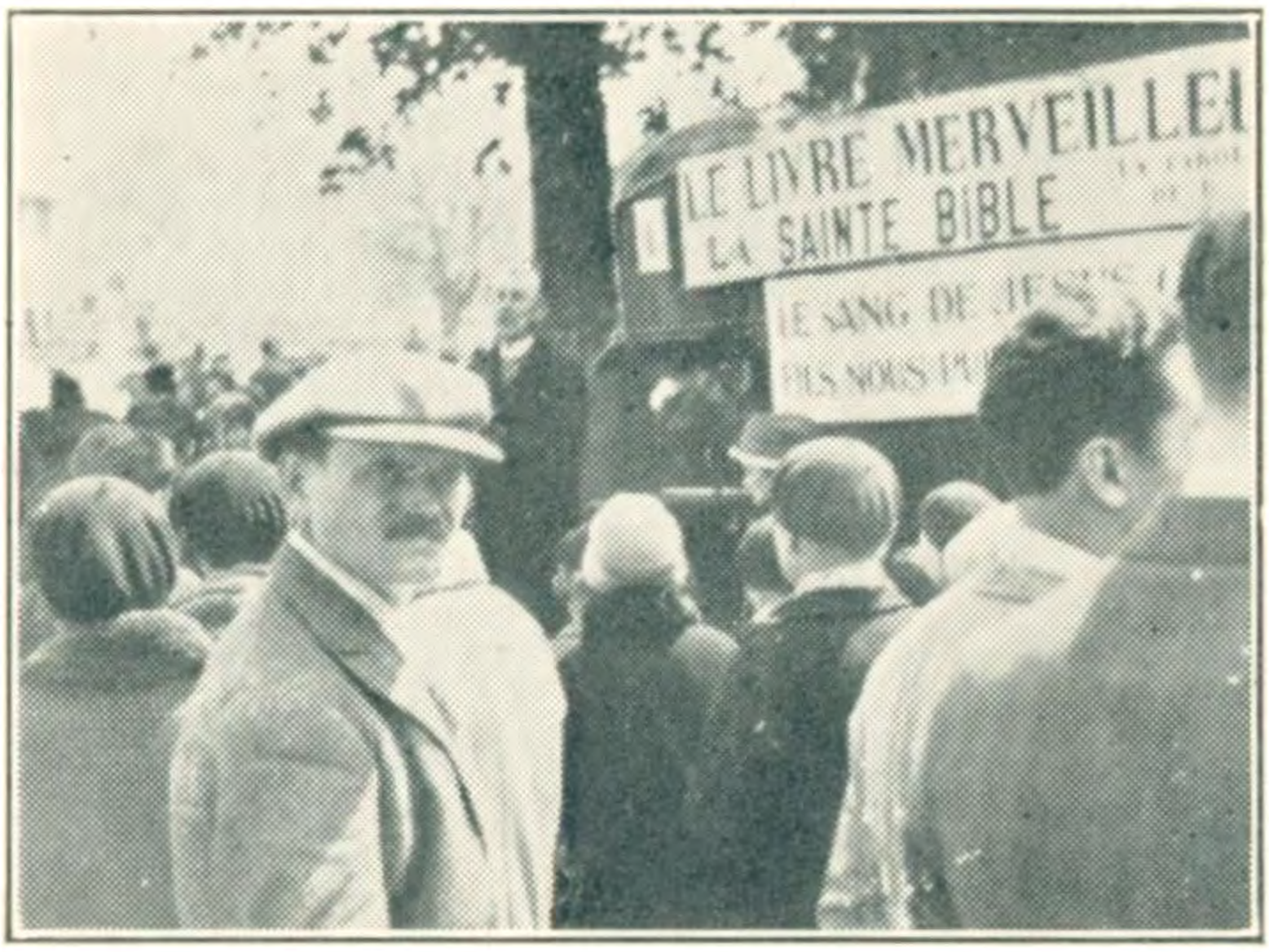
Triumphs of Faith in France

During and After the two Great Wars

Mrs. W. E. TAYLOR



MR. TAYLOR PREACHING IN SAVOY

TRIUMPHS OF FAITH

IN FRANCE

DURING AND AFTER THE TWO GREAT WARS

Mrs. W. E. TAYLOR

The proceeds of the sale of this book will be used to help the Lord's Work in France. Price per copy, 2/6 post free, from Mr. F. BUCKERIDGE, 54 Oakwood Rd., North End, Portsmouth, England, to whom all communications should be addressed. Mrs. W. E. TAYLOR is a recognised channel for this purpose by the British Government.

PREFACE

TO the glory of God, and in token of His never-failing faithfulness during thirty-four years of service for Him in Roman Catholic France; having been asked to publish some of our war experiences in that country of about 40,000,000 souls, this book is sent forth in the hope that it may encourage and strengthen the faith of His people, bring blessing and Salvation to many, and call forth prayer for the still unevangelized millions there. The book does not by any means exhaust our experiences, as that would require a large volume; but it is a modest testimony to the fact of a life of faith, that refuses to ask anything of anyone but the Living God, and to the glorious presence, guidance, and power of the Person of His Holy Spirit.

Mr. & Mrs. W. E. TAYLOR, 147 Avenue du Marechal Joffre
ARGENTEUIL (Seine et Oise), FRANCE.

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TRIUMPHS OF FAITH IN FRANCE

BRITTANY, ST. BRIEUC

When the Great European War was raging, with sorrow and death on every hand, my husband and I, in response to God's call, went forth to take the Gospel of His marvellous grace to the French people. Many were the obstacles met with, but He who defeated all our foes on the Cross of Calvary, went before to remove them one by one, so that, on March 1st, 1916, we sailed on *The Devonia*, chased by submarines!

After being installed in St. Brieuc, Brittany, a very fanatical town, we daily continued the study of the French language, and set out with a supply of Gospels and Tracts, to visit the homes of the dear people, few of whom were untouched by the war. In his mercy, God opened doors and hearts to receive the Message of Salvation. The record of the many troubled souls He brought around us is wonderful, for by His Holy Spirit's power we

saw many of them turn from the darkness of sin, into the marvellous light of His great, present, eternal Salvation.

The first was a woman we met at an auction sale when buying furniture. She attended our Gospel Meetings and was so happy to find Salvation there that she desired others to hear the Good News, so conducted us to many of the homes where there was need. One day she took us to a big block of flats where, for about six hours we preached and sang the Gospel, finding prepared hearts and ready listeners, many of whom were grief-stricken for dear ones dead, dying or wounded in the great war.

Madame P— also conducted us to relatives a few miles away, in a farmhouse, where we were invited to dine. At noon, when the farmhands arrived, Mr. Taylor was given the place of honour at table, and asked to serve '*la soupe*' with a ladle the size of a big plate, to the fifteen persons present. All seemed pleased at our visit, so that after the meal he preached the Gospel to a keenly interested company. A woman desired a copy of the New Testament, and remained behind to ask questions.

"JESUS SAUVE AUJOURD'HUI"

The Gospel Meetings increased in numbers and several souls were saved. Children also came along and were taught to sing: "Jésus sauve aujourd'hui, tous ceux qui viennent à Lui" (Jesus saves to-day all who come to Him). How they loved singing that chorus! but, alas, singing it as they went along the streets did not please the R.C. priests, so that real persecution soon began, and the children were forbidden to come; because the truth of that chorus is in opposition to the teachings of Rome! Nevertheless, God declares that: "To-day is the day of Salvation" (2 Cor. 6).

PROTECTED BY THE POLICE

We often went to the railway station at 7 p.m. to distribute Gospels to soldiers returning to the war-front by the great Paris-Brest line. The train would stop for a few minutes, and Mr. Taylor would start at one end and I at the other, to hand into the crowded carriages a precious copy of God's Word, in the form of a Gospel. When we met in the middle he would lift up his voice and preach the Gospel to all. Gospels were also given to sorrowing relatives left on the platform. Again the enemy of souls was angry for on

arriving one evening the Chief of Police informed us privately that "the priests and their clients had decided to do us harm," but he added, "I am here to protect you. Why do they want to harm you, who come to do the people good?" We replied: "It is because we teach God's declaration that Salvation is a GIFT, without money and without price; so you see, God's declaration does not bring them any money." He was glad to listen, and received a New Testament, in which we showed him Rev. 22. 17. Every evening after, he sent an armed policeman to protect us. Often we were led to arrive at a town just as a regiment was leaving for the front, although we knew nothing about it beforehand. How eager those young men were to listen to the Gospel, and accept a copy, before going forth, in many cases, to die!

OUR SALARY

Like George Muller of Bristol, who proved God to be the Living God to-day, by trusting Him alone to maintain thousands of orphans, in answer to believing prayer; my husband and I also resolved to go forth for His name's sake, taking nothing from the Gentiles (the unsaved). Before leaving for France my hus-

band sold his business, and I gave up my profession as a Certificated Trained Nurse and C.M.B. Our capital, however, did not last long, so that the day came when we had to look to God alone for supplies, knowing He would not fail us. Consequently, we never incurred a single debt, but our faith was at times put to the test. How could He, then, fail us, since His promise (Phil. 4. 19) was taken for our salary! "My God shall supply all your needs, according to His riches in glory, by Christ Jesus."

A LADY'S BICYCLE

Our first real need was for a lady's bicycle, so that I might accompany my husband to the villages. This was made a matter of believing prayer, so that a short time later a letter was received from the port stating that a bicycle had arrived for Mrs. Taylor, carriage and duty paid! At the port we found this wonderful answer to prayer, and in the little basket carrier was a French Bible! The label bore the south of Ireland mark, but we knew no one there, therefore, our faithful God alone knows the kind giver; thus, during the first year in Brittany, we were able to visit over seventy towns and villages with the Gospel.

NOTICE TO QUIT!

One night, after arriving home very late, and tired, we received a letter from the landlord, giving us notice to quit! When Mr. Taylor called at his office to know the reason why, the clerk (who was much distressed about it) informed him that it was not his fault, but that the R.C. priests had forced his master to do it. The Holy Spirit then assured us that we should go further afield, so that we were able to find a house about fourteen miles from Rennes, the capital of Brittany, where we had times of blessing, specially among the wounded soldiers. We were not without trials however, in that town of Montfort, for the church, adjoining the house had a big clock which chimed with a loud, sad tone every quarter of an hour, hindering us from sleeping! We took this matter definitely to our Heavenly Father, with the result that soon the clock was stopped! for in spite of repeated efforts to repair it the bells remained silent during all the six months we were there! The week after our departure, however, for Orleans, the Assistant Station-master, who had listened to the Gospel, but who was an unbeliever, wrote to tell us that

the clock was working again! This fact had so struck him that he said he now believed in God!

ORLEANS

Having arrived at Orleans in the centre of France, and found a suitable house a mile and a half from the city, God again answered prayer for all our needs in those difficult days of the war, and a few souls were saved. The first being a neighbour sorrowing for her only son killed in the war; whom the Lord comforted. How she loved her first Bible! But the priest became concerned about the Gospel work we were carrying on in his parish, and asked her to lend him her Bible—which he kept for two weeks, saying on returning it: "It is not a bad book"!

That winter of 1917 was a memorable one indeed, for my husband who had been suffering from a malady and given up by doctors, was perfectly healed in a moment, by faith in the Living God alone! The cold was very severe, however, and fuel impossible to buy so we prayed for guidance and were led to go south, where in God's sunshine we were able to continue His work unhindered.

THE HIGH ALPS

In the summer of 1918 we decided to accept the invitation of a Christian soldier we met in St. Brieuc, to go to his native village, 4,000 ft. above sea level, in the High Alps, to preach the Gospel. On arriving by train at La Roche de Rame, we marvelled at the wonderful work of nature at the foot of those gigantic mountains, where the goats and sheep with their little bells ran down the beautiful slopes, and the fields of sweet-scented lavendar perfumed the air. There we spent a few days preaching to the people, after which we climbed the mountain side to the valley of F—, where our Christian friend met us, and pointed out the caves high up, where, during the persecutions some hundreds of years ago the Christians took refuge, and laid down their lives for their faith. He also showed us the big thistle seeds that served for their food, and told of the messages from God's Word they had carved in the rocks (they still exist), before their persecutors succeeded in smoking them to death. We spent a blessed three months amongst the descendants of those faithful martyrs, and the Lord again saved souls.

THE THREE EGGS

A large room had been prepared with just the necessary furniture but we took what provisions we could with us, as the nearest shops were some miles distant. The day came, however, when our stock of provisions was almost exhausted; nevertheless, having been asked to visit a woman in trouble, we were advised to take a short cut over the mountain, near the edge of a precipice! So we set off about 9 a.m. but had to finish the perilous climb on our hands and knees!

The heat was great, but we were glad to help this soul in trouble by telling of our Saviour's love on Calvary for her. She was very thankful and offered us a fowl, which we politely refused, as she was a Gentile (unsaved). On the return journey we avoided the precipice by taking the road which was much longer. About half-past twelve, however, Mr. Taylor suddenly asked: "What have we for dinner to-day, dear?" I told him how I had tried in vain to buy some eggs, as the folk were harvesting and could not spare any; but we had a little bread left (baked ten months before(!) as the custom up there

was to bake only once a year in the village oven), as also a little butter and some tea!

"Oh!" said he, "we need something strengthening for our meal; how many eggs could you eat?"

"One," I replied.

"Well," said he, "I could eat two; let us ask the Lord for three eggs for our dinner." He then bared his head on the roadside and asked the Lord to give us three eggs for our dinner, at the same time thanking Him for them, claiming His promise in John 14. 14, then we continued on our way, arriving home about one o'clock.

All was silent in the village, and nobody was to be seen, the people being in the fields; so we went up to our room. Mr. Taylor then made a fire with some wood and soon we made tea. I set the table, put out the egg cups, and a saucepan of water on the fire to boil the three eggs in; then we sat and watched it. My husband reminded me that the water was not yet ready, and suggested prayer. On rising from our knees we noticed that the water was just about to boil. At that same moment we heard footsteps and a knock at the door. On opening it we saw a girl of thirteen,

Alice, the daughter of a Christian, with three eggs in her hands!

"Please, Mr. Taylor, mother has sent you some eggs," she said.

We asked her in, and thanked our Lord on our knees for His faithfulness to His Word (Matt. 4. 4). As we told her of our prayer for the three eggs, Alice's dark eyes shone with surprise. Her mother called in the evening, so we asked her why she sent us those three eggs; she replied: "I was working in the fields about one o'clock when a strong impression came over me to send you three eggs; and I had no peace until I had done so."

Alice was saved a few days later.

"Could I be found where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call—
Secure of finding God in all."

(Madame Guyon).

THE DEVIL DEFEATED!

We felt the call to go further afield with the Gospel, as the mountain districts were too difficult for our bicycles. A friend suggested a horse caravan, but as this would most likely result in dangers and difficulties we resolved first of all to find out God's will concerning this project, by praying daily for a month; asking

as a sign, that if He sent in the sum of 1,600 francs needed to buy it by the end of the month, we should know that it was His will to do so.

All that month money came in, so that by the last day but one we only lacked 10s.; but the last day settled the question for a letter was received from a millgirl in Bradford enclosing a 10s. note! This faithful handmaiden of the Lord had often prayed for us, but she had never sent a gift; but this gift was of real value, since she had often told of her struggles during those hard times of shortage of work at the mill. Enclosed with that 10s. note were the words: "For something you have special need of"—although she knew nothing of that need! "All your need." What a salary!

The next day, off we went about 30 miles to Perpignan with bedding and the necessary utensils, bought the caravan from an acrobat who had broken nearly all his bones, and hired a horse and man, who took us to the first town, where sure enough, trials and difficulties followed, since the devil's kingdom was to be attacked in this new way; but the Spirit of the Lord raised up the all-conquering standard of the Truth against him, so that we were more

than conquerors through Him that loved us! Alleluia!

The devil's first attack was made at E—, in Les Pyrénées Orientales, where the dear people came round as we sang to the tune of "The City Four Square"—"Do you know the Heavenly City?" The eager way the people listened to the Gospel was too much for the devil, for shouting and angry voices were soon heard, when some rough men pushed the dear children on to us, then went to the fountain and threw water over us, which was rather refreshing owing to the great heat! after which a man with a face white with rage, pushed through the crowd, holding up his fist, saying: "We won't hear anything about God!"

Mr. Taylor stopped for a moment, saying "Don't be afraid, dear, Jesus is here!" How very real His blessed presence was at that dangerous moment! The result was that two men rushed forward, pulled away the angry man, saying: "Look here, don't you know that the war is all over!"

Hallelujah! God had won the battle, for He is stronger any day than the devil! so we sang to His praise: "To Thee be the glory, O Thou Resurrected One! To Thee be the glory for ever!"

We went off to the railway station followed by the crowd, when the Assistant-Stationmaster said: "What are you preaching?"

Again we told forth the wonderful message of Free Salvation to all, even to-day! After which both he, as also several others, expressed their thanks, and Gospels were distributed to all. Arriving back late at the caravan on the outskirts of the town we slept quite peaceably, being absolutely ignorant of the fact, that the inhabitants of that town had signed letters to the effect that they were determined not to have anything to do with God, or even a R.C. priest; yet, God, in His love had sent His servants to give them His Glorious Gospel, and came Himself to protect them while they did so. Truly "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

SHOWMEN FOR CHRIST

Furnished with the necessary papers by the Authorities, we could now go with the caravan as Showmen in the big Fairs and Open-air Markets, held on the beautiful boulevards, and which are visited by thousands. We displayed large Gospel Texts on the outside, sold Bibles and Testaments at cost price on a

stall in front and thus kept the law, as open-air preaching is absolutely forbidden in France. With our small organ we sang Gospel songs, which quickly drew a crowd; then Mr. Taylor preached of the contents of the Bible he was selling, so that hundreds of people listened with marked interest for the first time in their lives, to the glorious Gospel of God's Grace to lost sinners.

As we could not preach in the evenings owing to the working of the noisy shows, we invited all who were interested to come for a talk inside the caravan. What wonderful after-meetings were then experienced! During one of those Fairs in Montpellier, which lasted a month, forty souls were led to Christ. Many confessed Him in baptism by immersion, and were taught God's Way for the assembling together of His people; some of whom became soul-winners. Thus many Bibles and Testaments were sold at cost price, or given away, as also were thousands of copies of our four-page Gospel-Writings, for we continued in this manner for ten years, by faith in the Living God who never once failed to supply all our needs. The devil, of course, got very angry, and often tried to stop the work by persecution, which at times became very

trying, but it only served to strengthen our faith in God, who delivered us from all our foes and manifested His blessed presence in moments of real danger.

A TRIAL OF FAITH

After buying the necessary provisions for the Lord's Day we found one week-end that we had only 3½d. left! But during the whole of that week in 1919, we realized that God was trying our faith, a realization that filled our hearts with joy in the assurance that he would not fail us. We then agreed that one would offer 2d. and the other the remaining 1½d. at the Lord's Table the following morning. At the weekly Prayer Meeting that Saturday, however, I expected a Sister to pay for a Bible she had bought, but when she asked me to take the amount out of a 50 franc note I told her to pay me later, as I had no change, for we never mentioned our needs to anyone, neither have we ever asked anyone for a penny, but God alone. Great was our joy, then, on returning to the flat to find a letter on the doormat, containing a cheque for £10, which had been in the post for four days! No wonder that our hearts were filled with thanksgiving and praise to our faithful God!

OUR MAGAZINE

For about ten years my husband edited a Free Magazine in French every month, entitled: "Messages aux Croyants" (Messages to Believers), of which a thousand copies were sent through the post, free, to those who had been blest through the work, and others who had become interested in the Gospel both in France and her Colonies. The Lord supplied the need for these, as also for the printing of hundreds of thousands of our own four-page Gospel Writings, which were distributed on our journeys all over France; resulting in letters being received from seeking souls, many of whom have been saved, and others, too, in Africa and India.

Further, we advertised the sale of the Holy Bible in the Paris and the Provincial Press, which resulted in the sale of hundreds of copies (cost price) in France, her colonies, and nearly all over the French-speaking world, so that we are glad to be able to state that souls have come into the light and joy of Salvation by this means, the Bible being very little known in France and her colonies.

EXPERIENCES WITH R.C. PRIESTS

One can but feel sorry to see the sad expression on the faces of some of the R.C. priests in France, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that they preach the false doctrine of salvation (so-called) by works. This sadness so touched my husband that he has preached to many of them the true Gospel of Salvation by Grace. I also remember how a group of nuns who were resting on the grass in the Alps, all expressed their thanks after listening to the same blessed Message. He was particularly touched at the sadness of an elderly priest he met during his first visit to Strasbourg, insomuch that he gave him a smile.

"Do you know me?" he asked inquiringly.

"No," replied Mr. Taylor, "but I know Someone who knows you," he added.

"And what might be His name?" he asked.

"The Lord Jesus Christ," replied Mr. T., adding; "and if you will renounce all your confidence in your own works for the salvation of your soul, and put it entirely in the one work of Salvation He did on the Cross of Calvary, then I shall meet you in heaven."

The result was that the old priest seized my husband's hand, and with a lovely light on

his face said: "Sir! thank you very much for that!"

Another R.C. Priest, at whose door he had left his Gospel Writing, "The Great Present Salvation!" wrote, saying: "It is the truth, it is perfect, and my religion is wrong in preaching that works count for salvation. Please pray for me, as I am on a preaching tour, preaching this truth." He replied that if he did so he would certainly be persecuted. The priest replied, saying that he was indeed being persecuted, even by those who wore the priest's robes!

Another priest, nearer Paris, sent asking if (at our Meetings) we would receive a priest in his robes! We replied that all were welcome, and when my husband got up to preach, there he was in his robes with two of his companions. The subject already prepared was "Substitution."

Whilst developing his theme, addressing the priest at the back, he said: "Gentlemen, don't think that what I am about to say has been prepared for you, as I intended to relate the following incident. Last year, at Cannes, I met an elderly lady who told me she had been a R.C. Missionary in Africa for 60 years, but that since she had seen the truth of Substitution

she had no religion at all. She had seen that all the work of Salvation had been done by Another on the Cross of Calvary."

Praise His Holy Name! When the priest left he said to his friends that he had heard the good Word of God. He now has a Bible, and on visiting him he was glad to receive our Gospel Calendar, took my husband's hands in his, saying earnestly: "Please, Mr. Taylor, pray for me."

He had a long conversation with another priest in an express train with his open Bible, at the end of which this young priest said:

"What I can see of it all, Mr. Taylor is that you are saved, and that I am not. But," he added, "now that you are saved, you must go on a little further"; meaning, of course, that he must now go in for religion!

"Sir," replied my husband, "when a soul arrives at Jesus Christ, who is the Alpha and the Omega, the First and the Last, it arrives at the Terminus, so that it is impossible to go any further."

"You are right," said the priest sincerely, adding, "would you kindly give me that New Testament, and pray for me?"

How true it is that the Holy Spirit knows where the lost sheep are!

One day in the south we were travelling in a train with a young R.C. Missionary from India on his way to Spain. It was afternoon and he was reading his prayer book, whilst Mr. Taylor, at his side, was reading his Italian New Testament and Psalms, but I sat on the opposite side and prayed. Soon we came in sight of the beautiful Mediterranean Sea, when all turned to admire it.

Turning to the priest at that moment, Mr. Taylor said: "Can you see the extreme end of the sea yonder?"

"No," said he.

"Well," added Mr. Taylor, "that is too far off, and that is just what God has done with my sins, removing them from me, as far as the east is from the west," showing him the verse in his Italian Testament, not knowing that the man was an Italian!

The priest was interested immediately, and said: "Why, your book is not the same as mine."

As he spoke a little English my husband was able to use his Italian with some English for about two hours, explaining God's Way of Salvation. At last he said: "Do you mean to tell me that all the sacrifices I have made in India,

with my three vows of chastity, poverty, and humility count for nothing for my salvation?"

(During the conversation others listened keenly, my husband translating from time to time what he had been saying to the priest). He then told the priest (and all the others) that should he be killed by an accident to the train he would immediately go to hell for ever, if he did not possess God's great gift of Salvation. All the others received tracts, but the priest asked eagerly if I would give him my Italian Testament and pray for him.

THE HOLY SPIRIT'S GUIDANCE

In all our thousands of miles of Gospel Journeys to seek the lost in France, how often have we seen the Holy Spirit lead to the very place and person needing the Message of Salvation! Led thus, how happy one is to renounce one's own plans, methods, and wisdom and realize a perfect economy of time, labour and money in following Him! Why should such precious things be wasted in going North when He would have one go South? Under His guidance, truly one's service is no speculation but a plan, the accomplishing of which will certainly be rewarded

before the Bema later on; whilst all other methods will suffer loss in that day. The service done according to His plan saves one from the scourge of commercialism, viz.: the estimation of spiritual results by human calculation; for how can one give totals when the items are not all in? Superficiality says: "Why go into the desert to evangelize one man, as Philip did?" Is it not more likely that eternity will show, not one man, but a continent? (Ps. 68. 31). Superficiality says: "Our Lord walked miles to speak to one woman by a well." But the Holy Writings say: "Not one woman, but a Samaritan host." What folly to try to do work that is infinite, with only finite resources! The Holy Spirit works for eternity, which alone can give the results of His work that never fails, for He knows where Christ's sheep are to be found, and so goes straight to them.

HE STILL FINDS THEM

How well do I remember one morning seeking for someone to do some laundry work, when I was directed to a house in the village, but was asked to wait, as the woman was out. Seeing me waiting in the great heat a neigh-

bour kindly invited me to take shelter in her house, where I was glad to tell her the Gospel of God's Grace to lost sinners. She instantly exclaimed: "Oh, madame! if you wish to talk about God you have come to the right place, for I love to hear of Him." She then confided to me her great trouble. Her mother had died some months before and the R.C. priest had been to tell her that the cries of her mother in the flames of purgatory and the knocking on his wall were terrible, because the daughter owed several hundred francs for masses! Sadly she asked: "What can I do, as I haven't the money?"

How sad this evil teaching is, when God's Word says that Salvation is "without money and without price." How eagerly this poor woman drank in the comforting Message of God's free Salvation, which was used by the Holy Spirit to comfort her soul. We believe she was saved and we gave her a New Testament. Her husband then came to take our caravan with his horse to the next large town, telling us that when a soldier in the trenches he turned definitely to God, and now that the war was over, he said: "I am not going to abandon Him now, but follow Him!" He was the first Christian driver we had yet

found, and what a blessed journey through those vineyards that was!

Mr. Taylor walked and talked with him of our blessed Lord while I rode inside the caravan. When, *en route*, we came to a village, he would say: "Will you not go to them with the Gospel, for I will gladly wait for you." Thus lost souls were found, and village after village evangelized.

SAVED FROM SUICIDE

One very cold winter's afternoon, in Grenoble, just before our Sunday Gospel Meeting, I saw a woman sitting on a seat in the square in the centre of the city, with a bag at her side. On speaking to her I found she was in great trouble of soul, so that I sat down and told her of the love of Jesus for her. To my surprise she said:

"Madame, I am very unhappy, and am on my way to the river to end my life!"

"What!" I said, "are you willing to fall into the flames of hell?"

"Oh, no," she replied; so I urged her to come to the Gospel Meeting instead.

She then told me how, on reading the text outside our hall—"The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ"—she had often

desired to come in, but that the devil had prevented her. We prayed for her at the Prayer Meeting, and were so glad to see her arrive and take her place at my side.

My husband's message was: "The Cleansing of the Leper." She listened very intently without moving once all through! Afterwards, when nearly everyone had left the hall, seeing her still sitting in her seat, Mr. Taylor said:

"Do you want to be saved?"

"Yes, I do," she replied.

We then prayed with her; she came to the Lord and He saved her. Her prayer of repentance and faith was very real. A fortnight later she came again wearing a nice clean apron, and, with a look of gratitude and joy she said: "Madame, I have brought you this recompense (offering me a twenty franc note), because you are the lady that procured me eternal life when I was on my way to commit suicide."

"O, Marie," I said, "I cannot take anything from you—Jesus is my Recompense."

She was then living with a drunkard who was very cruel to her, and who was not her husband; but now she was so changed and clean! So we prayed very definitely for her, with the result that God came to her help and

removed the man, by death. She then asked for believers' baptism, by immersion, after which she became a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus.

Being asked one day by someone if she was not a Roman Catholic, she replied: "No; because the day I was saved Mr. Taylor said: 'Jesus says, "Follow Me,"' and from that time I have done so."

She was loved by all, and although the thought of going down under the waters of baptism was a trial to her she told some of our Sisters that she would do that for Him, even if she remained at the bottom of the baptistry!

The wife of the bandmaster of the city orchestra (our landlady), after seeing the baptisms, asked who the woman was that had such a lovely light on her face. "It was Marie!" we replied. This incident made a deep impression on that lady, who died shortly afterwards.

FIFTY YEARS' SEARCH FOR PEACE

During our five weeks' work in the fair of Montpellier, a lady in mourning often came in the front row of the crowd to listen to the Gospel. One day, however, she sent a friend

to invite us to preach to her friends in her villa about three miles off.

On our arrival, we were shown into the drawing room, which was filled with people who had been invited to hear the Message.

She greeted us most kindly, and then led Mr. Taylor to the piano. He gave out a hymn, played and sang it, then preached the Gospel, after which we all knelt in prayer. Suddenly the lady of the house exclaimed with joy: "I have found my Saviour! I have got peace in my soul!"

Turning to her friends, who all seemed to be in tears, she said: "Will you not come to Jesus now, as I have done, for He will save you, too!"

Several then came to Him, whilst I prayed beside several sobbing women.

Rising from our knees a man was seen hastily crossing the lawn towards the large open French window. On seeing Mr. Taylor, however, he fell back a few paces, and then said: "Oh, sir! I am sorry I persecuted you in the fair, please forgive me?"

He was a male-nurse at the lunatic asylum near by, and had been invited to the meeting, but had been delayed. We recognized him as one of those who had been very trying at the

fair, having done all he could to interrupt and oppose my husband in his preaching. Once, Mr. Taylor was obliged to stop!

Calling to the man he said: "My friend, I love you!" This remark brought forth sympathy and a smile from the crowd, specially as the man replied smartly: "But I don't love you!"

He could say no more, and walked slowly away!

What a surprise to see him thus face to face, and say: "Yes, my dear friend, I willingly forgive you, but what of the sins you have committed against God?"

Going to the piano, Mr. Taylor gave out the hymn: "Behold me standing at the door!" (in French, of course).

As we sang those beautiful words, tears rolled down the cheeks of this stalwart fellow; then, dear Madame L—, who had been the first to be saved, put her hand gently on his shoulder, while we were in prayer, saying: "Come to Jesus like I did, and He will save you!" He then completely broke down, and my husband led him to Christ who saved him!

Before leaving he said: "I never knew that I was coming into such blessing as this!"

Madame L—, kept in touch with him and gave him a Bible. She also heard from outsiders that he was a changed man, had left the drink and loved his Bible!

Madame L— became a lovely soul-winner, often telling how she had sought for peace for fifty years, by going in for classical music, jewellery, tourism and finery; at the same time remaining very faithful to her religion by paying large sums of money to so-called saints; yet in spite of all her efforts she was unable to find the peace her soul so longed after!

In speaking to others of her Saviour, her manner was most engaging, even to the most hardened sinners; and her singing of the Gospel Songs often brought her hearers to tears. She did all she could to help our work by gifts of money and provisions for the journeys.

She asked to be able to obey her Lord in believers' baptism, which was arranged for in a river, where my husband baptized her by immersion. On walking towards the water's edge she looked up and saw a small crowd that had come in response to our invitation to see a funeral in the river! She then gave the people her testimony, saying: "I am going to bury my old life of sin, which consisted of the

love of finery, jewellery, and worldly pleasures, because I want now to live for my Saviour, who has saved my soul!"

For four years she faithfully served Him before He took her to be with himself. On the morning of her departure she told her loved ones that she had no suffering, that she was in the glory, and that up there it was beautiful; thus she was happy, and departed with a smile!

THE STOLEN PURSE

My husband also visited Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy with the Gospel, when it pleased God to save some more souls, which, of course, enraged the devil, the great enemy of souls; insomuch that after preaching in a public hall, a few yards from the Vatican at Rome, in 1946, just after the war, when another man was saved, he found that someone had stolen his purse, containing his money —1,700 lire!

The poor people in Rome at that time were hungry as a result of the war, and the police stated that thieving was a common occurrence. But without money to travel to Florence, a distance of about 180 miles, where meetings had been arranged for him, what was he to do?

Once he had come down to 3½d., but now he had not a sou left! Remembering the wonderful salary his Master had given him, by prayer, he went and told Him all about it; for had He not promised to supply all his need! Is not He faithful that promised!?

The result was another wonderful demonstration of His power and care; for the very next morning he received a post card from Signora Carmignani, a Sister in Christ, at Florence, who had kindly offered him hospitality, stating that she and her husband had come from Rome the week before, free of charge, on a British military lorry (transport in Italy at that time being very bad and scarce owing to the war). "Since you are a British subject, why not ask the military authorities to give you a place on a lorry free of charge?" she added, being ignorant of his loss of the purse.

On hearing of his object in going to Florence the British readily gave him a place, and he was thus able to arrive in Florence without paying a sou, with a good hot meal in the officers' mess *en route*!

There the Lord saved a young man who was weeping over his sins, having been hindered

from finding peace for his soul through one of the modern errors!

About two days after, whilst at *colazione* (breakfast), the door-bell rang, when to his surprise, Sig. C— laid a small packet on the table addressed to him!

Now, my husband knowing no one in that city, asked her who it was that had sent the packet. She said she did not know the man who had brought it.

What was his astonishment, however, on opening it, to find a beautiful, brand-new leather purse containing 2,000 lire, with no indication whatever as to the person who had kindly sent it!

The fact was, that his Master had sent him his salary just in the nick of time! "ALL YOUR NEED!" What a salary! God who alone knows the one He used to send the salary, will certainly reward that one, for when, a few days later, he arrived home in Paris he had a new purse (instead of an old one!) that contained exactly the sum of money that had been stolen in Rome—1,700 lire! Dear saints of God, let us trust the Living, Infallible, Faithful God of heaven and earth! Amen!

ANOINTED WITH OIL

My husband, dangerously ill as a result of the unsanitary condition of a flat we had hired at Montpellier, lay near death's door, with much fever and haemorrhage every two hours, so I called in a doctor, who almost despaired of his life. When my husband heard his verdict he said: "Well, then, dear, I make my *call*, according to James 5. 14." ("Is any sick among you, let him *call* for the elders of the Assembly, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up").

But where were these elders of the Assembly? We only knew of one in that city, but he was on his deathbed! Then we remembered that the Lord is the Eldest Elder of the Assembly, and that He is always at hand. Comforted by this truth I went to buy the oil and invite a Sister in Christ to accompany me. On our knees each one then *called* for Christ, the Eldest Elder of the Assembly. The result was simply marvellous, for His presence seemed to fill the whole room! How blessed it was!

We then prayed the prayer of faith, after which I anointed him with the oil—no laying on of hands. The Sacred Word of God had now been fulfilled to the very letter. Having thus done our part we were sure the Lord would not fail to do His to the very letter, as for Him, interpretations have no value. "It is written," was always his Authority. Truly "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word of God"; because "they are Spirit and they are life." Praise His Holy Name! for our faithful God fulfilled His word to the very letter by immediately saving my husband from the sickness and raising him up, for the haemorrhage and the fever left him at once, so that he slept from 9 p.m. till 6 a.m. the next morning.

As a rule French doctors do not call the second time unless they are asked, except in very dangerous cases. The doctor called early the next morning at 9 a.m. "Well, how are you?" said he to my dear one. "Very well, thank you," Mr. Taylor replied. But the doctor did not believe it and proceeded to thoroughly examine him. All of a sudden he exclaimed with curiosity: "How is it you are well like this?"

We then told him what we had done.

"Ah!" said he suddenly, "I know you! Are you not that preacher of truth that preaches opposite my house every Sunday on a field?"

"Yes, that's me," my husband replied.

"Look here!" he exclaimed, with glad conviction, speaking of Christ: "He has healed you, He is a good Master, He will never leave you!"

After having paid him, that R.C. doctor shook us warmly by the hands, and went away blest!

What a wonderful salary is ours, indeed! (Phil. 4. 19). "All your need," for surely physical health is one of our most important needs.

THE MURDERER

With the caravan installed on a beautiful meadow, high up in the Cevennes mountains, with the villagers sitting on the grassy banks listening to my husband preaching the Gospel one Sunday afternoon, in 1922, we were astonished to see a nicely dressed young married woman begin to mock at him!

This continued for some time, when at last my husband was obliged to rebuke her and warn her of her danger in mocking at the holy things of God. Her situation in this world

was very pleasant, for she had money, a good husband (an officer), and a lovely child; but that "God is not mocked" is a certainty, for we were told how a few months later she suddenly met a terrible end!

After the preaching, I drew my husband's attention to a man weeping, who wanted to speak to him. At that moment, the man came up and said: "Sir, I want to speak privately to you." He led him to a lonely spot weeping as he went, when he said: "Sir, when you were preaching you said: 'If you are not saved, you are lost!' since I am not saved, I am lost; but is there any hope for a murderer, as I have killed several persons!" (I think it was through the war).

Immediately the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, applied the words of Rom. 3. 22 to his mind in the French Version: "For there is no distinction, for all have sinned."

Turning to him, Mr. Taylor said: "My friend, you say you are a murderer, murder is a terrible sin, and by God's grace, I have never killed anyone, but this verse states that God has put me in the same category as you, as I am also a sinner; for with God, it is not the kind of sin that condemns, but sin of any kind; so that if there was hope for me, there is

also hope for you, as before Him; there is no distinction, for all have sinned. Take courage, then, for although He hates all sin He loves all sinners."

My husband then told him of how Christ had died in his stead, thus paying the full price of sin by His terrible sufferings on the Cross, when he noticed that the man's whole body was literally trembling in his grief; insomuch that hope came into his heart, and they knelt in prayer on that mountain side, with the tears streaming down his face! How earnestly he prayed for pardon and mercy, which God granted him, filling his heart with the peace he had made for him by the shed blood of His dear Son.

What a transformation then took place in that poor man, for as they came back one could see peace written all over his face, and God had saved his soul! The last we heard of him was that he became a steward on a gentleman's estate, and that he gathered the children together in order to tell them of the love of Jesus, Who, in His wonderful grace, said: "All manner of sin . . . shall be forgiven unto men" (Matt. 12. 31). What a triumph of Grace!

"ALL YOUR NEED!"

In the early days after the great war, in 1922, during one of our caravan tours in the Pyrenees, the small daily ration of bread became so bad, that it was impossible to eat, and other kinds of food were very scarce; in fact, when we arrived at the baker's his wife was found crying because the bread was only fit to give to the pigs! So leaving the caravan on the plain we climbed up to a village perched on the mountainside, where Mr. Taylor preached the Gospel.

It was good to see the folks gather round to listen, some bringing their oxen, goats, horses, and dogs. How calm the animals were as the people listened, one horse even licking the preacher's hand (held behind him) while he preached. This fact brought to mind Rom. 8. 19: "For the earnest expectation of the creature, waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God"; for is not the preaching of the Gospel the means of bringing forth the sons of God, who will all be manifested later on in the Millennium, when the lion will lay down with the lamb!

After the preaching was over, we visited some of the houses, when a young woman begged

us to enter her mother's house in order to explain a letter they had received from a R.C. priest in which he declared the error of salvation (so-called) by works, which had only served to trouble their hearts!

On telling them the truth of Salvation by Grace, however, these two women came into peace, for they gladly received the Word.

After prayer we saw tears of joy running down the mother's face, for she had come to Jesus. On rising to leave, these two grateful women gripped our hands and offered us a bottle of wine as a thank-offering, which, of course, we did not accept.

Looking round the big kitchen in order to offer something in the place of the wine, the mother cried, pointing excitedly to some huge baked loaves of beautiful white bread, just made from their own flour: "Give them some bread then!" at the same time seizing a large knife and cutting off a huge lump weighing about two pounds, and thrust it into my husband's arms! How our hearts went out in gratitude to our faithful God for once again, in the nick of time, supplying our need by His sovereign power, through one of His dear children! What a perfect salary! Not "all your money," but "all your need" for at

that time money had no power to supply our need!

FAITH TRIUMPHANT!

From time to time we hired town halls in various parts of France for Series of Gospel Meetings. Once, at Chambery, in Savoy, Mr. Taylor preached and sang for three nights to very appreciative audiences. After the last one a lady, in mourning, of about 35 years, asked for prayer for her sick daughter, a girl of 15 years. At once about six of us knelt in prayer, and this lady and her cousin were brightly saved.

About a week later we received a black-edged letter telling of the death of her dear one. We visited her, finding her radiantly happy in the Lord! Never shall I forget the beautiful light that shone from her eyes as she told us what happened after the last Meeting, for, on arriving home the sick girl, Camille, said: "Mamma, what did the gentleman speak about to-night?" She then told her how the Lord had saved her soul, washing her white in His precious blood, and how happy she was; after which she had the further joy of leading her dear one to Jesus, who saved her also.

The girl was a brilliant pianist, violinist and composer, having inherited her father's musical talent, for he was the bandmaster of his regiment, who, alas, had been killed in the war. On receiving the sad news of his death, Madame B—'s father, a godly man, died of the shock! 'Tis true she still had one dear one left, her darling Camille, but now she, too, was to be taken from her!

Before she died she told how one day on returning home, her dear girl said: "Mamma, MONSIEUR (she emphasized that word) Jesus has just been to see me! How beautiful He was! Clothed in a long white robe, with frizzy hair, like wool! (Rev. 1). He clothed me, too, in a long white robe, but at first I was afraid of Him, but He said: 'Camille, you shall sing, you shall run, and you shall play!' O, mamma, I wanted to keep Him with me, but He went away. You know, mamma, that I do love you, but now I love Jesus more than you. She then talked loudly of heaven and of the Lord Jesus to all, so that one could hear what she said outside the flat! This went on up till the last day of her life!

The R.C. priest came to confess her, but seeing her joyful hope and certainty of heaven

he could only say good-bye, telling the neighbours that he had been to say good-bye to a saint!

At the funeral the organ was played in honour of this musical family, and the cathedral was full of people who were struck with astonishment to see that mother follow the coffin of her daughter down the aisle, with a face radiant with God's peace, that expressed itself in her great joy of having Jesus as her Saviour!

She told also that she could not cry, because when she knelt down beside the dead body of her darling girl she was able to say: "O Lord Jesus, Thou didst give her to me, Thou hast now taken her to be with Thee; may Thy holy will be done." Then she added: "Oh, what a peace and balm came over my heart!"

Yes, the Holy Spirit had comforted her, as He does all troubled souls who resign themselves to His will.

On arriving home after the funeral, her Aunt, who had been watching, said angrily: "Why did you conduct yourself like that in front of that large congregation? Why did you not cry and curse God? Don't you know that the loss of your child means the loss of

her fortune, which must now go to her father's family?" (French law).

Throwing her arms round her Aunt's neck, this triumphant child of God said with pity: "Oh, Auntie, I am so sorry for you, because you do not know God!"

How many times since that funeral has she been to the cemetery; not, however, to mourn her loss, but to try to comfort sorrowing ones with the comfort that Christ had comforted her, spending the rest of her life in nursing the sick and telling them of her dear Camille's glorious Home-call!

THE DRAWING-ROOM MEETING!

Owing to persecution in a certain village, we had great difficulty in hiring a horse, yet our splendid salary (Phil. 4. 19) was quite sufficient for at last one was found, so that on arriving in the big village of C—, in the Aude, we asked the driver to leave us under the shade of some beautiful trees on the side of a wide boulevard, not noticing that the other side of the hedge was the beautiful country residence and grounds of an elderly gentleman, a Jew, Mr. Abrahams, somewhat paralysed, who came up wondering who we were. His very

polite questions gave us the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to him.

Very soon his daughter, the church organist, a fanatical Roman Catholic, joined him, only to return into the grounds a few moments later, calling excitedly to her mother and relatives, to come and see two people who were really saved! Soon the whole family were listening to the Gospel!

The next day we were invited into the grounds to take coffee after lunch, so that after prayer we went in, feeling sure that God had opened a door for His Gospel, for their one desire was to listen to the Gospel, in spite of the fact that the night before the daughter had said: "You can bring the faggots and burn me now, but I will never give up the worship of Mary!"

The following evening, however, we were invited into the drawing-room with our little organ, which sounded just as sweet there as it did in the humblest village!

These meetings continued for a week, then one day a gentleman asked Mr. Taylor how it was that he knew those things and that he knew them not!

Truly, France is very neglected by Gospel preachers, who, many of them, pass by our

nearest continental neighbour to go thousands of miles to other countries! yet what soul hunger is manifested on the faces of the dear French people when they hear the true Gospel!

Did not the Master say: "Give ye them to eat."

The last night at that Manor House was a very solemn one, for at the close a lady relative, wife of a chemist, said to her hostess: "Is it possible that you have been listening to this for a week and are not yet saved?"

When we said good-bye at 10.30 p.m. that night, the fanatical daughter accompanied us to the caravan and said on parting, with tears in her eyes: "Please promise to pray for me!"

We were told later that the old gentleman died happy in the Lord!

SHOWMEN AND NOMADS

After those precious Gospel experiences in the Pyrenees in the ex-acrobat's caravan, we were installed next to a lion-tamer and his cage of performing lions, at the Fair at Narbonne, in the south, where we had some remarkable experiences, for, being free in the afternoons, the showmen and the nomads with their families mingled with the crowds to listen to

the Gospel. The nomads have a sort of religion of the East, having an old nomad as their priest, who also listened; but as the acrobat's caravan became too small, we put it up for sale.

Never will my husband forget hearing a knock at the door one day and seeing the tall form of the lion-tamer standing there, asking if he could see inside our caravan with a view to buying it, for as he stooped to enter his eyes came on a level with those of my husband's, who thought he was looking into the very flames of hell-fire! What terrible eyes those were, that controlled those savage beasts, that sometimes drew blood from his breast with their sharp claws, as he dashed breathless from the cage after the performances! Sometimes the lions' roars next door, kept us awake at night!

The lion-tamer bought the caravan, and we bought a larger one opposite; but the money in payment could not arrive before the owner had gone about 200 miles away to another Fair. When Mr. Taylor explained the situation to the showman he exclaimed with a nice smile: "Sir, I have heard you preach, and believe you to be a preacher of Truth, so I am happy to leave my caravan with you, and you

can pay me when you like." Which we did, of course, the next week.

How well some of these showmen listened! We remember another, who, having made his fortune as a juggler, was about to retire, telling how in his luxurious caravan he kept a Bible which he appreciated; in fact, some of them wanted my husband to join their syndicate and become a sort of chaplain!

There are thousands of these people in France, and the great day will declare how many were saved through the wonderful Message of Salvation by Grace we were able to preach to them.

THE R.C. POET

Whilst preaching in that Fair at Narbonne we noticed an unkempt-looking individual with long hair, eagerly listening every day, who always retired into the covered market opposite. One day, however, after the preaching, this man eagerly asked the price of a Bible, then said hastily: "Please keep that one for me while I go to fetch the money!" He then ran away as fast as he could, returning a few minutes later out of breath with the money, out of fear of missing the opportunity!

He then made off with the Bible into the market opposite.

Of course, as showmen, we had to sell something, but my husband used to be so occupied in telling the people what was written in the Bibles he sold, that it was only when the police put in an appearance that he remembered he was there as a salesman. Oftentimes, when I saw the police arrive, and he forgot the sales, I would whisper: "Remember the sales!" Thus as salesman the police were satisfied, and thousands of French people heard the true Gospel.

One R.C. priest listened for about three hours in the Fair of Montpellier, and said, when asked what he thought of it all: "One can see that that man really believes what he says!"

College Professors also came to talk and buy the Holy Scriptures; in fact at Montpellier, the University Professors recommended the students to come to us to buy the Bible—about sixty of them came to buy!

The unkempt man, after buying that Bible, came every afternoon with it in his pocket, pulling it out to verify some of the passages quoted by the preacher, who noticed that there were several markers showing, to mark

certain passages! But one day, whilst sitting quietly in the caravan after lunch, we saw him coming along dressed in his Sunday best, saying as he entered with a determined look: "Sir, I have come to be saved!" We then had the joy of leading him to Christ, who saved him.

Then he opened his heart, telling how, as a poet, he had written poetry for the R.C. priest's parish magazine, until one day the priest asked him to write some lines about the holy virgin (so-called). When he refused to do this, he saw that the priest was against him, which means a lot in some French towns, for these men have great power, even to preventing the people getting work! So he became very sad, and when he fell out of work and his wife lost her sight, having also a child to provide for he fell into despair. In his despair he thought that the only way out was suicide, by throwing himself out of the third-storey window of his flat!

Whilst looking down into the court below, contemplating the dreadful act, his attention was drawn to a cat that was carefully feeling its way across a glasshouse covered over with vine leaves. Wondering what was the object of such care—for the cat tapped the glass

underneath the leaves to see if it would bear its weight, before taking the next step—he saw the cat arrive at the other end, where there was one ray of sunshine, curl itself up in it and go to sleep!

The poor fellow, under the preventive action of the Holy Spirit, we believe, then applied this to himself, saying: "I won't cast myself out of the window now, for who knows if there is not a ray of sunshine somewhere for me even yet!"

A few days later a merciful God sent us to the Fair, when he was saved on coming by faith to the Person of Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, who says: "I am the Light of the World, he that cometh to Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

How practical that dear poet became in reading the Word of God! For one day, on visiting the market where he sold dried vegetables, Mr. Taylor found him poring over the open Bible: he touched him on the shoulder.

The poet looked up and exclaimed with joy: "Oh, sir! what a wonderful Book this is! Do you know, I haven't taken a sou all the morning on my stall, but I read in this Book: 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways,

and be wise'; so I shut up the Book, went away and immediately earned fifteen francs!"

SAVED FROM MURDER!

One very cold evening in Grenoble a Christian sister arrived at our flat accompanied by a woman. "Mr. Taylor," she said, "I have brought you someone who wants to be saved!" She then explained, how, whilst working in the chocolate factory next door together, this woman had said to her: "Madame, you are not a Roman Catholic, because you are happy!" She replied: "No, I am happy because I belong to Christ who has saved me!" The woman then asked: "Where did you find that?" She replied: "With the people next door, and if you like, I will take you to see them." She exclaimed: "Oh, I am so unhappy, and do so want to be saved, too."

That dear woman's heart just overflowed with emotion as we told her of the love of Jesus for her, after which we had the joy of leading her to Him, who saved her, and took away all her troubles that night.

She was a Russian who had fled from her country during the revolution, but her husband, a captain, had disappeared, leaving her with a little girl of five, without money or

food! During her flight she passed through various countries in the Balkans, whilst making for France, but fell into despair en route, having lost all!

In the bitterness of despair she resolved to kill herself and her child with her husband's revolver. So, in Russian fashion for funerals, she dressed herself and her child in white, then took the revolver to commit the terrible deed.

At that critical moment a man rushed into the room, snatched the revolver from her, smacked her face, and said earnestly: "You must not do that, don't you know that there is a God above?"

She then told him her sad story, after which he gave her a Bible and some money, saying, on leaving with her revolver: "Read that, and all will be well with you"—adding—"go into another country."

Truly God had intervened on her behalf by sending that believer in the nick of time!

She eventually reached us in France, where He blest her, and afterwards saved her daughter who became a sweet Christian, and her mother a soul-winner!

Truly, God is "a Father of the fatherless, and a Defender of the widows"! (Psa. 68).

THE SECOND BIG WAR!

When the Second Great War broke out, in 1939, we were working in Argenteuil, situated about four miles north-west of Paris, where the Lord also saved souls whom we taught to gather in the name of our Lord alone, according to the Scriptures; thus a local Assembly of God was formed; but, alas! when the Germans approached Paris we had to leave our house and hall, and flee south!

I was able to get away in one of the last trains crowded with refugees, and my husband fled three days later on his bicycle when the Germans were only about eight miles away in the forest of St. Germain!

Our town, with many others was evacuated, so that the roads were thronged with millions of refugees from Belgium, the north, etc., forty thousand of whom, it is believed, met their deaths!

Mr. Taylor preached and distributed to them hundreds of our Gospel Writings called, "Absolute Security!" during the three days of his flight, sleeping in barns, etc., after which he was able to finish his journey of 400 miles in trains. The roads were simply choked with people, five rows of cars that were stuck for

hours, without being able to move an inch!

To show the spirit of the people at that moment, he was struck with the remark of an elderly woman, a Parisian, who was limping along pushing a perambulator. She had walked many miles, yet turning to the chauffeurs in their cars as she passed them stranded in that terrible block, she said: "Gentlemen, you ought to come back to the good old times!" meaning 'shank's pony!' This remark brought a smile to many, in spite of their great trial.

But trains and stations were being bombed, yet God, in His mercy, protected us both, and, *en route*, my husband wrote the following lines of poetry in French:

"Il faut partir, et s'enfuire!
Sans espoir de revenir!
Evangelisons!"

("We must depart! we must fly!
Without any hope of returning!
Well then, Let us evangelize!")

When my train left Paris, steaming out into the gross darkness (for no lights were allowed), it was so crowded with refugees that I was forced to stand in the corridor of a first class carriage, with only space enough for my feet and luggage. Lifting up my heart to God I

turned towards the compartment and asked if there was a seat for one; what was my joy to hear a lady's voice say: "Yes, there is one sleeping-berth, and I will help you to get up the ladder into it!"

What a marvellous change, for I was soon comfortably settled under a rug, heard no firing whatever, and prayed or slept all the night through. When I awoke at 6 the next morning I found that all the other passengers had gone! So I prayed, asking God to keep me safe to the end of that 400 miles' flight—insomuch, that when the train arrived at St. Etienne, the railway officials expressed their joy at the safety of that train!

"How good is the God we adore!"

I spent that day with some of the saints there, having worked in that town for over two years; the people, however, were in great fear of bombing as St. Etienne was the great centre for the manufacture of small arms! Sirens were frequently heard, and no one was allowed out of doors, but with the Christians the day passed happily, for we realized the privilege of being safe in Christ for ever, whatever might happen. At midnight Italy declared war, so that few slept; but the next morning, dear Marguerite helped me off to

the bus early, which took me to my destination up a twenty mile climb in the Cevennes Mountains, to the lovely village of Chambon-sur-Lignon, about 3,000 feet above sea level, where the dear Christians gave me a good welcome!

AMONG THE PINE TREES IN 'FREE FRANCE'

Some time before our flight we had arranged to visit this beautiful village again in order to help those who had been saved there through our work some years before, but the war had hastened our visit.

I was so thankful for the quiet and rest in the home of the dear widowed Brother in Christ and his daughter, with whom I stayed; but for a week I had no news of my husband. Everyone seemed to be in trouble and refugees continued to arrive in cars loaded with their valuables, the mattresses being on the top.

On visiting some of the homes around, a lady asked me to come into her house to pray, as she was also without news of her husband, a colonel; and her daughter, with a baby in her arms, had no news of hers, an officer. On Sunday afternoon, in the house of a Christian lady Doctor of Music, we had a good

Meeting, the large room being full, with two unsaved, who said on leaving how glad they had been to be with us.

As I walked back to my kind friends my heart began to sink and my faith to falter, having heard that the Germans were in Paris, that France had fallen and that all who had not left the Paris region would have to remain!

I longed for news of my dear husband, went down to supper after prayer, when suddenly the train whistle was heard! I ran down the hill, followed by my young friend; but before we could arrive at the station we saw my husband walking merrily along carrying his bags! Again we thanked our Heavenly Father for having heard our prayers.

When the Armistice was signed, however, a few days later, we found ourselves in 'Free France,' so that the danger of being interned as British subjects was over—for a time!

"FREE FRANCE"

How little we thought at our last meeting on Lord's Day, June 9th, 1940, that we should not see the Lord's Assembly in A— until four and a half years later! All of us were dispersed, but the others were able to return

to their homes with hearts full of praise to tell how they had proved the Lord's faithfulness in protecting and caring for them and their homes during those awful three weeks' absence.

One family told how in their haste they had left the house-door and garden-gate unlocked, yet on their return six weeks later they found everything safe, and even the dog and fowls were alive, but the house next door and the one opposite had been bombed down!

Of the six Christians who died during our absence, one had dressed actresses in a big Paris theatre for thirty years, before being saved. Another, who continued my Children's Gospel Meeting and won several souls for the Lord, died also. Her mother told how every member of their family had been saved through one single copy of our Gospel Tract, that a friend gave her, entitled: "The Coming International Catastrophe!" It was her daughter who wrote asking for a visit in 1938 as they had a thirst for God's Word and no one to teach them! Thus it was that we left Dunkirk, escaped the terrible catastrophy there in 1940, and worked in the Paris region in A—.

In 'FREE FRANCE,' then, we worked for the next three years in four counties, in perfect

freedom, where the Lord's people treated us most kindly, providing a house in each one.

In the room we hired for meetings in Chambon, good times were experienced; a few souls were saved, and a backslider was wonderfully restored.

It was summertime when we fled from our home, and we found later on that overcoats could not be bought, so Mr. Taylor found himself in need of one when the severe cold set in. We brought this need before the Lord who graciously answered our prayers through a lady who had been blest as a result of the work in the south. On hearing we were in exile she wrote asking if we were in need of any warm clothing. On receiving Mr. Taylor's reply telling of his need, she sent him a beautiful warm coat; thus Phil. 4. 19 was again realized!

In that mountain region of about 3,000 ft. above sea level, the cold was intense. A letter was received, however, from a French Army Captain, who had been saved through our Caravan work, telling of a lodging available in their southern village, which we were glad to hire, paying a month in advance, but had to remove a crucifix hanging over the bed, carefully placing it in a drawer.

When the landlady knew what we had done, the next day she flew into a rage and tried in every way to annoy us, even to leaving the loudspeaker on her radio working all day long! It was evident she was fanatical for Rome, and wanted to get rid of us. We were not sorry, as the room was very bleak and cold, and could not be warmed by the war-stove. It was a solemn question, for wherever could another room be found in those war-days? With God, however, "all things are possible," so we took the matter definitely to Him, after which we visited an old lady friend who asked us if we were comfortably lodged. When she heard of our painful situation she sent for us the next day, showed us her beautiful villa, and a lovely room centrally heated, which she offered us, together with the use of the large kitchen fire, which was going all day long, asking only the cost of the electric light!

We could scarcely understand her great kindness, but realized that this was the answer to our prayers. Thus we spent a happy winter, and saw the Lord's hand in saving her soul, as well as some others. Oh, yes, it does pay to put one's whole trust in the Living God!

RATIONS, AND THE PEOPLE'S SEARCH FOR FOOD!

We were obliged to pass through many trials, privations, and dangers during those four and a half years of German occupation, but our faithful God never failed to deliver us out of them all.

In 1941 food got very scarce, only children were allowed milk, but there was a ration of wine, for which, being total abstainers, we were able to exchange for some milk; moreover, the population was fed on swede turnips and other roots, usually given to pigs!

One day, however, a hamper of apples arrived at our door from the Pyrenees, a distance of about 200 miles, from a lady saved some twenty years before, through the life and testimony of Blanche, a Parisian widow, who was brightly saved through our work there, and whom we baptized in an early church baptistry, built by the Romans, but now used as a swimming bath, the water of which gushes from the mountains at almost boiling-point—heated by the Lord!—at Lord Roberts' old resort of Vernet-les-bains.

Blanche suffered much persecution for the Lord, but because she told many that "Jesus

gave His blood for her," and read the Bible in the open air to the iron miners, no one would give her work! This lady, however, took pity on her and employed her in the kitchen of her high class restaurant, where she sang the Gospel songs we had taught her and told her mistress of her Saviour.

After Blanche's death, no news came from that lady for twenty years until the arrival of that precious basket of apples; but we continued to send her Bible Messages.

Tea was very rare, also, at that time, but one day at table, whilst trying to drink an infusion of insipid herbs, I ventured to express my desire for a cup of real tea, when suddenly the door-bell rang, and to my great surprise a lady was standing there, handing me a pot of freshly-made *real* tea she had hidden under her cloak, saying: "I have just made some tea, and thought you would like some!"

How often our Heavenly Father does give His children the desires of their hearts (Psa. 20). Who was she? She was a Sister in Christ, saved in our house only a few days before. She was the widow of an English captain, whose father was an intimate friend of the Duke of Windsor. She now lives in

Paris so that we see her at the Meeting here from time to time.

In those trying days many people spent their week-ends journeying many miles on foot, by bicycle or train, searching for food amongst relatives or friends in the country, taking suit-cases or bags of every description in order to disguise their quest, which was strictly forbidden by the Germans; but the hungry people had to choose between that or slow starvation; at the same time running the risk of having their provisions confiscated by the police on their return—which often happened. Queues of hungry people, stretching a whole street's length, used to wait for hours, hoping to get a little food from a shop that happened to have some; but many of these often had to go empty away. Many died of underfeeding through this cruel German control, but God did not always let them succeed with the country people, which was a great mercy!

My husband and I had no relations in the country where we could look for help, but we very rarely took a journey to seek for food—on the contrary—we continued our work for God, who came to our help in all times of need. One Christian woman living in a

village procured us provisions, such as cheese and eggs, from time to time, as well as for others, and God will not forget her labour of love.

INTERNED

In 1943 we worked in the Isere, in Grenoble, an important town in the Alps; lived in the flat of a Christian woman, saved through our work, some years before; hired a large room for Meetings, when the Lord was pleased to save some more souls.

This, of course, angered the devil, so that on March 3rd, we were summoned to be interned (as British subjects) in a disused barracks!

The Armistice had been violated, and the Italian Army occupied the region. We were told to bring our valuables—kitchen utensils!—and be there by noon. On leaving our room, after packing up, the postman handed me a small parcel which Mr. Taylor put into his overcoat pocket. Accompanied by our kind landlady (who was sad at our departure), we arrived at the great iron doors of the barracks where we said good-bye: those doors then closed upon us, and we found ourselves guarded by the police—prisoners with 260 other British subjects, retired elderly people,

for the most part, from La Riviera. They then conducted us to a dormitory where there were sixty men, women and children, containing 60 straw beds; the whole place being in a most filthy condition!

As it was lunch-hour we sat on the beds (there being no other seats), took out the little food we had left (bread and butter), and then remembered the little parcel the post had just brought. On opening it, what was our joyful surprise to find a nicely-cooked pigeon that had come about 250 miles from a Christian saved in our caravan in 1919. How wonderful it was to see our Heavenly Father's hand supplying our need, by having that pigeon sent at the right time, giving us once again to prove Him to be the Living God, always faithful to His promise in Phil. 4. 19, which is the best salary in the world!

On the second evening, however, we were very carefully counted, and told to be ready with our bags by eight the next morning, when we were to be transported to an "Unknown Destination!"

Fear was written on many faces, and no one slept that night; but at our evening Bible Reading God gave us His Word of comfort in Psa. 37. 5. The French Version says: "Commit

thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He will act for you."

The next morning at eight, everyone was ready to enter the eight touring cars waiting in the courtyard below, to take us perhaps to Buchanwald! To the surprise of all, however, we were then ordered to remain by our beds until midday.

Looking down to the courtyard we noticed with surprise that the French Police had been replaced by Italian Guards with fixed bayonets. We wondered at this, but afterwards learned that the Italians had resolved to protect the British and resist the Germans if they came! Truly "God was acting!" Yes! for that afternoon suddenly the joyful cry went ringing through the barracks: "You are all free to go home!" At that moment a university student from Crete came bounding towards us exclaiming with joy: "Mr. Taylor, it does pay to pray!"

Truly God had acted for us in answer to prayer, and that young man had seen us on our knees. He came to our flat afterwards to listen to the Gospel and was pleased to receive a New Testament.

The French were all exceedingly kind, especially the police. One of our bed-neighbours, a retired British captain, told his lady

neighbour that our family prayers brought to his memory his father's faithfulness of daily family prayers and Bible reading, and he asked her to thank us for him.

JEWISH PERSECUTION

During that eventful year we were brought into contact with more Jewish families, living in peril of their lives, having often to go into the mountains at night, to hide from the German agents. We met one family through the illness of their English governess, 'Annie,' who asked me to visit her in their hotel. She was taken later on to the hospital to undergo a very serious operation, from which, alas, she never recovered; but I often visited her there to tell her the Gospel and just before her death, she was saved, becoming very happy in spite of her sufferings, and she passed peacefully away a few minutes after we had sung, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

The Jewish family paid all the expenses of her illness and funeral, which was one of the best. Standing around the grave was a good company of well-to-do Jews from Paris, with bared heads, listening to Mr. Taylor preach the Gospel from Micah 5. 2, dwelling especially on the "Goings forth" of the Lord Jesus from

heaven, Bethlehem and the tomb, after He had done all the work of Salvation on the Cross of Calvary, in virtue of which God offers to all to-day, Salvation as a gift. He finished by telling how happy dear 'Annie' was after having received Jesus, their Messiah, because He had made peace (which she enjoyed before she died) by the blood of His Cross!

The happy result was that her master, the Jew, came to ask us to get him a Bible, which we were able to do. After receiving it he met Mr. Taylor a few days later, when in hiding, and said with joy: "Oh, that Book! that Book! It is a continual feast! It is a reality!"

ITALY'S CAPITULATION AND THE GREAT EXPLOSION

When Italy capitulated in 1943 the Germans took possession of Grenoble, and street fighting took place for two days, as the Italian soldiers tried to escape from the barracks situated about fifty yards behind our flat. We could not go to bed. Added to this, the Resistance frequently bombed the homes of those who helped the Germans. On the morning of December 2nd, the most terrible explosion in France took place in the court-

yard of the barracks, fifty yards away, when the Resistance blew up the ammunition dumps, which destroyed in a moment of time one thousand flats—ours being one of them! My husband was in bed with a cold, holding a cup of coffee I had just handed him, when the terrible roar of the explosion was heard, his cup was cut right in half, the wall was blown to pieces, part of it falling on the bed, and the door was in splinters! Other explosions continued until midday!

The streets were quickly thronged with the frightened homeless people, ambulances carrying the dead and wounded passed in quick succession, and no one knew how many were killed; but we perfectly realized the truth of Psa. 5. 12: "For Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous, with favour wilt Thou compass him with a shield"—for we were both able to get away without a single scratch! With great difficulty we descended from the fourth storey; the staircase, which stood firm being covered with shattered doors, glass and stones; but by God's care and help, with some clothes in our suitcases, we reached the station where we received some soup free, took a train sixty miles to St. Peray in the Valley of the Rhone, where we found a temporary refuge

in the home of a dear Christian, after which we hired a bed-sitting-room in the flat of a R.C. widow, who drank in the Gospel and was brightly saved by the end of the first week.

How she loved to read her first New Testament! Our being able to get away so quickly from the Germans, saved us from being taken for hostages, for they made a police-barrier, took fifty hostages, one, a neighbour, to whom we had often preached, has never been heard of since!

MR. TAYLOR INTERNED AGAIN

At St. Peray, in the Rhone Valley, where we had worked before, the Lord was pleased to save some more souls, but, alas, on March 1st, 1944, my husband was summoned to be interned once again, but in God's mercy, the Mayor and a Doctor were able to secure a three months' delay. On June 2nd, however, whilst at breakfast, a smart young man in civil attire walked in, showed his Vichy Authority, saying: "Sir, you must come with me at once," giving him just time enough to pack his bag and pray with me before parting. but we trusted God to care for us during this great trial. He was then taken fifty miles in

a taxi by three Vichy detectives to Montelimar, lower down the river, with a gentleman from Cairo (a Bey of Egypt), an Englishman, to a barracks, where they were interned with a few other British subjects to whom he was able to preach the Gospel.

On June the 5th the French Police (who were all very nice to the British), took 17 of them (each prisoner had a policeman!) 400 miles to Paris, where, at St. Denis they were interned on D-Day, with over 2,000 British, most of whom had been there for years!

On arriving in the German office the Germans asked my husband what his profession was: he answered, "Evangelist."

"For what religion?" they asked.

"I have no religion," he replied.

"Well, then, for what firm do you work?" they asked.

"For God," replied my husband.

"Oh, well, then," said they, satisfied, turning to the clerk; "put that man down as Christian."

My husband suffered many trials in that camp, and fell ill through the cold exposure and the filthy condition of the hut; but his slight illness proved to be his salvation for they put him into a hospital ward, beautifully

clean, where, being well cared for, he gained weight.

Personal talks with the other prisoners about the Gospel resulted in two of them (one a dentist) asking how they could be saved.

Another, a Diplomat (Sir Colridge Kennard) who had been horribly tortured by the Gestapo, and who was lying very ill opposite my husband in the hospital, asked him one day, after seeing my husband in prayer:

"Mr. Taylor, do you remember the old hymn we used to sing, 'Peace, perfect Peace, with loved ones far away?' How can one have peace with one's loved ones far away?"

"Sir!" Mr. Taylor replied, "the last two lines of that verse explain the first two: 'In Jesus' keeping, we are safe, and they.' Take, for instance, my dear wife, she is 400 miles away from me but her soul is in Jesus' keeping, as also is mine, because we have the Salvation of our souls; so that for such it is only a matter of physical separation."

The Diplomat cried out with an air of perfect satisfaction: "I've got it!—thank you very much!"

When leaving that ward later this gentleman called my husband over to personally thank

him for all the spiritual help he had been able to give him.

THE BATTLE OF THE RHONE VALLEY!

In spite of this great trial the Lord did not fail me, for my husband was permitted to write a few lines from time to time and I was able to testify to sympathizers of His continual presence, because of His promise: "Lo! I am with you always." Praise the Lord! But a few weeks later, the bridge across the Rhone was bombed, and many persons were killed in the houses near. Then, alas, the roar of the cannons drew near as the Allied Armies drove the Germans before them up the Valley of the Rhone. One German column took refuge in our village and the soldiers broke into the houses and shops, for food, threatening any who resisted with their tommy-guns. After that they took nearly all the bicycles and horses, eighty of which were found killed on the roads after their flight.

It was high time for me to find a place of refuge, so that after prayer and the reading of the Word, God gave me the comforting message of Psa. 27. 5: "For in the time of trouble He shall hide thee in His pavilion"; thus He assured me of a hiding place! So I

set off on foot along the valley with the Cevennes Mountains on either side. Reaching an aged Christian's house I asked him if he knew where I could fine a refuge from the battle. He said: "Go inside and ask my daughter."

I had never met her, but, on hearing of my need she said: "I left my home yesterday in Valence (two miles away) with my husband to come here but a quarter of an hour after it was bombed and destroyed, and we have lost all!" Then this brave heart added: "Madame, you are a child of God, so you can share what we have here."

I thanked her, then returned home praising God for His loving provision for me. A dear Christian carried my luggage on his bicycle so kindly, and there I spent in safety the last ten tragical nights of the battle!

During the daytime, however, I went to the small farm of a widow who lived about a mile further on, whose husband was saved the day before he dropped down dead in his field after a Meeting held in his house a few years previously! Thank God he was not too late!

This dear widow told how she also had been saved a few days before my husband

was taken prisoner, God having spoken to her through the noise of a bomb explosion about two miles away, when they blew up the butcher's premises, a few doors from our home, at one in the morning! She said it was the awful noise of that explosion that brought her out of bed on to her knees before her Saviour! She was very kind to me, cooked my midday meal of lentils and beans, and from time to time spared me eggs from her fowls. In the afternoons she took me to visit some sick folk, when I was able to lead a dying woman to Christ, and all the people were glad to listen to the Gospel.

THE BATTLE ENDS!

Day by day squadrons of the R.A.F. would be seen diving down upon the fleeing enemy, then rising again to fly over the mountains which separated us from the Rhone Valley, where the battle was raging.

On August 31st, however, at daybreak, the noise of the cannons ceased! This made me decide to return home, where I arrived at 8 a.m., to find the people out of doors, sweeping away the litter left by the retreating German column. When the American officers arrived later, they told us that our village was the

only one where there were no houses burnt or pillaged for miles around! I was told that the Germans had all gone. What was my glad surprise to find on entering the house, that ours had been the only rooms that were not requisitioned in the whole house, except the landlady's bedroom, and that none of our belongings had been touched! But for miles around were seen lying about wrecked cars and war material of all kinds.

LIBERATION!

At midday, the glad news of the liberation of Valence arrived, then it was that we knew definitely that God had saved our village; so after a frugal meal and a time of prayer and thanksgiving to God, I visited my old Christian lady friend and her Christian companion, who told out of hearts full of thanks, of the Lord's protection when the Germans asked for shelter in their lovely villa. They gave them blankets and deck-chairs and told them to sleep under the trees in the garden. This they accepted, but they fled the same day; thus these dear Christians were saved, and certainly God will not forget all their kindness to me and to a Jewish family

they sheltered for months at the risk of their lives; for where such were found the Germans would sometimes burn and loot the house, then torture and kill the inmates!

Yes, how cruel the Germans were to God's chosen people, the Jews! We were told of railway wagons full of Jews burnt to death in lime!

Another Jew, a French officer, one of the many saved through our work at Grenoble, was, with his wife, arrested at midnight, tortured for a fortnight, when the Gestapo dug one of his eyes out, then took him out and shot him dead at the roadside! He had been a valiant soul-winner, also, and his young wife told that he heroically endured all his tortures in communion with the Lord's sufferings, thinking specially of Rom. 8. 28! His little son, Jacky, said: "Mummy, don't cry for Daddy, he is with Jesus, and we shall see him again!"

Yes, with those two dear saints I knelt down and thanked our Heavenly Father for the safety during those terrible days of battle; afterwards singing: "*A Toi, la gloire, O Ressuscité*! *A Toi la gloire a jamais*!" ("To Thee be the glory, O Resurrected One! To Thee be the glory for ever!")

NO NEWS OF MR. TAYLOR!

All through September my faith was sorely tried, not knowing whether my dear husband was alive or dead! But by God's grace my faith failed not. On October 9th, however, it pleased God to remove the trial for to my great joy I heard my husband's voice at the bottom of the stairs. Looking over, there he was, looking so well! After a perilous journey from Paris of four days (instead of eight hours!) because of the destruction of bridges and the permanent way; a journey which ended with him clinging on to the outside of a goods wagon with a priest and a hundred others, for about thirty miles! He said he had had a long conversation with a R.C. priest which resulted in him buying a Bible. About twenty R.C. priests listened to the Gospel individually, in the camp with my husband.

After our separation of about five months, Mr. Taylor told me of God's wonderful care in saving him also from death during the battle of Paris, when his camp was attacked by the Maquis, because our German guards had fired on them. Also, how kind the French were everywhere after the liberation of Paris and St. Denis, about two miles north of the city, where the Internment Camp was. An

Administrator of the Government invited him to lunch, and listened intently to him preaching the Gospel for over an hour! A French baseball champion cycled him through Paris to a friend's house who had invited him to dinner, where, in the light of a few candles, he was able to preach the Gospel to him and his friends. Also how a lady Government official, in an office overlooking L'Arc de Triomphe, granted him a permit for one of the first trains to leave Paris, exclaiming eagerly when she saw on his papers that he was an Evangeliste: "Un Evangéliste! Un Evangéliste! Why, Mr. Taylor, the Gospel (Evangile) interests me enormously at this moment!" To his surprise this elegant lady put aside his business, took a piece of paper, wrote an address in Valence on it, and said: "Mr. Taylor, when you get to Valence, just call at this address, please." She then finished his business, gave him the permit, shook him heartily by the hand, saying: "How the Gospel interests me at this moment!"

"Would you like to have a Gospel, madame?" he asked, presenting her with one.

With joy she said eagerly: "Would you really give me a Gospel?"

He replied: "If that would please you, madame."

She received it with great thanks, and one could not help feeling that God was certainly working in that precious soul; but how little the true Gospel is known in this dark land!

When later he was able to call at the address she gave him what was his astonishment to receive as gifts a brand new overcoat and a new pair of boots—and all because he was an Evangelist! On realizing that such a soul could be no longer a Gentile he felt free to receive the gifts as from the Lord, whose salary (Phil. 4. 19) is indeed the best, for how much he needed that overcoat that very cold winter!

OUR RETURN HOME!

After being exiled for four and a half years we were enabled to turn our faces homewards on Dec. 27, 1944. The journey of over seventeen hours in bitter cold weather over the great heights of the Massif Central, was very trying, but the Lord brought us safely back, not, however, to the old house, for that had had to be given up, but to another the dear saints had been able to hire for us, so that with a van we went to five different brethren's

houses through the ice and snow, where they had kindly hid our furniture all those years, and collected it all! Thus God's dear people had saved it from being stolen by the Germans, some of whom stole everything they could lay their hands upon!

Thus we were installed once again in this great Paris region of over four million souls. God blessed the work during our absence and since our return, by saving more precious souls, adding some of them to his Assembly, where the saints are perfectly satisfied with the perfect and sweet presidency of His Majesty, the King of kings. Last year (1949) ten more saved souls were baptized by immersion, two from Caen, fruit of work done in the devastated region of Normandy. Over eighty big French cities and towns have been visited with the Gospel these last few months, where, also, were distributed over 70,000 copies of our last Gospel Writing, "The Coming Universal Calamity!" This work, of course, entails a lot of journeying over thousands of miles of this vast country, four times as big as England; thus we have entered over one thousand and five hundred public houses of late with the Gospel Message; whilst hundreds of houses of the intellectual class have also been visited, such

as doctors, lawyers, chemists, dentists, priests, nuns, and magistrates, for Christ died for them all!

In conclusion, we state to the praise and glory of God, that He has amply supplied our every need no matter how dear living became; in fact, it seems that He delights to show His sovereign power as things get dearer! And our splendid salary is still the very best; all because He is the Living and the Faithful God, the very same yesterday and to-day and for ever! "Therefore will I offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy: I will sing praises unto the Lord!"

A BIBLE AT LAST

After Mr. Taylor had one day distributed his own Gospel Message in the form of a tract, in the fashionable quarter of a Paris suburb, an old lady who had received one wrote to thank us, saying: "Many thanks to the kind person who slipped that tract under my door; I don't know who inspired him to do so, but it is the Truth that I have been seeking in vain for years! On the radio I listen to the Roman Catholic Fathers, the Protestant Parsons and the Jewish Rabbis, but all these are outside the Truth. I am 80 years

of age, but never yet have I been able to get hold of a Bible! I have found the Truth at last!"

After replying, telling her more of the Truth, Mr. Taylor went to see her and found her just thirsting to be saved. He then had the joy of leading her to Christ, our Saviour, who gave her at once His peace, saved her soul, and filled her heart with His great joy. We sent her a Bible, which she received on Christmas Day. Her grandson, who was studying at the Paris University, was agreeably surprised to see his dear grandmother so happy; she was very intellectual, and was overjoyed as she handled her first Bible!

When thanking us for the Gift she wrote: "My old, well-worn eyes would overflow with tears as I read the beautiful and touching sayings of the Lord Jesus in His Sacred Word, which, wonderful to state, arrived the very day we commemorate His birth! Thus in reading God's Word, I pass many happy hours."

It may seem strange to the dear English reader that souls so near to our shores have sought in vain for years for a Bible! Yea, there are millions in France who have never ONCE handled God's Holy Book! We do

praise God for having given us the joy of being able to put a Bible into the hands of many for the first time!

THE GOVERNMENT MINISTER'S FAMILY

One evening two ladies entered our Meeting in Grenoble, saying: "We have been searching for the Holy Spirit in all the religious places of this town without avail, but we have found Him here to-night!"

One of the ladies was a French Christian, but the other was a Bulgarian, a troubled soul, who had passed through many great sorrows owing to a revolution in her country, from which she had fled with her husband and three daughters: her husband, an ex-Government Minister, was being hunted to death. Alas! they had seen ten members of their family assassinated or die.

This lady was brightly saved that night, as were also her three daughters later on, and we were invited to meet the ex-minister at coffee, who also was glad to listen to the Gospel.

When we presented him with a nice copy of the New Testament in Bulgarian, he said: "I have managed to join my wife, but I was

astonished when my youngest daughter opened the door on my arrival, by greeting me with these words: 'Oh, papa, we are all saved but you!'" Then he added: "It seems to me, Mr. Taylor, that now it is my turn to be saved!"

We do not know if he was saved, as he had to go away. As we sat at the table, however, the second daughter came to Mr. Taylor with her Bible, saying: "Please, Mr. Taylor, show me a text that speaks about the blood!" So he showed her one, but she said: "Not that one, show me another"; then he showed her 1 John 1. 7: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"That's the one!" she said with delight; so putting her finger on it she passed behind his chair to her father. Sitting next to him she said: "Daddy, read that!"

After reading these wonderful words he turned to her and said with astonishment: "How is it that you know these things, my dear?"

"Because I have a new life, daddy!" she answered decidedly.

One day before this second daughter was saved she told Mr. Taylor that she asked for the pardon of her sins every day when she went to bed. Mr. Taylor replied: "Oh, I

never do that." On being asked the reason why he replied: "Because I already possess my pardon, and it is because you do not possess yours that you are always asking for it."

"How is it that you have come into possession of the pardon of your sins, and I have not?" she eagerly asked.

"Because," said he, "I believe God's Word in Matt. 7. 8, that says: 'Whosoever asks, receives.' (French version). Don't you know that the word 'whosoever' means 'anyone,' so that the moment that one asks one must believe that God gives it, then, having received it by faith, one has no need to ask again."

With an air of relief she said: "Oh, I never knew it was like that!"

Mr. Taylor then said: "Would you like to ask God now?"

"Yes!" she promptly replied. Kneeling down she asked the Lord Jesus so simply to give her the pardon of her sins. Being asked if she had received it, she replied: "Yes, since He says it!"

"But do you really mean to say that you already possess the pardon of your sins?" Mr. Taylor asked.

With assurance she again said: "Yes, since He says it!"

"Well, then, what do you do when one gives you a gift?" he asked.

"I thank the giver," she said.

"Would you like to thank the Lord Jesus for having given you the pardon of your sins?" he asked.

"Certainly!" she replied: turning again to her Saviour she said: "Lord Jesus, I do thank you for having given me the pardon of my sins, and the Salvation of my soul"; turning at once to Mr. Taylor, with her face full of her new found joy, she exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Taylor, I am so happy, because I have no more sins!"

Some time later this dear family was able to go back to their own country, when we received news from a Christian in Sofia that they were happy, and that 'Stravga,' the eldest daughter, was one of the finest Christians in the city; also that a copy of Mr. Taylor's French Gospel Writing, "The Coming International Catastrophy!" had been translated into Bulgarian, and 30,000 copies distributed there. It was also translated into Italian, put on the Italian Radio, and 60,000 copies distributed in Italy. He translated it himself into English, thousands of copies of which were distributed in our tongue. Then in

Cairo it was translated into Arabic and in Jerusalem it was translated into Armenian; as also in W. Africa, into three African languages, after which it got to India, where it was translated into Hindustani, and three other Indian tongues; in all, over a million copies have been distributed among the various nations mentioned, and many souls have been saved through its Message of Salvation by Grace. To God be all the glory!

"God lives! He hears! He cares!
He answers His people's prayers!
As ever, He works to-day
His wonders, through Truth, His Way!"

W. E. T.

Triumphs of Faith

"O Lord, the Church has waited long,
For Thy return so dear,
Which Thou hast promised in 'The Song
Of Songs,' her heart to cheer!

"Changed in the twinkling of an eye,
Ravished into the air;
Sh'll rise to meet Thee up on high,
And Thy great glory share!

"With terror filled! 'midst darkness great!
The world will then be called,
To see God's wrath make desolate,
The earth, where Satan's lord!

"Then let us all redeem the time,
By preaching the Gospèl,
That souls be saved for realms sublime,
From wrath and flames of hell!"

W. E. TAYLOR.

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