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GOD LEADS HIS DEAR CHILDREN ALONG
By Ray W. Chamberlain

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FOREWORD

"Grandpa, please tell us a story!"

In answer to this urgent and frequent request, my father shared many interesting stories around our family altar and around the dinner table. He has now recorded some of these moving and memorable experiences in this delightful book, *God Leads His Dear Children Along*.

The title sets the tone and purpose of the book, "God Leads" -- not as a terrible tyrant but as a loving father. If God's dear children respond in cheerful obedience, they will discover that following God is not a tiresome duty but a joyous privilege.

Love is a major theme of this book. The author's love for God permeates every page and it is clear as well that the author loves life and loves people. The book also includes love stories -- some happy, others sad.

This book probes the theme of relationships in a delightful and profitable manner. The relationship between God and man is examined from various perspectives. You will read of sinners who seek and find forgiveness. You will meet believers who yield themselves completely to God and become spirit-filled servants. You will make friends with victorious Christians whose lives and ministries are marked with miracles. You will be challenged by the healing of broken relationships, moved by God's mercy, and awed by God's judgment.

The stories in this book illustrate the nature of God's kingdom among men. Through the challenging and colorful career of the author you will learn of God's transforming and healing work around the world -- North and South America, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea. You will read of God's mighty power to transform old and young, rich and poor, the educated and the unlearned. You will rejoice that God's action is not dependent upon circumstances but upon true obedience.

Each page, each story invites you to read the next. As you read you will weep or laugh at anecdotes that are sometimes heart-rending and sometimes humorous. You will discover inspiration and instruction. You will marvel at God's answers to prayer. You will be challenged to re-receive Christ as Savior and obey Him completely as Lord as He leads us, His dear children, along.

Daniel R. Chamberlain,
Son of the author and
President of Houghton College

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DEDICATION

This book is sincerely dedicated to my wife,

MARIANNE ELIZABETH,

whose life of faithfulness, love and sacrifice
has strengthened, encouraged and helped me
immeasurably.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ray W. Chamberlain, a native of Missouri, graduated from high school in 1919 and attended Central College and Washington University (both of Missouri), also the Lanston Monotype School of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

From earliest childhood he was a faithful attender of Sunday school and church in the Methodist Church. He was converted in April 1930 under the ministry of Joseph H. Smith, who for seventy-three years was one of the greatest preachers of Methodism. Three months later while attending his first camp meeting he was sanctified under the ministry of this same preacher.

The author has pastored in the homeland and abroad; also was Editor for twelve years of the "Standard Bearer," the official organ of his denomination. He served as President of his denomination's Bible Schools in California and in the West Indies.

For the past thirty-nine years he has been engaged in evangelism at home and abroad, and preaching in forty-three nations of the world.

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INTRODUCTION

No Longer Delay

"Why don't you write a book?" asked a missionary friend of mine who had labored for many years in foreign lands. I had nothing to say. Quickly he continued, "Have you ever given it any serious thought?" I could not say I had given it "serious thought" though I had entertained such a fanciful idea a few times.

Some days later he again urged me to write a book of the many incidents and experiences I had related to him. "What good would it do?" I queried. His reply was decisive! "Brother Chamberlain, I have been in the ministry a long time, much of it on the mission field. Your experiences have increased my faith and blessed my soul immeasurably. I sincerely feel it would prove helpful to all Christians and particularly to ministers to see the good way the Lord has led you through life. I would urge you to publish such a book."

Then he promptly warned, "No longer delay, for this is the sad mistake so many make." Many years have rolled by since that urging and warning, yet still I delayed!

Sometimes individuals have come to me at the close of my message and exclaimed, "Have you ever printed such experiences, Brother Chamberlain?" My answer is always "No." "You ought to do so. I certainly would be happy to buy your book."

It was my first time to serve as evangelist in a church noted for its liberal giving to missions. A lady of prominence in that church said to me, "Through a loved one I have been receiving your missionary letters. While I have not met you before I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed every one of them." Then she added, "You should write a book and incorporate those incidents; maybe you have already." "No," I replied, "I have not." Then came the warning, "You should not delay any longer!" But I did delay.

Loved ones, relatives and Christian friends have asked me the same question through the years, "Why don't you write a book? You ought to do it for many would enjoy it!" One of my dearest friends, a devoted Free Methodist minister, pastor and superintendent (now retired) has for years consistently urged me on in this matter. He also warned, "Do not delay, but find time NOW!"

But the task is not an easy one: the difficulties seem innumerable and the limitations seem unconquerable. Then invariably comes the suggestion, "Who are you to write a book?" I must

freely acknowledge it is a frightful responsibility to make the boldest shudder. I well remember an old saint of God, a retired minister and the editor of a holiness periodical for years, who came to me at the close of a service, and with spiritual sternness reminded me that in my preaching and writing (I was then editor of a holiness paper), I must at all times be doctrinally sound, scripturally true and extremely careful to lift up a true Bible standard. His pointed advice and utter seriousness has caused me over the years to go to my knees and implore God's help in my spoken and written messages. Oh, the incalculable damage that is done through shallow preaching and thoughtless writings.

Then one day it came to me: I would not write to exalt self, but God. This point, at least, was settled. But then there was no urgency about the matter of writing a book, thus time kept slipping away.

However, in recent days, a divine urgency has kept pressing my spirit. I have thus determined to "no longer delay."

* * * * *

Chapter 1 A VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FRONT

It is customary to start with the time and place of one's birth, but since this book will be "irregular" anyway, I will just begin where I am NOW! Here we are (wife and I) in East Africa many miles inland from the Red Sea. Coincidentally, in the nineteenth century the typewriter and printing press were patented on this same day of September that I am beginning to write this book.

The reader might ask, "What are you doing in Africa?" and especially at your "exalted age," as the Chinese say when meeting an older person. My answer is this: "I am following an urge I feel to be of God: evangelizing where multitudes know absolutely nothing about heart-felt salvation." It is a new field opened most recently. The spiritual needs are staggering and heart-rending!

Our meetings are held nightly under a tree. The reason is understandable -- we have no church building. Here under the light of two kerosene lamps the men and women, boys and girls, gather in the open air to hear the gospel of Jesus Christ. Practically all are dressed in very worn, dirty and extremely frayed clothing. You wonder why they are so dirty, but then this is just one of the world's areas where little is known of cleanliness and sanitation. However, I hasten to add that this place is cleaner than many where we have evangelized throughout the world.

This village is the center of a vast area where the people live very much as they did in Bible times. The nearest post office is sixty-six kilometers away. Few of the blessings of modern civilization have penetrated these parts. Our water is brought to us on a donkey from a shallow stream some distance away. We pay for it by the five-gallon tin. It is needless to tell you it must be boiled thoroughly. Malaria and intestinal parasites are dreaded (and rightly so) in this valley. Medical clinics are unknown and some people beg for pills of any kind, hoping for relief from pain and fever.

Two Sundays ago an African chief invited us to his home for tea. His village is clustered at the foot of a massive and impressive solid-rock mountain. The chief's daughter, perhaps eighteen years of age, prepared a fire on the open ground with straw and sticks to heat the tea and parch the chick peas. My wife whispered, "She is a beautiful girl."

Soon the chief lifted her hair, revealing a deep-eaten and spreading sore with painfully swollen glands covering the side of her neck. It was a piteous and sickening sight -- in appearance somewhat like yaws. The girl had patiently and mutely suffered intense pain for over two years.

I asked the chief what had been done to help the girl. "Nothing" was his sad reply. "Why not?" I queried. He answered, "It is cancer; it is incurable!"

"Have you ever taken her to a doctor?" "No," said the tall chief, "It is incurable. It is a common thing among our people." I left with a bleeding heart. The missionary with me said, "Some day he will take her to a witch doctor and then in time she will die!"

You wonder what you can do: they are so suspicious many times of the white mans cures. Even when I urge them to bow their heads in prayer they are fearful to close their eyes -- they are afraid something might be done without their knowledge. Thus they insist on keeping their eyes wide open. How I wish they would be as suspicious of the wicked witch doctors and those priests who lead them into error and wrong-doing.

A few days ago we visited a Moslem nomad sheik. His family has headed this tribe for several generations. I questioned him about this honor and his religious beliefs. In particular I asked him questions regarding the Moslem teachings on marriage and divorce, hoping in time he would turn the tables and ask me questions about the Christian teachings on these same subjects. It worked! How glad I was for this golden opportunity to explain the teaching of our blessed Lord on these important matters.

During our conversation I asked him how many wives he was allowed to have. "Only four," he replied. However, it is lawful to have many concubines, but only four legal wives at the same time. He verified what I had been told while evangelizing in another country that all one has to do to divorce his wife is to say to her (preferably before witnesses, so this sheik told me), "I divorce you." The children of their marriage always go to the man. There's no argument about alimony -- there isn't any! The wife must leave immediately. He is free then to marry another woman the same day. But as the sheik concluded, "I must not have more than four at the same time." Well, that's even more simple than divorce in Hollywood!

It was interesting to note that the man was not obliged to offer any reason for divorcing his wife. He could do this for the smallest displeasure. It was then that I asked if the wife could do anything if the husband were cruel, unreasonable and brutal. He promptly replied, "She can do nothing." I then answered, "Is this fair: a man can dismiss his faithful wife for any reason, or no reason, but the husband can be cruel, wicked and brutal for many years, yet the wife must always suffer his cruelty and never object in the least." This sobered the sheik immensely.

Again I inquired, "If it is morally right for a man to dismiss his wife for one little thing, would it not then be morally right for a woman to at least have the same privilege of dismissing her husband for constant brutality?"

The logic was inescapable! This nomad sheik was facing the truth that left him speechless! Finally he said to his friend sitting nearby, "I hope our women don't hear this preacher for there's no telling what might happen to our setup!" He then broke into laughter! But suddenly he said, "I understand now your Christian teachings." But suddenly he stopped -- he had heard enough for one day!

The sheik had listened carefully and though it cut across everything he believed and practiced, he walked a long distance some nights to attend our services in the open air and hear the true gospel for which we all praised the Lord.

Opening up a virgin missionary field demands relentless battle against prejudice superstitions, error and darkness. It takes much patience, great love and boundless enthusiasm. Discouragement must be kept under foot. It is difficult to convince these darkened minds that you have really come to help them. It can be done, and must be done, but like David of old we must find our encouragement in the Lord, for the picture is far from bright many times.

It seems that genuine progress is being made: the attendance is good and the people give splendid attention. Then the priest sweeps in upon the meetings: his threats bring fear and confusion, though inwardly they realize his teachings have not brought peace to their hearts, salvation to their souls or deliverance from ignorance, poverty, filth and disease. But oh, the terrible bondage of fear!

However, an experience two and one-half weeks ago brought encouragement that definite progress is being made. I was preaching in a village where the heathen men were listening with rapt attention. Suddenly a priest rushed in upon our meeting. He loudly decried my doctrine and demanded that no one listen and everyone leave. Only two left! Then in a storm of frenzy he warned me that if I said one more word to "his people" he would sue me for one-thousand dollars!

After a vicious harangue the Lord helped me in an unusual way to preach the "unsearchable riches of Christ." The exasperated blind leader withdrew to sit down with some women nearby. One of the men said loudly, "Go ahead and preach. This priest is like a woman: he is jealous because you can preach much better than he can."

Then last Sunday we held a meeting in a village some distance from our center-village. A previous meeting there had been most difficult. The emphasis on personal sins had agitated the men. The reason was obvious: they were guilty! When we left that first service one very tall, young man said, "If what you have preached is true and from your heart, then it will do much good -- in time! But if you have talked from your neck up, it will do no good!" It was a well-stated truth! It pays to preach God's Word: He has promised that it will not return unto Him void! Glory!

As we arrived for this second meeting there were thirty men sitting on the ground in a circle under a large tree. They were having what is called a "council meeting." Troubles among the

villagers were being aired, arguments were being presented pro and con, and the elders were listening most carefully for soon a verdict must be given.

The national pastor took me over to this group. Court was immediately halted. I was introduced to those in authority. One of them, a very eloquent spokesman, made a speech on the spur of the moment that was beautifully worded. He then permitted me to speak from my heart the message of truth. God wonderfully helped me as I told of good and bad, peace and turmoil, truth and falsehood. Their attention was perfect! One man at last voiced a loud objection -- he wanted to get on with court. Evidently he wanted to be justified, as they say. However, the elders quieted him, and peace prevailed. The Lord helped me in those final minutes to show that real goodness, peace and truth could only be man's as man yielded to Jesus Christ.

An anxious villager requested us to walk to his old father and take a picture of him before he died. While there my interpreter whispered to me, "Brother Chamberlain, talk to this man about his soul. He will soon face death and later the Judgment." While I was dealing with this dear old heathen a number of bees interrupted. One struck me in the temple and I had a time pulling the bees loose. The infuriated bees stung me good, or rather bad! A moment later a bee stung a missionary friend on the neck. Other bees joined in the attack. One man exclaimed loudly, "Rush inside the house!" I hurriedly put on my hat to protect my head from more stings, but unfortunately a bee was hid in my hat, so I had another furious bee in my thin hair. "They just made us willing to go." I fully understand the "Hornet Song" after that stinging experience. Incidentally I preached six sermons that Sunday: the first and sixth messages in the central village, the other four in distant villages requiring much hard travel.

A report on the roads (?) will give you some idea of what it means "travel-wise" to evangelize in these remote areas. Upon leaving the "main" village the driver of the four-wheel-drive Jeep is obliged to creep over jagged rocks that could ruin a tire in a moment. The very narrow road slopes gradually downward to a small stream. The summer rains have cut out trenches and gullies across the road at many points. There is nothing to do but ease through them or else suffer the consequences of broken springs and dislocated vertebrae.

Suddenly we leave the "main road" and cut sharply to the right to travel paths that take us to various villages. There is no defined way: you cut through fields of high grass and weeds, over many plowed ditches, around huge rocks, over sandy stretches, and into mudholes that require the Jeep to be shifted into double-low. Occasionally there is an almost impossible to see holes made by anteaters -- this is a real "let-down" and jars one from head to foot. There are deep gullies to traverse requiring the very best of the Jeep's power, even in the lowest gear.

Then there are places where it is absolutely necessary to drive extremely slow over solid and rugged rocks. We zigged and zagged in and out between thorn bushes and thorn trees by the thousands -- this is literally true! Of course the driver would get confused in such a tangled maze with no clearly marked way. It is simple to know when you get on the wrong path: there is just no way through! This necessitates reversing the Jeep and trying another path. Even nationals who live here miss the way in such a tangle of pathways.

Distance is measured not by miles, but by kilometers. After my trips over these tortuous paths (the worst I have ever experienced in all my travels). I understand the word "kilometer" is rightly coined for there are many "kills" in kilometers on such exhausting trips.

Even the young missionaries who make these trips are worn out at the day's end, so I feel rather elated that I have not only made such trips, but have preached four to six messages Sunday after Sunday besides. This is "not bad," as the Jamaicans say, especially when I am crowding sixty-two years young.

The first time that I gave an altar call in this central village five men responded. The following service eight men sought His face, seven for the first time. Two nights later seventeen came to seek God's salvation. The next night thirty (fifteen of them children) prayed to God for deliverance. The national pastor was thrilled and said excitedly, "Brother Chamberlain, I want you to stay until Christmas!" Incidentally Christmas comes in January here in East Africa.

Invariably people ask me after my missionary messages, "But where do you live: what kind of a house? Are there any conveniences?" It varies from place to place: sometimes it is primitive, other times nice. Just now my wife and I are living in one room with mud walls and a floor made of dirt, straw and cow-dung. The walls have been newly white-washed, so it is clean. Sleeping-bags used on some springs left here for another furnish our bed. We sleep under a mosquito net; we take expensive preventive pills, for malaria is a dreaded scourge in these parts. Amoebae is a constant threat to health, thus we boil our water. Bottled mineral water is purchased in a city many miles away and brought to us when the missionary comes to visit the station. This water is recommended by an outstanding doctor as the safest water to drink in this country. Many have died on mission fields because of disease-laden, polluted water.

Flies, fleas, mosquitoes and, bedbugs keep us ever alert, but they are few in comparison to what I have experienced in some fields of labor. Our small cupboard, bag of vegetables, can for water and clothes hanger are all suspended by wires from the ceiling. It is necessary to dampen the floor constantly to keep down the dust. What a thrill: to have the privilege of deliberately throwing water on the floor without the familiar lecture, "Dear, you have splashed some water on the floor. Please mop it up in a hurry!"

A transistor radio keeps us in touch with the homeland. The U. S. Senate had no more than passed the Test Ban Treaty than we received the news on our radio. Science and electronics have produced wonderful inventions.

Our roof is high-class: made of galvanized iron. Most of the small village homes have dirt roofs with some grass growing on top for good measure. What a surprise I received recently upon entering an African chief's dirt-covered home to see how pleasantly cool it was inside though it was on the "hot side" without. Why, a dirt roof is indeed practical in these parts. In fact, I have wished for one here since I saw how cool they are. There is no refrigeration and a kerosene lamp is used for lighting our "home." Other things might be mentioned but such limitations do not dampen my ardor or discourage my spirit in the least. Many years ago I settled these "things" when I died out at an altar of prayer while attending my first holiness camp meeting at Easton Rapids, Michigan.

I suppose it all boils down to what an individual feels is the most worthwhile. Some folk consider us foolish to be living like this at our age. Others think we have served our time at such hardships. A very dear friend of ours wrote us before we left the U. S. A. almost a year ago, that she was crying: she was crushed to think "old folk" like the Chamberlains should be going out for such strenuous evangelism when so many young people should be doing this kind of arduous work. My wife and I thank God for friends who love us dearly, but as H. J. Olsen used to say, "Our friends will not get us where God wants us."

Our six children are all grown, married and in the Lord's service. We have no obligations to hold us at home, so we rejoice in the privilege of bearing the "Good News" to children who have never heard.

My wife and I need no sympathy -- we only covet the prayers of God's true children everywhere who are interested in getting the gospel of Jesus Christ to a lost and dying world.

* * *

A TIMELY FOOTNOTE

It seems incredible that sixteen years have passed since the previous chapter was written, but calendars do not deceive. So "at long last," as Winston Churchill was wont to say, I am "getting down to business," as a dear saint of God who belonged to my church in Jamaica used to declare. Now I realize that I must not delay any longer for I will be seventy-nine years of age on my next birthday anniversary.

* * * * *

Chapter 2

FRUIT THAT WAS READY TO BE PICKED

Years ago my wife and I, with our children, were headed for Missouri to visit our families, after having lived for five years in California. After completing a small purchase for our car I said to the owner of the store, "Are you a Christian?" His prompt reply was that he was not. I asked him why not and he said, "I really don't know."

It was then that I suggested that God in His Word declared that "if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

Immediately I suggested that we pray about the matter since God had promised to show us what was wrong when we lacked wisdom. The big Texan said, "All right, I'll do it!" It was closing time and quickly he locked the front door and pulled down a huge blind. Then he led me into the back room and we both knelt for prayer.

He seemed a bit reluctant to lead in prayer, thus I began praying, asking the Lord to reveal to this man what was wrong since he said he did not know. I generally preach on the loud side and

many times pray with much volume. I kept asking the Lord to show this man what was wrong and I was getting into "high gear," when suddenly the man placed his strong arm around my shoulder and asked me to quit praying, saying, "Mister, I told you that I did not know what was wrong and why I was not a Christian, but I do know."

Then he continued, "I know I should not keep this place of business open on Sunday -- I have known it for years." "Furthermore," he said, "I know a person should pay their tithe, but I have never obeyed God in my life."

He was now ready to pray and pray he surely did -- he was fervent, honest and desperate. He meant business with God and in a few minutes he rose from his knees and started rejoicing. He had never been saved before. Then he grabbed me and lifted me up from the floor and shook me long and hard, praising God in his new found joy.

Just as suddenly he placed me back on my feet, held me off a few feet and said, "Who in the world are you, anyway?" I told him that I was a holiness preacher who resided in California. He replied, "Now isn't this something: God had to send a preacher all the way from California to Texas to get a man saved!" But of course that was not all the story: he then told me that his wife had been saved just three weeks before, and that she and the whole church had been praying constantly for him ever since; he said he had been under conviction for days until he hardly knew what he was doing.

Many people were carrying a burden for this man's soul. Once a helpless man was brought to Jesus on a cot; he was "borne of four." And many times souls are "borne of forty-four" before they come to know the Saviour.

This man then declared, "I'm going home and tell wife the good news, and what a time of rejoicing we're going to have in every room in our home."

Sometimes we find fruit that is ready to be picked. This man surely was!

* * * * *

Chapter 3

I KNOW FOR MYSELF THAT GOD DOES HEAL

The officers of the Southern California Holiness Association decided to revive their annual camp meeting. Dr. Harry Jessop, a mighty exponent of the doctrine of holiness, was chosen for the evangelist; I was to serve as the song evangelist. One night while leading the altar call song a very sharp pain struck me in my back. It became so excruciating that I asked another person to take over and I went promptly to my tent for help and relief.

The attacks in time became more frequent and painful. My Christian doctor referred me to one of the nation's greatest specialists in this field of medicine. I was given many tests to determine the cause of this affliction.

After all the tests were completed the noted specialist called me into his office. He said they were puzzled and could not give any honest explanation for my suffering, and ended by telling me to come immediately to their clinic for more tests the next time I had an attack.

Now I did not have long to wait and though only one block away from home I had to have someone take me in their car this short distance. One of the great preachers of our nation heard immediately of my condition and came to see me and to pray for me. He had been used mightily of God to see many people instantly healed. We were good friends and we always had wonderful fellowship, but the more he prayed that day the greater the pain increased until I thought I would die right while he was praying.

An hour later another holiness preacher came to pray for me. I was weak and in much pain. He told me that many times he prayed for people and nothing happened. The picture was getting darker, I thought. Then he added after a bit, "But you know, Brother Chamberlain, sometimes I pray and God marvelously heals. I just don't understand it!"

Then all of a sudden this precious man of God, Fred W. Suffield, said, "I believe the Lord wants me to pray for you." He prayed such a simple, child-like prayer, but God surely heard! He began to weep -- the Lord came, and blessed be God, the pain started to subside. When he finished he said sweetly, "I believe the Lord has heard prayer, my brother." I assured him that the Lord was healing. He left and in a few minutes the pain was completely gone!

That was over forty years ago and from that day to this I have never had any occurrence of that trouble. Surely "God leads His dear children along."

* * * * *

Chapter 4

HE TRIFLED ONE TIME TOO MANY

Perhaps it should be called a "tent meeting," for we used a big canvas spread over four walls made of mud-brick. It made a big enclosure for the many men, women, young people, boys and girls who attended night after night. It was proving to be one of the best revival meetings the missionaries and nationals had ever seen in this part of Egypt.

The attendance was splendid every night; in fact, it was with difficulty that some could find a place to sit time and time again. The people sang with much enthusiasm and my interpreter could hardly wait each night to start. He said to me one night, "Brother Chamberlain, I feel that God has called me to be an interpreter." The workers told me that he was keen, gifted and excellent in the true interpretation of my sermons. No one doubted but what the Lord had called him for this type of ministry -- he loved it!

Great numbers were seeking the Lord and the faithful pastor was overjoyed night after night. But there were many spiritual battles being fought. One of the men of the church had been serving the Lord most acceptably, but then a temptation: a Moslem uncle had offered to start a store and employ the Christian nephew to run it. The Christian would have to put in a sizable sum

of money; however, the work would take him out of the hot sun and the hard labor of cultivating the land.

The Christian was fearful of this arrangement and the missionaries lost no time informing him not to be yoked together with unbelievers. Furthermore tobacco was one of the most profitable sale items and he as a Christian would be obliged to sell tobacco. He had been taught the evils of this kind of compromise. But finally the lure of inside work prevailed, thus he invested his money with his uncle and became the operator of the store.

He lost his peace with God for daily he was selling tobacco and for this he was greatly convicted. He pled with us to deal with the Moslem uncle, but the uncle was furious when the subject was mentioned. The missionary told my wife and me to leave, stating she had never seen an Egyptian so angry.

The Christian young man was getting desperate for God was dealing with his soul without ceasing. We were obliged to tell him that there was only one way out and that was to quit the job; this he was willing to do if the uncle would return the money he had invested. But the uncle refused to return any money. We next told him he would have to quit regardless of his money.

The young man kept on the job and was selling tobacco day and night. Then he came to us with a new plan: he would not tell the uncle that he had sold out all the tobacco. We were quick to give him reasons why that would not work -- but he thought it would! Soon the uncle was checking the stock and immediately ordered more boxes of tobacco. His "plan" had failed!

Finally the Lord told him that as a Christian he was not to sell even the first cigarette from the new boxes. He knew that the long suffering of the Lord had come to an end; he realized it was dangerous to trifle another time. He was at last being brought to a place of final decision.

He did not have long to wait for soon a customer came into the store asking for a cigarette. Now to do this he would have to open a new carton. The battle was raging: the Lord warning him of the consequences if he disobeyed, but Satan saying, "You must look out for your own interests."

Yes, he opened the carton of cigarettes, but fell as a dead man to the floor! Relatives and friends gathered in and pronounced him dead. Plans were made for the digging of his grave. After some time one individual said they thought he had moved a finger. They brought him to the village doctor and he was revived. None of the people knew what had happened, but the young man KNEW -- he had trifled one time too many, and except for the mercy of God would have been buried alive.

He lost no time telling his uncle what had happened and why, but the uncle cared not "for any of those things." But God has a wonderful way of helping His own. That night the uncle had a frightening dream that made him to know the evil of continuing any longer in his stubbornness. It so shook him that he (the uncle) came to the store the next morning and took out all the tobacco! Praise the Lord, for surely "God helps His dear children along."

I warned the young man never to disobey the Lord again in this matter for the next time no doubt would be his "last time" to trifle with God. He promised me that he would never trifle again. Years later I visited him in his home and he said, "Brother Chamberlain, I have kept my word to you and God."

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Chapter 5 THE CROWD ASKED FOR A SIGN

The oldest minister on our Jamaica District, before getting saved, had tentative plans to become a priest. Soon after his glorious conversion he felt led to go to an area in Jamaica located about eighty-five miles from his own district, for he wanted to tell the "good news" of salvation.

Now this brother (Zacchaeus Creary) knew absolutely nothing about the area where he felt God wanted him to go to lift up Christ to a needy people, but he was determined to obey the Lord and trust Him for the results.

It was necessary to hold open-air meetings for our denomination had no churches in this district at this time. His first message was fearless and most pointed: without any knowledge of their particular sins he uncovered their evils like a John the Baptist. He did not hesitate to declare God's judgments would come unless they repented of their sins and turned to the Lord for mercy.

Few people of this district knew anything about this kind of preaching. Numbers of them attended the churches of the area, but sin was winked at, indulged in and countenanced. When this courageous evangelist had finished his first sermon the large crowd that had gathered to hear this "stranger" was infuriated! Who is this newcomer to tell us that we are not right with God, to tell us our "churchianity" is not sufficient to get us into heaven, to threaten us with punishment from God if we do not heed his warnings?

They lost no time at the close of the service that night in warning him to move on and never preach any such way to them in the future. But he told the men that the Lord had told him to preach again at this same spot the following week. They warned him and threatened him if he returned.

Brother Creary was back the following week with his Bible and lantern. Soon the crowd gathered -- no doubt about it there was going to be trouble. A man grabbed the preacher's lantern and smashed it to pieces, and then told the preacher to get on his way before the crowd did the same thing to him.

Then the man of God started his message. It was not quite dark as yet; the sky was clear with not a cloud to be seen. He explained to the crowd that he was there because God had told him to preach in this area and as His servant it was necessary for him to obey the voice of the Lord.

The idea of God speaking to anyone angered the crowd. One heckler said, "Whoever heard of God talking to anyone?" Another infuriated man hollered, "If God spoke to you, then give us a

sign from heaven!" Now by this time Brother Creary realized that the Lord would have to intervene for him, or else he might be beaten to death.

He bowed his head, closed his eyes and began praying that the God of Elijah who had shown His power in Old Testament days would reveal Himself to these people who needed to know the greatness and power of Almighty God. He had not prayed long when the crowd began to shout and scream, urging folk to run in great haste.

The preacher opened his eyes and coming from the sky straight for the crowd was a ball of fire about six inches in diameter. He barely had time to move when the ball of fire hit the ground right in the center where the crowd had stood. Little balls of fire ran in all directions! And remember there was "not a cloud in the sky."

They had asked for a sign from heaven -- and they got it in a hurry! The preacher-man was left alone after that experience and became a much beloved "man of God" in that area for decades to come, and we established several churches in that part of Jamaica where I have preached many times.

Surely God has marvelous ways of coming to the rescue of those who love and trust Him. And no one dare to deny that day that "God leads His dear children along."

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Chapter 6

GOD OVER-RULED AND UNDER-RULED

The Great Depression of the thirties was in full swing. Millions in our nation were unemployed and there were numerous long bread-lines in many cities. Seventy per cent of home owners had lost their homes on a lovely avenue just a half mile from where I resided for a short time in a suburb of Los Angeles, California.

My wife and I, with our three oldest children, had moved to the Los Angeles area. Men were willing to work for twenty-five cents an hour, but even then work was difficult to obtain. I could find little work at my trade as a combination monotype operator, for work was slack in the printing business; then too I was a newcomer to California and that made it more difficult.

Some firms would take my name and address with the assurance they would contact me if and when they ever needed an operator. Generally it was a "brush-off," for everyone knew the company was obliged to first call in their old workmen.

One day a letter was handed to me from a printing firm in Los Angeles offering me a job at my trade. I was very excited until I checked the date of the letter: someone taking care of the mail had neglected to get the letter to me for days -- it was gross negligence.

Nevertheless I made the trip into Los Angeles, a distance of fifteen miles, but the owner informed me that when I did not contact them he found another operator. They were sorry -- but

they were not one-tenth as sorry as I was, for I had lost a steady job in time of depression, and oh, I needed that job very much, and that is stating it very mildly.

The following Tuesday I was working outside when suddenly the Lord whispered that I should return to this printing firm immediately. I went to the house and started dressing in suitable clothes. My wife wanted to know where I was going. I told her! She said, "They told you last week that they had an operator, so why then are your returning?" I could only tell her that the Lord impressed me to do so -- and soon I was on my way.

Thirty minutes later I walked into the office of this printing firm. The owner looked at me curiously and said, "How did you get here so quickly?" I had no idea what he meant, so I asked him. He replied, "Mr. Chamberlain, about an hour ago the police came in and arrested the operator we had hired last week. I then sent you a telegram, asking you to come in and take the job -- and here you are! I can not understand how you received that telegram and got here so quickly!"

Well, the owner was more than puzzled when I informed him that I had not received his telegram, but blessed be God, I had received His telegram! I went to work immediately and remained on this job until God called me into full-time Christian service. Incidents like this make you know that "God leads His dear children along." Blessed be His name forever and ever!

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Chapter 7

THE FAITH OF A LITTLE BOY

The church which my wife and I pastored was making progress: the debt that had hung over the people for years was now liquidated; souls were being saved and joining the church; the attendance had tripled in our two years of labor; the Lord was helping us to engage the services of some of the nation's best evangelists; each summer we had a tent meeting that attracted many people for miles around and numbers were saved and sanctified.

One of the most encouraging features of the work was the large number of young people who were saved and helping us to shove the battle for the Lord. Then suddenly the devil came in as a flood: a number of our young people were missing. It was difficult to find out what was wrong, but finally the instigator of the trouble was located: a teenager who had gone back on the Lord and was able to persuade others of the pastor's wrongdoing. When confronted with her lies she wilted and confessed her lies before her mother in the presence of my wife and me, but she was unwilling to confess her sins to God; her father wanted to hold on to his tobacco, so the father, mother and daughter rejected the church and the call to holiness. Others who were unwilling to take God's way of separation lined up to hurt the influence of the church.

Now in one of the families there was a little nine year old lad who wanted to keep coming to our church. He had a strange kidney disease that doctors said would take his life before the age of ten. He was very sick from time to time; each attack left him weaker and more frail. His grandfather was a backslidden holiness preacher and his grandmother fought our church incessantly for she was trying to build up her own group by "hook and crook." She would meet

children coming to our Sunday school and give them money if they would come to her church instead. Yet through it all that little boy would plead to come to our church and he boldly told them all, "Brother Chamberlain is my pastor!" Of course, they would not permit him to come to our church.

One day a loyal church member told me that I should call on the little boy for it looked as if he would soon be gone. He had been sick for a goodly number of days, but they would not have a doctor for him. The group that so despised our church had prayed numerous times for him, rolling on the floor, and "speaking in tongues," but to no avail. Constantly he would tell them, "If you would get my pastor here, God would heal me!" This naturally angered them for none were so spiritual as they claimed.

I told my church member that I was sure they would not allow me in the home to see the boy, but she countered, "Try anyway, Brother Chamberlain, for the little boy keeps calling for you. Maybe the Lord will make it possible in some way!" I took her advice and soon went to the home.

The backslidden grandfather was in the front yard smoking a cigarette. He was cold, yes plenty cold toward me. But he alone was there at the time. I heard groans: I was certain they came from this little boy. I asked the man about the groaning. He told me their little nine year old grandson was sick. I asked if I might see him. He gave me permission, telling me where the boy's room was, but he remained outside and far from the house.

When I entered the very small and dark room I saw a sight that frightened me: here was a little boy near death with both knees tight under his chin. He was in great pain and was unable to straighten out his legs. His face was drawn and so small; his body was skinny and emaciated; he was very weak! Before I could say one word he turned his head toward me and said, "I knew you would come and I know now that the Lord will heal me."

As much as I wanted to help this boy I was frightened: I had never seen such faith. But what if I failed? For a moment I wondered if it would not be better for me if I could fall into a deep hole and out of sight. But then the thought came to me, "You can do nothing, but remember you are praying to a God who can do the exceeding abundantly above all that you might ask or think." Of course, that was it: God alone was able!

It was then I began to pray. I don't remember what I said, but I know I was broken in spirit and crushed under the load of this boy's suffering. Then the Lord came: He flooded my soul; He filled the room with His presence; He brought healing in His wings. I opened my eyes and slowly those legs began to straighten out. Soon they were completely relaxed and straightened. Then the little lad looked towards me and with the radiant beauty of Jesus shining in his face said, "I knew Jesus would heal me, if my pastor would come."

Twenty years later I saw the dear sister who urged me to go to the home that day. How happy I was to learn that he was still permanently healed and though many years had passed he was alive and well! Praise the Lord!

Let the critics yell, let the atheists de mean and let the Christ rejecters defy our Lord, but anyone who saw that miracle still knows that "God leads His dear children along." Hallelujah to our God and Saviour!

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Chapter 8 A REAL DOUBLE-HEADER

While serving as District Superintendent on the mission field I received a letter from one of our faithful pastors relating to me an incident that he and the church had witnessed in recent days. Business took me to this district that week and I requested him to have the dear sister of whom he had written at his house when I arrived. She was "on the spot" when I reached there to verify the miracle and to testify of God's power and salvation.

The pastor's wife had been out calling when she contacted this old heathen woman who was now eighty-two years old. She knew nothing of the Lord and quickly showed her the right arm which had been paralyzed for eighteen years. The doctors at the hospital had told the woman that there was nothing they could do for her arm. It had been shriveled these many years from disuse. She could not raise her arm to comb her hair, wash her face or plait a hat with her fingers. She had tried to raise her arm countless times, but it was not possible. She used this as an excuse for not being able to walk to church.

The pastor then contacted her and when she gave her "perfect excuse" to him for not coming to church, he promptly told her that they were having a healing service the following Monday morning and assured her that the Lord could take care of that paralyzed arm. He was a man of great faith.

And she came -- not for her soul, but for her physical affliction. After the sermon she came forward for healing naturally, but not for salvation.

I asked her to tell me what happened. She said, "Brother Chamberlain, I came for the healing of my body, not for my soul. Suddenly it seemed that I went unconscious and in this state I remained for about twenty minutes. Then I became fully conscious and I heard the voice of your God saying, 'Lift up your arm, for I am healing thee.' So I tried it, and when I got it to the height of my head I stopped; then the voice of this new God said, 'Just keep lifting up your arm for I am healing thee.' So again I lifted up my arm without any trouble or pain, but then I stopped in my excitement; and again the voice said, 'Keep lifting your arm, for I am healing thee,' and soon it was as high as I could raise it."

She held the arm high in the air and began waving it. I said to her, "Grandma, I am amazed at the strength you have in this arm." She then began waving it violently as if she were in a prize fight and then added, "Brother Chamberlain, I could knock a man down now with this arm." I heartily agreed!

Then she showed me how she could operate her fingers on what had been a paralyzed hand and said with much joy, "I am now going to plait a hat, something I have not been able to do for eighteen years." I told her that I was her first customer. Later she finished the hat and I have it for a souvenir.

But the best part was that before she left the church that day she gave her heart to the Lord and soon afterwards became a member.

Years ago this incident was related in our missionary publication. A precious saint of God in Indiana, also eighty-two years of age, read the account. She too was suffering from a serious affliction. Many times she had prayed for healing, but seemingly nothing happened. After reading this story as given above she again prayed, saying, "Lord, if you healed that old black heathen woman the first time she came to church, surely you can help this white woman too." Faith took hold that day and the pastor wrote to tell me that she too was marvelously healed.

Yes, that day was a "Double-Header" for that old heathen woman who in one day was gloriously saved and completely healed! She knew that "God leads His dear children along." You better believe it -- that is, if you want His blessings.

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Chapter 9 FROM THE GUTTERMOST TO THE UPPERMOST

Juan was "mixed up" in about every conceivable sin. Though married and the father of a number of children, he lived promiscuously with many women. He made money by making and selling bootleg intoxicating liquors. No one could deny he was a very clever, talented and resourceful man in this illicit business. His wife constantly warned him that some day he would be apprehended by the government, but his daring became one of utter recklessness.

The day came when Juan was caught, tried and sentenced to prison. Now in those days prison life was almost intolerable for even the hardiest and toughest. Food was limited and ill-prepared. There was little light in the dark cells which were damp and cold. Many of them did not have any cots, just the bare floor on which to sleep. There was no such thing as sanitation; the stench was worse than terrible and vermin abounded.

It was not too long until Juan wrote to his loyal wife to get the money from their hiding place and pay the government the fine for his release. He received an answer immediately from his wife, but not the kind he had hoped for. You see she had been saved for some time before his imprisonment and had pled with him to give his heart to God, to stop his life of sinning and his bootleg business, but Juan ignored her pleadings and prayers. Thus she wrote simply, "Stay in jail until you are ready to surrender your life to Christ."

Juan was unwilling to yield, thus he continued to endure his life of misery in the prison. But the food, the filth, the stench proved more than he felt he could stand any longer, so he sent another letter, explaining the rank conditions of the prison and requested her to pay the huge fine for his

release. Surely she would relent upon the receipt of this letter and cry for help. But she wrote back again, "Stay in jail until you are willing to surrender your life to Christ."

After some time he again wrote his wife an even more impassioned letter for help, only to hear again, "Stay in jail..." and by this time he knew the rest. She must have been praying "without ceasing" for she knew all too well that she was taking her life into her own hands unless he truly repented.

God was dealing day and night with this imprisoned sinner. Finally he wrote his precious helpmeet that he would yield his life to the Lord. The fine was paid and Juan was free, and best of all he kept his vow to God and his wife. He was a trophy of God's amazing grace. It was not long until the Lord called him to preach, and what a fearless preacher he was. In my memory I can hear and see him yet preaching with fire and unction, power and glory, until many were shaken under the red hot truths he boldly declared.

After some years he felt led to go to a district high in the mountains of Peru where the true gospel was unknown. Many people dwelt there though the altitude was 14,000 feet. Those needy souls had never heard such preaching. Here was a man who had lived as they were living, but now had been changed from the depths of sin to a place of peace and love in the Lord. People were being transformed by God's grace. It brought a great stir to that section.

However, the victories brought on great persecution and soon Juan was arrested and brought to court. He was charged with cutting the electric wires that ran into the local church. If proved, he would be punished with death! The time came when Juan was permitted to speak: he told the judge that the church had no electricity, and that in fact, most people of that district did not know about electric lights. He continued by stating that there were no generators, and that he, the judge knew, as everyone knew, the church had no electricity for he worshipped there weekly.

But the case ended abruptly for the judge simply said that the priest had said that Juan had cut the wires, thus he was guilty!

An officer of the law was appointed to take Juan to an area where it would be impossible to get back alive because of privation, cold and starvation. The officer knew it was a wicked frame-up and before reaching the final place told Juan he would free him and perhaps he could escape back to his home town. He warned him never to return to the district for two reasons: first, Juan would be killed without fail the next time, and second, he (the officer) would no doubt be killed for failing to obey the judge.

Some time later the fearless Juan came to see James Spencer, the resident missionary and superintendent, about returning to this same city where he had barely missed being killed. Now Brother Spencer was one of the most courageous missionaries I have known, but he did not want to lose this great evangelist and advised Juan to forego another attempt which would undoubtedly bring about his death.

But Juan said he had prayed much about it and that the Lord had promised him he would succeed and that he would not be killed. Then he repeated the promise which the Lord had given to

him, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee; and shall say, Destroy them."

This courageous brother Juan Tarillo was soon on his way. The people rallied to him in a wonderful way. They had missed him; they knew he had told them the truth. They realized he was there to tell them of a Christ who was mighty to save and strong to deliver. Soon the enemies rose up, but this time the people who knew the truth rose up in great power and drove out the priest, thus God had literally kept His promise to Juan as He had said He would to "thrust out the enemy before thee..." Many were soon saved and sanctified and today our denomination has a strong church in this mountain city.

This gifted and fearless evangelist has now gone to his reward, but all who labored with him still remember that here was a man who knew "God leads His dear children along."

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Chapter 10

"AND LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS"

Most of the saved people who attended a church that I pastored became members before long, but one woman started worshipping with us who was not a member of any denomination. Evidently from youth she had been taught against church membership. We felt clear not to press the issue with her and she was not the type to cause dissension and division. Since she was "different" our people watched her quite closely, but she testified always with such a meek and quiet spirit that our folk were edified and encouraged to trust God.

My wife and I called on her regularly, and in time we learned that she had brought fourteen children into this world and not once had she used the services of a doctor. Later we learned that she was a strong believer in divine healing; in fact, in all her years she had seen a doctor but once in rearing all those children. Her example of depending upon the Lord for every physical affliction really started my church people thinking much about healing.

One day we paid her a visit. She was nearing seventy years of age and her eyesight was failing. That morning had been spent making tomato catsup. Then she told us how in pouring the very hot catsup she had poured a lot inside the glove she was wearing instead of into the bottle. The pain was terrible and her hand was red as fire upon pulling off the glove, and falling on her knees she cried to God in prayer, "Oh, God, I have done such a foolish thing, but Lord, please don't let me suffer for a long time because of this mistake. I was trying to save some money for the family."

Then she sweetly said, "You know the Lord stopped the pain immediately. Isn't it wonderful to be a child of God and know His love?" Then she showed us her two hands, asking us, "Which is the hand that was burnt?" We could not tell! "No, you can not tell, for God healed it perfectly!"

Another time when we called upon her she said, "I am not feeling well. It seems I have caught a terrible cold in my lungs. I am now seventy years of age and I might be coming to the end of me." Both my wife and I felt she was having a premonition of death. After prayer we left with a deep concern. This was on Thursday afternoon.

Then came the busy weekend of preparation for Sunday services, visiting others on church business, shopping for groceries, entertaining company who had come to visit us, Sunday school and church on Sunday morning and visiting with our guests after dinner. Toward evening I told my wife and our company that I must excuse myself to prepare for the evening service.

There in my office I reached for my Bible, but immediately the Lord told me to visit the sister we had left on Thursday. I grabbed my coat and started to leave. When my wife saw me she said, "I thought you were going to prepare for the evening service." "I was, but I must see Sister Odle immediately!"

Little did I dream of the reason for the feeling of such urgency to see her without a minute's delay. Her home was only six blocks away. I jumped in my car and soon I was there. When I walked into the room I was surprised to see a goodly number of her children and relatives. Then I learned the "why" of the urgency.

The family had been begging their mother to have a doctor for they were fearful she was very ill with pneumonia, and they were right in their fears. But the mother would not have a doctor! Finally someone said, "Then get your pastor, Brother Chamberlain, here for prayer. Something must be done quickly!" But the mother opposed that plan, saying, "This is Sunday, his busiest day and he must not be disturbed."

Another said, "I am going to phone the pastor, mother. Something must be done!" She said, "Don't you phone him; I'll tell the Lord to tell him and he will get here before the phone call gets through."

When I walked into the home only a minute or so later, the mother said, "Didn't I tell you the Lord would get the message to him before you could." Such was the mighty faith of a woman I was privileged to pastor for years. When they related the entire story to me I knew then why God said "Hurry!" and I dare not take even time to make an adequate explanation to my wife.

Then we all gathered around the bedside of this dying saint. She said, "Brother Chamberlain, I think it is time for me to go home. I am in such terrible pain, in both lungs, that I can not pray. I do not want a doctor, but I do not want to die with pain, for all my life I have told my children that God can help us in our troubles and needs. So I want you to pray that the Lord will take all this pain away and I will know no pain until I die. I can't pray this time for I am suffering so much, but you pray."

I was a young pastor and I was watching one of God's children coming to the end of Life's journey. And now she is asking an "impossible thing," that with double pneumonia she might die without any pain in the few days left to her in this world. If ever I wished I were not a pastor, it was then. If I ever realized the responsibility of shepherding a flock, it was then.

Looking on were members of her family, most of them away from God. Their mother was looking for a miracle because of the prayers of a pastor, but the family wanted a doctor, not a holiness preacher at this time. How I wished I could avert this situation; there was no time to delay for the dear mother said softly, "Now pray."

All I can say is that God honored the faith of that precious saint of His and when I had finished praying she said slowly, "All pain is gone!"

The family in desperation got a doctor there in spite of the mothers protest. He was also our family doctor. He came to see me immediately and told me she had double pneumonia, the most painful kind there is, and then he added, "The woman tells me that she has absolutely no pain. I can not understand it." He concluded by saying she will live perhaps three more days and die early on Thursday morning.

During those days I visited her several times. She was getting weaker but would tell me "I still have no pain." The doctor could not understand that through it all she testified to him, "I have no pain." I remained there all Wednesday night and at 7 a.m. on Thursday she left for heaven. The last thing she whispered to me, "I have no pain." Oh, glory to God!

As I conducted her funeral I was made to realize that we are serving a great God and He is yet on the Throne and surely "God leads His dear children along."

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Chapter 11

A PRAYER THREE-THOUSAND MILES LONG

Our revival meeting in Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania was signally owned and blessed of God with splendid attendance, wonderful music, much praying and numbers seeking the Lord.

One night a number of new folk attended; they had driven forty miles. The pastor knew these folk as genuine Christians who wholly followed the Lord, and during the preliminaries asked one of the women to testify. It was a testimony that thrilled the hearts of God's children. I do not know her name, but we shall call her Sister White for she's an important part of this story.

During my message that night I related how a lady (a member of a church I had once pastored) spent years trying to find her father. Her efforts were finally rewarded and she did find her father and asked him to live with her family the remainder of his life. Now this lady had found the Savior and was striving to rear her children in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

Unfortunately the father had known nothing of salvation and indulged freely in the habits of sin, such as smoking, drinking and foul language. The children of the home loved their grandpa, but soon it was noticed that they were learning things that shocked the mother. It became necessary to counsel with the father regarding these things for the influence on the children was most harmful.

The daughter explained that she and her husband were willing to give him a home free of charge the rest of his life, but it would be necessary for him to desist in his bad habits and foul language.

This demand incensed the father and he made bold to say that such insisting on rectitude was because of some preaching she was trying to follow. She tried to explain to him that while she had been saved because she had heeded the preaching of her pastor, she was taking her stand in trying to protect her children and rear them for the Lord because of the teachings of God's Word.

The father hurriedly came to the decision that before he would submit to such high standards he would leave and never bother to see them again. He packed his few possessions and left immediately.

However, a few months later he phoned his daughter, asking her to forgive him and freely acknowledged she was right in her stand to protect her children. He returned to the home, gave his heart to the Lord and before long went to be with the Lord.

Now in relating this incident I did not mention the daughter's name and stated only that she lived in California. The thrust of the message was that God expects us to take our stand for right and holiness and compromise is disastrous.

A number came to the altar that night: one of them was in his Navy uniform and he knelt right in front of the pulpit. Church members gathered in immediately to pray with the different ones who had come to the altar.

The young man in uniform was a stranger to the services and I felt I should pray with him. Sister White (already referred to in this story) also knelt nearby to pray for the young man. Later on I found out why she was so concerned! We had quite a season of prayer with the young man who seemed hesitant to pray.

During a lull in the praying, I drew back for a few moments and then this Sister White said to me, "Brother Chamberlain, this story you related tonight about a young man other who took her stand for God against her father, was her name Folmer?"

Honestly, I almost reeled under the impact of this question for the lady's name was Folmer! But how could this Sister White know? Was she a mind-reader? I did not mention one name and only said she was from California, and here we were three thousand miles away, right on the Atlantic Ocean, and this lady lived only a few miles from the Pacific Ocean.

After getting over the shock of her question, I asked how in all the world she would know that name. She then said, "Brother Chamberlain, this young sailor we are praying for is Sister Folmer's son, and the young lady at the end of the altar is my daughter who married him about a week ago. His parents came here for the wedding and while here Sister Folmer related this very incident which you gave tonight."

Well, talk about praying, there was some real praying that night. Sister White's daughter prayed through and soon Wayne Folmer found Christ for the first time in his life. We had a time of great rejoicing!

Finally Wayne said to me, "You told a story tonight about a mother taking her stand for Christ and I have heard my mother tell the same kind of story. She had a pastor by the name of Chamberlain and I notice that your name is also Chamberlain. This is indeed a strange thing."

Then I told Wayne that I was the "same Chamberlain" who was his mother's pastor for years. Praising God and shouting became the order of the night. Wayne and his wife attempted to leave three times that night, but would return for more rejoicing. Finally he said I am going to phone mother as soon as we get to our room tonight.

It was around 1 a.m. when the mother's phone rang in California. Wayne said, "Mother, I have the most wonderful news in all the world for you. You could never guess what has happened." "Yes," came the prompt reply, "You got saved tonight!" "How in world did you guess that?" The mother replied, "A friend of mine and I were having a prayer meeting about your soul's salvation and we just knew you were going to get saved."

Wayne Folmer and his wife have kept true to the Lord and at this writing are pastoring a growing Church of the Nazarene in California.

Try as you will there is only one conclusion to reach in times like these, "God leads His dear children along."

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Chapter 12

AN INDIAN WHO WALKED IN THE LIGHT

Invitation after invitation had come to my wife and me to evangelize in Mexico. Finally our schedule permitted it and we were most happy to labor with a missionary who many years before had been saved under our ministry.

A short time before we arrived on her field of labor in Mexico, an Indian who lived a four hours' walk away came to the mission and heard the gospel for the first time. The Lord spoke to his heart and he lost no time that night in surrendering his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. He returned to his home the following day with God's peace in his heart and joy in his soul.

This Indian convert seldom left his little store which he operated for a living, except for supplies. One day a man passing through that remote area told the Indian he was surprised that he would keep his store open on Sunday since he said he was a Christian.

This was "news" to him, that he should not keep his store open on Sunday. He had heard only one sermon when he gave his heart to the Lord and he knew nothing of God's teachings on

such things. But he was determined to obey the Lord, so he closed his store and came to the mission to ask the missionary if it was wrong to be selling products on the Lord's day.

The missionary showed the Indian convert how sacred was the Lord's day and he should not be buying and selling on Sunday. He was grateful for the counsel and instructions from the Bible and assured the missionary that his store would never be opened again on Sunday, and he kept his word!

While my wife and I were there evangelizing, another customer told the Indian that he was surprised that he was selling tobacco in his store when claiming to be a Christian. The Indian said that was "news" to him, but he would go immediately to the mission and find out about that too. He spent several hours talking with the missionary about this business of selling tobacco. Then he concluded that the tobacco would go out of his store as soon as he returned home the following day.

A blessed revival was in progress and he was invited to remain over for the night's service. I did not know why he had come to see the missionary, but that night I spent a short time on the subject of tobacco. So the Indian got a double dose that day. Anyway he came to the altar that night and settled it with the Lord that he was going to "walk in the light" and mind the Lord for he wanted his life to shine for Jesus in that dark district where he lived.

How wonderful and beautiful it is to see anyone walk in the light and in every land "God leads His dear children along." Praise His matchless name!

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Chapter 13

I HAVE SEEN WHAT GOD HAS DONE FOR MY WIFE

"Brother Chamberlain, what do you think of a long service?" This question was put to me by a Japanese pastor and also by my interpreter. I stalled for time for I did not know if they wanted long services or wanted them "cut short." "Come now, Brother, we want you to be perfectly frank with us."

"Well, I will state it as they do in Jamaica: 'Some services that are long are blessed of the Lord and are sweet, sweet, sweet, while some services that are short have little blessing of the Lord and they are salt, salt, salt!'"

They lost no time in telling me that they really wanted long services, and at the shortest three hours. They were worshipping upstairs, in a room rented from a Japanese man who used the rent money to buy booze for himself and his sinner cronies.

That first service lasted for three hours and twenty minutes. The temperature outside was below freezing and they could not afford to have any heat in the room. The women sat back on their heels the entire time; I thought if I had to do that they would have to lift me up with a derrick!

There is no telling how many times I changed my position on that cold floor. I preached with much clothing on my body besides gloves and an overcoat.

The interest increased as the days went by and one lady who had been sanctified during the services suggested the closing revival meeting be held in her spacious home. Her husband was a professional man and they had much more money than the other people who attended the church.

Numerous times they had tried to get the owner of the place from whom they rented to attend the meetings, but not once had he come in the two years he had rented to the church group. But the final night he decided to attend. So me thought he was interested in seeing the inside of the lovely home where the service was to be held. Whatever his motive was, he came!

The Holy Spirit talked to numbers that night and they yielded to God's gracious invitation. While the altar service was in progress I went back to talk to the hardened sinner who wasted most of his money on booze. Much of his time was spent in drunkenness. His wife had become a genuine Christian, but up to this night he would not give God any kind of hearing.

He acknowledged the message was one of truth. I urged him to cease from his life of sin and misery. He said, "If I become a Christian I will lose my friends." I told him no doubt this would be true and then I asked him if he thought they were real friends when they were keeping him broke buying liquor for them and living lives of such wretchedness. Then I asked him the pointed question, "Wouldn't you rather have one real friend than all these so-called friends who are ruining your life and spending all your money?" The dear Japanese drunkard saw its logic and said, "I see the point of that!"

Then I asked him if he thought the Lord could change his life. He said, "I know that He can!" I asked him how he knew that. He pointed to his wife sitting only four feet away and said, "I know how God changed my wife in such a wonderful way." I urged him to surrender his life to the same Saviour and to the surprise of everyone he prayed and gave his heart to the Lord the very first time he heard a gospel message. It was a wonderful climax to a blessed revival to see the man bound by the habit of drink transformed by grace in a moment's time. Blessed be God!

All who had a part in those gospel services freely acknowledged at the end of that battle that "God leads His dear children along."

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Chapter 14 GET ME TO THAT CAMP MEETING

Sam, we'll call him, was a rough and ready sinner. He was making his living with a truck back in my old home State of Missouri, and in trying to avoid the police with an overload he resorted to an unfamiliar road on which he took a chance of going over a weak bridge. This time Sam met his waterloo, for he was pinned underneath his truck when the bridge collapsed and try as he could he was helpless to extricate himself from the dry riverbed.

Perhaps help would come and men could find timbers to pry the truck up enough so he could be free. Yet he knew from appearances that this road had little use and he could die before anyone came to his rescue.

His left leg was crushed terribly and the pain became so excruciating it was hard to keep from fainting. He cried and cried for help, but his cries could not be heard. Sam began to realize his life of sin and dogged determination to avoid the authorities might soon be coming to an end.

But a new problem was arising: it had begun to rain. The water was creeping up to his body, slowly but surely. The rain continued and slowly it came higher onto his body. If the rain continued much longer it would be impossible to hold his head high enough to keep from being drowned. The end seemingly was not far away now for stretching his head as high as he could the water was almost to his chin, and still it kept raining!

It was then that this rough and rugged sinner realized the enormity of his sins and the wickedness of his ways. He cried to God for forgiveness -- and promised the Lord if his life was spared that he would love and serve Him the rest of his life. The water held right at his chin for some time, then finally began to recede a wee bit. Soon after the "flash flood" he was found and extricated from this deathbed.

Then came the long months of suffering, operations and hospitalizations and the one crushed leg four inches shorter than the good one. But to Sam's credit he kept his "dying vow" to the Lord and kept true to his Saviour.

When able to travel he migrated to California and ended up on skid-row in Los Angeles where our denomination had a rescue mission. Sam attended quite regularly though walking was many times a painful exercise, but through it all Sam kept victory and ever thanked God for his marvelous deliverance.

Every spring our denomination (The Holiness Church) had a Spring Camp Meeting. People began to talk about the blessings of a camp meeting and all the various services that made it a time and place of glorious victory. Sam became interested when he heard them tell of some of their healing services and of some of the marvelous healings that had been witnessed in years past.

One day Sam came to the leader of the mission and asked if he might attend this camp meeting some forty miles away. He said he had been praying much about it and ended by saying, "Get me to this camp meeting for I believe God can heal this leg, stop all the pain and make it as long as my good one!"

Now the leader was a firm believer in divine healing, but he later told me he thought that fellow was overdoing it!

Sam was persistent and there seemed to be no way to discourage him from attending that camp meeting where he knew the Lord would heal him. The day of the healing service came; the message was preached and the people were invited to come forward that desired to be healed. It was necessary for two men to help Sam to the altar for the pain of walking was ever present. Now

it was time to anoint Sam and to believe that God would restore him to perfect health and even lengthen that left leg four inches, all in the one package deal. Who would criticize these praying for poor Sam if their faith was weak "in times like these"?

Suddenly Sam cried out, "I am healed, I am HEALED!" He stood up and, thank God, there was no pain. He decided he would walk alone -- and he did with ease and without pain. By this time he was shouting; he thought he would run around the tent, and he did! He circled the tent several more times and by this time the glory of the Lord was all over the camp. No doubt about it: Sam was healed! He was so happy that he started through a nearby field and ran for a mile before he returned to the tent. And he showed the people that God had perfectly completed the job for both legs were now the same length. As I wrote years ago in a song, "We have a great big God, and He's with us wherever we trod. You can say what you will, He helps (and heals) His own still, for we have a GREAT BIG GOD."

The next morning a group of unbelievers, infidels and Christ rejecters were discussing this "crooked stunt playing" on the streets of the town where the camp meeting was being held. Sam listened to their harangue for a minute and then declared, "Men, I am the one who was healed and don't tell me it was stunt playing." His testimony was so powerful the men ran for cover.

Beloved, we are living in an age of much unbelief. It is unfortunate that we see so little of God's great power. Sam said, "Get me to that camp meeting for I believe that God can heal this leg." Skeptics can revile and mockers can berate but "God leads His dear children along," just the same!

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Chapter 15

IT WAS NO SECRET WHAT GOD DID

Our denominational church in Santa Barbara was pastored for years by W. M. Blanchard who was also the General Treasurer of The Holiness Church. During his labors there I preached in his church a number of times, also held a revival meeting. He was in his "seventies" and had a peculiar talent for winning older people for the Lord. He jokingly said to me one day, "I am about the youngest member of my local church, and it was true! The Lord gives different talents to His servants and surely this dear brother had a way that won elderly people.

One such convert that he had led to the Lord was a woman over eighty years of age. It seemed that she and her husband had never had anything to do with any church at any time. They were godless and lived in sin and selfishness. The husband was shocked when his wife suddenly stopped her life of self-interest and began to put God first in her heart and the church as her sole interest. He raved and ranted, but she would not retreat one inch. It seemed incredible to him that she would be interested in such senseless things after having lived with him in "good sense" for so many years. But she kept sweet in her soul and victorious in her life.

Fortunately they only lived a few blocks from the church, so she could walk to the various services, and this she did for she was most faithful to the means of grace. The husband would come

get her after service at night and walk home with her, but grumbled and cursed the whole time. She sweetly told him that all his rantings would do no good for she was happy in the Lord and was basking in the sunlight of His love for the first time and was enjoying peace in her heart. She really kept the victory!

En route home from prayer meeting one night she removed her upper denture that was causing some discomfort, but unfortunately she dropped it on the sidewalk. Together she and her furious husband found the denture broken into two pieces. She had found one part and the husband had found the other part which she then put in purse. The husband was so ugly and mean, telling her it would be costly to have it repaired, and informing her that all this trouble had come because of her everlastingly going to church with its waste of time.

When they reached home she decided she would examine the two pieces of denture, but Cod had worked a miracle: it was mended so perfectly that neither she nor her husband could tell where the break had been. The husband was so stunned that he took the denture the following morning to the dentist and said to him, "Doctor, tell me where this denture was broken apart." The doctor examined it very closely, even with a magnifying glass, then said to the man, "Are you trying to kid me? This denture has not been broken." Then the sobered husband took the denture back to his dear wife. At least he knew then that she was serving a mighty, miracle-working God!

But God was not through with this husband yet for he was obliged and even forced to acknowledge the greatness of the Lord a second time. How did it happen?

The news of this miracle spread like wildfire! Many were talking about it. One such group was some men who met time and time again at night at a nearby store to spin their yarns and tell their dirty stories. One night a newcomer to the city, who did not know the husband who had taken the denture to the dentist, joined the group. This newcomer started the talk-fest by saying, "Have you fellows heard the newest story that is going around? It's about an old woman who broke her denture in two and she claims the Lord repaired them so perfectly that it is not possible to see where they were broken." He then lost no time in continuing, "These holiness folk will do anything to fool the people."

The husband of this woman was sitting there and was hearing that his wife was a phony and a liar. He rose in haste and great anger and told the man that the woman of whom he was speaking was his godly wife and all that had been told about the denture was true and that if the man said another word about his wife being a phony he would knock his teeth down his throat.

Surely the Lord makes the terrible wrath of man sometimes to praise Him. That hot-headed husband was literally forced two different times to admit that "God leads His dear children along." Hallelujah to the Lamb forever!

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Chapter 16
A SPIRITUAL FATHER-SON BANQUET

Our headquarters church which I pastored on the mission field had several outstation Sunday schools which were held on Sunday afternoon. Our eldest son was responsible for one attended largely by East Indians. (The East Indians are descendants of the brown race from the nation of India.)

One day our son said to me, "Daddy, we are going to conduct a revival meeting amongst the East Indians. They say they will come though they do not know what such a meeting is." The only place they could find to use was a small shed where tobacco was hung up to dry. The attendance the first night was good, but on the second night it was quite large, and attending that night was the terror of the district, a man whose name was Ramlaugh. When sober he was an affable fellow, but every weekend he would get drunk and in this state would threaten to kill people in his half-crazed condition. He was greatly feared and many were afraid to be out at night because he was so irresponsible.

But on that second night of the revival meeting Ramlaugh was mightily convicted for his sins and wicked living. He promptly knelt by an old chair that was used for an altar. Then something happened that our son was not counting on: Ramlaugh was knocked out by the power of God. He was stretched out on the ground (no floor in this open shed) and many were certain that he was dead! No doubt some would have not cared for he had been such a scourge to the district, hampering the travel plans of many residents.

Now when I went to see Ramlaugh soon afterwards and asked him to explain the incident, he said, "Brother Chamberlain, while I lay there on the ground I knew I was not dead. I could hear the people talking, but I could not utter one word and I could not move even a finger." I asked him what was going on in this time of struggle, and I shall ever remember his reply, "I realized that night what a terrible sinner I was. The Lord was telling me I must surrender my will to Him, but I kept saying no: I will not! The battle continued: it was God's will against my will. Finally I realized that I must not resist God's will any longer or I would lose my soul, and as soon as I said 'Yes' to God, I was able to move and talk, for God had saved my soul."

It was a marvelous conversion and the residents of that district could hardly believe that a man could be so radically transformed in a moment's time.

Some days later our son was passing out tracts in his "parish." An old man beckoned him to come and give him a tract, but instead our son Bruce hastened to travel faster away from him for not many days before the old man had threatened to kill him. The old man cried out, "Son, don't run. I know I threatened you the last time, but since then Ramlaugh has gotten to God. Before he was the meanest man on our island, and any God that could change him could do anything. I want to hear about that God." So Bruce returned to give the old man a tract.

Many times since that wonderful conversion I have thought of what Ramlaugh said, "It was God's will against my will," and that just about tells the story for everyone who seeks the Lord. When we yield our will to God's will, our lives are changed and we truly become sons of God.

The following night I preached in this tobacco house to a large crowd and when I gave the altar car seven people tried to kneel around that old chair. One was an old Indian with white hair

and mustache. Someone told me he was Ramlaugh's father. I tried my very best to explain God's plan of salvation to the old Indian who was attending his first gospel service. Oh, I kept wondering if he understood anything when suddenly he said to me, "I see, I know, He come!" Well, I didn't know, but I committed him to the Lord and instructed our son to check on him closely in the days ahead.

A few days later our son called on him at his little home. The old man had purchased a Bible and was spending most of his time reading it. The precious Indian man did understand and our son was convinced he knew the Lord.

One day the Indian father said to his son Ramlaugh, "I want you to come to my room tonight and read to me from the Bible for tonight I am going to go home to my God." Ramlaugh protested, "Father, you must not talk like that -- you are not going to die!" "Yes," said the father, "I am going home tonight for God told me so!"

Ramlaugh went to the room as his father requested. "Read for me," said the old father, "Psalm 34." When the son read that last verse, "The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate," the dear old Indian father who told me that night, "I see, I know, HE COME" closed his eyes and laid his head firmly on the pillow and was with the Lord.

How can any fair-minded person deny after such experiences as this but that "God leads His dear children along."

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Chapter 17

THE BUDDHIST WOMAN WHO FINALLY YIELDED TO CHRIST

The hard-working missionary laboring in Taiwan informed me that the following week we would be holding revival services in a town where they had planted a church many years ago. This holiness church was used to opposition but seldom had they battled anyone so persistent as a Buddhist woman in this district. And it was all the more puzzling because her husband had been a devout believer for over two decades.

This stern and troublesome Buddhist wife would not lay any charges against her husband; she knew that he lived an exemplary life, but she fought the teachings of Christianity and the church relentlessly year after year. When they tried to have a revival she did all in her power to ruin its chances of success. The harder the local pastor worked and called, the harder she battled to wreck his labors of love.

While I was laboring with this missionary-minded church the husband of this Buddhist woman died. Since he had been a member of their local church for many years, they assumed they could have a Christian funeral for him, but the defiant wife lost no time in informing them they would not have any part whatever in the Buddhist funeral she would hold for him. It was a sad day when they told me how much they regretted such an outcome, but they were helpless!

One month after the funeral we began the revival meeting in the church in which her husband had been a loyal member for so many years. The pastor reasoned that in her sorrow perhaps "this time" she would desist in her efforts against the church, but this proved to be wishful thinking. However, the pastor was pleasantly surprised that the attendance for the meeting was the best they had ever had in spite of the Buddhist woman's efforts to hurt. The missionary was thrilled also because numbers were being saved from night to night.

But then came a change in plans: it was necessary for another of their churches nearby to start a meeting on Sunday, the day we would be closing out. The pastor felt that the attendance at his church would fall greatly, but it did not! Then on that final Sunday night the Buddhist woman who had fought this struggling holiness church for twenty-five years came to the revival meeting. The members of the church were surprised above measure and I suppose the haters of Christianity were more than shocked.

She listened to the message very carefully. The Holy Spirit melted her heart and at the close of the very first gospel service she had ever attended she came promptly to the altar. It seemed her heart would break and evidently all the prayers her precious husband had ever prayed for her were being answered as she cried to the Lord for mercy and forgiveness.

It was not too long before the Lord spoke peace to her heart. She rejoiced with weeping and laughter. After some time the people began to leave the church; she came to tell me how happy she was to have Jesus in her heart. We bid her good-bye and exhorted her to remain true to her Saviour. She went outside for a minute, then returned to tell me again how thankful she was that she finally had peace in her heart. Together we had another time of rejoicing and she left for the second time. We were almost ready to turn off the lights and lock the church when she returned the third time to testify how happy she was to be saved and pardoned from all the sins of her "hard heart."

Soon the missionary and I were on our way, the both of us riding on his motorcycle on those roads that shook me a plenty, so much so that we would have to stop every few miles for I was about to come apart. But we could not help but think that that precious husband had not lived and prayed in vain, and the victory of that night was because "God leads His dear children along," sometimes over paths that are rough for many years, but thank God, they lead to heaven at the end of the long road.

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Chapter 18 AN UNFORGETTABLE HOLY HUSH

Sunday school and church in Texas! How happy my wife and I were to find a holiness church where we could worship; we were en route to visit our families in the "Show Me State of Missouri."

We had never attended any church in this small city and knew absolutely nothing about any of the churches, but a strange spirit prevailed! Sunday school was over and church started immediately. The preliminaries seemed heartless, the announcements appeared stifled and the entire tenor of the service "felt" strained!

It was summer time (no air conditioning in those days) and the windows of the church were opened wide.

The pastor began his message, informing his hearers that he was preaching his farewell sermon. Now we were beginning to understand a little of what might have happened. The church knew all along it would be his final message. Perhaps some had come prepared for a tongue-lashing! Had the man of God been railroaded out by a group of carnal church members? Evidently something had happened and there were feelings of vicious opposition or "something," for the atmosphere was not one of perfect love or conducive to holy worship.

The minister started his message. There was silence which seemed to be a "dreaded silence." If anyone came to hear a tirade they were more than wrong for his spirit was gracious, caring and freighted with divine love. As he stepped over to the right of the pulpit a beautiful white dove flew in the nearby window and headed straight for the pulpit, and on reaching the left side of the pulpit ended its flight and rested.

A holy hush rested on that congregation! Perhaps in a moment the dove would start circling around in the church, but it did not -- it sat there quietly as the pastor continued his message. I wondered if the preacher might make some reference to the "new participant" in the service, but he did not say one of the many "cute" things he might have interjected.

It seemed inconceivable that the dove would not fly away, especially when the pastor edged his way to the left side of the pulpit, but to my utter surprise (and I am certain everyone else thought the same thing) that dove just quietly moved to the right side of the pulpit and remained there until the sermon ended. Then it flew straight out of the nearby window.

There was a brief benediction -- the people stood there speechless. A man slipped up to my side and whispered, "You are a stranger here and evidently you have felt that something was wrong. We have had serious church trouble, but I think everyone in divine presence this morning now knows the trouble was not with our godly pastor for that heavenly dove was sent here to vindicate him." I told the man that I had never seen such a peculiar thing in my life and I felt it had to be of the Lord to bring such a holy hush on that congregation.

Then I inquired if there were many doves in this vicinity. "No," he quickly replied, "that is the thing that astounded us: there are no doves in this area. I have lived here all my life and I have never seen a dove before."

If ever people left church in solemnity they left church that day in this manner. Many times since that Sunday morning I have thought that surely the Lord in a most peculiar and marvelous way proved again to one of His own that "God leads His dear children along" to prove to all that He will not forsake His own.

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Chapter 19

THE CHURCH MEMBER WHO DEFIED HER DOCTOR'S ORDERS

It was Sunday morning and almost time for me to bring the morning's message in the church that I pastored. It was then that I noticed a woman in our congregation from a church of our denomination some forty miles away. She was one of the leading women of that church and I wondered why she had come to our church all alone.

Soon we knew why, for rising from her seat she said, "Brother Chamberlain, the Lord told me to come to your church today for healing. Tuesday of this week I am to be operated upon for a large tumor; I have seen the x-rays and I know it is present, and for some time I have not felt well. Tomorrow I am to enter the hospital as various preparations must be made ahead of time for the operation early on Tuesday morning. I have been praying much about this serious operation and yesterday the Lord told me to come here for healing. Please pray for me now."

She left her seat immediately and knelt at the altar. I requested the elders to come forward to help pray for this anxious sister who was known as one of the leaders in the churches of our zone. An earnest season of prayer was held and when prayers were finished she rose and said, "I believe that God has heard prayer and I am healed."

The next morning she reported to the hospital and they soon assigned her to a room. She informed the receptionist that she would not be taking the room as the tumor was gone for yesterday the Lord had healed her. She was firmly told to take her room without any delay for there was much to be done preparatory to tomorrow's operation. But she explained to them that there would be no operation since the tumor was gone.

They contacted the doctor and explained to him the woman's refusal to accept her room, etc. He told the nurse in authority to tell her to get to her room without further delay and that he had no time to listen to such nonsense. But this did not frighten the woman in the least; she simply informed the head nurse that since the tumor was gone it was foolish to accept her room. This message was given to the doctor immediately. It angered him and he lost no time coming to the waiting room to see the woman. He said, "Lady, are you willing for me to take some x-rays this morning? Then I'll show you the tumor is present as you saw it last week." Now no doubt the doctor was very surprised when she answered, "I am willing."

The pictures were taken without delay and the doctor told her he would be back in about twenty minutes to show her the tumor was there, then she could take her room and start the preparations for the operation.

Twenty minutes passed and the doctor did not come. Another twenty minutes went by and still no doctor came gloating over his great knowledge. Finally after ninety minutes the humbled doctor came in, saying, "Lady, I can not understand this, for all the pictures just taken show the tumor is completely gone." A miracle had been performed and that the doctor had to acknowledge.

The woman told us later that she returned home that morning laughing and singing in her soul for she knew all too well that "God leads His dear children along." Bless God forever!

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Chapter 20

GOD'S JUDGMENTS ON AN ARSONIST

The opening of new works on the mission field presents endless problems. One of the most is a place to worship. Most of the time we were obliged to start with a bamboo booth which we would try to use until we could afford something better. One of our pastors had worshipped only in booths in the few years he had labored for the Lord. He was far removed from most of our churches and I suppose he thought that booths were about the only kind of church buildings that we had.

When I paid him my first official visit he introduced me to the congregation as the "Superintendent of the Booths." Even then the constructing of a bamboo booth entailed some expense and a lot of labor. This particular group of believers had built a nice-sized booth of which they were justly proud.

Genuine progress was being made for the attendance and numbers were coming to know the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. Naturally Satan was stirred and there was constant persecution for several reasons, but the work kept growing and God's blessings were upon our new work.

One young man, nineteen years of age, had his own plan of persecution: he would burn down the booth. He set the booth on fire and much damage was done before it could be extinguished. Many in the district wondered who had done this wicked deed, but the guilty young man was clever for he did not tell one living soul.

The days wore on, but not a single clue could be found: who had attempted to burn down the booth? The young man was inwardly gloating over his success when suddenly he was covered with sores from head to foot that brought much pain. He lived alone with his mother who did all she could to help, but her remedies were worthless for his condition grew worse and his suffering was great.

The next move was the hospital a few miles away, but it seemed no medicines helped. The young man grew weaker and weaker, and after some days he despaired of life. The hospital doctors said they had done all they knew to do, but the affliction was most puzzling and the suffering one did not respond to any treatments.

The young man realized his hours were numbered and asked to be taken home to die. Now all the time the Lord had told him that this judgment had come upon him for attempting to burn our church booth. They got him back to his mother's home sick upon death. He knew he could not live through another night! He asked his mother to get the pastor of the booth to come see him. Our

pastor came hurriedly and while all alone with our minister he confessed to him that he was the arsonist. He knew that he would die that night, but he wanted his forgiveness for his wickedness, and he acknowledged that this terrible affliction was a direct punishment from God, and that was the reason the doctors could not help him.

Now our pastor had been saved later in life; he was limited in various ways, but he could pray until he touched God. I can hear him yet as he prayed, saying, "I pray thee, Lord..." and then he would submit his petitions. He got hold of God for this young man and pled with the Lord that he might not die, but rather be healed and live. God certainly heard his cry: the young man greatly improved immediately and soon the terrible sores had vanished and he was marvelously healed.

Since then I have often wondered how many more might be healed, saved and blessed if they would make some confession to the Lord and to those they have harmed. Our pastor did not know who had set our booth on fire, but he prayed and God did the rest. Surely "God leads His dear children along."

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Chapter 21

THE IMPORTANT OFFICIAL WHO HUMBLLED HIMSELF

One of the most important waterways in the world is the Suez Canal. The amount of shipping that goes through this short route is incredible. It is highly profitable to Egypt, the nation that has controlled it in recent years. Political and shipping leaders of many nations were fearful that when Egypt took control of its operations that constant delays and inefficiency would be the order of the day. Soon they found out that their surmisings were indeed erroneous for the Suez Canal was run with great efficiency and smoothness.

The Lord was giving us an outstanding revival in Suez located on the south end of this renowned canal. The attendance grew night after night and many were seeking the Lord for salvation and purity. The interest kept growing until I was preaching four times daily and my wife had a morning service daily with the women.

One night I noticed a man attending the meeting who was dressed better than the average. He had an air of importance and intelligence. There were seekers at the altar at the close of the sermon, but this man did not come forward though he had raised his hand for prayer.

I went to him and gently said, "I noticed that you raised your hand for prayer. Would you care if I prayed right here?" He consented, and when I had finished, he said, "Would you come to my home tomorrow for tea at four in the afternoon?" He gave me his name and address, and I found out that he was the "Chief Architect of the Suez Canal" (his official title), and he lived in a beautiful apartment furnished by the government.

The following day we went to his residence and while his wife was preparing "tea" (in reality a lovely "small meal") we engaged in conversation. I found out that he was a graduate of several great universities in Europe and one painting on the wall captivated my attention

especially. I jokingly said that was the one picture I would covet of all his souvenirs from Europe. Then he told me that he had battled the French government for three months to get the release of that picture, thus he thought that my taste was excellent.

He mentioned a few minutes later that in returning from Europe a few years before that his plane went down right off the coast of Greece. Seven were killed, but he was spared along with some others. I asked him how he accounted for his deliverance from certain death and he softly answered, "The prayers of my mother!" Quickly I asked, "You had a Christian mother?" "Yes," he said. "I mean a real Christian mother, one who was 'born again,' one, who knew Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour?" He assured me, saying, "Yes, Brother Chamberlain, she was a real Christian mother, the kind you have just described." I lost no time in saying, "Then you know what it means to be a real Christian?" He answered briefly, "Yes, I do!"

Tea was now ready, but before eating I said to this official, "My friend, when I give the altar call tonight I want you to step out publicly, come to the altar and before everyone seek to become a real Christian like your mother. "I will do it," said this "Chief Architect of the Suez Canal." And he did! And while I was helping him to find Jesus at his Saviour, my wife was helping his wife who had come to the altar with a hungry heart as well. Both were saved that night! "Come now to our house tomorrow for a feast." And a feast it was too! We had wonderful fellowship with them for a time and I can only hope they were spared when Suez was almost destroyed in the war soon to come.

The prayers of a sainted mother were answered though she had gone to heaven. It is beautiful and wonderful how "God leads His dear children along."

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Chapter 22

A MAN HEALED WITHOUT EVEN ASKING

A man whom I hardly knew came to me and said, "Brother Chamberlain, you and your wife work day and night for the church and I understand that you rarely have a day off. Why not come to the mountain camp where I am located and enjoy a week in a high mountain retreat?"

I thanked the man for his interest, but informed him that we could not afford such a luxury. He then said, "Now look, brother, it will not cost you much: I have charge of this huge camp and I will permit you to use a cabin for a week without any charge. All you have to do is to bring some groceries."

My wife and I had never had such an offer and we decided to give it a try. We started "camp" during a hot summer month; it was cool and refreshing! How good the Lord was to us for here was where the rich vacationed.

This dear brother came over one night to sing. I used my auto-harp for our accompaniment. My wife sang soprano, our Brother Wilson sang a deep bass and I filled in with tenor and alto --

anything to make it sound good. He could sing any song. I asked him how he could do it: he told me when he was young that he had learned to read notes just as easily as I could read words.

Well, we had a time harmonizing! After a while tears were streaming down his face. I assumed that he was getting blessed and said so to him. He sadly answered, "No, Brother Chamberlain, I have been a backslider for fifty years. I became embittered against some preachers and have been away from God these many years." It shook me a'plenty for I had assumed he was a Christian for he had been so good to my wife and me.

It was Saturday night and I asked him about a holiness church in the area. "There is no such church around here, but why do you ask?" "Well, tomorrow is Sunday and my wife and I want to go to church." "On your vacation?" he protested. "Of course, where else would anyone go on Sunday?" He said, "If you go to church tomorrow you will be the first preacher I have seen up here that goes to church!" I was shocked! I said, "Well, what do they do on Sunday?" He promptly answered, "They sleep and fish!"

Then I came back again to the question of a church. He told me there was a little Baptist Church about two miles away on the other side of lake, but he would not go, but his wife would. (The three of us went on Sunday and our souls were fed for the minister preached the true Word of God.)

The three of us kept talking and Brother Wilson told us how he had had cancer on the left side of his face that had caused him much pain and suffering. Foolishly he had done nothing about it far too long until it had become very swollen and inflamed. Finally he went to a doctor who ordered immediate surgery. A minister and his wife came to spend the weekend with them after which the minister would take him to the hospital on Monday for the operation was to be performed on Tuesday.

Brother Wilson's wife was greatly concerned about his soul. This might soon be the end of his physical life, for the doctor was fearful that the cancer had spread and the future was very dark. While Brother Wilson was attending to camp duties, his wife, the visiting minister and his wife, got together for a season of earnest prayer for Brother Wilson's soul. They did not dare ask God to heal him, for he was a stubborn backslider and they had no right to ask God for help in his body -- but they were mightily concerned about his spiritual condition for he was lost without God.

It's now Monday morning: the minister and Brother Wilson are in the car ready to leave for the hospital. Brother Wilson said, "Wait a minute; I am going to check to make sure all the keys for the many cabins are in place, then I will be right back." This only took a minute. "I will go to the bathroom and look at my face one more time before going to the hospital," he said to himself, and in a few moments he was in the bathroom for one last look at his swollen and fevered face that had caused him so much suffering.

"Brother Chamberlain, when I looked into the mirror THE CANCER WAS GONE! The left side of my face was as normal as you see it now. The flesh was its natural color and you could not tell any difference between the left side of my face and the right side." As quick as a flash I said to this brother, "How long ago was this?" "Two years ago," he replied. "Brother Wilson, after

that great miracle of healing two years ago and you are still away from God?" He soon left us for the night.

Then came the August camp meeting. He was there, but I did not know it. A number had come to the altar at the close of the message. I knelt by someone whose face was covered up with his arm; I had no idea who it might be when I started praying. Soon he looked up: it was our Brother Wilson. He was crying and said, "You are the cause of all this. I had no sleep after your message last night. I realized I was lost and on my way to hell, but tonight I am getting right with God!" And he surely did! He lived into his eighties before going to meet his wife who had died many years before. A few months ago I talked with the man who was his pastor the closing years of his life and he told me that Brother Wilson never wavered from that night when he plunged into the fountain after having been a backslider for half a century.

Now I freely admit to you that I do not understand the loving kindness of a God who would heal a hardened backslider who did not even ask for healing, but I feel the prayers of his pious wife availed in his behalf and that "God leads His dear children along."

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Chapter 23

A ROMAN CATHOLIC COULD TELL THE DIFFERENCE

It was customary near the end of each school year at our California Bible School to have a "Musical." Our students practiced long and hard for the event to which a host of people always came. In fact, our large tabernacle would be filled for this yearly affair.

Our young people deserved an "hearing" for many of them were gifted musically, in both instrumental and vocal talents. There were solos, duets, trios, quartets, and many choral numbers. Sometimes our students were disappointing in some areas of their lives, but everyone would have to acknowledge that when it came to singing they were hard to beat.

It was necessary for a short time to set the type for our denominational paper at a trade plant in Los Angeles where one of the two owners was a Roman Catholic. Weekly he would proofread our galley proofs free of charge. This was kind of him and I sincerely appreciated this help. Then I wondered if he did not enjoy reading some of the articles which we printed in our weekly paper. Of course he read the invitation on the galley proof of our annual school musical, and after explaining the event I invited him to attend and gave him the easy directions to find our school. He assured me that he would come on Friday night.

The Musical that night was excellent, but in the large crowd I could not find my invited Roman Catholic friend. I was sorry too because I felt our young people had presented a splendid musical of which we could be justifiably proud. Then I thought that perhaps it was best he did not come for during one of the chorus numbers the Spirit of God fell on the congregation and Grandma Weethe had a shouting spell and as the number was being sung she walked back and forth several times across the front of the tabernacle with hands uplifted, praising the God of her salvation. This

would shock my Roman Catholic friend if he were attending a Protestant gathering for the first time. One thing was sure: her shouting was not on the program!

The following Monday morning I went into Los Angeles to set the type for our church periodical. I said to my Roman Catholic friend that I was quite disappointed that he had not come to the musical on Friday night. "I was there," he insisted, and to prove it he began to tell me about some of the numbers he had especially enjoyed. So I knew he had surely been there. Then he said, "Mr. Chamberlain, the thing I most enjoyed in the musical was when that dear old lady walked back and forth shouting the praises of God as the young folk sang that number on the greatness of God. I tell you that was the best number on the program."

My friend thought that was on the program! But anyway he sensed in his own heart that there was something beautiful, something real, something glorious in the spiritual shouting of a saint of God.

There ought to be more of that freedom in our services today that brings the glory of the Lord upon our meetings. It should not be a number on the program, but a part of our worship services when God meets with His own.

Even a "stranger" in our midst can tell when "God leads His dear children along."

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Chapter 24

THE TIME I SHUT UP

The day had been a strenuous one, but regardless of the problems of the day we must hold the evening's service for that was our main purpose: to conduct evangelistic meetings and get new people into the kingdom of God.

As soon as I began the message a crowd of trouble-makers gathered just outside the church side entrance. Their noise kept increasing until it was well nigh impossible for the people inside to hear. I preached louder and louder with the hope our listeners inside could get the message on "peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord." But the gang outside yelled and sang until I finally said to my interpreter we just as well stop for no one inside could hear anything.

He whispered to me, "I know it is terrible, Brother Chamberlain, but you never know -- perhaps someone outside might be listening, so let's start in again and trust God will come to our rescue."

Again I started, preaching loud enough so people far away could understand, but the rowdy crowd outside doubled their efforts to drown out my message. Suddenly their noise stopped completely and we did not know why. A moment later the side door opened and in walked a huge Peruvian weighing at least two-hundred and fifty pounds. Slowly he walked toward the platform and when he was about fifteen feet from us, he shouted out something in a very loud voice.

I asked my interpreter, "What did he say?" My missionary-superintendent replied, "He said for us to shut up!" I questioned, "Shall we obey?" The missionary was a small man and it did not take him long to pray through, so he promptly said, "Yes, I think we better shut up." Now I agreed with him 1,000 per cent!

Then the man made his speech, saying, "I was the ringleader outside that led all that noisy crowd to ruin your meeting. But all the time I was urging them to wreck your religious gathering I was listening to your sermon. You have been telling the people here how they need God's peace in their hearts, but preacher what I want to know is how to get it. I know I need peace in my wicked heart, but tell me how I can get it." Here was a man ready to heed the Word of the Lord.

I asked him to bow at our altar and we would tell him how he could find peace. There was no more sermonizing that night and others came to the altar to find that peace which God alone can give. That huge man prayed earnestly for peace and pardon and left the church that night with the joy-bells of heaven ringing in his soul.

How grateful I was that we tried a "second time" that night to preach the "unsearchable riches of Christ." The missionary, dear Brother Spencer, was certainly led of the Lord when he urged me to try again. How wonderful to labor with those who walk close to God and who know that "God leads His dear children along."

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Chapter 25

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN WHO MEANT BUSINESS

It is hard and endless work opening up a new work on the mission field. The people of this district were illiterate with only one out of four able to read. Illegitimacy was at a most frightful level. Little by little the work was progressing for numbers were getting saved and sanctified and joining the church to help us shove the battle for God in that needy area.

One night a young lady came to our altar under great conviction. She had been living in fornication for some time, but she settled all things that night with God and promised that she was through with sin forever! Of course she knew she would soon meet the test of living clean for her Saviour, for in a few short minutes she would be home as she lived near our church.

Upon reaching her little shack she found the "fornicator-lover" waiting. She immediately informed him that she had gone to our church that night, also gone to the altar and asked God for forgiveness for her life of immorality and wickedness. She ended by saying that he must leave her premises promptly and never return again for she was going to walk with her Saviour the rest of her life.

He scornfully laughed and told her she would get over that nonsense in a short time, and furthermore he would be back the following night to start living with her again. She told him in no uncertain terms that he must not return to her humble home again. But the next night he was back,

knocking on her door. She repeated her lecture to him and testified that she was through with such a life of sin. Again he laughed in derision and told her he would be back the next night.

Sure enough he was back the next night. She told the lustful young man that she did not want him on her premises, otherwise people would think that she was not avoiding the appearance of evil, and many might think she was still living in fornication. She further warned if he returned again that she was going to take her broom and run him down the road, so everyone would know she "meant business," that she was through with sin and immorality.

Evidently the stubborn and sinful young man did not believe her threatenings, for the following night he was back. There was no talking this time: she grabbed her broom, opened the door and let him have it. It took him by great surprise and he started running down the road. She followed him, screaming to the top of her voice, that everyone in the district would know that she meant business, for she was testifying as she ran after him that she was through with sin for once and for all.

So many times I have thought: we can break with sin that even the most persistent and wicked will know that we mean business with God. And if we are determined to live clean lives for our blessed Lord we can rest assured that He will bring us off more than conquerors for "God leads His dear children along."

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Chapter 26

ROOM, ROOM, YES, THERE IS ROOM

"Mister, may I say a few words?" The man was poorly dressed and he was speaking from the farthest pew from the church platform. No one in the church knew the man, and no wonder: it was his first time to ever be inside that church -- or any church! I gave him permission to speak. He started by saying, "You are looking upon the vilest man that ever lived." The altar service was over and the people were readying themselves to leave the sanctuary. Such a statement brought us all to attention.

This stranger continued, "None of you know me and this is the first time I have ever been inside a church in my life." (He was probably forty-five years old, at least.) "I came here tonight because my wife was here three nights ago and something happened to her; she is a different woman, so that is the reason I have come here tonight. The change has been so wonderful that she hardly seems the same woman. I wanted to see what happens to change a person like that." He had finished his speech!

As the evangelist I briefly explained to him as best I could, that his wife had been born again, that Jesus Christ had saved her; her sins were forgiven and she was a new creation in Christ Jesus. I assured him that the same Jesus would change him in a moment just like his wife had been changed. I invited him to the altar. "No," said the man, "I am too vile -- I would not come to that altar. I would be afraid for I am so vile."

Quickly I told him that Christ had died for sinners like him and His promise was that He would never turn away anyone who wanted His salvation and peace. After some more pleading he walked slowly to the front and bowed very reverently in prayer. Men promptly gathered around him for prayer. How fervently the men in that Church of the Nazarene prayed for this poor lost sinner. During that season of earnest crying to God, one of the men put his arm around this sinner's shoulders. Strange as it may seem this broke up the fountains of this dear man's heart, and he began to cry. Then he began to pray; it seemed at last his darkened and hardened heart was breaking. Later he told us it was the first time any man had ever shown any concern, love and interest for him and the first time anyone had ever touched him in love. His parents had died early in life and he had almost lost his life as a child in a house fire, and evidently because he was disfigured, he was avoided by almost everyone.

He returned to his home that night a new creation in Christ Jesus. You could not but think of Sister Waterman's song, "Come ye sinners Christ can make the vilest clean." The walk of his dear wife who had only been saved three days caused that man to see that salvation is real and that "God leads His dear children along." Bless His matchless name!

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Chapter 27

AN OFFICER WHO DARED TO OBEY GOD

It was proving to be a blessed revival. My good friend, Alfred Randall, was the pastor of this large Free Methodist Church in San Francisco. The service was over and I was shaking hands with various ones as they left the church. A naval officer, attending the revival for the first time, shook my hand and said, "Pray for me," and quickly he was on his way.

There was a look of sadness in his countenance. Perhaps there was a particular reason why he had asked for prayer. After some time I retired, but I could not sleep: I found myself praying earnestly and long for that naval officer; it was not until after 2 a.m. that I was able to go to sleep. I felt that surely the Lord must be dealing with this man since the burden remained on my heart.

The pastor was conducting a prayer meeting on each morning from 10 to 11. The following morning fifteen minutes before the prayer meeting was to adjourn this naval officer slipped down by my side and whispered, "I want to see you all alone at the close of this prayer-time. I suggested I would prefer to have the pastor present if you would grant such, and he promptly said, "I never thought -- I want the pastor there also."

Soon the three of us were alone. It was not necessary for us to speak or for us to urge him to speak. He lost no time, "I have not slept one minute since the service last night. Soon we are to ship out into the Pacific war zone." (World War II was at its fury and many of our precious men were being killed in this area.) "I am not saved and God is mightily dealing with my soul. It is my desire to pay up my back tithe, but my wife and I have argued almost the whole night about this. She claims that we can not afford this, but I claim that we can not afford not to." She finally went to sleep at 5 a.m., but I was not able to sleep. I must obey God regardless of what she does or does not do.

The first thing, he said, was to pay up his back tithe, and this he was going to do. He started pulling money from his pockets and he did not stop until he handed the pastor five-hundred and fifteen dollars. Then he informed us he would see us at the service that night, and he was one of the first ones to come to the altar. He prayed through in the old-fashioned way.

It was almost conference time: the church treasurer was wringing his hands for they were five-hundred dollars short of meeting their conference requirements. Just a few days before he had been telling the pastor to do anything possible to get some more money, that they might go to conference with everything in tip-top shape. But the pastor was not a man to be fearful, thus he encouraged the treasurer to hold steady, for surely God would somehow undertake. The Lord had undertaken too and when Pastor Randall handed the church treasurer that \$515, he felt like soaring to the skies.

A few nights later this naval officer came to the altar for cleansing. He looked up into my eyes and said, "Brother Chamberlain, can the Lord take out carnal fear from the heart of man?" I assured him the Lord could. Then said he, "Give me a scriptural example!" I reminded him of Peter who claimed such boldness before the trial of Jesus, but denied the Lord three times when asked if he was a follower of Christ. Fear of excommunication and death by stoning caused Peter to deny that he ever knew the Lord. But then came Pentecost when his heart was purified by faith and when brought before the Sanhedrin he did not deny his allegiance to this blessed Lord, but preached to these leaders a sermon and courageously announced to them that he and the apostles were going to obey God rather than man. The fires of Pentecost had burned out this carnal fear and I assured him that the Lord would do so for him for "He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

This man prayed until he had met God's conditions and left that night knowing that God had cleansed, his heart and he would be able to cope with fear in the coming days.

The next day he went to his huge battleship; he asked the Lord to give him opportunities to speak to some hungry hearts. God opened the doors. He returned to the church in the afternoon where I was conducting a children's service. He entered the door and raised his hand toward heaven; his face was all aglow. "Brother Chamberlain, I don't want to interfere with your meeting, but I want to testify that on the battleship today the Lord opened the door for me to talk with seven officers of the U. S. Navy who had ranks much higher than I. They poured out their hearts to me for they are troubled, anxious and fearful. I had the chance to tell them what God had done for me. I was not fearful of the face of man. Thank God, this salvation works."

Twenty years later I asked about this good brother and learned he had gone through the war, returned home and kept studying until he had a doctorate in theology. They further told me that he was one of the three leading professors at the Biblical Seminary in New York City. I lost no time in writing to him and he wrote to me immediately. How wonderful has been the help of the Lord and this man knows from his own experience that "God leads His dear children along."

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DEAD (?) AND BURIED -- ALMOST

The day had been a very long and difficult one. Satan had contested every inch of ground we were attempting to take for the Lord. We sat down the next morning to eat breakfast; all of us were still quite weary.

I started the conversation by saying that the Indian teenager (nineteen years of age) who knelt at the right end of the altar the previous night was the most beautiful young lady I had ever seen. Sister Marjorie Spencer, the superintendent's wife, said promptly, "You can say that again, for that is the judgment of all the missionaries." Then I was told that I had witnessed a most dramatic scene that night and upon being told the story I more than agreed it was certainly all of that!

This young lady was watched day and night by her parents. They knew that she had unusual beauty. They also knew that many wicked men would set every kind of trap to ensnare her for most all the men there were immoral.

Many times the entire family worked in the fields together. It was hard work, but it was necessary to eke out a living. But even in the fields their daughters were watched closely -- they must be protected at all costs.

Now a young man in his early twenties came to work on his relative's farm whose land adjoined the land (at the back) owned by the father of the lovely Indian girl. This young man planned his hoeing so that he would meet Carlita (we shall call her) at the end of the field. Of course his timing must be perfect: he would wait until Carlita's parents were out of sight. Both of them would be away at times with other work.

Soon he was able to engage her in conversation. He was wise in the ways of enticing -- and ruinous sin! Carlita was ignorant of the schemes and craftiness of sinful men!

The young man gradually enticed Carlita to be more cooperative in meeting him and avoiding her parents for times of courtship. One day the trap was perfect and Carlita lost her virtue. Three months later she realized she could hide her sin no longer. If she confessed it to her father she knew he would kill the young man in quick haste and more than likely she would suffer the same fate. She finally reached her deadly decision (and literally so) decision: she would take poison and by killing herself her parents would never know the reason of her sudden death. Soon she took the deadly poison!

The entire district was plunged into the deepest gloom for Carlita, in the prime of life and extremely beautiful, was now a corpse. The grave was dug and the casket was hurriedly made. Sadly her parents, relatives and friends slowly walked to the graveyard nearby. Several men were carrying the casket and all too soon it would be lowered into mother earth amidst the crying and wailings of many saddened hearts.

Suddenly there was a pounding inside the casket. It was dropped to the ground immediately. Some ran! One man found something to pry loose the lid of the casket. CARLITA

WAS ALIVE! The Indian father soon suspected what had happened: Carlita had to confess her deep sin and her attempt at suicide.

Yes, he would first kill the young man, but he had promptly left that part of Peru and gone over two-hundred miles away. The missionaries had been working on this problem for months by the time I was there. They were trying to keep the father from being a murderer. That day they finally got the father, Carlita and the young man to the same village. What a time they had refraining the father from killing the young man!

Night came and still no solution had been reached. The father did not attend the service, but Carlita and the young man did. When I gave the altar call that night Carlita found her way to the extreme right end of the altar and the young man came to the extreme left end of the altar.

Some time later I related this story to my good friend, Dr. B. H. Pearson, and when I reached this part of the story he exclaimed, "What tragedy and drama; I can not remember anything quite like it in all my experience."

Carlita was almost buried alive! How terrible is sin's power when we are unwilling to permit "God to lead His dear children along."

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Chapter 29

YOU MUST HAVE A RED TICKET TO ENTER

It was revival and conference time. The headquarters church at Chiclayo, Peru was filled to overflowing night after night. Dr. B. H. Pearson was my gifted and talented interpreter for some of those sessions. He spoke Spanish beautifully and was just as competent as an interpreter.

One night a man, sitting halfway back on the right side and against the wall, made his way to the altar. He had been striving to find peace for some time, so it was not any trouble to get him to pray and meet God's conditions.

Time was given at the close of the altar service for testimony for those who had found the Lord. This particular man was willing to testify when he heard others speak. I give you his story as he gave it to us that night.

"My health has been very poor for several months. I knew that I was a wicked man, but I did not know how to find peace in my heart but night after night I have noticed the large crowds that have been attending your services. I had been taught not to attend your church. The other night when I passed by here it seemed there was lead in my shoes; I could hardly drag myself past this place. I felt that maybe the Lord wanted me to come in.

"So I went to see my priest and asked for permission to attend. He told me that I would not be able to do so for only those who were members were allowed! Furthermore, you must have a red ticket to show at the door to prove that you were a member, and if you try to go in without the

red ticket there are two men with clubs on either side of the door who will hit you in the head and kill you.

"I knew then I could not get in, but tonight I could hear the preacher plainly from the street and I decided to come as close to the door as I dared, that I might hear real well. While I was listening a man came to me and said, 'You seem to be quite interested. Would you like to have a seat?' I told him that I would, but I did not have a red admission ticket. He told me that was not necessary and he would find me a good seat if I wanted to come in. I asked him if they would hit me over the head with a club when I did not have a red ticket and he assured me that would not happen. So I came in and sat there against the wall. The preacher was preaching on peace and that was what I wanted: peace with God! I was glad to come to the altar when he invited us, and thank God, I am leaving here tonight with peace in my heart. Now I know that Jesus is my Saviour and I am not afraid to die now."

Oh, how willing and able is our God to lead people if they will heed his voice and try to know Him. "God leads His dear children along" and He is willing to guide, lead and help those who want His best for His glory.

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Chapter 30 LOOSE HIM AND LET HIM GO

The superintendent requested me to bring down-to-earth Bible messages daily to the students of the school and the workers of the district. One morning a minister of the district came to me at the close of the service, and putting his arm around me, said, "Brother Chamberlain, I want you to know that I am greatly enjoying these lectures. They are a real encouragement to my soul and I want you to know that I appreciate your ministry."

Already the missionaries had told me about the exploits of this good brother who was a power for God and a fearless worker for Jesus Christ.

He had lived in the depths of sin and early in life had resorted to murder. He knew enough about the sin of murder that he went to his priest for forgiveness. His reasoning was this: I know there is a possibility that I might get killed in my attempt to murder a certain man (and he gladly told who it was). So I want forgiveness "ahead of time" in case I get killed, and if I kill the man I too want forgiveness in advance!

The priest told him that this was quite an irregular procedure and naturally it would take more money than an ordinary forgiveness -- gift. Galvez (we shall call him) said he realized that but he would get the money "in time." The day finally arrived when Galvez brought the money and his priest prayed that he would be successful in his murderous plan -- and he was!

The government tried for some time to apprehend the murderer, but finally wrote it off the books. However, God had a record of the wicked act. Years passed and Galvez came to a gospel meeting; soon he recognized the terrible sin of his life. Mighty conviction seized his mind and heart

and in desperation he came to our missionary for counsel who told him that he would have to confess this murder to the judge and to God if he ever expected peace in this life and a hope of heaven after death. Galvez said he would do it if the missionary would go with him the next day -- and to this our missionary agreed.

The following day in the secrecy of the judge's chamber Galvez related to him his heinous crime. The records were examined and the judge informed him that it had been written off the books and it need not be pursued any further. Galvez wanted to know if his confession was proper and the judge told him it would not be legal until Galvez put it An writing and signed his name to it.

"Then I will do it," said Galvez. The judge said, "When you do this we shall have to hang you, do you understand?" He assured the judge that he understood the consequences. Galvez lost no time writing his confession and signed his name to it.

The judge was bewildered and asked him why he had done such. Galvez told the judge, "Some day I must meet God and I know if I have confessed all my sins to the Lord that when I die I shall go to heaven. If I do not do the right thing I will lose my soul and go to hell. And judge, I would rather go to heaven from the prison than be a free man here and go to hell."

The trial was held. The judge declared that in all the nation's history they had never known a man to be so honest and repentant. The judge also said that though his punishment should have been death, yet he could not feel that Galvez was an evil man now, so he was sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty years.

Galvez was gloriously happy for he would not be hanged for his crime. He was committed to the prison with victory in his heart, no condemnation on his soul and sanctified in his life. He had a burning desire to help the many inmates of the prison to know Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. Constantly he was leading hardened criminals to God. Then he requested the warden to permit him to hold services for the men in the prison. Galvez had been watched very closely by the prison officials; they had confidence in his salvation and they gladly gave him the opportunity of preaching regularly in the prison. Genuine revivals broke out and many were saved.

This continued for eight years until. one day the warden said there were more crooks and criminals outside the prison than there were on the inside, thus he recommended that Galvez be turned Loose, and they soon set him free.

By the time I labored in Peru he was out on the battlefield for the Lord. How wonderful are the ways of the Lord. No one can read about the workings of God in Galvez' life without saying, "God leads His dear children along." Praise His name forever and forever!

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THE END