



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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 EARNESTLY CONTENDING FOR THE FAITH ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS.

Sadhu Sundar Singh, the "Apostle of India"

"In Deaths Oft"

"A Man's Foes Shall Be Those of his own Household."



CAN say with confidence that the cross will bear those who bear the cross, until that cross shall lift them into the presence of the Savior." These are the favorite words of Sadhu Sundar Singh, known in his own country as the "Apostle of India," who for fourteen years has traveled over that land without shoes or sandals, from the frozen Himalayas on the north to Ceylon on the south, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. The cross of Christ is the center of all his utterances, his movements and his experience. From the day of his conversion the cross has shadowed his every step, but he has borne it joyfully because his one desire is to be as his Lord.

Missionaries and Christian writers in India say the great secret of his power over men is his utter renunciation of self—not seeking suffering for suffering's sake as the Hindu "holy" man who will subject his body to torture that he may find peace, but enduring it as in the will of God for him that he may win souls for Christ. Dressed in a saffron robe, the recognized dress of the Sadhu, he gains an entrance into all classes and castes, even the excluded zenana homes of India. He carried the Gospel over the entire country of India, even into Tibet, with no money, relying for food on the hospitality of those to whom he ministered, or living on roots and herbs. In cold or heat he wore the same robe, and while ministering in Tibet and Nepal wore no shoes, but by his "bleeding feet" has won men to Christ.

From the time of his conversion at sixteen until he was thirty-one he has endured suffering and persecution almost without parallel. This man is now in this country. Having begun preaching the Gospel at his Jerusalem he is now carrying it to the uttermost parts of the earth. The story of the first thirty-one years of his life is told by Mrs. Arthur Parker of the London Missionary Society, in a book recently published by F. H. Revell Co.

Sundar Singh had a very devout mother, and from her he early learned to regard religion as the supreme motive in life. He zealously read the sacred books of the Hindus and the granth of the Sikhs, for he was a Sikh by birth. He

was sent to the American Presbyterian Mission School but at once resented being made to read the Bible every day, but was persuaded to obey the rules of the school. When he found it opposed what he was taught in childhood, he openly tore it up and burned it in the fire. If the shadow of a missionary fell across his path he spent an hour washing away the pollution. Finding his hunger more and more unsatisfied he again turned to the New Testament and read the words, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." This attracted him and he continued to read until the Gospel got hold of his heart. Torn with conflicting emotions he determined to put an end to his suspense and either get peace or take his life. He spent the night in reading, meditation and prayer, and just before dawn, when he had planned to throw himself in front of an express train, his room was filled with a bright cloud and Jesus appeared to him as He did to Saul on the road to Damascus. As he looked at that face filled with divine compassion, he heard a voice saying, "I am your Savior. I died on the cross for you." Then and there he received forgiveness and acceptance and from thence he was the sworn follower of the thorn-crowned Christ, and the cross was his theme.

In the year that followed, Sundar Singh knew all too well the meaning of those words, "A man's foes shall be those of his own household." "Wealth, honor, high position, every temptation was put before him, all to no avail. When pleadings and supplications failed, bitterest hostility was aroused, his brother being his worst enemy. He was finally cursed and disowned and sent from home. Immediately after leaving he became violently ill, clearly showing the result of poisoning. He left the train and stopped with an Indian pastor whom he knew, and the physician who had been called said there was no hope. As he lay there with blood flowing from his mouth and his strength ebbing away, he had a deep conviction that God had called him to be His witness; this belief led him to pray and the Lord healed him. The physician finding him alive in the morning was so impressed that he began to study the New Testament. He himself became a believer in Christ and is today a missionary in Burma.

A month after his baptism, Oct. 6, 1905, he started on his evangelistic work. Wearing only the saffron robe of the sadhu, with bare feet and nothing but his New Testament he set forth on a life of self-abnegation, suffering and privation such as falls to the lot of few people. He was a mere boy, sixteen years old, when he started forth, first in his own home town of Rampur, where he witnessed in every street to the power of the Savior. From here he made his way through different towns and villages of the Punjab on into Afghanistan, Kashmir, and Beluchistan, then into Tibet and Nepal. The cold pierced his thin clothing, the thorns and stones cut his feet; he spent his nights with the wild beasts in jungles and caves. Often he shrank from the hardships, the biting winds, the pouring rains, days of hunger and nights of terror, but he never drew back from his high calling, and though he was often driven from villages to die in the jungles, yet he continued to make Christ known on the frontiers of India.

His sole object was to be like his Master who "when He was reviled, reviled not again." In emulating Him in this he has many times been instrumental in saving those who would have killed him, and obedience to the principles laid down in the New Testament invariably resulted in the furtherance of the Gospel as the following examples will show:

"One morning a number of sadhus were gathered on the banks of the Ganges at a place called Rishi Kesh amidst a crowd of religious bathers and amongst them stood Sadhu Sundar Singh, Testament in hand, preaching. Some were listening in a mildly interested way, whilst others joked and scoffed at the man and his message. Unexpectedly a man from the crowd lifted up a handful of sand and threw it in his eyes, an act that roused the indignation of a better-disposed man, who handed the offender over to a policeman. Meanwhile the Sadhu went down to the river and washed the sand from his eyes. Upon his return he begged for the release of the culprit and proceeded with his preaching. Surprised by this act and the way he had taken the insult, the man, Vidyananda, fell at his feet begging his forgiveness, and declaring a desire to understand more of what the Sadhu was speaking about. This man became a seeker after truth, and afterwards accompanied him on his journey, learning with meekness from his lips the story of redeeming love."

"An educated Arya Samaj gentleman relates how one day when he was descending a mountain he met the young Sadhu going up. Curiosity prompted him to watch what would happen,

so instead of joining him for a talk as he at first thought of doing, he waited, and this was what he saw. When the Sadhu got to the village he first sat down upon a log, and wiping the perspiration from his face he commenced singing a Christian hymn. Soon a crowd gathered, but when it was found that the love of Christ was the theme many of the people became angry. One man jumped up and dealt him such a severe blow as felled him to the ground, cutting his cheek and hand badly. Without a word Sundar rose and bound up his bleeding hand, and with blood running down his face prayed for his enemies and spoke to them of the forgiving love of Christ. In writing of this incident this gentleman adds that he himself, by seeing the Sadhu's conduct, was 'drawn out of the well of contempt, and brought to the fountain of life.' The man, Kripa Ran, who had thrown Sundar down, sought long and earnestly for him, in the hope that he might be baptized by 'that wounded hand,' but not finding him, he openly confessed Christ by baptism, and still hopes to see Sadhu Sundar Singh some day."

In some parts he always retired to the jungle at night after witnessing for his Savior, his food was berries and the produce of the forest. At one time he crawled into a cave to sleep, and in the morning he found a leopard sleeping close to him. Though he was thoroughly frightened, he realized the protection of God. At another time while meditating on a rock he noticed a black panther crouching near him and watching him. When the villagers saw that he was not harmed by the panther which had killed several whom they knew, they gathered around him to hear his message, believing him to be a very holy man.

On one of his trips he was driven out of a number of villages when it was found he was a Christian. It was bitterly cold and a driving rain was on, so he sought refuge in an old hut of two rooms without doors or windows. Thanking God for the shelter he lay down in his blanket and went hungry to bed. In the morning when he awoke he saw a black object coiled up close beside him, a huge black cobra. He seized a corner of the blanket and shook off the snake which wriggled away.

In 1914 Sadhu Sundar Singh entered Nepal, a native state bordering on Northern India, which has been closed to Christianity. He had been threatened with ill treatment and even death, but with indomitable courage continued to preach the Gospel.

At Ilom "an order was issued for his imprisonment, and whilst delivering his message he

was seized and hurried off to the common prison, to spend his days and nights with murderers and thieves. Here was an opportunity to speak for his Master, and soon he began to tell the unhappy prisoners of the power of Christ to change men's hearts and to bring peace to their consciences, even within the dismal walls of a prison. Many believed his message of joy and accepted Christ, and thus were these fearful days converted into seasons of blessing both to the Sadhu and to those whom he taught.

"The news that he was changing the hearts of his fellow-prisoners was told in high places, and on this charge Sundar was removed from the prison and taken to the public market for punishment. Here he was stripped of his clothes and made to sit on the bare earth. His feet and hands were fastened into holes, in upright boards (stocks) and in this crippled position, without food or water, he was made to remain all day and the following night. To add to his tortures a number of leeches were thrown over his naked body, and these immediately fastened upon him, and began to suck his life-blood. A mocking crowd stood round to watch his torture, and none offered him even a drink of water to relieve his physical misery. In speaking of this experience, the Sadhu said, 'I do not know how it was, but my heart was so full of joy I could not help singing and preaching.'

"Through the long night he hourly grew weaker with loss of blood, but when morning came he was still alive. When his persecutors saw his tranquil face they were filled with superstitious dread, and being sure that he held some strange power they did not understand, they took him out of the stocks and set him free."

He longed to preach the gospel "where Christ is not named" and took a number of journeys into Tibet. A friend from the south of India said of him, "His resolution to walk barefooted amidst the perpetual snows of Tibet is the mark of his invincible determination to bring men to Christ." In some places they resented his teaching and opposed him bitterly, especially the Lamas, but there were some notable exceptions. At Tashigang the head Lama called his people together to hear his message and the Gospel was preached to them.

More than once he was rescued from death, apparently through angelic visitation. At a town called Rasar he was arrested and brought before the head Lama for entering into the country and preaching the Gospel. Found guilty he was at once stripped of his clothes and cast into the depths of a dry well, a favorite form of punishment.

He was thrown down "with such violence that his right arm was injured. Many others had gone down this same well before him, never to return, and he alighted on a mass of human

bones and rotting flesh. Any death seemed preferable to this. Wherever he laid his hands they met putrid flesh, while the odor almost poisoned him. In the words of his Savior he cried: 'Why hast Thou forsaken me?'

"Day passed into night bringing no relief by sleep. Without food or even water the hours grew into days, and Sundar felt he could not last much longer. On the third night just when he had been crying to God in prayer he heard a grating sound overhead. Someone was opening the lock of his prison. He heard the key turn and the rattle of the iron as it was drawn away. Then a voice reached him from the top telling him to take hold of a rope that was being let down for his rescue. He grasped it with all his remaining strength and was strongly but gently pulled up into the fresh air above.

"Arrived at the top of the well the lid was drawn over again and locked. When he looked around his deliverer was nowhere to be seen, but the pain in his arm was gone. He praised God for his wonderful deliverance. . . His return to the city to his old work was cause for a great commotion. He was again arrested and brought to the judgment seat of the Lama, and being questioned as to what had happened he told the story of his marvelous escape. The Lama was greatly angered, declaring that someone must have secured the key and gone to the rescue but when search was made for the key and it was found on his own girdle he was speechless with amazement and fear. He ordered Sundar to leave the city lest his powerful God should bring some untold disaster upon himself and his people."

Incidents are not uncommon when angels ministered to him, and he speaks of them simply as God's intervention in his behalf when there was no other help. While preaching in a village of Nepal called Khatzi, he was seized, rolled up in a blanket and taken out of the place. A stranger released him, and when the villagers saw him again preaching in the same place they became so angry they bound him by his hands and feet to a tree and left him there. Faint for want of food he looked longingly at the fruit on the tree just outside of his reach. He fell asleep, finally from exhaustion and in the morning when he awoke his bonds were loose. He was lying at the foot of the tree and by his side lay some fruit.

At another time he was preaching at a place called Kamyam against bitter opposition. The whole day he was unable to get food and hungry and weary he lay down under a tree in a desert place and fell asleep. "About midnight some one touched him, bade him arise and eat. Looking up he beheld two men with food and water. Imagining that some villagers had pity on his

condition he gratefully partook of the refreshments. When his hunger was satisfied he turned to converse with the men who had brought the food but not a soul was to be seen anywhere.

While traveling in Japan a missionary asked him if he still traveled about India homeless and hungry, to which he replied, "No, now in India they know me, and if I go to a town they have thousands of people to hear me in a big hall.

This is not the way of the cross; for that I must go to Tibet."

In later years he traveled over South India, attending a convention in Feb. 1918 of 20,000 Syrians in Travancore, and reminded them that God had given the Syrian Christians the truth many years ago, but as they had failed to spread it over India God had to call men and women from America and Europe to do their work.

God's Provision for the Household

Claiming the Blood Covenant

H. W. Mitchell, in the Stone Church, Aug. 15, 1920.



THE little message the Lord has laid on my heart this afternoon is on God's provision for the household. Everywhere I have been I find parents greatly burdened for their children. As I was coming along on the train I read an article on the subject of God's provision for the household, and the substance of it I will give to you.

In the sixteenth chapter of Acts we read where Paul said to the Philippian jailer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, *and thy house.*" And they spake to them the Word of God, and "to all that were in his house." And further on we read that he baptized him and all his household, and left them all rejoicing. I believe as we look through the scriptures we will see that God's provision of salvation, wasn't for just a few out of each household, but that He had in mind the whole wide world; He is mindful, not only of you, but your whole family, and it is His desire and purpose to bring them all into the fold. We find the last scene given us in the Bible reveals God as a Father of His children; it reveals God in heaven surrounded by all His children, the redeemed, and you remember Jesus referred to heaven as His "Father's house." When I go into a home here and realize it is a home where Christ dwells, where all the members of the family are children of God, the very atmosphere of that home brings to my soul a feeling and a foretaste of what it will be when we get into heaven. There are such homes today, though they are very few, but we find some homes where all the family are really walking in the precious will of God. Oh the sweetness of God's presence and His divine blessing upon such a household!

For your encouragement I can say on the authority of the Word of God, it is His purpose to save every member of the family, even those who

appear indifferent and think and plan only for the things of this world. I believe if you will claim the salvation of these members of your families that are now out of the fold of God, He will in His own time draw them to Himself and they will be saved also.

In Genesis, the seventh chapter, God told Noah that He would destroy the world; but because Noah was a righteous man and walked in His will, God said to him, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Now the ark is a type of Christ; the floods that came are a type of God's wrath and judgment. That will come again, not by a flood, but this earth we now live on will be destroyed by fire. God's wrath will be revealed from heaven and His judgments will come upon the world. But we know that it is God's will not only that we escape by being in Christ, but as He said to Noah, "Come thou and all thy house," so is there safety promised for our loved ones. You might say that these children of Noah had a will of their own, and God never compels anyone to go against his will. Noah was a righteous man and we read in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews that his household was saved because he believed God. So your household and every member of your family will be saved for one reason, and that is because you believe God. He believed to the saving of his house. He would not give up that one of his children be lost but held on in faith. I imagine as he built the ark he had in mind that every one of his children would be saved, and because he believed God and was a righteous man, God honored his faith, and said, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

Paul told the Philippian jailer that not only he should be saved, but his house. Then he instructed the members of his family, taught them how to be saved, and left them all rejoicing. I have heard people say, "I could not enjoy heaven if my loved ones were lost in hell." It is not God's will for them to be lost. If you will

claim the blood covenant and step out in faith, your whole family will be saved. That truth inspired me to believe for all of my people. My mother was a Christian but she was the only one. The others are careless and indifferent, but as I saw the Scripture this week it moved my heart to believe God for them. I do not know when or how but in God's own way and time He will bring everyone of them into the fold. Oh it is a blessed privilege, and if you can see and understand it, you can pray in faith! I have heard mothers say, "I do not know whether it is God's will to save my children. They seem to be hindered by unbelief." It is God's purpose to save every one of your children and He will do so if you pray in faith. You may get into the place where you cannot pray any more, but can only praise the Lord for their salvation; they may seem more and more indifferent, and will not hear anything about religion, but God can break the stony hearts and destroy their stubborn wills and bring them down to the feet of Jesus.

When Moses went to Pharaoh and asked that they might go and worship in the wilderness for a few days, old Pharaoh was wise enough to see that if they left their children at home they would come back, and he said, "Well, Moses, I consent that you go and worship your God on one condition, and that is, that you leave the little ones here." To my mind Pharaoh here is a type of the devil, who is wise enough to know if he can get you unconcerned about your children and let them stay in the world, it will sooner or later bring you yourself into a backslidden state. Be as emphatic as Moses was, "We will not leave one of them, but will take everyone with us." That is the place God wants to get you; that you will not be content to let one of them go to the devil, but be faithful in prayer until everyone of them is saved. Before God got through with Pharaoh and that crowd down in Egypt they were very glad to say, "Take your children and go." If you will prevail with God He will not only make them sick and tired of sin but He will save them.

God said, "Take a lamb and slay it, and sprinkle the blood upon the door post, and when I see the blood I will pass over you." It was a lamb for a household, and when the lamb was slain and the blood placed upon the door-post, no doubt placed there by the elder member of the family who acted in faith and claimed the blood covenant, the whole family were saved. This is

a perfect type of the redemption in Jesus Christ, as John said, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. Jesus Christ died and spilled His blood, not only for your salvation but for the whole household, but be sure the blood is on the door-post. I read this story some months ago, supposed to have happened in Egypt the night of the passover. There was a sick daughter, the eldest of the family, and after a fit of the fever she turned to her father with an expression of fear, "Father, is the blood on the door post?" And the father said, "Yes, my child, be at ease. I told my servant to put the blood there, and he has never failed me." The child tried to rest but couldn't. "Oh I feel so sick, are you sure the blood is on the door-post? Won't you look and see that it is there." So the father to pacify his daughter took her out to see, and lo! there wasn't any sign of blood there. Hastily running out he slew a lamb and sprinkled the door-posts and the lintel, before the death angel came, and the child's life was saved. How was the child's life saved? Oh my friend, don't take anybody else's word for it, but know personally that the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ has been sprinkled on the door posts of your heart, and when He sees the blood He will save you.

I want to bring to your mind one more picture in the Old Testament of salvation by grace and of the blood of the lamb. In the second chapter of Joshua we have an account of the two spies going into Jericho. They were spying out the city, and some people tried to entrap them, but they ran into the house of Rahab the harlot, who recognized them to be children of Israel. She was a woman of faith and said unto the men, "I know that the Lord has given you the land, and that your terror has fallen upon us," and she hid these two men on the roof of her house amidst some stuff. The soldiers came and said, "These two spies were seen entering your house," but Rahab preserved their lives, and after the soldiers had gone she let them down over the wall by a crimson cord and saved their lives. Before they went she confessed her faith that God would deliver the city into their hands, and she said, "I pray that my life and my household, my mother and father and my kindred may be spared," and these two men said, "On one condition your whole family will be saved, and that is that you take this crimson cord by which you let us over the wall, and tie it over the front window of your house, and it shall come to pass

that when they see this cord they will spare the house." This woman got busy and gathered in her kindred, and there she was with the crimson cord marking the house, and when the shout went up and the walls crumbled and fell, this portion of the wall that supported Rahab's house, stood, a monument to God's Word. Every other portion fell but that which supported Rahab's house. Though a sinful woman, she was saved through the crimson cord. God spared this woman's house and not one of them perished. It doesn't matter what kind of life you have lived in the past, if you believe in Christ and His precious blood you can claim your salvation and the salvation of your household. Someone might suggest that only the head of the house could claim this promise, but we find Rahab was the daughter and through her faith the others were saved. You can be used in your parents' salvation if you will prevail with God.

A young girl knelt at the altar in the meetings held recently in Dallas, Texas, and was saved. Her parents were not Christians and they were displeased because this girl had become a Christian and said she could not go to church any more. Her brother-in-law, a very ungodly man, cursed her to her face, yet she didn't become discouraged. They tried to persuade her to go to the cycle parks, but she stood faithful to God, still believing that He could sustain her, and I believe if she maintains her stand He will touch the hearts of that ungodly family and bring them into the fold, because the promise is "for thee and thy house."

You remember Joshua when he asked the Israelites whom they would serve, whether the gods of the heathen or the living God, said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Oh that there were more Joshua's today! It doesn't matter if our neighbors do serve the god of this world and go into the path of sin, it is settled that we will serve the living God. Let us realize this and claim the salvation of the household. When Jesus healed the nobleman's son, the scripture tells us that not only the nobleman believed, but all his household. When Paul went down to a certain city and found Lydia, we find she received them into her house, and she "and all her house believed." When Cornelius sent for Peter he assembled together all his household and his relatives, so it is possible not only for your immediate family to be saved but you can claim the salvation of all your relatives if you will go after their souls and faithfully pray. And

when they were all assembled in the home of Cornelius, the Holy Spirit fell upon them. God will save your family and baptize every one of them in the Holy Spirit, and you will have a little foretaste of heaven, and begin to realize what it will mean when you sit in your place at your Heavenly Father's table with all the rest of His children.

I want to tell this incident in closing, in connection with the meetings in Dallas, Texas, where I have just been. Just before we arrived Brother Rape was holding a tent meeting, and during this meeting a woman was gloriously saved. She had had great trouble in her home-life; her husband, whom she loved very devotedly had become infatuated with another woman, and she was so desperate over the matter she thought she would commit suicide. She came to the tent and in her sorrow and desperation poured out her heart to God and was wonderfully saved. Then she asked the Christians if they would not pray that God would convict her husband and bring him back to her. In answer to their prayers this man came and attended the meeting a few nights, but he realized he had to break from the life he was living. As one talked to him about salvation he said he couldn't surrender then, but he was leaving the city but would come back and be saved. He went to that woman with whom he was living unlawfully and told her he would have to leave her. He came back, went to the altar and was wonderfully saved; so saved and filled with the joy of the Lord that when he arose he could do nothing but weep in gratitude to God for His mercy. But that wasn't all. While we were there the oldest daughter came in the third night of the meeting and was wonderfully saved, and before we left two of the sons were saved. So it was our privilege to see that whole family brought into the fold of God. Their experience was like that of the Philippian jailer and his family. He was saved with all his household, and they all rejoiced together.

Beloved, God's plan and revealed will is for all your household, the lamb for a household. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." God wants to save them all. He will talk to their hearts in a way you and I could never do. His Holy Spirit will bring them to the foot of the cross, according to His precious promise.

* * *

A woman who was a morphine fiend for nine years, heard of Divine Healing. She and her husband were worldly people, he a drinking man.

but she was miraculously delivered and he was saved through prayer. They moved into a little town in Canada and she at once began to visit the different churches and witnessed to what God had done for her. Her testimony was simple, but she asked God to direct her to some church where she would find a hungry soul.

In a Baptist church was a young girl who had had a call to the foreign field, but had given it up. When she heard this woman pray there was a yearning in her soul to know God as she did,

and she sought her out. The result today of that one witness for the Lord is a missionary *en route* to India, baptized in the Holy Ghost and fire, and a Pentecostal Mission opened in that little town. The mission is not large but they have been giving to the foreign field \$50 a month. One month with only thirteen in the meeting, they gave \$75. If you have but one talent, use that. This faithful witness with the Holy Spirit on her life will share in the reaping when the missionary's sheaves are gathered home.

Stories of Sacrifice in China

Walking Sixty Miles to Hear the Gospel

Mrs. Jean Rattan Cole, in The Stone Church, June 13, 1920.



JUST at this time our Chinese are gathering for the morning service, many of them walking ten, twenty and thirty miles. Many times in China we have days just as hot in March as now, and they do not come grumbling about the heat. They are glad to come, not to a cool house to worship in like this, but just a little mud chapel.

The message that has been laid upon my heart since I came to the homeland has been prayer. I know you dear ones know how to pray but there is not one of us who could not pray more. How many of us could look up into the face of the Lord at the close of this Sabbath day and say, "I have prayed all You wanted me to?" Many of us think we haven't time to wait on God; it is true it is a busy world, but the devil will see to it that we do not have a bit more time than he can possibly help. The prayer that has been on my heart has been from the ninth chapter of Matthew, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send laborers into his harvest." This was when He was sending forth the twelve, and again when He sent the seventy He added to it: "Behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves." He is saying to every one of us, "Go . . . and preach the Gospel." This has been one thing that has been much on my heart as I see some of the dear ones at home not having a burden for the unsaved. The Lord Jesus says to you, "Go ye out (here in Chicago) and preach the Gospel." I am glad you are doing it on the street corners.

Beloved, there is a secret place God wants to call us into, where we will get the vision as He got it, that our hearts will be moved with compassion; that we will not simply say after a meeting, "I enjoyed hearing about China"; not just to remember the little stories and say, "I enjoyed it," but to realize the need of those souls

in China; what it means to have souls saved in Africa and India, and in the Islands of the Sea. We do not begin to realize the great need of real prayer. I pray that when you go into the secret place you will see His face yearning over those in heathen lands.

You remember those words in Songs of Solomon, "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs." It is when we see the face of Jesus yearning after these lost ones, that we get the vision. Beloved, have you ever waited upon God in the secret place and saw the dear ones in heathen lands? It is in the prayer-closet that we get the vision. I had just a little taste of it when I was only a child. I do not remember the time when I did not want to go to the mission field, but I was about sixteen when the Lord gave me a definite call to go, and it seemed to me my heart would break every time I got down to pray with a longing to be among those people. However, there were needs in my own home and I was kept here for many years. I was out in home mission work twenty years before going to China. My dear ones said to me, "Don't you think you could stay at home for a while?" When Mr. Cole and I left over a year ago, there was one woman staying on our station, and this could be repeated in many stations in China. Since I have come home I have had word of the death of three dear ones left alone on the stations. If you could realize what it means to work on there day after day amid the dirt, the suffering, the danger from robbers on every side, the heart-aches and trials too deep for words, you might understand why so many die in the harness. It is hard for us to come home when the need is so great. The hardest thing I ever did in my life was to board the steamer for home, but that was God's plan.

Mr. Cole had been in China for sixteen years

and his health had been failing for some time. He started to come home but the Lord took him to glory before we took the steamer. These experiences we pass through are not easy to the flesh but God doesn't call us to lives of ease.

In our part of China, the northern part, people are very, very poor; they cannot afford to live even on rice. We live out on the plains in little mud houses only one story high on account of the high winds. Their principal food is a millet grain boiled up into a mush. Sometimes they will put a few onions in or buds off the trees to make it taste differently. The salutation of the heathen people is, "Have you had your food?" The food is the principal thing with them for they are always hungry, and so many of them have so little that that is the most important thing in their lives. We have mud houses, mud stoves, mud beds. We see mud in the winter time until there is nothing to be seen. The whole family will sleep on an elevation made of mud. When our mud stoves get out of order all we have to do is to go out into the yard and mend them.

We have opportunities to witness for Christ. Oftentimes the old women going in to the markets will sit down and rest and the Bible women will give them the Gospel.

I remember when I was in Honan there was a man who lived thirty miles from the mission station. He was suffering from poor eyes, and he walked thirty miles and said to us, "I hear you people heal sickness over here." The brother in charge said, "No, we do not heal at all but we have a God who does, but first you must learn the doctrine." That man walked thirty miles twice a week to the little chapel. On Sunday he came and spent all day. His first little taste of the Word of God made him hungry for more. He did that for many months, gave his heart to the Lord Jesus, and the Lord began to heal his eyes. At the time I met him one eye was entirely well and the other fast recovering. After two years of training he became one of our best evangelists, but his wife had not yet been saved. As we were going to our quarterly meeting he said, "I want to go home and get my wife." He walked home thirty miles and back thirty miles to the station. He found one of the children with the mumps, and he carried the sick child and his wife carried the baby. She sent word she wanted to see me. She was spattered with mud. She had walked in her little cloth shoes and tiny bound feet those thirty miles

carrying that baby, to hear the Gospel of the Lord Jesus. After a time they brought her into the compound and she remained there studying the Word of God, and he had charge of a station.

When they come to the Lord they are willing to make almost any sacrifice for Him. I received a letter not long ago telling of an old woman who had been saved for some time and who was earnestly praying to have a little money to give to the church but her husband wouldn't give her any. He said to her, "I will have to get another man to help sew tomorrow, I cannot get the work done." She said, "Let me sew all night and you give me the money." She too had sore eyes, but it is no wonder they lose their eye-sight; they go out into the blazing sun, and pick up a dirty old rag and rub them. He said to her, "You cannot sew all night. You will go blind." She said, "No I won't. Jesus will heal my eyes." So he let her try it, and she sewed all night long for a few coppers, which in the morning she brought over to the missionary. We do not know about sacrificing here. The Lord healed her eyes, and it was the means of her husband's salvation. He said, "Now I know your God is the true God."

There is much persecution for them when they come out into the Gospel of Jesus Christ. One of our girls in school through a time of revival was sobbing bitterly, and when one went to her she said, "Oh, I want to be a Christian, but my mother said, 'You can go to that school but if you dare to come out with that Jesus religion I will kill you.'" She was only thirteen years old, but her heart was so hungry. This is just the time that the boys and girls coming out of the schools go back into their homes, and oh the suffering and persecution they have there! One dear girl wrote about going back into her home and her uncle told her she must worship the ancestral tablet in her home. She said, "No, I cannot worship anything but Jesus." He beat her until he tore all her clothing off her back, but she said, "By the grace of God I stood true and didn't bow down and worship idols." They are willing to suffer even death, many of them, rather than bow down again to the idols of wood and stone.

We have proved many times that prayer changes things. I want to give you one little instance how we at times have to stand in prayer. Some times there arises a dissatisfaction among the evangelists. We had been praying that God

would pour out His Spirit and right in the face of that, several evangelists came in set against what we had been praying for. We went to our homes, fasted and agonized in prayer, and along late in the afternoon we felt we had prayed through and gotten the answer. We went to the room of the brother and sister in charge of the mission and as we went in the brother arose from his knees and said, "I believe the Lord has answered." He had no sooner said that than the leader of the opposition came to the door and falling on his face before this missionary, said, "Oh, pastor, forgive me. It was the devil." Just as he got through, three more came and fell on their faces, and up to ten o'clock that night they were coming in, one by one, the native Christians and evangelists confessing where they

had failed God; that He had spoken to their hearts and they would follow the Lord all the way. How God did pour out His Spirit upon us! The next morning thirty were led into the baptismal waters. How many times when under great pressure we have longed that God might lay on us the hearts of those at home! Just now we need prayer for our native pastors and Bible women that the latter rain may fall in great power. He has wonderfully baptized some in the Holy Spirit, but the need is so great. Will you not wait upon the Lord ten minutes every day definitely for this?

I am booked to sail Oct. 2nd. It is not easy to the flesh to go back without my dear husband, but God has wonderfully given grace, and been with me all along the way.

"Forget Not All His Benefits"

Lillian Trasher, Assiut, Egypt.



BEFORE they call I will answer." When I was a young school-girl I used to say to myself, "Oh, if I only had the money I'd open an orphanage." But in those days, being a Catholic I knew nothing about God's wonderful salvation nor His tender care of the tiny sparrow. Not knowing that "the steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord," nor that "All things are possible to them that believe," I little thought that the longing of my heart could be realized.

But God has done exceedingly above all that I could ask or think. I now have over a hundred little children, all happy, well-fed and clothed. My matron, Zeackeah, a native, a diamond taken from the rough, said to me this morning, "Miss Lily, do you know what the girls do now when they want something?" "No." "Well, they just pray for it. When I ask one of the girls if she needs a dress or a pair of stockings, she says, 'Why yes, Auntie Zeackeah, I just prayed for that last night.'"

I said, "Yes, I know that because the day Mrs. D. sent the shoes and I gave Jennie a pair, she said, 'Oh thank the Lord, Oh how good He is! Why, mama, I've prayed so hard for a pair of shoes and stockings.'"

It is a simple thing, but it is a good habit, and I am glad that we are learning more and more that God can give big things and little things; there is no difference with Him.

Yesterday we bought the vegetables for sup-

per, and the children asked if they were to be cooked with meat. The cook said, "No," for we didn't have any. But the children said "Yes," and sure enough along about three o'clock a man came and brought us half a sheep as a gift.

Two days ago I said to my matron, "Zackeah, we need a new sewing machine very badly. We just must have one." "Yes," she said, "we certainly do need one, but it will cost \$55 or \$60, and the money we have we need for food. So you had better wait until more comes in." "No," I said, "we need it now and more money will come in for the food. I will get the machine today." "Well," she said, doubtfully, "do as you think best, but I think you had better wait." I said, "Give me all the money you have in the house," which she did and I started to town. On the way I met an old friend who gave me \$5. As I went further I stopped and made a visit and as I was leaving, the gentleman gave me \$25. I went and bought the machine, paying \$57 for it. A gentleman standing in front of the store where I bought it paid the drayage, so I started back home very happy. Scarcely had I started on my way when I met another gentleman who gave me another \$25. So by the time I got back to the Orphanage I had a very nice new Singer machine and I was only \$2 out. Just a few minutes ago another Egyptian gentleman came here and I told him about it, whereupon he gave me \$5. Our God has promised to supply all our needs, and He does it.

For a long time I have felt the need of a large room to use as a chapel or school room, so I called the contractor and asked him how much it would cost to build it. He said about \$300 without windows or doors. So I said to Zackcah, "I guess I'll make out the contract and the Lord will send it in." She said, "All right, but remember our bread bill is \$250 a month, and you wanted to buy some wheat." "Yes," I said, "I know, but we won't touch the wheat money, but trust the Lord to send in especially for the room."

So we made out the contract for the room for \$290; he said he would wait until he finished the other rooms which he was building for us before starting the foundation. Before he started, every cent of the \$300 came in. God has so supplied our needs for the past nine and a half years, and yet we have never been in debt since we started with our first donation of 35 cts., and for the past three months our expenses have been over a thousand dollars a month. "Despise not the day of small things."



Lillian Trasher and Some of Her Orphans.

The day I bought the sewing-machine Zackcah said to me, "Miss Lily, we need some onions. Please see about buying them." "All right," I said, but forgot all about them until I returned

from town, when the children came running out to tell me that an English gentleman had sent three big sacks of onions as a present for the kiddies.

These are just a few of the happenings this week in this place that God has so blest. In fact they happen the whole year around. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever."

One of my babies whom I took when she was six months old—now over eight years, was taken home by her grandmother who lives in Cairo, while I was in America. Last week I went up to Cairo to get her. Poor little darling! She was in an awful condition, filthy beyond words, still wearing the little dress that she had worn the day she left the Orphanage, now in rags and tatters. When she saw me she rushed at me and threw her arms around my neck and cried as if her heart would break. Of course I cried too. I took her to a hotel, gave her a bath and worked for hours cleaning up her head. It was well worth a thousand times the trouble. She said, "Oh mamma, how I missed you! I cried for you every day. I would say, 'Maybe mamma will come for me today.' Oh mamma, I love you more than I do the angels."

While in Cairo I was invited to one of the leading families to dine. Little Gemela sat next to me. As we sat down, the lady said, "Now just help yourself." But Gemela said, "Why we haven't said grace!" So the whole family had to wait until my little girl said grace. The ladies said, "Well, that puts us to shame."

Pray that I may be able to train up the little ones in the way they should go.

* * *

A brother of Pastor Fetler, a Baptist minister in Russia who edits a paper, has printed recently a full account of the Pentecostal outpouring in Sweden, on the front page of his paper.

The Lord's Work

THE Lord had a job for me, but I had so much to do
I said, "You get somebody else, or wait till I get through."
I don't know how the Lord came out; no doubt He got along—
But I felt kind o' sneakin' like! I knew I'd done God wrong.

One day I needed the Lord—needed Him right away;
But He never answered me at all and I could hear Him say
Down in my accusin' heart, "Child, I've got too much to do;
You get somebody else—or wait till I get through."

Now when the Lord has a job for me I never try to shirk;
I drop what I have on hand and do the Lord's good work.
And my affairs can run along or wait till I get get through,
Nobody else can do the work that God has marked out for you.

Selected.

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Notes

"IN the will of God!" Is there any place more restful or satisfying to the Christian? To know one is in the will of God takes away all anxiety, solves all problems, puts the burden on His shoulders, and gives the peace that passes all understanding. It's easy to pray "in the will of God," for Jesus our great Mediator is interceding for the same object. What confidence it gives us to be yoked with Him in our prayer life!

The Chapra (India) property was born "in the will of God" in the heart of one who has gone to her reward. When the question of meeting the final indebtedness and securing the property for God and Pentecost was put before us, our one query was, "Is it God's will to perpetuate that work?" We laid the matter prayerfully before our readers, and scarcely was the need known ere the response proved His leading, beyond the shadow of a doubt. Prayer went up from many hearts that the light that shone in that dark city with its more than 40,000 heathen, should not be dimmed and gifts came in accordingly. One on the West Coast who knows how to touch God, was burdened in prayer long into the night for this need. The next day in a little prayer circle the Spirit led her to make an appeal and there was a hearty response. One sister gave the money she had saved for a suit; others made equal sacrifices, and the result of that night's intercession was \$100.01 for Chapra, the one penny being given by a little child, which meant as great a sacri-

fice to her as the larger gifts of others.

And so God worked until, as in days of old, "the people had to be restrained" from giving. How blessed to be in the will of God! Let us rejoice together that our ears have been attuned to hear His voice.

Notings from Washington

We published last month a short account of the Pentecostal revival in the Methodist church in Washington, D. C. We have since received a further interesting account of the Lord's working in that city, which we quote from a private letter:

"The Lord has been working wonderfully here. We had a great many seeking last Friday night. You would be surprised to know the many pastors who are interested in the baptism of the Spirit. I met a gentleman at the McKendree Church at the close of the meeting, and asked him what he thought of the meeting. He belongs to the President's church, and he said, 'We want this in our church.' I felt so encouraged when I picked up the paper and saw that this pastor filled Brother Shreve's pulpit Sunday evening. Now if he were not in sympathy with same do you think he would have filled Brother Shreve's place for him?"

"The Baptist minister's whole family, excepting the little boy, have received the baptism. His little girl, aged four, cut off the top of her finger. They sewed it on and it hurt her so badly her father said, 'Louise, ask God to help you.' While in pain and crying, 'God help me, God help me,' she broke out speaking in tongues before the doctor, who thought she was out of her head; but her father understood, of course.

"The matron of Sibley Hospital received her baptism at McKendree. She was there Wednesday night for healing. Think of it, a lady superintendent of a hospital, coming in contact with the best physicians, asking to be anointed with oil for healing! We have a trained nurse seeking the baptism. God is using all classes to prove His work. I have seen this nurse tremble under the power of God, and every meeting she seeks and is looking for the signs to follow.

"A neighbor woman who has had a complication of diseases for twenty years, wore a brace, steel tubes, etc., but has worn neither brace nor tubes since the McPherson meetings. She eats everything, and with diabetes you know how strict they are with the diet. She hadn't eaten

meat, cake or sugar for eighteen years, now eats everything and mows her own lawn. I write these things for His glory.

"I was taken sick three weeks ago with pro-lapse of the stomach. I had three pictures taken and roentgen examination. My stomach had dropped so I couldn't move. I was supposed to be in bed for three weeks with my bed elevated, but managed to get down to the meeting. If husband hadn't had such a heavy car I couldn't have stood the jolting, and it would have been a dreadful undertaking on a street car. I was healed and played the piano for the services. I was down Wednesday night also, and attended a campmeeting last night. My! but Jesus is good to me."

Missionary Rest Home

The following missionaries have been recent guests at the Rest Home: Mrs. Anna Richards and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Lehman and family, South Africa, C. J. Hanson, West Indies, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, West Africa, and Miss Bessie Gager, India. Also some new out-going missionaries.

The Committee acknowledge with hearty thanks a generous gift of canned fruit and vegetables from the Galena (Kansas) Assembly, and some fruit from friends in Shelby and Muskegon, Michigan.

Hearty appreciation comes continuously from the missionaries, similar to the following note:

"Many thanks for kind entertainment at the Rest Home. There is a splendid, wholesome, homelike atmosphere, and you evidently have just the right one for matron in the person of Miss Droegmiller."

* * *

The following note from one who has had a deep interest in the Home gives an outsider's viewpoint of the need:

"In our trip north we passed through Chicago and fulfilled our hearts' desire to see the new Missionary Rest Home. It went far beyond our expectations. We felt, 'What hath God wrought' for His dear, tired servants! What a delightful place it is, the building itself, the appointments and the atmosphere of the Home! The matron told us of her call. Surely she is the right person in the right place, and such a good cook. That means much in a Home like that. Mr. J. O. Lehman, wife and four children were there while we were. Sister and I said over and over to each other, 'What a God-

send to that family!' The various Assembly people could not entertain them, especially in these days when everybody is packing themselves into smaller and smaller flats."

We would not have our readers think from this that the Home is in any way luxurious. It is simply comfortable. Indeed much of the furniture came from basement store-rooms and attics, having been cast off by the donors and supplanted by better in their own homes, but the cleanliness of the place and the spiritual atmosphere make it inviting to those who have endured the privations of heathen lands. May God help us to keep it so.

* * *

The matron is now in need of a good helper, and we lay this matter before our readers, perchance God has someone in the Evangel family whom He could use in the Missionary Home. The work is not hard, as the missionaries for the most part take care of their own rooms, but there is too much for one pair of hands, no matter how willing. The spiritual atmosphere of the home and fellowship of the missionaries make it an inviting place to live for one who loves to serve God's workers. If anyone reads this note would feel it of the Lord to accept such a position, we shall be glad to have her write to the Matron, Miss Mary Droegmiller, 1848 Berenice Ave., Chicago, for further information.

We are ordering our coal for the winter and shall be glad to have our readers pray that the money will come in to supply this need.

* * *

The Annual Missionary Convention of the Pentecostal Church of Cleveland, O., will be held in the Church at East 57th St. and White Ave., Oct. 15-24. Pastor A. G. Ward and Evan. Jack Saunders, of Los Angeles, Calif., have been engaged to give out the Word. A corps of missionary workers will be present. Remuneration will be given only to previously engaged workers, but ministers and missionaries in fellowship with the General Council of the Assemblies of God are invited and will be provided with free entertainment. For further information write, Pastor J. Narver Gortner, 1412 E. 57th St., Cleveland, O.

* * *

Pastor Craig sends us notice of the Glad Tidings Bible Training School of San Francisco, which will open for registration on Oct. 6th. In addition to the two buildings occupied last year, a third has been secured for the needs of the work. Students contemplating entering should send for catalogue and application blanks to the Supt., R. J. Craig, 1536 Ellis St., San Francisco, Calif.

Our Covenant Relationship and What It Means

Are You Running Away from God?

George E. Smith in The Stone Church, Aug. 22, 1920.



I WANT to read just a part of the fifth verse of the first chapter of the book of Jonah: "But Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship, and he lay and was fast asleep." I will not guarantee much hallelujah this afternoon, but if I can by the Word of God stir up your pure minds I will have accomplished my purpose. I realize that no man is saved by works, and the longer I live the more I realize that "By grace we are saved, through faith, and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God." Notwithstanding this great truth, I still believe and contend that every man and every woman, every boy and girl that is saved by grace has a place to be used of God, and I believe that God wants every one to find out what that place is and get into it. It is only in that place that God has chosen for us to work that we can have real lasting peace and joy and contentment. Furthermore, I believe if we do not get into the place that God has chosen for us to work, that He will set all the machinery of heaven in motion to get us where He wants us, and perhaps before we get into that place we may have a good many hard old testings and heart-aches, and a good many bumps on the right hand and on the left. But beloved, God Almighty has a place for you and a place for me, and He wants us each in our place. He doesn't want me in your place, nor you in mine.

If you went into the shop of a diamond-cutter and did not know what kind of a shop you had gotten into, you would be ready to assert that they were building automobiles or locomotives or some great machinery, for there are shafts and grinding wheels and belts of almost every conceivable kind. And if you went to the superintendent in your ignorance and said, "Mister, what wonderful machinery do you manufacture in this place with all these pulleys and belts?" he might take you down to where they have the finished product and come out with a little piece of cotton in his hand, and there you might see three or four finely cut diamonds. Then you would ask, "Does it take all these belts and all this machinery and rattle and noise to produce those few little stones in your hand?"

And he would say, "Yes, for they are very hard to cut and hard to shape." Sometimes God has to take us into the diamond-cutting shop and bring us under tremendous machinery in order to get us where He wants us. When you enter into covenant relationship with God you may be sure of this fact: God will use every bit of machinery at His disposal to get you into the place where He wants you. And He will do the same with me. Beloved, it means something to enter into covenant relationship with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. This man Jonah whom I was reading to you about, hadn't taken into account the integrity of God; he hadn't taken into account the fact that he was God's man, that he was dealing with God and not with man, and so he chose his own way. He said, "I am going where I want to go, and I am going to work in an easy place; I will not carry wood to make a fire at our place, but I will warm my shins where somebody else carried the wood."

Beloved, this man tried to run away from God; he tried to get out of the place where God had put him, and before God would take His hands off He unharnessed the very elements and turned them loose on him. He started the wheels going, the belts turning and the grind-stones began to turn, and we read in the fourth verse God Almighty cut loose the wind in the sea and there was a mighty tempest so the ship was likely to be broken. "What is all this fuss about? Can't you get another man? Let Jonah go." Ah beloved, do you know that God is loath to let go one of His people? He loves us with an everlasting love, and He will hold on to us and do everything in His power to keep us in our places of service. Would to God we could get the lesson down in our hearts and quit our trying to run away from His will. If the Pentecostal people would get out of the Jonah business and into God's business there would be fewer of them asleep. He was running away from God but forgot that God could turn the winds of heaven loose. He forgot that he was in covenant relationship with the God who could upset the sea, if necessary. God started the wind, the sea began to lash and roar, and that little piece of wood Jonah was on began to pitch and roll, and Jonah discovered he was dealing with God and not

man. Ah beloved! I am glad He is God. If He were like some men how quickly He would turn some people loose. I feel like it myself sometimes in the natural man, but God says, "I will set all the machinery in MY power in motion to work out MY purpose. You are MY child." Did you ever stop to think it took God as long to destroy Jericho as it did to make the whole earth? Do you think He isn't loath to let go His people? Certainly He is. His hand of wrath is withheld, and He sends forth the message of mercy that you and I might get into the place God wants and stay there. In God's name I beg of you, find out what God's place is for you and get into that, and I declare the city of Chicago will be turned upside down for God. The trouble is there are so many Jonahs today God cannot hold on to one man long enough to do something lasting for him.

Get the picture. Here is God depending on someone to carry the message over to these people. Where is God's man? Probably Jonah isn't the sinner in the sense of being an outcast and never having entered into covenant relationship with God, but the men on the ship had to organize an investigating committee before they found out who he was. Isn't that sad? There are some people saved and sanctified, healed and baptized in the Holy Ghost and claiming to be looking for the coming of Jesus, and you have to form a committee to find out if they are Christians. Here was a crowd of heathen who had to go to the prophet and say, "What is your occupation? If he had been about the Lord's business it wouldn't have been necessary to appoint a committee to find out about him. They didn't appoint a committee when Moses came down the mountain. They knew he was a man of God. He didn't have to put on a uniform and tell folks he was a Christian. No indeed. They said, "Put a veil on his face. We cannot stand to look at him." Oh beloved, when we get into the place where God wants us, the people will find it out. Yes, he was a believer in God and he said to these heathen, "I am an Hebrew; and I fear the Lord, the God of heaven, which hath made the sea and the dry land." You say, "That was wonderful!" Yes, but what good is a believer in God if he is asleep? I want you to notice something else about this man. He knew how to pray to the God of heaven. Up on the deck of the ship there were men who prayed, one to this god, and one to another god; each one had a different god. The Word tells us they

all cried out to their god, but the only man who knew how to pray to the true God was asleep in the hold of the ship. You say, "Brother, you are going away back into history." No, I am talking about present-day conditions. Just a few blocks below me here is a large temple erected to the memory of Mrs. Mary G. Baker Eddy, and we know those who go there are not worshipping the true and living God. Over yonder there is another place where they worship their god, and if you will take your daily paper and read the church announcements, you will find they worship anything and everything right here. Not in Nineveh, but in the city of Chicago. We as Pentecostal children of God know how to pray to the true and the living God. We are acquainted with Him, having received His Spirit into our hearts. I will not say what percentage of the Pentecostal people are down in the hold of the ship, but you will have to agree with me that a very large percentage of them are asleep on the job, running away from God, because it is embarrassing to be a Pentecostaller these days.

What a picture we have of Jonah! a man who knew how to pray, but asleep; a prophet, called to be a witness, to set as a watchman, and so far as I know he may have been the only prophet of his day. What a tremendous responsibility! Called to declare the whole counsel of God, a seer, but he could not see when he was asleep; a watchman, but he wasn't watching. Beloved, I think I hear the words of Jesus saying today, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Again, "Ye are my witnesses"; "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." The Great Commission still stands. Men are trying to dynamite it along with the rest of the Book, but the Great Commission stands, and when God fills His people with the Holy Ghost and fire, He does not do it merely that we might enjoy ourselves, but that we might work for Him.

Jonah wasn't on furlough. He was still under commission. You would think to see some folks these days that they had a six months' furlough twice a year. We are not on furlough. There is a church down below here they call the People's Church. As I passed it I saw on the corner of the building, "Closed for the summer." God's church isn't closed for the summer. He doesn't give up saving souls in the summer. If we are asleep in the hold of the ship God help us to arise. Why was Jonah down in the hold of the ship? He hoped he might get away from the

responsibility God had put upon him. Perhaps he was of a "retiring disposition." We hear folks say, "Oh I can't do anything for the Lord. I am of such a retiring disposition." They tell me that during the war a captain was walking along the line, and a big long-legged fellow came running as hard as he could. The captain stopped him, "What is the matter?" "Oh captain, I am of such a retiring disposition." That is the way with a good many of us, especially if there is some hard job God wants us to do.

God has called us and commissioned us, and I haven't had any notice of being on a furlough yet. He is never going to say, "It is enough" until the battle is over and He is ready to put a crown on our heads. Are you running away from God? There is nothing that will make a man tired so quickly as trying to have his own way. How do I know? I have tried it. There is nothing that will tire you quite so quickly as fighting against God. How many men, how many women called, anointed and filled with the Holy Ghost, have worn their lives out fighting against God. He speaks to someone, "I want you to represent Me in India." That person begins to fight for his own will, and he wears himself out fighting against God, and the first thing you know he is no good in the United States or anywhere. Beloved, I'd rather be in India or Africa or China, or one of the islands of the sea, or even at the North Pole in the will of God, than to be in Youngstown or Cleveland or Chicago out of the will of God. There is nothing so wearing and nothing will put a person to sleep quite so easily as fighting against God. He says, "I want you to talk to So-and-so about his soul," and you feel impressed to do it, but it is a little embarrassing and you fail. The result of it is that in perhaps a week or month at the outside you will be in the very place that Jonah was, Asleep! May God help us to make a practical application of this lesson.

I want you to notice he was asleep, away from the prayer-meeting; tired and fighting against the will of God, he had become unconscious of the danger that was around him. Here they were, men of many creeds on the big ship, and he was unconscious of his danger. The waves of the sea were lashing and the winds roaring. On the deck there were those who didn't know the true God and his place was up there to witness to them; of course his place was primarily where God had sent him, Nineveh, but he was fighting against God and couldn't even witness to the

men on deck. How many who were stirred by the truth of the Coming of the Lord so that they would shout aloud in the assembly when it was preached, because it was burning in their hearts—today when the preacher talks on the Coming of the Lord, they say, "Oh that is old! Preach something else." Why? Because they do not realize the condition of men about them. You do not realize your own condition, and saddest of all, that which was a glorious hope today has become nothing more than a dry old theory.

Here we are, sleeping in a city of almost three million souls, and the signs of the coming of Jesus are being fulfilled every day. What are we doing? Rushing out here and there telling them about their condition? No, we are down in the hold of the ship sleeping, and half the time wondering if the preacher is going to preach something we like. "Entertain me or I will go to sleep." Was God talking to sinners when He said, "Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light?" Nay verily. He was talking about those who were baptized in the Holy Ghost and spoke in other tongues as the Spirit gave utterance. It was written to the church at Ephesus, and if you read the Word of God carefully you will find they had the same experience as we have. God could talk to them through the Apostle Paul and He could say some things to them that are pretty hard to say to Pentecostal folks today. And yet that Spirit-filled, sanctified people who sat together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus and were blessed over every other church of that day, had to be told by Paul under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, "Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light! See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time because the days are evil." We might draw a lesson from this verse to the unsaved, but we believe it applies more to God's own people.

Let us get on the other side of the mercy seat. He is no respecter of persons when He talks mercy, and no respecter of judgments when He is dealing with a run-away prophet. He will cut loose the winds of the heavens and the waves of the sea and He will throw everything in your path He possibly can to get you into His will. We look about us and we see failure here and there. A man who is living entirely for God is not going to be dashed to pieces, but the one who is fighting against the will of God will surely end in failure.

If you in this congregation this afternoon have heard the voice of God speaking to you and you have chosen your own way rather than the Word of God there is only one way back; that is down on your knees before God and saying, "Lord forgive me. I am willing even to go to Nineveh and declare that it shall be destroyed."

What is the cause of all this confusion, this separation that is going on over the world? There is a Jonah somewhere who is trying to have his own way. Even the world spots a Jonah. May God help us to spot them, pray for them and try to get them into the will of God.

Will We Know Each Other In Heaven?

A Vision of the Celestial City

Mrs. Trena M. Rist, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.



AS MANY of those who have lost loved ones and friends are wondering if we will know each other in that land of the Blessed I have felt like writing a little sketch of a vision I had six years ago when near the gates of death. I was so low, they told me afterwards that I was the color of the dead for three weeks, and the blood had settled under my finger-nails. No language of earth could ever describe the beauties of heaven though penned by the most gifted, much less by any effort of mine, but I feel impressed to tell what was given me, at least in part, to prove that we shall know each other there.

The readers of *The Evangel* will doubtless remember the story of my deadly sickness and marvelous healing which appeared some years ago. During that sickness and while so near death, I seemed to go down into a valley through which flowed a river. The beauty of that valley and the river no words of earth could describe. I found myself standing beside a large rock, covered with such exquisite texture and tintings as this old world never saw, unless it be in its Edenic state. The colorings of shrubbery, flowers, greensward (tho' not green as we call green) etc., blended together in such exquisite beauty, made the most glorious scene my eyes ever beheld. Although I have been entranced by the majestic beauty of the Adirondacks with their rivers and valleys, the artistic beauty of the Rockies with their picturesque gorges that are wonderful to behold; I have visited many places of wondrous beauty in California, but never have I seen anything that could compare with the transcendent beauty of the scene before me, and that which left a most vivid impression upon me was that there were *no shadows*.

I seemed to realize that this river, so gloriously beautiful, was called the River of Death, and

that I was standing in the Valley of Death. I thought to myself for I was alone, "This is no dark river or valley of the shadows," for it was radiant. Lifting my eyes and looking across the river I saw Jesus standing on the other side as though He had come to take me across. As I stood there I began to sing of this beauty, the words and music being given me as I sang:

Oh this river, this beautiful river,
No shadow or dark valley here,
But Jesus our Saviour in infinite glory,
To carry us safe over there.

Then there was a seemingly long period in which I was conscious of nothing either there or here, but the next I remember I was sitting on the other side of the river, the side which was called the River of Life. No one could cross this most gloriously beautiful river but those who had the Blood of Jesus upon their hearts. What I would call the bank of the river was only a gentle sloping from the main land to the water's edge, so that it required no effort to walk up or down. This slope was covered with a greensward, exquisite in beauty; every blade the same length and color, no dead blades, no stubble, no dirt, but the whole thickly studded with little star-shaped pure white flowers that stood about an inch from the top of the velvety grass. It seemed as one sat upon it like a soft, velvet cushion. I was sitting about midway between the main-land and the water's edge, and was conscious that Jesus was standing back of me, a little to my left. There passed before me, scene after scene, pictured upon great squares of canvas, all the great trials, testings and persecutions that had come into my life, each distinct yet seemingly joined together. For instance, a scene where a loved one tried to hire me by a costly gift to forsake the sweet and holy way. Then there would follow a square and in great letters would stand out the words, "*But you kept the faith.*" Then some persecution deep and sore, and the words, "*Still you kept*

the faith." Think you I was sorry then I had been true to God?

I chanced to look down at myself and behold I was transformed into a glorified being. When the transformation took place I knew not, for I was so entranced with my surroundings I had not thought of myself. My beautiful robe was of that dazzling whiteness that this world has never seen, a glistening whiteness from which radiated and sparkled a light as though covered with diamond dust; in its radiance there was no color, only that glistening whiteness of heaven. On beholding my glorious appearance my first thought was, What glory it will give Jesus as the angels behold such born sinners transformed into heavenly beings through His hallowed blood!

Then Jesus said, "This is your reward for all you have endured for My sake, to have the joy of bringing honor unto me for all eternity." *That* is the richest reward any mortal could ever have, to bring honor to our adorable Lord. I then sang the second verse:

We'll sit on the bank of this beautiful river,
And talk of earth's sorrows and cares,
And rejoice that His love used each stroke of the
chisel
To polish and make us so fair.

After all this, in which transpired a thousand-fold more than any pen could write, I arose and went upon the main-land where I could look upon the fields of *glory*. Oh that words could be found to convey even the faintest idea of what they are like! Mourning for those who have gone on before would forever cease. But scenes so glorious as have never entered into the heart of man or been conceived by the human mind, can not be described by mortal man. Fields elysian, flowers perennial, such as have no comparison in any tropical clime. They are flowers of heaven, and to compare with those of earth would almost seem like sacrilege. Every breath I breathed was not air, but glory that expanded my soul and intellect and imparted its glory to me and made me more wise in heavenly lore. How does one become more wise in breathing? I cannot tell but it seemed a fact that just to breathe in deep draughts of heaven's atmosphere—glory such as we never know here in our most ecstatic moments—and bask in the smiles of our Redeemer, makes the soul more beautiful and wise.

As I walked along I came to a tree called the "Tree of Life," from which I plucked its fruit and sang the third verse:

We'll roam o'er the fields of this beautiful glory,
And bask in His smile so sublime,
And eat from the Tree of its life-giving fruitage,
And drink of His love, all Divine.

I had been walking up the river feasting upon the exquisite beauty that everywhere surrounded me; now I turned and faced inland. In the distance I beheld a city with its heavenly mansions and towers. After another period of unconsciousness I found myself walking the streets of that heavenly city, with Jesus.

Now in order to explain what has been on my heart to tell from the outset, I must turn back some pages in my life's history, to the time when my husband was lying upon his death-bed, unprepared to meet his God. Just two weeks before he passed away God lay a heavy burden upon my soul for him. Alone in a room I prayed and agonized, feeling I never could cease to cry to God until He gave me the evidence that He would save him before he passed out. As I prayed, God gave me such a clear witness to his salvation that I said, "Lord, if I never have any other evidence, I cannot doubt it." But when he realized that he was going and cried out, "I cannot, oh I cannot," and passed away, it left me in real doubt and I was in such awful grief it seemed it would kill me. But now as I was walking along the street of the celestial city with my Lord, He looked down upon me and asked, "Do you believe I answered your prayer and saved your husband when you asked me to?" As I looked up into His face there came such a faith and confidence I could not deny it, and I said, "Yes, Jesus, I believe You did." He then said, "Would you like to see him *here*?" I replied, "Yes, Lord, if it's Your will." Just then we came to a street corner and as I turned and looked down the cross street, I saw my husband. Did I know him? Surely. Every feature was the same although he was a glorified being. In other words, the marks of sin and age were gone and his countenance was heavenly radiant. Yet those who have served God for many years and victoriously fought life's battles and won souls were far more radiant and shone in greater splendor than those who were saved in the eleventh hour, as Paul said, "One star differeth from another star in glory."

But never, never, while the ceaseless ages of eternity roll, will I forget the look he gave me as our eyes met, so full of gratitude and love, pure, holy love, because I had, as it were, prayed him into heaven in spite of himself. That one look of gratitude paid me ten thousand times

over for all the sorrow I had suffered on his account. He was standing on the street, as though he had run out purposely to see me pass. How did he know I was to pass? I cannot tell, but I got the impression that whatever the Father's love permits the redeemed to know, is revealed to them instinctively. Oh the amazing love of God to permit me to see him! Never have I mourned for him again. I know he is there enjoying the infinite glory, joy and happiness, and can await God's time to see him again as I saw him then.

For weeks after I returned to earth (as I called it) my spirit lived more in heaven than on earth. That rapturous joy of glory, how it remained and helped me to be willing to live on here below! If people could realize the transcendent glories of heaven they would not so cling to the things of earth. The sister who was with me as I returned to consciousness, told me the first thing I said was, "It is all pure gold in here," as I laid my hand upon my heart. Then, "There is no *death* to the Christian; just a stepping out of this life into an exquisite felicity no

words can describe." She dropped upon her knees beside my bed, and said as she burst into tears, "I have always had a fear of the last struggle in death, but it is gone. You have taken all fear away."

To me it was wonderful how God permitted me to retain the memory of the song until strong enough to write it out. The remaining verses were:

We'll dwell in the mansions His pierc'd hands
 builded,
And worship and ever adore,
Our Saviour whose blood washed away every sin-
 stain,
For He is the "Way" and the "Door".

We'll walk the gold streets with our Saviour, Re-
 deemer,
And meet with our loved gone before;
We'll know them altho' they are glorified beings,
When we meet on that heavenly shore.

I have written but a fraction of what I saw and felt, but enough to prove that we shall know each other there. Far rather would I lay down my life than to miss a home in that heavenly land. I'm pressing on toward the "mark of the prize."

From the World's Great Harvest Field

WE share with our readers the joys and sorrows, the triumphs, the needs and the problems of the mission field. Let us uphold our workers by our prayers and gifts, so that we may be reapers together in the end of the harvest.

"We are having the opportunity of our lives in this part of the Lord's vineyard," writes Brother Kelly from Sai Nam, South China. "There have been some very precious conversions in the mission here, and there are now several candidates for baptism from among the better class of people. One man, a merchant, came to my office and told of how he had heard the Gospel here in our mission for several years and that now he was ready to confess the Lord openly by baptism. Others are confessing their sins; there are too many to mention by name.

"We have been preaching in Sam Shui occasionally for a few weeks, and last night (July 11,) the Lord brought in the merchant class. They listened with the best of interest. After the service three men raised their hands. One of them would make a very valuable worker, having a splendid education in English and Chinese. He would be very useful in doing translating. Pray that he will soon accept the Lord and make his life count for God and eternity.

"We divided the Christian forces, Chinese and

foreigners, and sent them out to the villages and the boat people to preach. You should have witnessed the glow of joy on each one's face as they returned with the good news of how they were accorded a welcome with the good news that they carried. The meetings are well attended and there are glorious opportunities among the women. Yesterday the church was filled to its capacity with these earnest seekers. Some of these are met and invited to the chapel by the house visitation party. A very fine lady asked Mrs. Kelley to come to her home, and when she went, she asked that the front door be closed for she wanted to hear the good news of the Gospel, and if she left the door open the people would crowd in so she could not understand. That expresses the desire of about 500 women in Sainam. Mrs. Kelly goes out with the Bible women every opportunity she gets and she is having a wonderful ministry among the women."

"Our mission station at Canton is paying \$23 of the monthly expenses, but the greater part of them are very poor in this world's goods."

Let us not forget to pray for Brother and Sister Kelley and all the needs of the South China Missionary Home. They have many burdens known only to God, the oversight of the new missionaries, the four mission stations, the care of the Home and the entertaining of transient missionaries enroute to the Coast. All these and many other burdens are sometimes a test to their

faith, and we must not fail in bearing these dear ones up to God that He will supply grace and strength and money to carry on this precious work.

At one of their stations thirty have been added to the church in the last six months and about fourteen have received the Holy Ghost. In some special meetings held recently the Lord wonderfully worked, deep conviction rested upon the Chinese and of the closing meeting, Brother Kelly writes, "the whole building was an altar." One of their preachers who had been with them only a few months, and who was a member of the Presbyterian church, had a very precious baptism.

* * *

These are trying days in the mission fields because of the intense heat. Brother Doney writes of a meeting held on one of his trips to the villages in which the temperature was about 120 at 10 P. M., the mission packed to suffocation.

In Alexandria they attended a union meeting for all missionaries and the special theme was "The Soon Coming of Jesus." He writes that nearly all present believed in the speedy return of the Lord and prayed God to baptize them in the Holy Ghost. They deplored that so little had been accomplished for God in Egypt, giving as the reason that they were not filled with the Spirit. All are unitedly praying for a revival. Let us pray that the fire of God will fall upon that land and give them a great awakening.

* * *

Sister Lillian Denney is now permanently located at Lucknow. She writes of the terrible heat and inability to get to the hills, but with high rents and other heavy expenses of the work, coupled with low exchange, she couldn't see her way clear to leave the plains.

* * *

Miss Bertha Milligan, Canton, China, writes that their new mission seats about two hundred, and since moving there is a marked improvement in the work. Eleven were baptized in water recently, and their special meetings were the best ever held in Big East Gate. One business man who had been attending for some time decided to become a Christian. He brought his wife and children in from the country, put them in school and told them to believe. He then went back to his country home and burned his idols, amid great persecution. But he was well repaid by the blessing he subsequently received. Under the power of the Spirit he went out on the street at the close of a Sunday evening service and began to preach to his neighbors. He told them that the religion of Jesus was real.

* * *

Sawmill in War

The saw-mill has arrived in Liberia, and they have just accomplished the Hurculean task of

carrying it into the interior from the Coast. It came just in time. Brother Johnson writes about their need of proper housing; "We have just got to do something. This old house is going. Miss Erickson had to move her bed three times the other night, the rain came in so badly. She got wet and almost had a fever as a result. It's wonderful how the Lord has kept her; the frailest one in the party, yet so far she has been kept from fever and been at her work all the time."

They will soon have the lumber ready for the new house but will need the help of the home field to purchase windows, roofing, and other necessary things. Brother Johnson writes that \$2,000 for each station will build them good houses. Let us pray that God will give them the means for good houses. It will mean so much to be properly housed in that deadly climate. If a missionary's life can be prolonged ten years because of proper quarters, is it not worth while?

* * *

Scenes In India

Brother Will Norton holding the fort at Benares during the summer heat writes of some of the hard things:

"Perhaps it is being alone which makes the sights of Benares seem even more dreadful than usual. The other day I was down at the Ghats, and saw a Hindu holy (?) man. His clothing consisted mainly of ashes with which his body was smeared, and he was calling out the names of his gods. He had been eating bhang, a narcotic drug and was under its influence so that he became very excited. When he saw me he acted as if a legion of devils had been aroused in him, came closer, screamed and danced, and shook his fist at me. I walked quietly away and went on with my missionary work.

"There is a great deal of disease these days, aggravated by starvation, and the Ganges river is full of dead bodies. Of course vultures abound and are seen feasting on the dead. I saw one a few days ago gorge until it could eat no more, and had to vomit its filthy meal. A boy threw a stone at it, but men standing by cried out to stop. The bird had bathed in the Ganges river and was holy in their eyes. God help poor India when her sons call such a bird holy and permit such scenes in the main part of her most sacred (?) city.

Do you wonder our nerves give out, and our very bodies cry out for relief from such scenes? The *cleanness* of America makes it seem almost like heaven to some of us who have lived among the filth and degradation of India practically all of our lives. But for the presence of the Lord to sustain us we could not endure it."

* * *

Miss Alice Wood, writing from the Argentine writes that many immigrants coming into

the country are forcing up prices, including rents and property. The owner of the mission wants to sell and offers them first chance. She says there is not another place to rent suitable for them and they are forced into a corner. They are looking to the Lord to undertake for them, that they may buy.

We know what it means to be forced into a corner and have the Lord work. We had a similar experience in regard to the Missionary Rest Home. We were obliged to move, and could find nothing to rent within reason, so were forced to buy. Humanly speaking it seemed impossible, with no money, but God was in it, and impossibilities become blessed realities when He works. In undertaking these propositions we need only to be sure of one thing, and that is to be in the will of God. If our prayer is in accord with God's will, no matter how dark the outlook or how empty the purse, He will see us through and glorify Himself by doing the hard thing.

A Thrilling Experience

A missionary preparing for the field often has visions of great things to be accomplished on the field; he sees himself preaching to great crowds of natives, at night he hears the Macedonian call, sees the beckoning hands, "Ethiopia stretching out her hands to God," but the missionary's life has many phases, and preaching is only one of the avenues by which the heathen are reached. Sometimes the duties are such that would cause the stoutest heart to shrink, but God gives grace as the following incident from a letter written by Miss Bietsch, Goshainganj, India, will show:

"Some weeks ago we had a thrilling experience. An old man who was in the station yard awaiting his train, coveted some wild honey on a tree and foolishly threw a stone to knock it down. Instead of the honey he brought a swarm of wild bees upon himself. He ran to the pond of water back of our bungalow and yet the bees would not leave him. They beset his head and when he came out of the water they attacked his body. I asked my servants what could be done to save him, and they said, 'Nothing. They will never leave him till they have stung him to death, for he will swell up and die with the burning.' We prayed and I went over to him. He cried, 'Save my life. Have mercy on my gray head.' I told him to follow me to the house. The bees followed him. We pleaded the precious blood and succeeded in getting him into a side room where my servants and I pulled out hundreds of stings. The natives warned me saying the bees would have their revenge on me, but I prayed.

"The man was a high caste, so I had to call a high caste man to give him water and kept him shut up until evening. He ventured out on the verandah once and the bees immediately came after him. After a few hours I looked in to see how he was, and found him sound asleep with

very little puff. A few days later when he returned I had all I could do to keep him from worshipping me. I told him all I wanted was that he should give praise to Jesus, whom I told him about.

"I can only sow the precious seed weeping. By the time I reach the hills only one month of the hot season will be left. To think I am in all this heat when it seemed I would have to go home! God has done the 'exceeding abundantly,' according to His Word. After four months I am as heavy as usual and doing more work than ever."

* * *

Harland Lawler asks prayer for the isolated Christians of Yushan and Jao chen (Kiangsi) where they have opened up the work. On his journey from Yushan to Shanghai he came to a walled city where there was not a single Protestant missionary. He had the privilege of witnessing for Jesus to the officials (yamen) and hopes for the opportunity to open up a station in that needy field.

* * *

Mrs. Marion Wittich, who married Mr. Keller soon after returning to East Africa, was unable to return to her old station owing to certain restrictions regarding German East Africa, so she and her husband are on a station at Kisumu, formerly occupied by Clyde Miller. Mr. Keller has been in East Africa for some years but previously to this time he has not been entirely engaged in the Lord's work.

He is now busy doing some personal work among the Nyangori tribe, who have ever had the Gospel nor a missionary among them. Mrs. Keller writes they are a difficult tribe to teach but God is able to break up the darkness and superstition. There is a great demand for experienced missionaries in British East, but at present the Government will not allow new stations to be opened.

* * *

Miss Ella Finch who has been in South China about nine months, writes: "I had a precious time out among the boat people Sunday afternoon giving out tracts and singing. As we sang the people gathered round us and the Christians preached to them. We have four parties and each party takes a village, gives out tracts and preaches as they have opportunity.

* * *

Brother Dahlstein writes of the home-going of his beloved wife, on June the 19th. She spent five years in China, but since coming to the homeland was a constant sufferer. It was a sorrow to her not to be able to return to China because of ill-health, but she said, "To be with Jesus is far better." May God comfort her husband and two children. Brother Dahlstein hopes to return to China in God's own good time.

The Antichrist

AS surely as the Scriptures teach that there is a Christ, so surely do they teach there is to be an Antichrist. So surely as they teach that Christ is coming so do they teach that there is an Antichrist also coming who is to be a positive, personal and actual person. They distinctly declare that as Christ is to be revealed so is the Antichrist to be revealed, as Christ is to be received by the nation of Israel, so is the Antichrist to be received by the nation of Israel; that as Christ is to come and be a King and have a kingdom, so is the Antichrist to come and be a king and have a kingdom; that as Christ is to reign over this whole earth, so is also the Antichrist to reign over the whole earth. The Scriptures distinctly tell us that there are signs and preparations for the coming of Christ and they also tell us that there are to be signs and preparations for the coming of the Antichrist. The Word of God shows us that there is a fixed time for the appearing of Christ and so does it also show us that there is to be a fixed time for the appearing of the Antichrist. Remember this, that Satan and God have been in a controversy one with the other and Satan can find no more effectual way of seeking to divert God and to frustrate the work of His Son, Jesus Christ, than by the production of a counterfeit and that counterfeit is as like the real as he can possibly

make it, and so he will at the close of this age produce such a person.

The beginning of this age saw the mystery of godliness; God manifest in the flesh. Such was Christ. The close of this age will see the mystery of iniquity; Satan manifest in the flesh. Such will be the Antichrist. Christ is spoken of as being the Truth, Antichrist will be a lie. Christ is called the Holy One of God; Antichrist will be the lawless one. Christ is spoken of as the Son of God; the Antichrist is to be the son of perdition. Christ is spoken of as the Man of sorrows; he, the Antichrist, is to be the man of sin. Christ is declared to be the Lamb of God; he, the Antichrist, will be the lamb of Satan. Christ is declared to be the Good Shepherd; the Antichrist will be the false shepherd. Christ is that Prophet that was to come; Antichrist will be that false prophet that is to come. Christ was a Jew and Antichrist will be an apostate Jew. Christ humbled Himself and became obedient unto death; the Antichrist will exalt himself and will be cast alive into the lake of fire. Christ came not to do His own will but the will of Him that sent Him; the Antichrist will come and will do according to his will. Thus we see how truly he will have a power and carry out his name, for *anti* before the word Christ suggests clearly that he will be opposed to Christ and will seek to take the very place of Christ.—*Belsham in the Jewish Conference.*

The Fruits of a Native Ministry in Venezuela

A CONVERTED Mohammedan said to a missionary in India some months ago, "You people will never turn India to the Lord Jesus Christ." The missionary answered, "I agree with you, but we look to you who have stepped out from Mohammedanism not to hide your light but to carry it through your country from north to south." That is the hope of every missionary who goes to the field—that the Lord will use him to raise up a native ministry to carry the Gospel to their own people. A native worker can live at least one-third cheaper than a missionary, has no barriers of prejudice to overcome nor difficulties with the language. Thoroughly familiar with the customs of his own country and unaffected by climatic conditions, one cannot measure the advantages of a thoroughly consecrated native ministry.

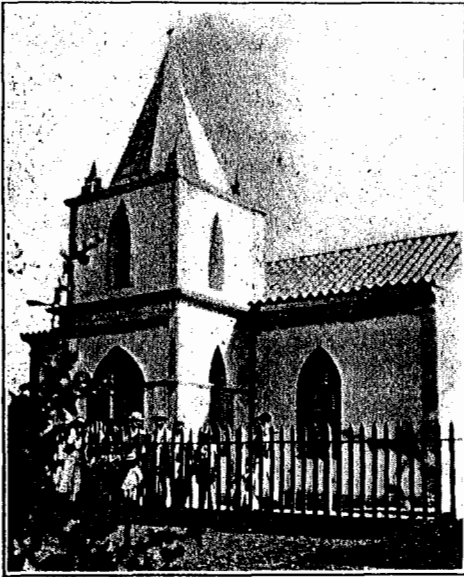
the value of teaching the natives to have a self-supporting work, both for their own spiritual development and the growth of the work, the missionary thereby being able to branch out more largely.

A splendid report of native effort in Venezuela, South America, is given by Brother Bailly in "*The Fellowship Tie.*" Six native believers on the Island of Margarita having no place for worship, with a pastor agreed to build a chapel. They said, "We are very few and very poor; we have nothing but God has much," and depending on Him they resolved that while one of them remained the chapel would be built. They contributed \$200 in cash and gave material of bricks, tiles and boards; one gave a building lot. The native pastor tells how they built the chapel: "One bright morning," he says, "we went out with the six brethren before breakfast, with picks and bars to quarry stone, one thought and one goal before us—Jesus Christ and this structure for His

Our missionaries are more and more learning

glory. Only at 11 a. m. did we remember that we had not eaten breakfast. The enemy got furious when the determination to build was seen. We soon had all the stone needed, carried to boats provided voluntarily, and transferred to our port, and by this time the Lord had added eighteen more to our number, who eagerly helped carry the stone from the boats to the building site.

"This material was collected in sufficient quantity, but now we needed clay for the adobes. Very little money remained, clay and water were at a long distance and hard and costly to get. Clay had never been dug in the town, but we put the whole matter in the Lord's hands. Under the direction of the Holy Spirit early the next morning one of the six said, 'Last night it came to me that we might discover clay in this lot by digging for it.' We at once went to work and after going down six feet a cry went up—'Clay! clay!' The whole town was stirred, and as the popular sentiment was against our building they seemed to be very concerned, but we were full of abounding joy, glorifying God.



Chapel Built By Natives

We then received faith to go deeper down for water. The neighbors, instigated by the antagonism of the priest, began to scoff at our pretensions, but it was not long before their sneers were silenced by the cheers and cries of 'Water! water!' This seemed to bring real terror upon our superstitious enemies, while the company of prayers, singers and diggers were filled with songs of triumph and deliverance. It was recognized by the fanatical populace, but we expected greater things than these. Money ran low, and it looked like having to stop, but the real lessons in faith and perfect trust in the work of Christ and His immutable promises led these Christians to concentrate their all, and to promise in faith to give what the Lord prompted in their hearts, although possessing nothing. Some were pearl fishers, others in other kinds of labor, and all made pledges not less than \$20.00 each. God wonderfully prospered them in the fishing, and other business, and in the most remarkably short time they were able to more than redeem their pledges and renew them several times, while others gave their time and strength in the labor of building, aided by those who contributed funds."

Brother Bailly tells of a remarkable answer

to prayer for water in connection with the building which shows the simple faith in God of the natives:

There came a time when they needed purer or softer water in finishing the building. One brother had a well of rain water, but he had a wife who controlled the property on which it was and was bitterly opposed to the gospel, and ready to contend with any who approached her. She left her husband because of his having yielded to Christ and His gospel. In spite of her protests, water was taken from the well with the promise to leave some for her use. She hit on a plan which she calculated would help her to arouse dangerous animosity against our workers. She insisted that they take every drop of water, leave all dry absolutely without moisture, even for the safety of the tank. "Let us see," she said ironically, "if your God hears prayer and sends rain." The Island passes months and even a year without rain, and now the sun seemed a furnace in the cloudless sky. The woman's irony was a challenge to God—"If your God doesn't send rain, then send your man Polanco and deliver him up." Herein was the threat. The challenge was taken up in faith by the brethren, the tank emptied, and lo! not very long after thunder was heard. God Himself answering back from the heavens, clouds gathered up and burst over the place. A wonderful phenomena, a positive proof of Omnipotence, filling all the empty tanks and vessels to overflowing! The woman was paralyzed with fear, and there and then yielded to God, called for a meeting in her house, and was reconciled to her husband, and offered to give of her substance to finish building the Chapel. All glory to God!

Notwithstanding the handful of disciples, the comparative poverty, the incessant opposition of the enemy, using every device of priests, people and political intrigue, the work was finally finished, a small but beautiful structure with quite an imposing tower, bearing on its facade, "Ebenezer," a perpetual record indeed to a prayer-hearing and answering God, a testimony to native initiative, a proof of an apostolic mission, an abiding monument to the glory of God, of triumph over the powers of darkness, and the victory of faith and fidelity. The whole building was completed within ninety days—not of wood, but of brick and concrete.

Brother Bailly's main objective is the training of a native ministry. For this he has labored and prayed many years. They have at least sixteen native helpers, pastors, evangelists and workers, the most of them are products of the Hebron Institute, a work of faith born in prayer more than twenty years ago.

We learn of the consecration of one of their native deacons, a shoemaker by trade, who on a recent occasion closed his shop and went fishing for souls. The Spirit led him to a certain house where he found eight men gathered to whom he preached the Gospel and distributed literature. Miss VanDyke in telling this incident asks these significant questions: "How many men at home would leave their work to go on the Master's business as this man did? How many are in the place where they could hear the voice of the Lord thus directing them?"

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