

# The Life of Jacob Chamberlain

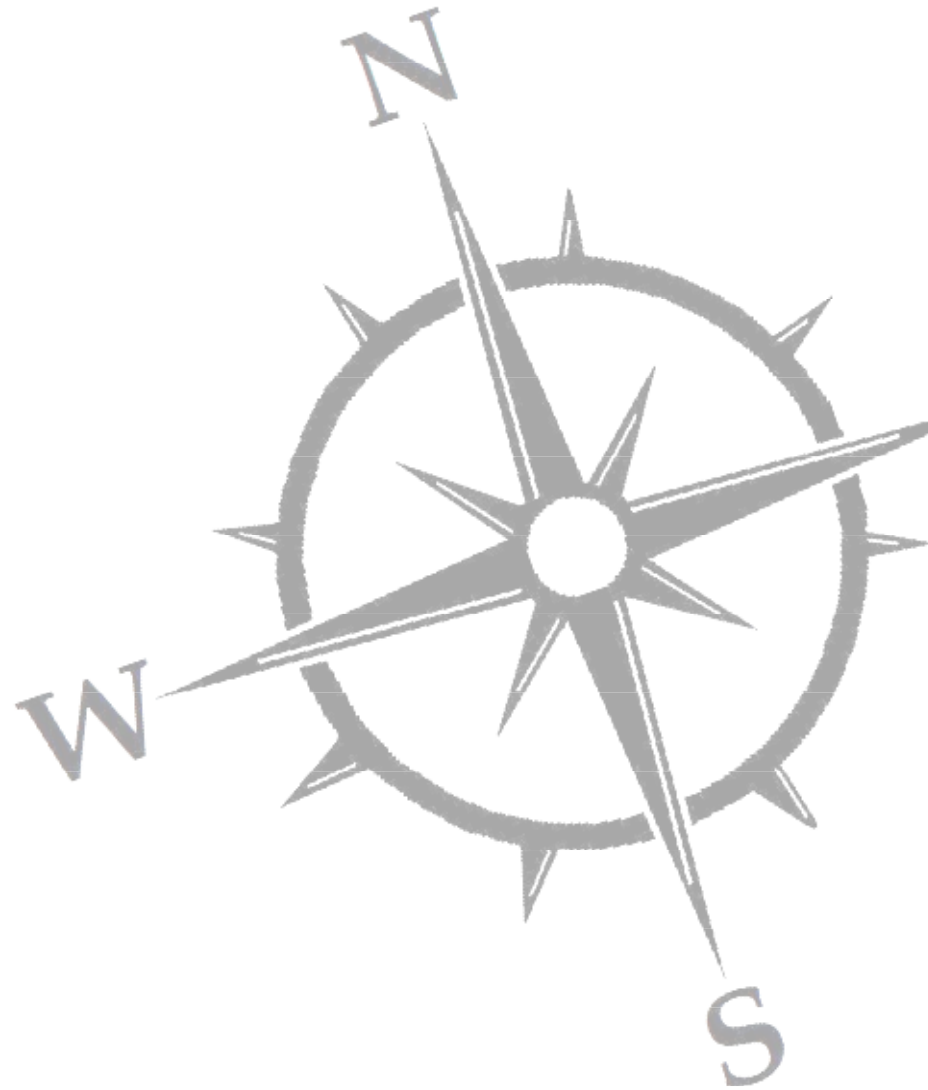
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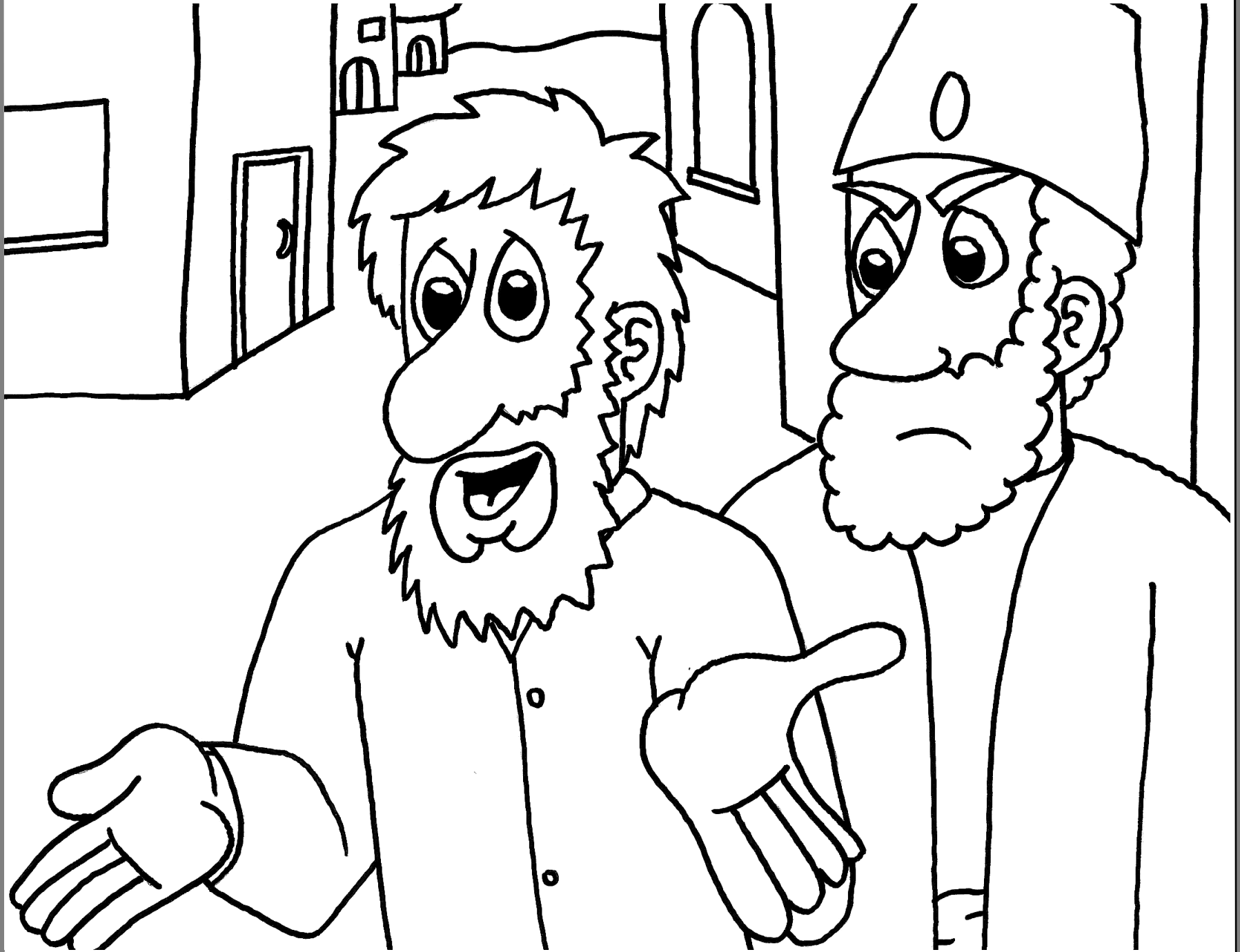
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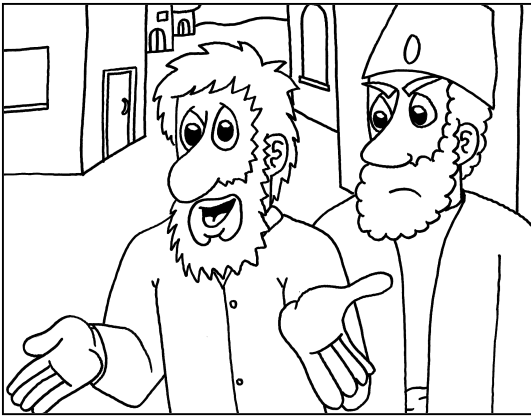
## Lesson: 6.23 – Safety Missionary Snapshot Series

This lesson reminds us that the Lord is ever present to protect and care for His children. When God is on our side, regardless of the opposition, we are never outnumbered. Having Jesus in our hearts is like wrapping us up in the biggest and strongest football pad in the world. Nothing can harm us! Jacob Chamberlain was about to face some very scary things. He would have to trust in the Lord to protect him and keep him safe.

*“The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.” – Psalm 18:2*







### **Introduction:**

Have you ever seen a lion tamer or a tiger tamer in a circus, or perhaps a picture of one? These trainers and tamers step into a cage surrounded by ferocious beasts that could tear them apart at any minute. One interesting thing that they do is go into the cage without any kind of armor or protection. Our story today is about a missionary to the people of India. This missionary risked his life to go and tell these people about Jesus' love. There were many times that he could have been killed or seriously hurt. Would God keep him safe and protect him? Let's listen carefully and see what happens in this story about Dr. Jacob Chamberlain...

### **Missionary Story:**

Even though the sun was high overhead, the narrow path in the jungle that I was walking along was not very bright. As usual, when traveling through the jungles in India, the branches of the trees wound together high above me forming almost a roof that covered the jungle floor. The jungle was full of brightly colored flowers and a

thousand usual jungle sounds of insects, birds chirping, and monkeys screaming at one another.

“You’re as noisy as the mob of people from Hyderabad,” I smiled as I called out to the monkeys in the jungle. Hyderabad was a walled city in India. Four helpers and I traveled there a couple of weeks ago. We were busy handing out some tracks and even some copies of the gospels in books that had tan-colored covers on them. The priests of Mohammed and the Hindu priests did not like what we were doing and together they raised a mob. The priests of Mohammed told the people that the books we carried had covers made of pigskin. Followers of Mohammed were forbidden to touch pigs. The Hindu priests told the people that our book covers were made of calfskin. To the Hindus, a cow is a sacred animal. Both groups became very angry and before long my four helpers and I found our backs against a wall while an angry mob screamed at us and many began pulling cobblestones up from the street to stone us with.

“Let me tell you a wonderful story friends,” I yelled to the crowd. The crowd quieted down. The people of India love a good story. “I want to tell you a sad story about someone who died for someone else,” I began. The crowd listened in silence as I carefully told the story of Jesus coming and dying on the cross. God was at work. The cobblestones were dropped, people’s eyes filled with tears, and when I stopped speaking every last copy of the gospel was quickly bought up by the people and even by the priests.

The crowds were not the only danger that I faced in India though. Soon after leaving Hyderabad, we were traveling through the Great Teak Forest, where the trees stood 150 feet over our heads. We came to a small village and asked if there was a place where I could set up my tent. The people insisted that I stay in one of their huts instead. I was very tired from the long day’s journey and decided to lie down and read some. I lay flat on my back and held my Greek Testament right over my face. After reading a chapter or two my arms got tired and I pulled the book away from my face. A huge snake had coiled around the bamboo pole at the top of my hut and had lowered down and was now only about one foot away from my face. I had almost hit it with my book when I pulled it away from my face. The snake’s forked tongue was out and I knew that it was ready to strike. Somehow, I managed to roll and leap sideways towards the door where I grabbed a large spit (which looks like a giant fork and is used to grill meat). I jammed the prongs of the spit up onto the bamboo beam in the ceiling pinning part of the snake to the beam. The snake lunged again and again at my hand with its horrible fangs trying to bite. “My cane! Get me my cane!” I shouted to my servant. In an instant, the cane was brought in and after several good whacks on the head, the snake hung lifelessly down.

Once I was sure that it was dead, I pulled the spit out and then draped the snake over my shoulders like a scarf. Even with my arms stretched out, the snake’s head and tail touched the ground, meaning that it was at





least 10 feet long. At that moment, a villager stuck his head inside my hut. He took one look and hurriedly ran off. "Oh dear," I thought. I remembered that these people often worshipped snakes as gods. They never would even dare to attack a snake, much less kill one. If they saw a stranger trying to attack a snake, they would defend the snake. I tossed the snake onto the floor of the hut and then stepped outside just in time to see the chief and almost the whole tribe coming towards my hut. "Lord please help me," I whispered under my breath.

As they got closer, I noticed they were carrying trays. Trays filled with sweetmeats, coconuts, and limes. The people were not angry. They called me the deliverer of the village. They told me how that snake had terrorized their village. It had killed a child and several of their cows, but no one dared attack it, because anyone who did this would be cursed. Since I had killed the snake, they would be free from any curse on the village. The people offered me sheep and even sent runners to all the nearby villages telling people to come and hear this

"serpent-destroyer." This gave me the wonderful chance to tell many people about "that old serpent, the Devil" and how God had sent His Son to free the people from the curse of sin and from that old serpent. The people listened very carefully to what I had to say.

"Yes it has been an exciting couple of weeks," I thought to myself as the path that I was on took a sharp turn around a large bush. Suddenly, the jungle seemed very quiet. I looked into the trees, but nothing seemed to move. I then looked ahead on the path and saw a large spotted tiger standing right in the middle of the path. The tiger stood and stared at me. I reached down by my hip but remembered that I had put my pistol in with my other belongings and had left them back at the campsite. The only thing I had with me was my umbrella.

"This is no good," I said out loud. "Lord, please help me!" I prayed while standing still. There was nowhere to run. The beast would catch me long before I was able to escape. There was no one to call out for. Everyone was several miles away. The umbrella was no use. The tiger would snap it in two with one bite or one swipe of its claws. Then I thought of something. I remembered growing up in Michigan and talking with the Native American Indians. I remembered them telling me that when they faced some great beast like a bear they always tried to surprise it and be as loud and as big as they possibly could. I remembered the war-whoop cries that they used to make. I nervously grabbed the umbrella and pointed it at the tiger. Then I began to move quickly

towards the tiger making loud whooping noises and opening and closing my umbrella.

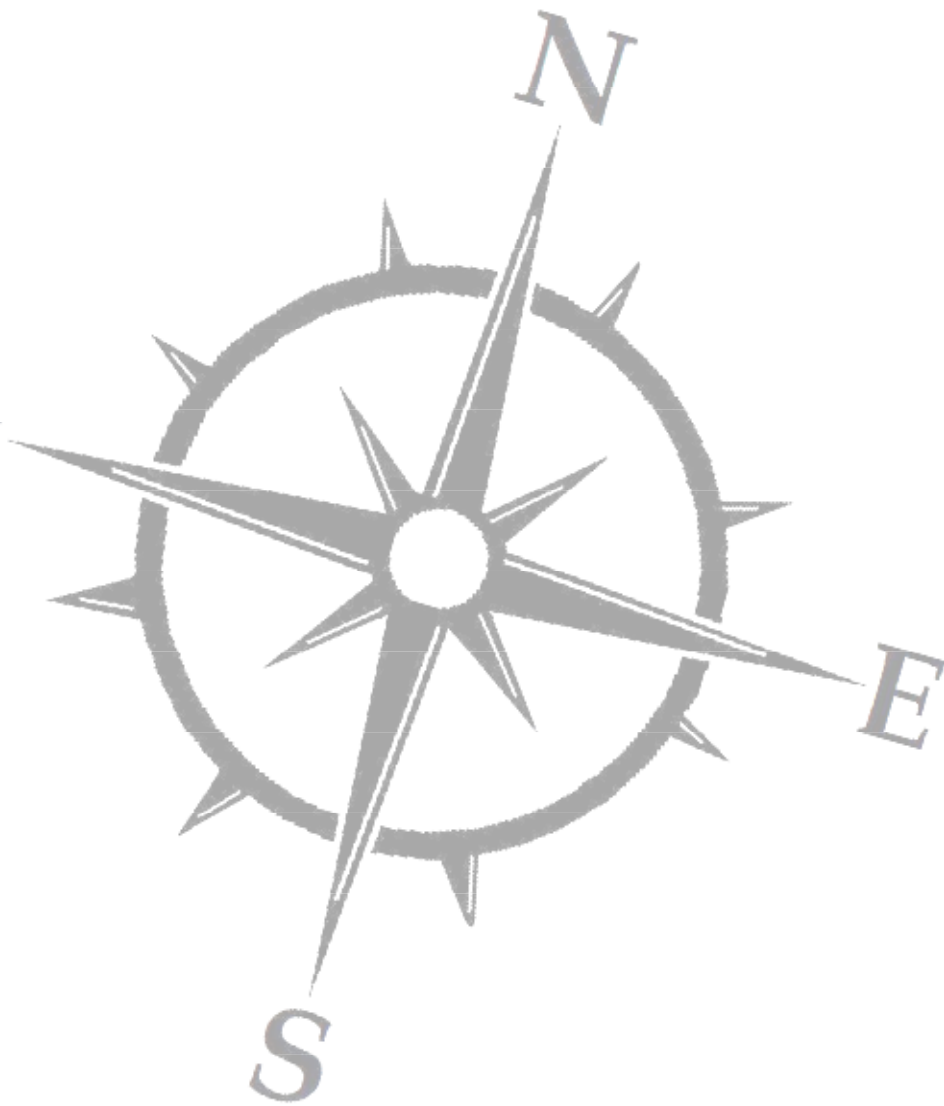
The tiger crouched lower and lower and then began to growl loudly, but I did not stop. Finally, when I was just a few feet from him, the tiger jumped up, turned, and ran off into the jungle. "Thank you, Lord!" I prayed with my heart still thumping in my chest. I hurried down the path and arrived a few hours later at the next village. I was excited to share stories of my Great and Wonderful Heavenly Father with the people.

### **Application:**

You know, boys and girls, Psalm 18:2 tells us that God is like a strong castle that we can run to for protection. The safest place that we can be is right where God wants us to be. God protected Jacob Chamberlain as he worked throughout the jungles of India. God kept Dr. Chamberlain safe from the many animals, people, floods, and situations that could have easily taken his life. Dr. Chamberlain trusted God to protect him.

Dr. Chamberlain worked in India for nearly 45 years. He started two hospitals and several Christian schools and dispensaries. He would preach to the people each morning before opening his clinics. He also helped to revise the Telugu Bible, write a Telugu hymnbook, and complete a Bible dictionary. At the time of his death, many people from India had accepted Jesus as their Savior.

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to **lesson 6.23** on **page 90** in your **China Expedition - Leader's Guide.**)*



# References

For further reading or to obtain more information on this portion of the life of this missionary, please consult the following sources from which we obtained information from:

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