, an open door, personal freedom. Should I not embrace this opportunity to try out some missionary ideas that had lain latent many a year?

Accordingly, I had decided to walk. Since I had walked twenty miles once, I could do it twice or thrice or any number of times — the Lord enabling me. No, I did not want even one can of foreign food. I had learned to live on Chinese food. Moreover, I did not intend to have a man carry that camp cot over those hard trails in order to pamper me like a tender baby that must sleep in a cradle. Tribal people roughing it in these bleak mountains knew nothing about “soft” people.

It was very simple — this missionary outfit: no food; no dishes or bowls or vessels for food; no knives or forks or even chopsticks; just a cocoa can of water hung by a strap over my shoulder. Bedding. A native blanket of compressed wool, a thin sleeping bag, a mosquito net. Clothing. A suit of very cheap clothes such as the students wear. No necktie, lest the natives think I intended to strangle myself. Canvas shoes. A long staff cut from beside the mountain trail completed my outfit.

All things being in order, we began the adventure. We were now on our way, three of us — Niu Dah Go, the Buy EE worker, and I. That first

day was a real try out. The trail was a rocky, steep up, up, up climb of several thousand feet to an altitude of 8,000 feet. From very early in the morning, we climbed till noon. That mountain climb was one of the worst and steepest and hardest I ever found in Ka Do Land.

After a cold lunch and a little rest we started on. It was another on and on until sun down. I was tired, yet not exhausted. I heartily ate the supper prepared for us, using the natives' earthen rice bowl and their bamboo chopsticks. Then having spread by wool blanket over the board bed and having put up my mosquito net, I crawled into my bag and slept soundly. That day, that try-out-day, had been a success.

I was most thankful. I knew that I had not mistaken the leading of the Lord. It was now clear that I could be the kind of itinerating missionary I wanted to be. I could walk it; I could rough it; I could be tribal-like. In order to reach tribal people with the gospel of saving grace, to tribal people I would become as tribal people that by all means I might save some. The Lord Who had enabled Paul to become all things to all men was surely helping me.

The second day we arrived at Bay Dah Go's village, where the mass movement had started. The next day we began our itinerary to visit all of the villages and settlements which had become "believers." Bay Dah Go, the man used to start this movement, went along with us. He carried our luggage gladly, without pay, a right start. He was zealous, though still unconverted. He knew almost nothing about the gospel. As we walked along Niu Dah Go kept talking nearly all of the time to Bay Dah Go, explaining the way of salvation and the things of God. He was sowing seed in fruitful soil; he had a responsive listener. Finding that Bay Dah Go could understand my Chinese language, I used him as my interpreter in preaching to the Ka Dos. In the homes or wherever he had opportunity he enthusiastically passed on the good news that he was daily hearing.

CHAPTER XXV

My First Itinerary in Ka Do Land

I can do no better than now quote excerpts from the account of this first itinerary among the Ka Dos as recorded in my book GOD IN KA DO LAND. This partial account follows.

Our plan was to reach a new village every night and to call in those near enough to come to hear the gospel. Seldom did a village have more than twenty families, while here and there were other families scattered on the mountain sides or in the ravines. In order to reach one of these settlements in the mountain fastness we often traveled a day without passing a single home, but never did we reach one without meeting a cordial welcome.

As soon as we arrived at a place, by messenger word was sent all over the settlement announcing the arrival of the foreign preacher at last and telling the people where they were to come for the evening meeting. After the people had finished their day's work and eaten their evening meal the men and women began to gather for the meeting. By dark the gathering was complete, the number varying from twenty to about one hundred.

Since there was no other place for meeting, our church was an open space in front of one of the homes. Our light was furnished by resinous pine, splintered and held aloft by some one standing near.

I shall never forget the evening preaching to the Ka Do people. As they stood about us in the light of the pine torches, hearing us speak to them in their own language (by interpretation from my Chinese) there was a careful, intense listening and a deep responsive interest that I shall never forget. Everyone seemed to be open-hearted. Old men and young men, old women and girls, as well as the children, all accepted readily all

that we preached. Every now and then there would be an audible response on the part of some of the women or men to what was being said, thus showing how carefully they were listening. There was such simple, open-hearted drinking in of every word that was spoken that always when I preached to them I felt my heart going out to them in Christ-like love such as I have not known in previous work in China. They seemed to be like sheep scattered in the mountains without a shepherd, but were like sheep ready humbly to follow if only there were a shepherd. Since I could not see how they would have any human shepherd after we had spoken and passed on, all these evening talks were both glad and sad occasions: glad to tell of the one Great Shepherd of the sheep; sad that we could not leave them an under-shepherd.

So we tried to buy up the time as golden. We told them there was one and only one God and that, now having thrown away their objects of heathen worship, they must each and every one, men and women, old and young, personally come to the one living God, ask Him to forgive all past sin and lead them and protect them in the future in ways of righteousness.

As I talked to them about praying they always listened so earnestly. They would interrupt me by asking, "how shall we pray? We do not know how to pray. Tell us how to pray," We would then explain simply and over and over how we were the Father's children and could talk to him about all our needs; that he loved us and cared for us; that he would forgive our mistakes if we confess to him; and that he would guide and help us in all matters; but that all must repent, forsake sin, and pray. We said, "You are to pray in the Ka Do language, for God understands Ka Do." "Oh, can God understand Ka Do? Why if that is so, then of course we can pray to Him. Now you tell us how to pray."

Then after repeating the simple message about God and praying to Him, we asked them to pray. Sometimes they covered their eyes and prayed where they stood, and sometimes we asked them to kneel. However, when they did kneel, they bowed with their faces to the ground,

covering their faces in their hands and prayed. We said, “everybody pray,” and everybody prayed. At first they followed the interpreter sentence by sentence, everybody praying out in a strong voice. Then we told them to pray by themselves.

I still seem to see and hear those Ka Do people praying. Sometimes as they were all bowing to earth with their faces buried in their hands, out there under the star-bedecked, open heavens, I could sense the miraculous presence of the Great Shepherd in the midst of the sheep. Often I experienced such a sense of the Holy Spirit at such times of these simple prayers that I could not but believe that because of these short prayers, seemingly so earnest and from the heart, in those moments the great loving Shepherd may have taken many of these wanderers by the hand to lead them henceforth never again to wander as shepherdless sheep in the mountains.

Time after time there came to my mind those words in Revelation that seem like a short and final message to the present generation, “Fear God, and give him glory; for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of water” (Rev. 14:7).

Late at night the company broke up to return to their homes. More than once the last thing I heard before I fell asleep was some of the people in the home talking with our men about how to pray.

In the morning as soon as we had eaten breakfast we would start for another settlement a half day or a day’s journey distant, trusting the Lord to water the seed sown the night before, not knowing when nor how anyone else could come to lead these pilgrims further on the heavenly way.

A village where we stayed one night was so terrorized that many of the people being afraid to sleep in their houses, slept on the mountain sides. The third day, when we arrived at the end of our journey about noon, we found the people to whose houses we were led, with their valuables tied up in bundles, just ready to flee. A band of some forty

Chinese and other robbers having just taken possession of a village that was in sight, were robbing the people. Upon our arrival our hosts did not flee, only sent their goods away. Late in the afternoon we heard the robbers had departed after robbing the village, taking a man and his son along with them to be held for ransom.

One day we climbed over two mountain ranges into the settlement that was reported to be only half-heartedly forsaking heathenism and to be again putting the heaven and earth posters in their homes, before which they burn incense. Here is what we found beyond the devil's flag:

The people had not returned to the heathenism they had forsaken a year before. Because the workers who had been delegated to visit this big settlement had not gone in there to instruct them, the people were getting discouraged, as they had become adherents of the new religion for a year with no one to tell them how to believe, how to pray, or how to live.

The first night, as the people gathered about us and we began to talk to them, there was a still more earnest listening and hearty response to our words than we had yet seen.

At the conclusion of the preaching after praying with the people and praying for their sick, we told them that we would stay over Sunday. We asked who would volunteer to act as messengers the next day, which was Saturday, to go to surrounding sections to invite the people to the services. Four young men at once volunteered for this task. Upon asking where we could have the service, they suggested the shade of a big tree by the dry river bed. So the news went out that we had come to preach and that everybody was to come to services at the big mango tree.

On Sunday morning when we arrived at the big mango tree a crowd had already gathered, while others were coming from every direction. Some came up the dry river bed, and some were coming down it. In various directions could be seen lines of people that in the distance looked like rows of ants descending the winding mountain trails.

There were those from nearby settlements, while others came from places five, ten, or fifteen miles distant.

From the time they had decided to believe this new religion they had understood that they were not to work on Sundays, but were to go to church. They were willing to give the day, but in all the preceding months there had been no one to preach to them and nowhere to go to church. As I thought of the tragedy of all this and saw them, the well and the sick, trailing in from long distances and quietly sitting in the shade of the big mango tree ready to listen to the gospel for the first time, it was with effort that I restrained myself from crying there before them. So far as I could see, that would be the only chance for them to hear the gospel again for any predictable future.

We had the people sit on the ground, close together, until there was no more space in the shade of the wide-spreading big mango tree. By the time I began to preach, five or six hundred had gathered, while more continued to come.

There was the same earnest listening and the same hearty response I had seen everywhere. When I asked whether it was true they had torn down their poster to heaven and earth and had disposed of all objects of false worship, they answered in a chorus, "We want none of that. We have thrown it all away." I said, "I think that the Lord is glad that you are all here under this big tree which the Lord Himself made. Everywhere there was a responsive chorus, "We, too, are glad."

We preached to them for about an hour while they listened attentively. After teaching them about prayer, and all had prayed in unison, we prayed for the sick for over an hour. We prayed for dozens of these. In spite of the fact that they went on with their daily work and traveled these long distances, a large percentage of the people were sick. Everywhere it was the same. One third to one fifth of the people were suffering with some affliction. On this particular Sunday we prayed for the sick, one after another, until we were tired out. As we finished, two or

three families were waiting to take us home with them for dinner. Reluctant to leave, but feeling that we could do no more, with a tugging at our heart strings we finally climbed up the mountain, waving good-bye to a large crowd who still stood quietly under the big mango tree watching our departure. They had no idea when they would have another chance to stand under this or any other tree to get another morsel of the bread of life.

Two weeks later, upon our return through the place of the robber scare, we tarried for a Sunday, where we again preached to another group of five or six hundred likewise seated under the trees. Here we must have prayed for a hundred sick people.

After visiting all of the principal villages and settlements that had up to that time joined the mass movement, the Lord began opening doors in other villages and settlements that wanted to become believers. From that time on we entered new territory every day. As far as possible we went from house to house during the day, helping remove the heathen things and telling the people simple things about the Gospel and how to pray. In the evening we had them come together to hear the gospel in open meetings such as already described.

In this new territory my heart was especially touched by the way the people came over mountain ranges, following steep and stony paths that we found difficult in broad daylight when we could see clearly to pick every step. Since in many instances I had been to the homes of these people during the day, I knew how far they came and the difficulties of the trails they must follow. I could hardly believe they had come so far at the end of a day's work and still expected to return all that long hard journey after the meeting at night.

In this new territory we went from place to place for ten days, resulting in about two hundred new families renouncing all forms of heathenism. They threw their homes wide open with just such an attitude of mind as Cornelius expressed when Peter stood before the waiting

gathering and speaking for the entire company he said, "We are all here present in the sight of God to hear the things that have been commanded thee of the Lord" (Acts 10:33). It seemed to me that everywhere we went the Ka Dos stood before us in quiet, attentive gatherings with just this attitude of mind. In the course of a month of laborious traveling over hard mountain trails mile after mile, day after day, crossing mountain after mountain, we succeeded to the best of our ability in telling what the Lord commanded us to tell to about two thousand of the four or five thousand who were already prepared to listen. When would these others ever hear one sermon or those who heard one hear more?

The rains had begun to interfere with meetings. Our carriers were anxious to return to their families and work. Our leader wanted to return to his home, and I felt Adullam duties were calling, and so we reluctantly had to turn our faces homeward.

During all that month among the Ka Dos I kept thinking how pitifully hopeless the future of that Godward movement appeared to be. Before my arrival, so far as I could discern, there was not one converted, Holy Spirit-born-again, real Christian anywhere in the whole mass movement.

Those who could read a little, in trying to lead Sunday meetings were a case of the blind leading the blind. To expect workers from the Buy Ee tribe of the Red River mission to care for the Ka Do work was hopeless. These men were too far away, too inexperienced, too lacking in spiritual power and fervor to do much more than they had already done when removing heathen articles from the homes.

Since at the time of my itinerary those to whom I had been able to preach had heard but one sermon, no one had any considerable knowledge of all that was implied in becoming a Christian. When I was finishing my itinerary I thought of taking some Ka Do young men home with me in order to help them get an experience of the Lord and to teach them the meaning of being Christians. I found only four young men ready

to go home with me. Bay Dah Go, my interpreter, also wanted to go with us.

With these five recruits we finally started on our way home to the Adullam Rescue Orphanage two hundred miles distant, a journey that would require a week of daily walking. After the first few days we could have hired horses. But since these men, not having horses at home, walked everywhere they went, I did not want to spoil them by petting. I was preaching a crucified Jesus and cross-bearing disciples. Of course I could have ridden and have the men walk, but that was not the way to do it. The last ten miles could have been made by bus; neither was that the way to do it. We (?) were tribal people to begin with and intended to end our journey in the tribal way — walking. We walked all of the way to the Adullam door. I liked that.

I had had over a month of the greatest satisfaction. Those weeks as I had walked along, this pleasing thought kept coming to me. “Now I am really a missionary. I am preaching in a heathen region beyond where no other missionary has gone. I am reaching to those who have never seen a missionary nor ever heard a real gospel sermon.” The Lord’s enabling me in my method of traveling and living tribal-like was a source of constant thanksgiving. I felt that I was able to do this witnessing in these “regions beyond” in the New Testament way. The Buy Ee leader who was with us thought so, too. He kept saying, “The pastor is doing this work like it is in the Bible.” He had never before seen it done that way.

That month in Ka Do Land was not without some hardships. The walking was sometimes very tiresome. Some of those mountains we had to cross seemed to have no tops. I found that to look up toward the far away top, or pass, was not how to do it. That made the trail ahead too discouraging, and my strength seemed to weaken. I found the remedy; it was never to look up at the discouraging trail ahead. I was to concentrate on just one step at a time. That was a good lesson, was it not? It was a principle to apply to all of the problems and difficulties of life — the same

principle Jesus taught in saying that we were not to be anxious about the climb ahead but to concentrate on the one step before us — the today.

I found the heat very trying. We were running into the hot season. Those river valleys were so terribly hot the sun took the strength out of a person. I did not then know, as I learned later, that I should always use an umbrella when walking in sunshine. That makes a world of difference. The Lord helped on the food question. My being an honored guest, on that first trip I was given the best rice available. Even so, with but one thick slice of cured fat pork as the principle accompaniment of the rice, the best I could do was to manage to swallow two bowls of rice by nibbling bits of fat pork to help the process. At that time that sort of forcing down those two bowls checked pretty well with forcing myself up those Ka Do mountains. Two bowls of rice were insufficient. I knew it but could not help it. Every one of our men ate several bowls at each of the two meals we had each day. After I later became a full-fledged tribesman (?) and had learned to do and to act as such, like them, I was never satisfied with less than from seven to nine bowls of rice at a meal (don't tell it in Gath).

Circumstances taught me a lesson about clothing: in hot or warm weather one thin wash-suit such as the natives wear, is the right idea. Summer underwear is the wrong idea. I found underwear a nuisance, a more than useless thing. When we had to wade a stream our men simply rolled up their trousers and waded across. My underwear would not roll up that way. When we had to ford a river waist or shoulder deep, our men just walked in and waded across as they were. Their one thin suit would soon dry in the sun as we walked on. My underwear, on the contrary, necessitated a tremendous lot of valuable "time out." I discarded the hindrance to discover the better way. Without the hindering underwear the air, having easy access to the body, readily evaporates the constant perspiration or surface moisture, thus cooling the body. Furthermore, there is something about this free circulation of air about the body that is

both stimulating and health producing. In subsequent years I have still practiced what I learned from the Ka Dos when I threw my summer nuisance away. If you live in a hot climate, give my plan a try.

Upon reaching home I was very thankful to the Lord that He had sent me on that first missionary itinerary. At the same time, I was glad that I felt no obligation to repeat. That work seemed too hard. As I saw it, it was a work to be undertaken only by younger and stronger men who could endure hardship and were not afraid to risk their lives. The work would be both hard and dangerous.

The five men I brought home with me remained two or three months. By hearing the gospel every night and being taught by day these men came to a better understanding of the plan of salvation. Bay Dah Go, the man with whom the mass-movement began, received a mighty supernatural anointing of the Holy Spirit, attended with visions of heaven and things of God, but he did not speak with other tongues until after his return to Ka Do Land.

When the time came for these men to return home I gave them enough money for travel expenses. I most reluctantly said “Good-Bye,” supposing that I would never again see Ka Do Land or another Ka Do man. I had been to Ka Do Land only as a guest. The future of the Lord’s work was for others, I supposed.

Due largely to the itinerary I had made, within the following year the number of families in the mass movement increased to some two thousand. What a situation — two thousand families having discarded their heathen things were now ready to listen to the Gospel; they were disposed to believe; but not even one qualified preacher was in sight.

CHAPTER XXVI

He Leadeth On

The Furlough Question

According to the general mission-policy, having now been on the mission field eight years, furlough was over due. Not so, according to my policy. In my very first years on the mission field I began to question the basic necessity of a furlough after a specified number of years, usually seven, or in hot climates three years.

While some system of rules must of necessity be applied to the furlough problem by mission boards, which are governed largely by man's systems, the furlough regulations seemed to me to be far from the Bible ideal. Even in those first missionary days it was my belief that the Lord, Who sends a missionary to a mission field, would expect him to continue at his assigned work until ordered a change.

Having been set free from man's systems and control, I have been able to follow the Lord's leading in regard to furlough. I have been helped in this by the experience of others who have gone on before me. For instance, there was the case of that old, lonesome French-Catholic missionary I have told you about whom I met on the Tibetan border. As already related, he had told me that when their missionaries said good-bye to home and friends to go to a mission field it was a forever good-bye, or a lifetime good-bye. This consecration by this lonely old man seemed wonderful to me; but it was so far above and beyond me that I could not possibly consider for a minute such a consecration ever to be within my reach. At that time for me to leave home forever was unthinkable.

After becoming independent and returning to the mission field, I read the life story of Missionary Studd, who then was a missionary in Africa. Having given away his wealth, at that time he was living in a hut,

sleeping on a hard bed, and living like a poor native. He refused to return home. His consecration seemed complete.

Why should my consecration be less than others? If Studd could continue in Africa the rest of his days, why could I not so continue in China? If others went all the way without reservation, why should not I? To leave home and friends for the rest of my life was, after all, a small thing in view of all that Jesus had done for me. And so I made the decision. I would gladly spend the rest of my days among the people to whom the Lord had sent me, unless He should direct otherwise. This was a good and right decision. It resulted in a closer walk with Jesus and a deeper satisfaction. While I could see that others, especially in some cases, needed a furlough for physical, material, spiritual, or other reasons, that was no concern of mine.

The time our furlough was due according to general rules, was the very time we should *not* go home; it was the time that doors swung open in Ka Do Land. Had we taken a regular furlough there would have been no Ka Do Land story. Strange as it may appear, the times furloughs were ordinarily due were in every case the very times my presence was especially needed in the work. This was true to such an extent that to have left my work just then would have been disastrous.

As it was, I worked continuously in China without furlough for twenty-seven years, until shut off from my work by the communists, as I shall relate further on. Josephine who was also willing to spend the rest of her days in China continued without furlough for seventeen years, until the Lord's time, when by His appointment it was necessary for her to return home during the war.

It was at that period, during a rainy season when the ground was soaked, making it easy to dig, that I dug what I expected to be my own grave. I feared lest the spot might have hidden rocks or lest at the time needed it might be the dry season when such soil was so rock-like it would be almost impossible to dig. Having personally dug what I expected to be

my grave, I filled it in, marked the spot, and gave proper instructions as to its purpose. I was sorry I had to leave it. I wanted to finish my course among the Ka Dos. I still would like to use that spot I had chosen.

After my decision to spend all of my life, to the end of my days, on the mission field, I have never been homesick for America. I have always been increasingly homesick for the real Homeland.

A Worm and a Mountain

I now return to the part of my story that began two years before we moved to Ka Do Land, while we still had the orphanage. This part of my story fits in with the thought that “the Lord can use a worm to thresh a mountain.” The worm has been in sight plenty of times. Now take a look at the mountain: two thousand families, probably ten thousand people, widely scattered through the mountains like so many lost sheep without any shepherd. What could I do? Nothing, I supposed. I did not expect to have anything more to do with that mountain.

Were I to undertake to meet the demands of the situation created by the villages and settlements that had become nominal believers, it would be something like living in St. Louis and caring for churches, tens of them, scattered here and there in every state from Minneapolis to Miami and from New York to San Francisco. With present methods of travel it would be possible more easily and quickly to reach these churches scattered over the United States than to reach these places in Ka Do Land. How was that for an undertaking? I have not exaggerated its size. That mountain was higher and larger than I have indicated; its top was out of sight; and it was too wide for a man to walk around. After all, nothing seems to me to put the situation in a nutshell as well as the parable of the worm and God and the mountain. How appropriate this parable is will appear as I proceed in relating the account of the Lord’s miraculous working in Ka Do Land.

In Ka Do Land Again

After my first, and supposedly last visit to Ka Do Land, for a year I received no news from there, except that a Presbyterian Mission had left the Red River valley. It was reported that all of the Presbyterian work, including that in Ka Do Land, had been turned over to an evangelical German mission. In a very roundabout way, many months after I had made my visit, I heard that some of the Ka Dos had received the Holy Spirit. There being no post offices in that remote section, I had no way of verifying that report.

Since I knew the German missionary whom I heard had been delegated to care for the Ka Do work, I wrote to him, saying I had heard that there was a special movement of the Holy Spirit among some of the Ka Dos. I said that were he careful to accept all that came from God, he would surely see a real work of the Lord in Ka Do Land. I expressed the hope that the Lord would abundantly bless him in meeting this wonderful opportunity.

Some months later, again in around-about way, I heard that the work of the Holy Spirit in Ka Do Land had been stopped. That worried me. I was certain that the movements of the Holy Spirit in Ka Do Land were due to Bay Dah Go, the man I had taken with me to Adullam, who had there received the Holy Spirit. I felt a responsibility. I was busy with the orphanage work, evangelistic work, and writing a book-manuscript. Though the work in Ka Do Land was then in the hands of a missionary organization and supposedly no concern of mine, nevertheless, I could not get free from a constant anxiety and concern about the movement of the Holy Spirit in there in the mountains. This concern increased until it became a "must" and then a distress. At last I came to see that I could have no relief in spirit without making another trip to Ka Do Land to investigate the situation. I had no further plans; but I must go.

I took with me the gardener from Kotchiu whom I have told about, who when about dead, had seen the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus and who was healed then. Although we had no one to lead us the last part of the journey, we found our way to Ka Do Land and to the village where the mass-movement had started. The last day was a very long and tiresome stage over the highest Ka Do mountain pass.

In the afternoon we met the first Ka Dos, some poor old women on their way to the Red River to trade for rice. I cannot express my joy at meeting Ka Dos again. I had supposed I would never see another Ka Do. Since I had wondered whether under the new German mission I would now be welcomed by the Ka Dos, it gave me a happy thrill to find that these people were very glad to see me once more.

At once I asked whether it was true, as I had heard, that some of the Ka Dos had received the Holy Spirit.

“Yes, we got the Holy Spirit.”

“Did you like it?”

“Yes, we did; we were happy then.”

“Do you get the Holy Spirit now?”

“No. We are not allowed to get it.”

That helped me. The rest of the day’s journey did not seem so hard. I was right about it: the Lord had surely sent me back to Ka Do Land.

Having arrived at the village, I got the story as follows: When Bay Dah Go, who had received the Holy Spirit at Adullam orphanage, returned home, the Buy Ee school teacher asked him how things were conducted at Adullam. Upon being told about our having a special meeting for the Holy Spirit every Wednesday evening and that Bay Da Go himself had received the Holy Spirit, the school teacher said, “Why can’t we all gather and pray for the Holy Spirit here like they do at Adullam?”

This being agreeable to everyone who was told about it, the village people, as directed by the teacher, gathered and prayed for the Holy

Spirit. God heard them; the Holy Spirit came in power upon the group. Among others the Buy Ee school teacher and the Ka Do teacher became conscious of sin and salvation through Christ. The Bible for the first time became a living book to the Ka Do teacher, causing him eagerly and understandingly to read it. All who received anointings of the Spirit were conscious of having received something better than they had ever before received in their hard and care-worn lives of poverty and hardship.

All was going well, and everybody was happy until the German missionary appeared on the scene. He told the Ka Dos that all supernatural and physical manifestations were of the devil. The Holy Spirit, he said, is only a quiet influence in the heart never attended by any physical movement. He then forbade them all praying in unison. Only one person was allowed to pray in a meeting. The teacher said that they could do nothing but obey, for the village was dependent on the German mission for its religious support and guidance. "We had no one to lead us," the teacher said.

I then asked what they wanted to do. I explained that were they again to pray for the Holy Spirit as they had before, the mission would surely withdraw all support. The people said, "We want the Holy Spirit." I told them that, if they wanted the Holy Spirit regardless of consequences, to gather the people for a meeting that night. Accordingly, the people assembled in an open court in front of the poor home. Being very tired, I talked to the people with little unction, while Bay Dah Go interpreted in the Ka Do language.

Having talked about the Holy Spirit which the Ka Dos said they wanted, we told them to pray the best they could, expecting Jesus by the Holy Spirit to move in our midst. As we stood there under the canopy of stars they all began to pray the best they could in unison. The second the Ka Dos raised their voices in prayer the power of God came down. The man standing by me jumped into the air and then stood shaking mightily. He then jumped all over the court. He was prostrated on the rough cobble

stones. When the power of the Lord would lift from him and he would arise and pray again the same manifestations would be repeated. Several others were being moved in much the same way. Very evidently this was no natural performance. No one would naturally have been found lying in that stony unkempt court. Something had happened that was not man's doing. Let those who think they know all about the workings of the Holy Spirit and are certain that the Holy Spirit always works without such physical manifestations of power explain it as they may.

These simple minded Ka Dos there under God's shining stars knew that Jesus had come down in their midst. They knew that the God who once shook the earth out of its place was shaking them out of place; and anointed by His Spirit they were thanking and praising Him then and there. Some of those women prayed and praised the Lord all night without stopping to sleep. The devil never does it that way.

Nee Da Go

The first man upon whom the power of God fell that night, who out-jumped and out-danced them all, decided to go with me for Bible study when I returned home. He was educated well enough to read and understand the Bible better than any of my subsequent workers. When it came time for me to return to our home, Adullam, this man, Nee Da Go, was sick with malaria fever. He started with us, nevertheless. Although he could not keep up with the others, he finally made each day's stage. I remember one day as I was walking with Nee Da Go behind the others that, sick as he was, helping himself along with a cane, he said to me, "I certainly am going to repent." He did repent from that time on. He needed to. He had continually been mixed up in lawsuits and local quarrels. He owed debts that he could not and did not pay. He drank wine and smoked and mixed up generally in Ka Do sins.

In the eighteen years I worked in Ka Do Land Nee Da Go only missed one period of Bible study. He understood the Bible the best of all our workers. He always gave generously for the church and convention needs. Without any pay he walked with me thousands of miles, carrying my blanket and travel outfit and interpreting for me. He was always free in the Spirit. He danced in the Spirit all over Ka Do Land. He was the most respected and the most loved man in our churches. I never knew a man I loved or respected more highly than Nee Da Go.

The Lord honored his consecration. He paid all of his old debts. He was enabled to build a good house. His affairs so prospered that eventually he was free to itinerate and do the Lord's work as much as he liked. More than ever he liked to give to the Lord's work. When more than a year before I had to leave Ka Do Land and the communists had taken over, they had evidently spotted Nee Da Go as one of our principal Christian leaders. A band of evil men directed by the communists came and robbed Nee Da Go of everything he possessed. They came daily three days in succession, taking all of his grain that he had stored away for the year. One by one they drove his cattle and water buffalo away. These men took everything of any value — farming plows and tools as well as household utensils and supplies.

Nee Da Go took this total loss in the spirit of Jesus Who gave His all. He made no complaint. He perfectly understood the plain teaching of the Bible that the next big event was the coming of the anti-Christ who was already at the door. When he would come, as I had taught, the Ka Dos might expect to lose all of their possessions and perhaps their lives. The anti-Christ had now come as the Ka Dos had expected: the communists are anti-Christ coming to a head. Nee Da Go lost all for which he was doubtless prepared. He will be rewarded one hundred fold. He may now be in prison or have lost his life.

And so it came about that the mass-movement in Ka Do Land began with one of the poorest and most unlikely men, Bay Dah Go, who

was the first Ka Do to receive the Holy Spirit at Adullam. This movement began in one of the poorest Ka Do villages. It was here in this most unpretentious place that came the first outpouring of the Holy Spirit that swept through tens of villages all over Ka Do Land. Were I to relate in detail all that took place in only this first village where Bay Dah Go lived and the Spirit was first poured out, it would take some chapters of space not available.

The Second Village that Wanted the Holy Spirit

A few hours' walk from this first village was another Ka Do village whose leading man was zealous for the Holy Spirit. He knew the good that had resulted from the outpouring of the Spirit which the German missionary had stopped. He had seen that the initial short outpouring of the Holy Spirit was the thing alone that could change the Ka Dos. This man, Lee, at his own expense had built a church for the village. When I had now come again to Ka Do Land Mr. Lee asked me to go to his church. He said that his people wanted the Holy Spirit regardless of what the German mission thought or did.

When I arrived, nearly all of the village people gathered at the church — over sixty persons in all. There they handed me a booklet of many pages hand-written in Chinese language. This elaborate booklet written at the dictation of the German missionary was a defaming of the physical manifestations of the Holy Spirit and of my work in particular. As I read this the Ka Dos stood around watching for my reaction. I had not read very long until I came to such nonsense that I laughed. It was very evident that I was amused rather than disturbed. After reading a little more I smilingly handed back the vilifying document and started the meeting. Seeing that I evidently considered the booklet nonsense and not worth reading, the Ka Dos were ready to seek the Holy Spirit without reservation or doubts.

As soon as I began to speak the Holy Spirit seemed to fill the whole church. The presence of the Lord was so real and powerful that it was with difficulty that I was able to speak at all. I had never had an experience just like it. After a very brief talk about Jesus, the cross and the Holy Spirit and prayer, we were ready to pray. Immediately when we began as usual to pray in unison, the power of God fell upon all of us so mightily that it was said that every one of the sixty or more in the church received some anointing of the Holy Spirit, mostly attended by some visible manifestations. Of course that does not mean that these Ka Dos were already converted. It was much like it was in the home of Cornelius, Acts 10. I feel sure that the Ka Dos were as certain as were those in the home of Cornelius, that God was in our midst.

Mr. Lee

Now some more about Mr. Lee, a leader of this Godward move, who had taken this uncompromising stand for the Lord and the Holy Spirit. He became one of the outstanding Ka Do Christians. When by a forest fire, or otherwise, the church he had built was burned, Lee, at his own expense, built another one. He gave generously to the church work. He had a good Ka Do tile-roof house and was a comparatively well-to-do Ka Do with plenty of rice fields for all his family needs. He decided that after making allowance for family needs for the year, he would give all the rest of his crop to the Lord's work.

Though he was anxious to read the Bible, being illiterate and over forty years of age, learning to read those hard Chinese characters (words) seemed like an utter impossibility. He came to the Bible study and tried to learn to read. At the end of a week he had learned only a few words. His memory appeared to be a blank, but he was determined. Although he wanted to read the Bible, if he ever did learn to read it would be a miracle, I thought. I never saw a man work at any job, physical or otherwise, any

harder than Lee worked trying to learn these chicken-track-like Chinese characters (words). In time (months) his dormant memory began to function. A marvel. He learned to read the gospel of John. Who would have believed it? Was it a miracle? He understood what he could read and he preached it. He took charge of the church he had built.

Lee's brother and his old father were as vile as Ka Dos ever become. The old father loved his opium, his pipe, and his wine. He hated God. He and that brother did all they could to make life a hell on earth for Lee. With their filthy habits and terrible tempers they made first-class servants of the devil. The old man liked to curse and use bad language when I was near him, something I never knew another Ka Do to do.

Lee's sister-in-law was as fine a praying, humble, and forbearing saint as I ever knew. For years when she returned from church she could expect a terrible cursing or a beating from that awful husband. The reaction always was "Praise the Lord," with only love manifest. After years of suffering at the hands of her bad husband, love won out to the extent that all opposition to Christ and the gospel ceased and this man liked to have me talk to him about Jesus. Although he had come to admire Jesus, he was not yet ready to break with his old habits and be baptized.

Both Lee and his sister-in-law had their crosses, but having received the Holy Spirit, they persevered in as godly living as any saints I have known.

Home Again

This is but a partial account of the Lord's dealings with the first two of the villages on that second trip to Ka Do Land, in spite of previous hindrances, the Lord had now shown His love and intentions for the Ka Dos. I also loved the Ka Dos and wanted to help them. I had showed my intention. So it was that after returning home to the capital, when friends suggested that I leave the Ka Dos to the German mission, I was not in

favor of any such suggestions. Even well-meaning Pentecostal friends thought that I should observe the general missionary board's "divide-em-up" practice. What was my reaction? It was this: I had given up all former work and plans, had almost lost all things, and had suffered much privation for three years in order to receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The baptism had meant everything to me and was worth a million times its cost.

Now, a Ka Do in God's sight was as worthy as I was to receive the Holy Spirit and he was also as valuable as I am. He needs the Holy Spirit as much as I do. Who shall be allowed to stand in his way to hinder his receiving this "something better than gold"? I do not know what I can do or how the Lord will lead me, but here and now I make my declaration of independence: regardless of what my friends may say or think, regardless of all or any mission-board policy, regardless of any or all missionaries' disapproval, I intend with the help of the Lord to do everything He enables me to do toward seeing that the Ka Dos get the Holy Spirit. This one lone worm hereby proposes to thresh the mountain, so help me God. I have orders from the Commander-in-Chief. D-day is near. I must invade Ka Do Land.

To give in detail an account of what took place in Ka Do Land after D-day is an utter impossibility. I kept no diary. Had I done so, the record of inspiring things would fill several volumes. As it is, the partial account of the movements of the Lord in Ka Do Land fills four volumes. It is evident, therefore, that in this present account of Ka Do Land I can touch only on a few of the high and the low places. This record does not always follow chronological order. From the time I first visited Ka Do Land at the invitation of the Presbyterian Mission until we ended orphanage work and moved there was more than two years. Before we had moved I had made perhaps half a dozen itineraries to Ka Do Land, walking the separating two hundred miles. Counting these with subsequent trips I walked those two hundred miles twenty times.

CHAPTER XXVII

Here and There

As already stated, my first trip to Ka Do Land was over two years before we discontinued the Adullam Orphanage and moved to Ka Do Land. During that time the Holy Spirit was being poured out all over Ka Do Land except in the section where the German missionary had moved.

Soon after I had made my first itinerary this German missionary had built a house and with his wife moved into one section of Ka Do Land. This section into which he moved was more than he could take care of with his few Bye Ee workers who could not speak the Ka Do language. At the same time, the mass-movement covered such a wide area that I and my workers also had more than we could properly care for.

The Devil in Ka Do Land

While it was during the time before we moved into Ka Do Land that the Holy Spirit was most widely poured out, it also was the time the devil came forth most mightily with his hellish legions. The devil planned to bring the work of the Lord to an end. Throughout all sections where there had been outpourings of the Holy Spirit and a breaking of bad customs and a movement toward God, the local Chinese officials started persecution. In one village they took a young man and hung him up by the arms for a whole day. Another young man they took away for a soldier.

The proclamations I had sent from the capital through regular channels to the leading Chinese officials, telling them to stop persecution and allow religious liberty, were ignored. Repeated official proclamations were repeated uselessness. The local tribal head men and the people in general were not allowed to know about the proclamations guaranteeing religious liberty. The persecutions became so bad that for six months

religious meetings were stopped over half of Ka Do Land. What could I do? Just one thing: get wisdom from the Lord. I prayed for wisdom — and got it.

According to regulations, in any kind of government affairs a missionary should not personally go to a Chinese official. As we are not under the Chinese government, we should go to the American consul. He, in turn, should not go direct to the head government but to the commissioner of foreign affairs who acts as a middleman between the two governments — a lot of red tape subject to delays and uncertainties. Now directed by the Lord's wisdom and after much prayer, I felt led to ignore the "proper" way; the government rules, the "red-tape way."

I went straight to the office of the commissioner of foreign affairs. Since his secretary did not seem to be busy that day, he liked to visit. I told him about the persecution. I also told him that there was only one thing that would work; I myself needed a proclamation that I could take right in my hand to show to the people and to the tribal officials. "All right," the secretary said, "You go home and write out a proclamation just as you want it. Then take it to the American consul and have him translate it and pass it to me in regular official form. I will get you a proclamation from the governor himself." I almost jumped out of my chair. My highest hope had been for a proclamation from that foreign affairs office. Who would ever have dreamed that I could get a proclamation from the governor?

When I told the American Consul about this he was surprised. "Did they really tell you that?" he asked.

In just a few days all was ready. Instead of the ordinary sized proclamation, I got *three big* proclamation sheets three feet square each stamped with the Governor's big seal. The American Consul said that, thinking I might need them, he had asked for the three instead of *one* proclamation. (I actually needed and used the three).

I was so happy and so excited when I got those big proclamations in hand that as I rushed home I could scarcely avoid running over the people on the street. I made a “bee line” for Ka Do Land. Did I fly there or walk? Anyway, I got there quick. With those big posters showing that we had the O.K. of Governor Long, every threatening mouth was sealed shut, every giant was knocked down and out.

In time, when the Christian movement became understood and its benefits apparent, some of the former persecutors became friends. Is it not clear that in this very important affair the Lord gave me wisdom and miraculously helped me in ways contrary and superior to man’s ways? Was a foreigner ever before personally given a Chinese proclamation direct from a Chinese Governor? I wonder.

Another Onslaught from the Devil’s Forces

The outpouring of the Holy Spirit over Ka Do Land after a year or two were followed by other terrific onslaughts from the forces of the devil. I shall now give some account of this as recorded in my book, God in Ka Do Land. This reads as follows:

Living in the capital, Kunming, and at the same time looking after the Ka Do work, so far as time required for travel is concerned, was like living in Chicago and pastoring churches in Honolulu. Therefore, we should move to Ka Do Land to prevent further hindrances to the work from outside sources and at the same time establish the young Christians who were in places of leadership.

The devil had no intention of evacuating his old camping ground to allow us to occupy territory where he had had full control so many centuries. Seeing that we certainly were coming and that there was going to be a fight, he made a full-front attack before we could marshal our forces.

While we were training workers at our home at Adullam two hundred miles away, the devil concentrated his fire on the leaders who were still in Ka Do Land. For the first year or more the new recruits had been much used by the Lord; they had been faithful witnesses whose ministry had everywhere been approved “with signs following.” Very few of the leaders had backslidden or fallen deep into sin.

However, after we had decided to move to Ka Do Land and were working day and night preparing to go there, the devil’s forces began picking off our leaders one after another. In the past the enemy’s sharp shooters had here and there picked off a few of our workers, but this present attack was along the whole front. Men fell spiritually dead or wounded in such numbers that we wondered when the smoke of battle had cleared whether any warriors would be left standing on the spiritual battle front.

Every report from the front brought bad news. Some of the leaders I had most loved and in whom we had great confidence had fallen into deep sin. Some had gone to Sodom, others had frozen. All these defeats took place so rapidly that it looked like it would turn into a complete capitulation. We could only look at one another in dumbfounded amazement and exclaim, “Who next?” I never before saw anything like it. The shepherds were backslidden; the sheep scattered, and some of them were spiritually dead.

The devils danced for joy and their dupes made merry as Ka Do preachers joined the devils’ rollicking forces rushing down the broad road to hell. Here the devil also got in some bad strokes at me. He got me in a corner, where he kept me in the ashes for some time. He saw to it that every discouraging thing that happened was shouted to me as through a megaphone. Every mail brought letters from the different parts of Ka Do Land containing bad news. These letters brought to me so much grief of spirit that I sometimes left them on my desk unopened for a week or two.

Rest? How could a soldier quietly rest at home while his comrades were being annihilated at the front? I could not properly eat or sleep. I did my work in a dazed sort of way as though in a bad dream. My mind and heart were in Ka Do Land, but I could not leave for the battlefield. Thus the devil seemed to get me down, as he does sometimes. But the Lord as usual picked me up and put it in my heart to fight more fiercely than ever. This time there was “blood in my eye.” I would go all over Ka Do Land from village to village and from settlement to settlement and by the help of the Lord fight this battle to a finish.

Having again arrived in Ka Do Land, I started my attack. We would have a roll-call. If out and out for God, stand here. If out for the devil, get over there. We would form a new battle line; we would start all over with “out-and-outers.” It might be a Gideon’s three hundred; it might be only Jonathan and his armor-bearer; it might be Elijah alone with God on a mountain, facing a host, but in any case, one, or few, or many, with God on our side we would win.

Now, over the top for God. The first roll-call or check-up showed that of the one hundred and fifty boys who had been with me for some period of Bible study, one half or more, so far as known, were living changed lives, although the majority of these could not lead meetings.

Considering the fact that these young men had all come from rank paganism and been guilty of almost every sin — murder, robbery, drinking, gambling, using opium, prodigal living — it was encouraging to hear that so many were still on God’s side in the midst of incessant temptations. We now started in our village to village and settlement to settlement campaign. We marched straight into a camp where the enemy was enjoying much spoil. Here he had ruined the shepherds and scattered the saints.

One of the first men who had studied with me had built up an encouraging work in this place. Later he had gone to other places, leaving this first place in charge of local men, some of whom had studied with me.

In the onslaught from the devil's forces most of these local leaders were now caught in the net of one sin or another, resulting in the discouragement of the whole community.

When the man who had at first built up the work in this place now returned with me, he was utterly discouraged when he saw the wreck. Although he doubted whether he could get the people to come to a meeting or find ten persons disposed to go on with the Lord, he went from house to house, urging them to come to the meeting.

What a surprise. Saints and sinners came. Here is where the Lord took a hand; He opened the hearts of the people to listen; the Lord alone can do that. He gave unusual anointing of the Holy Spirit to me and to my interpreter to present clearly the way of life and the way of death, the up and the down, the for and the against. I then felt led to call for a showdown:

"All who have been baptized stand over here." They moved over. "Now one by one step out and tell us what you have been doing with Jesus and what you propose to do." One by one they confessed their sins. I rejoiced to find that actually very few of those who had been baptized had fallen into gross sin. However, they had been hindered and much discouraged by the sins of their leaders. The Christians now declared that regardless of what those backslidden leaders did, they themselves intended to follow Jesus.

I then turned to the rest of the crowd who had not been baptized, saying "You have had much teaching and heard much preaching and seen many manifestations of the Holy Spirit in your midst. You know what I am talking about. Now, let us be definite. Yes, or No; for God or against Him; repent or perish. Do you propose still to dabble in sin and flirt with the devil, or will you forsake every sin and come clean for God? If you are decided for God and holiness, hands up; if not, hands down. All hands went up for God. We all prayed at the same time as usual. Many received supernatural anointings of the Spirit. The devil's forces moved out. God

moved in. From that night on, that church made progress until it became one of the best Ka Do churches with one of the best of the Ka Do leaders.

This supernatural conflict with the devil in this first church we visited on that trip was typical of the others. Where the leaders had fallen into sin and were holding meetings at the same time or where no meetings could be held for lack of leaders, we found in every place a Holy-Spirit-inspired open-heartedness toward God. The record continues: Wherever I went the people came to the services in as large numbers as ever before. No matter how strong I made the claims of Christ and the call for all-round repentance and full turning from sin and heathenism to obey the Lord, the people said that the new and better life in Christ was what they wanted.

If I asked for a show of hands from those willing to repent, all hands went up. After making the demands of the Christian life as strong and as clear as possible, if I should ask those who were willing to forsake sins — wine, opium, tobacco, immorality, sorcery, cursing, bad language, lying. Willing to pray daily, observe Sunday, read the Bible, go to church and obey God — to move over to one side, every one would move.

This did not mean that all were then and there converted or that everyone subsequently repented. It did show a right attitude toward God.

By the onslaught of the devil's forces through the Chinese officials and then by invading the churches with every kind of heathen sin the Lord's work all over Ka Do Land was brought to a low. The churches never again were so universally hindered by the devil. From the time of our rescue expedition, there was a general return to the Lord's side and an upward progress from year to year. Although the devil kept up a drawn-out fight, as we persistently resisted him in the name of the Lord, his power became less and less. During the last years of our work in Ka Do Land we were more than conquerors left standing on the battlefield whence the devil and his forces had fled away.

In the first years of this conquest the Holy Spirit was poured out everywhere we went with the gospel. This was largely true regardless of whether I or the workers conducted the meetings. On one itinerary in which I visited seventy-five villages there were outpourings of the Holy Spirit with supernatural manifestations in all these seventy-five places except just a few.

In those days whenever I preached and then had the people all pray together I always expected the Holy Spirit to come upon them. Regardless of whether I had preached with much or little unction or whether the interpretation had been good or not, I could count upon the coming of the Holy Spirit as a certainty. I depended largely on these constant outpourings, for they brought the people into contact with God.

The Angels were on our side

A war is raging between devils and angels as was clearly shown one Sunday in the early days of our work in Ka Do Land. On this occasion before churches were built we had a meeting under a big tree on a mountain pass. About three hundred Ka Dos had gathered from several villages. Only one of these villages had received the Holy Spirit. We had not yet had time to go to all of these places to tell them about the Holy Spirit and to help them pray for this power from on high. False reports had been circulated in some villages. Under the circumstances, I decided that that day I should just preach to those there on the pass and then dismiss them without giving any opportunity for any manifestations of the Spirit. Later we would go from village to village and explain about the Holy Spirit and have a clear understanding before giving a chance to pray for the Spirit. I thought my plan was tactful and wise. Did it not seem so?

That day preaching was unusually difficult. Although the Ka Dos usually listened responsively, this time they were listless. Aside from only a few, no one seemed to be interested or grasp our meaning. Neither I nor

my interpreter seemed able to preach with any real unction. For an hour we labored along trying in vain to interest the people with our message. Seeing that further efforts were useless, I very reluctantly stopped preaching.

I was afraid to have the people all pray at once as usual. If they did so, those women who had received the Holy Spirit in that one village would surely dance and queer my tactful plan. To carry out my program all that was necessary was for me myself to make a short prayer and send the people home — as empty as they had come. Accordingly, I announced that I alone would dismiss the service with prayer, while everyone gave attention with bowed head and closed eyes. Hearing this, those Spirit-filled women hurriedly pressed through the crowd and got close to me.

“All be quiet, all heads bowed, all eyes closed. I will pray.” The second I began to pray in Chinese language it was as though a bowl of fragrant incense from heaven was poured over me. Jesus appeared to be right there as I talked to Him. Those spirit-filled women near me also sensed the presence of Jesus.

As I first quietly prayed I could hear the women under the anointing of the Spirit very reverently and quietly in their language saying “praise Jesus, praise Jesus.” The more they praised Jesus the more the heavenly love flowed into my heart and out through my voice in prayer. I never prayed under a more loving anointing of the Spirit. As under His unction I prayed on and on with increasing freedom, I could hear those women with increasing fervor praising Jesus. I suspected that they might be dancing. I and the women were so evidently lost in the life of Jesus that I was not then concerned about what any person might think. I do not know how long I prayed. Time does not count with God.

I finally stopped praying and then opened my eyes. These Spirit-filled women were all dancing through the crowd. Many others who had never before danced were now doing so. Every other person present, with face buried in hands seemed to be praying. Even men standing on the

slope rather apart from the crowd, men who had probably come out of curiosity, were praying and shaking under the power of God. I counted sixty or more who were dancing or shaking or trembling under the anointed on the Holy Spirit. Who could there have been in that crowd of three hundred who did not know that God was there?

What had happened? Bay Dah Go, the man with whom the mass-movement had started and who was the first to receive the Holy Spirit at Adullam, had a gift of the Spirit that enabled him to see much that took place in the invisible world. He saw what happened here: When I began to pray as he knelt near me just outside the edge of the crowd, he saw me clothed as with a beautiful glory-garment that covered me entirely. As I thus stood praying Bay Dah Go saw many devils half-man-size running around in the crowd. Then all of a sudden three angels descended right among those women and began to dance. Many other angels were flying to and fro just above us. When these angels began to dance the Spirit-filled women also started to dance. The devils got away as fast as they could when the angels came down.

I had not been able to preach because there had been many nefarious devils near me. The people could not listen and were restless and listless because there were too many devils moving among them. My wisdom and plans had been a stark failure. The angels brought heaven down and changed the whole situation.

The angels have much to do with the outpourings of the Holy Spirit and with spiritual manifestations. One time a whole village heard angels singing.

In the afternoon of this Sunday on the mountain pass we went down to the river to baptize those Spirit-filled women and some others from their village. After I had talked to them and they were standing on the bank quietly praying ready to be baptized, the Holy Spirit came upon the whole group. The power of the Lord was so mighty that when I baptized some of the people as I lifted them from the watery grave they jumped

right out of my hands, leaping and praising God. After the workers helped them to the shore nearly all who had been baptized danced there and were soon prostrated in their wet clothes on the clean dry sand of the beach. They were in the glory-life of heaven, the life beyond the grave.

While I was baptizing these Ka Dos I had a wonderful sense of the Lord's presence. As I was doing the baptizing I noticed a young man standing at the edge of the water with his face lifted heavenward, while tears were streaming down his face. Having finished the baptizing, I asked this young man why he stood there apparently weeping. "Why," he said, "when you began baptizing, I saw with wide open eyes the glory of God descend. As each one was led into the water I could hear the angels singing right above you. The more you baptized the more the angels sang." He said that he could see the glory of God and hear the angels as clearly as he could see those being baptized. Some years later I asked this young man whether he still remembered the time he heard the angels sing. He said that he never forgot it.

The meeting at night with the Lord Jesus manifesting His blessed presence in our midst ended that Sunday with the angels about us having given us victory in conflict with the forces of the devil.

The above gives but a faint idea as to how devils hinder prayer and praise and the preaching of the gospel and all of the work of the Lord. This experience also gives some light on how the angels minister to the children of the Lord.

Both in China and in the States at home devils have been seen hindering my preaching. Although I did not myself see these, I could feel their nefarious presence. On the other hand, angels have been seen standing by me or near me when I was preaching. On such occasions I sensed the presence of the Lord in an unusual degree. We have the constant ministry of angels.

Just recently here in Formosa one Sunday morning as I began preaching to my Hakka Christians one of our best women began pointing

toward me and calling the attention of one near her to what she was seeing. She suddenly jumped to her feet as with hands and arms extended above her, trembling under the anointing of the Holy Spirit, she began praising and thanking Jesus in the Hakka language. She saw a person with white shining garments standing by me.

Who knows how often angels stand by and help us preach oracles of God and dictate what we are to say?

CHAPTER XXVIII

Through the Dark Valley

Into Death Valley

On Saturday the men had returned to their homes from a time of Bible study at our place. That evening as I sat under a tree back of our house, where I had gone to pray, I felt like my cup was running over with joy. The Lord had been with us in an unusual way during the ten days of Bible study that had just closed. Jesus in vision was seen walking in our midst during one of the services.

Josephine also felt much encouraged. Of late she had enjoyed unusually good health. She was getting enough of the Ka Do language to be teaching some of the Ka Do women. There was no persecution anywhere. Everywhere the work was encouraging. There were more opportunities than we could meet. At home we were very comfortable. We had food and clothing, and had plenty of bedding to keep us warm. Our simple home was surrounded by nice flowers and shrubs. As I sat there under that tree meditating by way of such thoughts running through my mind it seemed too good to be true that we could be so happy and that everything could be so completely satisfactory. True enough, we had been over some rough roads. Not all had been roses; yet all thought of past hardships seemed to be forgotten that evening as I contemplated present victories and future promising prospects.

My meditations now took another turn. I thought of all Jesus had suffered for us. I thought of the thousands suffering persecutions under the communists now, and I thought of the saints who have suffered for Jesus' sake in all the days of the past. Thinking of all this made it appear to me that we had not yet endured hardships worthy of the name "Christian." Was not our present happy state too easy? Too comfortable?

Our cross too light? If our work is to go deeper must we not cross a deeper valley, carry a heavier cross? If we are to reign with Christ must we not suffer more with Him? But if there is to be a crucifixion, what will it be? Will someone die? Who will it be? What is ahead? As I thus thought and prayed I sensed a deep valley ahead. It was there; I was descending into it right then.

That very night Josephine was terribly sick all night long. Since she felt better the next morning, I left her alone at home while I went to hold the Sunday service in the distant church. Upon my return, when I entered our home I was completely dumbfounded. There lay Josephine on her bed, her eyes wide open, entirely unconscious. I spoke to her. No answer. I hurried to her side. Yes, she was breathing, but she did not know me. Later she aroused from her stupor to some extent to a conscious condition of incessant misery attended by constant restless motion, while crying out, "What is it? What can I do?" She was not conscious of my presence.

This attack so sudden, so terrific almost paralyzed me. The evening before the sky had seemed so very clear. Now all was black, overhung with inky clouds. Was our home to be so suddenly wiped away? Was death to eclipse all present plans and hopes in the twinkling of an eye? It looked like it. The submerging billows were rolling in. It looked as though Josephine might not see the light of another day. My sense of utter helplessness was startling, confounding, confusing. It had never occurred to me that such a condition could come about.

Now what could I do? Not a thing. I was entirely dependent upon God. Our only helpers were our two half-grown Adullam boys naturally too small to give much human help of any kind. The customs and whole life of the native Ka Dos was so remote from ours and their lack of understanding our ways was such that in a crisis such as we now had they were entirely helpless. What could anyone do? When death was so loudly knocking at the door what else could be done save trust God?

This death-flood had swept down so suddenly that I had no time to pray nor could I now pray at any length. The delirious, half-conscious, restless tossing, rising and reclining of my wife demanded my incessant attention. I could not leave her alone for one minute. Meal-time came, but no time or even desire for food. Slowly the hours of the whole awful day wore away into the night. Night passed on toward darkest midnight through hours every one of which seemed as long as a day.

At last dawn and morning came. Some Ka Do women then came saying they would fast and pray. They could do no more than that, willing as they were to help. Only I alone could take care of Josephine.

All through another endless day Josephine's fever and unrelenting distress continued without a letup, nor was there any respite in my watching by her side. At long last we passed into the second dreadful night. That second night was blacker than black, darker than dark, it seemed. The awful silence! Aside from the sufferer's restless tossing, was a silence that seemed to penetrate.

How loud was the ticking of that little alarm-clock on the windowsill. What did that loud ticking in that awful silence say? Time going to run out? Why was it that it now took what had been an hour for that clock hand to move on a minute? I never had supposed that a clock hand could move so slowly and still be moving at all. How could it ever pass another midnight and then move on to another morning?

At the same time, along with that night's seeming endlessness was Josephine's incessant restlessness. Would she lie down? Yes, but when her head touched the pillow she must arise. Perhaps she could recline against some pillows. A few minutes only. No, she must try to lie down again, or try some new position, or lean her head upon some pillows, or bend forward resting her head upon a cushion. Seldom so long as one minute in one position, changing and trying every position it seemed to me a hundred times. Thus we two alone wearied on and on into the darkness of

that night. At last, at last, a gleam of dawn and then a full dawn into another day.

It was now two days and two nights we had gone without a wink of sleep or a morsel of food. Those two days and nights I did not get hungry or sleepy or feel the need of rest. I was living in a strength not my own.

During the night my mind had wandered on and on. Was my wife really going to die, as seemed likely? Could she go so suddenly without a chance to say a word, no time to talk things over, no chance to put her house in order? Can people go so quickly? Yes, I recalled how one well Ka Do had gone within a few hours. I also remembered how one well Ka Do woman became sick and died within an hour. Yes, anything could happen in devil-controlled and demon-infested Ka Do Land.

Before we had moved to Ka Do Land we had considered all this. To save the Ka Dos we might not be able to change our manner of living or endure the hardships which they suffer. We might be called to die with some of their dread diseases. Why not? Jesus died to save us. Can the disciple be above his Lord?

Now as I sat there holding my wife in her restless stupor, face to face with that we had long seen — that we might die as the Ka Dos die — what was there for me to say? “Not my will but Thy will be done.”

Demons About Us

When all but we two were asleep in the watches of that terrible night there surely were unseen demons, devils, powers of hell and darkness all about us. No wonder the heavens seemed blacker than the night. No wonder I seemed vainly trying to pray against heavens of brass. Would it be possible for the devil to rush in like a flood, catch us unawares, and carry my wife away before we could pray and get in communication with God? No. Back of sickness is the devil; but back of the devil is God. We do not depend on prayer; we depend on *promise*, a

promise from God that “When the enemy shall come in like a flood the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him.” The Lord might permit the one who has the power of death to lead us into the dark valley, but the Lord would never lose control over His own as long as it was for His glory that they continue on earth. Death to the child of God would be the big victory over death and him who has the power of death. Thus meditating through the watches of the night I did not doubt but what the will of the Lord would be done.

But what was His will? Life on earth? A better life in heaven? What. So far as my wife was concerned should I ask the Lord to leave her here to continue in this troublesome world when the other world was so much better? Surely not. Should I pray for the Lord to leave her here for my personal, selfish companionship and happiness when she had opportunity to move over into such realms of glory? Surely not. Since heaven is so much better, so much more glorious than the present life, since its joys are real, why not covet for others an early and abundant entrance into these celestial glories? If my wife was going to a better home to join loved ones and embrace her own two children in the Paradise of God where His life and presence gives joy unspeakable and full of glory, were I to unselfishly put her enjoyments first I must wish her God-speed and covet her privilege. There was no question about the benefits that Josephine would receive if she could get out of this encumbering body of clay and fly away with the angels.

Then my wandering thought would return and pity poor me. If my wife were to leave for that better land I wanted to go along with her. Had we not walked together many years and helped each other over many a stony road, along many a narrow ledge, across many a perilous ditch, up many a mountain, and through many a dark valley? Now if Josephine were to go and I were to stay, how about me? How would I fare? How could I make the rest of the journey alone? To whom could I talk? Who

would help me? Could I pray, “Lord leave her here for my sake, Lord I cannot walk or work alone.” Certainly not. That would be selfishness.

And so my mind wandered on through the night — left alone how could I endure it? I could not then come to a home for refreshing after my long, tiresome itineraries in the mountains. Every flower would remind me of the ones we had looked at together. The shrubs and trees we had together planned and planted would only bring memories. They would seem to mock me, I would be too lonesome. I could not spend all of my time in those lonesome native homes, nor could I stand it to return to a still more lonesome house, no longer a home. Yet my presence in Ka Do Land seemed necessary. To leave would be impossible; to remain would be impossible. What could I do? Nothing, only wait and see what the Lord would do about it. I had come to another dead end.

I still had some things to say to the Lord about the situation: heaven is glorious, and a million years there will be a start. Since we are down here passing this way but once, and expected to save men, should not this useful short span of earthly life be extended as long as possible? Thus I reasoned on with the Lord: did you not send us here to seek and to save the Ka Dos and those of other peoples and tribes and tongues? Is not this life the only chance we shall have to walk among men as Jesus walked to lead them to heaven? Now, if Josephine’s remaining longer will make it possible to get more men and women saved, I shall expect you to see to it that all the demons and devils from hell and the devil himself be not allowed to take my wife out of her present position of service a day or an hour before her work is complete. It was up to the Lord. I had no more to say or pray.

At the Brink of Death

Josephine sank lower and lower. She went deeper and deeper into the valley of death. The crossing of the river seemed just ahead. I was

alone with her. No struggle now. All was motionless and silent. When our two Chinese Adullam boys arose I went down to tell them that Josephine was dying. They might come up to see her. They wept as they, too, saw her so evidently come to the end of her journey.

The boys at once put the house in order, while I prepared my wife for burial. I myself must make the burial preparations. As I did this I remembered having read how a missionary in Africa had all alone cared for his wife during her last illness and then prepared her for burial and he himself buried her. When I read about that I said to myself, "I could never do what that man did. It would be impossible for me." As I was now reminded of this I saw that the impossible is possible with God. I completed dressing Josephine for burial.

I do not know why I felt as sure my wife was leaving as though she had already died. Just as she seemed to be breathing her last she began to breath better and to revive. We could see that life was returning moment by moment. When she later became half-conscious she said over and over that the Lord had called her home. Did the Lord change His decision as in the case of Hezekiah?

I thought Josephine would recover rapidly. As life and strength returned hour by hour, for a day or two the clouds rolled away. Then with another onslaught by the powers of darkness Josephine once more descended to the valley and river of death. Long seasons of delirium and incessant sleepless activity followed by times of unconscious stupor turned this sudden attack into a long siege for life. Days began to turn into weeks. At times all the forces of the devil seemed to rage about me. It was clear to me that the devil had a definite plan to take Josephine's life and to make it impossible for me to continue in Ka Do Land by breaking me down by these long-continued attacks demanding more than human strength on my part.

Josephine's nights and days of high fever and delirium were often sleepless days and nights for me. With no chance for rest, no chance for

relaxation, no chance for any prolonged sleep, no chance for strength-imparting prayer, together with the burden of care that such a situation brought, it became not only a question of how long Josephine could hold out under such a terrible physical, nervous and mental strain as she was suffering, it was also now a question of how long I could endure the prolonged strain.

I supposed that Josephine had typhus fever. I remembered how a missionary had helped a friend of mine care for his wife who had typhus. The incessant demands of care were such that at the end of two weeks the missionary and friend were both worn out. This was in spite of the fact that they were in the city with plenty of facilities and the help of capable servants. Here I was alone with a case of typhus such as had worn out two persons in two weeks but which kept me on this high tension for several weeks.

I put a folding cot beside my wife's bed, yet I never undressed to sleep. I dared not sleep for more than an hour at a time, day or night, for how many days or weeks I do not know. I write this in such detail to make it clear that in this emergency I was sustained by supernatural strength that was never followed by a bad reaction.

This battle between life and death raged for many weeks. Times of slight improvement were followed by returns to the door of death. At the time of one of these apparent death-times when Josephine became half-conscious she said that the boat had come to take her over to the glory shore. She wanted to know why I had kept her back and did not allow her to cross over. The only reason she could think of was that I must want her to help me some more. I assured her that I had no such thought.

One night when I awoke from one of those short naps, Josephine was again partly conscious but not enough to carry on a conversation or realize what was going on. She asked, "Did you see that large angel standing just outside of the door?" I did not see it, but I believe she did. We surely had the help of angels.

Visible Powers of the Devil: Robbers

During that first week especially the room seemed at times to be filled with invisible devils. All one night and the following day, although so wear she could scarcely stand alone, my wife in her delirium had insisted on arising to attend to some imagined duty. I could prevent her only by holding her or by placing obstructions in her way. Thus I had worked with her without my sleep or rest for two days and a night. In this condition we went into the second night of watchful care for me and ceaseless activity for my wife. That seemed to be the devil's night. At midnight the moon went down, leaving the world in a darkness that seemed fitted for the powers of darkness. Out of the darkness came voices from downstairs. Strange voices could be heard talking in subdued tones. A call to me came from one of our orphan boys; "Pastor Baker, there are some men here who say for you to come down."

"I can't. I can't leave Mrs. Baker. Send them up here."

I knew that the minute I left my wife she would be on her feet again. Even though she could scarcely stand, she would in her delirium try to do something. But I must go to the door anyway.

When I opened our back door three men and our Adullam boys were approaching. One glance and I understood — robbers.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"We have come to sit with you for awhile," one of the robbers said as he tried to pass by me through the half-open door where I stood. I quickly stepped outside, pulling the door shut behind me as I said:

"I cannot very well invite you inside as my wife is very sick, almost dead. We can talk here."

"We have come for some travel money," one of the men said. All three had pistols in their hands.

Our Adullam boy was “shaking like a leaf.” As in the past when meeting robbers an unusual peace and fearlessness came over me. After I had talked with the men in a friendly way a few minutes they said:

“Well, since we have extended our hand we cannot take it back empty. Just give us any amount you like.”

I went into the house and brought out a small amount. They seemed to get confidential. “Two days from now in broad daylight we are going to go to that house over there on the mountain and ask for money,” they said. They did go a day later.

We parted in a friendly atmosphere. My angel must have been present.

When I stepped inside the house Josephine was wandering around in delirium, although she could walk only by sliding one foot slowly forward at a time. I managed to get her back into her room and into bed again. As the endless watching continued I wondered what outrage from men or devils might come next.

More Robbers

A month later, after preceding sleepless nights, for the first time in weeks I went to my own room to sleep. Mrs. Jensen from the Danish mission some days’ journey south of us had just come to help care for Mrs. Baker and was with her that night. I had just fallen into a sound and peaceful sleep. At midnight I was awakened suddenly by loud voices on all sides of the house. Someone struck the downstairs door with a club. Before I could get thoroughly awake a man was banging on my upstairs door with a club, yelling in a loud voice “Open the door; open it quick.” A man stood outside with a club. “Will you get money for me or not?”

“Yes, I will get you a little,” I said.

In stalked the head man carrying a rifle and leading four other men. I had seen robbers on various occasions, but this man rushing in was not

like a robber. I thought that if the devil himself could dress in men's clothes and come stalking in from the midnight darkness, this must be he. A strip of cloth several yards long was loosely tangled about his face and over his shoulders to hide his identity. He nervously pranced about like a voiceless imp from the underworld. Now and then he issued orders in a low grunt that sounded like the growl of a wild animal. While the other men were holding me up for money, the masked ruffian went into my wife's room where she lay in a half-conscious stupor, partly aroused by the voices and the light flashed in her face. The villain demanded Mrs. Jensen's wedding ring. He then rolled my wife over, grabbed her hand and having violently pulled off her wedding ring slammed her hand away saying, "Now die."

Who were these robbers? They were men from our own community who belonged to the devil-crowd. They got bolder and bolder until the two leaders were caught and killed. The local Chinese official, who got part of the plunder from our place, was forced to return Josephine's ring, return some of the stolen things and pay for the other things.

The devil kept at his attacks. He stirred up others of his local tools to come to make me trouble over nothing of importance or sense.

Josephine's recovery after weeks of lingering near death often seemed hopeless. In her half-consciousness she would say that she was surely going to heaven. She wanted to know whether I had decided where to bury her. As time wore on during those times of testing when I was all alone, I seemed to feel more and more how far I was separated from the Ka Dos about me whose habits of life and ways of thought were so different from ours, yet we had the best thing in common — our heavenly citizenship. One Sunday in the second month of my wife's sickness I felt certain that she was dying. This word having been passed on to the people gathered for church, as the service ended the Ka Do women from the church a mile away came rushing up the mountain to our home, arriving there breathless and sweating. I allowed them freely to go in to see

Josephine. Was I far from the Ka Dos? Not now, not in the Lord, and not in things that mattered most.

How timidly, how reverently, how quietly these women went in to have a last look at my wife, their dying friend. She used to take these poor womens' hands in hers, and they had felt her arm around them. Now they all wanted to get up close to her as she lay silently before them, pale as death. They spoke to her. Each wanted to know whether Josephine knew her. "Do you know me?" No reply, no recognition from the eyes that were wide open but could not see. The poor Ka Dos took Josephine by the hand. They gently put their brown calloused-work-hands on her pale face. The tears rolled down their cheeks. They sobbed; they wept; they prayed. I stood back and let them do as they pleased. How those poor Ka Do made me cry!

When they came out into another room some of them were not satisfied. They went back to kneel or stand by my wife's bed to pray again. Some of them laid their hands on her and prayed. Why not? Had not my wife many times laid her hands on them and prayed?

When they had again come out of the room one young girl remained standing near me. When all but a few were gone she said, "I want to go in and pray again." She got down on the floor near my wife's bed, bowed her face to the floor, and prayed right out of her broken heart.

Did I now wish for a doctor? Did I regret that I was so far away from those of my own race, far away from home friends, far away from someone with the gift of healing? No. Many friends at home, who knew how to pray, were constantly praying for us, even though they did not know we were passing through deep waters. When those poor but godly Ka Do women, who loved the Lord with all their heart, left that day I felt that if God did not answer prayer for those simple, repentant, blood-washed brown Ka Do women He would not answer prayer for anyone. Once more I was at peace. Josephine again passed out of the valley of death.

Mrs. Jensen was with us two weeks after Mrs. Baker began to recover. I at once regained full strength without any weakened reaction from the strain under which I had been constantly kept for so long. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death... thou art with me."

CHAPTER XXIX

Mountain Peaks and Depressions

Glory Peaks. My Band of Prophets

(Some years later)

Never before did any year of my work end in such a climactic manifestation of God's glory-world. My many months of incessant long itineraries without any periods of rest terminated in the general yearly convention. This followed the local conventions, where the Lord had walked and talked with us in ways long hoped for. During twenty-eight successive days of conventions and other meetings there was not one day that Jesus did not speak to us through prophecy or interpretation of tongues, attended by visions of the glory world.

For some years a few of our young people had shown evidence of possessing "the gift of prophecy." During the preceding two years, following my long period of fasting, some of these young people had spoken in prophecy in their own local meetings. Why not have a "school of prophets," I reflected. That unquestionably would be biblical. Why not try it? To that end I determined to call together about a dozen young men and women who sometimes would prophesy. I wanted to have them alone for a few days where we could wait on the Lord as long as we liked without hindrance from any others.

A difficulty arose: if I called only my select group together, on the one hand, there was the danger that at the very start it might give this special group the impression that they were my favorites and perhaps the favorites of the Lord also. On the other hand, other just as spiritual Christians might feel hurt by my seemingly giving them an inferior place. I therefore enlarged my band of prophets to include others who had

received enduements of the Holy Spirit. However, I had so invited people to the meeting that I thought few other than my proposed little band of prophets would come.

At last the day and the hour arrived. What was my surprise to see first of all a string of women coming, mostly middle-aged or older, twenty-eight of them, from the Boo Kow tribe. I was disappointed. I was hoping for my young people. Very soon some of my prospective prophets did arrive. Others young and old from the Ka Do and other tribes continued coming until we had a total of seventy.

I went to bed quite dubious. Things were not as I had expected. But why be concerned? Was not this the Lord's work, and did He not know what He was doing? I then went off into a peaceful sleep. It was nearer day-light than usual before I wakened to pray.

I arrived at the tabernacle shortly after daylight. Although I did not intend to preach to the group, I did not get even a chance to tell my intention, for all the people were already gathered in the tabernacle praying in unison. I joined them, and we were off to the land of glory. The longer we prayed the nearer we got to Glory-land. Prayer continued on and on. We were now approaching Glory-land. As we got in there some of the seekers climbed right on top of the glory-peaks and looking into heaven saw the King of Glory. Others were gazing in raptured admiration over into the Paradise of God. Some were on another mount, weeping as they gazed at the one upon the cross hanging on the nails that opened the door that alone led into this land of glory.

I do not now recall who was the first to prophesy. I think it was the one whom in my mind I called "my little prophetess."

Several years earlier when she was only half-grown, one day when caring for the cows on the mountain, as she prayed there she received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. During the following years at the times we prayed for the Holy Spirit she never failed to get an anointing. From the time she was small, when we could visit her village once or twice a year,

she would follow us out of the village talking about Jesus and then cry when we parted. I never saw a person more devoted to Jesus, more careful to obey Him, or who seemed to have easier access into His presence.

She fell in love with one of the boys in her village. He had not been baptized nor received the Holy Spirit. She tried to get him to be baptized. Since he did not receive the Holy Spirit and show real love for the Lord this girl, who really loved him, put off the marriage. She often talked to me about it. That went on for at least two or three years up to the time I left. Much as she was in love, friends and relatives could neither coax nor force the girl to marry the one she loved unless he too would truly repent and get to know Jesus intimately like she knew Him.

She was the means of her mother and other women in her village receiving the Holy Spirit. I always liked to see her come to a convention, for her presence was always a help. She helped us all into the presence of Jesus. In later years she usually in vision when in a trance saw Jesus when she prophesied.

So it was that first morning when the time for prophecy came my little girl prophetess stood before us trembling under the anointing of the Holy Spirit, as in vision she saw Jesus and talked with Him. With face turned heavenward she stood there before us, speaking in the Chinese language. She was talking face to face with her beloved Jesus. We all silently listened in. The Holy Spirit speaking through the lips of this godly Ka Do virgin gave all of the conversation in which she was engaged, her private heart talk with Jesus. She was face to face thanking Him for all He had done for her. Her joy in the land of pure delight often overflowed in exuberant laughter. Jesus called her His "little girl." He reminded His "little girl" that the joy she now felt was because He had died for her. There she stood before us with her hands by her sides, trembling as in a sweet low voice she talked to Jesus thus: "oh, Jesus, I was only a useless little girl, a sinner.

Oh, Jesus they beat your body with lashes, didn't they? Your blood was shed. That was what washed my sins away. I was not worthy to have you suffer so much for me, just a useless little girl. Why, Jesus what are those marks in your hands? Dear Jesus that is where they nailed you to the cross for me." She could talk no longer. Her voice broke. She began to weep. Seeing how Jesus had suffered, broken-heartedly she knelt at Jesus' feet before us all and wept outright as only the broken-hearted weep. We all were moved to weep with her there where she had brought us to the foot of the cross.

The Lord had thus taken us over into Glory-land and then brought us back to the mount on the border to let us see that the entrance to the realms of glory is by way of the cross and over the blood.

Weeping turned to praying, and praying turned into a volume of praise. Having been held for a season at the foot of the cross we were again led over to the land of joys and up to the peaks of glory. Having wept and prayed and rejoiced, one after another got up to pray and sat down quietly — all except some of our prophets.

Now someone else in a trance, caught away in the things of the Lord became his mouthpiece and was talking to us in prophecy. Thus two or three prophesied in biblical order, while all others listened carefully and responsively. In this way Jesus talked to us while we listened to every word. We were again brought to His cross and caused to gaze upon Him there until again we were brought to our knees in contrite prayer. These alternative seasons of prophecy and prayer were repeated several times.

Finally the meeting was dismissed for breakfast. But who wanted to eat ordinary food after partaking so bountifully of heavenly manna and of the fruit of the tree of life in the paradise of God? Probably no one ate any breakfast. After resting an hour or more the people began to gather for another meeting. The first person who entered the tabernacle began to pray, and so did the second, and the third, and all who followed. Without

cessation the experiences of the morning were repeated until four o'clock. It was then the Lord's order to have some rest.

After supper we had another series of prophecies, visions, prayers, and praise. It was now ten o'clock. The meeting had begun before six in the morning. After almost all of the time for a full day at the foot of the cross or over in Glory-land we retired for the night.

The second day was a repetition of the first day. Once more when I arrived at the tabernacle before sunrise many of the people were there praying and well on their way to Gloryland. The third day was much the same except that we reached higher and higher peaks and better appreciation of the grace that saved us on Calvary.

To describe all that took place those three days is impossible. Many were in vision caught up to paradise, where they saw resplendent jeweled mansions, floral displays, and gardens of fruit impossible to describe. Some of the heavenly visitors thought they were bringing some of the fruit from paradise back with them to earth.

Whether through prophecy or through tongues and interpretation Jesus talked to us, it was always in an unhurried, clear Chinese language with words so perfectly chosen and in a spirit so gripping that I wished I might talk to my people always in that way.

I found out that the Lord was not replacing my teaching ministry; rather, He was exalting it and supplementing it by gifts of the Holy Spirit.

In the three days of this gathering of "the band of prophets," at one time or another, I saw all but four of the seventy supernaturally anointed by the Holy Spirit. Seventy was a Bible number, I am just now reminded. Moses had seventy elders. Jesus at one time sent out a special group of seventy. Not all of our seventy prophesied or had visions or trances; but every one enjoyed spiritual blessing like being caught up to mountain glory-tops, like looking over into paradise, like enjoying the fragrance that blows from the flowers of Eden, or like tasting of its life-giving fruits.

Bible Study

The three days of special waiting on the Lord were followed by two weeks of Bible study. Two hundred and twenty attended, seventy-five of whom were young women. Nearly all of these, having been with us before, could read parts of the Bible. Although several tribes were represented, all were one in Christ like a big family of brothers and sisters.

At the end of two weeks the young people returned home to demonstrate the love of God and tell the good-news-story to their friends.

I left at once to conduct seven local conventions. Some of my “band of prophets” were present in nearly all of these convention meetings. God alone knows how much I valued their presence. After I had said all I could in my simple talks, often far below what I wanted them to be, someone would be caught up in the Spirit and speak in prophecy. That gave us the touch from heaven that we all desired. At the time of these local conventions we had prophecy every day.

In this connection I want to mention two instances of unusual prophecy that just now come to my mind. In one instance, I had spoken to a group of Christians of the La Lo tribe. As soon as I had finished and stepped away from where I had been standing, a big school boy who had a glorious anointing of the Holy Spirit at that time arose from where he was sitting, quietly walked up to the front where I had just addressed the people, and gave a short but good address in a nice spirit and good language.

As I later thought about the incident I got to wondering. As tribal people are very humble and reluctant to speak in public, I asked this boy whether he knew that he had thus addressed the people. He knew nothing about it. He had spoken to them with his eyes open and the whole affair was apparently so natural and apparently usual no one even suspected it was all done by the Holy Spirit independent of the boy’s volition. That surely was true prophecy.

At another time I had with me a Ka Do young man who had been a real ruffian. He had even thought of killing one of our best co-workers. Having attended a short convention and received the Holy Spirit, he wanted to accompany me on my itinerary in order to learn more about the Lord. One evening after I had spoken and we had all stood as usual and prayed in unison, when all others were again seated this young man remained standing. He made a nice talk in a fine spirit that everyone liked. That surprised me. After the meeting I asked the young man whether he remembered what he had said. "I did not say anything," he replied. He did not know that he had given us that nice talk that no one suspected was altogether the Holy Spirit using him as a prophet. We were closely linked with heaven.

The year ended with thirteen hundred miles of walking itineraries on my part. The next year would start with another gathering of my "band of prophets."

Down in the Valley

I expected after Josephine's recovery that we would go on together as we had in the past. No doubt the Lord had raised my wife from a death-bed because He had further work for her to do on earth. Yet I never suspected that the Lord not having taken her to heaven, leaving me here by myself, would take her away to America, causing me to become a lone pilgrim.

After her protracted sickness, which left her emaciated, Josephine did not fully regain her strength. In the past our almost exclusively rice diet had been hard for her. Now in her frail condition our poor rice diet with no nourishing food to supplement it left her more like a skeleton than like a healthy person.

I again made itineraries in the mountains. I was needed everywhere by the churches. Opportunities were calling from Macedonia. These

things necessitated my being away from home for a month or two or longer at a time. To leave Josephine alone for so long a time in her weak condition did not seem to be the right thing to do. Then, too, I had learned how quickly and unexpectedly she could be stricken down by one of the dread diseases in that devil-possessed land. What if I had not been at home when she had been stricken? I might have been several days journey distant.

And so the time came that Josephine must return to America, and I must continue in Ka Do Land in the work that could not get along without me. As I continued to pray for unmistakable guidance it became very clear to me that aside from health considerations there were other reasons also not then apparent, why Josephine should return to America. The Lord had work for her to do there.

At the same time it was clear that, so far as I could see, I was to continue alone in Ka Do Land the rest of my life. I could not expect Josephine to come back again to those hardships in Ka Do Land. Our separation, so far as we knew, would be final, for present life. Not having separated, it was impossible to anticipate the hardship our separation would bring to both of us. Had we known, I wonder whether we would have undertaken such a hard road. However, in any case the Lord doubtless would have overruled to lead as He did.

After her recovery when I told Josephine that had she gone to heaven I would have gone to America, for I could not stand it alone, she replied, "You would not have gone to America. You would have gritted your teeth and stayed on." She evidently was right about it, for when I came face to face with the same problem of separation I did "grit my teeth and stay on." Here is where that bull-dog-take-hold-and-never-let-go-disposition was a real help. But all this needed to have the help and the courage given by the Lord to make it a success.

I thought that Josephine would find it much more satisfactory at home, where she could have abundance of nourishing food, the

companionship of relatives, and the fellowship of Christian friends. It would be some relief, I thought, in contrast to that lonesome life in Ka Do Land when I was so often gone on long itineraries. It was not so. I believe Josephine found the separation worse than I did, hard as that was. We were separated for eight years, supposing all the time that our separation was final.

Later I shall relate some of the spiritual things that took place in Ka Do Land. Many of these things would not have occurred had I not been free to make long itineraries and spend much time away from home, as would not have been the case had Josephine not returned to the States. While these wonderful things of God were taking place in Ka Do Land, Josephine had a ministry among the churches at home, definitely anointed by the Lord to encourage the saints at home to pray for me and the Lord's work among the responsive people in Ka Do Land. I shall quote Josephine's letter written at that time for our paper, "The Adullam News."

After being in China without a furlough for seventeen years I returned to America in July 1941. Like other American women and children, I had been advised to leave China. Nevertheless, I had not felt led to go. Brother Baker and I had discussed the situation brought about by Japan's invasion of China and concluded that we were not yet in imminent danger. I supposed it was definitely settled that we would remain in China regardless of consequences.

Early one morning to my amazement I heard these unbelievable words: "You are to go to America." Instantly I knew what was before me. In the following three weeks while Bro. Baker was on an itinerary I made my renunciation. Upon his return we immediately began preparations for my journey to the Capital from where I would go by plane to Hong Kong and thence by steamer to America.

From the day we made known our intentions to our local church people until I was out of their sight I was attending my own funeral. Once I asked one of our coworkers, "What do the women say to you about my departure?" "Say?" He replied. "They say nothing; they just cry."

One of our Christian girls came to me with this offer: "For a few days I will work as fast as possible to carry all of our wood down from the mountains; then I am coming to spend the last week with you." I could not tell her that it would be impossible to arrange our affairs, pack away our things, make necessary clothes, and that her presence would be more of a hindrance than help. Anyway she did not come.

Never shall I forget the day one of our old Christian men came to persuade Mr. Baker not to allow me to leave. He was one of our first converts, who for sixty years had been bound by wine, tobacco and opium habits, but now set free by Jesus. I knew the two men were in the room together, but hearing no sound I went in. My husband was quietly sitting by his desk and the old Ka Do man, with tears in his eyes, sat on a nearby bench. With keen understanding this old man had pictured to his pastor what it would mean for him to return from a long itinerary, weary, and possibly sick, to a homeless house. "You will have no one to talk to," urged this friend. "When you are sick who will take care of you? You can never remain here by yourself. You will have to leave us," continued this sympathetic brother.

The next day a younger man came. He and his Christian wife have been outstanding in their devotion to the Lord. Although poverty poor, this man refrained from doing work on Sunday and from playing the heathen music at weddings and funerals, the pay from which might help supply his children with food and garments. He, likewise, came to urge us to change our plans.

Could we tell him that the condition under which we had lived was preventing my recovery from my long and almost fatal illness three years previous? Could we explain what I did not fully understand myself? Could we make him understand that I, scarcely able to walk could not flee before an invading enemy? Neither could my husband have made him understand the weight of the strain he always felt when away on his long itineraries for weeks at a time while I was at home alone. No. With a breaking heart I bowed to the inevitable condition and proceeded with preparations for my homeward-bound journey.

The dreaded last night in my home arrived. Fearing exaggerated rumors that enemies might spread, saying that we both were leaving and thus encouraging freedom for persecution, we allowed only the people of our nearby churches to know that I was leaving.

On this last night thirty or more people came to spend the night with us. Not one person came without a parting gift. Unrefined sugar, rice cakes, and eggs were gifts, a total of one hundred eggs; but the gift that touched my heart most deeply was a half-size chicken given by a poor widow who never ate a satisfying meal. The chicken that was to have been exchanged for a little salt was handed over to me. What touching scenes were those last days. Our next-door grandma repeatedly walked through our rooms murmuring, "What shall I do when you are gone?"

Early in the morning our neighbors and our local people gathered to see us start on our ten days' journey to the capital of the province. In awed silence that group of a hundred or more bowed their heads and with roughened hands covered their tear-stained faces as my husband in a few choking words committed them and ourselves into the hands of our Heavenly Father.

“I will meet you in heaven,” were the only farewell words I could speak at that time. Taking my place in my traveling chair, I was soon being carried by four native men away from all that meant home to me. We were off, but we did not start alone as I expected. Every man, woman and child followed us. Three times I got out of my chair, urging our friends to return and repeating my “good-bye, I will meet you in heaven.”

Finally all but a few of our inner circle turned back. These, in spite of our remonstrations, followed us more than three miles. At last, I got out of my chair and again said Good-bye to my last beloved Ka Dos.

In my last airmail from my husband was this sentence, “I can still hear the loud weeping of those women as they still stood there on the road watching you go down the mountain side and around the bend that took you out of their sight.”

Josephine never again saw her Ka Do women.

I will now quote at considerable length from my personal letters to my wife after our separation in Ka Do Land. Although these private letters were not written for publication, my wife saw fit to publish these in our paper, The Adullam News, for which she at that time was responsible. Although very personal, these excerpts from some of my letters will give an insight into my lines of thought at that time. I kept no diary.

I am sorry I cannot give excerpts from Josephine’s letters of those years or some details of her work in America, due to the fact that all those letters and records were lost in Ka Do Land when we were unexpectedly cut off by the communists. In the next chapter will appear some excerpts from letters written to my wife after her return to America, together with various personal experiences when I was alone eight years in Ka Do Land.

CHAPTER XXX

Some Ka Do Land Experiences

Excerpts from Letters to my Wife

Kunming, May 29, 1941. For thirty years wherever you were was home to me, and wherever you were not was not home. I shall realize this when I return to Ka Do Land alone, but I am sure that the Lord will work everything out for His glory. At times I have sweep over me a sense of what it may mean to be alone; nevertheless, there also comes the assurance that all is well and that the Lord will work it all out for His glory and that out of this sacrifice we will have more satisfaction in the Lord than ever before.

June 9, 1941. As I look to the future I know that I shall miss you much and often. I suspect that there will be greater hardships than I have yet seen; but I know that there must be more suffering on my part if my work is to be more effective; and so with this thought in mind I welcome the idea. I often feel that I have endured so little for the Lord that there must be more suffering if I am to be worthy of the name Christian.

Giving up our home and you is the greatest sacrifice I have ever made; and it launches me into an untraveled future. As I was glad that we could keep James with us so much longer than missionaries usually can keep their children, I am now grateful to the Lord that I had a home with you for thirty years. I do not fear the future for either of us. Jesus will be near to us. I shall join you on the other shore before long; after all, what are a few years compared with eternity?

June 19. This is the day you will sail from Hong Kong. (She had eaten heartily and began to pick up strength rapidly from the day she had

arrived in Hong Kong). I am glad for this opportunity to undertake what looks like the impossible in the way of hardships and to sacrifice more for the Lord and for those to whom He sent me. As I have said before, the one problem is that of being homeless in view of the fact that I always was a homing-pigeon. From the first I have believed that the Lord was so surely in this breaking up of our home that single-heartedness coming from being alone will get us nearer to God than is the case in married home-life. This is inevitably true, though painfully true.

For many years we have been in preparation for our present situation. You so often thought that I would not return alive from my itineraries. From your point of view I suppose I died many times. On the other hand, in your several sicknesses, from my point of view, I considered you dead. After all, the present way of dying is more satisfactory, for we can write and read our own obituaries. All this has some real value in that it is deliberate, not accidental. Being a choice regardless of cost, I like to think it will have spiritual value. I shall always miss you, but I shall feel repaid if you regain your health.

June 24. At times a sad feeling of loneliness and separation comes over me as though you had died. I suppose you have, in a way, and several times. Although I was always grateful for the home we had, in the last few years I was especially grateful for it. I think I thanked the Lord for it every time I prayed. After my being out in the wilds, home was like heaven. When I returned and found you no worse I was glad. However, I seemed to have a premonition that our home would not always continue. Home seemed like a special blessing more than should be mine in my service for the Lord, which so far as possible, was to be a complete sacrifice. Until the time came for this change, living alone was unthinkable; then this sudden change came as unexpectedly to me as to you. Now the deed is done.

August 4, 1941. Your first letter from America has come. Your longing for our mountain cottage, and me made me sad. Sometimes I wonder how it will all work out and how it will be to return from my long itineraries to a house that will no longer be a home to me.

Kunming. August 18, 1941. Tomorrow, early, I shall leave Kunming for the old home in Ka Do Land. As I start back it is with mingled feelings. I read the first contact with the silent house with its reminders scattered all about, and walls that seem to whisper, but it might be a thousand times worse.

I have the satisfaction that you are where you can regain your health and do a definite work that will help me well as others. Were you here in this war-mess my anxiety would outweigh my loneliness.

The United States declared war on Japan soon after my wife arrived in Hong Kong. She got the last passenger steamer that crossed the Pacific — God's time arrangement.

After we parted at the provincial capital, Kunming, I remained there for three months during the summer and the rainy season; that was also the season when the tribal people were so busy with their crops that evangelistic itineraries were impracticable.

The Duplicator and the Bomb

During the three months in Kunming every few days the Japanese bombed the city, necessitating my fleeing outside, as did everyone in the city.

When we had disbanded the Adullam orphanage some years previous and had moved to Ka Do Land, having packed some trunks with clothing and things we would not use, we left these trunks in the attic

above what we had used as a chapel. On top of the trunks we left a Roneo revolving duplicator for which we had no use at that time.

When the Japanese bombed the city, at one time a small bomb fell directly on top of our former chapel and exactly above our duplicator and trunks. The explosion destroyed things in the chapel and gutted what had been our home on the opposite side of the court. It also destroyed rooms at the sides of the court. Our trunks and the duplicator directly under the roof where the bomb exploded were intact and without even a scratch.

Was that a miracle? It was, for I needed what I supposed was that useless duplicator. Bibles and all literature, having become impossible to buy, we used that duplicator in Ka Do Land to print a hymn book two or three times and to print the gospel of Mark that we had to use for Bible study. We also printed other things that were essential.

Since in the city we could not buy stencil to use in the duplicator, having heard that an America Y.M.C.A. secretary was in Burma, I wrote to him asking if possible to buy stencil for me. He arrived in our city bringing me one hundred and forty stencils just a few days before I left. It was put in my hands at the last minute like a gift from heaven. The Lord saved that duplicator, got us stencil, and helped me prepare duplicator ink. All this was certainly a miracle. Without it we would not for a long time have had gospels and hymn books. Our work would have been greatly handicapped for two years or more.

Back to Ka Do Land

The time had come for me to return to Ka Do Land. Eight days' travel brought me there. The day I was to arrive there, in order to be alone I walked ahead of the load-carriers. I kept praying much of the time, because I had something big I wanted the Lord to do. I wanted Him to make it possible for me to come back to that empty house. The nearer I got home the more I dreaded the coming impact.

At last I arrived at the top of the last mountain range from which I had a panoramic view of the whole section of country that for six years had been our home and the center of our work in Ka Do Land. As I now looked at this far-reaching area of mountain country there came a flood of thoughts and emotions impossible to describe.

All was quiet here: no roaring airplanes, no exploding bombs, no confusion of the war-riven world, no babble of excited voices, no mad rush in crazy traffic was beyond that high range from which I now gazed. I was viewing a world different from that world from which I had just come.

As now my eyes wandered over this great outstretch of Ka Do Land an inner voice seemed to say, "This is my home-land. These mountain people living so far away from the world's rushing stream of life are my people. Now I must dedicate myself wholly to them."

That mountain range on which I stood was the dividing line between two worlds — the past, the future. In that past world I had sent my only son to America, committing him to the Lord with no assurance that I would ever see him again. In that same past I had now after thirty years of married life sent my wife to America, committing her to the Lord with no assurance that I would see her again. I had tried now to be cut free from past responsibilities by turning all money and my other affairs over to my wife. *The past.* In a way, as I stood on that dividing range I seemed to have turned my back on all that past. I was leaving my past world. My past world, my past life was to become a sort of half-forgotten dream.

The Future. There it lay spread out before me. I must now live a life fully dedicated to these people who were to become my sons, my daughters, my family. I must become one of them. I must henceforth participate in their joys and in their sorrows. I must now become a different man, a tribal man.

I there and then on that dividing line as I looked over my promised land dedicated myself to live the rest of my life and die among these people in their mountain fastness for the sake of the kingdom of God. I desired no will but the will of Jesus. I desired no life but such as He gave for the salvation of men. I was no longer my own. I belonged wholly to my people and my God.

I never before had felt more certain of my ambassadorship. I knew that I was sent here by the King, sent by the greatest king, the King of kings. What an exaltation! What a supreme honor! I would not have exchanged it for the highest appointment by any earthly king to any exaltation to earthly honors. I thanked God that by His appointment I was now His authorized ambassador to Ka Do Land.

Far away, beyond the intervening mountain valley up near an opposite mountain peak in the far distance, I could see what for six years had been our happy home. For the first time in all these years in returning from itineraries my heart did not leap for joy when I had got to the mountain range from which I could see our simple cottage. In the past, upon reaching that high range I had always looked at once to see whether our home was still there or whether our house had been swept away by fire. This time as I looked across the valley I knew that "home" as such, was gone. The building was there, but home was not. God's fire had swept it away. "Home" must henceforth be all over Ka Do Land.

In the panoramic view before me, as far as eye could see were mountain ranges and mountain peaks. Between were dark valleys too deep for eyesight to penetrate. Those high mountain peaks and valleys were a prophetic view. The life before me was to be through dark, deep valleys and over high mountain peaks.

My first stage of the *future* must be through a valley. I must now descend from the range from which I had my view of the promised land. The further I descended the darker the valley appeared. Mountain peaks disappeared out of sight. With slackened pace and a heavy heart I arrived

at last at what had been our home. I now quote from "The Adullam News."

Oct. 7, 1941. Belated flowers were still in bloom. The verdant trees, the flowering shrubs, the clinging vines all bespoke a peaceful language that seemed to say, "God is in this place." Peace. There was something about the restful quietness that seemed different from any place I had been since leaving it.

Although this helped lift the sadness, after a short time I could no longer wander over the garden and talk to the men in order to occupy my mind. Going into the house, I peeped into your room and saw the barren interior. A great flood of sorrow and unspeakable sadness that seemed unbearable took possession of me. This continued until time to go to bed.

As rapidly as my confused mind would permit, I slipped into my sleeping bag and broken-heartedly began to pray. The comforter had come; the Holy Spirit now prayed for me and through me, helping my infirmities. As nearly as I can describe it, it was like a child weeping and broken-heartedly running to Jesus, climbing up on His knees, resting my troubled head on His bosom, and then falling into peaceful and happy sleep as He brushed my cares and worries away.

Compared with the boards I had been sleeping on for more than a week my bed felt like a bed of roses. The prayers of those who had prayed for me so long seemed to fill my room with sweet incense. I awoke just before the break of day with angels invisibly hovering over my bed. The presence of Jesus was real. The Holy Spirit helped me to pray through tears of peace as I seemed to be wafted into the presence of the Great King and made to know that all was well and that He would care for His needy child. I had a work to do that must go through Gethsemane and Calvary.

Oct. 7, 1941, Adullam News.

This was Sunday morning. In that supernatural sense of earthly sorrow and heavenly joy I went to church, knowing that another went along. Seeing the Ka Dos again caused my heart to go out to them in old-time love. My heart was stirred by many emotions. I could scarcely refrain from weeping with joy to be back among my own simple, spiritual children. I tried to tell the Ka Dos how reluctant you were to leave them and that you said to tell them that you now gave me to them — your gift to them.

I asked whether they realized that Jesus had died for them. At first a few, and then many of the women were weeping. The cross of Christ now became so real that I involuntarily added my tears to those of the Ka Dos.

After a season of prayer they came forward to partake of the Lord's Supper. A large number received anointings of the Holy Spirit. As the Ka Dos and I mingled tears at the foot of the cross I felt one with them in Spirit, and I had a real sense of being "at home" with them in our Father's house.

We have had another day of fasting and prayer (in our local church) with sixty present. The women crying, talked about you and wondered whether you would ever return. Mrs. Deng said that you had told her that you would meet her in heaven. You will. They talked about what you had said as one talks about a friend who has just died.

October 13, 1941. The Ka Do women, wanting to see your photograph, came from church to our home. They looked at your picture without saying a word, while tears streamed down their careworn cheeks. Some wept outright. They made me cry too. This was like the first time when we thought you were dying and we all

wept together. The Ka Dos comfort me. They understand what you and I suffer for them.

Since receiving your four letters I feel that our motto is "Going Up," you up the elevator above the smoke and dirt and filth of the civilized world and I out of the valley up to mountain glory-peaks.

The work is in good condition. Forty new families have become believers during my absence. Our co-workers have taken good care of the churches. Now I trust God to take good care of you and James and myself. The bridge is safe; we shall get over.

The Dying Ka Do and the Angels

An old man past seventy had been to church only a few times. A Christian friend had told him much about Jesus. Knowing that he was going to die in a few days, he told his people that when he was dead they should call no sorcerer nor observe any heathen customs. "I believe that Jesus is the true God" he said. "I am going to die trusting Jesus." Later in the day when this Ka Do was dying his friends gathered about him. Among these was a neighbor who was a sorcerer. As the dying man was breathing his last he suddenly opened his eyes wide, as though seeing something unusual. In a clear voice he said, "I see the devils running away. Now Jesus and the angels are here. The angels have given me food, and I feel well and happy. Jesus, please wait for me. Save me and take me with you. As soon as I am free from this body I want to go with you. Wait for me. Take me along." The man slowly closed his eyes, and as though going off into a peaceful sleep he breathed his last. Jesus waited for him and "took him along."

In my books is abundant proof that every detail of this instance is duplicated over and over. How many hundreds or thousands of tribal people who for lack of opportunity or other reasons have not been

baptized will I meet in heaven because they died “trusting in Jesus?” “And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.” Acts 2:21.

That sorcerer who was in communion with the devil’s forces also saw the devils run away. Two of the old man’s unconverted sisters, seeing that Jesus saved their brother, became Christians.

A Ka Do Young Man Talked with an Angel

An angel appeared to a Ka Do young man and sat with him on a rock for a long time, verifying all that we have been preaching in Ka Do Land. The man was told by the angel that he was to tell me about the visit and what the angel had told him. He was also to tell others the true story which is too long to insert here.

Excerpts from Letters to my Wife

March 24, 1942. There is satisfaction in being in this present situation from choice, not by accident. Although it is the hardest cross bearing I have had, I sense a special blessing on the work.

They Saw a Cloud

A special manifestation of the glory of God took place in a distant section one Sunday morning. During the Church service inside the church, two villages of unbelievers on the mountain side beyond the intervening valley saw a white glory-cloud come over the valley from the east and rest on the church. Gradually the cloud vanished while flashes like lightning shot back and forth across the church. The unbelievers in the two villages talked much about this unusual manifestation and considered it a supernatural sign from God.

March 24, 1952. Sometimes I am so fearfully lonesome that I can scarcely see the flowers, and the clock ticks too loudly. I am sure the Lord took you out of here just on time. Now it is my business to make the best of the situation whether it hurts or not. When I think of the soldiers and the Christians caught in the war zone, I feel that my lot is in pleasant places, after all.

July 2, 1942. My presence was never more necessary to the work. To leave and at the same time be true to my charge is impossible. As long as I am free to work I must continue regardless of dangers or the evacuation of other missionaries.

In Kotchiu we might have escaped while the way was open; but we stayed, and the Lord took care of us. Now the Lord will see me through to the end of the war. In any case, He will take me through to the end of my spiritual war; for I feel confident there are not enough devils or evil men on earth to stop my course until I have finished the last advance the Lord wants me to make for Him. Since I am here for His work, He surely will see me through. I rest in this assurance, even though I may not be able to get news through to you.

In the last three and a half months I have been at home less than two weeks. Bay Dah Go, the first Ka Do to receive the Holy Spirit, has been with me on two long itineraries. We traveled four hundred miles (walking) and baptized believers in almost every place we preached. Our work is in the best condition it has ever been, and the prospects are the brightest ever. Through the lonesomeness there is the glow of this venture for the Lord, I gamble all on the Lord, as you say I do, and I win.

July 16, 1942. I can eat buckwheat, field peas, corn, and rice with a satisfaction that is surprising. In spite of what some would call poor food, my digestion is the best it has been for years. On my last itinerary a

revival spirit was in every place. Often when I am tired or “dead as a stick” I get an anointing that results in some of our best meetings. This lonesomeness has great value, for when I am at ease the meetings are less spiritual.

I miss you, and nothing takes your place, but the Lord enables me to get along. I know He will be my sufficiency. I am going to trust the Lord to lead you through such tribulation or such mountain peaks as He sees best. I am not going to worry, for that would interfere with my business.

August 18, 1942. In our recent Bible study period the men said that in the coming year they would try to get 250 decisions for Christ. I had told them that I would undertake to duplicate their number whatever they should decide. (Accordingly we undertook that year to get 500 decisions. We got 1000.)

The Angels Are With Us

Adullam News No. 42. We stopped in a home of a Bee Yoh tribesman who told us this story. For several years he had been a nominal Christian mixing his wine, tobacco, opium, and religion all together. As he awakened one morning he heard the angels singing an indescribably beautiful chorus. Then in a dream two angels flew over him saying, “Repent, you must give up your tobacco, wine, and opium.”

“I cannot; you take away my craving for these, and I will repent,” he said.

The angels helped him. From that day to this he has had no desire for these things. For two years this man whom the angels visited has gone on with unabated zeal. Before daylight I heard him praying in spirit and in truth; and then without stopping for breakfast, he was off for a friend far

over the mountain to bring him to the preaching service. We have the constant help and cooperation of angels.

The Sorcerer and Angel

A sorcerer of the Lo Lo tribe refused to join the Christian movement when the rest of the community joined, because practicing sorcery was how he made his living. He was a real sorcerer who could call devils to take possession of him and talk through him when he was in a devil-trance.

One dark night this Lo Lo, holding a lighted pine in his hand was making his way along the narrow trail, when suddenly like a flash of lightning an angel from heaven descended beside him. Partly in fear and partly under the power that came with the angel the sorcerer fell to his knees, bowing to the earth in obeisance.

“Fear not,” said the angel. The man then dared to lift his eyes a little, but the light radiating from the angel was so bright that it dazzled him.

“You are a sorcerer,” the angel said as he put his arm around the man. “Your family have been sorcerers for three generations but never saved a person.”

The sorcerer at once became a good Christian and received the Holy Spirit. The devils came in gangs and cursed him and fought him. They even bit him, leaving the impression of their bites. Two years later as the man was dying he saw wonderful glories that he tried to get others to see.

Ka Do Land is a land of devils and devils’ dupes. It also became a land of angels and people saved and protected by the ministry of angels.

Adullam News No. 43. I hung two more pictures on the wall: the old one with the father and mother and we youngsters lined up in the

yard; the other one, the house and barn and cows, with the family standing in the foreground. I keep these pictures where I can see them. They help to remind me who that farmer boy in the picture is and that he should never depart from the simple humility, innocence, and openness to the truth that he had in the beginning.

Adullam News No. 45. Yesterday I made an outline of what will be the general program for the year. As far as I now can see, I will have thirteen periods of Bible study and some conventions along with my itineraries. For the next six or seven months I shall be at home very little. As in the past, my resting must be in the Lord, the anointing of the Holy Spirit, and the changes of place. My strength and perseverance in work is dependent on the power of the Lord. I try to pray at least an hour every morning before others are stirring about. When I can do so, I try to fast twice a week. I cannot remember a time in the past several years when I did not see definite benefit from my fasting. I feel certain that many others may find it so. The past five Sundays I have fasted, and I found that I preached with more spiritual help than usual. I do not suppose my ways are to be followed by everyone; but this is the way I keep myself fresh, my body strong, and my mind clear.

Adullam News No. 46. The other day when looking in the mirror I tried to make myself believe that my hair is less gray than it was. I suppose, however, it is my mind that is less aged. Anyway, it is remarkable the strength the Lord gives me when I need it for long stages.

Upon starting on this itinerary among recent believers I had hoped for forty baptisms. I have already baptized one hundred and eighty-five.

CHAPTER XXXI

Crippled and Cured

The first trip of that year was to take me south of the tropic line, six days from home. The road is hard. The mountains are so treeless that my co-worker said it made him homesick to travel alone in that desolate country. I was never more hopeful than the morning I started on this itinerary.

The Sprained Knee

Toward evening of the first day as I hurried down a mountain I felt a sharp pain in the right leg that I had sprained several years previous. The next morning when I started from the place I had preached the night before I was surprised to find that every step I took gave me pain in that knee. I removed my sandals and for three hours traveled barefoot along a rocky stream, sometimes on this side, sometimes on that, sometimes in the rock-bottomed stream itself. When at last I left the stream and started up the mountain I found that I had an up-mountain pain in my knee. After climbing three hours with a pain at every second step I reached a level stretch to find that I had a level-road-pain. Soon it became a stand-still-pain.

I was finished. I could walk no farther. Ten miles more were to be traveled before night. There I stood unable to walk, thinking of that many-months program that I had ahead, with no place in it for a sprained knee or any "time out". I prayed. The two men with me laid their hands on my knee and prayed. The Lord definitely had helped me through many previous emergencies. Surely He would help me now.

I now found that I could move that sprained leg a little. I could not lift it, but by a sort of slow swing I could get it forward in the direction I

wanted to go. I was on my way again. Left step quick, right step slow, quick, slow, quick, slow, sum total slow. I had to plan every step in such a way that as I moved it forward my right foot would be free to swing. I could not lift it at all. I welcomed every root, pebble, stone, or high spot on the path where I could step with my left foot and give my right foot freedom for its forward swing.

I was happy, in a way, for along with this trouble I had an unusual sense of God's presence. By slow persistence I saw that by dark I could make my stage. I did make it, but it took me half an hour moving slowly a foot or a few inches at a time to cover what normally would have taken only a few minutes to cover this last steep stretch of pebbly trail where there was not a solid spot to place a foot. Here was a chance for a little wounded-soldier experience, and it was for Jesus' sake. The Lord would give me as long a time to limp as was good for me, or He might heal me at once. In any case He would see me through.

Ups and downs, mountains and valleys, rain and sunshine with that sprained knee I traveled 250 miles every step of which I had to plan in such a way as to be able to drag or swing that right leg forward. With no days to rest, that knee had no natural chance to recuperate. Uneven trails, slippery roads, loose stones, high and low rocks, and tangled grass-covered trails supplied many chances for that crippled knee to make a wrong twist or to trip on the grass or glide on a pebble, so that by night progress became slow and difficult. To quicken my pace and hurry as night approached was impossible. The last night of this long and difficult itinerary I still could not bend my knee. How would it be in the morning? Could I make that last 25 mile stage?

In the morning I had real liberty in prayer. Slowly I got that bad leg in motion. The farther I went the better it went. I made that final stage of twenty-five miles in good speed, up and down mountains, walking from dawn to sunset without food or fatigue or pain. I was well and happy. I had carried out my day's program in spite of that crippled knee that had

made it hard to reach any place. The Lord's way is through tribulation to glory. We need to learn to walk. The Lord needs to teach us some things.

The Sprained Ankle

At a later date when rapidly walking along a smooth level path I unexpectedly caught my foot on an unseen root-s snag that protruded slightly above the surface. I fell and sprained my ankle terribly. This gave me such pain that it was with much difficulty I reached my destination. By the time I stopped walking my ankle had begun to swell and was very painful. I had my co-worker join me in prayer.

When time came for the evening service, with the help of two canes I managed to hop on one foot to the place of the meeting. I stood on one foot while talking to the people, for the time being partly overcoming the incessant pain in that ankle. By bed time the pain had stopped.

The first part of the next day's journey must be down a very steep descent into a deep ravine. This would be an almost pathless descent over loose stones and gravel, making it very dangerous under the best of circumstances. Going down that steep gravelly and stony slope could not be done without two feet and ankles ten-tenths sound. With that sprained ankle apparently in worse condition than that sprained knee with which I had hobbled two hundred and fifty miles, what hope was there of my going down the worst stretch of road I had traveled anywhere? What hope? God. By the time I managed to get my mosquito net hung up and to crawl into my sleeping bag on my board bed, all pain had gone out of my ankle. I prayed a peaceful prayer. I gave my sprained ankle over to God. Having called His attention to the awful road I must descend in the morning. I went off into a peaceful sleep. Before long I awakened with a peace in my heart, while I could feel a most pleasant sensation of healing working in my ankle. I cannot explain just how it was that when I would occasionally waken I could feel that healing touch working through my

ankle. In the morning my foot was entirely well, free from all pain and swelling. I went down that worst road in all my travels with two perfectly well and strong feet — a miracle.

Those Sore Feet

Having told about the sprained knee and the sprained ankle, it is now in order to go on down to the sore feet.

Everywhere we were in China we saw many men with awful sores on their legs and many others with big scars that covered their legs from knee to ankle. The tribal people were no exception. Their sores result from an infection in an ordinary sore or break in the skin, and heal very slowly, sometimes making serious trouble for a year or two before final healing. There is a watery discharge that seems to prevent healing.

A great many of the Ka Dos were suffering from these afflictions or bore the scars of previous attacks. It now became my turn. While living among the Ka Dos and becoming like them in many other respects I was now to suffer with them this common affliction. When I was finishing an itinerary, the places sandal straps touched began to develop sores. After I arrived home, to my surprise, these apparently unimportant sores did not heal. Every one developed into one of those non-healing king — five sores on each foot.

Two weeks after my arrival at home I must start on another campaign that would include conventions, Bible studies, and much walking to various churches. When the time came that I should leave, every one of my ten sores was giving me trouble. One foot was swollen to twice its normal size. Regardless of what work awaited, it is my opinion that very few people would have even considered trying to walk a short distance with such afflicted feet.

My own personal principle, long practiced regardless of consequences, was to be faithful to every obligation and fulfill every duty

so long as I could walk and talk and move. Personal comforts or discomforts were not to be considered. It was hang to the plow in spite of bumps and plow to the end of the row or die in the attempt.

In accord with this principle, I had the orphanage boys help me cut holes in my socks so they would not press on the sores and then strap the sandals so that no straps would touch a sore.

With these ten sores to go along with me I started on my journey. That first day my stage was to be twenty miles. I made my stage. The farther I walked the swelling went down and the better the sores became, I slept peacefully in the hope whose ten sores had decided to behave and give me no more trouble. It was a deluding hope. The next day those sores started their meanness all over. That is the way these sores behave — better and worse, better and worse, seemingly forever.

If I could keep my feet up high they pained me little. The more I lowered them the worse they hurt. Often when talking to the people I sat on a bench or on my bundle of bedding, and put my feet up on something to ease the pain. During one Bible study period my feet were so painful that I could not wear socks or sandals. I went barefoot. It was embarrassing at first, while teaching the men to have to sit there with bare, sore-covered feet stuck up on a bench. However, all this was commonplace to the men, who were thoroughly sympathetic. While I was teaching the men the Lord was teaching me some things my people suffer.

After a month of this local Bible study I must move on to the next place. I again started those sore feet traveling. I now quote from an account of the next meeting:

Little pain when walking. On Sunday morning I arrived at the convention just as the people were assembling for the service. I began preaching a few minutes after arriving. Immediately the pain in my feet returned. It felt like coals of fire sending pains up both legs to the knees. As I got help from the Lord the Holy Spirit

made the pain so secondary that I was able to preach with much freedom.

The last Sunday of this Bible study period was a time of real blessing. The Holy Spirit was present in quiet power so that I had little pain. When I was finishing my talk preparatory to the Lord's Supper, several were under the anointing of the Holy Spirit. More and more those present began to weep as they thought of Jesus and His death. After telling the people quietly to think of Jesus' crucifixion, I stopped talking. Many of the Christians wept outright, while the low-voiced praying increased in volume. As all continued to pray, one young man received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The blessing I received in this service overshadowed all discomforts.

In the afternoon I went to another village. At that place I sat down while talking in order to relieve the pain in my feet. Those present nearly all confessed their sins and shortcomings and expressed a desire for a closer walk with Jesus. At another place I sat on a table while talking to the church full of people. At one village where we had local Bible study, while others helped with teaching part of the time, I lay on my side on a board and did considerable writing. Thus I nursed these sore feet and gave them much consideration, but I still kept them from getting full control.

On Sunday in one of our best churches the church was filled. My feet were on a rage. I put some of my bedding on a crude bench and my painful feet on something else. My interpreter stood by me with one foot on another bench. When digging in his field on the mountain side a stone had rolled against his leg, causing an infection of one of these everlasting sores. All the front of his leg was one burning sore. On this hindrance, however, we had the help of the Lord. The people listened well, for the Holy Spirit was present.

After my talk, when as usual I asked the congregation to stand and unitedly pray for the Holy Spirit, the pain in my feet was so bad that I thought I could not stand. As the people prayed and some were receiving anointing of the Holy Spirit, I could sense a resisting spirit, a lack of freedom, a binding demon power.

The fight-spirit took hold of me; "You raging feet, do as you please. Ache all you want to. I ignore you and I defy every devil." I jumped up on those painful feet and rushed over to the first person on the front seat, who was praying but could not get free. I laid hands on him in the name of Jesus, rebuking every devil that hindered. The man was free. He jumped. He danced. Under the unction of the Holy Spirit I laid hands on one after another, rebuking devils and invoking the Holy Spirit. As I did this the Holy Spirit came upon each one upon whom I had laid my hands until almost everyone in the congregation was free. We had a real down-pour from heaven. My feet were none the worse. My spirit felt a lot better. In this battle between the forces of the devil and those of God the ultimate is God. Believe it and see it.

At long last I ended this campaign and itinerary with my feet almost healed. Although I did not talk or write with my feet, they had been a hindrance to prayer and work. A poison from the sores so permeated my whole body that any scratch or break in the skin would at once result in a sore. However, such sores on my face or hands would soon heal. I have only one little sore scar left as a reminder.

The record reads, "Back at last; not *home* at last. I got here last night, recalling the old home-comings which were exciting. This was a lonesome home-coming. I wound the little alarm clock to make it tick and sound alive."

The Long Fast

Wang E. Ming carried my things and interpreted for me on part of the trip I had just finished, as described. He had gone out on a cliff and fasted for eight days. As he now traveled with me I saw the benefit of that fast: if we stopped to rest a few minutes, as soon as Wang put down his load he would sit there and pray. As soon as we got to our stopping place, Wang would pray. Sometimes in the night he would get out on the mountain side to pray. He prayed wherever and whenever he had a chance. All that praying put me to shame and set me a good example. It showed me that I, too, needed to fast. I should fast as long as any of my people. However, my schedule ahead for months was so crowded that the only chance for a fast would be the two weeks between the ending of that hard itinerary and the annual convention and Bible study.

When I arrived home the sores on my feet were not quite well, the poison from the infection had not entirely left my body, and the strenuous campaign just finished left me somewhat weakened. But I was determined to fast.

As I then fasted without food or water my strength began to recede day by day. Although I could fast, I could not pray. It has always been that way with me, the praying always comes later, not during the fasting.

It is after the eighth day that fasting becomes difficult. The craving for water is the worst. Moses fasted forty days without food or water, and that is doubtless how Jesus fasted. I would fast the Bible way. I fasted thirteen nights and twelve days. At the last I became so weak that I could not raise myself up in bed. It became evident that were I to fast two or three more days longer I was likely to die. I had made the sacrifice. I had gone as far as it was humanly possible to go on that road.

The Ka Dos said that one time when they were surrounded by enemies and were starving to death that without food the women would die in nine days and the men after eleven days would die.

After my fast I had three days before convention and Bible study. In my ignorance I had supposed that I could eat at once and regain strength by convention time. It was not that way. I found myself without any desire for more than a trifle of soft food or drink. Each day I would take a little more such food, while my strength returned little by little each day just as it had ebbed out.

When I broke my fast and tried to stand on my feet, I found it impossible, because every bone in my body seemed untouchable. However, the sores on my feet were completely healed. Perhaps the poisons and devils in these sores were trying to make it hard for me by going out through those painful bones.

When the people gathered for the convention three days after I broke my fast, I was still very weak and could not stand on those delicate feet. When the time came for the first evening meeting I had our boys get two poles, tie ropes between them on which to carry me down to the tabernacle, and set me down on the platform. Although I was very weak, with the help of the Holy Spirit I led in prayer and opened the convention.

I suppose I had other help in the first days of the convention. Anyway, by the third and last day I was able to stand on my feet, do the preaching, and slowly make my way down the mountain and baptize many people in the mountain stream. The hand of the Lord was upon me.

Although my diet was still confined to eggs and soft boiled rice, I managed to do my share of teaching in the ten-day Bible study period which followed the convention. By the end of ten days I was perfectly well and could sit with the men and eat my share of rice, corn, and beans all cooked together.

I am glad that I was led by the Lord to make that fast. The result in a better walk with God more than made up for my discomforts. However, I was not exalted to a life in the heavenlies such as Sundar Singh and some others attained.

From my fast I was able to see that long fasts have both benefits and limitations. I later fasted for periods of eight days, five days, three days. Wang fasted for periods of eleven days, eight days, six days, three days, and at other times for several days. While he and I both received some benefit from each fast, no fast after the initial one was followed by any very striking result.

After returning to America I came in touch with much literature on the question of long fasts. This literature made most wonderful claims about the benefits of long fasts. This subject was presented in such an extravagant way as to make it appear that no Christian could expect to get God's best without a long fast, even forty days without food, while drinking an abundance of water. The preposterous claims of writers made it appear that such a long fast would lift a person into the realms of perfection. Every holy desire, every right purpose, it was made to appear, could be consummated by a long fast, with water.

I want to say right here that I know that long fasts *do not* assure these false claims. Although by fasting into unconsciousness near unto death Sundar Singh was put into a spiritual realm such as no other man has attained in modern times, that is no proof that any other saint is expected to do as the Sundar did. In fact, he never suggested that any person should ever undertake such a fast as he had made. God must lead in this matter of fasting. There is not a line of scripture that even hints that every Christian must go through a long fast in order to get God's best. God's benefits, the best and all, come by faith, not fasts or any other works, all of which are incidental affairs. The saints of old, according to Hebrews, all attained spiritual heights and the approval of God through faith, not through fasts.

Some saints as led by God would doubtless be greatly benefited by fasts of considerable length. Some saints, on the other hand, should never undertake a long fast. Some saints cannot fast for even one day without real misery and with no sign of benefit. Some, like myself, now can fast

without discomfort and always with benefit. One person told me that he know of four people who had died as a result of long fasts as advocated in “H’s” book and other long-fast literature.

I met one man who seemed to live in the glory world as the result of a twenty-one day fast, with water. I met another person who had fasted forty days this way, but who still had an irritable temper and who showed no signs of being as godly and spiritual as many people I knew who never fasted at all.

Moses fasted forty days without food or drink, yet I know of no place in the Bible that saints were commanded by Moses or the prophets to fast more than three days at a time, and that was for special occasions — no universal law. Long fasts have long benefits as led by the Lord. Long fasts have long dangers as led by wrongly excited writers. May the Lord help us write the truth. Regardless of the value of long fasts as much as forty days there is no doubt that short fasts are both scriptural and beneficial. John’s disciples fasted. Jesus said that His disciples would fast. There is a tradition that the apostles fasted every Wednesday and Friday until three o’clock in the afternoon. Whether or not this is true to fact, such fasting will be a blessing to those so led by the Lord.

As I have said, I personally have always got help from every fast, long or short. However, the first day I ever fasted was a day of terrible misery. It seemed like an age. I felt like I was about to starve to death. I do not yet see how anyone could be more miserable than I was the first day I undertook to fast. For some time succeeding fast periods were almost as bad. But, I had decided to fast, so fast I would, easy or hard. I had taken hold of the plow handle. I would never let go till I had plowed the furrow through. Fasting gradually became easy until I can sometimes go a day without food and never miss it.

The method I and my people in Ka Do Land followed was to fast all day until evening. As a rule we did our regular day’s work. The physical and spiritual results followed. When the fast day can be spent in

meditation, Bible reading, and prayer an added blessing will result. We need to fast more. We could live higher, work better, pray more.

CHAPTER XXXII

Natural and Supernatural

The relationship between the natural and the supernatural is hard to explain. It is the problem of God's sovereignty and man's freedom, of God's grace and man's works. Sometimes the advancement of the kingdom of God seems to depend on the Lord alone. On the other hand, there are times when this advancement appears to depend on man's obedience or disobedience as he freely chooses. Let the theologians work on the problem.

From the Bible I see that as Jesus suffered in the flesh, becoming obedient unto death, and was exalted to glory, such is the road His followers are expected to travel. Again, the Bible says that if we suffer with Jesus we shall reign with Him. In accord with this principle that the kingdom of God is advanced through human hardships and suffering, it was essential that I suffer some hardships if the work of the Lord was to prosper in Ka Do Land as it did.

Compared with what Jesus and His followers have suffered, I have not suffered at all. I have never been beaten by many or few stripes; I have never been in prison; I have never been floating a day and a night in the deep; I have never died daily for Jesus' sake. Nevertheless, I have had what seemed to me like some hardships, without which looked at from the natural viewpoint, the Lord's work in Ka Do Land might never have been. Like Paul, I feel as though I should apologize for even mentioning these things that were overruled by the Lord for His glory, yet I feel constrained to write.

Despondency

One of my greatest and most persistent difficulties in my work in Ka Do Land was my despondency. My despondent disposition goes back almost to childhood, as I have said.

During the eight years Josephine was in America I was always lonesome and plagued by the spirit of depression. I do not mean that this discouraging had the victory, for I sometimes lived on mountain peaks, as my writing shows. Neither does it mean that I could never pray until the clouds of darkness rolled away, leaving a sunny sky. Yet this fight with depression has been life long and the fight is still on. It brings a sense of being absolutely worthless.

I suppose this is due in part to my natural disposition and probably due in no small measure to needless anxiety, but due mostly to devil power in our wrestling with the powers of the devil enthroned in the heavenly places. At the present time, I believe the Holy Spirit on some occasions has a part in causing us to see and feel that, as Paul says, there naturally dwells in us no good thing. We need to feel and know that we are naturally useless. We need humiliation.

Indigestion

In the early years in Ka Do Land, my worst hardship was in connection with food. Before my visit to Ka Do Land I had learned to live for months at a time on a very poor quality of Chinese food. Yet for several years I had a terrible time in Ka Do Land on account of indigestion. Many times I was so weakened by attacks of stomach and bowel trouble that I wondered whether I would be able to get back home. I frequently between meetings went out and lay on the mountain side, wondering how in the world I could conduct a meeting. Yet, in spite of the fact that most people would have gone to bed under such circumstances, I

always went to the meeting and spoke when I was expected to. So far as I know, I never failed once. In all those early years when many times before the service I felt more dead than alive, when it came time to speak the Lord gave me an anointing of the Holy Spirit which enabled me to talk to my people as I had planned. For years the supernatural overruled the natural, making the impossible possible. Nevertheless, during those first years my digestion was so disturbed that at almost every meal I wondered whether it was going to give me strength or give me trouble.

It is likely that one cause of this trouble was too much heavy work. The needs of the work were so urgent and I was so anxious to answer every call that, having worked to the limit of my strength, ignoring this I would undertake as much work all over again. In short, when I had strength left sufficient for only one mile I would undertake for two. I constantly undertook twice as much as seemed naturally possible and as any other person was likely to undertake.

During the last several years in Ka Do Land I had no digestion trouble. I could eat whatever the natives ate, as much as they ate, and under the same unsanitary condition as they ate. In later years my work being in order, I carried on more within the limits of my natural strength.

The Worst Attack

At one time when traveling through a pagan section of country, at the end of a day we stopped for the night in the home of a Bee Yoh tribal family. I was suddenly struck with the worst attack of indigestion I have ever suffered. I had hung up my mosquito net and prepared to sleep over the cow-stable in front of the house. There I was confined two days with incessant dysentery, or the like, that never let up day or night. I could not take a morsel of food or a sup of water without starting trouble. All of my strength left me.

Where we were the man and son were friendly and gave food to the two co-workers who were with me. The husband and son having left on business, the woman of the house, contrary to anything of the kind I ever saw among tribal people, would not sell rice or corn to my men. Since at the end of two days our men could go without food no longer, I felt it my duty to get away from that evil place or die in the attempt. Accordingly, I told my men that we would leave in the morning, a seemingly utter impossibility.

The next morning the men tied up my baggage for me. When with much effort I managed to get out of that cowshed I could scarcely stand on my feet. I was so weak and my head so dizzy that it seemed to me I could not walk at all, even a short distance. Slowly I was able to move out of that devilish place. Weak as I was, I felt no distress. Again I was doing the impossible. I was slowly walking. After a time I rested awhile and then walked on. I still felt no distress and seemed to gather some strength.

Our hope was to reach the home of a Ka Do Christian twenty miles distant. Although my men thought I could not make that stage, having been without food or water for two days, my college class motto was operating that said, "Perseverance overcomes all things," and the Lord was with me according to the promise that as my days so should my strength be.

The last part of that day's stage was over a short steep mountain ridge. It was almost dark. By that time my strength was almost exhausted. By the time I got halfway up that mountain I could not walk another step. That evidently was once that I had loved the Lord with *all* my strength. The men offered to carry me on their back. However, as I could still stand, I suggested that one pull me and one push me. In this way we got to the top of the ridge. With the help of my staff that I always carried, I managed to slowly descend the other side of the ridge and reach the home of our Ka Do Christian just as it became too dark to see our way. The Lord had supernaturally helped us make the twenty-mile journey.

My digestive system seemed to have recovered during the day. Having been unable to eat for three days, I was hungry. I now made a great mistake: I ate heartily of the good meal prepared for us. My weakened system was not yet ready for such food. That night my affliction returned with all its distress. The next day we made a short stage. For seven days, I think it was, all the distress was as bad as it had been at first. During the day I managed to take my native wool blanket and go out to lie on the mountain side. At night I slept on some boards in a very topsy-turvy house.

The first evening when about a dozen women and girls came for a meeting it seemed to me that for the first time in Ka Do Land I had to fail in leading a meeting on account of being too sick. I managed to get off my boards and to the door. I weakly leaned against the door post and was going to have my helper interpret and tell those assembled there in the court that I was too sick to talk to them and conduct the meeting. However, there came over me that usual desire to talk about Jesus. When I talked about Him, Jesus was there, for the Holy Spirit is Jesus. He gave me strength and love to quietly talk, while my man interpreted. Then as usual after helping the people to understand about prayer, all were told to pray in unison and seek the Lord. Almost everyone received a definite supernatural anointing of the Holy Spirit.

The next night it was the same way. When the Ka Dos gathered for the meeting I felt so weak and nearly finished that to stand and talk to the people appeared a physical impossibility. Yet I thought I should greet them and explain that I did not have strength to talk and conduct the meeting. Again I got to the door, leaned against the doorpost, got the anointing of the Holy Spirit, talked as I did the night before, and the Holy Spirit came upon the Ka Dos. Every night it was the same way. Every evening after lying all day almost too weak to move I felt sure I could not conduct the service, and every night was an exact repetition of the night before. As the Lord took charge and made the impossible possible, the

supernatural enveloped the natural. (In all my eighteen years in Ka Do Land, although many times attacked with sickness, I did not fail to lead the meeting where I was.)

I was several days' journey distant from home. It looked like I would die unless there was immediate change.

At the end of seven days I was no better, on the contrary, I was growing weaker day by day. One evening it came to me convincingly that I should leave. But how could I leave when my strength was gone? No matter about the How. I would undertake the apparent impossible as I had done many times before. The place I should reach the first day in order to reach the home of believers was twenty miles away and it necessitated travel over an unusually difficult up and down mountain path. Since it was a hard day's travel for me when in good health and strength, how could any sick person expect to make that stage in one day? My dependence was on the Lord Who had so often helped me in past emergencies.

My thought was that I would start out with what little strength I had left and walk as far as that bit of strength allowed. When I could walk no longer, if I could reach no house, I would sleep by the roadside. As I thus rested and gained some strength I would travel on, repeating the walking and resting the next day.

The day I was leaving I was awake before daylight and had my baggage ready to carry. I asked the people where I was staying to prepare three soft-boiled duck eggs. I prayed and ate the eggs with a real relish, after being so long without food. Would those three eggs help me or would they end all my hope? They tasted good, they felt good, and they did good. My helper had gone on to the next church.

A local Ka Do and I started out and very slowly made our way up the steep mountain toward the trail on the ridge, where a leopard had been howling just before daylight. After an hour's slow climb we reached the trail where the leopard had been scratching the dirt. No leopard was

in sight. All the lions were chained. The three duck eggs were doing their duty, a great encouragement. I had gained a little strength as I climbed.

As strength returned my thirst for water returned. After following that trail along the ridge where the leopard had gone on ahead, in leopard style stopping now and then to paw and scratch the trail, we began to descend. We soon came to a bubbling spring of crystal pure water gushing out by the trail. Oh, for a drink of that cool mountain water! Yet I dare not swallow a particle of it. All I dare do was to rinse my mouth and parched throat. It took real willpower to refrain from swallowing some of that good cool water.

By keeping at it with a slow pace, by noon we came to a house where the man with me could get his dinner. For me he boiled some mushy rice and a soft-boiled egg, the only egg at the place. Anyway, my stomach welcomed the egg, as it had the three duck eggs. The Lord had supernaturally started the natural to work. I very slowly made the last hard climb up a very bad trail just in time to reach our destination at dark. We had made that twenty-mile hard stage, a wonderful victory, by a close margin.

I risked dying, but I did not die. He that would loose his life for Jesus' sake would find it, Jesus said. I risked my life many times in Ka Do Land, and Jesus saved it many times.

The place I reached at the end of that hard day was one of the very poorest of all our tribal churches. How the people managed to live on that rocky place was a wonder. I wanted more eggs. By searching all over the little village the Ka Dos where we were staying found four chicken eggs, all of the eggs in the village. Those four eggs and some more mushy soft rice helped me along the King's highway. From this place I made the next stage — and was well again.

I have given this careful account in order to show something of the mysterious combination of the natural and the supernatural. The Lord

could heal any and every affliction any time and at once. But He does not always do it that way.

Poverty Poor

For you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sake he became poor, so that by his poverty you might become rich. II Cor. 8:9.

From the start I wanted to become poor, or appear to be poor, for the sake of those in Ka Do Land. I wanted to keep any show of money out of sight. As I have said, I wore cheap clothes, I wore canvas shoes and later home-made sandals. When crossing the lake on the lake steamer I rode lower class with my men. So far as the majority of my people in Ka Do Land knew, they supposed I was about as poor as they were. Very frequently some poor old Ka Do woman would insist that I take her gift, fifty cents or a dollar, to "buy straw sandals."

Later on when Josephine had gone home after the war between Japan and the United States broke out, I really became poverty poor. Communications then were cut off and money could not come through. When it did finally come the loss by poor exchange made United States money so valueless that I was unwilling to use it.

Thus it was that I intended to live native-like as far as money was concerned. I sold everything of any money value, leaving me an almost empty house. Before long my money became so scarce that ten cents became almost as valuable to me as to my poor Ka Do people.

At the time of the war, my Adullam boy having married, I had with me only a boy of the La La tribe. Since money was scarce, instead of buying rice we bought corn at half-price. I bought no meat or any other food. For a year the boy lived on corn and a vegetable. The corn was ground or cracked in our two-stone grinder, then cooked and steamed. The vegetables consisted of cabbage leaves or some vegetable boiled in salt

water. For two months when at home in the rainy season I lived on that diet. Between showers the boy and I did heavy work digging down a bank, actually digging tons of dirt. On this corn and one vegetable diet we ate to our full satisfaction and had full strength. The boy lived on this kind of food for a whole year without meat or lard. He felt well and full strength.

All of the people in that country eat much red pepper. In one of those first years when we were in need of money I decided to plant peppers. The two boys then with me sowed red pepper seed and then planted peppers in all of the garden that for the most part I myself had dug out of soft rock. If ever the Lord took a hand in causing peppers to grow, He did it at this time. No one in that vicinity had ever raised peppers on such a scale. Our big crop of red peppers became a sort of community wonder. Since that year there was good market for peppers, the sales from our one crop brought in all the money we needed that year. The next year a little money came from home and peppers did not grow so well nor sell so well. The next year when we were not dependent on peppers anymore, the peppers refused to grow to any extent and what did grow could scarcely be sold at any price due to the market having been flooded by peppers brought from different places. Our pepper crop that first year at that time of dire need seemed to me like a supernatural God-send. It reminded me of the strawberry and apple crop I told about when we were in Tibet. It brought to mind once more that promise in the first Psalm that the Lord would prosper the affairs of those who delight in Him.

During those poverty-poor years I never went hungry when at home or when among my people. I more than ever felt like I was one of the poor who had the gospel preached to them.

Sickness

At times of Bible study with the young people, I had frequent attacks of sickness. I believe these usually were direct hindrances from the devil, for as soon as the Bible study period ended I was well at once. These attacks were often so hard that I lay on my bed between classes or times I was to lead preaching services. Yet, no matter how sick or weak I was, I always managed to teach my class of men or conduct preaching services as planned. As usual through life, when I undertook the seemingly impossible for Jesus' sake, I would get special anointing of the Holy Spirit while teaching or preaching.

While the Lord thus let me endure some hardship for Jesus' sake in helping me through these attacks of sickness, at the same time, I believe that He supernaturally protected me from really dangerous diseases. Deadly diseases and plagues were not unusual in Ka Do Land. People were constantly dying from sudden attacks of some mysterious disease or plague. I knew of people well in the morning but dead by night. I knew of one who died within an hour after being attacked. Some years a sort of plague would break out, causing many deaths here and there. I remember one year especially, when many people died with some kind of disease that I suppose was yellow fever. Anyway, those afflicted had fever, would turn yellow, suffered pain over the entire body and sometimes would die in two days.

During those many years in Ka Do Land I never stopped itineraries or any of my work on account of personal sickness or danger from contagious or infectious diseases. I ate and slept in the homes of those stricken with dread diseases, and ignored danger from deadly disease or plague. "A thousand shall fall at thy side... ..but it shall not come nigh thee... ..neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Ps. 91.

The Food Question

I have already written quite a realistic account of the food in Ka Do Land with a graphic description of the filthy circumstances under which I usually ate it. I will not here include what I have written about this, for these things do not really come in the class of hardships for me. This is true because after many tears in China I had learned to relish any kind of Chinese food, from the poorest to the best, and had learned to eat this food anywhere I could sit or stand, regardless of surrounding circumstances. And so, with a bowl of rice in one hand, two chopsticks in the other and some sort of vegetable or relish available for my chopsticks I was, for the time, not subject to hardships.

Although in Ka Do Land I seldom ate a meal that at home in America would have checked favorably with health requirements, I gave that no consideration. I was not in America. I was not allergic to conditions about me such as to where I ate or to such things as mangy dogs, and cats, and skinny hogs, and broods of chickens about me as I ate. Kitchen conditions, black with roaches, etc. need not be described. Where was there a kitchen in Ka Do Land that approached sanitary requirements? The food prepared under unsanitary circumstances and eaten where dust created by flying chickens and scrambling animals could settle in the food, as considered from our rules of health, was always dangerous and laden with threatening germs. The Lord so protected me that I was never sick as a result of unhealthy food. Digestion disturbances in early days were not the result of such food, but due to other causes, as I have said. In later years I did not have digestion troubles from any source. Did Jesus not say of His true followers that “if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them”? I must have drunk and eaten millions of “deadly things” without hurt. I had in my body the Lord’s preventative — the Holy Spirit.

Sleeping Quarters

Without going into details, suffice it to say that the barn where we kept our horses, cows, and sheep in my boyhood days would have been a luxurious place to sleep compared with the places I slept in Ka Do Land. Never was I so fortunate as was Elisha when in his itineraries he found, in one place at least, prepared for him a private clean room in which was a bed, a table, a chair, and a lamp.

As it was, I carried my home with me — my mosquito net. It was a complete sleeping apartment with its top and bottom and its zipper “front door.” There was no certainty where I was to settle this home for the night or perhaps for a day or two. The place I was to sleep might be on the uneven dirt floor. More likely it would be on rough boards supported by adobe dirt bricks or on two long benches. Very frequently I slept in the attic on the bamboo-woven thin floor.

In some attics was the accumulated dirt and rubbish of ages, that seemed a topsy-turvy mess where cats and rats, etc. fought for a living. Open pine-wood fires in the rooms below filled the attic with sooty smoke that left soot on the cob webs, the rafters, the grass of the thatched roof, and on the vessels accumulated there. My net soon assumed the color in harmony with its surroundings. A better place to sleep than the attic was over the cow shed.

Anyway, I was so intensely concentrated on my important work of helping my people and became so well adjusted to sleeping “any old place” that what would have been impossible when I went to China was now quite possible.

I got along so very well at last in my movable home — my mosquito net — that I slept peacefully and restfully therein, regardless of outside surroundings. On the whole, in all my years on the mission field I never slept so peacefully as I did when on these itineraries in Ka Do Land. I am certain that after a long day’s travel and a meeting until late at night the

angels were about me while I so happily rested in peace under such adverse conditions.

Although I kept no record, considering the average number of months I was on itineraries in Ka Do Land, I must have lived and slept in these unkempt houses and slovenly conditions for a total of six years or more — like living in these houses six years.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Natural and Supernatural

(Continued)

Walking

Walking was more of an asset than a hindrance. Walking is considered the best kind of body exercise, and my example by walking was a help in making right contact. I walked thousands of miles over tiresome mountain trails. Many and many a day I walked as much as twelve hours in one day, from before dawn till after dark, a distance of thirty-five miles. One time when suffering from indigestion I was enabled by the Lord to walk twenty miles a day for three days in succession without more food than I would normally have eaten in one meal. Even so, I did not become fully exhausted.

Although in the early days of my work in Ka Do Land I worked my way along many a weary mile over many a trying trail, at the same time I got the help of the Lord in a special way whereby the supernatural supplemented the natural. After a long hard day's walk, followed by a meeting at night, the next day I sometimes felt so tired and weak that I wondered how I could possibly make the stage ahead of me over another long, hard trail. It all looked like a big mountain ahead of me. Many a time, after starting the day in this weak condition, I would begin to feel refreshed. The farther I walked the easier it became and the fresher I felt. I have ended such days not feeling at all tired. I may have started the day feeling too tired to walk at all, and then after walking twenty miles ended that day feeling as refreshed as though I had not walked at all. God can work miracles when need be. In later years when my work had become systematic, walking became easier. In looking over some of my letters that my wife published in our paper I was surprised how often in my letters to her I found this sentence: "Today I walked twenty miles without fatigue."

In all, how many miles did I walk? I had no pedometer. However, I knew that when walking on level ground at an easy, normal gait my average was three miles an hour. When the distance in miles was unknown, my method of reckoning was to keep a record of how many hours I walked. Although in ascending mountains my average would sometimes be less than three miles an hour, nevertheless, the energy required would be greater than necessary for walking the same number of hours on level ground.

By adding to known distances the distance reckoned by walking-hours the sum total of my walking itineraries to and from and in Ka Do Land amounted to nineteen thousand and two hundred miles. How far is nineteen thousand miles anyway? I assume that would be equivalent to a walk around the world at my latitude near the tropic. How far is it from New York to San Francisco/ How many times could I have walked across the United States before exhausting my nineteen thousand miles?

I came to have a sort of satisfaction, perhaps pride, in believing that for Jesus' sake I had the world walking record for modern missions. I knew of no missionary who had ever walked so far, even in the past, except perhaps David Livingston on his exploring expeditions. Of course others had traveled as far by methods other than walking.

In all this the Lord must have the glory, for, as I have said, my natural strength is far below that of the average robust, vigorous man. I am glad that when it seemed so naturally impossible, I was led in Jesus' name to undertake to become a walking-missionary. Jesus again made the impossible possible.

The Hail Storm

In following my story this far it must be apparent that I have had the special help of the Lord at times of imminent danger or real need. It seemed so one time when I was on my way from Ka Do Land to the

capital of the province. One evening as we laboriously ascended a long mountain trail we saw a storm approaching. The rolling black clouds indicated that this was no ordinary storm. We could not hurry up so long a mountain trail more than a very limited speed. The storm was almost upon us, when with a final expenditure of strength we reached the only house on that way. We had not been in this shelter more than three minutes when the storm broke — rain, wind, and hail. Many of the hailstones were larger than hickory nuts. It was the worst hailstorm I ever saw. The wind blew, the hail pounded. So much hail fell that, although it was warm weather, unmelted drifts of hail were still present along the roadside the next morning.

Along the trail we had come there was not a tree or a rock or any hiding place for shelter. Such large hailstones driven by the wind would have instantly beaten my umbrella to shreds. I wonder what such a pounding of large hailstones would have done to me and my co-worker. We would have been severely hurt. An escape by a close margin — three minutes. Through life I have escaped such imminent danger many times, by as close a margin, BUT, I escaped.

Having successfully reached this haven I was assigned a sleeping place on the long box where grain was kept. Having just completed my year's itineraries in Ka Do Land, as I was now praying my mind went back to my sheep scattered everywhere among pagan unbelievers like sheep among wolves. The under-shepherds were young, and properly caring for such scattered sheep was too difficult for any man. What we all could do at our best seemed little and inadequate compared to the need. As I was thinking along this line and praying, I said, "Lord, who will take care of my sheep?" The Lord replied audibly, "The One Who takes care of the sparrow." The Lord spoke this through my lips independent of my volition. That sentence that I knew the Lord had so clearly spoken has come to my mind perhaps hundreds of times when I was thinking how humanly impossible it was for my sheep to be taken care of. Now that my

sheep are scattered among the atheistic hateful communists where leaders may all be driven away, “Who will care for my sheep?” “The One who takes care of the sparrow,” is Jesus’ reply. That is the sole rock on which I rest my hope.

Escape from Rain Storms

On one occasion we had left a village and gone but a short distance when we saw a storm approaching. We hurried back to the village as rapidly as we could. We got under the roof-covered gateway just as the rain came down in torrents accompanied with a strong wind. We escaped that downpour by a margin of less than a minute. One summer I made itineraries through the worst rainy season known in Ka Do Land for decades. In many sections were to be seen great barren patches where parts of the mountains had slid down. The rain came down in torrents, stopped awhile and poured down again. Neither in that rainy season nor at any other time in my eighteen years in Ka Do Land was I ever caught in even one downpour of heavy rain sufficient to drench me. Sometimes I escaped a drenching by a one-minute or three-minute margin like the instances just mentioned, but I escaped. This avoiding storms so many times over a period of so many years made me wonder. Although I was a man of like passions with Elijah, I dare not assume that the Lord would regulate the storm clouds to accommodate me. Yet there was evidently something so supernatural in all this escaping from storms that if the Lord did not regulate the clouds He must have regulated me. I needed escape from hindering *storms*. I needed no escape from *drizzling rain*. Walking through the drizzles was refreshing.

Excerpts from my Letters

I shall now quote excerpts from some more of the letters that I wrote to my wife at the time we were separated for eight years. These letters, as I have said, were not written for publication, but my wife had them published in the Adullam News.

Adullam News No. 47. I have just finished outlining my program. It will be a strenuous one for five months with less than two weeks at home, aside from the ten days' Bible study. (Later, after returning from a long itinerary).

When at last I reached home and got the first sight of the tumbled-down fences and fallen mud walls, due to the heaviest rains in fifty years, and when I saw material scattered all around, the walls of the house sinking down and the porch roof leaking; and then when opening the door, finding everything within covered with dust and the house silent as a tomb, I stood in the doorway a moment, put my bedding roll down and went out again. I did not want to unwrap my things and stay.

Adullam News No. 48. I leave tomorrow to be gone eleven weeks. In a way, I dread the long winter itinerary and the work involved. Sometimes I feel as though I have climbed over these mountains and slept in dirty attics long enough; I would like to be free from the responsibility of all these churches; then when I get out among the people and see all the good that results from my sticking on the job all these years through thick and thin, I feel grateful to the Lord and renew my determination to continue, come what might, until He leads otherwise.

This is the church where I baptized thirty-two on my first trip here. When I returned a year later I learned that everyone of those I had baptized was free from former habits of wine, tobacco, and immorality.

I am much encouraged over the spiritual progress made in all the churches except one. I was refreshed by the showers of blessing poured out upon us by the Holy Spirit in the last convention. Three young men had visions of Christ in heaven. Another one saw Him on the cross. For several evenings one girl had visions of Jesus and the angels in heaven. Her laughter in heavenly joy encouraged all of us.

In another local convention among the Boo Kow people two young men in vision saw the Lord Jesus with light radiating from His face and body. For about twenty minutes the Holy Spirit spoke through this Boo Kow young man in most expressive Chinese language. He saw a harvest field of great expanse with grain all yellow, and Jesus said, "This harvest must be gathered, and then I will come."

Yesterday I began praying at 4 A.M. At 5 A.M. I dressed and wrapped up my bedding. I then had a half hour early service with the people who had not made things clear in their confessions the previous evening. We then left before the last table of people had finished their breakfast.

I had correctly judged that we would have a bad road over steep mountains. As usual this exceptionally difficult road brought special anointing of the Holy Spirit, enabling us to make the twenty miles with little sense of fatigue or hunger. By the time I had unpacked, hung up my mosquito net, and washed my face, hands, and feet, supper was ready — corn, in this case.

Since the house could not accommodate the sixty who had come, we had the service outdoors. At the conclusion of the praying two young women spoke in prophecy.

I shall be home the day before Christmas for the conclusion of this eleven-weeks itinerary. I have had unusually good health. In another month I shall reach my sixty-fifth mile stone with colors flying.

A Letter To My Mother

Adullam News No. 50

Dear Mother:

I have been away from home three months traveling and preaching among the churches. If I had time I would like to write an article entitled, "500 miles with God." Although my experience of the Holy Spirit is far from being as deep and constant as I desire, nevertheless as I look back over this three months' work and 500 miles' journey I can see that I have had the constant anointing of the Holy Spirit. Never at any previous time have I for three months felt so first-class in health, in enthusiasm, and in Spirit as I have during this itinerary. I have never before for so long a time been able to pray with such ease and freedom as during these three months. Neither have I ever before walked so many days and covered so many miles without fatigue as on these 500 miles. I have been able to get rest and refreshing directly from the Lord. Moreover, this is my first winter that I have not slept much in smoky attics.

I have seen definite good done each day of this trip. In all of the places we visited, without exception, I think, we had supernatural manifestations of the Holy Spirit. Many of the Christians had previously received the Holy Spirit. Others received the Spirit at the time of my visit. With only a few exceptions the work in every place is making spiritual progress. In many services the Lord spoke by direct inspiration through prophecy or by tongues and interpretation. On the whole, I was never before so happy in a work of three months nor so well satisfied in the assurance that my people will continue in the Lord. I never felt more "at home" when among the people.

Some Conclusions

What I have written concerning hardships has no purpose to meet man's approval or disapproval. Such things are a matter of indifference to me. I have felt led to write as I have, giving as accurate an account as I could of my personal experiences and the Lord's leadings. The way He has overruled my weakness and clothed my natural with His supernatural should be for His glory.

As I have been reviewing my past and looking over the road I have come, my conclusion is that had I suffered less hardship there would have been less result. Had I suffered more, there doubtless would have been better results. Nevertheless, I experience no great regrets. As I think it all over, so far as I can see now, were I to live my past all over again, I do not feel that I could do otherwise than I did under the circumstances, with my spiritual limitations. My whole life has been one of conscious weakness and natural uselessness, as I have said, attended with depression and often real melancholy. And so I do not see how I or the Lord could have done much better when hindered by such handicaps.

I frequently receive letters from friends, saying that my reward in heaven will be high. Although I appreciate such remarks intended to encourage me, my reaction is this: Did my friends know me as I know myself with all my weaknesses and shortcomings, they would feel, as I do, that I shall be fortunate to get into heaven without any other reward whatever. The Lord has the situation analyzed correctly when he says to me, "You also, when you have done all that is commanded you, say, "We are unworthy servants: we have done only what was our duty." (Lk. 17:10).

A servant works to get his job well done. His reward is his master's approval. In all of my work the highest reward I have thought of or hoped for was so to serve my Lord and Master that at the end of the day when my job was finished I might see His smile of approval and hear Him say,

“Well done, good and faithful servant.” Beyond such a glorious reward I can think of no other except to be assigned further service and be trained to be a more perfect servant to serve Jesus in ever increasing usefulness as the ages roll along.

When trudging over hard trails I have often thought that at the end of the trail of life my highest hope for reward was to have some good person put up a rough sandstone slab where my bones lay with these words inscribed, “He spared not himself.” At first I thought this was a Bible phrase. It has come to my mind hundreds of times as an ideal, as a goal and as my highest earthly aim.

Better Than Furlough

Better than a furlough was more work, harder work, and a change. I had such a “better” at the time of my most strenuous early years in Ka Do Land. After being there five years in itineraries, conventions, and local work it became necessary for me to go to Shanghai to rescue from the devil the manuscript for my book, *The Three Worlds*, and to supervise its printing, as already related.

When I arrived in Shanghai I was tired from my hard year in Ka Do Land. I seemed to be spiritually “spun out” as well. I thought that I was going to have a sort of furlough free from missionary activities and spiritual responsibilities and a change from all such while supervising the printing of my book — a predominating interest that would be refreshing. I was encouraged by believing that no one in Shanghai knew me, and so I would not be asked to take part in any kind of church work. However, my high hopes for the kind of furlough I had thus anticipated vanished as soon as I got to Shanghai. Upon going to the Pentecostal missionary home where I planned to stay, I found that they had been anticipating my arrival and planning some meetings for me as a result of reading my book, *Visions Beyond the Veil*. A monthly fellowship meeting had just been announced.

Would I take these meetings while I was in Shanghai? The next meeting was to be in a few days.

How could I lead a fellowship meeting? I had been away from missionaries so long that I should attend such a meeting in order to “get” not to “give.” However, seeing no way to get out of it, I finally consented to take only the first meeting. When the time came for that meeting, as usual, I felt like an empty barrel — no prepared sermon, spiritually dead. Yet there I was, expected to lead a meeting that would inspire missionaries and English-speaking Chinese. What could I do? Do? Do nothing except, as in the past, wait and see what the Lord would do.

The gathering of perhaps twenty people consisted of some Pentecostal missionaries and some educated, English-speaking Chinese who were mostly nominal Christians becoming interested in spiritual things. Well, whoever they were, there I was, in a corner, wishing I were as inconspicuous as a mouse in a corner.

The leader of the meeting, having opened the service, asked all to kneel and pray in union. I got off in a corner of the room and was seeking the Lord the best I knew how, when someone started the hymn written by William Booth-Clibborn: “Spirit of God, Breath on Me.” As all joined in the singing, the Spirit of God began to “breath on *me*.” The more the people sang the more the Spirit of God enveloped me. This breath of God penetrated by body, my soul, my spirit. I became Spirit-possessed then and there.

That infilling never left me all of the three months I was in Shanghai. I lived much in the supernatural; I was with Jesus; Jesus was with me.

When I began speaking that night I had a deep anointing of the Holy Spirit. It was more the Lord than I who spoke. He led me to give some of my personal testimony about my receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit and then led me to tell something of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the Adullam orphanage children.

As I spoke I especially noticed a young woman on the front seat who seemed to be almost entranced. I never before saw such wide open eyes that seemed too enraptured to blink. Every word I spoke seemed to have a heart-response in this attentive listener. Her father was one of three Chinese rich brothers who owned the largest cotton factories in Shanghai or any other place in the far east.

While speaking I also noticed another person on a back seat who was giving rapt attention to every word. He was the young woman's husband. His father had at one time been a rich planter in New Guinea but had lost his wealth. This son was a Cambridge University man. The Chinese couple, Joey and Marjorie, became my staunch friends, like a son and daughter. I was often in their home for meals. We had a meeting in their home every Thursday evening. In a fellowship meeting that I led Marjorie received the baptism of the Holy Spirit speaking in other tongues. I have never known anyone in Ka Do Land or elsewhere who had such a constant overflow of Jesus as Marjorie had. Joey spoke with other tongues after I left Shanghai.

At the conclusion of my talk that first night, when we all knelt in prayer the Spirit of the Lord came upon us all as a refreshing blessing. After the service the missionaries present asked me to visit all of their churches and made out a schedule with appointments for several weeks. Every person was so friendly and showed such Christian love that I felt that I had been whole-heartedly adopted into a big, loving family of the Lord. This first fellowship meeting was my introduction to eight Pentecostal churches, where I had fellowship and occasional meetings while in Shanghai.

After the service a young married English-speaking woman asked the reason for water baptism. I explained its place as part of the Lord's program. Later on this woman was baptized and was healed of a longstanding chronic affliction. I was told that she belonged to the supposedly "high class, blue blood" Shanghai elites. Her husband was

secretary of the China branch of the American and British Bible Society. He received special blessings in our meetings.

Beginning with that meeting when “the Spirit of God breathed on me,” and I lived on a high plain all the three months I was in Shanghai, I was free from habitual depression. I had a supernatural love for those among whom I worked; I never for so long a period seemed to live in heavenly realms. Almost every time I held a service in any church there were those who received supernatural anointings of the Holy Spirit. A spirit of revival attended my efforts.

I did twice as much work as I naturally could have done. I worked so incessantly every day with book problems, sometimes not stopping to eat, that by night I often was quite tired and needed rest.

My naturally needed rest became a supernatural rest. I was in meetings every night. As soon as I was in a meeting, especially a group meeting, my tiredness disappeared. With my fellow Christians I drank of Jesus’ stimulating New Wine, with reactions as definite as follow the drinking of earthly wine. I was so stimulated, inspired, and refreshed in my fellowship-contacts that it appeared to me when I talked to them I was simply giving back what I had received from them. Of course it was all from the Lord Who had “breathed” upon us.

The every night meetings never began before nine o’clock. Being sometimes in distant parts of the city, it would be midnight by the time I got to bed and frequently one o’clock or later. My recollection is that for the last several weeks of my stay I had meetings all but three nights, got only four or five hours sleep at night, and seldom any sleep in the day. I arose at five o’clock every morning to pray or try to pray for an hour.

As my book work ran into June and July we were in the hot season. When I had first gone to China I could not endure that tropical, humid heat. My trying to do so lasted only two weeks. Now here I was in just such heat. The sun scorched during the day and the air seemed to boil at night. No, it did not boil, for as there was no air movement it was like

being in a heated furnace. Yet when I managed to get in bed or, rather, on the bed, I could continue my all day sweating and sleep soundly until five o'clock in the morning. I worked day and night as incessantly and as hard as I had been working in cooler weather, and usually without great fatigue. I have always considered this a three-month miracle, the most outstanding miracle of my lifetime.

At that hot time people were daily dying from sunstroke, sometimes dying in their homes where the sun did not shine. At night the sidewalks were filled with people who had brought their beds and mats there and who were sleeping outside. While they were sleeping I was passing by them in my work for the Lord.

My work with small groups in home meetings was among the highly educated English-speaking Chinese as well as among missionaries. I remember one night having gone to a meeting with a group where I had sometimes spoken. That night there was present a Christian treasurer of one of the big provinces of China, and also present a woman who belonged to the highest rank in the big city of Hankow. I had opportunity to talk with this lady about what real salvation is. She was only a nominal Christian.

Although I did not expect to speak that night, just as they began to sing the last hymn the leader said, "Now when they finish go right ahead with the service." That was a surprise, but anyway I always have to depend on what the Lord gives me when I am speaking. The Lord really helped me. I noticed tears in the eyes of the provincial treasurer as I spoke about Jesus. This officer was a most humble and spiritual man. When we were all kneeling in prayer the "high rank" lady from Hankow was soon sitting up in her chair. I went over to her and said, "Get down there and pray." She replied, "I have already prayed all I know." Another woman, who was supposedly one of the Shanghai "inner circle" received a supernatural endowment of the Holy Spirit that prostrated her on the floor.

Although many of those I met in these little groups were people with college and university degrees, I found them as humble and friendly as were my people in Ka Do Land. I talked to them in my simple gospel talks just the same as I talked to my humble tribal people. I did not preach. I just talked informally about Jesus so that my listeners felt free at any time to interrupt with an additional thought.

One church where I had spoken, in its beginning had been a very live church with much freedom in the Holy Spirit. Later with the help of some rich people and government people who had been healed the church had grown in numbers and moved into a nice building. The pastor of the largest Methodist church in the city having received the baptism of the Holy Spirit was now pastor of this Pentecostal church that had lost all supernatural manifestations.

One night I was to speak in this church. The pastor was not there. As I sat on the platform I felt that it would be a great relief were the platform to open and swallow me. I had often been pestered by a realistic dream that when I was to speak to a gathered audience I could not think of one thing to say and the audience all left. Now as I say that night in that nice church I thought my dream had become true. Every bit of unction of the Holy Spirit seemed to have gone. My mind was blank. I did not think I could speak three sentences, even in the natural.

When the miserable time came for me to speak, I stood up with my interpreter, as helpless as a babe. All I could think of to say was to ask, "How do you say, 'praise the Lord' in the Shanghai language?" Someone back in the center of the audience shouted out loudly in the Shanghai dialect, "Praise Jesus." The power of God fell on the place. Hands went up all over the audience and the whole congregation seemed to be shouting, "Praise Jesus." The Holy Spirit took possession of me in such a way that I felt so exhilarated and light it seemed I was going to be lifted right off the platform into the air.

When the audience became quiet, I had become a mouthpiece for the Lord. He spoke through me about the Holy Spirit. The reason I had not been able to speak was that the Lord alone was to be the speaker that time. At the conclusion of the talk when I suggested that those who wished to pray and seek the blessing of the Lord come to the altar, the forty or fifty foot long polished brass altar across the whole front of the church was at once crowded with praying seekers. Others knelt about the front seats and still others prayed where they had been sitting. There was laughter and weeping. Those who had enjoyed the Lord in earlier days and seemed to have been led away, this night had come back home. I was back in my Father's house too.

One Sunday I was invited to speak in a mission conducted by a Cantonese English-speaking sister. She invited to the meeting members of other churches who came in sufficient numbers to fill the meeting place. The Lord anointed me to speak about the Holy Spirit with much freedom. After my talk, there was a gracious outpouring of the Spirit.

After we left the meeting the Greek pastor who was with me said, "Did you notice that woman dancing over there by the window? Do you know who she is? She is the daughter of the man who founded the chain of Sincere Apartment Stores. (The Sincere stores are famous big department stores in Shanghai, Hong Kong, and other eastern cities.)

A young man from one of the Shanghai banks came to one of our group meetings. The Holy Spirit having come upon him, he shouted, calling on God. I had never heard such a loud voice in any service. This man attended another meeting, perhaps more. One day when I was walking in a park for some recreation, this young man, seeing me, hurried to where I was and putting his arm around me said, "Who would have ever supposed that the Lord would send you all the way from Yunnan to Shanghai so that I might receive the Holy Spirit?" His bank was sending this young man to New York.

Even children got blessed at that time. One Sunday morning, having told the Sunday school children about the Holy Spirit's work in the Adullam Orphanage, the children who wanted to pray were told to go into an adjoining room. As soon as they did so the Holy Spirit came upon them. I noticed one boy in particular, who was prostrated on the floor having direct contact with the things of the Lord. I was told that he was the worst trouble-maker in the Sunday School.

In summary, I can say that those three months in Shanghai were the happiest three months of all of my Christian experience in the work of the Lord. I seemed to be carried along and to live on a higher plain in a better world because when I seemed barren and dead, upon arriving in Shanghai, "the Spirit of God breathed on me," putting life into these dry bones.

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Forty Churches

Step by step, year by year there came about a separation of wheat and tares, sheep and goats, until the final outcome was forty churches. Some of these consisted of small groups of saints; but all of these churches were made up of real saints — separated believers — who had broken with the heathen life and who loved Jesus most of all. In all, I had baptized six thousand. No church records were kept; but I believe that as large a proportion of those I had baptized continued to persevere as those who profess salvation in our best churches at home.

In the early years I was very anxious lest my people be caught in the snare of the anti-Christ before they were grounded in the Lord enough to withstand his persecution. However, during my last few years in Ka Do Land I felt satisfied that all of the forty churches were as firmly grounded on the Rock which cannot be moved as I could ever expect.

Each of these church centers had built its own simple church. Every church came to have its own consecrated, well-liked and tried-out leader.

Although I have been calling all of the area where I worked Ka Do Land and have spoken only of Ka Dos, as a matter of fact, I had villages and settlements of half a dozen different tribes. I also had families and individuals of another half a dozen or more still different tribes. In all, my Christians spoke more than a dozen different languages.

Space will allow only a bird's-eye view of the picture — just a glimpse here and there. My descriptions are so imperfect and lacking as to be little more than mere hints. In all of my writing I feel that my partial accounts of Ka Do Land affairs fail most of all to paint the whole picture. At any rate, I must not leave Ka Do Land without writing some more outline sketches.

The Co-Workers

I have already shown the utter hopelessness of one worm like me to be able to meet the Ka Do Land emergency without the help of proper co-workers. Now, where did the Lord go to get the right kind of co-workers to meet the tremendous need? To a Bible school? To a college? To a theological seminary? To a big German missionary organization with plenty of educated and trained missionaries with plenty of money? This was a very big and a very difficult work to be done, a work that could be accomplished only by experts. Now where did the Manager go to get His experts? Did He choose “big” men? No. He reached low down and selected a bunch of “worms.” He gathered out more worms to cooperate with that one lone worm He had already picked up. Worms work best with worms. Little worms helped by God can do more than big worms can do without God. What! Worms to tear a mountain down? Yes, God used “nothing” to make “something” bigger than man ever dreamed about. That is the way He made the world. He still used the same pattern — never changes the pattern, the Bible says.

Now take a look at the “worms”, the “nothings” whom the Lord chose to do the big something in Ka Do Land. Among the young men who became my co-workers there was not one who according to man’s standards was a person of ability; not one naturally capable leader. There was not anyone educated well enough to understandingly read the Bible. Many of these future leaders and coworkers in the beginning could not read a word. Some of them at first found it so difficult to learn to read that I thought it would be impossible for them ever to learn; yet they kept working with such determination that all who really desired to do so did learn to read. Some who at first seemed most hopeless became those who best understood the Bible and were the best preachers and co-workers.

However, originally these men were worms — earth worms, who had rolled about in the earthly dirt. According to their own confession,

when these men first came to Bible study they were unconverted. They confessed to having groveled in every kind of sin — stealing, robbing, murdering, cheating, lying, drinking, swearing, smoking opium and tobacco and indulging in almost every sin in the heathen catalog. Everyone seemed to have been down in the pit and to have rolled around on the dirty bottom, and yet these “worms” were what the Lord wanted. He washed them clean in His blood and used them to help thresh the mountain.

It was the anointing of the Holy Spirit that transformed these “nothings” into “somethings.” It was the Holy Spirit that gave them that strong desire to be able to read and understand the Bible, regardless of the effort required. It was the Holy Spirit Who made it possible for these men to live lives and do work for the Lord that was naturally impossible. Seeing that what the Lord had for these men to do was not a work to be done “by power” — man’s power — but by the Spirit, the Lord endued these earnest men with His Holy Spirit. One evening when I had brought together twenty-six of these young men for Bible study and for seeking the Holy Spirit, when we all prayed the Lord poured out the Holy Spirit, anointing with manifest supernatural power twenty-five of the twenty-six at the same time.

Although I had occasional times of Bible study for short periods, for the most part, the co-workers had to study alone; yet it was not alone, for the Bible says that the anointing Holy Spirit will teach us.

In all of the eighteen years I worked in Ka Do Land I always had co-workers to help me. No matter what tribe I visited or what language was needed I always had an interpreter. In all of those years with all of those itineraries, some of which lasted two to four months, I always had volunteer co-workers to carry my load and act as my interpreters. I seldom knew ahead of time who would accompany me for more than the first few days. There were times that within a day or two of the time to start I did not know which men would be my co-workers to carry my

things and interpret for me. Yet when the time came I never failed to have a co-worker. When one man's home duties necessitated his return, there would be another man to continue with me. He would be followed by still another when need be. It seemed like almost every man who studied with me would like to travel with me, help carry my things, and make known to others what he had learned about Jesus.

Now let us stop to think and reason; how many miracles would it require in eighteen years to always have a co-worker ready to carry my things in itineraries that covered some nineteen thousand miles and thousands of engagements when no worker could be with me for many days at a time and nobody knew long ahead of time whether or not he could be with me? Would the sum total require several thousands of miraculous guiding miracles? I thought so. I put that many to the Lord's credit.

These Lord-appointed co-workers walked with me, talked with me, worked with me, ate with me, slept with me, and prayed with me many days and many years. At times they carried my load from dawn till dark over tiresome trails up and down the rough mountains — gladly, without a word of complaint or a penny of pay.

Not only on these trips but also in their homes I have talked with these co-workers and ate and slept with them and watched them. I got to know what they thought and how they wrought. I never expect to know any man whom I shall honor and respect more highly than those son-like co-workers. I feel like I never did and never could express to them the thankfulness I owe. I now quote from something I wrote for the Adullam News:

In all the months I spent with the workers I never saw in word or deed any indication of any purpose but a full-hearted desire to live and work for God. I never saw any sign of envy or jealousy of each other's spiritual experience or work for the Lord.

Never did I see them manifest anger, ill temper, or criticism. I did not hear an unkind remark about another's work, nor one word of bad language. Each seemed to rejoice in the work of the other as in his own success. These men were as zealous to help the poor as they were to help the rich. Some of the boys came from the richest and best educated Ka Do families, and some came from the poorest. Often when I had boys from both classes together for days at a time, I never saw anything but the truest fellowship.

The body of tribal saints was like one big family; though made up of different tribes, we were one entirely harmonious whole. We had no quarrels; we had no difficulties with "church problems." Local and general affairs were easily taken care of; we had the Bible. What the Bible said we all said and we all wanted.

We had no "church elders." Among the six thousand I had baptized there was not one who qualified exactly with the New Testament standards for a church elder. Our old men could not read. The young men lacked some requirements. The churches did not "elect" or appoint any leaders, co-workers. I did not appoint or "elect" the co-workers. In His own time or way the Lord Himself put each one where he belonged and would function best without anyone being "officially" or publicly exalted above another. The whole system was much like one organic body with every organ automatically and naturally functioning where it was placed and belonged.

We were not a New Testament church body functioning under New Testament times. We were New Tribal churches functioning under tribal circumstances in tribal times. I would like to write a chapter or two right here, but I must pass on to some other views of the general picture.

They Fasted

In the earlier years of the work, especially, the saints were given to much fasting. Two of the Ka Do churches used to unite on a mountain side every Wednesday to fast and pray. Sometimes the attendance at this fasting meeting was larger than at the Sunday service. A brother from one of these churches, empty handed went to a level spot on a cliff, where he fasted and prayed for eight days. He later fasted for ten days, eleven days and seven days at a time. I do not know how many times he took those long fasts. His is a wonderful story too long to relate here.

Conventions were times of fasting. It was not unusual for the half of those present to fast. Bible study periods were times of fasting, each person fasting as personally led. Old women fasted frequently. One old Poo Maw woman, who had a wonderful baptism of the Holy Spirit, was so determined to keep free in the Spirit that she would fast from one to six days at a time, depending on her need. The most spiritual women were most given to fasting. The young women, more than others, liked to fast. They would sometimes take their mattocks and go to dig in the fields all day without food. The men, especially the co-workers, liked to fast. Even the little girls would fast.

One morning where I was stopping for a day, at breakfast the little daughter, perhaps ten years old, said that she was going to fast. While we ate, the little girl went into the adjoining room and prayed. I could tell that she was praying with the unction of the Holy Spirit. Having finished my breakfast I went in where the little daughter was indeed praying under the Spirit's anointing. Led by that fasting child I, too, got an anointing. These saints have often led me to fast with them.

CHAPTER XXXV

Last Days in Ka Do Land

I did not suspect that those next six months were to be my last days with my people. It was well that none of us knew that those days were to be our final times together. Had we known that, it would have been too heart-breaking for all of us.

The communists had captured the Ka Do Land area a year before I began my last six months. These were days of incessant hard work. In addition to itineraries which covered every part of my work in Ka Do Land, I again visited the work I have told about in the Kotchiu region eight days away; I also visited a distant pentecostal mission where the missionary had already left. The most difficult work, however, was that of the conventions. I held conventions of one to three days in every one of the forty churches scattered throughout Ka Do Land.

In every place there was an unusually good attendance. Although the Communists had not yet begun persecution, which was reserved for a later time, and although they talked about religious freedom, the tribal people had a feeling that the new order was wrong. They thought it offered no hopeful future. That being so, they had better get ready for heaven, as some expressed it. Accordingly, the people pressed into the church services and conventions with an eagerness they had not shown since the first years of the mass-movement. People with whom we had worked in vain came saying they wanted to repent and follow Christ. Some, who had never been to church before came now to seek the Lord and His salvation. Everywhere we saw an unusual seeking after God; and everywhere we saw God seeking His lost and wandering sheep.

In these conventions there was a deeper work of the Holy Spirit than usual. In almost every place the Lord Himself spoke to the people telling them to repent and prepare for the Kingdom of God, for the end of

the world was at hand. He was going to destroy the world. People who never before had been so moved upon spoke out in prophecy saying, “shih gai yao meih wang” (The earth is going to be destroyed). We had this prophecy everywhere, along with the statement that Jesus was coming soon and that men should repent. I and my co-workers had long preached this, the Bible had declared it, and now the Lord Himself in our midst was giving us this same final word and call. All of this helped cause backsliders to return, and it brought sinners to the Lord.

My last days in Ka Do Land were very tiresome because one convention followed another with no chance to rest between them. I spoke three times daily except the days that I walked between churches. Even those days there were meetings at night and sometimes in the early morning before starting on the day’s travel. Very frequently those who came to a convention all wanted to fast. In that case there was no food that day until the evening meal. It sometimes happened that a one-day fast was followed by a fast at another convention the next day. With the help of the Lord I was able to conduct all of the forty conventions without interruptions and with His blessing in every place.

In the last six months, including my travel to and from the capital and my visit to another mission, I walked an estimated twelve hundred miles. In that time I baptized eleven hundred believers.

The same as in previous years, my itinerary among all the churches and all of the local conventions was to be followed by the general convention for three days. This convention, in turn was to be followed by ten days of Bible study and seeking the Lord on the part of the co-workers and other young men and women.

Since the conventions in the forty local churches had been unusual revival seasons and the Lord had moved so graciously in every place, I expected this following general convention to be the best we ever had — a fitting climax to all the other conventions in Ka Do Land. I was not disappointed. Over eight hundred tribal people assembled for the

convention. As I expected, from the first service the Lord was in our midst with unusual power and blessing.

We had three services every day. The Lord poured out the Holy Spirit in every service. This all contributed to make the third and last day of the grand climax of the general convention and of all the conventions that had been conducted in the forty local churches.

This third and last day of the convention was Sunday. We would have the Lord's Supper in the morning service. Very early I had prayed the best I could with poor success and little spiritual anointing. I seemed to be completely tired out, finished. As I went to the tabernacle for that service and the Lord's Supper I felt very sad. That service and that whole Sunday should be the day of spiritual mountain peak in glory land. As I approached the tabernacle it seemed to me that so far as my leading was concerned the day was doomed to be an anti-climax. Thus feeling so dead, so unspiritual, so helpless, I stepped into the tabernacle where the people were already assembled and had been quietly praying. When I stepped into the place I seemed to have stepped into another world — heaven. Jesus was there. His out-flowing love flooded the place. It flooded my soul. Angels must have been present everywhere. My spiritual deadness, my despondency, was gone.

We would first partake of the Lord's Supper. Taking an emblem in my hand, holding it up I began to speak. As I did so a Ka Do brother began to weep outloud. I had him quieted and was again preparing to speak when others began to weep. This outloud crying soon spread all through the congregation. To speak and be heard above the weeping was impossible. Thinking of Jesus' death caused these saints to weep brokenheartedly like they cry when burying their own dead. These simple people on such occasions unrestrainedly give expression to their grief by crying right out like children. And so there was loud crying now because the One they loved above all others had died. He had died in their stead for them. The Holy Spirit now made this death for them a clear reality. Although my

voice could not be heard above such contrite weeping, I did not want to speak. I, too, was there where Jesus died. All at last having become quiet, when I again began to speak about the cross the whole congregation again broke out in loud, heart-felt weeping. This was repeated three times before these children of the mountains could restrain themselves while I talked to them about the death of Jesus — not a new story; the same story they had heard many times that grew sweeter with each hearing. Partaking of the Lord's Supper that day was no formality. It was much as though each one partook of a small portion of Jesus' flesh and trifle of his blood.

As I then at the foot of the cross partook of the Lord's Supper with my people among whom I had suffered and rejoiced so many years, I did not suspect that I would never again break bread with them until I did so in the kingdom of God beyond death and the grave.

Having tarried at the foot of the cross, we all rose to our feet to praise and worship Jesus and receive of His life through the gift of the Holy Spirit. As we unitedly praised the resurrected Christ, He filled the tabernacle with His life and glory, attended by many manifestations of His power.

I had a baptismal service immediately after noon that included almost every person present who had not been baptized. Then we wanted one more uninterrupted Holy-Spirit-meeting, the one purpose of which would be to receive the Holy Spirit. And so while I was baptizing in the stream below the tabernacle I had the men carry the benches out of the tabernacle and arrange them in the court outside the open side of the tabernacle. In the mean time the women having gathered fresh green pine needles from the nearby mountain side, spread these needles all over the tabernacle floor, making a beautiful green and fragrant carpet.

When we assembled for the meeting I requested all who had received the Holy Spirit with supernatural physical manifestations, especially dancing in the Spirit, to assemble inside the tabernacle and sit on the carpet of fresh pine needles. The others were to sit on the benches

in the court or to stand nearby. This was not to be a *preaching* service; it was to be a *receiving* service.

I knew that the Spirit would move in our midst as soon as all was ready and the opportunity given. Now that all were assembled and silently waiting, we were ready to *receive*. I then asked all to stand, look to Jesus, and to receive His Spirit. As the people did so the Holy Spirit enveloped the whole assembly. Everyone inside the tabernacle was soon dancing before the Lord of glory. The whole tabernacle was filled with orderly dancing saints yet not one interfering with another. The sea of upraised hands seemed to be offering waves of praise in worshiping and adoring the King.

This had not continued very long until one after another began to be prostrated on the pine needles. There was no violent falling. As all were dancing with closed eyes, how was it that each one could be so easily layed down on the pine needles? I thought the angels, who undoubtedly were there, must have gently layed each one in the right place. It was not long until the whole tabernacle floor was almost completely covered with the slain of the Lord. As I recall it, not one person remained dancing or standing. This had to be the working of the Lord through His angels, it seemed to me; else how could such a large number of people with closed eyes while dancing close together be so gently and systematically laid out on the pine needles without stumbling over or bumping one another? When the first of these were prostrated here and there, large numbers not yet so prostrated, with closed eyes were dancing all around them without treading upon anyone. This had to be supernatural. There was no other way to account for it.

The slain of the Lord were so many that I wondered whether there might be as many as were filled with the Holy Spirit when the Spirit first fell on the day of Pentecost. I counted. I counted one hundred and thirty laying before me, informally distributed in trance and lost in the things of God. What a scene! I never shall forget it. In addition to the one hundred

and thirty in the tabernacle there were many outside who received the Holy Spirit at the same time attended by miraculous manifestations.

When the power of the Lord had lifted from some of those in the tabernacle, groups gathered about those still in heavenly realms, and sitting about them eagerly listened to prophecy and revelations being given by the ones still in trance. This time of blessing and revelation and meeting in the presence of God continued until time for the evening service in which some received the Holy Spirit for the first time.

It was with much reluctance that this last meeting of the convention finally broke up and the people retired for the night. Very early the next morning my people of various tribes and languages were loath to separate and go in different directions to their homes. Their love for one another and for the Lord and for the season of heavenly refreshment they had been enjoying all combined to make this parting and homegoing attended with a sense of sadness. When would I meet again with this big family of God's people? Never again till we meet in the Father's house. "God be with you till we meet again."

A Bible Study Period

The convention people having returned home, we were ready for ten days' Bible study. This was to be the best one we ever had. We never before had so many young people come; we never before had such deep working of the Holy Spirit. Remaining for the Bible study were two hundred and twenty young men and one hundred young women. At the time of our first Bible study periods we had only young men. Then the young women who had been saved and had received the Holy Spirit kept wanting also to come for Bible study. Some of our best men thought it would be a good thing to try teaching some of these most zealous young women. This proved to be a true leading of the Lord.

The Tribal Young Christian Women Come

In the past none of the tribal young women had ever been sent to the few Chinese schools widely scattered among tribal villages. Thus it was that the young women could neither read nor speak Chinese. Their life-work was settled: They were to cut down the big pine trees, then cut them up into fire wood and carry the wood home on their backs. They must cook the meals to feed their fathers, husbands, and brothers. The heavy work of pounding the rice to husk it and the arduous work of grinding food in the heavy stone mortars was all strictly the work of the girls and women. It was also their job to gather leaves from the mountain or find food in one way or another for the hog. After a scanty breakfast it was the women's duty to take their heavy hoes and dig all day in their quite unproductive corn fields. No wonder the little girls I have told about all had calloused hands and the young women soon became old women. When Jesus came saying, "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," His was a welcome voice. Most of all, the hard-working, heavy-laden tribal women came and found that Jesus made their burdens lighter. Jesus helping these women also helped the Christian men to help their women.

The biggest change was in the young women who came to Bible study. Having been to Bible study and there associating with like-minded young men and women, these young women acquired a confidence that, after all, they could be "somebody," not just woodcutters and hog-feeders. They yet remained humble at their humble daily tasks. That was just what Jesus liked. He was looking for such people. He quickly and gladly adopted them as His daughters. That was their great joy that eased their heavy daily tasks.

These young women found study very difficult. They must first learn the Chinese written characters (words) and their meaning, when they themselves did not know any Chinese language whatever. I wonder

who in our homeland ever saw any pupils work as hard as did these young tribal women (and men). They were determined to learn to read the Bible. That alone was the book we all studied or cared to study.

As soon as any of the young women were able to read a little they began teaching those who knew less, the way the young men were doing it. So it came about that in this present last Bible study period with one hundred young women present, most of whom had studied with us before, they had advanced to the place where they could be divided into a dozen classes with young women leaders teaching the less advanced to read. The only difference in the plan followed in teaching the young men was that among these always were a number (in this case fifty) who could read the Chinese Bible. I taught this group, who could understand my mandarin language, and then had them separate to teach the other young men and women.

The Moral Transformation

The moral transformation that had taken place with these young people certainly was miraculous. Whereas in the past among the young people there could scarcely be said to be a moral standard, now here were more than three hundred live young people in the prime of life living the Christian life with its high moral standard. So far as any knew, all of these who now came for Bible study were living free from moral reproach. I still consider the greatest miracle I saw in Ka Do Land to be the way so many young men and women saved out of such low moral condition were by the Lord enabled to live clean lives, as these did, in the midst of unprincipled believers, where constant temptation was terrific. These young saints were like the beautiful Regal Lilies that I saw here and there on the Ka Do mountainsides amidst wild grass, weeds and thorny bushes. I still remember those beautiful Regal Lilies that I saw here and there on the Ka Do mountains, and I cannot forget the Regal sons and daughters of the

King, clad in garments made white and pure in Jesus' blood, now as God's holy ones dispensing beauty and fragrance here and there in the midst of the moral filth and wilds of the mountains and ravines of Ka Do Land.

As the regal lilies were a striking contrast with the conditions from which they grew and under which they now shed forth their enchanting beauty, so were those converted and Holy Spirit anointed young women different from those among whom they lived, as will be seen from what I now relate.

Thus conspicuous thing that distinguished each tribe as different from another was the style of dress worn by the women. For a woman not to wear her particular Kind of tribal clan-dress was unthinkable.

These various tribal clan-dresses included silver ornaments and trinkets and special kinds of needle work and other adornments. Some features were for show. As at home, there also were features designed by the devil to excite the lusts of men. The tribal dress custom had been observed so long — for centuries — and were such matters of clannish pride that for a young woman to refuse the tribal dress would bring down the wrath of the ruling elders and mark her as “queer” and disgusting because of disregarding the way that “everyone does it.” What tribal woman would dare face the results of a radical change of dress? I can answer: Christian tribal young women. They had received the Holy Spirit. He taught them to think and reason. Away down underneath the rubbish of their heathen conscience there was a latent better conscience which the Holy Spirit brought to life.

At first I had been too busy on my hurried short visits to more than touch on the most vital things of great importance. I had never mentioned the dress question. I and my workers had read the Bible where it said, “Do not love the world or the things of the world,” 1 John 2:15. The young women had heard us preach that verse. The Holy Spirit helped them understand what was of the world. These young women had heard me and my workers read out of the Bible and preach: “What fellowship

has light and darkness... what has a believer in common with an unbeliever... therefore come out from among them, and be separate from them, says the Lord... then I will welcome you, and I will be a father to you, and you shall be my sons and daughters, says the Lord Almighty." II Cor. 6:14-18. These young women had also heard how it was that Jesus had died outside the camp and the Bible said that they should also go out there where He was... outside the camp... "bearing His reproach." Heb. 13:13.

Not long after we moved to Ka Do Land, after an evening service in one of our conventions Josephine asked me, "Have you noticed that the tribal young women are wearing no silver ornaments or fancy needlework-embroidered garments?" At the next service I took notice. Sure enough, there they were right before my eyes — young women of different tribes all neatly and modestly dressed in plain garments devoid of any special clannish tribal designs or undesirable features. From their dress you could not tell from which tribe any of these women had come. But it was apparent where they had come from, they had come "out from," out "from among them," as the Bible said Christians should "come out." Think this through. Here were young women who had courage, young women who had backbone, young women willing to become fools for Christ's sake. They preferred the approval of God to the praises of men. Their concern was not what friends would think; it was what would Jesus think. But what did Jesus think of such women? This is what He thought: "I will *live in them* and *move among them*, and I will be their God and they shall be my people... I will welcome you... and you shall be my daughters." II Cor. 6:16-18. I welcomed them, too, as my spiritual daughters in Christ.

Here I must refrain from writing a chapter or two concerning what I think about our white women's dress. I can summarize what I actually "know" in one sentence; I *know* that our women's style of dress pleases the

devil more than it pleases God. Take it or leave it, nominal Christian or confessedly pagan, that sentence expresses it. No modifying clause.

Our women once knew the real meaning of the word “modesty.” It concerned life, before its meaning became depleted. It was a Bible word that meant much when it was said, “that women should adorn themselves *modestly* and *sensibly*.” I Tim. 2:9. I still can remember when women dressed “modestly and sensibly” with suitable clothes that completely covered all of their bodies except hands and face. At that same time when we went to China women missionaries also were adorned “modestly and sensibly” with proper clothes that completely covered all of their bodies except hands and face — modest, sensible, biblical.

What about the present styles of womens’ dress? Whence came these changing styles? Spurgeon said that England got her styles from France and France got her styles from hell. I understand that now the delegate from hell who designs our women’s styles is unregenerate *man*, a godless earth-man who, of course, knows how to excite the lusts of men. Should Christian women follow these styles to their hellish origin, blind to the plain teachings of the Bible, taken in the snares and wiles of the devil? Or should children of God rather hear another voice from heaven saying, “Come out of her my people, lest you take part in her sins, lest you share in her plagues, for her sins are heaped high as heaven”? Rev. 18:4-5.

What has happened? Ignorance for lack of childhood teaching? Blindness? Man-pleasing rather than God-pleasing? Fear of man more than fear of God? What?

But, some say, times have changed. Right — changed to Sodom. God has not changed; the devil hasn’t changed; man’s natural lust has not changed. What has changed? Women. What? Innocent? Blind? Mesmerized? What? If there be women who do not understand what I have just written about dress and “If there is anything they desire to know, let them ask their husbands at home.” I Cor. 14:35. If their husbands cannot tell them why a woman should wear clothes that are “modest,”

“sensible,” and sufficient to completely cover their whole body except hand and face, let them ask the millions of virile young men who are passing them every day on their way to hell via Sodom, helped on their way down by partly dressed women.

Now to return to my sons and daughters in Ka Do Land and endeavor to finish my story. I once more find myself lacking in language. How can I describe the thrills of joyful satisfaction I felt when at this last Bible study at the first evening meeting I saw assembled before me those three hundred and twenty young men and young women who “loved not the world of the things of the world,” who had “come out” and by the Holy Spirit “separated” themselves from Satan’s world-styles and customs; who preferred to please God rather than man; who had been chosen by God to be sons and daughters?

The sacrifices I had made, the dangers I had faced, could not be compared with the joy that was now mine as I looked into the faces of these godly young men and women of many tribes and tongues. Had Jesus not promised that they who would leave sons and daughters for His name’s sake in the present life would receive a hundred times as many sons and daughters? Had I not sent our only son home to America thinking I might never see him again? Had not the Lord given me a hundred times, yes, two hundred times as many sons plus all of the hundred daughters assembled before my face in this present life? He then also had sent back to us the son we had sent home, helping make the measure overflow.

Studying the Bible

In this last Bible study period we followed the usual plan — a prayer meeting and talk in the morning, Bible study during the day, and a service at night.

The Bible study I cannot adequately describe, for the reader never saw anything just like it. Such concentration, such devotion; whoever saw the like? The evening meetings likewise cannot be described so as to be understood by any save those who have been in such meetings or have themselves experienced similar things from the Lord.

Every morning and evening after I had given my talk, when we all stood to seek the power from on high which would make us effective witnesses, the Lord gave abundantly of His Holy Spirit. There were manifestations of power everywhere. Young men and women were dancing all over the tabernacle. As they entered deeper and deeper into the things of God they were prostrated until every evening the slain of Lord were not less than thirty or forty. When at last all had become quiet, the time came for Jesus to talk to us. Someone, usually one of the young women still lying silently in a trance, would then become the Lord's mouthpiece. Had not the Lord long ago said: "In the last days... I will pour out m Spirit... and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy?" And so the Lord poured out His spirit upon us and sons and daughters prophesied. Sometimes the Spirit used two at the same time to prophesy, each alternately prophesying a few sentences in the unbroken prophecy. Thus we heard directly from heaven each evening as Jesus spoke to us through His maidservants and manservants. I have already related how in such meetings the Lord spoke through tongues and interpretation sentence by sentence when both the speaker and the interpreter were in a trance. Later on one after another when coming out of the trance would arise and be quietly seated or retire for the night. Every night there were some, however, who continued deep in a trance. When these could not be aroused and it became too late, their friends would take them up and carry them off to bed. From their heavenly halo they would come back to earth-consciousness sometime between midnight and morning.

They Danced

Why was it that every night during those ten days of Bible study those menservants and maidservants danced? Why was it that from the time the Holy Spirit was first poured out in Ka Do Land there were those who had danced whenever the Spirit had fallen in power? I suppose believers danced for the same reason that King David took off his outer garments and danced mightily before the ark that was being returned from the devil's heathen world to the ark's rightful place of glory in the kingdom of God. I suppose our people danced for the same reason that Israel having been delivered from the bondage of Egypt — saved — Miriam took her timbrel and led all of the women in a holy dance before the Lord.

The reason believers of several tribes danced in all parts of Ka Do Land is the same reason why I and my coworkers also danced with these simple saints in almost all parts of Ka Do Land. Was not that humiliating? If so it was an attainment, a glorious up-lift, an exaltation to be allowed with many so much better than I to enter the palace of the King and unite with them to dance in His presence.

So far as the Bible record goes, David was the only king who ever got low enough to be exalted high enough to dance in the presence of God. Since David's wife did not like it, she criticized him. Accordingly, she became barren till the day of her death because of her opposition to God-directed dancing.

A big church organization in a section of Ka Do Land with plenty of money and men had those who fought and bitterly opposed our dancing in the Spirit. Like in the case of David's wife, the result was that this mission became so "barren" that, so far as our workers could discern, they did not give birth to one truly born-again child.

Believe it or not, understand it or not, dancing in the rhythm and praise led by the Holy Spirit is a glorious dance. No wonder that David at

the conclusion of all his glorious Psalms exhorts the people to praise God “with the timbrel and dance.” Ps. 150:3.

Thus it was that the final few days of all our many years in Ka Do land ended in a glorious climax accompanied by triumphant victory-dancing in the Spirit. In all of the forty churches, then in ideal order, was victory-dancing and then prostrations, while saints were caught up to heaven in vision.

As already related, the three days of general convention were immediately followed by those ten days of Bible study and seeking God on the part young men and young women, the future leaders in the Lord. As we have seen, every night nearly all of those were anointed with the glory-life, while many danced the victory-dance before being slain by the power of the Lord to lie in His presence, fulfilling the scripture which says that, “In the last days your sons and daughters shall prophesy and your young men shall see visions.” Acts 2:17.

Who knows how long it will be till we all meet again over on other happy shore again to dance together before the King for evermore? I still sometimes dance on my way to that land of endless day.

CHAPTER XXXVI

He Took Me Away

“I am going to take Pastor Baker away. I am going to take him to a good place.” That is what unexpectedly Jesus said in prophecy, speaking through a Ka Do man that one sentence. I made no comment. I do not know what others thought; everything was going unusually well in Ka Do Land. Since my being led to another field of service seemed most unlikely, I wondered whether that “good place” the Lord was going to take me might be heaven.

That was real prophecy. Jesus did just what He said He would do. He took me away from the Ka Dos to this “good place” in Formosa, where I now am writing.

I must give some further account of our days in Ka Do Land before starting an account of that long road, with its many stops, that has led us to this “good place in Formosa.” Five years after the work was begun in Ka Do Land my wife returned to the States, as already stated, where she remained for eight years. Upon returning to China she remained in Kunming, the capital of the province, for three years, because the conditions in China were such that returning to Ka Do Land did not seem advisable at that time.

The communists having taken over all the provinces of China and occupied the greater part of Yunnan, it was certain that they would shortly complete their conquest by capturing Kunming, the capital.

In view of this hopeless situation, all of the Pentecostal missionaries and many of the other missionaries felt led to leave the province while the road was still open. We too were planning to leave, when some of the Ka Do men arrived, who according to pre-arranged plan came to escort me to Ka Do Land. These men reported that, although Ka Do Land was already under communist rule, everything in the churches was going on as usual

unmolested. Consequently I decided to return to Ka Do Land, while Josephine would remain in the capital another year, until we saw how things would develop.

Half way back to Ka Do Land I came to the border beyond which the communists were in control. They gave me a permit-pass that allowed me to proceed to my destination.

Several months later the capital fell to the communists, making their conquest of China complete.

It is a communist policy when taking over new territory at first to allow religious freedom, as the problem of religion is put off until more important things are put in order. Therefore, in the year and a half I worked under communist rule we did not suffer religious persecution.

As already related, my last six months in Ka Do Land was a glorious Spirit-inspired climax to all of the years I had spent in Ka Do Land. As everything was still going so well, having decided that Josephine should return to Ka Do Land after her three years in the capital, before going to the capital for the summer I made all arrangements necessary for men at the end of the summer to go to the capital to carry Josephine to Ka Do Land. However by the end of summer strict orders had come from highest authority ordering all foreigners to leave China. Thus it was that when I saw the foreign police who had so definitely promised me a permit, all they could do was to tell me that the situation had changed and that they could not now allow me to return to Ka Do Land.

When a few Ka Do men came to get us as previously planned, I took them to the foreign police office, where the head officer very kindly told them that they must return alone to Ka Do Land, as I could not accompany them at that time. I wanted the Ka Do people to know that I was not deserting them because of personal danger. I had been unexpectedly caught when separated from them and had no way to return to them. Every road was so carefully guarded by pickets that no one without a written official permit could pass.

In Ka Do Land were communist young leaders who had left luxurious homes and father, mother, and friends. Some of these men I met were from the far North China. Some were sons of Chinese officials. Now here they were in Yunnan, the most remote, the poorest, and the worst province in China. Why? Because they had been deluded into believing they were helping usher in a Utopia, a world of universal peace and happiness. This must be done at the price of personal sacrifice. All selfish interests must be abandoned. If need be, the ideal might demand a willing giving of life, they had been taught.

These men who came to Yunnan were now propagating. They went in groups to villages, announcing themselves as apostles of Utopia. Although some of these young men were from far away homes of luxury, and some were sons of far away officials, when they went to Ka Do villages they all alike wore grass sandals or went barefoot. Not one even wore canvas shoes. Everyone wore cheap clothes. They all ate the coarse Ka Do food — unpolished rice, corn, beans, sweet potatoes, or what not.

One night I slept where twenty of these men had recently slept two or three nights. The dirt floor was so bumpy and uneven in that small room that I could find only one level spot large enough to accommodate both my shoulders and my hips.

What can our lukewarm, half-hearted, wishy-washy Christianity do to meet such sacrificial conquest? What can our godless, pleasure-loving civilization do to stem the tide? Nothing. We're doomed. We have passed over the dead-line. There is no retreat, no hope. Everywhere we had those convictions. Jesus Himself through prophecy to us had said over and over, "This world will soon be destroyed."

I thought that with Christ as my savior and the true kingdom of God as the true Utopia and New Earth as the ultimate goal for which I worked, that if I had less zeal than these communists and was not willing to suffer for my ideal as did these young communists, it would be all right to take me out and shoot me.

Actually I out-commoned the communists. At sixty-five years of age I walked many times as far as any of these communists. My propaganda periods in villages took me away from comforts for as much as four months at a time, while the communists would be out among the people only two weeks at a time.

Am I bragging? No. I am simply stating what God can do for a man. He baptizes with the Holy Spirit and sends out to herald the coming of the kingdom of God. Any Spirit-baptized Christian can live as devotedly and sacrificially for Jesus, though not in the same way, perhaps.

The Lord gave me supernatural love for the communists as men, wherever I contacted them. The Lord in turn caused them to like me and help me. I had several opportunities to tell them my ideal, and they seemed to think I might be right.

An investigating committee was sent to my place in Ka Do Land to "investigate" me. They were there three days while I was away. The conclusion was that, if all Americans were like me, there "would be no war." They thought that the way our Adullam Siao San conducted his school without money from me and worked with and taught the tribal children was the best way. The pupils studied half a day and worked half a day. The communists thought that their schools would do well to follow that pattern. They said that the Christian villages were the best and easiest to care for.

When the time came for us to leave, the foreign police department did me special favors. The morning I got my final papers from them as I was leaving, the men in the office shook hands with me, giving the Chinese "Good Bye" and saying, "Give our best wishes to the American people." I feel quite certain that no other foreigner leaving there ever got a good-bye handshake and parting well-wish. You may recall how Jesus caused the worst Mohammedan robbers to befriend us.

Our Trip Out

On the way to Hong Kong by plane and rail there were several places where permits must be secured and all baggage examined. In almost every such place I approached the authorities with a sense of anxiety, for someone or other passing through that place had much trouble. In one place when someone was passing through, every trunk and package was opened, the contents scattered all around and some things stolen. It leaked out that word had been sent ahead that this person was to be put to as much inconvenience and trouble as possible.

In contrast to this, beginning at the first airport and all of the way to Hong Kong there was no place that we were asked to open all of our boxes. We were well treated in every contact. The day we passed the last inspection at the Hong Kong border not all of our boxes were opened. Those opened were not thoroughly inspected. My having repacked, the inspectors helped me put the screws in my boxes, an unusual kindness. I have always thought that word must have been sent ahead to help us as much as possible.

We then passed over the little foot-bridge and through the little narrow gate that let us out to freedom. I cannot describe the emotion that I experienced when I saw automobiles by the hundred running everywhere and saw multitudes of happy people moving about free from fear. One business man said that when he had passed over that little bridge and through the narrow gate which led to freedom he was so overcome with joy and emotion that he wept.

Under communism from the lowest citizen to the highest official every individual is constantly checked. No one knows what might happen to him any day. Fear is universal. Safety nil.

I do not want to give any wrong impressions. Those who read current literature must know what communism is. It is the final antichrist system. All who read the Bible must know who God is. All who have read

my history this far must see that, regardless of circumstances, Jesus and the angels have escorted us through all the vicissitudes of life as we have traveled on the King's highway.

They Carried On

According to our plans I was to conduct the annual convention and Bible study as I had at the end of summer returned to Ka Do Land. When the time came for the convention, the tribal people gathered from all sections expecting that I would be there, and that Josephine, having returned with me, the work would go on better than ever. When they heard that we had gone to America, they were so heart-broken that when they gathered to pray, they could only cry. I heard that they cried until they could cry no more.

It now came to the people with great force the unexpected responsibility to carry on the Lord's work without my leadership upon which they had always depended. Having prayed for the Lord to help, they determined to work harder than ever, so that the work would suffer no letdown.

With the help of the Lord, the men who had never done so before now conducted the convention. Everyone was responsive and helpful. The convention was followed by the ten days Bible study just as we had planned. Everyone cooperated and studied with unusual diligence.

The tribal people prayed right out loud in the daytime or any time in the night. At convention times or times of special outpourings of the Holy Spirit loud praying occurred off and on all night long. Tribal people were supposed to be able to sleep regardless of noise. I also had learned to do so. When I took tribal people with me to the city or they stayed for a night at a foreign missionaries place, they thought it very strange if "they didn't hear anybody pray." Yes, "we" tribal people were queer and different in many ways.

And so to leave the tribal people was to become a kind of stranger and pilgrim on earth. Truly the tribal people had captured my body, my mind, my spirit, my heart, and my life. I still belong to them. I am spiritually one of them. One of these days before very long I shall be with them, my own people again. We shall gather again in that land of plenty that needs no sun to give it light, that land of beauty where the roses never fade, where the birds forever sing, where the trees never shed their leaves, and where the rippling springs all murmur praise. Some place where the lion and the lamb lie down together and the children play in that paradise of God I expect again to gather my tribal people. There I hope to further teach them more about the kingdom of God that I shall then better understand. I can think of no greater reward than to be allowed again to serve my people among whom I have lived and labored and endured some hardship. In that better land we shall once more rejoice together as we advance from glory to glory to higher and higher plains, and grow more and more into the likeness of Jesus, whom we shall then see face to face.

Back in the World of Freedom

Having arrived in Hong Kong, we went direct to the home of our son James. He with his wife, Marjorie, and two children had left China a year before we did. He had started a Bible School in China and had just completed a building before the communists had come. Now he was teaching in a Bible school in Hong Kong.

The president of this school now asked me to take the twenty-minute chapel service each morning. He said I was to feel free to follow the leadings of the Lord, as he himself could not be present. I had the help of a student who interpreted my mandarin language into the language of Hong Kong.

The Holy Spirit began at once to work among the students. They were as surprised as encouraged when a university young man from a

Baptist church received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, for he had not yet been baptized in water but had just come in to listen. How was it that he could get the Holy Spirit? The answer was simple: the receiving of the Holy Spirit in baptizing power is not dependent on man's knowledge or goodness but depends on man's receptiveness and need. The Holy Spirit comes to make known to man the things of Jesus and His salvation and comes to give the power he needs to make him good.

Day by day the chapel services had been increasingly free in spirit but much hindered by lack of time. Since the students would be free from study Saturday evening, it was decided to have a special meeting then. They assembled with high expectation. The president also came and most of the teachers were there. After my short talk, when we all began to pray, the Holy Spirit began to work. In a short time some of the students were trembling and shaking, some were dancing, and some were loudly praying and praising the Lord. As this continued freedom in the Spirit increased. Then just as in our work in China in the Adullam Orphanage and later in the mountain tribal work in Ka Do Land, when the work of the Spirit became deep, prostrations began to take place.

I had noticed that the school president apparently did not like the way things were going. Now he came over to where I stood praising the Lord and said, "Things are going too far. Do you see that girl prostrated over there?" "Yes, I see her," I said. "You need not fear. Such prostrations took place everywhere in our work in China. To stop these manifestations will hinder the freedom and the working of the Holy Spirit. However the school is yours and you are now in control." With that I could not do otherwise than to become inactive.

In a very short time all physical manifestation ended and the power of the Holy Spirit lifted. We were back on the human level again, all except the Baptist outsider university man who stood alone in the center of the room with uplifted hands and face turned heavenward, praising the Lord with other tongues. The meeting had seemed just right for a mighty

outpouring of the Holy Spirit such as would end in prophecy, visions, tongues and revelations with the angels moving freely in our midst, had that president not hindered God's order and working.

The next day one of the students received the baptism of the Holy Spirit when sitting quietly at his desk. "That's the way I like it," said the school president. "That's how it should be." Such talk is man's wisdom which the Bible says is "foolishness with God." I was told that since that school was started there never had been a real outpouring of the Holy Spirit. From the time that wise (?) president hindered physical manifestations there never again was such an outpouring as he cut short that Saturday night.

I have had meetings where every one present was deeply moved by the Holy Spirit without any striking physical manifestation. There may be circumstances where a "holy quietness" is best. Does Jesus not know what He is doing? Let man keep hands off of God's anointings. If there need be "regulations" by man, let it be Spirit-led in God's wisdom but not be molested by man's foolishness.

I have related this Hong Kong experience in some detail in order to impress the fact that to hinder physical manifestations at times of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, unless such manifestations are demonical, will usually hinder the deepest working of the Holy Spirit. Any of the old-time Pentecostal people from the days of the Azusa Street on will tell you that when the Holy Spirit has been poured out in greatest power it usually has been accompanied with more or less such manifestations as loud praising, weeping, shouting, laughter, dancing, clapping hands, prostrations, trances, visions, and revelations.

I thank the Lord that I have been able to keep hands off and allow Him to take charge of the problems connected with outpourings of the Holy Spirit. Had I hindered really Spirit-directed manifestations such as just described, so far as I can judge, there would have been no "Visions Beyond the Veil" to write, no such story to move thousands. Furthermore,

had I not freely allowed physical manifestations, so far as I can see, there never would have been that work in Ka Do Land where thousands were baptized and in every place the gospel was believed the Holy Spirit was poured out in mighty power. Had I sidetracked such manifestations as we have been considering, I believe I would have been laid on the shelf as useless thirty or forty years ago.

In the present world-wide movement of the Holy Spirit great care should be taken to avoid that so-called “Holy quietness” that may turn into a “lifeless quietness” devoid of the life and power that can move a man or a mountain.

It did not hurt me a bit to be prostrated on a dirty street and rolled over a dirty floor with my best clothes on when the Holy Spirit came upon me with power. I am sure it was good for me to be prostrated there on the street, dressed in my best “Sunday-go-to-meeting” clothes. I know many very nice people who would doubtless be a lot “nicer” were they to be rolled in the dirt awhile. We all need to be made over. Give the Lord a fair chance. There is a reason for “Holy rollers.”

Homeland Again

After a month with our son in Hong Kong we proceeded on to the homeland, which I supposed I would never see again. After an absence of twenty-seven years it seemed more like a strange land than a homeland. My relatives were almost strangers. My mother then ninety-three years of age did not know me nor remember me or anyone else.

When I found that I must leave China I supposed that my preaching itineraries would end. I thought that thenceforth I could devote myself wholly to carry out a long-time desire to give full attention to publishing and distributing my books.

However, we had been in Los Angeles but a few days when I was surprised to find that the Lord had a work for me to do among the

Indians. That seemed strange, in a way, for I had never seen a family of Indians or even thought of doing missionary work among them. Thinking that the Indians would be somewhat like my tribal people, I immediately had a strong desire to go to the Indians.

Before going to the Indians I must get my book distribution work in order. I must also visit our relatives and home friends, and we must see, as far as possible, those who had helped our work and been our good prayer supporters.

Visiting these helpers took us over nearly all of the northeastern states. On our itineraries I felt especially led to introduce my books and make these available. These times were a source of real blessing and refreshing.

Since we did not belong to any organization or church system, our opportunity to speak in churches was very limited. However, our friends had succeeded in getting us an opening here and there, where we always found a hearty welcome. In all places finding those who had read our books seemed like meeting acquaintances.

I felt a oneness in spirit everywhere we went. Our friends being individuals scattered among Pentecostal groups of very different and often contrary beliefs, naturally got us into churches of diverse beliefs. Strange as it may seem, doctrinal questions were not mentioned. For the most part I never learned to which particular group any of the churches belonged that we were privileged to visit. Jesus and His work in China was the predominating interest everywhere we went. Jesus, not doctrines about Jesus, was dominant. I liked that. I like it now. I hope always to like it. So far as I could discern, the spirituality of any church depended mostly on the spirit of the preacher and the freedom of spirit among the members quite independent of particular interpretation of doctrines.

I love to study doctrines and have always been anxious to know just what the Bible teaches on any particular subject. This is right and helpful. But all teachings and doctrines are intended to lead us to an experience of

Jesus. All should help us to fullness of the Christ-life. At the conclusion of our itineraries it seemed that were Jesus to pass by, the separations would disappear and we would all hasten to follow Jesus, while forgetting all *theories about Him*.

The Last Report

In Ka Do Land, as usual, at this first general convention of the year the conventions, Bible study period, and the itineraries for the year ahead were planned, just as had been done when I was there. Different co-workers were designated to do what I had been doing in previous years.

Two months after the men had started the year's work I got just one report. This report said that in every place everything was going well — even better than usual. In some places the churches were filled. Backsliders were returning, sinners were coming to the Lord. There seemed to be a revival. In those two months four hundred persons had already been baptized, while others were waiting to be baptized as soon as workers could get to them. Perhaps hundreds more.

From a big Chinese red-hot communist center four illiterate women had come to our convention while I was there. One of these had been demon-possessed for six months. She had been delivered. These women, who could neither read nor sing had been used by the Lord. I did not have time to visit them and baptize believers there on my last crowded itinerary. After I left, a tribal worker had gone there and baptized one hundred and ten Chinese. A wonderful miracle. No missionary could have done what those four illiterate women accomplished.

I had no further work from Ka Do Land. All communications were cut off. What took place is not known. Since all of my churches were indigenous and had never used foreign money and my example had always been native-like, were the churches especially favored? Or since our churches were truly New Testament like and put Jesus before all else,

in the days of persecution did our people suffer martyrdom, as did the early Christians?

A Mr. Dgang, the leader of the best indigenous churches in several provinces of China was killed. The best-known evangelist in China was in prison. My people were truly as sheep in the midst of wolves.

“Lord who will take care of my sheep?”

“The one who takes care of the sparrow,” is what Jesus had promised.

I gladly would have given my life for my sheep. My heart and my mind I left in Ka Do Land. It was my hope to have left my bones there in that grave I had prepared.

I had lived among the Ka Dos and other tribal people so many years that I seemed to have turned into a tribal man myself. I appeared even to think as the tribal people think. I saw things from their viewpoint. I liked whatever food they liked, and I liked to eat it as they ate it. I was entirely content to live their simple life. I lost all desire for good clothes and an expensive house. The world in which other foreign missionaries with families lived and ate American-style food and enjoyed a measure of American comfort was a world that I had left for Jesus' sake. I was not envious or critical. I had become a tribal man to tribal people that by all means I might save some.

After some years in the mountains, when I again visited the capital of the province, I was invited to stay at the missionary home. Since I had eaten rice and native food so long by using chopsticks, I was not embarrassed to find that I had forgotten how to use my knife and fork and spoon. I carefully watched how others used their tools for eating, hoping all the time that no one would notice my ignorance and that I would not by some mistake get things mixed and mused.

In general it is apparent that those who have had a deep baptism of the Holy Spirit give Jesus the place of preeminence which the Bible says should be His. He is the one having all authority in heaven and on earth.

He is the first and the last, the Alpha and the Omega, He is our great God and Savior Jesus Christ. We give Him all glory. Amen, and Amen.

CHAPTER XXXVII

We Went to The Indians

That was a pleasant ride for two days and two nights on that Grey Hound bus which took us to what was once the wild west. We had supposed that we would rest at night in a hotel. However we were so comfortable that we liked to just ride on and on. On the third day we arrived at our destination, Albuquerque, New Mexico. We were not tired. The wide stretches of the west, mostly inhabited, through which we had passed seemed to be restful and to inspire us with an enlarged aspiration. I wonder whether anywhere in the west there is any more ideal city in which to live than Albuquerque. We went to a small hotel and really enjoyed a few days, while buying some of the simple things that we would need.

Our House Trailer

While in China I had heard about house trailers. From what I had heard I would like to live in one those trailers. I could still be a pilgrim and take my house along in my wanderings. It was not strange, then, that when we got to Albuquerque, I began looking at those wonderful house-trailers. We got a trailer, just the kind we wanted. It was our happy home all the rest of our stay in America. The Lord surely helped us get that trailer-home. I had hunted through every trailer sales-court in the city. For one reason or another I failed to find a trailer that was just right. After this fruitless search, when I was taking a walk for recreation I saw a trailer marked "For Sale." I investigated. When the door was opened and I got my first peep inside I knew that this was "it." There was a nice little sitting room and everything else was just right. The price? 1900 dollars, not so bad compared with the price of other trailers I had seen. The man in

charge was looking after this for a city lawyer. When I asked the price of this trailer the man said that the lawyer has asked for \$1900 but he had told him it was too much. They had decided on \$1300 cash. "Sold, I'll take the trailer." An hour or two later the trailer, our future home, was ours. The Lord helped me find the only trailer that just suited us and got it for us at a bargain. We never saw another house-trailer at any price that we thought could be as nice and home-like as ours.

Eventually, a thousand miles farther west across deserts and over mountain ranges, then still later all the way up the west coast to Vancouver we took our trailer home along with us. When we visited churches wherever we went we had our home with us.

"Willy," Our Jeep-Truck

Our trailer home needed a companion, a Willys Jeep Truck. I also needed such for work among the Indians. A search all over Albuquerque and another city failed to locate what I wanted. Having given up all hope of finding what I wanted, I was on my way to the train, when I suddenly felt led to return to a place I had been. The man in charge of the place said, "I think I have what you want. It is out in the country. I'll take you to see it."

The minute I saw the truck I knew this was "it." It was just what I wanted. The price? \$575 cash. A sale at sight. We named it "Willy." We took it into the family. It became one of us.

Being a four-wheel drive, it could pull Indian trucks out of the snow and out of the sand. It could pull our trailer-home across deserts and over the Rockies. Where nice-looking cars groaned and failed to move near a mountain pass and had to be pulled across, Willy just went right ahead pulling our trailer-home and carrying a ton of my books.

We almost lost Willy when we came to Formosa. Willy had been just right among the Indians. With a nice high rack it was just right for

carrying Indian sheep or Indians; then at the last it was decided that Willy could continue to be a traveling missionary in Formosa. After all, where we went Willy could go. So it was that when I saw the big crane swing Willy high in the air and gently place him on our boat to still travel with us I got a happy thrill.

As Willy had been just right among the Indians so also was it in another right place in Formosa among the Hakka people. Willy has hauled as many as twenty Hakka people at one time. The crippled, the halt, and the blind have found Willy a real friend in need and a friend indeed.

Home Making Among the Indians

Our real missionary work was to be among the Navajo Indians. In time we moved to Gallup, New Mexico, called "The Indian Capital." This is almost as treeless, flowerless, and uninviting a place as could be found. When I first visited there on a scorching sunny day I thought the place so bad that I could not even consider taking Josephine there. It was for that reason that we first went to Albuquerque.

Suffice it to say that eventually believing it the will of the Lord, we were glad to go to Gallup, the city on the border of the Navajo reservation from where we expected to do our work on the reservation. When we moved there with our house trailer we could find no suitable place to put it. So it was that once more we found it necessary to make something out of nothing in order to prepare a place to live.

After searching all over and around the city I found the only spot that suited me. From there was the best view of the city and the surrounding country. However, that location was a rocky, sage-brush-covered slope so unsuitable for anything that nobody wanted it. For that reason I got the place very cheaply.

In my imagination I could see how nice the place would be when I got through with it. Had I not seen a "no place" turn into a "nice place"

under my efforts in the past? Now the thorny sage brush must give way to thorny, fragrant, beautiful roses clustered about a happy home. In one day a big bulldozer cared out of that useless slope a good-sized level spot suitable for house trailers.

As time went on Josephine and I spent recreation time in digging out bad corners and completing unfinished places. This gave us good exercise and great satisfaction as day by day we saw our home place become nicer and nicer. Here our jeep-truck, Willy, had an indispensable part. In it we hauled perhaps a hundred tons of rock and dirt that Josephine and I dug out and loaded. This had to be hauled over a grade so steep that nothing with less power than our four-wheel-drive "Willy" could have taken any load.

We managed to get running water in our trailer. We got electricity. The post office was glad to start delivering mail on the street that passed our place and deliver mail to our trailer court. At last all was just as we had hoped for. We had flower-beds wherever we wanted them. Josephine had many most beautiful roses of first-class varieties. By selecting flowers suited to that climate, we finally had beautiful flowers of many kinds. We also had planted rapid-growing trees wherever suitable. We now had the most flowery place in the city. Moreover, nowhere else was any view as good a that from our trailer-home-hill.

I had supposed that we were now settled for the rest of our days where I could keep on working away among the Indians as long as I could work. From the time we began working on our place I had been working among the Indians. I had come to know every part of that section of the reservation. I had been inside of a hundred of the Navajo Indian "hogans" or one-room Indian huts, and had visited all of the other hogans, so far as I knew. "Willy" and I seemed to have preached "everywhere."

Such was the setting. Our home place was at last completed just as we wanted it done. The work among the Indians was on about as good a

foundation as I knew how to put it. Now it appeared that we were prepared in every way to keep in indefinitely.

Then one day when alone and I was slowly driving Willy along a narrow sandy trail over a waste section without a sign of life anywhere, unexpectedly, as strongly as though I had heard a voice, these thoughts came surging through my mind: "I had evangelized all that section of the reservation. Those who would listen to me had listened. Those who would not listen had no ears to listen. My testimony there was finished. I must sell our home, turn my work over to others, and go to Formosa." As time went on I knew that I had heard from heaven. It was something that *I* was willing to obey when I came to know without doubt that that I had a work to do for Jesus in Formosa.

We were reluctant to part with what we had supposed would be our final home, for which we had worked so hard to make it nice. It seemed like every foot of that ground had become a vital part of us; but we had to go. Not our wills, but the will of the Lord be done.

The premises in total had cost us six hundred dollars. Our own handwork had put it in such nice order that I easily sold it for one thousand dollars.

Only those who have been through the experience of leaving the old home can know how we felt when we had to leave our happy home on the hill.

The time had come. With a ton of books in "Willy" and our trailer home hitched on behind we descended from our hill, and wound our way through the city streets, out into the wilderness-like country beyond. We again were heading west toward another world.

A Look at the Navajos

The Navajo Indians, some 70,000 of them, constitute the largest tribe of Indians in the U.S.A. I do not see how any Indians could be more

wretched or more in need of love and help. In my travels all over a large section of the reservation I never found one family that lived in a proper house or any other comfortable shelter.

The Navajo home, no, I should not call it a “home,” but the place where the Navajo family exists is called a “Hogan.” This “hogan,” or family shelter, is usually circular and from twelve feet to twenty feet in diameter. The walls are made of the material most convenient — clay bricks, rough unhewn pieces of poles, or a general mixture. The roof usually consists of crooked, snarled, and irregular poles, the only kind available in those dry barren hills. These otherwise useless poles and sticks covered with clay make up the roof. A hole two or three feet in diameter, left in the center of the roof, serves a double purpose: it is an opening through which the smoke can go out, and a hole where the light can come in. Three intruders can also freely come in through the top hole — cold, snow, rain. Since the floors are dirt, the rain or snow that comes in on the floor makes mud. If a Hogan has a window at all, it is merely a hole, perhaps a foot wide and eighteen inches high. There is just one low door. Now, let me ask, how could the sun or even the air get into such a place and make it dry?

The all-purpose stove sets in the center of the Hogan directly underneath the hole at the top. This stove is usually made from a fifty gallon kerosene drum. A hole is cut in one side’s center and another hole is cut near the bottom of this side to enable the insertion of wood and the removal of ashes. The stovepipe is made from oil tins or scraps of tin that will give the smoke some idea of the direction it is supposed to go out. The top of this lidless stove is also the “cook-stove.”

What do these poor people cook on top of this cylinder stove? Some sort of cheap meat is cooked in order to have some soup or broth. What do they bake? They do not make anything. They heat flour mixed with water and a little yeast of some kind. This mixture when kneaded a little is spread right on top of the stove in pancake style and heated until it is

ready to scorch on both sides. It seems like just flour and water fried into a hard cake. Coffee goes with this.

When all is ready, a little meat and considerable broth is poured into some kind of a dish. The Navajo takes a piece of the dry hard flourcake in one hand, dips it into the broth and eats it. He supplements this with plenty of coffee which, after all, is what is largely depended upon to help the dry chunks of hard Indian bread go down. During the day when the children or anyone else get hungry all are free to hunt this “hard tack” and eat it with leftover cold coffee.

In some hogans there are old beds, with or without springs, which have been picked up at the white man’s second-hand store. As a rule there are no tables or other furniture. The whole family probably sleeps on the woolly sheepskins secured by the death of some of their little flock of sheep.

Living under such conditions as I have just described, in these damp, unventilated hogans, and sleeping on these damp dirt floors has a natural outcome — tuberculosis. I wonder whether or not there is one family free from this killer. Were you to ask me how the Navajos manage to live, I would answer, “Live? Live did you ask? They don’t.” Some of them merely manage to “exist” for a little while, but not for long. Those who did manage to exist a little while in their hogans are now mostly among the dead, each by himself on the hillside or on the sandy flat where the winds are blowing the flying sand.

What can the Navajo do to earn food and clothing? Very little. He cannot successfully compete with the more capable Spanish white man, were he given the chance. All he has a chance to do is join the section gangs that are sent to various parts of the state or to adjoining states to work on railroad repairs during summer months. The pay is poor. One half is kept in reserve to be portioned out during the winter. The older women daily look after the sheep that are apportioned to each family. The younger women have work part of the summer picking sugar beets or

other crops in distant places where the rich man cultivates hundreds of thousands of acres of irrigated land and hordes his wealth. In any case, all of the Navajo men's regular jobs and all of the women's temporary jobs are nil in winter.

Poor Navajo! Is he really poor? Hopelessly poor. Is he lonesome? Naturally lonesome with nothing to do but lie all day on that sheepskin. Is there any ready source of joy that can help him forget his hardship and hopeless outlook? Yes, there is, right at his elbow — whiskey, beer, wine. I wonder whether any Navajo boy ever got far in his teens without 'having been drunk'? And so the men drink wine and the women eat bitterness.

The government appropriates money for Indian relief. Indian "experts" build a big building that will house two hundred offices. Three million dollars appropriated for Indian relief, so far as can be seen, goes to "relieve" a few hundred government workers doing what a dozen white people with the help of a few Indians could do. The ordinary Indian does not get three cents of the three million dollars to help him buy an extra bite of meat. The government spends enough money on an explosion on the moon to build every Navajo a little home with a floor in it and a real roof over it. How could the Navajo be expected to like the white man who is interested only in selling him poison and seeking entertainment by watching his heathen dance.

Obstacles to Missionary Work

Natural prejudice between races is, of course, a hindrance to missionary work. Confusion caused by conflicting teaching on the part of contending missionaries of the Mormon, Catholic, and various Protestant sects tends to make the Indian think that he might as well stick to his own religion until the white man decides for himself what is the truth. Non-Christian, or pagan beliefs, and various prejudices cause an Indian upon

seeing a white missionary approach his hogan (home) to close the door and often to lock it on the inside.

The very condition under which the Navajos live make missionary work difficult. Each family likes to live as far separated from another family as possible. This is partly for the purpose of having enough grazing room for their sheep, but also because of their naturally quarrelsome disposition, exaggerated by drinking. In one settlement or camp, we seldom find as many as half a dozen homes, and these are usually closely related as parents, married children, or near relatives. They may live two or three or more miles from their nearest neighbor.

Then again, it is almost impossible for any mission or missionary now to get permission to build a church on the Indian reservation. To gather together a congregation in a hogan in any one settlement is also most difficult, for the settlements are too widely separated. Though a few natives have cars and some have wagons or ride horses, the men generally being drunkards or absolutely uninterested in God, will do nothing to help the women and children who would like to attend a service. The quarrels and disputes between settlements also make it so that few, if an, from one settlement will go to listen to the gospel in another settlement.

Another obstacle is due to the fact that these Indians are a nomadic people. On account of not having enough pasture for their flocks, many live in one place during the summer and in another place in winter. Furthermore, since at any time they are apt to move to a new location, it was not unusual to go to a hogan where we had been but a short time before and find nothing but a pile of sand. The hogan had been torn down, the rough logs taken to another place, and another hogan rebuilt. The simple way of tearing down and again rebuilding a hogan makes the whole population something like the shifting sand that is loosely blown to a different location, depending on the direction of the wind. Like this sifting western sand, the non-resisting Indian moves much as the winds of

circumstance blow. His foundations are not deep enough to make him “stay put.”

For many months when we made our regular trips to the reservation a large percentage of the people were not at home. In some instances the old man or woman left at home or the person looking after the sheep had locked the door and gone out to pasture the herd of sheep. We did well to find anyone at home, and if we did, it was usually someone who could not understand English.

A still greater hindrance than any so far mentioned is alcohol. The drink conditions were terrible when the sale of liquor to the Indians was prohibited. Now since the government repealed the law and allows the sale of liquor to all Indians, the awful condition is beyond description. I doubt if more than one Navajo man out of a hundred is temperate. I have seen more drunken Navajos on the streets of Gallup in one day than I saw in all of my thirty years in China. Nearly all of the women we know who want to be Christians have drinking husbands, and that means in most cases wife-beaters.

The day the new law went into effect allowing open sale of liquor to the Indians there were sixty drunken Indian fights on the streets in Gallup. During the three days of the big intertribal annual ceremonial here there were one thousand arrests for drunkenness.

Furthermore, peyote eating is now rapidly spreading over Navajo Land. Peyote is a certain species of cactus plant grown in Mexico. While the eating of this concoction is ancient, its introduction among the Navajos dates only from 1936. It is officially stated that one-sixth of the Navajos take peyote.

Eaters of the dope call themselves the “Native American Church,” and are incorporated as such under the laws of the State of New Mexico. They are by their constitution stated to worship the one Almighty God, and to be allowed to use Peyote as a sacrament.

Peyote eaters are supposed to refrain from alcoholic drinks. In fact they so well carry this out, I am told, that whenever anyone refuses a drink he is at once asked, "Are you a peyote eater?"

The peyote users meet in groups all night long and have a continuous religious ceremony. All night a drum is beaten accompanied by songs and chanting. Every member of this sect has to make certain prayers, join in songs before taking the peyote, and repeat until sunrise. After taking this dope the victim frequently goes into a trance and often sees visions and hears voices. He is at last in a state of intoxication peculiar to peyote. Prayers are made to the peyote drug itself and through it to Peyote, the mediator between God and the Indians, they believe. Peyote plant is peyote's power visibly manifested it is claimed. Peyote is the Indians' mediator as Jesus is the white Christians' Mediator, they say.

Since the Navajos still observe the superstitions and customs followed when the white man first met them, they depend upon the medicine men, or sorcerers, for supernatural guidance. On special occasions they have their squaw dances and other heathen dances that draw attendants from long distances. It appears that the Navajos now have all the vices of their heathen ancestors plus all the vices of the white man.

The government opens a few schools where a few pupils do not learn enough English to speak it well. Every pupil is allowed to pass examinations. Thus he goes right through the mill and out at the other end is sent back to his heathen home. There he is subject to heathen daily contacts until he again fits into the niche from which he has been separated for a little while and becomes once more a Navajo of the Navajos.

Aside from the Christians, the Navajos in general are anti-white. The men are especially so. They still know who killed the Indians and who took their good land. The white Mexicans in the cities bordering the reservation sell liquor to the Indians who get drunk easily and then

roughly shove them into jail, perhaps a filthy jail so crowded that there is no room to lie or to sit down. I wonder what portion of Navajo men have had every cent taken from their body and then roughly thrown into jail by the godless Catholic white man.

The sum total of all the gospel work being such, many missionaries to the Navajos become discouraged and leave the work. One mission working here for six years is leaving, thinking there have not been half a dozen real converts. Another mission, having worked faithfully on the reservation for two or three years is now planning to leave. One missionary who has worked hard for the Navajos and has built a nice church building here in Gallup told me recently that for four years he has tried in vain to have meetings in their hogans. Though he has driven over the reservation many miles, he had to admit that he knew “nothing” about how to work there. Then I heard that some missionary in the northern part of the reservation reported that he had worked forty years without having one convert who stood. A catholic trader who had his store on the reservation told me that the Navajos could not be converted. “I would like to see the man who could convert even one,” he said.

This is a dark picture. It is doubtless true that the Navajo is rather unstable in his make-up. However, it is my opinion that unfruitfulness in missionary effort among the Navajos is due largely to the obstacles just considered and lack of power through the baptism of the Holy Spirit. However, some missions, especially Pentecostal missions, do have some real converts. Nothing less than the supernatural power of the Holy Spirit working miraculously against such supernatural satanic entrenchment can be effective.

The Navajos as naturally born into the world are just as nice people as any other people before they are ruined by the devil. Mrs. Baker and I always thought that the Navajo children, as a class, were the nicest children we have ever known. Navajo children were obedient to parents, took tender care of one another and were not quarrelsome. They rejoiced

when they saw us come. They lined up and waived us “good bye” in English when we left their home.

The first Indians we met in America were Christians in a missionary’s home. When the little Indian girl about two years old saw me she ran across the floor, held out her arms for me to take her. She put her arms around my neck and kissed me. That was a child’s introduction to Indian childland. In a hogan where we had Sunday meetings a little Navajo girl just old enough to run around, as soon as I got inside the hogan door would always come running toward me with one hand held out for me to shake. She was then ready for me to take her up in my arms. Another little Indian girl named Jennie used to come to our trailer with her Christian mother. She liked to stand by me and then get up on my lap. She is now seventeen and in school. She is a Christian and hopes to become a missionary. I had an unexpected letter from her sister. “I was too young to remember you were here, but I thought I would like to write to you,” she said, in a nice well-worded letter that came recently. Now from all this can you not see that naturally the Navajos are really people? Believe me when I say that the Navajo children in general have better and more likeable dispositions than white children. We have seen fine children of different races and tribes. Still at last we continue to believe that the Navajo Indian children are the best behaved and the nicest children we have ever seen. I think they deserve this testimony.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Our Missionary Work Among the Navajos

I never faced any work that seemed more impossible than starting work among the Navajo Indians. My natural timidity about going into the homes of strangers made it seem impossible to go alone in to mysterious Indian hogans or huts. I had bought "Willy," the Willys jeep-truck, but still I waited until the inner pressure became so strong that I had to do something about it. I had no helper, no interpreter, no guide but the Lord. I bought some phonograph records with hymns and sermons in the Navajo language. Mrs. Baker and I then got into "Willy" and with fear and trembling launched out on the new adventure.

We drove up to the first hogan in sight. Finding someone at home and showing the phonograph, I asked whether they would like to hear it. They said, "Yes." In a minute there we were inside a real Indian hogan playing Navajo songs and sermons to real Indians. They liked the music and so did we.

As we were leaving I asked whether they would like the loan of a phonograph so they could play it themselves. A happy "Yes." The Lord Jesus had opened the door and pushed me through into Navajo-Land. I went downtown and bought the first little hand-wind phonograph in sight and put it in that first Navajo hogan that had welcomed me.

I understood that the Gospel Recording Co. who put out records in the Navajo language, sold phonographs for ten dollars. Too bad, but they had no supply on hand. What could I do? I wondered whether some of our friends might not have some discarded old hand-wind phonographs. Mrs. Baker felt sure they would not have kept any. I thought there might still be some stored away, perhaps in the attics. Accordingly, I wrote about our plans in an Adullam News that we sent out to our friends. I said that I would pay ten dollars for a phonograph, plus carriage.

What do you suppose? Phonographs began to come. Our friends sought phonographs among neighbors, relatives, and friends. Some of our people at their own expense advertised in their local papers. The Navajo Freight Truck Co. delivered phonographs from Los Angeles, or any point they had lines, to our door free of charge. In any case, freight was paid where necessary and all phonographs given without charge. There was one exception. A truck drove to the door with a phonograph marked "C.O.D., \$10.00." While the man was taking it out of the truck the mail man came along and handed me a letter. In it was a \$10.00 bill and a note which read, "This \$10.00 is to pay for a phonograph." I handed the bill to the truck driver who had just delivered that phonograph C.O.D.

In the course of two years we received sixty-two phonographs all in good working order. Some were almost new. Many of these were first class, expensive cabinet style. Such were cut in two and the lower half discarded, making them convenient to place in an Indian hogan.

At a reasonable price I could get as many Navajo sermon and hymn records as I wanted delivered at my door. The Lord so managed the whole business that the arrival of phonographs and the opening of Navajo hogan doors worked out in perfect harmony. By doing some shifting I put phonographs into eighty hogans (huts).

One of the first phonographs went into the hogan of an Indian who later told me he at one time was the head magician over eight thousand Navajo Indians. I heard it said that in his younger days he was greatly feared because at night he could turn into a wolf and do great harm. He was now too old for that and worked at making jade ornaments. He spoke good English. He was very pleased with the phonograph. He said that at night all the young people in his family would gather about the phonograph and listen to it. He also said that the young people were free to believe the Bible as they liked, but he was too old to change.

One day when I drove to his place he and some other men were working on a truck nearby, but soon came into the hogan where I had

come. They all were very friendly. I talked to them about the Lord while my old friend interpreted all I said. Then the old man said to me, "We have just come from one of our council meetings. We were talking about you. The people said that you are welcome in our homes." "Maybe you could become Christians," I said. "No, we cannot say that, but you are welcome to come into our homes." I found that true.

I talked about Jesus wherever I could find an interpreter, sometimes a school girl or boy. Wherever I could, I left a phonograph, and records from which the young people and children learned to sing some of the Navajo hymns.

I had regular services in some hogans. Since I soon learned to read the Navajo hymns that were written by using the alphabet that had been invented for the Navajos, I could teach the young people to sing their hymns. They enjoyed that as much as I did.

In two years I repeatedly drove four-wheel-drive Willy all over the Gallup side of the reservation. Aside from Sundays, when we had meetings in the hogans, I usually drove alone. Who knows how many lonesome miles that was over narrow roads or roadless terrain is hard to tell. Sometimes it was many barren miles between hogans. As already stated, seldom did I find as many as a half dozen hogans in one place. In all I drove more than ten thousand miles over wilderness-like Navajo Land. My car trouble or gas shortage always occurred after I got back in the city or back to the side of my house trailer. This seemed to be miraculous.

Visible Fruits

Vanita. We had just moved our house trailer to Gallup on the border of the Navajo reservation. What was it Vanita wanted when she called to see Mr. Baker? I was not at home. She came again with her three small children. "I want to become a real Christian she said," in English. By that

she meant that she did not propose to become the ordinary church member she was used to seeing. To me this seemed too good to be true, for I had not had any public preaching service. I did not recall having even seen Vanita. Anyway, there she was with children and her declaration that she intended to be a *real* Christian. I am sure the Lord put that in her heart and set her to me. Does the Bible not say that no one can come to Jesus unless drawn to Him by the Father through the Holy Spirit?

It took some time for Vanita to convince me that she was not after discarded clothes or some material things such as all missions were passing out as Christian inducements to the Indians. In time I saw that Vanita really had her heart set on becoming a *real* Christian with no other motive in view. When I met her on the street she was always glad to see me. Often she would ask, "Will you be at home tonight? I'm coming to see you." She always came carrying her youngest child, leading one, and with the other following along. Later she said, "I am coming every Tuesday." She came. She wanted to learn about Jesus and the way of salvation. Yes, Vanita wanted to become a *real* Christian and she did become "a real Christian," my first real Navajo Christian.

Her brothers constantly testified that she was a true Christian. Now eleven years later I had that letter from her daughter now just in her teens and the other daughter just entering high school testifying that Mamma is a *real* Christian. Papa, too, and all of the brothers and sisters are now Christians, they write.

I recently had a letter from Vanita, saying that she is having church in her home. Quite a group are coming to the services and Vanita preaches to them. She has little education, but she has what is best and most important — the baptism of the Holy Spirit and love for Jesus and for the unsaved Navajo.

Ambrose. Although I baptized Vanita and others at the same time, Ambrose was the one I baptized first that day. He was also the first of my Navajo Christians to reach paradise. Ambrose was another of the Navajos

who really wanted to know the way into the kingdom of God. In earlier days he had been baptized in the Catholic church when attending one of their schools. He had gone to the Mormon church and had also attended some denominational churches. He had decided that there was a God, but he was confused about the way of salvation and not very seriously concerned about it.

I engaged him to teach me the Navajo language for an hour or two each day. I did my best to persuade him to commit his ways to the Lord and become a real Christian.

“Did you ever pray or do you pray now,” I asked him.

“No.”

“Do you want to know how to pray?” I asked him.

“Yes.”

I helped him a little, and he learned to pray. After studying the scriptures dealing with water baptism he understood that he should be baptized. However, opposition from his wife and hindrances from the devil kept him from coming to any decision. At last by persistence I persuaded him to be baptized. Then the night before my first baptism Ambrose said he might not come for baptism. I then and there gave him some strong talk, emphasizing that there was no way for him to obey God and hope for heaven if he refused to be baptized as the Lord commanded. At last in a sort of indecisive way Ambrose said, “Well, I guess I’ll try it.”

I would not have been surprised the next day if he had not come to “try it.” However, after the others had come who were to be baptized Ambrose came slowly strolling along prepared to “try it.” I baptized him first.

“How do you feel since you were baptized,” his wife later asked him.

“Just like I felt before” he said. Perhaps he felt the same, but he was not the same. Before he was baptized he thought that he was not a Christian. Now he considered himself a Christian, for by baptism he had

made the great committal and had stepped over the line. He soon saw that he was saved by belief and surrender of his will to God and had made a committal to obey Him. We talked about this in English and practiced the subject in the Navajo language until in a short time when I asked Ambrose, "Yisdaniltingo unsh beshozin?" He would emphatically reply, "Aoo, yisdashiiltingo shil beehozin." ("Do you know you are saved? Yes I know I am saved.") And he knew how and why he was saved.

His wife found out that whether or not Ambrose "felt" different, he acted different. His brothers also found it out. When they came to visit him he talked so much about their need of Jesus that they would sneak into the kitchen or out of the house to get away from him. Upon their return Ambrose still talked about the Lord until they asked when he would stop talking. "You may yet hear me over the radio," he said, "for I want to preach."

Ambrose had tuberculosis of the kidneys and was on welfare. The doctors said that he might live two years. Frequently he said he wanted the baptism of the Holy Spirit like it was in Bible days. Various Indian missions finding a Navajo really zealous for the Lord kept him busy going with them from place to place to conventions, Bible conferences, and missions as an interpreter.

One day feeling somewhat worse than usual he returned to the government Indian hospital that kept him in charge all the time. Two days later he suddenly became worse. His wife, who through his testimony had been baptized and was with him in Christian spirit, was called by the hospital to come quickly to see her husband. A neighborly Baptist missionary in his car rushed her to the hospital thirty-five miles distant.

Ambrose's first words to his wife were, "Did you bring my casket, I'm going home."

"Oh, no, you are not going to leave us."

"Yes, I'm going home in a little while. I am waiting to see my brothers and sisters (meaning Christians). I wonder why they do not

come. I wanted to see my oldest son. Did you bring my clothes? I want to put them on now.”

Thinking perhaps he was going to die, his wife, Ella, then said, “You know we are poor and have but little money. You tell me what you want me to do and I will do the best I can.”

“Take the children (eight boys) to church where they will learn about Jesus and get saved. I want a grey casket, no other color (Indians do not like black). I want a navy blue suit and a Christian funeral with a few flowers (No funerals provided by the Government hospital for patients).

His mind then turning heavenward he murmured: “Yes, I have suffered a long time. But I am glad now, for Jesus has saved me. Thank you Jesus. Praise Jesus.” Lost to the present world, he was now gazing over into the Paradise of God. He saw beautiful water and some of the glories of the Paradise many before have looked upon. Describing some of the glories ahead he added, “I’m very tired, but I’ll make it all right.”

Then in a strong, loud voice that could be heard all over the hospital he sang in a tune and language his listeners had never heard, words they could not understand. “Heavenly language,” said the Baptist missionary beside the bed. Never before had Ambrose spoken with other tongues. Quietly Ambrose turned toward the missionary and said, “Good-bye.” Then turning to the other side where his wife Ella stood, he said, “Good-bye.” Relaxing, Ambrose then closed his eyes and with an expression of joy and peace on his face he went HOME, baptized in the Holy Spirit.

The Yahzi Family. Our first contacts with the Yahzi family came through loaning a phonograph to the son, a bright young ex-soldier, a constant drunkard with a face scarred from knife wounds received in constant quarrels. He took the phonograph to his father’s hogan where he played the Navajo records and explained to his father and mother the meaning of the sermons, testimonies, and hymns.

The father was a very quiet, humble, and likeable person over fifty years of age. He was an uneducated Navajo Indian who spoke no English, a typical old-time Navajo. He was another of those like Vanita who had a real desire for something better, an inner longing for a heart satisfaction he had not found. It was because of this longing for something better that Mr. Yahzi had thought it might help him were he to become a medicine man, a sorcerer.

Thus it was from the very first the good gospel news appealed to him. He started at once to go to the meetings we had in another hogan. Someone remarked, "He is a medicine man." The old man hung his head as he looked at the dirt floor. I said, "Well, if he ever gets what I have inside of me, he will get something better than any medicine man ever got." Eventually he got it. As he left the first meeting he thanked me for coming to the reservation and the good I was doing his son.

When we were going to have some baptisms I asked his son whether or not his father drank. "Yes, he gets drunk every time he goes to town," was the reply. The morning a few people had gathered in a hogan awaiting me to come with "Willy" to pick them up and take them to the city and baptize them, behold, here came father Yahzi with a change of clothes under his arm. "I am going to be baptized," he informed us. "I have decided to pray every morning and evening and learn to sing Hymns. I am going to be a Christian."

Although he could pray very little, he could believe. I baptized him on faith, and he took Jesus on faith. So far as I know he never again got drunk or even drank. He stopped going to the city where the drink was.

So far as I knew he never missed a gospel service when he was in walking distance of the hogan where meetings were held. He had anointings of the Holy Spirit. His hand went up as he prayed out in a strong voice and the tears began to flow.

Mother Yahzi is a quiet woman who never goes to town or any other place. She just takes care of those few sheep, following them about

as they go from place to place nibbling the sparse growth that could hardly be called grass. When I thought she had come to understand what it was about I asked her if she did not want to be a Christian. She said, "Yes." The day after I baptized her we were having Sunday service in her hogan. As I laid hands on her and prayed the Holy Spirit came upon her causing her to weep as Jesus become real to her. She said that she felt something go through her that made her feel a changed and different woman.

Betty, the youngest daughter still in her teens, is timid and quiet. She has learned considerable English in school. She wanted to be baptized when her mother was. She likes to cuddle up by her mother with one Indian blanket drawn about the two. She can read at sight the hymns I have written on a large sheet in the Navajo language and hung where all can read.

Betty has a sweet voice and can at once sing well. It is inspiring to hear her sing. When she was to be baptized I asked her whether she understood that she must marry only a Christian. "Yes," she replied.

Actually, according to Navajo custom Christians are about the only ones who get married by any sort of ceremony. Young people live promiscuously. Marriage is only a matter of mutual consent and may be dissolved at will.

At the time others were being baptized the older married daughter, another Aneta, had not been baptized. The day some of her people were brought to Gallup to be baptized Aneta came along, partly to see the baptisms, but primarily to search for her husband who was going around with another woman. However, by the time Aneta heard the gospel talk interpreted into her language and came to see the meaning of baptism, how it should introduce into a life of forgiveness and give a life of guidance and help and love, she decided to be baptized then and there. She could hunt her husband some other time.

Later when her friends wanted to know how it was that her children, who formerly were always so sickly, were now so healthy, Aneta had a reply: "I am now a Christian. That is why my children are so well."

For a long time before we left Navajo Land we had serviced every Sunday in the Yahzi Hogan. We always found everything in order in the Hogan and found father and mother Yahzi waiting. At the conclusion of the last service it was with much feeling that I shook hands with father Yahzi who had become to me a precious brother in Christ. He left to take care of his sheep while I had to turn my sheep over to others' care. Of the many thousands I have baptized, brother Yahzi is one of those whom I remember with most affection, a humble Jesus-loving Navajo. When I arrive over in that glorious land where poverty never comes and everything is always right I want to call at once to see the Yahzis in their mansion where every longing has been satisfied.

Tahis. We found a real home when we drove up to the Tahi Hogan with a phonograph. For two years Mrs. Tahi had been wishing to know something about Christianity in the hope she might find a heart-satisfaction she had not been able to find in Navajo beliefs nor in some experiences with peyote. Although she could not speak English, her husband spoke very good English. He too was glad to learn about Jesus and interpreted for his wife everything I had to say. They wanted to know whether we could find time to come back the next Sunday. Of course we could. They then asked us to come every Sunday. Thus we had a Sunday service in that home for several months, and some relatives also met with us there until the meetings were moved elsewhere.

Mrs. Tahi said she wanted to pray. Through interpretation we taught her to pray simply. Her husband learned to pray freely. Here was one more instance where the Lord was calling a people for His name's sake. When the question of water baptism came up brother Tahi thought we should wait till they understood things better. His wife said that if the

Bible said we were to be baptized they should be baptized at once. They were.

In one service, after all the others had finished, Mrs. Tahi continued to pray for quite a long time in a broken voice. She was really talking to Jesus. She said, "I am not like I used to be. I once hated my neighbors and I quarreled and swore. All that is past now." Does that not sound like real salvation? "If anyone is in Christ he is a new creation, the old has passed away, behold, the new has come," the Bible says. I expect to see the Tahis in the new creation on the new earth where all things will be made new. The Tahis were the last Navajo Christians we saw. They called at our house trailer to bid us a last farewell.

The Watsons. The Watsons got into a place of special remembrance. Mrs. Watson in early days had attended a mission school and been baptized. Mr. Watson had never professed to be a Christian. They were middle aged, spoke good English and were friendly. They made good use of the phonograph, sermons, and hymns.

When the time came to settle the baptism question Mrs. Watson consented at once to be really baptized by immersion. It was with considerable effort that I persuaded Mr. Watson to be baptized as evidence of his intention to pass out of death into life in Christ. He was baptized. It was some time before I learned that Mr. Watson was a confirmed drunkard. I treated him as well as usual, never mentioning the drink situation. I do not know the details, but it was some months before Mr. Watson was completely delivered from drink. He then surely became a new creation in Christ. He had me go with him where he could testify to his relatives, and he called friends into his home and preached to them. Mrs. Watson sometimes went with us to interpret for me. That is the way it was when I left Navajo land.

I would love to write on to tell about Mrs. Smith and about Harry and Ruth, Jacob and Molly, Clara and others, but lack of space makes that impossible. In the two years that I worked among the Navajos I

baptized forty Indians. I believe that as large a proportion of these will meet me in that better land as those I have baptized of other races and tribes. Be that as it may, I can honestly say that of those who have gotten into the very inner circle of my heart affections nearly all are Navajos. The individuals I baptized whose names I remember are nearly all Navajos. Perhaps that is because of their most destitute and pitiable condition. Perhaps Jesus, too, will gladly pick them up from the lowest estate and give them a best place at His right hand. I hope it may be so.

I very reluctantly close this much abbreviated account of my experiences with the Navajos. It was with a sense of a deep loss that I left them and a great longing for the day when the great Shepherd will allow me again to meet with these Navajo sheep that He has gathered to His fold. Then there will be no more miserable, starving, sick, painful, and dying conditions. If I get there first, what a joy it will be to see the surprise on a Navajo's face when coming from the desolate Navajo reservation he for the first time beholds his glorious inheritance, the Paradise of God made by the good shepherd who gave his life for his sheep.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Our Mission to Formosa

There is no doubt about its being the will of the Lord that I should do pioneer work. So it was that once more I must move on. Actually I had visited, left photographs, and personally preached in every hogan in my section of the Navajo reservation. I felt I had so thoroughly evangelized the whole section that I had led to Christ about all whom I could bring to a decision at that time or in the near future. Although the call to Formosa came as a surprise, and although we were reluctant to leave the Navajos we loved and the home place we had put in order, at the same time, I was convinced that the new move was in the will of the Lord. Navajo Land was not to be our final field. We must pioneer further on, this time back across the ocean to Formosa.

As in former moves, the Lord Jesus was our manager. A Pentecostal experienced missionary and wife had just come to Gallup and begun work among the Navajos. They gladly took over my work in that part of the reservation. The Lord blessed this new move at once by a special work of the Holy Spirit. My work sixty-five miles farther north was turned over to a Pentecostal mission working in that section. Here also the Lord helped the work to progress.

Where? We were on our way to Formosa, but where? Where were we to live? Among what class of people were we to work? We had no idea. Not being members of any organization, we wondered where we could live even while getting a start. We still expected miracles. A miracle took place. Two days before time to sail we got a letter from a Finnish Pentecostal missionary in Formosa whom we had known in China. In this letter she said that she had heard that we were coming to Formosa. She had opened a mission in the city of Miaoli, but since she could not take care of it, she hoped that we could come there. If we could, she would turn

that station over to us to run as we pleased. An air mail that night to Formosa read, "Fine, this is of the Lord. In two days we shall start to Miaoli." At this time eleven years later, we are living in our own house in Miaoli, the only city we have lived in since coming to Formosa. This may be our final home.

The Lord worked another definite miracle. I never met anyone who was as poor a sailor as I. I was always seasick when on a boat that had any up and down movement. I even became very sea sick one time when the boat was quiet at anchor and not yet started. For that reason I had thought that I could never make another ocean trip. Thus it was that when we must now come to Formosa, judging by a lifelong experience, I would almost die on the trip. However, since I evidently had work to do for the Lord in Formosa, I decided that although I might suffer all the way I would not actually die.

The first three days on the ocean I was only slightly sea sick. Then all at once I was perfectly well. For the first time in my life I enjoyed an ocean voyage. Though the ocean was such as to give the boat a decided up and down swing night and day, I could not have been more comfortable in a sitting room. Just right. Every day was sunny and warm. Being on a freighter, Mrs. Baker and I had the deck to ourselves. That was in truth a miracle trip, likely the last I shall ever take on an ocean.

When we arrived at the Formosa port I was told that "Willy" would pass customs in a week. A Chinese man from the Sunday School Association was helping me. The Superintendent said that if I really got my car through customs in a week it would be a miracle. Well, Willy came through in a week. The superintendent insisted that it was a miracle. I thought it was made possible by the efficient help his man had given me. He would not believe it. One of their cars was then in where it had been for two months. Their own and others' cars were constantly passing customs. He knew of no such thing as a car passing in a week. Actually

the day I got Willy another missionary got his car that he had been working on for two months and with which he had great difficulty.

Whether or not the way Willy passed customs was a miracle, I know that Jesus does help with such miracles. I have hoped that in all this autobiography I may have been able to show that Jesus is interested in our business affairs and details. I have long thought of Him as my business manager, and have thought so with sufficient reason.

In view of the number of refugees who had fled from the mainland, I supposed Formosa would be so crowded that at best we might be able to find an upstairs room or two devoid of even a narrow balcony big enough for a pot of flowers. Well, a week after our arrival on the island when Willy had so miraculously passed customs, we drove to Miaoli to hunt a house. Although suitable houses are really hard to find, the very first house we went to see was a three room new house. It was for rent. It was one story with a nice little front yard suitable for flowers. The price? Ten dollars a month. A bargain at first sight. I had expected to pay thirty dollars for a place to live. Next to the street was a suitable garage for Willy. Willy brought our belongings to Miaoli at once. We were located.

We brought four luxuries — two single spring beds, a medium sized refrigerator, and a cheap coal heater. With a little help from a carpenter I made all the boxes and crate-boards into a wardrobe and cupboards. Having bought a few cheap chairs and some furniture, we were all set up for house-keeping once more.

Nice foreign style furniture of all kinds we found to be available here in this modern city. However, corresponding with all of our life on the mission field, we have thought it best to live just as simply and economically as possible. We have always found more pleasure in seeing how much money we could save for work than in seeing how much we could spend on ourselves. We believe that “a penny saved is a penny earned.”

After a few months, upon finding our place too damp we were led to a new large two-story house. With some improvements this place seemed to be made just right for us. We had room upstairs for ourselves and also a Chinese guest room for meetings. A large concrete court-like extension upstairs made a lovely place for flower beds and potted plants. Furthermore, the view from the upstairs was an unusual view of the plain and mountains beyond. We had running water, and electricity. Downstairs was a Chinese kitchen, a Chinese bedroom, and plenty of room for our chapel and Sunday school. There was also room for our jeep, Willy — everything we needed in one package. For several years, off and on, I used to hunt all over the place to see whether I could improve our situation and save some money. I never could find what we would need at any price, even if we were to use more than one building. Now by following these details can you not see the hand of the Lord in all this dovetailing of many items, and will you not agree with me that Jesus is a perfect Manager?

From the time we gave up our nice trailer home in Navajo Land, willing that our home life be a *down* it has been up, ending at last in our own home that I shall tell about later. Did Jesus not promise to make up one hundredfold for all we forsake for Him?

Our First Years in Formosa

We found that the population of Formosa consists of four distinct classes. The oldest class is made up of ten tribes of aborigines who once occupied the whole island. Those have mostly been replaced by the invaders from China who have driven these aborigines into the mountains. The most populous class is made up of the Taiwanese who came to Formosa from China some centuries ago. Then there are the Hakkas, another branch of the Chinese race who came here two or three centuries ago. The fourth class consists of the mainlanders from China who came here as refugees when Formosa was taken from the Japanese at the

conclusion of the last war. The total population of about 12,000,000 is approximately as follows: the Taiwanese 7,000,000, Mainlanders 4,000,000, Hakkas 1,000,000, Tribal people (ten tribes) 180,000.

Not knowing but what Miaoli was just to be our place from which to start, I wanted to be sure where our work was to be. I naturally preferred to work among the mountain tribes who would be so much like my mountain people in Ka Do Land in China. There I would feel right at home, I supposed.

That was not the Lord's order, however. Although I liked the tribal people and wanted to live and work among them, yet whenever I tried to preach to them every bit of the usual unction of the Holy Spirit would leave me. In time I came to know that all of the tribal territory was being worked by protestant and Catholic missions. The tribal people being most susceptible to mission efforts had already attracted more than their share of missionaries. That I was least needed there I came to see without a doubt. Then whenever I had opportunity I visited the pentecostal missions in various parts of the island. Although wherever I visited there were some who received anointings of the Holy Spirit, neither where I visited nor in the surrounding sections did I see what appeared to me to be a right opening for what I wanted to do.

This sort of feeling around and visiting missions of different languages went on for two or three years. Each time I returned from a visit with the feeling that, after all, work among the Hakkas in Miaoli seemed most likely where the Lord wanted me.

In time I seemed to have done about all I could to help the mission stations I had visited. Some of the workers had received the Holy Spirit at the time of my visits and some other Christians had received supernatural anointings. However, in only a few instances had I seen outpourings upon a group in such blessing as was usual in Ka Do Land. Thus it turned out that after a few years I knew definitely that Miaoli, where the Lord first sent us, was where He expected us to live and work.

The Hakkas and our Work Among Them

Aside from the tribal work, the mission work among all of the three predominating classes in Formosa is difficult. No big revivals take place anywhere.

Miaoli province has the largest number of Hakkas. Miaoli itself is a nice modern city with forty-five thousand, while the whole Miaoli province with its villages has a total of almost two hundred thousand, perhaps eighty percent are Hakkas. There are almost as many Hakkas in Miaoli district as the sum total of all ten mountain tribes.

The older and also the less educated Hakkas are most ardent ancestor and idol worshippers and followers of ancient superstition. The younger and student generation is little concerned about dead idols or dead ancestors. The new generation is educated and pleasure crazy, rapidly rushing down the present foreign-world current.

Without trying to analyze the Whys and the Wherefores suffice it to say that for one reason or another the Hakkas are almost gospel-proof. The only missionary I know who works exclusively among the Hakkas and speaks their language told me that she had not yet seen one Hakka really converted, although she did have a few church members.

Mission work among the Hakkas is so discouraging that missions starting among these people nearly always end up as Mandarin-speaking or as Taiwanese missions.

While some missionaries and mandarin-speaking mainlanders do some Hakka work through interpreters, I know of only one couple of new missionaries who have come to Formosa to work exclusively among the Hakkas. No one in the interdenominational language school is studying Hakka.

Although the million Hakkas, who are as capable as any others on the island, are being almost entirely neglected by Christian missions, that

does not mean that among them, as among all peoples, there are not those among God's elect who will respond readily to the gospel had they the opportunity. That being true, it follows that in the eighty years the gospel has been preached on the Island there are a limited number of Hakkas who have really found the Lord Jesus.

I heard of one such who lived away back in the mountains. I made the hour's walk to see him. By the door of his house he had a nicely written tin plate which read in Chinese, "No Smoking." As soon as we got inside the house and well seated the old greyheaded saint and his wife began talking at once about Jesus, thinking that perhaps some of those with me might not know the Lord.

The old grandpa said that he became a Christian at seventeen, more than sixty years previously. From that time on until he got too old to walk, every Sunday he walked that hour to church, and the return hour. In his young manhood days, since not one of his relatives believed in God, he had to go it along amidst much persecution and misunderstanding. Now all of his sons and their families were at least nominal Christians. That old couples' testimony strengthened my determination to give my best to the Hakkas and by all means to save some.

Learning the Hakka Language

It is impossible to get really close to a people and in a real sense become one of them without speaking their language. How in the world could a man in his seventy-sixth year expect to learn a new language? Yet, since it was definitely settled at last that I was to minister to the Hakka people, something must be done about the language problem if possible.

Learning a new language is a big job for a young man. Mission boards want new missionaries less than thirty years of age because of the language problem. The new missionaries are supposed to work hard at the language study every day and nearly all day for the first year, and nearly

all of the time the second year is to be followed by continued language study. It is said that to learn to speak an oriental language requires as much hard work as to secure a college education. That seems to me to be true. Learning to read Latin and Greek is play as compared with learning to fluently speak one of these oriental languages.

Nevertheless, I felt led to undertake what in the past I would never have considered the remotest possibility. Were I to work for the salvation of the Hakka I must do everything that could be done that by all means I might save some. After all, perhaps at my age I could still pronounce some Hakka words or sentences distinctly enough to be understood. To my real surprise I found that it was so. That being true, even a few words or even sentences mixed in with interpretation of my Mandarin Chinese would be so much clear gain. So it was that I hired a Hakka man to teach me his language. I went to work. Work? Yes, *Work*, as hard a job of that kind as I had ever undertaken.

Studying Hakka language had its special difficulties, for the people have no written language. Furthermore, unlike the mainland Mandarin or the principle Formosa Taiwanese language, the Hakka has no language study-helps of any value, making the Hakka study like pioneer work in a new field. This language has seven tones. That is, each word has its own particular tone, high or low, and must be pronounced in its own tone or accent. Otherwise, two words that would be pronounced just the same except with a slight variation in tone have two different meanings. Although my Hakka teacher naturally from childhood pronounced every word and tone exactly right, he himself did not know in which of the seven tones he pronounced a word. And so it was my job to decide to which of the seven tones any particular word belonged. This job took a vast amount of time that could have been saved had I the usual language helps. With proper helps I could have learned to speak this Hakka language in half the time.

Whereas children learn a language through the ear, adults learn through the eye. In my case I must write every word by using the English alphabet, see the word and then memorize it. In that way I memorized over six thousand Hakka words with proper tones. As the best way to learn grammatical constructions is to memorize sentences of every kind of structure, I memorized nearly three thousand sentences. Such memorizing requires incessant reviewing and repetition over and over until words and sentences become such a part of you and your thoughts that you can speak the new language just as automatically as you speak English. You do not have to think how you should say in English what you want to say. You just say it as you think it in Hakka.

To make a success of being able to preach readily in Hakka language three things were absolutely essential: In the first place, I had to have a clear memory. So far as I could tell, my memory which was naturally good, had not yet begun to fail. This was of the Lord entirely. In the second place, I had to have my mind anointed by the Holy Spirit in order to have zeal for my task. In the third place, I had to have an unremitting determination to get a working knowledge of that language or die in the attempt. This determination never left me, once I had started the undertaking. This was due largely to the good I hoped to do and to that persevering disposition I have told you about. It was an inherited something that would never let me stop till I had turned the last furrow in the field, once having taken hold of the plow. This sort of bull-dog never-let-go makeup was also an inheritance from the Lord, not a self-production. Thus, I hope that Jesus can get all of the glory for my getting enough of the Hakka language to easily preach anything I want to preach or to open the Bible anywhere and tell in Hakka just what it says. Praise God! What a wonderful Manager and Guide, my All in All!

Although my Hakka language is limited and far from perfect, it answers my needs for the gospel work the Lord has assigned me. It makes me feel that the Hakkas are my preferred people, a vital part of my

makeup. When I go with anyone into a Hakka house the question at once is asked as to whether I speak the Hakka language. The self-evident reaction to being told that I do, or upon hearing me speak it, is such that I can always feel that I am considered more as a Hakka than one who does not speak their language. One family speaks one common language.

Everywhere

One day several years ago I was sitting on the mountainside just above where we now have our home. I was fasting and praying and thinking. As I looked over Miaoli city and over the Miaoli plain with its villages, I also looked at the mountains, the nearest of which are populated mostly by the Hakkas. As I was considering the situation I thought: "Just consider how many tens of thousands of people are within the range of my view. We missionaries were to do all in our power to see that the Gospel is preached *everywhere*. Now, actually, all we are doing amounts almost to preaching *nowhere*. How could it be that preaching to just the few who come into our few churches can in any sense be called preaching the gospel *everywhere*? Something must be done."

In rapid succession the Lord seemed to give me ideas of desirable lines of action that would help preaching *everywhere*. The movies sent pedicabs equipped with loud speakers and glaring advertisements to go all over the city announcing their shows. We should follow their plan. If possible, I should equip Willy with loud speakers and go wherever Willy would could go. I should cover the whole city and surrounding country with tracts.

Well, in time I was able to secure two of the largest, best, and far-sounding loud speakers available. These I mounted on top of Willy. On both sides of the rack I had concise gospel messages written and surrounded by borders of many striking colors. I hired two young Hakka nominal Christian men to help me go with the loud speaker all over the

city and to all of the villages in the surrounding country. Wherever we went we distributed an abundance of gospel tracts. The Lord helped in the tract work. I did not like the conventional Chinese tracts. Almost without exception they gave a bad impression at the very start by trying to convince the reader that he is a bad man and a hopeless sinner. I doubt whether any heathen reader is ever brought to any conviction of sin right at the start or has a ghost of an idea what sin really is. Therefore, as I did not like the usual tracts, and since they were too expensive to buy in large lots, it seemed that I must write my own tracts. My thought was to start my tracts by telling about Jesus, our great God and Savior, who He is and what He can do to meet the great need that every man should feel. Each tract ends with a short prayer intended to point out how to make personal contact with Jesus.

I have printed seven different kinds of tracts. Each is one sheet written simply and concisely in type large enough to be easily read. When my workers later went into the mountains where missionaries do not go, they sometimes found my one-sheet tracts pasted on the walls inside homes. These tracts, sometimes containing more words than the ordinary tract, I managed to get printed at half the usual tract-price.

The two Hakka men I had hired spent nearly all of their time for two years in distributing my tracts. With their bicycles they more than once visited all the surrounding country they could reach by riding an hour or two. As far as possible they would give a tract to every adult man, woman, and school pupil they met.

We tried to make the tract distribution in the city as thorough as possible by distributing all seven tracts and some of them more than once as follows:

All bus stations. The busses go into remote sections back in the mountains and to all remote parts of the province never reached by missionaries. People from all these distant places come to Miaoli on some sort of business affairs. Tracts were often given to all bus passengers.

Railway Station. Trains pass through Miaoli many times every day, picking up passengers to go to all parts of the island. Time after time tracts have been given to each person boarding the train. Students coming to class in Miaoli or going to other cities daily have been given tracts suitable for students.

House to House. Our workers supposedly have gone all over the city house to house and shop to shop, and store to store many times.

Vegetable Markets. Every family buys and eats vegetables every day. To reach every family in the city we have endeavored to give a tract to each individual in the markets. It would appear that since one of every family regularly attends a city market, sooner or later one or more of our tracts should have gotten into every home. The Lord alone knows what proportion of my tracts are read, but at any rate this is sowing by all waters.

Portable Loud Speakers. A friend at home sent me a first class portable loud speaker which he had sent to Israel that was never used; then from another source I received another of these good speakers. I had my two native paid helpers take these and visit surrounding villages. They were supposed also to go all over the city in the highways and byways and to talk over the loud speakers and distribute tracts. More recently, wanting to be certain that the work was done as I desired, I myself took a worker and again went all over the city twice, each of us with a portable loud speaker. In the summer time when in the evenings the people were sitting outdoors we talked to them personally and left gospel tracts wherever there was an open door or a shop. Some of my tracts were sent to other parts of Formosa. In all, more than half a million of those tracts have gone out.

Just how much good has been done I have no way of ascertaining, as results of such seed-sowing are not at once apparent. I try to console myself with the thought that I have done the best I could in spite of my

natural weakness and uselessness. I must try to rest at that and trust the Lord as to eternal results, good or poor. We sow seed. God waters it.

Visible Results

Wherever we have worked since becoming missionaries we have liked to help the poor, as is evident from what I have already written. So it was that soon after we knew that our calling was to the Hakkas we began giving substantial amounts of rice to their poor. In a short time we were helping fifty families.

Although I did not tell them that they should come to church, of their own accord they began to come. What we had to give opened their hearts to what we had to say. The Bible says that the poor had the gospel preached to them as one of the miracles Jesus performed. To these Hakka poor the gospel was indeed “good news.” They were like wanderers, for they did not have the money required for sacrifices to idol worship and other heathen rights. Some of them did not even have places for ancestor worship in their homes.

Since all of these poor people expressed willingness to come to church, I drove “Willy” around and picked up those who were too blind, too old, or too crippled themselves to come to church.

As time went on there was such a movement of the Spirit that I thought every one must then know who Jesus was. It was time to decide who wanted Jesus and who did not. Those who were unwilling to stop their idol and ancestor worship were dropped from our rice list. The others were glad to be baptized. That gave us a group who belonged to a different kingdom, most of whom have remained loyal to Jesus.

Several of these persons I found just in time to guide home. There were the two where the husband was very suddenly called away. Not much later the wife became ill. She had long been faithful and seemed to understand all we preached. When I visited her just before she died she

was then so weak we could hardly hear her low whisper. She said that she saw a light come down from heaven. As it descended it became brighter and brighter until it got right down to where she lay. Behold it was Jesus. He took her where she could always see Him.

An old Hakka eighty years of age who used always to make a long walk to church saw Jesus two or three times. He found a Chinese Bible in which was a picture of Jesus. "He looked something like that," he said. When he was about to die and people offered him some food, he said that Jesus gave him all he needed and that he was perfectly satisfied. Jesus was present as a reality, that is certain. He died peacefully.

Then there was that old man who was deaf and had to be talked to personally. Yet he came a long way to every church service. He seemed to get something there, perhaps when he prayed. Shortly before he died one leg became terribly swollen. When his friends wanted him to call a doctor he told them not to do it, for Jesus was going to heal that leg and give him all that he needed. He was cured so miraculously that his wife, not a Christian, was sure that Jesus had healed and helped him die painlessly and peacefully.

Since a poor man from the lowest hovel on earth may ascend to the highest mansion in heaven, just how many of these poor, open-hearted Hakkas must I see saved to make it worthwhile to have come to Formosa?

Fifteen of the ones we had helped and baptized have already gone to a country that "is far better." So far as could be known, every one of these would safely enter that city whose builder and maker was God, in that land where poverty and pain never come.

I have baptized nearly a hundred Hakkas. Considering the difficulty in getting the Hakkas to definitely decide to follow Jesus, this is encouraging. We would like to see a big turning to the Lord and mighty working of the Holy Spirit like we experienced and saw on the main land in Ka Do Land. But this is not Ka Do Land, and no such working of the Holy Spirit has taken place anywhere on this island.

Because of opposition in the homes and the call of the world some of those baptized “went out from us because they were not of us.” The young people who come from heathen homes find it unusually hard to become Christians on account of opposition in these homes to any departure from idol and ancestor worship. Still we have had some very encouraging results among young people. On the whole it is apparent that as large or even larger percent of the Hakkas we have baptized have continued loyal to Jesus as those among whom we have worked any other place.

Several persons saw Jesus. One night when the parents were kneeling by the bed praying, and the four-year-old son was lying on the bed he suddenly shouted out, “I see Jesus.”

One morning this little son said that he did not want any breakfast, for he was going to fast and pray. Of course he could not pray much, but could praise Jesus. After an hour he came out of the bedroom. “I saw an angel,” he announced. Jesus and the angels are with us Christians.

It was a Dirty Street

For six years we had lived on the noisiest street in the city. Passing trucks added to the noise of swarms of youngsters that kept up a hubbub from daylight till late at night. The wind that at seasons blew daily and at times terribly, was so interrupted by the makeup of that street that it became a sort of whirlwind that raised the dust and swished it around all of our windows. These windows being of the Japanese order, all have cracks well-suited to the entrance of dust. Many days of the year, even months, a person might wipe the dust from the desk and inside an hour be able to write in the dust that had accumulated. To keep a clean house was an utter impossibility.

That was a special dust. Along the street ran the open sewer on the side of the street opposite our house. All of the sewerage and filth from the row of houses and the big stores for which this street was sort of back

alley, drained into the open sewer. While the adults use inside toilets, the children, chickens, ducks, and dogs used the street and sewers. At certain intervals men were sent to clean out the sewers. Every few yards out of these open sewers they would scoop out perhaps a bushel of filth made up of sand from previous scoopings, containing stones and rubbish that formed the base for all the filth.

This scooped-out filth was jet black. As a rule it was not taken away, but just spread over the street to dry in the sun and pulverize enough to be caught up by the wind to add its portion to our food and water. I suppose we ate and drank enough of the sewer contributions. We could not taste it, and I suppose it did not hurt us. How could it? Did not Jesus say that if those preaching the gospel drink any deadly thing, it should not hurt them?

The House the Lord Built

Every year for at least five years I would have times of house-hunting-fever. I hoped to save rent and get a place of our own where we could plant flowers right down in the ground and look up and see the mountains. Year after year, time after time, I spent recreation walk-time in searching all over Miaoli and its adjacent places for a house to buy or a place to build that would meet and satisfy our desires. Each time I failed in my effort, and so my search ended with the feeling that the Lord's time had not come.

When the time came to move, the Lord moved us. He definitely let me know the place we were to build a house. I had seen this location some years previous, a wild-grass and tree-covered spot in the city suburbs. It would be a quiet place to pray.

It would be clean and free from dust. It was in a new community that made it a new mission field. When doing that lonesome itinerating in the mountains of China, I supposed that I would never again have a home

nor would I ever again have a wife or son with me. Now here I was in another world about to build a home. I kept thinking that for a missionary to end his days in prison or as a martyr would be most New Testament-like. Thus it took much thinking and praying and reassurance from the Lord before undertaking home-building.

Although the devil through his demons on earth and powers in the air made many attempts to discourage and hinder while building, in every instance the Lord so definitely over-ruled as to make it very clear we were in His will. A magazine article said that a person over fifty years of age should not undertake the building of a house. I was in my eightieth year. I am moved by God's ways rather than by man's.

It would be a long chapter had I kept a diary showing in detail how the Lord definitely helped me in wisdom and judgement. How many times could I say I received unmistakable leading of the Lord in details about the work? Could I say one hundred? Perhaps. It would have been so easy to have fallen into the hands of a crafty carpenter. Such carpenters are numerous. I was led very clearly to a reliable and honest one. According to custom I should hire as mason a relative of our landlord. I knew he was tricky the minute I saw him. How was it that after hiring this man, whom I did not want, he turned the work over to his uncle, a very likeable and unusually honest man of sixty?

This good carpenter and mason treated me like an old friend or like they were one of the family. We were our own architects. Without such mature advice and help as these two men gave we never would have had a nice house like they built. I wanted to build that cheapest kind of house out of bamboo and clay supplemented by some brick and cement. These men out-argued me on almost every point. Typhoons are coming. Earthquakes are coming. Wear and tear are ahead. Brick is very cheap, almost as cheap as bamboo. A well-built house will cost little more than a cheaper house that before long will be leaky and shaky and earth-quaky. The sum total of the many overrulings that resulted in the nice, well-built

house were so many and contrary to my expectations that I declare it is the home the Lord built and gave us. I tell Him that it is His house and that we rejoice to live in it just as long as He plans but not a day longer.

By building on a useless hill-side we secured land at a mere fraction of the price of land below us. There was gas in the neighborhood. We wanted gas. Although a long waiting list usually caused a delay of a year or more, nevertheless I decided to apply for gas. Upon applying I was told that since the previous twelfth of the month, by orders from headquarters, no more gas was to be installed. While my helper talked with the head man I was praying. In a few minutes he ordered gas be put in our house. It was installed in less than two weeks. The electricity in the neighborhood was so lacking in power that the neighbors could not get a good light no matter how high the power of the bulbs they used. My electrician said he was going to get all the electric power I needed. As a result the Electric Co. put up new poles and rewired the community. The neighbors were pleased that the "American" had brought them good lights. Extra wiring and a considerable amount of extra work gave us an abundance of power for lights, for the extra air conditioner, and for every need night or day, all without extra cost to us. An extra pipe and some money and an electric pump gave us an abundance of water.

Our house is very simple. It is Hakka style: a sitting room, a bed room, a native guest room, and a kitchen. We have no expensive furniture, for we still use the things I made out of the boxes in which I brought our belongings from home. Some Hakka touches and paint make these pieces to our liking. Our home and way of living, not apparently poor nor very rich, is just the way we like it, call it an old peoples' home or a young peoples' home. It would have seemed palatial had it been our first love.

How about expenses? Our gas bill is seventy cents a month American money. Water costs another seventy-five cents. Electricity, ordinarily two dollars a month. Air conditioning costs an extra three or four dollars a month. The total cost of our house with all its utilities was a

little over two thousand American dollars, nearly all of which was our own money inherited from our two childhood homes.

And so, here we are in a home in a niche carved out a worthless hillside with the finest view of the mountains and surrounding valley. We are cuddled in between trees on the south with a high retaining wall and hill to the rear. It is very hard for a typhoon to get a straight blow at us. We have the Lord's handiwork in beautiful flowers about us. From the front we have a view of the beautiful plain and the mountains the Lord made. The birds sing to us and Jesus dwells in us. We are in the home Jesus gave us and where we want Him to sup and dwell with us.

I remember that when I was in Ka Do Land, living under the most disagreeable conditions where I expected to end my days, I received that most unexpected word from Jesus when, as I have said, in one of our services through prophecy He said to the tribal people present, "I am going to take Pastor Baker from you to a good place." So now we are here in this "good place" where Jesus has brought us. We suppose this "good place" will be our last home on earth, the home that Jesus gave us.

Conclusion

That we should expect to spend the rest of our days in the good home the Lord has given us is apparent for several reasons. One reason is by being here we can continue to follow our missionary work. I can continue to preach in two of the main languages of the island as long as I am able to preach. I can do personal work as long as I can work at all by using the native language I have learned to speak. I can also hand out tracts as long as I can walk and talk.

Furthermore, in contrast to an old people's home which cannot be truly home-like, we should be able to spend our last days in our own real home where every item contributes to home life. Here one Hakka helper can take care of all household work, cooking included, at very little cost.

Not only that, but all living costs are comparatively low here. Moreover, Miaoli being a modern city, we can buy anything we need. Then again, by continuing here we can always be with the other Christians we have led to the Lord. Our only son and family are also in Formosa. As already stated, we consider Miaoli the most desirable city in which to live. It is clean. The paving of all streets and alleys has just been completed. This city is well located away from the poor climate in the north and the hotter climate in the south.

Moreover, the Lord has given us unusual strength to enable us to continue right on. On account of exhaustion from heat in this low seabound island missionaries are expected every five years to return home for a year or more furlough. Some missionaries are certainly seriously affected by this tropical climate. Nevertheless, here we are in our twelfth year without furlough. Last summer we seemed to notice the heat less than in some previous years. We were able to carry on our work better than usual during the summer. The Lord saw to it that we were given a good air conditioner that appeared to be an essential help.

The winters never get very cold, seldom go below fifty degrees. We were led to bring a cheap coal heater that keeps us warm when needed a short time each year, perhaps a couple of months. Josephine is in her eighty-second year. I am in my eighty-sixth. Like Caleb, apparently I am in as good physical, mental, and spiritual strength as when I was forty. I have hope that the days ahead may prove to be the best days. I sense an anointing of the Holy Spirit and a desire for conquest that sometimes makes me feel that perhaps I am just on the verge of an advance that will enable me to take the hill country with its fortified cities and its giants. At the same time I feel like I am completing my last conquests that could end suddenly any time. I am no judge of that.

Not only do the Hakkas express surprise at the vigor I show at my age, I myself wonder at it. I have an explanation: three years or more ago I had a letter from one of our old friends in which she said that when she

and another friend were praying for me the Holy Spirit coming upon this friend in a special anointing, caused her to speak in prophecy. Jesus speaking through her lips in this way said, "Brother Baker has served me a whole lifetime. At his age he could cease, but since he wants to go on, I intend to give him a double portion of my Spirit." Jesus has done just what He then promised to do. Because of that, I have unusual strength and I have a more constant sense of the presence of Jesus. Since this is all from Him, to Him should be all the glory. How long He wants me to continue is His secret.

I recently wrote a small book with more than usual anointing of the Holy Spirit. It was almost as though someone stood by me and dictated to me as I wrote. Maybe someone did stand by me as I wrote. An angel at times in China and in the homeland has sometimes been seen standing by me as I spoke. In that case, could not an angel sometimes stand by me as I wrote? Why not?

Just recently when I was preaching in Hakka to my Hakka Christians, one of our best Hakka sisters began pointing in my direction and calling the attention of a friend to what she apparently was seeing. Then suddenly this sister sprang to her feet, while trembling under the anointing of the Holy Spirit, with arms and hands raised high she began praising and thanking Jesus in the Hakka language. She saw an angel dressed in white shining clothes standing by me. That not only encouraged my people, but it also encouraged me with renewed hope.

I recently baptized six Hakkas. Of these six that I baptized in water three of them spoke with other tongues shortly after being baptized.

Another young married woman received a good anointing of the Holy Spirit in a recent meeting. After she had gone to bed she saw Jesus.

Just how long I am to continue working for Hakkas I do not know. For some time it has been especially in my mind that it is time to really rest. Rest? It is hard for me to rest, yet I should. The Bible tells how to take a true *rest*. It says that "There remains a Sabbath rest for the people

of God; for whoever enters God's rest also ceases from his [own] labors as God did from His." Heb. 4:9, 10. Since I cannot go on successfully "with my own labors," I should cease. Take a rest. Otherwise I am in great danger of failing to enter that rest because of unbelief and disobedience.

I hope to "rest" from my own works while I watch God work. I want to see Him bring as many Hakkas as He expects to bring safely into the fold. I hope to stop my constant worry about that. That is God's business. I surely have meddled in His responsibility.

Although I hope now to take a genuine rest and trust Jesus, it will be right in the midst of many perplexities. I do not want to go home until the Lord has taken charge of everything and put all in perfect order, as is not true at the present time.

Most likely our next move will be from this happy home on this Miaoli hillside to a higher and better home. From among these fading flowers we shall move to parks with fountains of living water in the midst of fragrant flowers of many hues that never fade. Some distance outside the city on a hillside that overlooks the whole valley and faces the scenic mountains, I found an unusually nice burying ground. It was covered with lawn-like grass. The graves were of a nicer order than the ordinary ones. I found a little level spot that was just right and in the proper place for graves, if there be preferred places. I had a little stone slab put there on which the stone mason carved words in Chinese character which read: "Bei Kai Wen Dji Fen Di," "Baker Burial Ground."

When that fortunate day comes for one of us whose earthly remains are to be placed in that designated spot, we have an understanding that there is to be no foreign-style funeral attended with flowers and outward show. We want this to be no occasion for any belief that, like the heathen at the grave, we can worship or minister to a dead person invisibly present. We want it to be known that "absent from the body" means present with the Lord for a Christian.

We appreciated living flowers when we were alive. We shall have no interest in these earthly ones when we pass over into the paradise of God, the Eden of more gorgeous flowers that shed their eternal fragrance and bloom forevermore. And so, “don’t spend your money for flowers. Just one rose will do.”

This final resting place cost us not a cent. A far more substantial coffin than a showy one at home can be had for a few American dollars. A simple Hakka coffin will suit us best and harmonize with Hakka surroundings.

Now I Lay me Down to Sleep

My earliest recollection is that of kneeling by my childhood bed just before closing my eyes in slumber for the night and saying:

“Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.
This I ask for Jesus’ sake.”

Now after the set of life’s sun as evening shadows fall around me I lay me down for final rest and sleep. Like in early childhood again I close my eyes and say:

“Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.”
I’m weary at the end of day,
And so for rest to Thee I pray.
I’ve passed the sunny hours of noon
And sunset comes almost too soon,

But as its glories fill the west
I'm coming home to Thee to rest.
So "now I lay me down to sleep
And pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."
Through stormy days I've battled on
And in my Lord some victories won;
But now I'm lonesome for my home,
So thus, my Lord, to Thee I come,
And as "I lay me down to sleep
And pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep"
I know I'll wake a better day

When aches and pains are done away.

I'm tired, Lord, and sleepy, too.

Refresh me and my life renew
As "now I lay me down to sleep
And pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."
And when the sunset turns to night

Awake me Lord, at morning light.

Earth's cares have come and they have gone;

These are behind, and now, anon,

I come to Thee, my Lord, for rest

Within the mansions of the blest.

Forgetting now what is behind,

With Thee, my Lord, I know I'll find

Beyond the shadows of the grave

The rest that long my soul did crave.

I'm tired as I come to Thee

Of mortal man's inharmony;

So now, my Lord, I bring my cares

To Thee who all my trouble shares.

As "Now I lay me down to sleep

And pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep”
I know I’ll die before I wake
And that Thou, Lord, my soul will take,
“For this, I ask for Jesus’ sake.”
It matters not what men may say
At this last hour at close of day
When “now I lay me down to sleep
And pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep,”
For all my works and all I’ve been
Have counted only when “in Him.”
What men may think that I have wrought
Is farthest from my present thought.
As now I die before I wake
And Thou, my Lord, my soul doth take
To realm of never ending day
I hope at best to hear Thee say,
“You down on earth have faithful been
And unashamed may enter in
To dwell in harmonies above
Where Mortal is replaced with Love.
When “now I lay me down to sleep”
No one for me need grieve or weep.
I want no costly shroud or bier,
But as I go to sleep to hear
The saints and angels from above,
Where all is harmony and love
Descend about me, help me sing,
“Jesus lover of my soul,
Thou Who saved and made me whole,
Let me to Thy bosom fly
As now I close my eyes and die.”

If friends have come to say "Good bye,"
Unite with angels hovering nigh
And sing of Christ on Calvary
And of His blood that covers me,
While in His arms I go to sleep
And know that He my soul will keep.
I thank you, saints, who served with me.
Your face on yonder shore I'll see.
You angels who have safely kept
And hovered o'er me while I slept
And now have come to take me home
I'll bless while ages go and come.
While now I draw last fleeting breath
And gently close my eyes in death
May saints and angels prostrate fall
And crown my Savior Lord of all.
As now "I lay me down to sleep"
Here is the last these lips shall speak:
"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Nothing in my hands I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

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