



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

Russia's Awakening and Cry after God

The Great Famine a Forerunner of the Revival.

Paul Peterson in The Stone Church, Jan. 9, 1927



IN THE tenth chapter of Romans, fourteenth verse, we read, "How shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? *and how shall they hear without a preacher?*"

This last clause has special significance in connection with Russia, as I shall point out to you in the course of my talk.

Our work has been not only among the Russians, but among the Germans, the Poles, and the Latvians; and also among the Jews. I have addressed meetings, speaking thru an interpreter for people of all these different nationalities.

When I first went to the mission field of Russia, there was one thing that immediately attracted my attention; everyone who came to the meeting brought a Bible, almost without an exception. We do not see this in America. If I were to test the meeting here tonight, I fear you would not give a very good showing of Bibles. As we went from place to place among the Russian people, in meetings and conferences where sometimes a thousand people would gather, we noticed almost every one had a Bible. This greatly encouraged us. In a meeting of 1200 people we asked them to show their Bibles and almost every hand went up. You could often see the believers standing in groups or sitting under trees with their open Bibles, pointing out to one another some precious verse which they had found and relating experiences. Where do you see anything like that in America? That is one reason why the Christians in America are getting away from God; they do not value the Bible, and do not read it enough to find out what it teaches.

To give you an intelligent idea of the work of God in Russia, we will give you a little history of the past. A form of Christianity was introduced into Russia in the year 988, by Vladimir who married a Grecian Princess and adopted the Greek Orthodox faith. He forced the Russian people by the hundreds and thousands to be baptized. In 1720, nearly a thousand years afterward, Peter the Great proclaimed religious liberty in Russia. The next outstanding date is 1813, when Bibles were first admitted into Russia. But after thirteen years the new Bible Society was dissolved by Nicholas I. Serfdom was abolished

by Alexander II. in 1861, and in 1864 this ruler allowed Bibles to be circulated.

Then we come to the revival of 1872-1876. Lord Radstock of England heard God's call to Russia, and altho he had little or no knowledge of the Russian language, he heeded the call and went there to preach the Gospel to the nobility. Many were converted; among these were Colonel Paschkoff, Madame Chertkoff, and Princess Lieven, as well as other noted people. I have been in Princess Lieven's summer home in Latvia, which has now been transformed into a Tuberculosis Sanitarium. During the time Lord Radstock was in Russia considerable liberty was given him, until it came to the attention of the authorities that people were being converted; then he was ordered by the Czar to leave Russia. God called another man at about the same time, Dr. Baedeker, of German birth, who preached the Gospel to prisoners in Russia and Siberia. I know a man living on the North Side of this city who was his interpreter, and who is one of the survivors of the revival of 1872-76. Another of the survivors, Count Modeste Korff, is working as a missionary in Switzerland among the intelligent Russian classes. Both he and his father held high positions in the Czar's court. Salvation was real to him and altho a Count and attached to the court of the Czar, he often talked to the cab drivers and people of that type, many of whom were brought to God. This came to the attention of the Czar, and he was told that he must either renounce the Lord Jesus Christ or leave the court and also the country. The Count could not give up Jesus so he left his beloved country, and ever since that time, this man has been an exile, and altho 83 years of age he preaches the Gospel and often climbs up two or three flights of stairs to minister to his beloved fellow Russians—men and women who fled from Russia because they could not subscribe to the Bolshevik regime. Count Korff is having wonderful results and many were remarkably healed when this old saint put his hands on them and prayed. Praise God for such men!

This was the beginning of the awakening in Russia, but the work was carried on with great difficulty after the government began to realize what was taking place. When these men were banished from Russia, Colonel Pashkoff and oth-

ers continued the work, but during the year that followed many were sent to Siberia in chains to die, just for worshipping God and reading the Bible to their friends who were illiterate. Pastor William Fetler, who is a graduate of Spurgeon's College in London, and who has done a splendid work in Russia, was taken from the prayer-meeting in Dom Evangelia in Leningrad one evening in November, 1914, just after the war began, and haled to prison. He was to be exiled to Siberia on suspicion, altho he didn't know the cause, but in answer to prayer he was liberated the same night, and thru the help of influential Russian people, the sentence was commuted to banishment abroad.

He went to Sweden and Norway and there learned that there were two million five hundred thousand prisoners in Austria-Hungary and Germany. He saw what an opportunity this was to give them the Gospel and made his way to America where he interested a number of influential people in the work of evangelizing these Russian prisoners. Bibles, New Testaments, and Gospels were sent over to the camps. Pamphlets and tracts were translated into the Russian language by Mrs. Fetler and sent to the prisoners. Thru this means so many were saved that they started meetings in the war prison camps, the authorities giving them permission to do so. When the war ended, these prisoners were sent back to Russia, and the recent awakening in that land was largely brought about by these ex-prisoners who came back to their villages and gave their testimony, while those who had ability began to preach the Gospel. In this way many thousands of people were reached, and this, in a large measure, caused the great awakening that we now have in Russia. Many of these men were of splendid type, and as they went out into the villages the work of God increased.

But I want to paint to you another picture, which is a sad one, and which will show you another reason for the great awakening. When the Revolution broke out in 1917, the state church was the Greek Orthodox Church, and the Bolsheviks, eighty to ninety per cent of the leaders of whom were Jews, were anxious to expose a certain doctrine of that church which they had always known was false and a humbug. That was the doctrine of "incorruptible saints." When a high church official or some priest died, his body was put away in some holy place which they had for that purpose; the people were taught that these bodies never saw corruption, but always re-

mained in the same state as they were when laid away. So the people worshiped these so-called "incorruptible saints," and when the Bolsheviks came into power one of the first things they did was to pull out these "incorruptible saints," which were nothing but skins or sacks filled with sawdust or straw, and hang them up to the gaze of the populace.

When the ignorant people saw this deception they went from one extreme to the other. Finding that this which they had always believed, was a lie, many of them lost all faith in God. But He was looking on and knew how to remedy it.

Soon after the Revolution, came the awful famine. In the Bible we generally find these three evils grouped together—war, pestilence, and famine. We had the war, then the awful "flu" pestilence, and then the famine—and Russia got the famine. In the Volga district, which was known as "the granary of Europe," the blow was struck; there the people suffered most severely. The country dried up and the air was filled with dust and insects. The people fled toward the West in an attempt to get away from the famine. They ate dead cows and horses; dug up roots and cooked them with leaves; took off their leather belts and shoes and cooked them in order to get a kind of broth that would help sustain them. Men and women took their own lives. They would stand in line for hours in Leningrad and other large cities to get rotten potatoes and fish filled with worms. An elderly Christian lady, by the name of Madam Maria Yasnovsky, of noble birth, who came thru it all, said she was filled with shame at the thought that she had ever complained about the good food they had before the War.

Things went farther than that. The Bolsheviks at last allowed the people to go into the morgues and hospitals and take the dead bodies of people for food. They didn't even stop at this. There is in us such a sense of self-preservation that in an extremity we will do almost anything to keep alive. Lots were cast for the children in families, and the child upon whom the lot fell was killed and eaten by the rest of the family. It was then that Russia in desperation lifted her hands to God and cried, "If there be a God, oh come and help us!"

That is part of the background for the great revival. In meetings on the Russian mission field, while songs are being sung and prayers are being offered, you will notice aged men and women wiping away the tears from their eyes;

these people have come thru terrible suffering. Altho we have a good audience here tonight, yet if this were on the Russian mission field all available standing room would be taken and people would be outside looking in the windows, if it were warm enough. They sometimes walk ten, fifteen, twenty-five and more miles to get to a meeting; even women with babies in their arms walk ten and fifteen miles and then walk home again. Last winter when a new meeting-house was to be dedicated the preacher traveled by sleigh for about seven hours after leaving the train, and he said he passed people on the way who had taken off their boots, to save them because of the marshes, and were trudging along thru the snow and ice in their bare feet; but they were going to hear the Word of God. If it rains in Chicago and we live a few blocks away from church that is a good excuse to stay home. Not so with the Russian people. They will stand in the rain and listen to the Gospel for hours. God has dealt with the Russians and they will go thru much to hear the Gospel.

The missionaries out there cannot meet ten per cent of the calls; people are longing for the Gospel; there is a great hunger for the Word of God and the missionaries are so few. The harvest is indeed ripe but the laborers are few. I was speaking to a missionary who was over there at the time these people by the thousands and the hundreds of thousands were traveling from Eastern Russia to Western Russia and Poland. He said that in Poland he saw long lines of refugees on the roads. Sometimes the father or mother was pulling the wagon, because the horse or cow had died on the way. The people looked emaciated and the color of their faces was like the leaves of autumn; they were listless and hardly able to walk. He went over to a Russian cart on one occasion, and lifting the dirty blanket saw a nude child that was just skin and bone. There were some awful sights!

I have seen pictures of dead bodies piled up like lumber, taken by some of our British men. In 1920 in the month of January, according to the account of a reliable American missionary, the Red Cross in Vladivostok proposed to take over a certain number of children and care for them because their fathers and mothers had died. These children were brought in from the interior in railroad box cars in January when it was extremely cold. About one hundred children were put into each car and it took three weeks to make the journey. On reaching their destination

there were only an average of ten or twelve children alive in each car. The men who made their way from Russia to Poland were put into internment camps, where they lived under-ground, lived and slept practically in mud and water, and the death rate from tuberculosis was astounding.

All of this has helped to bring about the condition in Russia which is now so wonderful—a hunger for God, a longing to find peace. Wherever you go it is the same; not only in one particular section but all over the mission field you will find that people are searching for God. It is said that in Soviet Russia there have been 2,000,000 at least saved since the war. Before the war there were only 250,000 Christians in Russia. We cannot get exact figures, but the figure of 2,000,000 is a very conservative one; the figure has sometimes been placed at 4,000,000 Christians since the war.

The meeting-houses there are somewhat different from those in this country. Ventilation is draft to them, so the places of worship are very stuffy, all means of ventilation being closed. The meetings last from three to five hours. I have sat on a six-inch plank without any back rest for five hours at a time while a meeting was going on. The meeting began at six in the evening and continued until eleven o'clock and not more than perhaps a half-dozen went out before the close. When the meeting was over, many came to the front to get Bibles and literature and to shake hands with us. This happened in a place where the Gospel has very seldom been preached. Long before the meeting starts, all seats are taken and people are standing wherever room can be found. In winter every window is closed and as the meeting continues you can see the moisture running down the windows; the atmosphere becomes heavy and almost unbearable to the new missionary, but the Russians never mind it.

When the altar call is made people come forward to seek God. At one meeting in Riga last winter about eighty came forward. In July, 1925, at an open-air meeting in the Czar's Park, Riga, when the audience numbered close to 3,000, I saw forty come forward for salvation. Among this number was a Latvian Inspector of Police in full uniform. He knelt with the others on the green-sward and wept aloud, seeking pardon and peace.

One of the most interesting cases we have had was that of a Judge, who for two years had been reading his Bible and trying to find peace with God. But somehow his eyes were holden,

and as a consequence his mental and physical condition became very impaired. He came to one of our Wednesday afternoon prayer meetings in the large tent in Riga, in September, 1925, after trying several times to see Mr. Fetler. An anonymous note was sent to Pastor Fetler during the service asking for a private interview. Mr. Fetler announced he would see the writer at the close. It was the Judge, tho he did not disclose his identity to Mr. Fetler at that time. He related his search after light and told of his agony of soul. In his distress this man had once taken a revolver to end his life with a bullet. There is some method of counting until the person is all confused and does not know just when the shot goes off. This man had counted for approximately fifteen minutes when he was suddenly arrested. It was God who intervened, and back of this was a praying mother. Mr. Fetler pointed out to him the way of salvation and the Judge knelt down and gave himself to God. While still on his knees, with peace flooding his soul, he dedicated the remainder of his life to God's service. He went back to Dvinsk, his home, and tendered his resignation to the cabinet of ministers of Latvia. They offered him more money and a better position, but he refused, having a call to

work for the Lord. George Urban, for that is his name, knows the Bible well. The two years he searched the Bible before he found God, have been of great benefit to him. Mr. Urban has greatly relieved Pastor Fetler, for people come to him for spiritual advice and prayer, and altho young in the Lord, he is able to help them, thru his knowledge of the Word. His wife is a splendid type of a Russian woman, well-educated and an artist. She was a half-hearted Christian until her husband found God, then surrendered wholly to the Lord. Her father held a high position with the railroad before the war, but was cruelly treated by the Bolsheviks, his eyes being put out before he was executed.

There were about two thousand people present when the Judge was baptized in Golgotha Church, Riga, on Dec. 4, 1925. The people of the country had been greatly stirred because of the accidental death of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Republic of Latvia, and the consequent suicide of his wife thru grief. So they flocked to see the Judge baptized, as he and his wife stood high in society. I was present on another occasion when ten judges listened to his personal testimony. Thru his conversion many influential people have begun to inquire about the truth.

(To be continued)

Jephthah, a Type of the Lord Jesus Christ

The Marvelous Condescension of the Son of God.

Sermon by Pastor Philip Wittich, Sept. 19, 1927.



THE word which we submit to you for meditation is recorded in Judges, eleventh chapter, beginning at the 29th verse. I am led to bring before you what I consider the salient points in the life of Jephthah. The life and deeds of Jephthah are replete with noble and beautiful instances, and his life stands out from the lives of the other judges as one of the most beautiful types of the Lord Jesus Christ, and as such we want to consider it this morning.

First of all we receive wonderful light on this story when we consider the name of Jephthah. It comes from the Hebrew word which means "to open," "to loosen." Jephthah means one that loosens and sets free, and as such he is a wonderful type of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the One who came from heaven as the *Logos* as John calls him, the Word, the Incarnate Word. He opened to the Father the unbelieving world that

sat in darkness; He opened the hearts of the people to the Word of God and He opened the imprisoned hearts and set the captives free. He is indeed our divine Jephthah, our Deliverer.

The life of this judge is a type and shadow of our Lord's life. First we read that "he was a mighty man of valor." The Hebrew word is *jibbor*, which means a strong, valiant man who has the quality of an overcomer. It is a word that is used of the Lord Himself. You all know that precious passage in Isa. 9:6, which says of the Lord who was born of the Jews: "His name shall be called Wonderful, the Counsellor,"—the Hebrew calls Him the *Pelay*, which is something that you cannot understand with your natural reason, a marvel, a miracle. You can never comprehend Jesus with your finite mind, but by a heart filled with the Holy Spirit, for the Holy Spirit illuminates the believer that he may know Jesus. He is not only the *Pelay* but the *Voets*, the powerful Advisor and Counsellor. He is the One to whom we should come with every diffi-

culty in life, for He advises not according to the limitations of human wisdom and experience. Our Lord Himself is wisdom, for Paul says in I. Cor. 1:30 that He has been made unto us "wisdom, righteousness, holiness and redemption." He is the One whose counsel you should seek in all matters. Do not go by the leadings of men, but consult Jesus, and do not rest till you get a definite answer from Him. He will never counsel you wrong, nor leave you perplexed.

This week I visited a sister in Auburn Park Hospital, a dear child of God, who was caught in a wreck, an auto having run into a taxi in which she was riding. She suffered from a fractured skull, internal injuries, and fractures of her right limb with injuries down to her heel. She told me she was being punished for being disobedient. The Lord had told her not to go to a certain place, yet she took a taxi and started out, when she met with the accident. God was merciful to her as she confessed. Though the doctor said she could live only an hour, she is now on the way to recovery, yet it was a bitter lesson for her. Saints, do not act rashly. With all due regard for my brethren, I must say there are very few saints who are really living a close life of communion with Jesus. Perhaps you say, "I cannot get the voice of God." Go on your knees and say, "Lord, I will not leave until You speak." God doesn't want you to be led by human doctrines but by His Son the Blessed Yoets, the Blessed Counsellor.

The next title of our Lord in Isa. 9:6 is "the Mighty God." The first word mentioned as *El* which as everybody knows stands for the strength of God. Our Lord was the *El Shaddai* to Abraham, the "Strong One (*El*) and at the same time the "Nursing One." The second word is *Gibbor*. What does *Gibbor* mean? This expression refers to Christ's humanity; not as God was He burdened with our iniquities and our diseases, but as *man*, and as *man* He proves Himself to be our *Gibbor*, our valiant Overcomer. His body was strong enough as the Lamb of God, to carry out every sin, every sorrow and every curse. He has born away our sins and carried our evil nature. He was acquainted with disease and yet He did not break down. Will you not take Him as your *El*? Will you not claim Him as your *Gibbor*? He is strong enough as a *Man* to fight and win every battle for you.

This word "*gibbor*" is the word used by *Jephthah*. He had the Spirit of Jesus in himself, yet in the natural he was as much of a coward as we

are. In ourselves we are all cowards and weaklings. But the Spirit of Jehovah came mightily upon Jephthah which made him a *gibbor*. When the Spirit of God comes down in such power as to possess us, that makes us *gibbors*.

Jesus is called the "Father of eternity." The English version says, "Eternal Father," which is incorrect. The Hebrew says He is the *Abi-Ad* the Father of Eternity, as we read in Col. 1:16, "For in Him were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things have been created through Him and unto Him." So we see that the Father *through the Son* created eternity and all things visible and invisible, including man. Nevertheless, Jesus is not the Father in the Godhead, as some teach, but the Son of the Living God. Jesus is not only the *Abi-Ad* but the *Saar-Shalom* the Prince of Peace. In the Song of Solomon the word "*Saar*" is used of Jesus. He is the Prince of all warriors against the evil one. There is no one who ever fought as did Jesus, from the time of His temptation in the wilderness until He shouted, "It is finished!" No one ever won such a victory—a victory which will ring through all eternity. And inasmuch as He, the mighty *Gibbor*, is in us, we will be victors too. He is the victorious *Saar*.

Abraham's wife was called Sarai, which means, "my princess." This speaks of Abraham's claim on her, but the Hebrew letter "h" is inserted by God for the letter "i," as the letter "h" stands for Jehovah. In other words, "Abraham, you loose your claim on your wife. I claim her as the fore-mother of my Son. She will be a princess of faith because I will give *My Strength* to her." We read in Hebrews, "By faith even Sarah received power to conceive." She was a princess of faith over human reason and impossibilities. She was an overcomer by faith—union with God. That is the only way we can ever be overcomers. Your own faith will not overcome, but *faith in Jesus* and the *faith of Jesus* will.

Jephthah was of *low birth*. It says he was the son of a harlot. "Oh," you may exclaim, "don't mention that man in connection with our Lord Jesus Christ." Read the record in the first chapter of Matthew, where it gives the Lord's genealogy. Four women are mentioned, and women of the worst kind. Oh the incomprehensibility of our Lord Jesus Christ! With such people as we are, He connected Himself in the flesh. Who is

the first woman? *Tamar*. You know the crime she committed. But she was one of the fore-runners of Jesus. Then comes *Rahab*. The Bible calls her a harlot. What happened to her? She believed the spies and claimed her redemption through the Jews, and therefore hung out the scarlet cord which speaks of the blood of Jesus. She was saved from her harlotry and judgment and her own household with her. Do not come to God and say, "I am pretty good, I always lived a clean, respectable life. I never was as bad as Brother So-and-so." If you come in this spirit you will never be saved. God's curse will be upon you. It is *only through the blood of Jesus* that any of us can be saved.

"Just as I am without one plea,
But that *Thy blood* was shed for me,
And that *Thou bidst* me come to Thee,
O *Lamb of God* I come, I come."

It is only *His blood!* It is only *His tender mercies!* You cannot keep the law. It is a buzz-saw which will cut off your life. The law makes one harsh, criticizing and mulish. Grace makes us free and forgiving, kind and loving. I never saw people under the law who were ever free to praise the Lord. When I was working among the Russians in the Rocky Mountains of Alberta I struck a settlement that was permeated with the *Seventh Day Adventists*. They were the hardest and harshest people I ever met, for people that claimed to be Christians. One day I was teaching in a mission of that settlement, and I showed them the difference between law and grace and that the law was never intended for the Gentile but only as a shadow of better things for the Jews. The assembly was greatly convinced as I gave proof through the Word of God. However, one man under bondage of the law, arose and as he put on his fur coat, he shouted, "You are a liar." He could not dispute the Word of grace which disproved his doctrine but resorted to this method to give vent to his feelings toward me. The law makes you cowardly and yet harsh. Grace makes you brave. It makes you brave because you know that your sins are forgiven through Jesus' blood, and that you are delivered from the self-life through His death.

The Lord Jesus was not only connected, through His ancestry with *Tamar* and *Rahab*, but also with *Bathsheba* and *Ruth*. *Ruth* was a Moabitess, whose nation was under divine curse. *Bathsheba* was an adulteress and according to the Mosaic law should have been killed, as well as David. Yet when David repented God saved them both. The Holy Ghost puts everyone of

these women in the genealogy of Jesus, who was made a sin, and a curse. He took our evil natures upon Himself and said, "Father, curse me for this people, so that you can bless them in me." The more we take our place at the feet of Jesus, the more we will find that He is lifting us up. But if we stand on our church membership or our good behavior in the past, God will lower us from our pedestal.

Furthermore, Jephthah was an exile. His brothers said, "You cannot inherit with us," and they cast him out. That is what happened to Jesus. His own brethren refused to accept Him. "Give us the murderer," they cried, and Christ went outside the gates of the Holy City, Jerusalem, to bear our reproach. He went to the cross, not to deliver the self-righteous but penitent sinners. If we would be like Him we must be stripped of all self-righteousness, and every desire for greatness. You cannot be a great man in the church, or a great woman in the Pentecostal Movement. If you attempt it He will remove your candlestick. The law says, "Cursed is he that hangeth on a tree," and when Jesus hung on the cross he hung there *for us*. Blessed be His holy name!

Jephthah was a captain of those who were in distress, and those who were debtors. Why does Jesus always take the worst people? Because He cannot reach the good—that is those who think they are good. He didn't come for the righteous, but for sinners. "Oh," you may say, "I had a praying mother; I went to Sunday School; I was confirmed and you will find my name on the church roll." You can have your name on every church book in Chicago, and still be a child of hell. If your name is not written in the Book of Life, you will stand a poor chance to enter heaven. But if you will come to Jesus in your sinfulness, He will loosen you from everything that has made you a captive. He came to save the despised and the outcast. That is what He especially demonstrated about twenty years ago when the "latter rain" fell. His spirit did not fall on the preachers and teachers first, but on the ignorant and lowly. The Lord had mercy on me, not because I was a minister, but because I came to Him as a condemned sinner. The people who are in distress, the people who are "down and out," those who have no home, no friends—such are the ones whom Jesus gladly receives. He surely is the friend of sinners.

I read something of the life of Frederick the Great when I was a boy. He was an unbelieving man but possessed a good deal of common sense

and discernment. One day he went to the penitentiary to visit the prisoners. Every one of the inmates to whom he talked had a long story to tell of how he had been wronged and how somebody else was to blame for his unfortunate condition. Finally he came to the last fellow. "What are you here for?" "Oh," said the man, "I am a wretch and a sinner. I really deserve to be here." "What?" said the king. "I thought there were none but saints in this prison." He slapped that fellow on the back and chased him out of the prison, saying, "I cannot tolerate you, a wretched sinner, among these saints." Oh that fresh conviction would grip God's children who are judging and blaming everybody! When God convicted me of my sins I felt like despairing, but my Lord Jesus came to my rescue and put His hands underneath me and took me into His fold. He was my Jephthah. He loosened me. He broke every chain and set me free. Praise His matchless name forever!

What happened to Jephthah, the type of our Lord? He was made captain over his people. So is Jesus Captain over us, for He has led us out of the bondage of sin, delivered us from an evil con-

science, and snapped the chains of hell. Now as our Good Shepherd He makes us to lie down in green pastures and leads us to the waters of rest. When Jephthah was rejected by his brethren he fled to the land of Tob, which means "goodness," and when Jesus was rejected on Calvary as the One who has made it possible for every penitent sinner to go to Paradise, He cried, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit." And Father answered from heaven, "Sit thou at my right hand. (Psalm 110:1).

Now Jesus, our heavenly Jephthah, has opened the way for us to Father's house, and will welcome His faithful followers into the mansions prepared for them, *through His merits and blood*. "Let us therefore enter into that which is within the veil; whither as a forerunner Jesus entered for us, having become a High Priest forever after the order of Melchizedek." Heb. 6:19,20.

Soon Thy saints shall all be gathered
Inside the veil;
 All at home — no more be scattered—
Inside the veil;
 Naught from Thee our hearts shall sever,
 We shall see Thee, — grieve Thee never,
 "Praise the Lamb" shall sound forever,
Inside the veil.

The Minister's Hidden Power

Mrs. J. S. Lincoln



HE old piano was one of the treasures in the home. It could not be called beautiful, for the case was worn and beginning to crack here and there, and it was too old to be excellent in tone or touch anymore; but it had an instrumental attachment that was the delight of us all.

Now this "attachment" was *not visible*, but by pressing certain pedals you could get harp, guitar, mandolin, banjo or zither music—whichever you liked. How we enjoyed the music thus produced, forgetting all about the age, tone, touch, or looks. This was what made us loath to part with the old piano. It was the "attachment," this *accompaniment* that we gloried in and so treasured. Yes, it was really the attachment to which we listened.

So I have listened to sermons that had an "attachment" and to preachers who had an "accompaniment." I believe you know what I mean. It is that indescribable, invisible, holy inspiration of the Holy Ghost. It is that hidden charm that captivates and thrills the listener; that visible glory that beautifies homely speech and commonplace preachers. It is that glorious unction that puts dynamic power into simple language until it

sounds like Sinai's thunder and empowers mortal man to speak as the oracle of God—yea, the mouthpiece of Jehovah.

No one wearies of the sermon preached under the anointing. This blessed heaven-sent "accompaniment" is an absolute requisite of God's minister. He is no success without it. Nothing on earth can take the place of it. Many substitutes have been tried and have failed, but the anointing, Never! It was not said in vain, "He maketh His ministers a flame of fire," for God's man under Holy Ghost anointing is a living flame, and his words as liquid fire.

It was at a Camp-meeting and the closing service had come. The preacher of the hour seemed so very ordinary that one almost wondered why he was the one chosen for this closing climax, but how little we know by judging from outward appearances. He was one of those blessed men of God who never come alone—he had the Accompaniment—that hidden Attachment.

Did you ever hear the story of the waiting congregation who sent the messenger to the pastor's study and he returned, saying, "There is some one in the room with him, for I heard him say, 'I will not go without you' "? The minister soon

appeared, and they became aware of the fact that he had not come alone. So it was with the minister mentioned above.

Slight in stature, but under the mighty anointing he suddenly became a giant, capable of carrying away the gates of Gaza. Instead of looking "ordinary" he looked like the "monarch of all he surveyed." Panoplied with heaven's authority his "speech" and his "preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom but in demonstration of the Spirit and power." How his words burned, and how the Holy Ghost settled down upon the people! Sinners were stricken off their seats and lay as dead men, all thru the congregation. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene.

At another time a meeting was in progress. It had been a hard-fought battle. The entire community seemed arrayed against old-time religion, and one evening it seemed that the devil had indeed won complete victory. Two very good men had tried to speak to the vast, unruly throng and failed, when suddenly the district elder's timid, little wife arose and made her way to the platform, saying as she did so, with tremendous power and unction, "For the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" For nearly an hour she held that vast crowd spellbound, and the altar service that followed beggars description.

What an asset and benefit this heavenly unction to any meeting! And how necessary! Why do we not covet it more, and strive to have it instead of well-arranged programs? Would that we all felt like the minister expressed himself not long ago at the close of his sermon, "Beloved, I'd rather die than lose this precious anointing." Surely Jesus must be pleased to have us put such value upon what He bestows.

This blessed anointing, so beautiful, so far-reaching and God-glorifying in its results, is for whosoever will. It works equally as well in the pew as in the pulpit. It was in a convention and the testimony meeting was unusually dry and most of us were hoping it would soon close, when a young colored boy arose to testify. He hesitated a moment, closed his eyes and began to sing:

"Jesus is my loving Savior,
He is so precious to me,
O how I love and adore Him!
For all His mercies to me,

It was beautiful and wonderful, for words, melody and boy were all under the Spirit's peculiar touch. By the time he had sung the second verse, the meeting was "dry" no longer for the heavenly showers were falling. How the peo-

ple worshipped and adored the Son of God as they joined that dear colored lad in singing the chorus:

"Jesus, Jesus, dearer than all to me,
Jesus, Jesus, Thine only Thine I'll be,
Where Thou dost lead I will follow,
Where're my path may be,
Then when Life's journey is ended,
Thy face in glory I'll see."

A woman, hard pressed, discouraged and alone, stepped into an assembly in a strange city, longing for spiritual uplift and comfort. Looking over the place and people from a back seat, she wondered if any good could come to her out of this little "Nazareth," that lonesome Sabbath morn. Soon, a young man of rather timid demeanor stepped forward to lead the singing. One saw only him, but could not see his "Accompaniment." The song was one with these words in the chorus:

"Christ liveth in me,
Christ liveth in me."
Oh what a salvation this
That Christ liveth in me."

As he in sweet simplicity and so wonderfully anointed, led the congregation in singing that chorus over and over, the place seemed electrified, beautified, glory-tinted and heaven touched. Faces were lifted heavenward, hearts were lightened and souls refreshed, and she in the back seat received consolation, inspiration and new hope because one soul had the anointing.

A young Norwegian had just graduated from a theological school and was much elated on receiving a charge immediately. He was sent to a little fisher village up among the mountains and arrived, as he himself said, "with his pockets full of sermons" among those humble fisher folk poor in this world's goods but rich in spiritual merchandise; limited in earth's lore and lyrics, but doctors of divinity, everyone of them when it came to the "excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." Sabbath morning came and he arrived at the church with a well-selected sermon to "read." He was astonished at the beauty of their singing but when they knelt to pray he was simply overwhelmed, for they talked with God "face to face." When he arose and looked into their glory-lit faces, he felt something he had never felt before, and could not "read" his sermon.

That week he visited among this godly people, marveling at the heavenly influence he everywhere felt. Telling of it afterwards he said, "There I saw God in His Holiness walking around in wooden shoes. There I saw God walking about in coarse, patched, homespun

clothes, and my heart became so hungry to have what they had that I thot I would die." There was no doubt in my mind when I heard him preach, but that he had received the same anointing he had so coveted.

Truly an anointed preacher and people are

the best advertisement God has in this old world. We need this unction to become fishers of men. It is a "bait" that never fails to draw fish of every size into the Gospel net. Oh how hungry it makes souls for the Living Bread and the New Wine! Lord give us a double portion thereof!

Heptecostal Fire in Northwest China

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Simpson, Minchow, China

This remarkable account of a revival in Northwest China was sent to us by one of our readers. We are delighted to pass it on to our entire Evangel family.



WITH hearts full of praise to God we send this letter to you who in faith and gift share in the Lord's work on this field. We want you to know how, by His blessing, your prayers and offerings and our toils and labors have resulted in a mighty revival and the sending forth of twenty-seven additional laborers into this big harvest field. But for the increased offerings the Lord has enabled His dear people in America to send us during the past few months, we should have been unable to send these men forth preaching Christ to millions in two provinces and the revival would soon spend itself and burn out in the old work, but now, praise God, with your timely and continued help it will spread its burning flames far and wide and never cease till Jesus comes!

This revival came in a series of Conventions beginning May 21st in Taochow, New City, and ending June 28th in Minchow. The series included Conventions also in Gospel Garden, Choni, and a mighty miracle at Taochow, Old City, June 9th. Old City is only five miles from Gospel Garden and the miracle occurred in connection with the Convention there.

The theme of these Conventions has been "Overcoming, in preparation for the Lord's Coming," not just as a theory of truth to be studied but as an actual experience to be lived. Last year we had the need and method of overcoming as given in Rev. 1:11, but this year the Lord by His Spirit led us to take actual steps in overcoming and fight actual battles in conquering disease, death and the devil. And we know as never before that it is not by might nor power of man but by the Spirit of God truly doing His work as Paraclete in God's Assembly and that we overcome in no other way.

We have learned in these Conventions that Satan is the same old devil he was in the days of our Lord's earthly ministry; where and whenever the Lord gives the true anointing with the Holy Spirit, Satan gives a false one to imitate and oppose the true. If Jesus had yielded to the tempter in the wilderness He would have received a false anointing with an evil spirit. Where He

overcame many other children of God fail and receive an actual anointing with evil spirits and become "anti-christs" as John tells us in I John 2:18. The literal translation of "Anti-Christos" is "instead-anointed," and this is Satan's chief weapon in his age-long war against God's Anointed Son and His Spirit-anointed Body. In the beginning of the present outpouring of the Spirit many who were uninstructed in the Word received these false anointings resulting in confusion, deception and fear of manifestations. But we should not fear these things for the only means of fighting the "instead-anointed" is with the true anointing, I John 2:20-28. We had several of these false anointings in these Conventions and in every case they were detected and overcome by those who were truly anointed with the Holy Spirit and knew the Word of God.

For instance, a sixteen-year-old girl was carried into the Hall at Gospel Garden and laid down on the floor beside the platform while the meeting was going on. Her eyes were closed, her face pale and form limp. I asked if she were sick and was told that she had been demon-possessed over a year. At the altar service many prayed for her and rebuked the demon in the Name of the Lord, but all in vain. But in the afternoon meeting she was lying unconscious under demon power in the adjoining room until the Spirit came on our cook, a young man who had received the Baptism the day before, and led him with eyes closed and in a peculiar waltzing motion, to walk the length of the Hall between the kneeling people to the side of the prostrate girl. His eyes then opened and in a loud voice he rebuked the demon and commanded him to come out of the girl. Immediately a young Tibetan woman who had not yet received the Baptism leaped to her feet and sprang to his side and joined in with him in rebuking the demon, imitating the young man in his motions, tone of voice, etc., so well that all supposed she was under the anointing of the Holy Spirit also. This spirit-battle proceeded for some time, in and out of the Hall, while scores of people looked on in amazement. Finally the young man led the demoniac to the platform and declared the Tibetan woman, who was still following and imitating him, was under Satan's control and the demoniac would not be delivered until we recognized it. We understood at once the cause of the strange battle and rebuked Satan in the woman and immediately the demon left the girl

and she began praising the Lord. It took some time before the Tibetan woman was delivered from the Satanic power that held her, but next day both she and the girl were baptized and are now going on in the Lord. While under the Satanic anointing she declared her name to be "Prince of the World" and revealed the close connection between Satan and the war now devastating Kansu.

On June 8 a man came to the meeting from Taochow Old City, asking Mr. Chow who has charge of the work there to come and pray for his niece who had been sick about three months and was now dying but wanted to be saved ere she passed away. He hurried to her bedside while we prayed for him and her. His uncle joined him and they prayed for the young woman who was indeed dying. She confessed her sins and the Lord saved her. The two men then asked the Lord to heal her also and had the assurance that He would do so. They then went home for the night. But next morning they were called again as she was plainly dying. According to Chinese customs she was already dressed in her burial clothes and her limbs had lost all feeling and were growing cold and stiff. Her father, a doctor, and all her family knew she was dying, but the two men held on in faith under the anointing which is true and cannot lie. Gradually she sank into unconsciousness, her entire body growing cold and stiff as death claimed her. Finally she ceased breathing and her tongue dropped back into her throat but the two men still kept their hands on the lifeless body praising the Lord for victory over death. After a few minutes they heard one word come from the dead throat, "Faith!" Reassured they redoubled their praises and soon the mighty Spirit of Life from Christ Jesus filled the lifeless clay and all heard clearly the dead lips speaking in a tongue as He gave utterance! And the same Spirit who gives utterance in tongues raised the dead woman to life! Calling to her father she said, "Except you believe in Jesus your daughter cannot live," and he dropped to his knees and accepted the Lord he had rejected for thirty years. She then told her husband he too must accept Jesus as his Lord. When he said "yes, I will believe" she said, "It must be with all your heart" and he confessed his sins and accepted the Lord. She said there were three who were mocking and her uncle looking outside found three members of an idolatrous society making fun of the work of God. She challenged them to prove their religion and declared, "To show you that Jesus is true and your religion false I will cause this woman to stand on her feet today, sit up tomorrow and walk the third day." Immediately, with no assistance, and to the consternation of all, the woman who was dead but a few moments before stood right up in their midst and preached the Gospel for two and a half hours! She who had never heard the Bible read and who cannot read a word herself proclaimed the terrible

judgments now impending, going over much the same ground as the Revelation! Next day she sat up and the third day she walked in the presence of many. As a result of this mighty miracle her entire family have been saved and deep conviction has come to many others. Her father came sixty miles to Minchow Convention to tell everybody about it and to be baptized.

But most wonderful of all was the sweet real-sensed spiritual Presence of our glorious Lord in the meetings. By His Spirit dwelling in His members He revealed Himself as actually in our midst, rebuking, forgiving, exhorting, comforting, correcting, counseling, just as the need arose. "Lo, I am with you always" is literally true. His Presence in the Spirit makes us ready for His Presence in Body. In no other way can we be prepared to see His Glory. Apart from the Paraclete Ministry of the Spirit we shall all be ashamed before Him at His Coming.

The results cannot be fully tabulated, but aside from the many who have been saved and revived and the great refreshing that has been given to the entire work, thirteen former workers who have dropped out for various reasons have been restored and fourteen new workers have been called and sent forth into the harvest field. Four new places have been occupied and four men sent into Shensi Province.

Book Reviews

THE GIFT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

By Willis W. Blossom

"What is the Gift of the Holy Spirit and how Obtained?" This is a thorough treatise on the subject of the Holy Spirit, scriptural and conclusive. It is the first book of this kind that has gone into the subject so minutely. As a text book it will be a valuable help to Bible study along the line of Pentecostal teaching.

Heavy paper cover, 230 pages. 75c per copy, postage 5c.

* * *

"WITH SIGNS FOLLOWING"

By Stanley H. Frodsham

This is a splendid work on the Latter Rain Outpouring of the Holy Spirit, from the "first shower of latter rain" in 1900 until the present time. It is deeply interesting. It contains detailed accounts of Pentecostal revivals thruout the United States, British Isles, Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, Canada, India, South America, Egypt, China, and Japan. A book filling a long-felt need.

Bound in cloth, 254 pages. Price, \$1.50, postage 10c.

* * *

THE GOLDEN DAWN OF MAN

By Annie MacDonald Carnapas

This book contains a fund of interesting information regarding "the Beginning" of things. Some of the chapters are, Former Inhabitants of the Earth, Cain's Wife and City, Cush the Father of the Blacks, The State of the Earth before and after the Deluge, How the History of the Antideluvians was Preserved, Atlantis, A Lost Faculty, etc., etc. The author has delved into history and the Bible to prove her statements, as well as using legends and findings of excavators in ancient ruins. The book shows a great amount of study. Some may question some of the statements contained therein, but the book is well worth reading.

Bound in heavy art paper, 132 pages. Price 75c each, postage 5c. The Evangel Pub. House is able to supply any of the above books.

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Notes

Results from the Printed Word

WE take this opportunity of thanking our readers for their valued help on THE EVANGEL. The subscriptions that have been sent in have been a God-send and deeply appreciated by us. We are equally grateful for the help contributed toward sending the paper to missionaries and those unable to subscribe. This is one of the little ministries that will not go unrewarded.

A missionary in the interior of China writes: "What would I do without such food for my soul when I never hear sermons in my mother tongue here?" Only God knows what this bit of spiritual food means to the missionary hedged about with heathenism, and with the good help of our readers we do not want any missionary who desires the paper to be without its monthly visits.

A brother who sends in an extra subscription writes this encouraging note: "I wish to offer my thanks to you for the extra quality of the paper as a whole. My acquaintance with it has lasted for a number of years. The articles are uniformly valuable; the paper stock is excellent, the composition is pleasing on the whole, and the price is fair. Be encouraged with the results that are following the spread of the Gospel in this manner. I have loaned my numbers consistently from time to time, and have been able to induce others to subscribe. The present subscription is to a young man who feels his call to the ministry and who is just trying his wings. I feel that he will be helped immeasurably by regular reading of this paper."

Another writing, says, "I am so greatly helped and encouraged by this precious messenger. It always seems to give me just what I need at the time it comes. I do not want to miss a single copy."

* * *

But a real, practical result from the paper comes in the form of a testimony, from a sister in England:

"Personally I want to give a little word of testimony. I was almost frantic with pain in my head, could get no rest anywhere. I had an EVANGEL on a small table by my bedside. It must have been the Lord showing me to bind the EVANGEL round my head. I did so and almost at once the pain stopped, and praise the Lord, I slept for hours. It was wonderful! They were surprised when they came and found me asleep after weeks of pain and suffering."

It is a great comfort to those of us who toil unremittingly in order to send the paper throughout the world, to know that it is used in spiritual and physical blessing, and we want our readers who help us to send it out, to know of the blessing it is to others, and to pray that it may continue to be a blessing to thousands.

At this time there is real need for tangible help. We have tried to meet the expenses of the paper by carrying a few books, etc., but the profit is so small that there is little material increase from this source. If our readers would interest their friends in the paper and each subscriber would send in at least one extra subscription, it would put the paper on a paying basis, and relieve the present heavy pressure.

Many of our subscriptions fall due at the close of the year, and we trust we may have prompt renewals. It is only by the hearty co-operation of those who love the ministry of THE EVANGEL that it can be continued. In response to an inquiry as to how to increase the number of subscriptions, a sister replied, "All I can say is to pray that God will lay it on hearts as He has laid it on mine." We shall be glad to have such prayer, for we know there are always material results when God burdens interested friends in behalf of the paper. We thank God that hitherto He has helped us, and praise Him for the loving co-operation that has made it possible to carry on the paper for nineteen years.

The little worries that we meet each day
May be as stumbling blocks across our way,
Or we may make them stepping stones to be
Of grace, O Lord, to Thee!

Faring Angry Mobs in China



RECENT news from China is very alarming. The Anti-foreign, Anti-Christian spirit is again being fanned into a flame, and the lives of our missionaries are being imperiled. The daily papers say that the American Consul has ordered the American missionaries to the coast, and we understand that our missionaries in South China have all left the interior.

There is no doubt that the lives of many missionaries are in jeopardy, but their trust is in the living God, and His people at home must not fail to uphold them in prayer in this hour of peril.

The following letter from Bro. Williamson, who was obliged to leave Waitsap because of violent opposition, will give an idea of the suffering that some are enduring for the Gospel:

"You are well aware, ere this, that we had to leave Waitsap on account of the uprising against Christianity. Mr. Lam was one of the first they were after, and a reward was out for him, dead or alive. We managed to get him away at midnight, one dark night, much against his wishes, for he wanted to remain with us, but for the best interest of the work we insisted that he leave.

"I can never picture to you the anxiety of those five weeks when the mobs stood at our front and back doors, threatening our lives, and the lives of all the Christians. One day I stood for more than two hours in the doorway, with the angry mob on one side and the Christians on the other. If ever I prayed and looked to God, it was then. The mob said, 'Let their Heavenly Father save them now', and uttered the most blasphemous words against Christ.

"The mobs were incited by the 'Red' students and the Farmer soldiers who are directly under 'Red' influence. All Waitsap was placarded with signs, every doorway having a large red paper with the words, 'This home opposes the deceiving doctrine of Christianity', which the students pasted up and the people didn't dare tear off. The magistrate put out a proclamation to protect us after one of our Christians was caught by the students and bound, and the characters for 'Foreign Slave' written on his face and he was marched through the streets. In a few days the Nationalist party put out a notice that no one was to be allowed to go in or out of the mission on pain of severe punishment. No one was to be allowed to buy for or sell anything to the mission; no one was allowed to work for the mission, and finally all Christians were to renounce Christianity in three days' time, or a limit of five days was given to them to get out of the district.

"I went to see the magistrate but he could not promise us any protection. He was powerless to help us, and finally there was nothing for us to do but to leave, after we had weathered the storm for five weeks. We felt terrible to be obliged to leave, but there was nothing else to do. The night before we left the neighbors came in to see us, many with tears in their eyes. Some even beat their breasts, they felt so badly at the way we had been treated when we had given them nothing but kindness. The magistrate at the last minute sent out soldiers all along the route of the city and some guarded the bridge to see that we got through safely. It was a sad leaving but we were helpless. If Mrs. Williamson had not been with me I think I should have stayed, but perhaps it has all been for the best.

"Everything over on the land is gone. We saw them taking our building material right in front of our eyes, and we were powerless to help ourselves. We learned since leaving that peace has been restored, and that proclamations have been pasted on all the city walls forbidding any further molestation to Christians, either Chinese or foreign. I have had several letters from unsaved friends asking us to come back for Christmas, but I feel we should wait for a time until we really know how conditions are. I have just returned from Szewui, where I went with Bro. Spence and Bro. Morrison. Even there they haven't been able to open the mission for the past few weeks, as the Farmer soldiers have been causing trouble, and have threatened to stone the Christians several times.

"The Christians at Waitsap were brave, and true to the Lord during those awful five weeks. Many were threatened with death, but not one went back on his faith. All witnessed a good profession before many witnesses, and it greatly encouraged our hearts to know that the fruit remains. We hated to see our little home wrecked; it is hard to take joyfully the spoiling of your goods, but there is no bitterness in our hearts. We could pray for our enemies when the trouble was at its highest."

* * * *

When we think of all the Chinese Christians in the interior being left without a missionary, to suffer at the hands of merciless mobs, the outlook is pitiful. Miss Mattie Brann, writing from North China, gives a repetition of suffering and persecution:

"Poor China! War, floods, bandits, Anti-Christian movement, Boxers, and pestilence! But we do praise the Lord that even amid all this, we still have the open door to preach the full Gospel, and some souls are coming to know Christ as their Savior.

"We have just had a most trying persecution of seven months from the Boxers, in one section

of our field. At last the Boxers have been recognized as 'local soldiers' by Wu Pei fu, and tax the people for their up-keep, some of which is a levy for demon-worship. According to treaty laws the Christians are exempt from idol-worship taxation, but the Boxers in this section were determined to make eight families pay this tax. Boxers took it to court and were defeated, and then they said the official was my friend and was partial to Christians, when it was plainly proven the Christians had nothing against them and had paid more than their share of war and other tax. However, the Boxers appealed to a higher court (one of Wu's men) and had five Christians arrested and put in prison. They bought up all the 'runners and door-keepers' and those you had to pass before the official could be seen, spending thereby some \$500. We took to our knees and prayer was made, and after nearly a month the dear Lord heard our cry. Once again these Boxers were defeated in their well-laid scheme. We know Satan was at the bottom of it all, and even now is trying a blacker and more subtle scheme, so we are keeping our faces heavenward, and ask your co-operation at this hour when persecutions grows more intense. We know the Church of Christ has always grown under persecution, and we are trusting this will be the case now.

"Again the Lord has been good and given the boys a fairly good crop on their little tract of 'poor land.' He has kept them all well and kept them busy with their farm work and weaving industry. Soon their school will begin for the win-

ter, but just now even the smallest hands are busy gathering in the belated crops or grass for their rabbits and goats. The little ones raise white rabbits and sell the skins, and have had quite a little income from them. Every hand is busy, and truly the brothers in charge of the Boys' Orphanage are capable, consecrated men, and try to turn every foot of land into something to help the boys. Best of all, they are learning of Him who alone saves and keeps them."

* * *

Miss Ruth Erickson, working among the tribes of Liberia, writes: "The blessing of God continues in our midst. Souls are being saved and filled with the Holy Spirit in nearly every Sunday service. Chief Tabla received the baptism in the Holy Spirit last month, and he is so happy. How often we praise the Lord for this precious soul—a diamond from the rough—who one day will shine as the stars in the kingdom above. He is one who is leading many to righteousness for his life as well as lips witness for Jesus.

"Eight young men from one of the Hooyah villages have recently been saved, and are earnestly seeking for the Holy Spirit, having been mightily under the power several times. They walk a distance of about seven miles every Sunday in order to attend the meetings. A young man from the largest Hooyah town received the baptism of the Holy Spirit three weeks ago. We do praise God for these gracious manifestations of His presence, and because hungry hearts are being reached with the glorious Gospel."

Leaves from an Evangelist's Diary

The Price of Obedience



ENTECOST was not popular in that neighborhood, but God was working in the little cottage prayer meeting and the neighbors became curious. Finally one of them, a Sunday School Superintendent, came in to investigate. He went home with the report that there was a "woman preacher" there. This aroused his wife's interest and she came over.

She was an unusually large woman and very dignified in her manners.

They had just announced the first song as she took her seat. God's presence was very marked, and suddenly the power of God struck her and she was shaken as a rat at the mercy of a rat-terrier. Conscious of the uncomely appearance she must have presented, and of her size, she cried out, "Oh not this way, Lord! not this way!" Instantly she was released and the power lifted. As she afterwards said, God never looked at her again for weeks, until she saw her

mistake, humbled herself and cried, "Come any way, Lord, just so You come." What folly we indulge in, worms of the dust that we are, to dictate to God!

He gave her a glorious baptism—wondrous indeed, but crucifying to her proud nature. Her husband also received and quickly saw the command to be immersed; but she couldn't see it. She had been sprinkled and felt this was enough and that that he should be satisfied with this too. But he went ahead and obeyed his convictions, which made her feel so very badly that she wouldn't even go to *see* the immersion service.

Time went on and there was to be another baptismal service down at the Lake. This time she decided to go along and "look on." Some four or five people were immersed when I noticed she had disappeared. She had gone into one of the cottages to ask for clothing that she herself might be immersed. In telling of it afterwards she said, "A voice spoke to me as I was looking on saying, 'You do it *now or never.*'" She certainly lost no time in trying to obey, but because

of her size nothing could be found large enough to fit her.

How marvelous God is! He knows just how to deal with us individually. It is best not to have a controversy with the Almighty: He always wins at our expense. With one stroke He humbles our pride in the most crucifying way, as well as the most conclusive. When He is thru with us we are speechless. The road of obedience is the best to travel.

By this time the woman was desperate. Grabbing a single blanket and two shawls she began to wrap them around her, with the help of others, and was soon securely pinned and tied. Had it not been for the awful solemnity God let settle down upon the people, I am sure the assembled crowd would have had a tremendous laugh at her expense, for when she came out she was a sight. She gave you the impression of a small mountain and an Indian squaw combined. But nobody seemed to think it was funny; all knew this was part of her price of obedience. She who always looked so prim and proper was now approaching the water's edge in bare feet and this heap of shawls and blanket.

As she walked out into the water, God gave her a vision of heaven. With uplifted hands and shining countenance she was buried with her Lord in baptism, amid tears, shouts and praises of those present.

This incident reminded me of my own father who had also opposed immersion. He had spent days arguing with the candidates for baptism, trying to show them that they were wrong, but went along to the river to see the end of their folly. Suddenly as he was watching one being immersed, God spoke to him, "Now you're the next one!" He was almost paralyzed with the suddenness at first. In one glimpse he saw it all, and fearful lest he would not be the next one, he jumped into the water, collar, tie, shoes and all—all but his hat.

His act created a tumult of surprise and joy among the people, and his own soul was saturated with glory. Yes, "there's glory round the cross."

* * *

God Using the Weak Things

It was while I had charge of a mission in R—, that I began to develop lung trouble. The doctor pronounced it tuberculosis and also said that I had reached the place where "nothing could hurt me and nothing could help me." I was having terrible night sweats, tho sleeping in a cold

room with open window. My voice had been gone for over a year, and there was a sunken place in my right lung where you could lay your fist. We had never heard of Divine Healing in those days; all we knew was that God was Omnipotent. We went to Him with everything and expected Him to answer in some way.

I was perhaps more willing to die than to live at this time, having gone thru much tribulation for a young Christian in being turned out of my home for the sake of the Gospel. Part of the time I was in bed and part of the time I was up. When I was a little better I would go to the mission, and then occasionally they would come up to the home and we would have a prayer-meeting, but, if I strained my voice at all I would have a hemorrhage.

One day a sixteen-year-old boy who had been saved in the mission came to me and said, "If I had a watch that was broken I would take it to a watch-maker to have it mended. He made it, couldn't he mend it?" "Sure," I said. "Well," he went on, "God made your lungs. Why can He not mend them?" To me it was rather surprising to hear such a comparison from him. He was rather below normal in intellect, had been saved from the depths of sin, but as I was not expecting to get well, thinking that my time was up, I passed it off, without making any remarks. But he came back again and still talked about the broken watch. He kept agitating it among the young folks until finally he had a prayer-meeting arranged to pray for God to mend my lungs. The night they were to have the prayer-meeting I was feeling fairly well, and the mission being just around the corner from where I was stopping, they helped me down to this meeting where there were about a dozen young folks gathered to pray God to mend my lungs. I was a little fearful as to the outcome and its effect upon their faith, for I had never heard of God doing such things. I was afraid their faith might be shattered.

Finally they got down to pray, one after another praying, ending up by G. L. praying quite at length. He pleaded promise after promise in such a way it seemed as tho the very atmosphere of the room began to change and things began to feel so different. The way we would describe it now with our maturer Christian experience, is that God began to draw nigh. I was all stooped over but raised up and turned around to look at him, wondering what it all could mean. Both of his hands were lifted toward heaven, and

his body was swaying back and forth as the promises rolled from his lips. The more he repeated them, the more he got hold of God. As I turned around I uttered an inaudible prayer, "Oh Lord, help in some way so his faith is not shattered!" and just then the power of God struck my shoulders and straightened me right up. My right lung came up higher than my left, and it is higher today.

Within two weeks my voice came back like a trumpet, and I have never been able to whisper since, but I have been able to preach in street meetings and tent meeting until friends said they could hear the sound of my voice for six blocks. God made a complete work of it.

And little do we know whom God will use and how we will fit into each other's lives and be a blessing and benediction. That boy was the most unlikely one of all that I would have picked out to pray for me but it was his prayer that brought healing and God then and there mended my lungs.

A Singular Healing

Mrs. A. was a splendid Christian woman of the Lutheran faith. In a wonderful way God led her out and she attended the services at the Mission. But the glorious truth of Divine Healing was very new and strange to her, and quite new to me. One morning she undertook to wash the kitchen ceiling, standing on a little kitchen table when she fell and hurt her hip; they thought it was broken.

Her husband was a heartless man and would not send for a doctor to examine her or give her any help, and for two weeks that woman suffered agony. I didn't dare go to see her when he would know anything about it for he was very much opposed to her coming to the mission, and opposed to me as well. But one Saturday morning while I was praying God said to me, "Go up and anoint Sister A., and I will heal her." I had never anointed anybody, and I said, "Why, I cannot do that. I am a woman and the Bible says to call for the elders." And the Spirit said, "In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female." So I found a little oil and went up. I was very trembling about it because I hardly knew how to go about it. When I arrived, a young woman who had come to help her, opened the door. Mrs. A. was standing there in the room, using a chair and a cane to hold herself up, and her face was the picture of torment because of her suffering.

I said to her, "Sister A., the Lord sent me

up to anoint you and He said He would heal you." In her discouragement and suffering she looked at me in surprise, and said, "I wish you hadn't come." Things were bad enough anyway without my coming with something new to trouble her. The young woman laughed and I didn't know what to do. I stood there and put my foot up against the door so that they couldn't shut it. Without another word Mrs. A. turned, and with the aid of the chair and cane she reached a couch and lay down. I crowded my way in and knelt on the floor by the couch, fearing only one thing, that I would not be able to do what God told me to do. I did not want to disobey Him.

As soon as I knelt there I closed my eyes and began to pray. Then I realized I had to use the oil, and tried with my eyes closed to find her forehead. It was all done rather clumsily for I was sobbing and crying hard 'twixt duty and embarrassment. As I closed my little prayer I detected the smell of burning rye-bread coming from the kitchen, but with my face right down on the floor in humiliation and perplexity, I never thought of taking it out of the oven. And evidently the young woman didn't either for she was having a good laugh at my expense. So poor Mrs. A. with great difficulty and suffering had to rescue her own bread. As she was taking out the last loaf, the mighty power of God struck her, lifted her up and started her running on that limb which had previously been drawn up and with which she had been unable to touch the floor. She ran like a deer, back and forth through the house, shouting while the young woman looked on in open-mouthed astonishment. God had proved Himself and she was absolutely healed.

* * *

This same woman had a son about eighteen years of age, the child of many prayers. He, seeing the inconsistency of some Christians, claimed that he would become an infidel; anyway he declared he could not understand the Bible so why should he believe it? He went to work in a hardware store and one day stepped on a rusty nail. Blood-poisoning was the result and it became very, very serious, threatening his life. I had just come back from a neighboring state and I sent word to Mrs. A. of my return. That same night she sent word she could not come to see me because her son was very, very ill. Early the next morning a message came that lock-jaw was imminent and asking me to come and pray

for the lad. When I got there his jaw seemed set and his eyes had a strange look. They had him propped up on pillows so he could breathe; he could not speak but his eyes spoke volumes. His infidelity had flown and he wanted God. The doctor was coming at five in the afternoon to take him to the hospital.

As I reached the bed-room door the Spirit led me to sing,

"I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee,
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood,
That flows from Calvary."

As I sang he tried to roll his eyes toward heaven. I must have sung it twenty times. All of a sudden the expression on his face changed, and he cried, "Hallelujah!" Heaven came down, and he was both saved and healed.

The doctor came at five as arranged and seeing the wondrous change said, "What has happened?" The lad replied "Well, another Physician was here ahead of you." He gave his testimony of what God had done. Needless to say, he didn't need to go to the hospital.

The Divine Searchlight

A glorious camp meeting was in progress. The truth of the Second Coming had been preached with anointing and power, resulting in a search-

ing of hearts. Were we ready to rise if the trumpet should sound and the Lord Himself should descend?

As the altar call was being given, one of the preachers on the platform knelt amid the "seekers," and one of the brethren said to him, "Why brother, aren't you ready for the coming of the Lord?" "No," he said, "the Lord shows me I have something attached to my feet that will hold me down." They wondered. What could it be? After earnest prayer he threw up his hands, and with tears streaming down his face he said, "Lord, I will let go of the mules!" Everyone was rather astonished at this outburst, but he later explained that an old friend of his, whom he dearly loved, had died, and before he died he turned over to the preacher a pair of faithful old mules that had been in the family for years. There were memories connected with that team of mules that made him treasure them, and the preacher had grown to be too fond of them. Truly, as the Word says, "the heart is deceitful above all things," and unknown to us it can even attach itself to a pair of old mules. Reader, under the searching light of God's Spirit, what has your heart attached itself to that would hold you down should the Lord suddenly come?

A FELLOW PILGRIM

The Two Reasons Why Men Are Not Saved

Cowards Transformed Into Heroes Thru the Power of God.

David A. Leigh, Missionary from China, in The Stone Church, Dec. 26, 1927.



Y TEXT is found in Romans 1:16, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile." A little while ago a friend of mine was soundly converted. Previous

to his conversion he was the biggest drunkard in the town where he lived. Now, altho addicted to drink until he was an absolute slave, this man had quite a tender heart, and oftentimes he looked upon the pinched face of his wife and then at his children and tears would stream down his face. Again and again he would vow that never again would he touch that cursed drink, but, as often as he vowed, so often did he fail, until neither his wife nor his neighbors had any confidence in him. He signed the pledge until he was tired of signing it and every time he was about to sign it the men would say, "Well, Tom is coming again." He was absolutely helpless

under the power of sin, but one day he met Jesus and that meeting with Jesus made all the difference in the world. The shackles were broken, the man was set free and the joy of salvation came into his soul. My friend said, "Now that I am converted and such a change has come into my life, my wife and children will all be saved, and my neighbors to the right and to my left who have seen me staggering home under the influence of drink will also believe. And not only the neighbors but the workmen also who have given me up long ago, when they see the wonderful change in my heart and life, will be saved and God will work until we shall have days of heaven on earth." But to his great surprise he found that neither his wife nor his children, neither the neighbors, nor the workmen wanted him or his salvation. In spite of the wonderful change that no one could gainsay, they wanted nothing to do with him or his Savior. So strange and yet so true!

Have you wondered that tonight there are

thousands upon thousands outside of the kingdom of God? To my mind there are two reasons. The first is *ignorance*. Men, women, and children in Chicago and all over the States and in every land and nation are outside of the Kingdom of God, in many cases because of ignorance. I am aware of the fact that in these enlightened days men do not like the word "ignorance," but I repeat what I have already said, it is ignorance that keeps men and women outside of the fold of our Lord and Savior.

The second reason is *shame*. I remember one Sunday night, leaving the little mission hall where I worshipped and, having gotten about half way home, I was accosted by a man. His clothes were tattered and torn, and his toes were sticking out from his shoes. He said, "Won't you help me?" I looked at the man and said, "Brother, why don't you come to Jesus?" He replied, "I am a Christian." But I said, "No, you are not." And to prove my statement I quoted the Scripture, "I have been young and now am I old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." I said, "If you were a child of God your Heavenly Father would see to it that your needs were provided." He smiled and said, "No, I am not a Christian." I gave him a little help and said, "Now you take my advice, go back to your lodging house tonight and as soon as you reach there get down on your knees and you will bless the day that you ever met me." To my surprise the man said as he looked at me, "I went thru the South African War and faced bullets by the thousands; bodies lay prostrate on every hand and I knew little or no fear, but, I tell you, I dare not go back to that lodging house and get on my knees before the men lodging in that place." There he was, down and out, in the gutter and the very depths of sin and yet ashamed of Jesus. Strange, but it always has been true.

There was Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, who came to Jesus by night because he did not have the moral courage to come in the day-time. There was Joseph of Arimathea, a disciple of Jesus secretly because of the Jews. We are told that many of the Jews believed on Him but for fear of the Jews they did not confess Him, and I tell you, there are men and women today and in this very place who know Jesus is the Son of God but they haven't the courage to confess Him, tho they know as well as I do that they ought to be right in the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. Men have faced dangers of every kind but when you bring them down to this mat-

ter of salvation they are the biggest cowards on the face of the earth.

So when we see a man who is not ashamed our souls are refreshed. Nicodemus may be ashamed; Joseph of Arimathea and many of the priests may have been afraid, but, says this one of whom we read, "I am not ashamed."

These words were spoken by Paul who was once Saul, the persecutor. You see him going to Damascus, breathing out threatenings against the disciples of Jesus. I love to meditate on this story. You know Saul had two commissions; one was from the chief priests, to bind all that called on the Name of Jesus. His second commission was from heaven, which was to loose all that called on His Name. The first, to bind; the second, to loose. Saul, the persecutor, on his way to Damascus! He has received letters giving permission to throw good men and women into prison and as he journeys along, determined to put an end to this Jesus religion, suddenly there shines a light from heaven and a voice is heard saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" He falls to the ground and he becomes a persecutor transformed. Henceforth he is found glorifying and exalting the One whose disciples he persecuted so bitterly. At this time when the Name of Jesus was most severely maligned he boldly declared, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

It was Paul the scholar. You know, when you speak to some people about salvation, they have the idea that conversion is only for the people down in the gutter. They say, "I am a good fellow, I have been educated in the University, so conversion is not for me." I was talking to a man not long ago on this very line. I told him what a wonderful thing God had done for me, and when I had finished, he said, "Well, you may have needed it, but I do not." I said, "Yes, I did need it, and so do you, only you do not know it." Paul the scholar! No ignoramous here. The man who sat at the feet of Gamaliel; the man who could discuss any subject, the man of letters and yet he was not ashamed of this lowly Nazarene and His Gospel. It was Paul the apostle, Paul the aged, who, as he looked back at the close of his career, could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course"; and looking forward to the rewards, he adds, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

In the time when the Name of Jesus is most hated Paul comes out in the limelight and declares, "I am not ashamed." Why is it that at

such a time as that, Paul declared so boldly that he knew no shame for this Gospel? I have found that there are two kinds of people in this world. One kind will believe anything you tell them; you can tell them today that the earth is flat and they will believe it. Tomorrow, you can tell them that the earth is round and they will believe that. They will swallow everything they hear without investigation of any kind. There is another class who will believe nothing you tell them unless you can prove what you are talking about. If I had to choose I would prefer the latter. There are thousands tonight in the Catholic Church, in the Wesleyan Church, in the Salvation Army and in the missions who do not know why they are there; ask them to give a reason and they can give you none. They are something like the man whom a brother asked, "What do you believe?" He replied, "I believe what the church believes." "And what does the church believe?" asked the brother. "The church believes what I believe," he answered.

Only a little while ago one of the great evangelists was speaking in my native town. In the largest Wesleyan church there was a large Young Men's Class which was the pride of the town. For miles around, everyone was talking about that Young Men's Class. This evangelist addressed this class one Sunday afternoon and, after speaking a while, he began to ask questions, and was amazed at the ignorance displayed in regard to Wesleyanism. He said, "Young men, you know no more about Wesleyanism than the stones under your feet." They had come there through a foot-ball team or through some frolic time, but they knew nothing at all about the saving power of Christ, deliverance from sin or joy of the Lord. Now, Paul belonged to the latter class. When he said, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," he had a reason for such a bold declaration, and he gives as his reason, "for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

For eight years I have had the privilege of laboring in the province of Yunnan, in Southwest China. Yunnan is a very mountainous province; one range of mountains after another rises to a height of twenty-three thousand feet. I have many times looked at those mountains rising to the very skies and as I looked at the grandeur and thought of the creative power of God, I exclaimed, "Oh, what power!" Leaving China, on my journey home I came through the Indian Ocean and I saw what I had longed to see ever

since I was in school—a whale. As I stood on the deck of the steamer and saw the whale spouting in perfect ease in those mighty waves, again the thought came, "Oh, what power!" We came along further still and, entering into the Suez Canal, I saw the most magnificent sunset I ever saw. On our right was the Arabian desert and in the distance a caravan of camels moved along; the sun was just dipping down behind the hills, the sky seemed to be on fire with the most wonderful colors bursting out all over the heavens. As I stood, again the thought came, "Oh, what power!" We came on further still, round about the coast of Spain, and near Gibraltar we ran into a most terrific storm; for two days and two nights our nine thousand-ton boat tossed just like a shell. It seemed the sea was rising mountain-high and there we were heaving and tossing amid the angry waves, and again the thought came, "Oh, what power!"

But is that the *power* of which the Bible speaks here? No. Something more mighty than the waves; something more glorious than the sunset; something more grand than the mountains, more terrible than the storms. What was it? The power of God not unto creation but unto *salvation*. The power that lays hold of a drunkard and makes him a sober man; the power that lays hold of that woman who has lost every vestige of purity and makes her a pure-hearted soul. The power that lays hold of a man who never opens his mouth without blaspheming and so changes that heart and life that he praises his Maker; the power that lays hold of a thief and makes him an honest man. Oh listen, heaven is full of this kind of people tonight! "Who are these?" was asked of John. And the answer was, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

I saw one of these redeemed ones a little while ago. I was in a large hall in one of the leading cities of England where a thousand people had gathered together. Sitting on the platform were ministers and Salvation Army officers; I was in the audience. After sitting there for some time I heard the clank of chains and in came a man with fetters upon his arms and legs, dressed in a convict's garb. After a few hymns were sung, this man arose and testified to the grace of God. He was forty-five years of age and had served thirty-three of those years in prison. In fact, he was born in prison, for his mother was serving a term there when he first saw the light of day.

He grew up amongst thieves and robbers of every description, and he was very soon serving his first term. No sooner was he out than he was back again, in and out all his life. He told us how the iron hand of the law had been upon him; how they had tried to break his spirit and every method possible had been employed but he had come out at the end of his time nothing bettered but rather worse. Then he went on to tell how one night he went into a little mission hall and there on the platform was a young woman testifying to the grace of God. As she told of the love of God and the gift of His Son, the mighty sacrifice, this man's heart was moved, and hurrying down to the penitent's form he flung himself full-length and cried to God for mercy. In one moment the Lion of the Tribe of Judah broke his fetters. What the law had failed to do in thirty-three years Jesus Christ did in one moment! That is why Paul says, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

Before I went into the Lord's work I was a printer. I remember being at my desk one day and the foreman came to me and said, "There is a man downstairs who wishes to see you." I found that the man wanted me to go immediately to pray for his aunt who was dying. I got permission from the foreman to leave, and we went for several miles till we came to the home where the old lady was apparently dying. She was unsaved. It was no time for a sermon or anything like that; all that was needed was to point her to the Lamb of God. I got her eyes off herself and on to Jesus and in a short time she was beautifully saved.

The following week I went to see her again and the moment I entered I knew something out of the usual had happened. The radiance had disappeared and the joy had left her and she was just where I found her at the first. I said, "What has happened?" She said, "Well, it is like this. Shortly after you left, my sister, who belongs to the Baptists, came to see me. I told her what had happened, and that my sins were forgiven. My sister held up her hands in horror and said it was nothing less than blasphemy. She said, 'I have been attending church for more than forty years and I wouldn't dare to say that. How do you know whether you were born to be saved or born to be lost?'" And this poor woman who had heard the Gospel only a week before, began to wonder if, after all, she had been mistaken, for, she thought, "My sister is far better than I am

and perhaps it is all presumption on my part." And her faith went, her joy left and I found her depressed and discouraged. I just drew her attention to one Scripture, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that *whosoever* believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Now, perhaps you do not all know what "*whosoever*" means, like Gypsy Smith, of whom you have all heard. When he was a little boy he was continually on the road with his parents in the caravan, for his father was a gypsy. He never had any schooling. One day they were riding along a country road when he and his father noticed orchards on both sides of the road and there were beautiful apples hanging from the trees. How the little fellow longed for some of those apples! To his great joy his father decided to put up for the night just by one of those orchards. No sooner had the horses stopped than Gypsy Smith was in the orchard, filling all his pockets with apples. When he got them all nicely filled and was ready to come down from the tree he saw the farmer standing there, who said to him, "You come down." "No," he replied. "Come down right away." But the little fellow refused to come and the farmer sat down and waited for him. The little gypsy boy waited for several hours and then he had to come down. The farmer took him a little way and said, "Do you see that board? It says on that board, 'Whosoever is found guilty of trespassing in this orchard will be prosecuted.'" He then gave the boy a kick and let him go. Gypsy Smith said, "When I got into a little mission a few years later and heard the man preaching on that text I knew "*whosoever*" meant me, for I remembered my experience in the orchard." And, my friend, it means you. I do not care who you are or what you have done, if you will come to Him He will embrace you.

Before closing, I want to draw two pictures before your eyes. The first is that of a door which is closed. If you look carefully you will find that it has been closed a long time, for there are vines growing all around it. Outside there stands a stalwart Figure and if you listen you will hear His voice, "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me." What does it mean? That Jesus Christ is standing outside your heart's door tonight and knocking. He has been knocking a long time and He is still patiently waiting.

Yes, you remember the time when you were in

that revival meeting, and when you saw the people moving toward the altar a very strange feeling tugged at your heart. It was Jesus knocking. You remember when death came and took your darling babe; your heart and mind and whole being were set on things beneath, and He wanted your heart fixed on things above. In His great love He permitted your loved one to be taken. He was knocking then.

What a tragedy the life of Jesus was! When He was born there was no room for Him in the inn. In after years He had to say, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." As it was then, so it is today. There is room for pleasure, room for business, but for Christ the crucified there is no place that He can enter. The hearts for whom He died are closed against Him.

Then the second picture: This also is a door which is closed, but this time there is a multitude of people in great consternation. If you listen you will hear these words, "Lord, Lord, open to us!" But it is too late. The door is shut. "Too late," will be the cry. Jesus the Nazarene has passed by. What does it mean? It means that when Jesus came and knocked at your heart's

door you refused Him admission. You have sinned away your day of grace. You refused to hearken to His voice, now He refuses to hearken to yours. Thank God that day has not yet come, but it is drawing nigh. The Master of the House is about to rise and shut the door, but tonight the kingdom of heaven is open to all believers; if you will only believe you may enter in. In spite of the fact that there was no room for Him when He came here, He went away and is preparing a place for us. He has sent His servants with the message that "yet there is room." Room for those who despised Him; room for those who crucified Him, room for you, unsaved one.

Paul was not ashamed. I believe there are scores here tonight who could say, "I am not ashamed." I would be willing to stand before ten thousand people and say, "I am not ashamed." But what about you? Out in China we often use the proverb that goes something like this, "Tonight I take off my shoes and stockings, but I know not whether tomorrow I shall put them on or not." Just so is our life. The poet was right when he said,

"Life at best is very brief,
Like the falling of a leaf,
Like the binding of a sheaf.
Be in time."

Our Family of Ten Atheists--and God

A Challenge to Mothers With Unsaved Sons

Mrs. Jonathan Goforth, of China, has sent *The Sunday School Times* this amazing testimony, with the following comment:

The following story was handed to me by the writer, Miss Jean Graham. Before I had finished reading it the thought came, "This must be shared with *The Sunday School Times* family." Oh, mothers! Oh, Christian fathers! What a challenge is this to cast us on God for our children—to lead us literally to wrestle with God till break of day, like Jacob if need be, but never to give up until our children are prayed into the Kingdom!

The story was written down by Miss Graham as told by the Rev. Mr. Leynse at a meeting in Peking last year, Mr. Leynse being one of the family of ten whose experiences he tells.



AM just going to give a heart-to-heart talk, and I want to praise God and advertise what he can do in answer to prayer.

I was brought up on a little island near the coast of Holland. I had a good home. We were a very happy family of seven boys and one girl, I being the youngest boy. But ours was a Godless home. My father and mother were atheists. They were high-principled people, but

sternly set against religion.

When I was twenty-one I left home to go to Holland to study law. Before leaving, my mother said to me that I was to aim high. I was to determine to "make myself." She impressed on me what we had been taught, that only what we could see was real, that if there was a spiritual world it was subservient to the material, and that the God that some people talked about was only in their imagination. She filled me with the determination to oppose religion in whatever form I might meet it. Till then I had not read the Bible, heard the Gospel, or ever heard a prayer. I loved my mother very much and was determined to obey her.

But there was always an unsatisfied feeling in my heart. I wanted joy. It was not pleasure I craved. I knew that, if plunged into the rivers of pleasure as I saw them, I would dash myself to pieces on the cruel rocks at the bottom. There was a still small voice, but I did not understand. If only some one had spoken to me then. But no one ever did.

We had one sister, our "queen." She was very

beautiful, and we boys almost idolized her. She had lived a sheltered life and was jealously guarded against evil, especially the "evil of religion." She became engaged to a fine young man, a military officer. The time for the wedding drew near and great preparations were made. A big dancing party had also been arranged, to which a hundred and fifty guests were invited. I went home for the wedding.

TWO DAYS BEFORE THE WEDDING

Two days before the wedding my sister was walking out in the street with a friend, when they saw an announcement that some services were being held in a hall. She inquired who these people were, and was told that they were called Salvationists, who had come from England and brought a new religion with them. She thereupon decided to enter the hall, and she sat through the service as one transfixed. For the first time in her life she heard of the love of God and the sacrifice of Jesus. She heard of God's plan to forgive sin. At the close her friend urged her to go home, but she refused. A strange light shone in her eyes as she went forward and asked the speaker if what she had said was *really* true.

"Yes," the Army captain replied, "and for you if you will believe it."

My sister knelt down and with all her heart believed it, and surrendered to God.

She went home very happy and told mother. It was a terrible blow for her, but she thought my sister would soon get over it. The next morning the Salvation Army captain called. I watched through the window. I could not understand it. I watched the face of the woman as she talked to my mother, who met all her advances with icy answers. She said she regretted that her daughter had been "caught," but that that was the end of their influence. I saw the earnestness on the captain's face, the light in her eyes; I knew she had something we did not possess. And I envied her.

My sister was like an angel. No argument could shake her faith. The wedding day came. I remember looking down on the carriages as they swept up to our house (a wedding is a very great event in Holland), and I was longing for joy, but found it not even in the gay preparing for the party.

The wedding ceremony was performed, and my sister looked very lovely in her bridal robes. There was an unearthly light on her face, as if she were living in another world. The dance party was opened; she only danced a little, and

then, accompanied by one of the bridesmaids, went upstairs. In a short time an alarm was sent through the house and we all crowded to the upper floor.

There she lay, the bride of a few hours, her life-blood staining her bridal dress. She had had a hemorrhage of the lungs; we could see that her hours were numbered. But God left her with us till the next day, so that she could speak to us about what had become so precious to her. Mother was very hard and unbelieving, and did not even relent when the last moments came. My sister said to her, "Oh, mother, if you fight against God, you and I can never meet again. I am going to Heaven where every one is in harmony and loves each other and God. If you resist God, you cannot come to that place."

We all gathered to see her die. We faced eternity on that Good Friday. God sometimes speaks in a still small voice, and sometimes in a voice of thunder. In this latter way he spoke to us. This awful sorrow shook our foundations. We could not help her, and she passed from us.

The whole town was moved. As the funeral procession passed, blinds were drawn and shops closed all along the way. We were well known. The people talked in hushed tones of the young bride that lay in bridal robes in her coffin.

My mother was overcome with grief. For a time she lost control of her mind, and thought my sister was still a little child, and she went through the house searching everywhere for her and calling her baby name. The doctor said the only hope was a complete change. My father hurriedly engaged a nurse, not waiting to inquire if she were "religious" or not. Under the guiding hand of God a Christian nurse was engaged. This woman set herself steadily to seek healing for both the weary mind and the sick soul.

At the end of a year my mother returned, restored in mind and a changed woman. As she came into the room I saw the same look in her eyes that I had seen in the Army captain's when she had come to visit my sister. Mother laid a Bible on the table and said:

"I am fifty years old, and I have just found out that I have built my life wrongly. I have shut out God. But I am starting now to live right. And I am going to pray till every one of my family is converted. I am going to make it the business of my life to win you one by one to God. I believe God will allow me to live to see you each converted. When any of you feel yourselves even a little interested in God you will know

that He is answering my prayers for you." She then knelt down and prayed for us all.

I HEAR MY FIRST SERMON

We were all bitterly opposed to her religion. She went on her way believingly and prayerfully. One day she asked me to go to church with her. I loved her too much to refuse. That was the first time in my life I had entered a church or heard the Gospel preached. I myself had often given addresses on atheism. I made up my mind I would not listen to the preacher. Said I to myself: "How can that man believe what he preaches?" I found, after a while, that I was *compelled* to listen, and I was strangely moved by his words. My whole being seemed to be influenced, and I was strangely impelled to yield, and believe. But I pulled myself up sharply and repulsed the influence. "This is man's imagination," I said; "I will have nothing to do with it."

I was strangely unhappy. I was still seeking joy and finding it not. I listened to talks on character culture; I searched into science; strove to reach heights of education; tried to find happiness in helping the poor; yet I failed to find what I was seeking. I know now it is not giving,—it is receiving: receiving new life from God.

I heard of a minister who was called "modern" and I visited him. I explained my search after joy, and he told me I was taking life too seriously—said I needed amusement, invited me to dinner, and said we would have some games later. I was disappointed.

I spent nine months of misery. One day I was so sick of the search for satisfaction, life seemed such a burden, that I determined to end it. I went to the beach and, without telling anyone (it would appear accidental), I got into my bathing suit and swam as far out to sea as I could. My strength gave out, and, before sinking into unconsciousness, looking up to the heavens I cried, "If there is a God, I hate you. You took my sister away."

But some one had noticed my swimming so far out, and help was sent. When I became conscious I found myself staring at the wall-paper in my own room. It was a keen disappointment. I thought I had finished with life.

When I recovered I left home one afternoon and walked and walked into the woods. Hour after hour I walked, struggling with misery. I did not return home till two in the morning. I

passed my mother's door. The light was still burning. We always went in to kiss her good night. But I could not face her. She heard me pass and guessed I was having a struggle. Although not strong, she got up and knelt in an agony, wrestling in prayer for me. She prayed until her strength was spent. But at five she had the assurance that her prayers for me were answered.

I could not sleep, I could not rest in my room. The unrest and struggle brought me eventually to my knees, and in absolute desperation I yielded myself to God. In a strange yet blessedly real way he revealed himself to me. Oh! the peace—and the happiness! It was heaven!

When I went down to breakfast the next morning my mother met me with beaming face. I wanted to tell her, but she said, "I know it my son."

"Oh, mother, the joy of it!" I said.

And she responded quietly, "Yes! And the duty!" I did not then understand. I do now.

I TELL MY FATHER OF MY "FOOLISHNESS"

My father was opposed more and more sternly to God, and met my advances unmoved. I felt myself burning with a desire to do all I possibly could to undo the past, and to spread the good tidings of great joy. Although I had studied much for the law and was almost through with my studies, I could not go on with that. I must be a missionary. I told my father of my intention. He was a good father, and had made provision for me to get on in the world. I was almost ready to take the place he had hoped I would take. He thought my new plan was absolute waste of life. How could anyone make a success of another line when so equipped for one, and having spent so much time preparing? And the thought of this "religion" was awful to him.

He very plainly told me he could not abide such foolishness and would give me one day to think over the matter; I was then, in a word, to give my answer. I could not alter my decision. My father made it clear that I would be banished absolutely from the home—he would have one son less. I came to give him my answer. I wished to soften the blow by explaining. I felt so sorry for him. But he sternly asked for the one word. When I gave it, I had to go—at once.

Only God and myself know what the next two years meant to me. To work one's way through college was unheard of in my country,—

it was not done. I was cut off entirely from home. Part of my punishment and the planning to turn me from my course was to forbid my mother to write to me. My letters were returned unopened. But we had made a compact that we would pray. How I prayed for father! In the street, at my studies, always, everywhere, I besought God to save my father. I struggled with poverty,—from two rooms, to one room, from one to a garret, from three meals a day to two and less.

Then, after two years, my father came to see me. Oh! the change! At sixty-eight years of

age his proud, atheistic heart was broken down, and he received Jesus as his Saviour like a little child.

And my brothers were all saved. One by one, as my mother said they would, they came to Christ. My father has gone to Heaven, and my mother is now frail and ill. I am hoping to be able to see her next year (now this year) once again. She is very ill and suffering. I cannot bear to think of it. I ask your prayers for her. She is dying of cancer in the stomach.

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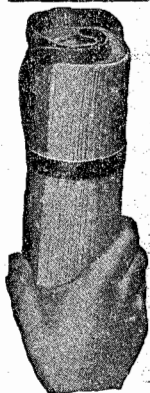
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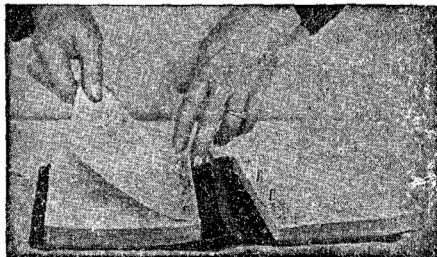
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