

A DELIVERANCE
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I desire to relate a little incident in my personal experience, prefacing it with the statement that I am not seeking to establish a precedent for the guidance of any who may be similarly situated, but that my sole aim is to glorify Jesus, who delivers all who call upon Him in simple faith. One evening, about four years ago, I was taking dinner at a Hotel a couple of blocks from the house where I roomed, when a large, sharp meat bone (I was eating meat-pie) lodged in my throat. I left the dining room, and made every effort of which I was capable to dislodge it. When I found that it was too far down to be brought up, I endeavored to push it downward, but I was absolutely unable to move it in any direction.

Of course I lifted my heart to God the moment I found myself in this awful predicament, and confidently expected Him to deliver me each moment, nevertheless the bone remained firmly wedged in my esophagus. I knew Jesus as my Physician, from His faithful Word, and by most satisfying personal experience, and was now to prove His almighty power as a Surgeon. While I was contemplating a speedy adjournment to the Surgery of the best Nose and Throat Specialist in the City (he lived but a few blocks away) and an operation with the accompaniment of artificial light thrown into the throat, antiseptics, instruments, anesthetics, and all the paraphernalia of Modern Surgery (and with all these I was none too confident of the result, as foreign bodies, especially sharp bones, lodged in the throat are "kittle cattle" to deal with, and a friend of mine, a Gold Medalist from one of the best Medical Schools in Canada had lost his life from an operation for the removal of a foreign body from the throat not long before this) a gentle voice, oh so calm and sweet and unconcerned, whispered to me with perfect distinctness, "Go home."

The adversary also spoke, and said, "It will be suicide, and nothing else, if you fail to have this bone removed at once. You know that there is the greatest danger of swelling that will cause such pressure upon the windpipe that you will suffocate. And when you are choking to death, your conscience will be tortured by the thought that you have killed yourself through your fanaticism; lost glorious opportunities for service, and brought dishonor upon the Name of Christ. You know also that every second is precious, that it may be possible to remove the bone now, and absolutely impossible twenty minutes hence, if the throat becomes terribly swollen."

The Gentle Voice whispered sweetly again, "Go home; Go home; Go home." I shall not soon forget that walk home through the starlight, with that cruel bone sticking fast in my throat, and the peace of God flooding my spirit, soul and body. Arriving at home I went straight up to my room, not even pausing to tell the Brother and Sister in Christ with whom I

roomed, of my condition. I knew God had given me a "tryst" in my room, and expected Him to relieve me as soon as I reached there. This however, He did not do, having provided "some better thing." When my adopted daughter came up, she saw me, as she believed, on the brink of dissolution, and called the Brother and Sister aforesaid. They at once called to God with me, and in answer to their prayers a most wonderful thing happened. It seemed as though the bone became enveloped in something of velvet softness, which relieved me of suffering almost entirely, as the sharp edges were no longer cutting into the soft tissues of my throat. Still the bone was there, unmistakably there. It felt as large as a human fist.

All that night it was there, and I slept only about ten minutes, but the swelling did not increase, and greater miracle still, I was kept serene and placid. I am of a nervous temperament and but for the keeping power of God would have been frantic with excitement under such truly distracting circumstances. Only a person who has had a similar experience can form any idea of how trying it was, and yet was not, for in some way that I cannot explain, Jesus seemed to hold me away from it all, and hush me to tranquility upon His breast. Of course I could not eat, as my throat capacity was all taken up with the intruder. The Lord told me to go to work, and I went to my office, and performed the usual duties of the day, without a hint to anyone of my condition. It was after my return to my own room, about twenty-four hours after the accident, while quite alone with God, that perfect deliverance came. The bone loosened, oh, so gently, and glided, almost imperceptibly, down my throat into my stomach, and that was the last of it.

I have always been convinced (of course I do not ask any one to share my views) that I should have lost my life if I had disobeyed the Gentle Voice that told me to go home, away from human skill and the resources of Surgical Science, to the Secret Place of the Most High. This I know, He has never failed and never will fail the heart that trusts Him.