

DEMON EXPERIENCES

in Many Lands

by

Various Contributors

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CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

AN EXPERIENCE WITH DEMONS

On Tuesday morning of each week, a co-worker and I held a Bible class for the in-patients at the government dispensary in Dosso, Niger Colony. There were usually ten or fifteen in attendance.

A low stool was brought for the teachers. The patients sat cross-legged in a semicircle in front of us. Every person able to be out of bed was compelled to attend. I was doing the teaching at that time.

Approaching the thatch-roofed huts of the patients that day, we were greeted with "Here come the Jesus preachers." One of the more receptive ones hurried off to call the others to class.

Believing them all to be assembled, I sat down on the stool and prepared to begin the lesson. But there was a restlessness which I had never seen before. Several glanced apprehensively over their shoulders toward one particular hut.

Following their gaze, my eyes beheld a sight which rendered me nearly paralyzed for a moment.

From out of the hut came a man (yes, I am sure he was human) in whom the Devil must have had free course. His eyes were large and wild with fear. His long hair stood straight out all over his head; his hands were held up in the position a wildcat would take when preparing to claw something, his nails were as long as claws, and he was completely naked.

Catching sight of me with those fiery eyes, it took him only a matter of seconds to cover the fifty feet separating us. He headed straight for me, giving roars like a fierce animal.

By the time he had reached the edge of our circle of petrified natives, I had gained control of myself and could feel a sense of peace within.

"Sit down here!" I commanded in a voice which did not seem to be a part of me. He sat, without a sign of a protest, right squarely in front of me.

I taught, not the lesson I had prepared, but of the Lord Jesus Christ raising the dead, healing the sick, and casting out demons. There seemed to be no one else present except the two of us. The others sat motionless, spellbound. The words which were spoken reached through his tortured mind, quieting him. His eyes lost their wildness. He listened as a child would to a beautiful story.

He was completely subdued.

The name of Jesus had had its effect. The devils do still tremble when they hear it.

Evangelical Baptist Missions

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