

Memories are fragrant of "a dedicated Christian lady whom we all loved in Christ"—a love-companion, God's love gift to me, who wrote:

"The life that goes out in love to all is the life that is full, rich, and continually expanding in beauty and power"

Whose mother had counselled:

"Shall the divinely urged heart
Half towards its glory move?
What! shall I love in part—in part
Yield to the Lord of Love?
Oh sweetest freedom Lord to be
Thy Love's full prisoner,
Take me all captive, make of me
A more than conqueror."



Ruth Goforth Jeffrey

Foreword

By Anita M. Bailey

When Mrs. D. Ivory Jeffrey died on February 22, 1974 nearly fifty-five years of unusual service for the Lord came to a close.

For more than forty-seven years she was a missionary to Viet Nam. For seven years she had been retired; retired on the books, that is, but aggressive as ever in preparing literature to win the non-Christian Vietnamese to Christ and to deepen the lives of the believers. The day before her sudden home-going she had phoned the New York office to discuss a paper order. Everything pertaining to evangelism was to her a matter of urgency.

Ruth Jeffrey was born in Changtefu, Honan, China, on January 1, 1898. She was the daughter of Jonathan and Rosalind Goforth, Canadian Presbyterian missionaries whose exploits of faith and revival ministry in northern China and Manchuria were known a generation ago to a missionary-minded people everywhere.

Perhaps it was her childhood years in China that God used to prepare her for her last twenty years in Viet Nam, for they were years of war. She was born just before the Boxer uprising. When her family was attacked in the summer of 1900 her Chinese nurse saved her life. The five children (five others died in childhood) went with their parents on their evangelistic tours, traveling under most primitive conditions and often living in Chinese inns for weeks at a time.

Actually some of the experiences of those years caused her to resist the Lord and to determine never to be a missionary. It was at a meeting in Wales, in which her father told of revival in Manchuria and the Holy Spirit caused all the people to break in humility and confession, that Ruth also called on the Lord for salvation. She was twelve years old.

When she returned to Canada at the age of eighteen she finally agreed to go with her father to an Alliance missionary convention. Her father hoped she might hear A. B. Simpson give one of his impassioned missionary messages. Instead, the speaker was Walter Turnbull, but God spoke to her through him. She wanted to forget China, but now she could see the women who had clung to her mother when they said good-bye, begging her to return soon and tell them more about Jesus. That day Ruth surrendered her life to God for service among them.

Beginning her preparation, she attended Toronto Bible College. At this time she earnestly sought the infilling of the Holy Spirit and the Lord met her need. Years later she wrote: "The secret of victory, I found, is to continually, moment by moment, cast myself upon the Lord in every circumstance, no matter how trying, and ask Him to live His life of love,

patience and humility through me. Nothing matters but love—Christ's love."

The years at Bible school brought another change in her life. Asked to sing in a duet at a youth meeting, she was afterward introduced to the speaker. He was Ivory Jeffrey, then under appointment by the Alliance to Indo-China. Not long afterward Ruth consented to go to the Vietnamese instead of the Chinese.

Her fiancé left for Viet Nam early in 1919, and a year and a half later, after studying a year at Nyack, she arrived on the field. The following year, 1921, they were married in Yunnanfu, China. They served in the Bible school and the district around Danang (then called Tourane) and later Hue.

In the 1930s an appointment to Saigon, then a city of two million people, enlarged their ministries. Mr. Jeffrey was chairman of the Mission and Ruth the hostess at the guesthouse. Here she was kept continually busy. She would have much preferred the quieter life of a small city, where she could withdraw for prayer and reading and writing. She was more interested in cultivating the inner life than in participating in mere social fellowship. In later years Ruth was to become a true activist.

At that time the Vietnamese congregation was meeting in a Chinese church in the adjoining city of Cholon. The need for a large, centrally located church in Saigon began to burn in the Jeffreys' hearts. It must be large enough for a city church and close enough to the market to be accessible to the many who came from the provinces to buy and sell. Land, even then, was at a premium.

But years of faith and prayer were at last rewarded. Around 1940 land, just where they hoped it would be, was secured. The site was dedicated

by Sir William Dobbie, the well-known Christian general who later became the defender of Malta in World War II, already breaking on the world. That church, in which many hundreds put their faith in Christ, including some Japanese of the occupying army, has since been replaced by a larger one. Now there are twenty-nine others in the city of three and a half million.

It was through the Jeffreys that Dr. John Sung came to Indo-China and changed the status quo of the church. They had read of his meetings in China and arranged for him to preach at the national church conference in 1938. Missionaries, pastors and laymen were deeply affected by the tremendous spiritual power of this humble man and a new evangelistic zeal characterized the church from that time on.

The year 1941 marked another crisis in Ruth Jeffrey's life. She was correcting papers for a short term Bible school session and as she read one student's paper she received a new revelation of the meaning of being seated with Christ in the heavenlies. With great earnestness she prayed that this might become a reality to her and to the whole church of Christ in Viet Nam. She knew there would be a price to pay for such an advance.

That price was the loss of their youngest child, twelve-year-old David, a gentle, winsome boy. The Japanese had occupied Viet Nam at that time and encephalitis was raging through the military camps and the city. David was stricken. But while the sorrow of the loss was deep, the joy of the Lord overruled and she could sing of God's "amazing grace."

After the missionaries were interned Mrs. Jeffrey took the opportunity for repatriation in 1943. Realizing the importance of literature as a means of evan-

gelizing she began to pray for money for paper and ink and the salary of a translator. There were no Mission funds available.

In 1945 she spoke at the Okoboji Lakes Bible Conference. Dr. Don Falkenberg, founder of the Bible Meditation League (now Bible Literature International), was also on the program. God led him to take on the support of a translator, the cost of a mimeograph machine and all the paper and ink she needed. And for over twenty-five years BLI has supported the literature program, now giving \$30,000 annually. They took on the cost of publishing *Rang Dong (The Dawn)*, an evangelistic magazine especially for soldiers, prisoners of war and other young people. Other friends supplied funds for the thousands of Gospels, booklets and tracts regularly used in the hospitals, induction centers, refugee camps and prisons during the long years of war in Viet Nam.

When the Jeffreys returned to Viet Nam in 1947 the headquarters office was in Dalat. Mrs. Jeffrey's conference appointment was to prepare literature for the church, especially the pastors. She also taught in short term Bible school sessions in Nhatrang. But this led her into another area of service.

The country was being ravaged by the war for independence. Churches were destroyed and Christians lost all their possessions. In an effort to comfort and help, Mrs. Jeffrey traveled to isolated villages, often at great personal risk, for trains and buses were repeatedly attacked by guerrillas. Frequently she interceded in the military headquarters or with the secret police for the release of Christians who had been apprehended. Sometimes she conducted funerals. Often on these occasions she was con-

scious that she also walked through the valley of the shadow of death.

Back in Saigon in 1954 the Jeffreys found seven large military hospitals with no gospel witness. Mrs. Jeffrey's reasoning was: "Someone *must* go. If there's no one else, I will." She applied for and was granted permission to visit the thousands of patients in the seven hospitals, going to a different one every day of the week.

A few months later, when the 1954 accord was reached between France and Viet Nam, she had the opportunity of distributing literature among thousands of political prisoners who would soon be deported to North Viet Nam. It was at this time also that she received permission to hold gospel meetings in the large Chi Hoa prison in Saigon. Soon all the prisons in South Viet Nam were open to gospel preaching and many prisoners came to know the Lord Jesus as Saviour.

The next challenge was the Quang-Trung military induction center near Saigon, where thousands of recruits took three months of basic military training. When a former student she had known in Danang invited her to visit him in the park on Sunday morning (the only time they were free), Mrs. Jeffrey found thousands of lonely, uprooted young men about to go into combat. When permission was granted, she started a Christian bookstore and held evangelistic services there.

The Cong Hoa military hospital was next. There were hundreds of wounded and dying men without any gospel witness. Once again there was a burden and an action and a persistence until God moved upon the heart of the Catholic administrator to permit regular visitation and Sunday services. Seven hun-

dred men came to that first meeting. Some were paraplegics carried by friends. Others hobbled on crutches. Through the years more than ten thousand men have professed faith in Christ in that hospital.

Others, both Vietnamese and missionaries, helped and eventually took over these activities. But it was largely Ruth Jeffrey's vision and burden and persistence that started it all.

She enthusiastically concurred with the goal of the Vietnamese Christians: to pray and work for the salvation of ten million Vietnamese before the Lord returns. I can believe that even now she is telling the Lord about the millions in Viet Nam who do not yet know Him and pleading with Him to have someone go to them.

A year ago she suffered a severe heart attack and consequently some of her work was curtailed. But she never really stopped until the Lord said, "It's enough."

About sixteen months ago she wrote a sketch of her life for the students at the Biblical and Theological Institute in Nhatrang. She called it "Amazing Grace." It was God's grace through her that accomplished so much for Him.

For the past several years the Jeffreys lived in Stouffville, Ontario. In addition to her husband, Mrs. Jeffrey is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Burton (Ruth) Houck, who formerly served in Viet Nam, and a son, Paul, of Toronto. One granddaughter, Ruth Houck Morris, serves with her husband Paul, in Richmond, Virginia. Another, Mrs. Kathleen Houck Cummings, lives in Omaha, Nebraska. A sister, Mrs. Mary Moynan, lives in Tacoma, Washington.

At a dinner honoring Lillian Dickson last September before 1300 people Dr. Bob Pierce, founder of

World Vision, said, "The Goforths are one of the greatest missionary families of all time and Ruth Goforth Jeffrey is one of the greatest missionaries of the cross of our generation."

Dr. Oswald J. Smith has made this statement regarding Ivory and Ruth Jeffrey:

"My heart goes out to Rev. Ivory Jeffrey and the bereaved in the loss of his dear wife, Ruth. I want him to know that I am remembering him in prayer and that I would be present if I were not ill myself.

"I can sympathize with him because I, too, have lost my wife. May the dear Lord comfort him and all who knew and love her, is my prayer.

"Ruth was a wonderful Christian, born of famous parents, with whom I ministered and we are all going to miss her. Her work on the foreign field was outstanding and we know that she has gone to a great reward."

The Vietnamese Christian Student Fellowship, Nguyen xuan Duc, President, has written the following to Rev. Mr. Jeffrey:

"Our prayers and sympathy are with you at the home call of your wife, one of the great ambassadors for Christ to Viet Nam."

A Brief Account of My Life in China and Vietnam

Ruth Goforth Jeffrey

Early Years in China

I was born in Changtefu, Honan, China, on January 1, 1898. Mrs. Cheng, my Chinese nurse, saved my life when we were attacked by Boxers in the summer of 1900. Mother tells of how Mrs. Cheng proved herself an untold blessing to us all throughout that terrible experience. There were fifteen missionaries and children in our party. "Twice she was tested as few have ever been, but how nobly she stood the tests." On the eleventh day, when it seemed all were to be massacred, this wonderful woman, when separated with little Ruth from the rest of us and attacked by men demanding the child, lay down, covering the little one and taking blow

after blow upon herself. By the mercy of God, they were both saved, as their assailants turned to get their share of the loot.

"That night, about 2:00 a.m., our whole party was again facing seemingly certain death. Several Chinese came to Mrs. Cheng, begging her to leave us and save herself. They even promised to have her taken back safely to her home at Changte, but she refused. It was a very dark night. We had no lamp nor candles. Suddenly, I heard a sound of weeping outside. Following the sound, I found Mrs. Cheng sitting alone on a narrow verandah, weeping bitterly and moaning aloud: 'I must go. I must go. Even if they kill me, I must go!' As I sat down beside her, we clung to each other in our distress.

"During the awful days that followed, when we almost starved, when sickness came first to one, then to another, when all were exhausted and tried to the last point of endurance, Mrs. Cheng, through it all, thought not one moment of herself but only of those she served."¹ She never left us until we were safe on the C.P.R. ship bound for Canada.

Christmas in China and Canada

Mrs. R. J. Fleming, the wife of a former mayor of Toronto, was a close friend of my mother. Through all the years of our sojourn in China and since, I have never ceased to thank God for giving my mother such a wonderful friend. She was like a fairy god-mother to the Goforth children.

Every Christmas, without fail, several packages arrived in Changte from Toronto, in plenty of time for Christmas. The packages were placed at once

on the top of a high cupboard where we children couldn't touch them but where we were allowed to feast our eyes on them, anticipating the marvelous toys they were sure to contain, because our dear friend, Mrs. Fleming, had chosen them for us. And, of course, she knew just what we wanted!

I don't remember our ever having a Christmas tree or a special family gathering in China because my father always celebrated Christmas at the street chapel, preaching to crowds of eager listeners, just as he celebrated every other day of the year.

But the most precious memory of Christmas in China was being wakened before dawn by the singing of carols outside my window. The carolers were a group of Chinese boys from our Christian school. It sounded to me like a heavenly choir.

Then after our escape from the Boxers in 1900, we stayed in the Flemings' beautiful home in Toronto until we could find a house for the year my parents were on furlough. Christmas Day that year was spent with the Flemings. For the first time I saw a beautifully decorated and lighted Christmas tree and a real live Santa Claus. I was so frightened at the sight of Santa Claus, whom I failed to recognize as our genial host, Mr. R. J. Fleming, that I wanted to rush back to our way of celebrating Christmas in the interior of China.

Country Evangelism

Before we were old enough to attend school, we children travelled with our parents from village to village on their evangelistic tours, for weeks at a time. We stayed in Chinese inns and slept on brick beds. The only heat in winter came from the open fireplace under our brick beds. Sometimes we found

¹ *Climbing*, chapter VI.

a pigsty outside our window. We children thought that was fun, but of course Mother didn't. Mother gives a vivid description of one of our trips and the lesson she learned from it:²

"When we were about a quarter of an hour from Tzuchou, the sky became suddenly darkened by dense clouds from the north. Just as the train reached the station, the storm in all its fury broke upon us with blinding clouds of dust and sand. We could scarcely see inches away and with great difficulty reached the shelter of the station, which would soon be closed. No evangelist or coolies were in sight. Our letter had evidently miscarried. There was nothing for us to do but face the long walk over rough plowed fields leaving our 'boy' (servant) to watch the baggage. Dr. Goforth led the way, carrying the heavier child, while the amah and I followed as best we could with the younger one. Darkness had set in. The wind, with rain, seemed unabated. Stumbling, sometimes falling over the hard clods of earth, trying to keep my husband in sight, shivering with cold from the sudden drop in temperature of over thirty degrees, the amah and I, while sharing the burden of the child, groaned and wept all the way. Again and again I vowed that nothing, no nothing, could or would make me go out with the children again.

"At last we reached the mission, or rented Chinese compound. No time was lost in getting the coolies off for our baggage. In the meantime, Chinese bread and a tin of sweetened condensed milk were secured. (How often have I been thankful that these could usually be had from native stores!) With some boiling water soon all were warming up with

² *Climbing*, chapter XIII.

bowls of hot bread and milk. On the arrival of our baggage, bedding was spread on the brick platform beds, and the children were soon asleep. But still I kept vowing to myself that this touring life must cease.

"The following morning women began to pour in. One fine Christian woman, with a bright shining face came in saying, 'Mrs. Goforth, you don't know what a help it is to us all, your coming out as you do with your children. Everyone knows what a home and comforts you give up just for the sake of bringing the good new to us women.'

"Oh, how my heart thrilled as she spoke! Little did she know what her words meant to me. The vowing of the night before vanished. Joy filled my heart, and I knew the Lord understood."

Five of my little brothers and sisters died in China. It was hard on my mother having her precious children exposed to infectious diseases like smallpox and diphtheria, but she continued to live this kind of life year after year, in order to reach the thousands of women in our district with the wonderful message of redemption through Christ.

Llandrinded Wells Convention in Wales

After our parents' furlough in 1910, we returned to China via Britain. My father, who had been holding revival meetings in Manchuria, was one of the speakers at the Llandrinded Wells convention that year. After his message one afternoon the entire audience of Welsh Christians were on their knees, confessing their sins and crying to God for forgiveness. It seemed as though hell opened up in front of me, and I too fell on my knees, calling on God for mercy and forgiveness. Before this, my father had pled with

me to get right with God, but I had stubbornly refused. A great joy and peace filled my heart as I rose from my knees and told my father what had happened. But I am sorry to confess that I didn't read my Bible and pray every day as I should have. One of the earliest memories of my childhood in China was seeing my father reading his Chinese Bible beside a kerosene lamp long before daybreak. This was his daily habit.

"Get Off at the Next Station"

Those were the words our Chinese conductor said to my brother Wallace and myself as we told him that we had had no time to purchase tickets; that our father would pay when we reached our station at Changte.

We were returning home for Christmas holidays from the China Inland Mission School (O.M.F.) at Chefoo. Since the trains had no sleepers in those days, we could only travel by day. At one place our father had arranged for a local missionary to meet our train; and after entertaining us in his home over night, he was to put us on the morning train the next day, the last day of our trip.

But as we hurried into the station that morning, our train had already started. There was only time to dump us and our baggage on the last car of the train as it pulled out of the station.

My brother at once went up to a kindly looking Chinese gentleman and asked him the name of the next station. Then quickly tearing the flyleaf out of his New Testament, he scribbled a hasty note to Father, telling him the name of the station where we were being forced to leave the train. Then he gave the note to our sympathetic Chinese friend who

delivered it to Father when the train reached Changte.

Father immediately phoned the station master where we had been put off the train, asking him to please allow us to stay in his room and then put us on the next train for Changte, which he did. I remember that we only had a little cash which we spent on peanuts. So we were shivering in the cold and eating peanuts when the station master welcomed us into his nice warm room and gave us each a bowl of hot Chinese noodle soup.

My husband still can't understand why I would rather wait an hour at the bus or station depot than rush into the terminal just at the scheduled hour of departure.

Return to Canada

When I was eighteen, I returned to Canada with my parents. They had hoped I would be a missionary, but I told them I had had enough hardships as the daughter of missionaries. One day before returning to China, my father urged me to attend a Christian and Missionary Alliance missionary convention in the city of Toronto. He said he wanted me to hear a great preacher, but I wasn't interested. Although my parents were missionaries of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, they realized that Dr. A. B. Simpson was an outstanding man of God, and they wanted God to speak to me through him. Just to please my father, I went with him to the Alliance Missionary convention that day, and God did speak to my heart in no uncertain terms. He showed me how selfish I was not to be willing to take the Gospel to the women of China as my mother had. Just before returning to Canada I had accompanied my parents

on one of their evangelistic tours and had seen how much their preaching and Bible teaching had meant to the Chinese people. The Lord reminded me in the meeting that day of the groups of weeping women I had seen clinging to my mother, begging her not to leave them. The message of salvation through Christ alone had transformed their lives. And yet, knowing all this, I refused to go back to China as a missionary. I kept wiping the tears from my eyes as God melted my hard heart. The speaker that afternoon was Dr. Walter Turnbull, not Dr. Simpson. How my father must have rejoiced as he realized his prayers were being answered and that his daughter sitting beside him had heard God's call to service in the regions beyond.

Bible College

For the next two years I was a student at the Toronto Bible College. It was at this time that I earnestly sought the infilling of the Holy Spirit. While reading *The Two-fold Secret of the Holy Spirit* by James McConkey, I realized I must make a number of things right with those I had wronged; and I did. Finally, after quite a struggle, I wrote a letter to a former teacher in the Chefoo School I had attended in China, confessing to her that I had cheated in an exam. As I returned to my room after mailing the letter, the Holy Spirit truly flooded my being and for days and weeks I was deeply conscious of His indwelling presence. But, by not obeying the voice of the Spirit, I failed Him many, many times and caused others to stumble.

The secret of victory, I have found, is to continually, moment by moment, cast myself upon the Lord, in every circumstance, no matter how trying,

and ask Him to live His life of love, patience, and humility through me. Nothing matters but love—Christ's love. He will speak through us and love others through us if only we are willing to stand back, so to speak, and yield Him the right of way. "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain" (Ps. 127:1).

Bound for Indo-China

Mr. Jeffrey and I met for the first time at a youth meeting in Toronto in 1917. We were both on the program that evening. He was the speaker, and I sang a duet with a friend. It was this friend who introduced me to my future husband at the close of the meeting.

Mr. Jeffrey was under appointment as an Alliance missionary to French Indo-China at the time. Not long after this first meeting I agreed to go to Indo-China instead of China. But before leaving for Indo-China, I must spend a year at the Alliance Missionary Training Institute at Nyack, New York, in order to become better acquainted with Alliance Truth and Testimony. Dr. Walter Turnbull, the one through whom I had heard God's call to missionary service, was the dean at Nyack that year. His chapel messages were always a great blessing and inspiration to me.

Mr. Jeffrey reached Haiphong early in February 1919. A year and a half later I arrived in Tourane (Danang). We were married in Yunnanfu, China, on June 28, 1921. Today, fifty-two years later, this story is being written because of a request from a student in the Bible and Theological Seminary in Nhatrang, Vietnam. Each student is expected to

write a paper on the life story of a missionary from Vietnam.

The Saigon Gospel Tabernacle

After spending ten years in Tourane and Hue, we found ourselves, with our three children, in charge of the Alliance Receiving Home in Saigon. This was in June 1933. The Receiving Home was the last place I would have chosen in which to serve, but God placed us there, we know now, in order to build a Gospel Lighthouse for the Vietnamese people in that city of over two million souls.

Even though we had no funds and no promise of funds, we started looking for an ideal location for the large Gospel Tabernacle we knew God wanted in the heart of Saigon. It had to be large in order to accommodate the annual church conferences. And it must be near the central market for the sake of travellers coming in by bus from the interior.

It wasn't very long before we knew the Lord had led us to the right place. The well-known Christian General, Sir William Dobbie, who was in Saigon at the time, prayed with us as we stood together on the newly purchased church property. He poured out his heart in earnest supplication for the salvation of souls in that vast metropolis and for God's blessing upon His Church throughout Vietnam.

As I look back to those days before we started building, my heart is once again deeply stirred as I think of the dear crippled woman who hobbled several miles on her crutches each Sunday to the Chinese church in Cholon and back, so that she could save her bus fare for the building fund. She and all the Saigon Christians who sacrificed and prayed were really the ones who built that Gospel Light-

house. When I told what the Saigon Christians had done, a lady from Wheeling, West Virginia, was so touched that she gave the entire amount we still needed.

John Sung

Before the Saigon Tabernacle actually got under way, John Sung arrived in Vietnam. This truly was the Lord's doing. From the time I had read about his meetings in Singapore, I kept praying that God would send him to us. I also kept urging my husband, who was the Mission chairman at the time, to write Dr. Sung. But Mr. Jeffrey didn't think such an outstanding evangelist could possibly find time to fit Vietnam into his busy schedule. However, in spite of his doubts, he wrote inviting him to come. And he came.

What a tremendous spiritual impact that man of God had on all of us. It was indeed an honour to be able to entertain him at the Receiving Home. The other missionaries who were there on their way to Vinhlong for the Conference felt the same way. At the hotel in Vinhlong our room adjoined his. I couldn't help but hear him agonizing in prayer practically all night. Between meetings he dealt faithfully with all who came to him for counsel and prayer. Those who yielded to God and were filled with the Holy Spirit were greatly blessed in their ministry in the days that followed.

Some months before Dr. Sung arrived, a Christian woman came to Saigon to see a doctor. She was a farmer's wife from a distant village. I took her to the hospital where she was told she had tuberculosis of the bone and must have her right arm amputated at once. The woman said she would re-

turn home and trust the Lord as she couldn't get along without both her arms. When she heard Dr. Sung was in Saigon she returned and was instantly healed when he prayed for her.

David

After John Sung had come and gone and a year after the Saigon Tabernacle was completed, we said good-bye to our precious David. About a month before this I had a new and deeper revelation than I had ever had before of what it meant to be seated with Christ in the heavenlies. It came to me while I was correcting Bible Correspondence exam papers sent in by pastors and young people from churches in Cochin China. It actually was a sentence in Pastor Hien's paper that brought such blessing to my heart. Almost immediately I was filled with a great longing that this same truth might be revealed to all the Christians in Vietnam. And that they in turn would lead multitudes to the feet of Jesus.

As I was praying and weeping before the Lord, it seemed as though Christ Himself spoke to me. He asked me if I really wanted what I was praying for more than anything else in the world. Without a moment's hesitation I answered "Yes, Lord." And then came the second question, "More than even David?" Not more than our beloved 12-year-old David, surely! How could I ever give him up? But David was saved, I knew. And yet millions of precious Vietnamese children and their parents were without Christ and without hope. From a breaking heart I cried, "Yes, Lord, I want the peoples of Vietnam to know You and be saved, even more than I want David."

The Japanese Army had already occupied Vietnam. An epidemic of Japanese encephalitis was spreading through the military camps in Saigon and hundreds were dying. David died of encephalitis on November 8, 1941. His last words were, "Mother, do children grow up in heaven?"

Just about a month before David left Saigon for his heavenly home, he had his picture taken by a downtown photographer for his passport to Canada. The Lord led in this, for even though David didn't need that picture, his family did. We were greatly comforted also by the remembrance of his dream.

In march 1941, while playing at the Dalat school, David fell and broke his arm. It was a compound fracture, so he was sent to the Grall Hospital in Saigon to have it set. One night after leaving the hospital and before returning to Dalat, David dreamt that he was on his way to Heaven; but when he reached the gate where he had seen others passing through, the gate didn't open for him. He woke up and came into my room weeping. When I asked him the reason he told me his dream, saying he was afraid he wasn't saved. In reply to my question: "What do you have to do to know that when you reach the gate of Heaven, it will open for you?" David said, "I know I don't have to do anything except believe in Jesus, because He has done it all, but I feel so wicked, Mother."

Then he told me about a lie he had told one of his teachers at Dalat, that he had never confessed. Kneeling down by the side of my bed, he confessed his sin to God and promised to confess to his teacher as soon as he reached Dalat, which he did.

I gave him John 5:24 to memorize. Before return-

ing to Dalat he repeated this verse to me several times, rejoicing in the fact that he had already passed from death to life.

When the Dalat school closed in July 1941, David returned to Saigon with a large group of students and teachers bound for the States. We had forty or more during one or two nights, so there wasn't an opportunity for me to talk to David until most of our guests had left. Then he said with a radiant smile, "Mother, I've never forgotten my dream." I had forgotten it, but remembering, I said, "Are you afraid the gate won't open when you get to Heaven, David?" "No, I'm not afraid anymore, Mother, because Jesus promised that if I hear His word and believe on Him that sent Him, I have everlasting life and will not come into judgment, because I have already passed from death to life."

The Lord did a wonderful thing for me just before I knew I must say good-bye to David. He took my burden and left me with a song. To my amazement I found myself singing, "Keep on praising God." The Lord gave me the words and the tune. I couldn't stop singing in my heart all through the difficult hours that followed. No wonder those who came to sympathize at the funeral were surprised to find me radiant. All I wanted to do after the funeral was to sit down at the organ and play and sing, "Amazing Grace." I tell this for God's honor and glory alone. "For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net; thou hast laid affliction upon our loins . . . but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place" (Ps. 66:10-12).

Pearl Harbor

A month later, on December 7, 1941, when we heard on the radio that Japan had attacked Pearl Harbor, we immediately took our new Chevrolet car down to a garage where it was sold and the money used to finish the parsonage at the back of the Saigon Tabernacle.

Some time before this, a friend in the States had written advising us not to waste any money building a church when the Japanese were about to take over Southeast Asia. And then he warned: our church would be used to stable their horses. Actually, services were held as usual in the Tabernacle all through the Japanese occupation. More than once groups of Christian Japanese soldiers were seen to file up to the front on Sundays, after the Vietnamese service was over, and sing hymns and pray. They must have had their hymnbooks and Bibles with them. How true that "he that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap" (Eccles. 11:4).

Kuramochi

The first Japanese to call on us was a businessman by the name of Kuramochi. He spoke English fluently. This was a day or so after the attack on Pearl Harbor. At first I thought Mr. Kuramochi had been sent to spy on us. Instead, he asked if we were Christians and then proceeded to show us his Japanese New Testament, with pictures of King George V, the Queen of England, and the two princesses. Kuramochi was a member of the

Anglican Church. Ever since he had arrived to work in a Saigon bank, he had been looking for some English-speaking Christians, and now how happy he was to have found some. Every Sunday evening after that we invited Mr. Kuramochi to have supper with us. He was a real born-again Christian. We read a portion of Scripture and then prayed and sang hymns together each time he visited us.

Homera Homer-Dixon

I was very grateful to Mrs. Homer-Dixon for helping me entertain the groups of Japanese soldiers who dropped in almost daily. We served them lemonade and cookies and tried to explain the Gospel to them. They didn't know much English and we didn't know any Japanese. Mrs. Homer-Dixon, however, knew some Chinese characters. She was very patient and enthusiastic as she tried to win those soldiers to Christ. When they heard she was very ill at the Grall Hospital, they came to see her. The Frenchman at the entrance to the hospital wouldn't let them in at first, but they insisted on seeing their Canadian friend who had been so kind to them.

Finally, the exasperated Frenchman came to ask me to send the Japanese away. But I told him that Mrs. Homer-Dixon would like to see them and to please allow them to come in. So in they came. They offered her some of the rations, tins of Japanese fruit, they hoped she would relish. But she was dying and could no longer speak. All she could do was smile and point upwards. I think they understood that she would be looking for them in Heaven. The men wept as they stood around her bed, for they understood the language of love. Homera

Homer-Dixon left us for her Home above on December 7, 1942.

As I write I am reminded of an incident that took place a few months before this, while Homera and I were teaching a Short Term Bible School class at Cantho. She received a scrap of paper one day from a Meo tribesman in the mountains north of Hanoi. On it was scrawled a few words that started Homera weeping and praying for the next few hours. He said something to this effect, "O Mother, when are you coming back? We are scattered over these mountains like sheep without a shepherd, with no one to teach us, no one to love us. Won't you come soon?" I wonder if someone else has gone to take Homera's place, or are those tribespeople in North Vietnam still waiting for a Messenger from God?

Return to Canada on the "Gripsholm"

We were interned by the Japanese in April 1943. A few months later those who wished to return home on the second trip of the "Gripsholm" were allowed to do so. I felt I should try to see our son Paul, who was a paratrooper, before he left with his Canadian contingent for overseas duty. That was why I was among those who sailed from Saigon on the Japanese prisoner exchange ship. Later we were transferred to the "Gripsholm" at Goa.

Rounding the Cape of Good Hope we ran into a storm. As the ship pitched and rolled I began to feel not only seasick but quite despondent. Then the Lord met me. It was through reading an article written by a sailor who had been on the raft with Mrs. Ethel Bell and 18 others for 20 days in the South Atlantic. The article was in a *Good Housekeeping* magazine that someone had placed on my bunk.

Mrs. Bell, formerly Ethel Roffe, had befriended me when I returned from China with my parents in 1916. We often sang duets together. I had not heard that the ship on which she sailed from Africa with her two children, in the summer of 1942, had been torpedoed and sunk. This was because our mail from home failed to reach us during the Japanese occupation of Indo-China.

Now, while sailing off the coast of South Africa, I read the thrilling story for the first time. The title of the sailor's article was "A Friend of a Friend of His." Mrs. Bell, by her Christ-like life and testimony on the raft, had proved herself to be indeed one of God's friends. This sailor who had received Jesus Christ as his personal Savior while on the raft just wanted to be identified as a friend of a friend of His.

That was the end of my discouragement and seasickness. The ship was still rolling and pitching but now I was singing. For the rest of the voyage home my heart overflowed with praise to God for His amazing grace in sustaining my friend and all those with her throughout that terrible ordeal on the raft.

On my arrival in Canada I found Paul in a military hospital recovering from pneumonia. He later rejoined his unit overseas.

Publication Work 1947-74

I know now that the Lord definitely led me in my returning to Canada and the States on the second trip of the "Gripsholm" in 1943. If I had waited for Mr. Jeffrey to be released from internment at Mytho, I would not have been one of the speakers at the Okoboji Iowa Conference in the summer of 1944.

I had come to that conference with a great burden on my heart for Vietnam. Realizing the importance of the printed page, I had been praying for quantities of paper, ink, and the support of a translator. I knew I couldn't count on any Mission funds. I must look to the Lord alone to supply the finances for the literature program I had in mind.

Dr. Don Falkenberg of the Bible Meditation League, now Bible Literature International, was also one of the speakers at the Okoboji Conference that year. To my great joy God led him to take on the support of a translator, the cost of a mimeograph machine, and all the paper and ink I would need. For the past 27 years B.L.I. has continued to support our literature program each month. For the past five years they have published 44,000 copies of the magazine Rang-Dong each month, for distribution among men in the Vietnamese Armed Forces, prisoners of war, refugees and others. We are deeply grateful also for other friends who have continued to make it possible for us to print or purchase all the Gospel portions, booklets and other literature needed for work in Military Induction Centres, Military hospitals, refugee camps and prisons. Our two outstanding translators, Messrs. Do-duc-Tri and Nguyen-van-Van, are truly God's gift to the Church. I am deeply grateful to them and to Mr. Huynh-van-Lac for his valuable printing ministry.

Dalat

During our fifth term of service, from February 1947 to June 1951, our headquarters was at Dalat. Our 1947 missionary conference appointed me to prepare and publish literature for the Church, under the general heading of "Preacher's Helps."

Since the one and only commercial press at Dalat failed to meet our standards, we mimeographed, as clearly as possible, the literature we sent out. We were most grateful to the pastors and Christians who appreciated Dr. Simpson's messages and the other literature, even though it wasn't printed. I will always remember with deep gratitude those who so faithfully worked with me on this literature program.

Nhatrang

While Mr. Jeffrey was occupied with chairmanship duties at Dalat, I assisted in Short Term Bible School sessions at Nhatrang. I also made trips to some of the isolated churches and groups of Christians in virtually no man's land. Although this involved personal risk, it was an encouragement to the sorely tried believers.

On one of my trips to Nhatrang by train, I was told that the week before, a bridge on the steep mountain railway had been tampered with and the train had fallen over the embankment. After we passed over this same bridge, it collapsed completely. For an hour and a half before reaching Nhatrang our armored escort train kept firing cannon salvos to ward off guerilla attacks. I was in the coach filled with French soldiers so would have been in the thick of the fight had it broken out.

On another occasion while travelling by train back to Dalat, I noticed some fires here and there along the way. When I questioned a fellow passenger about the fires, he said it was a sign that the guerillas had an encampment nearby, and those were the fires where they had done their cooking. Just then the train came to a sudden, jolting stop. We were in

desolate, uninhabited country. Being the only foreigner on the train, I wondered for a moment what would happen to me if we were attacked. Then, picking up my Bible, I went to the car where most of the passengers were and preached to them as though it would be my last sermon on this earth. Later, I was told that the engineer had seen a spiral of smoke rising from the tiny bridge we were about to cross. He realized at once that that meant guerillas had burned the wooden ties on the bridge. If he had not stopped, the bridge would have collapsed under the weight of the train and the guerillas would have attacked. The bridge was repaired in time, and before dark we were continuing on our way in safety to Dalat.

Early one morning before the opening of Bible School in Nhatrang, a Christian came running in to tell of the tragic death of a fellow believer. Two brothers from the little fishing village among the coconut palms had been out fishing all night. They were on their way home when they ran into a French patrol. The older brother was killed instantly, and only a miracle saved the younger one, by the name of Kinh, from a similar fate.

Since Kinh was under arrest, I was asked to go at once to seek his release. Both Mr. Houck and the local Vietnamese pastor were away at the time, so that afternoon I performed my first funeral service. I had spent the entire morning at the French fort trying to save Kinh from torture and imprisonment. He finally was turned over to me on condition that he attend our Bible School, which he did.

While our Bible School was in session, I was told very early one morning that 18-year-old Em had been killed the night before. Em was the brightest and

most spiritual of the young men in the Nhatrang church. At once I rushed over to their home where his body lay and where his mother was weeping inconsolably. The night before as Em opened his Bible to study and pray, as he did every evening, a shot rang out from the nearby government fort. It pierced the mud and thatch wall of their home and entered Em's heart. He died almost instantly. The Vietnamese soldiers in the fort only intended to intimidate Em's mother, who had refused to give them the chickens they demanded. She wanted to sell them at a very low price, as raising chickens was her only means of livelihood.

As I cried to the Lord to comfort this dear broken-hearted mother in her hour of desperate grief, I felt constrained to urge her to forgive her son's murderer. She stopped weeping and bowed her head for a moment in silence. She knew she didn't have the kind of love that could forgive the man who had killed her only child, but she asked the Lord Jesus to give it to her, and He did. He filled her heart with His love. At the little cemetery over at Hon Chong, by the present Bible Seminary property, that dear wonderful Christian lad, the leader of the Nhatrang Young People, was buried. As I looked across the grave at his mother, and saw her radiant face, I thanked God for another miracle of grace. From that day she has been concerned, as never before, for the salvation of souls in her community. Through her great loss the Lord has enlarged her heart and now she is running the way of His commandments (Ps. 119:32).

Phanthiet-Phanri District

While I was in Phanthiet, Hai, a young Christian

lad in a Phanthiet prison, was surprised one night to find himself singing:

"When peace like a river attendeth my way
When sorrow like sea billows roll,
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say:
It is well, it is well, with my soul!"

It was the third night that forty men had sat crowded together on the floor of a stifling hot cell, with no light and no window or other means of ventilation. Those who had been tortured during the day were either sobbing or groaning aloud in their misery. Some grenades had been thrown in the section of town where these men lived, so indiscriminate arrests had been made.

Word had been passed around among the prisoners earlier that evening, that four of their number were to be shot at dawn. Hai knew he was ready to go to be with Christ but what of his companions? The Lord had given him "a song in the night," but what of these who were on the brink of hell? Hai pled with his fellow prisoners to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and to repent of their sins e're it was too late.

Early the next morning on my fourth visit to the military Secret Service headquarters, I was told that Hai and his cousin had been sentenced to a year in prison, but because of my interest in the case the sentence would be reduced to six months. It seemed to be all I could do. My request to visit the boys and give them each a Gospel of John was then granted. In the few moments we spent together, Hai assured me of his innocence. He said he was holding no bitterness in his heart against his captors. While we were talking, a messenger came from the French chief of the Secret Service asking me

to return to his office. Standing at his desk with the boys' records in his hands, he said simply, "The boys are free. I have decided to pardon them!" With that he proceeded to tear up their papers. The boys and I walked out of the prison together that morning. Hai was one of our Bible School students at Nhatrang but hadn't been holding children's meetings or witnessing as he had promised to do. The Lord spoke very definitely to him through this experience.

It had been four years since the last missionary, Rev. Wm. C. Cadman, had visited this district. I travelled from place to place either by plane, horse-cart, jeep, bus or armored train. There were four armored trains in one of our convoys. It took us six hours from Phanthiet to Phanri and then after a five-day stop-over in Phanri I rejoined the convoy to Tourcham, another six hours' ride. That was unusually fast time, I was told, as we had no breaks in the railway and no blown-up bridges to repair.

Shortly after an all-out attack on the village of Phu-lam, I visited the Christians there. Ngo-Phuoc's house stood out like a beacon on a hill in the midst of utter ruin and desolation. More than half the brick houses had been destroyed, a cement bridge dynamited, and five brick forts demolished. The church and all the Christians' homes were intact, and no Christian had even been wounded in the fighting. I was the one who came very near being shot that day. As I walked through the ruins of that village with a group of Christians, a trigger happy soldier fired his rifle in my direction. The bullet passed very close to my ears from the sound of it.

When the guerillas came to Ngo-Phuoc's door

armed with grenades and machine guns, he opened it promptly while the rest of the family lay huddled in the trench under the thick wooden plank bed. When asked who he was and which side he was on, he replied calmly, "I'm a Christian and a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. I know you can't harm me because I'm in His care." No grenade was thrown in that house and no shot fired because Ngo-Phuoc had taken the Lord for his refuge and fortress. He was dwelling in the secret place of the Most High. Four of the young people from this area attended our Short Term sessions at Nhatrang.

Wherever I stayed on my trips, whether in the local parsonage or in the home of a Christian, I was always under the shadow of a fort. It was impossible on account of the shooting to get enough sleep at night. I now know something of what it means to "walk through the valley of the shadow of death." It has given me a deeper understanding and sympathy for our dear Vietnamese pastors and their flocks who have been walking through this valley for many long years. Thank God, they have not had to walk alone, "For thou art with me." No matter how long or how hard the way, they are singing from over-flowing hearts, "It is well, it is well, with my soul."

The Story of Thiét, the First Chàm Christian

Rev. and Mrs. Lich were the first ones to witness to Thiét since they were the first workers at Phanri, near where Thiét was born. He believed the simple story of salvation and accepted Christ as his personal Saviour when he was only thirteen years of age. Thiét's family was the chief family of his tribe and

since he was the only son in the family it was expected that one day he would become the king or high priest of his tribe.

From the very beginning Thiét was bitterly persecuted for the stand he had taken. One day while bathing in a stream near their home his brother-in-law threatened to drown him by holding him under the water until he recanted, but God enabled him to break away.

Every time he bowed his head in prayer before partaking of food his sister or her child would hit him on the head but he never took offence. He was often forced to go without food when he was hungry. His sister would say: "There is no rice for one who follows Christ. If you give up Christ you can have all the rice you want."

When he asked for money to buy schoolbooks and his sister told him that they couldn't spend money on a Christian, he replied simply that it would be better to be ignorant and go to heaven than to be learned and go to hell. She told him that he would have to leave school and come home and tend the buffaloes. He said that would be quite all right but he couldn't deny the Saviour who had died for him.

One day when his clothes were all torn and he asked for new ones he was told that if he would give up Christ yes, but otherwise no. Thiét accepted a life of continuous trial without complaining, for he knew it was better by far to be treated as a beggar and an outcast down here and enter the kingdom of God, than to live as a king without Christ and without hope. He continued to love his family and was obedient and respectful, serving them as the younger brother. Sometimes he felt like unburdening his heart to Pastor Tung and his wife who had re-

placed the Lichs and who were with him from the time he was fourteen until his death at twenty-one. But his constant prayer in those days was: "Lord, don't let me complain because of my trials lest I lose the love Thou hast put in my heart."

One day as he and a group of boys were riding to school on bicycles, one of them suggested that they put Thiét's Christianity to the test. Just ahead was an ox-cart so the boys decided to force Thiét against the oxen and see what would happen. The result was that as the boys were passing the ox-cart they pressed against Thiét until he lost his balance and fell under the animals.

His bicycle was smashed beyond repair but Thiét came through unscathed. He said it was as though an unseen hand had lifted him clear of the cart—there was no other explanation.

At school Thiét suffered as much persecution as he did at home but his sister insisted that he continue with his studies for the sake of the family prestige. When the time came to take his entrance exams he was sent to Phanthiét with the other students but failed to pass. This was indeed a severe blow to both Thiét and his family. The next year, to make sure that he would pass, his brother-in-law gave him a letter addressed to the examiner in which he promised to pay him well if he would pass Thiét. The lad knew what was in the letter and he knew that it wasn't God's will for him to deliver it so as soon as he reached his seat in the examination room he knelt and prayed that God would enable him to pass.

Thiét had been slightly deaf before this but as soon as he rose from his knees he could hear perfectly. When the results were posted, Thiét's name

headed the list. His family thought it was because of the letter but on Thiét's return he handed it to his brother-in-law saying he had never delivered it as he knew it would not be pleasing to God.

Thiét was so anxious to evangelize his own people that instead of continuing with his secular studies he went to the Tourane Bible School when he was eighteen. Because he was a Chàm everyone thought he would find the course hard but Thiét did as well as the very best students, if not better. He excelled in music. He spent much time in prayer, especially for the salvation of his beloved Chàm people. At the district conference one year he sang "There were ninety and nine" with such feeling and pathos that when he was finished everyone in that vast audience was weeping—weeping for the benighted Chàm who had wandered like that poor lost sheep, far from the Shepherd's fold.

While Thiét was home from Bible School his older sister and many of his relatives became Christians. It was during the Japanese occupation that he finally succumbed to malaria as there was no way of getting quinine or other medical help. When he knew the end was drawing near he called his family and friends around him. He asked the pastor to read John 14 and Rev. 21 and then gave a heart-searching message of exhortation and farewell. When they left him alone to rest they heard him talking as if to someone in the room. His sister opened the door and asked him why he was talking as there was no one there, to which he replied: "Don't you see Jesus? He has come to talk with me. Satan was here and tried to harm me but Jesus came and he has gone. Jesus has come to take me home." Then, turning to the unseen Presence, he said, "Lord Jesus, I'm ready, take me."

and with a look of unearthly radiance he was gone.

"Don't Let Me Deny Thee!"

April 3, 1947, was a day of terrible distress and trouble for the Thanh Loi Christians, for it was on that day that an armed band of over 300 men attacked their village. These men belonged to a fanatical religious sect that had done away with thousands of innocent victims, including many of our Christians. They condemn and kill on any one of three charges: wealth, refusal to join their organization, and speaking against their leader.

A dear friend of mine, one of our former Bible School students, was alone in her home with her brother's children at the time of the attack. We will let her tell the story of her miraculous deliverance in her own words:

"Awakened suddenly in the middle of the night by terrifying shouts and screams, the entire village of Thanh Loi was thrown into utter panic and confusion. The people knew that their most dreaded enemy had finally come to their village and that humanly speaking there was no possible way of escape.

"Around 8 o'clock the next morning a neighbor rushed in to tell me that all who had been caught during the night had already been killed and that the men were coming back for more victims. Fifteen minutes later they were at my door, swarming into the house from every direction, and turning things upside down in search of men and loot. I thought of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane and how the mob had come to arrest Him with swords and knives. Looking into their cruel, inhuman faces, I realized that these men were under the control of satanic forces; they were devils, not men. Not

finding my brothers in the house, the gang dashed outside in search of them.

"Turning to my Bible for a word of comfort and guidance, I cried to God for faith and strength that I might not deny my Lord in the hour of testing. 'In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee, for thou wilt answer me.'

"A few minutes later the men were back. I was forced at the point of their knives to leave the children and follow them. All the way to their hideout I kept praying that if it was in God's will that I should live to serve Him. He would deliver me, but if He wanted to take me home to Himself, I was happy to go. 'But don't let me deny Thee,' I cried.

"That night two of the men were sent to see to it that I renounced my faith and joined them. They told me that it was useless remaining a follower of Jesus Christ as that religion was being exterminated by them; and if I refused to join them, I would soon see what would happen. They became very angry and menacing when I kept silent. Just then the woman in whose charge I had been placed came to my rescue. She told the men to leave me with her and that I would soon come around. All I needed was a little time to consider. After they had gone this woman, who was probably a secret believer, begged me to pretend that I would give up my faith and follow this sect. She said: 'God sees your heart and He knows you are a real Christian, but to save your life, you can act as though you had yielded to the wishes of these men.' My reply to these words was that no matter what happened to me, I would never deny my Saviour who had said that 'if we deny him before men, he will deny us before his Father in heaven.' The woman then burst into tears

and I wept with her. There wasn't anything else to do.

"Later on that night a dispute arose among the men, and while they argued back and forth among themselves, my guard stealthily released me, helping me to escape across the river to Cantho and safety."

"Get Up and Go"

When the bus on which Mr. Tra, one of our Christian printers, was travelling was shot up and burned, he was blindfolded and taken to his captors' hideout. When he insisted that it was impossible for him to pay the ransom they demanded, he was told that he would be shot. Mr. Tra started praying audibly, calling on the Lord Jesus to save him. When he was commanded to keep still, he said it was impossible as he knew of no other on whom to call.

Then instead of shooting him they decided to send a messenger to Longxuyen to contact his family. A few days later his wife arrived with all she could collect, but it was only 300 piasters, a mere drop in the bucket. Only a miracle saved this dear couple at that moment. Instead of killing them then and there, Mrs. Tra was permitted to try once more to raise the required sum.

In the meantime her husband was kept in strict confinement between several guards for the next seven days and nights. He had had no food to speak of during this time and was very weak; but at 5 o'clock in the morning of the eighth day, God told him to get up and go. He was overwhelmingly conscious of the Lord's presence and guidance each step of the way. After running for about two miles he heard men calling and knew he was being pursued. At that moment the Lord reminded him of

the children of Israel at the Red Sea with every way closed but the way up, and deliverance came to him in the same way, for at that moment as he looked up he saw the main French "poste" in that area just ahead. Then a burst of machine-gun fire from the "poste" came between himself and his pursuers and he was saved.

The French soldiers at the "poste" were amazed to find that Mr. Tra was a Vietnamese as they had intervened on his behalf thinking he was a Frenchman. As he told his story the wary soldiers stood around, their rifles pointing in his direction. It wasn't long, however, before they too were thanking God for the deliverance He had wrought. After cleaning and binding up his bleeding feet and outfitting him in some of their clothes (he had arrived in the briefest of underwear), the soldiers put him on a military truck just starting out for Longxuyen. When Mr. Tra walked into the parsonage, his wife had just risen from the breakfast table and was on the point of leaving once more for the hideout but without the required ransom money.

Saigon—January 1954-March 1958

There were seven large military hospitals in Saigon when we returned there from furlough early in 1954. Since no one else was visiting the thousands of wounded soldiers, I applied for the job and was granted permission from high government officials. It meant doing visitation work seven days a week among many terribly mutilated but desperately needy soldier boys. Hundreds prayed the penitent's prayer. One lad who seemed to be dying from spreading infection in his amputated leg was saved and healed as I explained the way of salvation and prayed

with him. For many years now Mr. Phuong has been operating a successful printing shop in Saigon. He is publishing quantities of our Christian literature each month including the popular periodical Rang-Dong.

I remember with deep gratitude the outstanding service Mr. Truong phat-Dat and his wife rendered in military hospitals at this time, and later among the troops at the Quang Trung military camp. For the past few years Pastor Dat has been in charge of the work among prisoners at Con Son penal colony. He has built a meeting place for the large number who attend weekly services.

When the cease-fire was signed in the summer of 1954, Colonel Remy, the Frenchman in charge of political prisoners, gave me written authorization to visit all the encampments where political prisoners were being held. I had to hurry, for in just three months thousands of men and women in these encampments would be sent up to North Vietnam. Since Mr. Jeffrey was busy in Saigon with chairmanship duties, I was most grateful for friends who helped me reach some of these encampments with Gospels and tracts. In most cases though, I travelled alone by bus or hired taxis. The Lord was most definitely my helper and strength as I dashed from place to place. Only eternity will reveal how many were truly reached for Christ during those hectic days and nights before the 'prisoner exchange' took place.

Prison Work

In the fall of 1954 I was granted authorization by Mr. Tran-van-Lam, the Governor of South Vietnam, to hold a Gospel service each week in the

large Chi Hoa prison in Saigon. It wasn't long before all the prisons in South Vietnam were wide open to the Gospel. I have greatly appreciated the cooperation of Pastors Phien, Phai, and other pastors and laymen in their dedicated prison ministries. Mr. Huynh-minh-Y is now holding regular services in the Chi Hoa prison with scores saved each week.

One of the most outstanding of the prison converts was Nguyen-thanh-Nhon of Rachgia. Mr. Tran-van-Quan, who was working in the Treasury Department of the Government when Mr. Nhon was arrested and imprisoned, led him to the Lord. When we visited the Rachgia prison some months later, we met Mr. Nhon in the death cell. He had read the New Testament through several times already, and every man who was placed in the cell with him, he led to Christ. One after another the other men were executed, but not Mr. Nhon.

Later he was sent to the death cell at the Chi Hoa prison in Saigon where he was able to witness to many more men under sentence of death. There were between fifty and a hundred men in the same large cell with Mr. Nhon all the time. He was their unofficial chaplain. Even though none of those men could come to our services, and we couldn't visit them, many of them were led to Christ by Mr. Nhon. Copies of Rang-Dong and other gospel literature were sent to him regularly.

Then one day we heard he had been sent to Con Son. From time to time we received letters from him. The last letter arrived after his death at the Saigon market in October 1964. Word had reached Con Son the day before that five of the worst criminals were to be flown to Saigon at once for execution. Five stakes and sand bags were ready at the

market when the men arrived. Catholic and Buddhist priests and one Protestant pastor (Pastor Phai) were there also. Everyone was amazed to find Mr. Nhon bubbling over with joy—the joy of the Lord. In the letter we received after his death, he told us of how Christ Himself had in a new and wonderful way flooded his heart with His love and joy. For seven years since he had become a Christian, Nhon was truly a new creature in Christ Jesus, and he was so grateful for all God had done for him and in and through him. But suddenly, just before he was told he was to be executed, he had received this fresh and glorious manifestation of the indwelling presence of Christ.

Instead of needing Pastor Phai to comfort and sustain him in that trying hour, Nhon was a comfort and blessing to Pastor Phai and a source of wonder to the lawyer and government officials who stood by. God promoted Nguyen-thanh-Nhon from a martyr's stake in Saigon to a pillar in His temple in Heaven. "Him that overcometh, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out" (Rev. 3:12).

Quang-Trung

Quang-Trung, the largest military induction center in South Vietnam, is just seven miles from Saigon. There are 40,000 recruits in training at this camp all the time. As fast as a thousand or more are sent off to battle, they are replaced by the same number of raw recruits. Hundreds are dying each week, sometimes as many as 600 a week.

These men have come from every nook and corner of South Vietnam. Many have come from isolated villages where no one has ever yet gone with

the Gospel message. They have come to us for three short months only, and yet no one is giving full time to reaching them for Christ.

We should be dealing with each man personally everywhere we can meet them—in the park on Sunday mornings and in their individual camps and barracks in their free time each week day. Tens of thousands of these soldier boys have already died without Christ because no one took the time to lead them to Him while they were available.

The Park at Quang-Trung

It was one day in February 1964 that I received a letter postmarked 'Quang-Trung.' A former Da-nang English student of mine, by the name of Pham-Huong, had heard that I was now living in Saigon, so wrote me. He said that he was now in the army and so far from his home and loved ones in Danang that he was terribly sad and lonely. Would I come and meet him in the park the following Sunday morning?

We found not only one lonely soldier but thousands of them milling around in the park that morning. When I saw how eager they were to read our literature and hear what we had to say, I knew I would have to return every week, and I did. The Lord wonderfully provided not only transportation week after week, but all the Gospel literature I needed as well.

The first thing I had to do, of course, was to see the Colonel in charge and get written authorization to visit the park, distribute Gospel literature, open a bookroom and hold evangelistic services. When permission was granted, Messrs. Garth Hunt and Jim Livingston volunteered to do the preaching. I

was very grateful to them and to the former chaplain, Rev. Nguyen van Thai, for their help.

Each Vietnamese military chaplain deals only with the men who belong to his particular church or religion. A Protestant chaplain isn't free to urge a Buddhist soldier to believe in Jesus Christ for salvation. But we missionaries are free to give the Gospel either by the spoken word or through the printed page, to every soldier who wants to hear or read the message we are longing to give them. Many thousands have prayed the penitent's prayer while at Quang-Trung, but there were many who didn't understand what it was all about and who needed counselling. They hoped someone would come to their barracks, or to some quiet spot by the side of the road, to counsel them, but no one came. There was no missionary available.

Cong-Hoa Military Hospital

Everytime I drove to Quang-Trung and back, I had to pass the large Cong-Hoa Military Hospital with its hundreds of wounded and dying soldier boys. I saw helicopters bringing the men in direct from the battlefield and funeral processions taking the dead out to the cemetery. My heart was deeply stirred.

One day I asked Chaplain Thai, in whose jeep I was riding, if he or any of the other Protestant chaplains ever visited the wounded in that hospital. His reply was "No, we are all too busy. But we do have an arrangement with the hospital chaplain, a Catholic, that whenever a Protestant soldier dies, he will take care of the funeral and burial arrangements."

After that I couldn't stop talking to other Saigon

missionaries about the hundreds of wounded and dying soldiers in the Cong-Hoa hospital who were in desperate need of the Gospel. But, alas, no one could add Cong-Hoa to their busy schedules.

The next time I passed the hospital with Chaplain Thai, he said casually, "Two of our boys died in there a week or so ago. I was just notified today." I didn't need to hear anymore. I knew that now I must take on that hospital even if it meant cancelling other important commitments, and, incidentally, being accused of spreading myself too thin. I at once turned to Chaplain Thai and said, "Please make an appointment for me with the Colonel in charge of the hospital as soon as possible."

A few days later Chaplain Thai's jeep was at our door filled to overflowing with Gospel literature. The Chaplain was sick so sent his chauffeur to drive me to Cong-Hoa to meet the Administrator, Colonel Vy. I, too, had had a severe pain all night and couldn't walk. But someone had to go as we might never again have a chance to get into that hospital. And it had to be a foreign lady, I was told. After phoning one of our lady missionaries and hearing she was unable to take my place, I knew I simply had to trust the Lord, and I did. Step by step, in His strength, I reached the jeep and got in. When we arrived at the hospital, every sign of pain had gone and I was able to walk with perfect ease through those crowded wards, handing out literature and talking to the men. Truly, it was one of the most wonderful experiences of my life.

But I hadn't yet met the Administrator, so the nurse who had led me through the hospital wards ushered me into his office. To my consternation, Colonel Vy said he had allowed me this one visit

only so I could distribute my literature, but that was all. I couldn't come again. As the good Catholic Administrator he was, he just couldn't bring himself to turning this Protestant missionary loose in his hospital. But the Lord opened that fast-barred hospital gate for me. When I gave up trying to open it, the Lord took over. To my surprise I suddenly found myself saying, "Colonel Vy, since the Protestant Chaplains haven't time to visit your hospital, won't you allow me to come under their auspices?" At that the Colonel rose to his feet, terminating our interview. As we shook hands he said, "All right, Mrs. Chaplain, tell Chaplain Thai to come back and see me. I have something to say to him."

A few days later the written authorization signed by Colonel Vy was in my hands. I and my friends, both Vietnamese and missionaries, could now visit Cong-Hoa patients any time, day or night.

Mr. Doan-trung-Tin, a son of Pastor and Mrs. Doan-van-Mieng, was a wonderful help and blessing in the hospital visitation work that we launched without delay. About two months later, after a number of patients had confessed faith in Christ, I started looking for a room where we could hold Sunday services.

The Catholic priest who was in charge of all religious matters said we could meet in the 500-seat auditorium right next to his church. When I said something about it being a bit large, he suggested that we hold our meetings Sunday evenings rather than Sunday mornings as far more of the men would be likely to attend.

We announced over the hospital intercom that a film would be shown in the auditorium the following Sunday evening at 6:30 and a special speaker would

bring the message. By six o'clock the men started streaming from their wards towards the auditorium. Paraplegics were being carried on the backs of their armless buddies. Others hobbled along on crutches as best they could. By 6:30 the auditorium was filled with at least seven hundred patients. There wasn't even standing room left in the aisles.

The special speaker, Garth Hunt, with his PA equipment, hadn't arrived, so I asked Mr. Tin to hurry over to my good friend the Catholic priest and borrow his loudspeaker. Of course he let me have it and Mr. Tin and I started the most memorable service I have ever attended. The date was November 8, 1964, the anniversary of our beloved David's homegoing. I was thrilled to be able to tell that vast audience of suffering humanity some of the wonderful things God had done for me and our David. My text was John 5:24.

Garth Hunt and the Jim Livingstons walked in as I was speaking. Since this was the first time they had been inside the hospital gates, they were amazed to see what God wrought. That night both the Hunts and Livingstons added the Cong-Hoa Hospital to their busy schedules. We are grateful also for the Vietnamese pastors and laymen who have so faithfully ministered there since November 1964. Today, eight years later, after over 10,000 wounded soldiers have confessed faith in Christ in that hospital. I thank God for putting the desire and the determination in my heart to reach these precious souls for Christ at any cost.

When Dr. Bob Pierce first visited Cong-Hoa and asked Mr. Jeffrey what he could do to help, his answer was "wheelchairs." The 2,500 wheelchairs provided by World Vision since then have been of

inestimable value to paraplegics throughout South Vietnam. A grateful "thank you" to Dr. Pierce and World Vision friends from us all.

I Have Paid Her Debt in Full

Last night I heard someone say over the radio that so much talk of Christ's death and resurrection turned people off! It was because of that astounding statement that I add the following:

It was early in 1944. I had just returned to Toronto, from internment in Vietnam, on the second trip of the 'Gripsholm.' Wishing to visit our daughter who was studying at the C&MA Missionary Training College at Nyack N.Y., I made plans to travel by train to New York where our daughter would meet me.

I was told by immigration authorities in Toronto that all I should take with me was five dollars and a Form H. If I had any other funds in my possession, they would be confiscated by the Custom's officer after I boarded the train.

Shortly after the train started, a Custom's officer came into our car and asked for my passport. When he saw that I had been born in China he said, "You must pay \$20.00 headtax." I tried to explain that I had been told that I should only take \$5.00 with me and that was all I have. But it was to no avail. The officer kept insisting that I had broken the law and that I must pay or get off the train. Finally he called the conductor and told him to put me and my baggage off at Hamilton, the next stop. It was late at night, and I didn't know anyone in Hamilton. Besides, my daughter would be waiting at the station in New York for me. I was desperate. Just then one of the passengers rose from his seat and came to me saying, "Madam, I would like to pay your

debt. How much is it?" And he paid it in full. When I turned the money over to the Custom's officer, he returned my passport and told the conductor I could continue on through to New York.

The gentleman who paid my debt was from Yonkers, N.Y. I asked him for his address and later sent him a check for the amount he had given me. I have no words to express my gratefulness to my kind Jewish benefactor for making it possible for me to continue my journey straight through to New York.

But this experience reminds me of something far more important and far more wonderful. I had broken God's holy law and deserved to die for my sins. My debt of sin was carrying me straight to hell, but the Son of God was willing to become a man, the God-Man, in order to take my sins and the sins of the world in His own sinless body on the Cross and pay the penalty for our sins by dying in our stead. By receiving Him as my personal Savior and Lord, I could leave the road to hell and start out on the road to Heaven. How my heart thrills as I hear Christ say those wonderful words, "She may go straight through to Heaven because I have paid her debt in full." "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6:23). "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3:36). Jesus said, "Verily, verily I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5:24).

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

John Newton