

A PERSISTENT PARTNER AND
A CURSING WOMAN

For several months I was in a city that had a vast unchurched section. Fortunately I had a good partner with whom to labor in this needy field, and had already come to feel quite at home while working for the Lord.

All went well until one day we came to a place that we referred to afterwards as "the home of the cursing woman." At this place we were met at the door by a young woman who seemed pleasant enough until she knew we were Christian workers, and that we would like to have her read our literature. She slammed the door and began to curse. I had never heard a woman use such awful language before. She said it was none of our business if she wanted to go to the hell the religious people raved about. While she was cursing inside the house, my friend knelt down and prayed a short prayer, slipping some tracts under the door as he started to leave. I was quite willing to leave some "tracks" myself, but preferred to have the toes of mine pointing toward the sidewalk.

As we started away my friend said, "Pretty tough place, don't you think?" I did not have time to think. I fully agreed without taking time to reason. He said, "We shall go back there this same hour next week."

"You mean you shall," I broke in.

"I mean we shall," he replied.

That same hour of the same day of the next week we went back. The young woman opened the door and saw us. She started her same line again. "I'll shoot you if it's the last thing I do if you ever come back here again with that religious stuff," she declared, as she slammed the door with a mighty crash!

We knelt and prayed, then slipped some tracts under the door and left.

"How about going back again?" my friend asked as we went away.

"I hardly think it can get any worse," I answered, "and I should like to see if she ever will change her attitude."

About the same hour of the same day of the next week we were knocking at her door again. She opened the door and looked us over. I wondered as I tried to read her expression if she was more amused than angry, and sincerely hoped she might be. Then her curiosity got the better of her and she said, "Well, I will swear to creation!"

She had no trouble convincing me. I expected her to start in at any minute. But instead she asked:

"What kind of fellows are you anyway?"

My friend told her in a remarkably nice manner that we were sinners who had been saved by the grace of God, and that we would like so much to help her into the kingdom of God.

She told him that she had no disposition whatever to get religion, but that she was glad we had returned. She wanted to tell us that our coming to speak to her on such a subject had made her awfully nervous, and that was why she used such strong language on our previous visits. She then kindly requested that we stay away, and not approach her on the subject again.

I knew no more than to suggest that if she would permit us to step inside and offer prayer maybe the Lord would fix up her nerves and she would be alright. It seemed to amuse her to think we would offer the same thing as a remedy that made her sick.

"No," she replied, "I do not think that will

help. At least your prayers have not helped my nerves so far." Then in a rather soft tone of voice she said, "I do not want to be unkind, (and that was certainly news to us) but if you are really concerned about me, please don't talk to me any more about that, for I have felt simply dreadful the past two weeks."

We asked her if she would not at least accept and promise to read some of our literature. She said, "I will not promise to read it, but I will take it to keep you from poking it under the door."

As we went away I suggested that since she had asked us so kindly not to come back it seemed a bit cruel to return. But my friend knew more about dealing with humanity than I did, and he said that, deep down in her heart, it would be a disappointment to her, if we failed to return and help her into the Kingdom of God.

Consequently the next week we made our fourth call to that home. The young woman opened the door and greeted us in a kindly manner. She said she was glad we came, for she had come to feel she would like to explain to us that she now wished she had not talked to us as she did the first time we came to the door. She said she had suffered a lot over the things she had said to us, and she had now come to think that perhaps she would not suffer any more if she would tell us that she wished she had not acted in such a manner.

My friend told her that we gladly forgave her, but that the Lord had heard all she said, and that she should ask Him to forgive her. We then asked permission to step inside and pray a word. She said we might if we would make it short. We agreed. As we started to leave after a short prayer I asked her if we might return and pray with her next week. "It would be mighty kind of you," she answered.

We went away feeling that a hard-fought battle had been almost won, and that victory was sure if we held on in faith for our subject.

Before we knocked on the door on our fifth visit it swung open. The young woman greeted us by saying, "Come in. You are a bit late, are you not?" We told her it was about the usual time.

Then she began to tell us how very sorry she was for the way she had treated us, and in the best manner she knew, she earnestly asked us to forgive her. We assured her it was all right so far as we were concerned, and urged her to pray. She was soon on her knees crying as if her poor heart would break, as she confessed her sins to the Lord and pleaded for mercy.

The light of heaven soon broke in on her soul, and she was truly made a new creature. With tears of gladness coursing down her cheeks she expressed her joy in a loud tone of voice, and in typical street language. One time she said, "Gee whiz, folks, I never dreamed religion was like this!"

She urged us to come back the next Sunday and insisted that if we could talk to her husband he would get saved. We went, but he was not at home. She explained that he had gone to the pool hall but she said, "I'll tell you it's working on him—you bet your bottom dollar it is! I've been saying thanks at the table. I don't know how to pray, but I just say, 'Thank you, Lord, for the bread, and for the meat and beans,' but it's getting there just the same, you bet it is." We had

prayer with her, and went away promising to return the next Sunday in the hope of meeting her husband.

The following Sunday we made our seventh visit to "The home of the cursing woman." Her husband was there. She greeted us by saying, "Come right in, fellows, he's here, and say, boy, he can't stand any more of this, he's ready to pray right now." He glanced at us and nodded when she presented us to him, and then slumped down on his knees by the side of the bed. He made all kinds of confessions, and begged humbly before the Lord for mercy. He was soon wonderfully converted.

I kept in touch with them off and on for almost five years, and they were still living for God the last time I heard from them.—From "Personal Evangelism" by J. W. Montgomery.

EDUCATORS URGE BIBLE STUDY

A call to revive Bible Study was voiced by educational leaders at the recent annual meeting of the Educational Association of Great Britain. Sir Charles Grant Robertson, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Birmingham University, and Rev. Dr. Scott Lidgett, Vice-President of the Institute of Religious Education, were among its most earnest advocates. The former declared that there were tens of thousands of British homes today where no Bible exists and that in its place is to be found literature of the kind which recognizes "no embarrassing code of moral conduct." He also asserted that this generation was living on Christian capital piled up by our forefathers, the worst feature being that so many were ignorant how that capital was made and oblivious of the fact that it may finally be exhausted. Dr. Lidgett appealed to the nation for a renewed interest in Bible study, and sounded an encouraging note by stating that there was an increased desire among teachers to assist in such Bible teaching. We feel that similar conditions exist in Canada and that unless our education is based on the sure moral and spiritual foundations enunciated in the Sacred Scriptures, our country will be inevitably faced with spiritual bankruptcy. Our country owes its democracy to the essential truths of the Christian religion, and if that democracy is to withstand the onslaughts of present-day European ideologies, it must hold to a faith based upon the sure Word of God.

THE SAFE WAY

There is only one safe thing for the Christian to do today, and that is to bring his reactions to the war news into the light of the cross of Jesus Christ.

How else can he escape revengeful feelings? How else can he remain free from hatred? Righteous indignation has its place, but it must remain righteous and constructive.

How to keep it so in face of treachery, cruelty and rampant evil is a problem which only the Spirit of Christ can solve.

Evil must be stayed in its march, but Christians have a higher loyalty which must not be betrayed. Pity must not be destroyed by snarling denunciation. True freedom can never be secured by men who are drawn down into anger. It is a high standard! May God help us to live up to it!—British "War Cry."