

# *Heaven's Open Window*

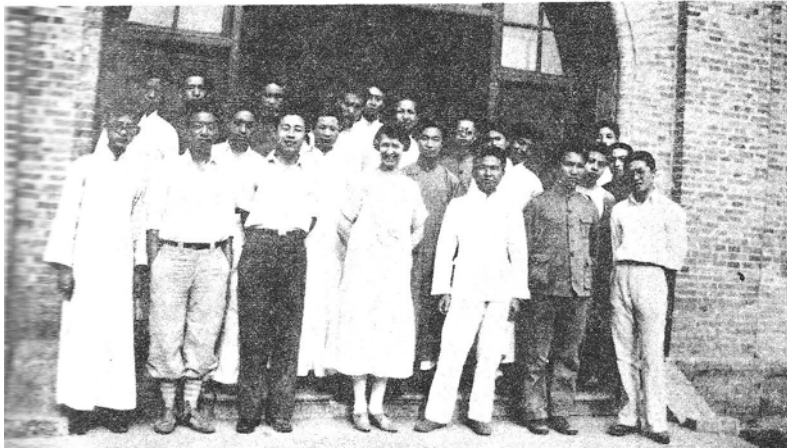
A true record of God's provision in answer to faith and prayer.

*By Maude E. Whipple*

To my mother, Mrs. Janie H. Whipple, who, through a life of sacrifice, suffering, and prayers for her children, brought a rich blessing upon us, this book is lovingly dedicated.



MAUDE E. WHIPPLE  
and  
Students  
in  
China



|                                   |    |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| A Call to Witness .....           | 1  |
| My Chinese Helper .....           | 4  |
| The Joy of Obedience .....        | 7  |
| The Conversion of My Servant..... | 10 |
| His Had Not Shortened.....        | 14 |
| Marvelous Provision .....         | 18 |
| His Abundance.....                | 21 |
| Go Forward .....                  | 24 |
| Ye Lacked Nothing .....           | 27 |
| Faith Forward.....                | 31 |
| New Horizons .....                | 35 |

## *A Call to Witness*

*Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it.*

I Thessalonians 5:24

The click of the front gate startled me. Springing from my bed, I rushed to the open window and looking out, saw a man running toward the house with a lantern. Listening, I heard him say, "Get ready to leave. Be at Dr. Bowen's by seven o'clock."

We had been told the evening before to pack our suitcases, prepare bedding rolls, and sleep with our clothes on as we might be called at any moment. It was five in the morning now. I shall never forget how we stood around the table, too excited to sit down, and ate a few bites. We could hear the battle raging outside the South Gate of Nanking in the struggle for control of the city. Before noon we were being taken out of the city in carriages to United States destroyers on the Yangtze River.

Groups met for prayer, realizing that God alone could care for those left in the city. Psalm ninety-one was continually in my thoughts and I believed that He would cover and protect His own.

Sometime later, when we were reunited with our families and friends, who were still in the city while it was being looted, we heard how God had marvelously cared for them.

My brother, Otis, and sister, Edna, had been told to go from the South Gate to North City, a distance of three miles. It was late when they started, and passing each policeman, they had to give the password. When they came to the first one, Edna gave the word, and he motioned for them to move on. When they came to the second, she gave it, and he said:

"There is a new password every hour. What is the word?"

She did not know and in her dismay, made some exclamation. He motioned for them to proceed. Looking at Otis, she said, "Do you suppose I could have said the password?"

"Try it on the next policeman and see," he replied.

She did, and he also motioned for them to proceed. She continued giving the same word to each policeman as they passed, and went through the city. God had put the very words into her mouth to say.

When the soldiers were looting, Otis and Edna hid with four others in the center of a pile of tall reeds in a fuel house. The compound was full of Chinese teachers and school children who saw them hide.

"It will be strange if no one tells where we are," said Otis.

But when the soldiers came, asking for the foreigners, not one person told of their hiding place. The soldiers searched for them, but in vain. God had covered them with His wings.

Miss Mabel Lee hid in a small hut. A little Chinese boy, whom she taught, sat and watched her most of the day. He wanted to see what she would do under such circumstances. How she longed for her Bible. She would kneel and pray a while, then sit up, and so on throughout the day, trying to think of passages in God's Word. Suddenly, she felt her Bible lying upon her lap. It was not there, but all the bible verses she had been trying to think of, she remembered immediately. She knew then that the Scripture was the staff of God, and upon it she leaned that day.

When they saw the soldiers coming, three men jumped into a cistern, which was nearly dry and under a house. The servants covered it and later helped them out. God wonderfully protected those who trusted in Him.

We had gone out of Nanking on Tuesday, March 22, 1927. On Friday morning, before daylight, we were transferred to an English freight-boat and started down the river to Shanghai.

The women and girls were all in one large empty room. Spreading our bedding on the floor, we tried to sleep, while bullets were hitting the sides of the ship; but we trusted in Him who watches over His own. At meal time we divided our scanty food, and all were satisfied.

"Listen!" I said, as I took "Daily Light" that morning and began to read God's message to us for the day. This is what I read:

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me. Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of... Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee: He will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

We were overjoyed, having God's promise that we were to come back into the land, to finish that which He had begun.

I had come to China in 1922 with my mother, whom the Lord graciously allowed to visit that land for nine months. But she had now gone to be with Him, and I had been living with my sister, Mrs. Edna Gish. Edna had gone to China in 1920 and there married Mr. Ellis Gish. Eight and a half months later, he had given his life in trying to save that of another missionary.

*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*

John 15:13.

The first three years in China, I had taught in the American School in Nanking. But at this time I was teaching the Chinese students in the University of Nanking Middle School, and had a Bible class for young men at South Gate on Sundays.

In April I sailed for America with several hundred other missionaries – looking forward to the time when God would open the way for my return.

My sister went to the Philippines where she worked for a year.

How I praised God in 1929 when I sailed back to those people whom I loved, and for whom Christ died!

I did not go directly to Nanking this time. I taught for one year in the beautiful city of Hangchow, where I was Principal of the American School, and had a Bible class of Chinese students from Chekiang University. Then I returned to Nanking and again lived with my sister.

I did not know of the marvelous things which the Lord was going to do for me, which I shall relate for His glory. I have found Him faithful, and One Who is not partial, but will give from His infinite resources to any who put their trust in Him.

***For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him.***

II chronicles 16:9

## *My Chinese Helper*

*Oh sing unto the Lord a new song: for He hath done marvelous things.*

Psalm 98:1.

A little Chinese boy stood, curiously looking in at the open gate of a Christian school in a small village near Changsha. He wondered what Christianity was, and what it meant to be a Christian.

“What do you want?” asked the principal of the school, who had been watching him. The boy did not know what to say as he only wanted to see what Christians looked like, how they acted, and what it was all about.

The Principal smiled and talked very kindly to him. As he walked away, the boy thought it must be a pretty nice thing to be a Christian, if it made people so kind as that principal was to him. He wanted to attend the school and learn about Christ.

Soon it was arranged for him to enter. He studied the Bible, and there found the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. To his delight, it was arranged in the spring for him and other students to be baptized.

“When you go home today,” said the minister, “and your people ask if you have been baptized, or if you are a Christian, be sure and tell the truth.”

When the boy reached his own gate, after the service, his mother was there waiting for him.

“I hear that you were baptized today, and that you have become a Christian,” she said.

“Yes, I was baptized today, and I am a Christian,” he replied.

She raised a stick to strike him, but he dodged it and ran into the house, she running after him; but not being able to catch him, she soon gave up the chase. That was the last of his persecution.

When he finished that school, which was a junior middle school, he went to Changsha coming to Nanking for the last year, he entered the University of Nanking Middle School where I was teaching English and Bible classes. When he discovered that I had several Bible classes, he attended all of them, as his desire was to be an evangelist. Soon he became a very fine helper, gathering the boys into the classes. He was eager for others to hear the blessed news of salvation. Instead of living with the senior students, he chose a room in the junior dormitory, and had several small boys rooming with him so that he could teach them about Christ.

“Why should I give money to my Chinese helper?” thought I one morning as I was busy in my office. I had never given him any money, and who should I do it now? But the thought would not leave me so, taking an envelope, I put some money into it, asked the

janitor to find my helper and give it to him. That afternoon he came to my office with a beaming face.

“Thank you so much, Miss Whipple, for the money you sent me,” he said. “I want to tell you how it came in answer to prayer.”

“Every Saturday evening,” he continued, “I have a Bible class in my room for the janitors and workers of the school. The little boys help me serve tea, and we always have something for them to eat. But this week we had no money to get anything so I told the boys that when I needed things, I asked God for them. Then we got down on our knees and prayed that God would send us the money. When I opened your envelope, the boys were watching me, and I told them who sent it.

‘Did you tell Miss Whipple that we needed money?’ she asked.

‘No,’ I replied. ‘God told her. That is the way He answers prayer. We ask God for what we need. Then He tells someone to give it to us.’”

We can understand why those little boys accepted Christ as their Saviour. My Chinese helper had loved them enough to live with them and teach them God’s word. Every day he came to my office and we had prayer together for the students and for the members of his family. One day he came in with a radiant face.

“Oh, I am so happy,” he said. “I have a letter from the pastor of my home church, saying that my mother has accepted Christ and is to be baptized next week.”

Such rejoicing as we had over this answered prayer. It was truly a time of great thanksgiving. At the close of the school year we had another time of blessing when a large group of students accepted Christ as their Lord and Saviour. This was one of the joys that was a result of our fellowship.

At the end of the term, the students were told that they should each give a tip of two dimes to the gateman. My helper had no money, so he prayed that if the Lord wanted him to give the tip, He would provide the money. That afternoon, as he was crossing the campus, he met a teacher who handed him two dimes, saying, “You paid these as a fee at the beginning of the term in case you broke anything in the laboratory. You didn’t break anything so they are yours.”

He praised God for supplying his need.

The next year he was in the University but always came to assist me with my Bible classes, and for five years was my faithful helper. We also had a class for the University students.

One day after he and I had been working together for several years, he told me that he knew a young lady in Changsha, who was an earnest Christian, and he helped he might have her for his wife. He had not been engaged in childhood as were most of the Chinese young people.

He was going to Changsha that summer and had been asked to take charge of a Daily Vacation Bible School. Before he left, we had a special prayer concerning the girl in whom he was interested, asking the Lord to open the way for their engagement if she were the right one.

After reaching Changsha, he wrote to me that the only other person who had been asked to teach in the Daily Vacation Bible School was that girl.

“Surely,” he wrote, “God has chosen her for e, a\s He has given us this wonderful opportunity of becoming acquainted.”

She was the one whom he later married, just after his graduation from the University of Nanking. He had been asked to help in the Christian work in Changsha after he finished school, and was planning to be married when he reached there – but word came that the one in charge of the work felt it was not wise for him to be married at that time as his salary would be too small – neither was there a house provided where they could live.

“But,” he remarked, “we have planned to be married. We do not wish to change out plans. We shall just as God to arrange things for us.”

After he had gone to Changsha, he wrote, “Praise God for everything. When I arrived, I was told that a house was provided for me in the church compound. Everything is all right for me to be married, and I know that the Lord has done it all.”

He later wrote that after the wedding ceremony, the first thing they did was to go to their room and kneel in prayer, thanking God for all the He had done for them.

If we would commit more of our plans to Him, Who knoweth all things from the beginning, how much happier we would be.

***Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.***

Philippians 4:6, 7

## *The Joy of Obedience*

*To obey is better than sacrifice.*

I Samuel 15:22.

*The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.*

Psalm 51:15

“How would I live if I gave up my position?” kept going through my mind. Would God do as much for me as He does for the fowls of the air?

Day after day, I pondered over these questions. The correction of English papers took every extra hour, and I wanted to give my whole time to the teaching of Bible classes – but if I did this, I must resign from my position. I studied in Matthew six where Jesus said:

“I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith. Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? Or, what shall we drink? Or, wherewithal shall we be clothed? But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.”

What should I do? I believed that God would take care of me – but how weak we are when it really comes to putting into practice what we feel that we should do! I could not serve the Lord as I felt I should, if I kept my position, and it seemed hard to resign and just trust Him for my support – so I put it off.

Suddenly, I became very ill and had to spend two months in the hospital, but I was thankful to be in Kuling, on the mountain top. It was the summer of 1931, the year of the dreadful flood in the Yangste Valley, and many foreign nurses were there, not being able to return to their stations. Some of them kindly gave me their services. I owe much to their tender care during those days, especially Mrs. Plopper, who stood by me at the most critical times. God used Dr. Hagman through his skill in surgery to keep me alive for a greater service – the service to which He was calling me.

I had much time to think, and decided that I would resign from my position so that I could give my whole time to Bible classes. When I returned to Nanking, however, there was no one to take my place, and I continued as before – thus delaying the blessings which I would have received had I promptly obeyed God’s leading.

The spring of 1933 I took sick again, being in bed eight months that time. It was not on the mountain top then, but in Nanking through the hot summer months. Lying there in the heat, I thought about how God had been speaking to me, as I studied Hebrews twelve, where we are told:

“My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him. For whom He loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth – Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.”

I was very much exercised about what might happen to me if I continued to disregard what the Lord had wanted me to do, knowing that God’s word was true and His promises sure. So I decided to wait no longer. Writing out my resignation, I sent it to the school. The Principal immediately came to see me.

“What do you intend to do when you are able to be up again?” he asked.

“I shall teach Bible classes,” I replied.

“Where?” he inquired.

“Just wherever the Lord opens the door,” I answered.

“We want you to come back to our school and teach them there,” he continued.

I promised to do so unless the Lord led otherwise.

I was absent from the school just one year. Before I returned, an enrollment was taken of the students who wished Bible study, and they were eighty. We divided these into three classes which I taught after school hours.

Soon after school opened, the principal sent word to me saying that the school desired to pay my rickshaw fare and wanted to know how much it would be for a month. The school was three miles from my home. I replied that I was trusting the Lord for my support and was not telling others about my expenses. At the end of the month, the school sent me some money, saying it was for rickshaw fare, but it was more than enough for my fare, although not enough for all of my expenses. This gave God the opportunity of providing for me in various ways.

The joy of the Lord filled me heart now as I felt that I had obeyed and was doing what the Lord had been speaking to me about for so long. I praised Him that I was able to be up again after those long months in bed.

How often we suffer just because we do not follow the leading of the Holy Spirit. God has a plan for each one of us, but how show we are in yielding to Him that He may lead

us into His will. We choose to follow our own plan, and lose the blessing He has in store for us.

As I tell of what God has done for me since I yielded to Him, I hope that others may be led by my experiences to let God have His own way in their lives:

*For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*

Romans 8:14.

## *The Conversion of My Servant*

*My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.*

Philippians 4:19

*The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither the cruse of oil fail.*

I Kings 17:14

“We are out of flour,” said Edna.

“I haven’t money enough to buy a big sack,” I replied, “but I think we can get a little one.”

We had made an agreement, when I resigned from my position, and began to trust God only for my support, to buy things together, if I could pay my half, as I had done before.

Word came from the store that they had no little sacks of flour, so we went without for the time.

That day after my Bible class, I called on Mrs. Wang Shih Ming who was a teacher in the University of Nanking Middle School, where I had my classes. After our visit, as I arose to go, she said, “Wait a minute,” Miss Whipple, I have something for you.” She left the room and in a few moments returned, carrying a small sack of flour, saying, “This is for you.”

“How does this happen?” I asked.

“Oh, I didn’t buy it,” she replied. “A friend of ours here in the city always gives us our flour, and the last time he gave me some, I told him about you and how you were living. Then he said, ‘Well, here is a sack for her too!’

You know what I thought. I knew the Lord had supplied my need and I thanked Him for it. I did not tell Mrs. Wang then that we were out of flour, but later, when I did, she rejoiced to know that it was the Holy Spirit who had led in making the gift.

When Christmas time came, she gave me beautiful material for a dress. Upon asking why she did it, she replied, “I want you to teach Bible classes in our school, and this is my way of helping you do it.” Whenever she came to call on me, she would bring a basket of oranges, or some other kind of food. Truly she was God’s messenger.

Later, Edna was getting ready to go home on furlough, it being the summer of 1934. Should I go with her? I had been five years since I had been home. After much prayer, I went to God’s Word to see what I should do, and this is what I read:

“Trust in Him at all times. God will surely visit you and bring you out of this land. He brought them out after He had showed wonders and signs in the land. There failed not

ought of any good thing which the Lord had spoken; all came to pass. He is faithful that promised.”

I had my answer, and knew that I was not to go yet, but was to wait until He had shown me signs and wonders – then I would go.

The day Edna left, I hired a young man to be my only servant. I told him what the school gave me and he immediately said, “That is not enough for your expenses.”

“I know it is not. That is why I am telling you,” I replied. I want you to know that there is a true and living God in Heaven, who will supply all my need.”

One day a woman came to visit me and we had a blessed time together. After she had been gone a few days, I received a letter from her enclosing twenty dollars, but she never knew just how much that meant to me. She wrote that she had held the money for some time not knowing just how the Lord wanted it used, but after visiting in my home, He had led her to give it to me. How Christ must delight in sending such gifts through His messengers!

It was not long until a Chinese boy wanted to borrow twelve dollars from me. That seemed like a good deal of money, but I thought of what Jesus had said:

“Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.” Matthew 5:42

So, I gave him the money.

In a few days, a girl came and asked for three dollars. I explained to my servant that I only had five dollars and that if I gave her three, I must use the other two for rickshaw fare to go and teach my Bible classes. I told him I must help her if I expected God to provide for me.

“I will have nothing to give you to buy my food,” I explained, “but we will see how God supplies.”

That afternoon I received a letter with a dollar’s worth of postage stamps in it. I did not know that I needed them, but God knew, and sent the supply even before I asked. I told my servant about it and he looked very much surprised.

The next day I received six cans of peaches from another city in China. I had never received anything like that before.

“The Lord knows I need fruit,” I said, “and He has sent it to me.”

There was a look of astonishment on the young man’s face.

The next day Mrs. Plopper sent me a large basket of vegetables, with a note asking me to send to her place every week for vegetables, as they had more in their garden than they could use.

“The God in Heaven knows that I need vegetables,” I said to my servant, “and here they are.”

A puzzled look came into his face, as much as to say, “How did He know?”

The next day Miss Want Shih T’sai, Principal of our South Gate Girl’s School, gave me ten large persimmons.

“The Lord knows that I need a variety of fruit, so here’s another kind,” I remarked. A look of amazement now filled his countenance.

The following morning Mrs. Hwang, a neighbor, returned from North China, and brought me twelve large pears.

“Here is still another kind of fruit,” I told him. “God is good to me.”

His face showed that he was thinking.

A few days later a woman brought me a large fat chicken.

“God knows that I need meat,” I said, “so He has sent that, too.”

A look of grave interest came into that servant’s face. He could see that God was working.

A few days later, I received a letter containing twenty dollars. He was watching when I opened the envelope.

“Money!” he exclaimed.

“Yes,” I replied. “God knows that I need money and He has sent it to me.”

He straightened up and, looking at me, said, “The God in Heaven is the true God.”

“Yes,” I replied, “He is the true God and there is no other.”

He was deeply moved. He then asked me many questions about God and Jesus. He had already been in a Bible class, but seeing what God did had moved him as nothing else had. The next Sunday he was in church and the next, and he never missed a service after that. He would go anywhere to hear a good sermon, and would come home and tell it to the school servants. One evening, several of them gathered in our dining room, and he preached to them what he had heard, how Christ had cleansed us from our sins with His own precious blood. Then he raised up his hand showing how Moses had lifted up his rod over the Red Sea and that God had divided the waters so that the people passed

through on dry land. How I felt anew the need of teaching the Word as I realized that this was the first time he had ever heard that truth.

A few days before Christmas, he came to me saying, "I hear that there is to be baptizing in the church on Christmas Day."

"Yes, there is to be," I replied.

"I want to be baptized," he said.

And he was overflowing with joy when he found that he could obey his Lord in Christian baptism.

I gave him a Bible, but he could not read, knowing only a few characters. At that time I was studying with a Chinese teacher. I told him that he might bring his Bible and sit at the table and listen when I read. In this way he was soon reading, for he learned much faster than I as it was his own language. Whenever he finished his work, I would see him reading his Bible.

***Joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth.***

Luke 15:7.

I have often thought, "What if I had not obeyed what God wanted me to do? Would that servant have been saved? And the many others, also, who were led to accept Christ as their Lord and Saviour when they heard what He had done for me, and for them?"

Oh! That we might depend more upon Him! The universe is at His command. His resources are unlimited. Souls are being lost for whom Christ died.

***How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?***

Romans 10:14.

## *His Hand Not Shortened*

*And God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound unto every good work.*

II Corinthians 9:8.

Many were the ways in which the Lord provided for me as I continued my work for Him.

A young Chinese man called one evening, handing me a five dollar bill, saying, "I want you to have this."

"Are you sure you can spare it?" I asked.

"Yes, the Lord has led me to give it to you, and I must do it. I will have no rest if you do not take this money. Please do not tell others, as they would think that I could not afford it, but the Lord knows that I can."

I thanked him and was so glad to know that it was the Lord's doings. He came another time and gave me the same amount.

One day a notice from the post office came, announcing the arrival of a package that should be examined. There was duty to pay – four dollars. After looking at the things, I saw that there were a few little Christmas gifts and some candy so I did up the box and pushed it back on the counter.

"You pay the duty?" the man asked.

"I have no money," I replied.

I could see the look of surprise on his face, as they usually think that all foreigners are rich. I turned and walked away for I knew that the package could stay there ten days.

After about a week had passed, I prayed that if the Lord wanted me to have the package, He would send me four dollars. The next day a letter arrived with just four dollars in it, so I went for my Christmas box with thanksgiving.

About a week later, another notice came that a package was at the post office, but I observed that no duty was marked. After showing the man all the things, for it was a much larger package than the other, I did it up and asked, "How much duty?"

"We'll not charge you anything this time," he said.

Again I thanked God for all He was doing for me.

As Christmas drew near, I wanted to make some gifts and I prayed that if it were His will He would so provide that it could be done. Almost immediately I received a letter with five dollars in it from friends in America. How I praised Him again for His provision.

“Coal is arriving,” called the servant.

With the coal came a letter from two of the Chinese workers giving me Christmas greetings of warmth and cheer.

“Someone has sent you a leg of lamb,” announced my servant.

Then came a letter with ten dollars in it from a student whom I had helped when he was in school. He had a position then and often sent me money as long as I was in China.

A dollar’s worth of postage stamps came from another student.

Sometimes in letters from my niece and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Walton, and from my nephew and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Elden Whipple, would be a check; they said that this was part of their tithe which they wished to be used in the Lord’s work that I was doing.

In October I had begun teaching a Bible class in a girl’s school, also in North City, but nothing was said about money.

The last week of December my sister-in-law, Mrs. Otis Whipple, came to visit me. As I looked at my cupboard, I wished that I might have more provisions. She was only with me a week, but soon after her arrival I received a letter from that girls’ school, with a check in it for sixty dollars. The Lord always new just when I needed it most.

My heating stove was not satisfactory and the weather was bitter cold, but I could not get a new one. When I went to bed one night, I prayed that the Lord would take care of the situation.

The next morning, while I was eating breakfast, I heard a noise in the hall. Opening the door, I saw two men carry a heating stove up the stairway, put it down in the hall, and go away without saying a word.

After breakfast, the Principal of the Girls’ School, came upstairs.

“Miss Whipple,” she said, “our school needs more stoves for next winter. Just now they are cheap and I have bought several. Your stove is not very good, so I have had one brought up here for you to use the rest of the winter.”

What a blessing it was!

Soon I heard my servant saying, “Come and weigh the coal.”

“I have not ordered any coal,” I replied.

“Coal is arriving anyway,” he said.

Sure enough it was, for my friend had also ordered coal for the stove. How good the Lord was to me!

“What is that noise?” I thought one night as I lay in bed. I could hear something above the ceiling, and soon recognized the sound of rats. This kept me awake for several nights, and finally I thought, “why not ask the Lord to do something about those rats?” – so I did.

Some nights later, I happened to think about the rats, for I had not heard them again, and I realized that the Lord had answered my prayer – how, I did not know.

About a month later, when I was in the basement, a huge cat jumped down from something about my head, and frightened me.

“Oh!” I exclaimed, “Where did that cat come from?”

“That’s our cat,” said the servant.

“When did we get a cat?” I inquired.

“About a month ago,” he replied, “the rats were so bad that I decided we needed a cat, and after he came the rats didn’t last long.”

I knew then how God has answered my prayer.

I was awakened one night in the spring about midnight by the windows rattling and doors slamming. Jumping up, in the terrible wind, I shut the windows and doors, watching great searchlights from the city wall turned upward toward the sky. It was such an unusual storm, and it seemed as if the house would be blown to pieces. I began to pray and the wind slackened. I tried to sleep, but the wind came again with tremendous force. I prayed that the Lord would spare the city. I thought of Psalm 127:1—

“Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.”

I continued praying, and it was about three o’clock when the storm subsided.

The next day I heard that a cyclone had done much damage the night before in a neighboring city, and that only the edge of it had struck Nanking. To Him be all praise!

At the beginning of the new semester, I had three Bible classes in my home, besides those in the two schools in North City.

As I think of those young people and of their need, I pray that God will touch the hearts of more of His people to go forth teaching the Word of Truth to hungry people.

*I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron: And I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel.*

Isaiah 45:2,3.

## *Marvelous Provision*

***Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.  
Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.***

Psalm 37: 4,5.

As it was getting well along in the new year, I wondered whether I would be permitted to return to America that summer. In trying to find out the Lord's will for me, I turned to the morning Bible reading in "Daily Light", and read the following:

"The Lord giveth wisdom; out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally."

I asked for wisdom to know how to pray, and immediately two thoughts came to me: "I need a change of climate," and "I need a change of diet." Then I felt it was right to go and I asked the Lord to open the way.

Later in the day, after prayer, I read this:

"The year of my redeemed is come: it shall be a jubilee unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession – and unto his family."

I took this as a definite promise that I was going home that summer and I began to get ready.

"If I am not here this summer," I said to my servant one day, "you do this, and do that."

"Are you going to America?" he asked.

"I am going whenever the Lord sends the money," I replied.

"I believe He will send it," said the boy.

"Why do you think so?" I questioned.

"He gives you everything you need. Why wouldn't He do this too?" he replied.

In about a month, I received a letter with a draft in it for two hundred and eighty dollars. The letter stated that the money was for me to buy a round trip ticket to America, twice as much as I had asked for. The ticket would be good for six months. The giver wrote the following: "The reason I am sending this for you to come to America is that I feel you need a change of climate, and a change of diet." –the same two reasons which the Lord had given to me which led me in asking to go.

Soon a package arrived from America. "A new dress all made!" I exclaimed as I opened the box. "The Lord is getting me ready." The dress was dark blue with white polka dots.

“I need a white hat to wear with this,” I continued – but there were no hat stores in Nanking for American ladies’ hats. The next day, I received a letter from a company in Shanghai stating that they were coming to Nanking to display American Ladies’ hats, and asked me to come and see them. “My hat is there!” I remarked. When I looked at them, I found just the one that I needed.

Before I left Nanking, my Chinese helper gave me a beautiful white purse.

“How can you do that?” I asked.

“You have the dress with the white dots in it and a white hat, and you ought to have a white purse,” he replied. The Lord remembers every detail.

A boys’ class presented me with two umbrellas, a sun umbrella made of silk, and a rain umbrella made of oiled paper. A girls’ class gave me a dozen handkerchiefs. A young people’s class, a mixed group, said that they did not know what I needed, so presented me with thirty-two dollars, telling me that I could use it as I wished. A part of it went to buy suitcases.

The Principal of the University of Nanking Middle School, where I had Bible classes, invited me to a feast. After we had eaten and I was leaving, he put a hundred dollars into my hand. Could I ever doubt that the Lord would supply all my need!

Mrs. Wang Shih Ming gave me material for another dress, and other useful gifts. I now had the material for five dresses, all of which were given to me in China – and many others gave me presents before I left.

I had given my draft for two hundred and eighty dollars to Mr. James McCallum, who had taken it to the Nanking agent of the steamship company. The agent remarked, “I’ll send this to Shanghai and the ticket will be sent directly to Miss Whipple.”

A week passed and Mr. McCallum asked, “Has your ticket come?”

“Not yet,” I replied.

Two weeks passed and he asked, “Do you have your ticket?”

“Not yet,” I replied again.

“Aren’t you getting worried?” someone inquired.

“I’m trusting the Lord to take care of the money,” I replied.

Three days before the sailing date, Mr. McCallum asked, “Has your ticket come?”

“Not yet,” I still replied.

He called up the agent, who wired to Shanghai and learned that the letter which he had sent containing the draft had never been received.

I had a receipt from the agent giving the number of the draft which he had sent, and he wrote a letter stating that I had paid him the money but had not yet received my ticket, and asked me to go on board the boat with the letter.

“Isn’t that rather risky?” someone asked.

“No, everything is sure when Christ has charge of it, and that money is His,” I replied.

My faithful servant went to Shanghai with me, for as yet my full strength had not returned after my long illness. Edna had said to him when she left the year before, “Be sure and take good care of my sister while I am gone.” He had tried to follow her instructions.

When I went on board the boat, I handed my letter to the purser and, after reading it, he said, “We’ll make that all right.”

“But there is no return ticket,” I replied.

“We’ll see about that,” he said.

I went to my room and did not ask again about the ticket. The last day before we reached Victoria, I found my return ticket lying by my plate at the dinner table.

***“ye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.***

I Corinthians 2:9

## *His Abundance*

*Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think,  
according to the power that worketh in us, Unto Him be glory*

Ephesians 3:20, 21

The voyage to American was a pleasant one on the President Grant, and my sister Edna and other relatives met me in Seattle. Upon arrival, I was given a dark blue suit, with hat and blouse to match – just what I needed.

What should I do for six months with no salary and no program? But this was soon made plain. I was invited many times to visit and to speak for His glory, and there were more invitations than I could accept.

I spent several weeks with the dear people in Sedro Woolley, Washington, who had been sending me their missionary money. When leaving, they gave me many useful things to take back to China. One day I visited a Sunday School out in the country south of that place, and, much to my surprise, they gave me their offering.

Another week I attended a little Sunday School northeast of Sedro Wooley. I spoke to about twenty-five or thirty people telling them of God's faithfulness to me and of His saving power; then extended an invitation to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and eight young people responded to the call.

Later, one of the women said to me, "I am so happy today for I knew that there were those attending here who ought to accept Christ as their Saviour, and I have spent many hours praying for this service." Then I knew the reason for the great blessing we had that day. They gave me the money from their missionary box – thus my needs were being continually supplied and souls saved. I was glad when others, seeing what Christ had done for me, were led to accept Him as their Saviour.

One day when I was visiting Mrs. Harvey Beal in Burlington, Washington, I showed her the five pieces of dress material which had been given to me in China. After several weeks I was in her home again.

"Have you made up that dress material which you showed to me the last time you were here?" she inquired.

"No," I replied, "I have had no time."

"If I should ask some of my friends, among whom are dressmakers, to come here and have a sewing bee, would you be willing to let them make your dresses?"

"Yes, I would be delighted," I answered.

As a result, there were several sewing bees in Burlington, and also in Bellingham and Seattle, and my dresses were soon made.

As the women in many places ministered so lovingly unto me, I was often reminded of the truth in Colossians 2:19 how each Christian is a joint or band of the great Body of Christ, the Church. When one is in need, the others respond.

A dear friend of mine, Mrs. Walter Sutherland, of Friday Harbor, Washington, came over and took me out to their home on the island where I spent a week in that delightful spot, having the opportunity of witnessing for Christ to a large group of women.

I shall never forget the beautiful sunset one evening as we were returning from a tip on Puget Sound. It seemed as if the water had become a great sea of gold, reminding one of the glories of Heaven. I had once given a message about Heaven, after which Margaret, not Mrs. Sutherland, had accepted Christ as her Saviour.

Helping me to get ready for my return to China, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland gave me many things, including jellies, a fruit cake, and a case of Puget Sound salmon.

I spent several weeks up in a beautiful valley near Stephens Pass, at Gold Bar, Washington, at the home of Miss Florence Allyn. She had charge of a Sunday School aside from her public school work, and was a real missionary in that little place. We had wonderful rides in the mountains and the people were very hospitable. There, and also in the neighboring city of Sultan, I testified to the faithfulness of Christ, and again packages of good things to eat were given to me to take to China.

One day in Bellingham, I had spoken at the missionary society of the Christian Church.

“Come into the next room,” they said after the meeting was over. And there I saw a table loaded with cans and packages of food.

“These are for you to take to China,” they said. How could I thank them enough for this wonderful provision, and how could I take all of the things that had been given to me! I had left my trunks in China. I only had some suitcases, so I began praying for trunks.

Before long I was in Seattle and my brother Charles and his wife gave me a large trunk. The next week I spoke in Everett, telling of God’s faithfulness and of the trunk He had supplied. After the meeting, a woman told me that she had several trunks which she was not using, and if I needed any more I was welcome to them. God provided even more than I could use!

One day while visiting in the home of my brother Otis in Bellingham, I was talking with his wife Julia, who was sick at the time.

“Maude,” she said, “I wish you would make out a list of the things you need before you return to China. I have no money to buy things, but the Lord has plenty, and He knows how to supply every need. While I am lying here, I can use my time praying.”

The articles began to come. One thing on the list was wool dresses. The next week when I was in Seattle, I received a card from Mrs. Beal in Burlington saying, "Will you please send me one of your dress patterns. Mrs. Schacht has a pretty piece of wool material with which she wishes to make you a dress."

When I was in Bellingham again, Mrs. Thomas Cole handed me a large roll of material saying, "This is heavy wool serge for a dress."

How wonderfully God was supplying my need. Everything on that list which my sister-in-law prayed for was provided.

That fall I was given a brown winter coat and a hat to match; later my brother Frank and wife Nina gave me a brown silk umbrella; after speaking at a missionary society in Seattle, I was presented with a brown leather purse with my initials on it. They remarked that they did not know that I had a brown coat and hat. But the things all went together. Another missionary group gave me a pretty handbag with a dozen handkerchiefs in it.

I had the privilege of riding over the mountains with Mrs. Earl Thomas and her son, Stanley, to their home in Ellensburg. There again I testified in the Christian Endeavor Society to God's faithfulness. They took me on to Sunnyside where I visited in the home of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hartley. Mrs. Hartley had invited a group of women to her home, and I spoke to them of what the Lord had done for me. Mr. Hartley added to my presents by giving me a leather bag with useful things inside. As I left Ellensburg, the Thomas' gave me a part of their tithe and more food to take to China.

A young ladies' guild in Bellingham gave me a shower of canned fruit, vegetables, and jelly.

While visiting in my brother Otis' home in Bellingham, I met Mr. J. Edwin Orr and heard him speak. He had traveled through many countries proclaiming the Lord's message, and telling of how God had marvelously provided his every need. This was a great inspiration to me.

One day after I had spoken at the First Bible and Missionary Conference in Bellingham, Washington, Dr. Jepson of Seattle gave the address following mine.

"Think of the great privilege it has been to others, he said, "in giving to Miss Whipple as God has directed them. If she had not followed the Lord's leading for her life, they would have been denied that great blessing."

***He that spared not His own Son but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?***

Romans 8:32.

## *Go Forward*

*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.*

Psalm 119:115.

The last week before sailing, I spent in Seattle, and went to the Chinese Consulate to have my passport visaed. I had expected to pay two or three dollars.

“Ten dollars, please,” said the man in charge.

Yes, I had the money but had expected to use it for something else. This left me with three dollars and five cents – not very much to face a long ocean voyage with expenses at each end. But I still had God.

The next day I received a letter from Edna.

“There is danger of war with Japan,” she wrote. “It may not be wise for you to come at this time, but you will have to be guided by the news in the papers when you receive this, and by the way the Lord leads you.”

“You had better stay,” said my cousin, Mrs. Charles Budde, whom I was visiting. “Then you would have more time to get things done that you have wanted to do before going.”

“Yes,” I replied, “there are many things I could do here such as I have been doing in going places and telling of God’s faithfulness to me. But I want to be sure that I am in the Lord’s will, and He may want me to go back to China. I’ll pray about it, and wait until morning to decide.”

There were just three days before sailing, and I kept thinking of the small amount of money I had, and that if I stayed longer, I might have more. This is the kind of thoughts with which Satan tempts us.

“But why did God give me a return ticket if He did not expect me to use it?” I thought.

I prayed much of that night and the next morning – then taking “Daily Light” to see what God’s special message to me was, I read:

“Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness. Have faith in God. Is my hand shortened at all, that it cannot redeem? Or have I no power to deliver? Prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. We should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead. Trust in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.”

And then the words, “Go forward,” came to me. I did not read them, but I could feel them.

I wrote to my brother Otis about Edna's letter and he answered: "God's word to you may be, 'Go forward.'"

God had decided the question for me – I was returning to China. That day I received two letters. The first had one dollar in it, and the other ten dollars. The next day my cousin, Mrs. Budde, handed me two dollars. She and her mother gave me more jelly, a fruit cake, cookies and a box of candy. The third day I sailed. But before leaving I received a letter with five dollars in it, and Mrs. Budde handed me two more dollars. Packages of useful things were waiting for me in the mail on board.

An empty suitcase was given to me with the word that I would need it on the boat. There I found a group of women from a missionary society waiting for me in my cabin, and the things they brought filled the empty suitcase.

As I stood alone on the deck waving good-bye, I realized as never before:

"God is my sufficiency."

At least one of the windows of Heaven had been opened unto me, and all my needs had been supplied.

When I turned and went inside, I wondered if I would find some Christian friends among the few sailing on the President Jefferson. There were only eight second class passengers including myself, and one first class passenger aboard. Not many people chose to be on the ocean for Christmas and New Year's Day, as we were on that voyage.

When I went to dinner, there were four at my table, three women and one man. The first woman who introduced herself said, "I am a missionary going to India."

How good God was to send us out together. We had such blessed times of fellowship and prayer, and she later said to me, "I prayed that God would give me a Christian traveling companion."

The day before I reached Shanghai, I was given a custom's declaration to make out, and I made a list of the food that I had, with the cost, as well as of other things. When I reached Shanghai and went into the custom's house, I opened a suitcase and the officer saw some jelly. Another suitcase was opened and he said, "More jelly." Opening another, he repeated, "Still more jelly." Then he added, "If you only had a little, we wouldn't say anything. But you have plenty."

I saw him eyeing my trunks. Then he looked at my custom's declaration and saw that I had all of the food listed with the cost prices. My sister, Edna, arrived just in time to hear him say, "You will have to pay a lot of duty," naming the amount.

"I haven't that much," exclaimed Edna' neither did she suppose that I had enough.

“Oh, I have some American money. When it is changed into Chinese, I’ll have plenty,” I replied.

“I will pay half of it,” said Edna, “as I shall eat half of the food.”

I had enough money for the duty, for excess weight, and for my ticket to Nanking. After getting all of my things from the depot to South Gate, seven miles, I still had two dollars and a half, gold. With this I began my new term of service. Opening the mail which was waiting for me, I found more money to help in my work for the Lord.

“I knew you would come back to China,” said Edna, “because God gave me two words for you – ‘Go forward’”.

- - - - -

When the opening day of school came, every seat was taken, and many were sitting two in a seat. The windows were full, and some were sitting on tables.

“What shall we do with so many students?” said my Chinese helper.

“We’ll divide them into groups and manage all right,” I replied.

Students were enrolling for Bible classes. We answered the questions of many who were looking for the first time upon pictures of Christ which we had put upon the walls.

“What if I had not come back to China?” kept going through my mind. “Who would teach these boys?” I was so thankful that I had returned. We had many happy days teaching those students and seeing the Lord work in their lives.

Later in the year, I decided to go into the homes to teach the Bible. In these classes, women would come with babies in their arms; men passing by would stop and listen; and many children stood in the open doorways. I remember so well one blind man who was always in a home where I taught and who listened very intently. I hope I shall meet him in glory.

I shall never forget a woman who sat watching me as I was telling of the life of Christ, and when I told of His death, the tears rolled down her face and she said, “Oh? Did they kill him?” I realized that she was hearing that story, which is so familiar to us, for the first time. Then I explained how He gave His resurrection from the dead – a living Saviour – her face fairly beamed.

It is hard to explain the joy which came to me as I gave out the message of salvation and saw lives transformed under His hand. How happy I was that I had gone forward!

***Your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.***

I Corinthians 2:5.

## *Ye Lacked Nothing*

*This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.*

Mark 12:11.

Before I had been back in China a year, I began to feel as if I should return to America. But why should I return? I could not understand it and no one else could.

Edna and I prayed much about it and, in the meantime, I kept getting things ready little by little so that if the Lord made it plain that it was His will, and provided the way, I would be prepared to go. I did not want to leave China as there is so much to do there. I love to give the Gospel message to those who are in darkness – neither did I want to leave Edna.

Our brother Otis came to visit us in April. When I told him what I was thinking of, he said, “When anyone makes a big change which involves his whole life and future work, he should not make any move until the Lord has made His will very plain.”

“Yes,” I replied, “I will not go unless He provides the money and shows me through His Word that it is His will. I have made it a practice not to do anything unless the leading of the Spirit in my own heart, the circumstances, and the Word given, agree.”

So I continued praying.

Otis was only with us a week, but before he left I received a letter with a hundred and fifty dollars in it for travel money. Circumstances were beginning to coincide with the leading of the Spirit which I had already felt. “But I will not make a move until He tells me definitely to go,” I said, for I wanted to stay in China. Then I began to think about the world being the Lord's field, and that if He wanted me to serve in some other part of it, I should be willing to go.

About three weeks later when I waked one morning, I said to Edna, “I feel so queer this morning, just as if the Lord were drawing me to make me go to America.”

The Bible reading that morning gave us no light on the question. That afternoon when I picked up “Daily Light” to read the Bible message, I could not open the book. I felt that God was going to tell me what to do, and I could not bear to hear it. I put the book away and prepared my Bible lesson. About three hours later I knew that I must read what the Lord had to say to me. This is what I read:

“Draw me, we will run after Thee.”

“Yes,” I thought, “He was drawing me this morning.”

I continued reading.

“My Beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up and come away. Arise and come away.”

I knew then what the Lord wanted me to do. But it was hard to tell Edna. When I did, she said, “We have another devotional book. Let us read and see what the Bible verse is for today.” And this is what we read:

“Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt his fisher’s coat unto him – and did cast himself into the sea.”

“Yes,” said Edna, “I believe that the Lord wants you to go.”

“The travel money which came is only enough for a third class ticket one way,” I exclaimed. “Perhaps I am not to come back. I had better take all my things which I would want in case I did not return.”

I only had a few weeks to get ready, and everyone was surprised that I was going. It seemed hard for them to realize that it was the Lord’s will, when I had only been out a year and a half that time. But I have learned that when the Lord speaks definitely about doing a thing, it is best to obey whether I understand at the time or not.

The Principal of the University of Nanking Middle School gave me a farewell feast. One of the faithful teachers presented a banner to me as a parting gift from the school, the characters on it meaning that the Gospel which I had preached would never be forgotten. I pray that it may live on and still bring souls to Christ.

Edna and Mr. Chao Yung en, one of my former students, went with me to Shanghai. Some of my other students were there and came to see me. One gave me a farewell feast in the new Y.M.C.A. building, inviting several of my former students.

When the day of sailing came, we went aboard the eight o’clock tender as the boat was about to leave at noon. Just as we put our things down, I looked around and said, “My purse is gone!” In it were my passport, ticket, watch, glasses, money, trunk keys, suitcase keys, and many other things. I looked at Edna and said, “All things work together for good to those who love the Lord – I wonder how this will do it.” Then I thought, “The Lord is my sufficiency.”

We never heard of the purse again, but the Lord met every need. It was only a short time before the last tender sailed, but we went to the office of the steamship company. They remembered me and knew I had paid for my ticket, and they had a record of my passport of which they handed me a copy. I took it to the American Consul who gave me an affidavit which would admit me to the United States.

Upon reaching this side of the ocean, I had no duty to pay.

After arriving in America, when I was asked to speak for the first time, I looked in Daily Light to see what word the Lord would give me for that day. This is what I read:

***When I sent you without purse, and script, and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing.***

Luke 22:35.

People began to ask me why I had returned from china. I told them that I did not know, only that the Lord had led me to come. Some thought it very strange, but when the war with Japan began the next month, they said, “Wasn’t it a good thing that you came home! Many from China wrote the same thing.

Within three months after I left China, my sister had to flee from her home in Nanking as the Japanese were bombing the city. She went by boat on the Yangste River and up the mountain to Luing where she taught Bible classes that winter. Christmas Day they had to leave the mountain and go to Hankow – then south to Canton, having many hard experiences along the way. My health at that time was not in any condition to go through such hardships. How gracious the Lord had been in sparing me from it.

There would have been no way for me to have taught Bible classes in Nanking if I had stayed. The Lord knew all about these things and just why He was bringing me home, and it has been a great lesson to me. I hope that I shall continue hearing His voice saying:

***This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.***

Isaiah 30:21.

Soon after my arrival, my brother Otis returned from his year’s visit in china. Then I was led to live at The Lake Whatcom Bible and Missionary Conference grounds at The Firs, in Bellingham, Washington. It is a faith work which was founded by my brother Otis and his wife in 1921, but my sister-in-law had gone to be with Christ in 1934. There was a real need for someone in the home, and I was glad to be a help for my brother at that time. His son, Grant, and family, had been there during his year’s absence, but were going east for Grant to attend seminary.

It was my privilege to be there when my niece and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Walton, came home with their children from China; then again when my nephew and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Elden Whipple, came with their children, also from China.

One day, a woman gave me a wrist watch.

“I want you to have this,” she said. “I have another one, and I cannot use two watches.”

The Lord was proving His sufficiency in providing everything I needed.

My time at The Firs was a training school for me – many were the things I learned about a group waiting on the Lord for His will in problems which concerned them all. It was a joy to attend the conferences, and see the Lord work in the lives of boys and girls, as well as in those of men and women. I thank my heavenly Father that He gave me those days at The Firs.

*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.*

Isaiah 26:3.

## *Faith Forward*

*The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: and the knowledge of the Holy is understanding.*

Proverbs 9:10.

Looking out through the beautiful fir trees and across Lake Whatcom, to the mountains beyond, I wondered why I should be thinking of leaving this beautiful conference grounds. But was it I? Perhaps it was God speaking to me again about moving on, to fit into His plan for my life.

As these thoughts kept coming to my mind, I prayed very earnestly that He would give me His Word, telling me whether I was to continue at The Firs or leave for some other work. My life was in His hands, and I wanted to be in the center of His will. I had learned from experience that His Word never failed so after much prayer, I took Daily Light, to read the special word which the Lord had for me at that time. This is what I read:

“By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed. I am the Lord thy God which leadeth thee by the way which thou shouldst go. We walk by faith, not by sight. Arise ye and depart.”

Then taking my Bible and reading more, one verse stood out as intended especially for at that time. It was this:

*For a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries.*

I Corinthians 16:9.

I felt as if God had given me His will as to what I should do. I was to continue walking by faith, and I was to leave The Firs; a great door and effectual was opened unto me – but there were many adversaries. The Word said that the door was opened, and it was opened unto me.

Then I thought, “Where is that door?” and I prayed, “Lord, show me the door.”

Miss Helen Cope, who was also living at The First at that time, received a letter from Miss Mabel Culter of Los Angeles who asked her if she could come, should she be needed, to take charge of the primary department of Culter Academy. This was a Christian Day School which Miss Culter had started.

Miss Mabel Culter was in Nanking when I first went to China, and was principal of the American School where I had charge of the primary department for three years. When Miss Culter came back to America, the Lord gave her a vision of starting a Christian Day School, and after some years, during which she prayed much about it, she founded Culter Academy in Los Angeles. Its purpose is to provide an academic school for young people where there would be scholarship with a true Christian atmosphere.

When I heard Miss Culter's letter to Helen Cope, my heart leaped, as I wondered if Culter Academy could be the place for me. Helen did not want to go to Los Angeles as she was hoping to be sent out to China under the China Inland Mission, and the Lord later granted her wish. However, I said nothing about my thoughts as I wanted to wait until the Lord gave me His call – He would open the way if this were His will.

A few days later, I received a letter from my dear friend, Mrs. Earl Crouch, of Oakdale, California. She had sent me money at different times, and many useful gifts to help in my work for the Lord; but in this letter she said, "Maude, I've had an inspiration. Why don't you apply for a position in that Christian day school in Los Angeles?"

I read this letter aloud and Helen said, "I'll write tonight and tell Miss Culter that you are home from China and can come if she needs you."

Miss Culter answered immediately, saying that she hoped the way would soon open for me to be with her. In the letter were two brochures concerning the school, and Helen handed one to me. On the front was the picture of a great open door. As my eyes fell on it, I realized that God had shown me the door where I was to enter.

But, there were adversaries – I knew there would be because that was the Word given to me.

Months went by in which I heard nothing more concerning the school, but I had not forgotten God's Word and the leading of His Spirit, and was getting my things ready so that when the call came, I would be prepared.

On January 30, 1939, I received a telegram from Miss Culter saying, "Can you come at once? First three grades – remuneration small."

It did not take any time for me to know what I would do if I had the money, but I only had five dollars. I began to get my things in readiness, and prayed that He would supply the needed amount.

Mr. Henry Bowers called, and I told him about the telegram.

"Well, praise the Lord! You were looking for it, weren't you?" he inquired.

"Yes," I replied.

"And you're going, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm going."

"Let us get down on our knees and thank God for His goodness," he said.

And together we knelt in prayer, thanking God for His Word, his leading, and His faithfulness.

The next morning I was handed a check for forty dollars, and I wired that I would come. How marvelously the Lord provides when we trust Him only for our need.

Otis was visiting in Philadelphia at that time, and someone asked, “If you leave, what will your brother do?”

“God will provide a way,” I replied.

When he returned, his daughter, Lois, came with him, and the Lord continually provided someone to be in the home. Later, he married Miss Ruth Walter who was Dean of Women at Westmont College in California.

I was very happy that my new move would also take me near my brother George, living in San Diego, who faithfully preached the Word for forty years.

When I arrived in Los Angeles, I found that Miss Culter was carrying a burden far too great for one person. Besides bearing the responsibility for Culter Academy, she was helping to conduct The Bible Missionary Institute and a Junior College. All three schools were being given free rent in the Sunday School rooms of the Westlake Calvary Church where they were made very welcome, but the space was insufficient.

Later, the Bible Missionary Institute and the Junior College were combined and known as The Western Bible College.

Culter Academy was only in its third year, and there were not funds enough coming in to meet the expenses. We knew that God was all-sufficient, and to Him the teachers came together in prayer asking for His blessing, His leading, and His provision. We also started a meeting with the parents for prayer and named it, “The Parent Teachers Prayer Fellowship.”

Then two of us had a daily prayer meeting, praying definitely that God would lay a burden on someone who could help our school financially.

Two weeks after we began praying, a messenger boy came to the school bringing a letter to Miss Culter, and in it she found a check for one hundred dollars and a message from Mrs. Alexander H. Kerr. Mrs. Kerr wrote that she felt such a burden for her that she had to send the money immediately – she thought there must be some great need. How we praised God for this token of His love!

We continued our daily prayer meetings, still asking that the Lord would lay a burden on someone to help our school.

A few weeks later, a gift of eight hundred dollars came from Mrs. Kerr, half of it being from her son and his wife. We knew that God was working, and we praised Him for this great blessing, and for Mrs. Kerr upon whom God had laid the burden.

The Parent Teachers' Prayer Fellowship, which met once a month, and our daily prayer meeting were continued during the summer, and we were now definitely asking the Lord to direct us to a new location for our school, simply because the quarters were too small.

August first, when the parents and teachers met for prayer, Miss Culter announced that Mrs. Kerr had something to say. Mrs. Kerr then told us that she had bought the property on Third and Westmoreland Avenue – buildings which had formerly been a girls' school. She wanted this used for our school and for the Western Bible College as a memorial to her husband. On the property there were six buildings, a football field, tennis courts, basketball field, and a large swimming pool.

Those present at the meeting were overwhelmed with joy, as we realized what had happened, and we had a praise service which will long be remembered, thanking God for His wonderful provision for us, and for Mrs. Kerr who, through her heart of love, had lifted the burden for us. She shall not lose her reward.

We were thrilled as we watched new equipment arriving and every need supplied! Could we ever thank our heavenly Father enough for all that He had done for us?

During the first year that we were in our new location, the College was enlarged and offered four full years of work – the name being changed to Westmont College.

This college was eventually moved to Santa Barbara where it has become an outstanding Christian College.

Culter Academy has occupied the buildings at the corner of 3<sup>rd</sup> and Westmoreland Avenue for many years, and Miss Culter has been a great inspiration to their many students.

*The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad.*

Psalm 126:3.

## *New Horizons*

*The Lord, He it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee, He will not fail thee.*

Deuteronomy 31:8.

While I was at Culter Academy, serving as principal of the elementary department, a committee from Inglewood came to see me, and asked if I would come to their city and start a Christian Day School. I accepted the invitation, and in 1945 moved to Inglewood, and the school became a reality. I was with them two years.

While in Inglewood, a man from Pasadena came seeking information about opening a Christian Day School in their city. I went and helped them one year as they established the school.

Then the Lord laid a heavy burden upon my heart to start a school in Los Angeles. The need was great. There were many children under the new system of teaching who could not read. I felt that another school was needed where the children would be taught by the phonetic system of reading. Also, they needed to learn the cursive method of writing, and have Bible study. Culter Academy was doing a fine work along these lines, but the need was felt in other parts of the city as well.

So in September 1948, I founded the Los Angeles Christian School and had in incorporated to include kindergarten, the six elementary grades, junior high and high school. We had the kindergarten and seven grades the first year. The fall of 1949 we added the eighth grade.

Within a few weeks after the opinion of school that fall, it became necessary for us to move. The question was, "where would the Lord have us go?" We searched in vain for a place. Finally, we were asked to set the date when we would move, and we set it one month ahead, on November 7<sup>th</sup>, and continued our search for a place. We came to the last weekend of the month not knowing where to go.

At that time I wrote a letter to the parents telling them that if they wanted their children to continue with our school, to have them meet with us in the gymnasium at the south end of Echo Park, at 8:30 the following Monday morning. I believed that the Lord had a place and would reveal it to us by that time.

On Friday afternoon, a member of the school board went with me to see our lawyer, and we told him about the situation. He said, "I know of a place in San Fernando Valley where they have a school but at present have no teachers. Would you like to have me contact them for you?"

This resulted in an immediate visit to the Village Church on Victory Boulevard in Burbank. In conference with Rev. Philip Gibson, the Pastor, we all felt the Lord's leading, and that the needs of both groups would be met by combining the two schools.

On Saturday evening, some of the parents helped us move our equipment to the new location.

On Monday morning, when the parents brought their children to Echo Park, there was great rejoicing because the Lord had so wonderfully answered our prayers in providing a place for us.

The Lord richly blessed our combined efforts. At the board meeting on January 10, 1950, it was decided that the school be operated using the name, "Village Christian School."

The first year we enrolled 109 pupils, from the kindergarten through the eighth grade. I became the first principal, and there were six teachers. We had two buses picking up the children, one in San Fernando Valley, and one going as far as Highland Park in Los Angeles.

At the close of our school year, we had six students graduate from the elementary department and eight from junior high. The following year, there were 207 students enrolled, and in June 1951, ten students graduated from our elementary department, and three from the junior high.

At that time I was greatly disturbed since I had lost my voice because of being on cement floors for three years. Under the circumstances there was no way for me to continue with the school. At the last board meeting which I attended on June 5, 1951, I resigned from my position. At the same meeting, Mr. Henry B. Trist was elected to be a member of the school board.

I felt that the school would continue to grow and be a blessing to a great many children. But how great a blessing it was to be I little realized.

***He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.***  
Philippians 1:6.

FOOTNOTE:

Under the leadership of Supt. Henry B. Trist, Village Christian School has moved to a larger campus in Sun Valley. The fall of 1974, over 1400 students are enrolled.