

**The following is an extract from the book, "The Challenge Of Missions" by Oswald J. Smith, written in 1959. As the founding senior pastor of The Peoples Church Toronto, he has been a missionary to over 90 countries. This classic is absolutely life-changing!**

## **CHAPTER ONE: SATAN'S DEFEAT**

"Well, what news?" inquired Satan, looking up with an expression of inquiry on his face. "Great! The very best !" responded the Prince of Alaska, who had just entered. "Have any of the Eskimos heard yet?" questioned the eager leader, his eyes fastened on the fallen angel. "Not one!" answered the Prince, bowing low. "Any attempt?" questioned his lord in a tone of authority. "Yes, but their efforts were foiled !" replied the Prince, a note of triumph in his voice. "How? Tell me." Satan was all attention now.

"Why," began the Prince, "I was roaming back and forth within my domains, when suddenly I was amazed to hear that two missionaries were on their way from across the water, that they had landed, and with their dog sleighs were already well into the heart of my kingdom, Alaska, making for a large tribe of Eskimo just within the Arctic Circle." "Yes, and what did you do?" broke in Satan, impatient to hear the climax.

"First of all, I gathered together the hosts of darkness under my command and held a council. Many suggestions were made. Finally it was agreed that the easiest way was to freeze them to death. Finding that they were that day leaving for the distant tribe and that it would in all probability take them a full month to cross the frozen ice fields that intervened, we at once began operations. With hearts burdened to make the Message known, they started. Manfully they 'mushed' along. But when about a week out, suddenly one day their food sleigh ran over thin ice, which broke beneath its weight, and was almost immediately lost. Weary and tired, they bravely plodded on only to realize that they were in a helpless condition, and still over three weeks from their destination. They were new to the great Northland, and were no match for it. Finally, when they were out of food, tired and weary in body, and almost ready to give up, I gave the word of command, and in a short time the wind began to blow a hurricane, the snow came down in a blinding blizzard, and before morning, thanks to the fact that you, O my lord, are the Prince of the Powers of the Air, they were cold and stiff in death."

"Excellent ! Splendid !" You have served me well," commented the fallen cherub, with a gratified expression on his once beautiful countenance. (Subsequently the Prince of Tibet and Prince of Afghanistan gave similar reports of how they foiled the plans of missionaries in their own domains.) Satan is most pleased that the Message, thanks to his countless hordes, had still been kept out, nor had the dreaded Name yet been heard in these Closed Lands.

"Will you not tell us, oh Mighty One, why you are so anxious to keep the knowledge from these our empires? Don't you know that the kingdoms of the Prince of India, the Prince of China and the Prince of Africa, are being invaded by strong forces, and that men are turning to Christ every day?"

"Ah yes, I know that full well. But listen, and I will explain why I am so jealous for the Closed Lands," answered Satan, while all bent forward to hear. "There are several prophecies, perhaps best summed up in this one," he began, "which reads as follows: 'This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness to all nations; and then the end shall come.' Now it is very clear," he continued in a low tone, "that God is visiting the Gentiles, 'to take out of them a people for His name,' and 'after this,' He says, 'I will return'; and the Great Commission implies that disciples are to be made from among all nations. Now, Jesus Christ cannot return to reign until every nation has heard the Good News, for it reads, 'I beheld a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues' (Rev.7:9). Hence, it matters not how many missionaries are sent to countries already evangelized, nor how many converts are made, for not until the Message of the Gospel has been proclaimed in Alaska, Tibet, Afghanistan and our other domains, where it has never yet been heard, will He return to reign." "Then," broke in the Prince of Nepal, "if we can keep every messenger out of the Closed Lands, we can prevent His coming to reign on the earth and so frustrate the purposes of the Most High."

As the great plan dawned upon them, they shouted with glee, and hurried back to their empires, more determined than ever to prevent the escape of a single soul.

Fifty years passed, restlessly His Satanic Majesty paced back and forth. Dark, foreboding frowns passed over his countenance. It was quite apparent that something of an unusual nature was troubling him. "Prince of Alaska," inquired Satan, "have they entered yet?" "Yes, my lord, they have," slowly responded the Prince, with a look of fear, hardly raising his eyes. "We did our best, but it was all of no avail. Word somehow got back; the frozen bodies of the first two were discovered. It set the whole Church on fire. Others ventured. Several we destroyed. But finally, in spite of all we could do, they got through. Guarded and protected by legions of angels, they entered and stayed; nor could we drive them out. And today, there are hundreds of Eskimos in the Kingdom of God, while thousands have heard the Message!"