



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

HAWTHORN - CHICAGO

Stepping Stones in Faith's Annals

A "Father to Nobody's Baby."

L. B. Compton, Asheville, N. C., in the Austin Tabernacle, Chicago, Feb. 26, 1924.

(Concluded)



WILL never forget one time I went to a place to take a meeting and nobody wanted me. Did you ever hear of a preacher having such an experience? When I told them I had come to hold a meeting, they said, "Are you that fellow who preaches holiness?" I said, "I am." They said, "We don't want that in this country." Finally there were a few boys who had been making liquor and had it hid in the mountains, and they thought if they could get a meeting they could get rid of the liquor. They helped me get the meeting started, extending to us the privilege of the school house, and those boys got on their horses and rode all over the country and scattered bills. People came to me and said, "Mr. Compton, do you know that you have the wrong element helping with this meeting. They are the most desperate characters in this country going around telling about the meeting; everybody knows what they want, a chance to fight and get drunk." That meeting went on for a week. I didn't have a half dozen, and sometimes there would not be anybody there but the two boys who helped me. They would come every service, open the door and make the fire. I had announced I would have a day service on Saturday, an 11 o'clock service, and then another on Saturday night, and prepare for a great day on Sunday, as we thought, though it didn't look like any great day coming. But that night after I had preached, I went out to pray and while I was praying it snowed four inches. I spent all night in prayer and conquered with God for a revival, for the conversion of those men, for the conversion of all the neighborhood, for the old-time Holy Ghost. I prayed and agonized until the snow was melted four feet around from the perspiration from my body, and when I ceased at 10:30 the next morning, I combed my hair with my fingers and walked through the weeds, and when I got in sight of that school building what do you suppose? I was scared. There were teams, horses, wagons all around, folks standing in the door; the place was so jammed they could not get in. When I walked through the crowd with my Bible under

my arm the people began to weep. I wondered what was the matter. I opened the meeting and took my text and I will never forget the preacher who said I had the wrong crowd helping me. He said, "Preacher, there is no time to preach. I am a backslidden preacher. I want to get saved myself," and as he walked up to the altar, that young boy who tended the fires, followed. We had between thirty and fifty at the altar. It was a wonderful time that Sunday morning! The school house could not hold the people after that and the Methodist preacher opened up his church. The two boys who had five gallons of liquor and were going to sell it, brought it out in the church-yard and smashed the old jug over the stump. Those two boys are preaching the Gospel tonight. God gave me three preachers out of that revival, and I am saying to you here, you can work up all kinds of maneuvers and all kinds of schemes to bring about a revival, but there is nothing on God's earth will bring it like prayer. There is nothing that will move God for the salvation of souls, for the sanctification of believers, like people getting down in intercession. That is the thing that the world is dying for, intercessory prayer that gets hold of God, that refuses to give up until God answers.

I will never forget the time when I was up at Preston, Md., I was so run down and exposed and sick that everybody thought I had consumption. They thought I was working myself to death, carrying burdens no one ought to carry. An examination showed I had a cavity in my right lung, and I had night sweats so that the mattress would be soaked through. The friends got a nurse to come down from Philadelphia, and she would give me a tepid bath and say, "Don't you think you ought to go back home?" I said, "No, I have to preach." She had the doctor come and examine my heart, and they went out into the hall and talked in a low tone. Then she came back and said, "I am going to put my cot into your room tonight, the doctor doesn't want you to be left alone." I said, "You are not going to stay with me tonight. I am going to pray." She got me rubbed down and then went out for something and I got up and locked the door. Then I took the blankets and put them around me and went on my knees.

I had gotten a special delivery letter that day; there was trouble in the Home, and they were advising me to do something, turn it over to some other institution or something, and I had a burden nobody knew about. I am not much of a hand to tell of my burdens. That night I was weighing my whole life before God, and asking Him if He would have me give my work up, and He gave me a vision. I am not visionary, but God gave my heart a vision of His purpose for me and for my work. He showed me the property He wanted me to get for the Girl's Home, and then He asked me a question, "Will you be a father to nobody's baby?" Up to this time I had been placing children in different homes, in different institutions back in the mountains, and I said, "Lord, I have done my best. I have nothing, and my Home for girls is practically in want." But He asked again, "Will you be a father to nobody's baby?" He showed me that one and three-quarter acres, and I thought He meant that would be the Orphanage and the Rescue Work and the whole thing, and I knew it was God. There is a way God can talk to you in your spirit. You do not hear a voice but you know it is God. That night I got a little sleep toward morning. I preached twice that day, closed my meeting and went home. When I reached home the matron said to me, "What do you think? A woman came here last week and stayed for three days, and she brought two little children, a little girl and a little boy, and she crawled out of the window before day and left the children here. We cannot keep them. We have had them up to the Chief of Police and they have wired to all the different counties and they cannot find a trace of the woman." The next morning my wife came leading in these two children, one fourteen months and the other three years old, and the Lord said to me, "Will you be a father to nobody's baby?" I told them of how God was going to give me a property and all about it, and they opposed me and said I had more now than I could look after. "Let God care for what you have and then start something else," they said. If you ever mind God, the best friend you have will oppose you. We tried for three months to find a place for those children, and the matron refused any longer to keep them in that Home for girls. I went up to the town and told a friend of mine who was a kind-hearted man what the Lord had showed me. He said, "I don't believe the Lord showed you anything of the kind. Your

heart is bigger than your head. You are one fellow that has more affection than brains. Now if you want to take those children I will pay their board until you get to the place where you can take care of them." He paid their board, and in the meantime I went off to hold a meeting, but before I went, I went to see a man about that property that was on my heart, and he said it would cost me \$1,500. I told him I had \$50.00 to put down, and he said that I had to have \$500 within the next ten days; that if I didn't get it, I would lose the property. I went off to the campmeeting, and on the last day the man who had charge of it said, "Now Brother Compton has a Rescue work and he has it on his heart to open a home for babies. If any of you have some of the Lord's money you might remember this need." At the close somebody stepped up and handed me an envelope, and one after another came and handed me an offering until my pockets were full. They took me to Fall River to get the boat and when I got into my stateroom I locked the door and thought I would see what I had. When I counted it all out I had \$530. I thought that old boat never would reach New York.

When I reached home there were several letters there, one from a Quaker preacher containing \$100, and other amounts up to \$700. With that \$700 I put men to work and we never ceased until we had completed the building and moved in. After that I started men excavating on the corner of the lot to build a Home for Children. I was determined to have those babies and said, "Lord, if You will furnish the money, I will furnish the love." A lady came from a Bible School in Cincinnati to take charge of the children and when I was excavating for the building she came and asked, "Do you think you have the mind of God for the Orphanage?" "I am sure of it." "Do you think you have God's mind for the location? Do you think God wants children raised in connection with a Home of this kind?" We went to prayer and we filled up the hole we had dug next to the Rescue Home and went in another direction.

We found a little place out on a plateau, four acres and a cabin. This was in the month of May. We moved five children and two ladies into that cabin to take charge of them, and when it would rain the matron would take the children out of the bed and put them underneath. A man gave me \$300 and I excavated for the Orphanage, but no money came in and we could go no

further. People would drive out there and say, "If Mr. Compton would just put a roof over that hole in the ground it wouldn't look so bad." I went off to another meeting. We had a hard time in both homes and I set two days to fasting, and after fasting two days and two nights, for I was in charge, I was getting very weak without food. I had to preach at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and I went to a restaurant to get something to eat. As I sat down a lady came up to where I was sitting. I could not speak her name I was so weak. She took a seat and said, "Brother, what is the matter? You look like a man of sorrows." Then she went on to say, "I could not sleep a wink last night. I never got a bit of rest. God told me to do something and I did it. Take this." I reached out my hand and there was a check for a thousand dollars. I had had no breakfast but I didn't want any then I jumped up from the table and telegraphed home to go ahead with the work, and I never ceased until I had completed a \$12,000 building in answer to prayer.

Let me give you another experience about that building. We had paid our workers from week to week, but one time we had it hard. It was Friday and my secretary said, "Brother Compton, have you told your men you haven't the money?" "No," I said, "I haven't told them anything." She said, "Our pay-roll is \$266 this week and we have only \$7 in the treasury. Don't you think you had better tell them you are not able to pay off the men this week?" I didn't answer. I was praying. Saturday came and they always stopped at noon and came into the Home because my secretary kept the books in town, and they came and sat on the porch waiting for their money. She said, "Didn't you tell them you haven't the money?" I said, "No, ma'am." "Brother Compton, that is not right. If you told these men frankly that God didn't send the money they would wait for it." I stepped out of the house to keep from getting scolded and went back by the river. "Oh Lord," I prayed, "I hate to tell the men. You just give me the money to pay the men." I was gone about an hour, but didn't know it. They were still waiting and I came in at the back door. My wife said to me, "The 'phone rang while you were out. The number is up there on the 'phone." I shall never forget the number, it was 1008. I called up and a voice said, "Hello, is this Rev. Compton? I have heard of that Orphanage you are building out there, but have never

had the privilege of meeting you or seeing your work. Can you meet me at the bank right away to get a small check of \$300?" "Yes, ma'am. I will be there." I could hardly hang up the receiver. I walked out to the men on the porch and said, "Men, I did not have the money to pay you. God knows I had only \$7.00, but men, God has answered my prayer, and a lady has called me to the bank and said she would give me a check." The dear old sinners began to wipe their eyes and said, "It is all right Compton."

Oh the life that dares to believe what God says in His Book! He can take a worm to thrash a mountain. I'd like to tell you about the children passing their cup for milk, and the caretaker telling them we had milk for but one cup and they would have to pray God to send a cow. That night the little fellows began to pray. After we had gotten through with family worship the matron said, "Mr. Compton, will you come upstairs? I want you to hear something." I went up and there were those little fellows praying. "Lord, You can give Daddy a cow. You know we need milk," and they were telling God all about it. I left the next day for Indianapolis. I hadn't said a word to Brother W. or his wife about our need but that Sunday morning he said to his congregation, "Folks, while Brother Compton was preaching, I was deeply impressed that we give him money to buy a cow, and name it after this church." I sent a draft home and told the lady to call the boys together and tell them of answered prayer. If that church is as fruitful as that old cow, she is doing good yet.

Folks say there is nothing in prayer. Listen! The insurance man took the value of the Home for girls and said we could sell the property any time for \$35,000 or \$40,000. We have an orphanage building that couldn't be put up today for less than \$75,000 a three-story building of solid brick. We have a \$10,000 boys dormitory, a \$4,000 dormitory for children and a tabernacle that seats 2,000 people for which we paid \$10,000. They estimate the Orphanage property to be worth in actual value \$175,000, 147 acres of ground, twelve heads of cattle, a Ford truck and a passenger automobile, two mules and a big draft horse, 700 chickens. We raised 400 bushels of corn, 300 bushels of potatoes, and sold \$50 worth besides what we used. God has been so good to us, and of the 210 children we educated we never had a death in the Home, the most phenomenal thing that ever happened in

the life of any institution.

I must tell you the last answer to prayer. We were in desperate agony before God for seventy acres of ground that was to be sold and the lady wanted us to have it. It was mining land and practically came into our yard. She said if we could get \$3,000 in cash the Orphanage could have it. I knew three or four men were ready to grab it. I went to a meeting in West Virginia, and the night before the land was to be sold I spent the whole night in prayer. The next morning I was on my knees in prayer and a girl at the Home where I was staying knocked at the door and handed me a special delivery. There was a letter from a man in Upper Sandusky, Ohio, not a rich man but a laboring man, a man who gets up every morning for a time of communion with God. The letter contained a check for \$3,000 and it said, "Compton, I have been so burdened for your need. I did not have the money, but I asked God how much I should send, and He said \$3,000. I went to the bank and paid seven per cent interest to get it for you. God knows what you need it for." When I got that letter I sent a telegram to my secretary and the sheriff of the county that I had the money in hand for the land. I could tell you many times it looked like defeat and yet at the very last moment God performed

miracles.

Precious men do not get discouraged. If God could take a poor, ignorant mountaineer who could not read until he was twenty years of age, what could He not do with some of you? I learned to speak my own name after I was born again, never had an advantage in life. If God could take a poor ignoramus and save him and sanctify him and give him the Holy Ghost and fling him out to trust the Lord, what could He not do with one who has been endowed by nature with gifts if sanctified by prayer? While my expenses of both institutions are \$1500 a month we never have the promise of a dollar only as God touches hearts.

And now do you know my next project? I am planning to build a \$50,000 Home, a Home of prayer and rest for God's saints who do not want to live in the world and in hotels, but in an atmosphere of prayer. On the first of February, 1924, both institutions were cleared of all indebtedness, and I am in Austin tonight not owing anybody a penny. I am His whom I serve. I am ashamed I cannot tell bigger instances of prayer but I have a wonderful God. If God could get men He could do more. Men I covet your ability. Women, I covet your talent. You who are wasting your lives, I covet you for the Lord.

The Lord's Cup

Will You Meet Him in the Trysting Place?

Miss Myrtle Bailey, Fat Shan, China, in The Stone Church, Feb. 24, 1924.



want to speak this morning about the cup of suffering. "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" We have in the world many kinds of cups; we have the cup that is given to the winner of the race, for some prize or reward, silver cups, gold cups, but the cup which has no earthly glory to it is the cup from which Christ drank and shared with His disciples. He wants to share it with you and me today. It is the cup of suffering. In Matt. 20:20-23 we read how the mother of James and John wanted her sons to sit one on either side of the Lord in the kingdom. The other disciples were very angry at these two who had sought such a high privilege.

We have this morning before us the Lord's Cup, the Lord's Call, and the Lord's Request. The Lord has something prepared for us. In fact, He is now preparing it for you and me, for

every one who is willing to drink of the cup. He is calling these days for those who will follow Him into the Garden. He requested those who were closest to Him that they should watch with Him one hour; those who were in the inner circle, whom He called out of the world. Of the twelve there were three who were always closer than the rest, and one of those three was closer than the other two and that was John. You can be in any circle you aspire to be. You can be one of the followers clear on the outer edge who ramble after Him to see the signs and wonders which He did, but if you want to be of the inner circle, the one who leaned on His breast, you may be that one.

But there is a condition required. The things of God are not bought cheaply. You may buy a cheap suit of clothes if you want it, but if you want a good suit you must pay the price. If you would have the gold of the kingdom you must pay for it by a consecrated life. We are coun-

selling to buy of Him gold tried in the fire. Salvation is given freely, but when Christ puts His hand upon you for service it is costly. You can have this gold if you are willing to drink the cup. He is calling, "Can you not watch with Me one hour?" God is calling His saints to come and watch with Him, it may be an hour a day. We are nearing the last hour. He is preparing us for the kingdom and preparing the kingdom for us. When Jesus comes to reign He doesn't want to be ashamed of His bride, so He is putting her through a preparation fitting for a place with Him.

David, a fugitive from Saul, hunted in the mountains, had with him those who were discouraged and distressed. And those who followed him in that time of persecution when he was hunted and pursued were the very people whom David exalted to high positions when David came to the kingdom. When I first went to China some one said to me, "Oh, I do not believe we are required to suffer!" It struck me like a dash of cold water in my face, and I replied, "That is what we are appointed to." Jesus says that if we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him. Jesus is seeking co-operation in this suffering, co-operation in this prayer life, co-operation in calling out those who shall be saved. He wanted His disciples to stand with Him in His dark hour, and He is calling to us in the dark hour of the world when darkness is settling down upon us, and when men's hearts are darkened as to spiritual things—He is calling to us in this dark time when the Gospel cause is not being exalted by the world, in this dark midnight hour, to watch with Him. We are to watch in prayer to save a lost world. He is preparing a kingdom for you and for me, and our part is not a hard part; it is only to make Him known. When Queen Esther delivered the children of Israel, all she had to do was to make known her identity. She had to identify herself with the Jews and in that way their salvation was wrought. Today we must identify ourselves with Jesus Christ; we must take our place with Him in His humiliation. He has called us to co-operation with Him, not only in the hard places, but also in the glory. He is asking us to come away from this old world into His garden.

His disciples had to separate from the rest of the world. They had to get alone. Now-a-days we do not like to get alone; we like to be with the crowd. It is not easy to separate from the world; neither is it easy to withdraw our-

selves from our friends and home folks in order to get alone with the Lord, but that is what He is calling us to do, and He will call every one of us to such a place of separation that sometimes we will feel the whole world is against us and we are entirely alone. But we must have this experience that we may know Christ as He was in the Garden. Even those He took with Him failed in the crucial hour. He is putting the question up to us today, "Are you willing to meet Me in the trysting place?" He is wooing us to Himself. He is seeking an appointment in His Garden with His beloved.

There are many gardens spoken of in the Bible. The garden of God in which Lucifer entered when he first fell, the garden of Eden, and some disreputable gardens where they purified themselves behind the trees; the garden of Ahab where Elijah met him. There is the garden outside the tomb where Mary was left alone before day. She was seeking her Lord and nothing would deter her from her purpose. Brothers and sisters, you and I must have something born in us of the Spirit of God, for while the devil would turn us away, we must follow hard after our Lord, even to the tomb.

Who would not follow such a Bridegroom? Has He wooed you from the crowds? Has He wooed you from every leaning post? Has He wooed you to the garden in the early hours, in the darkness? That is when He is wooing His Bride, in the dark hour of trial. He is wooing you to Himself that He may be the One Altogether Lovely, the fairest of ten thousand to your soul. He has appointed a trysting place. The disciples always knew where to find the Lord. When people are looking for you where are they most likely to find you? Years ago I knew a young girl who was with a crowd of young people in the church. Between meetings her mother was seeking her and as she saw the young folks chatting lightly she wondered where her daughter was. She found her in the place of prayer. Where will people be most likely to find you? Is it in the trysting place alone with God? Jesus is seeking an appointment with His children, that is the secret place of prayer, the secret place of communion. Are we faithful to the appointment? Do we meet our Lord in the trysting place? That is where we will get acquainted with Him, learn of Him, be made like unto Him.

In that garden Jesus drank the cup, the cup of suffering. Jesus drank of the cup in His soul

before He went to the cross. The victory was won in the garden. There was the cup which He drank to the dregs; there was the enemy lurking near to entrap Him. You will meet the enemy in the secret place. He will endeavor to press out your life, but God permits the trial; He wants us to be tried as gold is tried in the fire. Beloved, think it not strange that you should be tried, not strange that you are in the fiery furnace. It is the natural place for the child of God that the dross may be consumed. The bitter cup will be pressed to our lips if we go on with God, but let us not think it strange. There were angels who came and strengthened the Lord and there will be angels there to strengthen you when you think you will go under; when you think another drop will kill you, and it will not. He sends His angelic messengers and causes you to go through. There were angels in that garden, and if you will drink the cup with Him, angels will be with you to strengthen you.

Jesus didn't rebuke James and John for requesting a place at His side. It was the disciples who were incensed, and it will be your friends, Christians perhaps, who will be incensed at you because you reach out for the best things of God. It will not be the Lord. Ah no. He will say, "Are you able?" Oh yes, they were able! When we make our consecration we think we could go through with flying colors. We do not think anything could hold us back when we are kneeling at the mercy seat and the power of God is surging through us. We say, "Lord, I will drink the cup, no matter what it is. I am going all the way with you," but the very first bramble-bush we run into we cry, "Oh, this is terrible, Lord! Surely this is a hard way." Are you able to drink of the cup? Beloved, that place at the right hand is yours if you are able to drink of the cup. It is being prepared for you and you for it, and you can have it if you pay the price. How are we going to get it? In the trysting place; down in the Garden of Gethsemane. That word is sweet to me now. When I first began to sing the song, "Oh it is so sweet to die with Jesus," I didn't like it. It wasn't sweet to me then. I said, "How can it be sweet to die?" I thought it was awful when I first began to have my trials and temptations. I did not see how anybody could die, and I was a long time getting to the place where I could sing that song from my heart, but I did get to sing that song and mean it.

I read a little tract about a woman who carried a great heavy burden. It was such a heavy burden! Day after day she bore that ugly trial, and to her it seemed as if the sun would never shine again. Day after day, year after year she carried that burden. At last the Lord gave her a dream. She thought she had come up to the judgment of rewards and she laid down that bundle before the Lord. It was an ugly-looking bundle, tied in so many intricate knots. Finally the Lord reached out and touched her and the wrapping fell off, and there before her gaze shone forth a beautiful crown all dazzling in its beauty, and that was the burden she carried around all those years. It was her crown that she was carrying.

When I was in China I felt I was carrying a heavy burden, and this incident came to me, and I said, "Oh Lord, forgive me for feeling that the burden is heavy." Then I could almost see the glory shining through the ugly burden I was carrying. Right after I had come to a hard, crushing trial the Lord gave me such a wonderful blessing, such a wonderful sense of His presence, such a lightness; it was indescribable the joy the Lord gave me after the crushing trial. Then I began to realize that the trials were only to balance us up, and afterwards I would say, "Surely God has something precious for us ahead, then it will not be so hard to bear." The glory will begin to ooze through the ugly wrappings, the knots will begin to get untied and your feet will become light and you will go on the Lord's errands with a light heart.

Second Corinthians 2:9, says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard; neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God has prepared for them that wait for Him." Are you in the garden waiting for Him? Have you come to the garden alone with Him? to the trysting place? He is calling you there that you may be a partaker of the things which He has prepared for you. Oh there are a thousand things in this world to wean us away from a close walk with the Lord, but He is seeking us to separate ourselves from worldly joys, from worldly pleasures. Mark you it is the one that is separated that will meet his Lord. Esther had to separate herself before she became the bride of the king, and we as the Bride of our King have to separate ourselves from every worldly thing. You say, "I cannot give up this little thing. It is not necessary to be so nar-

row." That is just the path God is calling us to walk in, that narrow path. May the Lord teach us how to make a covenant with Him by sacrifice. Sacrifice means blood; it means death, death with Christ. Jesus was our Sacrifice. He arose in newness of life and so we shall rise. That garden of Eden has been carried to the heavens. It is there, and if we meet our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane, we will meet Him in the Garden of Paradise and sit at His right hand. There He will tell us about the mysteries of the kingdom. He will explain the

things we could not understand, those intricate knots in our burden. Today He is seeking co-operation. He cannot do the work Himself. He is asking help from us. He is asking us to walk the narrow way, to take the burden and share it with Him, and then like David's crowd that he exalted to places in the kingdom, we will be exalted, and Jesus will present us faultless before the throne of His glory and all the angels will look on and wonder and praise the name of the Lord who hath done such great things for us.

A Year on the Tibetan Border

Wm. E. Simpson, Labrang, Kansu, China.



AS another year draws to its close I wish to praise the Lord for progress made in the work, and for the continued blessing of the Lord upon us; I wish to thank all the friends who have been praying for Tibet and for me; and I also would like to lay the work on your hearts afresh.

One special reason for thanksgiving is that the Lord has enabled us to open a new station at Rongwo, a large monastery and trading post two days' journey to the northwest of Labrang, in the center of one of the most populous and also one of the wildest agricultural districts in this portion of Tibet. This is my third station to take care of, which lies just half way between the other two: Labrang and Kweite. Mr. Hsia, one of my Chinese co-workers, and I went over there this last March. We rented a two-roomed shop in the trading village there, each room being about eight by ten feet. We lived in the back room and opened the other one to the street nearly every day. Here we kept our Gospel portions and tracts, and whoever came we gave him books and told him of Jesus. In this way many thousands of people in that whole region heard the Gospel who had never heard the name of Jesus before. There has been much opposition, especially from the priests, but we praise the Lord for those who are interested in the Gospel.

During this past summer, Mr. Hsia and I went on another itinerating trip among the nomads to the west and northwest, reaching quite a number of new unevangelized tribes, besides revisiting several of those that we went to last year. Altogether this trip was much more difficult than that which we performed last year,

both from the natural and spiritual standpoints. One of the chief obstacles is the prejudice and suspicion of the people which the devil has put into their minds in order to hinder the propagation of the Gospel. They have the rooted idea that our sole object in coming among them is to harm them in every conceivable way; spread disease among their cattle; hinder the fall of rain and consequently ruin their crops; rob their mountains and streams of the gold and silver and other precious metals that they are supposed to contain, and injure them in other unthinkable and preposterous ways. For this reason in many of the tribes they refused to have any intercourse with us, would not come out of their tents, refused to sell us anything to eat, or give us shelter for the night, so that many times we had to stay out in the pouring rain; and worst of all they turned a deaf ear to the message of salvation. We could easily stand the physical hardships if only we could get a good chance to preach the Gospel, as it is not comfort and ease that we are seeking in Tibet, but immortal souls.

But we can praise the Lord that it was not always this way. There were some of the people that besides being kindness and hospitality itself to us were also willing to listen attentively to the story of the Cross. I remember especially sitting on the bank of a Tibetan mountain stream one afternoon surrounded by a circle of some twenty or thirty Tibetans all listening attentively to the story of the Man who died for us. At such times the joy that welled up within me is hard to describe. There are some that listen, there are some that ponder, there are some that stop to ask questions, and please Lord may there be some that believe. Our audiences were seldom large--I believe the largest consisted of

about fifty people. Sometimes it consisted of one family, sometimes a few red-robed priests, sometimes a living Buddha, and sometimes just a shepherd boy whom we met out on the hills.

At one place a so-called living Buddha of the old Bon religion of Tibet received us and treated us very hospitably, and when we left loaded us with provisions for the road. I talked with him about the Gospel most of the time we were there and he seemed very much interested, but his final verdict was this: "The Gospel is very good indeed, but I cannot believe because I would lose my authority and the respect of the people." Poor man! he "loves the glory that is of men more than the glory that is of God," just as the rulers did in Jesus' day.

From here on we went to the tent of an old chief of one of the tribes. I talked to him and the inmates of his tent about the free Gift of God, dwelling on the act that it is "without money and without price" in contrast to what they have to pay for Buddhism. He answered: "We common people would like that kind of a doctrine very much, but our priests would not like it, as it would deprive them of their income."

We then went to a place where they were holding a religious fast. Here they mocked us and taunted us and did everything in their power short of violence in order to annoy us, but by dint of patience and perseverance we at last obtained a very good opportunity to witness for Jesus.

We visited several encampments where they listened quite well to the Word. And then beyond that we came to a region where nobody would have anything to do with us at all, would not even speak to us. And so we went on, from tent to tent; from encampment to encampment; from tribe to tribe. Sometimes we were welcomed, sometimes we were tolerated, sometimes we were distrusted, and sometimes we were boycotted.

Towards the close of the trip I became very much disappointed and discouraged. There seemed so little good done, so few results. But I see now where I was mistaken. In failure, though there is great cause for heart-searching and increased intercession, yet there is no cause for discouragement; we ought to press the battle to the gates just that much more earnestly, relying on the arm of the Lord of Hosts. That we are able to preach the Gospel at all in this out-of-the-way corner of the world ought to be a cause of great thankfulness. And so I am able

to leave the issue to our Lord and Master again.

Another reason to praise the Lord is that just within the last two or three weeks the Tibetan authorities here in Labrang have granted me a piece of land on which to build a house. This is assuredly the Lord's working, as such a thing would have been impossible a few years ago and even now there are many priests who are prejudiced against us. There is also every prospect of our obtaining a similar site for building over at Rongwo. Of course as yet I have not received a cent of money for building purposes, but "He that spared not His own Son but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us *all things*." And so I am going ahead in faith and have already given out contracts for part of the work.

The burden of Tibet presses upon me heavier all the time. When I get down to the bottom of things it is really only getting Tibetans saved that counts, all other matters are secondary. It is becoming a passion with me. I can truly say: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after," and that one thing is that people from this land of darkness and of the shadow of death may see the glorious light of the Gospel. Compared with modern missionary work we have very much indeed to be thankful for. Mission centers have been established and the Gospel carried to one of the wildest and most inaccessible countries of the world. Many thousands have been given a knowledge of Redeeming Grace that have never heard the Name of Jesus before. But when judged by the standard of the New Testament we fall very far short indeed. I have been among the Tibetans a little over three years and only a handful of Chinese have been saved. Paul was in Thessalonica only three weeks until a very strong Assembly was established there. Where is the Power by which the three thousand were pricked to the heart on the day of Pentecost? The Power that brought the Philippian jailor to his knees? The Power that said, "Aeneas Jesus Christ healeth thee, arise and make thy bed;" that said to the blind man at Lystra, "Stand upright on thy feet?" Honestly, I am not satisfied at all with the results of our work. I could very easily keep quiet about it and boast about what we have done, but friends I see something better in the Book and I cannot rest until I see it realized in our work. Jesus has promised, "These signs shall follow them that believe," and that promise is just as much for us in the Twentieth Century

as for those in the days of the Apostles; just as much for us working out here in Tibet as it is for you people who are enjoying all the blessings of the Latter Rain in America. It is not that I wish to see myself exalted, but I want to see Jesus glorified and the Tibetans saved. For this cause, I am willing to lay down everything, my life if need be. Dear friends, please pray for me.

One crying need is for more workers. There are many places that could be occupied as centers but there is nobody to occupy them. There are hosts of Tibetans perishing in gross darkness, but who will go? Oh, brothers, who will go? Is it nothing to you that Tibet is going down to perdition without Jesus? Is it enough to obtain all the spiritual blessings for ourselves without communicating them to those who are in such dire need? Does Jesus' last command mean nothing to you, or have you been excused from it? Oh, you who really, truly love the Lord ought to count it all joy to go anywhere and endure any hardship for the sake of His Name! I know that Tibet is one of the most unpromising and difficult fields in the world, but have we not a God that is all-powerful? And the physical hardships are nothing to what Jesus endured for us when He left His home in glory and came down to seek for you and me. Can we make a smaller sacrifice than this for His sake? It is the most paying investment that you can make. I would rather be a servant of Jesus Christ than possess all the riches of the world. What we need especially is men: consecrated young men that really have the call of God upon them. There are a few places that can at present be occupied by married couples and young ladies, but there are some hardships that we have to put up with in the regions beyond which it would be very difficult for a woman to undergo. My present prayer is that the Lord will give us ten new workers for this field. Please stand with me in prayer for this.

There are also financial necessities of the work, sometimes we are sorely tried and perplexed in this direction, but the promise is for us: "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus." He has never failed us and He never will.

These needs are indeed great, but there is a greater one, what I know to be the paramount need in every mission field, and that is prayer; interceding, all-powerful, mountain-moving, sin-

ner-convicting prayer. It is only through prayer that we will be made to stand in this land of darkness and of manifold temptation. It is only through prayer that the Tibetans will ever be convicted and won to Christ. The other needs of the work, great as they are, will only be met through prayer. If you all really had Tibet on your hearts in intercession the Lord would certainly call out those that He wants to come out here. And if you truly prayed for us the financial needs of the work would easily be met for the Lord would most surely lay on your hearts what you ought to send for the support of the work. And if we all prayed as we ought I am sure that the Lord would open the windows of heaven over Tibet and multitudes would be brought to the fold. Everything can be accomplished by prayer. Prayer is the key that unlocks the whole treasure house of heaven. Prayer is the believer's never-failing weapon which enables him to triumph over all the devices of the enemy. Prayer is the unseen cord which draws the sinner to the foot of Calvary. The effects of prayer are measureless. The results of prayer will last through all eternity. The dividends of prayer are priceless and age-abiding. So please, for the sake of Him who washed us in His own blood, pray for us and for poor lost Tibet. If you and I are faithful to our charge in this respect, the next time I write I will be able to tell a different story. For Jesus' sake do not treat this matter lightly. It concerns every one of us and is a matter of eternal life or eternal death to multitudes among the Tibetans. God bless you all.

* * *

"Some years ago the Chinese Baptist Church in Portland, Ore., consisting of eighty members, sent \$600 to China for the support of missions among their countrymen, averaging \$7.50 per member, while the *per capita* contributions of American Christians to the same object was not over 50 cents. They love much to whom much is forgiven; they bestow much who know themselves much blessed."

* * *

A Pentecostal Convention will be held near Milford, Nebr., beginning May 23, and continuing for ten days or longer, as the Lord leads. Ministering brethren, missionaries and all others are invited to attend. An effort will be made to provide free entertainment for all. For further information and when coming, notify S. J. Miller, Route 1, Milford, Nebr.

* * *

To those of our readers who are interested, we would say that we have no more Comfort Boxes for sale.

Helping them to Pay the Price

GREETINGS from India. In Galatians 6:2 we have the injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ," so I am taking this opportunity to lay upon your hearts a burden that has been heavy upon us here for a long time now, feeling sure that if you will stand with us in one more real *pull* of prayer, faith and giving, too, the burden will be lifted and God glorified in the completion of that which He has begun. I refer to the buildings for the Pentecostal Girls' School and Training School here in Bettiah, which we have from time to time brought to your attention through the pages of our various Pentecostal papers.

Since my return to India we have been passing through months of severe financial testing which we were unable to understand, little coming in for the every day expenses of the work and practically nothing for buildings. In speaking of this to some just out from Home we were told recently, "Oh, the folks at home think the building work at Bettiah is all completed now." During the past two years several thousand dollars have come in for these buildings and much has been accomplished for which we praise God and thank you all, but, dear ones, the work is *not* completed, and because of this misunderstanding we are sending out this statement and one more appeal. May I say the Bettiah Bungalow is practically finished, all but filling in some floors and covering the roof with grass and tile. One large dormitory for housing the girls is finished with the exception of doors and tiling the roof. The preachers' quarters are completed. But a solid brick wall eight feet in height must go around the entire Girls' Compound, there must be the building for our teachers, another dormitory for the older girls and several smaller buildings in connection with the school, and to complete these buildings we must have at least three thousand dollars more. We are opening the school in July, God willing, so dear ones at home, we appeal to you to rally to the need just now, stand with us and see what He can do through our united efforts for the salvation and spiritual life of the girls and women of this dark and needy land. The property and buildings are all

held as the property of the Assemblies of God, receipts are sent promptly and books kept correctly of all receipts and expenditures and reports sent regularly to Springfield, so we feel free in God in sending out this appeal. The silver and gold are *His*, will you help us pray in three thousand dollars now for the girls and women of India?

Before closing, I would, if it were possible, like to give you a glimpse into a dark inner room of a Hindoo home here in Bettiah where tonight one of these dark skinned little sisters of yours is *paying the price*, but we are not allowed inside ourselves, now. We stood for some time this noon outside the door of the wall about that home, pleading with her jailors to admit us to her, if only to give her a word of comfort and courage, but with bitter words they bade us begone, saying that to see our faces was death to them, since through our teaching a woman of their proud family and high caste should so shame them as to become a CHRISTIAN. For three weeks now she has been confined in that inside room, starved, alone, frightened, because she has learned to love Jesus. Sleeping on the bare floor now, though used to every comfort, one meal in five days of rice without salt, her beloved Bible discovered and taken away from her, threatened with death or worse and knowing that they are plotting to take her life, she still stands true to her Lord and smuggled one note through saying, "Jesus has taken my sins away and I am happy." Happy, under such circumstances! *Does it pay?* Does it pay to reach these for whom Jesus died? If they are willing to pay the price, die if need be for Jesus when they once know Him—can we, too, not pay the price, to get Him to them and them to Him? Her cage is not so dark now, for the Light of the World is on the inside with her. But there are tens of thousands about us here, caged into darkness with no light at all. Dear ones across the seas, will you help us get these buildings up? Will you help us push the work God has given us to do here, will you do your bit, for His sake and theirs? If you cannot give, pray that those will who can, and may He bless you all.

M. Marguerite Flint.

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Notes

"Go give to the needy sweet charity's bread,
For giving is living," the angel said.
"Must I be giving again and again?"
My peevish and pitiless answer ran.
"Oh no," said the angel, piercing me thru,
"Just give till the Master stops giving to you."
Sel.

* * *

Forsaking All

THE world today needs men like Baron von Welz, who, in the seventeenth century, after pleading in vain with the Lutheran Church to give the Gospel to the heathen, renounced his title and his estates and gave himself to Dutch Guinea, bearing his own expenses. The call of God upon him eclipsed all else. Hear his noble vindication of his renunciation of his title:

"What to me is the title 'well born' when I am one born again in Christ? What to me is the title 'lord' when I desire to be a servant of Christ? What to me to be called 'your grace' when I have need of God's grace, help and succor? All these vanities I will away with, and everything besides I will lay at the feet of Jesus, my dearest Lord, that I may have no hindrance in serving Him aright."

* * *

"Pray for me," writes a missionary. "My load is so heavy and yet it is sweet. Only some days my body quivers under the load, but it is my share of the world's burdens; if I don't carry it, some one else will have to double his load and I wouldn't give mine to any one anyway. I would feel so lost without it. It is part of me now.

"I have thousands of things to be thankful for. God is good, but there are days when one

feels it is all too much, but for the comfort of the promise, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be.' Sometimes we feel we cannot stand any more, yet God gives the strength and we do stand it. The day is finished, the week is gone, a month, and lo, God has helped us through! another year! It was blessed with all its trials! It was life—it was sorrow, gladness, death, life, trouble, worry, peace, love and lonesomeness all mixed up together. Yet we would not have missed it for anything. We needed it all. It made us strong, yet it taught us our weakness. It taught us to lean on Him who is "touched with a feeling of our infirmities."

Is not this the heart echo of heroic souls today who face a heathen world? How much we need to uphold them in their God-given mission that their hearts and hands may be strong to endure, their courage unflinching and their faith undaunted. Our hearts burn within us as we read of the missionary pioneers of the past century; of Henry Martyn and William Carey, of David Brainerd and of Hudson Taylor, and a host of others, and we may well look in awe at their lives of sacrifice, but the spirit of these heroes of the cross has fallen on others, and there are laboring in the world's harvest field today just such noble pioneers as those who have passed on. For these we must pray, to these we must give that they may obey the command of their Lord.

"Have you caught the vision
Of a world that's lost?"

Then bend your back to the burden of getting it saved through our faithful pioneers, our brothers and sisters in the faith. They have given up all, loved ones, home, career, and some a life of affluence for one of toil and sacrifice. Can we not give of our substance that these may have?

* * *

Missionary Disbursements

(For March and April)

Miss Carrie Anderson, China	\$ 73.00
L. M. Anglin, China	30.00
Miss Blanche Appleby, China (native work) ..	38.00
Gerard A. Bailly, South America	65.00
Mrs. A. F. Berg, Congo	55.00
J. H. Boyce, India	50.00
Miss Mattie Brann, China	15.00
Miss Jennie Carlson, Africa	50.00
Miss Harriet Dithridge, Japan	15.00
C. W. Doney, Egypt	29.00
Miss Ruth Erickson, fare for Africa	50.00
Miss Margaret Flint, India	72.00
Miss A. M. Gollan, Liberia	27.50
Miss C. B. Heron, India	25.00
J. R. Jamieson, West Indies	10.00
E. F. Juergenson, Japan (\$15 for Bibles)	65.00
John Juergenson, Japan	20.61
Mrs. M. W. Keller, East Africa	15.00

F. G. Leader, Congo	15.00	B. A. Schoeneich, Central America	38.00
Miss Beatrice Lawler, China	61.00	E. M. Scurrah, Africa	15.75
Mrs. Emma Lawler, China	25.00	Wm. E. Simpson, Tibet	27.00
Mrs. Harland Lawler (on furlough)	20.00	W. W. Simpson, China	15.00
Miss Bernice C. Lee, India	30.00	Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith, India	50.00
Alex. Lindsay, India	15.00	N. C. Sorenson, South America	15.00
Miss Bertha Milligan (on furlough)	24.00	J. R. Spence, China (\$23 for Kelly work)....	43.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mueller, India	40.00	Gunner Vingren, Brazil	25.00
Wm. K. Norton, India	5.00	Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan	20.00
Miss Sophia Nygaard, Liberia	25.00	Miss Henrietta Wise, India	10.00
Miss L. H. Parker, India	25.00	Mrs. C. Wynn, Mongolia	15.00
C. Personcus, Alaska	10.00	Missionary Rest Home	55.75
Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Plymire, Tibet	78.00	Matron, Missionary Home	5.00
Mrs. Julia McC. Richardson, Congo	22.00		
James Salter (on furlough)	10.00	Total	\$1,438.61

From the Hiring Line

The missionary above every other person has the promise of God's protection, for the promise to him in a special manner is, "Lo, I am with you alway." When Miss Gussie Booth was up in the mountains of Japan last summer she planned to go down to Tokio. Every time she prayed about going she felt a warning not to go, but having some business there she thought she would go anyhow, but when she got to the station she got such a strong rebuke from the Lord she felt she could not go. She went in a secluded place and prayed and the Lord gave her Haggai 2:6 and 22. She didn't understand it, but felt she was not to go, and as she was praying Shanghai came up before her. She had been wanting to go for some time, but had put it off on account of the expense, now felt pressed of the Spirit to go and started in the opposite direction. No one knew of her change in plans and when the earthquake destroyed the city of Tokio, her friends thought she was in the ruins, but she was safe in Shanghai because she had heeded the voice of God.

* * *

Brother and Sister Personcus, Juneau, Alaska, write of the remarkable conversion of a dope fiend, a Chinaman. He has been saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. An intervention of Providence was the means of revealing the Lord to him in a very special manner. One night he was sitting on the side of his bed before retiring and the Lord told him to go out in the kitchen. Three minutes later a large boulder weighing about two tons came crashing through the wall and crushed the bed on which he had been sitting and went through the next wall, breaking furniture, windows and wall. He was filled with joy to see how wonderfully God had saved his life.

* * *

A blessed revival has been wrought in Bro. Anglin's Orphanage at Taianfu, China. Last

winter 102 were baptized in water, and later about 150 received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. The spirit of prayer upon the children has been remarkable. One night seventeen little girls prayed all night. While it has been a time of spiritual blessing, they have passed through real financial tests. Brother Anglin writes that it takes constant prayer and real faith in God to accomplish anything in that dark land. They are endeavoring to make the work self-supporting, at least in a measure, through the industrial department, but are hampered in completing the building because of lack of funds. It means much to train and feed three hundred and thirty boys and girls, and the missionaries and workers all need our prayers that these children may be trained to be a blessing to the dark land of China.

* * *

From Brother and Sister Turner, Shanghai, comes a sad cry for the poor children who seek their help: "This week our Evangelist's wife brought us one of our lads from the day school and besought us to keep him. His parents had become desperate because of great poverty, and had continually beaten him and put him out to die, refusing him any of their scant food. Our workers fed him for some days. Dear ones, he stood before us shivering, wearing only a very few thin rags and it was very cold. I folded him in my arms to try and warm him and his little face grew bright and happy for he thought his 'Jesus mama' would keep him. I could only tell him that somehow Jesus would find a way and returned him to his vile home of darkness, as we could not add another to the many we already have had laid upon us. How we should have liked to take him and raise him for the Gospel work. He was a bright young lad, but this winter has been a hard one on us and our own financial burdens have not been met.

"How gladly we would put our arms around these poor little coolie children and shelter them from the cold and pangs of hunger if we had the means. Can you imagine some of your own dear little ones with portions of feet frozen off because of no shoes or stockings, nor warm clothing, tuberculosis in many little lives because of biting winters and poverty? How our prayers go out that God will show to the dear ones in the homeland the great needs of the coolie work at Woosung. Surely the time is coming when every loved one shall be called to give an account of his stewardship. How shall it be in that day if we have withheld that which the dear Master has commanded us to send forth? What a wonderful blessing shall be given to us when we behold some little brown face saying to us, 'I am here because you were faithful.'"

Lives Poured Out

"Pressed out of measure" is the experience of many of our missionaries who are on the firing line. How much they need to be upheld can be readily seen by a glimpse into one day's happenings. Brother Plymire, writing from the Tibetan border, tells of how he and his dear wife poured out their lives in intercession to save a life, and while they were worn and spent through the terrific strain, God was glorified by their sacrifice:

"Several weeks ago," he writes, "one of our men was nearly killed by our horses. He tied a horse and a mule together and rode the horse to water. They ran away. The man was caught in the reins and dragged a long distance before the reins broke and dropped him. He had lost a lot of blood when we found him, and it was only the Lord who stopped the bleeding. His head was an awful sight. I cleaned it as best I could and bandaged it. An arm and leg seemed to be fractured and there were cuts and bruises all over his body. For several days he was delirious and kept saying he could not live and wanted me to care for his wife and child. His wife gave up hope and insisted that we get cloth for her to make his burial clothes, as he would surely die. I refused to do anything of the kind while there was life in him. Against all hope, Mrs. Plymire and I pleaded with the Lord for his life for several days, and we were sure he would recover. After this strain and the man got up, we discovered that the accident had made him blind. Worn as we were, we again prayed

for him, and after a few days of prayer, his sight was restored. He is up and around now, all due to the tender mercies of the Lord. We praise the Lord for this victory—it has caused the natives to see the mighty workings of the Lord.

"Following close on this, we had a case where a woman was in the very clutches of a demon. It seemed as though he was killing her, but we prayed until there was unquestionable deliverance and the terrible powers of darkness cleared away. But these days and nights of strain (about two weeks) have had their effect upon us and we are greatly worn."

Healed for Service

Miss Fanny VanDyke, who has had an enforced stay in the homeland for several years on account of ill health, is returning to Venezuela (D. V.), June 28th. Miss VanDyke came home completely broken in health and suffering from an incurable affliction. From a natural standpoint it looked as though she would never again be able to go to the field and she resigned herself to remaining at home, but when she told Bro. Bailly she would not be able to return, he encouraged her not to give up. A new faith and trust came into her and now she writes that the Lord has done the exceeding abundance for her above that she had asked or thought. God wrought a miracle in her body, and she is feeling as well as she ever did in her life. She is much needed on the field, as Miss Winger, who is broken in health, must come home. We shall be glad to forward Miss VanDyke any offerings for her fare or expenses, or it can be sent to her direct at 1824 E. Madison Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

* * *

Dear Susan Chester, who spent many years in South India, has just passed away at the age of sixty years. She had been ill for about two months with an abscess on the bone, and while earnest prayer was offered for her recovery, God took her home. Sister Chapman writes of her last days as they communed together of the Lord. Her dying testimony was given in the words of the poet:

"I could not do without Thee,
Thou Savior of the lost;
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy sacrifice must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea."

For the present Sister Chapman has taken charge of the Indian women and girls who were bereft of a leader through Sister Chester's death, and will continue the work until God makes some other provision for it.

* * *

Miss Lillian Trasher, Assiout, Egypt, tells of how her life of sacrifice in behalf of the Egyptian children has more than paid. Only God has seen the consecration, the days of toil amid tremendous heat, the nights of vigilance in trying to save the little lives that were oftentimes picked up from the rubbish pile, but He has rewarded. This service to orphans has preached more than sermons could have done, and the Egyptians

themselves are very appreciative of what God has enabled her to do for their own. One man, who used to contribute \$2.50 a month toward the work, now gives \$25. He collected enough money from his friends to buy two and a half acres just next to the orphanage; now he wants to collect for a building for the boys. It has taken nearly thirteen years to waken up the people, yet God is doing it.

Miss Trasher feels the need of a Pentecostal Bible School. As her boys are growing up, she feels they need training to make the future evangelists. She cannot bear the thought of losing them after all these years of training, and asks prayer for this need.

What it Means to Go Thru with God

Miss Bernice C. Lee, Uska Bazar, India.



Can thine heart endure, or can thine hands be strong, in the days that I shall deal with thee?" Ezek. 22:14.

While meditating upon the subject before us, the above scripture was flashed upon heart and mind, for to go through with God means to be tried by God.

Do you recall in the early days of your consecration, with the fulness of His anointing upon you, singing with all your heart, "Jesus, I'll go through with Thee"? "Where He leads me I will follow"? "Jesus, I my cross have taken, ALL to leave and follow Thee"? Though perhaps young in experience at the time, knowing little of what the cost would be, not realizing the depths into which you might be taken, almost unknowingly, you committed yourself, and **HE ACCEPTED THE COMMITTAL!**

Patiently, tenderly, "even as a nurse cherisheth her children," so the Lord led on. Joys and sorrows were intermingled, but joy had the supremacy, for HE knew how little strength you had, but knowing that you had a **LITTLE**, He continued to take you at your word.

Then began the days of His dealing with you and as though to give you yet another opportunity of choosing whether or not you would go on, He very personally put the question, "Can thine heart endure, or can thine hands be strong . . .?"

It was almost as though all heaven was hushed into silence as God awaited your answer; then like the servant of old, impelled by love, unhesitatingly, you gave your word, "I love . . . I

will not go out free!" With that word you became a love-slave to serve Him forever! You had counted the cost; now you began paying the price.

What is it meaning to *you today* to go through with God? Are you paying the *full* price, and is that price anything less than your *all*?

Of late our heart has been much stirred as we have come into contact, both personally and by letter, with those who have heard this unmistakable call of God, and our cry has been, "O God give to Thy people anew, the vision they once had!" Must we acknowledge that there are *few, very few*, who are going all lengths with God? Must we admit the tendency to a return to a life of ease?

In every walk of life, be the conditions what they may, the soul that has covenanted to follow God wholly, will find its consecration, faith and love tested to the very limit, at times, but perhaps there is no place where this is more manifest than on the foreign field.

A young man with the consecration of his God upon his head, went forth to the regions beyond. His ministry was a joy and delight to himself and a blessing to others. One day a subtle temptation presented itself. As he yielded his desire to join himself to one who could not be a help to him in his onward march for God, it became manifest to those among whom he labored that he was losing the vision, thus breaking his vow of separation. Much prayer was offered on his behalf and the saints sought to counsel as best they could, but the young man went on his way, married the young woman of *his* choice, but *not* God's, and in a very little

while had left the service to which he had been called, to engage in secular employment. As we write these lines we find a tenderness creeping into our heart and we ask, "Was the failure all in the young man, or did some one fail to go through with God on his behalf?" The fact remains that he did not go through with God and his life has come far short of what it might have been to himself and to countless others!

Again, a young woman, looking forward to a life of happiness in the home which was to be hers, heard the voice of Another beckoning her on to a closer walk with Him. If she followed Jesus, it meant separation from him whom she hoped to make her life companion, for her call was to the foreign field; his was not. With holy determination, she bade farewell to all that had looked so alluring and laid her life at the feet of the Nazarene to follow Him anywhere, everywhere. The struggle was by no means ended in a moment. Instead, there were weeks and months of suffering and soul agony. At times the glory broke through and she could rejoice and exult exceedingly; then again all the old sorrow would sweep over her soul, almost overwhelming her. But faithfully she held on her way, going through the fire and through the water until *He* brought her out into the "wealthy place," and with what result? For years she has stood as a helper of men, her life a willing offering laid down that she may bring others to Christ.

We were deeply touched some months ago by the trying experience through which a young man was passing. Alone, in the stillness of the night, God had spoken to his soul saying, "I want you to be a missionary." With childlike simplicity, he then and there accepted the call and the days that followed were spent with this end in view. One day he became conscious of doubts creeping into his heart. Was he, after all, called? A little bitterness found lodgement in his spirit because of inconsistencies in the lives of those who professed to know God. One thing led to another until he finally acknowledged that he was at the parting of the ways and that very soon he would either go forward or backslide. How we were stirred to prayer on his behalf and what a burden this gave us for the young people of today, who are beset with such sore temptations in their desire to be true to God. We rejoice to say that the turning point came in the life of the young man and

that he is going on with the Lord. How we have praised *Him!*

But it is not only in these "heroic decisions" that we are called upon to go through with God. Perhaps one of the points upon which we find it the most difficult to yield is the matter of our wills in little things. Sad indeed it is to see how easily the children of God become offended—"hurt"—over things that are said and done! With sorrow of heart we confess that all too much of this is seen in our midst on the mission field. It takes the real love of the Lord Jesus Christ to enable those of different dispositions to dwell together in unity, and unless each one is consecrated to the point of being willing to "give up" to the other, there is sure to be trouble and oftentimes a very tiny spark is fanned into a tremendous flame and wounds are made which never are healed. O, for the *flaming* love of God so to fill our hearts that the rights of others will always seem larger and more important than our own! Surely, going through with God means being so wholly surrendered to Him that we take sweetly and in the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus, whatever He permits to be sent to us. God is not only asking, but *demanding* a very close and holy walk today of those who, in the early days of their consecration said "yes" to Him.

We have a most poignant example in the 44th chapter of Ezekiel along this line. It was only the Levites who were separated wholly unto the Lord, who might enter the sanctuary. These were set apart to minister unto Him in the inner court, but even of this priestly order there were some who went astray, going as God said, far from Him, and while there was forgiveness of their guilt for them, yet from thenceforth they were only to "minister to the house," for distinctly had God declared, "And they shall not come near unto Me . . ." (verse 13).

Can we possibly contemplate anything so indescribably sad in all the world as to be separated from this place of sweet, sacred, holy intimacy with God? Yet this is the result of those who fail to go through along all lines with Him. To those who have once caught the vision, heard the call and followed on, it will take something more than mere "ministering to the house" to satisfy the soul's deepest craving.

"For mine is a soul of noble birth,
That needeth more than Heaven and earth;
And the breath of God must draw me in
To the heart that was riven for my sin."

It is as though God were sending everywhere, notes of warning, admonishing us with no uncertain sound, yet with infinite tenderness, to keep the vows we have made unto Him; to beware lest we fall away from our steadfastness; to keep the charge that hath been committed to us.

We have been most deeply impressed of late with the thought of what *our* failure may mean, not only to Him and to us, but to countless others, as well.

In the bloom of early young womanhood, God laid His finger upon one of His handmaidens and set her aside for work in a foreign land. But the mother, a Christian woman, fearing to lose her daughter, made light of the call, seeking at every opportunity to thwart the plans being made. For a time the young woman went bravely forward, longing eagerly for the day when she should be laboring among her beloved Chinese. The pressure, however, became too strong and she finally yielded to the mother's desire to remain at home. Years have sped by since then and today the one whom He would have sent to sow the precious seed is looking back with regretful heart upon the years eaten by the cankerworm. She *hoped* God would excuse *her* if she provided substitutes, but when God calls an individual no substitute will suffice!

More and more is the thought borne in upon us that the loss to others, if we fail God, is incalculable. "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Our influence is far-reaching whether we know it or not. A little compromise, a little letting down in fervency of spirit, a little waning of the prayer life and of communion with God—all these may not be noticed at once by those among whom we live and move. Spirituality does not depart in a moment, but little by little, almost unconsciously, there is a leaking out of spiritual life and power until the soul awakes to the fact that it is no longer able to touch God either for itself or others. O, the pain of such an awakening! We think of Esau "who, for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright." The supreme moment comes to every soul who has bowed low at the altar of consecration; there is the death struggle between flesh and spirit—the hour when, alone with God, the soul wrestles "till the breaking of the day." The "I will" of either the flesh or the spirit gains the supremacy; if of the flesh, the soul crippled, baffled, defeated, goes on its way, thenceforth to be but a lesser light, robbed of its lustre and

by no means the helper of men that God created it to be. If, however, the spirit is triumphant, behold the new light that gleams from the eye of the conquering one, the blessed, prevailing power with God, the lowly, humble, helpful walk that marks *that* soul as one who, because it has died to all else, has become indeed a "prince" with God, and able because of that to "catch men."

How near God draws at the moment of decision! A soul in the struggle of a great crisis, fearing lest the human might gain the victory, cried out in great agony, "O God, hold me when the flesh quivers!" God held, God kept, God led on and out into paths of usefulness and blessing and joy. "Now thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph!"

With tender, broken hearts, we must acknowledge that among God's favored people in these days of His gracious outpouring, there are the Samsons who, instead of keeping in lowly, humble touch with the God of might, have been shorn of their power because they found satisfaction and enjoyment in a mere passing, fleshly allurements.

Let us look for a moment at the children of Israel. God's day of deliverance for them had come and they were led out of Egypt, but again and again they murmured at God's dealings with them as they journeyed on through the wilderness. There are many striking lessons in connection with them, but recently we were struck with one particular incident just before the overthrow of their enemies in the Red Sea. Hemmed in on all sides, "pressed beyond measure," lacking that loving consecration which God so longs for, they cried out, "Wherefore hast thou dealt thus with us, to carry us forth . . .?" "*To carry us forth . . .!*" Ah, yes, that is just what God is doing because we asked Him to! We said, "At any cost, Lord!" "Lead me out!" "Lead me on!" God took us at our word—He carried us forth into a larger place, He "dealt" with us, but oh, must we admit only sad failure today because our love is not strong enough to carry us through the dealing, the trying?

"God knows the man that is in love with Him," I Cor. 8:3 (Rotherham's trans.). We believe we speak the truth today when we say that the soul who truly loves God will never have any fear during the process of His dealing with it.

In these momentous days shall we not covenant anew with God that we will let Him lead us "whithersoever the Lamb goeth"? The early

days of our consecration were sweet, hallowed, never-to-be-forgotten days, but if we find *now* that the "glory hath departed," shall we not return with all our hearts and seek once more His loving favor? Shall we not, like Mary of old, sit at His feet until we are assured of His forgiveness, until lost communion is restored? Perhaps like David, we will have to pray, "Restore

unto me the joy of thy salvation," but restoration will be a positive fact if we renew the vows of our consecration and determine by the grace of God, never, never again to lean upon our own powers. O, let us hide away under the cleansing Blood! Let us stay hidden! Let us take our eyes off of every alluring thing and place them wholly, unreservedly, eternally upon Jesus, Lover of our souls!

The Zeal of Native Christians

Hermann Becker, Yuanchow, Hunan, China.



ONE of our Christians was a man who, seven years before had stolen from me. During our revival, he dropped into our meetings, was wonderfully converted and confessed his sin. Some time later he died and his wife afterwards got converted and came to live with us as a servant. She spent much time in prayer for her friends. During the night she would rise from her bed, sometimes at twelve or one o'clock, and pray for hours. One day she came to my wife and said, "I want to go and see my friend in the city of Mayang. I have to travel three days to get there, I want to stay three days, and then it will take me another three days to come back. In nine days I will be here again. I am sure my friend will know the Lord by that time." Her friend was blind.

The woman went to Mayang and got there at the time she stated. She began to talk about Jesus, but her friend was not anxious to hear much about Him. The first afternoon the friend said to her, "I do not feel well. I want to go to bed." The Christian woman said, "You do not need to go to bed because you do not feel well. It is because the Lord Jesus wants to enter your heart." She talked to her a little about Jesus and then suggested they would kneel down and pray. She prayed for her friend and asked God to forgive her sins. Then she asked the friend to pray, telling her how, and asking the friend to repeat it: "Oh Lord, forgive my sins," and she repeated it. "Oh Lord, I am a great sinner." "Why," said the friend, "I am not a great sinner." "Have you never stolen? Have you never done anything wrong?" "Yes," she said. "Well, then, you are a great sinner. Say it," and she did. Then they arose and the Christian woman said, "Now where are your sins?" "I do not know." "Why, you prayed and you do not believe what you prayed? Let us kneel down again."

They prayed again the same prayer, and when they arose the Christian asked, "Where are your sins?" "My sins are forgiven," she replied. "Are you sure?" "Yes, I am sure." "How do you know it?" "Because you told me." "That is wrong, too. You must say because it is written in the Book. Now if any one gives a present to you, what do you say?" "I say, thank you." "Now if your sins are forgiven, let us kneel down and thank the Lord," which they did. Before they went to bed the friend said, "Why, if I now believe in Jesus I do not need my idols any more, do I?" "I was just waiting," said the Christian, "for you to do away with your idols and your ancestral tablet," and they burned them both.

The next day the Christian woman said to her blind friend, "The missionary told us once that the Lord Jesus opened blind eyes. If you would believe and the Lord would open your eyes I am sure many in this city would turn to the Lord. Let us pray for it." They knelt down and she prayed, "Lord open the eyes of my friend. It is written in the Book that Thou art able." The blind friend prayed, too, and when they arose the Christian said, "Are you able to see?" She said, "No." "Why you must believe and you will see." After an hour or two they prayed again, and again the Christian woman asked, "Are you able to see?" "No," she said. "Well, you must believe. If you would only believe you would see the glory of God. Are you sure that your sins are forgiven?" "Yes." "Then believe that the Lord has opened your eyes and you will see." But they had to go to bed without any visible results. The next morning the Christian woman asked at once, "Are you able to see?" "No," was the reply. "Now," she said, "let us wash our faces and then we will pray again." While the blind woman was washing her face she jumped around and said, "Why, I can see you now." They knelt down and

thanked the Lord, and while they were praising the Lord loudly, the son came in. "What is the matter, mother?" "I can see you," she said. The son went and called his wife. In a few hours the whole city knew that the blind woman had her sight. That was the third day, and the Christian woman had a whole day to testify before the heathen what the Lord had done. There had never been a missionary in that city before; never had there been a Christian there to tell of Jesus. That was four years ago, and now we have seventy-one Christians in that city, our own chapel and a native Christian in charge.

* * *

A Chinese woman was demon possessed. Four men were not able to hold her down. They put

her in chains, but she broke the chains in pieces. After they had done everything they could they brought her to us asking us to help her. I was busy at the time and sent them to find my wife. She sent for four Chinese Christian women to help her pray. Before they got there the demon-possessed woman said, "The Christians are coming, we have to go out now." She wanted to leave, but the five men held her down. The Christian women entered the room and prayed and commanded the evil spirits to depart from her. The girl fell on the floor and for a few moments she lay there struggling and foaming at the mouth. Then the devil left her and she was delivered.

* * *

Lessons from the Gold Mines



OD taught us many precious lessons while in Alaska. One of the blessed lessons He taught us was at the gold mine. The gold mine is away up on the side of the mountain, and one afternoon a party of us started to climb up the mountain to go through the mill. It was a long, hard climb, and there were some in the party who thought it was too hard and tiresome. We would have to stop and catch our breath, but everyone who went to the top was glad for the lessons they learned in the mill. If we want to get something from God it will take a pressing through, "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit and watching thereunto with all perseverance." That is what the missionaries need, perseverance. So many times there are discouragements, trials and testings and we need perseverance to press through.

In Juneau the mine is called Perseverance mine. It is back seven or eight miles in the valley. There the gold ore is mined. When we get up to the top we look around to see the gold, but we do not see any. Nothing but great big gray rocks with here and there a white vein running through them, the white quartz, no gold in sight. The gold is not on the surface but down deep and the men with perseverance went down deep into the heart of that mountain and found the veins of gold running through the gray rock. To our eyes it was not visible but the miners knew that in that white vein the gold lay. So the gold in our lives is not on the surface, but is often found underneath some rough looking exterior. It made me think of some of

the lives we have come in touch with in Alaska. Some whom we have worked amongst are looked down upon by the world and some would think that it was useless to try to help them, but there was that gold of the hunger for God and for a better life. As God looks down into hearts and sees the hunger He feeds them. I believe it was because He saw the hungry hearts that He sent us to Alaska. I met one woman who said, "I have been praying for years that the Lord would open a mission here in Juneau and I believe that God has sent you here in answer to prayer. Where hungry hearts are reaching out toward God He will stir up people to carry the message, even though He has to send them from long distances. Sometimes I have wondered how God sent us clear from the East to Alaska, but when we got there we found missionaries whom He had sent from Norway. Jesus saw the hunger and He saw the gold hidden away in the rocky worldliness, and He tells us to pray (Matt. 9:23) that there will be laborers to gather in the gold hidden in the gray rocks of sin.

They dynamite the rocks to get out the gold, and sometimes it takes the dynamite of God's power to make people seek the Lord. In Juneau we heard the blasting with the dynamite and then the small rocks go through the crushers. One would think if there was any gold there it would be lost in the crushing process, but not so. It takes the crushing to bring out the gold. If we want the gold brought out of our lives we must go through the crushing process, but

how we shrink from it! So many times we wonder why those trials come, but in 1 Peter 1:7 we read that the trial of our "faith being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." This summer that verse was very precious to me when our little boy was lying at the point of death. It seemed his life was in my hands. In the morning after the battle was over I said, "Lord, why did You let such a hard trial come just the night after the baby was born?" and He gave me that verse, "The trial of your faith being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and glory at the appearance of Jesus Christ." We go through the crushing process, and as we yield to God He brings out the gold that it may be of use in some other life.

The next lesson is from the shaking tables. After the rocks are crushed some of them are fine as powder. They have large tables which have heavy ridges on them like a wash-board, and oh how they shake the ground-up rock. The gold is mixed with water. In Eph. 5:26 we read that Christ sanctifies and cleanses the church with the washing of water by the Word. Our lives must be mixed with the Word of God. After the rock is ground up it is mixed with water on these shaking tables. The gold is fine and settles down in the little troughs, and the dross, the fine rocks are washed away. So God lets the Word run through our lives and the things of the world that are so empty and hinder our purity of life will be washed out. We all have to go through the shaking process, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain. Oh how God works to separate the dross from the gold in our lives! I believe everyone of us have realized the wonderful love of God who

will work to bring out the gold and purify it. The free gold settled down in the cracks of these tables and as they shake, it gathers together into a little pile and the free gold is gathered up very carefully and put into a safe. That doesn't have to be ground anymore. They do not grind up the pure gold nuggets, but there is some that clings to the rocks that has to go through another crusher. Have you ever seen it in your life? I have in mine.

There was something God brought me up against and I didn't let go, and God had to put me through another process. As long as we hold on to something God sees will hinder us, He will put us through another crushing, another shaking, another washing, and the gold that comes out free is gathered up. I have seen piles and piles of concentrated ore, just looked like piles of muddy sand. This has to go through the fire to bring out the gold. As we saw the process through which it went our hearts cried out, "Oh Lord, help us to let go of this world that we may be among those caught up with the Lord and not go through the tribulation. If we do not cleanse our lives through the washing of the Word we will have to be purged by the fires of tribulation.

This water that washed the crushed rock and carried off slight particles of gold was not thrown away; it is run over a table of quicksilver, and the tiniest gold-dust is caught in that quicksilver. We know our God is watching for the tiniest particles. As long as there is any gold at all He will not throw it aside. As you stir the water you can see the glitter of the gold through it, and it is put through the acid process so every bit of gold is saved. God puts us through different tests to get the gold out of our lives and cleanses us from dross. He does not want that any of it will perish.—*Mrs. Charles Personous at the Missionary Rest Home.*

Good News from a Far Country



NOT being able to write personal letters, and as many were anxious to hear from me on my arrival in China, I am writing for publication. My heart is filled with praise for the precious way God has kept His people, and for the many new souls that have been won for Jesus during my absence. It has been said that a work would go down in the missionary's absence and that native helpers were not capable of taking charge of a work. This is doubtless so in many cases,

but praise God for the Holy Spirit, who can use a sanctified, disciplined Chinese as a channel as well as others. These dear Chinese have been a year and seven months without any help from a missionary and have had some very severe tests, but God took them thru. Our natives are all on the faith line and not looking for an increase in their salary, but know how to look to God, who in marvelous, unthought of ways supplies the need.

During my absence a non-Christian was healed

of insanity who gave as an offering unto the Lord two hundred dollars in Chinese money for a baptistry and other needs in the Shanghai chapel. Another Chinese gentleman, who was once a bitter opposer to this narrow way, has been so impressed by the life of his wife, who has the baptism of the Spirit, that he made our Shanghai mission a present of two stoves and coal for the whole winter. Thru the kindness of another Chinese saint our mission in Soochow was able to put in electric lights and enlarge the parsonage.

It is especially precious to see those who have forsaken all, going on with God. One of several similar cases is a woman who left a comfortable home as she was living with an unlawful companion, and with her little girl went to live in humble quarters, a dirt floor and leaky, thatched roof. But she is pressing on, rejoicing in a Savior's love.

There have been many healings, some remarkable ones. Several cases of insanity healed, also a number of demon-possessed people delivered and cases of paralysis healed. I will mention one person in particular who was possessed with evil spirits. A woman had been for three years tormented by a demon, which at times would not let her eat, or talk with people. She built a shrine in her house and set up an idol in it. Afterwards the evil spirit wanted her to become a medium for spiritism, but she would not consent, whereupon the evil spirit became enraged and tried to choke her to death. She could not eat nor talk, nor open her eyes. Of course, they tried to get her delivered by idolatrous performances, but without avail. Then the husband decided to call a neighbor, one of our Christians. He was willing to listen to her testimony, destroy their idols and turn to the true God. The native pastor was called and while the idols were being destroyed downstairs and prayer was being made for her upstairs, she suddenly opened her mouth and began pleading the blood of Jesus. She was delivered and has a real testimony for Jesus. We had a number of such cases within the last ten days or so. Demon power is rapidly increasing, which is one of the signs of the near approach of the great tribulation when the earth will be filled with it.

A woman, suffering with paralysis for seven years, her face drawn, her flesh twitching, not being able to open her mouth only for liquids, was in her extremity willing, thru the exhorta-

tion of Christian neighbors, to turn to the Lord. She at once gave up her idolatrous beliefs and was anointed according to James 5:14. Praise our God; He healed her perfectly and she is a devout seeker of the Lord.

At the convention last fall there was a very remarkable conversion. An inquirer from another mission was present and the power of God fell upon him in such conviction that he wept violently, after which he arose and confessed to having murdered a man and afterwards burned his twenty-roomed house. He realized he must go and confess this and was willing to face death or prison. He took a long journey, found the man's mother and confessed it all. They both wept and a crowd began to gather. They tried to drag this man to the official when a prominent lady stepped out and, on learning the facts, quieted the mob and exhorted them to take him to the police station, saying he should not be ill-treated, but forgiven, since he was truly penitent. It was only the hand of God that kept him from prison or worse, in the hands of the heathen mob, and set him free.

In these last closing days before the coming of our precious Lord, His promise is more and more being fulfilled, "I was found of them that sought me not. I was made manifest unto them that asked not after me." Rom. 10:20. A very devout vegetarian woman, who, as I understand, had not been to a mission, was asked in a dream if she desired light. She thought surely light was a good thing, and she said she did. Then the voice told her to pray. She heard about our all-night prayer meeting New Year's Eve and came and prayed all night. She had been a vegetarian for years and was afraid to give it up. In the dream she was given to eat different kinds of meats and then gave up her meritorious vegetarian diet and belief and is seeking the Lord. She has been deaf for some time and is beginning to hear. How gracious of our God to speak to her in dreams!

There has been going on in the city of Soochow a real scourge of smallpox. Several children of the assembly have been taken, but with it many precious lessons learned and many have stood firm against vaccination in the midst of trial. Trial always means blessing ahead when by His grace we stand true. I want to relate the death of a little girl of eight. I trust this death will be the means of awakening the father, who is backslidden in heart. This little girl had

to stay at home and take care of three younger children. She washed the rice and prepared everything to be cooked when the mother who worked in a factory returned at noon. She took small-pox and in the early hours one morning in a dreamy mood had a vision of heaven. She saw heaven opened and Jesus came forth and said, "I am coming soon." She wanted to go with Him, but He told her she must wait. The same day as she knelt at her bed to pray she saw a light flash down upon her and saw her heart like a drawer pulled out. In it was a lot of red, filthy things which Jesus took out, and then she saw His blood flowing over it and it became white as snow. She was so happy that she said she wished she could go out on the streets and beat a gong and tell the people of the wondrous love and beauty of Jesus. She asked her father and mother to forgive her for sometimes telling untruths and for disobedience. She also asked the forgiveness of her brothers and sister for eating their dainties and denying it. She called in the neighbors' children and asked their forgiveness. If a little contention was manifested, she lovingly exhorted them to be kind to each other. She told her parents that Jesus told her to tell them that the tail of the dragon would draw the third part of the stars of heaven and cast them to the earth (Rev. 12:4) and said, "This is in the Bible, too." Her par-

ents are not aware of having taught her this.

Again this little girl had a vision of heaven and the saints clad in white. A week or so passed and she knew she was going to be with Jesus. She was greatly rejoiced and told them she was going. In a day or two this beautiful little flower was transplanted into the heavenly garden to know no more of hardship and poverty. There seemed to be such a fragrance from this little life after God's wonderful touch that it made His people hungry for more of the humility and meekness of Jesus.

We realize here that the battle is growing fiercer; that the spirit of the age is pressing in on all sides, and the only way to keep above the fogs and mists is by "more prayer." I would ask united prayer for our work here. We feel God wants to thrust forth a number of native workers. Doors are open for us to enter. Hungry church people, multitudes of hungry souls everywhere are eager to listen to the glad tidings of salvation. The fields are white already to harvest and we need much prayer for faith and power to gather in the precious souls. Please remember that the postage rate to China is five cents. We are fined double postage when it is insufficient.

ANTOINETTE MOOMAU.

282 Pao San Rd., Shanghai.

A Strenuous Year in China's Interior



I HAVE long wished to write you some kind of a report of the Lord's work in China, something you could publish for the edification of the saints and to deepen their interest in the Lord's cause in foreign lands, but I am so extremely busy I have to leave many things undone I would like to do, so as to devote myself wholly to the most important task ever committed to created being, proclaiming, declaring, preaching Christ crucified to those who know Him not, for that is the one only end and aim, not only of my being in China, but also of my being alive. There are various kinds of work in which I engage and in which I spend money, time and energy, but all count something in this mighty task. And I have no desire to waste breath for any other purpose.

A year ago I was teaching Bible School in Minchow, Kansu, training 20 odd Chinese men and women for the Lord's work. Leaving there November 27 I toured Central and East Kansu,

holding meetings in various cities in which many were baptized in the Spirit, one new Assembly was formed and set in order, and hundreds heard the Gospel. At Christmas I was holding meetings in a city of Shensi at the invitation of the missionaries. During January and half of February I had meetings in three places in Honan in which about twenty received the Spirit and Pentecost was carried to a new place at the invitation of the missionary there. February 16 in March 24 I was in Shanghai holding meetings in five places while looking after the printing of 5,000 Chinese hymn books. March 25 to April 3 I held meetings in the Industrial Orphanage, Chinkiang, and in a Methodist Girls' School there, with much blessing. April 4 to April 10 I held meetings in the Girls' Industrial School, Nanking, in which the Spirit worked marvels. April 13 to May 13 I taught Bible School of 50 at Shih Chia Chuang. May 15 to May 22 I was again in Shanghai looking after business matters, printing, and holding meetings. May 23 to June

15 I traveled back to Minchow, Kansu, where I presided at our Annual Council of the Kansu Assemblies, June 17 to June 24. June 29 to July 20 I traveled to Kanchow, holding meetings at two places enroute. At Kanchow held meetings to end of July, then returned to Minchow, August 28, holding meetings at four places enroute.

After three days Convention in Minchow and settling up all business affairs, correspondence, etc. I left September 7 and reached Peking September 27, in time to be present the last day of Annual Council for North China. Taking over Bible School and North China hymnbook affairs entrusted to me, I returned here September 29 and opened Bible School October 1, to continue till January 31 next year.

To people unfamiliar with China the above sounds easy, but to those who know what inland travel means it is simply astounding. In the old days before my Pentecost I never would have considered such a year's work possible; would have called one crazy to suggest it. Within ten months, not counting railway travel which was always Third Class, I have traveled 3,500 miles, 500 by cart, 500 on horseback, and 2,500 afoot. I had a horse most of the time, but he had to carry my bedding, clothes, books, etc., as well as the Chinese evangelist's outfit, and the evangelist, too, occasionally. I have walked as much as 40 miles in one day. My feet have been blistered occasionally, also frostbitten. I have waded swollen rivers of ten-knot currents, and walked in sand so hot it burned my feet. Have crossed mountains 12,000 feet above the sea and trudged all day the burning dust of the Sian plain. Have walked barefoot in the pouring rain over stony roads wet to the skin and shivering with the cold, and sweltered in the dusty gullies of Honan. I could have had an easier time but the money thus spent would have deducted from the average \$7 a month I must give my 30 Chinese fellow-workers. My poor food brought on indigestion but there was no other kind. Sometimes walked 20 miles before breakfast, but there was nothing nearer. Slept on dirty "kangs" alive with vermin but there was nowhere else to sleep. Wore one suit of underclothes a month till it was alive with "China's millions" but there was no way to get it washed. Had only one extra suit and had to keep that to change at the end of the journey. Halleluia! How I enjoy it, now that it is over till next year!

I ought not to write this way, but reports have been sent to some Assemblies in America about my spending all my time proselyting, and that I pay Chinese workers big salaries for doing little or nothing. Some of my Chinese brethren have wept as they told each other of the self-sacrificing toils of "Old Pastor" (I am now 54) and many of them would do anything within reason to make it easier for me, but they have to eat their coarse food and wear their patched clothes in order to do their part of the work. They have nothing besides. One young evangelist receives \$3.10 a month with which to feed and clothe himself. A continuous revival is going on in his work with meetings every night in which ten have received the Spirit in a month. When I passed through there September 13 he walked out with me 13 miles and back in one day just to tell me how the Lord was so good to him in blessing the work. Tears came into his eyes as he bade me goodby and asked me to pray for him and the work committed to him. He is well educated, has written two beautiful hymns, and could get much more money in some other employment.

Of course we have some cases of failure and backsliding among our workers; our Lord had one Judas even among His chosen Twelve; also a shameful, cursing denier and a doubter. Don't think ours average any better than His! But unsatisfactory as they were He committed the stupendous task of evangelizing the world to them, making no other provision in case of failure. And to our Chinese workers He today commits the same mighty task. Foreigners cannot do it; they can begin it and do a bit of training of the Chinese, but the work itself must be done by the Chinese.

October 20, 1923.

Sowing that Paid

THE EVANGEL as a missionary agency has a very important part in stirring up interest thru the missionary news contained therein, and we are glad to know that hearts are touched to give, even tho it may not always pass thru our channel. A sister in sending an offering for the field writes:

"The farmer who supplies me with eggs contributed above amount instead of having me send it to him. When I return the egg carton I usually put in some religious literature, but never THE EVANGEL, thinking he would not appreciate it. But one day was led to put in a copy and the response was both a surprise and pleasure. He

said when he touched the paper it sent a delightful thrill thru him; seemed, he said, as if there was power in the paper, and he was so blest with the contents he wants me to send him my copy

when I'm thru with it, which I will do. Now he wishes all my egg money to go toward your missionary work, which I will forward as it accumulates. I usually get four dozen a week."

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Wilbert R. Williamson
Pastor Pro Tem