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Since being here at Chaudoc, it seems that the powers of darkness have marshaled all their forces to combat us at every step. We have had sickness to such a degree that we have almost believed ourselves to be some distant relation to Job, but thank God! Jesus is Victor, even in our mortal bodies, so that at the present writing, "we are all alive, well and kicking." Personally, I have never encountered such opposition on the part of the enemy in all my Christian career. This opposition manifests itself in many different ways. Sometimes by indifference and sometimes by open opposition. For instance, at one of our out-stations, while the native preacher was preaching, a man walked up to the front of the little chapel and shouted "All who listen to this man's preaching are fools." He repeated the insult thrice, and made such a fuss that the people could not hear the preacher's message. Since that night, however, the meetings in that place have been unusually well attended and the prospect for a harvest of souls is in sight.

Freed from Demon Possession

It was also at this out-station, called Tan Chau, that I had a very interesting experience. I was told of a man who had formerly professed to follow Christ, but who was now devil-possessed to such a degree that he would stand up and loudly declare himself to be God. In company with the native preacher and two or three Christians, I went to call on him. He was at that moment in his right mind, although he had been possessed that very day. I talked with him about the Gospel and his previous profession, and asked him if he would like us to pray for him. I do not know as I had ever before seen a demon-possessed man, but I didn't have to look at this man twice before I was thoroughly convinced that he was actually under the power of some evil spirit. His face was worn and haggard through loss of sleep, fear and nervous tension, although he is only a young man of about thirty years. His eyes shone with a peculiar, uncanny light that made little shivers run up and down one's spine. He agreed however to our invitation to pray, so we all went back to the little chapel. There in the house of God, we prayed to Him before whom the demons tremble and shudder. When we had finished praying, I urged him to immediately destroy all his idols, talismans and other objects of idol-

atry and devil-worship. He promised to do so. - This occurred about two months ago, and to my knowledge, he has not had one single recurrence of these demon attacks. "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

Blessing from Prayer Conference

The Spirit of the Lord was very present at the recent native prayer conference at Mytho, and we decided to "hit while the iron was hot," by holding some special evangelistic meetings. We have finished three weeks of special meetings in three of our principal stations, and we hope to hold meetings in some of the smaller stations also. God's blessing was upon these meetings, and quite a number professed to accept Christ. We have a score of people who are ready for baptism, and many more who are preparing themselves for baptism.

Breaking New Ground

Probably the description of a recent trip made to some new villages in the southeastern part of this province might be of interest to you. An old, blind, native doctor, who had heard the Gospel and was converted when Mr. and Mrs. Grupe were here, came to me saying that in the three villages of Hoa Hao, Hung Nhon and Phu An, there were many people who wanted to hear the Gospel and follow the Lord; they were even willing to construct a chapel if only we would preach the Gospel to them. Who could refuse such an invitation? It sounded like one of those stories that you read about, but never actually see. Sunday afternoon we arrived at the out-station of Binh-Long, and found that the old, blind doctor had been waiting for us since early that morning. We had a good service at Binh-Long that night, one woman accepting Christ.

The next morning, at six o'clock, we boarded the little sampan, and proceeded to the new villages. It is the rainy season, and the fields and roads are flooded nearly everywhere. As we proceeded down the broad canal, we were absorbed in thought, when suddenly the little sampan swerved and headed straight for shore, but instead of hitting land, our little bark simply glided in and through the tall green rice. I had walked and ridden on horse-back across rice-fields, but I had never exper-

ience the thrill of riding right through those waving fields in a boat. Rowing was out of the question, so we were shoved along by means of long bamboo poles. The poles had to be long, for the water was an average of six to eight feet deep. "Six to eight feet deep!" "My!" I can hear some folks say, "how can the rice live in such a depth of water? Is not the whole crop ruined by such a deluge? What mean you by saying that your boat glided through the waving rice? You mean over the drowned rice don't you?" Not at all, I mean just what I say, our boat passed through waving fields of rice, with eight feet of water below. The rice has a pugnacious nature that absolutely refuses to be overwhelmed by the rising of the waters, unless these latter rise too quickly. In proportion as the water rises, the rice also rises, even to such an elevated height as I have described. For several kilometers we slowly plowed our way through vast stretches of rice-fields, and finally came into another, larger canal, which we followed until we reached the house of a Chinese Christian, who had invited us to dine with him.

The repast finished, we proceeded immediately to the place where we were to break the Bread of Life. This place was about a half an hour further down stream. Here the land is rather elevated, so that it was free from the water, and the compound was spacious, denoting the well-to-do standing of its owner. Several buildings were on the compound, in one of which we were to hold our meeting. A goodly company had already gathered, and more were constantly coming. After we had cooled off and rested a bit, we stepped across to the little shed and started the meeting.

Oh, what a joy thrills one's being as he realizes his great privilege and responsibility of planting God's Living Word in virgin soil, where as yet there are no tares of scepticism and modernism to corrupt. As the native preacher and I in turn proclaimed to them the glorious message of God's marvelous Love, it was easy to see that their hearts were stirred. Truly, the Word is as a sword in the Spirit's hands. After the messages five men and women definitely believed in the meritorious sacrifice of Christ and accepted Him as Saviour and Lord.

That evening, as our little boat glided through the waving fields of rice, methought I heard an earnest of the glorious new anthem of the new Jerusalem ringing in my heart. A.W. 3-19-27 p. 184