

## Inspiring True Stories from History: Timely Supplies

**Topics:** God provides, prayer works and results in timely miracles, faith in God's care is rewarded

*(From: "A Retrospect" by James Hudson Taylor, written late 1800s-early 1900's)*

Philippians **4:19** But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

**2CO.6:10** As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

November 18th, 1857, James Hudson Taylor penned: "Many seem to think that I am very poor. This certainly is true enough in one sense, but I thank GOD it is "as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things." (2 Corinthians 6:10) And my GOD shall supply **all** my need; to Him be all the glory. I would not, if I could, be otherwise than I am--entirely dependent myself upon the LORD, and used as a channel of help to others."

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On Saturday, our regular home mail arrived. That morning we supplied, as usual, a breakfast to the destitute poor, who came to the number of seventy. Sometimes they do not reach forty, at others again exceeding eighty. They come to us every day, LORD'S Day excepted, for then we cannot manage to attend to them and get through all our other duties too. Well, on that Saturday morning we paid all expenses, and provided ourselves for the morrow, after which we had not a single dollar left between us.

How the LORD was going to provide for Monday we knew not; but over our mantelpiece hung two scrolls in the Chinese character--**Ebenezer**, "Hitherto hath the LORD helped us" (1 Samuel 7:12); and **Jehovah-Jireh**, "The LORD will provide" (Genesis 22:8,14)--and He kept us from doubting for a moment.

That very day the mail came in, a week sooner than was expected, and Mr. Jones received a bill for two hundred and fourteen dollars. We thanked GOD and took courage. The bill was taken to a merchant, and although there is usually a delay of several days in getting the change, this time he said, "Send down on Monday." We sent, and though he had not been able to buy all the dollars, he let us have seventy on account; so all was well. Oh, it is sweet to live thus directly dependent upon the LORD, who never fails us!

On Monday the poor had their breakfast as usual, for we had not told them not to come, being assured that it was the LORD'S work, and that the LORD would provide. We could not help our eyes filling with tears of gratitude when we saw not only our own needs supplied, but the widow and the orphan, the blind and the lame, the friendless and the destitute, together provided for by the bounty of Him who feeds the ravens. "O magnify the LORD with me, and let us exalt His Name together. . . . Taste and see that the LORD is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. O fear the LORD, ye His saints: for there is no want to them that fear Him. The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the LORD shall not want any good thing"--and if not good, why want it?

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But even two hundred dollars cannot last for ever, and by New Year's Day supplies were again getting low. At last, on January 6th, 1858, only one solitary cash remained--the twentieth part of a penny--in the joint possession of Mr. Jones and myself; but though tried we looked to GOD once again to manifest His gracious care. Enough provision was found in the house to supply a meagre breakfast; after which, having neither food for the rest of the day, nor money to buy any, we could only betake ourselves to Him who was able to supply all our need with the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread."

After prayer and deliberation we thought that perhaps we ought to dispose of something we possessed in order to meet our immediate requirements. But on looking round we saw nothing that we could well spare, and little that the Chinese would purchase for ready money. Credit\* to any extent we might have had, could we conscientiously have availed ourselves of it, but this we felt to be unscriptural in itself, as well as inconsistent with the position we were in. (\*Borrowing money—Romans 13:8)

We had, indeed, one article--an iron stove--which we knew the Chinese would readily purchase; but we much regretted the necessity of parting with it. At length, however, we set out to the founder's, and after a walk of some distance came to the river, which we had intended to cross by a floating bridge of boats; but here the LORD shut up our path. The bridge had been carried away during the preceding night, and the river was only passable by means of a ferry, the fare for which was two cash each person. As we only possessed one cash, our course clearly was to return and await GOD'S own interposition on our behalf.

Upon reaching home, we found that Mrs. Jones had gone with the children to dine at a friend's house, in accordance with an invitation accepted some days previously. Mr. Jones, though himself included in the invitation, refused now to go and leave me to fast alone. So we set to work and carefully searched the cupboards; and though there was nothing to eat, we found a small packet of cocoa, which, with a little hot water, somewhat revived us. After this we again cried to the LORD in our trouble, and the LORD heard and saved us out of all our distresses. For while we were still upon our knees a letter arrived from England containing a remittance\*. (\*Sending of money by mail.)

This timely supply not only met the immediate and urgent need of the day; for in the assured confidence that GOD, whose we were and whom we served, would not put to shame those whose whole and only trust was in Himself. My marriage had been previously arranged to take place just fourteen days after this date. And this expectation was not disappointed; for "the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed." And although during subsequent years our faith was often exercised, and sometimes severely, He ever proved faithful to His promise, and never suffered us to lack any good thing.

## Inspiring True Stories from History: Chasing Crocodiles

**Topics:** courage, freedom from fear, resisting evil, overcoming

***Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the Devil, and he will fall from you. (James 4:7)***

***Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. (Romans 12:21)***

Have you ever heard the saying, “The only thing to be afraid of [allowing] is fear itself”? That means we should not tolerate or give place to a feeling of fear. If we let it grip our heart and mind then it will control us. It will take away our freedom to do what we must do. Most of all, fear hinders us from freely serving the Lord.

If we are submitted to or in obedience to Jesus Christ, He is well able to protect us and give us all the courage, grace and faith that is needed. If God is the one empowering us and in control of our lives, then we have the authority, in Jesus’ name to resist all evil from His and our adversary, the Devil.

So, since the Devil can’t do much else, to us who are protected by God, he tries to weaken us and control us through fear. If our spiritual enemy can get us to think his fearful thoughts and distressing imaginations and crippling worries, then he can gain more and more control of our actions—or rather make us very inactive.

When I read this ancient true story quoted below, I thought it incredible. It’s not telling you what to do if you face this type of fearsome beast when out in the wild. This is not practical advice in the physical world today—for if you tried it, I doubt you would have the upper hand and would meet the fate others have.

However, even though a true story, I ask you to look at it as a parable for the lessons we can derive from it. Being well acquainting with my own personal victory over fear when in my teen years, this story stirred me. If you too give it some thought, you may see that it holds a great key to liberating us from the fear that makes us unable to conquer and win against the bad that seeks to snare and entrap all those who have set out on their mission for our Master and Maker.

*(From “Curious Creatures in Zoology”, compiled/ by John Ashton in 1890. Spelling of words updated.)*

*“The greatest terror unto Crocodiles, as both Seneca and Pliny affirm, are the inhabitants of the Isle Tentyrus within Nilus, for those people make them run away with their voices, and many times pursue and take them in snares.*

*“Of these people speaketh Solinus in this manner: There is a generation of men in the Isle Tentyrus within the waters of Nilus, which are of a most adverse nature to the Crocodile, dwelling also in the same place. And, although their persons or presence be of small stature, yet herein is their courage admired, because at the sudden sight of a Crocodile, they are no whit daunted; for one of these dare meet and provoke him to run away.*

*“They will also leap into Rivers and swim after the Crocodile, and, meeting with it, without fear cast themselves upon the Beasts back, riding on him as upon a horse. And if the Beast lift up his head to bite him, when he gapeth they put into his mouth a wedge, holding it hard at both ends with both their hands, and so, as it were with a bridle, lead, or rather drive, them captives to the Land, where, with their noise, they so terrify them ... and because of this antipathy in Nature, the Crocodiles dare not come near to this Island.”*  
*(End of book excerpt.)*

If these people would have looked at the frame of their own body and compared it with that of the fearsome creatures, they could have done like most everyone else on Earth does—lived in fear and suffered many sorrows from this creature who would have surely taken the advantage. But they instead chose to “give no place” and turned the situation around. Instead of being in fear, they were feared. They sent both

fear and their enemy scrambling by their courage. They kept in charge of their habitation through faith and use of their voices loudly, and thus kept it safe for their families.

We have to love God with all our heart and mind and soul and be as a vacuum for His loving, good, and all-powerful Spirit. And at the same time we must maintain an utter hatred, vehemently so, for anything pertaining in any form to God's adversary. Anything that is manifested both in the physical world of material possessions, literature, other media, and practices; as well as in the realm of the unseen in the spiritual. If we do as the Bible admonitions, "Neither give place to the Devil, (Ephesians 4:27)" and we wholly desire God in every part of our life, thoughts and doings, then we can be fully empowered.

The Word of God is the most powerful force around. If fear or troubles of the enemy start to be inflicted on our minds and hearts, our voices, too, can be a very strong force when we use them to quote God's Word and sing faith-building songs to Him. Singing a song of faith and praise can make one victorious.

The way to victory over fear's paralyzing control of our life? Do not allow it any spot. Instead, do the thing you fear, with the power and Word and name of Jesus in your heart and voice, and you will then be set free. You may have to boldly do so several times, but eventually the habits of your mind will change. Instead of fearful imaginations, you will look to Jesus and let His faith fill your heart. You will be free at last to do that which you know is good and right, without the fears and evil imagery attempting to stop you.

Pray, in Jesus name, with other strong believers, for the grip of fear in all its forms to be let go, along with any hold the enemy is trying to have on you. You must fight in prayer and then trust that God heard and answered. The next part is up to you. Plunge boldly, fearlessly, into that humble duty, task or situation that you were previously hindered from freely doing when fear gripped you. But this time, use your voice, out loud in praiseful song to Jesus, and quote promises aloud from the Bible, and you can know that your very presence together with the Spirit of God will chase away what it is that you are tempted to fear. *"I will fear no evil, for though art with me,"* King David said to the Lord, in Psalm 23.

## Inspiring True Stories from History: Perfectly Tranquil

**Topics:** peace and faith, no fear, God is with us, trusting in Jesus' love, surrender to God's will

***There is no fear in Love; perfect love casts out fear. (1 John 4:18)***

***Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. (Isaiah 41:10)***

Love and fear are opposites. Those that love Jesus with all their heart and have rested their future and life with Him, find a peace that none can explain nor take away from them. But if we, like Peter who wished to walk on the stormy waves to see Jesus, get our eyes on the waves of our troubles, may feel the grip of fear. The solution and secret is found in the words of this passage, "Thou (Lord) wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusted in thee," (Isaiah 26:3). We need our mind stable and firm on Jesus—His love, His unlimited ability to help us, His thoughts and Words, and trust that He sees and knows all, and will make everything work out for good for us in the end.

Some fears are somewhat imaginary or mental or come from the invisible spiritual side. Other fears are caused by real events or possibilities. But whatever incites fear or worry or distress in our hearts, God is still in control. He still loves us, and is able to help bring us through the situation for the better. We can have peace as we teamwork with Jesus, looking to Him for His guidance, as we face danger or unwanted struggles.

Fear, like a disease, can be contagious. It's good to realize this—both so you can put a stop to it before it sweeps others up along with you into its tormenting control, and so that you can guard against it when others' fears are beginning to affect you. If the fearful disposition of those around you is beginning to make you feel the same, it's not because your senses and wit are validating it and telling you the cause of fear is worth the worry; it is simply because it's a contagious thing—but only if you don't hoist up your spiritual immune system.

God's Word, His promises, His voice to You right at that moment, the truth and reality as God sees it, and the knowledge of God's love for you will shield you aplenty against the virus of fear. "There is no fear in love" and "God is love" (1 John 4:8, 18).

The lady who penned the following thoughts and events in her life, found the way to total peace of heart and mind, and freedom from fear. She first of all chose to be full surrendered to the Lord, wanting her life to hold only that which would please Jesus most; her love for Jesus made her desire this. Then, just like a loving couple talks to each other as they are on a journey, so did she wish to be in close and constant communication with the Lord, through every step of her life's way, while doing His will. She knew Jesus loved her eternally and immeasurably, and this gave her peace and faith that because she belonged to Him who treasured her; He could see and care about all that befell her and would only allow that which was for her good.

*(From: "The Autobiography of Madame Guyon" by Jeanne Marie Bouvier de La Motte Guyon, written in the 1600's.)*

*"We met with accidents in this journey, sufficient to have terrified anyone. ...yet my resignation to God was so strong, that I passed fearless, even where there was apparently no possibility of escape. At one time we got into a narrow pass, and did not perceive, until we were too far advanced to draw back, that the road was undermined by the river Loire, which ran beneath, and the banks had fallen in; so that in some places the footmen were obliged to support one side of the carriage. All those around me were terrified to the highest degree, yet God kept me perfectly tranquil."*

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*“Although we had much more danger on the road than when going, I had no thought about myself, but all about my husband. Seeing the coach overturning, I said, ‘Fear not, it is on my side that it falls; it will not hurt you.’ I believe, had all perished, I should not have been moved. My peace was so profound that nothing could shake it.”*

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*“I had nothing to wish for, nor yet to be afraid of. Everywhere I found my proper center, because everywhere I found God. My heart could then desire nothing but what it had. This disposition extinguished all its desires; and I sometimes said to myself, ‘What wantest thou? What fearest thou?’ I was surprised to find upon trial that I had nothing to fear. Every place I was in was my proper place.”*

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*“My disposition at this time was a continual prayer, without knowing it to be such. The presence of God was so plentifully given that it seemed to be more in me than my very self. The sensibility thereof was so powerful, so penetrating, it seemed to me irresistible. Love took from me all liberty of my own. ... My strong love to the will of God would have rendered everything easy to me. The property of this prayer was to give a great love to the order of God, with so sublime and perfect a reliance on Him, as to fear nothing, whether danger, thunders, spirits, or death.”*

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*“One day reflecting humanly on this undertaking of mine, I found my faith staggering, weakened with a fear lest I were under a mistake, which slavish fear was increased by an ecclesiastic at our house, who told me it was a rash and ill-advised design. Being a little discouraged, I opened the Bible, and met with this passage in Isaiah,*

*‘Fear not thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel. I will help thee saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the holy one of Israel.’ (Isaiah 61:14) and near it, ‘Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.’ (Isaiah 43:1-2)”*

## Inspiring True Stories from History: Feet Shod

**Topics:** missionaries, Bible study, preaching the Gospel, forsaking the false and evil, choosing truth and good

**And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. (Ephesians 6:15)**

**And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father. Howbeit then, when ye knew not God, ye did service unto them which by nature are no gods. (Galatians 4:6, 8)**

**And be renewed in the spirit of your mind; And that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. (Ephesians 4:23-24)**

*(From "The Black-Bearded Barbarian" The life of George Leslie Mackay of Formosa, by Marian Keith, published in 1912)*

Mackay's home during this period was a musty little room in a damp mud-walled hut; and here every day he received donations of idols, ancestral tablets, and all sorts of things belonging to idol-worship. He was requested to burn them, and often in the mornings he dried his damp clothes and moldy boots at a fire made from heathen idols.

For eight weeks the missionary party remained in this place, preaching, teaching, and working among the people. It was a mystery to the students how their teacher found time for the great amount of Bible study and prayer which he managed to get. He surely worked as never man worked before. Late at night, long after every one else was in bed, he would be bending over his Bible, beside his peanut-oil lamp, and early in the morning before the stars had disappeared he was up and at work again. Four hours' sleep was all his restless, active mind could endure, and with that he could do work that would have killed any ordinary man.

One evening some new faces looked up at him from his congregation in the little brick church. When the last hymn was sung the missionary stepped down from his pulpit and spoke to the strangers. They explained that they were from the next village. They had heard rumors of this new doctrine, and had been sent to find out more about it. They had been charmed with the singing, for that evening over two hundred voices had joined in a ringing praise to the new Jehovah-God. They wanted to hear more, they said, and they wanted to know what it was all about. Would Kai Bok-su and his students deign to visit their village too?

Would he? Why that was just what he was longing to do. He had been driven out of that village by dogs only a few weeks before, but a little thing like that did not matter to a man like Mackay. This village lay but a short distance away, being connected with their own by a path winding here and there between the rice-fields. Early the next evening Mackay formed a procession. He placed himself at its head, with A Hoa at his side. The students came next, and then the converts in a double row. And thus they marched slowly along the pathway singing as they went. It was a stirring sight. On either side the waving fields of rice, behind them the gleam of the blue ocean, before them the great towering mountains clothed in green. Above them shone the clear dazzling sky of a tropical evening. And on wound the long procession of Christians in a heathen land, and from them arose the glorious words:

O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord,

And all that in me is

Be stirred up his holy name

To magnify and bless.

And the heathen in the rice-fields stopped to gaze at the strange sight, and the mountains gave back the echo of that Name which is above every name.

And so, marching to their song, the procession came to the village. Everybody in the place had come out to meet them at the first sound of the singing. And now they stood staring, the men in a group by themselves, the women and children in the background, the dogs snarling on the outskirts of the crowd.

The congregation was there ready, and without waiting to find a place of meeting, right out under the clear evening skies, the young missionary told once more the great story of God and his love as shown through Jesus Christ. The message took the village by storm. It was like water to thirsty souls. The next day five hundred of them brought their idols to the missionary to be burned.

And now Mackay went up and down the Kap-tsu-lan plain from village to village as he had done before, but this time it was a triumphal march. And everywhere he went throngs threw away their idols and declared themselves followers of the true God.

He was overcome with joy. It was so glorious he wished he could stay there the rest of his life and lead these willing people to a higher life. But Tamsui was waiting; Sin-tiam, Bang-kah, Kelung, Go-ko-khi, they must all be visited; and finally he tore himself away, leaving some of his students to care for these people of Kap-tsu-lan.

## Inspiring True Stories from History: Fervency and Fiery Feet

**Topics:** Enduring affliction, receiving the Holy Spirit, travelling to preach the Gospel, Bible study, duty to God's work in spite of troubles and hindrances, healing

**And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also. Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. (2 Timothy 2:2-3)**

**How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! (Isaiah 52:7)**

**Now when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John: Who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost: (For as yet he was fallen upon none of them: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.) Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost. (Acts 8:14-17)**

(True story from "Under His Wings", Autobiography by Harold. A. Baker; Missionary to Tibet, China, and Formosa)

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.

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. ...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.

## Inspiring True Stories from History: Annie and Vanie's Prayer

**Topics:** Listening to and obeying the Lord, prayer, trust in Jesus, care of children, following God's lead more than a scheduled duty, patience, persistence to discover the cause, hope and faith

**What things soever ye desire , when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. (Mark 11:24)**

**If two of you shall agree on Earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in Heaven.**

**For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them. (Matthew 18:19-20)**

(From: Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer, by S.B. Shaw, in 1893)

Two sisters, one about five years of age, the other next older, were accustomed to go each Saturday morning, some distance from home, to get chips and shavings from a cooper shop. One morning, with basket well filled, they were returning home; when the elder one was taken suddenly sick with cramps or cholera. She was in great pain, and unable to proceed, much less to bear the basket home. She sat down on the basket, and the younger one held her from falling. The street was a lonely one, occupied by workshops, factories, etc. Everyone was busy within; not a person was seen on the street. The little girls were at a loss what to do. Too timid to go into any workshop, they sat a while, as silent and quiet as the distressing pains would allow.

Soon the elder girl said: "You know, Annie, that a good while ago mother told us that if we ever got into trouble, we should pray, and God would help us. Now you help me to get down upon my knees, and hold me up, and we will pray."

There, on the sidewalk, did these two little children ask God to send some one to help them home. The simple and brief prayer being ended, the sick girl was again helped up, and sat on the basket, waiting the answer to their prayers. Presently Annie saw, far down the street on the opposite side, a man come out from a factory, look around him, up and down the street, and go back into the factory.

"O sister, he has gone in again," said Annie. "Well," said Vanie, "perhaps he is not the one God is going to send. If he is, he will come back again."

"There he comes again," said Annie. He walks this way. He seems looking for something. He walks slow, and without his hat. He puts his hand to his head, as if he did not know what to do. O sister, he has gone in again; what shall we do?"

"That may not be the one whom God will send to help us," said Vanie. "If he is, he will come out again."

"Oh yes, there he is; this time with his hat on," said Annie. "He

comes this way; he walks slowly, looking around on every side. He does not see us; perhaps the trees hide us. Now he sees us, and is coming quickly."

A brawny German in broken accents, asks "O children, what is the matter?"

"O sir," said Annie, "sister here is so sick she cannot walk, and we cannot get home."

"Where do you live, my dear?"

"At the end of this street; you can see the house from here."

"Never mind," said the man, "I take you home."

So the strong man gathered the sick child in his arms, and with her head pillowed upon his shoulder, carried her to the place pointed out by the younger girl. Annie ran round the house to tell her mother that there was a man at the front door wishing to see her. The astonished mother, with a mixture of surprise and joy, took charge of the precious burden, and the child was laid upon a bed.

After thanking the man, she expected him to withdraw, but instead, he stood turning his hat in his hands, as one who wishes to say something, but knows not how to begin.

The mother, observing this, repeated her thanks, and finally said:

"Would you like me to pay you for bringing my child home?"

"O no," said he with tears, "God pays me! God pays me! I would like to tell you something, but I speak English so poorly that I fear you will not understand."

The mother assured him that she was used to the German, and could understand him very well.

"I am the proprietor of an ink factory," said he. "My men work by the piece. I have to keep separate accounts with each. I pay them every Saturday. At twelve o'clock they will be at my desk, for their money. This week I have had many hindrances, and was behind with my books. I was working hard at them with the sweat on my face, in my great anxiety to be ready in time.

"Suddenly I could not see the figures; the words in the book all ran together, and I had a plain impression on my mind that some one in the street wished to see me. I went out, looked up and down the street, but seeing no one, went back to my desk, and wrote a little. Presently the darkness was greater than before, and the impression stronger than before, that some one in the street needed me.

"Again I went out, looked up and down the street, walked a little way, puzzled to know what it meant. Was my hard work, and were the cares of business driving me out of my wits? Unable to solve the mystery, I turned again into my shop and to my desk.

"This time my fingers refused to grasp the pen. I found myself unable to write a word, or make a figure; but the impression was stronger than ever on my mind, that some one needed my help). A voice seemed to say:

"Why don't you go out as I tell you? There is need of your help."

This time I took my hat on going out, resolved to stay till I found out whether I was losing my senses, or there was a duty for me to do. I walked some distance without seeing any one, and was more and more puzzled, till I came opposite the children, and found that there was indeed need of my help. I cannot understand it, madam."

As the noble German was about leaving the house, the younger girl had the courage to say: "O mother, we prayed."

Thus the mystery was solved, and with tear-stained cheeks, a heaving breast, and a humble, grateful heart, the kind man went back to his accounts.

I have enjoyed many a happy hour in conversation with Annie in her own house since she has a home of her own.

The last I knew of Annie and Vanie, they were living in the same city, earnest Christian women. Their children were growing up around them, who, I hope, will have like confidence in mother, and faith in God.

Annie was the wife of James A. Clayton, of San Jose, California. I have enjoyed their hospitality, and esteem both very highly.

--JAMES ROGERS, Of Alabama Conference, M. E. Church.

## Inspiring True Stories from History: Ducks for Afghanistan

**Freely ye have received, freely give. (Matthew 10:8)**

**Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away. (Matthew 5:42)**

*(From "For the Love of My Brothers" by Brother Andrew with Verne Becker)*

Back in the 1950s an American by the name of Christy Wilson went to live in Afghanistan, a Muslim country with no missionaries and almost no Christians. Though he was not allowed to proselytize, he still believed he could have an impact for Jesus in that country just by being there and watching for opportunities. Before long he and a few other foreign Christians who happened to work in the country formed a small house church. Then one of the elders, who was a brilliant agriculturalist, discovered that many of the fish in the country's rivers were of an inferior quality and undesirable to many. With Christy's help, the man imported rainbow trout eggs from the U.S., set up his own hatchery, and then proceeded to stock Afghanistan's lakes and rivers with the trout—much to the delight of the king and the people.

On another occasion, the king came to him for assistance in introducing a certain kind of duck into the country. The ducks would reduce the slug population and make it profitable for farmers to raise silkworms rather than opium. So Christy contacted some friends in Long Island, New York, who sent him duck eggs, and before long Afghanistan had its ducks. As a result, he gave a significant boost to the poor country's economy as well as its ecology, and was praised by the leaders of the country. Because of his contributions, it is no small wonder that then-president Eisenhower helped him obtain permission to build the first evangelical church ever erected in Afghanistan. (The timing was perfect; Eisenhower had just allowed the Muslims to build the first mosque in Washington D.C.) All of that happened simply because Christy went there and looked for ways to serve the people.

## Inspiring True Stories from History: Beautiful Birds

**Topics:** Birds, refreshing nature, exercise, break from work to be outdoors, teaching others what you learn

(From "Under His Wings", Autobiography by Harold. A. Baker; Missionary to Tibet, China, and Formosa)

**Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint. (Isaiah 40:30-31)**

**And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. (Psalm 55:6)**

(From "Under His Wings", Autobiography by Harold. A. Baker; Missionary to Tibet, China, and Formosa)

### 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. How refreshing it [was to] leisurely ramble through God's forest scented by mossy undergrowth...and 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.

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### Bird Friends

[While learning China, as a missionary there:] 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 undulating? 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.

## Inspiring True Stories from History: Power to Pump

### Topics:

**Luke 12:54-56** And he said also to the people, When ye see a cloud rise out of the west, straightway ye say, There cometh a shower; and so it is.

And when ye see the south wind blow, ye say, There will be heat; and it cometh to pass.

Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth; but how is it that ye do not discern this time?

(From A Sailor of Fortune; personal memoirs of Captain B.S. Osbon, by Albert Bigelow Paine—1906)

On entering the Atlantic Ocean we were met by a succession of fierce gales and it was impossible to work the ship to the westward. For days we battled with the storm. Finally the ship sprung a leak, our sails were blown away and we had a most terrible time. The water gained on us very fast, and the men's hands were covered with running sores from their constant work at the pumps. It seemed impossible to save the ship.

Finally the crew refused duty. It was just about noon and I was attempting to get our position from the sun as it appeared from time to time from beneath the flying clouds. The mate came over to where I was and said, " Captain Osbon, the men are utterly discouraged and refuse to pump any longer."

I asked him to tell them to wait until I had worked up the ship's position. When that was done, I would ask them to come aft in a body. My intention was to plead with them once more to stick to the pumps. If they failed in this, our hope was gone, and I would request them to kneel in a last prayer.

On sending for them, the crew came into the cabin, and I told them that where there was life there was hope, and begged them to go to the pumps again. They gave me a sorrowful but decided " No." Then I had an inspiration.

" Well, boys," I said, " let's ask God to help us."

And taking up a Bible that always lay on the cabin table, I added, " I will open at random, and read the first verse that my eye falls upon."

Sailors in those days had great respect for the Bible. The men stood in perfect silence as I picked up the volume. I opened it entirely by chance, and my eye fell on the tenth verse of the forty-first chapter of Isaiah. I read aloud as follows:

" Fear thou not ; for I am with thee ; be not dismayed ; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

I read no more, and stood and looked at the men for a moment, when one old sailor said, " Boys, let's go back to the pumps. That's a message from God to us, and He never lied. I believe he will fulfil this promise."

They did go back and it was not many hours until the wind shifted and went down, the sea moderated, and on the 23d of December, 1856, we entered the harbour of Queenstown and came to anchor after having been buffeted about on the coast of Ireland for twenty-seven days, pumping the Western Ocean through the ship.

I immediately employed a gang of 'longshoremen to come off and man the pumps and sent my men to the fore-castle, where they slept undisturbed until next morning.

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On the Matanzas I was in the midst of the Methodist contingent, for the troops (48th New York Volunteers) on that vessel were commanded by one Colonel Perry, himself a Methodist minister, an excellent gentleman and a brave man ... who found it possible to fight and pray with equal ardour. -- Captain B.S. Osbon

## Inspiring True Stories from History: Holding to the Plow

**Topics:** Sticking to a task until it's done, hard work, preparation for future mission occurs in advance

**Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God. (Luke 9:62)**

**Then saith He un to His disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest. (Matthew 9:37-38)**

(From "Under His Wings", Autobiography by Harold. A. Baker; Missionary to Tibet, China, and Formosa)

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.

ITS from History-11

## Inspiring True Stories from History: The Pelicans' Prediction

Topics:

**Luke 12:54-56—And he said also to the people, When ye see a cloud rise out of the west, straightway ye say, There cometh a shower; and so it is. And when ye see the south wind blow, ye say, There will be heat; and it cometh to pass. Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth; but how is it that ye do not discern this time?**

(From A Sailor of Fortune; personal memoirs of Captain B.S. Osbon, by Albert Bigelow Paine—1906)

Curious things happened at that strange half-water, half-mud place which sticks out into the Gulf of Mexico like a fishing pole, but I have not the space to set them down here. One storm still gathers in my mind, out of the many terrible semi-tropic gales of that locality — a storm presaged only by some strange subcomprehension which makes the pelican fly low and disturbs the fish, but is not revealed by the barometer.

All the morning I had watched them — the birds skimming the surface of the water and the fish shooting about in that unusual way, feeling an inward something of my own that foretold disaster. I was so sure by ten o'clock that a gale was coming, though there was not a single tangible sign, that I hoisted the signal, "Prepare for a Hurricane."

There were a number of vessels anchored in the river, waiting to be towed to New Orleans, and their captains came or sent ashore to know why I had hoisted the signal. When I explained, they laughed; but I kept the signal flying. The pilots laughed, too; but I did not haul down the flags.

Then the captain of a little bark and his mate — both had their families aboard — came to ask why I expected a gale. I told them as best I could how the pelicans were flying low and the fish were disturbed, and how the alligators had gone into holes. I advised him to put his vessel into the bank across the river, well anchored and stripped for a hurricane. Those men did not laugh. They had their wives and children aboard and were taking no chances.

They followed my instructions to the letter; and at two o'clock that night there was blowing one of the wildest hurricanes I have ever known. The river rose until I was obliged to pass a couple of hawsers over my house and lash it to the piling, and to cut holes through the floor to let in the water for ballast, to keep from drifting away. A pilot boat was swept by and went high and dry on the marsh. The vessels waiting to be towed to New Orleans were driven about and scattered like ships of straw. One of our towboats was there, and I ordered her sunk to her main deck to keep her off the marsh.

Next morning, she and the little bark anchored on the left bank were the only vessels not driven ashore and damaged. Our wrecking tugs pulled thirteen of them off; and I do not believe there was a captain in that

fleet that ever disregarded from that day, no matter what the barometer might indicate, the more mysterious warnings of the wise pelicans, the alligators, and the fish.

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## Inspiring True Stories from History: Special little happenings

**Topics:** Miracles, old age, long life, protection, handicapped with extra ability

*(From The Journal of John Wesley, by John Wesley--1703-1791)*

***And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. (Matthew 16:19)***

A woman in Ambleside said she had often heard her mother relate what an intimate acquaintance had told her, that her husband was concerned in the Rebellion of 1745. He was tried at Carlisle and found guilty. The evening before he was to die, sitting and musing in her chair, she fell fast asleep. She dreamed that one came to her and said, "Go to such a part of the wall, and among the loose stones you will find a key, which you must carry to your husband." She waked; but, thinking it a common dream, paid no attention to it. Presently she fell asleep again and dreamed the very same dream. She started up, put on her cloak and hat, and went to that part of the wall, and among the loose stones found a key. Having, with some difficulty, procured admission into the gaol, she gave this to her husband. It opened the door of his cell, as well as the lock of the prison door. So at midnight he escaped for his life.

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***Forty years old was I when Moses the servant of the LORD sent me ... I wholly followed the LORD my God. And now, behold, the LORD hath kept me alive, as he said, these forty and five years, even since ... Lo, I am this day fourscore and five years old. As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me: as my strength was then, even so is my strength now. (JOSHUA 14:7a, 8b, 10, 11)***

Monday, June 28 (Epworth).--Today I entered on my eighty-second year and found myself just as strong to labour and as fit for any exercise of body or mind as I was forty years ago. I do not impute this to second causes, but to the Sovereign Lord of all. It is He who bids the sun of life stand still, so long as it pleaseth Him. I am as strong at eighty-one as I was at twenty-one; but abundantly more healthy, being a stranger to the headache, toothache, and other bodily disorders which attended me in my youth. We can only say, "The Lord reigneth!" While we live, let us live to Him!

Saturday, March 1.--(Being Leap Year.) I considered what difference I find by an increase of years: I find 1) less activity; I walk slower, particularly uphill; 2) my memory is not so quick; 3) I cannot read so quickly by candlelight. But I bless God that all my other powers of body and mind remain just as they were.

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***Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. (Psalm 127:1)***

Saturday, November 21 (London).--At three in the morning two or three men broke into our house, through the kitchen window. Thence they came up into the parlour and broke open

Mr. Moore's bureau, where they found two or three pounds; the night before I had prevented his leaving there seventy pounds, which he had just received. They next broke open the cupboard and took away some silver spoons. Just at this time the alarm, which Mr. Moore by mistake had set for half-past three (instead of four), went off, as it usually did, with a thundering noise. At this the thieves ran away with all speed, though their work was not half done; the whole damage which we sustained scarcely amounted to six pounds.

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***Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain. (Psalm 76:10)***

Monday, 17.--In the afternoon, as we could not pass by the common road, we procured leave to drive round by some fields, and got to Falmouth in good time. The last time I was here, about forty years ago, I was taken prisoner by an immense mob, gaping and roaring like lions. But how is the tide turned! High and low now lined the street, from one end of the town to the other, out of stark love and kindness, gaping and staring as if the King were going by. In the evening I preached on the smooth top of the hill, at a small distance from the sea, to the largest congregation I have ever seen in Cornwall, except in or near Redruth. And such a time I have not known before, since I returned from Ireland. Cod moved wonderfully on the hearts of the people, who all seemed to know the day of their visitation.

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***I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. (Philippians 4:13)***

Monday, 6.--After preaching at Cockermonth and Wigton, I went on to Carlisle and preached to a very serious congregation. Here I saw a very extraordinary genius, a man blind from four years of age, who could wind worsted, weave flowered plush on an engine and loom of his own making; who wove his own name in plush, and made his own clothes and his own tools of every sort. Some years ago, [when] in the organloft at church, he felt every part of it and afterward made an organ for himself which, judges say, is an exceedingly good one. He then taught himself to play upon it psalm tunes, anthems, voluntaries, or anything which he heard. I heard him play several tunes with great accuracy, and a complex voluntary. I suppose all Europe can hardly produce such another instance. His name is Joseph Strong. But what is he the better for all this if he is still "without God in the world"?

## Inspiring True Stories from History: He is Faithful

**Topics:** Trusting the Lord, God's supply

**Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the LORD of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. (Malachi 3:10)**

(From The Pandita Ramabai Story--in her own words, By the Ramabai Mukti Mission)

I have responded to the Lord's challenge, "Prove Me now," Malachi 3:10, and have found Him faithful and true. I know He is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. His promise, "My people shall never be ashamed," Joel 2:16, and all the thousands of His promises are true. I entreat you, my readers, to prove the Lord as I have proved Him.

**"O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. O fear the Lord, ye His saints; for there is no want to them that fear Him. The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing" (Psalm 34:8-10).**

Since the year 1891 I have tried to witness for Christ in my weakness, and I have always found that it is the greatest joy of the Christian life to tell people of Christ and of His great love for sinners.

About twelve years ago, I read the inspiring books, "The Story of the China Inland Mission," "The Lord's Dealings with George Mueller," and the "Life of John G. Paton," founder of the New Hebrides Mission. I was greatly impressed with the experiences of these three great men, Mr. Hudson Taylor, Mr. Mueller and Mr. Paton, all of whom have gone to be with the Lord within a few years of each other. I wondered after reading their lives, if it were not possible to trust the Lord in India as in other countries. I wished very much that there were some missions founded in this country, which would be a testimony to the Lord's faithfulness to His people, and the truthfulness of what the Bible says, in a practical way.

I questioned in my mind over and over again why some missionaries did not come forward to found faith-missions in India. Then the Lord said to me, "Why don't you begin to do this yourself, instead of wishing for others to do it? How easy it is for anyone to wish that someone else would do a difficult thing, instead of doing it himself." I was greatly rebuked by the "still small voice" which spoke to me.

At the end of 1896 when the great famine came on this country, I was led by the Lord to step forward and start new work, trusting Him for both temporal and spiritual blessings. I can testify with all my heart that I have always found the Lord faithful. "Faithful is He that calleth you" (1Thessalonians 5:24). This golden text has been written with the life-blood of Christ on my heart. The Lord has done countless great things for me. I do not deserve His loving-kindness. I can testify to the truth of Psalm 103:10, "He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities."

It has now been ten years since He brought this Mukti Mission into existence. I feel very happy since the Lord called me to step out in faith, and I obeyed. To depend upon Him for everything; for spiritual life, for bodily health, for advice, for food, water, clothing, and all other necessities of life, in short, to realize by experiment that the promises of God are most blessed.

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God" (Philippians 4:6).

"And my God will supply every need of yours according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus" (Philippians 4:19).

There are over 1500 people living here. We are not rich, nor great, but we are happy, getting our daily bread directly from the loving hands of our Heavenly Father, having not a pice over and above our daily necessities, having no banking account anywhere, no endowment or income from any earthly source, but depending altogether on our Father God; we have nothing to fear from anybody, nothing to lose, and nothing to regret. The Lord is our Inexhaustible Treasure.

"The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms" (Deuteronomy 33:27).

We are confidently resting in His arms, and He is loving and faithful in all His dealings with us. How can I express in words the gratitude I feel toward such a Father, and the joy that fills my heart because of His goodness?

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's" (Psalm 103:1-5).

Many hundreds of the girls and young women who have come to my Home ever since its doors were opened for them have found Christ as I have. They are capable of thinking for themselves. They have had their eyes opened by reading the Word of God, and many of them have been truly converted and saved to the praise and glory of God. I thank God for

letting me see several hundred of my sisters, the children of my love and prayer, gloriously saved. All this was done by God in answer to the prayers of faith of thousands of His faithful servants in all lands, who are constantly praying for us all.

I was led by the Lord to start a special prayer-circle at the beginning of 1905. There were about 70 of us who met together each morning, and prayed for the true conversion of all the Indian Christians, and for a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit on all Christians of every land. In six months from the time we began to pray in this manner the Lord graciously sent a glorious Holy Ghost revival among us, and also in many schools and churches in this country. The results of this have been most satisfactory. Many hundreds of our girls and some of our boys have been gloriously saved, and many of them are serving God, and witnessing for Christ at home, and in other places.

## Inspiring True Stories from History: Tossed in a Tempest

**Ephesians 4:14** That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive;

**Ephesians 4:15** But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ:

**Ephesians 4:17** This I say therefore, and testify in the Lord, that ye henceforth walk not as other Gentiles walk, in the vanity of their mind,

**Ephesians 4:18** Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart:

**Ephesians 4:27** Neither give place to the devil.

Sometimes the storms that come suddenly on us, that take place in our minds and hearts, can feel rather like this terrible cyclone that hit the sea were this ship was sailing—described in the story below. Troubles come suddenly and we don't always know how or why we feel plunged into spiritual attacks that seem to go on and on, when it seemed all had been going well. Life won't be free of storms, for as Jesus said,

**John 16:33** These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

However, Jesus will calm the storm eventually. If we ride out the storm, have faith, and trust in the Lord's Words, He'll keep us safely through it. Then He'll give us rest and make all things right again for us. He'll give us new sails to replace our torn ones that the enemy has ruined in an effort to stop us from making further progress in our journey. God will give us all we need so we can continue to cross the sea of life and reach the shore of our destination safely.

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(From *A Sailor of Fortune*; personal memoirs of Captain B.S. Osbon, by Albert Bigelow Paine—1906)

The weather had been generally good, but it was a time for wind. At noon all hands went to dinner, leaving the decks entirely deserted, I came on deck to get a pot of drinking water, and as I went aft I saw a strange movement in the surrounding waters. The sea near the ship was quiet, but on the horizon it was foaming, dancing, and bobbing in a most disturbing manner. The sky had a weird, strange colouring, and the lightning made it a network of zigzag streaks. I watched it for a few seconds and then ran to the companion-way and called, "Come on deck, Captain Tinkham, I think something dreadful is about to happen! "

In an instant he was there, followed by the three mates. All hands came piling after and were ordered to shorten sail. But before a movement could be made the storm had struck us, ropes had parted, sails had been blown into ribbons, and the little ship was on her beam ends with the water almost up to her hatch coamings. We were in the vortex of a cyclone.

Then followed a most appalling time. The sea suddenly became as flat as a floor, and the spoon-drift almost blinding, while the rigging screeched like an Aeolian harp of the inferno that it was. Men clung or were

pinned fast where they stood. One of the thirty-foot boats was blown from her davits and in some unaccountable manner was impaled on the crossjack yard-arm. Sails were stripped from the yards as if they had been made of cheese cloth and the rigging aloft was covered with threads of cotton, which gave it an uncanny look. The wind whirled 'round and 'round the compass and the screeching aloft varied with each angle. The day wore on with no abatement of this awful war of the elements, and darkness fell as an added terror, with blinding electric flashes and ear-splitting thunder. No one of us expected to outlive that night.

Finally toward morning there came a sudden lull and a terrific downpour of rain. To escape this we crept below, when suddenly it changed to hail, which kept up a deafening roar for several minutes; then followed silence — an appalling stillness that turned the heart sick. Someone at last ventured on deck and called, "Come quick, boys !" and all hands crowded up to find the decks covered with between three and four inches of hailstones the size of marbles, while in the distance a huge cloud belching lightning and thunder showed the direction our demon had taken. Then the sun came up, and a fair wind blew through the cotton-covered rigging; but we were too exhausted to undertake repairs and were ordered below for rest, all except an officer and two men, who were relieved every two hours. Within a few days we had a full new set of sails bent and our ship righted.

## Inspiring True Stories from History: For His Sake—Fire and Friendship

**JOH.15:12-13** This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

### Stories from: Remarkable Answers to Prayer (Compiled by S.B. Shaw)

You ask me "How did you come into these new notions of giving?"

Well, it was this way A year ago this winter our house took fire. It was in the middle of the night, and we were all asleep. The flames were first discovered by a poor neighbor, who at once gave the alarm, and then burst in the door. The house was full of smoke, and the fire had already attacked the staircase which led to the rooms in which we were still sleeping. It seems almost a miracle that we were got out alive. We were dazed and suffocated, and it was only the heroic courage and strength of our neighbor that brought us down the blazing stairway into the open air. But it nearly cost him his life. Indeed, we thought the man, gasping there for breath, would die on the spot. Intent on protecting us, he had exposed himself so that he was terribly burned about the arms and chest. lie had, too, drawn into his lungs the almost furnace-like air. As he stumbled out of the door with the last child in his arms, he fell down, utterly spent. I shall never forget the anguish of that hour. He had saved us, but himself seemed dying--dying for our sakes. All thought of our misfortune at once left us. The best physicians were summoned, and we bore him tenderly to his own house. When the immediate danger had been averted, it became plain that it would take careful nursing of many months to bring him back to his ordinary health, if, indeed, he had not become disabled for life.

And now it was our turn. He was a laborer, and his family were wholly dependent on his daily earnings. It did not take us long to decide upon our course. In fact, there was no debate or counseling about it. The immediate and common thought of each of us, down to the youngest child, was, that we should at once take the whole care of this family upon ourselves. They were now allied to us by a tie stronger than any bond of kindred, and we did not for a moment hesitate what to do.

I had a business that gave us a comfortable support, though we had followed the custom of our acquaintances generally, of living in a liberal way, quite up to the extent of our means. But we did not stay to ask whether we could afford it or not. We just settled it at once that this should be done first, and then we would somehow contrive to live on what remained.

We arranged that the women of our family should relieve the heart-broken wife of the poor man from all household cares, that she might devote herself wholly to him. They were very tenderly attached, and no one could care for him as she could.

"It was just like Jo," she said, as she patiently sat by his bedside; "he never thinks of himself." But a happy smile flitted across her wan face, as she added, " I wouldn't have him different."

My oldest daughter soon secured a class in music, and the next one found a place in a kindergarten. It was a great, delight to me, and a stimulus to my own efforts, to see how intent the younger children were, each one of them, to earn or save something for the great purpose which had now come into our hearts. It sometimes brought the tears to see especially how Charlie, the last one saved, took wholly upon himself to look after one of the children of our brave friend, a boy about a year younger than himself, he could enjoy nothing, neither garment, schoolbook nor plaything, until he had seen to it that his little mate was fitted out as he himself was. And often this was done at a real sacrifice by the little fellow. As our friend began to be able to walk, we found that there was something weighing upon his mind. It soon came out that he was the superintendent of a little Mission School which he had gathered in a neglected part of the town. Somehow it had come to him that in his absence it had sadly run down. You may be sure the whole teaching-force of our family was turned into that school the very next Sunday. I am ashamed to say that it was new business to us; but for his sake we were there, and we threw our whole souls into it. And it was a great satisfaction to see how like medicine it was to the poor man, to hear our weekly report of the growing interest and numbers. And when in the winter there came a blessed revival, his joy knew no bounds. It was noticeable that from that time on, he showed a marked improvement. There was a natural, but unlooked for result from the self-denials and solitudes of this year. We were drawn, not only to this man, who was making a brave fight for life in at the next door-for we were continually running in and out- but we were also drawn to each other as we had never been before. A new tenderness and patience came into our lives. Somehow the common service and sacrifice upon which all our hearts were set, softened us

and brought us together in a sympathy and oneness of feeling which was altogether new; and thus it proved to be the happiest period of our domestic life.

Last evening, as it was the anniversary of the fire, we gave up the accustomed hour of family worship to a review of the experiences. It was a delightful and precious season. We felt with humble gratitude, that we had come up to a higher plane of life, and no one of us desires to go back to the old way of self-indulgence. There had been quietly growing in our hearts for some months, the thought: If for this man's sake, why not even more for Christ's sake?

We were, indeed, as "brands plucked from the burning;" and this often led us to turn to the Lord Jesus, with much yearning and tenderness of soul. And there would sometimes appear to us, with the vividness of a new revelation, the words: "Ye are bought with a great price;" "Ye are not your own."

And so, at the close of our review, there came out, in a formal covenant, the purpose which had thus been quietly growing in all our hearts, that we would never, any more, live unto ourselves; that we would keep right on doing for our Lord, just what we had been doing for this man. It seemed easy and natural, and the most reasonable thing in the world, that for the next year, and for all the years, we would make Christ's business our business; that we would take to our hearts the things that were nearest to His heart; that henceforth His Church, His poor, His little ones, and the salvation of the world, for which His soul is still in travail, should be the chief care of our lives.

Our daughters have wrought and hung on the walls of our rooms a motto. It is only a faint reflection of that which is deeply, and we believe, permanently graven on our hearts:

FOR HIS SAKE-FOR HIS SAKE!

And so I have answered your question: How did you come into these new notions of giving?--S.J. Humphrey.

## Inspiring True Stories from History: Supply on a Snowy Day

### Psalm 34:8-10

**O taste and see that the LORD is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.**

**O fear the LORD, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.**

**The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the LORD shall not want any good thing.**

(From Stories from: Remarkable Answers to Prayer, Compiled by S.B. Shaw)

In the winter of 1855, in the state of Iowa, the snow fell early in November to the depth of two feet. The storm was such that man nor beast could move against it. In a log cabin, six miles from her nearest relative, lived a woman with five children, ranging from one to eleven years.

The supply of food and fuel was but scant when the snow began falling; and day after day the small store melted away, until the fourth evening, when the last provisions were cooked for supper, and barely enough fuel remained to last one day more. That night, as was her custom, the little ones were called around her knee to hear the Scripture lesson read, before commending them to the Heavenly Father's care. Then, bowing in prayer, she pleaded as only those in like condition can plead, that help from God might be sent.

While wrestling with God in prayer, the Spirit took the words of the Psalmist and impressed them on her heart: "I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." And again, these words came as if spoken audibly: "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that wait on the Lord shall want no good thing."

Faith took God at His word; and with an assurance that help would come, she prayed God who heareth prayer, and retired to rest without a care or fear for the morrow. When again the morning broke, that mother arose, kindled her fire and put on the kettle as she had done on other days before the food was all gone.

Just as the sun arose, a man in a sleigh drove up to the house, and hastening in inquired how they were getting along. Her heart at first was too full for utterance; but in a short time he was told something of their destitution, and of her cry to God for help.

He replied: "Last night about nine o'clock, wife and I were both impressed that you were in need. Spending almost a sleepless night, I hastened at early dawn, to come and inquire about the case."

Then returning to his sleigh he took into the house breadstuff, meat and groceries, so that mother had abundance to prepare a breakfast for the little ones, who had eaten the last bread the night before.

And as if to make the case above-mentioned a special providence, without a doubt remaining, the individual who was thus impressed and that at the very hour that mother was crying to God--was a stranger to the circumstances and surroundings of this family. Indeed, he had never been in that house before, nor had ever showed any interest in the person referred to; but he ever afterwards proved a friend indeed.

Now, after years have rolled around, and these children are all married and settled in homes of their own, that mother's heart is still strengthened to bear hardships and trust in God, by the recollections of that hour, when faith in God was so tested, and yet was so triumphant.

Let skeptics ridicule the idea of a special providence, or lightly speak of prayer. One heart will ever believe God's ear in mercy is open to the cry of the feeblest of His children, when in distress their cry goes up for help to Him.

--E.M. Dodson, of Orworth, Kan., in Michigan, Holiness Record.

## Inspiring True Stories from History: A Vision of Heaven

Stories from: Remarkable Answers to Prayer (Compiled by S.B. Shaw)

**“I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such an one caught up to the third heaven. ... How that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.” (2 Corinthians 12:2-4)**

That heaven is real there can be no doubt. That others beside St. Paul have been allowed a view of Paradise, is evident from the testimony of the most reliable witnesses, such as Dr. Tennent, of New Jersey, Dr. Coke, and many others. One of the most interesting and touching incidents of this character is related by Rev. James B. Finley, in his "Autobiography." It occurred in 1842, when he was presiding elder of

the Lebanon District, Ohio Conference.

He tells us that he was "winding up the labors of a very toilsome year. I had scarcely finished my work till I was most violently attacked with bilious fever, and it was with great difficulty I reached my home." He sank rapidly. The best medical skill failed to arrest the disease, and life was utterly despaired of. "On the seventh night," he says, "in a state of entire insensibility to all around me, when the last ray of hope had departed, and my weeping family and friends were standing around my couch, waiting to see me breathe my last, it seemed to me that a heavenly visitant entered my room. It came to my side, and in the softest and most silvery tones, which fell like rich music on my ear, it said: I have come to conduct you to another state and place of existence.' In an instant I seemed to rise, and gently borne by my angel guide, I floated out upon the ambient air. Soon earth was lost in the distance, and around us on every side were worlds of light and glory. On, on, away, away, from world to luminous worlds afar, we sped with the velocity of thought. At length we reached the gates of Paradise; and oh, the transporting scenes that fell upon my vision, as the emerald portals, wide and high, rolled back upon their golden hinges! Then in its fullest extent, did O realize the invocation of the poet:

"Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring  
To my raptured vision,  
All the ecstatic joys that spring  
Round the bright Elysian.'

"Language, however, is inadequate to describe what then, with unveiled eyes, I saw. The vision is indelibly pictured on my heart. Before me, spread out in beauty, was a broad sheet of water, clear as crystal, not a single ripple on its surface, and its purity and clearness indescribable.

"While I stood gazing with joy and rapture at the scene, a convoy of angels was seen floating in the pure ether of that world. They all had long wings, and although they went with the greatest rapidity, yet their wings were folded close to their sides. While gazing, I asked my guide who these were, and what their mission. To this he responded:

"They are angels, dispatched to the world from whence you came, on an errand of mercy." I could hear strains of the most entrancing melodies all around me, but no one was discoverable but my guide. At length I said: "Will it be possible for me to have a sight of some of the just made perfect in glory?" Just then there came before us three persons; one had the appearance of a male, the other of a female and the third an infant. The appearance of the first two was somewhat similar to the angels I saw, with the exception that they had crowns upon their heads of the purest yellow, and harps in their hands. Their robes, which were full and flowing, were of the purest white. Their countenances were lighted up with heavenly radiance, and they smiled upon me with ineffable sweetness.

"There was nothing with which the blessed babe could be compared. Its wings, which were the most beautiful, were tinged with all the colors of the rainbow. Its dress seemed to be of the whitest silk, covered with the softest white down. The driven snow could not exceed it for whiteness or purity. Its face was all-radiant with glory; its very smile now plays around my heart. I gazed and gazed with wonder upon this heavenly child. At length I said: If I have to return to earth, from whence I came, I should love to take this child with me, and show it to the weeping mothers' of earth. Methinks when they see it, they will never shed another tear over their children when they die.' So anxious was I to carry out the desire of my heart, that I made a grasp at the bright and beautiful one, desiring to clasp it in my arms; but it eluded my grasp and plunged into the river of life. Soon it rose up from the water; and, as the drops fell from its expanding wings, they seemed like diamonds, so brightly did they sparkle. Directing its course to the other shore, it flew up to one of the topmost branches of one of life's fair trees. With a look of most seraphic sweetness it gazed upon me, and then commenced singing in heaven's own strain: To Him that hath loved me, and washed me from my sins in His own blood, to Him be glory, both now and forever. Amen.'

"At that moment, the power of the eternal God came upon me, and I began to shout; and clapping my hands, I sprang from my bed, and was healed as instantly as the lame man in the beautiful porch of the temple, who went walking, and leaping, and praising God.' Overwhelmed with the glory I saw and felt, I could not cease praising God.

"The next Sabbath, I went to camp-meeting, filled with the love and power of God. There I told the listening thousands what I saw and felt, and what God had done for me; and loud were the shouts of glory that reverberated through the forest."This is a most

remarkable case. Father Adams, a member of the Ohio Conference, now residing at Orange, South Carolina, told us that he was present at the camp-meeting, and heard Mr. Finley relate the circumstances, when such power fell on the people that not less than five hundred sinners were crying to God for mercy, while the saints of God shouted for joy.

The healing was divine--done by the power of God.

The man was made whole in a moment, after all hope of life had fled. --

Christian Witness.

**Inspiring True Stories from History: God Has Power**

*And they came to Jericho: and as he went out of Jericho with his disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimaeus, the son of Timaeus, sat by the highway side begging. And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me. And many charged him that he should hold his peace: but he cried the more a great deal, Thou son of David, have mercy on me. And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called. And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee. And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus. And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way. (Mark 10:46-52)*

(From Anecdotes from Dwight L. Moody)

I may relate a little experience. In Philadelphia, at one of our meetings, a drunken man rose up. Till that time I had no faith that a drunken man could be converted. When any one approached he was generally taken out. This man got up and shouted, "I want to be prayed for." The friends who were with him tried to draw him away, but he shouted only louder, and for three times he repeated the request. His call was attended to and he was converted. God has power to convert a man even if he is drunk.

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*Neither give place to the devil. (Ephesians 4:27)*

*(For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds;) Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. (2 Corinthians 10:4-5)*

*And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom: to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen. (2 Timothy 4:18)*

(True story from "Under His Wings", Autobiography by Harold. A. Baker; Missionary to Tibet, China, and Formosa)

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.

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*And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. (Mark 16:17-18)*

*And they continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. (Acts 2:42)*

*And fear came upon every soul: and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles. (Acts 2:43)*

*There came also a multitude out of the cities round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits: and they were healed every one. (Acts 5:16)*

(True story from “Under His Wings”, Autobiography by Harold. A. Baker; Missionary to Tibet, China, and Formosa)

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.

## Inspiring True Stories from History: Miraculously Delivered

Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine! Behold, the Lord hath a mighty and strong one, which as a tempest of hail and a destroying storm, as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, shall cast down to the earth with the hand. (Isaiah 28:1)

Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place. (Isaiah 28:17)

The LORD also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hail stones and coals of fire. (Psalm 18:13)

He gave them hail for rain,,, (Psalm.105:32)

Fire, and hail; snow, and vapours; stormy wind fulfilling his word. (Psalm.148:8)

Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war? (Job 38:22-23)

And the temple of God was opened in heaven, and there was seen in his temple the ark of his testament: and there were lightnings, and voices, and thunderings, and an earthquake, and great hail. (Revelation 11:19)

And it came to pass, ... that the LORD cast down great stones from heaven upon them. (Joshua 10:11)

Behold, to morrow about this time I will cause it to rain a very grievous hail, such as hath not been in Egypt since the foundation thereof even until now. ... And Moses stretched forth his rod toward heaven: and the LORD sent thunder and hail, and the fire ran along upon the ground; and the LORD rained hail upon the land of Egypt. ... Only in the land of Goshen, where the children of Israel were, was there no hail. (Exodus 9:18, 23, 26)

(From Stories from: Remarkable Answers to Prayer, Compiled by S.B. Shaw)

We clip the following from an epistle of the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, who was born in the year 121 A.D., and died in the year 180 A.D., as found in Vol. 2, of the "Anti-Nicene Christian Library." --Editor.

The Emperor Ceasar Marcus Aurelius Antonius, to the people of Rome, and to the sacred senate, greeting: I explained to you my grand design, and what advantages I gained, on the confines of Germany, with much labor and suffering, in consequence of the circumstance that I was surrounded by the enemy; I myself being shut up in Carauntum by seventy-four cohorts, nine miles off. And the enemy being at hand, the scouts pointed out to us, and our general Pompeianus showed us, that there was close on us a mass of a mixed

multitude of 977,000 men, which, indeed, we saw; and I was shut up by this vast host, having with me only a battalion composed of the first, tenth, double and marine legions.

Having then examined my own position, and my host, with respect to the vast mass of barbarians and of the enemy, I quickly betook myself to prayer to the gods of my country. But being disregarded by them, I summoned those who among us go by the name of Christians. And having made inquiry, I discovered a great number and vast host of them, and raged against them, which was by no means becoming; for afterwards I learned their power.

Wherefore they began the battle, not by preparing weapons, nor arms, nor bugles; for such preparation is hateful to them, on account of the God they bear about in their conscience. Therefore it is probable that those whom we suppose to be atheists, have God as their ruling power entrenched in their conscience. For having cast themselves on the ground, they prayed not only for me, but also for the whole army as it stood, that they might be delivered from the present thirst and famine.

For during five days we had got no water, because there was none; for we were in the heart of Germany and in the enemy's territory. And simultaneously with their casting themselves on the ground, and praying to God (a God of whom I am ignorant), water poured from heaven upon us, most refreshingly cool, but upon the enemies of Rome a withering hail. And immediately we recognized the presence of God following on the prayer--a God unconquerable and indestructible.

Founding upon this, then, let us pardon such as are Christians, lest they pray for and obtain such a weapon against ourselves. And I counsel that no such person be accused on the ground of his being a Christian. ... And I further desire, that he who is entrusted with the government of the province shall not compel the Christian, who confesses and certifies such a matter, to retract; neither shall he commit him. And I desire that these things be confirmed by a degree of the senate.

And I command this my edict to be published in the Forum of Trajan, in order that it may be read. The prefect Vitrasius Pollio will see that it be transmitted to all the provinces round about, and that no one who wishes to make use of or to possess it be hindered from obtaining a copy from the document I now publish.

## ITS from History-20

### Inspiring True Stories from History: Send Food to John

*And the voice spake unto him again the second time, ... This was done thrice...*

*(Acts 10:15-16)*

*For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand. To day if ye will hear his voice, Harden not your heart... (Psalm 95:7-8)*

*And there came a man from Baalshalisha, and brought the man of God bread of the firstfruits, twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn in the husk thereof. And he said, Give unto the people, that they may eat. (1 Kings 4:42)*

*Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things. (Psalm 103:5)*

*For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness. (Psalm 107:9)*

(From Stories from: Remarkable Answers to Prayer, Compiled by S.B. Shaw)

On the summit of Washington mountain, overlooking the Housatonic valley, stood a hut, the home of John Barry, a poor charcoal-burner, whose family consisted of his wife and himself. His occupation brought him in but a few dollars, and when cold weather came he had managed to get together only a small provision for the winter.

The fall of 1874, after a summer of hard work, he fell sick and was unable to keep his fires going. So, when the snow of December, 1874, fell, and the drifts had shut off communication with the village at the foot of the mountain, John and his wife were in great straits. Their entire stock of food consisted of only a few pounds of salt pork and a bushel of potatoes; sugar, flour, coffee and tea had, early in December, given out; and the chances for replenishing the larder were slim indeed.

The snow-storms came again, and the drifts deepened. All the roads, even in the valley, were impassable, and no one thought of trying to open the mountain highways, which, even in summer, were only occasionally traveled; and none gave the old man and his wife a thought.

December 15th came, and with it the heaviest fall of snow experienced in Berkshire County in many years. The food of the old couple was now reduced to a day's supply, but John did not yet despair. He was a Christian and a God-fearing man, and His promises were remembered; and so, when evening came, and the north-east gale was blowing, and the fierce snow-storm was raging, John and his wife were praying and asking for help.

In Sheffield village, ten miles away, lived Deacon Brown, a well-to-do farmer fifty years old, who was known for his piety and consistent deportment, both as a man and a Christian. The deacon and his wife had gone to bed early, and, in spite of the storm without, were sleeping soundly, when with a start the deacon awoke, and said to his wife: "Who spoke? Who's there?"

"Why," said his wife, "no one is here but you and me; what is the matter with you?"

"I heard a voice," said the deacon, "saying, Send food to John."

"Nonsense," replied Mrs. Brown; "Go to sleep. You have been dreaming." The deacon laid his head on his pillow, and was asleep in a minute. Soon he started up again, and waking his wife, said "There, I heard that voice again, Send food to John."

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Brown. "Deacon, you are not well; your supper has not agreed with you. Lie down and try to sleep." Again the deacon closed his eyes, and again the voice was heard: "Send food to John." This time the deacon was thoroughly awake.

"Wife," said he, "whom do we know named John who needs food?"

"No one I remember," replied Mrs. Brown, "unless it be John Barry, the old charcoal-burner on the mountain."

"That's it," exclaimed the deacon. "Now I remember, when I was at the store in Sheffield the other day, Clark, the merchant, speaking of John Barry, said: I wonder if the old man is alive, for it is six weeks since I saw him, and he has not yet laid in his winter stock of groceries. It must be old John is sick and wanting food."

So saying, the good deacon arose and proceeded to dress himself. "Come, wife," said he, "waken our boy Willie and tell him to feed the horses, and get ready to go with me; and do you pack up in the two largest baskets you have, a good supply of food, and get us an early breakfast; for I am going up the mountain to carry the food I know John Barry needs."

Mrs. Brown, accustomed to the sudden impulses of her good husband, and believing him to be always in the right, cheerfully complied; and after a hot breakfast, Deacon Brown and his son Willie, a boy of nineteen, hitched up the horses to the double sleigh, and then, with a month's supply of food, and a "Good-bye, mother," started at five o'clock on that cold December morning for a journey, that almost any other than Deacon Brown and his son Willie would not have dared to undertake.

The north-east storm was still raging, and the snow falling and drifting fast; but on, on went the stout, well-fed team on its errand of mercy, while the occupants of the sleigh, wrapped up in blankets and extra buffalo robes, urged the horses through the drifts and in the face of the storm. That ten mile's ride, which required in the summer hardly an hour or two, was not finished until the deacon's watch showed that five hours had passed.

At last they drew up in front of the hut where the poor, trusting Christian man and woman were on their knees praying for help to Him who is the "hearer and answerer of prayer;" and as the deacon reached the door, he heard the voice of supplication, and then he knew that the message which awakened him from sleep was sent from heaven.

He knocked at the door, it was opened, and we can imagine the joy of the old couple, when the generous supply of food was carried in, and the thanksgivings that were uttered by the starving tenants of that mountain hut. --Albany Journal.

## ITS from History-21

### Inspiring True Stories from History: Lord, Save Father!

*Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. (Matthew 18:19)*

*For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. (Matthew 18:20)*

*Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. (John 3:7)*

*For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. (John 3:16-17)*

(From Stories from: Remarkable Answers to Prayer, Compiled by S.B. Shaw)

Little Ella came and climbed to her long-accustomed place upon her father's knee, and throwing her arms around his neck, laid her glowing cheek, half hidden by the clustering curls, against his own. He knew by her appearance she had something to say, but did not dare to say it. To remove this fear, he began to question her about her Sabbath-school. He inquired after her teacher, and who were her classmates, what she learned, etc.

Gradually the shyness wore away, and the heart of the innocent, praying child came gushing forth. She told him all that had been done that day-what her teacher had said of the prayer-meeting at noon, and who spoke, and how many went forward for prayers. Then folding her arms more closely around his neck, and kissing him tenderly, she added:

"O father, I do wish you had been there!"

"Why do you wish I had been there, Ella?"

"O, just to see how happy Nellie Winslow looked while her grandfather was telling us children how much he loved the Savior, and how sorry he was that he did not give his heart to his heavenly Father when he was young. Then he laid his hand on Nellie's head, who was sitting by his side, and said: "I thank God that he ever gave me a little praying granddaughter to lead me to the Savior." And, father, I never in all my life saw any one look so happy as Nellie did."

Mr. Lowe made no reply-how could he? Could he not see where the heart of his darling Ella was? Could he not see that by what she had told him about Esquire Wiseman and his pet Nellie, she meant he should understand how happy she should be if her father was a Christian? Ella had not said so in words -- that was a forbidden subject -- but the language of her earnest, loving look and manner was not to be mistaken; and the heart of the infidel father was deeply stirred.

He kissed the rosy cheek of the lovely girl, and taking his hat left the house. He walked out into the field. He felt strangely. Before he was aware of the fact, he found his infidelity leaving him, and the simple, artless religion of childhood winning its way to his heart. Try as hard as he might, he could not help believing that his little Ella was a Christian. There was a reality about her simple faith and ardent love that was truly "the evidence of things not seen."

What should he do? Should he yield to this influence, and be led by his children to Christ? What I, Captain Lowe, the boasted infidel overcome by the weakness of excited childhood! The thought roused his pride and with an exclamation of impatience at his folly, he suddenly wheeled about, and retracing his steps, with altered appearance, he re-entered his house.

His wife was alone, with an open Bible before her. As he entered he saw her hastily wipe away a tear. In passing her, he glanced upon the open page, and his eye caught the words: "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN!" They went right to his heart. "TRUTH," said a voice within, with such fearful distinctness that he started at the fancied sound and the influence which he had just supposed banished from his heart returned with tenfold power.

The strong man trembled. Leaving the sitting-room, he ascended the stairs leading to his chamber. Passing Sarah's room, a voice attracted his attention. It was the voice of prayer. He heard his own name pronounced, and he paused to listen.

"O Lord, save my dear father. Lead him to the Saviour. Let him see that he must be born again. O, let not the serpent charm him! Save, O, save my dear father!"

He could listen no longer. Hastening to his chamber he threw himself into a chair. He started! The voice of prayer again fell upon his ear. He listened. Yes, it was the clear, sweet accents of his little pet. Ella was praying--was praying for him.

"O Lord, bless my dear father. Make him a Christian, and may he and dear mother be prepared for heaven."

Deeply moved, the father left the house and hastened to the barn. He would fain escape from those words of piercing power. He entered the barn. Again he hears a voice. It comes stealing down from the hay-loft, in the rich silvery tones of his own noble boy. John had climbed up the ladder, and kneeling down upon the hay was praying for his father.

"O Lord, save my father!"

It was too much for the poor convicted man, and, rushing to the house, he fell, sobbing, upon his knees by the side of his wife and cried "O Mary, I am a poor, lost sinner! Our children are going to heaven, and I am going down to hell! O wife, is there mercy for a wretch like me?"

Poor Mrs. Lowe was completely overcome. She wept for joy. That her husband would ever be her companion in the way of holiness, she had never dared to hope. Yes, there was mercy for even them. "Come unto me, and find rest." Christ had said it, and her heart told her it was true.

Together they would go to this loving Saviour, and their little ones should show them the way. The children were called in. They came from their places of prayer, where they had lifted up their hearts to that God who had said:

"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name he will give it to you." They had asked the Spirit's influence upon the hearts of their parents, and it had been granted. They gathered around their weeping, broken hearted father and penitent mother, and pointed them to the cross of Jesus. Long and earnestly they prayed, and wept, and agonized. With undoubting trust in the promises, they waited at the mercy-seat, and their prayers were heard.

Faith conquered. The Spirit came, and touched those penitent hearts with the finger of love; and then sorrow was turned to joy--their night, dark, and cheerless, and gloomy, was changed to a blessed day.

They arose from their knees, and Ella sprang to the arms of her father, and together they rejoiced in God.--Rev. H.P. Andrews, in Christian Advocate

## Inspiring True Stories from History: God Hears—God Heals

*Behold, the LORD's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear. (Isaiah 59:1)*

*Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not. JER.33:3*

*And it came to pass also on another sabbath, that he entered into the synagogue and taught: and there was a man whose right hand was withered. And looking round about upon them all, he said unto the man, Stretch forth thy hand. And he did so: and his hand was restored whole as the other. (Luke 6:6,10)*

*And Jesus looking upon them saith, With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible. (Mark 10:27)*

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(From Stories from: Remarkable Answers to Prayer, Compiled by S.B. Shaw)

A mother, living not very far from the post-office in this city, tired with watching over a sick baby, came down stairs for a moment the other day for a few second's rest. She heard the voice of her little four-year old girl in the hall by herself, and, curious to know to whom she was talking, stopped a moment at the half-open door. She saw that the little thing had pulled a chair in front of the telephone, and stood upon it, with the piece against the side of her head. The earnestness of the child showed that she was in no playful mood, and this was the conversation the mother heard, while the tears stood thick in her eyes; the little one carrying on both sides, as if she were repeating the answers

"Hello."

"Well, who's there?"

"Is God there?"

"Is Jesus there?"

"Yes."

"Tell Jesus I want to speak to him."

"Well?"

"Is that you, Jesus?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Our baby is sick, and want you to let it get well."

"Won't you now?"

No answer, and statement and question again repeated, finally answered by a "Yes."

The little one put the ear-piece back on its hook, clambered down from the chair, and with a radiant face went for mother, who caught her in her arms.

The baby, whose life had been despaired of, began to mend that day, and got well. --Elmira Free Press.

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Brother W. B. Bailey wrote us from Hybrid, Mo., January 7, 1887:

"I had a cancer in my left breast. It pained me very much; had become very bad and tender, and was a running sore. The saints prayed for me, and the Lord answered our prayers. Praise His holy name! The pain left me instantly, but the cancer healed gradually. It healed up without medicine or plaster, or anything but by trusting God alone. Praise the Lord for healing me, both soul and body. See Mark xvi:18 and James v:13-16."

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His wife wrote at the same time:

"And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. xxi :22. I praise the Lord, prayer was answered for me. I was very much afflicted in body. I went to the doctors. They could not cure me, I only grew worse. Was taken with a pain in my right shoulder. How I suffered none can tell. I could not use my arm without great pain. I could not raise my hand to comb my hair. My arm wasted away until it was less than the other. My hand was cold most all of the time. I was a cripple ten years. The saints prayed for me, and I was healed in answer to prayer. I can use my arm now. My hand is like the other. I can write and work with my right hand. I also had the dyspepsia seventeen years, and am healed in answer to prayer."

**Inspiring True Stories from History: A Son, a Father, a Brother**

*And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. (Luke 15:20)*

*Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. (James 5:16)*

(From Anecdotes from Dwight L. Moody)

I can give you a little experience of my own family. Before I was fourteen years old the first thing I remember was the death of my father. He had been unfortunate in business, and failed. Soon after his death the creditors came in and took everything. My mother was left with a large family of children.

One calamity after another swept over the entire household. Twins were added to the family, and my mother was taken sick. The eldest boy was fifteen years of age, and to him my mother looked as a stay in her calamity, but all at once that boy became a wanderer. He had been reading some of the trashy novels, and the belief had seized him that he had only to go away to make a fortune. Away he went.

I can remember how eagerly she used to look for tidings of that boy; how she used to send us to the post office to see if there was a letter from him, and recollect how we used to come back with the sad news, "No letter." I remember how in the evenings we used to sit beside her in that New England home, and we would talk about our father; but the moment the name of that boy was mentioned she would hush us into silence.

Some nights when the wind was very high, and the house, which was upon a hill, would tremble at every gust, the voice of my mother was raised in prayer for that wanderer who had treated her so unkindly. I used to think she loved him more than all the rest of us put together, and I believe she did.

On a Thanksgiving day--you know that is a family day in New England--she used to set a chair for him, thinking he would return home. Her family grew up and her boys left home. When I got so that I could write, I sent letters all over the country, but could find no trace of him. One day while in Boston the news reached me that he had returned.

While in that city, I remember how I used to look for him in every store--he had a mark on his face--but I never got any trace. One day while my mother was sitting at the door, a stranger was seen coming toward the house, and when he came to the door he stopped. My mother didn't know her boy. He stood there with folded arms and great beard flowing down his breast, his tears trickling down his face.

When my mother saw those tears she cried, "Oh, it's my lost son," and entreated him to come in. But he stood still. "No, mother," he said, "I will not come in till I hear first you forgive me."

Do you believe she was not willing to forgive him? Do you think she was likely to keep him long standing there? She rushed to the threshold and threw her arms around him, and breathed forgiveness. Ah, sinner, if you but ask God to be merciful to you a sinner, ask Him for forgiveness, although your life has been bad--ask Him for mercy, and He will not keep you long waiting for an answer.

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I remember at one of the meetings at Nashville, during the war, a young man came to me, trembling from head to foot. "What is the trouble?" I asked.

"There is a letter I got from my sister, and she tells me every night as the sun goes down she goes down on her knees and prays for me." This man was brave, had been in a number of battles; but yet this letter completely upset him.

"I have been trembling ever since I received it."

Six hundred miles away the faith of this girl went to work, and its influence was felt by the brother. He did not believe in prayer; he did not believe in Christianity; he did not believe in his mother's Bible. This mother was a praying woman, and when she died she left on earth a praying daughter. And when God saw her faith and heard that prayer, he answered her. How many sons and daughters could be saved if their mothers and fathers had but faith.

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(From Stories from: Remarkable Answers to Prayer, Compiled by S.B. Shaw)

At the close of a prayer-meeting, the pastor observed a little girl, about twelve years of age, remaining upon her knees, when most of the congregation had retired. Thinking the child had fallen asleep, he touched her, and told her it was time to return home. To his surprise, he found that she was engaged in prayer, and he said: "All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." She looked at her pastor earnestly, and inquired: "Is it so? Does God say that?"

He took up a Bible, and read the passage aloud. She immediately commenced praying: "Lord, send my Father here; Lord, send my father to the church." Thus she continued for about half an hour, attracting by her earnest cry the attention of persons who lingered about the door.

At last a man rushed into the church, ran up the aisle, and sank upon his knees by the side of his child, exclaiming: "What do you want of me?" She threw her arms about his neck, and began to pray: "O Lord, covert my father!"

Soon the man's heart was melted, and he began to pray for himself. The child's father was three miles from the church when she began praying for him. He was packing goods in a wagon, and felt impressed with an irresistible impulse to return to his house, he left the goods in the wagon, and hastened to the church, where he found his daughter crying mightily to God in his behalf; and he was there led to the Savior. - Foster's Cyclopaedia

## Inspiring True Stories from History: John Wesley Journey's—Part 1

Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. (Proverbs 3:5-6)

(From *The Journal of John Wesley* by John Wesley--1703-1791)

In the afternoon, the magistrates published an order, requiring all the officers and sentinels to prevent my going out of the province and forbidding any person to assist me so to do. Being now only a prisoner at large, in a place where I know by experience that every day would give fresh opportunity to procure evidence of words I never said and actions I never did; I saw clearly the hour was come for leaving this place: and as soon as evening prayers were over, about eight o'clock, the tide then serving, I shook off the dust of my feet and left Georgia, after having preached the gospel there (not as I ought, but as I was able) one year and nearly nine months.

Saturday, 3.—We came to Purrysburg early in the morning and endeavored to procure a guide to Port Royal. but none being to be had, we set out without one, an hour before sunrise. After walking two or three hours, we met with an old man who led us into a small path, near which was a line of blazed trees (that is, marked by cutting off part of the bark), by following which, he said, we might easily come to Port Royal in five or six hours.

### Lost in the Woods

We were four in all; one intended to go to England with me, the other two to settle in Carolina. About eleven we came into a large swamp, where we wandered about till near two. We then found another blaze and pursued it till it divided into two; one of these we followed through an almost impassable thicket, a mile beyond which it ended. We made through the thicket again, and traced the other blaze till that ended too. It now grew toward sunset; so we sat down, faint and weary, having had no food all day, except a gingerbread cake, which I had taken in my pocket. A third of this we had divided among us at noon; another third we took now; the rest we reserved for the morning; but we had met with no water all the day.

Thrusting a stick into the ground, and finding the end of it moist, two of our company fell a-digging with their hands, and, at about three feet depth, found water. We thanked God, drank, and were refreshed. The night was sharp; however, there was no complaining among us; but after having commended ourselves to God, we lay down close together and (I at least) slept till near six in the morning.

Sunday, 4.—God renewed our strength, we arose neither faint nor weary, and resolved to make one trial more, to find out a path to Port Royal. We steered due east; but finding neither path nor blaze, and the woods growing thicker and thicker, we judged it would be our best course to return, if we could, by the way we came. The day before, in the thickest part of the wood, I had broken many young trees, I knew not why, as we walked along; these we found a great help in several places where no path was to be seen; and between one and two God brought us safe to Benjamin Arieu's house, the old man we left the day before.

In the evening I read French prayers to a numerous family, a mile from Arieu's; one of whom undertook to guide us to Port Royal. In the morning we set out. About sunset, we asked our guide if he knew where he was; who frankly answered, "No." However, we pushed on till, about seven, we came to a plantation; and the next evening, after many difficulties and delays, we landed on Port Royal island.

(See part 2)

## Inspiring True Stories from History: John Wesley Journey's—Part 2

**Psalm 107:23-24** They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; These see the works of the LORD, and his wonders in the deep.

(From *The Journal of John Wesley* by John Wesley--1703-1791)

### Farewell to America

Thursday, 22.--I took my leave of America (though, if it please God, not forever), going on board the "Samuel," Captain Percy, with a young gentleman who had been a few months in Carolina, one of my parishioners of Savannah, and a Frenchman, late of Purrysburg, who was escaped thence by the skin of his teeth.

Saturday, 24--We sailed over Charleston bar, and about noon lost sight of land. The next day the wind was fair, but high, as it was on Sunday 25, when the sea affected me more than it had done in the sixteen weeks of our passage to America. I was obliged to lie down the greatest part of the day, being easy only in that posture.

Monday, 26.--I began instructing a Negro lad in the principles of Christianity. The next day I resolved to break off living delicately and return to my old simplicity of diet; and after I did so, neither my stomach nor my head much complained of the motion of the ship.

1738. Sunday, January 1.--All in the ship, except the captain and steersman, were present both at the morning and evening service and appeared as deeply attentive as even the poor people of Frederica did, while the Word of God was new to their ears. And it may be, one or two among these likewise may "bring forth fruit with patience."

Monday, 2.--Being sorrowful and very heavy (though I could give no particular reason for it), and utterly unwilling to speak close to any of my little flock (about twenty persons), I was in doubt whether my neglect of them was not one cause of my own heaviness. In the evening, therefore, I began instructing the cabin boy; after which I was much easier.

I went several times the following days, with a design to speak to the sailors, but could not. I mean, I was quite averse to speaking; I could not see how to make an occasion, and it seemed quite absurd to speak without. Is not this what men commonly mean by, "I could not speak"? And is this a sufficient cause of silence, or no? Is it a prohibition from the Good Spirit? or a temptation from nature, or the evil one?

Saturday, 7.--I began to read and explain some passages of the Bible to the young Negro. The next morning, another Negro who was on board desired to be a hearer too. From them I went to the poor Frenchman, who, understanding no English, had none else in the ship with whom he could converse. And from this time, I read and explained to him a chapter in the Testament every morning.

### In London Again

Wednesday, February 1.—After reading prayers and explaining a portion of Scripture to a large company at the inn, I left Deal and came in the evening to Feversham. I here read prayers and explained the second lesson to a few of those who were called Christians, but were indeed more savage in their behavior than the wildest Indians I have yet met with.

Friday, 3.—I came to Mr. Delamotte's, at Blendon, where I expected a cold reception. But God had prepared the way before me; and I no sooner mentioned my name than I was welcomed in such a manner as constrained me to say: "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not! Blessed be ye of the Lord! Ye have shown more kindness in the latter end than in the beginning."

In the evening I came once more to London, whence I had been absent two years and nearly four months. Many reasons I have to bless God, though the design I went upon did not take effect, for my having been carried into that strange land, contrary to all my preceding resolutions. Hereby I trust He hath in some measure “humbled me and proved me, and shown me what was in my heart”

[Deut. 8:2]. Hereby I have been taught to “beware of men.” Hereby I am come to know assuredly that if “in all our ways we acknowledge God, he will,” where reason fails, “direct our path” by lot or by the other means which He knoweth. Hereby I am delivered from the fear of the sea, which I had both dreaded and abhorred from my youth.

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ITS from History-26

## Inspiring True Stories from History: Crossing the Finish Line

*He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man. (Psalm 147:10)*

*Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:*

*But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint. (Isaiah 40:30-31)*

Eric Liddell was a Scottish man, born in China to his missionary parents. As a young man in Scotland he had great skill in running and winning races. More than liking to run, Eric loved Jesus each day, and especially on Sunday. He told people he would not compete in races on that day. One time an important race was held on Sunday, and people thought for sure Eric would participate. However, Eric kept his promise, and spent time with the Lord instead of racing. God blessed him for this, by doing a miracle for him. The next race he entered he ended up having to run in the hardest lane. Then, just several strides into the race Eric was knocked to the ground, while the other runners ran far ahead of him. It might have seemed impossible for him to win the race, yet he got up again and kept running. With God’s help, he miraculously ran even harder and faster than ever. He then passed up all the other runners and won the race! He was six yards ahead of anyone else when he crossed the finish line!

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ITS from History-27

## Inspiring True Stories from History: His Key of Love

**MAT.16:19** And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

(From Sundar Singh’s book “At the Master’s Feet”)

“I, in tears, thus poured out my soul to God in prayer, “My Lord God, my all in all, life of my life, and spirit of my spirit, look in mercy upon me and so fill me with Thy Holy Spirit that my heart shall have no room for love of aught but Thee. I seek from Thee no other gift but Thyself, who art the Giver of life and all its blessings. From Thee I ask not for the world or its treasures, nor yet for heaven even make request, but Thee alone do I desire and long for, and where Thou art there is Heaven. The hunger and the thirst of this heart of mine can be satisfied only with Thee who hast given it birth. O Creator mine! Thou hast created my heart for

Thyself alone, and not for another, therefore this my heart can find no rest or ease save in Thee, in Thee who hast both created it and set in it this very longing for rest. Take away then from my heart all that is opposed to Thee, and enter and abide and rule for ever. Amen.”

“When I rose up from this prayer I beheld a glowing Being, arrayed in light and beauty, standing before me. Though He spoke not a word, and because my eyes were suffused with tears I saw Him not too clearly, there poured from Him lightning-like rays of life-giving love with such power that they entered in and bathed my very soul. At once I knew that my dear Saviour stood before me. I rose at once from the rock where I was seated and fell at His feet. He held in His hand the key of my heart. Opening the inner chamber of my heart with His key of love, He filled it with His presence, and wherever I looked, inside or out, I saw but Him. “Then did I know that man’s heart is the very throne and citadel of God, and that when He enters there to abide, heaven begins. In these few seconds He so filled my heart, and spoke such wonderful words, that even if I wrote many books I could not tell them all. For these heavenly things can be explained only in heavenly language, and earthly tongues are not sufficient for them.” (Some are told of in his book.)