



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

Liberia Luxuriant Soil for the Gospel Seed

A Life Yielded to Jesus for Africa

Vernon Morrison in The Stone Church, Oct. 28, 1927



THANK the Lord for all His faithfulness and truly praise Him that He knows our every need. He is willing to undertake for us when all other help fails. I never before knew what it was to be in a place where you were cast alone on the Lord and had no one to help you pray. That was our position on the field. We had many experiences which proved the faithfulness of God.

In Gal. 6:14 we read, "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Every detail in the life of the Lord Jesus points to the cross. There was the yielding of His will to God's will, and God's plan was the path of the cross. Human flesh would have failed to go all the way to the cross. As we read the life of the Lord Jesus we see so many side-tracks through which it would have been possible for Him to shun the cross, but I am glad He was willing to go the way of the cross for me.

This great salvation wrought by Him not only meets our needs but the needs of every land. Now that He went to the cross and we are called to be followers of Him, it means that our path will also be by way of the cross, for we are told, "The disciple is not above his Lord."

The way of the cross is directly opposite the way we would choose. Many of us, especially young people, have plans and ambitions for our lives, and how we would love to do our own choosing! But God steps in and changes our lives altogether. The path of the cross will mean suffering in your life and mine, but if we say yes to the will of God it will also mean glory. What a wonderful thing it will be to have Jesus confess us before the Father and the holy angels!

I am glad for the joy it brought into my own life when I said "Yes" to the will of God. I had cherished fond ambitions. I wanted to take up a certain line of industry; I had planned to go to school and study electricity, but when I chose to submit my will to His, He gave me that which I value more than anything else, the joy of His presence. He laid it upon my heart to go to Africa where wife and I labored for a year and a half. There are two motives for going to a mission field. Some young people are moved to

great enthusiasm by a missionary address, but God in His mercy sometimes stops them before they get to the field. Any who go with the thought of enjoying the thrill and experience of going to a new field are bitterly disappointed when they reach there; especially is this so of Africa.

There is nothing naturally attractive about the African. The white man who lives in the country all the time (not the missionary) keenly hates the African because of the abject filth in which he lives. This feeling would be ours if God did not put into our hearts a love for their souls.

It would be hard indeed for us to love them in their filth and the repulsiveness of their nature were it not for the love which God gives us for them. But because of the love that He gives, it was a greater cross for wife and I to leave the Africans than for us to leave our own loved ones. While it means much for us to labor under the unsanitary conditions and the unhealthy climate, it gives us joy to know that this is the path Jesus has mapped out for us. He never leads us into anything that is too hard for us. God's grace is greater than any test.

Now I wish to tell you a little about the field in which we have labored. Liberia, as most of you know, is but a small country. It has an estimated population of four million. One and one-half million of these are descendants of negroes in the United States, who went over there and formed a Republic. These colored people who have been touched with civilization, are living along the coast. They have never dared to penetrate the interior as the bush men are very much opposed to the Coast people. It was in the face of much danger that our first missionaries penetrated the interior, but God poured out His Spirit upon the Methodists and led them to go into the interior; prior to this all the missionaries labored along the Coast, but when God poured out His Spirit they were burdened for the natives in the interior and went, though their lives were imperiled by their going. That was eighteen years ago. They went where the government officials warned them not to go, but they worked their way further and further into the interior.

Before we left we had the privilege of being with Miss Ethel Bingeman in the Pahn tribe, one of the most interior tribes. The country has never been opened by civilization; there are only about two miles of road in all that section of the

country, and we have been obliged to travel through paths over which a bicycle could not be ridden. They have no bridges over the rivers, but have logs strung across, or vines. It is a handicap to us not to have better means of traveling, as we are constantly getting calls from different tribes to come and preach to them, but it means something to travel forty-five miles in the interior. It took us two days to reach the station, walking a great deal of the way. And when we did not walk, they carried us in hammocks. So traveling is very slow. We are looking forward to the time when the country will be open. The paths are only eighteen inches wide, some so covered with vines it is necessary to crouch down to get through.

Liberia is a land where vegetation grows luxuriantly, because of the rainfall, and the forests are very damp. Two days back from the Coast we come to the first mission station, which is in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins. They have been around that part for about twenty-four years and rendered faithful service. God has now opened the way for them to come to the States. There are different stations opened up all around this place. We build first little houses of mud for the missionary to live in. Then later we build a plank house on the station. In opening our work we first start a school. Some may not be in sympathy with that, but it has been necessary in that land. We are working in a country where the government is much against us. They are willing to have colored people come to that land, but not white people, so it is necessary to have schools on each of the stations in order to be tolerated by the government. The little children come to the schools; they have heard the Gospel, and while the parents often oppose them, they come to the mission. The children are a connecting link between us and the heathen, and are under the influence of the Gospel each day.

Perhaps you would be interested in our daily routine. In the morning the rising bell rings at five. At 5:30 we have prayers which everyone attends. These are times when the Word is expounded to these children. Children there mean anyone from six to twenty. Many respond to the Lord even in these morning prayers, and in other times during the day the truth gets into their hearts. Some have a little work to do in the morning and then they start in to school. We were more desirous that they learn to read the scriptures than anything else, and a number have memorized them.

It is hard for people in our land to understand how dark the heathen mind is. Here in this land the children hear about God from babyhood and there is a little seed planted there. The natives of Africa know that there is a God but they know nothing about Him. These children come to us in a very wild form. They come under our discipline, which means we train them as well as teach them. After they are under our influence for a while, the transformation is wonderful. It has never been known that a man was saved the first time he hears the Gospel, which means that we tell the story over and over and the light of God gradually shines into their darkened hearts. Their lives change. Naturally the native African is very deceitful, but we see the change when his heart is given to God. The joy of working in a mission field is to see precious souls born of God. That is what buoys us up. From the very beginning we teach them the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and they are taught to memorize the Scriptures. Before leaving I had a class of boys who could repeat three or four of the Psalms in English. They come around asking, "What does this mean?" It makes us happy to have them inquire into the Scriptures.

The last thing before retiring at night we always have prayers with the boys. There are times when God's sweet presence is very real. I remember just before we left, one of the missionaries went down to have prayers with the boys, and came back saying that two of them had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. They are saved one by one. It means much labor and prevailing in prayer, but when we see them going on with God, we see our labor is not in vain.

Besides this station work we constantly try to go on preaching tours when the weather is favorable. It is serious to go out in the rainy season because of fever. If one becomes wet and cold, immediately malarial fever sets in, unless we can dry our clothes. It is not safe to go out nine months in the year because of the rain. At Christmas time Mrs. Morrison and I were told a man had come who wanted a missionary. We sat down to talk with him. He said, "Sometime ago I was at the Coast and heard someone preach the Gospel. It made my heart very hungry. I went back to my tribe again"—He was much further in the interior—"and I told the people about God. My heart has been burning." He went on to say that he was trying to follow God the best he could, but he didn't know how. No missionary has ever worked there, and he was

begging for one. I am glad to say that since that time two of our workers have gone back there and I believe God is using them.

During February of this year I made a trip into the interior where none of our missionaries had ever been. In fact they had never seen a white man. They gathered around me in hundreds and listened attentively. The heathen in Africa have been taught to give attention very respectfully. I had a number of Christian young men with me on this trip, but didn't know the country we passed through; most of the people had been cannibals. In fact I had a cannibal walking right in the party with us. They are not savage toward the white man, but among the natives they still adhere to that fiendish custom. I passed through eight towns that had never seen a white face before.

I might tell you of one instance of our itinerating. I went into a certain town in the morning, but found very few people. They had hidden themselves in the bush. They didn't understand what I wanted. I told some of them I had come to bring them good news and they gave a call to the others who came out of their hiding. I began with what they knew. They admit there is a God in heaven, but think He is not interested in human beings. They believe very strongly in the devil and worship him. I told them that God loved them so much He was willing to lay down His life that they might be delivered from these customs which cause them suffering, and in place of them He would give them joy. They listened with great attention, thinking that was far beyond their reach, though it may be within the reach of the white man. I had with me about eighteen Christians. My interpreter gave a good message, told them about our Savior. He told them that one day when he was at the Coast he heard the Gospel. God spoke to him. His heart troubled him, but he tried to get away from conviction. He took a ship and went down into another country, but could not stay. So he came back and gave his life to the Lord. Then he said, "What the missionary is telling is true. God has worked it out in my heart."

We went into another town, and one said, "A few months ago I was passing through a mission station (Miss Bingham's) and I heard them sing. I went in to listen, and there I heard the Gospel for the first time. The word I heard got into my heart. Then I wasn't satisfied until the people in my town heard the Word too. I am glad that you have come with that same Word. When I came home I found my son wanted to go away as a soldier. I wanted him to go with

these other boys, and said, 'You must stay here until the missionary comes.'" The boy was in the town, and immediately when I arrived and he heard the Word he said, "I must go there and learn about God." This boy had been waiting until the missionary came to his tribe. He is now in school and showed real evidence of a change of heart. He has been rescued from the depths of darkness. If I had never visited this tribe this precious soul would not now be a testimony for Jesus.

I traveled about 350 miles on that trip, far back into the interior. I do not know of an experience equal to the joy of breaking the Bread of Life to those people who sat in darkness. And to think that God would give us a message that would bring healing to their souls and deliverance from the powers of darkness. I believe that seventeen of the towns I preached in had never before heard the Gospel. Some have followed our boys to the mission and become saved. In eight of the towns they pleaded earnestly that I would stay with them or send them someone who would tell them about God. It was impossible for us to remain; our health was broken and we were obliged to return. It nearly broke my heart to listen to their plea for somebody to preach to them. This is a whitened harvest field, for here are precious souls not only willing to listen, but willing to give their hearts to the Lord.

We have eighteen missionaries at present in the interior, but only one young man among them, a single young man from Findlay, O. Do pray that God will send out young men to this country. The native knows when the heart is filled with love for him. And when one is careless and indifferent, he knows that, too. The mission field needs men and women filled with love for lost humanity.

Midst Fire and Chaos

Our missionaries in Yunnan have been going through deep waters owing to fighting and looting among the soldiers and robbers. Mrs. Baker wrote from Kotchiu to Bro. and Sis. Arthur Johnson, now in Yunnan, on Oct. 25th, "We were the only family left in our section of town. Hundreds of refugees and some families all driven out by fire and looters from all three sides. At 6 P. M., General Li and men evacuated our place by way of the railway station. 6:30 P. M. General Chen's men searched our downstairs for loot. At 9 P. M. about twenty of General Chu's men attempted to loot our upstairs rooms, but

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Spiritual Lessons in Journeys of the Ark of the Covenant

Significance of the Burnt Offering of the Kine and Cart.

Sermon by Pastor Philip Wittich, Sept. 25, 1927



IN CONNECTION with the sixth chapter of 1st Samuel, we will also consider the sixth chapter of 2nd Samuel, which also speaks of the ark of the Covenant drawn on a cart of oxen.

In I Samuel 6:14 we read, "And the cart came into the field of Joshua, a Beth-shemite, and stood there, where there was a great stone: and they clave the wood of the cart, and offered the kine a burnt offering unto Jehovah." God will never accept anything as a burnt offering that is not in accordance with His will. Both the kine and the cart were offered as a whole burnt offering. If you are acquainted with the description of the offerings in Lev. 2 you will find that these five distinct offerings represent in their various aspects, the offerings of our Lord Jesus Christ, and these offerings, with the burnt offering, which the Hebrew calls the Oloh, meaning that which ascends entirely, completely, wholly—speak of the Lord's sacrifice being accepted by the Father. In other words, Jesus who sacrificed Himself on Calvary, was first of all resurrected and received into heaven by the Father.

Now if the Israelites, according to the will of God, slew the kine and burned the wood of the new cart as a burnt offering, we must admit that those two kine and the new cart stand for something of our Lord Jesus Christ, for God will not accept any offering or type of offering except the type that points to Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Son of Man. I wish to say further, that the new cart and the kine in the sixth chapter of 1st Samuel and the new cart and oxen in the sixth chapter of 2nd Samuel have a deeply spiritual significance. The ark was never to be placed on a cart; never to be drawn by animals. According to Num. 4 and 7 the commandment of God was that while the tabernacle and the rest of its furnishings were to be drawn by oxen furnished by the sons of Merari and Gershon, the sacred ark of the covenant, was never to be conveyed by oxen, but always to be carried on the shoulders of the priests. We have seen in the fourth chapter of 1st Sam. that the ark of the covenant being made a prisoner in the temple of Dagon is a type of the fact that Jesus Christ went with His human spirit into the place of departed spirits, or *sheol*, and there the very presence of the sinless spirit of Jesus brought low

him that had the power of sin and death, which is the devil. Dagon, found on his face the first night, and losing his head and hands the second night, is a typical lesson of what occurred when Jesus' spirit went into the place of *sheol*. There, as the only sinless human spirit He declared Himself Victor over him who had the keys of death and Hades. Therefore, in the Book of Revelation He declares Himself to be the One who has the keys (not the key, but the keys, there being a number of compartments in *sheol*) of death and hell. Christ's appearance in *sheol* defeated the enemy. He lost his head, a type of his authority and wisdom; he lost his hands, a type of his power. Both the head and hands of Dagon were found, not on the floor of the temple, but on the threshold, showing that whoever steps out, steps over the heads and hands of that idol. Christ was the first One who stepped out of *sheol*. Therefore, He is called the first-born out of the dead. He stepped on the wisdom of the devil; He stepped on the power of the devil. He came out for our sakes, and now there is no danger of us going to *sheol* if we obey the Lord and yield to Him, allowing Him to work His wonderful creation in our hearts and lives.

Now since the captivity of the ark is a type of Christ's spirit in *sheol*, the new cart and the kine mentioned speak of the spirit brought out from *sheol* in His glorified body. His human spirit made alive is conveyed in a new, risen body. This is the thought that God wants to bring forth here. It speaks of His resurrection. The burning of the kine and cart speaks of His ascension and acceptance by the Father.

We find a lapse of seventy years between the removal of the ark from the house of Dagon into the land of Israel and the events described in II. Samuel, sixth chapter. The ark remained in the house of Abinadab for seventy years, sixty years under Samuel and Saul and ten years under the reign of David. Seventy is the number of Gentile rule; it is also the number that speaks of the rejection of Israel. Therefore, the events that we are to study this morning out of the sixth chapter of the second book of Samuel speak of another event in the life of our Lord Jesus Christ, the return of our Lord Jesus Christ to His people, the Jews, for we find at the opening of this chapter that David met the ark with thirty thousand selected warriors and a multitude of select people. So we see here there is a recep-

tion on the part of Israel to the ark.

In the 1st Book of Samuel we find that the ark was taken to the house of Abinadab and remained there seventy years. Now we read it was taken out of that house and brought to Jerusalem, which speaks of another event in the life of our Lord Jesus Christ, as He shall come at the end of the tribulation, first of all to His people, the Jews. Abinadab is composed of two words. The first means "father" and the second "a prince," in the sense of a "volunteer." The Ark landed in heaven where the Father of the Great Volunteer is, for Jesus is the first-born. Our God is the God of the Volunteer. He is the God and Father of the Prince of Peace, the King of kings and Lord of lords. The sacrifice of Jesus Christ was a voluntary one. People get the impression that the Father compelled the Son to go to the cross. No indeed. Jesus Christ left His glory with the Father. He set aside His wonderful deity and became a man. He humbled Himself as a servant. It was a voluntary act for the fallen and lost race that had been stolen by the enemy. "I lay down my life, and I take it up again," said the Lord. In the late war, as in all wars, soldiers fought because they were compelled to do so. Jesus was not compelled to go to the cross, but He did it voluntarily. He knew that nothing but His voluntary act of sacrifice would ever redeem us. We are often led to wonder about these Jewish names in the Bible, but there is a deep meaning in everyone of them.

Now let us see how David met the ark with 30,000 chosen men of Israel. With him also went the people from Baale of Judah to bring the ark which is called by the name of Jehovah Sabaoth. It was a glorious reception, the king, with 30,000 chosen men and a multitude of rejoicing people. A type of what will happen when the Lord Jesus Christ shall come for His people. "Ye shall see me no more until ye shall see me coming in the glory of the Father." He who was once rejected on Calvary, rejected by the whole Jewish nation for almost 2,000 years, shall be welcomed by that nation, and hailed as King.

The ark is here mentioned in connection with the name of Jehovah Sabaoth. Wherever that name occurs it suggests that He is not only the God of the Jews but also the God of the whole earth, for Sabaoth means a host or multitude. He first comes to His people and then He will come to the whole world, for at the Second Coming of Jesus, when He comes to reign a thousand years, He will be Jehovah God to them, King over the whole earth.

Out of the mouth of Jewish prophets and other passages in the Old Testament we can see a clear fore-shadowing of what will take place when He comes. The ark being brought from the house of Abinadab is a type of Jesus coming from His Father's house in heaven. We read in Rev. 19 that the Lord shall come with a great army on white horses. He Himself will be on a white horse, and He will have on His thighs the name, "King of kings and Lord of lords." His vesture is steeped in blood, the blood of His enemies. Those who have rejected His atoning blood will lose their unholy, sinful blood in that great struggle that will culminate in the Battle of Armageddon.

Everyone in Christ's army must be an overcomer. With the spirit of His mouth He shall destroy the Antichrist who is leading the nations against the armies of the Jews. Then Satan and the False Prophet will be cast into the Lake of fire, and Christ shall reign as Prince of Peace.

Are your hearts not longing for that time? When we see iniquity becoming worse and worse, not only in the world but even among church members, our cry is, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

When the ark was transferred the Israelites came to Nachon's threshing floor. You remember when it was taken out of the house of Dagon, they came to Beth-shemesh at harvest. Christ is described as the "first fruits" and He gathers to Himself a company of Bethshemites. They are priests, as Paul emphasizes it, "Christ in you the hope of glory." But now the "first fruits" have been taken to the Lord when He shall come in the air to take His waiting ones. That is not the wheat harvest time. The wheat harvest always precedes the threshing, beating the grain and separating it from the chaff. The Lord will beat out the wheat from the chaff and separate it. Two-thirds of the Jews will stand with the Antichrist and have no use for Jesus. We see here the Lord is typified as meeting Israel on their threshing floor; not the nations, but Israel. It was not the nations who crucified Jesus. When He shall come to earth again He will find a little remnant of Israel who have been waiting for their dear Messiah. They have been sealed in Revelation 7 by the Holy Spirit and the enemy cannot destroy them. While the Lord is divorced from His wife, Israel, God has given Him a bride out of the Gentiles, and the making of that Bride is going on in the hearts of those who submit to Him. Praise God for the process. He will take out all the spots and the blemishes and

everything that displeases Him. You know how women go to beauty parlors to improve their appearance. The Lord will take us into His beauty parlor to bring out His own beauty in us. He is taking away the blemishes of the flesh until His bride shall appear in *His* beauty. Do not criticize anyone who is going through the beautifying process at the hands of God. If you do He will throw you into the lion's den. It is a painful process. In the natural it is painful to take the wrinkles out of a face, and so it will be painful when He undertakes to take the wrinkles and the blemishes out of us. But when you come out of the parlor of the Bridegroom you do not have to tell folks the Lord has been there with you. Everybody will know it.

We read here that the ark was conveyed on a new cart drawn by oxen. The ark was not to be touched, so Jesus when He rose from the dead, said to Mary, "*Touch me not*; for I have not yet ascended to My Father." Christ's first mission was back to the Father, to show Himself as our Deliverer, our Redeemer, our Savior and our God. Forty days after the resurrection five hundred of His disciples were gathered on the Mount of Olives and they saw Him go up to heaven in the cloud.

There is an incident in the history of the return of the ark that casts a kind of gloom on David and his people. Abinadab had two sons, Uzzah and Ahio. They brought the ark out of the house of Abinadab; Ahio went before, Uzzah followed. Uzzah put his hand on the ark. You find people today using fleshly means to help the Lord. Uzzah died physically, but people today die spiritually for the same thing. When the ark came to Beth-shemesh, the Bethshemites looked into it and they were killed. Here the ark comes to Jerusalem and Uzzah is killed. The Bethshemites are a type of the New Testament saints. What did they do? A certain portion looked into the ark and were struck with death. Why did they die? They did not realize the sacredness of the ark, just as we today do not realize the holiness of the Lord. The ark contained the tables of the law. On top of the ark was a golden lid called the mercy seat, sprinkled with blood. The law was kept down by the lid of mercy. They raised the lid of mercy and looked into the ark, and perished. We have among the New Testament saints a class of people who do not estimate the blood of Jesus Christ. They pry into the law and try in their own fleshly way to keep the law, but the law is for the law-breaker. The mercy seat is for the penitent sin-

ner. To attempt to raise the mercy seat is a type of what many do these days. They make the blood of Jesus Christ of non-effect. We have many schools such as Spiritism and Eddyism who deny the efficacy of the blood. They speak of having communion with the dead. They say mind is God and God is mind. They raise the blood-sprinkled mercy seat of the ark and they are spiritually dead. But they are not the only ones. There are others. The tables of the law speak of the holiness of God and the sinfulness of man, and the judgment that God passes upon the sinner. "The soul that sinneth shall die," but praise God we have in Christ Jesus not only one who fulfilled the law, but one who has made provision for law-breakers, which is typified by the blood-sprinkled mercy seat. You have been enjoying the grace of God for a number of years; suddenly the enemy will remind you of something in the past that is long covered by the blood-sprinkled mercy seat. You are foolish enough to raise the lid and the law strikes you. Keep the lid down. God put it there. The lid was made tight to fit the ark, and that tells us that as long as we stay under grace the law of God cannot strike us. The Bethshemites raising the lid is a type of our condemning a brother or sister, forgetting that the blood-sprinkled mercy-seat is for all of us. You raise the lid for yourself and you see nothing but the law. You raise the lid for your brother and you lose the power of the blood of Jesus. Uzzah was struck dead because he tried to help the Lord. We cannot help the Lord. It is He that must help us. The older we get the more He has to help us. "When thou wast young, thou girdest thyself," said Jesus to Peter, "but when thou art old, another will gird thee and lead thee where thou wouldst not." If I am strong enough I say, "Keep your hands off," but when I am weak I have nothing to say. And the more we go on with God, the weaker we get in ourselves; but stronger in the grace of God. That is the reason saints who go on with God cannot defend themselves. They know that One who is strong has undertaken their case. Keep the lid down, and find shelter under the precious blood.

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Some time ago we received a remittance from Mrs. Floyd Freesmeyer, a year's subscription to THE EVANGEL, but Mrs. Freesmeyer failed to give us her address. We shall be glad to receive this, so we can send her the paper.

THAT IS IT. The miracle of John Sproul's healing. Gassed and left helpless. Now a minister. 27c.

The Ringing of the Golden Bells

"Jesus Is Coming Soon" Their Message.

Miss Beulah Argue, Winnipeg, Canada, in The Stone Church, July 24, 1927



IN THE twenty-eighth chapter of Exodus, verses 31-35, the Lord gave instructions for making the robe that Aaron the high priest was to wear when he went into the tabernacle, into the holy of holies before the Lord. The robe was to be made of blue and was to be embroidered in pomegranates "of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the hem thereof." And between each pomegranate was hung a little golden bell. These alternated all around the hem of Aaron's robe.

There came a time in the lives of the children of Israel when they were all gathered together and stood before the tabernacle, worshipping God. The curtain separated them from the holy place, from the direct presence of God, and they stood without the veil. They were gathered together for one purpose: an innocent lamb was to be slain and the sins of all the people were to be placed upon the head of this innocent lamb. As they stood before the Lord the innocent lamb was led forth, the hands of the priest placed upon its head, and by this act he transferred the sins of all this huge congregation. The sins now were no longer on the people, but placed upon the head of the lamb. Then the little lamb was slain, its blood spilled and sprinkled, and the people set free from their sins. Then the high priest said to them, "Now the lamb has been slain, its blood has been spilled, and I must go into the holy of holies and intercede with the Lord God."

And while they watched the high priest he stepped in behind the veil, the curtain closed and hid him from their sight. As he took the first step toward the holy of holies the bells around the edge of his garment began to ring. With every step he took into the holy place where he would meet God, the bells became fainter and fainter. The waiting hearts on the outside heard the bells becoming fainter and fainter and when they could hear them no longer they knew their high priest had entered within the veil and was interceding with God; they knew the lamb had been slain for their sins, and they waited for his return. I can picture them saying to each other, "Is it not almost time for him to return?" While they were speaking, away in the distance they heard the bells gently tingling, very faintly at

first, but every step he took towards his people caused the bells to tingle louder and louder, and they knew the time had come for the curtains to part. Suddenly they opened and Aaron stood before his people.

This is a beautiful picture in the Old Testament, but there is a more beautiful one that comes right down into your life and mine; a picture that has something to do with our every day life, a new Testament picture for you and me to gaze upon. Just as the Old Testament picture started out with a lamb, so our New Testament picture starts out with the Lamb who on Calvary's hill was slain for you and me. The whole world had sinned, the whole world needed forgiveness. The sins of the whole world were placed upon the head of the innocent Lamb of God. There on Calvary His blood was shed that you and I might go free. They had no regard, seemingly, for the Lamb of God, but oh, what he means to us today! Salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ our Lord.

I am glad that the Lamb of God was slain outside the courts of heaven, outside the veil that parted Him from the presence of His Father God. He hung on the cross for you and me that we might be pardoned from our sins. The Lamb of Calvary was slain from the foundation of the world. Those hands that had been stretched out in blessing, that had brought life to the dead and caused the lame to walk, were stretched out on Calvary's cross, pierced with cruel nails for you and me.

Again we find His hands stretched out in blessing. The record says that as He was blessing His little company He was parted from them. As He stretched out His hands to bless them for the last time, Jesus promised them one thing. He said, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be my witnesses." Our High Priest has gone away to intercede for us. He commanded us to tarry until we were endued with power from on high, and then as we went forth to witness He said it wouldn't be long until the bells would begin to ring in every heart. The Lamb has been slain, the blood has been shed, our High Priest is interceding within the curtains of heaven, and we are to set the Gospel bells ringing in men's and women's hearts.

The disciples could not understand what Jesus

meant as He gave them His final word of comfort. As they watched His feet begin to move from the earth can you imagine their consternation? He, their leader and Savior leaving them! He had taught them all they knew about God, and they expected that He would set up a throne and establish His kingdom. They fell back in amazement, and as they watched Him, a cloud came down and wrapped itself around the feet of Jesus, and He was gone. They looked at one another in dismay. They could not understand it. He had been the Magnet, the center of attraction for three and a half years. He was to them what a mother is to a home. You have noticed how the children come in and say, "Where is my mother?" You will say, "She is upstairs. Do you want her?" "No," the child will answer, "I just wanted to know where she was." Mother is the center of the home, the magnate around which the whole family moves, and Jesus had been to them a Magnate around which the inner circle had moved. They fell back in amazement. Their Savior had gone; the Lamb slain for them had left them, but oh, it was just the High Priest stepping inside the curtains of heaven, going to intercede at the right hand of God the Almighty.

Peter began getting busy about this time. "Peter, why are you in such a hurry this morning?" "I am going down to hear the bells ring," says Peter. "The Lord promised if I would tarry I would be endued with power." The Lord met Peter in the Upper Room. We see Mary hurrying along. "Surely you do not need to go, Mary. You were chosen of God to be the mother of Jesus." And Mary says, "Oh yes, I need to get lower. He told us to 'tarry until' and I want to hear the bells ringing," and along went Mary to hear the bells of Pentecost ringing on that wonderful day. Others found their way to the Upper Room and they began to tarry. Sometimes when I look at our Tarrying Services and see how half-heartedly people seek the Holy Ghost, I feel like crying, "Oh Lord, give us more Pentecostal fire, more Upper Room services!" The disciples in the Upper Room wanted the Holy Spirit more than they wanted food; they wanted the Holy Spirit more than they wanted sleep. They wanted Him more than they wanted anything else in the whole world, and friends, if there is something else you want more than you want the Holy Spirit there is something lacking in your consecration.

A woman came to our revival services some time ago and prayed for ten or fifteen minutes and was very much annoyed because the Lord

didn't baptize her at once. She became burdened for her husband who was not saved. One night the husband came to the meeting and responded to the altar call. She came and knelt down beside him and began to pray. Every few minutes she would look to see if Mrs. Jones was getting the baptism, or if it was time to go home. Her husband forgot about everything, and it wasn't long until the bells were ringing in his heart. Her heart cried out, "Lord, You made a mistake. It was I You were supposed to baptize, and not he. He has only been at the altar one night and I have been here a week." The Lord will never baptize those who seek Him in a half-hearted way. Do you suppose that at nine o'clock Peter said, "Let's sing the doxology and go home"? Ah no! They knew their High Priest had gone to send the bells, and that He was inside the veil interceding. When the tenth day came, like a bolt from heaven came the power of God. The old building rocked back and forth. I pray the Lord will shake some of His temples today; shake your heart and my heart. The building not only shook with the power of God but tongues of fire appeared on the heads of each. And the disciples so yielded to the Holy Spirit that like a bell the message of God pealed forth. Here and there they sounded forth until 120 bells were ringing. Oh how beautiful the bells of Pentecost rang! And like a fire it spread to distant parts, for there were at Jerusalem many from different countries attending the Feast of Pentecost. They took the message home and the bells rang wherever they lived.

A few years went by; the apostles continued to preach and here and there the bells kept ringing. The High Priest was inside interceding, but the bells grew fainter and fainter. Paul and Peter laid down their lives, and John passed on, and it seemed as though the bells had ceased to ring. Persecution came and they sounded fainter and fainter. Down through the Dark Ages it seemed the bells of Pentecost would never ring again. But hungry hearts were reaching out and yearning for God. They cried, "Oh Lord, we desire to hear the bells ring again! When will our High Priest return to His people? When is He coming back?" About twenty-five years ago hungry hearts began to beseech Him, "Oh God, we want to hear the bells ring again! When will our High Priest return to His people? It seemed the bells had almost ceased to ring, when away across in the land of India, in that darkened land, the Christians heard them ring again. In Pandita Ramabai's School for Girls they were gathered in

prayer, about two thousand of them. They dismissed the children and went to their own quarters to pray again. As they knelt in prayer they heard coming from one of the children's dormitories the most beautiful message in English, a message of adoration and praise. The workers said, "Who is speaking? There is no one around here who can speak such beautiful English." They made their way quickly to the dormitory and saw that the sound came from a little Indian girl lying on a pallet. The glory of God filled the room, and Pandita Ramabai said, "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Over in England hungry hearts were beseeching God to pour out His Holy Spirit. On a Wednesday night just Church of England folk were gathered and the bells began to ring. Pentecostal bells, and here and there they were sounding forth the praises of God in other languages. It was the day of His preparation. Every bell that rang tolled forth that the High Priest was coming closer to His people.

Out in Los Angeles, in an old barn on Azusa Street, which they had cleaned up and white-washed, God sent another Pentecost to His people. The bells rang loudly until the sound of them resounded throughout the world, and drew together great numbers of people. The city was stirred, and sent a policeman down to stop the bells from ringing. He looked in the door and saw them praising the Lord from the depths of their hearts and said, "Well, I guess I need this, too. Oh, God, save me!" And before they knew it the dear old policeman was prostrated under the power of God praising Him in a language he never knew. They sent the second policeman down, saying, "You go down and see what has happened to 'Pop'." He came stepping in boldly. His heart was hard and he was coming to break up this foolishness. It didn't bother him. He walked up to the front and nearly stumbled over the other policeman, and when he saw him on the floor praising the Lord, conviction seized him and he said, "Oh Lord, I need it too!" and the bells began ringing in his heart. Every day they rang a little more clearly.

Then they started ringing here in Chicago. And how hungry it made the folks in Winnipeg. Mother has often told me how father said, "I will have to go down to Chicago to see what the noise is all about." He came, and for twenty-one days he fasted and prayed. Then God met him in a wonderful way, filled him with His Holy Spirit. Mother kept writing him, "When

are you coming back?" but he never was sure. Then one day a wire came, "Received the Holy Spirit. Will arrive tomorrow." Mother said she hardly knew how to greet one who had received the Holy Spirit. It was most sacred to her. They started to have prayer services in our home and God poured out His Holy Spirit. One after another received the blessed baptism and the bells rang in many hearts. Many who received at that time are standing today as pillars in the church. Today the bells are ringing all around the world; in practically every city, town and village some hungry heart has received the Pentecostal experience. More and more clearly they are ringing this one message, *Jesus, our High Priest, is coming soon*. Even now He is just inside the curtain, and one of these days the curtains will part and reveal to us Jesus, our High Priest, our coming King.

I am glad I heard ringing in my heart the message that Jesus is coming soon. They rang after He left the earth and they are ringing now before His return. What message do they ring? "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour that ye think not the Son of man cometh." Friends, if you are not Christians today, will you not pass by the slain Lamb of Calvary and let your sins be placed upon His head? And if there are those of you who have never had the bells of the Holy Spirit ringing in your heart, will you not ask Him to set your heart aglow, fill you and prepare you for the soon-coming of our Lord Jesus Christ?

A Burden for Greece

ABOUT the middle of the last century a devout Greek, M. Kalopothakis, after being well educated in the schools of America, returned to Athens and was used of the Lord in founding the nucleus of the Greek Evangelical Church. His was a real pioneer work amidst opposition and persecution in a city which is the stronghold of one of the most corrupt priestly systems in modern days, the so-called "Greek Orthodox Church." The Lord honored the labors of His disciple and toward the end of the century the work prospered and spread to several parts of Greece, Asia Minor and Macedonia. Everywhere the members of the Greek Evangelical Church proved themselves true followers of their Lord, distinguished by a real Christian spirit, and shone as lights of the Gospel. Upon their spiritual activities hinged the religious awakening of the Greek nation, in Greece proper, in the Isles of the Mediterranean Sea and in those parts under Turkish sovereignty. Friends in England and

especially in the United States watched the work with interest and deep sympathy.

Everything was hopeful for a bright future, when suddenly black clouds began to gather on the horizon. First the man of God was called to his reward a little before the European war. The reverses of the Greek armies in Asia Minor and the unparalleled catastrophe of Smyrna, caused the Greek Evangelical Church great adversities and momentary setback. Not a few of the brethren met with martyrdom at the hands of the enemy. The atrocities of Kemal Pasha still linger in their memories. The prosperous Evangelical Church of Smyrna and several others in the interior and along the shores of the Black Sea were rooted up and the survivors compelled to seek shelter in Greece. The plight of the Evangelical Church was indeed perilous. But the history of the Church recalls many similar crises and affirms to the world that the true Church of Christ is coming out, refined and ready for new victories.

So it is today with the Greek Evangelical Church. A late survey shows the following situation: There are eight well-organized Evangelical communities in the principal cities of Greece, Macedonia and Epeiros with about ten less numerous which are *without* pastors in various parts of Greece, Macedonia, and the Isle of Crete. The members of some of these communities, especially in Macedonia, are very industrious and thrifty. Unfortunately the Greek brethren have not fully recovered from their disaster. They are in great need of our sympathies in prayer and financial aid, but above all, of pastors and leaders of such spiritual calibre that would be able to heal the wounds and lead the people on to the highways of Zion. Now, as never before, the Evangelical Church in Greece should be the object of our constant prayers before the throne of God and of our sympathetic Christian love.

C. Carnapas.

Safe for Future Work in Tibet

PENTECOSTAL friends will be glad to know that the news which flashed over the air that Bro. Plymire and his companions were killed in Tibet, was untrue. Authentic reports have been received that they arrived in India safely after a silence of about seven months. No doubt Bro. Plymire will have experienced a season of hardship and privation such as few have known. A letter recently received from him

by Bro. Perkin at Springfield, Mo., was mailed from Shiadben Gomba, Nagchu Kha Dist., Tibet, under date of Sept. 27th. He writes:

"I send greetings from the heart of Tibet. It is now about four months since I left Tangar. The Lord has been with us and kept us all this long journey. It was not easy and we are not yet through. I lost many animals across desert places and high mountains, but all the men are still living and well at present. One we nearly lost in crossing the very high Dong-la Mountains, but the Lord had mercy on us and spared the man.

"From Tangar to the Baham Buddha mountains I had wonderful opportunities and gave the Gospel message to many hundreds of people; most of them had never heard before. Then came uninhabited country for about twenty camel stages. Then we came among tents and have had them ever since. On the south side of the Dang la we passed through one district of 30,000 families, and the district we are now in has 12,000 families. Besides this, I have sent the Gospel to Lhasa and also gave it to people from Trashi lunpo. I have tried to reach as many nomad camps as possible. At nearly all of these we were received, though many are afraid, having never seen a foreigner before. So far as I have been able to find out, I have gotten nearer Lhasa (the capital) than any other missionary. Here we are detained now for nearly a month, not allowed to go on. At last I can get a letter to the Dalai Lama, and send this with it, hoping he will send it on through India to you.

"I hope after hearing from him I may be able to proceed to Darjeeling or west to Leh. This makes it very late and hard traveling as it is getting very cold now. At any rate, I expect to get through to India safely. I am able by any route to take the Gospel where it was never before taken by anyone. If I go to Leh I will be among Tibetans all the way; the same is true if I get through to Darjeeling. I am now two fast courier stages from Lhasa."

Tibet has been a closed country. It has cost something for Bro. Plymire to penetrate this forbidden land, fortified by high mountains, but with the Gospel message he has bravely faced hardships and dangers and accomplished the seemingly impossible. May God bless the seed that he has sown and cause it to bring forth fruit.

"AND TODAY"

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Notes

A New Year's Prayer

HELP us O Lord! behold we enter
Upon another year today;
In Thee our hopes and thoughts now center,
Renew our courage for the way;
New life, new strength, new happiness,
We ask of Thee; oh hear, and bless!"

—Johann Rist.

* * *

THE year begins; and all its pages are as
blank as the silent years of the life of Jesus
Christ. Let us begin it with high resolution;
then let us take all its limitations, all its hind-
rances, its disappointments, its narrow and com-
mon-place conditions, and meet them as the
Master did in Nazareth, with patience, with obe-
dience, putting ourselves in cheerful subjection,
serving our apprenticeship. Who knows what
opportunity may come to us this year? Let us
live in a great spirit, then we shall be ready for
a great occasion.

GEORGE HODGES.

Missionary Disbursements

For Months of Nov. & Dec., 1927

L. M. Anglin, China.....	\$ 10.00
Olga Jean Aston, for Baby Nursery, India....	5.00
J. Wesley Boyver, China (Christmas \$31)....	51.20
J. H. Boyce, India.....	37.27
Miss A. E. Brown, Jerusalem.....	8.00
Miss Harriet Dithridge, Japan.....	10.35
W. A. duPlooy, So. Africa.....	10.00
Geo. T. B. Davis, China, (Mill. Test. Campaign)	30.00
Miss Ruth Erickson, Liberia.....	15.00
Miss Marguerite Flint, India.....	24.25
Mr. J. Fuhr, China.....	7.00
Thos. Hindle, (for Mongolia).....	29.50
Miss Anna Hockelman, for China.....	60.00
E. F. Juergenson, Japan.....	25.50

Miss Ethel King, India.....	5.00
Miss Bernice C. Lee, India.....	32.00
John Norton, India.....	5.00
Matron, Missionary Rest Home.....	5.00
Missionary Rest Home, Chicago.....	126.40
Miss Laura Radford, Jerusalem.....	14.64
Mrs. Anna Sanders, for Mexico.....	14.60
B. A. Schoeneich, Cent. America.....	10.00
W. E. Simpson, Tibetan Border.....	20.00
W. W. Simpson, China.....	16.00
Thos. Stoddart, India.....	47.00
Mr. & Mrs. Benj. Surtees, Balance on return fare	211.61
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt.....	55.00
Mr. & Mrs. M. Vetter, Venezuela.....	61.50
Miss Jennie Williams, China.....	20.00
Rec'd towards Emma Wick's return fare.....	165.00
Miss Adah Winger.....	10.00

Total for two months.....\$1,141.82

* * *

At the close of the year 1927 we find we have re-
ceived and sent to the Mission field, Five Thousand
Eight Hundred Ninety-four Dollars and forty-six
cents (\$5,894.46). One of the brethren has carefully
gone over the accounts for the year 1927, and makes
the following statement:

"I have this day audited the missionary books and
accounts of The Evangel Publishing House, showing
receipts and disbursements of all monies for the mis-
sionaries, and have found them to be correct.

January 3, 1928.

(Signed) H. E. Bruce Armstrong.

China's Outlook Brighter

The daily papers have recently given us the
news that China is breaking Russia's hold upon
her and that Bolshevism in Canton has received
a crushing defeat. After a week of rioting in
which Canton was in the grip of both nations
alternately, the Nationalists recovered the city,
and it is said that an average of one hundred
suspected Communists were beheaded daily.
They even shot down women with bobbed-hair,
saying that bobbed-hair is a sign of a female
Communist in China.

It is to be hoped that this will be the beginning
of the end of Bolshevism in China. It is this
which has hurt the cause of Christianity there.
While Russia will not let go her hold of China
without a struggle, we trust her power will wane.

* * *

"Over Twenty Years in China" is the title of
a book just issued by Mr. and Mrs. Hector Mc-
Lean. It contains nineteen chapters, being a
record of Mrs. McLean's call and experiences
in the Western part of China for the last twenty
years, a rehearsal of God's deliverances in dan-
gers of robbers and also of what God wrought
through them during their twenty years of serv-
ice there.

The book is bound in cloth, 128 pages. Price,
75c, postage 5c.

Will 1928 Yield Glittering Gems or Empty Prongs for You ?

WILL 1928 be a year of profit or loss? Will it mean failure or success? This is the question in the minds of practically every business manager and president of a large concern. For some it is a critical period and carefully they are scrutinizing the record of the past year's business, calculating how best to turn loss into profit or at least to diminish the loss and increase the profit during the ensuing year.

To the child of God this question of "profit and loss" should be a matter of no less importance for he, too, is responsible for a business concern with an individual stock of goods; and with the closing of the old year the Christian's trial balance sheet will reveal both a profit and a loss. Looking over the journal of the past three hundred and sixty-five days of receipts and expenditures entailed in the transactions with his great Partner, the Lord Jesus Christ, many a Christian will have to acknowledge a daily slipping back; a decrease in consecration here and an increase of self-will there; a bit of gain in earthly possession here but at a cost of heavenly riches over there. Perhaps opportunities which demanded sacrifice but which would have meant untold wealth in the great day of rewards, were lost because the cost seemed too great. So solemnly he realizes that these are all counted as *loss* items against him when reckoned in heavenly coin. Still glancing at the books, a certain day will perchance bring back memories of a great struggle when wrong waged war against the right and while in the eyes of the world the battle was completely lost, yet looking at it in the light of eternity, the Christian's heart wells up within him as he contemplates the riches untold applied to his credit up there, for it is ever true that,

"In His presence, pain is pleasure,
In His favor loss is gain."

Yes, it may be that a treasure of great value was sacrificed, the ambition of years shattered or the accumulation of incessant labor was swept away with one fatal stroke, and yet somehow, from the ashes of the sacrifice and from the rubbish heap of lost ambitions, there has gradually developed a tender plant which could not have grown in any other soil; and with the passing of the days and months this plant has yielded a rich harvest of Christian graces and wealth to the soul which would have been impossible had the crushing experience not first taken place. And so, in the divine records above and in the journal of the

soul these particular days when all was lost in the natural, show an item of great gain in heaven's riches for somehow the Divine Alchemist has taken the baser metals of earth and transmuted them into the finest gold of heaven, until the pauper in the eyes of the world and she whose life seemed shattered beyond repair, are mingling with the *elite* in the spiritual realm.

What could be the secret of the resistless power gripping a congregation just because one, a young lady, was singing a simple Gospel song? Others with greater talent had sung the same Gospel in song but there was a marked difference now, for as she voiced the story of her life in the words,

"I cannot tell why oft 'round me
My hopes all shattered seem to be
His perfect plan I cannot see,
But some day I'll understand,"

the tears trickled as renewed consecrations were being made and every heart felt His divine power. Ah! the explanation was simple. The bearer of the message in song had lived the words; high ambitions had been blasted, her life seemed shattered and the future pointed only to a rock-strewn pathway. Yes, to the casual on-looker, she had lost in the battle of life because of another's wilful disobedience. But just when there seemed to be charged against her a great loss, she took a new grip on God, her Partner in business, and in the school of adversity He worked into her character a richness and vital life-giving touch that she never knew before and from thenceforth her spiritual riches increased until she is a veritable millionaire in God's rating, and to her credit have been placed numerous souls whose lives she has touched in crisis times similar to her own. Through her loss she attained great spiritual wealth. If we could only learn to say with the poet:

"Oh God, help me to win.
But if in Thy inscrutable wisdom
Thou wilt me not to win,
Then oh God, make me a good loser,"

we, too, would find that the secret of eternal gain is oftentimes great loss in the natural and it would take the sting out of our bitter experiences.

A promising young man was engaged in secular work earning a livelihood for his family and then, one day, through a tragic accident, he became totally blind and was pronounced hopeless by his physician. The future was black as night for he was forced into idleness. So they thought, but strangely enough and by the natural law of compensation because of the loss of this

one sense, his sense of touch became very keen and he was able to fill a very important position as a flour tester. He thereby increased his earning power and was soon on the road to financial success, succeeding because of his great loss. And so with the Christian who learns where to place the right estimate of values; the "things of earth will grow strangely dim" as he seeks first of all to be a gainer in spiritual things. Then in accordance with the laws of heaven, the great Alchemist will convert the losses into gains.

The year 1928 will present to every Christian untold opportunities which will be accredited to his account either as a loss or as a profit. Think what it will mean for the advancement of the kingdom of God if everyone that bears His Name will determine that the three hundred and sixty-six days of this year will bear a record of increase in spiritual riches! Opportunities will present themselves where decisions will have to be made. Shall it be gain on earth or gain in heaven? Only as the Christian seeks first of all the kingdom of God will he be enriched in Him.

In a vision a devoted Christian was taken to heaven's portals and was there met by her deceased husband who escorted her through the city of the New Jerusalem, pointing out the wonders that met them on every hand. As together they walked down the avenues of that city foursquare there were many sights which surpassed her expectation but that which seemed to thrill her most of all was the sight of the glittering gems in the crowns of many of the inhabitants. Then suddenly her eyes were riveted on a certain crown which had only a few gems set here and there. Between these beautiful settings there were several which were empty—settings with no gems. These prongs standing out in strong contrast to the glittering jewels were conspicuous indeed. Eagerly she questioned her companion, "And what could that mean?" And solemnly came the reply, "*Those are lost opportunities.*"

Shall the year 1928 bring to the crown of our readers the empty prongs so sternly significant, speaking loudly of opportunities which might have turned into great gain for the kingdom of God as well as to their individual spiritual gain? Or shall the days bear a record of every opportunity bought up and turned into profit instead of loss—every setting studded with glittering gems?

—ROSE MEYER.

Lifting the Curtain

THE most startling array of heart-rending facts perhaps ever written have been given

to the public through the book, "Mother India," recently published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York City. The author, Miss Katherine Mayo, made a prolonged visit to India, traveling from the Punjab to Bombay and from Madras to the United Provinces, and she depicts conditions which seem unbelievable. Some who have read it say it surely must be overdrawn, but the missionary who has witnessed such scenes, says it is not.

The author, to visualize the effect of child-marriage, visited some women's hospitals. The recital of the cases rehearsed to her by the woman physician would cause the hardest heart to bleed. As they stood by the cot of a child not yet thirteen, the author asked:

"Now, what can be wrong here?" catching the smile of a wan-faced child whose bird's claw hands are clasped around a paper toy.

"Ah," says the doctor, "this one was a pupil in a Government primary school, a merry wee thing, and so bright that she had just won a prize for scholarship. During the holiday five months ago her brother sent her home to the man to whom they had married her. That man is fifty years old. From their point of view he is a Hindu gentleman beyond reproach. From our point of view he is a beast. . . . What happened, this mite was too terrified to tell. For weeks she grew worse and worse. At last she went completely off her head. Then her sister, an old patient of ours, stole her away and dragged her here.

"I have never seen a creature so fouled. Her internal wounds were alive with maggots. For days after she got here, she lay speechless on her bed. Not a sound did she utter—only stared, with half blank, half terror-stricken eyes. Then one day it chanced that a child with a fractured arm was brought in and put in a bed near hers. And I, going through the ward, began playing with that child. This little one, watching, evidently began to think that here, perhaps, we were not all cruel monsters. Next day as I passed she smiled. The day after that she put her arms around my neck, in a sort of madulin fashion. That was the turning point in her mind. Now her mental balance is mending, though her body is still sick. Her memory, fortunately, has not recovered the immediate past. She lies there with her toys, wondering at them, feebly playing with them, or with her big eyes following our movements about the room. She is pitifully content.

"Meantime her husband is suing to recover his marital rights and force her back into his possession. She is not yet thirteen years old."

Such instances of mental derangement are common enough. Where should child-fabric, even tho its inheritance had been the best instead

of the weakest, find strength to withstand the strain? The case just cited was of well-to-do, educated, city-dwelling stock. But it differed in no essential from a younger child whom I saw in a village some three hundred miles distant. Married as a baby, sent to her husband at ten, the shock . . . was too much for her brain. It went. After that, beat her as he would, all that she could do was to crouch in the corner, a little twisted heap, panting. Not worth the keep. And so at last, in despair and rage over his bad bargain, he slung her small body over his shoulder, carried her out to the edge of the jungle, cast her in among the scrub thicket, and left her there to die.

This she must have done, but that an Indian witness to the deed carried the tale to an English lady who herself went out into the jungle, found the child and brought her in. Her mind, they said, was slow in emerging from its stupor. But under the influence of peace and gentleness and the handling proper to a child, she began to blossom into normal intelligence. When I first saw her, a year and four months after her abandonment, she was racing about a pleasant old garden, romping with other happy little children, and contentedly hugging a doll. Her English protectors will keep her as long as they can. After that, what?

* * *

Again, in the great Madras Presidency, east or west, the tale is no better. "For the vast majority of women here," says a widely experienced surgeon, "marriage is a physical tragedy. The girl may bring to birth one or two sound children, but is by that time herself ruined and crippled, either from infection or cruel handling."

* * *

The chapter detailing the ill-treatment of a woman in child-birth is harrowing in the extreme. Little wonder that "in India each generation sees the death of *three million, two hundred thousand mothers* in the agonies of child-birth—a figure greater than that of the united death roll of the British Empire, including India, France, Belgium, Italy and the United States, in the World War."

The one great aim that dominates every man in India is to have a son, but he frustrates his own desire by the inhuman treatment his wife sustains. She is usually kept without any food or drink for from four to seven days from the outset of her confinement. During this period the *dhai* (midwife) "kneads the patient with her

fists; stands her against the wall and butts her with her head; props her upright on the bare ground, seizes her hands and shoves against her thighs with gruesome bare feet, until, so the doctors state, the patient's flesh is often torn to ribbons by the *dhai's* long, ragged toe-nails. Or, she lays the woman flat and walks up and down her body, like one treading grapes. . . ."

"Should the woman die before the child is born, the *dhai*, as in duty bound, sets to work upon precautions for the protection of the family. First she brings pepper and rubs it into the dying eyes, that the soul may be blinded and unable to find its way out. Then she takes two long, iron nails, and stretching out her victim's unresisting arms—for the poor creature knows and accepts her fate—drives a spike through each palm fast into the floor. This is done to pinion the soul to the ground, to delay its passing or that it may not rise and wander, vexing the living. . . . This statement, horrible as it is, rests upon the testimony of many and unimpeachable medical witnesses in widely separated parts of India."

In the chapter on "Slave Mentality," the author speaks of the men of India, quoting from the men themselves. They are, because of their inheritance physically and because of excesses, old men at thirty. Because of their depleted manhood, born of a child-marriage, no vitality and no constitution, India will have no leaders as long as these customs are continued. The chapter concludes: "Given men who enter the world physical bankrupts out of bankrupt stock, rear them through childhood in influences and practices that devour their vitality; launch them at the dawn of maturity on an unrestrained outpouring of their whole provision of creative energy in one single direction; find them at the age when the Anglo-Saxon is just coming into full glory of manhood, broken-nerved, low-spirited, petulant ancients; and need you, while this remains unchanged, seek for other reasons why they are poor and sick and dying, and why their hands are too weak, too fluttering to seize or hold the reins of Government?"

If the votaries of Hinduism in this country who follow the Hindu teachers and hang on their meaningless philosophies, would read this book which bares Hinduism in all its hideousness, the veil would drop from their eyes and they would see the empty mockery and the hideous delusion of following such Satanic cults.

The book contains over 400 pages. Price, \$3.75, postage 15c. We can fill orders for the book.

Leaves from a Diary of 1927

MISS LILLIAN TRASHER sends us some Extracts from her Diary which show the good hand of God upon her Orphanage. She writes us that after sending out this testimony to God's goodness, she was tested, but her eyes were upon the Father of the fatherless. She has had

additional opportunity to prove His faithfulness in the land of Egypt.

Oct. 11, '27—A very poor woman came to us today. She has three children and is expecting a fourth blessing this week. She is quite blind and her husband has been out of work for

months. The children have absolutely nothing to eat. She walked all the way out to the Orphanage, about four miles. We are nearly out of money ourselves, but I thought that poor Toffa was in a worse condition than the Orphanage, so I gave her \$5, a dozen loaves of bread, some rice, sugar, and six bars of soap. Then I took her to town in the car and bought her some tomatoes, potatoes, cooking butter and several pounds of meat, and told her she could come and stay with us after she was confined.

Faheema said that we needed some rice and sugar, so after I took Toffa home I went to Badee's grocery to buy them. One of the clerks asked me if I wanted to buy a large sack of the best rice. I told him that I wanted only a basket of the medium grade of rice and a box of sugar. Mr. Badeer came out and told the man to get me the sack of good rice, a big box of sugar and 100 pounds of soap. I said, "No, I cannot buy so much rice, and I really don't need soap today." He said, "Take it and keep it until you do need it." He filled my car with boxes of blueing, buttons, etc., and I had to send Habib with the donkey cart to bring the rice and other things.

In the evening Dr. Aziz came and brought me \$50 which Mr. Albert Khayatt had given him to give as a thank offering. He had just become engaged. Dr. A. also gave \$5 of his own money. We gave Toffa \$5 and God sent us \$55. We gave her a few pounds of rice; God gave us a whole sack, worth about \$12. We gave the poor woman six bars of soap, and we were given 100 pounds. She received a few pounds of sugar, and we a whole box full. Mr. Badeer had never given us anything before.

* * *

Saturday, Nov. 5, '27—After paying the workmen this evening I haven't a single cent, and we have 480 to feed, clothe, educate, etc. None are paying anything. We owe \$250—\$125 for lumber, and I borrowed \$125 from Hanna Effendy to pay the salaries. God sees all of this. It is His work, so why worry.

Nov. 9, '27—Hallen Wessa has become engaged today to Leon and sent me an invitation to the reception. Her mother enclosed a check for \$250, so I have paid all my debts. The American mail on Monday also brought us \$100. "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

Sat., Nov. 12, '27—All of our money gone again. I borrowed \$20 from Faheema (one of my married girls), \$8.50 from Farduse and \$1 from Bobbie to pay the workmen. We haven't a cent.

Sun., Nov. 13, '27—A lady sent back \$10 which she had borrowed. The Leases sent \$60, their year's subscription to the Orphanage. Two visiting ministers gave me \$25.

Mon., Nov. 14, '27—I met Mr. Negrbe Galdas and he paid me the \$50 which he promised me. His sister handed me \$10. I spent about \$100 for cloth as the children need clothes very badly.

Nov. 15, '27—Spent the whole day cutting out clothes; finished at midnight.

Nov. 16, '27—This morning's mail brought an envelope with no letter or name, containing a money order for \$50. I went to town and bought \$40 worth of cloth. Six packages of lovely clothes came from the dear folks back in U. S. A.

Nov. 17, '27—Busy all day making uniforms for the family. I hear all of Thos. Cook's Nile tourists are booked to come out to the Orphanage. I am trying to finish the uniforms so the children will look well.

Nov. 19, '27—This is a busy day (Saturday). We are trying to have everything nice as we are expecting the tourists between four and five. I am so tired. I do hope they will give me something for the children. . . . The tourists all came, crowds and crowds of them. Some came in; others stayed out front in their carriages. Our little boys gave out pamphlets about the Orphanage, and the whole family of children went out to see the people. They did look so sweet. I was so proud of them. All who went up to the Nursery were greatly touched as they saw the rows of tiny beds and wee babies in them; some with their bottles and others sitting on the carpet playing.

While I was showing the tourists around a rather poor-looking old Egyptian walked down toward the main building. I stopped and spoke to him, asking him to come in. He said, "No, not now." Some of the tourists handed Miss Ryott, my English teacher, \$13 for the Orphanage. After everyone left I saw the old man walking along and so I again asked him to come in. As he entered the drawing room he handed me a bill. It was \$50. I nearly laughed out loud. It was such a good lesson to me. I had been working all week to fix up the children and the place for the rich tourists and they gave me \$13, and a poor old Egyptian whom one scarcely notices, hands me a \$50 bill. "God's ways are not our ways."

I went to the post office and found \$33 from America in the different letters. We cut out clothes until midnight. Stopped because it was Sunday morning. It is rather wonderful the way God gives us strength to go on from day to day. The boys are doing wonderful work preaching the Gospel in the different villages every Sunday. The crowds are growing all the time. I am glad they are so interested in village work.

Nov. 20, '27—I went over to see Mrs. Nasif Wessa and stayed to dinner. Habib Khayatt, Albert Khayatt, Amin Bey and others were there. Habib Bey told us that the Coptic Bishop, who is a millionaire, is having trouble, as the government is making some investigation as to what he is doing with all of the church money. He thought the best thing to do would be to give some to the poor every year. So he went to Cairo, getting a lawyer to make out legal papers specifying different charities and the amount each was to receive each year. He decided to give our Orphanage \$1,000 a year, but the lawyer in writing it out got confused, there were so many items,

and put it down \$1250 instead. The Bishop noticed it, but didn't think it worth while to change it.

Habib Bey asked me if it was not time for me to put a limit to the number of children I would accept in the Orphanage. I told him that it was almost impossible for me not to take in new children as people kept dying and leaving them orphans. "Well, you will have to stop some time," he said. "Yes," I said, "when God stops sending in enough money to support them, I'll stop taking in new ones." Everybody in the room agreed with me. He knew there was nothing more for him to say as they all knew how God had supplied for over seventeen years.

When I was there my secretary telephoned saying that Dr. Zackie had just brought up two sheep for the children's supper. . . . When I reached home the girl in charge of the nursery came and said that the two sheep were not enough for the children, and that there was not enough meat to make any soup for the babies. I said, "Go to the Orphanage kitchen and tell

the cook to give you some for the nursery." She came back and said there was none left. Then I told her to cook some rice.

I went out and sat on the bridge in front of my house. It was dark, but a car drove up and stopped, and I heard a man say, "Well, don't stay long." Another said, "You help me lift it from this side." I said to one of the girls who was sitting with me, "That sounds as though we were getting something." I arose and went out to meet the man. Though it was quite dark, I saw two men carrying in a half of a beef. As they put it down on one of the tables one of the little girls said, "I told the babies to pray for God to send them some meat." I called Malazama and said, "Go light the stove and cook the meat. The babies can have soup for breakfast tomorrow."

Nov. 21, '27—American mail brought in about \$175. I went to town and spent over \$100 for food, blankets, cloth and bedding. It is now nearly midnight. We can say with a grateful heart, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Under His Shadow among the Heathen

FROM Bro. and Sister Boyce, Siswa Bazar, India, we learn of their progress with their building. They write: "Out of the amount asked for in THE EVANGEL for the completion of the building, we have received eleven hundred dollars, leaving us to continue looking to the Lord for the balance of fourteen hundred dollars. However, the Lord has been so good to us in sending in what He already has, that we are encouraged to look to Him for the balance. Our hope is that we shall not be obliged to endure the heat of the coming hot season like we did this year without proper accommodations. We were more concerned about our little two-year-old child, Edith Bernice, than we were about ourselves, because it was going so hard with her. Please pray with us that sufficient funds will come in within the next few months of this cool season so that we may be able to finish the house before the hot season arrives.

"We are glad to report that three of our best orphan girls were baptized in the Holy Spirit a short while ago. Others received a blessed anointing. One received a vision from the Lord in which He told her that He was coming soon and that she should tell her people to prepare for His coming. We praise the Lord because we have been praying that He would definitely call some of our boys and girls into His work. One boy is now in a Pent. Bible school preparing for his life work. This is surely a blessed work to rescue the orphan children from heathenism. He has given into our care over fifty children and

widows. We desire that each one will be thoroughly saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit."

A Great Need

Bro. and Sister Doney who are now on furlough from Egypt, are greatly burdened for a suitable property for their church and school. Bro. and Sis Hardt, who have charge of their work in their absence, have written them as follows:

"How our hearts were made glad to receive the good news that the G. C. had approved of the purchase of a suitable property here for church and school. It certainly is in answer to prayer. We have been led so definitely to pray to this end, even in the short time that we have been connected with this work. If the brethren of the different Assemblies could only gaze upon the ripened harvest field and see the golden opportunities that are waiting here they surely would sell all they have to buy up the jewels for Jesus.

"You certainly would be encouraged could you have attended one of the recent meetings that we had when the brethren, Fockler and LeRoux were here. It was very evident that the seed which had been sown in the hearts of the children for the past five years, had taken root and was springing up into beautiful fruit. But oh! how sad to see how hampered we were for room as we tried to crowd in the whole school in the three small rooms. Then there were about forty left over which we had to stick across the

hall in another room, not only out of sight but out of hearing also. We have been praying earnestly for a revival but where could God send one? We have no room to accommodate a crowd. However, a number more of the larger girls gave their hearts to Christ. Sunday, a week ago we had our three rooms full, but how hard it is to minister to people when you cannot see their faces; neither can they hear your voice distinctly. We still have the same trouble you had when you were here; that is, a class is too large for one room, and we must put them in two, one teacher looking after both rooms. Other classes are so large that one room is far too small for a class.

"It is very evident that our large, older girls will soon be ready for Bible training to equip them for service, but as it is now we have no place for this part of the work. To say the least this work has grown entirely out of its quarters. We really feel it would be very practical to begin a Bible School in connection with this work, for we have opportunity of training not only our own children, but it would open the door for the Pentecostal truth to be taught to many others desiring a Bible School education. This has been our great hope for the future, a Bible School in connection with this work."

* * *

Bro. Lloyd Creamer, sailing via S. S. Russia for his station in Tientsin, writes: "I would be most grateful to get in touch with a married couple who are willing to come on to the field at once, as Mr. and Mrs. Kvamme are expecting to leave on furlough the early part of 1928, making it quite important to have a married couple on the station. Will you not kindly make it a matter of definite prayer?"

* * *

Miss Mable Dean has moved from Cairo to Mallawi, Egypt, which she says is a very needy place, "Nearly every night we have meetings and from forty to fifty come. We are planning to work some of the villages round about us. They tell us there are no less than 75; so we have more than we can ever do. I have three girls and two more coming. God is already using these girls; their prayers and testimonies are especially stirring the women. One night when Wadeah testified with the tears rolling down her face, two girls who had been very irreverent became sober and their laughing was turned to tears as they said that they wanted the Lord. About fifty

come to the women's meeting. Before coming here I had a burden for these women."

A Child's Rebuke

Miss Laura Radford, Jerusalem, sends us a little incident that occurred recently:

A little Jewish girl had become deeply interested in all the stories of the Bible because her oldest sister had become a Christian and had been baptized. She listened eagerly to all her sister would tell her about what it meant to be a Christian, and then knelt one day with her sister and also accepted Jesus as her Savior. Her heart was filled with such new joy that she felt she, too, must ask others to come to Jesus. So day by day she would talk with other girls about Him. A few days ago a young Jewess, dressed in a fashionable, short frock with low neck and no sleeves, came to the house. The child watched her for some time and then quietly walked over to her and said, "Will you be very angry with me if I tell you something?" "No, certainly not," was the reply. But again she asked with deep concern, "Are you quite sure you will not be angry with me?" The visitor assured her she might say what was in her heart, and the child said: "I do not believe you can possibly ever go up to heaven where Jesus is with such a short dress and no sleeves." The earnestness of the child made a deep impression upon the mind of the worldly young woman.

If this little child were in America today she would find many Christians to whom to minister a similar rebuke.

First Fruits

Miss Marie Juergenson writes from Tokio, Japan, that one of the early results in their new building "is the salvation of a whole family, father, mother and three children. Let me tell you the story; you may remember the first part of it. One day, nearly two years ago, a young woman came to the missionaries' home, very troubled, for she had been to the meeting at the Station for the first time the night before and realized how empty her heart was. 'Is the Sensei busy?' she asked. 'No—No! answered the missionary who was really very busy trying to catch up with a pile of work on her desk. 'Oh I want to hear some more about Jesus!' she replied.

"We are never too busy to tell about *Him*, and that afternoon I had the joy of leading that soul to the feet of the Savior. She was wonderfully saved. And what a precious, shining jewel she has been! My joy and my crown! How happy I shall be to lay her at the feet of Jesus! Several months later she led her sister to the Lord.

"It was when they both were so faithfully and

earnestly attending the Gospel meetings that persecution started in their home. The mother persuaded one of her sons (a married man with a family) to talk to the girls and forbid them to go to church. To gain courage to do this he became drunk, for in his heart he knew they had something which no heathen god could give. It was a dark hour for them when everyone stood against them, but they came just the same.

"About two months ago the brother who had so harshly forbidden them, decided to go to the Mission Station just once to "see." They were surprised but so happy to think that he would even come and 'see' but that is the believer's first step, isn't it? For Jesus said, 'Come and see.' As the result of that first visit he gladly came to our special meetings, bringing his wife. And do not be surprised when I tell you he came to every meeting. His wife broke down at the end of the third day and was blessedly saved, while he said like one of old, 'Almost thou persuadest me!'" He continued to come and was under deep conviction. This past week he was gloriously saved. With tears of joy in his eyes he said, 'Now I know'. Last night the sister who was the first one saved said to me, 'We thought he would be the last brother to be saved, and he is the first.' 'And Sensei, when I go to their home at meal time he gets the children around the table and prays in a loud voice, asking the blessing for the meal. I was surprised.'

"Perhaps this does not seem much to some, but in this dark, dark land where souls have been held in the grip of Satan so long, it often takes a long time to lead them step by step in the new life. Their children now attend our S. S. School and love our Jesus too."

* * *

Bro. Boyer, who is carrying on his orphanage work in Chinkiang, China, under great difficulties, writes under date of Dec. 6th:

"You will rejoice in the wonderful way the Lord has sustained and protected. We are living in evil days. It is hard to believe that men can be so wicked. I have just passed through an experience that has crushed me almost to the earth, and would have had it not been for the upholding power of God. Last spring our Home was looted by wicked men and our personal belongings stolen; and now again we have been robbed of hundreds of dollars. Our Consul had to flee for his life, and the business firms, as the Standard Oil Co., and the Asiatic Petroleum Co., have to stand by and see their property destroyed and carried away. Chinese Nationalism has

spent itself in destroying the homes of missionaries and robbing them of everything but the clothes on their backs and desecrating the houses of God by using them as stables or to house their ungodly and unspeakably dirty living troops.

"I am trying to keep all departments of the work going, but under the circumstances it is only imperfectly done. Pray mightily for poor China."

Deliverance from Fire

Our dear sister, Jessie Wengler, writes of a marvelous deliverance to their new chapel at Hachioji, Japan. She says:

"On Thanksgiving night God sent His angels and watched over our little chapel building and saved it from fire. Eight houses on the main street, in front of the church burned to the ground. Some of these buildings, old shacks, most of them, were not more than four feet away from the church building. From the buildings adjoining, the church caught fire. Two window frames and part of the weather-boarding started to burn, but the firemen soon put it out. It would have been a natural thing for the inside of the church to be ruined by water from the engine pump, but there was no damage done inside the church from water, smoke or flames. This is marvelous in our eyes.

"It was only in June of this year that the Lord enabled us to remodel this building and all inside is new; new floors, new ceilings, new walls, new plaster and new benches, and it is a very attractive place to worship in. God did not permit the flames, water or smoke in any way to harm the building. The little chapel stands in the burnt district a testimony to the delivering power of God. The Japanese are saying, '*Fushigi desu ne*'—'It is a miracle of your God that your church was not burned.' One of our Christians, a young man who has not been able to come to meetings for some time, said that his faith had grown cold and weak, but when he saw how the church had been saved from fire he said, 'My faith has again become like fire,' and he gave a small offering toward the repairing of the burned places. We have had a real thanksgiving in our hearts because of His manifested goodness."

* * *

(Continued from page 4)

took only a few things. The Lord directly intervened. The last man out lingered in door-way with pistol to hold up Mr. Baker. Discerning his intent, Mr. Baker gave him a quick shove down the stairway and quickly locked the door.

At 10 P. M. the third home from us was set on fire. Wednesday at 6 A. M., the second home was burned. At 8 A. M., one of our boys with Red Cross flag went to the tin works. The coolies and soldiers came after us. Five o'clock found the children, ourselves and important household goods at the Tin Works. On Thursday children returned to the home, and on Saturday we moved back."

In another letter Mrs. Baker writes: "Got ready to iron today and discovered all our irons were stolen. Mr. Baker lost his best suit. Much bedding of the children as well as all on James' bed was taken, together with a good many other things, but our loss is nothing compared to that of the Chinese. Many families lost every single thing, including the clothes they were wearing. What the fire did not destroy the looters took. The men of all three sides were just the same.

The Lord miraculously delivered us when it seemed we would all be killed inside a few hours.

"Twice attempts were made to burn our home. They were killed or driven back. The Orphanage door was soaked with kerosene but the flame would not start. In a corner upstairs we were pleading the blood of Jesus against the fire."

"For five days Kotchiu had a baptism of fire and chaos reigned. Mo Pu's attack last year was play compared to this scourging. All electric wires are down and we can buy nothing as shops are burned."

In spite of this reign of lawlessness that has spread over Yunnan, God is working. Following Armistice Day when special prayer for China was going up all over the world, Bro. Johnson writes that the house was packed at their special services and on Sunday five went forward for salvation.

The Gospel Reaching Europe thru a Basket

Paul's "Letting Down" a Means of Lifting Multitudes "Up."

Mrs. J. S. Lincoln at the Missionary Rest Home, Nov. 2, 1927



WHEN the disciples took him by night and let him down by the wall, in a basket." Acts 9:25.

This was surely an instance where God "made the wrath of man to praise Him." What extremes of emotion those precious disciples must have felt in so short a time! Their far-famed persecutor was now their preacher. The one they had heard of with fear and trembling, they were now listening to with joy and wonder. The one from whom they had been planning to hide, was now eating with them in their homes. The tables had now been turned as only God could turn them. With what conflicting thoughts they must have gazed upon him—their former enemy—now welcomed to the inner circle!

I suppose Bro. Ananias was the one who introduced Saul of Tarsus to the brethren. His very name must have struck terror to their hearts, and I can almost hear Ananias hastening to explain, assuring them he fully understood their fears, and telling how he felt the same way when God asked him to go and call on Saul. The fact that God said Saul was on the street "Straight" and that he was praying did not quell Ananias' fears. God had to go further and say, "He is a chosen vessel unto me . . . and I will show him *how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake,*" before Ananias dared to go near him.

And now in their midst stood this much-dreaded one—a lion changed to a lamb; a Christ-hater changed into a real lover of the Lord.

Perhaps the assembly had been without a preacher, but they now have one such as no church ever had before or after. The Damascus church now had a leader whom the other sects had to notice, for he went to their synagogues and preached Christ and confounded the Jews. What days of Holy Ghost joy and victory they must have been to the faithful ones who had held the fort in that city amid reproach and shame! What sermons they must have listened to as this newly-commissioned, freshly-anointed preacher, preached Jesus whom he had just met on the Damascus highway! Oh what meetings they must have had! It must have seemed the beginning of the millennium to them.

But alas, all of our mountain-top experiences of glory and transfiguration are short-lived, and we must come down to meet the enemy. Even so the Damascus church was suddenly plunged from heights of victory and praise to the depths of agonizing prayer and tested faith. Consternation no doubt had reigned in the ranks of the enemy until they got organized, but finally both devil and Pharisee are in league to strike a death-blow at the cause of the Nazarene, by taking the life of this bold, fearless champion. How keenly disappointed the church must have felt when they realized they must give up this newly-commissioned preacher, but his life must be saved at

any cost. So with sad hearts on that memorable night they must have gathered secretly in a house by the wall. No conference ever had a more solemn sitting as they discussed what to do with this preacher. No doubt many suggestions were offered, but they finally "took him" and let him down by the wall in a basket. The record says it was "by night." Yes, it is always *night* when God's people go through their deepest trials. When our souls go through their Gethsemane the sun is hidden from our view. It is black, despairing midnight. It was in such an hour as that, the disciples took him and "let him down." This was indeed a new experience for Saul who had always been "*up*" before,—*up* in reputation, *up* in religion and education, *up* in politics and power. But from now on it will be mostly "*down*" for him.

Once before he had been "let down" and when he struck the ground it was a hard blow to both his dignity and his pride. But we know that to his dying day he never ceased to thank God for this first letting down. It was indeed an initiation into the spiritual life.

And now his second "letting down" had come and it was "by the wall" on the outside. Sure, it was on the *outside*. The disciple is not above his Lord. He, too, went *outside*. How that "wall" separates from everything on the inside where we used to be. It takes a "letting down" to land the soul on the Calvary side of the wall. 'Tis true this "letting down" of Saul of Tarsus was for the safety of his physical life, but God often has to "let us down" for the safety of our spiritual life. How many times, too, God uses the disciples—the brethren—to let us down—the very ones we had expected to hold us "*up*." Perhaps their motive is as worthy and commendable in letting us down as was that of the Damascus disciples, but we nevertheless find ourselves *down, outside and alone*.

And the vehicle of our "letting down" may be as humiliating as was Saul's in a basket. I wonder whose basket it was that gave this preacher a free ride down and out into the then great unevangelized mission fields of earth. Perhaps some woman offered her clothes-basket. Whoever furnished that basket I am sure could never realize what an honor it was to furnish a conveyance for Christ's Ambassador on his way to preach the Gospel to Gentile kings and nations in the regions beyond. Ah, those "regions beyond" where dwelt our own European ancestors in heathen darkness! And to think that this man in the basket is the connecting link between

them and Eternal Life. He is the pioneer missionary to blaze the Gospel trail toward these very peoples. Even now I tremble at the consequences if those Damascus disciples had not held the ropes firmly, for that was indeed a precious basketful which they lifted over the wall and much indeed depended upon its safe delivery on the outside.

How very glad I am that Saul did not jump out of that basket. He might have said, "Well, now, brethren, please excuse me, for I'm not accustomed to riding this way. I either go on horse-back or ride in state in a chariot. This is really too cramped and embarrassing." But he didn't for he was of a real humble spirit. He was willing to rough it for God and count it all joy. He probably whispered as they let him down, "If I don't get back again I'll meet you at the First Resurrection."

But by way of contrast, how very amazing was this basket ride! His departing from the city of Damascus, how different from his approach thereto! If some of his old friends would have seen him they would surely have laughed him to scorn as they compared his former estate with his present position. A man is either a lunatic right or a sage of highest wisdom to make an exchange such as Saul of Tarsus made. Would not this very circumstance convince many of his friends and kindred of the grace of God?

You remember Saul of Tarsus was "free born." His people must have been quite well-to-do for they had purchased the rights of Roman citizenship, and when their son was born he breathed the air of freedom, equal rights and independence. With cherished hopes and ambitions they named him Saul, hoping, no doubt, that he would be like Saul of Old Testament fame, "head and shoulders above his brethren." He was given, no doubt, all the schooling to be had in the city of Tarsus, and then they had means enough to send him to Jerusalem to be further educated at the renowned school of Gamaliel. He didn't disappoint the hopes and dreams of his parents, but became an intellectual giant, towering indeed above his fellows. With Gamaliel diploma and High Priest certificate, he sallied forth to make the world safe for Pharisical Judaism, but God "let him down" and Jesus met him, and there ended his worldly ambitions, as with crushed heart he cried, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" It is not recorded that after this experience and the subsequent letting down by the wall in a basket, he ever again used the impressive name of Saul of

Tarsus, but simply signed himself "Paul"—the little one, the less one.

How would this look on the bills when they advertised his next evangelistic campaign? Had he lived in our day we would have wanted to make merchandise of his past prestige and standing to attract attention. We would have been prone to have used his remarkable Damascus basket experience to draw the crowds, but they in those days were too close to Calvary's morn with its "mocking, the spear and the thorn" to be benefitted by any such spectacular methods.

How strangely different things go in Christ from what they do in the world! In Him, one glories in infirmities, rejoices in tribulation, finds perfection in weakness and pleasure in necessities. The first become last; the least, greatest, and he who would be master becomes servant of all. Such a program, plus this blessed "letting down" now and then, brings the soul to a place where he feels that he is less than the least of all saints. Then truly Christ does have the pre-eminence. Yea, He is all in all. How single then the eye to God's glory and the salvation of souls. What a healthy condition to be in spiritually!

When our spiritual vision has once glimpsed

this healthful state, we do covet to experience it, but as digging and hardship precede the gold finding, as great pressure precedes the flow of oil and wine, so tribulation, want, dangers, ropes, basket and a "letting down" precede the Paul experience of "knowing Him, the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His suffering, being made conformable unto His death." Paul had such an "eternity view point" of everything down here that he gladly suffered the loss of all things but "kept the faith."

When the hour of his departing came, he was again "taken" and "let down" but by murderers' hands who hastened him off to glory, to the eternal "lifting up" of his Lord, the eternal weight of glory and the crown he had glimpsed while here. May we follow in his train, and sing with the poet of old,

"I look for stormy days,
I look for hours of care,
I welcome all, they bear me on
Where God and the angels are."

"See there the starry crown
That glitters in the skies;
Satan, the world and sin tread down
And seize the glorious prize."

A Miracle Wrought by God's Operation

Testimony of Pastor A. Arntsen, Portland, Ore. Reported by L. L. H.



WHEN I was born into this world, I was born perfect. There was not a thing the matter with me—if mother were here, she would corroborate this testimony. I came into the world announcing my arrival, and yelled like a real baby, and when I leave this old world I will let the other world know that I am coming. Perhaps I shall usher myself into the next world by saying, "Hallelujah!" That is the one word that is known all over the world and in heaven itself. You can go anywhere and say "Hallelujah," and they will understand you.

Mother said I was born perfect. My eyes were perfect, my hearing perfect, and my features well-formed. My father passed away to be with the Lord when I was nine months old, so I passed through life without the knowledge of a father. My mother was thoroughly saved when she was seventeen or eighteen years of age, and believed that Christ Jesus was all-sufficient for body, soul and spirit.

When I was fifteen months old, I had gone through a great number of afflictions. They left me totally blind in both eyes and practically deaf

in both ears. The right ear drum had a hole burned right through it by fever, and the only way I could possibly hear anybody when they spoke to me was when they shouted loud, close up to my ear. My upper eyelids were swollen down about level with the tip of my nose, and the inside was turned outward and upward. They looked like two raw pieces of meat upon my face.

Mother had been saved among a company of people who believed the truth of James 5:14, "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him." So she called for the elders to come and anoint and pray, but for a reason best known to God, He did not seem to answer at the time. Mother was the only one of all our relatives who believed according to this teaching, and when she refused to take me to a specialist or a doctor for an operation they threatened her in every way they could. No doubt many of you have done things that

you realized you should not have done in order to have peace in your family. I am not telling you what to do, or what not to do, but when God saved my soul and baptized me in the Holy Spirit, I endeavored to be as kind and gentle with my relatives as it was possible. But when their wishes and their plans conflicted with what I felt was God's plan and purpose for my life, I said, "Let them all go. I shall remain straight and honest, and true to God." What did Jesus say? "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." He didn't mean, to hate them in the flesh or in the heart, but He meant we were not to allow any individual to come between God and us. And if your relatives, your wife or husband, your father or mother come between you and your God, they will rob you of the peace of God in your heart.

In order to have peace in the family, mother took me to a specialist, and when he looked at me he said, "Madam, in all my life I have never seen a case like this. But if you leave this boy with me I will be glad to perform an operation. Needless to say, it will be an experimental operation inasmuch as I have never heard, or seen, or handled a case like that. But I will do the very best I know and it will not cost you anything. I will be glad to do it without charge." Mother looked at him and said, "Doctor, can you guarantee a successful operation?" He said, "Madam, I cannot. He stands an equal chance of getting his sight or losing it completely, if there should be any life in the optic nerve. But you leave your boy and I will do the best I know."

Mother said, "Doctor, I thank you, but I could not think of leaving my boy under those conditions. There is one thing I can do, and that I will do." The doctor was supposed to be an infidel, but some people profess to be infidels who are not. He said, "What can you do, madam?" She answered, "There is only one thing I can do and will do. I will take my boy back home, and I will dedicate him to God. If God wants to heal him, He can do it; if He doesn't want to do it, for reasons best known to Himself, I will say, not my will, but His be done." There are fathers and mothers in the land today who, when their children lay at the point of death, beseeched and pleaded with God to restore them, and He heard their prayer. But many of these sons and daughters are causing their parents no end of heartache today. It might have been

better if father and mother had prayed, "Lord, have Thy way in their lives."

Mother took me home, and after much waiting upon God and praying, a band of believers came to our home. I was in a very bad condition. They held my head up to a light and asked if I could see anything, but my eyes were so completely closed I could not see even light. I pulled my head away on account of the heat from the light, but I could not see it. I was sitting on mother's lap and as they anointed me, she prayed, "Lord, You know how frail and weak the body of my boy is; these men have such big, heavy hands. Do not let them press upon his body too hard." In telling of her prayer afterward, she said, "The next instant I took a look at my boy to see how he was getting along, but I couldn't see him at all. He was completely covered with hands."

They prayed, and God began to operate. It was a painless operation and a bloodless one. There was no surgery connected with it. The swelling receded down to my nose tip, and the inside that was outside turned right back to its proper condition, and then rolled right up again, uncovering both my eyes. They looked at me and what did they find? They found that over both my eyeballs there was drawn, as it were, veils. That was why I could not see a particle. They continued praying. They prayed on and on. Remember, it is one thing to pray and another thing to pray through. As they continued to pray and beseech God, those scales began to lift.

I saw for the first time. I looked at my hand and thought it the most peculiar thing. I got hold of mother's hand and looked at that, too. Then I got off her lap and went over to the old-fashioned wood box by the old-fashioned stove. I emptied that wood box, took out every stick of wood, and then put them back again. I walked around and picked up every little piece of bark and scrap I could find on the carpet that had been thrown there and threw them all back in the box, demonstrating to everyone present that I was no more a blind boy but that I had gotten back my sight.

When God opened my eyes and healed me, He did a wonderful work. In looking at me closely you will find there is yet a little defect with my right eye, but that seemingly does not impair my sight one bit. For that which might be lacking in my right eye I have more than double strength in the left. I can read the finest print without the use of glasses, but this is no reflection on those who use them. This is not a criti-

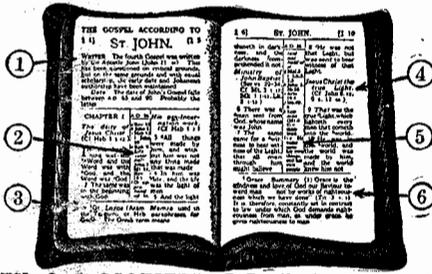
cism, but I believe that the same Jesus who opened my eyes and caused me to have perfect sight is able to give it to others.

They had prayed for the opening of my eyes, and then in addition God touched my ears and I could hear the very faintest whisper with no difficulty. Isn't it wonderful? You who have

heard of individuals being healed of blindness but have never seen them, can leave this building and truthfully say, "I have heard and seen one man who declared he was blind and can now see." I can say further: Once I was dead but now I am alive. Jesus Christ came into this world that I might have life and have it more abundantly.

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