



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

Led Thru Tortuous Paths by the Unseen Presence

Hid by the Cloudy Pillar.

As surely as God hid the Children of Israel from the Hosts of Pharaoh by the cloudy pillar, even so did He hide His servant, Rex Ray, of the So. Baptist Mission, from the Chinese bandits. insurmountable mountain passes, raging torrents, and the constant danger of re-encountering the bandits were beyond the strength of mortal man, but by the side of this lone missionary was the form of one like unto the Son of God, who led the way to freedom.



AFTER we had been with the bandits nearly three weeks, I became tired of robber life and desired to go home. That day about noon we set out on a march over the mountains toward the North, but I wanted to go South, so was rather stubborn about moving on. I set my own pace and stopped to gaze over the beautiful mountains whenever I desired. About 5 p. m. we reached the top of a mountain and my robber guard pointed out another robber den in the canyon, a half mile below, and said that was to be our stopping place. It was about the ninth we had occupied since we took up bandit life. Somehow it looked about as attractive to me as my own coffin would have looked. My soul refused to go any further, so I sat down and began to pray to my Lord and Master. I prayed, "Oh, Lord Jesus, I feel that a great number are praying for me that I may be set free, and if it is Thy will that I set out over these mountains and travel for days without food in order that Thou mayest answer their prayers, I am willing and glad to make the journey."

All the food I had with me was a dried persimmon and a handful of burned rice. This seemed to be a small amount of food for what I thought would be a four night's journey. As I sat there by the side of the trail and prayed I thought of how Jesus refused to talk to His persecutors on one occasion, so I refused to speak another word to my guard who kept urging me to move on down the trail. I set my eyes upon him and never took them off till the Lord answered my prayer.

The rest of the party had gone into a camp and this one bandit was left to bring me in. As I sat there and looked at him, I thought of seizing his rifle and taking him along with me part of the way, but I said, "Lord, Thou canst handle this fellow in a better way. Put the fear of God into his heart and make him go down the

trail and leave me here alone, and Thou shalt have all the glory." I continued to gaze at my guard, and silently prayed on, even though my guard was throwing the bolt of his gun as though he was preparing to shoot me if I didn't obey his orders. After a bit he began to sing and glanced at me now and again. I saw that he realized that my eyes were fastened upon him. He continued to get more restless and I knew the Lord was working upon him. Just at this time a man from camp brought me a rain hat. In a little while a heavy rainstorm came and drenched me to the skin. As I began to shiver with the cold I wondered if my guard was going to get the better of me in this test, but I kept praying for the Lord to move him away. That storm passed and then another came. By this time the Lord had moved my guard some thirty yards down the mountain and I felt sure that my Father in heaven was answering my prayer and would remove him from my sight. I kept praying and my guard kept moving on. When he was about out of rifle range I begged the Lord to send a cloud to cover up my guard and the entire camp in the canyon below, so that no one could see me. In a few seconds the Lord sent a cloud over the mountain tops, and it floated down into the valley and buried from my sight not only my guard but the entire robber band. When I saw that God had answered prayer and that now the bandits could not see me, I turned my face homeward.

It was now about 6 p. m. or later. I ran as fast as I could for a mile as I wanted to cover as much ground as was possible before dark. After I had gone some distance I realized that the Lord had led me into a new trail. Just before dark I came to the head of a deep canyon. Here the trail played out. Then I walked, climbed, and slid down the grassy mountain side into the jungles below. By the time I reached the bush and trees towards the bottom of the canyon, it was so dark I could scarcely see. I was praying every step of the way, begging Jesus to show me the path and guide my footsteps. Finally I got across the first smaller canyon that led into the big one. Just as I was crawling out of the bush at the top of the embankment I discovered that I was within fifteen feet of a house. Lest I should arouse the natives, I crawled back into the bush and went around to the front yard and into the bush on the other side. Later I got into such a dense jungle of bush, briars,

bamboo thickets, steep bluffs, etc., that I was about to wear myself out without getting anywhere. Hence I decided to turn back a short distance and hit the water course even though it was a raging torrent. I had not gone more than thirty feet when I came into a plain trail. Out of the depths of my soul I thanked Jesus and ran down the trail as fast as my feet would take me, for I was fighting hard to keep ahead of news of my escape.

Quite often the trail was hard to keep in the darkness; many times it led through tall grass, over barren rocks and around on narrow ledges of rock. At times it led me into cold mountain streams that tumbled down the canyon. The difficult part of this was to find where the trail was on the opposite bank. But we travelled, Jesus and I. He was very near me all the night and not once did He leave me.

My plan was to follow the water course regardless of the direction. I knew that in the end it would lead to either the Foo River or the North River, both of which led south where I wanted to go. I planned to follow the stream until it was smooth enough for me to ride a log or something that would float down stream. I hoped to do this by night and hide by day and thought it would take me some four days to get out of the robber country. But Jesus had a better plan.

By following the course I knew that somewhere I would have to cross the robber trail over which Brother Carne and I had already gone. Far into the night I came to a village which I recognized as the head robber village, where the bandit chiefs were then stopping. This village looked about as encouraging to me as did the Red Sea and the Egyptians to the Israelites. If I should try to go around the village over the mountains I would lose much precious time and would still be at the very doors of the robbers. So I felt that Jesus would lead me through the village as well as around it. I passed some of the houses and came to a real test at the most dangerous place, as the trail led right under the eaves of a house. I said, "All right, Lord Jesus, You lead me by in safety, for I know You can." I passed along within two or three feet of *the open front door*, but did not stop to tell the folks that I was leaving them. I thanked the Lord when I had passed the last house. But I was not to be at peace for long.

I crossed a small stream and was rounding a hill when I saw lights in the village behind me

and a number of robber torches on the trail some thirty or forty yards just ahead of me. I thought they must have heard of my escape and were setting out to hunt me. I did not faint nor did I sit down to weep over hard times, but I decided on the spot to hit the trail in some other direction. So I turned and fled back up the gorge on another trail that Brother Carne and I had travelled over when we left the village the previous visit we had made there. I now called upon Jesus as never before in my life, "Lord Jesus, *save* me, or the bandits will surely get me." I don't know but I feel I was more in earnest about it than Peter was when he found himself wading in the deep sea.

The trail soon led up a slippery, wet, clay mountain. Sometimes I was on my feet, then on my knees, and other times when my feet and knees were from under me, my hands were digging into the mud and grass. Finally the Lord got me up that place and how I did thank Him when I saw the robber torches still at the bottom. The other side of the mountain was just as slippery as the one I had just ascended, and I went down the trail "in high." Sometimes I was up and sometimes I was down, but I was going fast and that was all I wanted. Once more I came back to my water course which by this time was so deep and swift that I could hardly cross it. I now reached the farm villages along the valley. In order to get around the villages I had to wade and bog through many rice fields. Many times I had to go into such dark places that I could not see a hand before me. Each time that I started into one of those dark places, or holes, this message from God's Word always came to me and kept my soul calm, "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

Whenever the ground was smooth enough I continued to run and only halted long enough to dip up a few handfuls of water as I crossed the streams. A little while before day I came out to a big sandbar covered with bushes, along a stream of water. I could not see how wide the stream was on account of the darkness, and neither could I find anything that looked like a trail. So, not being able to make any progress, I felt that my Master wanted me to stop and rest my engine for a while. I had been on the march since about noon of the day before, and during the past ten hours I had been either walking fast or running continuously.

About three o'clock in the morning, while on

the go, I ate my dried persimmon and a few bites of my burned rice. Here on the sandbar I bent down a little bush and used it for a bed. The heavy rains and dripping trees had kept my clothes soaking wet. So when I lay down it was not long before I was quite cool. I hugged my wet clothes to me and took deep breaths of air to get warm. As I rested there on the bush and watched the lightning bugs, I saw one a few feet away that didn't go out. But I soon realized it was not a bug, for just then I heard voices, and felt that I was being overtaken by robbers. Just then a man and woman walked within two or three feet of me, but never saw me as my clothes were about the same color as the sand. After they passed by, I quickly arose and followed them a little way to find out if they were looking for me or not. And, too, I wanted to see to it that no one should get so close to me again.

As soon as it was light enough to see a little, I crossed this new stream and hit the trail again. It led along the bank of the main stream which had grown almost to be a river. Soon the trail left the river and led over the mountain. Here I came back to my big stream again at a ferry. I soon aroused the ferryman and rested in his boat as he rowed me across.

You remember how the Lord led me to keep sixty cents when the bandits captured us. I had given twenty cents of this to buy a stamp and some extra food. Now I gave twenty cents to

the ferryman who took me across. About 7 a. m. I arrived at the ferry on the Foo River at Chiu Ping. Hiring the second ferryman to row me across this final river, I gave him the last twenty cents and stepped off his boat on to the big motor boat that took me safely to my "Home, Sweet Home" in Woochow. So the Lord had provided all the finances that were needed, which He always does if we trust Him.

I afterward learned that the first river I crossed on the ferry was the only place where it was possible to have gotten through to Chiu Ping. The crossing of this river was almost like the Red Sea experience, since it was only about thirty minutes after I crossed until the robbers came there to intercept me, but they were too late. The Lord did not drown them in the river, but had they followed me any further, the Chiu Ping soldiers would have put them to death. So the bandits dared not follow me any longer.

In this experience we see how the Lord Jesus delivered His unworthy servant from the hands of the enemy. The fact that He led me over those wild, rugged mountains, through jungles and streams, in an unknown country, and that during a cloudy night at a faster speed than the bandits could travel their own familiar trails, is to me one of the miracles which our Lord Jesus is working in the present times. Praise His name now and forever!

Living You Die: Dying You Live

Have You Applied the Full Merits of His Shed Blood?

Pastor Phillip Wittich in the Stone Church, Nov. 23, 1924



MEN, Amen, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the earth and die it abideth by itself alone. If it die, it beareth much fruit. He that loveth his life loseth it, but he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. If any man serve Me, let him follow Me, that where I am there shall also my servant be. If any man serve Me, him will the Father honor."—John 12:24, 25.

"Amen, Amen." Never does the Lord use the word "Amen" unless He wishes to draw special attention to the words He is speaking. Sometimes He uses the word "Amen" just once, but when He repeats it He wishes to put special emphasis on that which follows. Why does the Lord Jesus use the word "Amen"? Our English Bible uses the word "Verily," but it is a very poor translation. The word "Amen" in the

Hebrew language means "support," "strength." The Lord is called the "Amen and Faithful Witness." He is the Strength and Support of His Father's Word, and He is also the Strength and Support of faith in the believer. Without the Lord Jesus and His mighty support, no man can believe; without His mighty support, no man can be saved. Jesus is our "Amen."

There is a Latin proverb, "*Mors janus vitae*," "Death is the door unto life." It is a Divine principle taught also in nature. The mighty oak which spreads forth its branches has received its life by the death of the acorn. The beautiful butterfly that emerges from the chrysalis, emerges because of the death of the worm in it.

Our Lord Jesus died. He bowed His sacred Head after giving forth that mighty cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" His visage was marred, His limbs were distorted because of the final pains and death struggles.

Jesus died. No one present at the death of Jesus needed a death certificate. The centurion asked one of the soldiers, "Is He dead?" "Aye," came the reply. "I have just come from the center cross and I ran my spear into that Man's heart and there was no response, no beating of the pulse." The Pharisees whispered to one another in devilish glee, "The Man of Nazareth is dead at last and we have rest." A few of His disciples come to the cross and lower that sacred body, and as they touch that cold, lifeless form of the Master, they whisper one to another with tears in their eyes, "Alas, we thought that He should redeem Israel, but He is dead."

"Dead?" you say. "Dead?" Then why is there such a commotion about the Man who died twenty centuries ago? Why is it that thru all these centuries men have found peace and pardon and life from a dead man? Why is it that still there are a multitude of sufferers who receive healing thru the wounds of a dead man? Why is it that from the time that He closed His eyes to this very hour, millions love this dead Man? And why again is it that millions hate. One whom they have never seen who has died two thousand years ago?

Let me quote to you a few words from the mouth of Napoleon spoken on the lonely island of St. Helena: "You tell of Cæsar! You tell of Alexander, and of their conquests, the enthusiasm which they kindled in the hearts of their soldiers, but think of the conquests of this dead Man! Can you conceive of Cæsar as the eternal emperor of the Roman Senate, and from the depths of his tomb gathering the Empire, watching over the destinies of Rome? *Yet here is a Man* who for eighteen centuries has protected the church from the storms which have threatened to engulf her."

Why this death of Christ? Because the eternal life of the Son of God indwelling the mortal body of the Son of Man would have remained within Him if God in some way had not made provision that the life within this God-man, Jesus Christ, could flow from His body so that we who were sitting in the shadow of death should receive life eternal. If our Lord Jesus Christ would have chosen to rise from the Mount of Transfiguration in the presence of Peter, James and John as they beheld the glory of the Son of God which penetrated the form and the clothing of the Son of Man, He would have been the lonely corn of wheat that "*abideth by itself.*" The Son of God would have taken the Son of Man to the

presence of His Father, but the Son of Man would have had no seed. He would have remained alone, and there would not have been any chance for us ever to get to heaven.

"Amen, Amen, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth by itself: but if it die it beareth much fruit." Christ was sent into this world to destroy the works of the devil, and to this end He had to carry out in His own body that which our first parent, Adam, had received into his body, and which by progeneration was transmitted to our bodies, namely, *sin.*

Again I ask the question, Why this death of our Lord Jesus Christ? The body of our Lord Jesus Christ while it was mortal, that is, subject to death, could not have died had sin not been put upon it. It was only possible as He identified Himself with our sinful human race. He took upon Himself not only the guilt of our sins but also that *nature* which we inherited; therefore He had of necessity to lay down His life.

Again I ask the question, Why the death of Christ? His body indwelt and diffused by His soul thru the means of His blood had first to be removed before the wonderful life of the Son of God could ever come forth. The blood of Jesus never has and never will deliver a sinner from the power of his *sinful nature*, but it will wash away the sins he has committed. I Jno. 1:7. It will indeed heal the sicknesses of the body, Matt. 8:16, 17; it will protect the believer against the onslaught of the devil, Ex. 12:13; it is a means of overcoming the evil one, Rev. 12:11; but the *blood itself* could have never delivered us from the power of our *sinful nature*. However, *the shedding of Christ's blood did it.* When Jesus gave up His blood, His body died and it is thru the death of the body of Jesus, by virtue of the loss of His blood that we have been delivered from our sinful nature. Therefore the Scriptures distinguish between the effects of the *blood* of the Savior and the effects of His death. Rom. 6:6-11. The tenth verse of this chapter reads, "For in that He died, He died unto sin once: but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God." The blood of Christ cleanses, heals, and gives us eternal life. Jesus says, "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Jno. 5:54. Christ's blood *itself* cannot deliver us from our old nature, but I repeat and emphasize that *the loss of that blood causing the death of His body* has accomplished it.

When the life-blood of our Lord Jesus Christ poured out of His five wounds, His body became dead, and sin, which on Calvary was laid by the Father on that body, was carried away thru death. Sin had no power over Christ's dead but sinless body.

Thus we see in the Scriptures the wonderful plan of God to take out of the human race not only the sins which each individual has committed, but that *old, sinful nature*. In order to die Jesus had to offer His soul, which is His blood. He had to offer it as a ransom for you and me; He had to lose that soul of His! Tell me what is dearer to you than your own soul? In the natural the soul of Jesus was just as dear to Him as our souls are to us, but in His great love for sinners He poured it out. He disregarded it in order to give us life. "When His soul hath brought the trespass offering, then shall He see His seed." Isa. 53:10. He sacrificed His life in death to save you and me from hell. That is real love!

Under the law with its ten-fold lash,
Learning, alas, how true
That the more I tried, the sooner I died,
While the law cried:
You! You! You!

Hopelessly still did the battle rage,
"O wretched man," my cry,
And deliverance I sought by some penance bought,
While MY SOUL cried:
I! I! I!

Then came a day when my struggling ceased,
And trembling in every limb,
At the foot of the tree where One died for me,
I sobbed out:
HIM! HIM! HIM!

Therefore we see, beloved, why Christ calls himself "*the Corn of wheat*." Our Lord had a human personality sustained in His blood, and with this personality was inseparably united the life of the Son of God. In order that this divine-human life might be ours, He had to pour out His precious life-blood.

Now let us consider the application of our text to ourselves. Christ says that if we love our soul in this life we shall lose it, and if we hate our soul in this world, we shall keep it unto *life eternal*. As Christ, so we—we have a human life, a human soul, but differing from His because of indwelling sin. Our natural soul is controlled and dominated by *sin*; the natural man is not himself, and even after a man is saved and born again he is still under the control and dominion of sin until by the grace of God he sees his deliverance thru the *death of Christ*. Our English Bible says we should hate our life.

This is very confusing because it is not the proper translation of the word used here in the Greek. The word "life" is rendered in the New Testament Greek by three names. One is "*bios*," which simply means an existence, such as the existence of man, animal or plant. That is not the word used in our text. The Lord doesn't say we should hate our existence. The second word is "*psyche*," from which we get the word "*psychical*," *soulish*. This is the word used in our text. If we love our "soul" in this world we shall lose it. Why shall we hate our soul? Because the soul of the natural man is *controlled by sin*. When we love our own soul we love sin which controls our soul. Therefore Jesus says, "He that hateth his soul shall keep it until "*zoay aionios*," that is, life eternal. You must lose your sinful soul, your *sinful* nature controlling your *personal* soul or self in order to get something far better, *life eternal*, which the Son of Man alone can give you. Whenever this expression *zoay aionios* is used, it always refers to *life eternal, life in action*. The Lord Jesus tells us our *soul is dominated by sin*, and if we want *eternal life* we must learn to hate our sinful soul. You say, "Hate myself?" Yes, that sinful self which controls your personal self.

Again our Master says, "He that loveth his soul loseth it, and he that hateth his soul in this world shall keep it unto *life eternal*." You ask, "Must I hate myself?" Not your existence, oh no! But that nature of yours that is controlled by another nature, the *sinful* nature that comes from the evil one. Only as we hate it, will God show us that He has provided a means of deliverance from the thing we hate. God will never take that evil nature out of you unless you see it to be the very controlling principle in your life and a hindrance to your own personality. This sinful nature of yours will always be a stumbling block to you and a hindrance to your getting God's best, which is a life free from the power of sin and controlled by the Holy Spirit. Rom. 8:1-2.

Why are we here? Why do we worship God? Why do we pray in the Name of Jesus? Because we want God, for God is life eternal.

The hull of a grain of wheat is hard. The natural, soulish man has become hard toward God thru sin and the practice of sin. How long did it take the Lord to get you down on your knees and to cry out for pardon from sin? Look back over your life and answer that question silently in your own heart. How many years

has the Lord been wooing you until that hard shell became broken and you cried, "Take me as I am"? The new life you received is the life *from above*. "Amen, I say unto you. Unless a man be born 'from above' he cannot enter the kingdom of God." Jno. 3:3-5. That precious divine life is at first enclosed in the new-born or regenerated believer by the hard shell of the self-life; therefore in order to lose the self-life he must yield to the Holy Ghost. Just as the corn when it is put into the ground could never burst forth unless the rain from above would soak it, so the divine seed in our hearts will not burst forth from the hard shell of the self-life unless watered by the Holy Ghost. Do not claim to be caught away with the Lord, no matter who you are, unless you are willing to go thru this process, for *self* will never be translated.

"Amen, Amen, I say unto you. Unless a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." So do not be content because you have received the new birth. That is but the start in the Christian life, just as the birth in the natural is only the start of a human life on earth. After you have the new birth let the Holy Ghost nurse this new life in you and slay the old life. Do not look back to your experience and say, "I have salvation," "I have the baptism of the Holy Ghost," just as if there was no more for you to attain. Open the avenues of your heart and let the Holy Ghost permeate and saturate you that the life of Christ may come forth and put to death the old self life.

There is a time in the growth of a grain of wheat when the hull or shell will just lay down flat on the ground and pass away, and then the new life, which alone has germinating power, will spring up and ripen into a precious ear, producing many life-bearing grains. The Lord speaks first of the germ seed, then of the blade and then of the full ear. But that outward self, that sinful soul, that sin-controlled nature has to be laid down. What is your part in this process? *You* have to say "YES" to every process of God to bring you to this place of deliverance! I believe we pray too much for deliverances from tests and trials. God did not deliver the three young men from the fiery furnace, but He kept them in it until they lost the cords that bound them. You say, "I do not know why God leads me such a thorny path? Has God forgotten me?" No, the very fact that you are going a thorny path shows that God loves you. He has very many processes to make you say, inwardly,

"Yes, God, I do not care how dear the thing is that I have to lose, and how much I dote upon it, I want to be stripped of anything and everything that stands between You and me!" You say, "That is very strong language." It is, beloved, but listen to what the Lord says in Luke 13:24, "*Strive*." What does it mean to *strive*? The Greek says to "agonize," to contend, to exert yourself. Jesus does not simply say, "Walk thou," but "*Strive to enter* in by the narrow gate, for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter therein and shall not be able." Paul in Heb. 4:11 says, "Let us therefore fear lest happily a promise being left of entering into that rest anyone should come short of it," and in the 11th verse he says, "Let us therefore *give diligence* to enter into that rest." Out of the mouth of Jesus we are told to "strive" and out of the mouth of Paul to "fear" lest we miss that narrow gate. And then we are exhorted to "give diligence," apply our whole being to this one thing that we enter into that narrow gate, and leave behind all the shell and the hull of the *self-life*. "*Only the Christ life will go thru that narrow gate!*"

I know this message is very unpopular, but our Lord Jesus was very unpopular when He spoke along this line. He had plenty of followers when He fed the five thousand and healed the sick, but when He said that we must strive to enter into the narrow gate and learn to slay the self-life, most of His disciples turned back and followed no more. Mark my word, Pentecost will see a great separation and sifting. Watch yourself to see which way you will be sifted. You and I have to meet the requirements of the Lord Jesus Christ or we will be burned up as chaff.

It means something to be born again; it means something to have the Holy Ghost watering that new life. Woe unto us if we allow that new life to die because we hang on to the old life! The old life, the self-life has to die that the new life, the Christ life, started with the new birth, nursed by the Holy Ghost, may grow to maturity. Just as Christ matured into a full grain, so must you and I, if we want to be Christ's at His appearing.

In closing I wish to read out of Matt. 13, beginning at verse 36. The other parables in this chapter the disciples understood, but the parable of the tares was a mystery to them. The Lord said, "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man and the field is the world, and the good seed" many say, that is the Word of God, but

Jesus does not say that. He says, "The good seed are the sons of the Kingdom, but the tares are the sons of the evil one." Vs. 38. The Lord Jesus says, "The field is the world." You and I are in the world. If we want to be the "sons of God" we must be the seed that is sown in this world to die to our sinful nature. We are not to wait until physical death overtakes us. Then it is too late. If we want to be sons of the kingdom, in other words if we want to bear fruit in the coming age, and have part in the glorious reign that will extend over a thousand years when Jesus comes back, we must be like the corn of wheat and die here. The dying process is hard because the old self-life doesn't want to loosen its hold.

Finally the corn of wheat never sprouts on the surface. It always sprouts *under* the ground; the sons of the kingdom are always out of sight. This is quite different from many Christians even in Pentecost, both on the platform and in the pew. Sad to say, they want to be seen, they want to be heard, they want to be noticed. If

you would be like the corn of wheat, ask God to put you out of sight, that people will not say of you, "wonderful man," "wonderful woman," "wonderful preacher," "wonderful worker." Hide away! Get out of sight! Let Christ be seen!

"Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal Thy cleansing tide,
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side."

(Message in tongues, interpreted)

Blessed are those that hear My words and receive them in a pure and undefiled and sanctified heart, they shall bear fruit, fruit unto life, fruit unto heaven, fruit unto Me. I shall honor such and My Father shall honor such, and My Father and I shall come and dwell in such, and they shall be hidden away in Me and with Me in God. I am He that searcheth the hearts and reins of my people. I am not searching the world. It will be searched by Me at My Second Coming. I am searching My people. Ye are My people. I am purifying my own. I want you to be free from that sinful self that you have inherited, just as I gave up My holy self thru My death.

Crowned with Glory and Honor—when the Curse Is Lifted

Depth in Science Increases Faith in the Bible.

Sermon by Wm. T. MacArthur in Chicago



THIS morning I want to direct your attention to an expression in the Eighth Psalm which has been carried over into the Epistle to the Hebrews.

"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that Thou visitest him? For Thou hast made him a little lower than God (R. V.) and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea and the beasts of the field; the birds of the heavens and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. O Jehovah our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth."

I trust you will note what wonderful things are said of "man" and the "Son of Man." The first chapter of Genesis is tremendous with the word "God." If you have not done it, I wish you would mark in the first chapter every time that the word "God" appears. You will see that God is in the beginning and God is in the ending. In the 26th verse we read, "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness:

and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of heaven, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, etc."

Now it is this matter of *dominion* I wish you to notice, the absolute dominion that God gave to man whom He created in His own image. I ought scarcely to stop and refer to the blasphemous teaching that prevails in our schools and in most of the pulpits of today; that is the theory of evolution. You know it. I remember my little girl coming home from High School and saying, "Papa, the teacher told us this morning there never was an Adam or an Eve, but they were protoplasm, etc." I do not know exactly what that is, a lump of jelly, I believe, that produces a tail and becomes a polliwog. The theory is that it got an eye by lying on one side and letting the sun make it. It must have lain twenty years on one side and then twenty more on the other side. I never could understand why it did not lose the first eye it had while it was getting the second, nor how the polliwog became a fish, a fish a monkey, and a monkey a man. These are the unbelievable theories that have gotten into our schools and churches. I have watched polliwogs in a glass jar and have seen them

grow legs, but I never saw one turn to a fish, which they say this particular polliwog did. Then the fish, in some manner I cannot attempt to explain, jumped out of the water, got legs and became a monkey. It swung by its tail until the tail came off, and then it was a man. That is the theory. I presume this man became a college professor. This is the teaching you taxpayers are paying for. I was rather stirred up when my daughter told me this and I thought I would go to the principal and tell him that this young lady had better teach what is in the course and leave theology to me. But the Vice Principal, one of the most charming gentlemen I ever knew, lived next door to me, and I thought I would go out and speak to him while he was mowing his lawn. After I voiced my objections he said, "Doctor MacArthur, you do not take the Book of Genesis to be literally true, do you?" He was the biggest man in the biggest church of the biggest Protestant denomination on the American continent, and I thought if he did not believe in the Book of Genesis there would be no use in protesting to the Principal. They would give us to understand that all the brains would be found in perdition in the next age; that nobody but half-wits believed the Bible.

They make the plea that "scholarship" agrees with this polliwog theory, but that is not true. There are just as great minds and great scholars who believe the Word of God as those who disbelieve, and God has permitted me to meet some of them. A few years ago it was my privilege to meet Professor Aughy, who had been employed by the United States as Geologist, a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. I said to him: "Prof. Aughy, what effect has your life-long study of the subject of geology had upon your faith in the Bible?" The old man, trembling with age, said to me in most pathetic tones, "It has greatly increased my faith in the divine record."

Last summer it was my privilege to be entertained in the home of the President of the New York Microscopic Society, a branch of the Academy of Arts. He had been elected eight times to the Presidency of that Society and was a man noted for his intellectuality and experience. His great microscope, made in Germany, magnifies 2,500 times. He took great pains with me and showed me many wonderful specimens. Then he asked me if there were any insects in which I was particularly interested. I told him there were two, the mosquito, and another that

I will not mention. He said he had specimens of both but it was not possible to see a whole mosquito magnified 2,500 times, so he let me see an eye. To my amazement I found that the mosquito had just 500 eyes on each side of his head. The professor proved that to me by moving his hand under the glass. I could then see 500 eyes and in them 500 hands moving simultaneously. No wonder he finds me in the dark.

"Now," said the Professor, "we will look at his proboscis." "I thought that thing he carried in front of his head was a sort of tube." "No," he said, "it is a kit of tools." There was a lance in there, a pair of hack-saws he used to enlarge the slit; there was a tube used to inject acid from a sack which he carried in the back of his head, which acid was used to keep the blood in solution so that he would not strangle while drinking it. I said to him, "Will you tell me one thing? How do these mosquitoes live when there is not one in a billion of them ever gets a full meal? They all need food." "Mosquitoes were never intended to drink blood," said he. "These tools were given them to enable them to suck the juices from the vegetation in the bogs where they are hatched." "Then why do they want to suck the juice out of me?" I asked. "Why, that is the evidence that the third chapter of Genesis is true." When man fell the whole creation fell with him; the devil got possession of man and everything else, mosquitoes included, and that is why they have perverted appetites, like all carnivorous creation.

Now I come to my main thought. My text says, "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands"—absolute dominion over the "beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, the fish of the sea and all that passeth through the paths of the sea." What does it mean to have dominion, absolute authority? When God created man in His own image and gave him absolute dominion over His creation, he had the authority to go to the ocean-side and command the fish and they must obey; he could call to the beautiful birds and they would come and report to him. "Oh," you say, "he has absolute dominion now." Well, he can set traps for them and shoot them; he can put bomb lances into the leviathan, but he cannot command him.

I remember being on a farm in Kansas and a mule-driver said, "Stand away from the head of that mule, he will kick your brains out." I said, "You mean he will strike me with his front foot? He cannot kick me here at his head." "Stand away from him or you will find out,"

he said. I moved. He could have the whole state of Kansas for all I cared. I would not have any argument with him, though I had always been told to go behind a street-car and in front of a mule. I simply tell this to show how absolutely man has lost his job.

Then why does the Psalmist three thousand years after the Fall write in this Eighth Psalm, "Thou makest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet, etc." Why does he say that when he very well knows that the glory has gone? The Shekinah glory that enveloped Adam and Eve before they sinned had disappeared. Why does he say that? The Psalmist was making no mistake. He was speaking of the incarnation; looking ahead to the time when the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent, when the Son of Man would come.

I want you to notice this expression, "man and the Son of Man." I had always regarded these as the same person, "man and the Son of Man," but they are two individuals: the first Adam, and the second or last Adam, as He is called in the Scripture. It is Adam and his son, Jesus Christ. Why should Jesus always refer to Himself as the Son of Man? The priests and the Pharisees asked Him, "Who is this Son of Man?" He came to seek and to save that which was lost, and also to vindicate the truth of God's Word. I suppose the devil was laughing at the Psalmist when he wrote this Eighth Psalm, which speaks about dominion and "putting all things under man's feet." "Why," says the devil, "there is not a mosquito that I am not inspiring. I am indwelling every living thing. I am making one bird kill another; I am causing one animal to devour another animal." The devil knew all this and yet he heard them singing in the assembly of God's people, "Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor and set him over the works of Thy hands. Thou hast put all things under his feet."

But the Psalmist sang on, for he sang by inspiration, and with a prophet's ken he could see what Job saw, when he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth"; and what the Prophet Isaiah also saw when he said, "A virgin shall be with child, and bear a son, and shall call His name Immanuel (God with us)." He will deliver us from this bondage of sin and domination of Satan. And so in the fullness of time the Son of God appeared, and we read in the second chapter of Hebrews, "We see not yet

all things put under him, but we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor; that He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man."

That was the first thing that Jesus must do, if He was to restore that which was lost. He must first become a son of Adam, born without any human father, it is true, but born of a human being just the same. He must come into the family of God; must become a member of the human race in order to vindicate the truth of God's Word; in order to defeat the devil and make a laughing stock of him, or as the Apostle says, "made a show of him openly." We do not yet see all things put under Him, but we see the mighty work begun. We find Jesus said of Himself, "The Son of Man must suffer, must be crucified, raised from the dead." You will find the whole plan of salvation in that phrase "the Son of Man." I agree with what J. Campbell Morgan teaches in his book, "The Crisis of the Church." He said he believed Satan would rather not have met the Lord in the wilderness. He would rather have been excused from that. It is true that Jesus was here in His humiliation, here in His human limitations; He was among the wild beasts that would have devoured Him had not the angels ministered to Him just as they ministered to Daniel in the lions' den. He said, "My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths,"—gave them all lock-jaw. I have always been sorry for those lions when I thought how uncomfortable they must have been in their hunger. I suppose the same thing occurred in the wilderness when Jesus was with the wild beasts. He had stooped so low, become so humiliated, had emptied Himself so completely of the attributes of Deity that when His own creatures came in the Garden of Gethsemane to arrest Him, He was helpless in their hands, though He might have asked His Father and He would have given Him more than twelve legions of angels. But when questioned by the High Priest He said, "Henceforth ye shall see the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven." Then the truth of my text will be demonstrated before the whole world, before men and devils, and the four and twenty elders will cast their crowns before Him and say, "Worthy art Thou our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honor and the power."

Now there is just one thought in closing: Every person in this world is trusting for salvation either in "man" or "the Son of Man."

Every person is looking for his help in this life and in the life to come, from one or the other. Every heathen, every Catholic, every Protestant, is depending for salvation either upon the work of man or the work of the Son of Man. Do you see what an utterly helpless position they are in who trust in man? What does the Prophet Jeremiah say? "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from Jehovah. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited. But blessed is the man that trusteth in Jehovah, or the Son of Man, and whose trust Jehovah is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

Signs in the Heavens

"**A**ND great signs shall there be from heaven." The following item was published in a Calcutta newspaper, *The New Empire*, on Dec. 30, 1924, under the caption, "Advent of the Lord," "The Coming Christ."

A Kottayam correspondent writes: "The following event was seen in the sky a few days ago. It will rouse the interest of the whole Christian world, and attract the attention of a still larger number of readers. It is wonderful and sensational, but it may seem incredible. The witness consisted of some simple folk in several villages of Central Travancore. We have, now in our midst, the followers of certain religious sects from America and elsewhere, who in proclaiming the advent of the Lord Jesus Christ do not hesitate to fix the date of which 'knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.' So I had first to make myself sure that the 'vision' was a reality, and not an illusion, before publicity was given to it. It was on Sunday and the time about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The sky was clear, but for some cirrus clouds here and here. Now one such cloud hid the sun from view. A halo then appeared 'round it. It was exceedingly resplendent. Soon a Divine Person, shining as the sun, became visible there. He had with Him a number of followers. The leader turned and beckoned something to them. The 'vision' lasted about a quarter of an hour, and then disappeared from view.

"Several people in different villages had the privilege of witnessing this 'vision.' They swear

to the reality of it. It appeared close to them, not higher than a few hundred yards. They could distinctly see but not hear these heavenly persons. They counted the followers. There were 32 of them. A Pariah who saw this exclaimed, 'Here comes the God of the Christians.' A few Mohammedans at another place on seeing the heavenly host, cried out, 'Oh, Allah! We pray you not to come now. We are not prepared.' The Christians who beheld this 'sign in the sun,' sincerely believe that it portends the near advent of their Lord. No one need, however, be skeptical of this event; it has really taken place."

* * *

The Lord is continually keeping before us His Coming, even though some are becoming indifferent to this great subject. After the great earthquake in Japan (Sept. 1, 1924) there were minor quakes which occurred every fifteen minutes, at which times the people ran out of their houses to avoid being crushed under them should they collapse. The night of Sept. 1st, everybody remained outside during the entire night. Miss Jessie Wengler, living in the city of Hachioji, spent the night in the open air. She saw the sky ablaze with light from the city of Tokio, and felt that something terrible had happened although all communication from outside cities was cut off.

As she sat there looking up into the sky, thinking it might be the time of the end, she saw in the cloud a cherubim and in his hand was a vial which he was pouring out upon the earth. Then the scene changed and she saw the Lord Jesus pleading for the people, a look of indescribable agony upon His face. After she heard of what had happened the Scriptures came to her of the vials of wrath being poured out upon the earth.

* * *

The Pentecostal Assembly at Sioux City, Ia., are wanting an evangelist to conduct a series of meetings. They have an assembly hall seating about two hundred. Anyone feeling led of God to go, please write to the Sec'y, Elva M. Crockett, 3726 7th Ave., Sioux City, Iowa.

* * *

The special meetings of Sunnyside Chapel, this city, by Evangelist Charles A. Shreve, of Washington, D. C., have been postponed. They will be held from March 22nd to April 5th.

* * *

"So He Made It Again" is the title of a very artistic booklet by F. A. Graves, the song writer. This booklet contains the miraculous healings of Mr. and Mrs. Graves, and a number of his best songs. Price, 50 cts. Send order to F. A. Graves, 2812 Enoch Ave., Zion, Ill.

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Notes

Three Days

NOON on a Roman road

By weary prisoners trod!

Bowed to the earth a fainting form,
The Son of God.

Night, and a naked cross

Lifted against the sky,

On whose stark arms the Son of God
Lay down to die!

Dawn by an empty tomb!

He who is strong to save,

The Son of God, hath conquered death
And rent the grave! I. B. M.

God in our Midst

FROM the very day that Brother Wittich accepted the pastorate of The Stone Church, the one cry of his heart has been for a revival in our midst. Not a meeting closes without an urgent appeal to all present to pray for a revival. It is uppermost in his mind and heart, and long into the night he is pleading with God for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit in our midst, and God is giving it. But it has come in a different way than the majority of revivals. There has been no great campaign launched with extensive advertising and special speakers. Not that we would cast any reflection on "campaigns," but from observation we gather that churches and assemblies are apt to think they cannot have a revival unless they get a special speaker and launch a big campaign. And it is often the case that they lean upon these things instead of on God, and the results are disappointing and disheartening. There are no objections to special speakers if

God is in it, but if it is the result of man's planning, it spells failure as far as spiritual results are concerned.

"We have been having a steady rain," said the pastor, "and I consider it one of the best revivals we can have." There is no dropping off of interest or attendance as is the case after special series of meetings. God has done the advertising. He has brought into our midst those who were hungry for God; He has brought the afflicted and healed them. "If the Lord can heal others, He can heal me," said a woman who came into the meeting for the first time, and it was even as she believed.

God has led us as a congregation to pray definitely for the sick and afflicted; also for the unsaved. "Do you always pray for the sick like this?" asked one who was a little restless to hear the sermon, "Yes," was the reply. "Some of us do not do much for the Lord, and if we can spend a little time praying for the sick and the unsaved, we consider it a precious ministry." It keeps us who are saved from stagnating by pouring out our hearts for "others." Our faith grows as we use it. Letters like the following are of frequent occurrence: "Sometime ago I sent in a request for prayer for a man who was dying. His blood was drying up. God has healed him and he says he feels well. He is sitting up and expects soon to be walking." Then she asks for prayer for another who heard of his healing, and so the circle widens as healed lives touch others who are afflicted.

A woman sadly afflicted came hobbling into a store on crutches. The people who run the store were godly people, and as the little daughter looked at the cripple she said to her mother, "Close the door, mother, so no one can come in." The mother and child prayed for the afflicted woman and she walked out of the store without her crutches. She has other afflictions for which she is seeking deliverance, and said to us enthusiastically, "The Lord is working and I am improving all the time."

A woman hungry for God came from a neighboring church, and hearing that prayer was offered for the sick asked for an anointed handkerchief for a sick friend. She came back to tell us that her friend was instantly healed. Another woman read the tract, "Healed of Gall Stones when Dying." She was suffering from the same affliction and said, "If God can heal that woman, He can heal me." She was anointed and prayed for and has never had a return of the trouble.

A woman had a sore eye which pained her beyond words to describe. She sent for a doctor to examine it and he said there was an ulcer in the eye but that he wouldn't dare touch it. She called on the Lord and asked prayer of the saints and the ulcer broke. She says she can see better now than before.

At another time her hands were crippled with rheumatism. The enemy said, "You will be helpless and have no more use of your hands." She came in fear and trembling and asked for prayer, determining that she would praise God for victory in spite of symptoms, and one morning when she arose she found her hands were healed. "Praise God He has given me the use of these hands," she said with deep gratitude.

* * *

"I'd like to tell what the Lord did for one family," said Mr. L. in a meeting recently. "A friend of ours called up my wife and said that her daughter-in-law who had an eight-weeks'-old baby, was paralyzed in her limb. She hadn't had a night's sleep in eight weeks and had not been able to walk since the baby came. The limb became numb and someone would have to turn her. She also suffered pain. She asked if the Stone Church could do anything for her. We told her that Jesus would heal her and that on Sunday we would get an anointed handkerchief. 'Sunday!' she said. 'Can nothing be done before?' I called up the pastor and we went over there. The mother-in-law was there and also the husband of the afflicted woman. He pointed them to the Lamb of God and she accepted Jesus as her Savior and Healer. Then she was anointed for healing. We turned to leave and when we reached the front door we heard a cry. She had gotten up and followed us to the front door. They were all weeping for joy. This morning she got up and dressed and said she had been washing out some things for the baby. At noon she carried the baby around the house for the first time. The grandmother has gone home."

* * *

Another testified to the salvation of a neighbor: "In April nearly a year ago a neighbor of mine was in a dying condition. For some days I prayed most earnestly, but seemingly she didn't get saved. So in my distress I asked prayer for her here at the church, and I have reason to believe she was saved. Her daughter's heart was as hard as stone, but I prayed for her and also asked others to pray. This morning she accepted Christ and her little boy did the same."

A woman in Harvey, suffering from nervous indigestion, had been given up to die by her physician. He said there was no possible chance of her recovery. Her mother had told her that because of some sin in her family she could not expect to recover, quoting the Scripture, "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Her husband had sent word to the relatives that if they wanted to see her alive they should come at once as she would not last long. Brother L., knowing the power of God to heal when all else has failed, felt if he could get her to the Stone Church she would be healed, and though she was extremely weak, he brought her one Sunday afternoon. As she sat in the audience attentively listening to the testimonies of those who had been healed, she said to the Lord, "What You have done for these people You can also do for me," and as she looked to Him in faith she was immediately made whole. She hadn't even asked for prayer, but while the service was in progress she touched in faith and was healed.

* * *

Besides this ministry to the sick and suffering, which always means blessing spiritually to those who are healed, souls have been saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. From the prayer-room continually ascend praises to God for souls who have gotten through to God. In a little over two weeks, twelve have been baptized in the Holy Spirit. A few weeks ago a blessed baptismal service was held in which a number were buried with their Lord in baptism, and on March 8th another of these services was held, attended with much blessing.

Missionary Disbursements

(For Jan. and Feb.)

Miss Carrie P. Anderson, So. China	\$ 80.00
L. M. Anglin, China, for orphanage work....	86.00
Miss Blanche Appleby, So. China (\$16 native work)	76.00
Miss Olga Jean Aston, India	40.00
J. H. Boyce, India	25.00
Gerard Bailly, Venezuela	50.00
Horace Bailly, Venezuela	10.00
Miss Grace Brown, India	10.00
Miss Harriet Dithridge, Japan	65.70
C. W. Doney, Egypt	30.00
Ruth Erickson, West Africa	60.26
Miss Ella Finch, enroute from China	25.00
Miss Marguerite Flint, India	20.00
Miss Anna Hockelman, for China	35.00
Mrs. Esther Harvey, India	70.00
Miss C. B. Heron, India	67.30
Miss Gertrude Johnson, So. Africa	5.00
C. F. Juergensen, Japan	75.00
John Juergenson, Japan	20.00
J. R. Jamieson, Jamaica	150.66

E. B. Kennedy, China	20.00	C. C. Personeus, Alaska	20.00
G. M. Kelley, (on furlough)	35.00	V. G. Plymire, Tibetan border	100.00
Mr. and Mrs. Otto Keller (\$25 for mule)..	214.00	Miss Mary Rasmussen, China	10.00
Miss Ethel King (fare)	95.00	E. M. Scurrah, So. Africa	35.00
Miss Beatrice Lawler, China (\$70 fare).....	80.00	B. A. Schoeneich, Cent. America	61.20
Miss Bernice Lee, India	65.00	N. C. Sorenson, So. America	20.00
Missionary Rest Home, Chicago	36.09	Jos. Sugar, India	20.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Leader, Congo	35.00	Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Surtees, China	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. M. Mackay, China	20.00	Thomas Stoddart, India	75.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mueller, India	80.00	Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt	75.00
Mrs. Mattie Neeley, West Africa	20.00	W. E. Turner, China	60.66
John Norton, India	20.00	W. R. Williamson, China	24.00
W. K. Norton, India	34.00	Miss Alice Wood	20.00
Miss L. H. Parker, India	86.18		
John Perdue, China (for Kelley work).....	16.00	Total	\$2,428.05

First Century Annals Repeated



A MOUNTAIN side on old Judea's hills, the shores of Galilee, or a busy market place—these were the stages for some of the greatest dramas of life the world has ever seen. For there it was that beast-like natures were transformed into God-fearing, home-loving, peaceful citizens. The man who yesterday had been shunned by friends and relatives because of his dreaded leprosy, today was the center of attraction, for his skin had become like that of a child. Homes were restored to happiness when those who had previously been hopeless and helpless, returned physically able now to perform their duties. Never could these forget Him whom they had met. He had spoken just a word but that word had opened to them a wealth of treasures. No wonder the news spread rapidly and wherever this Jesus passed there was always a multitude anticipating Him; people crowded and clamored to get one look, one touch or one word from Him. What wonderful days they were! Days when hope and faith ran at high tide in many hearts; days when tragedies were turned into blessings, sorrow was turned into joy and life was brought out of death.

But we do not have to turn back to the First Century to hear His sandalled footsteps or to see His wondrous works, for today, wherever He can find an empty vessel, a vessel in contact with Him so that He can flow through to others, there, can such scenes be repeated. And today in East St. Louis this Jesus is passing by and those who will may step into the moving waters and come forth new men and new women.

On comes the crowd, as in days of old. Cots borne by eager helpers, wheel chairs, ambulances, taxis, the lame and the blind, all have for their destination Ainad Temple; and over the threshold of that Temple are passing countless throngs; blind fathers, deaf mothers, paralyzed

children; people rich and people poor, but people with one great need—Jesus.

Though for some, the drawing card is a mere man, that man is continually making them to see that he is nothing—Jesus is everything; he has no power—Jesus has all power. He is one of comparatively few who has taken his place as an heir of God's promises and intends to make use of his inheritance. Simple, isn't it? He has cashed his check in the "bank of heaven" and is distributing the funds, the value received. The result? Exactly the same as in the days when Jesus was on earth. For instance, when Dr. Chas. S. Price had prayed the prayer of faith, one dear sister suddenly "pricked up her ears," ears which had not heard for many years, and in great excitement she cried out, "Say, I can hear! I hear footsteps. Oh, it's you, isn't it," as Dr. Price drew near her very quietly. And then, as if to reassure any who might still be doubting, she said, "Yes, sir, I can hear. I can hear every word."

Another girl, who had not been totally deaf, but who for many years had been unable to hear unless the person speaking actually shouted, after prayer and a feast with her Lord, was able to hear any ordinary conversation. Not only was the girl rejoicing, but those from the home could scarcely contain themselves—no more strain, no more screaming and shouting. It is interesting to note that this girl prayed and fasted for three days previous to her healing and she was so eager to have prayer before the campaign closed for she "wanted to be able to hear the messages and profit by them."

One man who had had vision enough just to distinguish light from darkness, could now see *everything*. Dr. Price held up various numbers of fingers before him and instantly the man gave the correct count. "And what do you think!" the once blind man said, as he looked far across

to the opposite gallery, "I can count the number of people in that row and before I couldn't have told you whether they were white or black."

One elderly woman had been unable to walk without a cane for five months because of paralysis, was barely able to mount the steps to the platform with the aid of the ushers, and was prayed for sitting in a chair instead of standing up as were others. But suddenly, almost unknown to the audience which was engrossed in watching others who had been healed, this woman was walking around the platform without cane, without arm to help. After much rejoicing she hastened towards the steps, where friends and ushers ventured to help her down, but she protested, and amidst a peal of laughter and clapping of hands, she descended unaided and without pain.

Several nights ago, towards the close of the service, a sister far back in the gallery, arose with a shout. Thinking some one was getting saved, Dr. Price continued the service, but before long the sister testified to the healing of a goiter. While listening to the message, she grasped faith and instantly the goiter began to disappear. That night there was only a bit of it left and that was entirely gone by the next morning when she awoke.

Near the platform was a cot occupied by one greatly emaciated and thin, death staring her in the face as far as natural hope was concerned. She was suffering with a goiter which had brought her into this terrible condition, but after prayer, she felt His divine touch go all through her body and her goiter vanished completely. She is believing for her complete healing. To her, old Ainad Temple had become a hallowed spot and she was loathe to leave in spite of the late hour.

But the most remarkable and touching scene was when a mother took up her infant who had been born club-footed. That mother heart was tense as she held her offspring up to Him whose touch alone could avail. She was doing her part in bringing it. Would God fail to do His? Never! Tenderly and with the compassion of Jesus Christ who was always ready to bless the little tots, Dr. Price anointed and laid hands on the babe. A few moments later, new life was felt surging through the limbs and that night, near the midnight hour, God did the miraculous. For on the street car, the little one suddenly jerked its foot and the mother cried out, "Oh, my baby!" Thinking its foot had been caught

some way, fellow passengers turned around to help extricate it, but they looked just in time to see that little foot completely turn around and become perfectly normal.

Carried in on a cot one night—walking from her home to the Temple the next, was the experience of one girl in the last stages of tuberculosis. She testified that when she was prayed for she felt the power of God strike her head and pass down to her lungs, the seat of the trouble, and she knew that she was healed. She is steadily improving and has the glory of God in her face. The other night she came again and seeing a number of people on cots, as she herself had been a few short days before, she could not refrain from speaking to and encouraging each one. What an inspiration to faith!

* * *

But while Divine Healing is one of the main features of this campaign it is gratifying to note that still more importance is placed upon a definite experience of salvation—humanity's need for the soul. Surely this old world is hungry for a real manifestation of God's power and when the simple Gospel, instead of ethics and moral reforms, is given, it brings the same results as it did in Finney's time, in Cartwright's time and in Moody's time. Indeed the conviction present in one of the recent night services was akin to that which we read of when Finney preached; it seemed to sweep that vast audience as Dr. Price told of how God had dealt with him; tears dropped and hearts went out in longing to God for like dealings. Suddenly a man from the gallery cried out under deep conviction and before many more minutes passed another name was enrolled in the Book of Life and angels rejoiced over one more returning home. Because of his seeming distress, one of the party hurried to his side and suggested that he come to the altar and be assured of salvation, but the man, with a new radiancy in his face, replied, "The work is all done; I know He has saved me." Then as the altar call was given literally scores of people flocked towards the front. And heaven drew near as men steeped in sin, men from every walk of life and from every denomination knelt at the common Mercy Seat and wept their way through to God. Suddenly another cry was heard—a cry from a wife whose husband was the very first to hurry to the altar. "Oh," she cried as she knelt by his side, "I have prayed for him so long and now he has come. Harry, God is able."

People who have attended many large cam-

paigns remark over and over that never have they seen such deep and pungent conviction in a campaign of this size, as is present here. The blood-stained banner of the Cross is being lifted high

and new recruits, together with those already in the ranks, are marching on determined to press the battle to the gates.

Feb. 27, 1925

R. M.

First Fruits of an Interior Japanese City

Choosing the Reproaches of Christ Rather Than Worldly Fame.

Miss Jessie Wengler in Chicago, Feb. 1, 1925



WHAT a privilege we have of gathering together in the Name of our Lord and worshipping Him, praising Him for the fountain that He has provided for the healing of our souls, for the precious blood that makes us nigh. The Apostle Paul has told us in the second chapter of Ephesians, verses 11 and 12, to remember that we were, in times past, without God,—“being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope. . . . But *now* in Christ Jesus, we who were sometimes afar off, are made nigh by the blood of the cross”—contrasting our position by nature and by grace.

Because His grace has shone into our hearts, illuminating our darkness, we have a great responsibility placed upon us to *remember* the teeming millions who are yet in darkness, “without God in the world,” strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope. And remembering, we shall be stirred to the depths of our beings; and moved by the Spirit of God we shall be constrained to obey His commission to disciple all nations. Knowing the love of Christ toward all men, we are constrained to win them to the cross; also, knowing the terror of the Lord—the wrath that is to be revealed upon all the ungodly and those who forget God—we persuade men and women to be reconciled unto God.

It is in some of those teeming millions of souls, dwelling in the Sunrise Kingdom, Japan, that I want to interest you. As a country, Japan has some perplexing problems; problems peculiar to herself. For sowing the Gospel seed Japan has been “stony ground,” and yet we believe that this is in a special way a time of opportunity in that land.

In the Sixteenth Century, there were those who laid down their lives to give Japan the Gospel. Some Portugese priests who were sailing for China, were shipwrecked off the coast of Japan. At first the Japanese eyed them with great suspicion, but after a short time these priests made many friends on the little island—

and soon began to teach their faith to the Japanese. Ere long it seemed that the whole island was in a fair way to accept the new faith; many converts were made and baptized, and even the military leaders of the country accepted the new faith. One day some Spanish sailors were shipwrecked off the coast, and according to Japanese custom all the goods on board were confiscated by the Japanese officials. The captain of the Spanish boat was so enraged that he told the Japanese officers the King of Spain whom he represented, would punish the Japanese very severely for what they had done. Then he showed them a map of the world, on which Spain, Portugal, Mexico, the Philippines and the countries of South America were shown to be under the rule of the King of Spain. The Japanese officers asked how the Spanish had been able to gain so great possessions, and the Spanish captain said: “The king sends out priests of our religion who teach the people to worship our God. Then when there are many converts, the king sends his armies and all these converts unite with the king’s armies to overthrow the government; thus the king seizes the country.” Then the Dutch sailors who hated the Spanish and the Portugese came to trade with Japan, and they, too, told the same story—that all these priests wanted was eventually to gain control of Japan. This aroused such suspicion in the minds of the Japanese officers and people that immediately a great persecution arose, for the government was determined to stamp out the “evil sect called Christian.” Many of these first converts were crucified; the Portugese priests and their converts alike were tied with straw ropes to wooden crosses and pierced through the heart. Thus centuries ago Japan had her martyrs. Christianity was stamped out and Japan became a hermit nation. Less than seventy years ago Japan was a hermit nation and foreigners were not allowed on her shores, nor were her inhabitants allowed to go to other lands.

In 1860 Japan seemed to awake from her sleep and once more opened her doors to commerce, making a treaty with the United States that not

only opened up her ports to foreign trade, but once more the door was opened for the Gospel to be taken into this dark land, once more the Heaven-Commissioned Ambassadors of the Cross were permitted to enter with the precious seed, the Word of God which He has said should not return unto Him void.

Although Japan has arisen with astonishing rapidity from her place as a hermit nation, and taken her place as one of the "big five" powers of the world, and along with Great Britain, America, France and Italy, helped to make the settlement of peace at the end of the world war; although her shipping dominates the Pacific, and her commerce extends to all the world; although her people have traveled and settled in almost every country of the world, yet Japan is dwelling in great spiritual darkness, the intensity and the depth of which is not exceeded in any other Oriental land. Shintoism, or ancestral worship, Buddhism, the worship of primitive nature gods, fire gods, water gods, rice gods, the carpenters' god, the sun, moon, and stars, and numberless other gods are worshipped and the spiritual darkness prevailing on every hand can almost be felt. Civilization and education cannot penetrate this awful darkness but, praise God, there is a power greater than any of these things. The Gospel is the power that is able to lift them out of their depths into His love and grace, bringing them into a place where they are no longer aliens, no longer strangers, but new creatures in Christ, made nigh by the blood of the Lamb.

After spending three years in Brother Moore's work in Yokohama, where I learned many invaluable lessons, the Lord led me to one of the rural districts, into the city of Hachioji, which is located about thirty-two miles from Yokohama, for the purpose of opening up a new station. Many of the people of Hachioji had not seen a white face before, and as I walked along the streets, great crowds of children and even older people gazed with open eyes at the stranger in their midst. The children would come up close and examine me very carefully and I heard them say that my eyes were like cat's eyes. When my furniture arrived from Yokohama the whole neighborhood turned out in full force and I was kept quite busy for a while showing them the various pieces of furniture, such as bed, chairs, etc. The Japanese do not use chairs nor do they sleep on beds, and they were very curious to see all the "foreigner's" things.

As I looked upon this people how my heart

went out to the Lord that He would work in that city, and that this people who had many of them never heard the Gospel, should receive His salvation into their hearts and be made to rejoice in the abiding presence of His Holy Spirit. I did not know one soul in that city, and how to begin work there was a real problem. But as I prayed and waited on the Lord He whispered many sweet promises and He made me to know that it was not by might, nor by power, but by His Spirit that they would be brought to a knowledge of the truth; and that He would work and none should hinder. I first opened up a Sunday School. I had some little boys take some large printed posters, announcing the opening day and the time, and paste them in prominent places, in the stores, in front of the public school, and on all the telephone posts, then I asked all the children that we met on the street to come the next Sunday to Sunday School, at nine thirty. I wondered if any one would come, because often the Japanese are afraid of the "foreigner" in their midst. But on Sunday morning, long before I had had my breakfast, I heard a great rabble out in front of the place and when I looked out of the window there was a great crowd of children. They had come early, some of them with nice, clean aprons on, some very dirty, some with a little baby brother or sister strapped on their backs—all expectantly waiting for the doors to be opened. When nine thirty arrived I opened the doors and invited them all in, but there was not enough room for all. Some stood out in the *genkwan* and on the outside was a crowd of older people who had evidently come to see what would take place. That was our first opening in Hachioji. The following Saturday we opened another "Sunday School" in a little village just outside of Hachioji, called Nishi Nakano, and there we had a repetition of what had taken place in Hachioji. It was through this Sunday School in Nishi Nakano from which two of our first Christians came. Two young ladies, one twenty and the other twenty-one, never failed to attend regularly and then each Sunday afternoon they came to my home in Hachioji and asked to be taught the Sunday School songs. Later they both took a definite stand for Christ.

Soon after that a young man, a school teacher, asked me if I would teach him English. He told me that his father was a Buddhist priest, but that he had been a Christian for four years and had attended the Holiness Church. He said that if I would open up a church he would help me. Then

the landlord's daughter, a girl of eighteen, began to come, and she, too, took a bold stand for the Lord.

When I decided to have the first meeting these young people offered their services. We decided first of all to march through the streets playing on our various instruments and singing, and inviting the people to come to the meetings. There were six of us in all and, needless to say, we did not sing as your choirs do over here—but we made some noise at least, which had the desired effect. The people came in crowds to see and hear the strange procession—men, women, and children, and even dogs lending their voices to the din of *geta* (shoes) and drum and guitar. I must confess that that first street meeting did not seem very spiritual. Every one of the Japanese sang in a different key; the man whom I had hired to beat the drum was not beating in time, it being his first attempt, and the young man school teacher thought he saw the principal of his school in the crowd that gathered and, becoming afraid, dropped out. But, praise the Lord, He looks at the intent of the heart and not at our ability along these lines, and we were "breaking through" for Him. Many times I myself have had to beat the big drum in our street meetings as the Japanese do not have much sense of rhythm and it is practically impossible to sing if they beat the drum.

When I was quite young I had great ambitions to become a concert piano player and made some preparations to that end, but I praise the Lord I would rather beat the drum in that little procession for the Lord when it is necessary than to be the finest concert player in the world. Our singing was anything in the world but musical, but I am sure that it was sweet music in the ears of the Lord, for we were doing it in His name and for His cause.

As the crowd gathered we had the opportunity of telling them about the Lord and the opening of the new church. At first the people did not come into the meeting, but stood on the outside and listened earnestly to everything that was said. Then, one by one, they came in and sometimes we had a crowded house. One night when we had talked on the "prodigal son," a young man came forward after the service and said that he was a prodigal and wanted to be saved. He was really saved that night and has stood true. Within six months from the time that we started there were about eighteen "enlisted" ones although not

all of these were baptized. Since returning to the homeland some of these have received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

There are numberless places in Japan that are just such open doors of opportunity as Hachioji, where the people are dwelling in great darkness, in some instances never having heard the Gospel, and in all instances not so much as knowing that there is a Holy Spirit—and we, remembering that the power which quickened us into life is the same power that is waiting to bring them out of their superstition and ignorance and fill them with His joy divine, know that many lives will be transformed in the days to come in these dark places if God's children will pray. We long to see the Kingdom of God extended; we long to see the work enlarged. We long to see a great ingathering of souls and a mighty preparation in hearts for the soon coming of the Lord. We long to see laborers thrust forth into these white fields, men and women equipped by the power of the Holy Spirit, and the "evil sect called Christian" predominating in the "land of the Rising Sun."

A Victory for the Shut-ins

Mrs. Jennie Kirkland Mueller, Laheria Sarai, India, writes of a very unique gathering they have recently had for the Purdah women. A decided onward step for the women of India. Who can tell whereunto this will grow! She writes:

"We have just had a little Purdah gathering. I invited the mothers of the high caste Zenanna girls who attend our day school, making the invitation to all the women of their homes and their friends, and it was, indeed, beyond our expectation, for more than fifty came in autos and closed-in carriages. They began coming at about 1:30 and the last Purdah carriage left at about 6 p. m. Some were of the very high castes, judging from the large amount of jewelry they wore. You may know a man's wealth by the jewelry the wife wears, for she is his bank.

"It was a time of getting acquainted and of telling them of the One who loves the 'caged' women. The news of this gathering has spread and other homes are opening. An influential man in a near-by village asked if we could not have one such for the women of his village! We who have labored among these shut-ins know something of what a victory this is over existing conditions of the Purdahashin. This gathering and the open homes are all a result of the day

school for the high caste Zenanna girls. Praise the Lord!

"Some months ago the doctor (heathen) living about three miles away persuaded the fathers of about twenty Zenanna girls to allow them to attend a day school. He also got the refusal of a building with about a third off on the rent, then called us and asked us if we would put a Christian teacher in the school. We keenly desired to do so, but there was the expense and the difficulty of finding a satisfactory teacher. We continued praying about it and this week the teacher of our day school here in our chapel came to me feeling very sad and said they were about to call a heathen teacher and then all the homes would be closed to us. I told her that we had prayed much about it and that if God did not work for us we were helpless. She answered, 'Then please pray for me for my heart has become very small (an Indian figure of speech used when one has become very sad) and I cannot rest.' We prayed and the very next day a letter came regarding a teacher whom we felt would be the very one for the school. Mr. Mueller and I talked it over and felt that in the natural as funds are, we could not open the school, but as we trusted for His will we felt we must venture out on Him and we decided to take the step of faith and send for the teacher. Certainly the hand of the Lord has been in the opening of this Christian school for heathen girls. Please stand in prayer for us and for the shut-in women we shall be able to reach as a result."

Our missionaries tell us that there are evidences along many lines that the Gibraltar of caste is breaking down, and when that is accomplished the great barrier to Gospel work will be removed. One of the speakers at the Foreign Missions Convention recently held at Washington, D. C., an East Indian, professor at Lucknow University, no doubt a high caste man himself, said that it was a tragedy that "one can touch a dog or a cat while there are sixty million human beings in India who are 'untouchables,' and that 'untouchability must go' before Christianity."

Two Christmas Scenes

Miss Margaret Flint gives an account of two Christmas scenes at Bettiah, one for the Christians and one for the heathen. They are in striking contrast to Christmas in Christian lands:

And what shall I tell you of our Christmas Day? Oh, what a day it was! It began in the dark, cold hours of the early morning, for when we were all asleep over fifty precious girls came stealing out

from the School Compound to awaken us with sweet Christmas carols, to throw garlands of flowers about us, and to wish us joy and peace on Christmas Day. At eight o'clock we sent the girls away for a long walk, and during their absence went into the compound, chose a large mangoe tree near the center of the compound and quite transformed it—in a half hour I am sure the tree would not have recognized itself as a mangoe tree at all. Yellow oranges gleamed from the tips of the green branches, over seventy-five white bags filled with popcorn and nuts blossomed among the branches, there were little dresses, a doll with outstretched arms, clothing, blankets, parcels great and parcels small on every branch and limb and twig. When the girls returned from their long walk, and spied the tree, there was a shout that lasted long, and from then until three-thirty in the afternoon that tree was the center of attraction. We only had one doll this year, and that not quite new, but we decided it should be for the little girl who has just come in from heathenism, who has never seen a Christmas tree before, and who had never owned a doll in her life. And when she was told that the doll baby hanging high on the green branch was for HER, she stood under it with shining eyes and little arms reaching up hungrily, as she cried, "Oh, give it to me, give it to me, give it to me, NOW." And later when the doll was placed in her arms, the bright little brown face was a sight to see. We are going to ask the Lord to send us a hundred dolls for next Christmas, and I believe we will receive them!

But our own Christmas treat was as nothing compared with the Christmas for the poor of the district. They began to gather in our front yard early in the morning, sitting in the first rays of the morning sun—lepers with their loathsome sores bound in filthy rags; blind leading the blind; cripples brought in rough wooden carts and others who dragged themselves to the Mission House painfully along the dusty roads; men, women and children, naked and hungry and pitiful, until they were seated in hundreds and hundreds out on the pathways and on the green grass. At noon we began the service for them. Our sweet girls, saved from such poverty and filth, stood before them, clean and happy, singing the Jesus songs. One of our Indian preachers who once bowed down to wood and stone, as they now bow, preached to them of the Christmas Christ Who came to bring salvation, and then we distributed grain, rice mixed with dal, and a handful of salt to every man, woman and child. We had prepared many little garments and clothing and a few blankets for the most needy, but when that part of the giving began and the poor people saw there would not be enough for all, they became quite frantic, and mobbed us, screaming and trying to snatch the garments from our hands, rushing onto the porch in a frenzied mob that was way beyond control and we were at last driven into the house and distribution of cloth became impossible. Oh, I wish the dear ones at home, with so much more than they can ever use, could have these people sitting outside their gates, actually weeping, crying from cold these chill nights, dying for a little warmth and food—begging for more—when the supply is exhausted! I wish the thousands of His own, who sat down to tables just loaded with good things at Christmas time, could have looked into the faces of a few hundred of these who were fighting—for a handful of rice and salt! I wish those who sat in Christmas services with silk and fur and woolen, could look at these who screamed like beasts with disappointment because there was not a yard of cheap, unbleached muslin or a little jacket for them, in their nakedness. God help us! How little we know, after all, of the suffering old world, and how little we sense, after all, the meaning of the words, "I was naked and ye clothed me, I was hungry and ye gave me meat."

Hidden Heroism on the Mission Field



FROM one of the many homes on Dan Shing Road, Shanghai, came the strains of "Just as I am without one plea," being sung by a gathering of Armenians. A few hours later, a band of Russians, meeting in that same home, sang heartily in their language the familiar hymn, "I need Thee every hour," and again in this very home might have been seen on some nights a group of Chinese soldiers who had dropped in with guns, ammunition and all, to listen to the Gospel story. To the Chinese soldier this home was a peaceful retreat after the horrors of the day in battle. It was to this place that the Russian refugee turned in time of physical as well as spiritual need; and of this home that the Armenian refugee spoke when he said, "Just think, the Lord has opened up this place where we can hear the Gospel, when we fled from our own land because of religious persecution."

It is a home, retreat, and chapel to the "who-soever" and when at last the hidden will be revealed, man, woman and child will point back to this very home as the place where he was given food, she was clothed with raiment, and where the little homeless waif found a father's and mother's care, but best of all, where all were pointed to the cross, God's great magnet—where Christ took their place and paid their penalty that they might inherit eternal life.

"Oh," you say, "what wonderful opportunities are theirs. Would that I could have such a wide ministry!" But would *you* be willing to sacrifice the comforts and privacy of a home that it might be a refuge to the distressed? Would you be ready to empty out your closet of necessary clothing that the needy might be supplied? Could you take the financial responsibility of several mission stations, the support of a family and native workers, and the rent of this unique "home" without the promise of one penny behind you? Or one person in the homeland to whom you could look for help? Ah, there are hundreds who covet the wide ministry, but only the twos and threes are ready to toil and sacrifice as these two humble people, Benjamin Surtees and his good wife, Pansy Mason Surtees!

Several years ago when so many Russian refugees landed in Shanghai in destitute circumstances, these two missionaries gave them food and clothing, even stripping their own wardrobe

that others might have. This opened the door for a spiritual work among them. Having no other available place they devoted the first floor of their home as a chapel, and later on, moved out of their bed-room that these refugees might have a much-needed class and prayer-room. This part of the work has grown until now they have their own Russian pastor, and from these refugees He has called a people for His name. Two of these Russians are now in Bible Schools, one in Los Angeles, and the other in Tokio. As one became converted in the meetings he immediately felt a call to work for God and asked Mr. Surtees where he could go to study. He told him to make it a matter of prayer. In about a week Mr. S. met a bishop of the Japanese Independent Church who immediately asked him if he had a Russian Christian who would be willing to enter their Bible School and be prepared for missionary work in Siberia. In two days they were both on their way to Japan.

But while the Surtees' are bringing the light to the Russians, yet the Chinese claim most of their time and effort, and today their home is encircled by a group of light-houses for the Chinese, for which they are partly or wholly responsible. The aim of these workers is to establish mission stations and stand by them until they are self-supporting. And God has honored this plan, for several Chinese Christians are helping in the support of one of the stations. Their labors have been rewarded by some trophies, whose onward walk with God is a constant cause of rejoicing to their pastor. While talking over the work with us, Mr. Surtees said, "I tell you it is surprising how some of these Christians put us to shame. I doubt if I would have had the faith that Mr. Yieh had. He actually prayed that the Lord would stop a fire which had broken out near our chapel, above which he was living at the time. One frame house was completely burned down, but in answer to this native's prayer, the adjoining frame houses on either side were undamaged, and this without any protection from the fire department." But Mr. Yieh in his estimation, had failed to reach his own standard of faith in God, for a few days afterwards he shame-facedly confessed to his pastor, that altho he had asked God to quench the fire, he showed his weak faith by removing his goods from the chapel, and said, "Oh pastor, I am a great sinner!"

It was thru this native Christian that a door effectual was opened during the recent war, for he himself had been an officer in the army. And while the battle raged around them, these missionaries bought up every opportunity to tell to many a dying soldier the sweetest story ever told, for the first and last time. Thousands of soldiers of both forces were pointed to Jesus and the effect was felt thruout the district. Even the villagers expressed their gratitude, for they were less afraid of these looting, desperate soldiers after the Gospel had touched their hearts. When the war began the Surtees were urged to move to the Foreign Concession, but they refused because they wanted to be used in blessing to the soldiers. Let us pray that the word may not return void but that as the soldiers have been transferred to other districts, even so the Gospel may be scattered, till it shall know no bounds even in down-trodden China.

Wonderful opportunities are open to them on every hand—teaching the Bible in several schools, reaching Russians in new quarters, opening up new stations among the Chinese—but lack of funds many times ties their hands, and because of this, some are still denied what we have so long appreciated—the Gospel.

After we had listened to a rehearsal of God's working with them, a sister who was more intimately acquainted with the needs, said, "Yes, but he didn't tell you that yesterday he was faced with rent and other bills with barely anything in hand." No, he had not told us, but behind the scenes,

closeted alone, those two had told their Father who had proved Himself able.

"God has honored their faith in stepping out with no support at all," writes a fellow missionary, and time and again they have proved God in the testing time, experiences which are deeply precious to them. One instance where God marvelously supplied, took place some months ago when they were facing a bill of \$75.00 for the monthly rents with nothing on hand. They found refuge in Matt. 6:33, knowing that He would add the "all things." Whenever they were tempted to worry they re-read this comforting promise. Two nights before they were to pay their rents, Bro. Surtees was especially impressed, against his plans, to attend the Russian meeting then in progress. While sitting in the service he noticed the door open and close. Thinking a Russian was outside, he opened the door for him to enter, but instead, a foreigner was there who handed him an envelope which contained just the amount to meet their needs.

Twelve long years before, Mr. Surtees had met this "foreigner" in Canada, during a railroad accident, and an acquaintance sprang up because of their mutual interest in China. While visiting a friend a few days before, Mr. Surtees was surprised to again meet the man with whom he had had just a casual acquaintance. It was this man whom God used to answer prayer in time of need.

Pray for these two unselfish and untiring workers, and if God impresses you to help lighten their burdens, rejoice that you can have a part in their fruitful ministry.

R. M.

Sowing the Seed 'Mid Piercing Gales and Blinding Storms

V. G. Plymire on the Tibetan Border



HAVE been away for some time on the cold, bleak ranges of the roof of the world. It certainly was cold and windy and snowy. The first day it snowed and that night it snowed more. The next day it snowed and still much more during the night. But on the second night we came across a few houses, where we stayed for the night, not putting up the tents. But this was the last village we should see until we returned within a day's journey of home on another route. To add to the discomfort of traveling, we had another snow that night and our traveling was across a large divide, over high places and bogs. These bogs were terrible—at times we were up and other times we were down and sometimes we seemed to be a little more than down, for we were in deep holes. These we could not see on account of the snow, but it was not long after striking them that we could feel the cold water at the bottom. Still another snow

covered our tents that night and all more or less wet, we certainly were not very comfortable. During these days we met many Tibetans in tents, to whom we gave the message of salvation; a good amount of literature was also given them. We have made friends among them and will have openings on the next trip through that part of the country.

By this time our food supplies were running low and I had to think of getting game of some kind or we should run out before we got back home. Now, traveling was across nearly level country for the whole day. Towards evening we sighted a herd of wild ass and it was decided I get one for food. So, I turned off the trail and in about half an hour I had a nice large male. It did not take the men very long to take off the hide and get some ready for supper. But the difficulty here was the lack of water. So, while some were skinning the animal, others took bags

and, after going about a mile, found snow, which was carried in and used for water—but the horses and yak had to wait until the next day. You may wonder why there was no snow here after so many days of snowing. The winds on the lake plain are terribly strong and the snow is blown away to the mountains. Here again we had the privilege of talking to a number of tenters and also leaving with them literature.

The next day we crossed a low range and got to the Kharainor (lake). This water is usable by filtering it through the sand. A native told us that good fresh water was within a rifle shot of us in a northwestern direction. So we traveled for more than two hours, but seeing no signs of water, late in the day we had to return to the lake and make the best of it there. It was difficult to pitch tents on account of the storm, and terribly cold, but we soon had a lot of dry manure in a pile and a fire going. This served poorly, however, as it heated only one side while the high wind pierced the other. A terrible gale was blowing and we were in grave danger. I prayed the Lord to keep the storm from us as our tents would not possibly hold up under such a gale and they would likely be taken so far that we could not recover them. The storm changed and moved by on the north side on the plain and then down the east and back along the south side, and thus we were saved. It was terrible in its grandeur. Words fail to describe the sight—it was as waves of fire and smoke rolling as high as the mountains.

Leaving this place, we traveled northwestward till about noon, when we found a frozen stream. Here we camped for two days, as the yak had not had much grass and were getting tired out. While here we met pilgrims from far inland on their way to Kum Bum to kow-tow to the gold image; we were now on the main northern route to the Tsa-dam. Besides these, we met tenters also and had a good time with them, considering that it was the first time they had ever seen a missionary. Being afraid our food supply would not last, for we were not yet on the homeward run, I began to measure it out for each person and the amount was very limited, indeed—so much so that all were complaining of hunger. All I could say was that I, too, was hungry, but I had no other way for the present. Here I shot another wild ass and the men had more to eat. More snow here added to our discomfort. The morning we started from this place it was so terribly cold we just could not warm up.

From here we crossed over the divide into a very large and thickly populated district. Snow being on the ground, it was difficult to get a dry place for the tents. Next day we headed for the tent monastery of Ma-pi Gomba. Here there are about fifty or more tents and nearly a hundred priests and three Living Buddhas. As we neared the place the priests were all out on parade, carrying the classics around the tent monastery. After this was finished, we pitched our tents just outside their line and I had a small

present ready for the head Buddha, which was sent in but returned with the message that he was chanting and could not be disturbed at present, but that the business manager of the monastery could receive it for the Buddha. So it was sent to him and accepted and soon one was returned from this man in the name of the Buddha, with the assurance that we were welcome there.

It was only a short time until many of the priests began to gather about us and we were busy giving them the message and literature. On the whole, they were friendly, and since our return home some have been in to visit us. Here it was so cold and wet that our bedding froze to the ground during the night.

The next day we continued down the plain and met great numbers of tents and on the whole got on well among the many nomads to whom we always tried to give literature and a message. But this day we met one man who refused our literature and our message. This was our only experience of this kind on the whole trip.

Our next stop was in an open plain not near any tents, but right by the river; it was intensely cold and we could find very little dry manure for fuel. Next day brought us to Gomba Sobo, where we met with the priests and gave out the message and literature and the following day brought us to within about eight miles of home and to the road we took on the out-going of the trip. Here more literature was distributed among the priests at the nearby monastery and the next day I lost no time on the road, for I did want to get home and warm up for once.

I carried three U. S. Army blankets and a large native all-wool mat doubled for covers, a heavy all-wool mat and a fur rug to sleep on and not once on the whole trip was I warm throughout the night. I kept my cap on and down over the ears as far as it would reach and yet frosted ears resulted, and a badly disfigured nose.

Before this reaches you I expect to be out on another trip north and northeast from here. This time I will not take the yak, as the last trip has practically put them out of commission for the year. But I will likely be able to get the Tibetans to take me into their tents and homes and we shall be able to get supplies at different places which will make it easier than the last. The only thing we are anxious about is the very high passes we shall have to cross.

Will you continue to pray for us that the Lord will keep and meet every need for this work as we push forward into the regions beyond. For this we still have a need and trust the Lord to supply it. We must begin now for our travels and lay our plans for next year. For the rest of the winter and the early spring we shall be busy here with the large numbers of guests coming for supplies and also we have many places we can visit within a few days' journey from here, thus keeping busy all winter through.

We need much prayer for keeping. Little John at times seems to become perfectly lifeless—this

we think is due to high altitude. All the time I am away Mrs. Plymire is alone here and the isolation is felt keenly. Pray that they as well as myself may be preserved for the glory of our ever blessed Lord.

Hindus Hungry for the Gospel

WE WERE in a great tent meeting in India, in one of the denominational missions preaching especially to the teachers and their families, and we noticed four educated Hindus in the meeting. We thought they belonged to the Mission Station and that was their reason for attending, but we found that was not the case. At the close of the service they came and said, "We would like to see you for a moment." I invited them over to the Mission House, and they began to speak one after another about Hinduism. For awhile all I could do was to listen, for they had it in their mind that they would make me a convert to Hinduism. When they got talked out I asked them a simple question, which was this: "Amongst all the great teachers you have in Hinduism (and they have a great many), among all the wonderful incarnations you claim to have, have you ever had one who uttered words like these, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest'?" The four of them dropped their heads and said, "No, we have no one like that." After their confession of that fact we proceeded to point them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, and they astounded me with this confession, "Mr. A., we were perfectly content with Hinduism until we came here and heard about Jesus, but since we have heard about Him we have become restless. We do not know what is the matter with us, but oh we want you to tell us about Jesus!" As a result of that conversation one of the missionaries began a Bible class with these four young Hindus that he might give them the Gospel.

During the time of the uprisings in India conditions were rather hard for many of us missionaries. Some four or five miles from our house there was a Mohammedan village, most of the people of which belonged to the Non-Co-operative Movement. We were not a welcome visitor in that village during our stay in Pottabahr. One time after we had been living on goat meat for a long time, we thought we would like to have a change and went to this Mohammedan village to buy a chicken. The chickens in India are not like you have here, however. The people gathered around our conveyance and began asking questions. We told them we were missionaries

and were there primarily to tell them about Jesus. Some of the crowd wanted us to tell them of Him, and we stayed there all afternoon and told them of Jesus the Savior of the world, but never got a chicken. We had to leave as it was getting dark, and as we were almost at the end of the village, a man called out, "Sahib, Sahib, I have some chickens I want to sell." As we stopped to look at them, another crowd gathered around our tongee (a two-wheeled cart) and we talked to them of the Gospel until pitch dark. We drove slowly home, very tired but happy that we had been able to hold two meetings in that hostile village, although we had never gotten a chicken. In our last meeting one of the Mohammedans became rather noisy and tried to draw away the crowd, so I said to the people, "Whom do you want to listen to, this fellow or me? If you want him to speak I will stop, or if I am to speak he must stop." They turned to him, and they told him he must keep quiet.

In India, baptism is the separating line between Christians and non-Christians. A man may be a known believer, a saved man, but it makes little difference with his people until he follows his Lord in baptism, but from that moment he is an outcast from his own people, from his village, and from his own caste. As I saw how the Christians were ostracized from their families I was reminded of my own experience and of the time when I followed the Lord in baptism. For two years I was estranged from my family because I dared to obey my Lord's command, but the persecutions we endure here are not to be compared with what they suffer when they accept the Gospel. They are tortured and often poisoned or secretly murdered if they openly become Christians.—*Paul Andreason in the Stone Church.*

* * *

"Hands full—too full to bear the Bread of Life to starving souls; eyes full—so full of the dust of earthly vision that they fail to see shepherdless multitudes; ears full—so full of the rattle and roar of commercialism that the sob of human lives adrift in the night never reaches them; hearts full—so full of the world and its spirit that heathendom's shivering nakedness wins no response, unless it be a shrug or a sneer. God help us! Does Gethsemane, with its agony and bloody sweat, and the judgment hall, with its crown of thorns and scourge, and Calvary, with its cross and broken heart, mean no more to us than this? Are these but the symbols of a creed, or do they stand for a life to be lived out before men? Shall we forever crucify the Son of God afresh on the cross of our own convenience? God forbid!"

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