



# The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

### The Lord Is Risen

**T**HE silvery slopes of Olivet  
Were steeped in mystic gloom,  
Save where the Morning Star, unset,  
Hung o'er the garden tomb;  
When to the angels watching there,  
Across the shadows dim,  
Came thrilling through the hallowed air  
That earliest Easter Hymn,—  
"The Lord is risen!"

Yet many a sunlit Southern strand  
Still waits for what may come,  
And many a league of darkened land  
This Eastertide is dumb.  
They watch for signs athwart the sky,  
They faint beneath their woe;  
"No hope!" in mad despair they cry.  
Would God they could but know  
"The Lord is risen!"

O heroes of the Living God!  
Scale each beleaguered height,  
And flash out bravely, clear and broad,  
Your beacon's splendid light;  
Till from Uganda's blood-stained walls  
Come back the grand refrain,  
And far Korea's answering calls  
Unite with Congo's strain,  
"The Lord is risen!"

—Margaret J. Preston.

Ask Ye of the LORD Rain in the Time of the Latter Rain

I am the Resurrection and the Life.—John 11:25

## The Latter Rain Evangel

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by  
The Evangel Publishing House  
18 W. 74th St., Chicago  
Anna C. Reiff, Managing Editor  
W. E. Booth-Clibborn, Field Editor  
Miss Rose Meyer, Assistant Editor

Entered as second-class matter, April 8, 1909, at the Post-office, Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

### Subscription Price

**TO ANY PART \$1.25 (5/6s) per year in advance**  
**OF THE WORLD 65c (3s) six months in advance**

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

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### They Watched Him There

“**A**ND sitting down they watched him there.”

The Roman soldiers had witnessed many crucifixions; they were accustomed to scenes of death. They had seen the gladiators go stoically to their doom; their dealings with hardened criminals had made them callous to every sense of pity. But there was something about the Majestic Form of Jesus of Nazareth that they had never seen before. With their cruel mockings and scourgings, their jeers and scoffs, they had spent themselves, and from their hardened hearts arose a question, Who was this Man who bore His suffering with such sublimity?

*“And sitting down they watched Him there.”*

What conflicting thoughts flashed thru their minds as they gazed upon that figure on that central cross, that face, kingly even though “marred more than the sons of men.” If any gloried in His suffering their glorying was soon turned to shame as they looked upon the spectacle that caused the angels to weep. At His prayer for those who drove the cruel nails, “Father, forgive them for they know not what they do,” their hardened hearts smote them and turned to fear as supernatural darkness covered the land and the crosses were rocked by an earthquake. In the deathly stillness that followed, the centurion's voice rang out, “Truly this was the Son of God!”

How this testimony from a heathen put to shame the false witnessing of the Sanhedrin!

There were others who “watched” by the cross, but with what different motives. “Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.” And John, the beloved disciple was there. Was it a comfort to the Son of God to have them there in His conflict with the powers of darkness? No doubt it was, for in the Garden He reproached His disciples for sleeping when He was agonizing, “Could ye not watch with me one hour?”

His mother—was she perplexed at the scene upon which she gazed in agony? How about that prophecy of the Angel Gabriel that He was to reign on the throne of His father David? What did it mean? Perhaps there she remembered the words of Simeon, “A sword shall pierce through thy own soul also.” Standing there in the scorching sun and gazing through her blinding tears at that face clotted with blood and spittal, the sword indeed pierced through her heart.

With adoring love and devotion these noble women “watched” by the cross until the sacred body was taken down and prepared for burial. As the day waned the two Marys were still watch-

*(Continued on page 6)*

# Are You on the Mountain of Prayer or Plain of Worldliness?

## Drinking the Dregs of Your Idol

Evangelist Ben Hardin in the Stone Church, Feb. 10, 1929.



I want to call your attention to the thirty-second chapter of Exodus, verses seventeen to twenty-eight, drawing your special notice to the words found in the 19th verse, "And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf, and the dancing." I am sure it was with a painful and bitter feeling that Moses cast his eyes upon that golden calf for the first time.

Surely God's servants are called into extremes; Moses had been in an extremely wonderful place; he had been on the Mount talking with God and it is often true that while some are on the mount talking with God others of the same company are down below dancing around a golden calf. In almost every Assembly over the land there are those who are up on the mountain-top of entire consecration, the mountain peaks of prayer and blessing, talking with God, while others are down on the plains of worldliness, unbelief, etc., dancing around a Golden Calf. And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the Mount, they gathered themselves together unto Aaron and said unto him, "Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him."

Moses delayed his coming down. It had taken a long time to get into this wonderful place, and now he was loath to leave and come down, down to the complaining multitude, down to the worldliness and sin that were to confront him. We are living in days when it is hard to reach the heights, and when we get there we are loath to come down to the valley where sin abounds.

The people had murmured and complained to Aaron that they wanted a god to worship, and he said, "Break off the golden earrings which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me." The Scripture says that he made a molten calf and fashioned it with a graving tool. I don't know whether it looked much like a calf but it would not have to be very perfect for when people get into that state they would just as soon bow down

to one thing as another and it wouldn't make much difference what it looked like.

Now when Joshua heard the cry in the camp he said to Moses, "There is a noise of war in the camp," and truly it meant war, for when one part of the camp is up on the mount talking with God, where the glory and anointing of God rest upon them, when one division are on their faces receiving divine revelation and blessing from God, and the others are serving the flesh and bowing down before a golden calf, there is sure to be war in the camp. Moses couldn't quite understand it because it was a noise peculiar to him and he said, "It is not the voice of them that shout for the mastery; neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome." These two voices were familiar to him. Anyone who deals with people at the altar will soon learn to know those two voices: the voice of one who wants complete victory, the voice of one who wants to walk in harmony with God; and oh how we love to hear that plaintive cry of the penitent who in humble contrition and humility confesses his weakness and sin! That is the voice that God loves to hear and He loves to deliver those who are overcome by the enemy of their souls. He will never turn a deaf ear to them. Moses said, "This is the noise of them that sing." With all the thousand noises in Pentecost they can all be catalogued, and as soon as a strange sound occurs we can detect it. There is a difference in noise; there is a softness to the loudest spiritual noise and there is a loudness to the softest fleshly noise.

"And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh to the camp, that he saw the calf." It must have been a bitter experience for Moses. He had been such a faithful leader and so true to God; he had bidden good-bye to luxury and ease, and every human advantage that Egypt could offer and had cast his lot with this people. Instead of being a ruler in Egypt he was willing to tread the wilderness with them, coming down to their level. When they were weary he was weary too; when they were hungry he hungered also. He was doing everything possible to bring the people safely through the wilderness and was trying his best to lead them to God, and then while he was on the Mount receiving the commandments

and talking face to face with God, they drifted into idolatry and refused His leadership. They brought to Aaron their earrings so that he might make a golden calf. And we find that Aaron didn't quite tell the truth about this calf. When Moses saw it he turned to Aaron and said, "What have you done?" And Aaron said, "I just took the gold which they brought and threw it into the fire and this calf came out." Poor Aaron was simply a victim of circumstances; he just threw the gold into the fire and out walked the calf. He did not tell that he had fashioned it with a graving tool. Of course in the main points there was a grain of truth, for it had come out of the fire but if it had come out of its own accord it might not have been a calf; it might have been a fiery serpent and poisoned everyone of them. But they weren't taking any chances on a serpent coming out because they wanted a calf and so Aaron shaped it with a graving tool. He was against a problem he was afraid to face, so he tried to slip out by saying, "I just threw the jewelry in and this is what came out."

Many people are that way today. They say, "I threw my voice, my high school education and my godly mother's training, my lovely home with every comfort, and my youth, into the fire of self-indulgence and this wreck that you see, too miserable to live and afraid to die, is what came out;" "I cannot help it that I am not right with God today, I am purely a victim of circumstances. I cannot help myself;" "I would like to have the Baptism of the Holy Spirit but the Scripture says, 'Tarry until' and rather than do that I decided that 'tongues' is not the sign. That is a long hard siege for most people so I just took it by faith. I believed I had it and went home without it." Aaron said, "I just took the earrings and the jewelry and put them into the fire and this came out." People excuse the condition their church is in by saying, "With the kind of material we have," or "With the pastor that we have," or "such a choir," we are bound to be only victims of circumstances, and so we just have to drift along." Let me say that we can be exactly what we want to be this afternoon; we can be a thousand miles further on than we are, if we so choose. God has given us the ground but we must get our feet on it to possess it.

Many people would like to stake off a claim. If the government had sent out word that everyone, wherever he was, who would wish for a claim might receive it, they would not have been

able to meet the need. But as the government said, "If you want a claim you have to stay on it three years and then it is yours," they were not swamped for claims at all. Some people stayed over night and left the next morning saying, "If it means living here three years I do not want it." Some stayed a year and left, but others stayed on the ground for three years and possessed the land. Someone says, "While praying last night the Lord showed me something I needed to give up but rather than make the sacrifice I backed out of it all." Many people get face to face with a truth and then back out; I believe if it were not for the stigma of "speaking in tongues" there would be thousands more in the Pentecostal Movement, but they prefer to be popular. They admit that we are in touch with God, they admit that the experience is all right but they say, "Folks don't speak very well of you." Of course we knew that long ago. I have had friends come and say, "I hate to tell you this but folks are talking about your church; they talk behind your back." And then I inform them that they have said those things right to my face.

Aaron said, "Moses, they brought their jewelry and I threw it into the fire, and out came the calf." *I wonder if we could make a calf here this afternoon. If we brought every bit of Egypt that is hanging on us I believe we could make about as good a calf as Aaron made.* I know how to make a calf; just drop a little bit of the world in, a little bit of style and jewelry. We love to have old Egypt hanging all over us. God feeds us with manna but we would rather have the leaks and onions. Just drop a few short dresses, earrings, bracelets and pins and all that sort of thing, mold it and out will come a calf. They had not been out of Egypt very long but some of us have been away from Egypt for a good while and still have some of its goods hanging on to us.

He took the jewelry, threw it into the fire and then shaped it and they bowed down before it. What a strange picture! If I were an artist I would draw a picture of God speaking to Moses up on the Mount! How the shekinah glory of God must have overshadowed Moses! When he came down from the mount his face shone so brightly that people could not look upon him. God didn't say, "Now get a box of powder and powder your face so it won't shine like that," but He just told him to put on a veil. Every time it got too bright for those around him Moses just dropped the veil. Other people can see the reflection of Jesus in your life but the actual source

of it is on the inside and cannot be seen. Have you reached the place in your experience where you have a sort of veil that shuts in the glory? And sometimes while there is chattering all around you, you can close in and drop the veil so that God can bless you. I have had God bless me in the most unheard of places. One time when I was in the museum in New York, I went into the room where they had a large statue of Buddha with his glaring teeth and staring eyes. I said, "Is that hideous-looking monster what the Chinese bow down to?" And I thought of what a wonderful Jesus I had and I tried to compare Jesus with that hideous-looking monster called Buddha; and as I thought of my Jesus, the lowly Nazarene, as I thought of Him whom they spat upon, and how He opened not His mouth—that meek Lamb of God—how His footprints studded the sandy shores of Galilee as He went about healing all manner of disease, opening the eyes of the blind and making the lame to walk, and breaking up every funeral He ever attended by bringing life to the corpse, as I thought of Jesus in comparison to this Buddha the blessing of God came on me and I began to glorify Him in tongues right in Buddha's face. I went through the museum speaking in tongues; no one knew it, I put the veil down, and no one knew what was going on inside. If you get blessed in the street car or on the street corner it is always well to drop the veil.

After his wonderful experience with God, Moses came down from the Mount and as he reached the plain there was the calf. The people had lost that keen touch with God, that real simplicity, that tenacious grip that they once had upon God; they had lost it all. They said, "We are tired of waiting for God to move in our midst. We told Him to bless us and we have given Him two weeks and now we are through. We will not wait any longer." They said, "We thought Moses would be down from the Mount but now he has been gone for days and we are tired of waiting for him." Then they went to Aaron and said, "Up, make us gods." And Aaron took their old naturalness and threw it into the fire. When you throw the naturalness of people into the fire nothing but a common old calf can come out of it. Dancing around this calf they had forgotten the leader who had stretched out his hand over the sea and the God who had caused it to go back by a "strong east wind." They had forgotten the God who with the early morning dew covered the face of the earth with manna for them. Ah!

if we would stop and meditate on God's blessings it would forever keep us from dancing around a golden calf. Reality comes from God alone. You may pretend to be satisfied with a calf but you are not. We ask, "Are you happy?" "Oh yes, we are enjoying it. We go to the movies one night and to the dance the next night." But you are not happy, for if God has revealed Himself in any measure to you, you can never be happy dancing around an old calf. Your heart still yearns after God even as the hart pants after the water brook.

When Moses saw the calf how his heart must have fainted within him! He took the calf and ground it up. Think of that one man grinding their god right before their eyes! Then he sprinkled it into the water and made them drink it. They said, "Moses, it is so bitter, we cannot swallow it. We don't want it." When you lust after things God will give them to you and you will have to drink them and they will be bitter to your soul. When you murmur after gold He will give you gold and you will get more gold than you can take care of. The Israelites didn't want the calf in that proportion but when people lose out with God there is nothing to do but to fill in with something else and sooner or later they find that the thing they have been running after is not that which brings happiness and peace. How many who have forsaken God for a golden calf are drinking the dregs of it to their sorrow and shame!

Then as Moses stood before that great company of people who had gone back on God, he cried, "Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come unto me." And out of that great company the tribe of Levi stepped out and pledged their allegiance to God, and said, "We are on God's side." Then Moses said, "Take your sword and let us weed out this idolatry," and the tribe of Levi went through the company and slew their neighbors and friends and there fell that day three thousand because of the idolatry in Israel.

Do you believe that everyone who bows at an altar is worshipping God? People kneel at the altar and their minds are a thousand miles away from God. Some are thinking of their beautiful home which they love better than anything else in the world, and they plan a new sun room, etc. They kneel before a home made out of lumber or bricks and worship at that shrine. Someone else comes along and bows before a few nice clothes, reaching out after the things of the world. Someone else kneels before a bank account and says,

"I have so much in the bank now but I hope to do far better this year." Someone else bows before a nice car and says, "The one thing I love to do is to tinker with that car." He has no time to pray or read God's Word but he can work hours and hours tearing down that machine and fixing it up again. With someone else it is a radio which he keeps going day and night; he cannot tarry one hour with God but he sits and listens to the radio far into the night. A great many people today are kneeling before a golden calf and some day God will grind it up and make them drink it. It is a bitter experience to find that the thing you had counted on has failed you.

Moses sprinkled the powder from the god into the water and made them drink it. How hard it is to drink something bitter and have to work it down! I have seen people take a swallow of something, make a face and then take another swallow. This is exactly what happens when you are made to drink the dregs of your idol. You have discovered its failure to satisfy and yet you are forced to drink it even though you have ceased to care for it. God's corrections are bitter but remember that "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. . . . Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Afterward it leaves a lasting benediction and blessing upon your life.

"And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf." Can you picture Israel bowing down to a golden calf? The living God who had guided them with the skillfulness of His eye, the God who had fed them every morning with fresh manna from heaven, had been forsaken. There was never a morning that He had forgotten them, and not once did He say, "I have nothing new to give you today, so I'll just warm up the manna from last week." God sent it down fresh every day. How it must have grieved Him when they turned from Him and worshipped this golden calf!

Then in the following chapter Moses entreated the Lord to go up with them to the Promised Land, and God said to Moses, "I will not go up in the midst of thee for thou art a stiff-necked people; lest I consume thee in the way." "I will send an Angel before thee." But Moses wasn't satisfied with an angel. He said, "If Thy presence go not up with us, carry us not up hence." And then God spoke these beautiful words, "My

presence SHALL go with thee and I will give thee rest." It is not hard to have God go with us when we get the golden calf out of the way, when we cease bowing down before gods of our own making. I love the meetings where God's presence is felt; I love to hear the preacher who has the touch of God on his message. It may not be a masterpiece as far as rhetoric is concerned; but there is something so gripping and so melting about the presence and the anointing of God.

Let us get rid of that which is keeping the presence of God out of our midst. Let us get the golden calf out of the camp, and then He will say to us, "My Presence shall go with thee."

(Continued from page 2)

ing, crushed by sorrow, as Joseph and Nicodemus closed the tomb.

The chief priests "watched" in hate as they asked for a Roman guard, and that the tomb be specially sealed. But how futile that watch. They fell as dead men.

God the Father set His watch—Angelic hands to break the seal and roll away the stone. The angels watched for His despairing disciples to tell them the glorious news of a Risen Lord.

With mingled feelings of joy and sorrow His loving disciples from the height of Olivet watched the Ascension of their Risen Lord—sorrow at parting with Him their souls adored, joy at the thought of His returning.

Let us watch, not in sorrow as those who have no hope, but in joy for our Returning King, our Risen Lord. "Because He lives, we shall live also."

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NOTICE: Evangelist Albert H. Gilbert and wife of Demarest, N. J., are contemplating an evangelistic trip to some of the Southern States. Will leave New York about May 15th (D. V.) by auto, going to Florida and from thence to Southern California. Any Assembly enroute wishing them to conduct a few services, will please write them at once. Brother Gilbert is an ex-holiness preacher. He is ordained and in full fellowship with the General Council; has been blessedly used of the Lord in evangelistic effort and in establishing new Assemblies, having been in the Lord's work for 15 years. His wife plays several instruments and both sing. For reference write to: Robert A. Brown, Glad Tidings Tabernacle, 325 West 33rd Street, New York City, Ernest S. Williams, Highway Tabernacle, 19th and Green Streets, Philadelphia, Penna., Harold A. Moss, 336 West Pacific Street, Springfield, Mo., or William I. Evans, Dean, Bethel Bible School, 61 North Fourth Street, Newark, New Jersey.

## God's Estimate of Things Most Precious

"All That I Have Is Thine"

Stanley H. Frodsham, Editor of "Word and Work" in the Stone Church Dec. 30, 1928.



URN with me to the first Epistle to the Corinthians, the first chapter and the 5th verse where we find these words, "In everything ye are enriched by him." I want to speak to you from those words.

Sometimes it takes a long while to wake up to the fact that we are millionaires. Did you know you were a millionaire? I want to show you tonight how rich you are. I remember one time, as a young fellow, I was out of employment and I went down to a certain place where I had been recommended. I went there three times to see the man in charge and each time he was out of his office and I became somewhat discouraged. Day after day everything was going out and nothing coming in and here I was making these long trips and the man I wanted to see was never there. On going home from the last trip I strolled along until I came to Westminster Abbey, where a service was in progress. I went in and sat down. The minister was reading that well known story of the prodigal son and one sentence riveted itself upon my heart that day. It was the father's words to that elder brother, "Son, thou art ever with me and all that I have is thine." I realized that I was a son of God and all that my Father had was mine. Do you know that Scripture which says, "All things are yours and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's"? We are rich.

I hear some people say, "The Lord will supply all my needs but not all that I want." I do not believe that. I remember a dear sister in Toronto who lived a life of faith and God gave her everything of the best. She said the Lord spoke to her one day and said, "Child you can have all that you want." And she proved it. Oh yes, she had tests! I remember one time when we were there for dinner she had a sumptuous feast and she said, "Praise the Lord! He provided. You know this morning I had not a cent in the house and I wanted you so badly for dinner so I went to the Lord about it. The Lord spoke to me to 'phone to a certain store where I knew everything came Cash on Delivery. I called them up and ordered a leg of lamb and by the time it came I was able to pay for it."

Of course I have found that there is a place where you want only that which the Lord wants

you to have. I do not want very much; I have never wanted an automobile so I haven't had one. But there have been some things which I really wanted for the glory of God and He has given these to me. I am asking the Lord to purify my heart, purify my motives, every thought and intent of my heart so that I will want only that which will be pleasing in His sight.

Just two weeks ago when I was suffering from the flu I had such a precious time with the Lord. I always have a good time when I am sick. At this time I picked up a book and after reading it I had such a blessed time with the Lord and He showed me the wonderful simplicity of this Christian life. He reminded me of those verses in Hebrews 13: 20, 21, "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight." Isn't it simple? The God of peace working in us that which He wants worked in.

One time I went into the library at Springfield and I picked up a book written by a popular preacher. You know some of us unpopular Pentecostal preachers like to know what other preachers have to talk about. This book was called, "Acres of Diamonds," by Russell Conwell. He wrote that while he was travelling in Europe he was told this story: Away in Persia there was a farmer who was very well fixed; he had a beautiful farm, lovely orchards, splendid meadows and good farm land with a river running at the base of his gardens; and he had a beautiful home. He was very well contented until an old priest came along telling him of a field of diamonds and that if he could come into possession of one certain diamond he would be so wealthy that he could buy this and that and the other thing, and that if he had an acre of diamonds he could buy the whole of Europe. That old farmer became discontented and avaricious. Oh how blessed it is to be content with such things as we have! One night while the old priest was sleeping the farmer became so wrought up that he went to the priest and said, "I am so interested about those diamonds. Will you tell me in what kind of a place I can find them?" The priest told him. The farmer sold his land and went prospecting

for diamonds. He travelled all over Asia Minor and then through Europe and at last, utterly bankrupt, threadbare, weary and tired, he found himself in the South of Spain where he committed suicide because he was discontented with life and had been utterly fruitless in his search. The man who had purchased his property, was one day working the ground when he saw what he thought was a crystal, which he picked up and kept. Some weeks afterwards the priest came along and said, "Where ever did you get that?" The farmer said, "I guess it is just an old crystal." The next morning they went down on the farm and picked up many more diamonds and that was the very place where the famous Kohinoor diamond, which is now in the crown of the King of Great Britain, was discovered. Whereas one man, in seeking diamonds, overlooked the ground right around him where there was a veritable diamond mine, another man fairly tumbled on to untold wealth right at his feet.

Friends, tonight I want to tell you that there is untold wealth for you and me right where we are. That night, after reading this story I went prospecting in this grand old Book and I tumbled on to five of the most precious things in the universe. I will be generous tonight and share them with you. You will find these in the First and the Second Epistles of Peter. The first I will mention is "like precious faith." Faith is a precious thing in the sight of the Lord and a precious thing for you and me to possess. It is an attribute of God. God had faith when He spoke the worlds into existence and He is looking for faith in you and me. "When the Son of Man cometh will he find faith on the earth?" The Lord is willing tonight to put into each one of us a measure of faith. Some say, "What do you mean by faith?" I sometimes hear people say, "Well I know there is healing for me but I have no faith." And I always want to say to them, "You mean you haven't any faith in God." Our faith must be in God who is worthy of our confidence and trust.

When John Paton went to the South Seas and began to preach the Gospel the greatest difficulty he had was to find a word to express faith. He wanted to translate the Bible into the language of the people in the New Hebrides but he could not get a word that would express faith so he prayed very definitely about it and God answered his prayer. One day one of the natives, a Christian who was working for him, came to the house very tired from his day's work and he said, "Oh

I am so tired!" And then as he laid down on the couch he added, "I want to rest my whole weight on this couch." Paton said, "Thank you Lord, I have my word! 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever should *rest his whole weight* on Him should not perish but have everlasting life.'" Let me say further, there is no strain in faith. I remember one time when I was sick and wanted prayer. I was trying to work up my faith, when the person praying for me said, "Lord, please take the strain away." Faith is just leaning your whole weight on the Lord Jesus Christ; just as John leaned on the bosom of Jesus. I think he must have said, "Jesus I love You. I am so tired." Praise God, there is rest for everyone on His bosom! He invites us, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." You can lean your whole weight on Him. If you have this precious thing called Faith you will lean your whole weight on this wonderful Jesus.

The second precious thing is found in First Peter 1: 7, "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Now they do not think much of gold up in yonder city; it is all right for paving material, but the Holy Spirit calls it filthy lucre. There is something much more precious; it is the trying of your faith. Some people say, "In the early days of my Christian experience it was so easy to get what I wanted from God, but now it is much more difficult." The Lord is putting your faith to the test. I believe that in His kingdom there will be only tested material. Suppose someone got a contract to build a bridge in Chicago which was to carry a good deal of traffic. Do you not think they would have tested material in that bridge? If the Lord gives us faith it will have to be tested and that testing is much more precious than gold. I am reminded of what Sister Sisson always said, "Trials, tests, I welcome them all. I do not want to be a dwarf when God wants me to be a giant and it is in the testing that I prove how faithful and gracious God is." Let your faith and patience be tried that He may prove Himself to you.

There is a story in the life of George Mueller which especially appealed to me. He tells of a woman who read that an unsaved husband might be won to the Lord by the chaste conversation of the wife. So she waited upon God and prayed

continually that her husband might be won but she didn't see any results of her prayers. Her faith was tried but she went on praying and praising. And this is how his salvation took place. One night the husband was at his club with a number of friends and finally they began to speak of their wives; some of them had good to say about their wives and some otherwise, and then this man said, "Well, I have a pretty good wife at home. If I took all you fellows home now and asked her to fix supper for you she would do it." They said, "We don't believe that. It is after midnight." So he said, "Come along and see." He took that whole crowd to his home where his wife was waiting up for him and he said, "Say, I want supper for all these fellows." She humbly prepared a wonderful meal and set it before that crowd of men and they sat there, not one of them being able to eat anything. Then one of them said to their host, "You have a good wife like this and treat her as you do! This is too sacred a meal to eat," and one by one the men arose and left the table, leaving that man with a great number of full plates around him, to do some thinking. He saw how cruel he was, and as he thought of the sweet spirit of his wife, he went up to her room and said, "Dear, I want you to forgive me and to ask God to forgive me." That night that wife prayed her husband through into salvation, and George Mueller wrote afterwards of the splendid testimony that man was for God. Some of you are praying for various things; pray on, even though your faith be tried. I heard an evangelist say one time, "There is no such thing as unanswered importunate prayer." Keep on praying.

The third precious thing is found in Second Peter 1:4, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature." This book contains some wonderful promises and God wants us to live on the blessed things contained therein. "Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." I love that promise where the Psalmist says, "The Lord Himself is thy Keeper. He shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth even forevermore." We may be guided all through life. And that other promise is so precious, "There shall no evil befall thee," for "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." Oh these great and precious promises! I remember when I laid my finger

on the promise, "Ye shall be baptized not many days hence." I waited, and not many days hence He baptized me in the Holy Ghost just as He had baptized the one hundred and twenty on the Day of Pentecost.

I remember a friend of mine who was given a very peculiar promise. In my home town there lived a Presbyterian minister and while the residing pastor was away on a vacation this friend of mine took charge. The pastor was quite a wealthy man and was able to take a long vacation. While he was away the people began to like this new preacher; they preferred the food he gave them to the saw dust which the previous preacher had been giving them and they were quite discouraged when he came back. Instead of being delighted that his congregation had grown he became extremely envious of my friend, who had been installed as assistant pastor, and he began to cause trouble and said some things which were unkind and untrue. My friend felt he could not work in that church if there could not be harmony and he felt these untrue statements should be dealt with. He resigned as assistant pastor and asked the presbytery to investigate into his reason for resigning and to deal with these things which were untrue. He said that unless they were willing to go into this matter thoroughly and straighten things out he would feel he had to resign not only from that local church but from the Presbyterian church altogether. The matter of his resignation came up and one of the men said, "Well T. is a popular fellow and he will soon get another church and as far as investigating this matter, there is no use. I move that we drop the thing," which they did. So my friend was not only out of that church but out of the whole Presbyterian body.

He was a man with four children and a wife, and about the only thing he knew how to do was to preach, so to be thrust out was a serious matter. He didn't sleep a wink that night and the next morning he was very heavy in spirit as he took the train for his home. But while on the train he had a visitor. I suspect you know his name. He said, "You had better throw away your Bible. It is always causing you trouble. Get out your Shakespeare. If you had not been so great on your Bible and read from these other authors more you might still be in that church." But my friend just hugged his Bible a little closer and said, "Lord I believe You," and while he was meditating thus, this verse came to him, "I have commanded a widow woman to sustain

thee." Of course his visitor came around again and said, "Throw away your Bible; there is nothing to it," but my friend began to study the story of Elijah and he was much blessed to see how God had provided for him. He went back to his wife and she told him upon his arrival that there were some people staying in a hotel who were anxious to see him. He argued that they were not in with that class of people but they came over to see him and he finally consented to come to their hotel and have dinner with them. After dinner these people took him and his wife for a drive and they dropped the preacher and his wife at our home. Just as he was leaving them one of the ladies in the car handed my friend a check for Fifty Pounds (\$250.00) and she was a widow woman. And the verse came back to him, "I have commanded a widow woman to sustain thee." It was this man who first told us about the Second Coming of the Lord. He told me many years afterwards, "I cannot tell you how many checks I have received from that sister. Whenever I am in need a check comes along from her. I have been able to send my children to school and every need has been supplied and all through the widow whom God commanded to sustain me." Oh how many of these precious promises have been made real in our lives! We can all have the privilege of laying hold on them.

The fourth precious thing is this found in 1st Peter, 1:18-19, "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ." Hallelujah for the cleansing blood! I remember after I received my Pentecost I met a friend of mine, a young fellow who had been in the same Sunday School class with me. He was very ill and had been sent to my home town. I told him about Pentecost and asked him to come to a cottage meeting that night. We there showed him the Scripture about the anointing with oil and upon his request we anointed him and prayed for him. While we were praying we saw that the power of God was mightily upon him. After the power lifted he told us what he had seen. He said, "While you were praying for me I saw a wonderful fountain and as I looked it turned into a fountain of blood. I saw on the one side a number of dirty and decrepit people who came along and plunged into that fountain and when they came out on the other side they were white and pure and clean and well; so entirely different from those that went in. I looked

and I saw that one of those vile decrepit creatures was myself and I plunged into the fountain and came out on the other side white and pure and clean." Right there that man was instantly and perfectly healed of his trouble.

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins.  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

In telling about his vision later on, the dear brother said that as he looked upon that fountain it looked like the great Niagara Falls turned into blood, sufficient for the cleansing of the whole world. I have often thought of the blood of the human body; the whole body is kept clean and healthy because the blood keeps rushing through and so it is in the family of Christ; the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin and keeps every one of us perfectly clean all the time. Oh how important it is for us to be one in the body! If one of my fingers were cut off and laid aside it would immediately lose all strength and power. We must not be separated but must have fellowship one with the other and only then can every member keep perfectly clean through the blood.

One more precious thing is found in First Peter 2:7, "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." I remember my dear mother telling us of a dream she had, in which she was entering heaven. My dear father came to welcome her, but she brushed past him and said, "No dear, my Saviour first." My father was still alive when she had this dream and when she told him about it he said, "I am so glad you put Jesus first." To her Jesus was *precious*. He is unspeakably precious to me. What I know of Him is altogether lovely.

I want you to be enriched in Him. There is an enrichment for everyone here tonight; you may have come in as a pauper but you can go away as a millionaire. You can have all these precious things by resting your whole weight upon Jesus. You can have the faith you need, you can have all those exceeding great and precious promises worth far more than all those diamonds in the Kohinoor mines; this gold mine of precious promises will make you a partaker of the nature of Jesus Christ; you can have the cleansing of the blood of Christ and you can know Him who is precious.

\* \* \*

"The only way to keep riches from flying away is to clip its wings by giving."

## The Transcendent Ministry of Song

Heaven's Sunlight Touching Earth's Mortals

Rose Meyer



FROM the cathedral of a broken heart, from the spires formed by the smoke of the martyr's stake, and from the sanctuary of the saint in communion with God, have ascended hymns whose notes were fully appreciated only in the courts of heaven, and whose words fully understood only by Him who alone can interpret the language of the heart. The ministry of song—what an important role it has played through the centuries of time! A divinely inspired hymn has often been the anvil in God's hands to break the stony heart and then proved to be the wooer to cause that heart to fall in love with Jesus; a song has been the life-line to draw a sinking wreck to shore, and how often has God used the sacred melodies with their words, as oil upon the troubled waters when the high seas of tribulation well nigh swamped the vessel!

In times of war one hymn has served as a stimulant to courage, and in times of peace whole nations have been influenced for good and the church of Jesus Christ has marched on to victory through the influence of

some of our sacred hymns. As one writer has aptly said, "The songs of a nation are as important as its laws and the hymns of the church have as great influence on its life and doctrine as the decrees and councils." Andrew Fletcher, a prominent member of the Scottish Parliament, placed such a high value on the ministry of song that he said, "*Let me make the songs of a country and I care not who make its laws.*"

Could we visit the birth-places of these sacred hymns and review with the author some of the incidents connected with their inception we would discover the secret of their wide-flung ministry, for into the warp of many a hymn has been woven the experience of a life-time; the crushed ambitions and the song of victory. One great hymn writer expresses her own as well as the experience of others when she says, "It may take many a year of living to produce a hymn which comes to the surface in one flash and is written in

ten minutes; but some sudden touch of earth's tears or heaven's sunlight will set it free and the growth of half a life-time will blossom in one short hour."

It was often a "sudden touch of heaven's sunlight" that brought to life some of our most cherished hymns through the pen of that prolific song writer, Fanny J. Crosby. Though her eyes were sealed to all of earth's beauties through a lifetime of total blindness, her spiritual vision the more clearly pierced heaven's treasures and through her hymns, she has been the instrument of shedding light on the path of countless travellers along life's dark road. It is significant that she herself was brought to the Savior largely through the influence of a hymn. Though deeply religious in her younger years, it was at the age of thirty-one that she had a definite ex-

perience of conversion; in a dream one night, she heard the voice of a dear friend who seemed to be dying, asking "Will you meet me in heaven?" This made a deep impression and shortly after that experience she heard some of her companions one day singing the hymn, "*Alas, and did my Savior bleed!*" She joined them

Our lives are songs;  
God writes the words,  
And we set them to music at leisure:  
And the song is sad, or the song is glad  
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the song,  
Whatever the words,  
Whatever its rhyme, or meter;  
And if it is sad, we must make it glad,  
And if sweet, we must make it sweeter.

—GIBBON.

and as they came to the line, "Here Lord, I give myself away," she definitely gave herself to God and the joy of heaven flooded her soul.

God used that single line as the rope to pull her into the harbor of safety, but little did she realize then that her experience was to be so singularly duplicated in the life of another. Could she look over the balcony of heaven, she would see a trophy of one of her own lines, now laboring as a missionary in dark South America, there to gather in other gems for the Master's crown. We quote the testimony of Elsie Fearey Blattner, a tried and true worker in Pentecostal ranks:

"Until almost twenty years of age I did not know the saving power of Christ. I attended Sunday School and joined the church, but knew not the peace of God. One Sunday afternoon, after the Sunday School class was over, our godly teacher said she would like to have as many as could, stay behind for a word of prayer. I

stayed with a number of others. Then she asked us how many could repeat the words of the hymn,

"Blessed Assurance, Jesus is mine.  
Oh what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchased of God;  
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood."

One by one the girls repeated the hymn but when it came my turn I said I did not know it. My teacher asked me if I would repeat the words after her, to which I consented. Then, I know not how it happened, but before I got to the end of 'Jesus is mine' (the first line) He truly became MINE. I finished the words, repeating them after her and no one knew what had taken place in my soul. There followed prayer—I remember nothing of it—but the consciousness that *Christ was mine* became so wonderful that I went home a new creature. At that time we lived away out on the prairie and as I walked across the fields I kept repeating, 'Oh, Jesus is mine! Jesus is mine! Jesus is mine.' That day I became a new creature in Christ, without altar calls, preaching, personal dealings or any of those means. The Spirit Himself breathed in to me faith in the work of the Savior and without any reasoning about it He became mine, and very shortly afterwards led me into a deep consecration to Himself."

Not only has this hymn been one of God's agents of salvation but it has also brought strength and consolation in times of great danger. "Blessed Assurance" was the ringing testimony, passed on in code language of soldiers in the South African war years ago. The story is told that many times as one battalion would pass another on the march, the salutation of the one group would be, "Four-nine-four, boys," to which the other group responded with the words, "Six further on." The key to this code was found in the fact that in the hymnal then being used, the number 494 was, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and "Six further on" referred to number 500, which was "Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine." What a testimony! It must have stirred their souls as they looked beyond the deadly scenes around them, and in the face of shot and shell realized that they were heirs of salvation.

The birth of this world-famous hymn is typical of the spontaneity of the author. A dear friend of Fanny Crosby's was visiting her and in the course of the afternoon she played over several times a melody which she had composed, asking her what it meant. With only a moment's hesi-

tation Fannie Crosby replied, "That melody says, 'Blessed assurance, etc.'" It was a jewel taken from her life's experience in a flash of inspiration and God sent it forth throughout all the world to shed its rays on countless lives of men and women.

It was after an experience in the cleft of a rock that another world-famous hymn was given to the world by its author, Augustus Montague Toplady. Hampered by a very frail constitution he often grew weary of the fight and longed for shelter somehow, he discovered a retreat in a relief from the ravages of disease. Then one day, just a year or two before he passed away, he was caught in a terrific thunder storm while a great distance from his home. Forced to find great overhanging cliff; there in the shelter of that rock he began to meditate on the Rock that had been cleft for him, the Rock where he could find refuge from the guilt and power of sin. After reaching home he penned the words of the immortal hymn,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin, the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

The hymn has won international fame; its message has gone around the globe until the black and the white, the yellow and the brown have found refuge in that Rock which was cleft for all the nations of the earth. It has been an inspiration to countless lives and has been the last testimony of many a saint. When Prince Albert was breathing his last he whispered these precious words as his dying message. The few survivors of that tragedy, the sinking of the S. S. London, in the Bay of Biscay, in the year 1886, reported that the last sound they heard from the sinking passengers, just before they sank into their watery grave, was the strain of the song, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." For them there was no other refuge of any avail but as they drew their "fleeting breath" and as the surging billows swept over them, they clung to the Rock which never fails, the Rock Christ Jesus.

What pathos! What a wealth of meaning these words bring to us as we link them up with such experiences as these! Picture for a moment the historical scene of the massacre of the Armenian Christians in Constantinople. How often those Christians must have voiced those inspired words in their own tongue, as they worshipped in peace in their assemblies and in their homes! and

doubtless God was pleased with their worship, but never did they leave a weightier testimony than on that day, when as a company of martyrs for the Gospel's sake, they sang as their last message, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." When with sword and knife an angry mob rushed through the streets to slay every Armenian Christian, they must have been pricked in their hearts as they witnessed the unflinching faith and trust of these Christians who, in the face of cold murder sang in worship to Him for whom they were sacrificing their lives.

These were not the only martyrs to sing their last testimony on earth, for as we turn to the annals of church history we are reminded that a little more than five centuries ago, at this Easter season when we are commemorating the death and resurrection of our Lord, another eventful scene took place. There on a lonely spot outside the city walls of Constance, Germany, already made sacred as the place where John Huss had been martyred, was erected another stake and beside it could be seen a pile of wood and straw. Soon the company of people came tramping down the narrow road, leading their victim, Jerome of Prague, whom they were about to burn at the stake for the truth's sake. Arriving at the place of execution, Jerome was tied to the stake and after his outer garments were removed, the wood and the straw were heaped up to his chin. The flames started and burned on with ever increasing intensity, and while the scoffing bystanders looked on mercilessly, the burning martyr began to meditate upon the abundant entrance into heaven, ere long to be his; he thought of the eternal morning soon to dawn for him

and his misery was alleviated as he realized that through this loss of all things earthly, he was gaining that far more exceeding glory of seeing His Savior. Then, suddenly, amidst the crackling of the timber, amidst the spires of the ascending smoke, his enemies and friends heard the voice of Jerome, now soon to be released from torture forever, chanting as his last testimony on earth, the words of the Easter Carol, "Welcome, Happy Morning."

Perchance even as Stephen looked beyond the stones hurled at him, into the pearly city where Christ Himself was standing as a reception committee of one to welcome him home, even so this martyr for the faith must have looked beyond the consuming flames, beyond the stifling smoke, into that heavenly Jerusalem as he chanted:

Thou of life, the Author, death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness saving grace to show.  
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfill Thy Word,  
'Tis Thine own third morning, rise O buried Lord!  
Welcome happy morning, age to age shall say.

Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's  
chain.

All that now is fallen raise to life again.  
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;  
Bring again our daylight, day returns to Thee.  
Hell today is vanquished, heav'n is won today."

The risen Christ was giving a listening ear to his farewell to earth, and stood at heaven's portals to welcome him who, in a moment of time, would sing a new song, the song of the redeemed.

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(Have you had an interesting experience in which a Gospel hymn has played a vital part? If so, write and tell us about it. This is the first of a series of articles.—Ed.)

## Feeding Souls and Bodies in North China

*Miss Mattie Brann's description of how the Chinese came to their station, Wei Hsien, to attend the Bible Training Class, reads like a chapter from the "Story of the Miao," by Sam Pollard.*

THEY came in crowds; some whole families. Fathers pushing and sons pulling the wheelbarrows, which had their bedding, a little sack of grain, bag of meal and their precious Bibles and hymn-books wrapped in homespun cloth, women and girls walking, some as far as twenty American miles. Their smiling faces were an inspiration. The first four weeks we had some 200. Every place we could arrange for sleeping quarters was taxed to the limit. Then we made temporary quarters for the men in the stable, and

many of the women and girls rolled up in comforts and slept on top the desks at the Girls' School Building, and insisted they were not cold. I gave almost every hour of my time to these people while they were here (six weeks), as I wanted them to get what they came for—all the Bible they could. The last two weeks we had about 100 as many of the women had unsaved husbands and had to return. It was a marvel they were permitted to stay a month. I wish you could have heard these dear women pray for their husbands and families. I am sure they will be converted.

"These people who attended this Bible Conference are those who carry responsibilities in their local assemblies. Please pray for them as

they go back. We expect to hold revival meetings and Bible Conferences in our twenty some out-stations, the evangelists holding meetings for a few days and I following up with Bible teaching. We expect to stay at this until the end of May when they have wheat harvest."

Writing about famine conditions, Miss Brann says:

"Owing to the great need among the multitudes and the small amount we have had for relief work, thus far, our relief work has had to be done in a very quiet way. Our Deacons and Deaconesses have been able to give relief to many suffering ones, and our Evangelists help those in our out-stations. Mrs. Cole nor I hardly dare step out, for the poor surround us with cries of help! help! If these desperate people formed a mob in their mad quest for food, and caused a riot here in the city we would be held responsible by the government. So the leaders in our church feel we should act cautiously.

The multitudes have suffered so at the hands of the old government and now the new regime has a great task before it. However, they are making things move everywhere. Of course the new government is handicapped for funds, yet they are doing all they can to keep prices of grain down, and moneyed men from charging exorbitant interest on loans. This causes the merchants to hold their money and not make investments. The people go about with a stoical stillness, afraid to cry out at our doors for help as formerly, for at the slightest sound the police come to investigate. Even the market-men, what few there are, do not cry out their wares as formerly. Cotton gins are stilled, no cotton to gin. Flour mills and sifters which usually make a thud, thud, day and night, are nearly all quiet, as there is so little wheat to mill. Could you see the relief on the faces of those we have been able to help, could you see the joy of parents when a few dollars have been slipped into their hands, enabling them to keep the whole family together a little longer, you would rejoice with us and say, 'Thank God for the few hundred dollars thus far,' and may God bless everyone who made it possible for us to help them.

"The new government is now cleaning out all the idols from the temples and using the buildings for educational purposes. The millions who have worshipped these idols as their gods for generations are now so bewildered to have no place to worship and no gods, that they go off under demon power, and we are having calls from all sides

to explain to them about our God. The Gospel door was never open wider in China than today (with many adversaries), and we covet your prayer that we may enter every open door and help everyone who will turn to the living God.

"With funds you sent us we are beginning to take in girls, but we have many problems to meet in this task. One home had four little girls, the father has been away so long, he is possibly dead. The mother has struggled along for years; the grandmother took the oldest one, as she could help a little, but now 'grandmother' has nothing this year. An aunt has also been helping to support one girl, but alas! this year she harvested nothing, and others to support. It seemed one or two of these girls must now be sold to support the other members of the family. While we were having our Bible class, just as your gift came, the grandmother walked several miles to tell us of their sorrow. What joy it brought to tell them we could help them out! I gave the old grandmother some money and told her to see that the relatives did not make trouble if we saved all the girls, and if the family got back on their feet again and could support them we would be glad to give them back if they promised not to marry them to heathen. That will bring them to Christ quicker than anything else, for they can scarcely comprehend why we would feed a girl unless we expected to send her to America and get a few hundred dollars for her. They speak of me in this way: 'That Miss Brann is one of the most ignorant persons ever heard of. She takes in little girls and boys, just piles of bones, and feeds them, dresses them in warm clothing, teaches them to read out of a black book and to sing and pray, and then she will give them back to relatives and never get a penny for them.' We have been able to re-unite many families that were scattered during the famine of 1920-21, and the families are Christians. I have gained and so have those who send to the support of these children—and these rewards are for eternity. These lives have been saved and boys and girls won to Christ, who in turn win others. So pray much for those we are now taking in."

#### **A Blessed Revival**

*Pastor Harry L. Collier sends us the following report of a recent Revival Service conducted by Evangelist Chas. A. Shreve in the Full Gospel Tabernacle, Washington, D. C.:*

Our recent revival has been owned and blessed of God in a gracious manner. Truly God anoint-

ed Brother Shreve for these meetings. He came for a ten-day New Year Convention, but on account of the illness of the Pastor stayed for four weeks. God swept away the cloud of sickness and there was a clear shining of the Sun of Righteousness when I was able to return to worship with "the little flock" on the last day of the meeting. Hallelujah! Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and today, and forever.

"Scooping honey with a ladle from the storehouse of God," scarcely expresses the way in which we have been partaking of the Spirit-filled messages. The outstanding feature of this revival seemed to be an earnest desire for a closer fellowship with Christ. The altar was filled night after night with Christians praying for deeper depths, higher heights and wider widths of God's love. No account was kept of the number that were saved, but many came at each altar call seeking salvation, healing and the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. We believe God met them with gracious blessing and that there was a great reaping of golden grain which shall endure to His everlasting kingdom. About twenty united with the Church on the last day of the revival.

We feel like praising God for the Prayer Room we have and truly we believe God heard and answered prayer for souls during the past few weeks in a special way. Seven people gathered in the Prayer Room each night to pray while the service was going on.

### Two Months' Report

(Jan. & Feb.)

L. M. Anglin, Orphanage .....	\$ 29.50
L. M. Anglin, (Water Supply) .....	11.25
J. W. Bovyer, Orphanage .....	6.00
Miss Mattie Brann, China, Famine and Orphanage	70.11
Miss Grace Brown, India .....	10.00
Paul K. Derr, East Africa .....	15.00
Mrs. Esther Harvey, India .....	3.75
Miss Anna Hockelman, China .....	102.00
Cecil Jackson, Singapore .....	20.00
C. F. Juergensen, Japan .....	46.00
John Juergensen, Japan .....	50.00
Marie Juergensen, Japan .....	20.00
Miss Ethel King, India .....	15.00
Fred G. Leader, Congo .....	12.00
Miss Bernice C. Lee, India .....	5.00
Miss. Rest Home, Chicago .....	21.25
Frank Nicodem, India (Building) .....	8.50
Miss Sophie Nygard, Liberia .....	20.00
Miss L. H. Parker, India .....	18.00
C. C. Personcus, Alaska .....	15.00
Miss Laura Radford, Palestine .....	10.00
W. W. Simpson, China, (for Famine Relief)....	269.50
Thos. Stoddart, India .....	45.00
Nicholas Vetter, Venezuela .....	25.00
Total.....	\$847.86

### What Others Say

WE ARE encouraged at the increasing number of kindly comments that come to us from our readers. They write warmly of the blessing received through the articles from our Field Editor, Evangelist Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn. A brother from Tulsa, Okla., writes:

"Let me say that I have enjoyed every number of *The Evangel* this past year more than I can possibly say. The paper is a never-ceasing source of inspiration to me in my Christian experience."

The following from a sister in Hunt, N. Y., is only one of many similar letters:

"I cannot tell you the blessing *The Evangel* is in our home. It seems as if the little messenger comes with new hope and added inspiration with each new copy."

We believe the satisfaction and pleasure of our readers is the best advertisement we can get towards increasing the subscription list. Send your copy, when you have read it, to a friend and urge him to subscribe. To be the means of deepening his spiritual life will be your "crown of rejoicing." A little effort on your part may mean more souls for God, for one whose spiritual life is enriched becomes a worker for souls; and thus the chain of blessing grows link upon link.

Our constant prayer has been that *The Evangel* would be the means to our readers of definite experience with God. So it was a source of pleasure to receive the following from Bro. S. P. Benjamin, who has since gone to Palestine as a missionary:

"I would like to say that God called me through *The Evangel*, when Miss Radford put in such a strong appeal for workers. It is just two months over a year since God called me to the field."

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We are glad that Miss Radford is getting new recruits, as new cities in Trans-Jordania are continually calling for the Gospel.

Miss Vera Swartrauber of Zion, Ill., is also going to her work. She is now en route, sailing from New York on March 1st, by S. S. Aquitania. Mr. and Mrs. Glen Johnson, en route to Ouagadougou, French West Africa, left on the same boat. Mrs. Johnson (*nee* Ellen Carlson) is one of our Stone Church girls. Bro. Johnson is from the Battle Creek Assembly, Alvin Branch, Pastor. They expect to spend some time in France in order to get the French language before going to the field, which is one of the requirements of the government. Our prayers go with Bro. and Sis. Johnson, that God will help them with the language and that they may soon go on to their chosen work.

### Good News from Far Countries

MISS EDNA WAGENKNECHT, writes from Bettiah, India, of a remarkable healing she and her Bible woman witnessed while on the way to a village to give out the Gospel:

"While on our way we met an old man and his wife by the roadside. They stopped us and asked where we were going, and I told him to the village ahead. He then asked me for some medicine as he was suffering greatly with rheumatism in his left arm. He said he had been given medicine at the hospital, but it had not helped any. He could not raise his arm because of the extreme pain; had been suffering for over a month and could not sleep.

"I invited him to sit down in the shade of a tree for a talk, told him we had no medicine for we were not from the hospital. He said he knew that, but could I not do something to help him? He was a Hindu, a worshipper of idols, and I told him of the uselessness of worshipping idols of wood and stone, and of the true God and Saviour, the One who has all power. He understood, and the Word seemed to speak to his heart. I then asked him if he believed that Jesus could heal him if we prayed, and he said, 'Yes, I believe.' By this time we had quite an audience, for a crowd gathers quickly out here. So before these heathen people we prayed to our mighty, living God. Oh, how my heart cried out as the Bible woman prayed, that God would prove His Word before these people! Then so sweetly this precious verse came to me, 'And these signs shall follow them that believe . . . they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.' I had hesitated to lay hands on this man, but felt greatly impressed to do so now. When the Bible woman finished praying he said he was somewhat better, but not fully relieved. Then his wife said to me, 'Misahib, put your hand on his arm.' The Bible woman said, 'We have no power. Jesus must do the work.' I felt sure that I ought to now, and laid hands on him and we prayed again. The man was instantly healed. Oh, praise God! All the pain was gone. He raised his arm, felt it, turned it, no pain. He was greatly surprised and looked at it again and again. Then he said, 'Now, what if it comes back?' We assured him God had healed him and would not let it come back. We told him to praise God. Then he said, 'Now you can go and I will go home, for I am well.' He told us he had suffered so much and could find no relief, and was on his way

to a sorcerer who, he thought, might be able to help him. Just a heathen man, but he believed God and God fulfilled His promises. My faith was greatly strengthened for never have I witnessed a healing like this before, of one who knew nothing of the true God nor of Jesus."

#### Receiving the Baptism in Persia

"I have just been on a trip to one of our out-stations at Sultanabad," writes Bro. John Wharton of Hamadan, Persia. "Two of our native workers are faithfully laboring there. It is a city with a population of fifty thousand, with hundreds of little villages scattered on every side, and *no missionary*. Just these two native workers the only ones to take the Word to these hundreds of thousands of perishing souls. We held a two weeks' service and hungry souls were eager to hear.

"One evening as I was preaching there walked into the service a handsome young man. As he sat down I recognized he was a young Mohammedan with whom I had been conversing the day before. He was a notorious murderer, and as I talked with him about his soul he admitted his sins. As he sat and listened to the Word of God he was moved upon, and bowing his head cried, 'Oh God! Oh God!' After the service I had a talk with him and asked him, 'Do you believe that Jesus is the Son of God?' He answered, 'Yes.' This is a great step for a Moslem to take. Please remember him in prayer that the light of the Gospel may shine into his darkened soul.

"The Lord is saving in this dark land. Word has just come that six have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit in one of our stations."

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From Cairo, Egypt, Bro. Doney writes that they have been unusually busy with their Mission and School work since their return, and in getting settled in their new quarters. He says, "We are confident that this is God's own choice for us, as it is in a most ideal location and suitable for our growing work. We see blessed possibilities here for the Mission work in coming days. Recently a young man, a stranger, came to the altar and prayed and wept his way to the Saviour. He is rejoicing in His love and grace.

"The School is doing well this year. We have 225 on our roll, 75 of whom are free children, either orphans or with no one to provide for them. We partially clothe some of them to make it possible for them to come to school. A number of our school girls have been converted recently and have testified to the Savior's love. We have

seven native Christian teachers besides our staff of missionaries. Miss A. Hubbard who came with us is fitting right into the school work. Two of our girl students who have been with us from the early days of the School are teaching this year. We are depending upon you to hold us up in much prayer that our faith and strength fail not, and for the work committed to our care.

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Bro. Fred. Leader, Gombarie, Congo Belge, writes:

"The Boys' work is growing. By the end of this month we expect another twenty lads, making our total seventy. They are boys, of course, but not too bad. Recently the Administrateur was pleased to select one of our lads for his private secretary, which is a step for us in the eyes of the natives. It also proves that the officials appreciate our work. He told this lad before the whole school that he would expect from him the same upright and clean life while with him as he had been taught at the Mission.

"Since coming back this time we have opened an out-school at one of the chief's. This is a signal victory for us as the chiefs have been very antagonistic to our 'words' for sometime. This school is well-attended and some of the lads have purchased testaments in the native tongue. These children are the coming power in the fight against witchcraft and fear of the devil. The old people cling tenaciously to the customs of their forefathers, but the children are our hope.

"During the past year the district has been gone over thoroughly along evangelistic lines, but so far it is merely the ones and twos who have seemingly been awakened. The Momvu nation is a despised people, a slave tribe formerly, and their spirits seem dormant to the things of the Holy Spirit. A good harvest requires good ground preparation, seed-sowing the second stage, and the abundant harvest the ultimate reward. Let our friends pray for the breaking of fallow ground—seed sowing—abundant ingathering."

#### Girls' Home in Venezuela

In recounting the blessings for the year 1928, Miss Adah Winger, Barquisimeto, writes how God led her to take in the homeless girls and orphans. He brought again to her the words he had given while on furlough, in Isa. 58:6, 7, "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? . . . Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house. . . ." For a number of years she had been burdened for the young people, those that were outcasts and homeless, and she has now taken up this work in connection with her school work. The Lord distinctly led in renting a house for this purpose, and worked in providing the furnishings. The girls began to come until at

the present time she has seventeen, from the age of twelve years up. The Vettors in El Tocuyo have taken in the little ones under twelve. The girls in Miss Winger's charge are trained along domestic lines and also taught the school branches. She says some of them are very bright and will make teachers and Bible women. God has already met them in a spiritual way, and we rejoice in this beginning of a much-needed Orphanage. No work is more important than training the young of any country. They will be the future evangelizers.

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Mrs. L. M. Anglin, Tianfu, China, writes that while distress and famine are on every hand, the Lord has watched over the Home of Onesiphorus and provided for the children:

"On Christmas Day some students entered the Methodist Church in Tianfu while they were having special exercises, and cried out, 'Down with the foreigner.' 'Down with the Church of Christ,' etc. Posters of the same nature were put up in different places in the city. This is no doubt due to the fact that steps are being taken to tear out and destroy the old idols which have been worshipped by the poor people for many generations. It is rumored that the Governor of Shantung who is a believer in the Lord (one of Feng Yu Shiang's men) after hearing about the anti-foreign and anti-christian posters, ordered them to be taken down. So the conflict between the powers of darkness and forces of light goes on from day to day."

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Mrs. Kelley of South China also writes the good news of the idols being destroyed by the soldiers: "The temples are closed, of which there were about a dozen in Sainam. Some of the gods they tore down cost \$3,000 to build. Many of the people are very happy over this move, while others are perplexed and terror-stricken, as they fear some great calamity will surely be sent upon them from the gods. What an opportunity this gives to the church of Jesus Christ! Oh that our missionaries and the church were prepared for this mighty forward move! The people are ready for something to take the place of these false gods.

"The government is now surveying for roads, and very soon they are to start building roads all through the country, which will greatly facilitate getting the Gospel to the towns and villages. It will provide work for the people and relieve their dire poverty. For years we have not had it so peaceful as now. The government has certainly made strides in getting rid of thieves. As many as two hundred have been

caught and executed in a single day. Many of the robber chiefs have been caught and bands have been broken up, while a relentless search is being made for them, so for the first time in years the people are not afraid to travel. Surely God has brought this about so that the Gospel may be published in every dark corner of this land."

If ever it was time for the Christian church to step in, it is now. Man is made to worship and unless we bring to the heathen the Savior who died for them and teach them of the Living God, the bearers of false religions will rush in with their damaging cults, and their last state will be worse than the first. Missionaries tell us that it is easier to work with raw heathen than with those who have gone into a religion which has some truth, but largely error. Christian Science, Russellism and Theosophy are already making inroads into China, and we tremble to think of the seeds of unbelief and infidelity that the Modernists will sow in the hearts of the Chinese.

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Bro. and Sister Anderson who have recently returned to Shanghai, write us that there the idol temples are being torn down and the people are turning to the Living God.

They have five stations where God is working.

Nineteen were recently baptized in water, and others are on the waiting list. The sick are being healed and the demon-possessed set free, and they are rejoicing in having the help of Spirit-filled evangelists to enter the many open doors.

### Called Higher

We recently learned of the home-going of one of God's silent seed-sowers, Mrs. C. A. Gay of Portland, Ore. "Mother" Gay carried on for years an extensive work in a very quiet way, giving out thousands of tracts, writing hundreds of letters to "shut-ins" and prisoners every year, and witnessing on every hand to the mighty power of God to save and heal.

An invalid in early years, she was marvelously healed by the Lord thirty years ago, and was one whose unwavering faith inspired many to trust God for healing. Her letters to us were always full of faith and courage. The "shut-ins" have lost a faithful friend and the church a constant intercessor. Her son, John G. Gay, of Longview, Wash., is engaged in mission work throughout the state of Washington. She passed away at the age of seventy-one at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Gertie A. Hartford. May God raise up another to carry on her silent ministry.

## The Bible Pattern for a Revival

### Confirming the Word Yesterday and Today

Evangelist R. M. Shearer in the Stone Church, Nov. 21, 1928.



**I** WANT to talk to you tonight about a revival, one that is after the Bible pattern. I would not give anything for our experience along the line of Salvation unless it was after the Bible pattern, and the same is true in regard to the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

In the eighth chapter of the Acts we will find a pattern for a revival. I believe that the Lord is able, through the power of the Holy Ghost, to lay the city of Chicago on the pattern and the Scissors of the Holy Ghost is able to come down and cut this revival true to the pattern. In this eighth chapter of the Acts we find the Lord sending Philip down to Samaria for a revival meeting. Samaria was not thinking about a revival anymore than the city of Chicago is thinking about one tonight. There are many Christians here, but Chicago at large is caring no more about a revival than Samaria was, until Philip went there.

Philip had a wonderful preparation for this

revival in Samaria. In the first place he had a real, "born-again" Bible experience of salvation. The Lord found Philip. Beloved, if we are Christians tonight it is because the Lord found us. Some testify, "When I found the Lord," but in reality it was the Lord who found us. He sought us when we were going astray, when we cared nothing about Him; but He found us as wandering sheep and brought us into His fold. He spoke those never-to-be forgotten words to Philip, "Follow Me." Philip never forgot them. It caused him to be willing to leave everything he had to follow the lowly Nazarene.

In the next place we find Philip becoming a soul winner, just as every real born-again Christian becomes. It is the natural-born desire from heaven when we are saved to see someone else saved. That is why I have such a bone of contention with the nominal Christian of today, the cold, formal, frozen-at-the-mouth Christian, who is good and pious, attends church, can go to sleep night after night, and get up morning after morning and never have a burden to see others saved.

Philip was not that kind of a Christian, Immediately he tells Nathaniel about the Christ. His experience was so wonderful he wanted everybody to know. They will not all accept the message, but we must offer it to them. It is so wonderful, it changes us inside and out; changes the very thoughts of our minds, gives us a heart of flesh instead of a heart of stone, makes such transformations in our lives we want everybody to know.

That is one of the reasons the Lord was able to send Philip down to Samaria. It is one of the requirements today of real evangelistic enterprise. The speaker himself must have a real experience from the Lord. There are many places in Chicago where I have never been. Supposing I should announce in the columns of the paper that I wish to lecture on a certain place of interest in this city, and yet I myself had never seen the place about which I was to lecture. Would you like to hear that lecture? For me to tell of a place of interest which I had never seen, would be just the same as someone trying to tell people about the Lord Jesus Christ when the person himself does not know Him. It is one thing to know *about* Him, but another thing to *know Him*. I thank God that I know Him. I have met Him personally, and I am on speaking terms with Him tonight. Some one asks, "How do you know you are?" I talked to Him before I came to this meeting. I was on my knees talking to Him. So I am on speaking terms with this Jesus whom I am representing tonight.

Philip was on speaking terms with Jesus. He had been under His ministry and had caught the tenderness of Jesus. I do not believe that Jesus Christ had anything but tenderness in His ministry. He was the personification of tenderness, of love and kindness. I do not believe He lashed the people every time He preached, as some preachers do. Philip was with Him when He prayed for the sick. No doubt he heard the leper say, "If Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean," and heard Jesus answer, "Of course, I will. Be thou clean." No doubt he was present when they brought the children to Jesus. The crowd said, "Don't bother with the children," but Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Philip no doubt saw the patience, the love and the tenderness as He forgave the sinner, healed the sick and raised the dead. After the spirit of Christ was embibed by Philip was he not in a wonderful condition to go down to Samaria and begin a re-

vival?

Yet that is not all. After Jesus went away Philip was one of those who went to the Upper Room. He realized he was one of those who were to wait, for that is what the word "tarry" means. It means to sit down and wait. He waited until he was endued with power from on high. He did not go out to preach psychology, ethics, community reform or social uplift; not a discourse on Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, as a Methodist minister was preaching sometime ago. He didn't know what else to speak on. Philip had a burning message in his heart and the Lord sent him to Samaria to preach Christ unto the people. That is what the world needs today, Jesus. Let us lift Him up a little higher. Do not exalt yourself, your church or your activities. Lift up Jesus.

I believe that one of the mistakes of the day is that evangelists get people's eyes centered on them. It seems in spite of all we can do the tendency is to exalt men and women where Jesus ought to be exalted. Some people bring me testimonies of healing, unsolicited, and I do not like to read them to the people because in the testimony they say they came to the meeting and Brother Shearer prayed for them and the Lord healed. I have been afraid that my name being mentioned might not allow the glory to be given to Jesus. I believe when we testify we do not need to say who prayed for us. It is Jesus who heals; that is sufficient. I do not want a big name; there is something in me that rebels at that. Jesus is the only one who deserves to be honored. It does not say in the Bible, "These signs shall follow Bro. Shearer" or "Brother Hardin," but "These signs shall follow them that believe." It would be so much more wonderful if we left man out of it, and exalted the Christ. We are only worms of the dust, yet we have the privilege of praising the Lord.

Philip went down and preached Jesus to the people. Do you suppose he preached an apologetic message, telling of the wonderful Christ who had been on earth at one time? telling of all His compassion and tenderness, His love and the miracles He wrought, but saying to them, "Of course He has gone now and we do not need to expect anything from Him any more. The days of supernaturalism, the days of miracles, the days of power are past and gone. All we have left is the memory"? Do you suppose Philip said that? No indeed, he did not preach that kind of a Christ. He told them of a Christ who had lived

and died and was alive again forevermore. I believe he told them that the same things He did in the yesterday of time He would do then. I believe he told them of the Virgin Birth. I do not believe Philip denied the Deity or the Divinity of Christ. I believe he taught them that the same miracles that He did when He walked the shores of Galilee, He would do again and greater ones. That is the message we have today. I do not believe I ever felt the privilege of preaching the Gospel as I do today. This is the most glorious time, the day of all days to declare the unsearchable riches of Christ. There is so much opposition, so much infidelity, modernism, agnosticism and higher criticism, on every hand; but we can go out in the face of it and declare that Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday, today and forever." And He will confirm the preaching of His Word with signs following, convincing the unbelieving people that He is alive and is doing the things that He did in the yesterday of time. How marvelous it is that He confirms the teaching with signs and wonders! It is the signs that convince of the reality of Jesus Christ. The Bible says of Philip, "the people with one accord gave heed, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did." That is what brought the people together. The whole city of Samaria was saved. They had a good time as folks always do when a Holy Ghost revival is on. "There was great joy in that city." "For unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many that were possessed with them: and many taken with palsies, and that were lame were healed." God uses miracles to draw people to Himself.

But I do not believe on pulling on one rope all the time. We must put first things first. Salvation is first; the baptism of the Holy Spirit has its place, too, and so has the truth of the coming of the Lord. I do not believe in making a hobby of any part of the Gospel. It is all so precious and wonderful, but God uses Divine Healing. It is the handmaiden of the Gospel to bring people to Jesus. It leads them to give their hearts to Jesus. Divine Healing means Divine Living. They need heart preparation before they have prayer for their ailments, and sometimes two-thirds of their trouble is taken care of when their hearts get right with God. Most of the trouble is with the heart. When the Lord takes care of that they do not so much need prayer for their bodies.

The Lord used healing in the city of Samaria, and I believe He will use it in the city of Chicago.

Every Bible pattern revival should reach out in three directions, in the direction of salvation, healing, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit. If it falls short of any of these it falls short of God's purpose.

Now there was in the city of Samaria a sorcerer who bewitched the people, and to whom they all gave heed, but when the people believed, Simon the fortune-teller believed also. The Gospel of Jesus Christ gets hold of the worst sinners in the community; the worst drunkards, the worst harlots, those most steeped in sin. In Canton, Ohio, two weeks ago last Monday, we went to the workhouse and they brought in 140 men, the hardest-looking we had ever seen. The Lord has privileged Mrs. Shearer and myself to do a good bit of prison and reformatory work. We had three months' service in the State Reformatory for Women in Ohio. We saw fifty of these men and women in the State Penitentiary at Marysville, Ohio, saved and born again. In the State Penitentiary of Connecticut, right out of Hartford, we saw one hundred men lift their hands for prayer. Some of them who played in the band never got to play the closing piece; they were touched by this wonderful Gospel as we told them of one who cared for them, and gave themselves to God right there.

This crowd in Canton was the hardest-looking group I ever saw. We had the joy of playing and singing for them. Then we gave them a message, and we saw twelve of them leave their seats and come down to the altar and give their hearts to Jesus. It means something for twelve hardened sinners, steeped in crime, accustomed to vice, to leave their seats in the presence of other sinners, but they did and twelve of them were genuinely saved. They gave clear-cut testimonies of salvation. Oh, this is a wonderful Gospel!

Then they had a baptismal service in Samaria. The folks who are born again are eligible to baptism, but you must first be born again. The Bible says, "Repent and be baptized"; it doesn't say you are to be sprinkled and call it salvation. You are to be saved first and then immersed. Then we read that when the apostles heard that Samaria had received the Word of God they sent unto them Peter and John. Philip didn't have time for everything, so the Lord sent down Peter and John that those newly saved might receive the Holy Spirit. Now Philip was really saved or he would have been jealous of Peter and John and told them to go back home where they belonged. Some folks act that way today if you go into their

meeting. They say, "Go sit down. This is my meeting." But Philip was not that kind of a Christian. He knew that the Lord had sent down Peter and John, and the Word says that as yet the Holy Ghost had fallen on none of them; they had only been baptized in water. But the apostles came and laid hands on them and they received the Holy Ghost. I believe in the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, but only when men and women are ready will they receive Him; not before. There was something wonderful about these Samaritans receiving the baptism, something beyond anything they had ever known, and when this shrewd fellow, Simon, saw what happened to them when the apostles laid hands upon them, he said, "I will give you money if you endue me with that power, that on whomsoever I lay hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost." If there wasn't anything accomplished when they were baptized in the Holy Ghost—if

they just quietly knelt down and as quietly got up and went their way, why would this old shrewd fellow want to be empowered with the gift of the Holy Ghost? He *saw* that it was supernatural; it was the speaking in other tongues that attracted him, and he went up to Peter and offered to buy the gift. But Peter said, "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money." Beloved, we cannot buy a revival with money. You might sell all you had, come and lay the price down at this altar, but it would not bring down the power of God. If we have a revival it will be through obedience, through faith and humility. If we are willing and obedient we will eat of the good of the land. God is not stinted in His giving, or limited in His resources. All heaven is at our command if we pay the price. May God give us a vision along the soul-winning line. "Where there is no vision the people perish."

### The Holy Spirit's Vision of Missions

Wm. Bernard, Hoylake, England.



**H**EN, now over twenty years ago, I came by the grace of God into the Latter Rain experience, the Spirit of God did in me the work which the Lord Jesus said should be done in His people when He, the Paraclete, came to make His abode in them. He glorified Christ; He took of the things of Christ and revealed them unto me. I had been, up to that time, a member of the Church of England, and as a consequence I knew the Nicene Creed by heart. This creed is recited by the congregation in the beautiful communion liturgy each time the Lord's Supper is celebrated. In this very ancient statement of Christian belief Jesus is declared to be "The Only Begotten Son of God, begotten of His Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, Begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom the worlds were made." Hundreds of times I had reverently recited these words in the Communion Service, but how differently they fell from my lips after the Indwelling Spirit put His great white light on Jesus and so revealed to my spirit the great, all-inspiring truth of which these words testify: the truth of God Incarnate in the flesh; the truth of which the prophet spake when he foretold and said, "Unto us a child is born—and His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." The truth of which John

wrote, saying, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God—He was in the world and the world was made by Him."

The blessed Holy Spirit so burned this stupendous truth into my spirit that since that time this beloved creed as I utter it, is pronounced in the only way possible to me—with bated breath. Such is the difference the Spirit's revelation of truth makes. I thank God for this work of His in me. He made spiritual things such great realities to me that it seemed as if belief was now no longer the result of faith, but that I had passed, if not from faith to sight, then from faith to assured knowledge. Further, I found the truth of the Deity of Jesus deeply wedded in my soul to the fact of His atoning death on the cross. What an awe-full transition follows in the creed as it proceeds from its greatly emphasized statement regarding the Godhead of Jesus, to speak of the God man—"who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven—and was crucified for us." I find this statement overwhelming—*God* crucified for us! and join with the poet to say,

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ the mighty Maker died  
For man the creature's sin."

\* \* \*

"Amazing love, how can it be  
That Thou my God, shouldst die for me."

These two truths so wedded have been burned into my soul by the Holy Ghost, and this burning remains till today. The effect upon me is well described again in the words of the hymn writer:

"When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride."

And again,

"Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

I feel the great urge within me, that "He shall see the travail of His soul and be satisfied." I have often preached on the words of Hebrews 12:2, where we read of Jesus "who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame." I have pictured our Lord in anticipation of His coming Incarnation, looking down from His eternal throne on to this planet of ours. As He looked He saw in vision a great picture. In the foreground of this picture was an *appalling* sight—Himself, crowned with thorns and hanging bleeding on a cross. What a sight! What a spectacle! But what is that in the background which, as He sees it brings a gleam of joy into His eyes—a joy even in view of the cross? What *can* it be? It is the joy that is set before Him. He sees there, beyond the cross, a multitude which no man can number. They are out of every kindred and nation and tongue. Joy and exultation are on their faces, they bear palms in their hands and they are clad in pure white robes! Who are they? They are the great army of the Redeemed, they stand before the throne *because of the blood of the Cross*. They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. And for joy of realizing this great vision He endured the cross and despised the shame. And then—what? Let us read Heb. 10:12, 13, 20 see: "But this Man after He had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down on the right hand of God, from henceforth expecting till His enemies be made His footstool." The world is "expecting" today, waiting to see the fruits of that wondrous sacrifice.

"He expecteth, He expecteth, down the stream of time,

Still the words come softly ringing, like a chime,  
He is waiting with long patience for His crowning day,

For that Kingdom which shall never pass away.

And till every tribe and nation bow before His throne,  
He expecteth loyal service from His own.

Shall we—dare we disappoint Him? Brethren let us rise

He who died for us is watching from the skies.  
Watching, till His royal banner floateth far and wide  
Till He seeth of His travail—Satisfied!

How wonderful is this enterprise of God's which His church is left to bring to a successful issue. The Holy Spirit inflames one's heart at the thought. What a holy crusade—"To win for the Lamb who was slain the reward of His sufferings!"

### Presenting the Gospel

In a Korean town where Rev. W. F. Bull of the United Church of Canada was holding evangelistic meetings the members of a traveling theatrical company arrived one day, pitched their tent and began their vigorous advertising for the performance at night. Mr. Bull says:

"The Christians were all greatly distressed—fear that our tent would be emptied and our meetings practically broken up by this unlooked for competition. At the time for our meeting to begin their band was playing down in the market place and ours was up on the hillside at our tent. The crowd of villagers streamed up the hill and filled our tent to overflowing, while the show people were able to induce only two people to buy tickets and enter theirs. Finally they called off their performance and all of their troupe came up and joined the crowd at our meeting. This resolved itself into a fine opportunity of presenting the Gospel to a group of hearers who are not often approachable."—*Missionary Review*.

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A blind beggar named Andre is being employed as a Scripture reader in a large, open market place in Garanhuns, Brazil, and he draws great crowds of saunterers who look and listen in amazement at the unheard of thing—a blind man reading. As he reads through the Gospel of St. John many hear the precious Word for the first time, who would never hear them otherwise. Occasionally he rests from his reading and gives a few simple words of personal testimony, after which he holds up a Gospel and cries out, "A book to open the eyes of the blind. One penny." A great impression is being made in the market place and large numbers of Gospels are purchased and carried away in the far surrounding villages.—*Evangelical Union of South America*.

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"The Religious Tract Society is about to publish a Tibetan translation of Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress. This book has already been published in more languages than any other book except the Bible, and is adding Tibetan to the rest. The

translator, Evan Mackenzie, has already received an order for two hundred copies of the book, from his old station, the Church of Scotland Mission at Kalimpong."

### Says Preachers "Play Marbles"

*The following article reveals the startling apostasy that is gripping a large number of churches. Praise God for some who have the courage to cry out against it.*

The preachers of Ohio are organized into a great state-wide federation. By their united efforts they are able to command great resources and put over big schemes. Like most organizations of that kind, it has become a "social gospel" affair, presided over by modernists. Prominent among the speakers this year at Columbus was Modernist S. Parkes Cadman.

When the meeting was over, Rev. H. O. Van Gilder, pastor of the Central Baptist Church of Columbus, had something to say. On the front page of the Ohio State Journal, we read:

"The Ohio Pastors' Sewing Circle has just held its annual pow-wow," Rev. H. O. Van Gilder, pastor of the Central Baptist Church, told his congregation Sunday night, "and Columbus has been treated to the sobering spectacle of men who are supposed to be prophets of God more concerned, apparently, with birth control than with the birth from above, more concerned with insurance against unemployment than with insurance against hell, more concerned that nations should have peace among themselves than that the sinner should have peace with God, more concerned that men should have fair wages than that men should escape the wages of sin.

"Sin and lawlessness are rampant, society is on the toboggan, the devil is greasing the skids, and the prophets of God are playing marbles. They have lost their message and forgot their mission. Instead of calling men out of spiritual death by the power of the risen Christ, they are content to whitewash the tombs.

"Instead of calling men to the narrow way that leadeth to life everlasting, they are concerned chiefly with seeing that the broad way has better paving and more attractive scenery. They have abandoned the gospel of regeneration for a program of reformation.

The present problems of the church and of society will never be solved by preacher-reformers with rusty knee-joints, dusty Bibles and musty messages," declared Rev. Mr. Van Gilder. "And hooking a 10-watt prophet up with a 5000-watt

broadcasting set doesn't make a 5010-watt message, either, any more than a 500-candle power searchlight on the steeple can make up for a dim bulb in the pulpit.

"The crowning scandal of the Follies of 1929 was the featuring, at the closing session, of a man who has flatly repudiated the Word of God and contradicted the Son of God.

"The Ohio State Journal reports that Dr. Cadman was asked the question, 'If the statement of Jesus that he only is the way of salvation is true, upon what basis are the Jews saved?' If Dr. Cadman's answer to that question be true, then the Bible is untrustworthy and Jesus was both unnecessary and untruthful. When the issue is thus sharply joined, none but the fool can long hesitate in choosing between Dr. Cadman and Jesus Christ."

Dr. Cadman's answer to the question referred to by Rev. Mr. Van Gilder was, "Every man that worketh righteousness is acceptable to God."—*The Defender*.

### Bible Reading in Italy

THERE are about five hundred clubs in Italy at present which gather regularly for the purpose of studying the Bible. Even among the clergy of the Roman hierarchy a desire is noticeable for a more liberal use of the Bible. Priests frequently introduce Bible colporters to their young people, telling them to receive them without hesitation, "because," they say, "they are workers for the cause of Christ. They are also servants of the Lord." There are some canons who invite colporters into the vestry, purchase a Bible in the presence of other priests, stating that they expect to use this Book in their preaching.

Another report says that the Mother Superior of a papal orphans' home has purchased Bibles. The Bible is becoming more popular in hospitals, in factories and in military barracks. Especially among the soldiers of the army there is a great demand for the Book. A colonel bought forty-one copies of the Bible for the officers of his regiment, and asked the colporter to come again soon. A military school purchased thirty copies. Many banks in Italy have purchased Bibles for the use of their employees. Even a pronounced Catholic bank bought Bibles for all its employees. The officials of the various departments of the Government, public bureaus and men of every stratum of social life are buying Bibles, and are manifesting great interest in the same.—*From "Der Hausfreund." Translated by L. R. Patmont, minister at Santa Rosa, Calif.*

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