

DEMON EXPERIENCES

in Many Lands

by

Various Contributors

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CHAPTER TWENTY

BLESSED BUT DEMON POSSESSED

The sun beat down on a small group of thatch-roofed mud houses that nestled in the middle of the rice paddies and vegetable gardens, which formed the landscape's giant patchwork quilt. This was a farming community near the Southern Presbyterian Station of Kiangyin, Kiangsu, China. Only a few trees helped to shelter the farm folk from the summer heat.

"The Ying's have another son. They are blessed of the gods," so spoke a farmer's wife as she talked to a neighbor.

"Yes," the neighbor responded, "the ancestors will have three sons to feed them. But it is too bad that Mrs. Ying has a demon. If the gods favor them so, why have they not heard the prayers of the priests and made her well?"

To the ignorant Chinese farmers demon possession is no phenomenon. They recognize it for what it is. There are, however, no institutions to which to send those that are afflicted, and for those who know not Christ there is no hope except the prayers of the Buddhist priests. These the Yings had paid much to obtain, but of course, to no avail. So in spite of their great fortune in having three sons, the Yings were exceedingly unhappy.

Then one day good news came to the distraught family. There were Christians at the chapel in Sah-Kah-Lee who could cast out demons in the name of Jesus. This was all they knew, but since all else had failed, Mr. Ying sent for the elders of this church. They were only simple farmers, but they knew the power of prayer, and took the promises of God's Word at face value.

When the little band of Christians reached the hut, Mrs. Ying was lying in a trance on the bed in the tiny bedroom, perfectly stiff, as in death.

"Come in here. She is in here," urged Mr. Ying.

"No," the leader of the Christians answered. "First you must clean out everything you use in worship of the gods and spirits."

This was indeed a hard thing to ask of one who all his life had trusted in such things, but his desperation was so great that he consented. Soon the family gods, kitchen gods, the ancestral shrine, and even the bits of paper on the front door that had been blessed by the priests were taken down.

All this accomplished, the Christians held a praise and prayer service in the living room. Then at last they were ready to face the demon in the bedroom.

Long before this, all the neighbors had gathered so there was not even standing room in the tiny house, and the woven-reed partitions were almost knocked down by the pushing throng.

In simple faith, the elders entered the bedroom, and in the name of Jesus commanded the demon to come out of the prostrate woman.

Immediately Mrs. Ying sat up and exclaimed, "There he is in the corner!" And then, "There he goes out the window!"

There was a man standing on a bench peering in at the small high aperture that served as a window. He fell off the seat and died the next day, whether from the demon or fright, God only knows.

We do know, however, that Mrs. Ying had no more trouble, the whole family became Christians, and the three sons became evangelists instead of ancestor worshipers.

An interesting sequel to the story took place a short time after the demon was cast out. There was a tree in front of the Ying house that had been used as a shrine.

"This tree must be cut down," the Christians told the Yings.

"But we are afraid of the demons," Mr. Ying protested.

Even the elders were fearful, knowing well Satan's power, and so another meeting of the Christians was called. Again after praise and prayer they cut the tree down, but the stories they told of the strange atmospheric demonstrations that took place around that tree, such as a whirlwind, were blood-curdling. Nothing, however, could touch those who were new creatures in Christ and were covered by His blood.

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