



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



Sign-Boards Pointing to the End

In the Days of the "Iron and Clay"

Evan. W. C. Peirce in Bethel Temple, Chicago, June 20, 1926



THE Scriptures have so much to say about the Second Coming of our Lord it is strange that this truth has been so neglected throughout the major part of these two thousand years. It was the lively hope of the church from the time Jesus went away until the church became backslidden and lost its vital touch with its Master during the Dark Ages.

As a basis for my remarks I refer to Daniel's prophecy, the second chapter, the interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's dream by Daniel where he saw a man with a head of gold, his breast and arms of silver, thighs of brass, his legs iron, and his feet of iron mingled with clay. The head of gold was Nebuchadnezzar, representing that great empire of Babylon; the shoulders of silver—notice the deterioration in the metal from gold to silver, indicating the general declension in character of the world empire; the silver represented the Medo-Persian Empire which we find in history, succeeding the Babylonian Empire. This was divided into two parts, represented by the two arms, the Medes and the Persians. This was succeeded by the main trunk of brass, the Grecian Empire, which was followed by the Roman Empire, the legs of iron, which ruled the entire world, but finally degenerated into the feet of mingled iron and clay. We are especially to notice that not only the feet but the toes of the feet are made of mingled iron and clay. As iron and clay do not mix, neither do the principles of government for which they stand, mix. "Iron" represents the rule of monarchy, and "clay" the rule of the people, an ultra democracy, which I take to mean not only democracy as we have it, but a democracy like the Soviet government, in which man has dethroned God, and dethroned the king which office was instituted by God. These do not mix. They are mingled together and a blow will shatter the whole structure; it will fall to pieces. This is a picture to us of the governments from the time of Nebuchadnezzar until the end of time.

We read, "In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom"—what kings are these? The kings of the last days represented by the ten toes. If you are familiar with the

vision of Daniel you will find that these ten toes and the ten horns are the same, ten great divisions of the Roman Empire. Those of you who have kept in touch with world events know how marvelously this prophecy is being fulfilled. The old Roman Empire did not contain Germany or Russia; nor did it contain various parts of the British Empire, Ireland and India not being included. So we find great changes wrought through the World War. God wrought them. The violence of men seemed to do it, but the hearts of kings are in His hands. Men may say that the various rulers, the kings or the Kaiser brought on the last war, but I believe God had a hand in it, and while we would not say that God caused it, yet He permitted it that His purposes might be wrought out in the earth. If one nation will not do His bidding, He will take another nation to thrash it. One of the greatest hindrances to the working out of the will of God has been the Ottoman or Turkish Empire and the Mohammedan world. The last great war has accomplished something which all the missionaries that have been laboring for a hundred years past in many of the Ottoman or Islamic countries have been unable to do. To get the Gospel into Mohammedan countries they have been hammering against the walls of Mohammedanism as with tooth-picks, it would seem. We haven't had sufficient concentration of effort to carry the Gospel into these countries. The outcome has been that though there have been a few converts over the world from Mohammed to Christ, the results have been very meagre compared to what they should have been with the efforts expended.

However, during the last great war the Mohammedan countries were so involved that there were brought into their borders Christians, and especially educated people who brought to them, if not Christianity, nevertheless an understanding of what education meant with the result that young men and women in Mohammedan lands began to open their eyes. Their fathers had told them that everything they needed to know was in the Koran, and that they should never study anything outside, but here they saw men and women coming from other lands who knew more than they did, were versed in the arts and sciences and were plainly superior to the Islamic peoples and they decided they had better begin reading.

Among the Islamic youth today there is a cry, "Give us books," "Give us education," "Give us literature." "We do not want to be the backward nation of the world. We want to know something." So literature is being sent into Mohammedan countries today. I understand the "Red" literature from Moscow is being sent into Islamic countries in hundreds and thousands and millions of copies, propaganda of the proletariat of Russia. I am sorry the Gospel has not gone in as fast as it should have done.

But the key-stone of Mohammedan power was Turkey. The youth of the land headed by the prime minister Mustapha Kemal Pasha, cried out for a new order of things. Kemal came to the front, was lionized, and when the war was over, he said to the youth, "We must begin to educate our people." Only ten out of one hundred men can read and write and only one or two out of a hundred women. They said, "We will have schools and universities; we will do away with this fez," and off came the red hat. "We will wear western clothes like the other nations, instead of these oriental clothes." Off came the veils from the women. They permitted them to walk on the streets like other women, and to tear aside those customs which held their women in bondage for so many centuries.

Their calendar was changed in the year 1913. Now they follow our calendar. The key-stone of the arch of Mohammedan power was the Caliphate. The Caliph was the head of religion and politics and as the arch-potentate of Mohammedanism could dictate the policy of the entire Mohammedan world. Kemal Pasha deposed him saying, "We will have no more union of church and state," and now they are entirely separate. So the key-stone was torn out of the arch of Mohammedan power by destroying the foundation of their religion.

The other great event accomplished through the World War was *delivering Jerusalem* from the hands of the Turk. Today the Jews are returning at the rate of 2,500 a month from the stricken countries of Europe; from Russia, Germany, Poland, and some from our own land. And so God is fulfilling His purposes in getting ready for this great ten-toed image to be brought into shape.

Progress is being made at an amazing rate in Palestine, especially in agriculture. You say "The Jews are not agriculturists." No, not in this land, but they are back there. Two Englishmen went in there and erected machinery to di-

vert the waters from the Jordan. After two or three years the project failed but the Jews took hold of it, and are making a success of it. The land is surely blossoming "as a rose." One valley which had been nothing but a swamp, since the Jews have gone in, has been divided into tracts of land, and has become a most fruitful country. Thirty million dollars has been expended on hydro electric power to harness the Jordan. The great Jewish University has been established, dedicated a little over a year ago.

The Mosque of Omar which is situated on the top of Mt. Moriah, the mount on which Abraham offered up his son Isaac, and on which Solomon built his temple, is falling into decay. They applied to the authorities for permission to repair it and were denied because they could not produce a title of ownership. So it stands in a state of decay and they are looking forward to the time when the Jews shall again secure ownership of the site and erect their own temple.

Another sign of the coming of the Lord is the *religious degeneracy* throughout the world. I do not know a time when there were so many different cults springing up and finding universal favor. In the city of Chicago you have all kinds of religions from the Orient. You have Bahaimism—Baha lived in Persia and claimed to be a "christ." There are Mohammedan mosques all over the country. Then we do not have to go outside the church to find paganism. All you need to do is to go into some of our Christian churches; you will find the "dancing girls" in the church of the "Bowerie" in New York.

A few years ago if you wanted to find infidel lecturers you would find them in the auditoriums; today you will find them under the guise of Christianity, right in the pulpit. They profess the name of Jesus but they deny His power and ought not to be in the pulpit at all. What a shame for a minister of the Gospel to deny the vicarious suffering and the Virgin birth of the Lord Jesus Christ! Paul said, "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached, let him be accursed." So the curse of God is resting today on those who profess the Name of Jesus and yet are nothing more or less than infidels in the pulpit.

The *moral degeneracy* of the age is one of the signs of the times. We are living in the days of mirey clay, not only as to government but in regard to morals. Thank God for Christian fathers and mothers, but oh what a heritage this

world has for the children of the coming generation; cigarette-smoking, card-playing mothers, drinking, pleasure-loving fathers! I pity the children. They are not to blame; the parents are to blame. State legislation will not change the moral condition of our land. The schools cannot do it. Back to the old-fashioned faith of our fathers if we are to save our country from destruction! The only salvation is to establish the family altar. It is the church of Jesus Christ that is to blame for not having stuck to the old-fashioned Gospel. One of our principal judges said, "Criminal justice is flat on its back, and criminals are on top of it, sticking their fingers in its eyes."

In connection with these prophecies of Daniel there is mentioned an increase of knowledge, invention, etc.

I want just for a moment to draw your attention to a few figures. I am not making any dates about the Lord's coming. It is dangerous, spiritually, to set dates, but I want to show you how close we are to the times of the end; not only from the spiritual, moral, political and scientific standpoint, but also from what the Word of God says about the days in which we are living. In this prophecy we find the prophet saying to Nebuchadnezzar that seven times should pass over his head, referring to the entire times of the Gentiles. Seven times 360 years, would make 2520 years. If you take 2520 years from the time the Jews were carried away to Babylon it brings you down to 1934. Then we find according to those other dates that are given by Daniel, that we are brought down to the years between 1917 and 1938. During this period of twenty-one years there was a like period of twenty-one years during which they were carrying away the people from Babylon, and during these twenty-one years it would seem there were a carrying back of the people. So we find that from 1917 when Allenby entered Jerusalem, it will take twenty-one years for the Jews to return to their land. That doesn't take it very far away. We seem to be right in the end times.

Now the "mystery of iniquity"—in Second Thessalonians we find Paul writing that they should not be afraid as though the Lord Jesus would come and they be left behind. That was their idea, because someone had written them a letter that the Lord had come and left them behind. Paul wrote back, "Do not be troubled because that day cannot come except there come a falling away first and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition, whose coming will be with

all lying wonders and signs. Evidently that is the same person as mentioned in Revelation 13, the Antichrist whose coming will be with the power of Satan, for he is given power to continue for a short space. But Thessalonians says that he cannot be revealed until he that hindereth is taken out of the way. Some have thought that was the Holy Spirit, but it would seem to me it would be impossible for anybody to be saved if the Holy Spirit were removed from the earth, and we are given to understand that "for the elect's sake" the time will be shortened, and if the Holy Spirit would be taken away, no one would be saved. So it does not seem that the Holy Spirit is the "hinderer," but I believe it is the Overcoming Body of the Christian Church. You remember what is written in the 12th of Revelation, "A woman clothed with the sun and moon under her feet;" she is about ready to be delivered of a man-child, and there stands before her the dragon ready to devour the child. But when the child is brought forth it is suddenly caught up to God and to His throne. And Satan immediately follows after as though to destroy the man-child. Who is it with whom Satan is most angry? Not with the professing church but with the true Christians. There are many who have a name to live and are dead. The Spirit of God energizes this overcoming body, and it is caught up to God and His throne. Michael goes out to contend with Satan and there is great war in the heavens, a terrible battle, the echoes of which are heard on the earth, and felt in earthquakes and revolutions. At the end of this warfare there is no longer a place for Satan and the old dragon is cast down to earth: "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." He is coming back to make war with the woman who is left on earth. She flees to the wilderness. Satan follows after to destroy her, but the earth opens up and swallows the flood which pours out of the mouth of the dragon, and protects the woman; then he tries to make war with the remnant of her seed, and there is a tremendous battle. And the last three woes are yet to sound.

Now we are in the midst of these days of the end. They are making arrangements for a great peace conference to be held at Geneva, Switzerland. In 1928 representatives of the different branches of the Christian Church, the Mohammedans, the Hindoos, Buddhists, Catholics—all religions are arranging for a great religious peace

conference to back up the League of Nations. What does the Scripture say? "When they say peace and safety, then sudden destruction."

At the time some are talking peace, others are talking war. You have here the mixture of iron and clay. In the official Fascist organ, the "Impero" of Dec. 31, 1925, we read, "We must react most resolutely against the attempt to inject into the minds of our citizens the *deadening dope of everlasting peace.*"

"Nowadays an attempt is being made to induce people to believe that the present division of Europe is final. This is pure madness! All the problems which might cause war . . . not only still exist, but are *more keenly felt than ever before.*" It doesn't seem as if the clay and the iron are mixing very well. In one of your Chicago papers a whole section was devoted to war, telling of the increase of war material since the great World War. For instance, they have a gas now to which the gases used during the war will in no way compare in deadliness. There is a gas made now which they can place in several small bombs and drop over London and in three hours those nine million people will be dead. I suppose two of them would wipe Chicago off the map. That is one of the things they are talking about today along with peace.

The Conference at Geneva, held in the Spring of 1926, a preliminary conference, came to the decision that until a spirit of confidence has been injected into the mind of one nation toward another, until distrust has been removed, destruction of armament is absolutely impossible. Men do not believe in one another; this talk of the brotherhood of man is meaningless. The natural heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked. Men are ready to kill each other. No one will trust his brother. Universal world peace is "paper talk." One minister in Northern Ohio said, "We cannot expect world peace until the children of this generation are properly schooled in the principles of peace." That sounds very well but how much world peace are they teaching in the schools? God help us.

I might tell of startling events in different countries, but I will speak particularly of Italy inasmuch as Mussolini seems to be a prominent figure today. It was on the 21st of March, 1926, that a million men, Fascists, gathered together in the city of Rome for a great demonstration; it was the occasion of the anniversary of the founding of Rome and the Fifth Anniversary of the Fascist regime. These men heralded Mussolini

as "Emperor of the Restored Roman Empire." Perhaps you do not realize the significance of that. In Rev. 17:10, we read, "And there are seven kings; five are fallen (five Roman Emperors, Julius Caesar, Tiberius Caesar, Caligula Caesar, Claudius Caesar and Nero Caesar—had fallen—died violent deaths), *one is* (Domitian was then reigning) *and the other is not yet come.*"

After the sixth was dethroned there never was another; the seventh "is yet to come." But one million men have already proclaimed Mussolini as emperor, and Mussolini himself has declared 1926 to be an empire year.

The spirit of the empire is the spirit of conquest. The papers are saying the population of Italy is too great for its size. Since the United States is placing restrictions on immigration and the Italians cannot come to the United States, it is physically impossible for their multiplying population to be taken care of—"We must have more territory" they say. One paper said, "We shall yet take France." Mussolini made his trip across the Mediterranean to the African colonies, ostensibly to visit their own possessions, but it was nothing more or less, the European countries believed, than a threat. It looks as though Mussolini might be the "seventh emperor." When he comes he "will continue for a short space." There have been prophecies made that Mussolini was to be assassinated this year. It has already been tried.

There are several other facts that have come to my mind just now. You know the demons know something of what is coming to pass. Before the war a missionary was on the border of Tibet, in 1914. He had gone there to watch a great religious celebration among the Tibetans as they gathered together, and a medicine man dancing around grabbed a dagger and running toward the missionary began brandishing it at him, and said, "This is what your people are doing." The missionary did not know that the World War had broken out, but this devil doctor discerned it. Then subsequently one of the devil doctors said, "Our gods have gone to your country." They were having at that time unparalleled success in missionary work; it seemed as though the devils had truly left and gone to Europe.

In India at the same time a general from the English Army was talking to a Brahmin prophet who said to him, "There will be a great war in which all nations will be gathered together. Great

destruction will take place. Your country will suffer." The general of the army laughed at him, thought that he didn't know what he was talking about, but it was only a few months until he was called to the trenches. After the war was over, in 1918, he came across this same prophet in Alexandria, Egypt, who said, "Didn't I tell you there was going to be a great war?" "You were right, but you were wrong, too," he answered. "It didn't hurt our country." "Yes," answered the prophet, "but just you wait. Inside of ten years there will be a great war to which the last one was nothing." Ten years brings it to 1928.

Since the Treaty of Versailles was signed, and the League of Nations formed, there have been ten men who have had the controlling power in the League. And when they tried to put the eleventh in, a representative of Germany, it fell through. Germany was not in the Roman Empire and didn't get into the League. It seemed like an ordinary procedure but God surely had a hand in it.

Oh, we are living in days filled with awful possibilities. The days are coming in which, as

Lloyd George says, "The world is arming through sheer fear." I do not know that Mussolini will be the Antichrist, but it looks as though he would be the seventh emperor, and the eighth one "was, is not, and yet shall be"—the eighth is doubtless the Antichrist.

Here we have iron rule on the one hand, and on the other ultra red democracy. Hence there will be an awful struggle some of these days. When it breaks it will break all over the world. Red Russia says, "We are looking not only for one country to break into war; what we want is an international civil war," and they are working toward that end.

What are *we working for?* The Word says, "Watch and pray that ye may be counted worthy to escape these things and stand before the Son of Man." When you see all these things come to pass are you going to put your head in your hands and weep? No! Bend back your head and look up! Your redemption draweth nigh! We are right in the time of the end and there is no time to be lost. Let us be sure to be in the ranks of the overcomers who have the upward gaze.

Varied Types of the Holy Spirit

The Seven Torches Representing the Spirit in Action

Pastor Philip Wittich in The Stone Church, April 17, 1926



HERE were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God." Rev. 4:5, 1. c.

We have here one of the numerous types of the Holy Ghost, who is here compared with seven torches. The person and ministry of the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the divine Godhead is so precious and also so multifarious that the Bible uses a number of types to speak of the same person, according to that person's activity. For instance, we have as one of the first types of the Holy Ghost the "turtle dove," which in Hebrew means "one that is traveling around and exploring the land," and also "one that is guiding the people." A turtle dove was also used in the sacrifices of the Jews when it was to typify our Lord as the Christ or Anointed One. The Lord tells us of the Holy Ghost that He shall guide us and lead us into the whole truth; therefore the turtle dove is used as one of the types of the Holy Ghost.

We have also that type expressed in the ministry of Eliezer the servant of Abraham who

went to a distant land to get a bride for Isaac. He guided Rebecca to the tent of Isaac, so the Holy Spirit guides us safely to the meeting place in the air when our Lord Jesus Christ shall appear to claim His bride. Aside from the turtle dove the common dove is a type of the Holy Ghost. It is mentioned first in the life of Noah. After he had released the raven, a type of our old, sinful nature, he let the dove fly, though the waters had not all receded at that time. There you have the Holy Spirit typified as a tender dove. He will naturally settle down on people and do His precious work in their hearts when there is no more judgment upon them. When all the waters of judgment upon the face of the earth had passed away, the dove was let out of the ark and it brought back, in its bill, a branch of the olive tree, to signify that new life had sprouted out of judgment and death because of the nature that God had given the olive tree, it withstood all the attacks of salt water. A year after the waters had abated the dove found only one tree that had sprouted. Who is the One of all men who went down into the waters of judgment and came out alive because of the Holy Ghost in

Him? The dove here comes as an agent bringing a resurrected Christ to obedient believers. Noah is a type of obedient believers and to him is brought the message of new life sprouting out of this world to show who believed the Lord. The Holy Spirit brings to us the branch of the resurrection life of our precious Olive Tree, the Lord Jesus Christ, assuring us that His death has settled our sins, and with His resurrection has justified us before God. That brings peace, when we know that we are justified—not before men, but before God.

Then again we find the Holy Ghost typified by water. In Ex. 17:6, Moses was told to smite the rock. That rock was called in Hebrew *Tsur*, which means something very hard and flinty. When Moses obeyed the Lord and struck the rock with his rod, which stood for judgment, that rock gave forth water and Israel drank thereof. The rock that was smitten typified Christ. He was smitten by the rod of God's judgment and righteousness, in our behalf, and when He was struck on Calvary He gave forth His life and Spirit. The water gushing out of that smitten rock is another type of the Holy Ghost as He is poured by our crucified and glorified Lord into such as want these waters of life.

Then we have in Ezekiel 47 a very beautiful and instructive lesson. There the prophet was told to go into a river, and as he went the waters came to his ankles. As he went further out, the water came to his knees and then to his hips. Finally it became so deep that the prophet had to swim in it. There you have another type of the Holy Ghost. He first comes to our ankles and teaches us how to walk a holy life. Then He comes up to our loins and teaches us how to bear fruit in our lives, and finally He comes up to where we have to swim, so that He is not only in us but we in the Holy Ghost. Many saints have waded into the water ankle-deep, and are just playing in the water. They are satisfied with the ankle experience. Others let the water come up to their knees, where they pray. Others are in the water to their hips enabling them to work, but such as want His fulness plunge in to swim. They are like fish. There is something peculiar about a fish. It is in the water and the water is also in the fish. The Holy Ghost is not something for us just to possess, but the Holy Ghost wants to possess us.

Then again we have another type of the Holy Ghost and that is rain. In Zech. 10:1, we read, "Ask you of Jehovah rain in the time of the latter rain; even of Jehovah that maketh lightnings,

and He will give us showers of rain, to everyone grass in the field." The Holy Ghost is compared here to rain. Just as rain refreshes vegetation, so the Holy Ghost refreshes man. The rain comes from above. So does the Holy Spirit. It is refreshing to the believer. Just as the land needs frequent rains to bring forth vegetation, so we as saints must never be satisfied with the one experience of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. We must always ask the Lord in these last days of the "latter rain" to send the showers of the Holy Ghost, that our faith and whole Christian life shall be verdant with the life of God.

Again, the Holy Spirit is compared with "wind." That word "wind" in Hebrew, *Ruach*, really means "breath." The Lord Jesus tells Nicodemus that the new birth, being born of the Spirit is as incomprehensible as the action of the wind. You do not know from whence it comes or whither it goes. Do not try to discover it with your finite mind, but if you want a real refreshing and quickening, let Him with His Spirit breathe upon you. What is wind? Wind is air in motion. Whenever the air is not in motion what is the effect? It becomes foul and stagnant. But as soon as you open the windows and doors, you can feel a draft. So in the spiritual realm. When we live without the Spirit our whole atmosphere becomes foul, fleshy, stagnant. But when God is permitted to breathe upon us with the Spirit of His own Being, life comes into us. I thank God for the breathing of the Spirit.

Then we have also in connection with this thought the prayer of the bride, "Come thou, O North wind; and come, thou, O South wind. Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out." The Holy Spirit has different ways of dealing with the saints. The north wind brings cold chills, and the south wind brings warmth, and so there is in the operation of the Holy Ghost a double action; with saints, not with sinners. Sometimes the Lord has to breathe upon us with the chills of the north wind, and then again He comes with the warmth of the south wind just as nature needs those two winds. We, the plantings of God, need the cold blasts, and then again the warm blasts. What are your cold chills? You thought when you received the baptism the saints would be carrying you around on their hands and you would be treated lovely by everybody. Then you hear someone talk about you and some brother doesn't look at you as pleasantly as he might, or fails to shake hands with you. Real bride souls do not complain about this. They say, "Come thou, north wind

and blow upon us." That old flesh life has to be chilled. There is a kind of growth that needs to die and that is the growth of the self-life. The "old man" must be put down and then the warm winds of the Holy Ghost will blow upon the new man in us. Now don't expect the warm south winds to blow on the old flesh. That would make it grow and you would remain a carnal Christian like the Galatians. No, let the north wind blow on that old self-life until it is withered and blasted. You sometimes get a blast of cold air from the platform. What does that mean? It is the Holy Ghost that blows on the self-life and it chills to the bone. Perhaps the man through whom the blast comes isn't aware that it is blowing on you and you say, "If this keeps up I will never come back to this church again." Then you look for a place where the warm south wind is blowing, but you are in danger if it blows on the self-life. The north wind is for the old self; the south wind is for the new life.

The Holy Ghost is also compared with the dew. There is a wonderful passage in Hosea 14:5. When there is no wind or clouds and the sun is not shining, then the dew falls. In the wilderness they found the manna, but it did not rest on the earth directly. First the dew fell, and upon the dew came the manna. The dew had an exhilarating, reviving action on the manna. So when you feast on Jesus, the manna which came down from heaven, the Holy Ghost makes Him palatable and sweet to your soul. The Holy Ghost is to God's people like the dew.

You have often read about the fleece that Gideon put out. He asked the Lord to let the fleece be wet and the ground around it dry. Later on he asked the Lord to reverse it. The dew here is an unmistakable type of the Holy Ghost in His refreshing, reviving action upon the saints. The first time the dew fell on the fleece is a sign that the Holy Ghost was once with Israel and the rest of the nations were without the dew, but the time came when Israel typified by the fleece, rejected Jesus, and when they rejected Him, the dew ceased to fall on Israel but is now falling on us Gentile believers.

Now you understand the invitation of the Lord when He stands at the door and says, "Open my bride, my perfect one, for my locks are dripping with dew." Whenever the Lord comes near we feel the atmosphere of the Holy Ghost, for Jesus is the Anointed One, and whenever He appears the Holy Ghost will come down on you and me.

Then in the pillar of cloud we have a type of

the Holy Ghost. The word "cloud" in Hebrew means "to cover." In I. Cor. 10 we read that the Lord appeared unto the Jews in a cloud. In Numbers we have a very clear passage where it says the Lord was speaking out of the cloud. The *Lord* here is Jesus, the cloud is the Holy Ghost, so the cloud is a type of the Holy Ghost as He guides us. When the cloud moved, Israel had to move, and when the cloud stopped, Israel had to stop. It speaks of that activity of the Holy Ghost which guides and directs the believer. That cloud was bright in the night, a flame; in the day time it was a shade. So it is a type of the Holy Ghost who will be a light in the dark hour of our testings and trials, and in the dark night of this world. He will also act as a shade when the fierce rays of persecution fall upon the saints of God.

Another type is the oil, which causes the lamps to burn. The Holy Spirit causes our own spiritual life to burn. Christ cannot shine in our hearts unless we have the Holy Ghost in us. The "oil" is called in Hebrew the "golden one." In Zech. 4:12 the olive oil is called "the gold" because it has that golden color. "Gold," or yellow is one of the basic colors of the Bible and speaks of the Holy Ghost just as "blue" points to the Father and "red" to the Son. Just one illustration out of the tabernacle. There were a number of boards on either side. On the north, south and west side there were eight boards, and these boards were made out of certain imperishable wood overlaid with gold. Wood is a type of our humanity. Gold is a type of God's nature or Deity. These boards are a type of the believers who are human but overlaid with the gold of the divine nature of our Lord Jesus Christ. And the making of that is by the Holy Ghost. The more we have the Holy Ghost in us the more we will shine like gold.

There is still another type: the fire. Fire burns everything that is combustible. Fire has a double action. It will destroy what is destructible. It will purify that which is left. Wood subject to fire is reduced to ashes, but if I would throw a lump of gold ore into the fire, the dross would be separated; the gold would not be destroyed but purified and released from dross by the heat of the fire. There you have the action of the Holy Spirit, the fire process of which the Lord speaks so often in the Bible, the baptism of fire,—"I have a baptism that ye know not of." The fire will destroy that which is not lasting and enduring. In this respect our old nature is com-

pared to wood. It cannot stand the testings of fire, and the old self-life will never stand the testings of the Holy Ghost. If you want to reach perfection you will experience something that is very hard on you. The wood of your self-life will be reduced to ashes. There is something in wood that would injure me if I were to kick against it with my foot, because of its hardness, but if reduced to ashes, it could not hurt no matter how much I would kick it. The Lord knows how much of the hardness of the old nature there is in the believer; therefore, He sends the fire of the Holy Ghost to burn it out and when there is no more hardness the saint is in a pretty good way for the ash-heap. Then the Lord says He will give him beauty for ashes. But the beauty will not come until the old self is burned to ashes.

That which is destructive to the wood is helpful to the gold in the ore, and if we have the divine nature in us mingled with the dross of the self-life, the Lord has to put us in the fire. Some people think that is the end. It is the end of the self-life and the gold of Christ's life will come out pure and free. The Lord has to send down the Holy Ghost as a releasing fire, to separate the gold from the dross.

Then the last type is that of the torches. The Holy Ghost is compared to torches. In our text we read, "And there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven spirits of God." Why is the Holy Spirit compared here with torches and in all the other instances He is not? Because in Revelation God opens to you a new vision; a vision that after the church age there will come a season where God will purify Israel and the nations and punish them for rejecting the blood of Jesus and the ministry of the Holy Spirit. And in that fire will go not only the nations but all those who claim to be Christians and still have the dross of the self-life in them.

Now this throne that we have been meditating upon is not a throne of grace, but a throne of judgment, and therefore the Holy Ghost is not sent as dew, or rain, or as water, but He is sent there as flaming torches. In other words He is showing you the Triune God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, as all these three Persons in the Godhead are sending down their righteous, holy and divine wrath upon the earth that has rejected the love of God, the grace of Christ and the wooings of the Spirit. So the Holy Spirit depicted in the form of seven torches and visible as such to John, is the Spirit in action as judging and punishing those that have rejected

the grace of God. The fiery furnace speaks of the action and preparation of the Holy Ghost, and beloved, the greatest judgment that ever was passed upon this earth was passed on our Lord Jesus Christ when He hung on Calvary as our substitute. In Christ, the perfect sacrifice of the Father, your sins and mine, your wicked nature and mine were all condemned and judged, and that is part of the action of the Holy Ghost, condemning sin in the sinner.

Here the seven torches are actions of the Holy Ghost in that period which we are approaching. Praise God we will not be in it. We are to receive these periods in our lives and judge ourselves so that when we come up, we will come up as our Lord; but the rest of the people will find the Holy Spirit coming down like seven torches, meeting out the judgments of the Father and the wrath of the Lamb of God. You understand now why John saw the Holy Spirit as torches.

Why is the Holy Spirit seen as seven torches? You will find a beautiful answer in Isaiah 11. We all know that the "shoot" or "sprout" spoken of in the first verse is our Lord Jesus Christ. The Holy Spirit shall rest upon Him, as described in the next verse, "the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of Jehovah. And his delight shall be in the fear of Jehovah. And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears," therefore the Holy Spirit is called the seven torches because He has a seven-fold ministry. First, the ministry of imparting unto us what He is Himself. He is the Spirit of wisdom. Wisdom is something that belongs only to God. It comes from God, is originally with God. The Holy Spirit is called the Spirit of Wisdom because He imparts to the believer that which is really original in God. You find that the holy men in the Old and New Testament were men of great divine wisdom, because the spirit of wisdom rested upon them. There is no wisdom in us apart from God. It is all in God for it is part of the nature of God Himself, and only as we are filled with the Holy Ghost are we also being filled with the wisdom of God.

He is called the spirit of understanding, which means the faculty of understanding between right and wrong. Understanding belongs to God but understanding is that which brings wisdom, and when we have wisdom we have discernment between that which is false and that which is true. What we need is a greater amount of the seven-

fold Spirit so that we may be more like God and that we may know whether the devil is imitating anything that God has produced, and know the real from the imitation. Let us pray more for wisdom and understanding. Counsel is wisdom put in operation. A man who has received the wisdom of God will be able to counsel others just as Christ is the great Counsellor because He has the Spirit of Wisdom to such a degree as no human being can ever have.

Then we have the "Spirit of might," the Spirit of power. The more you are possessed with the Holy Ghost, the greater is your power. There is no power in the creature, there is no power, especially, in the sinner, but there is power in God. The Holy Ghost is called the Spirit of power and might because He brings that which gives power and might to live a holy life and to resist every action on the part of the flesh, the world, and the devil.

We find also that the Holy Spirit is called the Spirit of knowledge. That word "knowledge" is used mostly in reference to the Word of God. Oh how we need this Spirit of knowledge in these days! The more we are anointed with the Holy Ghost the better are we able to understand this Book. It is marvelous how God is unfolding the Word to us in these days. Human intelligence cannot understand the Word of God, but the reason He is unfolding it to many is because they have a deep desire that God through the Holy Spirit may unfold it in order that it shall no more be a sealed, but an open Book. This Bible has been written, not for angels, but for sinners and saints; yet it is a dead book unless the Holy Spirit as the Spirit of knowledge unfolds it to us. As we hunger and thirst for the Word, the Holy Spirit enlightens us. It seems to me as if God from time to time pulls the veil of our dull, human understanding from our eyes so that we can see more of the divine truths in His Book.

The Holy Spirit is also called the Spirit of the fear of Jehovah. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. If the Spirit of God rests upon us as on Jesus, He will give us also that which is brought out here. He will put a holy fear in our heart which is to be distinguished from the fear of the sinner. I am sorry to say we are not finding the Spirit of the fear of Jehovah and of a quick understanding of that fear among God's people. The fear lest we in any way disobey God and grieve the Spirit is scarcely found even in such as make the highest claims. We will find in our hearts either one fear or the

other. There is not a person within the hearing of these words but has either the fear of man or the fear of God in his heart. If the fear of God possesses us, we lose the fear of man. That doesn't mean that we are to be unkind to our brethren but when the fear of God takes hold of us we will not be swayed by any influence, but will be asking of God, "What wouldst Thou have me do to be pleasing to Thee?"

As God has been leading me through the Spirit for a number of years I have passed through many crises when I was not able to tell from the Word what I should do. I remember just an instance. I received at one time two invitations to minister to two Pentecostal assemblies; one a very large congregation with an opportunity to give forth the Word to many hearers; the other, a little, out-of-the-way mission where my opportunities to bring the truth of God would be very small. In the natural I would say that God wanted my ministry in the large place so that more people could hear the truth. I waited upon the Lord but could not get His mind because my mind worked. So I laid both invitations on my desk and said to the Lord, "I will not write to either of these brethren until Thou dost speak to me." Then the matter almost passed out of my mind. I think it was a week after I made this agreement that as I was sitting at my desk my eyes glanced at those two letters and the Lord spoke as with an audible voice, regarding the letter from the small mission, "That is the place to which I want you to go." The fear of God keeps us from planning for ourselves. Whenever I have let Him plan for me I have found He was leading me into safe places. May God give us more of the Spirit of the fear of Jehovah, and the Spirit of a quick understanding.

Why is the Holy Ghost typified also by the number *seven*? The Hebrew word *Shebah* means to be full, to be satisfied, and comes from the word *Shabah*, which means to desist, to rest. From that we get the word Sabbath, when man desists from labor. The Holy Spirit has the effect on the believer that when He is enabled to take absolute control of a saint, He will give that saint a quiet, restful spirit and he will no more worry or fret but will rest in God, knowing that God will make no mistakes. That is the "rest" about which Paul wrote to the Hebrews, "There remaineth yet a rest for the people of God,"—not from physical labor, but a rest from the worries, the complainings and the schemings of the old flesh; perfect rest in God.

I knew a dear brother in Columbus, Ohio, now with the Lord, who had this "rest." He was just a common laborer, very ignorant, and with no education whatever, but God saved him and filled him with the Holy Spirit. His wife bitterly opposed him; she claimed to be saved but fought him on account of the baptism in the Holy Spirit. It is a very poor salvation that will fight the Holy Ghost. Our dear brother came regularly to the meetings and in those days Pentecostal meetings lasted a long time, sometimes all night. That dear brother would get home sometimes at two or three in the morning, which would arouse the old nature in his wife, who was determined to put a stop to this. One night it was raining very hard and when our brother came home he found the door locked. It was a cold night, and the rain was freezing as it came down. Finding the door locked he crawled into a store box and spent the night there, praising the Lord. When his wife awoke in the morning and found his bed empty she became alarmed. As she opened the door he crawled out of the box and greeted her pleasantly, which completely broke her heart. She cried to God for forgiveness. It was the Holy Spirit who gave him such grace. From that time on she never opposed him and it wasn't long until she too was filled with the Holy Ghost, and stayed at the meetings as late as he did. The Holy Spirit gives us that sweet rest so we will not be excited or disturbed. It is, therefore, typified as the seven-fold Spirit, for when He has an opportunity fully to possess us, He will give us that divine rest.

Too Late

ONE MONTH TOO LATE IN COMING

AT a prayer-meeting in a country neighborhood in western Washington, a young man appeared to be much convicted of sin. He was urged to give his heart to God immediately. He hesitated, but finally said: "No, I will surrender to God when I am done hauling logs; I have a month to work yet." Four weeks from that day he and a young friend went bathing in Lake Lacomas. He was using profane language while undressing. Plunging into the lake, he swam into the deep, cold water, was taken with a cramp, screamed wildly for help, then sank to the bottom—drowned. He was one month too late.

ONE WEEK TOO LATE IN COMING

A lady in Scotland became greatly concerned about her soul. One night she was so troubled she could not sleep, but walked the floor in great

distress of mind. At last she sat down and wrote in her diary: "Next week I will attend to the salvation of my soul." She then retired and slept soundly. The next day she went into scenes of pleasure and gaiety. The day following she was taken violently ill, and soon became delirious. Before her death the delirium left her mind long enough for her to say: "I am one week too late! I am lost!"

ONE NIGHT TOO LATE IN COMING

One night at a revival meeting a young lady was urged to repent. She said: "I will seek God tomorrow night." The next evening her mother found that she intended to go to a ball, and she begged her not to go. She replied: "I will go if I die," and went upstairs to prepare. A young man called to take her to the ball-room. She was called, but did not answer. Her mother went to her room, and found her sitting before the glass, as though putting a ribbon in her hair—but she was a corpse! She waited one night, lost her dance, and lost her soul!

ONE HOUR TOO LATE IN COMING

A young lady in New York attended a revival meeting with her parents. A pious aunt became greatly burdened and distressed for the young lady, who was unconverted. At last she went to her and earnestly pleaded with her to come at once and seek God; but she refused. At the close of the meeting she started home with her parents. A few rods from church the team became frightened, and overturned the sleigh. The young lady was violently thrown against a telegraph pole and instantly killed. She was one hour too late!—Selected.

* * *

A delayed correction: In the issue of Nov., 1925, we published an item stating that through Bro. Glover, who was then in New Zealand, \$5,000 was raised for the new church building in Wellington. Pastor Roberts writes a correction. He says the amount given was just £400; another £100 was lent without interest by a sister, making the amount £500 or about \$2,000.

* * *

The Fifth Annual Campmeeting for the Western end of the Eastern District, Assemblies of God, will be held, D. V., at Heinz' Grove, Westview, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 8-31. The speakers will be Evan. Jack Saunders, Lethbridge, Alta, Can., E. S. Williams, Philadelphia, Pa., and Jos. Tunmore, Pittsburgh, Pa. For further information write Nimrod Park, 7103 Kedron, Pa., H. H. Moss, Sec'y.

* * *

STARTLING SIGNS OF GREAT WORLD CHANGES, SOON TO TAKE PLACE, A new book for the present Momentous Hour, by D. M. Panton, Jas. McAllister, and A. Sims. The signs given that we are in the closing hours of this age are indeed startling, but they are supported by overwhelming evidence. Price, 25 cents.

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Notes

God's Plan

Thou, Christ, to my heart hath revealed
How great is Thy love e'en for me;
So speak,—let my life be unsealed
That others be drawn unto Thee.

Thy loveliness, Jesus Divine,
Unveil to the world, in its need
To know, blessed Lord, it is Thine;
For it, did Thy heart ache and bleed.

"My child, someone trusteth in thee
To die and so live as to prove
That guiding thee always, is He
Who shines through thy heart with His love."

'Tis true, that our God in His plan
To win to Himself those now lost,
Anointed, dependeth on man
Whom He saved at terrible cost.

Mary Lovett.

How God Killed a Tumor

WHEN visiting in Scotland some years ago we had precious fellowship with Mrs. Annie Angus, of Ladybank, Fifeshire, who has had many deep experiences with the Lord, especially along the line of Divine Healing. She sends us the following testimony of a recent deliverance:

For the glory of God I feel I must tell you what the Lord has done for me. In the beginning of January, 1925, I took sharp pains in my left breast. As time went on, they became more severe. Then a hard lump appeared on the one side with something like the first joint of a finger growing out of it. After about six months I began to lose power in my arm; could scarcely raise it or lift anything of the slightest weight; my whole system began to be affected, and I became alarmed. I wrote to you people for prayer, but realizing it would take some time I felt I

must comply with James 5:14, and sent for Pastor Small of East Wemyss, my nearest elder, and also asked Mrs. Halley of Edinburgh to pray for me. No sooner had I done that than the Lord gave me the words, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." For three days those words stood out before me; the word "thee" became so large and prominent that I realized God was speaking to me personally. I received a letter saying these friends felt led to come and pray for me. The day before they came, one of my brothers in the ministry called and advised me to see a doctor at once; he laughed at the idea of being anointed, saying that the days of miracles were past, that science had come to the front so much, God expected us to honor it. I said I preferred to trust the Word of God since His Word cannot change.

I was anointed with oil and rested my case in the hands of the Lord. This was on Wednesday. On the following Monday I started to do a three or four hours' light washing on the words which were given me in the morning, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Praise God, I used my left arm freely, something I had not done for some time. That was in June, 1925. In June, 1926, a local doctor examined my breast and said the whole breast would have had to be cut off, as well as under the arm, but that it was now dead; that such a thing had never been heard of in the medical profession as a rooted tumor being killed without the knife. God had killed it. But he said that I was not yet out of trouble, that the whole thing might come back again. I told him that the same God who healed it before could heal it again if it came back. I have now the full use of my arm, lifting heavy weights. Occasionally I have had a few pains and Satan tries to put fear in my heart, but the Lord assures me that He will keep what He has healed.

What a wonderful God we have! How faithfully He fulfils His Word when He speaks! I am so glad the days of miracles are not past. It is now over seven years since I burst one of the main blood-vessels of the heart and lost two pints of blood. My husband 'phoned for the doctor at midnight to get a death certificate in case I passed away. The doctor gave me up for a week, but when dying I got the words, "Lean thou on God," and then, as many times before He gave the victory. I recovered at once and was up in three weeks. The doctor said that God had done more for me in three weeks than he could have done in three months. It was the first case

he had witnessed of "Divine Healing"; no drugs, no help of any kind, but God. He had often heard of it, he said, and was interested in seeing

it worked out. I am sixty-eight and my heart is stronger than ever. What He heals He keeps, glory to His Name.

Giving Out of Their Poverty How Christians Sacrificed in India



HE Dawn of the Nineteenth Century was the beginning of a new era for Christian America. It marked the birth of missionary societies in the New England States, and with that great missionary awakening there came for the first time, organizations among the women. The pioneer organization for Foreign Missions is said to have been The Boston Female Society for Missionary Purposes, established in 1800. The women had little to give because women were not earning or controlling money at that time, but they gave themselves to prayer, and they organized hundreds of Female Cent Societies, Mite Societies and Female Praying Societies. The egg money, the butter money and the rag money was theirs to spend in missions and they spent it in that noble cause.

The first legacy received by the American Board of Foreign Missions was given by Sally Thomas, a poor woman supporting herself as a domestic servant. Her wages never exceeded the pittance of 50 cents a week, and from this sum in a long and industrious life she managed to save the remarkable sum of \$345.83, which she bequeathed at her death to the American Board. The Missionary Society received many bequests but none that meant more sacrifice than that.

It meant more for those early contributors to give a dollar than for some of us today to give a hundred, for the country was poor and there was little opportunity to earn money. In 1813 a letter was sent to the American Board containing a check for \$177, which was composed of the following items:

From an obscure female, who kept the money for many years, waiting for a proper opportunity to bestow it upon a religious object, \$100. From an aged woman in Barnet, Vt., being the avails of a small dairy the past year, \$10. From the same, being the avails of two superfluous garments, \$10. From the Cent Society in this place (Bath, N. H.), being half their annual subscription, \$11. My own donation, being the same hitherto expended in ardent spirits in my family, but now totally discontinued, \$5. From a woman in extreme indigence, \$1.00.

A pastor's family, having no money to give, made an offering of a silver coffee pot. The

coffee pot and this story went to a meeting where \$300 were contributed into it, and fifty years later, \$500. In 1893 it was brought to the World's Fair in Chicago, with its sweet old story of love and sacrifice, and "more than \$3,000 were contributed for missions into its historic depths."

From the dawn of missions until the present day, the spirit of sacrifice has stamped itself on missionary activity, home and abroad. The spirit of sacrifice begets the same spirit, and the spiritual children that are born because of the sacrifice of loving hearts at home, partake of that same self-denial.

One of the most remarkable monuments to the sacrifice of Indian Christians, is a large church which has been erected at Medek, in the Nizam's Dominions, Hyderabad. This church was dedicated at Christmas time with a very impressive service, when native converts came in thousands for many miles to participate. For ten years these Indian Christians toiled and sacrificed for this church, and contributed 50,000 rupees toward its erection.

The following notes taken from an account of the opening of the church, tell of the gifts given at the dedication:

"A heathen goldsmith from Machella came a hundred miles and traveled all the way and took his meals (regardless of caste) with our elders and teachers. When he saw the great crowd of thousands who had gathered from all over Hyderabad, he said, 'I have been to all the great festivals of the Hindus, and there thousands of people are drunk and all sorts of wickedness goes on, but I have never seen such true faith. Surely this is the true God.' The next morning he brought Rs. 5 and laid it at the feet of Jesus."

* * *

"A high caste woman from beyond the Godavary, who had often heard of the building of the great temple, determined that she also would come and pray there. She said, 'My heart has been full of distress and I want to go with the Christian teacher's wife and give an offering to the true God.' Her caste friends teased her and tried to dissuade her from going, saying that there was plague all around Medak, but she replied, 'Even if I die there I will go and worship Yesu Swami.' She traveled with a Christian

company more than 100 miles, bringing a sheep for her thank offering."

* * *

"A toddy drawer, who spends his life in climbing trees and drawing toddy, the milk of the palm tree, traveled nearly 70 miles at his own cost, and brought Rs. 4, coming up to the communion rail and asking for prayer."

* * *

"A sick shepherd, 90 miles away, having made sacrifices to all the local gods came to the teacher, and when he heard of the opening of the new church he said that he would go there and make his offering. He traveled with his out-caste friends and came and knelt at the communion rail, bringing a sheep and asking our prayers over him."

* * *

"The Governor of Medak District called the Hindus together and told them that Hinduism was dying out because they neglected their worship, but a new Christian temple was built and all the poor people were joining the Christian religion. He warned them that unless they cared as much for their Hindu religion as the Christians care for their Christian God, Hinduism was sure to die. He pointed out that all the temples in the District were going to ruin and neglected whilst *fifty thousand Christians* were all subscribing to build a beautiful temple to the Christian God."

* * *

"A Brahmin who was the master of a poor out-caste Christian, in December last when the harvest was cut, put aside a large head of rice to be given to Mysamma, goddess of the water reservoirs and of harvest, but his Christian servant, John, begged him not to give it to this deaf and dumb idol that had not saved him in the time of famine, but urged him to send it to the Opening of the New Church at Medak, and to lay it at the feet of Jesu Swami. Eventually he sent Rs. 10 and 128 pounds of rice to be laid at the feet of Jesus."

* * *

"The witness of a heathen: As one party of our Christian elders and evangelists traveled through the country they met a group of Hindu land-owners and village chiefs and showed them the picture of the New Church that was now complete. The chief man said, 'We used to think that Christianity would soon pass away and that the Padre Sahib would leave the country and then you would all be out-caste slaves again, but now we know that your religion has come to our country forever, and we wish to worship your God and send our offering.' These men made a collection among themselves and sent thirteen sheep as their contribution for the Opening of the Church."

* * *

"A sick farmer's wife of high caste: She had

worshipped all the gods on the country-side and came with our evangelist. She walked up to the church with her offerings of Rs. 5, knelt down and asked that we would pray for her."

* * *

"A poor old Christian woman, half naked, wore such old rags that our Pastor felt ashamed to ask her for anything when he was going round preparing for this great collection. But when he left the village without taking anything from her, she ran after him and fell at his feet and said, 'Do not leave me out. I too would like to bring something though I have only these rags. I will surely bring one Rupee.' For days she went to the fields where the harvests had been gathered and gleaned and swept up the fallen grains until she at last had gathered one large basket, value one Rupee, which she carried on her head and brought to the feet of Jesus."

* * *

"A poor leper woman who had no fingers and no toes, who was almost an absolute beggar, came running after the Pastor, saying that she too would somehow bring one Rupee, and within the fortnight she saved and she starved until she had gathered one Rupee which she brought in her fingerless hands and laid at the feet of her Savior."

* * *

"An old woman called Lydia, who died a month ago, had been longing to live until the Opening of the great Church to which she had subscribed for ten years. When she was dying she called her Pastor, and untying the necklace which she had worn ever since her marriage, asked him to take that and sell it and on the day of the Opening to lay it at the feet of Jesus as her gift. It was sold for Rs. 17 and the elders of her village brought it in a bag in the name of old Lydia as her last gift to her Savior."

* * *

What an encouragement to the missionary who has toiled without results, to read of such an array of consecrated hearts on the part of the Christians, and deep interest manifested by the heathen! It will put courage into the faintest heart and enable those with deepest trials to sing a song of victory.

The Meeting in the Air

THIS Bible tells of some wonderful meetings that took place in days gone by. I am sure that was a wonderful meeting, in the beginning of time when God, Jehovah and the Holy Spirit met together and took counsel for the ages to come. Our God arranged this meeting before ever the stars twinkled through the sky and the sun or moon shone down upon this world.

That must have been a remarkable meeting

when God came down and walked in the Garden with Adam and Eve. No doubt He was accompanied with myriads of angels who sang celestial music, but there is a meeting of which the Word tells us which will far exceed those meetings at the dawn of creation.

That was a wonderful meeting when God came down and talked with Moses face to face concerning the children of Israel; that was a wonderful day when they celebrated the parting of the waters of the Red Sea; Miriam played her tambourine, the women danced and sang the song of deliverance, but there is a meeting in store for us that will far exceed that, the meeting in the air.

That was an awe-inspiring meeting when God gave the law to the children of Israel. I see the thousands gathering around that mountain, as the orders went forth that the people should not come near the base of the mountain. The lightnings flashed and the thunders rolled, the mountain quaked and roared, and the people saw the mighty power of God. But that meeting cannot be compared to the meeting when the trumpet of God will sound, when God speaks from heaven and the dead in Christ will come forth out of their graves and we be caught up to meet the Lord in the air.

That was a wonderful meeting that day on Mt. Carmel when all Israel came together, summoned by the prophet. I see that mighty man of God as he stood there and proved that the God he served was the Living God. I see the people breathless as he commanded, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." And as the fire came down from heaven and consumed the sacrifice the people fell on their faces and cried, "The Lord, He is the God!"

But as sure as the false prophets were exposed and met their doom, so will sinners today fall under the judgment of God at the great and terrible day of the Lord if they do not get right with God. The meeting in the air will be nothing to you if you are not saved; you will call for the rocks and the mountains to fall upon you to hide you from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne.

That was a wonderful meeting that John the Baptist held on the banks of the Jordan, when all Jerusalem came out to hear him, and when he urged the multitudes to "behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!" They were wonderful meetings on the shores of Galilee as they listened to Him "who spake as never man spake." Marvelous was that meeting on the Day of Pentecost when Peter preached to three thousand souls and they glorified God. But all these meetings, great and blessed as they were will pale before that great meeting summoned by the voice of the archangel—when the Bride of Christ shall sit down with her Beloved Bridegroom at the Great Marriage Supper. Will you be among that number who will sit down with the holy men and women of old? That will be the grandest meeting ever held; there will be assembled the great patriarchs and prophets; the apostles and holy men and women of whom the world was not worthy. That meeting will be composed of those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Would you be among that number who would sit down with Abraham and Moses, with Elijah and Daniel, with Paul and John, and the saints of all ages? Then see that you are enrolled among the ranks of the overcomers.—*C. E. Baker in Stone Church Convention.*

Early Martyrs of Madagascar



THE London Missionary Society first sent missionaries to the Island of Madagascar in 1818. In its early stages the mission had to encounter the jealousy of the natives in whose minds all Europeans were associated with the slave-trade. Some of the people imagined that the schools were nurseries for making the children more valuable when sold into slavery; others fancied that their offspring were purchased by white men as articles of food. During the first fifteen years of this mission, the whole Bible was translated, and printed in the native language at the capital.

The King of Madagascar encouraged their

labors and sought to civilize his subjects by establishing schools, but on his death conditions were changed. One of his wives usurped the throne, murdering the rightful heir and all other rivals, and instituted a series of persecutions against the Christians equal to the days of Nero. She ordered the missionaries to leave the country, and forbid the Christians to hold meetings. She was called the "Bloody Mary" of Madagascar, and it is said that from twenty to thirty thousand victims fell annually a prey to her cruelty.

A young man who had become a Christian, while visiting some friends in a village where an idol was kept, ventured rather freely to express

his surprise that any person could be so ignorant as to put his trust in a senseless log of wood. His offense was aggravated by the fact that he would not swear, nor work on the Sabbath, and that at night he collected people for prayer. These crimes were reported to the Queen, and he was required to drink the "*tangena*," the poison-water ordeal, which he passed through without injury, but when the Christians expressed their joy at his deliverance by marching through the streets it increased the Queen's anger.

Finding that the Christians persisted in holding secret meetings in their own houses and on the tops of mountains, from whence they could see anyone approaching, the Queen proceeded to more severe measures. An accusation was lodged against ten of them who were apprehended and condemned to perpetual slavery. One of these was a woman of high position, whose house was razed and her property seized under an order from the queen. Sentence of death was passed upon her and she was loaded with chains. The execution was to be on the following morning, but during the night a fire broke out in the capital which aroused the superstitious fears of the queen and Rafaravavy's life was saved.

Among the ten who were now imprisoned was a young woman named Rasalama. While in confinement she was overheard to express astonishment that she and her friends should be so closely guarded, saying, "When the Queen's officer came to my house I was not afraid but rather rejoiced." This utterance having been reported to the judges, she was ordered put in irons and severely beaten. Her firmness and fortitude confounded her persecutors and astonished the people. During the afternoon preceding her execution the ordinary chains she wore were exchanged for others consisting of rings and bars fastened round her feet, hands, knees and neck, so as to force her into a constrained position which caused great suffering, and she welcomed her release at the hands of the executioner. One young man, stimulated by her example, forced his way through the guards who surrounded her on the way to the place of execution, exclaiming, "My sister, I will not leave you till the end." On reaching the fatal spot she knelt down, and was pierced to the heart by the spears of the executioners; her body was left to be devoured by the dogs.

This first victim was soon to be followed by many more. Those who were condemned to die were treated with the greatest indignity. Old torn and dirty mats were wrapped around them,

and rags were stuffed into their mouths. Seventeen of them were tied along poles and each carried between two men bearing the pole on their shoulders to the place where sentence was to be pronounced. Four of them being nobles, were sentenced to be burned. At the place of execution life was offered them if they would take the required idolatrous oaths. Declining to do this they were bound and laid on the pile of wood, or placed between split poles, more wood being heaped upon them, and the pile then kindled.

The remaining thirteen were taken to a place of common execution, whither a number of felons who had been sentenced to death were also taken to be executed together with the Christians. The latter were put to death by being thrown over a steep precipice. Each one was suspended by a cord on or near the edge of the precipice and then offered life on condition of renouncing Christianity and taking the required oaths. One of them was a young woman who, it was hoped, would be induced to relent. With this view, she was, according to orders, reserved till the last, and placed in such a position as to see all the others, one after another hurled over the fatal rock. But far from being intimidated, she begged to follow her friends. The idol-keeper struck her on the face and urged her to take the oath and do reverence to the idols, but the executioner said, "She is an idiot and does not know what she says." She was then taken from the place and afterwards sent to a distant part of the country.

Some of the Christians escaped and wandered about homeless in the wilds and forest. One fugitive narrates their wanderings: "We entered a thicket of small bamboos where there was water up to the knees, and there were many crocodiles in the water. It was all water and marshy ground and we found no place to lie down and sleep except when we came to a tree or a piece of ground somewhat raised and dry. Sometimes we trod on crocodiles and when we lay down at night we smelled them near us.

"We did not expect to live or ever see men again, for we thought we should die in that swamp. But after nine days we came to an open country and found great numbers of water-lilies growing. We gathered and ate the leaves of the lilies and remained five days in this place where we found this food. When we went on again we came to a broad river where we stopped two days and cut a large quantity of long coarse grass which we tied in a bundle to serve the purpose of

a raft. We also made a rope of long grass to draw the raft across the river. My wife and another woman pushed the bundle of grass into the water, placed their bundles and the little child on top of it, and I pulled it across, while the women swam, one on each side of the raft, to keep it steady; and so all reached the shore safely, though the stream was rapid and there were numbers of crocodiles in the river."

The only check on the savage queen was the conversion of her own son, Rakoto, to Christianity. Though only a youth of seventeen, he exerted his influence in behalf of persecuted Christians and succeeded in saving some. In defiance of the laws, he joined them for worship in their places of retreat, and when their lives or liberty were threatened he used all the means in his power to warn them of impending danger and assisted them to escape. The prime minister appealed to the queen, and said, "Madam, your son is a Christian; he prays with the Christians, and encourages them in this new doctrine. We are lost if your Majesty does not stop the Prince in this strange way." "But," replied the Queen, "he is my only son! Let him do what he pleases; if he wishes to become a Christian, let him."

Nevertheless the laws against Christianity continued unrepealed till the queen's death in 1861. Shortly before that there was a last savage outburst of persecution. Ten Christians were publicly executed and their death was accompanied with frightful tortures.

As soon as the queen's son came to the throne he proclaimed complete freedom of worship, and sent his officers to knock off the fetters from all the captives, and recalled condemned ones from

remote pestilential districts to which they had been banished. Numbers had died from disease or from exhaustion caused by the heavy bars of iron with which they had been chained together, neck to neck. The exiles hastened home; men and women worn with suffering and want reappeared in the city to the astonishment of their neighbors who had deemed them long since dead, and to the joy of their friends.

The case of Madagascar is unique in the history of Christian missions. No single heroic figure like Judson or Livingstone, occupies the foreground; indeed, we have a number of heroic but obscure sufferers. A few Christians only were known to exist in 1836, when the last of the missionaries left the island; yet in 1861, though entirely cut off from outer aid, their number had swelled to 7,000. The reason of their tenacity in holding to the truth, and of their zeal in spreading it, is not far to seek. They did not ask for money, though they were poor; to ask for missionaries they knew to be useless; but every cry they sent to England was for more Bibles. Men of business, men in office, would entreat for one copy—only one of the New Testament. When a ship was expected to bring some copies of the precious Book, men would toil through a twelve days' journey from the capital to Tamatave, and would linger on the shore for whole days, watching with longing eyes for the first glimpse of the sails of the vessel which was to bring them what they valued more than food. Never perhaps in history has there been a more striking exemplification of the fact that "Man doth not live by bread alone."—*From Heroes of Missionary Enterprise.*

Christians of Renown in Heathen Lands

Miracles of Grace and How God Used Them



OW often there comes to the mind and heart of the missionary when he is tested almost beyond endurance, the question, Does it pay? This has no doubt been especially true of the missionaries in China during the past year, as they have seen the ravages wrought in the work they have prayerfully labored for years to build up. For ten, twenty, and even thirty years some have prayed and sacrificed, and endured hardships beyond words to express, only to see the work wrecked because the enemy came by night and sowed tares.

Those who can stand undaunted in the face of such odds are men and women of vision; men and women who have wept and travailed for a lost world. They have seen wonderful transformations wrought by the Gospel and have rejoiced in the fruit of their labors and toils, when alas! along comes an avalanche of opposition and fiery trials which almost wrecks their precious work.

The home constituency, those who make it possible for the missionary to stand in his appointed place, might be equally tempted to wonder if it is worth while to sacrifice and save in order that the heathen might have the Gospel, but the spirit that moves those at home and those in the

battle-front is akin to the spirit which Jesus had when He left Heaven for this sin-cursed earth. If God were finite, He would no doubt be tempted to regret that He had sent His only begotten Son to this wicked world where He was subjected to ignominy and death, and where so comparatively few believe on Him, but the *Infinite* God, looking down through the ages and seeing the vast company of blood-washed saints and martyrs who "followed in His train" in preparation for brideship—union with that Holy Son of God, gladly gave that "those who suffer with Him might reign with Him." And so we, partaking of the divine nature of the Man of Calvary, by whom we have been purchased, see in the ignorant, repulsive, unclean, superstitious heathen, unpolished gems of rarest beauty. It is for us to dig them out of the mire of heathendom, and to refine and polish them that they may adorn the crown of our King.

What though some have been swept off their feet by an inrush of persecution! by false promises of the benefits of Bolshevism, allowing themselves to be drawn into the whirlpool of hatred and distrust. How many Christians in England and America have swerved from the path of rectitude? If we with our boasted civilization cannot stem the tide of apostasy what can we expect from those who have been rescued but a few years from heathenism? If the missionaries will exercise the patience toward those who have lapsed that God has manifested toward us in our backslidings and wanderings, they will yet see a return to the Gospel truths.

The mission field has its saints and martyrs; native evangelists and Bible women who for consecration and sacrifice will compare favorably with God's workers in Christian lands. One missionary tells us that in his society every Christian to the extent of his ability and knowledge was a preacher. "The great majority preached without the expectation of fee or reward—not even a 'thank you!' Indeed, every man used to present with pride the man or men whom he had instructed in the truth. When a father became a Christian he taught his children, a husband his wife, a son his parents. No man hid his light under a bushel. The shopman taught his fellows, and the master his men. The farm laborer, leisurely hoeing with his fellow-workmen their drills of wheat, of millet, or of beans, taught them of the Savior from sin. Under the shade of a great elm or willow on a summer evening, or seated on the hot kang in the long winter nights, the

neighbor who knew instructed his fellow-villager who was ignorant." Who among us have done as well?

Old Wang

One of the remarkable characters in missionary annals is Old Wang, the first elder in the Presbyterian church in Manchuria, of whom Dr. John Ross writes in "Missionary Methods in Manchuria":

"The Church of Manchuria is more deeply indebted to Old Wang, the first evangelist in Manchuria, than to any other human being." He was named "Old Wang" not because he was aged, but because he was the older of two brothers. He was a devoted adherent of the strictest sect of Buddhists. He daily chanted his litanies, burnt his incense, gave alms largely, but with all his ceaseless round of religious observances he was no better than when he began, after years of service.

He purchased a copy of the Gospel but it was a puzzle to him. When the chapel was opened in the port of Newchwang he attended frequently and when he understood the doctrines of the grace of God as revealed in Jesus Christ he became a believer.

But Wang was an opium smoker. The special rules of his Buddhist sect did not prohibit opium, but the Christian Church did, and until free from opium he could not present himself for instruction. So he resolved to renounce the habit, but a resolution is easier made than carried out. The opium smoker must have his drug at least twice a day. He is in the habit of smoking at a certain hour in the day and when the hour comes, so does the craving. His nervous system cries out with a great and bitter cry for its accustomed food. If unsatisfied, misery ensues of an unspeakable nature; an agony seizes the man, unthinkable to ordinary humanity, but a delightful peace takes possession of the smoker with the first whiffs. The craving once satisfied, the man goes about his ordinary work in ease and comfort.

"After Wang had decided to abstain, the craving took possession of him at the hour he was wont to satisfy the opium appetite. His misery grew in intensity till it became unendurable, and the soothing pipe was again taken down. Day after day the vow was made, and day after day it was broken, till the peace assured him by Christianity seemed about to be forfeited. He got up one morning and smashed his pipe in a

hundred pieces, threw away the various utensils required for its use and went about his business, but with the coming of the fateful hour the ordeal of misery was like a great swelling flood. He lost self-control. For the time being he was virtually crazy. In his agony he threw himself on his knees before his *kang*. He hid his face in his hands and was oblivious of everything in heaven and on earth, forgetting food and drink, and realizing that he was in death-grips with his grim enemy, and that his only hope was in God. On his knees he continued for three days and nights, praying and struggling. Then suddenly the bonds burst and the prisoner was free. He knew, without waiting for a testing period, that he was cured. With him and other two men was formed the first catechumen class.

"Though Wang was not a man of exceptional ability, he manifested so much enthusiasm and resolution that from the very beginning he was considered the kind of man to be trained for an evangelist. From the day of his baptism to the day of his death, well or ill, among the poor or the rich, to one person or a hundred, there never was a day in which he did not preach the unsearchable riches of Christ as the only hope for his fellow-countrymen.

"When Christian work was opened in Moukden, Wang was sent there as a resident elder and amid hostilities and daily opposition from the literati who frequented this chapel to create an uproar that the religion of the "foreigner" would not get a foothold, he nobly stood his ground. After weeks and months of prayer and fearlessly holding forth, with the occasional help of the missionary, prejudice was broken down and the work established. Fruit was being gathered from the seed sown and a congregation established. Several years later Wang was sent to another town to open up a work, Liaoyang, forty miles distant. Here, as at Moukden, his chapel was daily crowded to suffocation by the multitudes who came to see, to hear, to mock and to revile. He had a way of removing opposition all his own. His smile was remarkably sweet, and with it he disarmed many an angry man much his mental superior. One thing only aroused his indignation, and then his scathing scorn put to silence any objectors. Once he was asked in a quiet voice in the hearing of the missionary how much he got from the foreigner for following him. Wang answered in an eloquent burst of indignation, shouting, 'How much do I get from the foreigner? Do you imagine that for the pittance

I get from the foreigner I would be willing to stand here day after day to meet your scorn and reviling? I do not follow the foreigner. The foreigner has brought me the doctrines of heaven. These doctrines I follow. The foreigner has brought me this Book (raising the Bible). Let the foreigner go tomorrow. He leaves this Book behind. And this Book will ever be my guide.'

"As chapel services were often attended by the proud Manchu literati, they contemptuously showed their disdain for him, but he disarmed them by his inimitable self-deprecation: 'Do you think I pretend to possess the ability to instruct you? I am not worthy to open my lips before this audience. You are scholars; I am illiterate. You have been students all your lives; I am but a mean man of small attainments. Literature I do not know. Philosophy I do not understand. But there is one thing I do know and that one this is not contained in the literature of my country: "Once I was blind and now I see,"' and then he told the simple story of salvation from sin through the Cross of Christ, and in this way he gradually won the respect of those who would have despised him had he affected any superiority over them.

"Though he is now dead, his spirit still lives, moves, and breathes since his death, over a wider area than he ever traveled, and among a greater number of men than he ever imagined possible in his life." Did it pay, the giving of that Gospel to Old Wang?

Lough Fook

Something over forty years ago, a Chinese Christian, Lough Fook, "moved with compassion for the coolies in the South American mines," sold himself for a term of five years as a coolie slave, and was transported to Demarara that he might carry the Gospel to his countrymen working there. He toiled in the mines with them and preached Jesus while he toiled, until he had scores of whom he could speak as Paul, "whom I have begotten in my bonds." After about ten years in that service he passed away, but not until he had won about two hundred to the Savior, whom he left in a Christian church. "Just a coolie, but like his Master he took upon himself the form of a slave." There are many among all nations who have borne the Savior's cross in martyrdom, but "to a Christian Chinaman belongs the unique honor of wearing the Savior's bonds in voluntary servitude." Did it pay for some missionary to lay down his life that Lough Fook might have the Gospel?

Ling Ching Ting

Another Chinese opium smoker, Ling-Ching-Ting, became a miracle of grace and won hundreds of converts to the Lord. Many years ago in Foochow when he wandered into a little suburban chapel at Ato, he heard for the first time of the power of Christ to save. He waited when the service closed to talk to the missionary. He said, "This Jesus I never heard of until now, and I don't know who He is; but did you not say that He can save me from all my sins?" "Yes," replied the missionary, "I said exactly that." "But then you did not know me when you said so. I have been for many years a liar, a gambler, a sorcerer, an adulterer, and for twenty years an opium smoker, and no man who has used opium for so long a time was ever known to be cured. Now if you had known me you never would have said what you did, do you see?" The missionary could only repeat what he had said, that the Lord Jesus was able and willing to save everyone.

"The opium smoker was struck dumb with amazement. His mind was in bondage to ancient superstitions; the poison of lust was in his very blood, and worst of all he was sold in hopeless slavery to the awful drug, and his will was in chains to a habit of twenty years—he was dazed by the glory of such new freedom and dared scarcely believe such statements. He went away but came back the next day, and day after day, to hear more of this wonderful Savior. One morning, weeks after, he impetuously rushed into the missionary's room, his face radiant, and told of his new discovery: 'I know it now! Jesus can save me from all my sins, for He has done it.'"

Christ had set him free, and he felt he must tell it. He must go back to Hok-chiang where his old companions lived and tell them of this Jesus who could save them from all their sins. Friends tried to dissuade him! the riotous mobs would take off his head if he preached this doctrine of the "foreign devils." But Ling-Ching-Ting insisted on going to his own people. He told the story of a great salvation for the worst of sinners, holding himself up as an illustration. Pelted with stones and clods, beaten and bruised, driven from place to place, his witnessing could not be stopped. At last his persecutors brought him before a cruel magistrate at Hok-Chiang, and false witnesses preferred against him the vilest charges. The corrupt judge, glad to deal out revenge against this foreign sect, sentenced him to receive *two thousand stripes!* and upon his bare back the cruel bamboo was mercilessly

laid until the flesh lay in strips. He was borne to the mission premises almost dead, and the doctor declared that such injuries he had never before seen inflicted by the bamboo.

"When Dr. Baldwin sought to comfort this martyr of Christ, before he could find words to address him, the suffering saint, so lately the chief of sinners, said, with a smile, 'Teacher, this poor body be in great pain, but my inside heart be in a great peace.' Then to the astonishment of the missionary, lifting himself a little on his bloody cot, he said, 'If I get up again from this, you will let me go back to Hok-chiang, won't you?'"

"For some time his recovery seemed doubtful, and then improvement slowly began. While yet but half healed and scarce able to walk, he stole away and suddenly appeared at Hok-chiang to preach again to his hateful persecutors; and it was not strange that words of witness, sealed by such experiences of blood, brought his very foes to his Savior. For fourteen years he continued to preach. Hundreds of converts were won, and a score of native preachers learned from him to tell the old story of full salvation. Did it pay for the missionary to stand in the street chapel daily and tell the Gospel story to win such a trophy as this for the Master's crown?"

But it is not necessary to revert to history to find noble examples of the grace of God. His transforming power has never weakened and He is still demonstrating to the world that those who are the weakest and least of all, may become, in His hands, mighty forces in stemming the tide of wickedness. Someone has said, "God needs our weakness as an arena in which to display His strength," and surely this is true in the life of

Ng Sz Sham

of Canton, South China. Twelve years ago she was found dying, but in answer to the prayers of a Bible woman, was saved and instantly healed and forthwith began her ministry of testifying by rushing to her neighbors to witness of His healing power. She was very incapable and very ignorant, but she gave God a chance to use her arena of weakness to display His strength. In the early days of her Christian experience, she one day took her Bible, gave her husband instructions not to call her till she appeared again, and closed herself up in her room to pray. The Bible was a closed book to her for she was unable to read and did not know when she held the book upside down and when not. But after three days

of prayer and fasting she came out and to the surprise of all, was able to read her Bible. God had taught her. "She was employed as a Bible woman and God has been pleased to use her in a wonderful way. The remarkable part about her has always been her prayer life; she prays until she annoys everyone. The native pastor complains that he cannot sleep at night because of her praying and many times the missionary couldn't sleep either because of her praying all night long. Every Friday she spends in fasting and prayer and all along she has been a successful soul-winner; not shining as a preacher but in personal work and prayer. No matter what others say, she prays and surely the results have been wonderful, for a revival has come in the heart of that great city of Canton; marvelous healings as she has prayed for the sick, high and low, rich and poor, go to that humble little Pentecostal mission to ask Sz Sham to pray for them—college professors along with beggars—all classes come. Great numbers have been baptized in the Holy Ghost. The pastor doesn't have to go out now to find the people to preach to, they come in such numbers day and night asking to have the way of life made plain to them. It is the irresistible power of prayer drawing them.

"For months now the revival tide has been on and when Sz Sham can slip away from the throngs that are there seeking help, she goes to an old Chinese graveyard and spends the day in prayer. In a recent Sunday morning service the building was crowded and people stood far out in the street, the presence of God was very real and there were shouts of victory and tears of repentance. God was in the midst of His people. The old mission building needed repairs, when it rained the people couldn't keep dry so Mr. Kelley asked for an offering. The Bible woman came up and put her ear-rings on the table (and ear-rings mean everything to a Chinese woman). A servant girl came up and gave \$5.00. The pastor announced that this girl earned only \$1.50 per month; others rushed forward to lay their offerings at the feet of Jesus. A girl recently saved from a wealthy home, but disowned and cast out

because of her faith in Jesus Christ, took off her woolen wrap and placed it on the table. In just a few moments they had contributed over \$300.00 (gold) and those who know the poverty of the Chinese can say, 'Truly this is the spirit of Pentecost.'"

Surely such examples should inspire us anew to claim from God a band of spirit-filled native workers for every field. This is one of the most urgent needs today for the missionary can do effective work only with the help of the native workers. What a salesman is to the firm, the native worker is to the missionary. He is the spokesman, the go-between, the connecting link. The missionary may tell of God's wondrous grace but the degraded heathen will say, "Oh he is different; he knows something—I know nothing. His God may be able to do wonderful things for him, but I am hopeless." But let him hear the testimony of a former comrade in heathenism and he will say, "Surely this white man's God can do wonders. If this man is so changed there is hope for me too." One missionary said, "Give me a good native worker and I will show you a powerful church." Are you criticising because of few results on the field? Then give your missionary a good native worker. Are you disappointed because your missionary does not send back glowing reports? Give him a consecrated native worker. You can give such workers by the medium of prayer. Could the importance and need be fully realized, a great volume of prayer would ascend for this need to be supplied. Then you can give your missionary such native workers by sending support. Six dollars to ten dollars will support a Bible woman for a month, and who knows but that she will be instrumental in creating a revival such as is now in progress in Canton. Fifteen dollars to twenty-five dollars per month will provide a native preacher to keep the light shining in some out-station to guide sinking lives on the billows of heathenism and superstition into the haven, Christ Jesus. An abundant harvest of souls will be the reward in that day when the redeemed from every nation, tribe and tongue shall join together in singing His praises.

From Our Workers at the Front

BROTHER BENDER, who has just returned to his field in Barquesimito, Venezuela, writes that the work has greatly increased in his absence through the efforts of the consecrated natives. New out-stations have been added, and many saved and baptized in the Holy

Spirit. He says: "The field has never been so open to the Gospel, and everywhere they are calling for some one to tell them the good news. By faith we have just put forth another worker, and we trust that God will supply and keep him in the harvest field. We also have another young

man who feels the call, and we are sure in God's time He will send him forth."

* * *

A young Greek who went through one of the Pentecostal Bible Schools of California, is now in Greece, preaching the Gospel to the Athenians. He is little known in Pentecostal circles, but his teachers speak of him in the highest terms. He writes to one of them:

"I have been in Greece about ten months now, and have been going through many trials and persecutions, but praise God there is victory always in the Name of Jesus. There is a stirring message going forth by the power of God, all over Greece, even among the priests. They are being stirred up to preach the old-time Gospel. Some of them have come out from their church and have taken their stand for the old-time salvation.

"I believe that God is answering our prayers and will give a great revival in Greece. He has opened a great door. We have given out thousands of tracts and Bibles throughout the country, and the people are glad to have the Word of God. Never in the history of modern times has Greece opened her doors for the Pauline Gospel as she has today. May God stir up the Pentecostal people that they may get under the burden of giving the Gospel to this country. Just think, there are only two Pentecostal workers in this great country. Athens needs the Gospel today, but where are the workers? I am alone here, but doing the best I can by His grace. The other brother, Christ Haralab, is working in Tripolis. Many have heard the message and some have been saved already. A mighty conviction has come to some of these people and they have cried out to God for mercy.

"We baptized eight believers here last Sunday, in the sea of Athens, and others are getting ready. They are hungry for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, but we have no building where we can gather together and seek God. We are holding only cottage meetings. I wish that the Pentecostal people would take this burden on their hearts and ask God to give us what we need."

Pray for this young man, Harry Mamalis, and if God leads you, remember him with an offering occasionally.

* * *

Miss Carrie P. Anderson of South China sounds a note of praise for the lights found here and there in the midst of heathen darkness and tells of fruit won for the Master: "I have had real joy in service and we have been having

blessed times going to the villages to carry the Gospel to these neglected places where so many live in darkness and awful heathen superstition all their lives. Sometimes it looks like a hopeless task to think that they ever will be anything but heathen. But we do know it is possible for God to transform lives. Yesterday we were to a village across the river from Sai Nam. A Christian family is living there and it did me so much good to find a couple of Christians there in amongst the heathen. They were so pleased to tell of the youngest child of four years, who had never worshipped idols, as it is the heathen custom to carry the babies to the temples and make them go through a form of ceremony to worship idols or take them to some old tree and call the tree the child's adopted father or mother. We had prayer in this humble home with its scant pieces of crude furniture and bare walls and mud floor. But the surroundings are nothing if only the presence of God is there and as we prayed we were conscious that He was present. I can't tell you how I felt and my heart just went out to God in praise for the great transformation He can and will work in these dear lives.

"Next Sunday there is to be a baptismal service at Siu Tong. Two old grandmothers, 85 and 83 years old with grey hair and tiny feet are to be baptized. They will have to be carried on some one's back, to the river as they are unable to walk on their little stiff feet. Also another younger woman about 40 years old and several of our school girls—I think about five in their early teens. Oh I just praise God for the step these dear young hearts are taking."

Itinerating Among the Christians

There is nothing that encourages the missionary more than to see the native Christians develop into zealous workers for God and in their own inimitable way spread the Gospel among their own people. Miss Mattie Brann of Wei Hsien, North China, gives us some word pictures which rejoiced her heart during one of her itineraries to visit the various out-stations connected with her work: "One town we visited is called 'Tall Grass Home Village.' Oh the church there is surely a joy to the Lord! It holds some 300 and is well filled. We had two deacons there and this time set apart another. The spirit of love manifest there is so precious as is also their simple faith in Christ. One woman testified to the love of the brethren. Her husband had been blind for years, but, praise the Lord, his spiritual eyes have been opened and he is such an earnest

Christian. They are poor and the wife works with all her might to support the family. They have a small fraction of an acre of land but the man cannot see to till it. Now the Christians plow and plant his land and the wife said, "Just think of such kindness! when the brothers get through working our land they will not even allow me to cook them a meal. When our roof leaked like a sieve and we could not find a dry spot in the house and had no money to hire it repaired, suddenly one day a number of the brethren came and repaired it for us and would not take one thing, not even a meal. How can I ever thank the Lord enough for this kindness! No one ever heard of such kindness in any other religion in these parts." Another dear old woman told of the persecution she bears for Christ and how she would hide away some place to pray. One day she hid herself in the hay and prayed until the Lord spoke words of comfort to her. Just hearing the Lord's word to her to be of good cheer and remembering how He was beaten with stripes, so touched her that she said, 'I forgot the sting of the blows my husband had given me and the joy of the Lord filled my heart.' Another young man in that town had been sick for so long and the relatives had tried all their methods to get him healed and as a last resort asked the Christians to pray for him. He was wonderfully healed and gave his heart to the Lord. Then his father tried in every way to keep him from attending church or believing in Christ, but the son said, 'Father, I can never forget that you are my earthly father and what I owe to you for the years of love and care you have given to me. But father, you could not heal my body, neither could you save my soul, but my Lord has done this. I cannot forget my Lord and His joy and peace that fill my heart. I must follow and obey Him at any cost.' He was bearing his persecution joyfully.

"Another town we visited is Liu Home Village, which means that a family by the name of Liu started that village and most of the people who live there have that name. The church there was begun some years ago when one man—a gambler and drunkard—was converted and later became one of our evangelists. While all his village people knew that he was a changed man and wanted every other man in the village to live as he lived, yet they did not want to pay the price he had paid in humbling himself, making restitution and becoming a poor man. He kept praying faithfully and hoped to begin a church in his village. During the famine year (1920-21) we

helped him with a famine school which later grew into this church. His old mother tenaciously held on to her idols but her son took them down when she was away from home some five or six years ago. She never put up new ones but in her heart she loved and served them. Her son went home to glory in 1923 and left such a blessed testimony of God's power to take His own even through the valley of death—of which the Chinese are all so afraid. The old mother and others in his village felt there was no use of trying to have a church now and the old mother wept month after month and would say, 'I only had one son and he became a preacher and died and his wife is also a Bible woman and here I am an old woman at home.' When Christmas time came she went to the little church and asked what they were going to do to which the workers replied, 'Only have one preaching service.' She began to weep again and said, 'When my son was alive he always had a big day and helped the poor,' and going back to her little home, she told how she found herself on her knees confessing her sins and praying, 'Lord save me and revive this church or else I die.' She prayed on and on till she found peace and from that day to this she is the greatest power in that little church. They call for her far and wide and the Lord hears her prayers and many are healed, comforted and converted. She only regrets that she wasted so many years in worshipping her false gods and said to me, 'Oh! what a fool I was to listen to the devil for so long and missed all these years of joy and helping others to come out of the darkness.' 'Yes,' I said, 'When I was in your home over eight years ago you would hardly look at us much less listen to our message.' How she clung to me and said, 'Now I belong to Christ and He has filled my heart with His love for all Christians and for every sinner.'"

We ask our readers to remember these churches in their prayers, that they may stand as beacon lights to lead other storm-tossed lives to Christ. It means much for the native Christians to stand in these troublous times but if the home base is faithful in prayer backing, we know He will cause these lights to shine even brighter because of the very persecution endured.

* * *

The Berean Bible Institute of San Diego, California, will open for the next school term, D. V., Sept. 27th. This Bible School is conducted by the Assembly of the Gospel Tabernacle, in fellowship with the General Council of the As-

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