



# The Latter Rain Evangel

*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

## Contents

<b>Six Weeks in Bandit Camps</b> .....	2
The Price One Paid .....	2
<b>Seeking Sinners enroute to the Cross</b> .....	6
No Place for Dallying in God .....	6
<b>Wanted-Men of Dauntless Courage</b> .....	10
<b>A Great Untouched Land</b> .....	11
<b>Notes</b> .....	12
Pentecostal Lighthouses .....	12
A Revival Thru Missions .....	12
<b>From our "Living Links"</b> .....	13
<b>When God Built a Fire</b> .....	14
<b>Light Bearers of Beaten Gold</b> .....	15
Abide Under the Curtain .....	15
<b>Word Pictures from Real Life</b> .....	18
Can You Realize Their Import? .....	18
<b>God's Sovereignty on a Life</b> .....	21
Proving God to the Heathen .....	21
<b>From our Letters</b> .....	23

**An International Monthly Magazine**

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

## Six Weeks in Bandit Camps

The Price One Paid to Preach the Gospel

*For over three and a half years Kwangsi Province, China, has been in an unsettled state through war amongst the tribes and bands of robbers looting, burning and taking Chinese and foreigners for ransom. In April, 1924, the walled city of Kweilin, 250 miles north of Wuchow, was besieged, one general on the outside and another on the inside, each general having many thousand men with him. As the siege continued, the missionaries at Wuchow became very anxious about their fellow-workers at Kweilin, because of rumors of shortage of food and water and also that foreign missionaries had been shot. After a conference of the missionaries it was decided to form a rescue party to attempt to rescue the more than twenty foreigners at Kweilin. This party was taken by bandits on May 22, 1924. The following is an abridged account of Rev. E. H. Carne's experience as a prisoner of the Chinese bandits for six weeks.*



THIS with grateful praise to our Heavenly Father and with a due appreciation of the prayers of God's people that I commence this article. Four missionary brethren, Messrs. Jaffray, Miller, Ray and myself were traveling up the Foo River in the hospital motor boat, "Roanoke," with official consent and with an escort of eighty soldiers going to the relief of our fellow-missionaries shut up by the siege of Kweilin. But long before our destination was reached, on Sunday, May 25th, a hail of bullets from bandit guns halted our boat. Our escort fled in disorder while the bandits boarded and stripped the vessel, taking all our personal belongings, even the hats from our heads, and leaving us only with what we stood up in. We, ourselves, were rushed off to the mountains—the captives of these wicked men.

Shall I ever forget that night? For the first few hours we four brethren, Jaffray, Miller, Ray and myself were together, but about 2 a. m. it was decided that Bro. Ray and myself be separated from our fellow-sufferers and so by the light of torches we two were started off again. Leaving this robber nest on the mountain top, we were marched on down into the valley. Again we climbed upward and the path actually disappeared. The leading man struck out constantly with a bamboo rod, endeavoring to clear the way. In places we had to cling like monkeys with both hands and feet to the grass and creepers. Then our path led up a rushing torrent

where we had to wade continually and pick our way from rock to rock. By this time the sun rose and we were able to make better progress. Shortly after sunrise we reached the summit of the mountain we were climbing—well over 2,500 feet high, and proceeded along the ridge until exhausted. The party then sat down for a rest. We saw the "Roanoke" in the distance and wondered if we would ever step on board her again. It was just here that I was presented with a sailor's straw hat. It had been taken from the "Roanoke" and had come into the hands of a coolie connected with the robber band. Our sun helmets had been taken from us immediately upon our capture and as the sun was beating down upon our heads in all its tropical strength, the gift of the straw hat was most acceptable. Mr. Ray made shift with a hand towel. After a brief halt we resumed our march and kept on up hill and dale till noon, when we had the luxury of a stretch out on the porch of a farm house at which the robbers stopped. Here they gave us raw sweet potatoes and rice gruel. We had not eaten since noon the previous day. Off again, and after some more climbing, reached one of the robbers' strongholds in an isolated spot in the mountains and our long march of twelve hours, at least (without a meal), was at an end.

This place in the mountains had formerly been used as a paper factory, the paper being made from bamboo and the house built of mud brick. The robbers had added a rampart with firing platform and small portholes through which they could both shoot and observe their foes. We were provided with hot water for a wash and were soon asleep in the main room in spite of the din caused by forty or more people. Later, we had some rice and stretched ourselves out on the uneven boards and slept, knowing that we were safe in the Lord's keeping.

Looking around the next morning, we took stock of our captors. There were about 35 men armed with rifles, Mauser pistols and knives. A constant watch was maintained, several always being on guard. There were women also, the paramours of these wicked men. A glance at both men and women showed us that they were already paying the price of their sin. However, "Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," and so we rejoiced in the

unique opportunity of witnessing to both men and women of Christ's power to save. During the day a good deal of gambling was indulged in and when nightfall came we were treated to a meal of dog flesh and rice.

At midnight we were aroused for another march. Torches were lit and we stumbled on our way by their flickering gleams. About 2 a. m. we reached a farmhouse, where we waited awhile and then marched on until the dawn overtook us. Reaching a creek, some of the party took possession of a ferryboat and we had an exciting hour shooting the rapids till we reached the main stream, the Foo River. Crossing this, we landed and marched along the river path for some miles and, after fording a stream more than waist deep, we had a few sweet potatoes at a village. Then we climbed up, up, up, till afternoon, when we reached another bandit stronghold, where we saw others once more. So ended another 12-hour hike. Praise the Lord, His grace was sufficient for this also. There were no blisters and we finished as fresh as some of the robber band. We rested, compared notes with our brethren and took the opportunity to witness to yet others of Christ's saving power.

The next morning we said farewell to Bros. Jaffray and Miller, who were released in order to arrange for the payment of the ransom money. The amount asked by the robbers was *only* \$200,000 Mex. After that, Bro. Ray and I settled down to life in the bandit camp. We enjoyed the spring water which was piped by split bamboos to the door, and rejoiced in the wonderful mountain scenery, but mourned over the sin of the camp. Bro. Miller left his English Bible. It was, indeed, our comfort and strength in the weeks to follow. Moral conditions were appalling. In one corner lay the opium smoker with his pipe inhaling the sickly fumes. Over here were men and women below the level of animals glorying in their shame, and passing by with the painful hobble of an old man of eighty went a young man in his twenties reaping in his body what he had sown. Praise God we had further opportunity of "gossiping the Gospel" in this den of iniquity, and one robber even allowed Bro. Ray to pray with him and said he believed.

After three days in this main camp with nothing far short of a hundred occupants, we were sent off one night by torchlight and tumbled and scrambled down the mountain for hours till we came to a charcoal burner's hut. We were or-

dered to bed, but after half an hour it was decided there was not room enough for our guard and we had to rise again, ford a raging torrent and trudge on till we came to a bamboo hut with thatched roof, full of robbers, another detachment of the large band which, we were told, numbered over three hundred. The robber garrison made room for us and we lay down to sleep on the flooring—split bamboo, quite uneven and without mattress, of course. The next morning our party, Mr. Ray, Chinese prisoner, and myself, with our guard of seven, were left in sole possession of the place, the original garrison moving on. Our first Sunday in captivity we had blessed fellowship in the Spirit by way of the Throne with the Lord's people throughout the world. "Though sundered far by faith we meet around one common mercy seat." As we sent up praise and adoration to our Lord He refreshed our waiting souls and filled us once more with the peace that passeth understanding. We got a good wetting that night after the mosquitoes had finished with us, for the thatched roof was not rainproof. The next few days were spent here and the heavy rain continued. Our Chinese prisoner, Ma Tsu, was charged by the guards with planning to escape and was bound. A strong bamboo reaching from chin to feet was pierced in about four places. Rope was threaded through these holes and bound round neck, body and ankles, but after a long argument with them he was untied. After four days here we were ordered to march and finally found ourselves back at the main camp. We were told that delegates had arrived at Chao Ping, the nearest town, to negotiate our release and we rejoiced in the prospect of speedy deliverance.

The next day a party, including the robber chief, went down to the Foo River to negotiate with delegates concerning our ransom. But the delegates who were aboard a Chinese motor boat would not venture ashore, and the robbers would not go aboard, fearing an ambush, and they returned at night without having really come in touch with the appointed Chinese delegates. The next day they had the same experience and were disgusted. The chief had us write a letter and telegram to Wuchow urging compliance with his terms, and A Ts'at our faithful boy who volunteered to remain in captivity with us, was deputed to take letter and telegram to Chao-Ping for despatch, and instructed to confer with officials with a view to our ransom. At noon the following day the whole camp broke up fearing an attack

from soldiers. We went down the mountain part way, joined another section of the band and climbed for hours up another mountain range. My word from the Lord was, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me," and it was made real to me as I trudged along. On we went till dark, when we reached a mountain village of half a dozen or so houses. They turned the farmer's wife out of her bed of hard boards to make room for us. At dusk the next day we were on the move once more, a guard of nine accompanying us, the majority of the band staying behind. About midnight, after walking along the mountain top for hours, we reached a deserted house and here we camped.

The next day I felt quite weak and developed a bad cold, but Psalm 27 acted as a tonic. My rubber-soled canvas shoes had worn through, but that next night our faithful "boy" arrived with grass sandals, much better for mountaineering than my shoes. He also brought canned milk, eggs, a few clothes and letters from Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Carne. How good it was to hear from loved ones and how we appreciated the eatables as well as the clothing! We were compelled by the bandits to write demanding that \$100,000 be paid for our release and were also permitted to write to our loved ones.

After a bowl of rice gruel at noon the next day we were on the move once more. Each move brought us deeper into the mountains and farther away from Chao Ping and liberty. That afternoon we were drenched to the skin, for heavy rains fell and we walked on and on through the rain along slippery moss-covered paths. The leading guards who had me in charge reached a paper factory where arrangements had been made to receive us, just before dark. Mr. Ray had not yet arrived. After some time his guard rushed in and reported that our brother was unable to move and was sitting by the side of the path a short distance away. By this time it was dusk and fog had descended on the mountain while a heavy rain set in. Mr. Ray's guard went back and shortly afterwards returned with the news that the prisoner was missing. What possessed the guard to leave our brother unattended I do not know, but it was a providential opportunity and Mr. Ray, who is a man of strong physique and accustomed to life in the open, made good his escape. Though the robbers searched the mountains he eluded them and reached Chao-Ping the next day, free once more. The guard who failed to keep the captive had his gun taken

from him and was dismissed from the robber band in disgrace.

From this time on I was still more closely guarded. The women of the place asked me to "talk Jesus" to them. Nothing loath, I did so, referring to the power of Christ to save as evidenced in the case of the woman of Sychar. They were interested and desirous of hearing more. How wonderful is our message! How it meets the deepest heart longing! About 4 p. m., before I had time to put on my grass shoes, I was rushed off down a swift torrent and hidden in the thick undergrowth. We stood like statues for an hour or so and were then led back to the house. It appears the robbers thought they saw soldiers coming, but it was a false alarm.

Only one day here and on we went, ever climbing, ever penetrating deeper into the mountain fastnesses. In places the path was overgrown with reeds and had to be cleared before we could proceed. After three hours' walking we reached our destination half way up a steep mountain where, by the side of a rushing torrent, five bamboo huts with thatched roof had been erected. A fire was lit and we dried our wet clothes. Heavy rains added volume to the mountain stream and it literally roared its way down the mountain side. It was while lodged here that the presence of the Lord was made very real to me. The Psalms brought special comfort to my heart. Singing His praises, the robbers asked what I was doing and opportunity for conversation concerning the Gospel followed. The robber in charge of our party expressed his desire to leave his life of crime.

After being here a week orders came to leave and we were off in less than five minutes. Descending to the foot of the mountain we came across 50 or 60 of the band camped at a bamboo paper factory, where we saw the chief for the first time in ten days. All seemed angry and out of sorts. One of the men struck me with his open hand, but was immediately reprimanded by the chief and slunk off like a whipped cur. Later I learned that they had attacked a certain market town, had been beaten off by the soldiers and some of the men had been captured with their rifles, which, of course, meant death for them.

Before daybreak the next morning we were astir and in a few hours halted at a farmhouse in the mountains. Here forty or more of the band were billeted to the discomfort of the farmer, who was not at all in sympathy with the ban-

dits. Later in the day I heard his sad story. One of his daughters had been captured and, after some time, he had redeemed her by paying something under \$100 Mex. His daughter-in-law had been taken also, but he was not able to effect her deliverance and had lost trace of her. This fine young woman, in her early twenties, had been torn from her husband and dragged down below the level of the brute by these vile men.

The next day was Sunday and well do I remember the conversation I had with the old grandfather, well over seventy years of age. He said he had seen the Gospel message in printed form, having purchased a Gospel portion some years ago. He agreed to all I said, but finally remarked that he had gone along so many years in the way of his fathers he could not change now. Late in the afternoon there was still another move. With eight guards I was taken up another peak-crowned mountain not less than 3,000 feet high. Just after dark we heard the bark of a dog and in a few minutes were received at a small thatched cottage by an old farmer, the fifteenth stopping place during our sojourn in the mountains. The house consisted of two rooms, bedroom about nine feet square and a larger room, where the cooking was done. As there were nine in the family and our party numbered ten, some slept in an outhouse while I was requested to sleep on the floor. This was not of hard wood, but damp earth, stony and uneven. I stretched out on mother earth and slept for four hours. When I rose and finished the night sitting on a grass stool six inches high. The next day the split bamboo door was taken off its hinges and set up on stones to serve as a bed. It was a decided improvement on mother earth. The Gospel story was again told in this place to souls who had previously never heard.

On the third day I was moved "upstairs." This new sleeping place was about five feet from the ground floor, of bamboo slats and was really the upper part of a filthy cow-shed. Open at one end, there was little protection from the wind and heavy rains. Three robbers shared the space with me; I had a section a foot and a half wide, and the only privacy I had was when I turned my face to the wall. Here, as in other places, I often put my foot on a gun as I stretched out, to say nothing of a cartridge belt digging into my side. When the cow below me scratched her back on the bamboo slats beneath me, I knew all about it. But I was encouraged

by a letter from my wife and a note from Dr. Mewshaw of Kweilin, who was traveling down the Foo River to Wuchow. He had interviewed the Chao-Ping officials on my behalf and had been able to send a few eatables in to me by A Ts'at. The robbers took some of the things but left a pound loaf of bread and some butter for my use which I ate with a relish after being over a month without any food of this kind.

After this I took sick with chills and fever and wondered if a recovery was possible. Facing the issue one realized that by God's grace he was ready to go, but still, while preparing for the worst I was hoping for the best. The robbers refused to move me downstairs away from the stench of the cow-shed and, of course, did not have any idea of keeping quiet. One standing six feet away from the bed discharged his rifle and the others stretched out on the bed and laughed, sang and chattered as usual. On the fourth day of my sickness I was urged to get up. Some Chinese remedies were forced upon me, but I could not move. Later, faithful A Ts'at appeared with two cans of milk. He was very welcome, and after an hour returned to the main robber camp.

God's clock always keeps perfect time and in my hour of need my release was secured. On the morning of the fifth day my fever broke and I felt the crisis was passed. A Ts'at appeared once more, bringing a letter written by Rev. W. H. Oldfield, stating that he was already at the robber headquarters, the ransom money had been brought in and that a chair was being sent in to bring me out to Chao-Ping and liberty! It appears that Mr. Oldfield, traveling down the Foo River with other missionaries who had passed through a 77 days' siege in the city of Kweilin, had heard of my sickness and had pressed the military official to allow him to come in and see me, prepared, if necessary, to act as my substitute. To this they finally consented, hastily got together \$4,000 of the \$5,500 ransom money, and with several officers whom the robbers had stated their willingness to deal with, and a small detachment of soldiers, set out to the robber headquarters. The money was accepted, seven rifles, two pistols and ammunition being accepted until the remaining \$1,500 was forthcoming. So my heart rejoiced and I pulled myself together and struggled downstairs. The next problem was how to get down to the place where the chair was waiting for me. The mountain was so steep and high that the chair-bearers could not come up all

the way, but waited about 1,000 feet below. Two thick bamboo poles were provided and I stood up between the poles and grasped one on each side. A Ts'at walked in front, a robber behind and held the poles. Thus supporting me, I hobbled along for a few yards, then rested, then struggled on again. In places where this was not possible, owing to the ruggedness of the mountain, I was pulled and pushed until at last we came to the spot where the chair-bearers were waiting. After the struggle down the steep mountainside it was a pleasure to sit in the chair and be borne along over in the direction of Chao-Ping and liberty. Rain fell and I was drenched, but this was nothing new. After about four hours we came to a village and Mr. Oldfield attended by a bodyguard of soldiers, greeted me. We gripped hands with hearts too full for utterance. Entering a large farmhouse, we found the robber chief and a large band assembled. After resting for an hour or so, while the midday meal was eaten, the chief bade us farewell. He presented us with \$1.20 for "tea money" he said. I pocketed the same with as much solemnity as I could command, for it certainly was a temptation to laugh outright, and we were off again.

An hour by road brought us to a tributary stream, where two small boats were waiting. Boarding these, in two more hours we were out to the main stream, the Foo, and Chao-Ping was in sight. We scrambled to the front of the boat waving towel and hats for we could see our fel-

low-missionaries in their boats, waiting and waving. A few minutes more and we changed from our little boat to the larger one on which our missionaries were traveling, and it began to dawn on me that I was actually free. Two cans of malted milk were consumed with avidity, and a photo was taken. I had grown a beard, my clothes were filthy and socks worn out. Aboard the boat kind hands and loving hearts ministered to my physical needs and I began to gain rapidly. Arriving at Wuchow at midnight, we slept aboard. Before six o'clock we were astir and I crept off up the hill to the Home. Here the tides of joy overflowed as I was united to my dear wife and fellow-workers after more than six weeks' separation.

Pray for the robbers (who are largely deserters from the army because of arrears of pay), for "His blood can make the foulest clean," as well as for other dwellers in the mountains who heard the Word. In closing, allow me to remind my readers that it cost Christ His all to redeem the world and that it costs His servants a little to publish the Word of Life. Let us not be content with offering to our Lord the remnants of time and money but let us say with new emphasis:

"Love so amazing, so divine,  
Shall have my soul, my life, my all."

—*South China Alliance Tidings.*

(The story of Mr. Ray's providential escape will be told in the March issue.)

## Seeking Sinners in the Shadow of the Cross

"The Economy of God Has No Place for Dallying"

Pastor Wm. K. Towner, San Jose, Calif., in Bethel Temple, Jan. 27, 1925



**I** WANT you to look with me into a brief paragraph in the nineteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Luke, verses 1-10, which I believe is packed more full of thoughts of the soul and of eternity, of God and salvation than almost any other passage of Scripture with which I am familiar.

I always loved this Book, the Bible, but somehow I was a little shy about folks seeing me with it, feeling I didn't want to make a show of my religion. The day after I got my baptism in the Holy Spirit I went down to the church and on my way I made a sick call and then had to go to the barber shop, and as I got there the devil said, "Now just leave your Bible right here on the seat, that will be a convenient place for it,

nobody ever steals a Bible anyway, and you won't make a show of it." But now I had something in my heart that withstood the devil, and that still small voice within said, "No, you take that Bible over to the barber shop with you." I took it with me. You might say that was a little thing, but if we do what God tells us in the little things, the big things will take care of themselves. Then Satan said, "You have it here, now what will you do with it? If anybody sees you reading the Bible they will think you have come to make a show of yourself. You had better put it down and take up a newspaper." "No, I think I'll read it." "Well, then, put it behind the newspaper," whispered the tempter. I don't suppose the devil ever talked to you like that. I said, "No, sir, Mr. Devil, I will read this Bible right in front of everybody here in this shop," and I

did. What the Holy Spirit has done for us in these days has been to give us an intense love for the Bible, and I believe people will be convicted of their need of God by seeing us carry this blessed Book.

This journey of Jesus thru Jericho en route to Jerusalem was in the most tragic hour of the world's history. It was the hour of crisis in the history of the universe of God, this hour that Jesus was facing. He was going on His last journey up to Jerusalem, and in this same chapter, in verses 30 to 35. He entered with His disciples into Jerusalem. He knew why He was going and what was to happen: all things that were written in the prophets of the Son of Man should be accomplished. He was to be delivered up to the Gentiles, mocked and shamefully treated, spit upon and scourged; yea, and killed by the hands of wicked men. Jesus was facing all this as He passed thru Jericho for the last time.

Now there was a man in Jericho named Zaccheus. He was a chief publican and had charge of the taxes. He was a grafter, and had gotten himself exceedingly rich. You may remember that in Luke's Gospel Jesus didn't have anything very good to say about a rich man. He told His disciples that it was easier for a camel to go thru the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, and yet with God it was possible, for with Him all things are possible. Zaccheus was one of the men whom it was possible to get into the kingdom, tho he was a rich man. How did he get in? He sought to see Jesus. And Jesus was seeking him. There are two seekers in this lesson. Jesus, the Son of Man, who came down to seek and to save, and Zaccheus, who sought to see Jesus. Brother, are you seeking Jesus? That is the great question for you to ask yourself tonight.

Zaccheus was handicapped in several ways. The first was that he was in terrible disrepute in this community. Everybody who thought he knew anything about God, knew just where to place him, and I presume there are men and women here who might say, "Everybody knows me and if I should go to the altar they will say, 'There goes that old hypocrite, that old sinner, to the altar.'"

Not only was Zaccheus a chief publican and notorious sinner (Weymouth), but here was Jesus in the midst of a great crowd of stalwart men, and he had a physical handicap, too, for he was little. But he was wonderfully resource-

ful and he wanted to see Jesus. So he forgot his riches, forgot how mean he was, forgot everything but his desire to see Jesus. As he looked at the great crowd he saw how hopeless was his getting a glimpse of this wonderful Person, but looking ahead of the crowd he saw a sycamore (mulberry) tree, and running, climbed into it. Ah, there was someone in that crowd worth all his riches to see! That One was facing the crisis of the Ages, facing condemnation, facing the whipping-post, facing the darkness of Calvary and the tomb—all this was hanging over that One upon whom all eyes were fastened. How portentous it was for Him and for the nation, this journey to Jerusalem! But blessed be God! He is not so interested in the crisis of the world and the universe that He cannot pay attention to a little sinner who climbed a tree in order to see Him!

God is not interested in social reforms; He is not interested in education. God is not interested in Movements. God is interested in men. In this time of crisis in His own life Jesus was not so tremendously concerned with what He was facing, the agony in the Garden, the darkness of Calvary and the tomb, that He could not have His attention directed to a man who desired to see Him. No doubt it was only curiosity in this man; he wanted to see what kind of a man Jesus was, but he was not the only man whose curiosity landed him at the feet of Jesus. I have seen men come into an audience out of curiosity, and I have seen conviction settle down upon them; by and by up go their hands, then they rise to their feet, and before the invitation is over they are up at the altar. That little curiosity in Zaccheus awakened interest; that interest awakened conviction, that conviction awakened decision and decision, action. Zaccheus is running down the road to see Jesus. With the multitude thronging Him, pulling at His garments, blind beggars, the lame and the deaf crowding in, Zaccheus thought he wouldn't have the ghost of a show, so he climbed the sycamore tree to see Him pass by. But as Jesus passes by He looks right up and sees that little notorious sinner, that despised publican. The old world casts you out, the Pharisees in the church cast you out, finding fault with you, but never mind. You go to seeking Jesus and you will attract the attention of the heavens, for that was why Jesus came to earth. When you get so good you do not have to seek Jesus and do not come down when He calls, I am getting scared about you. He

didn't come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. I am glad I have that kind of a Gospel to take into the world. A man said to me on the train, "Talk about a God of mercy! I do not want mercy." I said, "Well, here is one poor, miserable sinner who wants mercy and cannot get along without it. It is not only here that I need mercy, but I never expect to get beyond the place where I do not need it." Then I took him over to Ephesians 2:7, and read, "That in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us thru Christ Jesus." There is one thing I like about Paul's preaching: when he is praising anybody, he says "*they*" and "*you*," but when he goes to accusing folks he always says "*us*." When he gets to the place where somebody wants mercy and will receive mercy, Paul gets under the cloud and under the pillar of mercy.

Here is a man, an outcast by his nation, notorious for his extortion and exaction, yet the Son of God, Himself a Jew according to the flesh and of the seed of Abraham, comes under the tree and looking up says, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down." If I were a sinner I would make haste and come to Jesus. Zaccheus had a little coming down to do, and so have we. I know many saints who have lost their anointing, —dry as the Sahara desert and not half so gritty. They cannot get back their anointing. What is the matter? They won't come down. After you have the baptism of the Holy Ghost and testify to it, and everybody knows it, it is hard work to get up and say, "I have fallen out of fellowship with Jesus," "My sins have intervened between me and God. By the grace of God I want to get back. Pray for me." I know that there will be a revival in this and any other assembly when I see the people of God begin to cry out to be delivered from their indifference, their inefficiency and their backsliding, their bickering and their backbiting. When I see the children of God begin to cry for mercy I know that God is moving in the mulberry trees. Many people climb up into the church because they want to see Jesus, but when Jesus says, "Come down," they do not have grace to do it. "Oh, it is very comfortable up here!" they say. Oh, brother, come down from your self-complacency; come down from your self-sufficiency; come down from your self-righteousness; come down out of your pride, your prejudice; come down, for Jesus is down here. He is looking up to you and saying, "Come down. Make haste and come down."

There was time enough, but no time to waste. "I am passing thru Jericho. I can come to dine at your house, but I have to be up at Bethany for supper tomorrow night. There is time, Zaccheus, but no time to waste." The economy of God has no place for dallying, no place for hesitancy, and Zaccheus made haste. There is plenty of time for the man and woman who closes in with God now, but there is no promise for tomorrow. God doesn't offer anything for tomorrow. Did you say when these meetings started that you intended to get some friend of yours out to this church and to the altar, and then something happened and you could not quite do it that night? You said, "I will do it tomorrow," and it didn't get done. Then you said, "Next Sunday will be a day of power. I will get him next Sunday." That is the devil putting you off, for God doesn't have anything to do with tomorrow. He says, "Go to now, ye that say, Today or tomorrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what will be on the morrow." We have to work in the living present, for that old text says, "Now is the day of salvation; now is the accepted time." He speaking to saints that are supposed to go out and work for God.

"Today I must abide at thy house," says Jesus to Zaccheus. Zaccheus made haste and came down and received Him joyfully. That is the way people do when they are in earnest. If you are in a quibbling, arguing mood, and you want to know this and that, raise this and that excuse, you are not very likely to get anywhere, for you haven't the earmarks of a sincere and genuine inquirer. A genuine inquirer is like Zaccheus; when he gets an opportunity he plunges in and takes advantage of it; he is willing to go anywhere and do anything in order to be saved. Jesus transforms lives in that way; He transforms communities and churches. When you received Jesus you received Him joyfully. When you received your baptism the tears ran down your cheeks, tears of joy. As you praised the Lord billows of joy flowed over you.

Zaccheus came down in haste, and off they go to his house; the windows and doors are all open, and there they sit eating dinner together, Jesus and the notorious sinner. I can see the look of scorn on the faces of the old Pharisees: "He has gone to eat dinner with a notorious publican." But listen! There is another report of that visit. I can hear it ringing thru the courts of



heaven. Angels carry it to the throne of the Father, "He has gone to eat dinner with a saved sinner." Hallelujah! There is joy in the presence of the angels of God because the Son of God has found another sinner. That is what makes the heart of the Father rejoice when He can see Jesus finding His way into the life and into the home of a man that is a sinner. Do you know what a sinner is? He is a child of the devil, a child of wrath, a son of disobedience, a rebel against God, doomed to awful misery. I know what I am talking about. I suffered agony of body almost indescribable, but agony of body is nothing compared to what a sinner suffers of agony in his soul. He is without God and without hope in the world.

Jesus suffered the agonies of Calvary to save a sinner and make him a child of God. May God make us in earnest to get out after the sinners. He bore the contumely, the ridicule, the spittings and the stripes that He might please God. Will we not rejoice the heart of the Father by going after the sinners which Jesus came to save? "Oh," you say, "I cannot do that, I am so sensitively constructed. When I speak to my friends about the Lord there is something goes all thru me." You ought to thank God for that. It pleased God in bringing many saints into glory to make the Author of salvation perfect thru suffering. And "tho He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered." Tho it may be hard for you to speak to the sinner, jump in and do it and shout about it. That is the way men do in business. You ask any professional or business man who is an outstanding success, and he will tell you that his success is due to the fact that when he had something difficult to do he didn't dally with it. He went right at it and did it, and by and by he was a conqueror. That is precisely the same principle to apply in religion. Crucify the flesh and go right at it. Do the thing you cannot do, by the grace of God. The Church of God and the Christian are in the world to do the things that cannot be done, and to leave the things that can be done to somebody else. We are here to do the impossible. The things that are impossible can be done by God's church, if that church will get busy.

Zaccheus came right out and took a stand. Little he cared about the Jews who were looking thru the window and complaining. He stood in plain view of everybody and said to his Lord, "The half of my goods I give to feed the poor."

That is Christian love, Christian charity—the richest man in Jericho ready to cut not only his income, but his whole fortune right in two. "Oh," you say, "is it necessary to do that?" I do not know, but he did it. You remember that young man who came to Jesus, and Jesus said to him, "Go sell what thou hast and give to the poor." He turned away sorrowfully, for he had great possessions. He thought he had them, but he didn't. His possessions had *him*. Zaccheus stood up and said, "Lord, I have been a contemptible usurer and grafter. I have ruined a lot of people and the law says that if I have robbed them I should restore anywhere from two to fivefold. I have already given half of what I have to feed the poor, and out of the remainder I restore fourfold." Is there any man or woman in this audience that will challenge the statement that if every man and woman who gets saved would be converted as thoroughly as Zaccheus was converted, all the troubles of selfishness and greed and unrighteousness would be at an end? We have gone around trying to reform society, but we would have it full of sinners. The only way to save society is to get individuals saved. Jesus demonstrated that. He said: "Today is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham, *because* the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." That is how we have the Gospel in the world today. My Bible says, "Herein is love. Not that we love God, but that He loved us." I am not saved because I am good, but because God is good. I am not saved because I love God. I love God because I am saved. I am saved because God so loved the world that He gave Jesus to be the world's Savior.

Beloved, you had better imitate Zaccheus; cut loose from the crowd and get your eyes on Jesus. I remember being out in a storm one time in a little boat. The boat was in danger of capsizing unless we got rid of the rigging, which was drawing it down, so we got rid of the useless rigging and were saved. That is what Zaccheus did. Jesus said, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent taketh it by storm." You have to be tremendously in earnest. I'd move heaven and earth, if I were you, to get to Jesus. One little act on your part will forever liberate you and make it possible for you to receive Him joyfully. Make your restitutions. You are not saved because you make restitution, but everyone who is truly saved will make restitution. Jesus says there is an eternal obligation

that rests on Me, so far as you are concerned. I must abide in your house. I must come in and live in you." Phillips Brooks said:

"Tho' Christ a thousand times  
In Bethlehem be born,  
Yet if He is not born in thee  
Thy life is still forlorn."

The Holy Ghost came down out of heaven and

### Wanted—Men of Dauntless Courage and Consecration

W. W. Simpson, Shihchia Chuang, Chihli, China



On Feb. 14, 1892 the Lord called me to Tibet, and on April 5th I sailed from San Francisco and reached Shanghai May 3rd. After spending nearly three years studying both Chinese and Tibetan I reached Taochow, Old City, Kansu on the N. E. Border of that part of Tibet called Kokonor where I opened the first station for Tibetan work on the Kansu border. I studied Tibetan, traveled extensively across the border among both the village and nomad Tibetans, distributing Scripture portions and tracts, and made many friends among the people who were willing to listen to the Gospel.

But I was carrying on the work among the Chinese people along the border at the same time and gradually the Chinese work became so large as to consume all my time to the neglect of the Tibetans. I was much concerned about this for years until 1916 when the Lord definitely called my son, William E. Simpson, then only a boy fourteen years of age in school, to take up the work I had been forced to give up. Having been reared at Taochow, right on the border, and knowing the people and the Chinese language from childhood, it was very easy for him to learn Tibetan and make himself at home among the people from the time he returned with me to Taochow in June, 1918. While he has given some time to the Chinese work since then, he has been so deeply interested in the Tibetans that I fully released him from the Chinese work and gave him up definitely and wholly to the Lord for the Tibetan work in 1921. The year before when only a little over eighteen, he opened his first station at Labrang, nearly 100 miles west of Taochow. Labrang is a large Tibetan lamasery with about 4,000 priests residing there and a village of over 100 Tibetan families, among whom quite a number of Chinese and Mohammedan merchants and traders live.

From Labrang as his headquarters William has traveled extensively among the numerous Tibe-

hovered over Mary the Virgin. Thru the Holy Ghost's contact with Mary, Christ was born. The Holy Ghost hovers over this old world, the seed of the Word drops down into your heart, and just as Christ was born in the Virgin, not physically but spiritually, His life is planted down into your life and you are born again. Throw open the door of your heart and let Jesus come in to abide.

tan tribes along both the Tao and Yellow Rivers, which is perhaps the most thickly populated region of Tibet. He has also opened work at Kuiteh, a Chinese city on the South Bank of the Yellow River, which while Chinese is surrounded on all sides by Tibetans, and Rongwo, a purely Tibetan town, and Lamasery like Labrang but smaller, located in a populous region inhabited by a very warlike tribe of Tibetans called the Rongong. Twelve clans make up this tribe and Rongwo is the political, commercial and religious center. William has rented a house in Kueiteh and a Chinese evangelist who speaks Tibetan carries on the work there. In both Labrang and Rongwo he has secured lots and has begun building houses for the work.

Bro. Torsten Halldorf from Sweden joined William last June and is now located at Rongwo studying Tibetan and helping in the work as much as possible. William writes that he is a very earnest Christian and will make a good missionary, being able to endure hardships uncomplainingly and get along with the people. He hopes many more real men of God will join them in this needy field.

A month ago William returned from a long trip of over two months in which he had preached the Gospel to many unevangelized Tibetans inhabiting the heart of the Kokonor Province. At Datsa Lhamo he was well received, and one of the most influential living Buddhas gave him a lot on which to build a station for a permanent work. Then he went west across the Yellow River into a region never before penetrated by a missionary and by very few foreign explorers. Returning east he crossed the Yellow River at Raja where he preached last year, and began negotiations for a lot there. Both these places, Lhamo and Raja are far into the heart of Kokonor, a hundred miles or more from the nearest Chinese territory. . . . These two important towns with large Lamaseries adjoining them in the very heart of the most populous region of

Northeast Tibet will make four Tibetan places open for missionaries to reside and preach the Gospel to tens of thousands of absolutely unevangelized people.

When I first reached the Tibetan border in 1895 very few places were open for missionaries, though many people of God were praying for Tibet to open to the Gospel and thousands were deeply interested in all news from that most secluded and closed land. Now all Northeast Tibet that can be reached from Kansu Province is open. Central Tibet must be reached from India because an almost impassable uninhabited mountain range lies between Kokonor and Central Tibet, while East Tibet must be reached from Szechuen and Yunnan. Now the need is not prayer for the opening of Tibet, but dauntless courage and flawless consecration and regretless sacrifice to enter the *open* door set before us in N. E. Tibet.

In order to enter this wide open door we need at once six men of God, chosen men who will not flinch from any toil and privation, who esteem it a joy to bury themselves from the outside world in the heart of shameless heathenism in order to bring Christ to those who have no other way of learning of Him. *At least six, but better ten!* What! Is there nothing in this that appeals to the consecrated manhood of the Assemblies of God in the homelands? Are the Spirit-filled young men at home so weak-kneed and flabby-spined that they slink away and hide when they hear this appeal? Come along and be men for Jesus Christ and throw yourselves whole-heartedly into this final battle for God!

Also much money is needed because there are no suitable houses in these places; in some of them no houses at all for they lie in the nomad country where the only houses are heathen temples. Timber is scarce and workmen few, and food has to be bought in China and carried on the backs of yak several days' journey in order to feed the workmen. Locks, screws, glass, hinges, etc., have to be bought in Shanghai and transported 2,000 miles for use in building. William has begun building already in Labrang and Rangwo and writes that he is over \$1,000 behind now and doesn't know where it is coming from. He needs at once about \$2,000 in order to go ahead and finish these two stations next Spring. Then he will need about \$1,500 each for Lhamo and Raja. Who has money to invest in this great enterprise which pays the biggest dividends of any investment, though not in this world, for sacrifice is gold in heaven!

If the Lord lay it on your heart either to go or send for this work please let me hear from you. I leave Shanghai May 1, 1925 to go right to the Tibetan border, and shall be inexpressibly glad to take along an abundant supply both of men and money. If you mean business for God write me at once telling all about your purpose to join me in Shanghai sometime in April, ready to go to the ends of the earth to make Jesus known to those who have never heard. I shall be here until the end of March, then at 10 Quinsan Gardens, Shanghai, till the end of April.

### A Great Untouched Homeland

THE hard and needy fields are not all in heathen lands. The mountainous districts of the United States and the prairie lands of Canada call for as much consecration and faith as the great heathen fields beyond the seas. Miss Elsie Fearey, who has been working in the Province of Alberta, Canada, during the late summer and fall, writes that to get to some of the places that are calling for workers they have to travel over rough prairie trails worse than the mountains of Venezuela.

"How I would love to see some young men, caring only for souls, come into this Province to work these various districts, hold meetings in schoolhouses and reach these untouched places on these prairies almost outside of civilization. This is hard work for a woman. I will have had about twenty meetings in three weeks and a day. I came from Calgary to Craigmyle, and then they drove me forty miles out to Frasertown. Alberta is a vast prairie country, and outside the few cities there is nothing to be seen but here and there a farmhouse, a mile or two apart. No roads but prairie trails. The schoolhouse where the meetings were held was two miles away. As you looked over the great stretches of prairie one wondered where the people would come from, but they came—anywhere from two to ten miles, and on Sunday some came forty miles. On Sunday the schoolhouse was packed. They came in buggies, some on horseback, some in autos; one man drove a wagonful of extra chairs and planks to make additional seats.

"I spoke on the Lord's coming in the evening and it was new to many of them. One woman said she would get out her Bible and study it from now on. Two came forward for salvation and others went home to settle it with God. Some who ridiculed Pentecost and would only

(Continued on page 23)

## The Latter Rain Evangel

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by  
The Evangel Publishing House

### Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.25 (6s) per year in advance  
OF THE WORLD 65c (3s) six months in advance

Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. Send drafts, express or money orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. Foreign Countries send international money orders. Do not send personal checks unless 10 cents added for exchange.

¶ *Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly add "LATTER RAIN EVANGEL," Chicago, U. S. A.*

¶ A red cross on your wrapper signifies that your renewal has been received.

¶ A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

## Notes

### Pentecostal Lighthouses

**C**HICAGO has the reputation of being "the wickedest city in the world," but the men who compile statistics of crime are not familiar with the great resources for the spread of the Gospel which abound on every hand. Besides the large number of orthodox churches which proclaim a Gospel which saves from sin, the city is abundantly supplied with missions whose doors are always open to the passing traveler inviting him to enter and unload his burden of sin. The grace of God is lavishly offered to the great tide of humanity as it hurries to and fro seeking to satisfy the longing of the heart. The great electric signs which proclaim Jesus as the Savior of the world and spread their rays from church and mission, are ever a constant appeal to the one who is bent on crime to turn from his life of sin.

There is no doubt that the "salt" (Matt. 5:13) in this great city preserves it from destruction. The saints of God move to and fro about their Father's business with the consciousness that the Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps is watching over them. Scarcely a week passes without the record of a miraculous escape from death, a providential deliverance from imminent peril, and direct interposition of the hand of God in great danger.

The work of God is growing and enlarging even in this city where sin abounds. The little Pentecostal missions which began in store buildings and basements have expanded through the light shining into the darkness until practically all of the Pentecostal Assemblies have their own church edifices.

As the light waned in the denominational churches and their buildings became empty and abandoned, Pentecost with its new truths and stirring message brought back the "Candlestick." The spirit of praise and prayer which everywhere characterizes a Pentecostal meeting, filling the House of God, has brought back the life and power of the Holy Ghost and drawn in those who were sick in body and soul. "This is the dearest place on earth to me," said one recently who had found the blessing for which his soul had long sought.

We have sometimes been asked about the location of the different Pentecostal Assemblies, and give below the principal ones:

- Sunnyside Chapel, 2120 Sunnyside Avenue,  
S. A. Jamieson, Pastor.
- Full Gospel Tabernacle, Mozart and Wabansia Sts.,  
(Pastorate vacant.)
- Humboldt Park Assembly, Nebraska and Cortland  
Sts.,  
C. M. Hanson, Supplying.
- Bethel Temple, Washington Boul. and Lincoln Sts.,  
Andrew L. Fraser, Pastor.
- Swedish Assembly, 940-946 Barry Avenue,  
B. M. Johnson, Pastor.
- Swedish Assembly, 70th and Elizabeth Sts.,  
P. Swartz, Pastor.
- The Stone Church, 70th and Stewart Avenue,  
Ph. Wittich, Pastor.

The two weeks' meeting at Bethel Temple, in which Dr. W. K. Towner of San Jose, Calif., was the evangelist, were a blessing to many who attended from all over the city, and there were results in salvation, healing and baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Evan. Chas. A. Shreve of Washington, D. C., will come to Sunnyside Chapel for a meeting March 8-22. Bro. James Salter of the Congo will conduct a week's meeting (Feb. 25-March 2) at the same place.

At the Stone Church God is blessing and working. Four were recently baptized in the Spirit and several saved. Healings are continually being wrought in our midst, for which we glorify God.

### A Revival thru Missions

**W**HEN a charter was asked of the Senate of Massachusetts by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a senator objected on the floor of the Senate chamber on the ground "that it would export religion, whereas there was none to spare among ourselves." This was at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, when religious fervor was at a low ebb. He had to learn that Christianity "is a commodity that the more we export the more we have remaining." In spiritual even more

than in temporal matters, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

From the time of the Haystack Prayer Meeting, when the sainted Samuel Mills inspired his associates with a passion for the spread of the Gospel in the regions beyond, there came a revival to the Church at home that grew in intensity and zeal with the cause of missions.

Some pastors, especially those of small congregations, hesitate to foster the missionary spirit for fear of crippling the home work, but a survey of the field and comparison of Assemblies which are enthusiastic in their support of missions and those that are not, proves that missions are a "leverage to raise spiritual life to a higher level," and an aid to numerical growth.

No greater example of this is found than that of Pastor Harms' church in Hermansburgh, Hanover. In 1849 a glimpse of the heathen world thru a "disabled candidate moved that congregation of poor peasants, farmers and laborers to organize a society for sending the Gospel to foreign parts. A widow brought six shillings,

a laborer sixpence, and a child a silver penny. And upon this slender pecuniary basis was built up the most colossal individual missionary enterprise of the ages. . . . All the zeal of that parish was turned into a new channel, and the first definite development was the coming forward of volunteers. One brought his farm and this, with its plain farmhouse, was turned into a training school. The first missionary colony, comprised eight missionaries, two smiths, a tailor, butcher, dyer and three laborers. In the year 1863 one hundred offered themselves. During the seventeen years that Louis Harms conducted the enterprise his parish enjoyed one long revival, and *ten thousand members were gathered into the churchfold*. The work in Africa grew apace. In 1883 over thirty stations had been established. They had forty ordained missionaries, fifty-five lay, and as many more women missionaries, twenty-two natives ordained, and one hundred and eighty-five helpers—a total working force of three hundred and fifty-seven. They had gathered 3,920 communicants and 8,520 adherents from heathendom, and spent that year \$70,500." All this because a church at home had caught the vision.

### From our "Living Links"



NE of the writers of the last Century commenting on missions in heathen lands says that a great need in our churches is "living links" between them and the field. When one of their number goes to the field and is supported by the church at home, a correspondence carried on, knowledge and zeal are both increased. The saints are inspired to pray and to give because of the knowledge gained thru the correspondence. Their sympathies are aroused and they are willing to sacrifice to get the Gospel to the heathen.

The printed page is today one of the strongest links between the home and foreign fields. It is the aim of this paper to keep its readers in vital touch with the field and picture true conditions, the joys and sorrows of missionary life, its possibilities and problems. If the perusal of these pages will stimulate praying and giving and impart faith to the discouraged one to press the battle a little more vigorously, we will feel amply repaid for our days and nights of toil.

Bro. J. R. Spence, Sainam, South China, writes that they never had such opportunities for service, and they cannot begin to fill the calls that come. Praising God for the past year, he writes:

"We have never lacked, we have been kept in

health and strength, and we have seen the fruit of our labors, one hundred and thirty-three having this year by confession of faith and baptism been added to the church, and thirteen thousand Gospels have been sold, many of them where the name of Jesus has never been heard.

"At Sainam and Canton a revival is going on now (Jan. 2nd). At the former after a long, hard pull, God is bringing in many fine young men, and we have now a Bible class for inquirers of forty and about twelve of those are ready for baptism.

"About a month ago a wealthy Chinese Baptist Christian, dying of tuberculosis, came to our mission in Canton for prayer, and thru the prayers of an old, ignorant Biblewoman he was marvelously delivered. I heard him preach in the mission and he gave a wonderful message on the resurrection and the fact that our Christ is alive. The news of his healing got around to the different churches and since then *over one hundred a day are coming for prayer*. God is doing real miracles, the dumb are made to speak, etc. I was there not long ago for a baptismal service and everything was crowded, the mission, the room back of the mission, and the living quarters on the second floor. The Lord is doing

wonderful things there. The local Y. M. C. A. paper gave nearly a whole issue to the life of the Bible woman; her life puts one in mind of Holy Ann. God gave her sight and hearing and taught her to read the Bible in one night."

\* \* \*

"Just think," writes Mrs. Mueller of Laheria Sarai, India, "two million nine hundred forty thousand, eight hundred and forty-one persons in our district of 3,348 square miles, and we the *only* missionaries of *any* society located here! Can you wonder our hearts cry out for more Indian workers, tents for camping in the untouched districts, etc., etc."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Leader, Gombari, Congo Belge, writes that Bro. Leader was blessedly healed of what seemed to be blood-poisoning. From a bruise, his hand and arm became swollen and feverish and very painful. The anointing oil and prayer of faith brought deliverance. This is the second healing of blood-poisoning he has had since being in the Congo. She writes that recently about twenty natives came forward to give their hearts to the Lord. One young man especially, who had caused some trouble on the station several weeks before, gladdened their hearts by his humble and earnest prayer. They feel the need of a real work of grace in their midst and ask prayer to that end.

\* \* \*

"Our little chapel we have been building," writes Miss Gollan from Liberia, "is almost completed and, D. V., we are expecting to be in it before Christmas. It is just a plain, mud building. Our boys and mission men have done the work as unto the Lord without charge. The girls, too, have helped to carry mud. Praise God He gave the people a mind to work that we might have a place in which to worship God.

"The one desire of our boy, Andrew, is to see the salvation of his people, and whenever he has a chance he preaches to them of a living God and His power to save. We have heard such good news from his home town. The little church that was started is now completed, the natives holding services by themselves. It truly is touching to know that this little band of Christians are serving God with their whole hearts, being taught by the Spirit of God, even in the giving of their means. They bring their offerings and with them buy kerosene for the house of God. Oh, how some of these people put us to shame! The Lord is working in our midst in an unusual way. There is a real revival spirit; souls are

reaching out for God and coming into the blessed experience of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The king also has been coming to our services and seems much touched. Pray for his salvation. We believe it would mean many others for Christ from his town if he were saved."

### When God Built a Fire

SOME months ago a young lady journeying thru Oregon and Idaho proved the Lord a Fortress in a time of imminent peril. To reach her destination she was obliged to cross the desert. One route lay around the desert and another directly thru it; she took the shorter route by stage in order to save time, the stage reaching a "hotel" in the middle of the desert at night-fall.

When she arrived at the hotel, as it was called, her heart sank within her. Broken bottles littered everywhere, and broken furniture inside and out told of drunken revelings, and the atmosphere of the place put a spirit of uneasiness upon her. Speaking to no one, she walked out into the night, looking neither to the right nor to the left. The occupants of the place overtook her, trying their best to persuade her to stay over night. "There are wild beasts in the desert," they said, "and your life will be in the greatest danger." She answered not a word, but hurried her steps, looking steadfastly up to the heavens and praying with all the intensity of her soul. Out into the darkness she went, feeling that God was her only Refuge. Alone in the desert with Him, even in the face of danger, was preferable to that nameless dread of what she left behind.

After walking for some time she could discern what seemed to her to be a knoll on the horizon, towards which she walked, thinking it to be a house. What was her dismay as she drew near to see a pack of wolves dash wildly towards her. In terror she threw up her hands to God, desperately appealing to Him to save her from them, and sank to the ground unconscious. When she came to herself there were the wolves close at hand howling frantically, but unable to get to her. God had placed a "wall of fire" about her, barring them from reaching her. She arose and went her way thru the desert, the wall of fire surrounding her as she walked. Fainter and fainter grew the howling of the wolves as she continued her journey, until finally the noise ceased altogether. Then the "wall of fire" gradually disappeared, and she dropped on the ground

and slept until daylight, feeling that the Eternal God who had so miraculously preserved her life was watching over her. When the sun arose she

continued her journey, realizing with the deepest awe that God had miraculously protected her from being torn to pieces by wild beasts.

## Light Bearers Fashioned of Beaten Gold

### Keep Under the Curtain of the Holy Place

Pastor Philip Wittich in the Stone Church, Jan. 18, 1925



THOU shalt make a candlestick of pure gold":—the word "candlestick" ought to read "lampstand," as oil was used and not candles—of beaten work shall the candlestick be made: even its base and its shaft; its cups, its knobs and its flowers shall be of one piece with it." Some one has said about our Lord Jesus Christ, "*Our Christ is an all-gold Christ,*" and this thought is brought out here in our text, Exodus 25:31-40. If we are familiar with the metals used in the Bible, we learn the lesson that GOLD when used as a type always stands for the Divine Nature of our Lord Jesus Christ and of the Holy Ghost who imparts this Divine Nature to the believer.

The "Candlestick" in this text, or the "lampstand" as we ought to say, was of beaten gold. Our Savior and Redeemer, our Healer and Cleanser, our Sanctifier and Baptizer, our Blessed Bridegroom and High Priest, is ALL GOLD. He is as much God as the Father, tho in His relation to the Father He is subordinate to Him, under authority of His Divine Father. Nevertheless, He is GOD. Just as that shaft of the lampstand had to be beaten into shape out of a certain mass of gold, so we have this thought communicated to us by the Holy Ghost, that our Lord Jesus Christ before He entered into the sphere of His own creation, before He became incarnate, had to subject Himself and be subjected to the process of humiliation so that He the Creator, the Eternal God, could enter into the sphere of fallen humanity. It was a new experience for the Son of God. He had to take a new position, one He had never experienced before, and in order to do it, He had to submit Himself to the process of self-abnegation and self-emptying such as suggested by the gold being beaten into the shape of a shaft. The Son of God had to learn the limitations of a human being as Son of Man and yet remain God. Just as the gold was beaten into the proper shape of the shaft, so our Lord Jesus Christ went thru the processes prescribed to Him by the Father

of spirits, that He should come into this world to be the Light of a lost world.

True, as that lump of gold used by the Divine workmen, speaking of Christ being one in nature with God, had to be pounded and beaten into the shape of the shaft, so our Lord Jesus Christ as Son of the Eternal God, had to move into a position where He could come down to our mundane sphere in order to be the Light of the world and to lead back a people who were sitting in utter darkness.

Moses was told, first of all, to make the shaft, and from this shaft was to be beaten out—not soldered on but beaten out—six branches, three on either side. The word "shaft" is the same word used for *Yarek* in the Hebrew. We find the same word in Genesis 46:26, where it says, "All the souls that came with Jacob into Egypt, that came out of his *loins*, etc." The Hebrew word "*Yarek*" originally means, *the loin*. Just as in the natural those children came out of the loins of Jacob, so the six branches of true believers are beaten out of and issue from the gold of the Divine Nature of their Lord Jesus Christ.

The shaft speaks of Christ; the six arms branching out, speak of those that are Christ's. Christ is gold, all divine, and the six arms or branches beaten out of the same shaft convey the lesson that we who are typified by the six branches coming out of the shaft must be partakers of His divine nature and hence lose all the dross and impurity found in the old Adamic nature. It was a process of suffering and sorrow for Christ, suggested here in type language.

It also suggests to us that our connection with Christ is not a connection by soldering but one being inwrought by Him, imparting to us His nature, His righteousness, His purity. Just as the shaft was beaten, so are the branches. From the "*shaft*" on the cross the branches were beaten out by the skillful hammer of the Spirit until the lampstand stood complete before God. If you want to be a branch on that wonderful shaft of the lampstand God has to melt you and form you into shape. I realize that most believers are too superficial in their conception of what they are in Christ and too easily satisfied with anything they

get in the way of experiences and blessings from Him. The beating of the branches of the lampstand out of pure gold suggests that those who are in Christ, although gold, have to be beaten into a certain shape to conform to their Lord. This is the process going on among God's true followers. We have to be beaten and shaped into that form which pleases God, that we may fit into our Christ as these branches of the lampstand fitted into their shaft. The beating process is not a pleasant one, but it is precious in its results. The Lord knows exactly in what spiritual condition you are now. He has a place for you as one of the branches of His lampstand, but He knows also whether you have the proper shape. Those branches could not be out of proportion with the lampstand. They were not to be too short nor too long; not too slim nor too thick. They had to be of proper shape to conform to the shaft. After we have received the Divine nature of Jesus, God the Father beats us into such shape spiritually that we no more conform to the world, nor to our own ideas, but to our Lord Jesus Christ.

There are seven lamps. Seven speaks of spiritual perfection because it is the emblem of rest from sin. The church of Christ, the true company of believers are in the sight of God a people who are spiritually perfect because they have *rested from self*. No man is spiritually perfect unless he is delivered from self. As long as there is self in the believer, his condition is like that of the fly in the ointment; it will spoil the ointment.

The seven branches of that lampstand had on them knops and flowers and almonds. The word "flower" speaks of joyfulness, happiness. When we are beaten into a place in Christ, *all gold*, drawing daily from His divine nature, there will be joy in our hearts, which will manifest itself even in our faces and thru our lips. The "almond" mentioned here speaks of Christ as our resurrection. It has a very peculiar meaning, for the almond tree of all the trees of the land, is the very first one to blossom; it is the first one showing life in Springtime. The Lord told Moses (Num. 17) to take twelve rods representing the twelve tribes of Israel, and place them over night in the holiest where the Ark of the Covenant and the Mercy Seat were. The next morning Moses went in to get the rods and what did he find? Eleven of those rods were just as dead as when they were brought in, but the one from Aaron bore blossoms, leaves and ripe almonds. Aaron's rod that showed life is emblematic of Jesus Christ, our High Priest, who, being Eternal Life was brought out of the shadows of death

and from the dominion of the cross. The word "almond" has the meaning of one that awakens others, or "the waker." The verb from which the noun is taken means "to be alert," "to watch." There you have one of the attributes of the Lord Jesus. He is the one who arose from the dead by virtue of having eternal life. He is now on the throne as our High Priest, ever alert and watchful that none of His dear ones on earth shall get lost. This thought is beautifully suggested here in type. Our Lord Jesus is the great Watcher. He keeps His eye on us, and if we are partakers of His divine nature we receive that same characteristic of watchfulness. We keep our eyes wide open *watching Him*, and wide open to watch any danger around us. God's saints are a wide-awake people; they are a people who have received the *almond nature* of our Lord Jesus. They are watching against the temptations of the flesh and the allurements of the world and against the snares of the evil one. Col. 3:5-10 and Eph. 6:10-18.

Into the seven bowls which were on top of each of the seven arms the priests had to pour olive oil, which was made from the beaten olives. The olive tree and the olive fruit both speak of Christ who is the *Mighty Anointed One*, who has the fullness of the Holy Ghost in Him. The beating of the olive speaks of Christ being subject to suffering, as we read in Heb. 5:8, "Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered; and being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him." He was made perfect so as to furnish His church with the precious oil of the Holy Ghost. *Everything that we have from God is through the suffering and the self-denial of our Christ*. If we want to be a blessing to saints and sinners we must go through the same process of being beaten and bruised, and compelled to deny ourselves, *our self-will*, if the olive oil of God's Spirit should flow thru us on others. We cannot be selfish and expect to be a blessing to our brethren. Therefore, God often times sends upon His saints afflictions in order that the oil of His Spirit may come forth from them. This is a wonderful lesson of God taught from Genesis to Revelation: Nothing will ever be received from Christ except through His suffering and death; and we are being made perfect through the same process. I have never met a saint used of God to any extent who has not gone through the olive press of suffering and self-denial.

The lampstand was furnished with oil and the



lamps were trimmed in the morning and evening hours. It stood in a dark place, the holy place of the tabernacle. Sunlight never reached its walls. All the light seen in that room was furnished by the seven lamps of the lampstand. Paul says (I Thes. 5:5) "Ye are all sons of light, and sons of the day." "For ye were once darkness, but are now light in the Lord; walk as children of light." Eph. 5:8. Jesus said, in John 8:12, "I am the Light of the world," and in Matt. 5:14 He says of His disciples, "Ye are the light of the world." If we want to enjoy the presence and operations of our Christ, we must set aside the sunlight of our reason, and the daylight of our intellect and feelings. We cannot see God except *through Christ*. We will never understand God through the sunlight of reason. It is only as Christ through the Holy Ghost shines in us that we ever become acquainted with God.

The very curse of this closing age is that its people are mentally and intellectually overdeveloped, and try to solve every problem in this world by their own reason. If we, as God's children, want to be in the holy place, we have to shut out the sunlight of our natural reason and intellect and permit the Holy Ghost to cause Christ our Light to shine in our hearts. It is only through the knowledge of Christ that we ever know God, and only through the Holy Ghost that Christ will ever shine in and through our lives. It is amazing how people of today are burdening old and young with studies that are all intended to develop the intellectual side of the human while the spiritual nature remains undeveloped and dwarfed. This very condition is creeping into the ranks of believers who are trying to understand God, trying to understand His mysterious leadings, and ways with them. However, when they do that they get out of the holy place and into the daylight where Christ is not seen. There is something humiliating about the life of a Christian, because he has to set aside his own feelings, and thoughts before he can ever get in touch with God. Have you ever fathomed the mystery of your new birth? Have you ever understood the process of the baptism of the Holy Ghost? I answer for you, *No*, and you never will. Will you ever understand God's leadings with you as saints? I say, *No*. God said to the Jews, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways," saith Jehovah. "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Isa. 55:8, 9. If you were to ask me today whether I ever under-

stood God's leadings in my own life I would frankly admit that I do not. When I look back over my life I say, "Mysterious O God are Thy ways with me!" And again I say, "*Blessed O God are Thy ways, for they have become ways of life and light to my soul.*" If you ask me today, what will be my future? I say it is all veiled, all a mystery to me; but looking to Jesus, the Light of the world and the Light of my life, I say, "*Blessed is my future, for my future is in His hands!*"

Oh, it is blessed to be shut away in the holy place and to allow the holiness of Jesus to shine into our hearts! Many, many questions that the saints are asking God and one another would be hushed if they would realize that their lives are entirely in Christ's hands. So often saints ask each other: "Why did this happen?" "Why has this occurred in my life?" "Why does God deal with me thus?" Beloved, you are lifting the curtain of the holy place and letting the sunlight of reason come in, and that will blind you. Stay under the curtain! Peter used some of that reasoning and Jesus had to tell him, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Jno. 13:7. When our lives shall have come to an end and we will be gathered round the feet of Jesus we will never say to Him, "Why didst Thou lead me that way?" The subject of our salvation, of our sonship and His indwelling will so absorb our whole being that we will forget the past with its trials, its tears and its sorrows. We will say, "Blessed art Thou, Jesus, that Thou didst ever love us!" I believe the time will come, even here on earth, when the saints will thank God for all the tears they have shed, for all the stripes they received, for all the suffering they endured for Jesus' sake.

I could not tell you why God ever took me in my younger days out of a home of affluence. I could not tell you why He permitted father and mother to lose their fortunes. I could not tell you why He brought me to this shore and why I had to taste the bitterness of His cup many a time in my life. I could not tell you why He has stripped me of every plan, disillusioned my dreams, but least of all can I understand why He put me in His ministry, the most unfit man to be on the platform. I cannot understand why He ever brought me into your midst, but I am not here to solve these mysteries with my little finite mind, though I can say one thing, that I am in the sweet will of my loving Christ.

I cannot understand why my eldest brother was a sufferer for forty years and why my aged

father had to nurse him until we closed father's eyes. I cannot understand why that poor lad had to live a year and a half after father died, and mother became a penniless widow. I would not dare to come with the miserable daylight of my reason to my blessed Lord. I have learned that it is not for me to put these questions to Him, who is the wonderful "Watcher" over you and me. His eye is on the sparrow; He watches the hairs of your head as you comb them every day. His eye in tender pity is upon you and me. He is the true "Almond Tree" that rose from the dead and sits at the right hand of the Father. He is our Watcher and Waker; therefore we have no worry about the future. Will you learn the secret of resting in Him?

The oil in those lamps is an emblem of the Holy Ghost. It is through the blessed Spirit in us that we are shining for Christ. But the oil of itself cannot burn unless there is a wick. The Hebrew never speaks of the oil in the chamber burning; it speaks of the light "coming up." The life of Christ "went up" to the Father and our light "shines up" to God.

And what does the wick stand for? It stands for our human life, our human nature. In the course of the burning of these lamps charcoal is formed at the top of the wick. God provided a pair of golden snuffers to pinch off the charcoal. What do you suppose that charcoal represents

in this divine type? The wick represents our self-life steeped in the oil of the Spirit who causes our self life to be burned up and surrendered at the cross. As this process is going on in our hearts Christ begins to shine forth. But beloved, that little crust of charcoal on top of the wick speaks of the self-will. It is our self-will that causes the most of our trouble; more than the self-will of others. So the Lord has a sweet way of using the golden snuffers (divine means). It is not the devil or the "other fellow" as some people say; it is the golden snuffers that our High Priest uses to take and keep away our self-will. And there were even golden bowls in which to put these charcoal crusts. I wonder what the high priest thought when he had the bowl full. What do we say when the Lord uses His golden snuffers on us? Let us say, "There goes some of my self-will. Now I can shine better for Jesus because that smoking charcoal has been removed!"

Thank God for Jesus Christ who is the Golden Lampstand. Thank Him for being our Shaft and our Watcher, and that He ever joined us to Him as His branches! Praise Him that He is filling us daily with the oil of His Spirit and using the Divine snuffers to keep us pure from the self-life. God grant that we may ever hold still and let *His Spirit* finish His marvelous work within us.

## Word Pictures from Real Life

### Can You Realize Their Import?



IN OUR little worldly sphere we confer the title of hero or heroine upon men and women who have climbed to some unusual height, or have given their lives in a moment of extreme peril which demanded a supreme sacrifice. And well do they deserve the honor! But comparatively few ever attain such special merit, and it is left for the great majority to win or lose in the every day battles of life. How true it is that he who dares to face the bayonets, he who feels very brave when called upon to face some crucial test, will crumble beneath the vexing cares and stings common in every day life. It is equally true in the spiritual world, for men there are who have borne patiently the cruel flames at the stake, and women, too, who have bravely met and conquered some master stroke of the enemy, and yet these very

men and women complainingly bore the petty trials of daily life and shamefully lost in minor battles, for true it is,

"The steady strain that never stops  
Is mightier than the fiercest shock;  
We feel our noblest powers decay  
In feeble wars with every day."

And who knows but what our Great Judge confers the greatest honor upon those of His servants, obscure perhaps to all around, yet who are meeting victoriously the daily task He puts upon them. If faithfulness in the little things of life is needful among the Christians at home, it is doubly important in heathen lands, for their lives are as open books before the heathen and the little flock of converts He has committed to their care. And yet it is often these grinding details, the daily strains, which wear most on our missionaries. It is true that these come to all our lives, but can we at home realize what it

means when, after a day's tramping up and down hills, one returns weary and worn, longing for quiet and rest, only to hear the continual clatter, clatter of wooden shoes on the pavement below? Towards midnight the weary body begins to relax as the noise becomes less noticeable, only to be aroused afresh by a sudden exploding of fire-crackers which continues on and on far into the morning. No more sleep now for the aching form, but in spite of loss of sleep he tramps again the following day to scatter the seed of the Gospel among the lost.

In yonder dwelling lies one with aching brow and raging fever, craving for a spot away from the din and uproar. But there is no "zone of quiet" here. Instead, there falls upon the ears of the fevered one unearthly screams and groans, the moaning and chanting of mourners, or the hideous music (?) which accompanies a heathen wedding. Do you know what it means to have typhoid and malaria under such circumstances?

Can you realize what it means for a lone worker confronted with ever-increasing problems, to have no one to consult; to sit alone at the breakfast table, to return alone to the dinner and supper table and bravely force down every morsel of food? She cannot have even an hour's fellowship with a sister missionary. Day in and week out she must face these problems alone.

Duty calls a husband to leave home and undertake a hazardous trip through robber-infested districts. The little wife bids him farewell, not knowing if she will ever see him again, but each have consecrated to go or stay as duty calls. He promised to return on a certain day, but the wife watches in vain. Has he been kidnapped by bandits? Has he been shot by desperadoes? How these questions do insist upon running through her-mind until she fears her very thoughts! Can you picture her as she passes hour after hour, night after night with no word from her loved one? Can you imagine her as she, too, forces down the food already watered by her tears?

Down the peaceful waters of the river glides a chugging vessel carrying the occupants through vistas of overhanging bamboo trees and unsurpassed mountain scenery. A privilege indeed it is, and you may be tempted to envy the travelers. But ah, the danger that lurks behind those beautiful trees! the suppressed but ever-present fear of being captured and held for ransom! The very beauty seems as mockery before their eyes for they fully realize that behind that grace and beauty there may be lurking their dreaded foe.

No one will ever know just what that means but he who experiences it.

Can you put yourself in the place of one of our refined missionary ladies having to cope constantly with filth and vermin? Did you think because she was a missionary that she was different and didn't mind such things? Just remember that she has the same horror of dirt, vermin and sores as you have. Then can you know what it means for her to mingle daily with women and children who know not the meaning of cleanliness, to look at dozens of heads and faces covered with sores, which in turn are covered with cow-dung, believed to be a good remedy for the sores? Could you sit down with such and see underneath, the soul which with a bit of care and nurturing can be transformed into a fruitful tree of His planting? Ah! these are the actions which oftentimes count more than preaching. Just a silent love-touch, a deed of kindness which bridges over the estranged feeling between two so different, making them one. Often we in the home-land have heard our missionaries use the term, "covered with filth and vermin." Do you see the picture, or do you turn aside with the thought that since the child is not your own you need not be concerned? Take, if you will, your own little girl, or your neighbor's child; stand her before you and picture *her* mouth completely covered by a mass of sores, her little forehead on one side plastered over with cow-dung and her face crusty with filth. Is the picture too revolting? Do you shrink from contaminating yourself with such? Ah, this is an all too common sight in China, and your representative over there does not, dare not consider herself too refined to wash those sores, to bandage up the wounds!

Your co-worker is often called upon to visit a home—a room not worthy of the name of "home"—a room reeking with filth, no windows to admit a ray of light; a room where hogs and chickens are as much at home as the human being himself. Can you picture your missionary standing there, telling this newly interested one of a Savior's love? And not only telling it, but living it out by his very readiness to associate with such a class? There in the corner on some boards lies the object of His love and the missionary patiently tells of His power to heal and His power to transform.

A daily sowing of the seed, a daily planting of His banner among those desperately in need of His saving power—these are the services the

missionary faithfully renders over there. In the station of Shiu Tong, South China, the Gospel seed had been planted for a number of years, but somehow the results were almost imperceptible, for only two, three and four were interested enough to attend the mission. The labors of years seemed to be in vain; the monthly expenditures apparently wasted. Can you fully sympathize with those workers who, after years of self-denial and faithful witnessing in Shiu Tong, concluded the wisest step would be to close up the place and go elsewhere? The daily struggle seemed too heavy to bear.

Disappointments in native workers, struggles financially and many other trials could be catalogued among these daily battles. One dear missionary said to me, "The people at home think that leaving our loved ones is one of the hardest trials to bear, but oh! that isn't what wears on us. It is the daily grind and giving out with so few apparent results. We're glad to forfeit home and loved ones for His sake, but the hard part comes when there is a lack of sympathetic co-operation in prayer and financial support." Does the appeal of this soul bring condemnation to your heart? Lack of co-operation! Lack of sympathy! Lack of sharing the burdens! If you refuse a share in the burdens, He will refuse you a share in the joys. If we go not forth with weeping, neither shall we come again rejoicing over the abundant harvest. The darkness will not always prevail. The sowing of the seed will not always be in vain, for the dawn shall burst after the darkest night and a revival spring up where the ground was parched and dry. But we will never appreciate the breaking of the day unless we have suffered through the long night; we will never rejoice over the new life bursting forth unless we have watered the parched ground with our tears and our prayers. If we do not realize the dark side of missionary life, neither will we know the value of the bright side.

The laggard at home will never know the joy our missionary at the front experiences when, after toiling and tramping, his faithfulness is rewarded by a soul redeemed, the shackles of sin are loosed and the repulsive life transformed to one of beauty. The filthy little child was touched by your representative's kindness, her longings found root in the soil of love, and she, too, was changed and is now a shining light wherever she goes. Such is the case of a little Chinese child who was put up for sale by her own parents. One of our missionaries purchased

her for \$1.50, and then began the work of love and prayer. The reward for that service was a deep desire in the heart of that child to tell other children about the One who loved her when cast out of home and bartered. When asked what she wanted to do when she grew up, she replied, "I am going out to all the villages and tell them about Jesus." This is the reward to the one who was willing to sacrifice that this little one might be added to His fold.

The wife who feared her husband's capture by bandits was made to realize anew the Father's care over him, for did He not stay the hand of his would-be captors and manifest His wonderful keeping power in a way that she had never known before?

The little party in the chugging vessel proved Him sufficient in a time when no human effort could have availed. When called ashore by bandits, fired at and threatened, there seemed no hope! But God! Though having little chance of escape as American citizens, they were citizens of a Country whose Ruler had in times past closed the mouths of lions and preserved His own in the fiery furnace. He alone was able now to deliver them from the hand of the enemy "that He might make His mighty power to be known." As they only could realize the danger, so they alone fully know the joy of the deliverance He wrought and the peace experienced in the midst of awful danger.

The sick man is raised from his bed of boards because your missionary was faithful to witness. Who can know what it means to have this man one day enter the mission, healed and saved, eager in his turn to spread the good news and thus ever widen the circle which the lone missionary started by throwing into the dark waters of heathenism the pebble of His love!

The seemingly hopeless situation in Shiu Tong was suddenly changed, for God had seen the tears and years of labor. Just at the time when it was deemed wise to close the station one of the missionaries said, "Oh so much money and prayer have been spent on that place, let us give it one more chance." And instead of abandoning the work a united prayer warfare was waged with the result that when the doors of the mission were opened the following Sunday the people crowded in until the place was packed. Now instead of the former attendance of three or four there is an average of ninety, and during a special meeting held there recently, the nightly

attendance was between two and three hundred. Twenty-two were desirous of becoming saved, and the head police official of the Canton Sam Shui Railroad among others, followed the Lord in baptism. Four years ago in this place there were only two besides the missionary to participate in the Lord's Supper, but now to their great joy, around that hallowed board sat a company of blood-washed souls numbering about forty-five. What a glorious victory over seeming defeat! Faithful sowing of the seed, visitation

work on the part of the missionaries and the native workers, coupled with prayer-warfare brought it about.

God grant that these word-pictures gleaned from missionary life may grip us till the barrier of distance be forgotten by way of the common Mercy Seat, and together we at home and those across the waters will share alike in the sorrows as well as the joys of every day life in the midst of heathenism!

ROSE MEYER.

### God's Sovereignty with a Native African



HE WAS just a heathen boy who had been bound to a trader for a year. He had never been to a mission, but a Christian mother had talked to him about the true God that the white folks had taught her to worship. When a young man he had gone five hundred miles down the coast to work for a trader, and showing special aptitude, he was made a foreman over the boys. Had that mother ever prayed for that boy? Yes, in her crude way she had asked God to keep her boy who had gone far away among strangers. Many a missionary whose life had been laid down in that Liberian soil had prayed for God to raise up workers to preach the Gospel. It must have been in answer to these prayers that William, down on the Liberian coast, found his heart longing for this God he heard his mother tell about.

He started to pray. That is what he had seen his mother do, and as he prayed, God came to him. All night he prayed, and his heart was stirred. He found himself looking forward to the next night when he could pray again. One night about two a. m. the Holy Ghost fell upon him, filled him, and heavenly utterances poured forth from his soul. "Oh," said he as he rehearsed his experience, "I see big Holy Ghost and plenty talk come from my mouth. My soul (heart) tell me I should break my pipe." He broke it and put his tobacco in the fire. He had juju charms and enchantments and he burned them all. His nights were spent in prayer until the morning dawned. One morning as he heard the church bells ringing his "soul" told him he must go to church and get a Bible. It was an early hour that he entered the church in the district, a Catholic Church, and William with his whole soul lifted up to God was enjoying to the full his new-found blessing. He was saved and the Holy Ghost was within. Was it not fitting for him to rejoice as he entered God's house?

As he took his seat "plenty power" came on him, his heart was "plenty happy" and he gave vent to his feelings of joy, which disturbed the congregation. "Put him out," they said. No place in God's house for the Holy Ghost? Alas, No! An usher came and handled him very roughly, hitting him with a cane, but William was so lost in God he was not disturbed. Had this happened before God had saved him, he would have cursed and sworn, and even retaliated, but the Spirit of God so possessed him that he uttered not a word. "What did you do when he took you out?" asked a missionary. "I no talk. I only hold my God," said William. In the confusion a lamp was broken, and laying the blame on William they took him to prison.

The next morning the clerk of the traders, hearing of his experience, got his release from prison and took him to the doctor to see whether he was sick or crazy. The doctor said he was neither sick nor crazy, but that he had seen that kind before. "Now, William," said his master, "you must go to work." "I cannot work," said William. "I must go home and preach the Gospel to my people." "Home" was five hundred miles away. It had cost the trader something to bring William down the coast, and according to custom he must stay a year, so it was out of the question for him to go home at this time. "William," said the clerk, "your master make big palaver for you." "I see plenty Holy Ghost. I must pray," said the simple-hearted African boy. "Then you had better say you are sick if you will not work." "No, I cannot say I am sick." If anything showed the transformation wrought by the Holy Ghost, it was this firm refusal to tell a lie, for lying is second nature to the native African. William would not lie that he might pray. He went to work the third day, but he prayed so continuously that he neglected his work, and the trader disgustedly put him on the

steamer and sent him home. To William this was in answer to prayer.

He came to his people and started to preach to them, but this was not the William who had gone away a few months before. He said of himself, "I used to want to be big man and have small boy wait on me, but now I want to be small boy." When he preached to his own tribe they said, "Oh, William be crazy this time," and his family went round wailing for him as they wail for the dead.

William went to the mission sad and dejected and poured out his troubles to the missionary. God had called him to preach the Gospel, but he knew nothing about the Word of God. Would the missionary teach him? They took him in and started to teach him the alphabet, but William couldn't learn the letters and refused to study. "Show me the Bible," he said. Then they gave him a verse in the Bible and taught him to memorize it by words instead of letters which he did readily. He can memorize a whole chapter at a time and he gets the truth from it.

A would-be prophet, a soothsayer, was running around with strings of beads and wearing a white robe. William was attracted by the white robe and wanted one, but the missionaries showed him the scriptures, and that it was not the outward appearance God looked at, but the heart. He was very teachable, but would he make a preacher? was a question often in the minds of the missionaries. His desire to preach became so strong that he could not long remain in school, and he inspired Peter, one of the mission boys, to pray. As Peter prayed, God called him and he and William started out to work for God. In Liberia the natives honor their boys who become evangelists; they clothe and feed them. In fact, any stranger coming into the tribes from the mission invariably finds a welcome.

When the people turned away from William in his own town he went to other towns. When he returned after one of his trips he found his home town and some of the neighboring towns all astir. They were having a palaver because a man had died. A woman was accused as having bewitched him. The chiefs of the towns had gathered together and decided that this woman should have sasswood, which would mean death to her. A terror had settled down over the entire town; the hearts of the women were filled with fear, not knowing when the same accusation would be made against them. William and Peter tried to quiet the crowd, but their efforts

were useless, so they went into a house and prayed.

Another woman in that village was nigh unto death. Her brother came to William and said, "You see this woman? I had three boxes full of things which I gave to the doctor, but she got no better. She cannot talk nor sit up." William volunteered to pray for her. "But I have nothing in my box to give you," said the brother. "Oh, we cannot take anything for praying for people," said William. They prayed for her and she sat up and began to talk. They prayed again and she was able to stand on her feet. She was healed, and when the people saw what was done thru the power of God they said, "Now we know that God have power past the devil." The atmosphere changed. The satanic fear that had taken hold of the people gave place to a godly fear, and they quietly dispersed to their huts. The poor, frightened woman for whom the deadly sasswood was prepared was set free. The power of God thru those two simple native evangelists had averted the danger.

"Send us a missionary," pleaded the Hooyah tribe. "We will help build a house for him and make him welcome. We want to learn 'God way.'" "Would to God that we could," said the few faithful missionaries in conference. They were trying their best to spread out over the territory which had already been opened up, but which had suffered because of depleted ranks. Brother Alger has just been obliged to come home. From his own lips we have learned of the joys and sorrows of giving the Gospel to African tribes.

He and his dear wife (now in glory) visited the Hooyah tribe, and had prayer in the king's house. After prayer the little informal meeting was thrown open for questions. "What will a man do who has three wives?" asked a man who wanted to become a Christian, but found himself in this predicament. That was quite a problem for the missionary. As he thought of an answer his eyes fell on one of the boys from the mission who had accompanied him. "Tell us, Samuel, what you did about your two wives," he said. "Well," said Samuel, "first time I was in heathen town, I cannot sleep and began to pray all night, one wife on this side, and one on that. 'Oh, God,' I said, 'I beg of you, you must divide. I got no sense for this palaver. You must divide.' I talk to God all night plenty nights. One year pass away before I ever told them, and then my heart pondered (yearned) to

go to mission. One of the wives wanted to go along and the other didn't, and so it was settled. If you didn't pray you would have lots of trouble, but when you pray God fix it up." John Yeddo spoke up, "Now you mustn't say you cannot pray. When I was a small boy I knew nothing about God and I got sick. I crawled out in the bush and began to pray, "Oh, God, please heal my sick body. When You heal my sick body I kill fowl for You. Truly I cannot lie; I kill fowl for You." (To lie was so common among the natives he felt he had to repeat it over and over.) "He healed me and I got up. I went to the mission and learned to pray."

The missionaries left Hooyah without seeing anything definite accomplished. Later William and Peter visited this town. The man who was concerned about his three wives got saved; he gave two back to their families and kept one. A woman who had been sick became converted and four or five families accepted the teaching and moved in to the mission town. This station Miss Erickson expects to have charge of when God sends her a co-worker.

(Continued from page 11)

attend the meetings on special occasions came out and were favorably impressed. A young married man who was under conviction was heard to say he would have given his farm rather than have missed the meetings. Another said that 'religion broke up the dances at Parr (a place in the district) and it has done the same here.'

"Oh, Alberta is a great, needy, untouched field. Immense districts have no Sunday services; others more fortunate have a visiting preacher perhaps once a month. The field calls for consecrated, self-sacrificing workers, for it is pioneer work and as difficult as most foreign fields. The people have suffered this last year from poor crops, but God will see to it that His servants are cared for. It seems that the whole country is an open mission field when one gets away from the few chief cities. Dr. Price's campaigns have opened the country as never before, and in many of these places are people who have been saved and healed."

\* \* \*

Information is wanted regarding the death or burial place of Fanny J. Arney Slagle, the wife of Chas. Slagle. She died about thirty years ago in southern Missouri or Arkansas. Any one giving the address of relatives or information regarding the above to Mrs. Trena M. Slagle, 710½ W. Madison St., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, will be repaid for his trouble.

### From Our Letters

Miss Eva Beach writes from Sultanpur, India, that God did marvels in Bro. Norton's Indian Christian Convention. A young convert, deaf and dumb from babyhood, was healed, and is speaking as plainly as anyone. "The heathen marvel and come to see him. He spoke before hundreds in the school where he is known."

\* \* \*

Bro. Herbert Cox, Lakhimpur, India, writes from one of their camping places of the marked difference in that village through the influence of the Gospel. It has been a very common custom to see the husbands beating their wives, but since the Gospel seed has been sown, one was heard to remark, "No husband in this village beats his wife now."

\* \* \*

Bro. John Wharton writes from Hamadan, Persia, that he has opened work in that large and needy city, where Queen Esther and Mordecai once stood as living witnesses for Jehovah. They have good attendance and some have already given their hearts to the Lord. He says it is not so difficult to deal with Mohammedans as formerly, for they are crying, "Who will bring us the light?" and there is a real hunger in their hearts for the truth. There are no trains or street cars in Hamadan; traveling is done mostly by horseback. Our brother needs a horse to travel, for many cities and towns are open for the Gospel.

\* \* \*

"I have never found such happiness on earth as since coming to dear, dark Africa," writes Mrs. J. Guthrie of Enkweme Mission Station, after thirteen years of service. At the Christmas service eighteen were baptized in water, the majority of whom have received the baptism in the Spirit.

\* \* \*

Miss Malick, writing from Shweifaf, Lebanon, tells of blessed times in street meetings and distributing scriptures. "A Druse man 82 years of age rejoiced to own a copy of the Gospel of John. He eagerly devoured its contents. 'How do you like your book?' I asked. 'Fine, indeed,' was the answer. 'Do come again soon or stay over at our house tonight for a prayer-meeting.' By this time a crowd gathered, pressing me to speak. A few more words about the love of their Savior, and a promise to come back as soon as possible. I had to hurry to my hired auto as it was getting dark. How soon I can fulfil my promise I know not, for I can go only as means allow. That day in the villages cost \$12, but scores of perishing souls heard the message of salvation and many scriptures were distributed. Was this a good investment?"

## Some Good Books

### SOUL-WINNING STORIES

By L. A. Banks

Sixteen true stories from the experience of the author in his ministry, revealing the possibilities of personal contact. A book that will give suggestions to the personal worker. **\$1.50**

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MADAM GUYON

A rehearsal of greater crosses and more signal victories can scarcely be found than is related by this great character of the Seventeenth Century. "She was to France what Savonarola was to Italy." Her life and sacrifices, the deep lessons which have come to the world thereby are just beginning to be appreciated. **270 pages, 75 cts.**

### KHAMA, THE GREAT AFRICAN CHIEF

By J. C. Harris

Missions' most remarkable convert. An astonishing story of how a Christian chief created a powerful people out of a dwindling tribe, fought his heathen father's sorceries, abolished intoxicating liquors from his tribe and ruled his people for fifty years. An eternal answer to the question, "Do Missions Pay?" **\$1.25**

### THE LATTER RAIN PENTECOST

By D. Wesley Myland

A God-given exposition of the Latter Rain, showing it to be a fulfillment of prophecy. The most complete work on this subject ever published. The last chapter, "In Deaths Oft," a rehearsal of seven deliverances from death. **Paper cover, 50 cts.**

### THE MISSIONARY HEROES OF AFRICA

By Rev. J. H. Morrison

Thrilling stories of how God's Ambassadors pioneered for the Gospel, crossed deserts, waded swamps, faced the treachery of heathen, braved dangers, perished with thirst and hunger and oft a martyr's death. A wealth of interesting material about Moffat, Livingstone, Mackenzie, Stewart, Collard, etc. **267 pages, \$1.50**

### THE GOSPEL IN THE STARS

By Jos. Seiss

"By His Spirit He hath garnished the heavens; His hand hath formed the crooked serpent." The author in this exhaustive study gives the spiritual meaning of the sacred constellations, depicts the birth, death and resurrection of Christ, and on down to the closing of the age. A remarkable book for students. **500 pages, \$1.80**

### MARY SLESSOR OF CALABAR

By W. Livingston

The missionary book of the period. Thrilling story of heroism and devotion of a humble-minded Scottish factory girl who conquered African tribes; appointed a judge, kept armed mobs at bay, tramped African forests to stop a war. **353 pages, \$2.00**

### THE STORY OF JOHN G. PATON

By James Paton

A true account of thirty years among South Sea cannibals told for young folks. This book needs no introduction. Extremely fascinating. **300 pages, \$1.50**

### BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Twilight Talks, Bed-Time Stories, Our Darling's A B C Book, Happy Hours. **All 60 cents each**

### CHALMERS OF NEW GUINEA

By Alex Small

A vivid account of the transforming work and martyr death of James Chalmers, a pioneer missionary on the Island of New Guinea, the second largest island in the world. Illustrated. **\$1.35**

### TRACTS

Demon Obsession.  
Master Piece of Satan.  
False Standards of Deep Spirituality.  
True Standards of Deep Spirituality.  
The Great Battle of Armageddon.  
The Translation of the Saints.  
The Value of Tithing.  
God in Everything?  
The Promise of the Father.  
Morphine Tablets of Hell.  
Discerning the Lord's Body.  
The Cost of Fine Needlework.  
The Baptism of the Holy Spirit.  
I Am the Lord That Healeth Thee.  
Be It Unto Thee Even as Thou Wilt.  
Price on above: 3 for 5 cts., 12 for 20 cts., \$1.35 per hundred.  
Will We Know Each Other in Heaven? 10 for 15 cts., 100 for 75 cts.  
Healed of Gall Stones When Dying.  
Some One Is Coming. 35 cts. per hundred.

### THE CHILDREN'S PAUL

By J. G. Stevenson

A vivid and intensely interesting life story of the Apostle Paul for boys and girls. This new story of St. Paul's consecrated career is one that boys and girls will eagerly read. Beautifully illustrated. **\$1.60**

**THE CHRIST OF THE CHILDREN**, by same author. greatest life-story retold. **\$1.60**

### A BIBLE GAME

A fascinating study of the entire Bible, for old and young. Entertaining instructive and helpful. When played a few times one is master of the characters, cities and countries of the Bible. A means of mental and spiritual development. The best Bible Game out. Everybody who plays it once, wants one of their own. Suitable for a gift. **Price 50 cents**

**Foregleams of Glory.** By E. Sisson. This is the cream of Miss Sisson's pen. For God-given sermons and articles, they cannot be surpassed. Contents of the book: RESURRECTION PAPERS (in seven chapters). FAITH REMINISCENCES: God Backing a Train, Tombstones Spurring Gold, The Money Token, The Guarded Sovereign. IN TRINITY COLLEGE: The Holy Ghost and Fire (the author's personal experience), Jewel Joints, The Heavenly Housekeeper, Blessings From Under the Threshold, etc., etc. Bound in cloth and gold, \$1.25.

\* \* \*

"PRAYING HYDE"—A Booklet that will bring a revival in your midst—25 cents by mail.

\* \* \*

Full Gospel Songs—Latest and best. Art Cans, 40 cents—\$30 per 100. Manilla, 35 cents—\$25 per 100. All orders promptly filled by

**THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE**  
162 W. 74th St. Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Special offer: Fifteen copies of the December number for \$1.00.

The Stone Church, 70th Street and Stewart Avenue, Sundays 11:00, 3 and 7:45; Tues., Prayer Service, 7:45; Thurs., Divine Healing, 2:30; Evening Service, 7:45; Young People's, Friday, 7:45.  
Tel. Vincennes 8362 Philip Wittich, Pastor  
7102 Stewart Ave.