

# A Present Help A Wall of Fire While Among Pirates

by Marie Monsen

**Marie Monsen** from Norway, missionary to China, was captured by pirates and held for 23 days. However, the tables were overturned on the pirates; Marie ministered to several of them, and several were brought to tears at hearing of a loving savior. Several of the pirates and passengers testified for Marie, that God was with her. Read how this brave believer walked in victory among her enemies.

Early in 1929, I was expecting to make a long-promised visit to Shantung about April 22<sup>nd</sup> at the invitation of the American Southern Baptist Mission. As I planned and awaited the day, I kept hearing these words: “If there is a boat on the 19<sup>th</sup>, go on the 19<sup>th</sup>.”

I did my packing quickly. Because summer was near, and, as I was traveling south to warmer lands, I left all of my warmer clothes in Peking. When I arrived at the city where I was to get on board the boat, I was told that all of the berths were sold. My thought was: “If I’m to travel by that boat, my heavenly Father will see to my being given a berth, and if not, he must have some reason for my spending a few days in Tientsin.”

In the afternoon a message came to say that the Second Mate was willing to give up his cabin to me for a small sum of money in addition to the ordinary price of the ticket. I knew at once that my heavenly Father had ordered that cabin for me.

No sooner was this matter settled than insistently and repeatedly for several hours I kept hearing: “Go out and buy some apples.” I kept thinking, “But I have more than enough luggage as it is, and the journey will only take fifteen hours.” But without the apples, I had no peace! I thought: perhaps some sick person on the other side of the gulf needs them; and with that thought in mind, I went out and bought all the apples I could find at the Chinese fruit-stand—about three pounds.

Next morning, April 19<sup>th</sup>, while I was praying, I was clearly told to deposit in Tientsin all the money I had with me except what I needed to get me to my destination. I did.

About 11 o’clock one of the English missionaries went with me to the boat, which we had been informed was to leave at twelve. When he saw the Second Mate’s cabin, my escort said: “It is a good thing you will spend only one night there.” Actually, I spent 27 days nights in that cabin.

I did not bring a roll of bedding with me on this voyage. The friends on the other side had written to say that if I could manage to sleep one night on hard wooden boards, I would not need to carry any bedding with me. When I saw it I thought, one sleepless night does not matter much. It is undeniable that it felt hard that first night, but I had plenty of sound sleep on it later, and in the end, it even felt fairly comfortable. However, I found a duster and dusted off the bed and a little table.

As soon as I could, I went out on deck to talk to the passengers and to give them some gospel tracts. However, I noticed three passengers who, if I were still in bandit-infested Honan, I would have thought those men were bandits. But here in well-civilized Tientsin, they could not be. But we found out the next morning who they were.

By early morning light, we could see the Shantung coast ahead. However, none of us guessed that since we pulled out to sea, two bandits with loaded pistols in hand had been standing beside the helmsman and that instead of traveling south-east, had forced him to go south-west.

Just as we saw the land, pistol shots, howls and shrieks were heard, and general pandemonium reigned all over the ship. My mind flashed back to the faces of the three men I had noticed the previous day, and at once I knew we had fallen into the hands of pirates. Just then, it was as if a voice said to me: “This is the trial of your faith,” and at those words I was conscious of an inner warmth, a living gladness/willingness to walk this part of the road with the Lord also. My one conscious desire

in the midst of all the noise and confusion was, “O that he may succeed in keeping me close to himself”.

About that time, more pirates came on board—about 60 of them, and others came later, causing a lot of disturbance.

The first word that came to me was Isaiah 41:10, a word I had often needed when in the province of Honan. I repeated it out loud in the way I had so often done: “Fear not, Marie: for I am with you; don’t be dismayed, Marie, for I am your God. I will strengthen/enable you; yes, I will help you, Marie, yes, I will uphold you with the right hand of my righteousness.” Long before, when I was in Honan province, the Lord had told me not to be afraid, and I had answered him, “I will obey, Lord, I will not be afraid.”

Soon all of the cabin doors were forced open, and the passengers were ordered out on deck. They were told to leave all their possessions in the cabins. My door was wrenched open too: “The blood of the lamb is sprinkled on my door-post” came to my mind as they pulled at my door. This line of a well-known Danish hymn sounded continually in my heart, especially at first when the pirates were wildest.

Over and over again they ordered me out of my cabin, but I stayed where I was. I knew I had been given that cabin in answer to prayer, and I felt I should stay in it. If I had gone out, I would have ended up in the hold of the ship with all the other passengers. There were several hundred of them. I was the only Christian and the only foreigner on board.

When the pirates ordered me out of my cabin, they never took time to see to it that I obeyed. Rather, the wonderful promises of God came to me gently and refreshingly, like spring showers. I received them and thanked God. From that moment, I was no longer I, but another person, which was a source of amazement to me. “Then the strength which has been promised for each day’s needs means all this,” I often whispered to myself with a deeply-thankful heart.

Later, one of the pirates, a man of about thirty, took time to stop in my cabin. He asked if I had a watch. I had entirely forgotten about my things, I had been so absorbed in considering the promises of God. I stretched out my wrist and let him look at it. I was sitting on the wooden bunk. He whispered confidentially: “Hide it or you will lose it.” I took it off and put it under a bundle of clothes which I had been using as a pillow. He saw me do this and went away.

A little later, another came in, quite a young lad, perhaps seventeen or eighteen. “Do you have a watch?”

“Yes, I have.”

“Have you given it to anyone?”

“No, I haven’t.”

“Will you give it to me?”

“No, I can’t do that, we never give such valuable presents to people we don’t know.”

“Yes, but don’t you understand that if you give it to me, I will be your friend?”

“Thank you, but I don’t want friends like you. I’ve never had that kind of friend.”

“But don’t you understand that if I am your friend, I will ask the others to protect you?”

He jumped up, held his pistol to my forehead and shouted angrily, “I’ll shoot you.”

“No, you can’t shoot me whenever you want. My God has said: ‘No weapon that is formed against you will succeed....this is the heritage of the servants of the Lord’.” And I explained clearly to him what it meant that before he could shoot me, the living God must give him permission.

Again he jumped up and held his pistol to my forehead: “I can, I’ll shoot you.”

“No, you can’t.”

The promise was repeated to him four or five times. I had the great joy of hearing him say that promise almost every day for the next 23 days. It usually came in a scornful tone: “Just think, she says I can’t shoot her whenever I want, because her God has said that no weapon that is formed against her will succeed.” All natural human fear either of him or his pistol was simply taken away from me.

Then the man who had told me to hide my watch came back. He threw out the younger pirate and asked to be allowed to look at the watch. I handed it to him. “Foreigners have good watches, this is a good one,” he said.

“Yes, it is.”

“I’ll give you \$20 for it.”

“No, I wouldn’t sell it even if you offered me \$200 for it, because you money is not honestly come by. I’ve never used money of that kind, I wouldn’t touch a single dollar of your money.”

“Then I’ll give you another watch in exchange for this one, it is not quite as good, but I’ll give you another.”

“No, thank you, if you give me another in exchange, it will be a watch you have stolen from someone else, so I couldn’t use it..”

“Well then, there’s no use,” he sighed and went away with my watch. In the doorway, he turned around and said, “You gave me this watch of yours, didn’t you?”

“No, I didn’t. If you take it, you have robbed me.” He took it away.

A little sigh went up: “O Lord, I can do without it, and I know I can have another instead, but it would be nice to know what time it is while I am on board this ship.”

About half an hour later, another pirate came in. He looked tired. He turned my largest suitcase up on its end, and sat down heavily on it and told me I did not need to be afraid.

“Do you think I look afraid?”

“No, you don’t.”

He told me that some of the pirates had belonged to General Chang’s army in Shantung, but they felt they were not receiving sufficient pay in the army, so they were now earning their living in this way and making more money. “You don’t need to be afraid, we will protect the ship; that is why we are on board.”

“Oh yes, I see that,” I laughed, “but seriously, do you call this earning a living? I don’t; I call it robbery, and you are doing violence to your own conscience.”

We talked in sober earnest till it became uncomfortably personal for him, and he rose hastily, asking, “Have they taken anything from you?”

“Yes, my watch.”

“Who took it?”

Fortunately I was able to tell him. He said he would bring it back, but although I did not believe he meant it, to my surprise and delight, he did.

When he handed me my watch, he leaned forward and said, “I advise you not to leave this cabin. If you do, you’ll never get it back, and they will take away what you have here. If they come and want to take anything from you, just tell them that the General said they were not to rob you.”

This pirate was always friendly after that, though he never entered the cabin again. I had a feeling that he must have been educated at one of the mission schools of Shantung.

They soon began coming one after another, and the first thing they always asked for was my watch.

“It was taken from me once, but has been given back, so you can’t have it. Besides, the General says you are not to rob me.”

It was easy to see the effect those words produced, but a few tried to catch me by saying, “Who is the General?”

“You know yourself, so I don’t need to tell you,” was my usual reply.

“I’ve not heard him forbid it,” one or two remarked.

The returning of my watch led to my taking a promise long known and loved and making it my prayer of faith in a definite way, the promise in Malachi 3:18. “Then shall you return and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between the one who serves God and the one who does not serve him.” (In Norwegian: “Then shall you again see the difference between....the one who serves God and the one who does not serve him.”)

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An intense desire filled me that the hundreds of passengers and the 35 members of the crew, all of the heathen, might see that I had a living, almighty God. It was wonderfully fulfilled to the glory of his name.

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In the evening of the first day, a sail boat came alongside the ship. It was loaded with guns and ammunition. After these supplies had been taken on board, we lay still or moved up and down the coast. They captured and plundered every boat they saw. We were Vikings! I could see it all from my door which had to be kept ajar so that I might get fresh air. Large cargoes of corn, salt, flour, and a great deal besides were captured. Most of it was carried ashore.

I can still see the many boatmen standing scared and helpless, intimidated by pistol shots which were fired into the air while they were robbed. In the five days I watched this going on, our legendary Vikings were stripped of the last shreds of their glory in my mind; for this was how they did it!

The ammunition was stored in the cabin next to mine. On the other side of my cabin they had their headquarters, where their councils of war were held. Through the thin boards of that wall, I could hear everything they said.

“Shut the foreigner’s cabin door.” I heard someone give the order. Obviously they did not wish me to see how much ammunition they were taking on board. I had begun counting the boxes. “Shut the door and lock it,” I heard again from outside. The door was slammed to and someone fumbled with the lock—someone who did not understand locks. The key snapped before it locked the door.” Thank God!” was my involuntary response from inside the cabin.

A couple of hours later—the door was ajar again—two of the pirates came and stood leaning on the railing outside my door. They kept looking in, speaking in eager whispers to each other. I had seen a good many bandits in the interior of China, but never any more hideously repulsive than those two. The subject of their whispered conversations was not hard to guess. One of them pushed the other into my cabin, closed the door and tried to lock it, but the key had been broken.

I felt as if the devil himself had come in. His face, neck and hands were covered with horrible, open, stinking sores. He sat down on my suitcase so close to me that I felt his warm breath on my face.

I sat repeating to myself the promise that had become so precious to me in the bandit-ridden province on Honan: “The angel of the Lord encamps round about those who fear him, and delivers them.”

Another promise came back to me again at that moment: “For I, says the Lord, will be to Jerusalem a wall of fire round about.” Yes, and he would be a wall of fire round about me. He was a wall of fire between me and the horrible pirate sitting there.

Many years earlier, the Lord had allowed me to see that wall of fire. I was awakened in the middle of the night by two sharp blows on my shoulder, and the words sounded aloud and distinctly: “The Lord is a wall of fire round about his people.” Then it was as though the roof were lifted off the house and I saw that I was surrounded by fire, a high, impenetrable wall of fire. From beyond the wall, thousands of arrows came flying towards me. They came so thickly that they darkened the sky, but tongues of flame shot up and consumed every one of them. None reached me. I wept. “Lord, I never knew it was in this way that you are round about your people.”

In this difficult hour, that experience was vividly brought back to my mind and I thought: “The Lord is round about me like that today: I am untouchable, invulnerable.”

To my own amazement, it was I who began the conversation. It was perfectly naturally, without reflection: “Is your mother still living?”

“Yes.”

“How old is she?”

“Fifty-one.”

“Oh, really! Then she and I are the same age.”

He was then asked about his father, his brothers and sisters and other relatives. We had a long talk. At my request, he opened the door again—without fresh air the stench was unendurable. Having done so, he sat down again.

I soon found that he had heard the Gospel. He knew a missionary too of whom he said: “He is truly a good man, there isn’t a better one in the world.” I found out later that that missionary was one of the rare souls, a truly godly man.

He also knew some Christians in his home town. I think we talked to each other for a whole hour. He was told the truth about his life; and he heard too about the Savior who cared for so many lost robbers and made all things new for them. He had heard quite a lot before and he sighed, even groaned a couple of times, and his eyes were blinded by tears when he finally slipped quietly out of the cabin. I did not see him again.

Those days and nights we had been Vikings and the noise had been indescribable. The pirates terrorized their victims by noise. Sleep was out of the question. After five such days and nights, my head felt as if it would burst.

“Lord, I ask for sleep, I must have some sleep now. You have created me with a need for sleep. For years you have kept me in health through making my sleep sweet!” (Proverbs 3:24) My silent requests were made in words like these.

Praise God, before long—it seemed within a few minutes—deathly silence fell. It was as though the pirates were no longer on the ship. I was too sleepy to look out and see what had happened: “The Lord God has let sleep fall upon them so that I may have some peace,” was my last thought, and then I myself was asleep.

From that time there was a marked difference in the situation. After that we heard only an occasional pistol shot, and there was less of the wild looting and of the ceaseless running to and fro. The ship was placed in a secluded bay with flat stretches of sand and plains on three sides and

the ridges of high hills on the fourth. Later I discovered that the sea lay behind those ridges. We were in one of the arms of the Yellow River delta, Taoerho.

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For the first five days and nights it was like swimming up-stream against a strong current, although sufficient strength was given for this. Later it was like floating along, carried by the current down a river, with a full assurance that I would be swept into the bank in time.

There was a reason for this change. At first, those I had left behind in Tientsin took it for granted that I had safely reached port. The friends who were expecting me had traveled down to the coast to meet me. They could not understand the delay, and after waiting for a day and a half, they were obligated to go home again. All they knew was that the ship had left Tientsin according to schedule, but had not arrived.

By the fifth day both these groups of friends had been told that the ship had been seen with a crew of pirates on board, out of its regular course. Telegrams were sent in all directions and a stream of prayer began to ascend, both from missionary colleagues and from the Chinese Christians. The effect was wonderful.

I saw nothing of the ship's regular crew except the "tea-boy". A couple of times a day he brought me a jug containing a pint and a half of "white tea"—boiling water! On the second day I noticed my cabin had fittings for an inner screen door. The tea-boy knew where this door was and promised to bring it at dusk while the pirates were smoking their opium. He was as good as his word, and at my request he brought some screws and a screwdriver so that we could fix it up. A hook was fixed on the inside, which meant I could shut or open it at will and keep it "locked" and still have the air.

Once more I thanked God that he had chosen this cabin for me, where I could be alone. All the other cabins except the Captain's contained several berths, and the pirates had seized them all. Before the screen door was put in, the pirates had free access to my little world; but after it came, if the door did not open at a push, they would pass on. Whenever they asked to be allowed to come in, I opened to them. That was my opportunity to appeal to their consciences and preach the Gospel to them. There was still no feeling of fear and it never assailed me.

Somehow, most of my visitors did not seem to feel comfortable in my cabin, and after the first ten days or so, they stopped coming; but at meal times they would bring their food-bowls and sit down on the deck outside my door to eat. That was my opportunity to speak to them. Those who could read were given tracts. Often one of them would read aloud and another try to explain what was read, and then I always had the final word. Questions were often put both on my side and theirs, and through all this, I felt assured that I had been sent among them in order that they might hear the gospel.

They were always offering me food—lobster, crayfish, tinned goods of every kind, fish, chicken—all stolen goods. Gratefully I noticed that I had no appetite for any of it.

As to food, the passengers were well content with the hot meals the pirates served them twice a day. The food had all been looted from the sailing ships. They were given only the simplest Chinese fare. For me it was different. I felt I could not eat stolen food. The mere thought made me feel sick, so there was never any question about it in my mind. Not until later did I realize that God guided me in this, for in the end, the fact that I had not tasted the food they offered me was my salvation—from the human point of view.

Long before this happened, God had provided all that was necessary. I had the apples, and how glad I was now that I had them. The pirates often asked me if I had any pears or any oranges, because in that case they wanted them. Not once was I asked if I had any apples.

For a long time I had four boxes of chocolates and sweets in my luggage. Ever since February they had been arriving, sent from four different countries. Each time I wanted to share them with others, there was the inner voice: "Keep them for an emergency." It was just impossible to part with them, and I even rebuked myself: "You are getting old and stingy, Marie, to think you are traveling about with all this in your luggage!"

I had a packet of about 15 biscuits. These had also been given me some time before, and it was the same story with them: "Keep them for an emergency."

How I thanked God now that I had it all. I divided my food up into rations and it lasted for nine days. After it became clear to me that it was not the Lord's will for me to eat the pirates' food, I knew he would have some way out when I needed more. The God of Elijah still has ravens at

his command. He took worry away, but it was exciting. It was going to be interesting to see how he would supply my need.

On the tenth day, early in the morning before it was light, there was a gentle scratch at my door which was closed just then. I jumped down from my wooden bunk. My heart sang: “This is the raven!” (1<sup>st</sup> Kings 16:4) It was the Second Mate. Up till then, I had not seen him, nor any of the ship’s crew except the tea-boy. The Mate asked me in a whisper: “Do you have any food?”

“No, I don’t.”

“Let me come in then, the guard is on the other side of the ship. I have a box full of eggs in here and a tin of cakes, you can have it all. I bought it in Tientsin with my own, honestly-earned money.” Wonderfully, the words were fulfilled, “Before they call, I will answer.” The Second Mate pulled out the boxes, which were hidden among buckets of paint, old shoes, empty paraffin tins and all sort of old lumber.

From that day he came every morning unasked, when the guard was on the other side of the ship, took two or three eggs and, putting them in his pocket, went away. A little later he came back with the boiled eggs. My ration was one egg for breakfast, one or two eggs for dinner, and one egg for supper, and besides this, one sweet cake in the forenoon and one in the afternoon. This supply of food lasted exactly as long as our captivity.

I asked the Lord to transform this simple diet into all the nutrients the body needs, and I had no trouble at all on account of the monotonous diet. When I had eaten my small ration, I felt so satisfied that I would not have eaten any more if I had it.

The first days after my release, I didn’t seem to need food. Not very much of the first bowl of rice that was given me was eaten; but a few shrimps offered me the first day we were free, tasted wonderful. I did not know how long I sat sucking them. Then I realized for the first time that I had not tasted salt for 23 days.

The pirates kept coming to ask if I would like to have some of their food. They said I could order whatever I liked, and they would try to get it for me. They often came and offered me tinned fruit.

“No, thank you, it is all stolen goods, and whatever I asked for, you would only go and steal from other people, and I can’t eat stolen food,” was my usual answer.

They said I would die of starvation, but I told them my Father in heaven was able to keep me alive.

One day one of the pirates came to see me. He was very ill with dysentery. With tears in his eyes, he began: “Pastor, (they always called me that, possibly because it was the only title they knew for a foreigner), “when I eat, I can hardly swallow my food for thinking of you eating nothing all this time. If I could get something for you, I would, but there is nothing to get here. If I could go ashore, I would buy food for you with your own clean money.”

This man, I felt, must be comforted. “My Heavenly Father looks after me, he gives me food every day,” I told him.

“What does he give you?”

“He has given me apples, chocolate, biscuits, eggs, and cakes” I said to him speaking in Norwegian.

“I don’t understand,” he said, “but you look well.”

Editor’s Note: The above story appears to be incomplete. I copied it as is. I do not know why Marie Monsen left it as is, or if a later copyist/editor mistakenly omitted the end of that story.

Just as I was leaving Peking on the morning of April 18<sup>th</sup>, a parcel from Norway reached me. It was a belated Christmas parcel, and had been posted in plenty of time to reach me before Christmas. Where it had been all the time, I do not know. But I do know that if it had come a single day earlier, it would have been put away with the rest of my things for the summer.

At first I groaned over the addition to my luggage, but how thankful I was afterwards for the contents of that parcel—a cardigan and a pair of woollen stockings. They were a great comfort. It was bitterly cold on the windy estuary of the Yellow River. That parcel was prepared before hand, and the day of its arrival was also determined before hand.

While I was packing for the journey, the post brought me five fat bundles of newspapers from Norway. They had been posted by five different people, each of whom thought I ought to know all about the wedding of our Crown Prince. Inwardly protesting and greatly wishing to leave them behind, I found room for those five packets in my luggage, increasing its bulk most unreasonably. But I was thankful later, I simply

could not have managed without them. Thick layers of newspaper, fastened inside my raincoat with safety-pins, provided a warm coverlet, and with my traveling rug kept me warm at night.

One of the pirates stood on guard outside my door at night to prevent me from escaping. He usually sat on the doorstep of the ammunition room, and probably had to guard both that and me. Two or three times every night he shined the beam of a powerful torch over me. I slept well and peacefully between these searchlight inspections.

During those 23 days, I gained considerable insight into how the younger lads were taught the trade. I was next door to headquarters, and they repeatedly forgot I could hear everything that went on in there. I learned that the shooting we were always hearing, was meant to intimidate the victims and prepare the way for the extortion of money. I myself, however, was never exposed to this, though they gave me to understand that they intended to get a great deal of money for me when the time came. The other passengers were continually threatened till they consented to write for ransom money.

One of the pirates, a man of about sixty, was stone-blind. But he too robbed people. He went about feeling the passengers all over and then commanded them to hand over whatever he wanted.

“Isn’t he rather in your way?” I asked one day.

“No, he is the most useful man we have, we can’t do without him.”

“How is that?”

“Well, you see, when we are pursued on land, he sits down with his beggar’s bowl and bag, and our pursuers always stop and ask him if he has ‘seen’ us, and he always directs them the wrong way. We find him again all right, it is never difficult for him to discover which way we have gone.”

What I missed most on board was water to wash in. Occasionally I was offered water in which four or five pirates had washed first, but I always declined with thanks. A few drops of my “white tea” on a handkerchief was not quite adequate on hot days, though even this was easier than one would have expected.

On about the tenth day, two Red Cross men came on board. They were given a somewhat warm welcome. Possibly they had been sent by the ship’s company to see how we were faring as to food supplies. I was allowed to send a postcard by them, but they probably never got it ashore. The next day I was asked if it was to my king I had written.

“No, I wouldn’t send a postcard to my king. I would write a letter and put it in a fine, large envelope.” They thought that reasonable enough.

At about that time I was allowed more freedom. I had made “the little General”, their chief, understand that I needed more fresh air and exercise. “But you must give your men orders to keep to the other side of the ship while I am out walking, otherwise they will go into my cabin, and you know that won’t do.” He gave the order immediately that it was to be as I wished. After that there was no difficulty about this, and it made a difference to my comfort while on board.

As I have said, they never demanded ransom money from me, nor did they mention in my hearing, where they meant to get it from, but they often said: “Don’t you know you are worth a lot of money?”

“Yes, I know that. You’ve probably dealt with foreigners before, but they may not all have been worth as much as I am. I am a child of God, and the Kingdom of God belongs to me. Truly, I am worth much money.”

“Yes, and we want a lot for you.”

“You won’t get it. Not a single dollar will you get for me. I am God’s child, and my God has promised to set me free without price.” Isaiah 45:13 was always quoted to them when this subject was brought up: “...he...will set my exiles free, but not for a price or reward...says the Lord Almighty.”

They made deliberate efforts to make me impatient, usually by telling me they meant to hold me captive for a long time. Perhaps they hoped I would offer them ransom money.

“Don’t you ever get impatient?” they would ask me.

“Do I look impatient?”

“No, that’s just what you don’t look. Whatever we do, we can’t provoke you. Aren’t you longing to go ashore and get away from us?”

“No, I’m not, and I thank God for that. He sent me to China to preach the gospel, and now he wants me here with you to preach the gospel to you, so I’ll stay as long as it is his will. It is he who has arranged this.”

“Can you understand such peace?” I heard them say to each other. “We can see it in her face. How different the other passengers look. They get more and more impatient every day.” I knew it was true, and I thanked God that they had discerned the difference.

It was on about the ninth day that two men came on board. I was never told who they were, but from their conversation, I guessed they came from the ship's company. They were taken to headquarters, and I heard the pirates demand \$200,000 for the ship. The two men asked:

“Can the foreigner pay half?”

At this the chief grew irritable: “Now, let us arrange this quickly, for truth to tell, the foreigner is near death. She has not been able to eat anything all this time.” Profound silence.

As I did not want the men to go back with the report that I was lying at death's door, I went out on deck. The door to headquarters was standing open. The chief was sitting with his back to the door and did not see me. The other two saw me. I nodded and smiled, so they saw I was alive and all right. I do not think the others sitting further in saw me.

In the days that had passed, the Lord had wonderfully fulfilled the promise of Malachi 3:18: *And you will again see the distinction between the righteous and the wicked, between those who serve God and those who do not.* I was the only passenger who was allowed to keep any money. I was repeatedly asked how much money I had, just as the other passengers were. I told them exactly how much I had with me, and each time I added: “You can't take it away from me, I'm going to use it for my ticket when I continue my journey.” But it was not due to any words of mine that I was allowed to keep my money, I fully realize that. There was to be a difference, that was why.

“Now we have looted everything from all the others, let us rob the foreigner too,” I heard more than once from headquarters.

“Is there anything to take? Which of you want to wear a woman's clothes? She only has books and papers. What would you do with them?” was often the answer. The Chinese women's clothes had been taken from them, but there was to be a difference between one who served God and those who do not serve him.

A soft, warm woollen shawl I had was one thing several of the pirates coveted. They would pick it up and cuddle it to their faces. Sometimes they turned round quietly without a word and went off with it, but none of them got further than the door. They would come back with it, equally quietly, lay it down with a sigh and go away.

At least half of the pirates fell in love with my coat. They would hold it up against themselves to see if it fitted them. Some who thought it a good fit, would begin to slip out silently with it, but they never went beyond the door. There was to be a difference.

I had two strong little leather suitcases and one larger cheap one. Every single suitcase both large and small belonging to the other passengers had been cut up to make holsters for their pistols—they were the latest fashion among the pirates. All three of my suitcases stood there in full view. Over and over again I was asked if the larger one was real leather, “because if it is, we want it for our pistols”, but never once did they ask about the smaller cases. It was as if they did not see them, yet they were quite large enough for holsters. There was to be a difference, that was all.

After only a few days on board, the whole ship was a pestilential stinking hole, and the drinking water was almost undrinkable. I was probably the only person on board who knew how serious the situation was. Something had to be done, and I must see that it was done—that soon became clear to me. But would they listen to me? “Who makes winds his messengers”,<sup>1</sup> came to me. Yes, I thought, and he can make the pirates my servants. It came as a completely new thought and gave assurance in prayer.

I needed to speak to one of the big men, and the opportunity prayed for soon came. While standing outside my cabin door taking a breath of air, the chief and his second-in-command came by on their way to the opium den. They stopped—the chief evidently out of humor. He was always a man of few words, and his companion a courteous man of the world. When I asked where the Captain was, they answered:

“In his cabin.”

“You have locked him in?”

“Yes, we have.”

“Then I understand why the crew are not doing their work; but since you and I and all the other passengers are to live on this ship, you must see that the decks are rinsed and scoured every day; that is always done on ships of this kind.”

Their eyes wandered over the deck and then came back to me. “What you wish will be done.”

A pirate came running up and was told what “the Pastor” had said and forthwith sent with orders to the crew. After that they performed their task, and it made life a great deal pleasanter—at least for me.

They saw to the drinking water too. The man who had charge of that

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<sup>1</sup>Psalm 10:4; Hebrews 1:7



detail was found and reinstated in his job assignment. At my request the passengers were allowed to come up on deck in turns for air and exercise. The large side doors to the pestilential hold were thrown open, and the prisoners were permitted to see the ventilation of their quarters themselves. Later, when the heat grew intense, awnings were put up as soon as the pirates were brought to see it was necessary.

“It is you who have been in command on this ship, I hear,” said the captain when we met again after our release and the imprisoned passengers knelt on the deck to express their gratitude: “Thank you, thank you, we know that things were very different for us because you were here on board.” They knew about the difference.

The last five days the pirates kept up a ceaseless discussion as to how they were to take me away from the ship; they knew they would soon have to leave. There were large “geese” (I guessed they meant gunboats) outside the estuary. The last three days among them were exciting. Once on each of those days their plans for removing me from the ship were completely ready to be put into execution.

About 50 sail boats lay moored near the steamer. The pirates’ bedding and sacks of flour and rice had already been transferred to these sail boats. I saw baskets of eggs, leeks, and poultry being carried down and placed in them.

The chief’s sail boat was to move in front with a smaller boat on either side followed by my boat with guards on board and two smaller boats on either side.

It was a warm day of brilliant sunshine. We were to leave the ship at three o’clock in the afternoon. They spent hours that day discussing how they would carry me off and where they would take me. The places they mentioned were all unknown to me. Their arguments were carried on in loud tones. I was reminded of the words: “The heathen rage”. Yes, how true that is, I thought. Then I remembered another verse of the same Psalm: “He that sits in the heavens will laugh”. Suddenly I felt free to laugh with him. It was not in presumption, it was holy laughter. I had to check myself from laughing aloud, lest the pirates should hear me, and think I had lost my reason.

But I had reason for laughter. Two wonderful promises had become a living reality to me that day: “In the hiding place of your presence you will hide them from the schemes of man.” (Psalm 31:20 RV) and “Can the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered? But

this is what the Lord says, Even the captives of the mighty will be taken away, and the prey of the terrible will be delivered: for I will contend with him that contends with you.” (Isaiah 49:24-25)

I didn’t remember having read the second promise, and did not know where it was in the Bible, but I had asked God for a promise to “speak to my condition”. It was wonderful. From that hour, I dared to tell the pirates that they would never manage to carry me off with them, and I told them what my God had said.

Just before the hour at which they had decided to go, a storm arose, a mighty whirlwind, which seemed to rage only around the ship. The sail boats were dashed against the hull till they were almost crushed. Without waiting for orders, the men in the sail boats loosed their mooring-ropes and headed for shelter on the shore.

After that storm, I did not hear a sound for several hours, nor see a single person. I believe the pirates were firmly convinced that it was my God who was calling them to account. When the storm had passed, the hour for opium-smoking was too near to allow for anything more being done that day.

On the following day the same hour was fixed for our departure from the ship as they had planned the day before; but just then some spies who had been sent out returned. There was a long, loud discussion on the fore deck, out of my hearing. All I could understand was that there was something they could not agree about. Then opium time came again, and no more was done that day.

The day before our release, they were ready to leave for the third time, again at the same hour. This time I heard the order given to one of the men: “Go and tell the foreigner that she must get into the sail boat now, so that we can get away.”

I jumped down from my bunk. I will never forget the sound of his steps approaching my cabin door. “Lord, what will you do now?”

The door was roughly opened. We stood staring at each other, he at me, and I at him. I think we stood like that for five minutes. Perhaps it was not so long, but they were the longest minutes of my life.

He did not cross the threshold. Without a word, he slammed the door and went away. I heard him say: “You may do what you like to me, but I can’t tell that woman that she is to be taken captive a second time.” I stood praying that he might not lose his life for those words. Some important reports from their spies came in, much discussion followed,

and probably both he and I were forgotten for the rest of that day.

It was a strange evening. Unexpectedly and unplanned, I had a meeting with the pirates which lasted for two or three hours. It was the most remarkable meeting in my experience. Words and strength were given me. The Spirit of God was there. There was the silence which falls when the Word is being planted in their hearts. They were brought to see themselves that day.

“We are bad, only bad. We were born bad. We do evil from morning till night and from night till morning. You were born good, you don’t hate, everyone else hates us.” They all agreed that it was so. What joy to be able to tell them that I was born with the same evil heart as they, and then tell them about the one who came to save us all and give us a new heart. They would not easily forget that evening.

On the 23<sup>rd</sup> day, a Sunday, at three o’clock in the afternoon, we heard the sound of guns. “That means we are found,” I said aloud on my wooden bunk. Ever since the early hours of the morning, the pirates had been busy hauling heavy, rusty iron plates up on deck and fixing them along the railings. Clearly the ship was being prepared for defense.

After we heard the guns, there was a great deal of running about and soon most of the pirates left the ship. The captain was ordered out of his cabin, I was told later, and a race up-river began, our ship ahead and the gunboat following.

Before long the pirates saw that the gunboat was gaining on us. From the moment the guns first sounded, I had heard them say over and over again outside my door: “We must take the foreigner with us....As things stand now, we can’t go away without the foreign face with us....They won’t dare shoot when they see we have the foreigner with us.”

The last voice I heard said: “Under these circumstances it is no use taking the foreigner. She has eaten nothing for 23 days, and she can’t walk, much less run as we must now.” Was that voice not that of the man who had brought me back my watch? Then the pirates left the ship.

Quick as a thought, I was on deck. The captain turned the ship and we steamed downstream towards the gunboat. Some of the pirates were already a long way across the sand-bank. They were running for their lives, and their pathway was strewn with the garments they threw away as they ran.

The last of them, who were still in the sail boats, were all facing landwards, not once did they look back at the ship. And then they too ran for all they were worth, though they were not followed by anything but a few warning shots.

I sighed to think that my work among them was finished. I had become perfectly willing to be carried off by them, if only I might see some of them saved; but I did not believe that I would be carried off, as I had my Bible and its promises to rely on.

There was not time to stand long in thought. The passengers! I must go down and see them. They were all sitting like images in stone with bowed heads looking down, only looking down. I stood on the ladder leading down to the hold: “Come up, come up, all the pirates have gone!” No one moved, no one even looked up. I repeated my words. Still they sat silent and immovable. “I am the foreigner, come up, come up.” That roused them, and soon they were all over the deck, gazing with their own eyes at the pirates running across the sandy flats. Then I saw a sight which I only saw that one time in China. They began to laugh and cry for joy and to embrace one another. They were quite wild with delight, and had to find some expression for all their pent-up emotions. Evidently they themselves thought their behavior strange.

“We have been sitting with a sword in our hearts for 23 days,” they said apologetically.

\* \* \*

The pirates took 20 of the passengers with them, most of them women among them; but they came back the same evening before it was quite dark. The 12 women had come to my cabin every day, at the hour when the pirates smoked their opium and slept off its effects. The arrangement had been made through the tea-boy. It was the best hour in the day to me. None of them had heard the gospel before, and they were in trouble, so their hearts were open.

When these women came back that evening, they came running to me saying eagerly: “We prayed that the foreigner’s God would deliver us, and he has delivered us.” They were radiant. We had a lovely time of praise in my cabin after that.

About 15-20 days earlier, when the pirate returned my watch to me, I followed an impulse of the moment and told him he must be responsible for the few women on the ship and see that no harm were done to them. Now, close to the end of our 23-day captivity, some of the

men told me that one of the pirates had arranged for the women to be put in a room by themselves, and had told his companions that they were under his protection: "Only across my dead body do you enter here," he told them. I believe it was the same pirate.

When we were alongside the gunboat, a couple of the officers came across to our ship, congratulating themselves over having found us at last. We were told that it would take about four days to complete their enquiries into the whole affair. After that we could disembark at the port of our original destination.

\* \* \*

Next morning I went across to the gunboat to send a telegram to our Norwegian authorities in China. They made all sorts of difficulties about this, though they were very kind to me otherwise.

"I wouldn't care to be in your shoes when our consul hears that I asked you to send this wire and you refused to do so. The wire was sent.

They served tea and cakes and pressed me urgently to move over to the gunboat. They showed me the best cabin, which, they said, was prepared and ready for me. It was obviously a disappointment to them that I did not accept. It would have been a proud moment when they entered harbor with a live proof of well-executed service on board.

The gunboat was thoroughly modern throughout and very clean, but the officers I saw all seemed to be confirmed opium-smokers though they were young.

They said they had been looking for us for weeks. Every bay in the Gulf of Chihli had been searched several times, and finally they had reached the conclusion that we could only be hiding in the delta of the Yellow River, though ships did not usually go there. They had captured the crews of the five sail boats, shut them up in separate cells and examined them, and in this way they had found out our position. These men had been forced to point out the best pilot among them who could take the gunboat into the Taoerho. They would all be set free when this man had performed his task, not before.

I simply had to go back and have the next few days with my fellow passengers. They were wonderful days. Their hearts were so open. They literally fought for the tracts and Bible portions I had. "It feels as if we had our mother on the ship with us," I heard more than once those days, but the best thing I heard was this: "Your God has helped you through

this, we have seen that, but none of our gods have helped us." Thank God, they were in no doubt at all as to the difference.

At last, after 27 days we landed at our destination. But there was fighting going on in that part of the province and we could hear the roar of cannon across the water. The harbor-master came on board. He was a Christian. He told me it was impossible to land there and promised to enquire what could be done. A few hours later he came back.

"You have been long enough on this ship, but in a couple of hours a boat will be leaving for Dairen in Manchuria. We have reserved a first-class cabin for you on that boat. Here is your ticket. It is paid for, and I am glad it is my privilege to show you that there are people in this province who are different from those you have been with. May God bless and keep you."

Though I was an unexpected guest at the Danish missionaries' home in Dairen, I was made very welcome. We had only exchanged a few words, when Emil Jensen and his wife said: "Now we really must praise the Lord for his mercy," and we did, from full hearts. It was lovely to have a bath, a meal, a bed and loving care, but best all was the communion of the saints.

The only special temptation that had tried me during my captivity was the temptation to be anxious as to how my parents would stand the strain. They were both over eighty years old, and my mother was delicate. Your old mother will fall down dead when she hears this," the well known voice I had learned to recognize as belonging to the enemy kept telling me insistently. "Don't be anxious about anything," was continually, quietly and steadily brought to mind. "I will obey your word, Lord, and not be anxious about them." And the Lord took care of them, of course.

One day the newspaper at home in Bergen said that a young missionary, a Miss Monsen, had been captured by pirates in China. My youngest sister, who saw it first, hurried home to tell my parents before they read the paper. When she told them about the young missionary, my mother said: "That is hard for a young missionary, it would have been better if it had been our Marie; she has been so long in China and knows the people." When mother was told that it was her daughter who had been captured, she said: "It is a good thing it isn't a young missionary." She did not fall down dead, she lived for twelve years after that.

A whole week before my release, a cable telling of my being free reached Norway and several other countries. This came about in the following way. The Norwegian, American, and British consuls had kept the governor of Shantung reminded of his responsibility for my release. The governor wearied of their insistence, and decided that the simplest way to be left in peace was to send out a radio message saying that I was free.

Praise meetings for my deliverance were held at home in Norway and in other countries too, while I was still being held captive and had the most difficult days of all ahead of me. Those praise meetings had a wonderful power to bless me, the prisoner over in China. I was filled with an inexplicable and quite overwhelming joy those days. My heart sang within me. I couldn't do anything but thank and praise God all day long, though those were the most trying days—just when the pirates were laying their plans for carrying me off.

I had to share this joy with someone, so I took out pen and paper and half hidden behind a coat I had hung up, a whole pile of praise letters were written. The Second Mate's old straw hat, hanging on a wooden peg was my temporary letter-box.

Long afterwards, a Swedish missionary told me that two people in Sweden, who didn't know me personally, were awakened in the middle of the night, greatly burdened about me and had prayed for me just at the time when I was taken captive, before anyone had any idea of my circumstances.

The letter quoted below was written on the seventh day to friends in Denmark, who kept it faithfully and lent it to me when they heard I was writing this account now.

“Safe in the arms of Jesus”  
Where are we? 26 April 1929

Dearly beloved in the Lord,

In Tientsin twenty (?) bandits came on board. They have now held the ship for six days. They say they are going today, but they do not appear to be in any hurry about it. I have seen much devilry these days. All the other passengers were thrown out of their cabins, I have been allowed to keep mine. I have been alone with them up here on deck.

I have been delivered from all fear. God keeps his promises. The God of the promises is a living God and he has hidden me in the secret place of his presence from all their strife of tongues.

The question of my being carried away has been under discussion, but “The blood of the Lamb is sprinkled on my door-posts,” and the destroyer must bypass *me*. The poor passengers, two hundred of them, are the prisoners of the pirates. I am the Lord's prisoner. How different my circumstances are from theirs!

Confusion and violence reigned for five days and nights. Last night they were probably tired themselves and went to sleep, so I had a lovely night, slept like a log.

I am lying behind a rug writing this. It is hardest for those who were expecting me and for the C.I.M. friends in Tientsin, because they know by now that I have disappeared, but the Lord will see them through their anxiety just as he is seeing me through mine.

I am walking along higher paths now, and I thank God for this experience. It will work together for my good/benefit and for the good and benefit of many. Jesus is the conqueror and he is with me every day. The victory that overcomes the world is our faith.

With loving greetings to you all, from the prisoner of Jesus Christ,  
Marie.

\* \* \*

“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.”

— Psalm 46:1

**Editor's Note:** Marie has written two books:

About 1950 she wrote a 103-page book named *A Present Help*. It was published by Inland China Mission. This book is now out-of-print. It may be found in a few libraries, especially in Christian schools/colleges. This missionary organization has been taken over by another organization, who re-published this book in 1963 under the title: *The Wall of Fire*. This book is also out-of-print. I did a thorough search for it on the internet, but was unable to find any copies.

In 1959, Marie Monsen wrote another book named: *The Awakening*, sub-title: *Revival in China 1927-1937*, published by Strategic Press in Elkhart, Indiana.

The book does not list a publication date.

The message in the first part of this booklet, the 23-day captivity by pirates, was copied from Miss Monsen's first book: *A Present Help*. Because I was unable to find a publisher, I copied that story without getting permission. If any reader knows who holds the copyright of this book, please inform me at: [Mr.James7@att.net](mailto:Mr.James7@att.net)

The next story, *I Will Not Destroy It for the Ten's Sake* was also copied from Marie Monsen's first book.

Following that story, is a story about a group who prayed for revival and got almost immediate results. This story came from Marie Monsen's *Awakening* book. I received electronic permission to copy that story from Strategic Press. Permission reproduced here:

Dear Mr. James Meletiou,

Thank you for asking for permission to republish the pages from Marie Monsen's book. I am pleased to say this is no problem whatsoever. I hope you and your prayer partners are very blessed by Miss Monsen's inspiring words!

Blessings,

Sarah Webber

Strategic Press

[sarah@leadersource.org](mailto:sarah@leadersource.org)

### **I Will Not Destroy it for the Ten's Sake**

Missionary Marie Monsen was working in a part of China where many bandits were roaming the countryside and robbing many people. There was wide-spread fear among the Chinese people. However, Marie Monsen was of strong faith and trust in her God—that he would take care of her, and she refused to allow any fear to arise in her. Many times she faced bandits, but because she kept her faith in God, she was always delivered. Below is only one of many stories of such a deliverance.

### **Quoting Marie Monsen Directly:**

As usual, it came suddenly. Some notorious bandits were on their way towards the city, and the people were fleeing in hot haste. Even people from the suburb where I was leading a study course for Bible-women were fleeing. The confusion was indescribable. Many even ran away from their old folks, leaving them to “keep the gate”. The Bible-women had gathered from two provinces, and only a few of them knew the district. They were told immediately that they were free to leave.

I myself felt perfectly assured that I was to stay where I was, none of them were to remain because of me. We had a time of prayer together, and at the close, those who wished to flee were advised to go immediately, but they all chose to stay where they were. Next we decided to spend some time praying alone, and without speaking to others, to ask God to give each of us a word from the Bible to rest on.

When we met again later, they were asked one by one what word had been given. After the first two had answered, they all brightened up noticeably. I began to guess what was coming: they had all been given the same word. I might have doubted that it was really so, except for the overwhelming realization that that was the same word that I had been given; the very same promise: “I will not destroy the city for the sake of ten righteous people”. (Genesis 18:32)

“And we are more than ten here,” the women said joyfully.

The text was not one we had read together in our Bible course either. We enjoyed praising the Lord together. All of my anxiety for the women I was responsible for, just blew away—so to speak.

We lay down in our clothes that night. At first there was some shooting and some heavy bombing; then everything became quiet. Early in the morning we were told that the bandits had left everything and fled from the city. It was said that they heard a large army was coming to relieve the city, and was not far away. We were a very happy group of women that day. We had personally experienced the presence of God, for one of his own promises had been literally fulfilled before our eyes. No relieving army ever arrived.

## How Some Missionaries Brought about Real Revival Through Intercessory Prayer

The date was about 1930; the scribe was Marie Monsen, missionary from Norway to China—a person not well known in the “Western” world, but highly honored among true believers in China.

The setting was a Christian school led by missionaries from the Western world, where things were not going so well; the students were rebelling against the teaching of God’s word. Miss Monsen challenged the principal: “Is there prayer for them in your mission?”

Miss Monsen attended one of their prayer meetings, but only two elderly women and the principal were there. Miss Monsen wrote: “It was an unspeakably dry prayer meeting.” She had to speak boldly to the principal: “An indispensable condition of revival is vital, continual, instant prayer. Without that, it is impossible to see a spiritual quickening.”

Now, quoting directly from Marie Monsen’s book:

On the way home from the prayer meeting, suddenly and clearly I heard the words: “You have intercessors.” [My] Swedish friends, was my immediate thought. The matter was put before them, and those of them who were not obligated to other work willingly undertook this ministry of intercession.....a place...was...arranged...and they met to pray during the day....as long as time allowed, and always while the meetings were being held....in the evening.

It was not easy to get through the first evening. It was like a little laughing-stock of a David going out to meet Goliath. The students were proud and condescending and had been ordered to go to the chapel and “listen to a woman.” They said afterwards, that they could not remember having seen a woman in the pulpit before. They were openly supercilious and were amused at the show they had to attend.

At the close of the meeting, they stormed out, shouting and laughing, and even went so far as to bandy about between them the texts which had been quoted in the meeting. Their voices were so loud, that the speaker, who had remained standing in the chapel alone, could not avoid hearing what they said. Truly, truly, they were a “wild set.”

The intercessors had asked for the names of the students as soon as possible. And then we went to the prayer room; first to give a report of the meeting, and then to supply the intercessors with the first name they

could mention in their petitions. The first name was “the Scornor.” Never before had I experienced such a prayer meeting. Here are some of the prayers that went up to God for “the Scornor,” who was obviously the ringleader.

“Lord, you have said in your word, that you can turn the heart of a king like water courses; we commit this heart to you tonight—to be turned by you. You are able to do it, and we praise you. We confidently expect something to happen to him these days.”

“Lord, if you can not turn his heart by any other means, hold him over the mouth of the abyss, till he sees it yawning beneath him.”

That prayer looks cold in print, but the spirit of the prayer was beautiful, it was uttered from the depths of a soul agonizing for the salvation of “the Scornor.”

“The Doubter” was specially prayed for too. His was the only serious face among the twenty students. “May Jesus become all to ‘the Doubter,’ let the name of Jesus be the dearest name he knows. May Jesus be his message to his people.”

The principal and the other members of the lecturing staff were all mentioned in prayer. Great transactions were carried out behind the closed door of that prayer room. Although we did not speak of it to one another, we had a strong sense of the Holy Spirit’s work going on among the students and great confidence that something would happen.

Before the meeting began the next evening, the principal came and told me that one of the students would not be present as he was ill. Should they send for a doctor? “If his temperature and pulse are normal, it isn’t necessary, is it?” No more was said about him.

With amazement, joy and thanksgiving, I noted that almost the whole group was listening, though perhaps unwillingly. Somehow, “the Scornor” seemed to be slipping out of his leadership role and appeared to be making a strenuous effort to keep it. After the meeting, there was nothing of the abnormal noisiness of the previous evening.

Another name was added to those specially prayed for after that evening, “the sick student.” “May his sickness be so heavy upon him that he may learn how much he needs Jesus, give him new life, eternal life. Remind him of all his sins right from his childhood, range them before him like wares on a counter. Bring him to the place where he will want to get right with you in a very definite way. Make him willing to put things right with other people too, if you see it is necessary, Lord. Plunge your two-edged sword into his heart and twist it round so that he

feels the pain of it.” Such were some of the prayers prayed for the sick student that evening.

The next evening, no scornful smiles were to be seen. The sick student had been in bed all day, but....he was at the meeting.

After the message, one of the students rose and asked to be allowed to speak. He stood up in front of his fellow-students. “You call me ‘the Scorpion’ and not without cause, the name suits me. I have been sick these days of a strange disease. God summoned me to His judgment seat. You know all about me, but I must say it myself now, I must make a clean breast of it all.”

Thank God, he did. He addressed each of the students by name and confessed how he had wronged them each in turn. They were not little insignificant things. There were stolen books, money, a bicycle, etc. He promised to make restitution. But this was the least of his burden. “The Scorpion’s” sting had been poisonous, now he exposed himself mercilessly. Only the Spirit of God could have brought him to make such a confession. When he had finished speaking, his face was deathly pale, and he looked as though he had not even strength to regain his seat.

As if at a word of command, though no sound was heard, all of the others arose and went silently forward. They stood in a ring round him. The faces of the members of the staff betrayed their amazement at what they saw and heard. After the meeting that evening, “the Scorpion” was saved and on his knees he worshiped God, who “justifies the ungodly.” Many of the students gripped the speaker’s hand warmly as they left the meeting. They went away so quietly that not a footstep was heard on the stairs as they went up. The evening closed with songs of praise in the prayer room.

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Next Marie Monsen wrote about how the next morning a teacher who had been away the previous night and knew nothing about what had happened, went to give his first lecture. When he entered the vestibule, he looked around him to make sure that he had come to the right place; he felt such a change in the atmosphere that he thought it could not be the same place. Then Monsen continued:

On the following evening all hearts were open and receptive. They had all heard the newly-saved student’s testimony in the course of the day, and what he said at the close of the meeting that evening made a deep impression on all who were present.

“I was blind and have received my sight. I have found a Saviour from all my sin. Jesus has begun; Jesus will perfect. A conscience that

was burdened with guilt has been cleansed, my sins have been blotted out.” His last words were: “None of you must run away from a meeting without Jesus now. To think that we were given this opportunity!”

The following days were busy ones, including for those who had been in the prayer room. Sick souls needed help. The first to come was the “the Doubter,” who said, “It is impossible for me to believe that Jesus was more than the best man who ever lived.”

“But you believe that God is God, then?”

“Yes, I have never doubted that.”

“And you believe all He has said, as it is recorded in the Bible?”

“Yes, of course, I have no difficulties there.”

A Bible was handed to him. He read the mighty words in Luke 3:21+22 and Matthew 17:5 himself. “You are my beloved Son; in you I am well pleased,” and “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, listen to him.” He sat dumb and restless for a long time. Suddenly the miracle happened. The Spirit made the Word alive to him, it was visible in his face. He sat with his eyes closed for a long time.

Someone knocked at the door. “Don’t let anyone come in and disturb me,” he said, “I’m sitting here in the presence of my heavenly Father.” He was allowed to sit in silence as long as he needed. It was a peaceful man who left the room. They said of him later that “Hear ye Him” was his message to his people.

The next to come was “the Scorer.” “These have been terrible days. What a merciful God we have, He spares Himself no labour in order to apprehend the lives He has ransomed. He held me over the very mouth of the hell. I saw people I knew there. There is agony there. He wants to save me from that.”

It was a painful crisis for such a proud heart, but he was sincere, and he experienced personally that the blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanses from all sin and ungodliness.

I met him again a few years later. He said then that after his experiences of salvation, he had visited all the churches in which he had preached as a student and asked to be forgiven. “It was an ungodly man who preached to you then,” he said, and in telling of it he concluded: “Many have been saved in those places since.”

They came one by one, that “wild set,” though with three of them it did not seem to go deep enough. The Spirit of God worked mightily too, among the members of the staff, but apparently it cost too much to have to go the same way as “the wild set.”

Later I heard encouraging reports of the work these new “fishers of men” were doing.

The brave, willing, believing intercessors who kept on praying, were the channel the Lord of the harvest used, to let His Spirit, who came “to convince the world of sin,” reach...this “wild set” with their utterly closed hearts. What happened among those students would not have happened...[had it not been for the travail] of the intercessors. That is how our Lord wants us, his fellow-workers to serve him.

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Read about a missionary to China who was fearless in the face of bandits, robbers, and killers. Through she was threatened many times, and even shot at, she overcame all of her adversaries simply by her faith in God.