

with his fellow missionary and thenceforth the Spirit could use the yielded, cleansed life.

Those were days of unprecedented spiritual awakening. As a result, he was deluged with invitations from all parts of China and found himself drawn into a new and far-reaching type of ministry. Rosalind and the five children sailed for Canada and he, a lonely man, separated from his family 'till his next furlough time, plunged into the greatest work of his life.

One day at the close of his message, he said to the people, "You may pray." Immediately an elder of the church, with tears streaming down his cheeks, stood before the congregation and confessed the sins of theft, adultery, and attempted murder. "I have disgraced the holy office," he cried. "I herewith resign my eldership." Other elders, then the deacons, arose one by one, confessed their sins and resigned. Then the native pastor stood up, made his confession and concluded, "I am not fit to be your pastor any longer. I, too, must resign." As the Christians confessed their sins and got right with God, large numbers of unbelievers came under deep conviction and were saved. Some of the missionaries were entirely out of sympathy with these revivals. One man said, "Don't expect any such praying and confessing of sins here as took place in Mukden and Liaoyang. We're hard-headed Presbyterians from the North of Ireland and the people take after us. Anyhow, we have respectable people here, not terrible sinners. Be prepared for a quiet Quakers' meeting at this place." But several days later, the Pastor and many others sobbed out their confession, the whole congregation did the unheard of thing of getting down on their knees in prayer, and there was a mighty turning to God in that place.

Many times there was so much praying and confessing, little or no time was left for the message; even so, the meetings often lasted for three, four, or even six hours. At Kwangchow, God's Spirit worked mightily; the church was cleansed and edified, one hundred fifty-four converts were baptized during the eight days' meeting, and the number of Christians in this city increased in four years from 2,000 to 8,000. At Shangtehfu, there was an intense desire on the part of missionaries and Chinese Christians alike for a blessing from Heaven. Long before daylight, the pleadings of earnest hearts arose to the throne of grace. One missionary sobbed out his prayer, "Lord, I have come to the place where I would rather pray than eat." In this place, five hundred people openly acknowledged Christ as Savior. In a mission school where at first there was much antagonism, scores of boys were brought under the conviction of the Spirit, confessed their sins, accepted Christ, and brought a huge pile of pipes, cigarettes, and tobacco to be destroyed. They also brought stolen knives and other things to be returned to their rightful owners.

Dr. Walter Philips, who at first was prejudiced against the revival movement, wrote of the meetings at Chinchow, "Now I understood why the floor was so wet – it was wet with pools of tears. Above the sobbing of hundreds of kneeling penitents, an agonized voice was making public confession. Others followed. The sight of men forced to their feet and impelled to lay bare their hearts brought the smarting tears to one's own eyes. And then again would swell the wonderful deep organ tone of united prayers, while men and women, lost to their surroundings, wrestled for peace."

Dr. P. C. Leslie said, "It was touching to see the distress of these pillars of the church, weeping in the presence of men because they had been humbled in the presence of God." Like the disciples at Pentecost, they were filled with the divine fullness and anointed

with the Spirit's power.

*Weeping in the presence of men!  
Humbled in the presence of God!  
Filled with the divine fullness!  
Anointed with the Spirit's power!*

One of the songs Jonathan loved was this:

*Lord, Crucified, give me a heart like Thine;  
Teach me to love the dying souls around,  
Oh, keep my heart in closest touch with Thee;  
And give me love pure Calvary love,  
To bring the lost to Thee.*

Those who, like Paul, have as their one sublime obsession the bringing of lost souls to Christ, are sure to endure many trials. It was so of Goforth. His trials included severe attacks of various diseases, intense suffering from chronic carbuncles, beatings at the hands of Chinese mobs, long periods of separation from his family, and the burial of five of his children in China. Another sore trial arose in connection with his furlough visits to the home land, as he came to realize the appalling inroads of modernism and worldliness among the churches and the consequent apathy, even hostility, to his pleadings for missionary advance and a deeper work of the Spirit of God.

Speaking at the ministerial association of a certain city, he told of the Spirit's quickening, purifying, and energizing work in China. He made it clear that he was no special favorite of the Almighty, that the same God was ready to pour out His Spirit in blessed revivals in Canada, and that it was the business of every minister to look to the Holy Spirit for revival in his own heart and among his people. He went on to point out that John Wesley and his colleagues were just ordinary men until their hearts were touched by the divine fire. At that point, a noted Methodist minister interrupted him. "What, sir!" he exclaimed, "Do you mean to tell me that we don't preach better now than John Wesley ever did?" "Are you getting John Wesley's results?" Goforth asked.

The furlough of 1924 was spent chiefly in extended tours through the United States where he was enthusiastically received. His last years on the field were years of great harvest. As he traveled extensively in China and Manchuria, thousands were born into the kingdom and other thousands experienced the peace and power of the Spirit. On a single day, he baptized 960 soldiers. A number of thriving churches were established. All of this was accomplished in spite of many hardships and much pain. During the 1930-1931 furlough, he lost the use of one eye and underwent many painful but fruitless operations in an attempt to restore his sight. During this time of illness, he dictated the stirring stories found in *Miracle Lives of China*. All his teeth had to be extracted and he contracted a severe infection in his jaw. It was at this time, while pacing the floor and holding his jaw with his hands, that he dictated the material for his famous book, *By My Spirit*. In China, he contracted a severe case of pneumonia while preaching to a packed audience of sneezing, coughing people in an unheated room in the dead of winter. In 1933, he lost the sight of the other eye. Even during winter blizzards, he continued traveling and preaching. At Taonan, he was led twice or three times daily through the deep snow and the storm to his appointments. A year later, the Goforths

returned to Canada because of a breakdown in Rosalind's health. Despite his blindness, he traveled widely in Canada and the United States. Everywhere he went, his soul was aglow with one message, "the fullness of the Christ-life through the Holy Spirit's indwelling." Physical sight was gone, but his life was as a "shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

That blessed day dawned for him in the early morning of October 8, 1936, as he slept. Just a few weeks before at the Ben Lippen conference in North Carolina, the sightless veteran missionary said that he rejoiced in the thought that the next face he would see would be that of his Savior. He had entered into the bliss he had long anticipated: "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness" (Psalm 17:15). That was, indeed, his "coronation day," as Dr. Armstrong said at the funeral service in Knox Church, Toronto, and in the words of Dr. Inkster, "Goforth was baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. He was filled with the Spirit because he was emptied of self."

*The bliss he had long anticipated!  
The Saviour's face! The Saviour's likeness!  
Filled with the Spirit!  
Emptied of self!  
His Coronation Day!*

Jonathan Goforth's epitaph, written by the fingers of angels in letters of flaming lights, stands as summons from heaven to all who read:

"Not by might, nor by power, but my Spirit, saith the LORD."

**BIRTHDAYS & SPECIAL EVENTS IN:**

**September**

- September 2<sup>nd</sup> – Labor Day
- September 4<sup>th</sup> – 9<sup>th</sup> – Ukraine trip
- September 5<sup>th</sup> Andrew Kirby
- September 11<sup>th</sup> – Patriot Day
- September 12<sup>th</sup> – 21<sup>st</sup> – Pastor in Belgium
- September 22<sup>nd</sup> – First Day of Fall
- September 23<sup>rd</sup> – Christian Kirby
- September 27<sup>th</sup> – Frankie Graves
- September 29<sup>th</sup> – Bryan Marcoux
- September 30<sup>th</sup> – Kirby Anniversary (Pastor/Sister Beth)

# NCOKids

## Monthly News



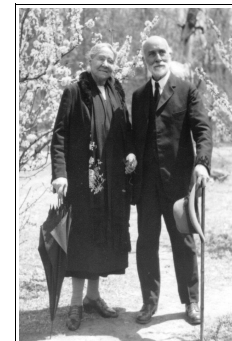
September 2013



# Jonathan Goforth

It was as true of Goforth as of Robert M. M'Cheyne that all who knew him "felt the breathing of the hidden life of God." His zeal for souls caused him to be away from home much of the time in widespread evangelistic itineration. He often spent the night in places that were disagreeable for lack of heat and for other reasons. For instance: "One end of the small room I occupied was for the pigs and the donkeys. Besides, we had to contend against other living things not so big as donkeys, but a thousand times more troublesome." There were many escapes from wild mobs. One day, he and a colleague came suddenly into a crowd of thousands attending a sort of fair. Though both foreigners wore Chinese dress, their identity was soon recognized and in a few moments the crowd rushed upon them, hooting, yelling, throwing sticks, stones, and clods of earth. Just when death seemed imminent, a sudden gust of wind blew a tent over and scattered the articles offered for sale. As the Chinese scrambled for these, the missionaries escaped.

A common method of transportation was to ride in a hired wheelbarrow. Goforth soon found out, however, that if he rode, his Chinese helpers also insisted on riding although they had never before been accustomed or able to do so. To defeat this pride, he bought a barrow for four dollars and hired a man to wheel it for about fifteen cents a day. He wrote,



"I shall not allow myself a ride on this barrow nor shall I allow a Chinese the luxury. I am determined to walk. The barrow conveys books and baggage, not missionaries. My expenditure, including the barrow man's hire, amounted to twenty-four cents a day for the thirty-three days of my tour."

This intrepid missionary constantly lived up to his name, for he was ever eager to "go forth" to new areas and new conquests for Christ. In 1894, and 1895, he went to Changte in remote North Hogan, bought land, erected buildings, established a mission station, and moved the family belongings. This was, for the Goforths, the seventh home in their seven years in China. Even before settling in the seventh home, the mission compound was covered by flood waters to a depth of more than six feet, and thus for the second time, they experienced the loss of practically all of their temporal possessions.

The air was filled with wild rumors about the foreign devils. One of these was to the effect that the medicine used by the foreigners in treating the people was made from the hearts and eyes of kidnapped Chinese children. But the Spirit of God was at work and such crowds waited upon the ministry of the Word that both Goforth and his wife "kept up constantly preaching on an average of eight hours a day" and were at the point of complete physical exhaustion. Early one morning he said, "Rose, on the basis of Philippians 4:19, let us kneel down and pray for an evangelist to help us in the work." This they did, though as yet they had not a single convert in this area. The next day, a man named Wang Fulin appeared at the Mission seeking employment. He was a pitiable spectacle, his face having the ashy hue of an opium fiend, his form bent from weakness, and his emancipated frame clothed in a beggar's rags and shaking every few moments from a racking cough. This man became a mighty testimony to the transforming power of Christ and a fervent preacher of the Gospel. In the first five months at Changte, about twenty five thousand men and women visited the compound and heard the precious tidings of redemption proclaimed by the Goforths and the converted gambler and opium smoker Wang Fulin.

When their new semi-foreign bungalow was completed, the Chinese came in swarms to see the board floors, glass windows, the furniture, sewing machine, and the organ. The kitchen stove, which sent its smoke up the chimney instead of into people's eyes and all over the house, was an object of constant wonder. The pump was the talk of the whole countryside. What a contraption that could bring water up from the bottom of a well with out a bucket! As many as 1,835 men and 500 women passed through the house on a single day and all heard the Gospel message.

Rosalind frequently played the organ to the great delight of the Chinese. Jonathan, however, did not know one note from another. Imagine her surprise and amusement when, upon returning from an errand one day, she found her husband seated at the organ with all twenty-four stops drawn out, his hands pressed down on as many notes as possible, the bellows going at full blast, and heard some one remark above the din, "He plays better than his wife!"

By this time they had three living children to rejoice their hearts. Then, in the summer of 1898, little Gracie was found to be in a hopeless condition from an enlarged spleen caused by pernicious malaria. For almost a year, she lingered and suffered. One night, Grace sat up in bed and said, "I want my Papa." Rosalind hesitated to call the worn out father but when Grace said again, "I want my Papa," she roused him. As the father took the little one in his arms and began to pace the floor, Rosalind went into another room and prayed that God would heal the dear child or spare her from further suffering. While the mother was on her knees, Grace sudden lifted her head from father's shoulder, looked straight into his eyes, gave him a wonderful smile, closed her eyes and in an instant was in the

Savior's arms.

Goforth was singularly adept at devising ways of meeting difficult situations and appealing to various types of people. At a certain time each year, thousands of students came to Changte to take examinations for government positions. Large numbers of them came to the mission, but were full of conceit, disorderly, and impossible to control. Planning to be ready for them the next year, he sent to Shanghai for a large globe, several maps, and astronomical charts. When groups of students came, they immediately asked, "What is that big round thing?" He would explain that it was a representation of the earth. "You don't mean to tell us that the earth is round, do you?" they would reply in astonishment. And when he explained the movements of the earth, some were sure to exclaim, "If the earth turns like that, why don't we all tumble off?" Then followed explanations concerning the law of gravitation, the size of the sun, its distance from the earth, and other astronomical facts. Thus, pride was dispelled and hundreds of students listened attentively to the story of Christ and His redeeming love.

The missionary had a passion for preaching, a longing to develop the converts into New Testament Christians, and a zeal to establish spiritual, indigenous, New Testament churches after the Pauline pattern. Taking a group of native Christians with him, he would "go from town to town and from street to street preaching and singing the Gospel in true Salvation Army style." A map of the field was made and each center where a Christian church or group had come into existence, was indicated by a red dot. By May of 1900, there were over fifty of these red dots. Both parents and children delighted to watch the dots increase. Florence, the oldest daughter, age 7, exclaimed one day, "Oh won't it be lovely, Father, when the map is all red!" The work of God was progressing mightily. "Our hearts are aglow with the victories of the present and the promises of the future," wrote Goforth. For the hundredth or thousandth time, he quoted his great text, "We expect a great harvest of souls, for it is not by the might, or power of man, but by my Spirit, saith the LORD."

*The victories of the present!  
The promises of the future!  
A great harvest of souls!  
It is by my spirit, saith the LORD!*

During the early months of 1900, the hearts of the missionaries were radiant with blessing and hope. Then came the storm. In June, golden-haired Florence was smitten with meningitis and "went to be with Jesus." The funeral was scarcely over when a message came from the American Consul in Chefoo saying, "Flee south. Northern route cut off by Boxers." The terrors and horrors of the infamous Boxer Uprising were descending. The missionaries were in favor of staying at their post regardless of the consequences, but the Chinese Christians made it clear that their chances of escape would be greatly reduced if the missionaries remained. On June 28, before daybreak, the missionary party, consisting of the Goforths and their four children, plus three men, five women, and one little boy, set out on the long and hazardous fourteen-day journey by carts to Fancheng and a longer period from there by boat to Shanghai. There were days of panic and agony due to the intense heat, the long hours of continual bumping over rough roads in spring less carts, the illness of one of the children, and the oft repeated cries, "Kill these foreign devils" that came from fierce, threatening mobs along the

way.

At one point, a mob of several hundred men attacked them with a fusillade of stones. As Goforth rushed forward to try to reason with the men, he was struck on the head and body by numerous savage blows and one arm was slashed to the bone in several places. Dripping with blood, he staggered to the cart, picked up his baby and said, "Come! We must get away quickly." Rosalind and other missionaries received very painful injuries but all managed to escape as the mob scrambled for their possessions in the carts.

After many terrifying experiences and narrow escapes, they reached Shanghai and soon sailed for Canada. The furlough was a time of poignant sorrow as Goforth, in his deputation trips, found that worldliness and apostasy had invaded the churches and most of the people had little concern for the unsaved masses of heathen lands.

Back to China they went, to the people they loved, to the multitudes they yearned to win to Christ, to the land where all their possessions had been destroyed four times, and where four of their children were buried. Jonathan was soon enthused over a plan of intensive evangelism which would entail their staying in successive centers for a period of one month each. "I will go with my men," he said to Rosalind, "to villages or on the streets in the day time, while you receive and preach to the women in the courtyard." The evenings would be devoted to open air meetings.

At the end of a month, an evangelist would be left to instruct the converts and establish a congregation. "The plan sounds wonderful," replied Rosalind, "except for the children. Think of all the infectious diseases and of our four little graves. I can't do it. I cannot expose the children like that." He, however, was sure of God's leading in the matter and said, "Rose, I fear for the children if you refuse to obey God's call and stay here at Changte. The safest place for you and the children is the path of duty." A few hours later, Wallace became seriously ill with Asiatic dysentery. After two weeks, he began to recover and Jonathan packed up and set out on tour alone. The next day, the baby Constance fell ill. The father was sent for. Constance was dying when he arrived. Driven by sorrow, Rosalind leaned her head upon the Heavenly Father's bosom and prayed, "O God, it is too late for Constance; but I will trust you hereafter for everything, including my children."

Thenceforth, for years she and the children traveled almost constantly with Goforth in his extensive evangelistic tours. This meant that some things loved and prized by the family had to be given up, such as flowers, a bird, a dog and a cat. It also meant living simply in native Chinese style. Usually, the furnishings of the rented native house consisted one table, two chairs, a bench for the children, and the *kang* – a long brick platform bed covered with loose straw and straw mats, where the entire family slept; that is, if the vermin, insects and pigs permitted them to do so!

Goforth's evangelistic methods were simple and spiritual. Whether speaking to one person or a thousand, he was never known to attempt to deal with souls without his open Bible. His love for and dependence upon the Word is indicated by the fact that he read through and studied his Chinese New Testament fifty-five times in one period of nineteen years. In addition to short Gospel messages and testimonies, he also used large hymn scrolls as a means of utilizing the people's love of singing and of teaching the great truths of the Gospel. In every place where they lived as a family, they carried on this type of intensive evangelistic effort and a growing church was subsequently

established.

At the age of forty-four, a strange restlessness came over Jonathan Goforth. He had seen hundreds of precious souls saved and scores of churches established. But his soul burned with an indescribable longing to enter into the fulfillment of his Lord's promise, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also and greater works than these shall he do." Tidings of the mighty revival in Wales intensified this longing, as did also a booklet containing selections from Finney's *Lectures on Revival*. Again and again, he read Finney's argument that the spiritual laws governing a spiritual harvest are as real and dependable as the laws of agriculture and natural harvest. At length he said, "If Finney is right, and I believe he is, I am going to find out what these spiritual laws are and obey them, no matter what the cost may be." He began an intense study of every passage in the Bible dealing with the Holy Spirit. He arose regularly at five o'clock or even earlier for Bible study and to pray for the fullness of the Spirit. One evening while speaking to an audience of unsaved people on "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree," he saw deep conviction written on every face and almost every one took an open stand for Christ. Shortly thereafter, he visited Korea and was stirred by participation in remarkable outpourings of revival power.

In 1908, he accepted invitations to conduct revival efforts in Manchuria. He did not deal in pious flattery. He told of the amazing results in Korea – of dynamic New Testament Christianity, of the quality and astounding increase of converts, of schools and churches, all self-supporting, and he pointed out the humiliating contrast in the paucity of spiritual results in Manchuria. Wherein lay the difference? It could not be accounted for on ground of war and political unrest in Manchuria, for Korea had had her full share of these. The marvelous results in Korea, he emphasized, were "not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the LORD." The difference was in the degree of yieldedness to the Spirit and of readiness to pay the price of spiritual power. Goforth himself had paid that price – in prayer and in penitence. A spirit of estrangement had arisen between him and a fellow missionary. When he tried to preach the Lord spoke to him, "You hypocrite. You know you do not really love your brother. If you do not straighten this thing out, I cannot bless you." Realizing that he was just beating the air, he yielded and said, "Lord, just as soon as this meeting is over, I'll go and set this matter straight." Instantly, God's power surged upon him and his preaching was "in the demonstration of the Spirit." Upon the meeting being thrown open for prayer many arose to pray, only to break down weeping. "For almost twenty years," said Goforth, "we missionaries in Hogan had longed in vain to see a tear of penitence roll down a Chinese cheek." He did effect a full reconciliation