



Providences of the Great War

(WW1)

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“He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.” Psalm 91:4

“We will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the LORD, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done. ...That the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children: That they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments: Psalm 78:4, 6,7.

WALKING WITH GOD

O, let me walk with thee, my God,
As Enoch walked in days of old:
Place Thou my trembling hand in Thine,
And sweet communion with me hold;
E'en though the path I may not see,
Yet, Jesus, let me walk with Thee.

I cannot, dare not, walk alone;
The tempest rages in the sky,
A thousand snares beset my feet,
A thousand foes are lurking nigh:
Still Thou the raging of the sea,
O Master! let me walk with Thee.

If I may rest my hand in Thine,
I'll count the joys of earth but loss,
And firmly, bravely journey on;
I'll bear the banner of the cross
Till Zion's glorious gates I see:
Yet, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
—Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle.

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Foreword

THESE are not stories of war. They are stories of deliverances amidst war. They teach the lesson of trust in God in times of distress and trouble—a lesson that can never be too well learned. These narratives may help us to sing yet more confidently the Refuge Psalm, which has cheered trusting hearts through generations:

“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

“Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

“There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

“God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.”
Psalm 46

Introductory

Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving—kindness of the Lord.” Psalm 107:43.

STORIES of personal providences began to come to us from out of the areas of conflict as soon as ever the World War began in Europe. This book is a collection of testimonies to delivering mercies in war times, the stories being told by those who saw the intervening arm stretched forth to deliver from difficulty or peril. Introductory details are here and there added only as necessary to help the reader understand the setting of the various narratives as to time and place.

Names and places are not always given, as intimate talk about personal experiences in some cases might needlessly embarrass or make trouble.

While here listing some of the special providences, we must not fail to acknowledge the continuous providences of all those stormy years, in experiences very ordinary, in a way, and yet indicative of Heaven's watchcare in the little things of everyday work and service.

Thus the president of one of the European Union Conferences, H. F. Schubert, tells of timely mercies attending a series of annual conferences in the troublous days of revolution following the war:

"During the time of revolution the providence of the Lord was with us at our conferences. We did not miss one of them. The different strikes and tumults were either passed when our conferences began, or our conferences were over when the disturbances began. Quite a remarkable example was the conference in Berlin. The session was to begin on Thursday, but on Wednesday all the streets surrounding our meeting hall were isolated; no one was allowed to pass. On account of 'the shooting it was impossible to use the streets. During Wednesday I was asked continually in my office by telephone if the conference would be held. I could only answer: 'For tomorrow morning it is appointed.' When the morning came, all the difficulties were over. Without disturbance the conference could be held."

Workers traveling about in war time were continually conscious of preparations of the way, and of provisions made for carrying on the work in difficult places, that indicated divine overruling and guidance rather than happy coincidence.

May I recount one such incident here, before beginning the stories of special providences? It illustrates the way in which many a barrier was removed before workers passing to and fro in those days.

The writer was in Rotterdam, Holland, early in 1917, seeking to enter Germany to attend a series of annual conferences. At the start the German consul in New York had prophesied failure to secure entry for the purpose of attending meetings. "This is no time for conferences," he had said. "This is not religion, this is war!" he had fairly shouted.

In Rotterdam it looked no more encouraging. The crowd that thronged the consulate was told that at the least it would take two or three weeks to get returns from the applications for entry. For me, this meant missing a number of the conferences, even though the application should be granted.

My application, with a letter of introduction from Washington, set forth that I was a Seventh-day Adventist mission secretary seeking entry—not a particularly strong plea, one would say, at such a time. But the one official of a thousand to whom that description might have made any appeal whatever, was the very man into whose hands it fell.

The acting chief of the consulate came out into the crowded rooms and called my name, inviting me into his office.

"So you are a Seventh-day Adventist, are you?" he said cordially. "I am glad to see you." He spoke, and apparently felt, as if meeting an old friend.

"A few years ago," he said, "I was vice-consul in Pakhoi, China; and I knew your missionary there. We were almost the only Europeans in Pakhoi, and were great friends."

And so we talked of the late Missionary Wilbur and of Pakhoi, and of experiences in Chinese missions.

I thought kindly, you may be sure, of that almost unheard—of remote corner away down toward Indo-China and Siam, where we had so little. The happy providence of meeting this man from far Pakhoi meant getting past the barriers and getting to those conferences that I so longed to reach.

"I'll tell you what I will do," the officer said; "I will send in your request to Hamburg by telegraph, and ask them to wire a reply."

So by the working of Providence I was very soon safely over the border and speeding to the first conference, thanking God for Pakhoi, China, that had opened the door of access into Central Europe when entry seemed well-nigh impossible.

But these cheering experiences along the way come to all our missionaries and laborers, in war times as in peace times. The purpose of this record is to review the special providences of the World War that have been reported from time to time among us.

Winning Souls in the Midst of War

“The hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord.” Acts 11: 21.

“IN the narratives of every period of testing and distress through which the children of God have passed,” says an old writer, “we find the bright providences of God appearing against the background of trial, like stars on a dark night.”

A period of trial for Europe, and for all the world, was entered upon in those fateful early days of August, 1914. Millions of armed men began to march. The mightiest shocks of nation against nation in the history of mankind were soon causing the very earth to tremble.

We thought of gospel work in Europe,—of our conferences carrying on evangelistic and soul-winning campaigns in all the countries immediately involved in war, of the hundreds of colporteurs of various language areas who had been systematically carrying the message-filled books to the homes of the people, and our timid heartbeats well-nigh sounded a retreat. “How can it be possible,” some of us felt, “that, this work can be expected to move forward now in Europe, amidst such a terror of tumult and suspension of the normal activities of life?”

But the Lord wonderfully rebuked our halting faith. During those very years, instead of retreat and loss in soul winning activities, a great multitude of souls were won to Christ and His truth. Aggressive gospel work did not wait until the war was over. It was shown again, as in all past time, that wherever sinners are seeking a Saviour, there a Saviour’s arm is stretched forth to save.

“The Lord is good,” was the message to ancient Nineveh, amidst gathering war, “a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him.” Nahum 1:7.

We saw in the Great War that of a truth no conditions on earth can ever stay the hand of Heaven, until God’s work is done, and the last repentant sinner is safe in the fold.

When the war ended, we found many thousands more Seventh-day Adventists in Europe than when the war began. Our publishing houses had issued and sold more gospel literature than ever before in their history.

While many men in those times were called from evangelistic service, many women entered that service, and the work went forward. Old men replaced the young. The believers in all the churches heard the call of Christ to renewed zeal and a yet deeper consecration to missionary service in times of trouble and distress.

Whenever visiting England during the war, one might witness unceasing soul-winning activities, and fruitful conferences conducted when public meetings were necessarily appointed for early evening hours; for no lights were permitted, lest they should furnish a guiding target for invading air fleets.

Visiting Germany in gospel work, in 1917, just before the United States entered the war, I attended a series of regular annual conferences in various parts of Central Europe. Surrounded by the stir and clash

of war, the believers gathered in these conferences to seek God and to plan for the conduct of that part of His work committed to them. All the warring world was shut out. They had drawn aside, as in the upper chamber, to meet their God.

And the Lord met with the believers. Along with their conference business sessions, there were revival and consecration services, arid hearts were refreshed and souls were won just as though the greatest conflict of history were not being waged around them.

The same news came out of Russia. There, in addition to the difficulties of war time, persecution and exile and imprisonment had to be faced by Christian believers of Protestant faith. Russian Seventh-day Adventist believers, taken as prisoners into Central Europe, found favor with officials in charge of prison camps; and scores of fellow prisoners were converted to Christ and the advent message. At the close of the war these new believers went back to Russia to spread the light in their home districts.

German prisoners in Russia preached the truth for the hour, with seed springing up. To cite one specific example: A young watchmaker from near Berlin, held for years in Russia, learned the Russian language; and while allowed to support himself at his trade, he found time to witness for Christ also. When at last released to return to his home, he left a little group of Russian believers in the place of his enforced sojourn.

The progress of gospel work in Russia stands by itself among the miracles of grace in times of tribulation and distress. After the war, Russia passed through revolution and famine and pestilence. We knew that many of our members had died of privation. During the war whole churches had been scattered toward the four winds. We were prepared to hear that in Russia, at least, our membership had been seriously depleted.

But what did we hear when the first visit was possible, in 1922? It was a marvelous story. It shows the arm of God made bare before our eyes. The story was told by Director L. H. Christian, immediately following his perilous visit. He had found pestilence and misery and death sweeping the interior. He had met our workers and our members who had suffered hunger and disease. Many a home was desolated. Workers who might have saved their lives by leaving their gospel work had died among the suffering people. Yet after it all, this was the report that Elder Christian brought to our General Conference of 1922:

“When this war began in Soviet Russia, we had 5,500 members. Today we have 10,000 members.

“The Russian brethren said: ‘Brother Christian, we have had no schools. We have had no sanitariums. We have had no literature, not even the Sabbath school lessons. Yet our membership the last four or five years has doubled.’

“I asked, ‘Brethren, how do you account for it?’

“They replied, ‘It is this way (and we want you to tell our brethren at the General Conference about it): We have come right down into that day when God is doing great things for those who have faith.’

“And those believers in Russia do have faith. I felt like a child going to school to them. I had never heard people pray as those suffering workers prayed.

“I asked those brethren, ‘How does the Bible seem to you?’

“They replied, ‘Brother Christian, we never before knew what it meant when one of the four and twenty elders said to John in the Revelation concerning the hundred and forty-four thousand, “These are they which came out of great tribulation. . . . They shall hunger no more [you should have heard them say it], neither thirst any more.”

In beginning to recite some of the special and personal providences of, the Great War, it is not fitting to pass by these general providences which attended gospel work through troubled times. This much of the story of soul-winning under conditions that threatened to make any aggressive evangelistic work impossible, is set down here as a memorial to God's wonderful care for His work in the recent past, and as a testimony to His power to carry forward His cause in the earth triumphantly to the end, notwithstanding the times of trouble yet to come, foretold in the sure word of prophecy.

Stories of personal providences and of wonders of divine grace have come to us from out of all the zones of conflict and countries fought over during the Great War.

Stories from Western Europe

The Sabbath Morning Air Raid

"Thou shalt not be afraid ... for the arrow that flieth by day." Ps. 91:5.

THE one daylight raid upon London by airplanes, it is said, came on a Sabbath morning, at an hour when services were in progress in our various London congregations.

The course of the hostile planes from over the North Sea coast brought our Wood Green church, in North London, directly under the line of flight. How whirring, shrieking death was at the door, and how deliverance came as the believers prayed, is the story told by Pastor H. J. Edmed, who was ministering to the believers that morning. He wrote in a letter to friends:

"Never through life can I forget that tragic Sabbath morning. Mrs. Edmed accompanied our old African friends, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Haupt, to the Sabbath service in Wortley Hall, in Finsbury Park, while I went to the Wood Green church, where it was the day for quarterly meeting.

"The day broke cloudy, but fine. The sun's warmth could be felt, though its face was hidden behind silvery clouds. Half an hour's ride on top of a tram took me to the street where stands our little wood and iron hall. Sabbath school was opening as I entered.

"The streets were crowded with busy people, thronging for their week-end supplies. Everywhere the eye rested it looked upon moving, surging masses of people. The quiet of the hall, made sacred for the moment by our worship, was a pleasing contrast, and the opening hymn told of Sabbath joys.

Some time was taken for prayer, asking for a special blessing upon our little company, but no one dreamed how that special blessing would be given. The superintendent began to read an extract from 'The Desire of Ages,' and all listened intently to catch the words that told us how Jesus united divinity with humanity that He might lift us up to God.

"But in the silence, strange noises began. Bang! bang! bang! sounded out in quick succession, spreading all around us, as though we had been surrounded silently by an angry mob. Faster and louder came the reports. We knelt quietly, trustfully asking God to remember His promise to give His angels charge over us.

"A brother went outside to learn the situation, but we knew all too well that we were uncomfortably near an aeroplane raid. Bombs dropped here and there, and anti-aircraft guns spit out their vengeance. We bade the congregation be quiet and see the salvation of God. While the bombs fell thicker and faster around us, we led them, men and women and children, into an anteroom, and started them singing to drown the dreadful sounds from the children's ears. Only one child cried; but he prayed so sweetly as he cried, asking God to take care of us. For the rest, we all felt calm. We knew that eternity was near unless

God protected us, but there was a sweet compensating feeling of peace. It might truly be called joy to know that we were bound for Immanuel's land.

"There was not much chance in, such a building to select a place of safety. The small room seemed safest, but we learned later that it was the nearest to the point of danger.

"I ventured outside, and looking up, saw what appeared to be a swarm of large birds which seemed to be spitting fire toward all points of the compass. Some were black; others, as the sun peeped through the curling white clouds, shone like silver. Some appeared to throw out a cloud behind, while they dodged the gunners who were trying to bring them down. It was a thrilling scene. Sixty or seventy machines were counted."

Others there, watching the on-coming squadrons of the air, described the groups of planes as sometimes flying in V-shape formation, like flocks of wild geese. Pastor Edmed continues:

"As I went back into the hall to cheer the congregation, the screech of a falling bomb sounded ominously near. I paused a moment to ask the Lord to save my soul and to take care of my dear ones, then waited calmly to hear and receive the explosion. But it never came. Thank God! He held the missile intact, and no harm was done.

"Going out again, I saw the air battle was moving toward the heart of the city, and as we were now safe, I called the congregation out to see the conflict. That twenty minutes had seemed like hours.

"The bomb that fell so near we found had passed through the flagstone pavement, and buried itself several feet in the ground without exploding. It was so near our building that, had it exploded, it must have blown us all to atoms. I do thank God for our preservation.

"After celebrating the Lord's Supper, I returned home."

The bomb was dug out that night, we are told. It was a cylinder more than four feet long, filled with high explosives. It had penetrated nine feet into the earth, after piercing the flagstone walk in front of the church. To this day members of that praying company marvel as they devoutly thank God for holding powerless the pent-up volcano let loose upon them from the great heights above their chapel as they prayed that Sabbath morning.

A Conscientious Reservist

"Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle." Ps. 140:7.

IT was in England that the story was told me, not by the brother himself, but by a close associate. It is therefore told in the third person:

Shortly before the war, a Mr. Y—, of England, heard the advent message and became an earnest Seventh-day Adventist. In former years he had been in service in the British army, and now was a reservist, drawing reserve pay. The closer view of Christ which he had received led him to feel that never again could he bear arms in active war. He felt that he could not fully follow Christ and do this;

Really, his conscience began to trouble him about receiving the small amount which came to him weekly as reservist pay; but in his change of work he evidently needed the little help at the time, and while still debating in his mind as to whether he should not return the next payment, suddenly came the declaration of war in early August, 1914.'

Next came the instant summons to all the reservists to report for duty. "Well," he said, "my sin has found me out. I should at once have declined to receive the reservist allowance when I decided not to

bear arms; but now, with war declared, and having received the reservist pay, I cannot refuse to go on grounds of conscientious conviction against bearing arms.”

So our brother went to the appointed place of mobilization, feeling that God had visited him for his dilatoriness in deciding the matter, and resolving that under God he would take whatever should come to him on account of his failure.

He, with other reservists, was, hastened over the English Channel, almost the very first to go, to meet the invading forces in the first battles in Belgium. The brother went, expecting that his life would be forfeited, and feeling that he would trust God even to the death, knowing that there was forgiveness, even though he might be called upon in this life to pay the penalty of what he felt was his failure to follow fully the path of right. Whatever came, he belonged to the Lord Jesus, and was fully determined to follow Him.

So hastily were the men of his regiment sent forward that they had not even received arms. These were to be distributed at the front. The distribution was begun as the regiments were lined up. When he was offered a gun, he stated that he could not fight.

“Cannot fight!” said the officer. “What do you mean by that?” The officer seemed dazed by the information from the reservist. Y— explained his position in a few brief words, declaring that he felt that he had done wrong in accepting the reservist pay, and that God had visited the wrong by allowing him to be brought to a declaration of his non-combatancy principles under such circumstances at the very front.

“But it means death to refuse service in the face of the enemy!” said his commanding officer.

“I expected that it would,” said Y—.

“But you will be shot,” said the officer. “I can do nothing else than order you shot!”

“Yes,” said the reservist, “I know that is your military duty. I expected as much when I came. But as I see Christ as my example, I cannot bear arms.”

For a moment the officer hesitated. It was a tense instant. The battle was on. They were already under fire. Everything we have reported was being done and said in but a moment, long as it takes to tell the story. Just then, a few yards away, a doctor’s orderly fell, struck down by a shell within plain view. The doctor called out for another orderly to assist him. The officer turned to Y— and said, “Will your conscience allow you to do that work?”

“Gladly,” said the reservist. “I will gladly do anything I can do to help save life.”

Instantly the officer ordered him to assist the doctor as orderly. For a year or more Y— engaged in this work night and day at the very front, rejoicing that God had counted him worthy of such deliverance, and glad to serve his country by rendering aid in succoring the dying and the wounded in that awful time.

After a year or more the medical force was changed, and Y— was sent back for reassignment. The next time he was put into the food transport motor service, getting food supplies to the front. He distinguished himself in this until he became a sergeant. Then the changes and shifts of those stressful times led to his transfer to the ammunition department. Here he was expected to drive the ammunition trucks. Here again the reservist’s conscience brought him into difficulty.

Those who go through these experiences cannot be conscience one for another or tell others just where the line should be drawn. Each one, face to face with his God, has to settle these matters. Suffice it to

say, Y— felt that he could not conscientiously drive the ammunition trucks, and he so stated to his commanding officer.

“Can’t drive the ammunition to the front! What do you mean?” was demanded.

Reservist Y— could only reiterate his convictions in the matter.

“But you will be court-martialed at once,” he was told.

“Yes,” he replied, “ but nevertheless I cannot do that kind of work.”

Just then, while the matter was passing from stage to stage in swift discussion and controversy, in came a message from the food transport department. That department sent word that the new sergeant in charge of food transporting was a failure. They said they hadn’t been properly and efficiently served since Sergeant Y— had been taken away from them, and they sent an urgent appeal that he be returned to them at once.

Whichever party attempting to give orders represented superior authority isn’t stated; but at any rate the immediate result of the appeal was a command for Sergeant Y— to go back to the food transport department.

There he served well and loyally until released altogether from the war. A second time he had been delivered when court—martial and execution seemed inevitable. In each case the intervention was timed for the instant of supreme need.

Left Behind

“There is but a step between me and death.” Sam. 20:3.

IT was down in Bengal, India, that Field Missionary Secretary J. Dean related to me the providence that enabled him to list himself for missionary service in India following the war. His story, as I am able to recall it follows:

“During the time of my service in the war I was assigned as a noncombatant to athletic training work, having had some experience in physical culture instruction. It was my task to put the men through their setting-up exercises I was kept very busy at this, regularly on service.

“The time came when we were ordered to India. There were about seven hundred men of us who were to embark at Plymouth. All preparations were made. We said good-by; we made up our kits, and most of the men were already on board, when orders came from General Headquarters that J. Dean and one other man, whose name I do not give, should be detained in England.”

At this point I asked Missionary Dean if he had any information or suggestion as to why General Headquarters, away in London or elsewhere, had issued orders to call off the sailing of these two men at the last hour.

“No” was the reply; “I was never able to learn any basis for the order, and no one in immediate charge knew why two men were suddenly recalled.”

Our brother then continued the story of his deliverance from death:

“So we were left behind, my comrade and I, and the ship sailed out of Plymouth harbor and off to sea, heading down Channel toward the Bay of Biscay and the route toward India. But after it disappeared from the sight of the watchers who might have been looking seaward from Plymouth Hoe, it was never sighted again. The ship was never heard of, and not a soul on board was ever known again in the land of the living.

“Of course I thank God for the providence that seemed so strange to me at the moment, but which spared my life for service.”

And so I met our brother down in Bengal, following the war, hard at work on the Hindi language, getting ready to train and lead a band of vernacular colporteurs in scattering the publications among the millions of Bihar and northeast India.

Saved from the Sea

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.” Isa. 43:2.

WHEN the West African liner. “Apapa” was sent to the bottom of the sea by a torpedo, the night of Nov. 27, 1917, the most helpless man on board, doubtless, was our missionary, D. C. Babcock, invalided out of Nigeria. Yet he and his little family were saved in the sudden disaster, when many were lost.

We cannot read the providences by which one is spared and another’s life—work is closed. We do not know why it should be that “James the brother of John” was called to close his labors under the stroke of Herod, while Peter was delivered from prison and the executioner, to continue his service for many years before meeting his fate as a martyr for Jesus.

No one can tell why one or another of our gospel workers should pass over the submarine zones many times during the war scatheless, while our cause must suffer the loss of one of its truest and strongest who essayed but once to cross the danger zone, hurrying back to India to lead the mission force there in troubled times.

These things will be made plain by and by; and those who triumphed in the perilous moment of labors ended, and those who were called to go on yet further in labor, will rejoice together in the finished work. We bow under the strange providence that allows the loss, and we thank God for the delivering providence that spares a worker through peril still to carry the saving message to men.

This story of the war is to put on record the deliverance of the Babcock family on the night of the “Apapa” disaster, off the English coast.

Invalided as he was, strength was given the missionary for the moment of need. He tells the story from the moment the crash of the first torpedo was heard:

“Forgetting all my afflictions, I got our life belts, and put them on Mrs. Babcock and the children, and started them up to the next deck where our lifeboat was waiting. I then got my overcoat and deck shawl and followed. As I left the cabin, the lights were getting dim, and the steamer was listing over to the port side. When I reached the main hallway, a man, who in the excitement had lost his mind, met me and tried to pull me the wrong way. I mustered all the strength I had, and released myself and started the right way. He continued his efforts to help me, and pushed me down on my face. I was making desperate efforts to get on my feet again, when two men from our lifeboat came after me.

“We were soon on deck by the side of our lifeboat, and in a short time we were all seated in it. The moon shone out brightly, and as I glanced around I saw the second torpedo fired at us. It produced a great spray of water, and had every appearance of fire coming out of the depths of the sea. The torpedo first struck a lifeboat filled with people, and then crashed into the steamer on the starboard side. It is quite evident that there were two submarines, as the first shot was fired into the port side, and the short space of time would not allow the same submarine to change its position. When the second shot had done its work, it caused the steamer to change its position, and list back to the starboard side, where our lifeboat was being lowered into the sea. As I glanced up to the great ship Clanging over and settling down upon us, the situation looked appalling.

“We managed to get our boat out about thirty feet from the ship when a heavy sea drove us back under her, and she was settling over so fast that she caught our little boat and pushed the side under the water. We made an effort to get away from the ship the second and third time with the same result. By this time the ropes from the foremast were over and around our little boat. Just behind us a lifeboat was caught by the ship’s smokestack and sunk. All were lost.

One lady was lost from our boat, evidently being pulled overboard by one of the ropes, reaching from the top of the foremast.

“One of these ropes, however, gave us freedom from the perilous situation we were in. All hands, who were able, pulled for life on the rope, and we were soon up to the foremast of the ship, the mast now lying out over the surface of the sea, as the ship was sinking on its side. By the time our boat reached the top of the mast, it (the mast) sank out of sight, and thus the way was clear for our boat to pass over it and on.

“But here a heavy sea caught us, and we were carried beyond the danger of the sinking ship. I looked around to take the last view of her, but she was gone. It was just twenty-two minutes from the time the first torpedo was fired at us, until our faithful ship was out of sight. That twenty-two minutes seemed like hours to us.

“Mrs. Babcock sat down in the bottom of the boat, and our boys, who were a little farther forward, were under the watch care of the stewardess. The boat was so filled with water that Mrs. Babcock was compelled to sit in it up to her waist. We were all this winter night without anything on our feet or heads. We were now in a boisterous sea.

“Our little boy Arlington, four and one-half years old, called out to his mother to teach him to thank God for our deliverance. As he offered his prayer of thanksgiving, every one in the boat was quiet. His little prayer evidently had an effect on rough sailors and others.

“We had not gone far until we began passing wreckage, and many dead bodies. Seventy-seven lives were lost. We heard the cries of ‘Help!’ ‘Help!’ and no cry was disregarded. By the time all were helped into our boat, we had about all it could carry.”

After three hours of tossing on a stormy sea, they were picked up by a patrol boat, and found kindness and clothing and food in the port of Holyhead. Missionary Babcock says of their welcome on shore:

“Never had we witnessed such a scene. Although we suffered severely from our experience, yet the blessings received in the kindness and sympathy shown us, largely overbalanced the affliction.

“It was a great day for us. We had witnessed the hand of God to deliver, when humanity was powerless. Never were the promises of God so precious to us. We knew that God had sent His holy angels to keep us in all our ways, and by them deliverance was assured. We thought of Paul’s shipwrecks, of the tortures and afflictions of our Father’s children. We are not able to solve God’s great purpose in these afflictions, but we can remember that ‘all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose.’ Some have ended the service amidst perils, and others may be called to lay down a life of usefulness, while we are unable to understand why we are spared. But we can always say, ‘Not my will, but Thine, be done.’”

Once again, in the letter telling of this experience, our missionary bears testimony to the working of Providence in their deliverance from the sea. First, however, speaking of the wrestling of the keenest specialists of London with that baffling African disease, sleeping-sickness, which had sent him out of Nigeria, he says:

“Whether I became an object of pity or curiosity I do not know, but more than twenty-five physicians visited me and took a deep interest in the complications with which the specialist had to contend.

“My only hope was in the promises of my heavenly Father. Brethren and sisters came to visit me, and letters were written assuring me that all our people in England were praying for my recovery. I was at once placed on a milk diet, and a hypodermic injection was administered with a preparation of arsenic every alternate day. After the second treatment the sleeping-sickness parasites disappeared, and although tests were made every day for forty days, and once a month since, yet no trace has been found of them. This has been a great wonder to the physicians.

“One of them, who had been a medical missionary to Africa for some years, came to see me one day to have a talk over my strange recovery. He said that the specialists could hardly understand it. This gave me an opportunity to speak of our confidence in God as a people, and His power to heal.

“Here, I told him, is where faith and works go hand in hand. When we have reached the limit of our power, then God intervenes, if we ask Him. When we had reached the water in our lifeboats, when the ship was sinking and coming over us, we prayed for deliverance. We surely would have been swallowed up in the mighty deep had we not only exercised faith in God, but worked with every available means at our hand. And God delivered us. I shall always believe that the angels of God placed the ropes where we could get hold of them.”

Finding God on the Fields of France

“They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses.” Ps. 107:19.

HE had been brought up by a faithful grandmother, who, like Lois of old, was possessed of “unfeigned faith.” At her knee, and in the Indiana Sabbath School, the boy had learned of God and of this way of the advent hope. But as he grew out of boyhood, he passed to the care of parents who cared for none of these things. He wandered into the thoughtless way of the world, and his own people lost track of him.

Then during the war his father saw his name in a list of wounded in a British column in France. A cable brought him into communication with the home folk, whose whereabouts he had lost, as they had moved, so that letters he had written had not found them.

Now he wrote to his grandmother. His first letter told how he had found again the living God of the old Indiana Sabbath School. He had found him on the battlefield of northern France.

His company had been cut off. Only by getting through a message for help could they be saved from annihilation. The young man wrote:

“I think God prompted me to say, ‘I’ll take it through.’ I was just a new man then, and the major looked surprised, but a new hope dawned in his eyes. He jerked out his fountain pen, wrote the message, and said, ‘Go to it, man, and if you get through, we shall all owe our lives to you.’

“I crawled out the back of our little shell-hole trench, and started; the bullets began to whiz, and I ran faster. Then the artillery on Bapaume Ridge opened up on me with 18 pounder high explosives and shrapnel.

“I had always been very self-satisfied and self-confident before that, but I began to realize then how really little and insignificant I was. I went into a big shell hole and lay down, sobbing because I knew I couldn’t go on and couldn’t go back. Then I began to think, and my lips seemed automatically to frame the words, ‘Our Father who art in heaven,’ and then the Lord’s Prayer followed; and then I turned loose and prayed as I don’t think a man has ever prayed before or since. When I finished, I had promised God

to return to His fold once more if He would show me that He really was what I had been taught, by taking me through safely to the deep dugout occupied by battalion headquarters, for I knew no human power could do it.

“When I left the shell hole, I started to run and dodge the same as before, but something seemed to tell me that there was no use running, that I was safe; and I walked the last five hundred yards just to see, and the men say I came walking in as cool as a cucumber, with an artillery barrage playing around me that would have stopped the best infantry battalion on earth.

“The colonel congratulated me, and said it was the coolest piece of work that he had ever seen done; but I was so busy being glad that there was a God, a just God, a humane God, and that He knew that even I was on this earth, that I didn’t pay much attention to them....

“When we left the Somme, we went to a quiet part of the line to rest, and my old blue, homesick, despondent, murderous, devil-may-care-I-don’t spells started to come on again. I had usually deadened these with all the ‘booze’ I could pour into me, but I had promised I wouldn’t any more, in that shell-hole church of mine; so I couldn’t do it now. A little voice seemed to say, ‘Pray about it, pray about it,’ but I would answer back, ‘I can’t ask God to stop and untangle my personal affairs for me.’ But the little voice said, ‘Try it, and keep it up.’ I did try it once and was satisfied, for I knew then that I should find you some day, but thought it would be after the end of the war, and here it was only a short month or two when papa’s cable came.”

In the War Zones of Central Europe

A Colporteur Leader’s Testimony

“To show that the Lord is upright: He is my rock.” Ps. 92:15.

SPEAKING of deliverance in time of war, H. Boex, the veteran leader of the evangelistic colporteur work in the Central European countries, bears testimony to God’s power to intervene. It will be noted that it was not fear of the perils of the battle front that led our brother to pray for deliverance from the bearing of arms. His comrades recognized that. It was the desire to be allowed to perform noncombatant service, in harmony with his calling and conscience as a Christian worker, whether at the front or at the base; or, chief of all, to have opportunity to serve in such a place and manner as would enable him to keep his department of gospel work going. He says:

“In June, 1915, I was drafted into the army. I was, however, very desirous of remaining in Hamburg, in order to do further service in the colporteur work. Until autumn I was trained in the garrison. One day the command came that we should prepare for transportation to France. During my training I had witnessed for the truth and the love of God. When we were ordered to the front, different soldiers said, ‘Boex, of what use is your Christianity now? You will have to go along as well as we, and will be shot the same as we. There is no advantage in being a Christian.’”

But for an evangelistic worker, praying to be delivered from bearing the sword, there was efficacy in the prayer of faith to a living God. When called, on one occasion, into the lines where arms were being served, the brother prayed in silence, “Lord, grant that I shall receive no sword.” Here was the answer:

“I stepped forward. The colonel, said, ‘That man does not receive a sword,’ and to me he said, ‘Go to the equipment-room, turn in your new clothes, and remain behind.’

With thankful heart I went. The overseer of the equipment-room said, ‘Well, Boex, you probably prayed all night to your God.’

“Then I had to go to the office, where they said to me, ‘Well, Boex, you must have a living God after all, that you are able to remain here.’

“God helped me wonderfully. I received a furlough until April, and was thus permitted to visit the winter conferences, and canvass for our books from house to house. When my furlough was over, I was set to work at digging trenches for use in drilling soldiers. One day the colonel said, ‘Those of you who have not yet been at the front, step forward.’

“I stepped forward with the others. We were sent to the barracks, to be equipped for departure on the morrow. When we had been gone about five minutes, a man came running after me, and said, ‘Comrade, I have reported for you; you remain behind.’

“I forthwith went back to my work. I had never asked any one to go in my stead, but the Lord had.

“In September I was put to work in the clothing-room.

“Although I was passed for field service by the physicians many a time, the Lord Jesus appointed otherwise, and I remained at my station. All during the time of the war I had much time free, and could help in the publishing house [which was in Hamburg] and in the colporteur work.

“In December, 1918, I was discharged from army service, and my experience has confirmed my faith more than ever in the living God who can perform miracles. I vowed to God to remain a colporteur and work for the salvation of souls.”

It was a remarkable service our brother rendered in leading the colporteur institutes and helping to keep the gospel book work going in the midst of the war. The young and middle-aged men were called out of the colporteur field. It meant all the greater necessity for training the women and the older men to keep the message-filled books going into the homes where gospel literature with its saving, comforting message was needed even more than in time of peace. Hundreds of souls were won to Christ by this war-time service of consecrated evangelistic colporteurs.

Our brother engaged in this work from conference to conference as the annual gatherings were held. He had, grant of leave for this purpose from the military authorities, whose order read that all persons were to give all right of way and assistance to “Herr Boex, leader of the Seventh-day Adventist colporteur work.” It seemed truly a remarkable order for the military to issue in war time, in favor of gospel work.

When, early in 1917, the order went out for “unrestricted” submarine activity, all soldiers on leave were ordered to report. Our brother bade good-by to the conferences, and amid general sadness left for his home.

But at the next conference, back he came, ready for the colporteur institutes, with a joy that was infectious. “How did it come?” we asked.

“I told my superior officer that I was needed in these institutes,” he said.

The officer said, “Impossible; we have orders to cancel all leave.”

“But there is no one else to take charge of these colporteur institutes. I need to be there.”

Then the officer called a subordinate, saying, “Write out an order of leave of absence for two weeks for Herr Boex.”

That is how it was that our veteran colporteur leader was at the task again in the very next conference. All agreed that surely the Lord was turning stern hearts to favor His cause in times of greatest need.

Guided into the Light

“O, send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me.” Ps. 43:3.

AT a conference held in 1917 at Frankfort-on-the-Main, a newly baptized member told of his experience as a searcher for the light. He was a man well along in years, who happened to be engaged in business in England when the declarations of war began in August, 1914. Ultimately he was interned with other enemy aliens in the grounds of the Alexandra Palace, in the north of London. He said:

“With nothing to do, and anxious for the future, my heart was led to turn toward God. I had been a Catholic, but was inclined toward the clearer light of Protestant teaching. Somewhere in London I had become slightly acquainted with Seventh-day Adventist literature.

“Now in the internment camp I was impressed to wish to learn more of the teaching. I prayed to God, asking Him in some way to help me to find a Seventh-day Adventist book. Very soon after I began to make this my prayer, a visitor who had come to the camp now and then from some mission to give out religious papers and tracts, came to me with the book. ‘Here,’ he said, ‘is a book called “Bible Readings.” It is a Seventh-day Adventist book, and has many things in it that are not true;’ but there is a lot of Bible in it, and it may, do you good. I will give it to you.’

“Thus I found put into my hands one of the very books I had been praying for. I gave myself to the study of the book and of the Bible, and learning one thing after another found my way fully into the Seventh-day Adventist faith.

“Now I had a new burden in prayer, and that was that I might somehow get back among my own people. Very soon afterward one of the officers of the internment camp came in and told me to get ready, that I was to be sent back to Germany in the next exchange of civilians. So, very shortly, I found myself crossing the North Sea, and was landed in Holland to make my way to my old home near Cologne. Again my prayer had been answered.

“One more request I felt to urge upon the Lord. I greatly wished to find fellow believers in this new faith that had come to me; but how to find Seventh-day Adventists in the midst of war conditions was a difficulty. But I prayed about it, asking God to help me to find brethren and sisters of like faith. Then one day I was reading a Catholic paper which had been in former times my favorite journal. There I saw before my eyes a warning against the Seventh-day Adventists and the work they were doing with their publications through the International Tract Society of Hamburg. The public was warned against any literature from that publishing house, and even the street address was given, so that readers might know that any publications bearing that address were Adventist publications, and to be shunned.

“With hearty thanks to God for showing me how to find Seventh-day Adventists, I at once sent off a letter of inquiry to Hamburg, and soon was in touch with churches of believers in my own vicinity.”

He rejoiced in the new-formed fellowship and in the light of truth, into which he felt the Lord had led him step by step as he had urged his plea for guidance.

The Voice That Said, “Go Out!”

“Warned from God by a holy angel.” Acts 10:22.

ONE of the graduates of the Friedensau training school for nurses was young I—, an earnest-hearted, devoted Seventh-day Adventist. When the war came, he sought opportunity to serve in noncombatant lines. He was assigned to the hospital department.

One experience that came to this brother during the war is thus told:

“We were under fire on the field. The air was humming with missiles, and shells were falling all about. So hot was the rain of fire that our company took refuge in an underground dugout.

“We were all safely down the passage, crowded together in the dark shelter, when a voice cried to me, ‘Go out!’

“‘No,’ I said, thinking my reply to the message. ‘There’s safety here, and it’s dangerous out there.’

“But like a trumpet call in my soul was, ringing that command, ‘Go out!’

“I felt that it was from God, and that I could not resist it.

“Immediately I jumped up and ran up the passage and into the open again. The shower of death was still falling, but I sat down on the ground in a hollow place, though altogether unsheltered. The next instant, it seemed, a high-powered heavy shell fell upon the dugout, piercing it and digging a great crater! Every man in the dugout, very nearly, was killed or wounded. I had escaped, thanks to my heavenly Father!”

So young Brother L— thanked God for that voice in the darkness, “Go out!”

Experiences of God’s Overruling Mercies

“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.” Ps. 46:1.

THE religious sentiment along the borders of southeastern Germany and Austria is intensely and aggressively Catholic. For years before the war the progress of Seventh-day Adventism in these regions had drawn the attention of the highest orders of the Roman Church to this new phase of Protestantism winning its way forward among them.

In fact, some of the leaders had plainly said that the Roman Catholic Church would have to deal in real earnest with this movement. When the war came, it seemed to some of these leaders that the time had come when they could lay the hand of repression upon Seventh-day Adventists. Of deliverances and mercies in these times, President G. W. Schubert, of the Central European Conference, has told us:

THE LORD TURNS THE HEARTS OF MEN

“During the war it was often very difficult to secure passes to enter the various districts. Into what was called the ‘war zones’ it was almost impossible to enter. Yet it was my experience again and again that when the Lord needed us in any part, He made a way for us through all the difficulties.

“It came about in the providence of God that in the city of our headquarters we were well known and well respected by the police authorities, despite the hostile attitude of the dignitaries of the Roman Church and their powerful friends. who, when the war broke out, left no means untried to destroy the standing of our growing work.

“I recall how often I sat before authorities stern and strict, while making application for a pass. It seemed at times impossible that the permission should be granted. I could often only pray while the officer in charge put my heart and nerves to the test. How good it is in such hours to have trust in God, who can turn the hearts of men as the water brooks are turned! How often has the thirty-third psalm been fulfilled to us in similar situations! Again and again I could only remark the working out of things supernaturally, a turning of the hearts of men to favor where rules and regulations and counterworking influences seemed to make favor impossible. Again and again we saw the Lord taking care beforehand

that the right men were at the right place as help was needed in order that His work might be carried forward and protected.

A FRIEND IN NEED

“At the very beginning of the war, the archiepiscopal diocesan court in Munich tried to prejudice the civil government against us. The police were the willing tools of the clergy, and there were spies everywhere. Our colporteurs especially had trouble; and finally it reached the point where only the signature of the king was necessary to close up our work in Bavaria entirely, and make it impossible to hold either public or private services. Friends warned us of the plans of the clergy, and we counseled together, seeking the Lord in prayer. There seemed to be only one alternative—either to stop all our colporteur work, or to have our meetings closed. We chose what seemed the wiser course, and were allowed to continue our public meetings, which were well attended.

“But now more people came than ever before, and the priests decided to close these services too. However, the Lord was guiding all the time. The man who had supervision of the political and religious press, and the power to close our meeting places, was an influential and highly educated man. I still bless the memory of this noble man whom the Lord made so great a help to us.

“In the first weeks of the war he advertised for a housekeeper, and, providentially, an Adventist lady took the position. Through her efforts he became interested in some of our literature. We saw that the Lord had wonderfully led in making him acquainted with our teachings just at this time when the work of God stood in the greatest danger.

“This high officer read our books, and was often in conversation with our sister regarding the teachings; and, most important of all, this sister, who is still in his household, lived out the gospel in her daily life. So it came that through her Christian conduct the right impression was given of the message. The gentleman is well known in literary circles as a gifted man. As he read our literature, he was known to remark, ‘From the historical standpoint the Adventists have the right of the matter fully.’

“Thus, as the authority was vested in him, he, without more ado, gave us the written permission to hold meetings. Our opponents spared no pains to turn this official against us. The archbishop tried his best, but all in vain. Finally the ecclesiastical authorities appealed to a certain count who had formerly been minister of war, and who was later for a time prime minister, to use his influence with this officer to secure the prohibition of our public lectures. It was still in vain. The count received the answer, ‘I cannot set myself in opposition to this people, the Adventists, because they have done nothing wrong.’

“Our bitterest enemies were the archbishop and the papal nuncio. We knew not what was being set in motion against us at any hour. But in the midst of these perils we were surprised to read in the newspapers that both of these princes of the church had passed away. We, are forbidden to wish harm to any, and must pray earnestly even for our enemies and those that would do us harm; but we could at the same time recognize the hand of God in our deliverance. From this time on we had rest from the opposition that threatened the progress of the cause.

A CHURCH IN TROUBLE ON THE BORDER

“During these same times the invasion of upper Austria by the Russian army brought some of our churches along the Moravian-Silesian borders into difficulty. We had there many believers, mostly in country churches. Forces to meet the invaders were heavily concentrated in these regions. With the president of the local conference I went from church to church as occasion offered, to strengthen our brethren, many of whom were of Polish and Czecho-Slovakian birth.

“In the city of T— we had a large church. The men in war time were mostly away from home, leaving only the elderly men and the youth and women. It came about that this city was made the headquarters of the Austrian war forces that were opposing the Russian advance. The region round about the city was strictly a forbidden zone. Not even a special permit could be obtained to go in and out. The severest penalties were established for violation of these regulations, even to the facing of, the firing squad. It was an effort to prevent strangers from passing to and fro in times when spies were seeking in every way to penetrate lines.

“But in this city we had also our clerical enemies. Under their influence the high command was turned to oppose our church. One Sabbath a police officer appeared in the meeting, and led all the members who were found there, before the city authorities. Here every means was employed to turn the members from the truth, and especially to persuade them to cease keeping the Sabbath.

“On the ground of certain military laws the official was able to forbid the meetings. He told the believers also that if they did not give up the Sabbath and come to church on Sunday, they would be driven out of the city. He declared that people who would not work on Saturday should not be tolerated in any city that he had charge of. He issued an order to this effect.

“When news of this situation was brought to me by Evangelist Muth, in charge of the work in this region, we decided to make a visit to the city to see if somehow we could not secure the recall of such an unrighteous order. Our brethren and sisters there had but a short respite before the law would go into effect, compelling them to forsake their homes in the city.

“Naturally we could not use the railway, because approach to the city was under closest guard. We could not hope to get a traveler’s pass to enter for any purpose that we could state; so we made the journey on foot at the risk of being treated as spies, since our passports did not permit us to enter war territory. By the blessing of the Lord we succeeded in getting through without being held up by either soldiers or policemen. The hand of God was visibly with us on the journey. Upon arriving, we first sought living quarters, and then next morning made our way to the chief official to present our plea.

“The front room was filled with armed police and with many persons who were there for investigation or who had come to seek an audience. We sent in our cards, with our request for an interview. In a few moments the official appeared, looked over the assembled people, and his eyes rested upon us. We both were conscious that the gentleman’s severe nervous mien made a powerful influence upon us. Our hearts sank a bit as we saw his eyes searchingly looking us over. But finally we were invited to come in for the interview.

“We endeavored in the politest way to make inquiry as to why so severe a command had been given against our Adventist brethren, and asked if he would kindly give us the ground on which so unusual an order was based, an order that would work such a great hardship to many.

“The official was at once greatly enraged. He declared to us that he was in no wise bound to give any information. When we asked him what crimes our people had committed, he made no answer, and when we asked if the order could not be revoked, he shouted, ‘No!’ and ‘No!’ again.

“Then he threatened us and demanded our passes, and began to turn through the leaves of our passports. He was an Austrian, we were German. My pass at the time had many pages, for I had taken many journeys. The pages were covered over with rubber-stamped permits and pen-written visés. Brother Muth and I knew very well that we had no permission to cross into this forbidden zone, and that the official would find there no permit.

“With lips trembling, and visibly angry, the officer searched to and fro in our passes, looking for our permit to enter. While he thus searched, we prayed. We prayed that the Lord might indeed blind the

man's eyes to the absence of the stamp permit for which he looked, and somehow to get his attention away from the search which might mean an order of the severest kind against us. And while we prayed we sought by pressing questions and remarks to get his attention off the search he had begun. He appeared not to find what he was looking for, but his attention was diverted. Suddenly he asked us:

“When do you plan to leave?”

“By the next train,” we said.

“In a severe tone he said, ‘I take recognition of it!’

“It was our dismissal and order to go. We seized our passes and took leave of the official. We were joyful that the, protecting hand of God had been over us. We had found ourselves verily in the mouth of the lion. During our entire interview, which continued perhaps a quarter of an hour, we found that this man was not more impressible than a lion to any kind of good feeling. He seemed to withstand every influence of the Spirit of God.

“Never have I stood before so threatening an official; and as we went out, there came upon me a strong impression that a man who set himself so furiously against righteousness under such circumstances must somehow feel the hand of retribution. As we walked along, I said to Brother Muth, ‘I believe something will come to that man to restrain his hand yet. God wilt not suffer His honor to be so put to shame.’ I asked our brother to let me know what came next in the trouble that threatened our brethren.

“We found ourselves under observation until we were safely out of the city, thanking God for our liberty. We separated and went about our work.

“A little later I learned that the sentence against our church in that city was never executed. It came to pass very much as it seemed to me the Spirit of God impressed me as we were leaving the office of the furious official. Shortly after our visit, and before his wicked purpose of driving away our people could be carried out, he himself fell into disgrace, and was compelled to flee. Brother Muth wrote to me, ‘Our brethren and sisters find themselves at rest. The chief official has, with reproach and shame, been compelled to leave the city. That which he and his clerical friends had determined to bring upon our church, came to pass upon himself.’

“No wonder that our brethren and sisters thanked God for deliverance from the cruel sentence which was hanging over their heads in those distressful days of war. So, through these times we have seen the hand of God stretched forth to save when human help was nothing. Through days of trouble the Lord kept open the way for the work of the gospel to make progress in spite of the efforts of the powerful Roman Church authorities.”

Delivered at the Front

***“He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.”
Ps. 91:1.***

IT was early in the war that a brother's willingness to sacrifice himself for another was overruled for the preservation of his own life. This is the story:

While attached to forces under fire, I knew that many of us must die, and I sought God earnestly to cleanse my heart, and to make me ready if my time had come to lay down my work and face eternity.

“It was a precious experience I had there amidst the scenes and noises of the battlefield. It seemed as if the Lord shut me in, and gave such peace and joy in Christ that I could only praise Him. I knew God had heard my prayer.

"I did not know whether it meant that I was to die, and that this experience might be the assurance that it was all right with my soul, or whether it meant I was to be granted deliverance from death. But I knew that it was all right, however it was to be.

"We were in the front trenches under fire. An order came for the man next to me to go to the rear with a message. The man hesitated. It seemed like a sentence to death.

"I knew he was not a Christian, and saw that he feared for his life. He was not ready to die, and I was. I was moved to offer to go in his place. I was sent.

"I climbed out of the trench and started. It seemed as if the air was full of the leaden messengers of death. But I went on untouched. I found the rear, and delivered my message.

"When I came back to my company, I found that it had been under concentrated fire, and nearly every man of it, including the one whose place I had taken, was dead or wounded.

"I felt that God had sent me away at the right moment to spare my life still for His service."

Two further incidents of the battle front in Europe were related by Elder H. F. Schubert:

HELD BACK AT THE INSTANT

"One brother in the war had to make trips along the firing line, and at a certain place he saw a butterfly hovering. It was always at the same place, and he wondered at it, even amidst the dangers of his position. One time, as he walked over the way amidst severe firing, the butterfly fluttered immediately in front of him, so that he seemingly would run into it. Interested, he halted, and stood to look closely at it. The next instant a great shell passed just before him. Had he taken the next step forward, it would surely have been his last. He thanked God for the little butterfly that had been the means of saving him."

AT THE PLACE OF PRAYER

The next is a story of deliverance at the place of prayer:

"There were two of our workers who found themselves at the front in the same regiment. The section where they were was under heaviest fire, and it was known that a great force was massing against them. 'Now this is the last,' they felt, expecting nothing else than death. Each one of the two, not knowing that the other had done likewise, turned aside for a few minutes of prayer in a series of dugouts. As they came out, each saw the other.

"'Where were you?' one asked.

"'I was praying.'

"'I also,' said the first.

"And they found themselves alone; for just at the moment they had turned aside, the on—coming forces had swept over the front and taken everybody. If the brethren had not turned aside to pray at that moment, they would surely have been taken."

The Voice of Warning

"Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation. He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." Ps. 68:19, 20.

IT was in talking with Evangelist F—, at a general meeting in Heidelberg, long after the war, that he gave me this portion of Scripture as a word that had been of special comfort to him amidst the perils of war. He told the following story:

“On the 12th of September, 1916, I was taking shelter in a shell hole, one of those deep craters dug out by an exploding bomb. There was a company of others in the same crater, and we were under severe fire. Suddenly a voice spoke to me. It was spoken to my heart or mind, and not audibly, but it was just as plain as if the command had come to my ears: ‘Quick! Out of here!’

“At once I told the others who were there that I was impressed that we should leave that place immediately. Five men followed me as I sprang out. The next instant a high-powered shell fell into the very place where we had been! The voice of warning had saved our lives.

‘My comrades wept for joy as they saw it, thankful that I had been with them to warn them. They understood that I feared God, and that it was He who had delivered us.

“Again the next year I was at the front. The post next to me was under fire. The man who was working there was a married man with a family at home. He knew that I was a single man.

“‘Come,’ he called over to me, ‘let us exchange places!’

“I knew it was because he was thinking of his family, and that he felt there was greater danger at his post of service. I had to think also of the man’s family; but naturally I wanted to do only what it was my duty to do. In the instant I sent up a silent prayer to God to know what I should do. Back came the conviction clear and plain to do it. It was as if a voice said, ‘Go now!’ So I said, ‘Yes,’ and we exchanged places.

“My work was now in the more exposed post, but almost at once following the exchange of places the man was shot down as he stood on the very spot which I had just vacated.”

Continuing to think over his experiences of those years, young Evangelist F— said to me:

“When all was over, I came out believing more than ever in the reality of God’s presence with His children in peril.”

Feeling that he owed his life in a special sense to the protecting watchcare of God, the young evangelist was working earnestly to win souls to Christ and eternal life.

Strangely Succored on the Battlefield

“Thou hast delivered my soul from death: wilt not Thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God?” Ps. 56:13.

WE were in conference in the old city of Pforzheim, southern Germany, the city of the Greek scholar and editor, Reuchlin, great—uncle of Melancthon. Our conference was held in war time. Some in attendance were from towns close along the lines of battle, where they listened daily to the booming of the guns.

But here in the conference the thoughts of all were upon far other matters. Between conference sessions, a colporteurs’ class was regularly held. About a score of men and women were preparing to go out to place our books in the homes of the people.

‘There is a man whose story you should hear,’ said some one to me, pointing to one of these new candidates for the war-time colporteur service.

When I found opportunity to talk with the man alone, I found a story that surely belongs in the list of providences of the war. The brother had only recently been baptized, having never before been a Christian. And this is the story he told of events leading to his conversion:

“Before the war I had been an irreligious man. I had been drawn to listen to the lectures on prophecy of a Seventh-day Adventist evangelist in my town; but not having a mind to be a Christian, I put away all thought of what I had heard. Then came the Great War. I was called to service, and was on the field in the battles of the Somme, in 1915.

“One day, crossing the open fields with my company, I was stricken down by shrapnel. My comrades had gone on, and there I lay, bleeding and helpless, in a bit of a hollow. The battle was on, and I could hear the humming of bullets in the air above me. No Red Cross people could come on the field.

“Next morning I was faint from loss of blood and hunger. I had a little food in my knapsack, but was too weak to turn over or to unbuckle my straps to get it. There I lay in my blood, helpless and giving myself up to die.

“Just then a hen came out from a farmhouse and laid an egg next to me. I reached out my hand and took it and ate it.

“Next morning the hen came again, and laid another egg by me. I took it.

“Next morning again it came; and the next, and the next—five days, and every morning an egg that just kept life in my body.

“Then the storm of battle had passed, and the sanitary corps were out on the field to search for any living. I saw them, and had just life enough left to cry out, to let them know that I was alive.

“I was taken to the hospital, and began to recover. As I found my life was evidently spared, I thought of my remarkable deliverance. I felt that surely God had been merciful to me a sinner. I began to thank Him, and gave Him my heart. And when I was sent to my home, I hunted up the people whose lectures I had attended, gave myself to the study of the Bible, and now I am rejoicing in the ‘blessed hope.’”

To the man himself the commission to the agent of his deliverance was as really given from God as the command under which the ravens brought bread and flesh to the prophet of old. And it was the providential deliverance from death on the field that led the man to seek for the way of eternal life.

Twice Called from the Field of Death

“I have covered thee in the shadow of Mine hand.” Isa. 51: 16.

IT was in Transylvania, after the war, that I met Evangelist W—. Now Transylvania is a part of Rumania, but before the war it belonged to Hungary.

When Austria-Hungary started the war by that ultimatum to Serbia, closer and closer came the call to all able-bodied men to enter military service.

W— was conscripted. He found himself reporting to an elderly officer.

“What is your calling?” was the first question.

“I am a missionary.”

“God bless you in it,” replied the officer; “I will assign you work in harmony with your calling.”

So the evangelist was assigned clerical and translating work. Later he found himself in Flanders and northern France. Of deliverances there he says:

“We were at Mt. Kemmel. The great shock was at hand, the smash that drove in all our lines. Every one knew or felt that it was to be a terrible reverse. Men were giving messages to one another to take to dear ones in case one was killed and a comrade should escape.

“I felt I could not summon any burden to pray that my life might be spared. ‘What am I,’ I felt, ‘that I should be kept alive when thousands must dig?’ The only burden I could feel was to pray God to continue to keep me true to Christ, and to keep me from doing injury to any man in the onset that was at hand. That was my prayer and aim, whatever came to me.

“Just then the commandant called me and gave me an order to go far back to the rear, to a certain church building, where I was to wait for orders.

“I stumbled back through the darkness and found the church. There I waited till morning—for orders that never came. Fifteen per cent of my company were killed in the shock attack. Soon the wounded began to struggle back, and I was able to help the suffering. Then the whole front fell back.”

Later, near the end of the war, our brother was in France, by Amiens. It was on the eve of the Allied attack in which the forces of the Central Powers were driven back and ultimately expelled from France.

Evangelist W— was at the very front where the severest attack was expected. His duties were still those of secretary and writer. Again it seemed he could scarcely expect to come through alive. He felt that he was in God’s hands, ready; and again the second time he was ordered out of the zone of conflict in which multitudes of his comrades were slain or wounded. He told how it came about that he was sent away:

“The Allied attack was preparing, and we knew it must succeed. Just then an order came from General Headquarters that W— was to be sent to Berlin to act as Hungarian translator. My commander said nothing to me of it, as he felt he could not spare me.

“But two or three days later a peremptory order came:

Why has not W— reported in Berlin? Send him immediately.’ There was no help for it. ‘You know,’ the commander said to me, ‘that I have lost —, and — has fallen, and I cannot spare you; but here is the second order, and you must go.’

“So I was sent back to Berlin to do Hungarian translating just at the time when the most deadly combats began to decimate the force I had been in.

“And for three months in Berlin the only translating I was called to do was just one postcard! So Providence overruled, I felt, to save my life, that I might again devote it to the winning of souls.”

One Preacher’s Story

When my Spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest my path.” Ps. 142:3.

WHILE visiting America to attend the Autumn Council of 1920, Evangelist Paul Drinhaus related some of his own personal experiences of deliverance during the war. The deliverances, of which our brother speaks, it will be noted, were not narrated as deliverances from peril to life, but from the difficulties attending the Christian believer under war conditions.

“When the war began,” he says, “on the very first day many hundreds of our brethren had to step into the army. There was no time for planning nor for deliberation. They went with heavy hearts and with much prayer. There was no trace of a war spirit among our brethren.”

When the evangelist's own time came to go, he says it was with much prayer, not only on his own part, but on the part of the church to which he was ministering. Again and again in those trying times he saw the intervening Hand stretched forth. Abbreviated, the story continues:

"The first blessing that God gave me was that I was permitted to be a recruit right near my home, and I could go home to my church every Sabbath for service with my congregation, and also preach on Sunday. And it was shown that God could bless the service of two days more than He previously had done the service of seven days.

"The recruits usually remained back ten weeks for training, and then had to go into the field. At last one thousand men were called for. Where I was stationed there were 1,003 recruits, so of course three could remain behind, and I was among the three. In those days we saw how Heaven overrules. It was as if the voice of God told the secretary in charge of assignments, 'This man must remain behind.'

After four days, the other two who had remained behind with me had to go to the front; but instead of ten weeks I remained nine months as a recruit in my own home place. Can you imagine how the church felt—the church which was making intercession for me—when I came into their meeting again the next Sabbath morning? From week to week they hoped that I might still remain with them one more week, and it continued for nine months that I could remain with them each Sabbath, and also on Sunday.

"To be sure, you must not picture the life of a soldier as a very light thing. If I did not do my service perfectly, I was not given leave. Once we made a march of forty miles, each with a pack of eighty pounds to carry. Just before the destination was reached, I began to lose consciousness; but as I fell to the ground, the idea flashed through my mind that if I did not reach my destination I would get no leave. This thought aroused me from my fainting state, and I received strength to go through to the destination.

"After nine months I had to go to the front. The new soldiers at a training station were usually placed six to eight miles back from the front. There they were to remain from three to four weeks, and then go forward to the first line. When I arrived, I immediately made an attempt to get into the medical corps. I had already four times made such petition, but had always been refused. I was well and strong, and was to go to the front. In Germany preachers had no exemption, only those of the state church. I made my fifth petition to the German Kaiser, and I thought, Now God must cause me to succeed!

CENSORSHIP OVERRULED FOR GOOD

"But before the petition was refused for the fifth time, God was already working out a different way. We had at that time at the front a very strict mail censorship. Every letter to the soldier's wife or family or to his church was censored. I had much opposition in my heart toward it, but God showed me that just through these things His help would come.

"The lieutenant who censored these letters was in civilian life a preacher; and when by my letters he saw that I also was a preacher, he asked me to what church I belonged.

When I told him I belonged to the Seventh-day Adventist Church, he was greatly disappointed. This church was in his eyes simply a sect. However, he invited me to visit him, and we read the Bible together for many hours. He as a theologian had a thousand questions to ask about the Bible and about my belief, and we became dear friends and called each other brother.

"After God had used me as an instrument to help the lieutenant, then He used the lieutenant as an instrument to help me. He of course could have been a chaplain in the army. However, he was the son of an officer, and preferred to be an officer; but now he made me a preacher to the soldiers, and he provided me with an old barn in which I could hold Bible studies, and with his own money he bought

hundreds of Bibles, which I distributed among the soldiers. Through his friendship I gained high esteem among both officers and comrades.

“The captain called me to him one day, and said, ‘Drinhaus, as your petition for medical service is refused, I shall keep you here till the war is over, and you are to see to it that the soldiers become good, orderly people.’

“But after seven months the training station was disbanded, and the captain could no longer retain me. In my passport it was written that I was to go to the front at the Somme, where at that time a terrific battle was taking place. You can imagine my feelings at that time. I did not wish to shed blood, and now I was all ready and clothed in uniform for the greatest battle of the world. Then my friend, the lieutenant, went to the general, and asked whether I might remain with him. He knew my need and my prayers. But it was granted that I could remain with him only as his attendant. At first he did not desire me to be his attendant. He said: ‘You cannot be my attendant. You cannot clean my boots. You can never become an officer if you become my attendant.’

“I said to him: ‘I am just a preacher of the gospel, and have no thought whatever of becoming an officer. I would rather clean boots than engage in war.’ At last he was willing, and I became his attendant.

“You must understand that the attendant is not highly esteemed by the German soldiers. He is no more than a bootblack; but it was all right with me.’ Now for five months I was attendant to the lieutenant; and the lieutenant would not permit me to clean his boots. He got other soldiers to do this work, and I was his companion.

“Thus we lived together at the front in Verdun, in a town where every house was completely shot down. We lived in the cellars of these houses, and above were heaped stones six feet high in order that the shrapnel and fragments of shells could not pass through into the cellar. When we could not sleep on account of the intense fire, we read our Bibles. Sometimes we studied the Bible during the entire night, and we found sweet peace as though there were no war in the world.

“ On Sabbath I also preached and served as I could. Sometimes I went for five or six hours along the front and sought out the brethren. There were eight at one time that I could reach, and we held Sabbath meetings, while the war raged around us. All these brethren had been delivered from bearing arms. They had been allowed to work as tailors, and cooks, and drivers, and bakers, and road makers. Can you imagine how much worship and communion we had when we were together with our Bibles on those Sabbath days? We were in a strange work, and yet we could see that God was there with us. Our hearts were full of homesickness. We would gladly have returned to the church and to our families; but since we could not do that, we came to Him to whom we can come at all times.

“At that time I was commended for special military service. You have heard of the German iron cross. This is bestowed upon a soldier for valiant service in the presence of the enemy. One day a train was on the way to the front, but in the meantime the shell fire had torn up the railroad, and if the train should come in, there would be many deaths. So our commander asked if some one would not go to meet the train and stop it. For a moment the wish of my heart was that some one else would go, but I became ashamed of myself, and immediately volunteered. I went and stopped the train, and a little while later I received the iron cross. So I was counted a good soldier, though I had not borne arms. Shortly after, I was wounded, and was at home for nine months.

“In January, 1918, I again had to go to the front. Now my heart was anxious. The lieutenant who understood my position was no longer in the field at the front, and I thought now I should surely get right into battle; so I prayed much.

“When I went out into the field, I found my old company; but now I had to take up regular service at the front. For two months I was in the first line before Verdun. In my belt I had bullets and grenades, but in my heart I had prayer, and the thought above all else that I did not wish to injure any one. I told this to the officers. I said:

“‘I cannot call that man my enemy. He has never done anything to me. And even though he had done me harm, I would not wish to kill him.’

“The officer said to me, ‘Drinhaus, you are no longer a preacher. You are a soldier.’

“But I said to him, ‘I feel just exactly like a preacher!’

“I could not feel for one moment that I had an enemy in the world. I believe that the children of God have no enemies, save sin and the devil. During this time not a single shot was sent by me across to the French, neither did shots come from them to me. That was the working of a higher Power. But the artillery fire was all the time most vehement. We had almost constantly a shower of shells.

“In these terrible hours every one prepared for death. And how did they do it? They worded greetings to their families, and often I heard soldiers promising that they would shoot each other if they were badly wounded—the soldier most seriously wounded was to be shot by the other.

“Picture to yourself the terrible things we had constantly before our eyes. When the battle changed from one trench to another, we could not go to help the wounded. They remained there on the earth between the two trenches, and no man could go to their help. If these on our side should go to help the wounded, then those from the other side would shoot; and if those on the other side should go to help, then these on our side would shoot. And thus many of the wounded had to be left until they died, some of them two or three days.

“And our own brethren, how did they prepare themselves? I have spoken with many of them, and they all had the same experience. In such an hour we got out our Bibles, and told the Lord that if we must die, we would die with our Bibles in our hands. That word had been our strength during life, and it would also help us in the hour of death.

“I should like to picture to you the meeting we held after the war was over. Standing up in a great congregation, dozens of young men told what they had done back in those hours of death. They said that all of them vowed to God that if He would still give them life and bring them through safe, that life should be dedicated to Him. Women arose in that meeting, and said they had prayed that if God would cause their fathers and sons and loved ones to return to their homes in safety; those homes should be consecrated to God as never before. In some of the most terrible hours God was nearest to us, and we were most conscious of His presence.

“I must tell briefly how God delivered me from military service. I prayed and wished to ask the captain for other work. When I came back after that terrible week at the front, before I could go to the captain, the first sergeant came to me and said, ‘Drinhaus, you may be secretary of the company, if you wish.’

“Do you think I wished it? That was what I had prayed for. I wielded the pen till the end of the war.

“I can never tell you how thankful I was in those days for God’s help. One must go through such things in order to realize it. One sees heaven opened and the hand of God extended down to give help to even the most unworthy, and I felt myself to be that person.

“When the war was over, we recognized how God had overruled. My church at home had grown from two hundred to six hundred members. The conference had grown from one thousand to more than two thousand.”

In Southeastern Europe

Three Friends in Need

“A friend loveth at all times.” Prov. 17: 17.

AWAY in the Danube country by the Black Sea, our work seemed given a special impetus forward in the closing days of the Great War and the years immediately following. Very little Protestant work has ever been done in Rumania. Our own denomination has stood almost alone in carrying on any general nation—wide evangelistic work. The leader of the Rumanian Union Conference was Evangelist P. P. Paulini. He bears testimony to delivering mercies in his own experience during the war. His account follows:

“The Lord surely dealt with me wonderfully during the Great War. The lot of the Advent people just before the outbreak of the war, was such that our ministers could not go freely from city to city and from village to village. Against them all, but especially against myself and Brother D—, special secret orders were issued to the end that whenever it was possible we should be condemned to death as traitors. This was solely because of the fury of the priests against the truth of God.

“Our Brother D—, on one occasion while celebrating the Lord’s Supper with a congregation of brethren, was arrested as a spy, and we have only God’s overruling care to thank that after fourteen to eighteen days in prison he was set free through royal intervention.

“As I was conscripted into the army, I was hidden and protected from these elements that sought also for me. By the help of God I was able to secure service as secretary of a commissariat station supplying food for the army.

“I reported myself for service, and took up the duties of my office. To my great joy I found that the commandant of this commissariat department was a former playmate in my younger school days. Since that time he had been a school inspector. Under his friendly command and under God’s protection, I remained for considerable time in this noncombatant service, while other men all about me were being drawn into the combatant ranks. At the end of the year this commander friend of mine was transferred, but first he inscribed in the official day book of the department that ‘Sergeant Volunteer P. P. Paulini has fulfilled his heavy duties as secretary of the commissariat with wisdom and honor and faithfulness.’

“He recorded his thanks as commander as he took his departure. Now came the day of the arrival of the new commander. Much depended upon his personal attitude as to whether I would be allowed without difficulty to continue this kind of work. I thought and prayed seriously over the matter of the future, now that my good friend and protector had been transferred.

“As the new captain came, however, and took over the responsibilities of commanding the column, he called upon me as secretary to present a report of the commissariat’s affairs. As I came before him, he looked at me and asked:

“‘What is your name?’

“‘My name is P. P. Paulini,’ I replied.

“‘Do you know who I am?’ he said.

“‘Yes,’ I said. ‘I remember that twenty-two years ago we studied in the gymnasium together.’

“‘Well, well,’ he said, ‘surely you are an old school comrade of mine. I am glad to have you as my secretary.’

“And so having lost my former friend and old companion for whose favor I thanked my heavenly Father, I found myself again under the command of an old school friend who was quick to recognize my conscientious desires, and glad to continue me in the service of my country where I could work to best advantage. Although he was one of the most serious and strict of military men, after fourteen days of observation of my work he issued an order promoting me to be sergeant major.

“After a few months, however, this captain was transferred, being promoted to major. Now a new commander would be sent to our commissariat column. However, I put my trust further in the overruling care of God, in whose hand lay my fate.

“One day as I was making a journey on business for the post, an hour away by horse, I met on the road a captain of cavalry who was riding rapidly in a coach toward the village where our post was located. From afar I recognized him as a former Lyceum colleague, and a good friend of mine from youth. Since the close of my school work seventeen years before I had not seen him. I turned my horse, and riding near to him I called him by name, saying:

“‘Hello, Captain; where are you going?’

“‘Ah,’ he said, ‘you are P. P. Paulini, my old college comrade. What are you doing here?’

“‘I am, as you see, taking this correspondence to the next village as secretary of a commissariat post.’

“‘Ah, my good friend, I am glad to hear it. I am traveling to the next village as commander of your commissariat column. I am just taking over the new office.’

“‘And I offer myself still as your devoted secretary,’ I replied, ‘for I belong to the same commissariat.’

“‘Ah,’ he said again, ‘that is fine. It is wonderful that we have so fortunately come together again.’

“He was delighted to confirm me in the same position. One can scarcely understand how the joy and thankfulness to God welled up in my heart at that moment.

“Thus the great privilege was mine, without change throughout the Great War and without any planning or effort of man, to find myself under the direction and protection of three commanders who had been school comrades and friends of my youth. And here I met them for the first time after many years. That thus I was able to serve my country throughout this strenuous period and win thanks and promotion for it, all the time in noncombatant service, is truly due to the providence and tender care of God.”

Opposition of Army Chaplains

Overruled for Good

“My bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places.” Phil. 1:13.

THE apostle Paul reported to the Philippians brethren how things that seemed so against the work had been turned of God “rather unto the furtherance of the gospel.”

How repeatedly we see this,—the wrath of man overruled to the advancement of the truth!

At the Moldavian conference, two years after the war, I was looking at Elder Stefan Demetrescu’s detail map of his conference territory. Not only the larger towns were marked by signs showing companies, but multitudes of little villages were underscored as having believers.

“How did the light of truth get into all these little places?” I asked.

“The believers are carrying the light,” he replied. “They tell the good news to somebody at a market, and so it goes from door to door.”

“Then, too,” he continued, “many from all these scattered villages heard of the truth in the army during the war. The regimental priests were very hard on our brethren who were called to service. They would line the brethren up on exhibition before the ranks.

“‘These men are dangerous,’ they would say. ‘They are Seventh-day Adventists. They keep the Sabbath. Beware of them! They are heretics.’

“The result was that many soldiers, as soon as the priest was out of sight, sought out our brethren, and inquired of them concerning the truth. ‘What do you believe?’ they would ask. ‘Tell us.’ Thus scores accepted the light while in the army; and after the war they carried it home to their villages, and there, again, souls received the truth with joy.”

At the Transylvanian conference, Evangelist S. Kelemen told us of a Rumanian serving with the Hungarian forces, who found the truth while in a Russian prison. After the war this new brother got back to Transylvania, and went into the colporteur work. Within a few years in those mountain villages 240 people had accepted the advent message through his labors.

Multiply these experiences and we see how the forbidding conditions of war time were providentially overruled for the spreading of the truth.

Thus it has been in Rumania from the earliest days. When policemen were sent armed with gun and bayonet to sit in Evangelist Ginter’s first meeting in Bucharest, with orders to arrest the preacher if he spoke aught against the Greek Church, one of the policemen was himself ‘arrested,’ heart and soul, by the power of the truth to which he listened. The efforts to restrain the truth were overruled again and again.

It was in those early times that the late queen of Rumania, the revered Queen Elizabeth, became an earnest reader of our publications and a believer in many points of the faith. She was a godly woman, and herself a writer, best known under her pen name of “Carmen Sylva.” She it was who once wrote a preface for the book, “The Ministry of Healing,” by Mrs. E. G. White, a book that she wished to see published in the Rumanian language. In those times, however, persecution by the Orthodox Church raised such a commotion that it seemed best not to associate the royal name with our publications.

Once when the late queen was expressing sadness at the low state of spirituality and bemoaning the irreligion of social life, one of her ladies in waiting said:

“Your Majesty, would it not be fine if we could find an island where no one lived except those who loved God and his word, and lived simply and plainly—like these Seventh-day Adventists, for instance? Wouldn’t that be a fine place in which to live?”

“Yes,” replied the queen, “that would be a fine place. When you find such an island, let me know.”

Defenders Unexpectedly Raised Up

“So will the Lord of hosts defend Jerusalem; defending also He will deliver it.” Isa. 31:5.

How the tide of sentiment was turned in favor of freedom for spreading the literature in the town of B— is a story told by our Rumanian workers.

The young women whose missionary efforts brought them into trial were present at the first Moldavian conference after the war, full of zeal for the truth, and happy in the experience of God’s delivering power. Thus the story runs:

"In B— we have a church, active in missionary work. Four young girls of this church were arrested for selling our Rumanian paper in the city. The priests had complained, and the arrests followed.

"In the court trial our sisters were represented by a lawyer. The courtroom was crowded. The public prosecutor was bitter. He denounced the young women, not only as schismatics going about with heretical papers against the church, but as shameless, abandoned characters.

"The attorney for their defense was evidently carried away by the hostile sentiment of the court, and his defense was so weak and timid that it was no defense at all.

"The judge summed up against the young ladies. It was clear that he would in the end condemn them.

"Then it was that two attorneys, watching with the crowd in the courtroom, sprang to their feet and asked the privilege of intervening. They went into the case as if it were their own. They seemed as well prepared as if they had been assigned the case. They appealed to the new Rumanian constitution granting religious freedom, and to the liberal sentiment that made for enlightenment and progress.

"Their strong defense under the statutes, and their earnest pleas for religious liberty, completely turned the tide of hostile feeling. The judge was won, and he set the young girls free."

The believers in B— thanked God for friends so providentially raised up in their hour of need, and for the deliverance that made the way more widely open than ever to spread the light.

Helper Divine

"I WILL never, never leave thee,
I will never thee forsake;
I will guide, and save, and keep thee,
For My name and mercy's sake:
Fear no evil, Fear no evil,
Only all My counsel take.

"When the storm is raging round thee,
Call on Me in humble prayer;
I will fold My arms around thee,
Guard thee with the tenderest care:
In the trial, In the trial,
I will make thy pathway clear.

"When thy soul is dark and clouded,
Filled with doubt, and grief, and care,
Through the mists by which 'tis shrouded,
I will make the light appear,
And the banner, And the banner,
Of My love I will uprear."

A Group of Peasant Believers Delivered

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

ONE narrative of the war time in Rumania must ever be counted a classic in our missionary story. In it too, a band of simple peasant believers saw the hand of Providence stretched forth to save. Director L. H. Christian, of the European Division, first brought this story to us, as recounted in the Autumn Council

of the General Conference Committee of Seventh-day Adventists at the Indianapolis meeting in October, 1920. The story of deliverance runs as follows:

“In a certain city the priests and the bishop assembled all the Seventh-day Adventists. The mayor of the city was summoned, with about fifty soldiers. The church was crowded, and there was a mob outside. The bishop started to rail at the Seventh-day Adventists. He cursed them as only those priests can curse. He cursed their eyes, their faces, their feet, and condemned them to damnation. These were poor, simple-minded people, and when he commanded them to come forward and kneel, they were cowed, and every one of them knelt except one little woman, who remained where she was. Then the bishop told them that if they would confess and ask forgiveness, he would do his best to keep them out of purgatory and protect them even in this life.

“At the end of the row, the husband of this little woman was kneeling. She was very short and he was very tall, so she was about the same height as he was when kneeling. When the bishop commanded them to confess and ask for pardon, the men and the rest of the women seemed to be about on the point of doing it, when that little woman jumped up and ran to her husband, and grabbing him by the shoulders, shouted, ‘Is that man God? Are we going to pray to a bishop? Have we been taught the truth to no effect?’ Then she said, ‘In the name of the Lord, I command you, my brethren, every one to stand up.’ They all got up and went back and took their seats.

“The bishop did not know what to do. The mob shouted that they would kill that little woman, and they were ready to tear her to pieces. Just then an officer came forward and said to the soldiers, ‘Take your swords, and every one take a Seventh-day Adventist by the hand, and I will take that little woman.’ All expected the Adventists to be killed; but they were surprised. Turning to the mayor, the officer said, ‘You have a commission to protect the weak, and you, bishop, were sent to preach the gospel.’ Then he swung his sword and said, ‘Clear the way and lead the Adventists home. If you ever molest the Seventh-day Adventists again, you will hear from me.’

“This meant much to that woman, and to the Adventists, and to the cause of God in that city. They have never been molested since, and the church there is of good cheer and very active.”

Others in giving further details of the experience have mentioned one feature worthy of preservation. In the confusion that followed the brave sister’s rallying call to the believers, the mob, at the bishop’s call, were laying violent hands on our brethren. Blood was spattered upon the altar.

“Oh, see!” a woman in the mob cried out; “the holy church is profaned by the blood of the heretics!”

“No,” cried our heroic sister, “your church is not profaned by the blood of heretics; it is sanctified by the blood of the martyrs you are making!”

Then another woman called out, threatening our sister. “You have come in here,” the woman cried in the vernacular of the countryside, “with your head up and with a whole neck; but you will not go out as you came in. You will go out with a broken neck, like a goose to the market!”

“No, I say to you,” replied the sister, “the angels of God are round about, and they will protect me!”

One of the remarkable things about it was, our brethren said, that this brave sister was really the only one in the company upon whom violent hands were not laid during that brief melee. It seemed, of a truth, that the special protection of the angels was round about her.

Faithful Guide

HOLY SPIRIT, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian’s side;

Gently lead us by the hand
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
When they hear that sweetest voice
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide the home."

Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home!"

When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home!"

—M. M. Wells.

Deliverance Through Judgment

"Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." Ps. 121:4.

IN the book of Acts is the story of an enemy of the truth of God who was restrained by judgments before all his purposes of evil could be carried out. Our brethren in Rumania tell of a visible providence of judgment that brought deliverance to the little church in I—, and put the fear of God into the hearts of multitudes who saw His hand revealed.

This is the story told me as we were journeying by train through the Danube country:

"We have a church in the city of I—. One of the priests of the Greek Orthodox Church became a bitter opposer of the truth. He set out during the war to exterminate the believers in that place.

"The strain and excitement of war time gave him just the opportunity he had sought to turn public sentiment violently against the little company, and he persecuted them bitterly.

"But suddenly in the midst of his persecutions, he was stricken ill, seriously ill. On his sick-bed he was convicted of his sin of persecuting a simple and earnest people who had given offense to no one. He felt that his sickness had come upon him because of his sin. He confessed this openly in his home, and vowed that if God would spare him he would cease his persecution of the Adventists.

"He immediately began to mend, and returned to full health.

“For a time he kept his vow, and the church in I— had rest. But after a time the evil spirit of antagonism to the truth got possession of him again. He began as before to persecute the Adventists, whose work was winning yet other souls.

“These priests have always had much power with the authorities, and their word is law. This man resolved now to make thorough work of it. He searched out all the homes of the Adventists. He found their retired place of Sabbath meetings.

“He saw the police, and arranged that the next Sabbath the meeting place should be raided by armed soldiers, and all the Adventists taken. ‘I will root them out of I—!’ he declared.

“All was in readiness on Friday evening. The priest’s plans were well laid. Next morning the group of Adventists were to be caught in the snare. He returned to his home, well content with the arrangement.

“As he sat in his chair at home,—the Greek Orthodox priests marry,—he related to his wife his plans; and then he asked her to bring in the evening tray, with food and drink.

“The wife went out to prepare the tray, and when she returned with the refreshments, she found the priest sitting in his chair dead.

“The wife had told the story of his former sickness, of his vow to cease persecuting, and of his recovery. Now that experience was recalled by the people, and the fear of God came upon the hearts of multitudes. ‘It is not a good thing to persecute these people,’ it was freely said.

“Next morning, however, the soldiers and police were at the meeting place, as they had been ordered, to arrest the Adventist worshipers. But there were none in the accustomed place of meeting that Sabbath morning.

“The Friday evening before, the elder of the little church had been warned in a dream not to meet that Sabbath in the usual place. So he had gathered the congregation elsewhere.”

To the first conference session following the war, believers came in from that church, and reported the work in moving forward with the evident blessing and converting power of God.

How the Lord Sent a Revival into Transylvania

“Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee: the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain.” Ps. 76:10.

SPEAKING of experiences in Europe during the war and following, Pastor L. H. Christian told the story of a remarkable revival that sprang out of a time of persecution. It was in the months just following the war, when Transylvania had been transferred to the Greater Rumania which developed out of the world conflict. The revival in the progress of our work in those fields following the war had stirred the state church authorities into a special effort to close up this Protestant propaganda. Here is the story of the providence that wrought a revival out of these efforts:

PURIFIED BY PERSECUTION

“While the war lasted, there was great earnestness among the members of the Transylvanian Conference; but when peace conditions were restored, it seemed as if a worldly spirit came into the church, and a spirit of criticism crept in. The churches in that conference seemed to be in a very sad state spiritually. Our ministers told me that they wept over it, they prayed over it; they came up to the Week of Prayer at the close of that year hoping that things would change; but somehow the Week of Prayer did not seem to bring much help to the Transylvanian Conference.

“Suddenly, early the next January, a government decree came. Every church was closed, every meeting forbidden, every minister was imprisoned, and every church elder and leader as well. The churches stood without any one to help them, and our work was abruptly brought to a standstill. Many churches had an experience which they probably needed.

“When the believers met, one brother said, ‘What shall we do? Our minister is in prison, our elder is in prison; what shall we do?’

“Another man, his heart greatly touched, said, ‘It serves us right; we have received just what we deserve. God has touched us with the hand of His wrath. The last time the minister was here we had church troubles, He tried to settle them, but he could, not satisfy us; and we did not like his sermons; we were not pleased with this, that, and the other, and he went away discouraged.’

“Another spoke in the same strain, ‘There is only one thing for us to do,—we must go to seeking God; we must do as they did in Jerusalem when they prayed for the apostle Peter ‘to be released from prison; we must pray for our ministers to come out of prison.’

“And every church in that conference of a thousand members began at once to seek God. They worked for their children, they worked for one another; and they vowed that if God would give them back their ministers and leaders, they would be satisfied, and that they would never ask them to settle a church trial again.

“And the spirit of prayer came upon the ministers in prison. Two or three of them got in touch with each other in prison, and they began to pray; the church elders began to pray; and this intercessory prayer went up to Jehovah, and He heard it.

“One Sabbath morning, at one of these churches which had been having more difficulty than the others, the members were surprised to find that a minister had been released and was there that Sabbath morning. In a short time all the ministers were out of prison, and soon the elders and leaders were out, and the result was such a spiritual revival in Transylvania as our people had never before seen. More than three hundred of our young people and others who knew the truth were baptized.”

So you see something of how in Transylvania God gave help and success and revival to our people.

A Church Elder in an Enemy's Land

“Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.” Matt.5:7.

DURING the invasion of Rumania by the forces of the Central Powers, numbers of prisoners were taken and sent over into Bulgaria. One trainload of these prisoners was suffering need in Bulgaria. In the stress of war time they had been left in a border region, where the Bulgarian peasantry showed only hatred for them, refusing to sell them food. Water seemed far away, and dangerous to get among a hostile population.

Among the prisoners, however, was one Rumanian who, walking about near the train, met some Bulgarians also walking along the way. Quickly they were speaking about religion, and then about the coming of the Lord.

“Why,” said the Bulgarians, “you talk like an Adventist.”

“I am one of them,” replied the Rumanian. “I am the elder of the — church in Rumania.”

“And we also are Adventists,” they answered.

So in a moment they were greeting and embracing one another, despite the conditions of war time.

“What can we do?” the elder’s new-found friends and brethren inquired. He told of the need of water and food in the train, and the little group got quickly away and brought in food and water to relieve the whole carload of prisoners.

It was a marvel to the prisoners. They were Greeks, Jews, and Mohammedans. “That is a new kind of religion,” they said, “that leads people to help their enemies.” Some of the Greeks said that Greek church people wouldn’t do it. Some of the Jews said their people of enemy nationality wouldn’t do it. The Mohammedans agreed that they could not expect such help from their coreligionists; and altogether they said this Adventist religion must be a good kind of religion.

Our brethren down by the Danube tell us that these prisoners looked upon our brother as truly a holy man.

When later they were brought to service in the mines and set at hard work, which really of times meant privation and sickness, the very Moslems interceded for the church elder. They declared to their guards, “This man is a holy man. He must not be put to such work. He is a good man. You must not do it.” The end of it was, as they discussed what service should be required of him, the church elder was made their chaplain. He agreed to read to them from “the best Book in the world!” So from time to time he would read to the prisoners from the New Testament and sing our hymns.

But the church elder was not a very good singer, and he appealed for help. One of the prisoners had been leader of a choir in a Greek church, and so volunteered to help with the singing.

So it went on for weeks, the men working in the mines, the church elder, who had been the agent in bringing them aid and succor on their journey, treated as an honored spiritual guide among them. At last, they tell us, the military authorities said of our brother, “This man is a good man surely. We will not keep him, but will send him home.”

“But you must send my singer with me,” the elder insisted. And so, they tell us, it came to pass. The singer was sent home with him. And, to tell the best of the story last, in the meantime the Greek church singer had become a Seventh-day Adventist.

Along the Border Lands

Where the Tide of War Ebbbed and Flowed

“The Lord is my defense; and my God is the rock of my refuge.” Ps. 94:22.

WE had numbers of churches along the borders of East Prussia and inside the old Russian frontier. The tide of battle swept to and fro over these regions. Little was heard from our members whose homes and churches were now and then demolished by one side or the other.

After the war, President H. F. Schuberth, of the East German Union Conference, reported some stories of providential care that came out of these storm-torn provinces, where Germans and Poles and Lithuanians and Russians have mingled in community life these many years. Of one meeting of fellow believers Elder Schuberth has told us:

THE TIE THAT BINDS

At the time when the Russians invaded East Prussia, a sister who had to present herself to the commandant, was led back by a soldier. This soldier, having some of our literature in his pocket, was asked timidly by the sister, ‘Are you an Adventist?’ He replied, ‘And you are an Adventist, too?’ Then it

was found that this soldier was a Russian Adventist minister, who could speak German, and was able now to have some meetings with the brethren and sisters.

It was a happy providence to those believers, surrounded by a hostile army, to find a brother in the faith and a helper in their need, even though in the uniform of the invaders; while on his side, watching for ways of service in keeping with his calling as a Christian and a minister, it was a happy meeting when he found those of like precious faith to whom he could minister the word.

Of this Russian minister's further experience and the work that was put in his hands to do for God, we are told:

"Later he had to go farther, and was taken captive by the Germans, and came into a prison camp of 10,000 Russians. The commandant of the camp, a German general, dealt kindly with him, and granted him every possible facility, so that he became the first in the camp, like Daniel in Babylon. He could work freely among his countrymen, and brought a number of them into the truth."

THE IMPULSE THAT SAVED

Of a providence that saved the lives of a little family in these same regions, Elder Schuberth says:

"Another brother, a church elder in East Prussia, experienced in a wonderful way the providence of the Lord. As the Russians invaded East Prussia, he and his family fled a short distance, but were found by the Russians and sent back.

"The village where the brother had his home, was partially fortified, but was partly burned down by the Russians. The houses were used in defense by nailing up the windows with planks, and filling them with sandbags. That was done with the house of our brother.

"At the beginning of the battle, the brother and his family would have liked to go away, but were obliged by the Russians to remain. Previously, the Russians had bound the brother to take him away and shoot him. His wife and children did not move from the side of the father, but pleaded earnestly with the Russians not to take away the father and kill him. The hearts of the soldiers were touched, so they cut the bands and let the brother go free.

"But now the battle began. The family were in a room at the back of the house. On some impulse that she scarcely understood, the mother suddenly started into the kitchen. Moved by a certain feeling or conviction, the husband and the children simultaneously followed, although the kitchen was a more exposed room. They had hardly closed the door when a bomb struck the house and went through the roof into the room the brother and his family had just left, and exploded there. All the doors of the house were pierced and blocked up by ruins.

"The brother with his family hurried to find the way through the kitchen window to the yard. They hid themselves in an outdoor cellar, where they remained till the end of the fight. The shells struck to the right and to the left, making the cellar shake. Then a bomb struck the barn also, which caught fire. The brother, who was a carpenter, had piled up much wood, which burned too, and from there the fire was carried over to the house. All that the brother possessed was burned up, but he and his family were saved, like brands plucked out of the burning."

They thanked God for sending them from heaven the otherwise unexplainable impression that hastened them all to safety at the instant of deadly peril.

Strange Ways of Deliverance

“We ourselves glory in you in the churches of God for your patience and faith in all your persecutions and tribulations that ye endure.” 2 Thess: 1:4.

THE first words that came from the believers in some portions of Eastern Europe after the war, bore testimony to persecutions steadfastly borne and to deliverances strangely wrought out at times.

Reporting the first meeting of one of the mission fields in the new republic of Czecho-Slovakia, Secretary W. K. Ising, of our European Division, said:

“Most wonderful is the story of what the Lord has wrought during recent years for these dear Brethren, who, certainly had to overcome no little difficulty and persecution before the victory was finally won. It is illustrative also of the many agencies operative in the spreading of this gospel message.

“When serving his term as a soldier at Milkocz, where Brother F. Kessel was conducting an effort in 1913, Brother Kapitano, now church elder at Ilnica, received the tract, ‘Children of Light,’ from one of the colporteurs whom he could not trace after reading the leaflet. While he was visiting in his home village, the tract made such a profound impression upon his friends that they immediately tore down from the walls the pictures of their Russian saints, and cast them into the river. In vain they tried to get in contact with us.

“During the war this brother was sent to Russia, where, at Saratov, he happened to meet Elder O. E. Reinke, by whom he was further instructed and finally baptized. On his return home he took up the work in real earnest, after he had been able to secure the help of Brother Kessel.

A PERSECUTOR’S END

“Many are the incidents that might be related of the acts of violence to which they were subjected. The judge, in conjunction with the priest, had most solemnly vowed that ‘no Adventist should be allowed to set his foot in the territory,’ and he was certainly determined to carry this into effect. Many others, however, were similarly treated under his hard and arbitrary rule, until at the time of the revolution the magistrate himself was seized by a mob and came to an inglorious end by being hanged on a tree. Under the new order of things our brethren have suffered no further persecutions and the work has prospered.”

WHILE THE BELIEVERS PRAYED

Brought out of Eastern and Southeastern Europe on his first visit to those regions following the war, are these two stories of deliverance told by Elder L. H. Christian:

“In a city of Latvia, a Russian general early in the war threatened to kill or banish all the Adventists. He had set a certain day to execute his decree. On that very day he received word from the government that he was deposed, and was ordered to report to headquarters. That day was the Sabbath, and our brethren had spent the whole day fasting and praying.

THE MESSAGE FROM THE KING

Again, in one of the smaller kingdoms, the life of one of our ministers was hanging in the balance. The Lord knew how to raise up friends for the saving of his life and the reversing of the wicked plans of men.

“One minister was imprisoned by the priests, who clamored for his life. Every evening for three weeks the keeper said, ‘Well, sir, in the morning at five o’clock we will lead you out and shoot you.’ The first

night he did not sleep much. He feared that he was not right with God, and he worried for his family. After a while he slept all right.

“One morning, after three weeks, some one awakened him by rapping at his door at five o’clock. He threw it open, and the keeper walked in, saying, ‘Well, now I have come. You follow me.’ When he got outside the cell, the keeper laughed and said, ‘You are pardoned by the king.’ Then it developed that a high naval officer had gone to the king and protested against the demand of the priests for the life of that man. The officer told the king that if he allowed that man to be killed, the curse of God would come on the country, because ‘that people is God’s people, and that man is a man of God.’ Men who have been through such experiences have faith in God.”

The Midnight Prayer and the Opened Door of Service

“Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.” Matt. 7: 7.

AMONG our representatives in Greece, these later years, has been Miss Alexandra Keanides, a trained nurse from one of our sanitariums in Europe. A missionary first and a nurse second, our sister has nevertheless received a number of decorations from the authorities for service in war time.

Visiting workers, who have talked over experiences in the difficult Greek field, have told us of a providence that opened the first door of entrance to the fuller service that awaited Nurse Keanides: We therefore asked our sister to tell the story in her own words:

“I began my work,” she says, “by calling with my visiting cards, introducing myself to different families and physicians. It was not an easy task to continue in this way day after day in those hot summer days in Greece.

“For a long time I had no calls. This was not strange; for some nine years ago the people of this country were quite unaccustomed to the idea of the visiting nurse.

“Finally I was wearied and worn with the struggle to get started in my work. I returned to my little room one day quite discouraged. I prayed and lay down to sleep in my weariness and discouragement.

“At midnight I awoke, and once more I prayed in agony. But, oh, what a sweet hour that was for me! ‘Father,’ I called, ‘I can bear this no longer; open a door for me!’”

And out of that midnight prayer season, beginning with the agony of desire and closing with sweet assurance, came the touch of the providential hand. Those who have talked over the experience with Sister Keanides tell of assurance that came and the conviction that she must be ready in the morning for a call. And, sure enough, the morning brought the call that meant entrance upon the long and busy round of medical missionary service for Greece.

“The very next morning,” the sister continues, “I was called to nurse in an English family. Through this family I became acquainted with many wealthy families. Ever since I have had always plenty of work. I praise the Lord for His wonderful guidance.

“My work in Saloniki has not been confined to private nursing only. During and after the war I worked as matron in the military hospitals and then in the municipal hospital. I had wonderful experiences in the hospital work.

“Once a doctor said to the mother of a patient who was saved almost from the jaws of death, ‘It is the good care of the sister that has saved the life of your son. You must burn a candle before her portrait.’

“‘No, doctor,’ I said, ‘it is the power of prayer and the care of God that has saved him.’”

Thus Sister Keanides witnessed to the living God, finding opportunity often to speak the word of comfort and faith to hearts that needed help.

“Whether it is your treatments or your prayers we do not know; but your work brings results,” the doctors sometimes said, as they saw the effects of this combination of sanitarium methods and the faith of a praying nurse.

Miss Keanides’ own narrative concludes with one case in which a young soldier’s heart was turned to God:

“It was in a military hospital that I was caring for one young soldier who was very ill. The doctor gave up all hope. One morning after the doctor’s visit the young man sent for me and said very weakly, ‘Sister, I am dying; tell the doctor to come:

“I said: ‘My boy, the doctor has done all in his power, but he could not save you. There is another Physician, our heavenly Father, and if it is His will, He can save you. Do you wish that we pray to Him?’

“The young soldier consented, and I knelt by his bed and prayed. I noticed that his lips also were moving, and there were tears in his eyes. After the prayer he had a quiet sleep.

“When the doctor visited him the next morning, he was surprised at the change he found.

“‘What have you done to him, sister, he is so much better this morning?’ the doctor said.

“‘We have prayed to our heavenly Father, and He has done what is necessary,’ I replied, pointing toward heaven.

“The young man recovered and regained full health. He left the hospital with the promise that he would give his life to God.”

So in Saloniki, the old Thessalonica of the New Testament (lays, where Paul preached and possibly Luke, the beloved physician, ministered, a missionary nurse has found our heavenly Father still the living God with an arm of power stretched forth to save.

THE HAVEN

Now to the haven of Thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly;
Be Thou my refuge and my rest,
For oh! the storm is high.

Protect me from the furious blast;
My shield and shelter be;
Hide me, my Saviour, till o’erpast
The storm of sin I see.

As o’er a parched and weary land
A rock extends its shade;
So hide me, Saviour, with Thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

How swift to save me didst Thou move
In every trying hour!
O still protect me with Thy love,
And shield me with Thy power. — Charles Wesley.

The Message of Deliverance

“When a man’s ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.” Prov. 16:7.

You will recall the promise of the Saviour to those who should be called to answer before rulers and judges: “When they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.” Matt. 10:19, 20.

In one of our council meetings following the war, the following war—time experience was related by Pastor L. H. Christian, of the European Division. He had heard the story while visiting in Southeastern Europe.

One of our members engaged in active missionary work had been accused by the clergy and thrown into prison. He was to be brought before a judge in the presence of the higher ecclesiastical authorities.

While praying in his prison and meditating upon the course to pursue when brought into court, there came upon him the strong and clear conviction; “Matthew, twenty-third chapter.”

“But I don’t remember what is in that chapter,” he thought. .

He looked it up. There he saw that the burden of the chapter was Christ’s warnings and woes upon the Pharisees.

“But that is hardly the line of argument for me to take before the bishop and the judge,” he thought to himself. “I should be sure to be taken out and shot in these times if I used that chapter as my defense.”

However, as he prayed and waited before God, he could get no release from the conviction. “Matthew twenty-three” was ever pressed upon him.

He feared he surely would be shot, but he decided that the burden of Matthew twenty-three was the message he must deliver.

He was called into court. As his reply to the accusations against him of teaching heresy, contrary to the state religion, he read from Matthew twenty-three and gave an explanation of it. He told how the scribes and Pharisees of New Testament times brought charges against Christ and His disciples of teaching contrary to the accepted views; and how the priests plotted against Christ, although all the time He taught according to the Scriptures, which they themselves were set to teach. Then the accused brother showed how the simple life and Scriptural teaching of Christ bore witness against the worldly and often wicked lives of the priests, and he showed that the priests and Pharisees of Christ’s time and the disciples of Jesus had their counterpart in our own time; and that these warnings uttered against the priests of old were Christ’s warnings today against the priests of the day who were living worldly lives and persecuting those whose teaching rebuked them, and who were really feeding the flock of God with the word of God.

Thus the prisoner at the bar brought the ways and the lives of the accusing priests before the court of “Matthew twenty-three.” As the brother finished, the judge turned to the bishop.

“How about this?” he asked of the bishop.

“It is true; every word he says is true,” said the bishop.

“Take the man away,” ordered the judge, and addressing the clerical authorities he added, “and don’t you bring him here again.”

Thus it was given a gospel witness in that hour what to speak; and the Spirit of God spoke there to the hearts of men.

Through the War Years in Russia

Kept Through the Deluge

"I will establish My covenant with you." Gen. 9:11.

FOR years we were cut off from all news of the progress of the gospel work in Russia. Then the first extended report that came to us, early in 1922, after the deluge of war and revolution and famine and pestilence, was a song of praise for the mercies of a covenant-keeping God. The leader of our Russian work in these times, Elder H. J. Lobsack, whose childhood home was among the Cossacks of the south, told us this story of deliverances through the years:

"Beginning in 1914 and continuing until recent months, our Russian work was cut off from the general organization. We are happy to say, however, that the Lord has worked for us, and all His promises have proved true to every one who remained faithful and trusted Him.

"At the beginning of the war, the brethren who had been drafted came to us and asked what they should do. Were they to take up arms against their conscience, or were they to allow themselves to be killed? We who had endeavored to train our people to be self-reliant and to sense their individual responsibility toward God, toward their conscience, and toward the state, could not prescribe what they should do under all the conditions they would encounter at the posts assigned them. Only He who created them had the right to command and the power to protect. They made their own decisions, and the majority of the brethren, numbering some five hundred, with many of our workers, were assigned to hospital and other noncombatant service.

"It was only after the revolution had set in that we were informed by official notice from the Ministry of Religion that some seventy of our brethren had been sentenced [by the czarist government] to hard labor in chains, with terms of from two to sixteen years. Such cases could never be taken up with the former government, because even to entertain the thought of refusing to take up arms was considered a punishable crime.

These believers had no recourse except to prayer. Seventy brethren lifted up their fettered hands in supplication to God for deliverance. Several thousand young people of other denominations had acted in a similar manner, and we cannot but believe that it was in the providence of the prayer-answering God that the new government issued decrees for the liberation of conscientious objectors and for their exemption from using arms."

In the general amnesty proclaimed by the government, liberty was finally restored to all who were imprisoned and banished. The evangelists and workers who were exiled now stand as pillars in our work.

"Thus our ark floated on the waters. The windows of heaven and the fountains of the deep were opened, flooding the country in a great deluge for some three years, but we were safe, the Lord Himself being our guardian. To Him be all praise and glory. The nations struggled in fierce battles, large sections were severed and reorganized, and new republics were created and vanished. Disease and plague swept the country, and many of the people perished. But there was light in Israel."

These Russian brethren felt that the same angels, whose hands steadied Noah's ark in the great deluge, had steadied their ark of truth and the cause of God through these years of storm and overwhelming troubles.

Delivered from Executioners and from the Flames

“Yea, He reproveth kings for their sakes; saying, Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm.” Ps. 105:14, 15.

ON a brief but eventful and perilous visit into Russia in 1922 to arrange for the distribution of relief to our suffering people in the famine-stricken regions, Vice-President L. H. Christian, of the European Division, learned of the twice repeated deliverance of one of our Russian evangelists from executioners who sought his life. The minister was working in southern Russia. Pastor Christian says:

“He informed me that he was told not to preach the gospel. The governor of that district issued a proclamation that began with a complete denial of the existence of God; and this brother was told that if he preached the gospel, it would cost him his life. But he went right on. He was arrested, brought before one of those atheistic judges, and condemned to be shot.

“This minister turned to the judge and said: ‘You are a servant of the Russian government, but I am a servant of the most high God; and I wish to inform you that, although you have condemned me to be shot tomorrow morning unless I promise not to preach the gospel, I shall continue to preach the gospel; and further, I wish to say that you cannot have me shot tomorrow morning, for the God I serve is greater than you.’

“The judge sneered at him, and the attaches of the court mocked him, and said, ‘We shall see tomorrow at five o’clock whether or no the most high God is stronger than our government.’

“Well, my friends, he was not shot. He was delivered at night, and our people told me that he is one of the most successful soul-winners in Russia.”

THE CHANGED WIND

Again, speaking of his visit to Russia, Pastor Christian brought to us this story of winds that changed while believers prayed:

“Another of our workers gave me this incident from Russia:

“He was in a village that was being bombarded by revolutionists. The wind was blowing strongly, and they set fire to the side of the village from which the wind came. And those straw-thatched buildings, when dry, burn very quickly. Our brother, who was our minister there, with his wife and children, was in their little home; and they knew that the fire was nearing them. I shall not say that you should have done as they did; but they told me that the determination came to them, ‘God has placed us here as light-bearers for Him, and we will remain until He sends us away.’

“They knelt down in the little grass-thatched cottage in which they were living, and began to cry to God for deliverance. While they were praying, the house next to theirs caught fire. Then suddenly the wind turned, and blew as heavily from the opposite direction. The fire was beaten back, and their house was saved, and our workers praised God for His salvation.”

These manifestations of the visible hand of Providence and the troubles and sufferings that the believers in Russia have passed through, said the narrator, have given them a new hold upon God, and a new courage in the Lord Jesus. It is the secret of the wonderful progress of their work amidst troublous times.

God's Wonderful Protection

"The children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy suing." Ps. 36:7.

When in Latvia, Secretary Alfred Vogel, of the Scandinavian Union Conference, met a brother who did service at the Rodenpois railway-station, twenty kilometers from Riga, and who lives near the town. He related the following demonstration of God's protection during the war:

"The second of August, 1916, at half past eleven o'clock in the evening, I went into the office. I heard the sound of a motor, but as motor, cars run incessantly to and fro, I paid no attention to the sound. I had been in the office some minutes when an official came running in and cried, 'The Zeppeliner comes!' I started home, where I knew that my wife and my only child had gone to bed for the night. When I had gone some steps, I saw strange fires and lightning, followed by a terrible explosion. As if struck by lightning, I fell to the ground, and for some moments it seemed to me as if the ground had burst. When I recovered consciousness, a terrible sight was revealed to my eyes. All around I saw the ghastly consequences of what had happened. The noise of the Zeppelin in the air made me understand what had taken place.

"I hurried to my little home. One of the destructive bombs of the enemy (I later learned four bombs had been thrown at a time) had fallen quite near the house where my family was. There I saw the devastating effect of the shells. The veranda had been swept away. All the house was in ruins. But what a wonder—my wife and my eight-year-old daughter crawled out of their beds over nails, bits of glass, and piles of gravel and plaster, a little anxious, but not frightened! Their clothes were torn as if they had been gnawed by mice, and doors, cupboards, and other furniture were broken into splinters. The house and all that was inside were destroyed; nothing was left unbroken.

"O, how unspeakable God's love is! He saved my life and the lives of my wife and child in a wonderful way. Now I know that it was His hand that led me without any special reason to go to the railway station where I was working, so that I would not be near my house.

"In a manor house three kilometers away the windowpanes were broken by the atmospheric pressure. My family had not been hurt or wounded, because the hand of God had protected them. Hundreds of people came to look at the wreckage, and were struck with astonishment when they heard that the persons who had been in there had not lost their lives.

"One of the soldiers told another: 'These people sang and prayed always. They hallowed another day, not that which we hallow; and see, now has their God protected them!' One of the officers who had looked at the place and heard that persons had come out from that disaster alive, said: 'Verily there is a living God.'

"Almost all our brethren and sisters," added Secretary Vogel, "have something to tell about how God led and protected them during those dreadful years of war."

A Child's Prayer

"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Matt. 6:32.

AMONG those who had accepted the Adventist faith in Russia in the year before the war, oft-times learning to bear hardness as good soldiers of the cross of Christ, was one wealthy woman, a member of the nobility. She it was in earlier times who found a way of presenting a specially bound copy of the book, "Christ's Object Lessons," written by Mrs. E. G. White, to the czarina of Russia, receiving from the czarina a message that she was reading the book.

As we think of the troubled life that came to the czarina and her family, and of her sad fate, we are glad to think that once she was a reader of that good book.

During all the years of the war, with all the reverses that came, this sister remained a true and loyal helper and succorer of the needy. Her fellow believers sometimes called her "The Princess" as a term of affection, and in recognition of her nobility of character as well as nobility of birth.

On his first visit to the Baltic regions following the war, Director L. H. Christian, of the European Division, was in Latvia, the province where this faithful sister of ours lives. Pastor Christian related the following narrative at the Indianapolis General Conference Committee Council in 1920:

"At the outbreak of the war she was wealthy and owned an estate of 2,000 measures of land. When the soldiers came, they took her land, stole the deeds to the home and property, and burned them, took away 150 milch cows and 50 horses, scattered all her servants, and confiscated all the money she had in the bank—95,000 rubles (\$50,000).

"Her son died and her son's wife died, leaving to her care three orphaned grandchildren,—a girl fourteen years of age, one eight, and another six. This family is now entirely destitute. The grandmother and children work from morning till night to earn a little black bread and milk. Even the little girl of six has to knit stockings all day to help earn the daily bread.

"Once the little family were entirely out of food. The little girl was wondering what they would do when the noonday meal had left nothing for the evening lunch. The grandmother assured the children that God would provide some way.

"'But, grandmother,' the little girl said, 'you don't believe we are going to get anything tonight.'

"'What makes you think that?'" said the grandmother.

"'Because you haven't sharpened the knife,'" said the little girl.

"They seem to have had a custom in that country by which the housemother at the close of a meal 'sharpened the bread knife on the edge of the table in token of its use at the next meal; but somehow it seems the grandmother had failed to sharpen the knife, and the little girl noticed it. So the grandmother sharpened the knife, and together they knelt down to pray God to help them find something more for supper.

"In her prayer the little girl said, 'Lord, don't send us just a piece of bread, send us a whole loaf; for you know, Lord, we need a whole loaf.'

"Through the afternoon they worked at their tasks. Evening came, but no food, and they had no money with which to buy any. It was a severe test of faith to the godly grandmother, who knew that the children were expecting the answer to their prayers.

"But before bedtime that evening there was a knock at the door. As the door was opened, there stood a man, a friend of former prosperous years. He also had been wealthy, but had been despoiled of his property. He had come on foot thirty kilometers (about eighteen and a half miles) through rough weather, to see them.

"As he entered, he said apologetically that he hardly knew why he had come, but that he had been impressed to visit his old friend. Then turning to the children, he said, 'Children, you don't know what I have brought you.'

"'Yes, we do,'" said the little girl.

"'What have I brought?'" the visitor asked.

“You have brought us a loaf of bread,—not a piece of bread, but a whole loaf,’ she answered.

“Well, well,’ said the visitor, ‘how did you know that?’

“Because we prayed to God to send us a loaf of bread,’ the little girl said, ‘and we prayed Him to send us a full, large loaf, for we needed it.’

“Well,’ said the gentleman, ‘that is exactly what I have brought you. That is why I came.’

“And out from under his great coat which he had worn in the wintry weather, he drew one of those long loaves which the bakers in Europe take from their ovens.

“He had been impressed to come, and surely he came as a messenger sent of God.”

A Russian Soldier’s Deliverance

The Lord preserveth all them that love Him.” Ps. 145: 20.

IN 1917, Elder F. F. Oster, of our Persian Mission, heard that there was a Seventh-day Adventist soldier among the Russian forces in Tabriz. A long search located the brother, ill in a hospital. The Russian had accepted the truth through one of our brethren in his own country. The new convert was called to the army, and was soon in trial after trial over the keeping of the Sabbath. His narrative continues:

“Thus six months passed, and I was trying to let God prepare me for another struggle, which I knew was sure to come. I had tried to explain that it was against my religious principles to carry arms, but that I would serve my country to the best of my ability in any other capacity. But nobody paid any attention. At last our company was called out, and we were lined up before the long line of arms. The order was given to pick up guns. There was a gun lying before each man. All bent over at the command. Only I remained standing there erect, praying earnestly for sufficient grace to be given at this crucial moment.

“The officer quickly asked, ‘Did you not understand?’

“After an affirmative answer from me, he asked again, ‘Well, is it not necessary then to obey orders?’ and angrily, ‘What is this new idea?’

“By this time all eyes were fixed on me. I felt that I must reply, but as I began to speak, the officer commanded me to take the gun, no talking being necessary.

“‘I cannot,’ I said.

“He quickly drew out his sword, holding it in a position to strike, and said angrily, ‘You know the law.’

“Then turning to an under officer, he said, ‘I shall kill him, for I must be obeyed.’

“I really expected the sword to come down on my neck in one fatal blow, and yet some way I was not one bit afraid. That uplifted sword meant no more to me than if it were a piece of paper. For some moments he maintained this position. Then as if he had a command to sheathe his sword,—I doubt not that it was a real command from our heavenly Father,—he lowered his sword and ordered some soldiers to take me to the lockup.

“It was February, and very cold. The prison to which I was taken was an old broken-down place. Everything was taken away from me but my Bible and an old, worn-out blanket, which was altogether insufficient covering when wrapped about me on the cold bare floor, with blasts of winter coming in through many crevices. I took a severe cold, and began coughing blood. I greatly feared pneumonia. On the fifth day the boy who brought me bread reported my sickness, and I was released without further questioning.

“Five or six days later all the soldiers in our barracks were awakened at night by an officer who brought in a notice that I was to appear at some place of trial and be judged. He read the notice and left. I, not knowing just where I was wanted, remained where I was, with my company, which numbered five hundred. I knew that according to law my sentence would be death, or lifelong imprisonment in Siberia, so I felt that I must witness for my Master now. Nearly every evening the boys asked me to talk to them. They asked many questions about my faith, and how I dared refuse to bear arms, etc. I know that I was not afraid, and I know that God gave me words to speak to the boys. Because there were so many of them, they sometimes asked me to stand on a table that they all might hear.

“One day the priest came in, and in every way tried to persuade me to change my views. When he saw that it was useless to argue longer, he became very angry, and addressed the soldiers around us, saying, ‘Children, do not listen to this man. Do not speak with him. He is a leper.’ But this simply amused the boys, and they were more eager to have me talk with them. For twelve days I was given opportunity to witness for this new-found, precious truth:

“Finally, I was taken to be judged. The charge against me was read, namely, my refusal to bear arms. I was asked if this accusation was true. With a prayer in my heart, I began to speak, saying that I did not want to break the law of my country, yet I must obey the law of God. I wish that I could have said more, but the jury abruptly adjourned, and soon my case was settled. My sentence read, ‘Eighteen years in Siberia. The first two in heavy chains. The next eight in heavy work and close confinement. The remaining eight in government employ.’ After these eighteen years I could return, but not to any city, and was to report to some police station every week.

“It was a hard sentence indeed. But it was a relief to know what was to come. I was immediately handcuffed and led to prison, waiting to be sent to Siberia. That was on March 11, 1917. I was kept in very close confinement with the poorest, scantiest fare imaginable. For one-half hour a day I was allowed to go out into a court to get a breath of fresh air and a bit of exercise. Then we were driven into our cells and the door was locked.

“I was in this prison until April 29, 1917, when the government was changed, and the old despotic rule of the czar fell. New officers came to visit us, and better quarters were allowed, until every case could be investigated. Under these new circumstances I met a dear brother of the same faith, also imprisoned on the same charge. We spent many happy hours together in Bible study and prayer. When our cases were settled, he was freed and sent home, and I was asked to continue my services in the army, but was given noncombatant work. At first I was given work on the road and drove supply wagons. Then I was sent to Tabriz, where I was taken very sick. My heart had given out under the strain of the preceding months, and for weeks I lay near death’s door. I was in a good Russian hospital, and by careful nursing and God’s wonderful healing power I rallied.”

How the Officer’s Heart Was Turned

“Prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servant this day, and grant him mercy in the sight of this man.” Neh. 1:11.

WHEN Evangelist Daniel Isaac and Mrs. Isaac came out of Russia in early 1921, before the famine had laid its heaviest hand upon the stricken people, we recall that for some years during the war the Mission Board and their own relatives and friends had given them up for lost.

Just at the outbreak of the second, or Bolshevik, revolution, these workers were planning a trip through Siberia to reach America for a much-needed furlough; but nothing was heard from them. They never reached Vladivostok and Japan, where remittances were sent to meet them. When at last news came out of Russia, it was learned that conditions had made the journey impossible, and that all the time

during those years of stress and trial, they, with other fellow workers, had been doing gospel work in Russia.

One story of how an official's heart was turned to grant a favor was related by Elder Isaac at the Denmark Council of 1921. In times like those it is remarkable how powerful to block the way one stubborn man may be. Elder Isaac said:

"Near the end of 1920, we were out in a little party engaged in the work in southeastern Russia. There were churches to be visited and people to be instructed and baptized.

"Although it was difficult to get about, and sometimes almost impossible to get permission to travel, the Lord was carrying forward the work in a wonderful way. It was in those times that Evangelist Wilson came to the western Siberian border to find about four hundred people waiting for baptism. A revival had been sent from heaven, and had prepared these people to give obedience to the truth when no ministerial workers had been laboring among them.

"On the trip of which I speak, a party of two or three of us were waiting for a permit to travel, but the authorities would pay no attention to requests. 'We have no time for religion,' they said. To every plea we could urge, the same answer was given, 'No!' It seemed impossible to know what to do. The situation was urgent.

"There were many waiting, just as we were waiting—crowds of suffering humanity needing to get on, but unable to move without passes. The office was crowded. On all such occasions we felt like praying God somehow to open the way so that we could go forward with the work.

Just then, in the midst of the distress and anxiety, an old man who was among the waiting crowd fainted in the chief official's room. There he lay on the floor, no one paying any attention to him. One of our brethren went to him and lifted him up, and calling for water, bathed the old man's face. He poured some of the water between his lips. Then he took the old man to a window, and the fresh air revived him,

"Our brother then took his place in the line where our papers were lying untouched on the superintendent's desk. The superintendent had been a witness of the little incident of the old man's fall and the quick work of reviving which our brother had accomplished.

"Is that the kind of work you do" the superintendent asked.

"Yes," said our brother. "Everywhere we go we try to help those in need physically as well as spiritually."

"Well, you ought to have a permit if you can do work like that," said the official. And immediately all our passes were issued, and we went on our way thanking God for the deliverance, though sad to think of the waiting line of people left behind."

A Russian Conscript's Prayer

"My prayer came in unto Thee, into Thine holy temple." Jonah 2:7.

Coming out of Russia in the early months of the war, a worker brought word of an experience that befell one of our Russian brethren. It is told as follows:

In the first year of the war, when the Russian forces were mobilizing and armies were moving toward Russia's western front, one of our brethren found himself in the ranks. His regiment was every day making long forced marches. Early in the first week of his march the brother began to consider what he could do about the Sabbath. He prayed about it, and asked God to guide him.

At first he thought of asking the commanding officer for permission to drop out over the Sabbath, so that he might rest; but his heart was troubled to know what to do. He could hardly expect so strange a petition to be granted; and even if it were, how could he catch up with his marching comrades.

He was living in a land where little was known in official regulations of conscientious convictions. Brethren of his had for years been harried and driven hither and yon, suffering exile and imprisonment for the truth of the gospel. Little mercy was ever shown one whose conscience and whose obedience to God led from the beaten path. Brethren of his in former wars, as in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05, had been gathered tip and sent to the front, going through sieges, risking their lives, but taking good care, some said afterward, to obey the injunctions which John the Baptist gave to the soldiers of ancient Rome. (See Luke 3:14.)

The days were passing, and the Russian brother on the march prayed yet more earnestly. Friday evening was drawing on, and as the brother marched he prayed, seeking wisdom to know what to do as the Sabbath should begin.

Just as sunset came, the commander issued orders for the regiment to halt, make camp, and prepare to stop twenty-four hours. It was a joyful message to one praying Russian in the regiment, who thanked God most earnestly for this answer to his longing prayers.

The order to stop seemed so incomprehensible and strange to our brother, that early Sabbath morning he made bold to seek out the commander and ask the reason of the order.

"Because I thought the men needed rest," was the reply.

The officer's curiosity was aroused by the evident earnestness of the man to know why it was they were resting, so he asked the reason. The brother explained his conscientious convictions regarding the Sabbath, his anxiety during the days of the march, and his earnest prayers to God for wisdom to know what to do in his desire to maintain his loyalty to God's law.

The officer was at once very much interested, and asked many questions. The result of the morning interview was that most of that afternoon was spent by the commander and our Adventist brother in Bible study, particularly on the Sabbath question. It was not the last Sabbath that the two engaged in Bible study, and the commander gave orders by which the Sabbath-keeping conscript was relieved from ordinary work on the Sabbath.

Siberian Experiences

Touches of the Divine Hand

Amidst Difficulties

"Even there shall Thy hand lead me." Ps.139:10.

WRITING from the new country of Latvia, on the Baltic, Evangelist Johann Sproge tells of experiences during the war in old Russia, in which he saw touches of the divine hand. In the days of the war he was laboring as an evangelist in southern Russia.

Soon he says, there came an outbreak of persecution against all the Protestant sects: The state church authorities were putting the ministers into' prison and sending them to Siberia. Closer and closer the storm came, until Evangelist Sproge found himself in prison, without trial. Here he had to live in close confinement with the vilest of criminals. However, the Lord touched the heart, of the warden, and Mrs.

Sproge was allowed to bring, now and then, food and clean clothing. Twice a week a fifteen-minute interview with the dear ones was allowed, under close observation. For these bright moments during the dark days, they devoutly thanked God.

Somehow, through enemies on the outside, the evangelist's lot was ordered to be made still harder. Yet it was so overruled that even this turned for good. He says:

"Orders came that I was to be placed in solitary confinement, as one of the most dangerous of those under arrest. This, however, turned greatly to the lightening of my sad burden. Now I had a room by myself, which I could keep clean, and where I could keep myself in cleanliness. Here too, in undisturbed peace, I could worship God and study my Russian Bible and our papers, Thus I was able to keep on with the Sabbath school lessons and other studies, and here I had the much-coveted privilege of prayer. More than seven times a day did I bow my heart before God. The Sabbaths were to me fast days during this period."

Sixty-five days in all, Evangelist Sproge was confined in prison. Then came the word that he was to be sent into Siberia for the remainder of the war. So, bidding good-by to his wife and dear ones, he joined the train of exiles for Siberia. The narrative continues, in our brother's own words:

"After six weary days of crowded travel, our convict train came to Irkutsk, the residency city of Siberia. Here I was set free like a bird out of the cage. I could go about as I wished, only I had no traveling permit and could not leave the place, and frequently I was required to report at the police office.

"I had only just looked about the little room that was assigned to me and put my things in order there, when early the next morning I went out upon the street. It was Sabbath. My thoughts were with my dear ones, and with the brethren and sisters back in Russia. It seemed very lonely this Sabbath morning in far Siberia. I wished that I might find believers of like precious faith here in Irkutsk.

"As I passed along that morning, I earnestly lifted up my heart and my eyes to God, and prayed that He would help me to find such believers. The next instant it seemed to me, I looked up, and over a door just before me I saw the notice written, 'Meeting Place of the Seventh-day Adventists.'

"So I had found brethren and sisters in Irkutsk. They were already gathered in the Sabbath school. As I entered and met them, the tears of joy flowed freely. I found a kind reception by this company of about fifteen members, and with them I enjoyed rich blessings in gospel service and worship. It was necessary, however, to exercise great care in whatever effort we made to spread the light, lest the authorities scatter the company and banish them yet farther."

Even as it was, our brother was later sent farther north into remoter parts in the dead of winter, with the thermometer registering almost unbearable cold. Here during the following summer he found a region where "the flowers were without perfume, the birds without song, and the men apparently without souls, as the people themselves declared."

But after fourteen months of Siberian exile, the revolution came, and the exiles were released. Back they swarmed into Russia, to be met with music and rejoicing. In Saratov on the Volga, the evangelist unexpectedly met his son, who had just received permission of leave from the army in order to see how his people were doing at home and to learn if news had come as to the father's whereabouts. Needless to say, there was a joyful home-coming when they reached southern Russia, and found the family had been cared for safely during the long months of separation.

Later, Evangelist Sproge was transferred to the regions of the Baltic, there to pass through the trying times of the Bolshevist revolution which came later. In the midst of this upheaval, orders were given for

the delivery to the government of all silver and gold, under pain of death. Evangelist Sproge says of one providential experience during these times

“The Red Terror was raging all about us. Every morning brought news of robbery and slayings. Neither life nor property was safe for a moment. Many of the more intellectual people, leaders in affairs, were put under arrest, and a few at a time, by night, they were taken out and shot and their property confiscated. Those were dreadful days, and men looked forward constantly to a modern St. Bartholomew’s night.

During these times the keenest searching of houses went forward. Searchers were after money that might be hidden away, gold or silver or treasures, as well as clothing of the better kind. Anything that could be turned to advantage was sought. It was a time of prayer in my family, for I had in my house not only our book stock, but the conference treasury as well. We had money which belonged to the conference, the tithes and the offerings, which I felt should not be given up. It was a time of anxiety for us. Day after day the houses to the right of my dwelling were searched. Apparently the police and soldiers meant to search every house in the street. But when they had searched the houses on our right, every time, they turned to search the houses on our left. The dwellers on both sides of us were thoroughly robbed of their valuables. And this was repeated again and again; but our place was always spared.

“We thanked God for this, and felt that His protecting hand alone could have kept the soldiers from entering our place. So also felt one man who lived with us at the time. He was a Russian nobleman, who had fled from St. Petersburg with his German wife, after being robbed and beaten. He came to us for protection. He learned through a certain means that his own name, and then finally that my name, had been placed upon the death list by the Bolsheviks, who were proceeding to execute the death decrees in pogrom fashion. Thus day after day, we were awaiting the terrible visit, but it never came. Our friend, the nobleman, had brought his valuable papers and documents with him, and as he attended our prayer meetings and rejoiced in the quietude of our home, he felt that our protection was made his protection. So also he found opportunity to listen to the message of present truth and to understand it.

“Thus we lived in the midst of terror when for weeks long many persons never had their clothing off, lying down to sleep in what they wore or finding slumber sitting upright on benches and chairs. No one was safe, at home or upon the street. Yet through it all we felt over us the protecting hand of God, and slept peacefully every night. Our house remained undisturbed.

“Then later came the counter-revolution along the Baltic countries, which drove back the Bolsheviks, and led to the formation of the new countries under which peace once more came to these troubled regions.”

It was in the midst of these times of terror; we have been told, that a man of the Jewish faith living across the way, came to our brother’s house asking that he might be received into our church. When, however, it was apparent that the man had not in his heart accepted the gospel, he was asked why it was that he desired to become a member of a Christian church. His reply was that he had seen that the protecting hand of God was over our church elder, and he felt that he would like that protection himself.

Thus, even by non-Christians looking on, in the midst of the troubled times, the special overshadowing protection of the Almighty was plainly recognized.

A Long Road, but It Led into Light

“O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!” Rom. 11:33.

This is an incident of war time in Siberia. The story came to us through Director L. R. Conradi, of the European Division. There was a young man living in Stuttgart, Germany, who had already come in touch with our people. He had, however, refused to listen to the message we teach.

“During the war he was engaged on the Russian front, and was taken prisoner. In distributing their prisoners for safe-keeping, the government sent this young man into Siberia. He found himself at last alone in the regions where the Kirghiz Tartars live. He could not speak Russian or Kirghiz. ‘Oh, if I could only meet some one who could speak German,’ he thought, ‘how I would enjoy talking with him!’ Sure enough, his longing was answered, and he met in that wilderness a man who could speak German—one of our exiled Seventh-day Adventist ministers!

“In that solitude, with an opportunity to talk with some one, the young man overcame, in a measure at least, his prejudice. He and his new-found friend had good talks and studied the Bible together. The result was that the young man was converted to the truth a thousand miles away from home. When later he was liberated, he went back to Stuttgart and to the meetings of our church there. In his testimony expressing his joy over finding the treasure of the truth, he said:

“‘It is to me wonderful how the Lord works. He had to take me away from Stuttgart and into far Siberia as a prisoner in order that I might find this blessed truth, when really I might have found it at my own door had I only been ready to listen to it’”

But the essential thing is that the Lord found him. Really, it is not we who find the truth, but the truth that finds us.

An Exile’s Flight from Siberia

“That they may know that this is Thy hand; that Thou, Lord, hast done it.” Ps. 109:27.

WHEN the war regulations gave the priests of the Greek Orthodox Church in Russia their power to oppress the Protestant sects, one of our evangelistic workers, young John Jacques, found himself sent into exile with Baptists and others. They were first deported to a bleak region of Siberia, about five hundred miles northward from Tomsk. It was in the early days of the war, under the czar’s government, before the revolution which later laid upon the priests and the Orthodox Church the heavy hand of retribution for age long cruelties to Christian believers.

In his book, “Escape from Siberian Exile,” our brother has told the story of his escape from Siberia. Again and again in the long flight he saw the hand of God clearing the way at special points of peril.

First of all, after determining on escape, he was able in the confusion of war time to make his way back into southeastern Russia for counsel with his people. There, in the old home, his relatives and brethren gathered such small store of money as was possible to help him in the journey. The flight had to be quickly planned, for any moment the news that he was at home might bring the police.

Discussing and praying about, the best way of escape, an aged minister gave counsel that seemed seer like and as veritably the counsel of God:

“With an air of conviction, the venerable man told me to make a note of the following names: Irkutsk, Harbin, Mukden, Shanghai, San Francisco.

“Our interview was not long. It closed with earnest prayer. The expression of confidence on the good minister’s face, and the prayer he uttered, seemed to raise my mind above all misgivings, and I unhesitatingly accepted his counsel, though it might appear impossible of execution.”

The first stage of the flight was to Irkutsk, four thousand miles away in the heart of Siberia. The rail journey was safely made, with many a seemingly narrow escape from the danger that the next gendarme (armed police agent) that came along might press the passenger for the required passport, which he did not possess. For instance:

“I had not been long on the train when it stopped, for what reason I did not know. Soon a gendarme, lantern in hand and accompanied by a subordinate, came into the compartment I occupied. He looked about, then came to me, and ordered his subordinate to search my baggage. This being done, he raised his lantern to my face, held it there for several minutes,—so it seemed to me, turned and left the car, and the train moved on.

“I cannot explain this incident, except as I explain to my own heart many incidents of that journey—on the supposition that divine power interposed to ward off harm.”

It must be remembered—and none who traveled anywhere in Europe in war time can ever forget it—that one could scarcely move without the inevitable call at main stations and district lines for the showing of passports with the necessary visas,—those official markings, rubber-stamped and penned, that certified that the holder had authority to pass from place to place as designated. Truly, as we shall see, a restraining hand was upon the numberless official agents, any one of whom could have held up the fugitive by the ordinary questions supposed to be asked of any traveler.

Strangely the way was opened into Irkutsk and on toward Harbin, the next town in the chain of stations on the road to freedom marked out by the aged counselor who had prayed God to show the path.

“After eight days of continuous travel, I was nearing Irkutsk. The question as to how I should be able to go on from there, was still unanswered. Even had I had enough money, I could not have bought a ticket to cross the border. Moreover, where nearly every young man was in military uniform, my civilian garb must attract undesired attention. Then, too, I had no passport; and even before the war hundreds of times had I been required to show my passport.

“A wounded military engineer tried repeatedly to engage me in conversation, and I could not well repulse him altogether. He may have guessed my dilemma; for though no allusion was made to it, after a while he offered to sell me his uniform and his railway pass. He, being wounded and having his discharge, could travel in citizen’s attire without difficulty; and he could renew his pass in any large city. The one he wished to sell me was for Vladivostok; and to reach that place, the railway crosses Manchuria. Thus the pass would take me over the boundary line.

“Was this young soldier actuated by pity for me? or was his purpose only mercenary—to get the few rubles he asked of me? or would he lead me into a trap, and then deliver me up to arrest? I did not fear to trust him, and assented to his proposition.”

The matter was arranged at the house of our minister in Irkutsk. There was peril at every step, for on finding this house, where the clothing was to be exchanged, they found a policeman in the house looking up the record of the minister’s son, who was of military age, but who was attending one of our schools in Western Europe.

“My soldier companion and I quickly decided to go away for a while, and return after the officer was gone.

“We had passed only the first crossing, when out from the crowd emerged a familiar figure—the former superintendent of our Caucasian Mission. He also was a victim of the malice of ‘Orthodox’ priests, and had been exiled to this city. He was not imprisoned, but must report daily to the guard, as must all

exiles. I made an appointment to meet him later at the parsonage from which I had just come. Then we separated, for the ever-needful purpose of avoiding observation.”

Amid these conditions, the exchange of clothing was effected. Our fleeing brother took the train for wounded soldiers, that was proceeding toward Vladivostok, garbed in the young engineer’s uniform, even to the sewed-on sling that held the right arm, and now began a yet more critical stage of the railway journey. Fellow travelers began to assail our brother with questions:

“Any attempt to answer must have involved me in endless embarrassments. Instantly I bethought myself to feign deafness. This was not an easy thing to do without a moment’s forethought.”

But somehow the instant of need seemed to bring the instant suggestion of the way out. Finding no reply to questions, the other travelers took deafness for granted, and the suggestion brought a helper and deliverer for yet later occasions of peril:

“A man of middle age, who was in the same compartment as I, assumed a paternal guardianship over me, and prevented others from annoying me with attempts at conversation. He himself communicated to me, largely by signs, any information he thought might be of value to me.

When the conductor came into our compartment, I gave no intimation, at first, that I saw him; but my self-appointed guardian acted as spokesman for me. I had been uneasy over the question of whether my pass would be accepted, or instead would get me into trouble; and when the conductor marked it and returned it to me without hesitancy, I felt like shouting for joy.”

After five days the train reached Harbin, Manchuria. Here was our worker’s place to leave the train for his flight into China. As he alighted, and sought to go from the station, a guard stopped him. But it was dark and a kindly fog was a protecting mantle. When the guard’s attention was diverted for a moment, the exile dashed away into the night and the fog.

But how to find our people in that Chinese-European city of Harbin was the problem. To ask questions of Europeans too conspicuously would attract attention in this city under strict guard by Russian police. But of all the thousands in Harbin that night, exactly the right one was sent along at the right time.

“Soon I saw a boy of ten or twelve years walking along the street, and I felt impelled to ask him if he knew of any Seventh-day Adventists in the city. He replied that his family were such. This surely was an astonishing coincidence, as there were but few of our people in Harbin, and there were few persons on the street that dark, rainy night.”

No wonder the fugitive’s faith was strengthened by these providences to believe that somehow the pathway marked out in that prayer season—“Irkutsk, Harbin, Mukden, Shanghai, San Francisco”—would be found cleared yet farther on also. In the home of the Seventh-day Adventist minister civilian clothes were again put on. The use of the railway toward Mukden was not possible, as it was strictly under Russian control. There was no stopping long in Harbin, for harboring an exile might at any moment send to prison or exile or death the family where he stopped.

With a Manchurian guide and a horse the journey was resumed in winter. The full account in the book, “Escape from Siberian Exile,” describes the difficulties of getting away from Harbin and the peril of discovery as police posts had to be passed southward on the journey. And somehow the heart of the Manchu guide was led to give service beyond that for which our brother could pay:

“Before I left Harbin, some of my friends there told me that in Shwang-chang-puo there was a native evangelist of our faith, who spoke a little Russian. I had taken his address, thinking he might help me to plan for the remainder of the journey. But in that strange Oriental city, how could I search out any one without making myself dangerously conspicuous? I decided to continue my journey; and my volunteer

guide declared his intention to go along, although his only motive, so far as I could learn, was the purely unselfish one of looking after my welfare.

“We started toward the south gate. Though we could converse but little, yet we smiled encouragement to each other; and I needed encouragement, for I was nearly exhausted.

“As we were passing the last compound inside the wall, the guide excitedly caught hold of me, and pointing to the gateway exclaimed, ‘Yesua, Yesua!’ [Jesus, Jesus!] “

And sure enough, it was a Christian mission, and here our brother was directed to our own mission. The Chinese evangelist and his associates gave hearty welcome to the travelers. Now the Manchu guide, seeing that his charge was among friends, took his departure.

A brief rest here refreshed the weary traveler, but he had to push on. Day after day, from village to village, over unknown paths, he now walked and now staggered toward freedom. In the towns, Russian soldiers were encountered. On one of these occasions the fog was again a covering mantle as in arriving at Harbin:

“At dawn, a fog enveloped the country. Seeing only a few feet ahead of me, I came unexpectedly upon a barracks. Several dogs rushed out, snarling ominously. Fearing not so much the dogs as the soldiers, I beat ahead as fast as I could; but the brutes kept after me. . Before the soldiers located the din of the dogs, I had contrived to get away, and was hidden by the fog. Thus the same fog that had betrayed me into danger delivered me from it.”

Again there was peril from soldiers guarding the road where it passed the railway.

“Two Russian soldiers accosted me, demanding my passport. As I had none, they talked together as to what was to be done with me. It was suggested that perhaps I was a run-away soldier. They themselves were experiencing the hardships of a soldier’s life under the rule of the czar, and they may have had a fellow feeling for one whom they supposed to be fleeing from such a life. Whatever their reason, they signaled me to pass on.

“To what influence, natural or supernatural, I owe my deliverance from dangers throughout that journey of several thousand miles, I am willing the reader shall judge.”

One more encounter with guards must be told. Again, as in the railway train in Siberia, as our brother’s silence was interpreted to mean failure to understand, a spokesman volunteered whose explanations disarmed suspicion. It was at a railway crossing, with the inevitable Russian soldiers on guard. He says:

“There was no way for me to go except ahead, and ahead I went. As I approached the crossing, I saw that an officer and a civilian were on guard. The former halted me, and asked where I was going.

“Instantly the thought came to me that I should appear unafraid, but make no reply. The officer then told the civilian to repeat the question in German, and he did so. Still I was silent, though I understood him perfectly.

“Next the interpreter spoke in English—very poor English, however. I replied in English that I was an evangelist, and had been visiting a mission station, and was now on my way to the next town. This was all true, though it was not the whole truth.

“I suspect that the interpreter did not understand English well enough to know what I had said, but disliked to confess his ignorance to his superior. He recited to him, in Russian, an absurd story about my having been sent on a tour of inspection of some sort.

“The audacity of the fiction and the perplexity of the officer so diverted my mind that I almost forgot, for the moment, the peril of my situation; and doubtless my unconcerned manner had something to do

with convincing the guard that I had all due authority back of me. I must have looked more like a hobo than like any sort of inspector.

“The guard seemed not to think of asking for proof of my commission, or even for my passport. After a few moments’ hesitancy, he gave me leave to go on, and I did not need to be urged.

“To some, this might seem like a mere novel adventure; but it was more than that to me. My freedom, and even my life, were at stake; and when the incident was over and I realized what a position I had been in, I was so overwhelmed I could scarcely stand.”

At last, after more days of torture to bleeding feet, the exile reached the first station of the Japanese-Manchurian railway, Changchun. We have now a mission there, but in those war years we had not yet begun work. He says:

“I entered an inn, in hope of finding a place to rest; but it offered no such boon. I, had walked continuously for thirty hours, and felt that I could go no farther. The pain from the torn flesh of my feet was sickening. In my extremity I even contemplated attempting to board a train for Mukden, although that would have implied almost certain arrest. I went to the station, but found that no train was to leave until late in the evening.

“Praying for guidance, again I sought a place where I might rest. Suddenly my attention was attracted by the sign, ‘British and Foreign Bible Society.’ Those words meant to me renewed hope.”

And they meant the hardships of the long flight ended. He was directed to a mission home, where he found a hospitable welcome from the English gentlewoman in charge; and not only so, but as though waiting for him, also an English gentleman who, on hearing his story, declared that our brother must at once accompany him to his own home, a less public place than the Bible depot.

“Two horses—one on which he had ridden, and a servant the other—stood at the door; for he had been on the point of leaving some minutes before I arrived, but had yielded to an invitation to stay for supper. He afterward expressed his conviction that the delay was decreed by Providence.”

At this retired home the evangelist found rest and refuge until one of our missionaries came up from Mukden to provide means and companionship to that city, and to speed the exile on to Shanghai. Yet later deliverances came even then. From first to last the book, “Escape from Siberian Exile,” is a story of providential care. This outline sketch suffices only to place on record the fact that a kindly watchcare was over an exile for the faith, who fled from Siberia in early war time, as well as over the prisoners of the Lord who suffered and labored in Russia and Siberia till the war was over.

In Moslem Lands

The Sabbath a Shield

“His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.” Ps. 91:4.

DURING the war, and indeed for some time following it, there was much anti-foreign feeling in Egypt. In the later years Superintendent George Keough, working under our British Union Conference, was much of the time among the villages along the Nile toward upper Egypt, this side of ancient Thebes. Of experiences with the Bedouins, in which the Sabbath was evidently a shield and protection, he once told us (to quote from memory):

“In the closing days of the war, and following, the anti-foreign prejudice was very bitter. There were few Europeans in the region where I was working among Coptic believers. Most of the population was Moslem.

“I lived in the villages, eating, sleeping, and working in the village homes, teaching the gospel and helping the sick, in every way the missionary is called upon to do on the frontiers.

“When the political excitement was at its height, there was an uprising against Europeans in this region. Nine foreigners were killed, I believe, and others fled.

“All the time I kept at my work, going about the villages as usual. I was well aware at times of a strong anti-foreign hostility, but the only thing to do was to ignore it, and trust God to protect the there alone amidst the people. When the villagers saw that I was unafraid, and only wanted to go about my ministry, their hostility gave way to friendliness.

So apparent was it that I was treated in an exceptional way, that intelligence officers suspected that my immunity from attack when others were assaulted, was due to a political sympathy with the Moslems. My Irish name gave color to the suspicion that I might be a Sinn Feiner, and that I was in Egypt to sow discontent against the government.

“My record was looked up in Cairo, and my home visited. Mrs. Keough assured the investigators that I was but a missionary preacher, a loyal subject of Britain, having nothing to do with politics.

“One day I was traveling, when down upon me swept an armed band of Bedouins, of the same class that had been killing Europeans. Their leader rode in upon me, looked closely in my face, and called out, ‘Oh, you are the Sabbath teacher;’ and away they all swept with salaams.

“Our keeping of the Sabbath, the day that Abraham and the patriarchs observed, and the day commanded in ‘The Book,’ as Moslems call the Holy Scriptures, seemed to impress the Moslem people. It was among the Copts, the descendants of the ancient Christian church of Egypt, that most of my work was done, however, while in every way seeking to witness to the Mohammedans as well.”

Again and again in our short story of mission work in Moslem lands, the Sabbath, the seal of the living God, has appeared as a shield and defense, even as suggested in the prophecy of Revelation 9:4, describing the rise of the Mohammedan power.

Once when Elder H. P. Holser was visiting Turkey, in the earlier days of our work, his party was rudely handled by the officials. Their bibles and papers were confiscated. Then the higher officials learned that the missionaries were Sabbath keepers. Elder Holser wrote: “The officials in charge changed at once, and were as gracious as they were harsh before; all our books and papers were returned immediately. It was the Sabbath that saved us. This is the sign by which we are known. Thus the Sabbath is the same to us now in Turkey as it was to Sabbatarians under the fifth trumpet. Rev. 9:4.”

Years later still, in the uprisings and tumults that brought Turkish vengeance upon Armenian and other Christians in the times before the Great War, our church in Constantinople passed through the storm; and again they found the Sabbath a shield. The story, as our Armenian leader, the late Z. G. Baharian, told it, was to this effect:

“There was a terrible time in Constantinople. The Turks and Kurds had risen against the Christians, particularly the Armenians. Moslem mobs were loose in the streets, looting Christian homes and slaying.

“Our congregation of Adventists were gathered that night in their meeting place, an upper room. We were Armenians and Greeks. Outside the cry of the mobs was heard, with the cries of those who were attacked.

“In the upper room our little company of believers were praying to God. Nearer and nearer came the mob, battering at doors and dragging out the people. The little Sabbathkeeping company prayed to God for deliverance.

“The mob came to the houses on our square. They crowded about the entrance to our meeting place, and began to batter at the door. Then above the cry of the mob sounded out a shrill call: ‘These people are Sabbatas; [Sabbath keepers] let them alone! They are all right!’ And the mob swept on and left the praying company unmolested:”

Many of these believers had suffered persecution for the Sabbath at the hands of friends and former church associates. Many had suffered scoffs and scorn for the truth. They had sacrificed position for the Lord’s Sabbath. But that night they were not ashamed of the truth of God. The Sabbath of Jehovah was their shield and protection in that night of trouble.

Before us is “a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation.” In that coming time of trouble, God’s Sabbath, His seal and the sign of His power, will be the shield and defense of the children of God.

The Turkish Magistrate’s Mistake

“He sent a man before them.” Ps. 105:17.

SOME years before the World War, one of our brethren of French birth, Evangelist G—, removed from France to Asia Minor with a view to helping along the missionary work while engaged in practice as a dentist. The Lord blessed his labors, and with the passing of the years he was spending more time in evangelistic work than in his dental profession. An experience of overruling providence which came when the war broke out was related to me by the evangelist, who had been transferred to Belgium following the war. I quote from memory:

“I being of French nationality, Turkey’s entry into the war of course made me an enemy alien in the land. As such it was necessary for me to report to the Turkish magistrate. There was a good deal of perplexity in the matter as to whether I would be allowed to continue residence in S—, and particularly as to whether I would be permitted to continue in active missionary work. My wife and I prayed about the matter, and our friends prayed that I might be permitted to continue.

“In my interview with the Turkish magistrate who took down particulars, I explained fully my French birth and my calling as a dentist and evangelist connected with the Seventh-day Adventists in Turkey. Our mission in Turkey is listed under the head of American missions, inasmuch as our general headquarters is in Washington. I had made no concealment of anything in supplying the information desired.

You may well understand, then, that I was surprised when the official papers were sent to me to find that I was permitted to continue in Turkey and to do mission work with the Seventh-day Adventists as an American. Though I had not in any wise misrepresented the facts, I felt that I ought not to allow the paper to stand without seeking counsel. I therefore went to the American consul in our city, telling him how the matter stood, and asking his advice as to how I should go about it to rectify the matter.

“To my surprise the consul said, ‘So you are a Seventh-day Adventist! I once went to school in Battle Creek College. I know all about the Seventh-day Adventists, and now my counsel to you is to say nothing. It is no mistake of yours that you are described as an American. It is not your business to correct other people’s mistakes. If the Turkish government has made an error in listing you, then God

must have overruled the matter for your benefit. My advice to you is to say nothing, and go on with your work.'

"So I went away, thanking God that His providence had brought the right American official to the right place, one who knew our people and had been brought up with Seventh-day Adventists, whose heart seemed thoroughly inclined to feel that the Lord had favored me in the Turkish official's mistake, in order that I might go on with my work. So with joyful hearts we followed the counsel and continued in service."

More than once we have had occasion to thank God for the providence that placed some official—the one man in thousands—in the right place to render aid. In the first history of our work in Russia, when Brethren L. R. Conradi and G. Perk were imprisoned in the Crimea, under threats that they would certainly be sent to Siberia, it was the fact that the American minister in St. Petersburg at the time was a Michigan man, knowing all about Seventh-day Adventists and our old Battle Creek headquarters, which enabled him to give personal assurance to the government concerning our faith and teaching, that saved our brethren from Siberia. When His servants needed succor, God again "sent a man before them."

The Timely Rescue

He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Job 23:10.

THIS is a story of the Turkish-Arabian border, and of a girl whose childish prayers were answered just in time. Serarpi is her Armenian name. It is a story, also, of a brother who started out to hunt for one lost girl, and who found another, even his own sister. We follow the narrative of the American-Armenian brother of the little girl, Arthur Carnig, formerly a medical nurse in the service of one of the United States Government institutions in Washington. It was to his home in Washington that the girl was sent from Turkey.

The story begins with the war time, when many Armenian families living in Asiatic Turkey were being driven from their homes. The father and mother with the little daughter, eight years of age, had been expelled from their home near the eastern end of the Sea of Marmora, and were enduring privations indescribable on the borders of Arabia. The father had become separated from them while looking for some way of escape, and had lost his life. The mother found her strength fast going. The narrative continues (told in our brother's general terms, though in abbreviating we do not always quote the exact words)

"When mother knew that the end was nearing, a thousand miles from our home and encompassed by the wilderness, her anxiety for the little daughter was great. It was a common thing for people to ask for the refugee girls, and my sister often heard my mother say, 'As long as I live, I will not let any one have her.'

"However, with father gone and with her own strength spent, she felt constrained to listen when an Arab chief of apparent integrity asked mother to sell him her daughter. He offered the equivalent of 25 cents for her. 'I would not sell her for the world,' the mother said. 'But if you will promise to be good to her and to treat her as a father would treat his daughter, I will let you have her to be a daughter to you.'

"She hoped that some time one of my two brothers who were in the Turkish army, might be able to find our little sister. 'Do not forget your two brothers in the United States,' she told the girl, 'and your two brothers in the Turkish army. Remember who you are and where you came from, and some day be sure to get back to your brothers.'

“The little girl protested against being separated from her mother. ‘I would rather die than go with strangers,’ she said. But the mother took her to the Arabian family and left her there. Mother herself had to go on with the refugees, and we learned that she lived but a few days longer, dying of the hardships of the way.

“The Arabian family were kind to Serarpi in a way, treating her as one of the household. They changed her name to Miriam. She helped in the work the same as the Arabian girls. Soon, however, the women took her in hand, and tied her hands and feet and tattooed her face after the custom of Moslem girls.

“She had to work hard. The Arabian chief had had six women in his establishment. At this time he had two, and they were always fighting with each other. Thus considerable time passed. The little girl, who was seven or eight years old when leaving home, was now eleven years of age.

“The chief now wished her to be given in marriage to one of his boys, after the Arabian custom. Miriam, however, would run away from home. Repeatedly she tried to escape the fate awaiting her, and repeatedly she was brought back. Finally they put her to caring for the sheep. She had about two hundred fifty sheep in her flock. She had to take them out into the country and care for them, and bring them in twice a day.

“All the time the chief and the family were pressing her to consent to the proposed marriage. One day when sent with grain to the mill, she refused to return, and stopped three days with the mill owner, who was an Arabian—Armenian. To him she told her troubles. The family came after her, but with the intercession of the mill owner, the Arabian chief promised to be good to the little girl and to give her longer time,

“‘Wait another year; said Miriam.

“‘Then will you consent to be married into the family?’ the chief asked.

“‘Yes,’ said the little girl, ‘if you will wait another year.’

“With this understanding they bought good clothes for the girl, treated her yet more kindly, considering her as more nearly a member of the family.

“All the time she was waiting and longing to get some message to her brothers. She had not forgotten her mother’s, instruction about remembering who she was, and that she had brothers who some day would be looking for her. She had continued to pray and to read her Bible when she could, and in a way she remembered the Sabbath. So young when left alone, and knowing so little, yet the early impressions of childhood led her heart to cling to God in her loneliness and distress, and to look to Him for deliverance, somehow.

“Once, after the war, when out on the road, she met an Armenian passing by. She had lost much of her Armenian speech, but she asked him where he was from, and learned that he was from the region from which her parents came. She told him the family name, and he remembered it.

“‘Be sure to tell them that I am here,’ Miriam told him. ‘Tell my brothers to come as quickly as they can to save me from being married into this Arabian family.’

“ While thus she was urging her plea in broken Armenian, one of the Arab women came down and drove her away, scolding her for speaking to the Armenian.

“The Armenian went back into the region of Ismid, and there met a man of the family name who was a distant relative of ours. This relative had lost a little girl, also. The traveler reported to him that he had met a girl of that name over in Arabia, and that very likely it was this man’s daughter. ‘She asked me,’ he said, ‘to tell you to come quickly to take her away.’

“But even though this man had lost a daughter, he felt that he was helpless. ‘I am too old,’ he said. ‘I cannot make the journey. I have no money to pay the expense for traveling. I cannot go.’

“But just about that time Miriam’s brother was discharged from the Turkish navy. This distant relative, hearing of it, went to him and asked him to go in search of his girl, of whom he had heard through a passing stranger. Thus my brother was persuaded to start out to search for this relative’s girl, at the same time hoping that he might get trace of his own sister.”

Now from the story thus far told by the American brother, we will pass for the moment to a report sent in by Superintendent H. Erzberger, of Constantinople, telling how Miriam’s brother in the Turkish service was at this opportune time being prepared to be a messenger of deliverance to his own sister. Elder Erzberger wrote at the time:

“Among the many visitors at our meetings in Constantinople was a young Armenian who for nine years had been a sailor in the Turkish navy, having been four years in service before the outbreak of the Great War. He belonged to one of our oldest Adventist families in Turkey, but had not yet given his heart to the Lord, thinking that doing so would lessen his chance forgetting on in the world. His life in the naval service seemed to make him still more indifferent. When his parents, with all his brothers and sisters, were sent into the misery of exile, his heart was filled with bitterness and hatred. While it was our wish that he might find peace, he seemed to become more hardened.

“But at one Sabbath meeting, when I asked who was willing to give his heart to the Saviour, I was greatly and gladly surprised to see him rise. His joy was our joy, especially when we saw his zeal and earnestness. The change in him was so evident that he himself wondered at it. He ‘succeeded in getting the Sabbath free while in service. ‘His new life of obedience and faithfulness caused his superiors to respect him, for the Moslem is not less mindful than others of the sincerity of a real Christian life. Moslems make a great difference between idol—worshiping Christians and those who serve God in spirit and in truth. They used to call one of our brethren a ‘Christian Moslem.’

“About six months after the baptism of this young man, the Great War came to an end. By the conditions of the armistice, Ottoman subjects who were Christians were released immediately from service, and in this way he gained his freedom. At the same time the exiled ones could return, but he learned from friends that, with the possible exception of his little sister, all his relatives had died. He was now anxious to search for this sister. From the relief funds which our brethren in America and Europe had put at our disposal, we could help him. So he set out one day in the direction of Aleppo.”

Meanwhile, to resume Brother Carnig’s narrative, Miriam, on the edge of the desert, watched the days go by with anxious heart. Only a little time now remained before she would be forced to fulfill the promise by which she had gained the one year of respite. ‘She had been sent far from the village into a region where better pasture for the sheep might be found. This placed her all the more remote from any of her own nationality who might be passing. Still, she watched and prayed that one of her brothers might come to save her before too late.

“It was just at this time that the brother from Constantinople was searching this region by the desert border for the daughter of the distant relative who had appealed to him. All the time he was hoping for some trace of his own little sister. But from village to village in that sparsely settled country he had searched, with no results. It seemed that he had exhausted every possible due. Here was one more village however; of a few scattered houses. He would search that, and then perforce would be compelled to give it up.

“He was accompanied by two Turkish soldiers who had been assigned to aid him. In accordance with the armistice regulations, help was to be given those searching for relatives among the Mohammedan

peoples. Making inquiry in the Arabian chief's home, he got trace of an Armenian girl. The old chief dared not attempt to conceal the captive whom he had been reserving to become his own daughter-in-law.

"A member of the household was sent on to the distant fields to call Miriam to the house. The girl who went to call her, told her of the arrival of a young Armenian man, and told her perhaps it was her brother.

"I don't believe it,' said Miriam, and gave the Arab girl a push that sent her reeling.

"With beating heart she started for the house, however. Meanwhile the brother was waiting to know if indeed the girl would prove to be the daughter of his distant relative for whom he was looking, or whether indeed he might providentially find his own sister. While still the little girl was a long way from the house, one of the soldiers went out to meet her, carrying with him a photograph of the waiting brother to see if she would recognize the picture as that of any one she knew:

"When the picture was held out to her in the field, she looked at it a moment, and then, reaching for it, exclaimed excitedly, 'Hatha achoui!' ('This is my brother!')

"On she came to the house. The brother was asked if he knew the girl. It was now about four years since he had seen his sister. Meantime she had grown very much, and here he saw a face covered with the tattoo marks after the fashion of the Arabian women.

"I don't know what to say,' he declared, still studying her face.

"Then Miriam sprang to him, crying, 'Brother, I am your sister!' She told the name of her mother and of her father; told from what region they came. She told him that it was she indeed who had met an Armenian, and had sent word by him to have her people come to her rescue.

"All this was conclusive evidence that the girl was of a truth our sister Miriam, and my brother knew that in searching for another man's daughter, he had been led into this remote wilderness region to find his own sister.

"The old chief was greatly disappointed, but he well knew that he was under orders from his government not to retain any Christian captives, so my brother made his joyful way back to Constantinople. Afterward it was arranged for Miriam to go to America to live."

So just in time to save the little sister from the fate that was swiftly drawing upon her, the deliverance came. Now with her brother in America, Serarpi is studying earnestly, hoping some day to go back as a missionary to Eastern lands.

Saved by an Earthquake

"God is . . . a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, . . . though the mountains shake." Ps. 46:1-3.

THROUGH Superintendent H. Erzberger, of the Levant Union Mission, we hear of the deliverance from imminent death of a company of exiles in Asia Minor, during the cruel times of war. He vouches for the relator's integrity, and passes on the story in the young brother's own words, as follows:

"When we left Erzerum, we had with us money, horses, and such valuables as we could take with us. But it was not long before our gendarmes began to beat us and force us under threat of death to give them all our money and other belongings. Later on they robbed us: of everything else, including even our clothing, so that some of us were left absolutely naked, and others were clad only in a single shirt.

“At different places the men were separated from their families, and cruelly murdered by blows of an ax. Among these were my dear father and my two, brothers-in-law, who were killed before our very eyes. Again and again women and girls were snatched up and carried away by Kurds and Turkish villagers. My two young sisters were thus taken from us.

“Many died from sickness and exhaustion, and many others, among them my dear mother, fell because they could not walk any farther. With tears we kissed our dear mother, and left her on the road under the scorching sun. We were forced to leave her by herself because the gendarmes would not let us stay behind with her.

“Thousands of babies and weaklings were thrown into the rivers. Mothers were compelled to abandon their children, whose sufferings they could no longer bear to see, or when they themselves were too weak to carry them farther. We have seen the river Euphrates bear down its stream numerous headless human corpses. My two brothers were murdered and thrown into this river.

“You will probably ask me, ‘How is it that you and your little brother have been spared and are still alive?’ We must reply that this is simply because God intervened and delivered us miraculously.

“We had arrived at Malatia, where we were compelled to toil up the steep mountain routes. On this mountain, a few days before our arrival, another convoy of exiles was brought, and more than six hundred men and women and children were tortured and massacred. The place looked like a vast cemetery of unburied human bodies. We felt that the same fate was awaiting our convoy, which by this time was reduced to only surviving women, and children under fourteen years old. And we were by no means mistaken in our calculation.

“Only a few hours had passed since our climbing the mountains, when we were suddenly surrounded by Kurds and our own gendarmes, all armed with rifles, swords, hatchets, and sickles. With bloodthirsty eyes they began an attack. At the sight of all this, women and children shrieked and wailed. Even the strongest men would shudder to hear their cries. But soon the cries of despair turned to loud supplication. Unanimously, all fell down on the ground and began to utter loud, fervent prayers. Our voices reached to heaven, and ere long God intervened. There was a terrible earthquake. The earth trembled and cracked under our feet. It was too evident a sign to our assassins that our cries had ascended to the throne of God. Perplexed and terrified, they left us and went away.

Continuing the story as he heard it from the young brother, Elder Erzberger adds that the Christians in their distress had vowed to God to lead a better life. Then came the deliverance. “Without being molested, the Armenians continued on their way, but still through such terrible hardships that when, after three months, they reached Aleppo, only three hundred remained of the nine thousand.” Elder Erzberger continues;

“Among those who had vowed to lead a better life, only a few remained faithful to their promise. Our brother who tells the story was one of those who wished sincerely to know the will of God. He was sent from Aleppo to the vicinity of Konieh (old Iconium), where he found some people reading the Bible. They were our people who also were in exile. He soon saw a difference between their lives and those of others, and he became interested. Soon he began to read and study the Bible for himself.

“After the signing of the armistice, he came to Constantinople, and attended our meetings for a while. One day he surprised us by expressing a wish to be baptized. Once when I talked with him alone, he confessed that his heart was filled with hatred and desire for revenge because of the loss of many of his relatives, and that it was very hard for him to overcome this feeling. But when the mild spirit of Jesus took hold of him, he could not but give up his former bitterness, and for Christ’s sake have pity and

forgiveness for his enemies. I could see his joy when he had won the victory. Some time later it was my pleasure to baptize him, with other believers, in the Sea of Marmora.

“Soon afterward this young man was surprised by the coming of his sister and her child and his two younger brothers from exile near Mosul. As they were from Erzerum, too, they had succeeded in tracing him to Constantinople. In a short time the sister became interested in the truth, and the last time I saw her, she and her two brothers expressed a wish to be baptized. The hope in Jesus and the promise of His soon-coming kingdom is filling these broken hearts with new hope.”

Spared to Serve in India

“Into favor and tender love.” Dan. 1:9.

DURING a visit to India, I met Assistant Treasurer T. J. Michael, engaged in service in our Southern Asia Division office. Having heard others in India speak of certain providences in his experience during the war, I secured from him a statement.

Our brother felt that a special providence had preserved his life through some of the greatest crises in the war. This was before he had found the Lord and this advent message. Again and again he was delivered in the Gallipoli campaign, both from disease and in the field when comrades on all sides were stricken down.

“On one occasion, in fact,” he remarked, “there were only thirty-six left out of over eight hundred; while I had only two bullets through my helmet, and three buttons shot off my coat.”

“Again, in Mesopotamia,” he continued, “the Lord was truly with me. A bullet hit my equipment, flattening itself out against one of my pouches, so that I was simply stunned for a time, but able to get up and go on. A Turkish high explosive shell that fell at my feet did not explode, so that I was only dropped into the cavity made by the displacement of earth at my feet. It was only when I had found this last message of truth that I recognized fully that it was no mere element of luck that brought me through. I saw how wonderfully the Lord had saved me and spared my life, in order that I might have the opportunity of working with Him in presenting this message in the great Indian mission field.”

It was particularly of his experience in connection with Sabbath keeping in the army that our brother bore testimony. He says:

“I was still in the army when I accepted the truth. It was on a Tuesday that I read an article in the Signs of the Times which made me decide definitely regarding the Sabbath question, and I determined there and then that I must observe the Seventh-day Sabbath thenceforward; but it was not till Friday that I had the courage to approach my senior officer to ask for the privilege.

“It was with much prayer, and yet trembling of knees, that I walked up to his door. However, when I stated my case, he remarked that I was ‘a queer bird,’ but added that he personally had no objection to my having the privilege; but he would have to refer the matter to army headquarters for sanction.

“I was glad for the temporary permission, but was hardly hopeful that the reference to the highest authorities would result as desired; so you can imagine my joy when a telegram from the commander in chief instructed my commanding officer to grant me the Sabbath privilege.

“How I thanked the Lord for this, and none but those who have been in the army, and particularly the Indian army, can appreciate how much the Lord did for me that day, because in the Indian army sports and social functions are all the religion they know, and they have no time for any one who is at all religious in the true sense of the word. I expected to be scorned and ridiculed by my fellow officers, but

wonderful to say, they were as nice and considerate to me as ever. All this I attribute to the work of the Lord in their hearts on my behalf.

“A little later my regiment was ordered to the frontier to participate in the Afghan war. The news was a great shock to me, as I realized that to obtain the privilege to observe the Sabbath while participating in the kind of warfare practiced on the frontiers of India, would be absolutely impossible. In my weakness and lack of faith I had visions of even having to forsake the Sabbath, but I thank the Lord that in my weakness He gave me strength to pray. And He heard and answered my prayers in a wonderful manner.

“Two days before the regiment was to move (everything, including my belongings, was packed up), news came from the commander in chief that I was to remain behind in charge of the regimental depot, which was to supply the regiment with re-enforcements, etc.

“The news was a thunderbolt to the regiment as a whole, because this post is one that is almost invariably held by one of the senior officers in the regiment; and here was I, one of the junior officers, selected for it. Tell me if that was not the Lord’s intervention in my behalf! This most unexpected happening meant promotion and increase of pay for me, and, most of all, it meant that I would have no difficulty in observing the Sabbath of the Lord according to His commandment.

“Well,” our brother concluded, “I could almost weary you with instances of God’s providence where I have been concerned.”

THE PETITION OF SOLOMON

“If Thy people Israel be put to the worse before the enemy, because they have sinned against Thee; . . .

“If they sin against Thee, (for there is no man which sinneth not,) and Thou be angry with them, and deliver them over before their enemies, and they carry them away captives unto a land far off or near;

“ Yet if they bethink themselves in the land whither they are carried captive, and turn and pray unto Thee in the land of their captivity, saying, We have sinned, we have done amiss, and have dealt wickedly;

“If they return to Thee with all their heart and with all their soul in the land of their captivity, whither they have carried them captives, and pray: . . .

“Then hear Thou from the heavens, even from Thy dwelling-place, their prayer and their supplications, and maintain their cause, and forgive Thy people which have sinned against Thee” Chron. 6:24-39.

A Deliverer in the Slave Market

“I will rid you out of their bondage, and I will redeem you with a stretched-out arm.” Ex. 6:6.

IT is difficult, amidst the unsettled times, to get, in every case, the narrative from the lips of those who passed through experiences of God’s delivering mercies. Here is a story that must be told in the rough, as it has come through the lips of various workers hearing of the incident from out of the troubled times in Turkey.

When Christians of the Armenian race were driven from their homes in the villages, one Seventh-day Adventist mother and daughter were among the exiles. After experiencing the hardships and perils of the journey, one day the mother said to the daughter, in effect: “It is a strange thing for a mother to do,

but I believe it will be better for me to sell you as a servant to some of these Mohammedan families than for you to go along, driven by the soldiers. I notice that the younger women fare better who are working as servants.”

Hard as it was to part, the daughter left the matter to the mother’s judgment, and so became a servant in a Mohammedan family. Thus at least some property interest was represented in the servitude, and as a servant the young woman had comparative safety, along with the hardships of such a life.

After a time, however, she was informed one day by her master that he intended taking her into the market on the morrow to sell her as a slave. It was a message of doom to the young woman.

She had been brought up in Sabbath school and church, but it is said that she had not yet given her heart to the Lord. She had always put off the time of decision. Now in the sore need she wished that she had had a Christian experience, and that she might go to God in the hour of need. The devil tempted her to think, “But how can I turn to the Lord now? In times of prosperity I did not when I had the chance, and now in trouble how can I expect the Lord to help me?”

But that is exactly what the dear Lord longs to do for His children in the hour of need. “Call upon Me in the day of trouble,” He says, “and I will deliver thee.” It is in the time of trouble that the Saviour longs to show that all the time He has been standing near, longing to help.

Somehow His Spirit must have spoken to the heart of the poor girl, and she found courage to go to the throne of grace. That night she prayed to God, and her cry was heard. She found a Saviour. She found comfort and the forgiveness of sin. It was a night of calling on God for help and for deliverance.

Next day there was a crowd in the market place of the village. The young girl was there. Several others, we understand, were there also, to be sold into slavery. The bidding began, and a group were bidding for our young sister. Terror filled her heart.

Just then an old Arab came in, glanced over the scene, and then drew near and looked intently at the young sister. His face appeared hard and seamed, and altogether his intent look put new terrors into the heart of our sister. She was yet more afraid of him.

The old Arab began to bid. The other bidders became angry, scolding him, and telling him to go away, but persistently he continued, evidently determined to buy the young woman. Finally the last bid was made and the old Arab was the purchaser. As he led the young woman away, her fear and terror must have been visible to him; for, as the story is repeated, he said to her, “Don’t be afraid. You will not be hurt. My wife is here, and she will take good care of you. I did not buy you because I wanted you, or needed you; but last night I was impressed by God to come to market, that there would be a young woman here whom I should buy. I was to take good care of her, and help her to get back to her people. So I have come. Do not be afraid.”

And, true to the message sent from God, they tell us, the old Arab and his wife cared for the young girl and helped her to get back to her people after the war.

This is the story that comes to us with little other detail, out of those times of stress and trial. It was in these same regions, in New Testament times, that men and women of the faith of Jesus found joy in the promise of a Saviour with them all the way, and the watch care of a living God, able to deliver.

Amidst War-Time Perils in Turkey

“The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him.” 2 Chron. 16:9.

ADDED to the inevitable perils and distresses of war time, the racial and religious conflicts in Turkey brought bitter days of trial upon Christian believers in the old lands of the New Testament story. Numbers of our people and workers lost their lives in those days of trial. Most of those who escaped from the interior parts have stories to tell of the delivering hand stretched forth.

THE DIRECTING VOICE

In the summer of 1915 one little family group of Adventist believers were exiled. One member of the group, Miriam I __, relates the following story:

“In the summer of 1915 I had gone with my mother to Shak to visit my sister Hripsime. Her husband was in the army, where he died after a year. A few weeks afterward we were exiled. We had no man to help us. My old mother, my sister with her four children, and I had to walk six days till we came to Lefke. On the way my mother’s leg was broken, so we had to carry her. After great hardships we arrived at Afion Kara Hissar, where we stayed six weeks.

“One Sabbath morning while we were in the tent of my sister for morning worship, the gendarmes cut off the cord of our tents and brought us to Kara Pounar. From there we were brought to Eregli. ‘Oh, in what a miserable state we came here! My mother was sick, the children were crying, and we were all exhausted. Still, the next day they were going to send us farther down to Bozanti and Der-Zor. I wept and prayed the whole night.

“In the morning a voice came to me, ‘Go down near to the river,’ and I obeyed. There I met two railway employees. They encouraged me to go to the official of —, and beseech him not to send us by walking, for besides other dangers, the young girls were being stolen on the way beyond Eregli. Several times I went to him, wept and beseeched him, but in vain. Finally the gendarmes began to whip and insult us, and pull and push the women and children to start them for the journey. I went again to the official, and this time he pitied me, and sent us to a near-by village.

“This is a village of hardly a thousand inhabitants. The Turks were very wild and rough. We had to work for the Turks in their homes, or do their sewing, etc., and for the whole day’s work we were paid with a handful of beans, peas, or flour, or a bit of dry cheese, or a hundred drams of bread. We passed many hungry days. Many times our rooms were assaulted by men who came to harm us, but each time the Lord delivered us.

“It seemed again and again that the Lord hid us from the sight of those who otherwise had it in their power to seize some of us as they searched for us. One night at midnight we were attacked by armed men, twelve of us in one room, and only women and children. My mother began to pray to the Lord. She was wounded by a sword in the hands of one of the men who were searching for us, but somehow even armed men could not seem to lay hands upon us, and in a moment they all fled away as one sister escaped from the door and cried the alarm in the street.”

Yet later deliverances from plots are recorded, but without sufficient detail, by this young woman, who tells finally of the timely intervention of a Russian captive, through whose help the party escaped to old Iconium.

THE HIDDEN HYMN

Any reader of this narrative who has had to pass a physical search on a war-time frontier, when the possession of any written slip of paper spelled sure and serious trouble, such reader will live over again the old sensations with our Brother

Timothy G___, who here tells the story of a risk he ran in order to carry with him to another company of believers the words of a new hymn which he so much wished them to learn as a comfort and an inspiration. He says:

“It was in 1915 that I had gone from Soloz to Bardizag on business. On Sabbath the members sang the hymn, ‘When the Roll Is Called up Yonder, I’ll Be There.’ It had been newly translated into the Armenian. It pleased me very much. I learned the tune, but as I had to leave soon for Soloz, I had written the verses on a slip of paper and hidden it in my stocking, as it was very dangerous for us Armenians if anything written was found on us.

“I went safely on my way till I came near to my village, where a policeman caught me. He began to search me. The first line of the above-mentioned hymn in Armenian begins, ‘When the trumpet shall sound.’ Then there was the word ‘angel’ in the hymn. Translated into Turkish, the word ‘angel’ (melek) is much like king (melik). Together with the word ‘trumpet,’ such phrases would furnish very good material by which to accuse me as a revolutionist or something else which would endanger my life.

“The guard searched first my pockets and then told me to undress. I had to do so, and kept on removing clothing until I was left naked except for my shoes and stockings.

“The whole time I was praying to God to deliver me. The guard asked me to put off my shoes and stockings also. At first I took off the shoe where I had not the hymn, and the stocking. Then I took off the shoe from the other foot, feeling that now God must help or my life was lost. Then, just while I was going to take off that other stocking which contained the hymn, the guard told me to stop. ‘It is sufficient,’ he said. With great joy, when I arrived safely at Soloz, we sang this hymn in our Soloz church.”

WICKED PLANS STAYED BY PRAYER

One of our earnest Armenian sisters, wife of Evangelist A—, a promising worker who died during the war, recounts deliverance from peril. She says:

“We had gone to for the work of the Lord. Two years later, in November, 1915, all the Armenians of the city were exiled to the surrounding Turkish villages. After staying three months in these villages, a command came: ‘Those who accept Islamism will be saved, but those who refuse will be killed.’ Panic-stricken, the people ran here and there for refuge, but there was no other way of safety.

“In the village where we were, all the Armenians, Orthodox and Protestant, accepted Islamism, except our family, which consisted of my husband, my two children (of two and four years), my mother-in-law, two sisters-in-law, and one nephew. Two other women with their children, refused to do so. This enraged the Turks, and consequently they took away my husband and my fifteen-year-old nephew, of whom we never heard any more.

“Just fifteen days after this, on a very cold day in January, when the ground was covered with deep snow, the gendarmes took us all out of this village with nothing but our ordinary clothes on us. We had to walk, not knowing where we were being taken. So we walked for ten days. On this journey we were three times imprisoned the whole night in stables where no window and no door was open, so that we were at the point to be suffocated from lack of air. At last, at the end of ten days, we were brought to another Turkish village.

“After a few days again we were asked if we had changed our minds and if we were ready to change our religion. Again we refused. The gendarmes said, ‘Then you will have to go on tomorrow up these snowy mountains.’ That night we wept and prayed, asking the Lord to help us that we might remain at least until my baby was born. The Lord heard my voice, and just the next day my baby was born. But there

was nothing to wrap the baby in and no bed for me to lie on. We were at last able to get a piece of cloth from a woman for wrapping the baby, and we slept on the hay. When the Americans from Talas heard about us (our village was near to Talas), they sent us clothing and food, and two liras. As by a miracle, we were left in this village two months.”

Other members of this party have emphasized the fact that surely only a prayer-hearing God could have turned the hearts of their remorseless guards, who were bound to keep them marching on. This two months’ release was sent of God’s interfering providence. When next the party was driven forward, our sister used money which had been sent her so providentially from time to time from the American friends at Talas, to purchase a donkey. Tying three sacks to the saddle, this supplied carriage for the three children during the next two months of journeying. The narrative continues:

“God alone knows what we suffered in these two months. My little child died on the way. At the end of two months we reached Hadjin, where a poor Turkish family offered us one of their rooms. It was no better than a stable, yet we thanked God for this kindness and for shelter. A few days after our arrival, we were one night attacked by a party of Turks. They meant to carry me away. My mother-in-law tried to defend me by quickly blowing out the lamp. She was badly beaten by the gendarmes. Meanwhile I had crept into a corner, and was hiding beneath a heap of bedding. Notwithstanding the room was small and they were fierce, armed men, they seemed held back, and could not find me in the darkness. We felt that God did it. So again we were miraculously delivered.

“After many trials we came to Aleppo, where we were brought into the presence of the vali, who asked us why we did not accept Islamism; and when we gave the reason for not accepting, he said to the gendarmes, ‘Take these dogs to the place you know, and kill them.’ That night we were again imprisoned. But before morning, a friend of my husband, who had somehow heard about us, came, and with great difficulty succeeded in getting us secretly out of the prison. So we ran away to the city, where for a long time we kept ourselves. Meanwhile news came of the death of my husband in Sivas. We stayed two years in Aleppo, suffering many privations. Thanks to God, we are now in better circumstances.”

God’s Tender Care

“Thou hast delivered nay soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.” Ps. 116:8.

This is a story of the arrest and interrogation before a Turkish court of one of our faithful sisters in Turkey. Little Sister K—, long secretary of the mission, was called to account for letters written to workers in Asia Minor. Strangely her appearance at court was regulated, so that she should be called to answer at just the providential time. She says of the order to surrender into custody of the Turkish police:

“I must go alone. All my friends called on me, and we had a season of prayer. All wept, with no hope of seeing me again. But somehow I felt quite at ease, and tried to comfort the others, believing my life was in God’s hands. Some advised me to flee, others to hide. Every one seemed to think that if I went, they would never see me again. They consulted the German consul and other influential persons, but none could help. The people said that I must not go; that once in the hands of the Turks, there would be no hope. A prominent lawyer said, ‘—If you want not to see her again, let her go.’ They all wept aloud. It was a great nervous strain. They advised me to feign being sick, but I said, ‘How can I when I am not sick?’ They sent to the German embassy. No one was there. They prayed. I said, ‘I will leave it all to the Lord.’

“That night about twelve o’clock I had a chill while sitting with my friends. A nurse took my temperature, and found it 102° F. They called for a carriage to take me home. On the way the horse fell and the harness broke. I felt that it was the Lord’s will that I die in the hands of the Turks. On reaching my home, they called the government doctor, who wrote out a statement that I was unfit for travel. Ten minutes after he left, my fever left me. This remarkable experience strengthened me, and I felt that I was doing the Lord’s will in going, whether for life or for death.

“The doctor’s paper was shown to the police, and the matter was postponed. The next two weeks was a testing time. The missionaries and foreigners advised this and that. By many I was looked upon as a poor criminal, condemned to death. Fifteen days dragged on in this way. I had had a premonition that on the fifteenth of August I would go. On Sabbath, the thirteenth, I prayed earnestly that God’s will might be done. After prayer, a Turkish officer called and said, ‘Remember, Monday morning you go.’

“Monday morning at four o’clock a policeman called, and I walked from station to station, reaching the central office at nine. Here I was cast alone into a dark, dismal room. Something seemed to be crawling toward me which frightened me, causing me to utter a shriek. They opened the door and thrust me back again. This was repeated three times, and when investigation was made, an old witch, a bad woman, was found in the room with me. They then put me into another room. At ten o’clock an officer came, read my paper, looked at his watch, and said, ‘We missed the train. Will take you to the guest-house.’

“On the way, I asked the policeman where he was taking me to. He said, ‘To the Baiaset,’ which in Turkish means a place where people are executed. We finally arrived there, and what was this guest-room? An old prison. I was shoved inside and the policeman left. There were many women in there who were telling all sorts of immoral tales. I felt very much depressed in spirit, but after a season of prayer was comforted. I thought that perhaps the Lord had sent me there to speak to those poor women. I opened my Bible and read to them the precious promises of God, and told them of His love for lost man. At first they made fun of me, but it was not long till they listened with rapt attention. One said, ‘She is a spirit;’ another, ‘She is an angel.’ They seemed so glad to hear.

“At four o’clock Brother B— called, and remained till the next morning. At daybreak a policeman called me to come. We again made the rounds of the prisons until we were quite a company of prisoners. Brother B— was dismissed, and with a policeman I entered the train. The policeman told me not to fear, that I would soon be released. Tuesday evening at six o’clock we arrived in Rodostov, twelve hours distant. The policeman whispered to the headman, and he gave orders to take me to a hotel. Here I enjoyed a good night’s rest.

“The next day, Wednesday, as I entered the courtroom one said, “Aha! Mademoiselle has come. Are you the holy woman who writes such spiritual letters?” I breathed a prayer to God that He would help me to tell only the truth. I was shown a letter, and asked if I had written it. It proved to be a letter that I had written eight months before to a Brother C, then a soldier in Adrianople, telling him of the good meetings. The grip in which the letter was placed was lost, and fell into the hands of the authorities.

“I admitted having written the letter, and after being considerably cross-questioned, opened my Bible and proceeded to explain three points: First, our relation to the government, reading Romans 13; second, our moral principles, reading Exodus 20; and third, our health principles, reading various scriptures. In all I spoke about two hours. At first they laughed at me, but soon they gave the best of attention, gave me a chair, and treated me with the utmost respect. The judge asked me whether these were our principles, and greatly marveled. He said, ‘I am sorry to have troubled you. A great truth has been revealed to us. We never knew before that such a people existed. When we come to Constantinople, we also will come to your meetings.’

“After treating me to some watermelon, they politely dismissed me. I returned home rejoicing that I had been privileged to witness for the truth.”

Again and Again Delivered.

“They compassed me about like bees; they are quenched as the fire of thorns.” Ps. 118:12.

EVANGELIST B—, one of the leaders in our evangelistic work in Turkey during the war time, passed through so many perils and so many prisons during the years of service, that it was difficult for him to understand how details of providential deliverances appeal to our hearts. Now and then we shall have to add to his written statement a few details repeated by friends who have heard of these experiences from time to time. Our brother begins the narrative:

“Before the war, while we were working in the Cilician field, I was visiting the churches at Tarsus, Adana, Feke, Had] in, Aintab. When I came to Alexandretta, the war began. While I was in Alexandretta, there came a steamer, promising the people to take them to Cyprus, where they would be free from conscription as soldiers and from the dangers of the war. ‘This is your last opportunity,’ we were told. But we preferred rather to suffer with the people of the Lord and to be a means of courage and comfort to them than to be in ease and safety. I passed the winter with my wife in a city, Carse Bazar, which belongs to Adana. While in Carse Bazar we had the fear that they would call me as a soldier. Though there is no rule in the Turkish Empire to take the ministers of religion, yet because our church was not recognized officially I was subject to call.”

Sure enough, ere long the officers of the army were out gathering in all possible material for the army. Their instructions, however, were to take soldiers up to a certain age, and here is where the deliverance came. The endeavor of an official, many years before, to make trouble, was turned now to become a means of deliverance. Evangelist B— says:

“While yet I was in babyhood, an officer wishing to give trouble to my father had added two years to my age in the birth certificate which goes with the passport. This meant that my father had to pay certain dues two years earlier. It was but a small item then, but now it was turned to a great blessing to me. When they called men of my actual age and investigated my papers, the record stated that I was yet two years older. Therefore I could not be called, under the regulations, and so was not taken from my home and gospel work.”

Later, the evangelist and his wife went onto Aleppo. From that town the evangelist himself was sent on under arrest toward Damascus. It was evident, however, that the plan was that he was to be killed on the journey. Therefore he persuaded his wife to remain in Aleppo for the time being. As more and more evidence appeared, after a time, that his life was in danger, the evangelist found a means of escaping. He continues:

“After much thought and prayer, I decided to flee. I bought a ticket for Damascus, and went among the other passengers to the train at one of the stations in the Lebanon Mountains. After a little time, the train started on. At the next station a policeman came through, revising all passports. But I had no passport. I well knew that it was at the peril of my life that I should be found there without the necessary pass; but God saved me in a miraculous way, and this is how it came about:

“There were three wagons, or coaches, in the train. I was in the third. When the policeman began to go through the train for passports, I jumped down from the coach as it stood in the station. I mingled with the people. When the policeman was through with the first wagon, I made an effort to enter that coach, but they would not allow me to go in. Later I tried the second coach also in the same way, but this was not to be my way of escape. I was obliged to go back to my own place in the third carriage, which the

policeman was now searching. I kept just behind the policeman, praying in my heart that he might not be allowed to notice me. How strange that so simple an expedient could be successful! As he passed along, I sat down in the place where he had already looked; thus he did not see me, and I was saved! It meant my very life.

“So I came on to Damascus. There are three railway stations in that city. In the last station where most of the passengers detrain, there was strict examination going on. With no knowledge of the city, however, and not knowing where to go, I got down at the first station, which was the farthest out, and here there was no examination of passports, for few were stopping there. I took a carriage into the city, and in this way entered safely. I hid myself in a room in a place that God surely had provided for me. Later, through a German Lutheran pastor who knew our former superintendent in this region, I was able to secure a certificate which for the time being gave me freedom to stay in the city. Having the certificate in my hand, I was free.

“I then began to plan for my wife to come on to join me. She found a way to come with a party of traders; but again and again it seemed that they must lose their lives with the hardships of the way. On this journey they were driven from the train one dark night in the mountains. It was a wet, rainy, and snowy time in winter. Women and children had to carry their things, and every moment they were expecting cruelties and death. Here, in a mountain quarantine camp our little baby was born, with no relative near, no one to help, no proper food, and only the shelter of a tent while it was snowing outside.

“Hearing of the situation, I secured permission at last to go to bring my wife on to Damascus. When but forty days old, our little one died of the hardships endured, and the mother was for three months an invalid; but we thanked God for helping us get her to Damascus, because in those times many homes were broken up; wives and husbands were separated, and many have not found one another unto this day.

“Now permission was, granted to Armenians to come into Damascus to trade, and many came. Soon, however, the word went out that they could not stay in Damascus, but must go f to other places. Of course, according to the orders, we also were required to move on. From time to time officers were coming to the houses along our street, putting down the names and ordering the Armenians away. It was winter. Snow was on the ground. At least twenty-five times these searching parties came to our street. We often watched them from our house, but not even once in all those visits did they come to us or to our house. They were searching on both sides of us, but somehow they never came to us. It seemed to us that it was a miracle. In this condition we lived on two years in that place.”

In telling this story at a general meeting in Constantinople, one of the brethren present asked Evangelist: B— how he accounted for the fact that with all these many visits and with the authorities knowing that he was there, the searchers never got to his place, but searched to the right and to the left.

“Well,” replied the evangelist, “you remember how the Lord held the eyes of the men of Syria in the time of Elisha so that they could not see, and that is the only way I can account for the fact that the searchers did not find us in Damascus.”

Later the situation became more tense. The evangelist continues:

“The Turks had come to the conclusion that, in order to keep their country in safety, all the population should be Turks and Moslems by any means. They thought that the land could be better secured if all had the same opinion and religion. Therefore it would be a necessity that the Christians should accept Islamism. They first made a trial with the poor Armenians in Damascus where we were. They proceeded this way: ‘They heralded that the men who would not accept Mohammedanism would be sent to an

unknown place and their families to another. They began to arrest the Armenians with their families, and imprisoned them, not in a building, but in a ruined place, leaving them without bedding, food, or water, to force them to become Moslems. Not a few accepted the Mohammedan religion from fear of death.

“The Turks themselves formulated the following request to be presented to the Turkish government by the Armenians:

“I had believed before the war that the Islam religion was true, but for fear of my nation I did not dare to confess it openly. But now as I enjoy full liberty, I willingly accept the Moslem religion without being forced by the Turkish government. Graciously accept me as such.”—Now came the conviction to our brother that the time was come to flee. He says:

“My wife and I prayed, and trusting to the Lord’s help yet again, we decided to make an effort to flee toward Egypt. Without God’s help it seemed impossible, but we decided rather to die as Christians than to live as Mohammedans. Some had escaped into the region beyond the Jordan, and on toward Egypt. Under such circumstances, many who were arrested felt compelled to tell falsehoods to account for being on the road. As it was impossible for us to lie about ourselves, once more we needed a miracle of God in order to escape through the lines.

“Thanks be to the Lord, this again was granted us. On our way as we fled, Turkish officers saw us, but they were restrained from asking us questions, nor did they hold us up for passports. It seemed impossible that we should so pass these officials in such a time! On this journey we traveled thirteen days by camels, crossing deserts full of difficulties and dangers. Once in the desert between the Dead Sea and Egypt we were set upon by robbers, who evidently meant to make short work of us. There was no help from their power, apparently, and their guns were leveled at us with none to restrain. Our prayer was to God, when suddenly the robbers fled. We looked back, and there over the rising ground came a British camel corps of soldiers. As the robbers saw these coming, they dared not touch us. So we came on to Egypt.”

From Egypt, when the war ended, our evangelist and his wife got back to Turkey, again to preach the message in those lands of difficulty and trial, until the Greek invasion and defeat led to conditions making it necessary to flee across to the European side.

Guided to Safety by a Voice

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

WHILE attending the Autumn Council in America, in 1922, Pastor L. H. Christian reported another special providence of the conflict between Greece and Turkey, which was but a continuance of the Great War. The incident occurred in 1922. Here is the story:

“One of our brethren, during the trouble between the Kemalists and the Greeks, desired to go to a certain part of the country, and he hired a man to take him out in a small boat so he could get a good ship. But when he came up close to it, he seemed to hear a voice saying, ‘This is the wrong ship. You take the little poor boat yonder.’ He turned to the man rowing the boat, and said, ‘I do not think I will go aboard. I am going over to that little ship.’ The man got angry and said, ‘You will have to pay me double. You are foolish, as you will get there sooner and safer on this big boat.’ But he chose the little steamer. A day or two later he found that the other boat never reached shore. In telling us about it, he spoke of how his faith in the protection of God was strengthened.”

Beyond the War Zones

Deliverances in the Halifax Disaster

“Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.” Ps. 91:6.

HALIFAX, set far out on the eastward coast of North America, is close to the great mist-veiled ocean lanes of travel between America and Europe. This made it truly the warden of the north in war time, even as Kipling sang in his song of the empire’s circle of cities,

“The Warden of the honor of the North,
Sleepless and veiled am I”

When during the war, transatlantic ships were now and then called into the port of Halifax for examination of cargo and passengers, we could see inside the well-mined inner harbor, the cargo ships and transports, loaded with stores and war materials.

It was on Dec. 6, 1917, that one of these ships in the harbor, close in by the city, caught alight somehow, and set off the cargo of high—powered explosives in a blast that laid fair Halifax in partial ruins.

Writing of the disaster, one of our Halifax members, E. M. Chapman, said at the time:

“Our brethren everywhere have heard more or less of the terrible calamity here in Halifax, and doubtless will rejoice that God miraculously spared us. No lives were lost of all our people except one little child aged two years.

“The shock came to us, as a family, like a bolt from the blue sky, just as we were about to bow in the morning worship together. There was a slight rumble, and then the terrible shock, so sudden we had no time to think of danger until it was over. The whole great catastrophe could have occupied no more than five seconds. Our windows were gone, and the glass broken and scattered about. Our front door lay a mass of kindling wood, with the whole frame and glass panels of the inner door in a heap of debris on the hall floor. When we began to look around, we saw every one else’s house in the same condition. It made us think of the great day of God, for it surely came so suddenly there was no way of escape. The terrible havoc wrought in those few seconds is beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe. Two thousand killed, three thousand seriously injured, and six thousand rendered homeless, besides hundreds made totally or partially blind,—these figures give a little idea of its vastness. Every building in the city was more or less shattered, and windows were broken in houses more than twenty miles distant.

“We immediately began to think of the different brethren and sisters who were nearer the scene of the explosion than we were, wondering how they had fared. We greatly rejoiced upon receiving word from them, one by one, to find them alive; and we praised God more and more each time at the news of another one safe. Surely He did encamp around us!”

The first Sabbath service following the explosion was a testimony meeting to God’s mercies in the midst of disaster. One member, Mrs. Jennie Boutilier, sent this message from her hospital bed, telling of her own deliverance:

“It was a miracle any of us were saved, but in my case a special miracle was performed. I was driven from my room through the next one and thence to the cellar. The reason I know this is because when I crawled out I was on the front sidewalk, and I lived in the back of the house. Our house and the next one to it came down on me. This I know by viewing the ruin after I got out. I saw from the small place where I got out, how much had been on top of me. There were three or four high boards around me like a stall.

“There I was, down in the dark. To human reasoning it would seem very absurd to think of getting out alive. But I thought nothing is impossible with God, so I spoke to my best Friend, who always helps me, and looking up by faith, expected to see an opening, saw it, and at once started to climb up the side of a straight board. Thus I got out on the sidewalk. I must have been assisted by an angel, because I could not have climbed out alone. I felt the presence of Jesus with me. In one way I was glad no human being helped me, because I can give all praise to Him to whom it is due—that is, to my dear Jesus.

“When I have read about Jesus’ performing miracles and delivering His followers, I have often wished that I could experience a miraculous deliverance. I had no idea that such an unworthy being as I would experience one so soon. It would have been no harder for God to bring me out without a scratch than the way He did [with some serious bruises]; but had He done so, I should not have appreciated His power so much.”

A Colonial Soldier’s Prayer Answered

“I called upon the Lord in distress: the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place.” Ps. 118:5.

WHILE I was visiting in one of the British colonies during the closing year of the war, a soldier invalided home told me the story of an overruling providence for which he was thanking the Lord. It is as follows:

Private S—, of the colonial forces, enlisted for service in Europe when the war first began. Years before, his heart had been touched by the advent message, and he had had thoughts of responding to an invitation to join in the work; but somehow his experience had not gone far enough to lead him to declare himself.

In the stress and strain of the field and hospital work in France he was stricken down. The examining surgeon said that his heart was actually burst. There was no help for him, he was told. He must die. In fact, he was left in the death ward as one for whom it was useless to try to do anything.

There in the death ward his heart was indeed broken, not only with the physical injury, but in repentance toward God. As he with his shattered heart sought his Lord, he promised God that he would be a Christian and serve and obey Him if life and strength could still be granted.

He had a burden of prayer for his wife in the homeland. The wife had a Seventh-day Adventist mother. As a girl she had grown up in the Sabbath school. The husband in the hospital felt that he had influenced his wife in worldly ways. He had encouraged her to get a training for the stage. Now he was conscience smitten, and prayed God to help his wife also to find the way.

At once, he says, as he sought God, he began to mend in health. He became well. The doctors could not understand the case. They found his heart sound again. However, he was given leave to return home.

Seeking to get a new start in business on his return, he was pioneering alone in one of the cities some distance from his home. He had fully committed himself to be a Christian, but as yet had not gone so far as to make a thorough study of the Advent truths. The wife’s mother, however, had given him the book, “The Great Controversy Between Christ and Satan,” and in the city where he was beginning to establish a business he found a series of our evangelistic meetings under way. He attended the meetings. At the first call for surrender to obey, the returned soldier, stood up and enlisted in this gospel movement.

Meanwhile, down at her old home; the wife received a letter from her husband, telling her that he had given his heart fully to God, and was keeping the Sabbath. She well knew his burden to see her take the stand with him. For eight years she had been on the stage, but she had not forgotten the old church associations. When pressed to drink and smoke, and when jeered at for refusing to join in these com-

mon practices, she remembered the old times and the praying mother. "I had learned some things in the church school and the Sabbath school that kept me from doing these things," she told us.

Now, with the word of her husband's conversion, the Spirit of God was speaking to her own heart. She prayed. "I had often knelt with mother when she prayed," Mrs. S told us, abut I had not often prayed myself. Even when I said prayers, they did not, somehow, come from very deep in my head. But this time I prayed, it seemed that a real light came round about me in the room, and there I accepted Christ."

It was just at the beginning of camp-meeting, held in her home city. She burned her stage dresses, and burned her stage songs, and brought to the church treasury a tithe of all she had in the bamk. So the Lord wrought for the stricken soldier of the medical corps, not only in the field hospital in France, but in redeeming the lost years at home.

The Paper Makers' Error

"All things work together for good to them that love God." Rom. 8:28.

This is the story of a timely providence by which the Review and Herald publishing house, of Washington, D. C., was enabled to fill the unprecedented and unforeseen demand for war-time literature in the first year of the great conflict.

Early in the war the house had issued extras of the Review n and Herald, dealing with Bible prophecies and world conditions. These were having a large circulation. Then came a call for small books on these issues. In one of the reports of those times, Manager E. R. Palmer, of the publishing house, told the story of the paper makers' error:

"While this campaign with the Review and Herald Extras was going on, I received a letter from one of our lady colporteurs in California, requesting that we make up the subject matter of these two Extras into a little book, well illustrated, which would sell for 25 cents. Many such requests are received at our office, but somehow this one seemed like a ray of light from above. We immediately called another meeting of our editors, laid the matter before them, and before we adjourned we had arranged for the writing and publication of a little book, 'The World's Crisis.' Paper was ordered for 25,000 copies. All our facilities were put in motion, and a book which would ordinarily require from three to six months to prepare, was ready for shipment in thirty days.

"But on the day of publication the entire edition had been ordered. We then placed an order for paper for 40,000 copies, the largest single edition we had ever attempted to print of any book; and right here the Lord helped us out in a most interesting and peculiar way, which made us feel anew that the Lord was managing some of these things altogether according to His own plan.

"The paper for the 40,000 edition came in. One week later we received notice from the railway company that there was another carload of paper on the sidetrack for us. We did not understand what it meant, as no paper had been ordered. It turned out to be a duplicate of the previous order,—paper for another 40,000 edition.

"Our superintendent, who orders such supplies, was indignant. We had no use, apparently, for this shipment. The paper mills were informed that the paper was here, subject to their order. The firm apologized for their unexplainable error, and told us to put the paper away if we had room for it, and they would bill us for it whenever we were able to use it.

"Our first 40,000 edition of 'The World's Crisis' was published; but before it was off the press, it was covered with the orders, and we went to press again immediately with the second 40,000 edition, a

thing we could not have done, at any rate not so promptly, if this mistake(?) had not been made by the paper mill. Railways were getting congested, it was difficult to get shipments through, and prices on paper were going up. The doubling of our order was a timely providence for us.”

How the Paper Shipments Came Through

“This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.” Ps. 118: 23.

SPEAKING of war-time experiences, Manager R. L. Pierce, of our Southern Publishing Association, related the following story of paper shipments that came through just in time to enable the house to meet the pressure of orders from the field. In many parts of the country in those times, hearts were stirred up to inquire earnestly for literature dealing with Bible prophecy and latter-day events. Here is the story, telling how the Southern house was able to respond to this call:

“During the recent war years there were two remarkable providential deliverances that occurred at the Southern Publishing Association, Nashville, Tenn., in the matter of securing paper stock. At that time it was exceedingly difficult to secure materials for either printing or binding, and some paper that was ordered in January was not received until late in September. However, the incidents referred to are as follows:

“Our supply of the book, ‘The Great Controversy Between Christ and Satan,’ for which hundreds of orders were being taken each week by our colporteurs, was practically exhausted, and we were rushing through an edition for which we had in hand only a portion of the paper. Stock had been ordered months before, but it had not been received, neither had we received any invoice or shipping bill. We came up to the morning when the last of the paper we had for that book was on the press. In the morning mail there was an invoice and bill of lading for a carload. Under normal peace-time conditions it required between two and three weeks for paper to reach us from that particular mill, while in war time it required very much longer. In this instance the car had been shipped but two days before we received the bill of lading.

A few moments after this reached us, the railroad company telephoned that there was a carload of paper for us in their yards. We could not understand it, and thought there must be a mistake; but they insisted that they had a car of paper consigned to the Southern Publishing Association. Our truck was sent down at once, and it proved to be the car that had been shipped but two days previously. It had come through under the U. S. Government bond, as war material; and this meant that even the passenger trains were obliged to sidetrack for it. When the first truck load, reached the factory, the last ream of the old stock was being printed, and instead of having to take the ‘form’ off the press, we were enabled to continue printing until the entire edition was finished. Neither the mill, the selling agent, nor the railroad company was able to explain how it was that that car was labeled by the Government agents as war material.

“Practically this same experience was repeated later in the war with a car of paper for the Watchman Magazine, and for the quick routing of which no one was able to give an explanation. In this instance, the car reached the plant just in time for us to get the next issue of the Watchman out on time.

“The result of these two providential deliverances, for we can call them nothing less, was that notwithstanding the unusually heavy demands for literature that were made upon the Southern Publishing Association during those strenuous war years, there was not one colporteur who was disappointed in getting his books by the time set for his delivery.”

How the Dutch Edition Reached South Africa

"All the ends of the earth shall fear Him." Ps. 67:7.

THE following story of war-time publishing is told by H. H. Hall, associate secretary of the General Conference Publishing Department:

"During the war, South Africa was unable to secure its Dutch books from Europe, and a crisis faced their colporteur work. They finally cabled the Pacific Press Publishing Association, Mountain View, Calif., for three thousand copies of 'Daniel and the Revelation' in that language. But the Pacific Press did not have plates for the book. All they did have was one old copy in the manager's library. They tore this book apart, took a picture of each page, and from these pictures developed printing plates. Three thousand books were quickly printed, two thousand were bound and ready to ship.

"But with water routes from San Francisco to Africa all closed, and shipments to New York requiring three or four months, how should they ship? A refrigerator car loaded with paper was on their siding. Cars sent east filled with California fruit are sometimes returned loaded with paper, as it is a clean commodity. This refrigerator car, as soon as unloaded, must be sent immediately to San Jose, the division point eleven miles away. They therefore asked permission to place the shipment, the value of which was nearly \$10,000, in this refrigerator car, and thus save hauling the shipment to the local depot. The permission was granted, but when the car arrived at San Jose, the trainmen supposed it was fully loaded, so it was sealed; carefully iced, and sent forward to New York on the regular fruit express train, going through in about ten days. It caught a direct boat, and arrived in Cape Town in time to save serious loss to the colporteurs."

Somebody's error or oversight; quite to the surprise of the publishing house, was overruled for South Africa's good.

An Awakening in Fiji

The isles shall wait for His law." Isa. 42:4.

IN a speech just following the war, the British colonial secretary told how the news that Britain was at war was sent to all the outposts of the empire. Sharp at the midnight hour which marked the moment when Great Britain's declaration of war became effective, the colonial secretary started messages bearing the news to all the dominions and colonies. Within a few moments, he said, the whole empire knew that they were in the war, and before morning he had replies back from every colony, and even from the remote islets of the sea, acknowledging receipt of the news and pledging all the resources of the empire.

Thus news of the great conflict was carried into Fiji of the South Sea Islands. Then from month to month and year to year, as the conflict raged, news of its progress filtered through all the islands of the group. Rumors of all kinds were afloat.

In some way, back in the interior of the largest island, Viti Levu, some one's heart was stirred by the reverberations of the World War, to consider what Christ had said about wars and rumors of wars as a sign of His second coming. So the cry was raised in the Fijian interior that the Great War was indeed a sign that the coming of Christ was drawing near.

Awakened hearts began to search the few Bibles available in this mountain region, and, lo, some one discovered that the seventh day is the Sabbath. Like a revival breath from heaven, the spirit of inquiry swept over this remote region. Then some one learned of Seventh-day Adventists down at the coast,

whose message proclaimed the coming of the Lord and the Seventh-day Sabbath. Soon messengers were speeding down to Suva, our headquarters for the Fiji group. The messengers brought word that back in the interior teachers were wanted who could tell them of the coming of the Lord and of the Seventh-day Sabbath.

Pastor C. H. Parker and an associate were guided by these messengers into this hill country beyond the range of any work that we had been able to do during the many years in Fiji. And what did they find? They found that truly the showers of the latter rain had been falling in the hill country. Whole villages met them, and with flowers and banners and music welcomed them with joy. Multitudes were saying, "We are keeping the Sabbath, we believe in the coming of the Lord, we want to be taught this way."

In the reformation of life that had been wrought, the missionaries saw clearly the genuine fruitage of the Holy Spirit. Evil habits and practices were being put aside, and multitudes were turning with all their hearts to God. Within seven weeks the missionaries were able to instruct and baptize more than four hundred believers. The work continued to grow, with hundreds more pressing into the light. And thus in an island group where our men had labored twenty-five years for about three hundred converts, the conviction started in hearts by the sound of the great conflict going on in Europe, led by the outpouring of the Spirit of God to a quick work of reformation and conversion in the hearts of hundreds, and the work is still going forward.

Speaking in 1921, President C. H. Watson, of the Australasian Union Conference, gave this report of a visit to this region

"A little more than a year ago, I was in the interior of the island of Viti Levu, of the Fiji group. We had toiled up the river for days, and at last reached a place where the river bent around the hills. At that point we saw a native canoe, in which were two natives. They were signaling to unseen people around the bend. When we came to the place where that canoe had been, a wonderful sight met our eyes. Off in the distance was the town to which we were going. A vast number of natives were crowded on the river bank at the landing place, and as we drew near, we heard them singing: 'Sa lako mai ko Jesu' ('Jesus is coming again').

"Only a few months before my visit, those dear people were in complete ignorance of the great and vastly important fact that Jesus is coming again, and were degradedly wicked. On our way into the interior, we had visited many towns and villages, and had witnessed the awful life of the people. We had gone into homes of fearful wretchedness, where men, women, and children were addicted to the use of tobacco and yangona (an intoxicant disgustingly brewed from the bruised root of the yangona plant), and the results were everywhere seen in the broken health, the helpless limbs, the blind eyes, and the diseased forms of scores of the people, and wretchedness and wickedness almost beyond description prevailed everywhere.

A WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION

On landing, we received a warm welcome, and were taken up to the town along an embowered walk constructed for our arrival. We were taken into the homes of the people. There was not a tobacco pipe in their possession. There was not a tobacco plant in the town. There was not a yangona plant in the town. Their homes were clean, and joy and gladness shone in their faces. In many of the homes, I found a placard which read: 'Mo ni kilo, sa tabu, na tapaka, kei na yangona ni vale oqo' (Please take notice, tobacco and yangona are forbidden in this house'). Surely a wonderful transformation!

"That night I preached to a large crowd of people out under the stars. I was quite unable to see a face in that congregation, but as I told them of God's great love, and of His great work, hearty responses came

from out the darkness and revealed the interest that those poor people felt in gospel truth and gospel work. Just as we exclaim 'Amen,' so they expressed the feelings of their hearts as they exclaimed, 'Vinaka, vinaka!' ('Good, good, wonderfully good!') God has done wonderful things for that people.

"I visited another town at which I was received by the chief in a very kindly way. The visit was of unusual interest. The chief was not a Seventh-day Adventist, but made every arrangement possible for me to reach all his people with my message. On the last morning of our visit, he approached me in a shy, hesitating manner and said:

"I want to say something to you that comes from my heart. God has been speaking to me. I have seen such a wonderful change in those of my people who have accepted this truth that has come to us, that I am now anxious to have it take hold of my life and the lives of all my people. I earnestly request you to send a missionary to live in this town and teach my people.'

"Again before we pushed our boats into the stream, he came and said, 'I am afraid, sirs, I have not made you understand my request, but we need a missionary. I plead with you to send him, and assure you that if you will do this, my people will all become as those who have already accepted your message.'

"I am happy to report that we have now established an intermediate school there, and a large number of the Fijian boys and girls of that town are under the instruction of two well-qualified missionary teachers.

REJOICING IN A NEW LIFE

"At still another town that I visited among those inland mountains, I was greeted with a strange but warm welcome, being told by the chief that he was glad we had not made the visit forty years ago, 'for,' said he, 'we would then have eaten you.' He explained that such had been their condition of heart in the days of his grandfather, who was a great chief. 'No stranger,' said he, 'ever came to this town in the days of my grandfather, and went away again. He always died, and [pointing to an old native drum] that old *lali* rang out, inviting all neighboring chiefs to the feast. O sir, we were a people of darkened mind; but thank God the light has come, and we rejoice in a new life!'

"Again I say, God has done wonderful things for these people. Truly 'the isles shall wait for His law.' The law of the Lord is certainly going to Fiji, and wonderful transformations are seen in the lives of hundreds of its people. They have forsaken sin, have abandoned wrong habits, and have surrendered the use of unclean foods. They tithe the produce of their land and effort, and are earnest in their endeavors to give the message of salvation through Christ to the unsaved all about them. I am persuaded that Jesus, who has begun this great work for these needy souls, will neither fail nor be discouraged till His work is finished in old cannibal Fiji and in all the earth."

So the voice of the great conflict spoke to hearts in Fiji of the coming of the Saviour, and under the outpourings of the latter rain quick fruitage sprang up.

"FROM many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
their land from error's chain."

— Haber.

A Soldier's Petition Carried by the Wind

"It shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."
Isa. 65: 24.

SHORTLY after the opening of the Great War, in 1914, as Spain increased its forces, a young Spaniard who was called to the colors had an experience that illustrates the promise of the text, "Before they call, I will answer," and a gust of wind was the agency in bringing him a quick answer to prayer.

This young soldier was a Sabbatarian, a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, and he found many a perplexity in trying to perform the duties assigned and still be true to his faith regarding the Sabbath. His experience was reported by Dr. P. A. de Forest, of Gland, Switzerland.

"The soldier betook himself to prayer, intending shortly to petition his captain for release from military exercises on God's holy day. He was in the act of writing a letter to one of his brethren in his home church, asking that the church unite in prayer in his behalf so that he might have liberty to follow the dictates of his conscience, when he was suddenly called out of his tent to inspection. The wind was blowing at the time, and when he came back, his letter had been whisked away and was not to be found.

"In searching for it, he passed by the tent of his captain, which was situated but a little distance from his, and to his surprise he was called in and told that his desire to have the Sabbath free was granted. The officer was very friendly, and appeared interested in knowing more about the truths our brother professed; and then he told him that he had found his unfinished letter at the door of his tent, had read it, and was impressed to grant him his request immediately."

Just an accident, some might say; but to the praying soldier it was the delivering hand of a heavenly Father.

The Lesson for All Time

God's Care for His Work

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

THESE stories of providential care in the midst of the Great War do not close the record. Many more might be included were time given to search them out. As Secretary Vogel has told us (in the story from Latvia) "Almost all our brethren and sisters have something to tell about how God led and protected them during those dreadful years of the war."

Who can read these experiences and not realize anew God's tender care for His children and for His cause in times of trouble?

A fitting close to this review of some of the providences of the World War is supplied by comments on Ezekiel's vision of the moving throne, which I find in the last section of Volume V of that wonderful series of volumes, "Testimonies for the Church," by Mrs. E. G. White.

I rediscovered that section while temporarily detained in Europe by the war. It is entitled, "God's Care for His Work." I had been for years more or less familiar with its splendid exposition of Ezekiel's vision; but shut in and held fast for the time by war round about, the lessons given to Ezekiel amidst the clashing of ancient powers came with new appeal and help. How true is the comment the statesman Gladstone once made upon messages providentially timed for the hour: "Who doubts that, times

without number, particular portions of Scripture find their way to the human soul as if they were embassies from on high, each with its own commission of comfort, of guidance, or of warning?" It is because these are living words that they come to us as an inspiration.

The comments relate to the lessons of trust and encouragement that were given to God's ancient people in the days of Isaiah and of Ezekiel, when the land of Judah and Israel was under the mighty powers of Assyria and then of Babylon. It appeared outwardly that earthly might would halt the work of God in the earth. We quote as follows:

THE CALL OF ISAIAH

"It was under circumstances of difficulty and discouragement that Isaiah, while yet a young man was called to the prophetic mission. Disaster was threatening his country. By their transgression of God's law the people of Judah had forfeited His protection, and the Assyrian forces were about to come against the kingdom of Judah. But the danger from their enemies was not the greatest trouble. It was the perversity of the people that brought upon the Lord's servant the deepest depression. By their apostasy and rebellion they were inviting the judgments of God. The youthful prophet had been called to bear to them a message of warning, and he knew that he would meet with obstinate resistance. He trembled as he viewed himself, and thought of the stubbornness and unbelief of the people for whom he was to labor. His task seemed to him almost hopeless. Should he in despair relinquish his mission, and leave Israel undisturbed to their idolatry? Were the gods of Nineveh to rule the earth, in defiance of the God of heaven?

"Such thoughts as these were crowding upon his mind as he stood under the portico of the holy temple. Suddenly the gate and the inner veil of the temple seemed to be uplifted or withdrawn, and he was permitted to gaze within, upon the holy of holies, where even the prophet's feet might not enter. There rose up before him a vision of Jehovah sitting upon a throne high and lifted up, while His train filled the temple. On each side the throne hovered the seraphim, two wings bearing them up, two veiling their faces in adoration, and two, covering their feet. These angel ministers lifted up their voices in solemn invocation, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts. The whole earth is full of His glory,' until post and pillar and cedar gate seemed to tremble at the sound, and the house was filled with their praise.

"Never before had Isaiah realized so fully the greatness of Jehovah or His perfect holiness; and he felt that in his human frailty and unworthiness he must perish in that divine presence. 'Woe is me!' he cried; 'for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.' But a seraph came to him, to fit him for his great mission. A living coal from the altar was laid upon his lips, with the words, 'Lo, this bath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.' And when the voice of God was heard saying, 'Whom shall I send? and who will go for us?' Isaiah with holy confidence responded, 'Here am I; send me.'

"What though earthly powers should be arrayed against Judah? What though Isaiah should meet with opposition and resistance in his mission? He had seen the King, the Lord of hosts; he had heard the song of the seraphim, 'The whole earth is full of His glory;' and the prophet was nerved for the work before him. The memory of this vision was carried with him throughout his long and arduous mission.

EZEKIEL'S VISION OF THE MOVING THRONE, AND OF THE ANGELIC MESSENGERS

"Ezekiel, the mourning exile prophet, in the land of the Chaldeans, was given a vision teaching the same lesson of faith in the mighty God of Israel. As he was upon the banks of the river Chebar, a whirlwind seemed to come from the north, 'a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself; and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the color of amber.' A number of wheels of strange appearance, intersecting one another, were moved by four living creatures. High above all these was 'the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone; and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it.' 'As for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was like burning coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps; it went up and down among the living creatures; and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning.'

'And there appeared in the cherubim the form of a man's hand under their wings.'

"There were wheels within wheels, in an arrangement so complicated that at first sight they appeared to Ezekiel to be all in confusion. But when they moved, it was with beautiful exactness, and in perfect harmony. Heavenly beings were impelling these wheels, and above all, upon the glorious sapphire throne, was the Eternal One; while round about the throne was the encircling rainbow, emblem of grace and love.

"Overpowered by the terrible glory of the scene, Ezekiel fell upon his face, when a voice bade him arise, and hear the word of the Lord. Then there was given him a message of warning for Israel.

"This vision was given to Ezekiel at a time when his mind was filled with gloomy forebodings. He saw the land of his fathers lying desolate. The city that was once full of people was no longer inhabited. The voice of mirth and the song of praise were no more heard within her walls. The prophet himself was a stranger in a strange land, where boundless ambition and savage cruelty reigned supreme. That which he saw and heard of human tyranny and wrong distressed his soul, and he mourned bitterly day and night. But the wonderful symbols presented before him beside the river Chebar, revealed an overruling power mightier than that of earthly rulers. Above the proud and cruel monarchs of Assyria and Babylon, the God of mercy and truth was enthroned.

"The wheel—like complications that appeared to the prophet to be involved in such confusion, were under the guidance of an infinite hand. The Spirit of God, revealed to him as moving and directing these wheels, brought harmony out of confusion; so the whole world was under His control. Myriads of glorified beings were ready at His word to overrule the power and policy of evil men and bring good to His faithful ones.

"In like manner, when God was about to open to the beloved John the history of the church for future ages, He gave him an assurance of the Saviour's interest and care for His people, by revealing to Him 'One like unto the Son of man,' walking among the candlesticks, which symbolized the seven churches.

"While John was shown the last great struggles of the church with earthly powers, he was also permitted to behold the final victory and deliverance of the faithful. He saw the church brought into deadly conflict with the beast and his image, and the worship of that beast enforced on pain of death. But looking beyond the smoke and din of the battle, he beheld a company upon Mount Zion with the Lamb, having, instead of the mark of the beast, the 'Father's name written in their foreheads.' And again he saw 'them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God,' and singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

“These lessons are for our benefit. We need to stay, our faith upon God; for there is just before us a time that will try men’s souls. Christ, upon the Mount of Olives, rehearsed the fearful judgments that were to precede His second coming. ‘Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars.’ ‘Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows.’

“While these prophecies received a partial fulfilment at the destruction of Jerusalem, they have a more direct application to the last days.

“We are standing on the threshold of great and solemn events. Prophecy is fast fulfilling. The Lord is at the door. There is soon to open before us a period of overwhelming interest to all living. The controversies of the past are to be revived; new controversies will arise. The scenes to be enacted in our world are not yet even dreamed of. Satan is at work through human agencies. Those who are making an effort to change the Constitution, and secure a law enforcing Sunday observance, little realize what will be the result. A crisis is just upon us.

“But God’s servants are not to trust to themselves in this great emergency. In the visions given to Isaiah, to Ezekiel, and to John, we see how, closely Heaven is connected with the events taking place upon the earth, and how great is the care of God for those who are loyal to Him. The world is not without a ruler. The program of coming events is in the hands of the Lord. The Majesty of heaven has the destiny of nations, as well as the concerns of His church, in His own charge.

“We permit ourselves to feel altogether too much care, trouble, and perplexity in the Lord’s work. Finite men are not left to carry the burden of responsibility. We need to trust in God, believe in Him, and go forward. The tireless vigilance of the heavenly messengers, and their unceasing employment in their ministry in connection with the beings of earth, show us how God’s hand is guiding the wheel within a wheel. The divine Instructor is saying to every actor in His work, as He said to Cyrus of old, ‘I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me.’

“In Ezekiel’s vision, God had His hand beneath the wings of the cherubim. This is to teach His servants that it is divine power that gives them success. He will work with them if they will put away iniquity, and become pure in heart and life.

“The bright light going among the living creatures with the swiftness of lightning represents the speed with which this work will finally go forward to completion. He who slumbers not, who is continually at work for the accomplishment of His designs, can carry forward His great work harmoniously. That which appears to finite minds entangled and complicated, the Lord’s hand can keep in perfect order. He can devise ways and means to thwart the purposes of wicked men; and He will bring to confusion the counsels of them that plot mischief against His people.

“Brethren, it is no time now for mourning and despair, no time to yield to doubt and unbelief. Christ is not now a Saviour in Joseph’s new tomb, closed with a great stone, and sealed with the Roman seal; we have a risen Saviour. He is the King, the Lord of hosts; He sitteth between the cherubim; and amid the strife and tumult of nations, He guards His people still. He who ruleth in the heavens is our Saviour. He measures every trial. He watches the furnace fire that must test every soul. When the strongholds of kings shall be overthrown, when the arrows of God’s wrath shall strike through the hearts of His enemies, His people will be safe in His hands.”

With the lesson of trust taught us by the Lord’s dealings with His children in all past time, repeated before our eyes in these trying years of the World War, we may face with confidence the times of trouble yet to come, singing with the godly psalmist of the Methodist revival,

“How happy are the little flock
Who safe beneath their guardian Rock
In all commotions rest!
When war’s and tumult’s waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
And lodge in Jesus’ breast.

“The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour’s swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise;
The signs confirm our trembling hope,
While scoffers still in darkness grope,
And view them with surprise.

“Thy tokens we with joy confess;
The war proclaims the Prince of Peace;
The earthquake speaks Thy power;
The famine all Thy fulness brings;
The plague presents Thy healing wings,
And nature’s final hour.

“Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near.
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
‘Triumphant Lord, appear!’”

Charles Wesley.

He Leadeth Me

HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate’er I do, where’er I be,
Still ‘tis God’s hand that leadeth me.

Sometimes ‘mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden’s bowers bloom,
By waters still, o’er troubled sea,
Still ‘tis His hand that leadeth me!

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine,
Content whatever lot I see,
Since ‘tis my God that leadeth me.

—F. H. Gilmore.