

How it Began: in Broadwas, Worcs.

Copied from the British Evangelist, February, 1918

An eminent medical man and Christian, who had retired from practice, and was looking to the Lord for guidance, was directed to a small village in Worcestershire. In this village lived a lady who had been saved, and was, in her feeble way, seeking to be a blessing to her neighbours, who were "sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death". So she gathered them into her nice home, and told out the simple gospel story. They began to be very interested. This doctor had been a witness and a soul-winner at Hastings and it seemed as if the Lord said to him, "As thou hast testified of Me at Hastings so thou must bear witness of Me at Broadwas." A good man's steps are ordered by the Lord.

The ground had been prepared at Broadwas through the faithful testimony of Miss Stewart, but there were many precious souls to be won there and in the villages around. So his dear servant, with a devoted wife and daughters, was sent to carry on the work on a larger scale. Dr. Penall had an iron room erected in the village in 1889 and there the meetings were carried on; Sunday after Sunday the hall was pretty well filled.

My husband, Mr. James Scroggie, father J. Graham Scroggie, who had been taking Sunday Services, was asked to conduct a fortnight's mission. The time arranged for the mission was what we would call an unfavourable time, as it was winter with snow on the ground; but God's time is always right, and nothing can stand in the way of His blessing when His time is come.

The meetings commenced on a Thursday, and although the people were coming out, and some of them walking four or five miles through the

snow, yet there was nothing very special until the following Monday, when the hall was as full as it had been on the Sunday night. The Lord had been testing His children, and sending them to their knees in earnest prayer.

On the Monday night the Spirit of God began to work and at the end of the fortnight about fifty souls were rejoicing in Christ. A great many of them were young men and young women, who are now scattered over the world telling out the good news of God's salvation. A farmer, living a few miles away, who had given up going to any place of worship, hearing the wonderful things going on at Broadwas suggested to his daughter, who lived with him, that they might drive over one night and see for themselves. This was done. That evening my husband was speaking from the words, "Wilt thou go with this man?", the daughter rose and said, in a clear voice and with such determination, "I am going" and going she has been ever since. She married an out-and-out Christian and all her family are saved.

On a Saturday evening, as one of the Christians was returning from his work along a lonely country road, he saw a light in a house which had been standing empty for a long time, and, being anxious to know what it meant, went to it and found seventeen young men, all newly converted, met to pray for blessing the coming day. That was the secret of blessing. Another case was the village blacksmith, a young man who was very much opposed to the meetings, but could not keep away. He told me that one night he was so angry that if he could have got hold of a brick he would have hurled it at the preacher's head; but he was clearly saved, and is to this day preaching the

gospel in Broadwas and the villages around.

During the fortnight Miss Penall drove to the villages, visiting and inviting people to the meetings. One day she drove to a village five miles distant, and told a woman there about the meeting the night before. The subject was "The Passover." After going over a few points, she left her to visit others. Two or three nights later she saw this woman in the meeting. She had walked five miles. On leaving, Miss Penall asked her how she had liked the meeting "Very much", she replied, "but I was saved before I came . . . the day you called and told me about the Passover". So mightily had the Spirit been working that one had just to tell the simple gospel and people were saved on the spot. Oh! that we might see this now.

Another case was a governess who was very deaf. She came to the meeting . . . a long way, and my husband thought he would like to visit her, so Miss Penall drove him to where she lived. He was wondering how he could make her hear, but before he had time almost to speak, she said, "I was saved that evening I came to the meeting" and she was full of blessing. She had heard the gospel that one night, believed, and was rejoicing. It was a wonderful time of the Holy Spirit's power.

But I want to mention particularly the work God did in another village. Two of the Christians had gone to reside in this village from Broadwas and Miss Penall often went to see them. One time they said to her, "Oh! Miss, we do wish you could come to this village and have meetings. We could get a kitchen for you; we get nothing for our souls here". Miss Penall consented, and had a meeting every Wednesday for six weeks, when we were invited by the doctor to visit them again. We arrived on the Tuesday, and as we sat together talking of the

work, Dr. Penall said, "I want to go to a new village, where my daughter has had six meetings, and it would be a good thing if you could go and visit the village in the morning and invite the people". So Miss Penall drove us over the next day, and it was delightful to see the interest among the people, and some we found had been saved during Miss Penall's visits. In the afternoon we had the meeting in the large kitchen, and it was full. My husband took for his subject, Reasons why people were not saved. The Lord gave the word with power, and during the meeting one bright young woman broke down in deep distress about her soul, and was obliged to go into another room. Others were thoroughly awakened from their sleep of death, and at the end of that meeting several were clearly saved, and are witnessing for Christ to this day. Then the doctor offered to erect a wooden tent if we would promise to go for two months, which we were very delighted to agree to. The tent was filled night after night, and souls saved, many coming long distances. The cases of conversion were so real, that people could not fail to see the change in those professing; it was a repetition of Acts. 4:14 . . . "And beholding the man that was healed standing among them, they could say nothing against it".

And the work continues to this day. Praise the Lord!

BOOK REVIEW

TIBETAN TALES by Geoffrey T. Bull; published Pickering and Inglis; price £1.50

This paperback account of the author's early pioneering in Tibet is really an introductory volume to "When Iron Gates Yield". Those familiar with that book will know that Geoffrey Bull writes with insight and interest. He describes the breathtaking beauty of the mountains and valleys in graphic terms and the habits of the people with the humour and ease of an accomplished observer. And of course another look at missionaries at work is equally fascinating and equally realistic. T.W.