

The Latter Rain Kvangael

The days of Heaven on Earth

The Living Word

THE trouble with you Christians is that you are not as good as your Book," said a high-caste Hindu gentleman to a missionary. What a startling charge!

When Dr. John Chamberlain read to the natives of an East Indian city the first chapter of Romans, an intelligent Brahman said to him, "Sir, that chapter was written by one of you missionaries about us Hindus. It describes us exactly."

A learned Chinese student was employed to translate the New Testament into his native language. At first he worked stolidly, but after a few weeks he came to the missionary greatly agitated. "What a wonderful Book this is!" he exclaimed. "Why so?" questioned his employer. "Because," the Chinese replied, "it tells me exactly about myself, and knows all that is in me. The One who made this Book must be the One who made me."

An Armenian patient in a Christian hospital in Turkey was given the Book and carried it home to his native village. Very proudly he exhibited it, but when the priest saw it was a Bible he snatched it from his hand and tearing it to pieces flung it in the street. A grocer coming by picked it up to use as wrapping paper. Thus the poor villagers took home bits of the Word wrapped around a bit of cheese, a few olives, etc. In this strange way that one Bible was scattered all thru the countryside. Soon the grocer was besieged for more leaves. They had read the torn pages over and over again and wanted more, but he could not help them. A change came into their simple lives as they tried to follow this new Guide. One day a missionary colporteur reached this obscure village. To his great amazement a hundred persons came demanding Bibles. No Christian preacher had been at work, but the scattered leaves had proclaimed the message of salvation.

The story of the Pitcairn Islanders is an illustration of the power of the Bible. On this solitary Island of the Pacific nine mutineers of THE BOUNTY landed with six men and twelve women from Tahiti, and found it uninhabited. Violent and bloody quarrels broke out and in ten years all the Tahitan men and all but one of the Englishmen had perished. John Adams, the sole survivor of the mutineers, rescued from the wreck a Bible and a prayer-book. Destitute of his former companions he turned to the Word for comfort and counsel. As he read he saw himself in all his hideousness; remorse stung his conscience and he became a true believer in Jesus Christ. With the aid of these two books he undertook to teach these grossly ignorant women of Tahiti and the children who were left of this mixed parentage. Upon this lonely island grew up a Christian community which for gentleness of character and virtuous simplicity of conduct were a marvel to travelers visiting their shores.

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

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The "Red" Inferno

THE Russian & Eastern European Mission has called for special prayer for their workers in Soviet Russia, and especially for their imprisoned and exiled brethren. Two years ago two Russian Pentecostal preachers were arrested by the Soviet secret police and sentenced to three years at hard labor on the Islands of Solovetsky in the White Sea, which for privation and suffering far exceed the Siberian exile of the old Czar days. In July, 1929, another one of their missionaries, F. J. Krvolenke, who had been exiled for life to Siberia during the reign of the Czar, but who was freed through the Revolution of 1917, was sent to this island. This year, on Jan. 7th, Bro. J. E. Voronaeff, who has been the leader of the work in Soviet Russia, and several other missionaries and Christian workers, were arrested in Odessa and imprisoned on the Solovetsky Islands. Mrs. Varonaeff with her children has been permitted to visit her husband, and she writes that he has so aged and is so frail that she scarcely recognized him.

A picture of true conditions on these Islands is given by one who has escaped and fled to Finland. In an interview with a correspondent of *The Chicago Tribune* he calls it a veritable "hell." His name is withheld because of his family, for if it were given his family would

be sent to this "inferno" from which he escaped. The correspondent writes:

"I will call him Alexis Nicolaievitch, a Russian of the middle class. Every word he told me rang true and is a damning indictment against the slave labor system under which lumber now flooding American and European markets, was produced. He said that it is little exaggeration to say that every log represents a human life, and no exaggeration that every log produced is the result of the deepest depth of human degradation and suffering.

"I saw Alexis in a bare cellar here in Helsingfors, where he had just arrived after an eight-day hike through the forests covering 100 miles with one companion. He regards the cellar as a palace. He is 24 years old, alert and intelligent and until a year ago was a student in a Leningrad military school. He admits he was never a communist but declares he never took part in any political movement.

"In June of last year he was seized by the Cheka on charge of being a counter revolutionist, and though not tried he was sent to the Solovetsky camp which now, instead of being confined to a single island, covers the whole district and contains more than 250,000 slaves, who are being worked to death in order that Moscow

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The Story of My Conversion

A Testimony to a Godly Father's Prayers

Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn

(Continued from August Issue)



HERE were two things which occurred that led to my conversion. It was the custom every Saturday afternoon for the school management to give the boys an entertainment. These took various forms, a stereopticon lecture, a sleight of hand performer who gave exhibition of his prowess, or a great traveler would give a talk about his travels, or someone would lecture on astronomy; lights would be turned out and lantern views thrown upon the screen and the heavens explained, etc., etc. One Saturday evening something extraordinary happened. We were all called to the largest preparation classroom, and Mr. Arrowsmith was introduced to us as a missionary to the schools of England, with a special message upon his heart for the boys. I will never forget it. We sat upon our desks and listened attentively to him. There were plenty of snickers as he started and while we sang two introductory hymns. So this entertainment was to take a religious form. We had hardly gotten over our surprise when he started to speak in such a way as to make each boy examine his own heart. His voice was wonderfully winning. He was short and stocky, but that face I will never forget. It was lit up with a smile and the glory of heaven.

He had a little bag from which he pulled embroidered signs and undid them slowly as one would a scroll. They were all very simple. The first had a big capital letter "T", done in red on a white background. "This is the big 'T' with which you are all born," he said, and spoke about pride and the self-life, and greed. The next was a cross. The big "T" had something slashed over it. He explained what the cross meant—the denial of "T", the rejection of self-rule and the adoption of God-rule. Ever so sweetly he broached the question of conversion, and explained the need of it. I had heard these things many, many times before, but they seemed to come like a breath from heaven that night. God must have known that my heart had ripened more and more for the great, eternal transaction to be wrought in me.

I do not remember anymore of his talk. I forgot everything, where I was sitting, who was on

the desk opposite me, and what the speaker was saying as the tears poured down my cheeks and down my sleeves; I pressed my hands tightly to my face, ashamed and afraid that the other boys would see. It seemed that all my sins passed before me, my need of God, my helpless, worthless condition, and above all I could see Jesus standing before me, pleading for me to surrender that big "T". Oh that big "T" that was the cause of all my sin! I wept until his talk came to a close. I have often wondered since why he did not make a call and press the matter more closely. I am sure I would have gotten up and surrendered to Christ. We were dismissed. Some of the boys tittered and made fun of me, but I did not care. I watched my opportunity, and while we were formed in rank, marching to the dormitories, I broke away, crossed the room and got up to Mr. Arrowsmith who was on the way down stairs to eat supper with the head master. I wanted to tell him that I needed prayer as I wanted to give my heart to God. Oh I felt he would understand, for my heart was so full and my spirit so broken! "How dare you?" stormed the head master at me, before I could say a word. "Go back to your place, and take two stripes for your breaking the rules." I went upstairs crushed, and felt, "Oh what is the use!" But something had been sown in my heart which, added to a thousand other good seeds sown by my parents was yet to bring forth fruit.

My father, who had not been well, had come to London a while back, and was now in a hospital. Our home was to be moved to England from Paris. Father's letters were wonderful to me, so sweet and encouraging. I had told him that I was not happy and he was trying to make arrangements for me to go to London for a day or so to see him, and wrote the head master to that end, but they would not let me go. Then father wrote me that he had made arrangements for me to go to Dover to see his friend, Mrs. Beresford Baker. This was a move of God. A change of this kind meant a great deal and broke into the monotony of school life. One of the teachers saw me off on the train and when I arrived at Dover I was met by a carriage which drove me to her house. Dear Mrs. Baker was lying on a sofa, having sprained her ankle, but she immediately made me feel at home and had

me play my violin. I could play well for a boy of my age.

In the afternoon I was introduced to a young man named Geary, who much impressed me. He must have been about eighteen years of age, and Mrs. Baker arranged that I should spend the afternoon on the Downs with him. We spent all afternoon playing about the fields and sight seeing, and were returning home walking briskly and becoming quite well acquainted. I think we sat underneath a tree and he began to speak to me about the Lord. His words went through me like a knife. That evening he saw me off on the train, and I'll never forget how his face shone with the love of God, as he said, "William, I may never see you again, but I trust we shall meet some day in heaven."

Sunday came, and after we had gone to church that morning as usual, we had dinner, and after that, as the custom was, we were out for a Sunday afternoon walk, two by two, dressed in our best, with the teacher in charge. We walked to Ceasar's Camp and climbed to the top of the hill, and whilst on our return journey when the teacher was not watching, I with some of the other boys broke away from the ranks, for we had spied a bird's nest. In English schools the boys have hobbies, such as collecting stamps, catching or mounting butterflies, and so on. At that time I was infatuated with the idea of making a collection of birds' eggs. We were soon climbing up that tree, but finding the nest empty we climbed down and entertained ourselves sliding down the steep slopes of the mountain. We caught up with the school column before it re-entered Folkstone. We thought the teacher had not missed us but she reported us to the head master, and tell-tale green spots were found upon our clothes. I received a cuff in the face from him and was ordered to bed right after supper; the lights were to be out and I was not to read. I went up feeling badly because I had missed the pleasant time of reading and games that the others would have down stairs.

It was autumn and the room was dark by the time I got into bed, and as I lay there I began to think. Did you ever get left to your own thoughts when you were miserable and depressed? I could not feel happy; I had another caning to look forward to, and that week things had gone from bad to worse. I twisted about trying to go to sleep, but could not. I felt lonely and homesick; there was a big lump in my throat, as it were. Looking about the room I

suddenly realized that a hand was pointing at me. I was filled with terror and glared at it. There it was clearly defined on the wall, the index finger and the thumb; even part of the sleeve was showing and it was pointing at me. It was all lit up on that black wall. I was not superstitious nor easily frightened, but for a moment I couldn't move. At such moments our minds travel fast, and the thought came to me that it might be God's hand pointing to my guilt. I sat up and moved this way and that, and from different angles it did not look so much like a hand. Soon I noticed that it was nothing more than the light of the lamp-post in the street shining against the curtain which was ruffled as to make a hand on the wall. I clambered out of bed and straightened out that curtain in a hurry when I realized that it had occurred from natural causes. Then I tried to think no more of it, yet a little voice whispered, "Why were you so frightened?"

Left all alone in that dark dormitory I had time to reflect. I began to think about my guilt and sinfulness, my dear mother, my father who at that time was given up to die in a hospital in London. I thought of the young man whom I had met a few days before in Dover, how his hand had pressed mine and what he said at parting. I thought of Mr. Arrowsmith and his little talk on "The Big I". My heart felt just like lead. The thought came to me that if I should die God wouldn't want me in His heaven. Oh how I hated myself for being such a wicked boy! the very worst boy in that school! I turned over in bed and started to cry. I just sobbed: such a homesick, miserable, unhappy boy! No doubt it was from a sense of my condition and from self-pity that I first wept, but God was in that room I know, and though I was all alone and no one to pray with me, yet He began to move my heart in a strange way. Thus my weeping turned in its motive and purpose to a different object.

The first thing I knew I was praying. Me praying? Yes, and praying and calling upon God with all my might, meanwhile stifling the sobs so that I would not make too much noise. I could see Jesus hanging on the cross just as clearly as if I had stood on Calvary's mountain. Oh He was covered with blood! His eyes seemed to peer through the darkness and look upon me. He did not speak but those eyes told me that He loved me, and that He was waiting to save me. Oh how I sobbed! My soul came into such pain and anguish at the realization of my undone con-

dition, and I found myself asking God to save me, to change my mean, wicked, black heart. I was so weary of my foolish ways, of myself and of my many sins. I turned over and over. Tossing from side to side I knelt forward on the mattress and pressed the pillow against my mouth whilst the terror of eternal death seized hold upon me. I just screamed for God to help me; I wrestled with Him and the more I pleaded the easier it became to pray. It seemed as if I did not have to hunt for words; my whole soul was in my mouth. My innermost heart was on the tip of my tongue and I confessed everything—my pride, my disobedience, my nasty talk, my blackness of heart—and oh how I cried! This must have continued for almost an hour and a half. I was covered with perspiration, trembling all over. There was one thing that I was conscious of—never in all my life had I prayed in this way. I held on to myself no longer. The Lord brought to my mind the privileges I had, the teaching, the love, and instruction of my godly parents, the many times I had professed conversion before. The more I saw these things the more I wept, and could only plead, "Oh God, if You live, if You exist, help me! I wish to discover You for myself. Oh God, Maker of heaven and earth, save me, a lost boy on my way to hell." In the throes of the fight that raged in my bosom I screamed in that pillow and lifting up my hands toward heaven, would ask Him to come into my innermost heart to fill it with His love and saving power.

I heard a noise. It was the boys all coming up the stairs in a great crowd, laughing and talking to each other. I knew it must be nine o'clock. In they swarmed, full of fun and put on the light in the large dormitory. I pulled the covers over my face and hoped with all that was in me that they would not discover I was crying. If there is anything an English school boy will make fun of it is another's tears. The boy who cries is put down as a sissy. They are taught that to show emotion that way is girlish; that is why they even fight but do not show tears. They are supposed to take all kinds of punishment without crying. It is the subtle teaching they get from their masters. Even when the head master would whip me I would bite my lips till I drew the blood rather than show any feeling. Sometimes I couldn't help but cry but then I would rush to the bathroom, wash my face, and when I returned to the classroom after what the boys knew to have been a sound leathering, I

could walk to my seat without showing any grief whatever.

At this time I hoped they would not bother me for now I well knew a great work was being wrought in my heart, and somehow I wanted God to finish what He had begun. But they found me out and in less time than it takes to tell it they were all around my bed pulling the covers, which I tried to prevent. As they crowded around one said, "You poor little girl." Just for a second, but only for a second I felt like jumping up and smashing that fellow in the face with my fist, but a new fear was on me. I did not feel the same. "We will get you a dozen hankies," shouted one. Another, "Maybe the bed sheet will do." I kept holding the bed-clothes over my head and prayed a desperate prayer, fearing that the work going on in my soul for time and eternity would all come to naught. They pulled this way and that, I hanging on to the bed clothes as if my life depended on it. My bed started to travel around the room, and I was holding on to the covers. "Oh God!" I cried, within my soul. "They do not understand. Do not let them do this." At that moment the head master burst in "What confounded business is this?" he shouted. "What are you trying to do? Put out those lights and go to bed at once or else I will gait the whole dormitory." In a twinkling they pushed my bed into place and rushed to their own, petrified with fear. As all was quiet again and the light out my whole heart went up to God in thankfulness. I could scarcely believe that God had so quickly answered prayer, and to think that it was the man whom I disliked that He had used! I went back to prayer.

Now I must tell you the secret. God has many mysterious ways His wonders to perform. Seventy-five miles away in London my father lay in a dying condition. The doctors had told him that he could not live until morning. Whilst in the hospital he had been the means of the conversion of some of the nurses and they had given their hearts to the Savior. That night he called them around his bed and said, "Good nurses, the doctors tell me that I may never live to see tomorrow morning. If this is to be my last day on earth I want to pray with you. And I want you to pray for one of my boys who is in a school at Folkstone, and very disobedient and unruly. He is unconverted and the head master sent us the worst report this term of any since he has been there. Will you not pray with me that God will save him tonight?" And my

dear old father, propped up with pillows in his bed, lifted up his thin, pale hands and prayed with such earnestness that his strength almost failed. He cried in anguish that God would save his worst boy, William. It breaks my heart as I think of my dear old father thinking it to be his last day on earth, praying through for me that night.

You fathers and mothers, if you would only pray through for your children! If you would only be desperate, what might God not do? Father must have touched heaven as he cried out to God to save me, for it seemed that all heaven had come down into my room as I continued to pray that night. No wonder things were happening, but remember I never knew it.

I was in anguish of soul. I heard the clock strike eleven. My bed was so wet with perspiration that I got out and knelt beside it. After awhile I got back into bed again and then out again until I was prostrated on the floor and there continued sobbing in my pillow. What was the matter? All the world was the matter; I had gotten to such a place of reasoning with God that I had begged Him not to save me now but a little later. Whilst the hot tears poured down my cheeks I cried, "A little later O Jesus. Wait until the school term ends and then I promise Thee I will give Thee my heart." Do you not see what was troubling me? It was what troubles most people as they are about to break through into consciousness of peace with God. As they are about to receive assurance of sins forgiven, the fear creeps in that they will never stand. Satan had whispered it into my ear, and brought before me that great big blackboard down stairs in the hallway that gave the misdemeanors of every boy in the school. I knew my name had more stripes against it than any other in that school. I had received one hundred and twenty or more odd stripes already. If God would save me who would believe it? So I pleaded with Him not to save me. It was pitiful. I tried to quench the anguish and get back to bed, promising the Lord I would be true to my word as soon as the term was over. But it seemed as if God must have thrown His wings over me and stooped down to wrestle with me. He would not let me go and I could hear His voice in my heart, "I will save you now." Then I pleaded, "The boys will laugh at me. They will tease and mock me till I will have to fight them." But Jesus gently whispered, "I will take all that out of you."

I do not know how many times I got in and

out of bed. I heard the clock strike twelve and afraid of waking the boys I went into the hallway where a little dim gas jet was burning. Satan kept bringing up that board down stairs. Finally as distinctly as if someone had spoken to me I heard the voice of Jesus say, "There is another board." Where? "In heaven, and if you will let Me save you I can make that board that bears your name, and which is much blacker than the board downstairs, as white as snow. Will you let me?" Oh that broke my heart completely! and I sobbed, "Yes, dear Jesus, I will trust You." I was not on the earth but lifted out into the heavenlies. I dealt with God face to face. I let go and gave everything up. It is wonderful to give up. I knew Jesus would take me into His everlasting arms if I gave up. To this day I do not understand why I did something right here. When I heard the clock strike two I prayed, "O dear Lord Jesus, are You sure I have repented enough?" I wanted a thorough conversion. I had seen so much hypocrisy and pretense. I knew that to stand in that school I would need to have the real thing. I was afraid the joy and assurance would come too soon but I could not prevent it now. The pressure on my heart was too great. It seemed as if God was embracing me. The kiss of forgiveness was on my lips and I heard His voice saying, "William, I save you now. I forgive you all your sins. You are mine for time and eternity."

I returned to bed. Suddenly a dark cloud filled the room and in that cloud I could see two eyes. The darkness seemed to part and I saw two arms and a head. The hair was falling over the eyes and blood was falling down from that head and chest which was bare. There was a crown of thorns on that head. It pained me as I saw the blood flowing down. I forgot all about my sorrow when I saw His. I forgot about my pain when I saw His agony. I could not believe that Jesus looked so terrible, black, bloody and awful as He hung on the cross for my sins. I got out of bed again and started to weep and praise Him. Oh what it means when one utters praises for the first time! It was wonderful but there was something more wonderful yet. As I heard the clock strike four all heaven came down in my soul and such joy and peace and bliss! I wept now more than ever. I wept for very joy, because the battle was over, because I had given Him all and would resist no more. I begged the Lord never to leave me, for even the last terror had passed, and that was the fear that He would expect me to preach and testify. I said, "Yes

Lord, I will do anything You ask." I fell asleep between four and five exhausted physically, but my soul had received eternal life.

The rising bell rang at seven, and I was not slothful in getting up as I had previously been, running the risk of being punished for arriving in the preparation class room late. I was up the first and felt as refreshed as if I had slept twenty-four hours, for had I not slept in the arms of Jesus? I remember as I came down the steps how different everything looked. The sun shone so brightly and everything looked beautiful. I seemed to be in a dream, and such a joy and rest filled my heart. We were all in our places in a short time and morning prayer began. The head master gave out the hymn, "What a friend we have in Jesus." I sat through the first verse but when we started the second I could not see anything; the tears were running down my face and falling on my hymnbook which I shared with another boy. I had sung that hymn a thousand times before but oh what a change! Every sentence burned itself into my heart. The head master read a prayer from the Church of England prayer-book and then announced another hymn, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." That finished me that morning. The boy sharing my book now let go, looking at me and wondering what was the matter. I cared for no one and fell on my knees, and between my sobs asked Jesus never to leave me. I said, "I need You worse now than I ever did. This is my first day, stand by me." I knew He heard me. It got out the first morning that I had been crying during the service. The scripture lesson was in the fifteenth chapter of John. I turned to the place in my Bible as I knelt there and covered the page with my tears. The day's work started but Jesus was with me.

The recess bell rang round eleven a. m. I went up the stairs two at a time, to talk to God. I did not care to be with the boys. I wanted to pray and had a wonderful time with God, but it seemed all too short. The fifteen minutes over the thought came to me, "I must tell father," and I hastily wrote, "Dear Father: Something happened on Sunday night. Have no time to write more. Tell me if you know and write me quickly." I sealed the letter with my tears and ran out to mail it.

The next few days were like heaven on earth; words cannot describe the joy that filled my heart. Every recess I would seek God in prayer; my Bible was my constant companion. Father got

the letter and read between the lines. I remember the morning his letter arrived. The mail was distributed at breakfast and when I received father's I asked to be excused. I wanted no breakfast.

I ran up the stairs and opened up that letter, and in it was the wonderful news how he had prayed and what had happened in the hospital. God had spared his life, and he begged me to write him quickly and tell him all. I wrote him everything, the conversion, the new birth, and I asked him a hundred questions, what was the best part of the Bible to read, and how best to keep from backsliding, etc. He had plenty of time to write for he was in bed. I pasted his letters all in a book and read and reread them. I have them to this day. I followed his advice to pray every day. Of course he said I must testify, which was the hardest of all to do, to testify in a school of two hundred boys, everyone of whom was better than I had been. I begged God to let me out of it, but He finally won and I surrendered.

With my Bible in my trembling hands I stood on my bed in my pajamas in the dormitory and read a text. I will never forget that the text I read had nothing to do with salvation. I had just taken one from Proverbs at random. I started, "Now boys I want to tell you all that God has done for me"—I never got any further for the pillows started to fly. They beat me black and blue that night and told me to shut my mouth. They did not want any preaching from the worst boy in the school. One night they "hazed" me, put me in a sheet and held it tight from all sides; then bounced me up in air and let me fall on the ground. It felt as if every bone in your body were broken, but when you suffer for what you believe, you value it. I suffered from then on in many ways. Often all my books were out of my desk and were put in other desks, just for mischief. I couldn't get them for it was preparation. Often far into the night I would read my Bible under the gas jet in the hallway. I was all the happier for suffering; the more persecution, the more joy filled my heart.

I kept out of mischief, making a hammock for my father who was recuperating. Never shall I forget the day that the train speeded on its way to London. I climbed up the stairs and knocked at father's bedroom door. There he was propped up with pillows, with his arms extended toward

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Spiritual Life Stimulated and Enriched by Persecution

Is the Martyr Spirit in Evidence Today?

James D. Menzie, Gary, Ind., in the Stone Church, Aug. 3, 1930

Matt. 10:16-41



THIS afternoon I wish to speak on a subject which is not very popular but very much in keeping with our testimony. The Scripture text is found in Matt. 10:22, "And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake: but he that endureth to the end shall be saved." A *name* is very significant. There are certain large business institutions today in our country that are not generally well thought of, and if in business circles you would mention that you were associated with such and such a concern, immediately it would bring a stigma upon your character because of the sentiment of business men toward that institution. On the other hand, to some one with a different viewpoint the mentioning of that name will add prestige.

This is particularly true of the name "Christian." You may enter into conversation with one who is a stranger but in the course of but a few moments you ascertain that you are conversing with a Christian. Up until that time you have been conversing with no small degree of reserve, but the moment that you become conscious that they are Christ's there is real fellowship, and the barrier that you at first felt is broken down. Then again you may be speaking with one who is not a Christian and this name (to you dearer than all) arises in your conversation. Immediately a barrier is raised for that person. His Name is despised. This Name, the sweetest name we know, is despised by a great majority today in word and deed, and we who bear His name also bear the reproach His name carries. While we are not persecuted as were the early Christians, nevertheless, if we live godly we shall suffer persecution. I am not speaking now of being persecuted for foolishness or fanaticism, but of suffering for Jesus' sake, for He said, "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his Lord." We shall all eventually rejoice because of persecution for great blessing follows in its path. It has always brought large and lasting benefit to the church of Jesus Christ. Recently I heard a business man of our city say, "We thrive on persecution," and this has assuredly been true of the church of Christ.

The lack of persecution and stern opposition are two of the contributing causes of lukewarmness in the church today. The attitude, "We have need of nothing." It is significant, that out of the seven churches of Asia only two are wholly commended: Philadelphia, typical we believe of the true church for which Christ is coming, and the church of Smyrna, the church that was so sorely persecuted. Persecution makes for godliness and Christ-likeness. It is decidedly healthful to the church although we naturally shrink from it. Church history will bear out this truth.

Jesus was persecuted most bitterly throughout His earthly ministry, and since the servant is not greater than his Lord it is reasonable to suppose we shall not escape. A rather strange fact about persecution is that it comes from the most unexpected sources. I am reminded of the mother of a large family, whose husband was saved in middle life. He was naturally very anxious to bring his entire family under the influence of the Gospel. His wife was very wicked and refused to get the children ready for Sunday school. How true to the Word, "And the brother shall deliver up the brother unto death, and the father the child, and the children shall rise up against their parents, and cause them to be put to death." Children have actually been put out of their homes for the Gospel's sake, even in this enlightened country. I am thinking of a girl who was saved in tender years. Her mother opposed her most bitterly but she persevered. One night her mother handed down the ultimatum, that if she went to church again she would lock the doors against her. The girl feeling that it was a question of obeying or disobeying God, went to the service and returned to find the doors locked. She slept under the porch of their home many nights in order to be true to God. And, as always, this suffering for Christ brought forth fruit. In a matter of months the mother was awakened to her need of Christ by the fact that her daughter possessed something so real, that regardless of these adverse circumstances she was kept true. Being true in the hour of persecution not only helps us but it also has a tremendous influence upon the unsaved. Who can say that Saul's viewing the triumphant death of Stephen may not have been

an important factor in his conversion? When Jesus was on earth His worst enemies were the religious leaders of His day. They so thoroughly hated Him that on one occasion they would have hurled Him headlong over a precipice. You remember too the time He drove those who bought and sold out of the temple. Immediately they became His enemies. Why? Because light and darkness have no fellowship; sin and righteousness have nothing in common. This same warfare exists today and this is the true basis of Christian persecution.

Among the direct benefits that persecution

brings to God's children, the line of separation and distinction which it draws is worthy of mention. God has commanded that we be "separate" and He uses persecution as a means to this end. The young Christian who is wise enough and true enough, upon being converted, to make known at once his stand for Christ, will be saved from many worldly temptations and snares. Worldly friends, as a rule when they

know of our definite stand for God, immediately begin to criticise and belittle and in so doing they drive us to our closets of prayer and to God. In other words, their opposition, which they had hoped would turn us from God, only serves as a means of driving us closer to Him, and farther from their worldly influence. In the fourth chapter of Acts we are told that the disciples were forbidden by the Sanhedrin to preach any more in the name of Jesus. This did not cause

them to backslide but it drove them to their knees and in prayer they asked for power to boldly preach Christ, and that signs and wonders might be done in His name. To a consecrated life persecution merely fans the flame into still a brighter and hotter blaze.

Jesus said, "If they persecute you in one city, flee to the next," and so carry the fire there also. Persecution enlarges our opportunities to witness for Christ. Paul's persecutions gave him opportunity to witness before governors and kings. If we would maintain our witness in Pentecostal power we cannot do so on the stage

of popularity. Our danger lies in endeavoring to escape persecution which in turn leads to compromise. If we fail, God will raise up others who will be true and suffer for Him.

Persecution too stimulates spiritual life. We need but to review our own Christian experiences to verify this. How many of us can testify that in the midst of the moments of heated persecution and tribulation, we have found the fullest and

richest blessings of our entire lives? Christian experience is always enriched by hardships, whereas smooth sailing oft leads to self-complacency and backsliding. May not the instability that is so common today be the result of the lack of persecution and hardships in general? These things make us dig down, and down we need to go, to the Rock that cannot move.

Persecution to the Christian is not a great insurmountable difficulty, but it is rather a sign

On the King's Highway



"This is the Way—Walk ye in It"

board that assures us that we are on the King's highway. We are told that during the gold rush of nearly a century ago the gold seekers blazed a trail to the West Coast, in spite of the most adverse circumstances. They did not post signs like we have today on the highways stating the number of miles to the next town but with their axes they made markings on the trees which were very significant to the travelers of their day. So Christ has not left us as a ship without a compass but He has left us markings to guide us on our way. So dear brother, sister, if persecution beset your pathway take courage for through it God is saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." "For all that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

We now shall consider the latter part of the text, "But he that endureth to the end shall be saved." Spurgeon said, "Godliness is a life-time job." We are to endure, not as victims, but as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, with real loyalty and courage, and with a determination to be true, taking our place with the apostles of old who counted it all joy to suffer for His Name. We cannot help but wonder what kind of young men and women we shall have for the preachers and missionaries of tomorrow. Will they have the depth of consecration to be true in the hours of approaching calamity, when national strife is on every hand and when the powers of darkness are concentrating for the last great conflict between sin and righteousness? Have our young people today enough of the pilgrim and martyr spirit to stand the strain and weather the storm?

Let us press on with the standard high, remembering that the reward is to him that endures, not just for tomorrow, but to the end; and that is not far away, whether it be at Christ's coming or by the way of death. "If we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him." Not all the seed that was planted grew; nor did all that grew mature and bring forth fruit—"But some fell by the wayside, and some was destroyed by the sun because it had no depth of earth, and some was choked out by thorns," the cares of life. And not all who say, "Lord, Lord"; nor all who prophesy in His name endure to the end. Endurance is more than having a shout and a "hallelujah."

It is persevering when the fires of persecution wax hot, and by faith seeing Him who is invisible.

Not even all of the twelve disciples whom Jesus called endured; one failed. The Scriptures warn us to "Hold that fast which thou hast that

no man take thy crown." The story is told of forty men who suffered martyrdom because of their unwavering faith in Christ. When the Emperor Licinius was persecuting the Christians in Armenia the Thundering Legion was stationed at Sebaste. Forty men in that Legion declared themselves Christians and were sentenced to be exposed naked all night on a frozen pool—for it was winter and bitterly cold. In a house on the edge of the water a large fire was kindled, and food and wine and a warm bath were prepared under the charge of Sempronius a centurion, and a guard of soldiers. It was announced to the forty that if any would renounce the Christian faith they could leave the frozen ice and enter the house. Night came on and the keen wind from Mt. Caucasus made the citizens close their windows and doors more tightly and heap up the fuel on their hearths. And out on the frozen ice were the forty warriors, some standing lost in prayer, some walking quickly to and fro, some already sleeping that sleep which only ends in death. And as the hours went slowly by they chanted, O Lord, forty wrestlers have come forth to fight for Thee; Grant that forty wrestlers may receive the crown of victory." As the cold became more intense one of the forty could endure no longer and he left the pool, coming to the house where Sempronius and his men were keeping guard. Still the martyrs' prayer went up to heaven, "O God forty wrestlers have come forth to fight for Thee. Grant that forty wrestlers may receive the crown of victory." As the centurion looked out over the frozen ice he saw crowns placed on the heads of the thirty-nine martyrs, and declaring himself a Christian he took the place of the one who recanted. And when the cold had done its work and forty lay upon the ice, forty glorious spirits, with Sempronius among them, entered into the presence of the King.

Dear ones, if we would share Christ's glory there, we must bear His reproach here. To identify ourselves with Christ is to identify ourselves with His Cross; so let us take up our cross daily, remembering that He said, "Be faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

Miss Katherine Clause is sailing for South China on the Empress of Japan, from Vancouver, B. C., on Sept. 4th. She is asking the prayers of our readers as she enters upon her second term on the mission field, that God may direct her very definitely.

Feathered Arrows

The Ant

D. H. McDowell, Alton, Ill.



LIFE is made up of small things: Molecules, atoms, electrons, grains of sand, drops of water, etc. Each in itself is quite insignificant and practically useless, but collected together the mass produces such volume and power that man stands helpless before their gigantic force when loosed to destruction. What man or nation can have any influence with a mountain or an ocean? These stand to serve him in many useful ways, but to control either is beyond his ken.

A woman who at one time was set upon by a prowler succeeded in surprising her antagonist, and catching him unawares felled him with a blow across the head. Knowing that he would soon recover consciousness and perhaps be more formidable than ever, she had to think quickly for a way of escape; finding none she was compelled to remain and fight it out. If only she had some rope she could tie him up, but rope there was none; nothing but a few spools of common cotton thread in the sewing kit she had with her. With these she proceeded to tie up his hands and feet by winding the thread around them strand after strand until he was well secured. This done she moved him to a small tree close by and with the remaining thread wound him securely to the tree. When he recovered consciousness he found himself a helpless captive in the hands of a woman and the help of cotton thread that could be snapped, strand at a time, by the hands of a child.

One of the largest suspension bridges of all time is just nearing completion and will be borne by giant cables made up of small strands of steel wire bound together and put in place one strand at a time. These ideas are not new for the most humble of earth comes in contact with them every day. But it is necessary that we be reminded of them in order that we to whom so much of importance has been committed in life may pause and consider, and learn lessons of the highest success.

That is the reason the Bible is such a practical Book; it is the only Book that teaches us the true way of life and progress. Therefore it calls our attention to the small things that might be overlooked otherwise. The miracles of Christ that caused the world to stand aghast and have

formed the background of speculation among *pseudo* scientists ever since, were explained to His disciples as the result of but *a grain of faith the size of a mustard seed*, thus showing that it is not so much the quantity but the quality that is needed. And in this respect the Bible directs us to the study of one of the most interesting of subjects possible—the ant.

The ant is mentioned in but two passages of Scripture, yet in them is found sufficient from which volumes could be written.

“Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.”

“The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer. Prov. 6:6;30:25.

These Scriptures suffice to point out a few of life's great fundamentals which might be summed up in two words: *diligence* and *perseverance*. Many persons would resent being classed with the sluggard and could no doubt point out much in the way of achievement and industry. But we forget that all of life does not end here, and earthly achievements are not sufficient to gain us an entrance into the everlasting kingdom. So that instead of investigating these things in the proper spirit and “giving diligence to make their calling and election sure” they become absorbed in the earthly and waste a lifetime among the rust and decay, to find at the end that they have failed to provide a treasure that waxeth not old, laid up in heaven.

In studying the life of ants one is impressed with *the spirit of diligence* in which they investigate everything that crosses their pathway and turn it to their advantage, leaving nothing undone or untouched that might in any way add to their comfort and safety. That man who comes in contact with facts of life, here and hereafter, who does not stop to investigate the mass of evidence at his hand and provide his spiritual meat, the food that his starving soul so much needs, or fails to build up a future by his association with the Lord Jesus, so that when he is through here he may be welcomed to everlasting habitations, I say, that man is a fool and a sluggard. Christian evidence both external and internal is so massive as well as conclusive that no

one can escape the consequences who fails to give the matter his own personal attention. "*The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing.*" Prov. 20:4. It is quite easy to find excuses behind which one may hide and contend with facts, but the man who fails to dig and plough and prepare his field for the seed will surely be a beggar in the great ingathering. It is said that the mole who grubs around in the earth having no need of sight, opens his eyes only at his death. Many men today are busy grubbing for the things that perish, and content to work on in blindness only to have their eyes opened to their need when it is alas too late. Oh the sad wail that will one day go up from millions of souls, "the Harvest is past, the Summer is ended, and I am not saved"! Reader, be diligent. Consider the ways of the ant. Get to work preparing for your future and lay up for yourself a good store against the day to come.

The next thing I notice about the ant is his *perseverance*. The ant is no quitter. He does not seem to know what discouragement is. Go to his library and search as you may through his dictionaries and you will not find the word "can't." It does not exist in his vocabulary; therefore his feats and achievements have caused men of all ages to wonder. The law of ant-life is inexorable: Work or die, is the maxim carved on the threshold of every mound or castle where these busy little fellows carry on night and day. This is evidenced by the fact that in some species after the males have performed their service of fertilization there is no longer any need for them in the colony; the workers are too busy to be bothered with them and so they are cast out. They have filled their mission and must make room for the thriving offspring to be nourished. Besides their example of indolence would have a devastating effect on the other members of the colony.

Men seem to think that because God is the Author of the Christian life and since the power of that life comes through the Holy Spirit, it is not necessary to be concerned much about how things progress; and although we see the need of hard work in other fields of service and of perseverance in our responsibilities, yet in the Christian life all we need is to give it a passing thought, attend a meeting now and then, listen to a sermon and either enjoy it or go away and find fault with it; this forms the sum total of the share of many in the performance of Chris-

tian obligations. If many of us were treated as the ants treat the non-workers we would be excluded from Christian circles altogether as excess baggage. These male ants have accepted all the pleasures of life, they have passed through all the delights of the honeymoon life only to find themselves devoid of a desire to work or help build up a strong colony. Christian lives as well as churches and communities are built by hard and consistent effort. If we are to accept the joys and pleasures of the Christian experience we must come to earth and be willing to share in the responsibilities of service. The male ants together with the females are born with wings and come forth in flight on a sultry day to engage in the responsibility of marital life. After the honeymoon is over the wings of flight are shed and the female returns to earth, lays her eggs and begins the work of caring for the new comers, building homes, providing food, etc. But the male finds nothing to do. He has consented to accept the beautiful and pleasant in life without its responsibilities hence he becomes a prey for the marauders such as the spider and other larger insects who live on these idle and shiftless creatures. It is said that "An idle mind is the devil's workshop," and facts prove this to be the case. When the devil wants to start trouble in a church he chooses these idle folk that never find anything else to do but to criticize those who are busy, and find fault with their methods. These are easy prey to his wiles and soon their minds are filled with all kinds of mischief. If they were busy and hard at work praying down revivals, weeping over the lost, attending services and holding up the hands of the minister with joy and gladness there would not be any room for the devil to get in.

Ant colonies have queens. When a queen leaves a colony and goes forth on her own and lays her first batch of eggs, she watches over them until they are hatched and then nourishes them until they are able to work. The second batch of eggs is then turned over to the first hatch and these who are now workers proceed with the care of the new comers. They have been observed to carry these eggs or the larvae out into the sunshine each day in order to stimulate a more healthy growth. The second batch of offspring are always larger in size and stronger in body owing to the greater care and better nourishment given them by the worker ants, which the mother was unable to render to the first hatch.

God has provided a ministry in the Church and

many folk feel that because they are not preachers or teachers hence they are unqualified to do anything. But this is not the case. God has set a ministry in the Church and the preacher who tries to do all the work himself is just as much at fault as the church that thinks the preacher should do it all. The preacher is but the shepherd of the flock. It is his business to forage about for food and keep the sheep alive, protect them from cold and storm and wild beasts; but it is the work of the sheep to bring forth the young, to suckle them and nourish them. So there is much work to be done in a thriving church, work for everybody. Show me a church where people are not interested in the Sunday School, or the young people's services, who feel it all right to take a Sunday off and lounge about. Indifference is written all over them. Show me that church and I will show you the deadest thing on the top of God's green footstool. You say, "It does not matter if I am not at the service this evening." Listen, saint. I have gone to an evangelistic service, tried to the limit to know what I was to preach on that evening—the people were coming and I must give them a message, and I found such inspiration from the smiling and eager faces of the one or two of the saints as they sat there with evident enjoyment that it made me feel like climbing up the rainbow. Yes, the preacher said the words and made the exhortation but the inspiration came from the faces of godly and Spirit-filled "worker ants" sitting at their post of duty breathing that silent request to heaven and bringing forth the power on the ministered Word. Do not tell me that you can not work unless you are on the platform. There are millions of grains of sand that you can gather; tons of food that you can forage for the new-born if you will only be faithful to the work of Christ. Any godly preacher can put his hand on a half dozen faithful ones in his church that he can count on at all times. He never enters the church but he glances at their accustomed place and there they sit waiting or kneeling in prayer. Ah such a tonic to a minister! Saints, let us not only live for the pleasure we get out of life—the wings that God gives us with which we mount up, are that we may revel in the ecstasy of His presence, but we must also learn to "run and not be weary," "to walk and not faint."

The ants have the established principle of UNITY among them. They believe that by this method *only* they may prosper. The ant is right. Perhaps it is because he knows that he is just a

weak little fellow and needs the support of his brothers, and again he is right. The Christian who feels so self confident that he can gather his own food, live his own life, and paddle his own canoe is just fooling himself and that badly. He does not fool any one but himself. We need one another and we cannot progress without each other, provided we are all on the job and hard at work for the Master. A man who tries to live his own life gets in a rut, thinks in a groove, and becomes eccentric and lopsided. We need one another to keep us balanced. When God made man he made him male and female. And we cannot get along without each other. Man is the dynamic force. He is creative. Woman is the governor, the balance wheel that keeps the machine from tearing itself to pieces.

"As to the bow, the string is,
So the man is to the woman;
Tho she bends him she obeys him,
Where he draws, she follows;
Useless each without the other."

Likewise the church. Taken from the side of Christ on that terrible day on Golgotha, she needs to keep in harmony with her Living Head; needs to keep attached to Him; needs to follow Him even as He bends to her pull and stoops to grant her slightest wish; yet she must follow with a gladness in order that the arrow of truth may find its mark in the hearts of the King's enemies. We are *one body* and therefore it is for us to find our place and stick to our job, or else find ourselves cast out and a prey to every evil beast.

There are no slipshod methods with him. Any old thing will not do. It must be right and it must be the best and no effort is too great to make it just like that. There are colonies of ants in Africa known as the afids or white ants who build their houses like we build our sky scrapers. In some cases these houses are twenty-five feet high and are so constructed that an animal can walk over them without doing them any damage. They are like a small hill and the construction on the interior is the work of engineers. In the interior center there is a dome-like compartment forming the first floor, not unlike an Eskimo's Igloo. This is the queen's chamber. Formed over this domed compartment are a series of other compartments for the servants, or those who wait on the queen. Above this are the storage cells for the food supply, then still above there is a row of neatly-formed chambers for air and ventilation; over these is the nursery where the young are cared for, with a ventilating compartment running right around it. This is all topped off

with a cupola or a ventilating chamber. The ventilating canals are laid in with precision that they adhere completely to the best ideas on ventilation. This whole affair would suffer from rains or excessive moisture but a drainage system is installed at the base so that during floods or heavy rains the water is drained off and cannot rise to the food or the nursery, or effect the ventilating canals. Such wisdom is marvelous in our eyes and yet these little fellows seem to know all about the essentials of life. They are expert farmers, carrying leaves with which they fertilize their interior gardens to raise their mushrooms. They raise cows, or an insect that they keep and feed until it can produce a sort of honey dew that the ant is very fond of. He extracts this honey by stroking the cow with his antenna or feeler and the sensation produced by this stroking process causes the cow or beetle to give down its much desired honey dew.

Ants have been known to come to chasms in the earth, cracks we would call them but great gullies to them; they have been observed first to investigate with an idea of estimating the need and then run away and draw back a straw or a blade of grass with which they spanned the gulf and passed across. I myself have sat watching an ant for over an hour in its attempts to ascend the brick wall of an old dwelling with a small particle of food in his mouth. At one place he would always lose his footing and come tumbling down. I lost track of the number of times I counted his ascent when finally he seemed to be more cautious as he approached this danger spot and finally worked his way around by a long, devious route.

Such patience and perseverance astonished me as well as encouraged me in one of the hardest battles we were fighting at that time in the Lord's work. There is only one thing to do, and that is to stick to it. In the slippery places we should learn that there is a way around. It may seem long and tiresome to tarry and wait and pray through, and over and around the treacherous places, but it pays. When that little fellow got by that slippery, glazed going, how he stepped along! He just seemed to forget the tiresome effort in his great victory and I think when he got home with the groceries, although perhaps a little late, he had a wonderful testimony to relate as to how he fought his way through the treacherous going. "No, no, I never thought of giving up and I never lost my package no matter how

many times I tumbled down that dangerous climb."

Praise God for the lessons learned from these little fellows and what a wonderful pastime to make a little study of them, because God has directed us to do so. The fact that He has not filled the Bible about ants and made mention of them on every page is no excuse for our neglect. Obedient children need only one telling. That should be sufficient for us to take time to study one of the greatest sermons in all the world; one that is being preached every day to every generation and by such a small people.

If the Church of Christ would turn from her idleness and begin through following Christ, to cooperate and work together it would not be long until this world would be shaken with the power of God from pole to pole. But alas! like Lot, we linger and are in constant need of some messenger from heaven urging us on lest we perish. God help the church to awaken and put on her beautiful garments, the sincere character of her lover Lord, and go forth into His vineyard and work. "*Why stand ye here all the day idle?*" "*Go ye into the vineyard and whatsoever is right I will give you.*"

Announcements

Rev. J. N. Hoover, well known throughout the United States and Canada, having finished his engagements in the Glad Tidings Temple and the Glad Tidings Summer Bible School of San Francisco, Calif., is returning into the east for the fall and winter. His first meeting will be Denver, Colo. Then Hamilton and Montreal, Canada, then New York City, and so on. His home address is 301 Seabright Ave., Santa Cruz, Calif. Mail addressed to this office will also reach him.

Rev. J. E. Kistler, formerly of Chambersburg, Pa. has accepted the call as Pastor at Beulah Heights Pentecostal Church at North Bergen, N. J. Brother Kistler has had over twenty years experience in Pastoral and Evangelistic work and we welcome him and his wife in our midst confident that God will honor their labors among us.

Beulah Heights Pentecostal Church.

Rev. David Leigh, of China, returning to America, has accepted the Principalship of the Beulah Heights Bible School, which opens its nineteenth year on Monday, October 6th, 1930. Courses covering two and three years. Any one desiring to prepare for the Lord's work in either the Home or Foreign fields kindly address the school for full particulars. Beulah Heights Bible School, 4741 Hudson Boulevard, North Bergen, N. J.

If our readers will send in a subscription for a friend when they renew, it will tide us over a very needy time, and will be greatly appreciated.

God's Master-Piece

The Wonderful Plan of Redemption

Sermon by J. N. Hoover in the Stone Church



I VERILY believe that God, on the sixth day completed His masterpiece when He created man in His own image. Rising above the mountain peaks of Eden's glory, was the matchless beauty and symmetrical adjustment of His own likeness. While the morning sun was send-

ing rays of light and heat across the rich fields of Eden, and the zephyrs freighted with sweet perfume from flowers on hill and plain, God said to man, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, and every living thing upon the face of the earth." What a commission! What a privilege! The keeping of the first division of this Divine command has created such a multiplication of souls, until the human family is well nigh beyond numeration.

But it must be remembered that man's power and privilege were limited for he, like the beast of the field, the fish of the sea and the fowls of the air and every living thing upon the face of the earth, was subject unto Him who made all things; for the Lord God said, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest eat, but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat, for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." The announcement of such a law was a declaration of the supremacy of God and the violation of it the destruction of man; and yet in the face of it all, in the hour of special temptation, man weakened, violated the law and soon appeared before God guilty and condemned. The evidence of

THE FALL OF MAN

is everywhere and in everything. Tonight I have a vision of Eden. The sky clear, the horizon perfect, the gentle breeze brings from imperial gardens the sweetness of delicate flowers. I see the lion and the lamb feed together and rest beneath the shady boughs of the mountain brook. Eden is a tropical country, the trees are laden with delicious fruit, the meadows are green, the birds fill the air with happy songs and the whole earth is full of the glory of God. No poet's pen

or artist's brush can give to man the beauties of this heavenly place.

But hark: In my vision, I see angry clouds rolling up from the abyss of darkness; they cover the heavens from horizon to horizon, the fearful lightning and the heavy thunder in every part of the awful canopy are lethiferous. As I view the terrible situation and realize what must be the inevitable results, my soul cries out in painful fear, "O, where shall I flee from the wrath of this storm?"

The picture has changed. It is evening, and as I look out upon Eden, I see the light of her glory has gone out. The beautiful flowers have lost their sweet perfume and the birds their happy song. The beast of the field, the fish of the sea, and every living thing in all the earth is at war with each other. The waves of the deep sea roll high and the cold wind of death chills my soul. In the hour of my great despondency I cry, "What has caused this terrible storm and why does man seem so despondent?" And down the steep sky came the pathetic reply, "Man has sinned, and while God and angels pity, he must now live beneath the weight of his own crime." Regarding not the word of the Lord, he must eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, until the day he returns to silent dust for God said, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." Man sinned. God's Master-piece has fallen. "The Soul that sinneth, it shall die."

WHAT IS THE SOUL?

There has been a great deal of vain speculation concerning the soul. Some tell us the soul is a flame of heavenly light. Some say it is subtle air, while others declare it is the essence of thought. Radical materialists have carried these doctrines to a very corrupt conclusion. They tell us the soul is a part of the bodily organization and as the body is not immortal neither is the soul. But this is out of line with the Holy Scriptures, for Paul said: "I pray God that your whole spirit, soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." This statement leads me to believe that man is a triune being, spirit, soul and body. The spirit is not the soul, but in the soul, both of which are housed in the temporal body.

The soul is a heavenly body, invisible to the natural eye, filled with the Spirit of God. This Spirit-filled soul, within the natural body, dis-

tinguished man from all animal creation and made him capable of communion with God. It was this invisible Spirit-filled soul that sinned and the evidence of that sin became visible in the natural body.

When we speak of the spirit of the animal, we refer to the life in the flesh or natural body, and not the soul, for so far as we know man is the only body into which God breathed *the breath of life*. The grass, the flowers and the trees have life but not a soul. Life is not always the evidence of a soul. We must distinguish the difference between the spirit of life in the physical and the Spirit of life in the Soul. Man, like all flesh was endued with earthly life, until God breathed into him *the breath of life* which made him a part of God. Therefore, man is not only an earthly body endowed with earthly life, but a heavenly body endowed with everlasting life. It was and is the purpose of God, that the natural body should be under the control of the heavenly body.

Is not He who made man justified in demanding obedience? The announcement of such a law was a declaration of the supremacy of God and the violation of this law meant the destruction of man. There is an individual law and a universal law. If any part of creation violates an individual law, that part of creation must suffer for the violation of that individual law. When Adam partook of the forbidden fruit he not only violated an individual law but a universal law, for immediately he found himself away from God in a world of fear and death. Adam, in committing this sin, not only destroyed physical life but spiritual communication; not annihilation of the soul, but separation from God. But someone will say, "Is there no mercy with the Lord?" O yes, abundant, full and free. The announcement of a plan for the

REDEMPTION OF MAN

was made in the garden of Eden before Adam and Eve walked out into the valley of sorrow and into the grave of death. Speaking to the serpent, who is called Satan, the devil, God said: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed. It shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel." Through the Old Testament we find the promise of the coming of a World Redeemer who, with the sacrifice of His own blood, would perfect the redemption of God's master-piece. Thank God for the promise of redemption!

Who shall be redeemed? The sinner. Who is the sinner? The one who has violated the law of God. Who has violated the law of God? Man.

Who is man? The image of God. He whom God made in His own image is now living in open rebellion against God. But it must be remembered that God is God, and that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Adam was driven out of Eden. Cain was found in the land of Nod. Jacob died in the land of Egypt. Haman died on his own scaffold, and Judas hanged himself. Every one shall suffer for his own sin and some suffer because of the sins of others.

God has the power to restore peace and fellowship, but man is not willing to have Him do so. Man is determined to do his own thinking and go his own way, and God has given him the privilege of reaping his own harvest. Some men will tramp the law of God under their feet and go to destruction in broad daylight. God has the power to stop man in his work of destruction, but He does not, for, having made man an independent being with power to choose for himself, man is therefore responsible for his own conduct and if he wills to go to destruction he goes of his own accord. Man has been so dishonest in his dealings with God that confidence is lost and can be regained only by way of repentance.

On the mountain peaks of all ages man has strained his eye for a single view of Eden's glory and with ceaseless labor has hoped to find himself in the long lost paradise. Pyramids of perfect grandeur, statues of magnificent art, temples bespangled in gorgeous splendor, are indeed a panoramic review of man's achievements, but these things did not, and cannot reconcile man to God, or bring peace into his troubled soul.

In every age and in every clime, in every heart and in every nation, the redemption of man has been the supreme thought. If man had been content to abide by the law of God, the earth would never have known the pang of sin or the gall of iniquity. But as man was master of Eden and the grandest of all God had created, when he fell with him came all minor creation; and since that pathetic experience, man has sought in every possible way to regain his heavenly purity and liberty and power. But good resolutions would not suffice, the blood of spotless animals would not atone for his wilful sin. Building temples, bowing down to altars or entering into the holy of holies would not satisfy; nothing but a divine demonstration, the shedding of innocent blood could bring about a reconciliation between God and man, and this magnificent achievement is the splendid work of Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save God's master-piece from everlasting destruction.

THE DIVINE ATONEMENT

for sin has been offered and your salvation may be obtained through faith in, and obedience to the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." "For while we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly; for scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet *sinner*s Christ died for us." Therefore we are redeemed not by works of righteousness which we have done, but by the precious blood of the Son of God, for the Scriptures declare, "that without shedding of blood is no remission," and we know that He was manifested to take away our sins "who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sin should live unto righteousness, by whose stripes ye were healed." Jesus Christ with His own blood has brought about a reconciliation between God and man, thus making it possible for man not only to be reconciled to God, but to become a member of the heavenly family, to enjoy "the glories which He had with the Father before the world began." While this redemption is for all people, it is nevertheless a personal matter and can be obtained only upon

CONFESSION OF SIN

"for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Our salvation depends upon confession, for the Lord Jesus said: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever denieth me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." In Romans 10:9 we read: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead thou shalt be saved, for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, but with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

"If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us." But "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." What must I do? Confess my sins. To whom shall I make confession? To God, in the name of Jesus Christ. What will He do? He will forgive my sins. How do I know He will? Because He said He would. This is positive and this is final. Have you confessed your sins? Do

you know Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour? Do the joy bells of salvation ring in your heart? Hear the words of eternal life as they fall from the lips of the Savior, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest"; "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly" Who may have everlasting life? He that believeth that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God.

There is no use to call upon God unless you believe in God. You must believe that He is and that He is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. If you will do your part, God will do His, and you will know the truth and the truth shall make you free. Turn unto the Lord, confess your sins, quit your meanness, leave off your sinful habits, dismiss from your mind all doubt and fear, do what the Spirit of the Lord directs you to do and you will not only know the power and the joy of salvation that comes through Jesus Christ, but you will become a co-worker with Him in the redemption of God's master-piece.

In the back room after an auction sale, a lover of art was rummaging through discarded paintings of various kinds. In a broken frame he noticed a painting all covered with dust. There was something about it that attracted his attention. He turned on the light and began to remove the dust and at once discovered it was coarse and gaudy, and was about to cast it aside when he noticed there was something beneath the crude work. Carefully brushing away the dirt, he saw a name he well knew, and his heart leaped with joy, for he felt sure he had found the lost work of a great artist. He paid the price, took it home with him, and carefully removed the rough painting which covered the beautiful work and then with his own fingers he applied the oil and continued to rub until there appeared before him the master painting of a master artist, as bright and beautiful as the day it was made. This lover of fine art was out seeking, and found the master-piece of the master artist and brought it back to be of service in the house of fine arts. He did it because he loved the painting, and wanted to honor the artist.

Friends, in a corner somewhere in God's big world, and it may be near you, is a soul covered with sin, helpless and ready to die. Are you seeking to rescue the perishing? Then stop and help your fallen brother rise. Pay the cost whatever the sacrifice. Bring God's master-piece out of the rummage of sin and help him the new life to begin.

Witnessing enroute to Australia

Letter from Our Field Editor



Farewell! One succession of farewells! From Toronto, Chicago and St. Paul, Minnesota, and what a rich, blessed, halcyon meeting we had in the Midway Tabernacle with dearest friends of so long ago.

Then the ceaseless drumming of the whirling wheels of the Oriental Limited, and truly this time we were bound for the Orient.

The constant rhythmic thumping of a speeding train has always brought upon us a sense of the solemnity of every moment that has been redeemed at such great cost. Eternity is more real to me as I hear time's fleeting flying feet counted, and remember that for millions the hereafter is a fearful future.

Our youngest child so full of sunshine and joy proved the happy means of introduction to all passengers. Genevieve Lois sang all the Campaign choruses and became acquainted with the most morose. Questions and inquiries followed and we were soon declaring with boldness the hope within us.

One whole afternoon the observation car was the scene of an extraordinary meeting. It was a company of men only, from all walks of life, two porters and six of the train-crew besides. Everyone seemed to take part in the discussion which was intelligent and animated. And no wonder! the subject was whether the world was growing better or worse. What a privilege at the last to point them all to Christ and to labor earnestly to measure every argument by the Scriptures that have to perfection forecasted present-day conditions! For two hours there was not a jeer or a sneer, but an appreciative respect even when finally we knelt and committed them to God in prayer, every head bowed and not a few much affected and convicted. Ah! the greatest weapon in our hand today is the evident fulfillment of prophecy, and often such spontaneous informal occasions though they seem "out of season", nevertheless prove most effective if our witness is with the "certain sound".

It was a pleasant surprise to discover that two of the trainmen had attended our Spokane Revival Campaign. Four subscribed to the LATTER RAIN EVANGEL, and may these pages prove their help to go on with the Lord.

PORTLAND! and only what Portland can be on a beautiful spring morning. The campaign car is there to meet us and we are soon entering the huge Cedar Gate welcoming us to Eden Rest, dressed in its best, fields and flowers a-bloom. Ten days of furious packing and preparation and one bright dawn we jump into the Car and take one last long look at the little bungalow snuggled to the mountain side, framed with stately cedar and giant fir,—one loving, lingering look at the spot that so long has been home and happiness—and then we swing into the Meridian Highway bound for the Golden Gate and the South Seas.

The party comprised six with Miss Bertha Hauser, the governess, and the three children, Catherine, William and Genevieve Lois. How we dread a new step of faith, that involves risk and sacrifice until we have cut the shore lines and launched out to trust God wholly! But when the step is finally taken what joy and blessing comes flooding the heart. Jesus' smile is God's favour, and it was reflected in all the splendors of the imposing Trinity Mountains. The new Redwood Highway gave us at one glance such an extensive and magnificent display of God's handiwork as to make us shout aloud the glory of our Maker. We could not linger

but hastened to San Francisco for the farewell meetings planned there.

We were received with open arms by our brother Robert J. Craig, and that warm bundle of Christian conviviality brother Harold Cooksey. We tucked the three darling sleepy tousled heads into bed, and prepared our hearts for the ministry. It was with a feeling of helplessness that we sought Him again for fresh bread for a people we were visiting the fourth time. But to empty out is to be refilled, the Convention theme "the need of a new vision" unravelled and swept us on and on, and held the hearts of the people the whole five days, filling the great auditorium.

Mrs. Booth Clibborn labored with great blessing in Pastor R. H. Moon's newly opened Bethel Church in Oakland. Both meetings culminated in the great farewell at Glad Tidings Wednesday night, April the 16th. What a wonderful spirit of joy filled the throngs that crowded the auditorium!

Once in the seclusion of our own apartments after all that singing, the overflowing blessing, the thousands of good wishes, the precious promises quoted, the many tokens of the warmest Christian love—now in solitude again it seemed that night as if Satan entered the room. I shall not betray the feelings of my heart. Every stepping out in faith is shadowed with sharp arrows of doubt—darts tipped with the fire of fear. But desperate moments break the heart before God and that night we could wrestle like Jacob and await the blessing that was sure to come.

The clouds lifted as the day so long looked forward to dawned—a radiant, glorious morning. Pastor Craig drove us to the waterfront where the S. S. "Sonoma" beguiled our utmost confidence with its shapely lines and gala appearance. But once our party got aboard, the boat seemed a very limited abode for 21 long days.

We found that a student of the Institute, Bro. Borst, was to sail with us as far as the Fiji Islands, to which he had received a call as a missionary. We were happy to discover that we would have a little Christian fellowship. A great throng of happy faces began to whelm the wharf and overflow on to the ship's decks. Glad Tidings Institute had declared a holiday and two hundred students swelled the many friends and converts that had come to see us depart into one great jubilant multitude. All that spirit and joy needed but a match to set it going and in a moment a great volume of praise broke out drowning the noise of the whirling wheels and straining cables. Whatever we may have lacked was certainly provided that farewell hour in friends, in fellowship and in flowers. We had never anticipated such a royal send off.

I can assure you that sight from the Captain's Bridge will never fade from memory, and the heart that loved God in that great gathering beat a little faster as chorus after chorus rose in crowning crescendo.

We embraced the brethren of the ministry, especially Brother Valdez who confided he was drawn to again visit Australia should he be needed. Down on the promenade deck we had opportunity to address briefly the crowds and in prayer commit them to God. Bro. Borst then spoke also, and as soon as he was done the ship's band struck up with clanging cymbals a popular jazz dance tune. And then with un-suppressed joy we witnessed something rarely seen. The 30 piece brass band from the Institute instantly took the challenge and struck out boldly "When your cup runneth over with joy."

You'll find it easy to pray and to sing all the day
When your cup runneth over with joy."

The contest was too unequal and in a moment the

jazz died a natural death, everyone smiled. A great shout from the wharf! Oh! what singing then swelled every throat.

For once jazz was drowned in the glorious praises of God. Beside me a passenger stood, great big tears running from his eyes. Ah! Christ had the supremacy in that farewell.

The piercing scream of the ship's siren could not even drown the cadence of the chorus, "Blest be the tie that binds." Slowly, almost imperceptibly the distance grew. The brisk wind whipped the thousands of colored paper streamers into great weaves, and finally they fell in bunches to the lapping waves. Transfixed the passengers lined the railings; naught held them to yon vanishing shore now save, "God be with you till we meet again". I climbed the rigging to wave and wave to those I could hardly see for the tears that filled my eyes for very joy and thankfulness. Goodbye! Goodbye! Yes—it was the breaking of strong precious hallowed ties that had bound us to all that was near and dear, the forsaking of our home and comforts, all! And oh! Jesus, precious Jesus, for Thy sake and for the Gospel's!

The Bay was crowded with bustling ferry boats, among which our ocean-bound ship passed in its dignified, resolute way. Avidly we contemplated every detail of the brilliant scene; the passengers were greatly moved by the magnificent note the farewell had struck, and a number immediately made themselves known, saying they were much affected and had never experienced anything similar. Later the dinner gong sounded, but we were loth to leave the railings because the "Sonoma" was slowly slipping through the glories of the Golden Gate, lavishly dressed in the best colors of a Californian spring. Great spreading mountains dropped their bases suddenly in rocky castellated cliffs to iridescent waters, where lay in leash six light blue greyhounds of the United States Navy.

Impressed that it was the last sight of their native land how the children looked! Not for a year, may be not for two will they see America again. And they looked until the mountain ranges gradually blended their colors into one gorgeous blue. As the long distant line of land finally embraced the horizon we all stole to our state room for the first family circle of prayer on the high seas.

The Purser called us to his office and with a glint in his eyes he begged that we lighten the ship's load. All was incomprehensible until our arms were filled with great bundles of letters and telegrams from all parts of the country. It took the whole afternoon to open this mail so full of surprises and cheer. Of course to an Evangelist those that count most are from the converts, but my dear Mother's telegram from the Atlantic seaboard was the word most blessed:

"For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee". Isaiah 54.10.

Abruptly the wind changed during the night, and soon the great ocean swells were tossing the steamer's 10,000 tons about as a cork. This was my thirty-first time on the deep, I have never been upset, but only three times have I seen a rougher sea. There was much indisposition in our little band, excepting the two youngest, and the rolling worked havoc with the passengers. By Sunday morning, however, many braved the weather and attended Divine service where we ministered the Bread of Life to them both morning and evening. The ocean continued choppy and the wind contrary until we entered the port of Honolulu on a day of sun and rain. There on the dock stood my cousin, Victor Clibborn, his wife and two children. Mr. Phillips and a delegation

representing the missionaries of the Islands were introduced. We were garlanded with great strings of fragrant native flowers, to the great delight of the children, whilst a band of gorgeously uniformed natives played that bewitching Hawaiian melody "Aloha Oe" and then sung it in their native language. The luncheon in our honor over, we preached to the precious earnest workers that had gathered at the Y. M. C. A., and gave everyone a copy of the paper. What a right regal entertainment was ours all afternoon as we travelled at high speed into the enchanting hinterland. Beauties new and extravagant unravelled on every side. One prodigious paradise! At night we all met aboard for prayer, and then when the sun had withdrawn his fiery paintbrush from the sky the "Sonoma" headed for the equator.

The majority of travellers are either pleasure-bent adventurers, or business men to whom a voyage is a welcome surcease from the exacting grind of modern industry. The dancing and merrymaking kept up without end, yet this company were the most moderate with which we have ever travelled. Christ came not to condemn but to save. We had many earnest conversations with here an actress, there (late one night) a professor; and in their cabins two salesmen. We visited some who were sick and spoke often to members of the crew. Some we knelt with, others pointed to Christ, and the next Sunday morning had the largest attendance at Divine Service. Hearts were open and every one cared to hear more.

Catherine befriended the 14 children on the ship and had them all in a corner on deck holding Sunday School every day of the week; often the adult passengers listened to her preaching and singing. What a bonny little crowd they were, undaunted by the pitching, all eyes and all ears. No denying her; she gave me no rest 'till I promised to tell them "The Russian Wolves," and the story of "Jack Duncan." So into the Social Hall they all ran, and we had a full-fledged revival meeting, the grown-ups taking it all in too. There are chords in the human heart that if they can be struck there will be an instant response. Skill and experience yes! but mainly dependence upon the Holy Spirit, for He it is that knows the key that fits every human heart. We bid them all kneel and one by one they prayed whilst we noticed a waiter weeping at a distance.

Pago Pago, where we docked one day is unbelievably beautiful; we walked about in this dreamland among the bananas and cocoa-nut trees and along the coral strands where many-colored butterfly-fish were playing. Approached by a naval officer in spotless white uniform, we had a distant echo of our ministry all unexpected. He was the son of John Nelson of Boston, Massachusetts, one of the most loyal supporters of the Seattle Campaign of 1925. His father had written him all about our work, and we became fast friends.

At Suva, in the Fijian Islands, Mr. Borst landed to reinforce a fine band of Pentecostal workers there. All day a drizzling rain fell, yet we wandered about the city and visited the Mission Station. The remainder of the trip the weather became again rough and caused a deal of suffering.

A superb day revealed the peculiarities of Australia, this strangest of Continents as we entered the Heads. The great inland reaches of water ran in all directions as we passed into Sydney Harbor. All was excitement and haste. Reporters demanded interviews. Farewell to every passenger. A word with the Captain. Prayer with our table-waiter who was in great trouble (he later fully surrendered to God and returned to the U. S. A. in another boat).

As we neared the wharf a great crowd could be discerned. Upon approach there was no mistaking a little group, and a few moments later we talked to Paul and Philip Duncan, Pastor Greenwood of Melbourne, and Brother Slade.

We had landed and all was well! Six little eyes

were all wonder—at the enormous span of Sydney Harbor's unfinished Bridge; that all vehicles went to the left on the streets; that policemen wore white gloves and were so very, very courteous, that their accent sounded so queer! that stores were so small and called "shops," that tiny automobiles like large baby carriages went impertinently into the traffic.

The evening glow drew us in unison to the lofty apartment window. In silence we beheld a sun-setting of transcendent beauty—the heavens were declaring His glory. One vast canopy of splendor all

afame, with little clouds like wavelets of stencilled foam, framing greater billows of fiery gold in the midst of which were shafts and shields of crimson purple, and above immense curtains of molten red and a hundred opalescent colors. In the moment's exaltation our feelings were unutterable, we thought of homeland and the loving hearts we had left behind.

Yours in the bonds that shall never sever, and a love that will last forever.

Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn.

In Memoriam

Jesse Albert Barney.



HOEVER heard of Missions triumphant without first hearing of missions in sacrifice? Whoever heard of the springing forth of abundant fruitage before first hearing of the corn of wheat falling into the ground and dying?

It seems to be the inevitable law of Christian missions; first a period of hardship, sacrifice, stark sorrow, utter loneliness with no one knowing or understanding but the all-seeing eye of God. Then an ingathering, a harvest, an abundant reaping with all its contingent joys. First a grave, then a graphic growth! But if we must have the former in order to get the latter, then there will always be brave volunteers. If the former is the only way of interpreting the reason for missions to the indigenous peoples; and if the very Christ we present them left tomb-marks on this planet called earth; and if they can only read of God's love in the death of His Son by seeing His followers pay the supreme price? I say, if this alone can get the message to their hearts, then God will probably see fit to let the "corn of wheat fall!"

In the death of my friend, Mr. Fred G. Leader on June 14, 1930, at Aba, Congo Belge, this great subject of the foregoing paragraphs has been brought vividly to mind. I was thinking just before he was snatched away from us, that we as a mission are in the last year of the first decade in this land and no adult death. The thought had scarcely passed through my mind, as it were, and he was gone.

Just at the moment, it seemed from our finite standpoint, that he was needed most; just on the eve of obtaining the necessary legal representation to push our Congo work; just after making a strenuous trip to the capital of the Oriental province with interviews with the vice-governor and his minister of justice, and we were obliged to bury him in the palm-fringed cemetery of the Gombari poste.

Mr. Johnson says, the question has often been in his mind: Who will be the first? The first to

go has been our best. In his very prime, like Jesus Himself, he has laid down the tools of life. We who are trying to pick them up and carry on the work he has so well started, are finding it difficult. In our little band of twelve workers it has made an awful rent. It does not seem as though we have lost one-twelfth of our force; it seems as though we have lost one-half of it.

Let me appeal in one sentence to the readers of this periodical: *Who will dare to step forward and take his place?*

There is a bright side to every cloud. And you who are interested in missions will you not pray that God will cause this falling of the kernel of wheat, to bring an abundance of fruitage? If a great ingathering could only be realized as a result of this death, I am sure the eleven workers, and one of them his own companion, would be able to say "amen" even though it be in tears of faith. You will surely bear her up with her little boy, through these trying days of adjustment and until the morning.

*Like a winter's snow that melts
Before the breath of springtide,
Like the stillness of the sea
When the fiercest winds subside;
Like the rose that blooms in June
Sheds its petals, quickly, so,
Like a smile of youth today,
Then changes as the years go by;
Like an echo of the song
That the nightingale has lisped,
Like the fern beside the way
That a frosty bite has crisped;
So the changes oft must come,
So the earthly sphere is passed,
Transient are the ways of time,
God will give LIFE that will last.*

Precious Fruit in the Congo

THE following is an unpublished letter from Fred G. Leader, dated April 7, 1930. The fact that it was written by one who is now with the Lord, gives it special interest:

"During our first term we had the privilege of preaching in a chief's village, and since that time the chief and his head wife have accepted the

Gospel and are very much willing to follow on to know the Lord. We have an outschool and preaching place right in the chief's village, with one of our evangelists stationed there. He reports that the chief and his wife are very keen for the things of God.

"During our first visit with this chief we noticed his head wife was very sick with a bad disease. We have continually prayed for her and have visited her several times since we returned to our station, and now after more than four years she is able to travel and has no sign of the sickness; in fact looks remarkably well. Yesterday, she and her retinue of women folk attended the church service in our new chapel, and we were so glad to have her hear the Gospel story. It is considered that a native has fallen from witch-craft grace if he attends a service of the Christians, but she fears nothing and is determined to seek God. The sermon was, "Elijah and the Prophets of Baal," and the Spirit of God was very present with us as we emphasized a line of demarkation between calling on the spirits of dead things and the mighty Name of Jehovah God.

"After the morning service we had our regular communion with the native Christians, and it was blessed to have one of the women stand up before the company and confess that she would not partake of the emblem of His shed blood or His broken body until she had confessed that she had wronged God by her words, especially before sinners. This was remarkable, as the natives are slow to confess or acknowledge wrong.

"Our Christian class has been increased by the addition of six members, and since we have been so busy in the day time we have been having it in the evenings. The native Christians have bot lanterns and kerosene for these services from their own funds which is quite a forward step as they are poor.

"Over two hundred were present in our morning service. The attendance is steadily increasing, and while the battle to lay the foundation has been trying, we are seeing victory."

It seems that Bro. Leader contracted typhoid fever at Stanleyville, where he went to see the Governor General regarding some important affairs of the mission. He wrote that it was a remarkable trip; he found out in that one visit what he had been trying to learn for years thru correspondence.

While hearts are heavy because of the loss to the work in the Congo, missionary annals record

a number who have laid down their lives at an early age, crowding a long life into a few short years. William Johnson, that apostolic man who pioneered among the liberated slaves of Sierra Leone, laboring unremittingly among as hopelessly ignorant and debased a people as ever missionary confronted, died at the age of thirty-five. John Hunt who, in a few short years transformed the cannibals of the Fiji Islands into Christians, laid down his work at the age of thirty-five. And so also our beloved Edward Richardson who succumbed to fever while pioneering for a site in the Congo, and whose body rests at Lake Kivu. "Their works do follow them."

A Mountain Prayermeeting

Bro. J. Rutherford Spence writes from Hong Kong, South China:

"Missionary life is not all preaching. Early yesterday morning the native preacher from the Big East Gate called with the sad news that the second son of one of the Christians was demon-possessed. He asked us to go over and see what we could do. From experience we knew that we could do nothing. Jesus must do.

"When we reached there we found the young man in bed, out of his mind, and tho not violent he made many strange noises. His mother, a wonderful soul, felt the situation very much, not only for the sake of the boy but also for what it would mean to the Lord's work in Canton. She is well known, and has she not been the means of leading forty souls to the Lord? And now this to happen in her own family was hard to bear!

"The doctor had pronounced it 'brain sickness' and had given him a sleeping powder, which was all that he could do. We prepared to stay all night and prayed with his mother, a Bible woman, and others who were there including Miss Haist. Afterwards we went into the room, knelt and prayed for the young man. In a little while he went to sleep and slept for three hours. On waking he was not so noisy tho still far from well. His mother noted some improvement, but as we faced the situation we realized our utter helplessness, and that we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers in the heavenlies.

"Early in the morning—6:30 to be exact—five of us including his mother, jumped into a motor car and were driven to the foot of a hill on the outskirts of Canton. There we left the car, and climbing the hill came to a group of ten

persons on their faces before God. We five went a little further and also began praying. In the distance lay the big city, just waking up—a city of two million given to idolatry, with no room for the Christ. Little did the inhabitants know that on the hill top were fifteen persons pleading their case before God, praying for a revival in that great city. This was not an extraordinary prayer meeting; I understand that every morning, summer and winter the faithful gather there for prayer, imitating their Lord. And who will say that it is not a good thing? All was peaceful and we got quickly in touch with our Lord; we seemed to pray through and after fully an hour's communion with the Lord Jesus we felt like giants, refreshed and ready for the trials and battles of the day.

"Returning to the house we were told the demon-possessed young man knew we had gone to pray, knew where we had gone and who were in the party. Nobody told him; he would not have understood if one had, but the demons knew, and they always do know when we go praying. This brings to our mind the old lines,

'Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.'

The young man is better. We touched God for him on the top of the hill, and we are standing for his complete deliverance. Eternity alone will reveal what has been accomplished on the top of that hill—victory for the sick, the demon-possessed and the unsaved!

(Continued from page 7)

me. We embraced each other and talked and wept together for hours. I asked him to forgive me for all my past misconduct but he only closed my mouth with kisses and prayed with me.

This testimony I have given for the glory of God, praying that those who read it who have not surrendered to God may do so ere it be too late.

(Continued from page 2)

may be able to undersell the products of free labor on world markets.

"With a number of other victims Alexis declared he was herded into a prison railway van like a large freight car, with doors and windows glazed and heavily barred. He was first taken to the island of Popoff and set to work clearing forests. When the guard discovered he was a medical student he was made sanitary officer, which meant, although unqualified, that he

was the sole medical attendant in a camp of more than 500. It meant no additional privileges, only release from the severe physical labor which was exchanged for exhausting toil as doctor, nurse, and everything else to a community rotten with disease.

"In this particular section the prisoners were put to work hauling logs out of the lake to the sawmills. The work had to be done by hand or with such primitive ropes or levers as the prisoners could improvise from grass and timber. The men were forced to go in the water up to their chests in all seasons, and most of the logs had to be lifted out by main strength. The work began at 5 a. m. without food, and tasks were set for each man. The strongest and most skillful were able to finish by 11 p. m. but the weakest were working continuously to 2 a. m. The first food of the day came at 4 p. m. when a bowl of coarse porridge and three and a half ounces of black bread was served.

"The only other food was supper on return to camp. It consisted of barley soup, the proportion being about 50 grains of barley to two quarts of hot water and a few pieces of rotten fish floating in it, with a small ration of black bread. Meat was never served. If the men were too weak to work they were beaten with clubs or rifle butts by the guards, and the favorite punishment, if the victim was a small man, was for a huge Chekist to hoist him above his head and dash him to the ground. Several men died of ruptured intestines under this treatment. In summer the men were punished by being stripped and tied to a tree where mosquitoes tortured them for hours. In the winter the men were exposed to the bitter frost without clothing. Sixty per cent of the camp's population suffered from typhus during the year, and more than half of them died.

"About 20 per cent of the prisoners were women, and for them it was a 'special hell.' They were compelled to accept the advances of Cheka agents. The Chekists did not want children born in prison camps and expectant mothers were frequently taken to the forest and shot. If they had children they nearly always were reported to be still-born. Alexis told the story of one intelligent girl of 20 who refused the demand of a Chekist that she become his mistress. He threatened to send her to a military camp for the common use of soldiers and she took poison. Doctors revived her and the story was told to the Chekist's superiors but nothing was done to punish him. The refugee estimated

that in the whole northern prison district there are 1,000,000 such slaves, all employed in getting out timber for export."

Is there not a crying need to pray for our brethren in exile? May God use the Christians there for the salvation of this million. We do not need to point back to the Third and Fourth Centuries, or the Sixteenth Century to find martyrs. Russia is making them fast.

Witnessing for Jesus

SHE is a humble Negro woman who would be the last to claim any honor either from men or God. She earns her daily bread by hard work, cares for her family, and spends her evenings in the Evening School of the Moody Bible Institute, seeking to prepare herself for more effective living and service for Christ.

For years she has been employed by one of the hospitals of Chicago in cleaning the private rooms of patients, where she has found many opportunities to bear testimony for Christ. This was distasteful to some, however, and finally the hospital authorities warned her that she must discontinue it.

Recently, she was cleaning the floor in the private room of a wealthy Jew who was very sick, and while there the nurse came in to place a screen around the bed as the man was about to die. He observed this, and told the nurse to take the screen away; that he knew that he was going to die, and that he didn't need the screen, but did need someone to pray for him.

He asked the nurse if she could pray, but she could not. Then, turning to the Negro woman, he said,

"Will you pray for me?"

She told him of the rule against her doing it, but assured him that she would pray for him as she went about her work and in her home that evening.

In the course of duty, she came to the same room the next day, and found the man still alive, and surrounded by relatives and friends who were seeking to divert his thoughts from his impending departure.

Tired of this he told them that he didn't care to hear about his business and his money and the other matters they were talking about. He said,

"I know that I am about to die; I must meet God and I am not prepared to meet Him. I need someone to pray for me."

In the silence that ensued, he turned again

to the Negro woman, and said,

"Will you pray for me?"

As she related the incident to us she said,

"I thought to myself, 'Job or no job, I must pray for this man'."

And so she arose from her knees, wiped her hands, went up to the bed and, bowing her head, prayed that God for Christ's sake, would receive the man's soul, forgiving him his sin and accepting him as His child!

When the prayer was finished, she opened her eyes and found the man with face aglow with a new light.

Turning to his relatives and friends, he testified that he had accepted Christ and was now ready to die.

The next day he was gone—gone to that place of eternal rest and comfort to which, it is believed, he had been led by the prayer of the unassuming little Negro woman, who was faithful in the place where God had placed her.—*The Moody Monthly.*

This is a helpful issue on Salvation. Send it to your friends who are unsaved. Special offer 12 copies for \$1.00.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MADAM GUYON

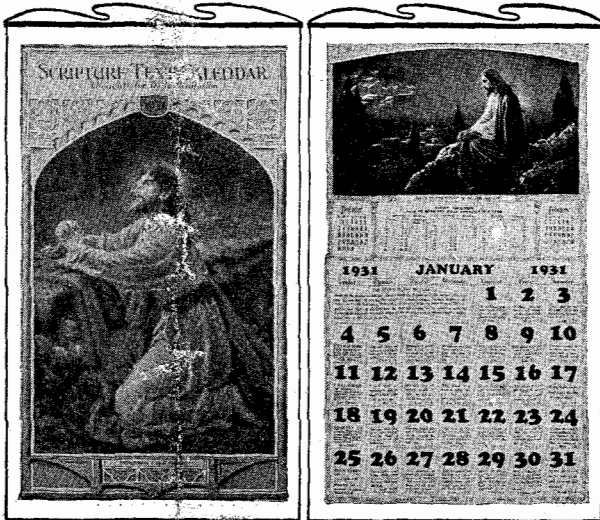
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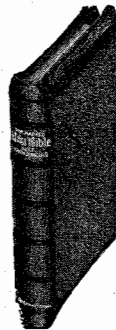
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CHAPTER 3.

2 Milk is fit for children. 11 Christ the only foundation. 16 Men are the temples of God.

AND I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ.

2 I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able.

5 shall. Ps. 25. 14. John 15. 15.

a Heb. 5. 13. 1 Cor. 2. 2. 1 Or, factions. 2 according to man. b Rom. 12. 3. c Acts 18. 4. d Acts 19. 1. e Isa. 55. 10. f Ps. 62. 12. Rom. 2. 6.

19 Foolish ten, I craftin 20 Ar the tr are va 21 T. men. 22 W Ce'pha Jeath come,

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