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Earthen Vessels

"But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, so that the surpassing greatness of the power will be of God and not from ourselves . . ." (2 Corinthians 4:7).



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Remarkable works of God

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 2011

F. J. Huegel's Testimony of the Exchanged Life

F. J. Huegel served as a chaplain in World War I and was a missionary in Mexico for over twenty-five years. Much of his time was devoted to evangelistic work in prisons. He was also on the teaching staff of Union Seminary in Mexico City. The following is taken from his book *The Cross of Christ--The Throne of God*:

"The Cross of Christ far from filling the entire horizon [of my earlier life], I must confess, was little more than a dim object, barely visible. I could no more have subscribed to Paul's flaming doctrine than to Nietzsche's system of the superman. Still I toiled in the Master's vineyard. I knew and loved the Saviour. Had He not saved me in an hour of despair when death looked me in the face? The vain gods of philosophy had been my gods, but when sickness came I saw that they could do nothing for me. There was not a single star that shone in the night of my desolation. But I had been brought up in a Christian home and I knew that there was a Saviour, though I had not found Him. So I called unto Him out of the depths of my pain and He heard me and healed me and saved me. Philosophy was abandoned and I immediately went to preaching and to searching the Scriptures, that I might know Him who had had mercy upon me and snatched me as a brand from the burning.

"Years passed. I preached Christ to the soldiers in France as a Chaplain of the A.E.F., and in a variety of ways sought to promote the interests of God's Kingdom. Finally the Lord called me to the Mission field. There were years of earnest toil and some little fruit, but in my secret soul I wept in shame, for there was a great lack. I was not victorious. I was the victim of a thousand things which I loathed. The Book of Acts of the Apostles tormented me with a deep sense of my fruitlessness. As a student of the lives of the great saints of the Church, I found much from that source to shame me. Paul's despairing cry, 'O wretched man that I am! who will deliver me from the body of this death?' was for ever echoing in my heart. I, too, had agonized and prayed and yearned and wept. But oh, that awful 'law of sin warring in my members against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity.'

"Then the Lord did a wonderful thing. He permitted a great trial to lay waste my life and to completely shatter my world. I cannot go into details here. I can only say that like Job my very substance seemed to be dissolved. For months it seemed as if ten thousand demons were devouring me. God knows the tears I wept. A desperate hope that would not die, a secret conviction that my Redeemer would somehow see me out of it all, kept me from utter despair and suicide which Satan more than once whispered to me.

"But in the midst of it all I made a great discovery. There were demon forces, of which I had never dreamed, governing this world. The Bible was right. My spiritual weapons in the face of such an enemy were as a toy pistol before a great battleship. I had been attempting to take Leviathan captive with my little toy fish-hook. Furthermore, to my utter dismay, I found that my own carnality and selfishness had given the ground they held to these monsters of hell. I myself had invited them in. I must get rid of 'self'--that was as clear as the noon-day sun. Else there could be no hope of final victory. These powers of darkness (demons are as real to me now as God Himself) which were oppressing me to the point of despair, were standing on the very ground which secret selfishness had conceded to them. How was I to get rid of this