

The Latter Rain Kvangael

The days of Heaven on Earth

A Rift in the Clouds

“ON THE eve of the Jewish Feast of Pentecost, twenty Arab notables came out to greet the scrolls of the Law, which were ceremoniously re-instated in the temporary synagogue, kissed the scrolls, begged the forgiveness of the God of Torah for Arabs having harmed Jews, and swore to safeguard Jewish residents in future.

“‘We have not suffered half the trials and tribulations we deserve for murdering your brethren,’ said one of the Arabs to Haim Bajayo, a rabbi who conducted the scrolls back to Hebron. The same Arab guarded Jewish worshippers on their festival visit to the Patriarch’s cave at Machpelah, protecting them against possible molestation. Thirty Jewish families now reside in Hebron, and more are expected to return later.”

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

Jerusalem, Past, Present and Future - - - - - See Page 3

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0188 367

The Latter Rain Evangel

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

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

Subscription Price

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

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

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After Twenty-three Years

WITH this issue The Latter Rain Evangel closes its twenty-third year. For nearly a quarter of a century it has winged its way into every corner of the globe, carrying the message of an Uttermost Salvation for spirit, soul and body, heralding the soon-coming of our blessed Lord and warning a lost world of coming judgments.

There never was a time in the history of the world when there was a greater need of sending out the printed word, warning men and women of coming tribulation, and of the coming of our blessed Lord from heaven. Everyone who reads and touches human lives cannot doubt from conditions socially and politically, nationally and internationally, that we are on the eve of great upheavals. We are feeling the gusts of the on-coming storm which will sweep the world in great cataclysmic power, and the Church of Christ must be diligent in warning men and women everywhere to get ready. It is our prayer that this paper may continue to go forth in the power of the Holy Spirit, admonishing its readers to watch and be sober, as they see the day approaching. God help us to work while it is day for the night is swiftly coming when no one can send out the warning cry.

Send the paper to your friends. It will help them to get ready for Jesus. Five subscriptions for \$5. Special copies of this issue three for

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25c, fifteen copies for \$1. Please do not send stamps.

No words can express our deep appreciation for the kind assistance of our readers (some of whom have been on our list from the beginning) who have helped us in times of real need to carry on. But for their prayers and loving help it would have been impossible for us to have continued this ministry for the Lord, and they will share in whatever blessing the paper has been. We record, most of all, our gratitude to God for the way He has helped during the twenty-three blessed years of service. May He keep us faithful "till He comes".

The God of Elijah

IT CONTINUED to drizzle. We heard shots here and there and bullets flew over our heads. After an hour or so some Red Guards appeared. Our boat had disappeared long before this. Trotsky's small boat remained in midstream for awhile, but later it too disappeared. Cold, wet and hungry, we sat on the shore. Our readers will understand that we were in the war area. At dawn no one was to be seen and shots no longer were heard. We understood that the Bolsheviks had retreated. The White Guards and the Czechoslovaks also disappeared.

Neither we nor our child had tasted food for many hours. Leaving my wife and child, I went

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Jerusalem, Past, Present and Future

Some Things that Will Happen During the Millennium

Nathan Cohen Beskin, in Chicago, April 23, 1931



AM calling your attention to the 21st chapter of the Book of Revelation, beginning with the 9th verse and desire to speak to you tonight on the New Jerusalem. The meaning of Jerusalem is "peaceful inheritance" and that is a wonderful name. "Great peace have they which love thy law and nothing shall upset them"—that is good English although it may not be a good translation. The first reference we have in the Bible to the city of Jerusalem is found in Genesis in connection with Melchisedec which means a righteous king and also has the meaning of peace. I am glad for that wonderful peace that God's people will find in Jerusalem as I will prove to you as we go along when He, the righteous King, the Prince of Peace, shall reign and rule.

A little later we have another reference to that city although it is not there called by its name. The Lord said to Abraham, "Take thy son, thine only son Isaac. Take him to Mt. Moriah and there offer him as a sacrifice." And Abraham took his son to offer him as a sacrifice on the mount where later the city of Jerusalem was built. I see Abraham as he goes to slay his own son. "Oh but Abraham, that is the son you have been praying for, he is the son of promise, the son whom thou lovest!" You mothers and fathers will know what that meant to Abraham but he could say, "I know I love him and if I could do anything to save him from this awful ordeal I would, but I am not despairing; this son was given as from the dead and if the Lord gave him to me and I offer him up as a sacrifice I know God will raise him again on the third day." We will skip the next few thousand years to the time when God takes His only Son and brings Him—where? To Mt. Calvary, just off from Mt. Moriah and practically on the same spot. And practically the same scene is enacted, "Father, how canst thou forsake Thine only Son, Thy well beloved Son and turn Him over to His enemies? Look! they are driving nails into His hands and feet! How canst Thou? See, He is crying for a drink! Canst Thou not send a shower to moisten His parched lips? Hear! He cries, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou for-

saken me?'" He is forsaken by God and man and dies while the Father calmly looks down upon the scene. But thank God He didn't stay dead for He rose again the third day!

PAST

I see another scene in Jerusalem when David brings the ark and puts it on Mt. Zion. You remember that David then wanted to build a House for the Lord but the Lord forbade him and said that his son, Solomon, should build it. There on Mt. Moriah Solomon built the temple and you well remember how the Lord came down in power into that place. But the temple was destroyed. I have been asked what ever became of the ark of the covenant. Turn to the 2nd chapter of the second Book of Maccabees in the Apocrapha and you will find there that Jeremiah took the ark and put it on the mountain where Moses was buried. What Mountain was that? Mt. Pisgah. He put a mark on it also. We are told in the same chapter that the Jews were afraid that the enemies might find the mark so they destroyed the mark and when Jeremiah came back he said, "Therefore this place shall not be known unto you until the Lord brings you back in glory." Where is the ark today? It is on Mt. Pisgah. Is it destroyed? Never, for we are told that the Lord will reveal it when He brings us back in glory. We will have the ark back again some day.

PRESENT

Jerusalem has been in the hands of the enemy until the 2520 years of curse were fulfilled. This was on Dec. 21st, 1917, and since then Jerusalem and Palestine have become the homeland of the Jews and in spite of all that the enemy has been trying to do, the Jews are returning to Palestine. Cities are being built, railroads are going in and busses are being imported. Where the Arabians just a few years ago plowed with a little stick, tractors and harvesting machines are now cultivating and reaping the crops, and taking the place of the ancient order. God is blessing the Jews. Factories are being built; the city of Telaviv is one of about thirty thousand population and I mentioned before how they have a factory where they manufacture Persian rugs so that they can make a rug now in two days

where it used to take the Persian oriental two months, and you cannot tell the difference. The Jewish University on the Mt. of Olives is today one of the largest institutions of learning; Prof. Einstein of the Relativity Theory is one of the Professors of that university and Rabbi Magnes who, prior to 1917 was pastor of the large Synagogue Temple Emanu-El in New York City with a salary of \$150,000 a year, is the chancellor of that University. Arabian, English and Hebrew are the three major languages taught.

We know there has been trouble but the Jews are returning nevertheless. Dr. Einstein once said, "Whenever the Jews have tried to come back to their promised land the enemies have always fought them but the people have always had a mind to work for their rights. We will never abandon. England has proven false to us, and the Arabians though glad enough to get our money—instead of earning 12 to 15 cents a day they are now getting \$2 and \$4 a day—yet they have turned against us. We have taught them how to work and to till their soil but they have turned against us, but still the Jew will be true to his convictions and Palestine belongs to us." There is a Jewish national hymn which goes something like this:

There still remains in the Hebrew breast
A hope for a national home;
And though we are scattered throughout the four
corners of the earth
Our eyes are still fixed Zionward.

FUTURE

They are having hard times over there today and yet within the last few months the Jews of America raised five million dollars for the restoration of Palestine. Palestine is the homeland of the Jews and Jerusalem will be the headquarters. I mentioned the other night that I believed England would lose her mandate over Palestine and I am looking for Mussolini to get that mandate, and then the Arabians will be driven out with a high hand and the Jews will take possession of the land. When that happens they will think the millennium has come but it will be only their pseudo-millennium. I believe that as soon as the saints are caught up and the Holy Spirit is removed the Jews will become the most prosperous nation for their size in the world; Palestine will be turned entirely over to them, the desert will be irrigated and large cities

will go up and the temple will be built.

During The Great Tribulation or at the beginning of it the Jews will find out that the Antichrist is not their friend for when he reveals himself in his power and might they will know they have been deceived. I am looking for the Northern races of the world to unite with the Jews and together they will try to hold back the armies of the Antichrist. In spite of all that, they will be surrounded on every hand by his armies but then the Lord will come and Israel will be rescued at the Battle of Armageddon; then the Antichrist will be cast into the lake of fire and everyone who has sold out to the Antichrist will be destroyed and righteousness will reign upon the earth. I believe our atmosphere will be cleansed; that the earth will be restored to its original fertility. God never intended that we should plow and cultivate and have briars appear in place of wheat, for in the beginning it was not so. The original perfection of Eden will be restored in regard to vegetation and animal life; the beasts will not fight; there will be no tears or sighing, no drug stores, no jails and no hospitals. Satan will be bound a thousand years and we will have no tempter when Jesus comes back to earth again.

How about the temple? I believe the temple will be the headquarters for the Lord and for His saints; it will be to us what the White House is to the United States. How about the rest of the nations? Many shall come and say, "Let us go to the House of the Lord." They will come to Jerusalem, to Zion, and learn of God and of His Word. The heathen nations, those living in the far corners of the earth which have not had part in the battles and in the awful times of tribulation, will come and learn of God. I believe there will be three groups of people during the millennium. First, the sanctified saints who have been caught up in the first resurrection—they will come back to rule with Jesus Christ. You may think I am getting visionary but I believe that the actual rule will be given to these people. Let me say that God never intended a Democracy; when God appointed rulers He appointed judges and not kings. The king was His second best and the people got a king when they were backslidden. The Judges got their directions from God and ruled according to His orders. What kind of a government will we have during the millennium? Christ will reign

in Jerusalem and the saints of God will rule, getting their directions from Him. All these inventions we are having now, the telephone, the radio, the dirigibles, will be used then for the glory of God. Those who have part in the first resurrection will come back in glorified bodies and will rule and reign and execute judgment. I can see some old scrub woman, some janitor, now looked down upon and despised as the scum of the earth holding an important place. One of these days these very despised ones will come back with the Lord and unto them will be given five or more cities to rule over. Yes, we will come and rule according as we have used our talents here below.

The second group will be the Jews for they will have been converted just prior to the Battle of Armageddon, at least a part of them. They will be the ruling nation and they will have a wonderful part in the millennium. But let me say again that the saints will be at the head with Jesus. Some people try to tell us that we will be angels during the millennium but who wants to be an angel? I will have a far better job than being an angel then; to be a sanctified, blessed saint of God is greater than being an angel. The angels know not how to sing the songs of the redeemed.

Then there will be a third group composed of the Gentiles who were either saved during the Tribulation or were too far removed from the scene of battle. What a wonderful thousand years that will be! I want to be there, don't you? Grey hair is appearing on my temples and I am not as strong as I used to be for I am getting old, but I am glad that one day I shall be young again. Another thing I am thankful for is that Jesus will not be a Stranger to me then for I became acquainted with Him down here long ago.

But there will be an end to that millennium. People will be born during the millennium and since there is no devil or sin during that time, they will not be lost then for they could not be saved unless they were first lost. Then Satan is let loose for a season and you will be surprised to find how these people will sell their birth-right and go to the devil. You say, Is this possible? Yes it is. People in our day who have been saved, ten, twenty or thirty years, who have felt His blessing and who were happy and rejoicing in the Lord, go back on Him and sell out to the devil; and my Bible tells me that those who have

tasted of His joys and fellowship can later on crucify the Son of God. What they did then and are doing today, they can do again. I am glad that it will not be long. After three and a half years there will be The Great White Throne Judgment. We will not all stand before it for some of us will be beside it but everyone will be judged there. You say, Brother Beskin, will a man, saved and sanctified, who has been caught up with the Lord and then reigned with Him a thousand years, be judged? Yes. But his sins will not be judged; they will never be brought up against him but he will be judged as to the manner of his reward.

You ask, "Will we not all be the same in heaven?" No. "Unto one is given the glory of the sun, to another the glory of the moon, and to a third the glory of the stars," and even as these bodies differ so shall we differ in glory. But you ask, "Will I not be jealous in heaven when I see another so far ahead of me?" No. Everyone's capacity will be filled. Everyone who is saved and sanctified will get all he can hold. Let me illustrate this: The man with a big appetite, a big wood-chopper we will say, and a small boy of six who isn't able to eat very much, sit down at the table. Both get a good meal, both are filled up and both are satisfied. The little boy gets up and says, "My, but I had a good big dinner." And the big fellow gets up and says, "My, but that was a fine big dinner!" How much did you eat? "I ate a bowl of soup, four big potatoes and ever so many vegetables and two pieces of pie." Then the little boy says, "I ate a few beans and a small piece of meat and a little piece of pie but I had all I wanted." Both capacities were filled and so will it be in heaven; we will all be satisfied but some will have higher positions than others.

Then the sinners will be judged and also the angels and some will go to the right and others to the left; some to eternal bliss and others to eternal destruction. How long will it last? I don't know. But I do know that heaven will last just as long as hell will last. We find the Antichrist cast into the Lake of Fire at the Battle of Armageddon and the devil bound for a thousand years. Then we find him loosed again and then cast into the Lake of Fire, and when he gets there the Antichrist and the false prophet are still there. How long will the saints partake of eternal life? Just as long as the wicked will suffer eternal punishment. How long will sin-

ners weep and wail and gnash their teeth? As long as the others will sing and rejoice with the Lord.

Someone may ask, "Where is God's love and mercy? How can He send people to hell?" Let me say that the greatest mercy God ever shows to sinners is when He sends them away from His presence. What a horrible thing it would be for me, or anyone else, if after having had Christian training, a Christian mother and father, learned God's Word in Sunday School and afterward deliberately trampled the blood of Jesus Christ under my feet, to be in His presence through all eternity. You say the Jews are Christ-killers but my Bible tells me that anyone who tramples the blood of Christ under his feet crucifies the Son of God afresh. I say again, what an awful thing it would be to let you go to heaven, and look on the wounds and the face of Jesus; to forever live in the presence of the One whom you refused to accept! I am reminded of the story of a murderer: there seemed to be no evidence against him although everyone knew he was guilty. But the judge said, "Let him go, there is no evidence on which we can hold him." One of the detectives said, "There is just one thing I want to do; let us take him and lock him up in the morgue and let him sit two or three days in the same room with the man whom we feel he has killed." They put him in there and as he took one look at the man whose friend he was supposed to have been, saw those stiffened arms, saw that face cold in death and realized he had committed the murder, he cried out, "Let me out. I will confess. I would rather go to jail for life or burn in the electric chair than look on the face of the man I have murdered." But to think that for all eternity you would have to look into the face of Jesus and see His nail-pierced hands, I say to you who have rejected Him, that would be worse than hell.

Then we are told that after the Great White Throne Judgment the Bride is coming down. It seems the bride is Jerusalem with her saints. When you speak of Chicago you do not mean the buildings but you mean the people of Chicago and when you speak of Jerusalem you mean her people. I have been asked the question, How will God accommodate all the millions of people in the New Jerusalem? First, let me say that there will be many more people in heaven than you think. Some tell me that the majority of people are going to hell but I do not believe that for all infants and babies will go to heaven as well as

many people from the benighted heathen countries who have lived up to their light. But how will God accommodate all these people? I will show you how many people have lived upon the earth and will live to the end of time. We will agree that this earth will stand approximately sixty centuries. There are three generations to each century and three times sixty makes one hundred and eighty, the total number of generations. Mathematicians tell me I am correct in allowing seven hundred and fifty million people to a generation, so we will multiply one hundred and eighty by seven hundred and fifty million, making a total of one hundred and thirty-five billion people. If not one of these were lost but everyone saved God would have to make room for that number, a population of one hundred and thirty-five billion. Now the New Jerusalem is fifteen hundred miles long, fifteen hundred miles wide, and fifteen hundred miles high; fifteen hundred cubic miles or three billion, three hundred and seventy-five square miles. Now there are six hundred and forty acres to a mile and so I multiply three billion, three hundred seventy-five miles by six hundred and forty, and get two trillion, one hundred and sixty billion acres, one mile high in the New Jerusalem. I divide two trillion one hundred and sixty billion by three billion three hundred and seventy-five million, and I get sixteen acres one mile high and full of glory, for every man, woman and child from Adam down to the last man that shall be born during the sixty centuries allowed, counting that no one should be lost. So we find there will be at least sixteen acres for each person.

You have heard that song:

"When the gates swing wide on the other side,
Just beyond the sunset sea,
There'll be room to spare as we enter there,
Room for you and room for me.

For the gates are wide on the other side,
Where the flowers ever bloom,
On the right hand, on the left hand,
Fifty miles of elbow room."

But to me it looks like there will be five hundred miles for each, or two hundred and fifty miles of elbow room.

About six years ago we were in Arizona; our boy was then almost a year old and was quite sickly and wife was exceedingly nervous. We were traveling over a long stretch of dry land but right in the middle of it was a little oasis and near it were several houses. One of these

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The Seal God Puts on His Own

The Great Builder Preparing His Timber

Harry Steil in The Stone Church, May 26, 1931



THIS afternoon I will read from Ephesians 1:13,14. You will remember that this letter, addressed to the Ephesian Church, gives us perhaps the highest standard of the New Testament Church of any in the Scripture. Over in the 19th chapter of Acts we have the history of the origin of this church. You remember that the Apostle Paul, on one of his missionary journeys after ministering in surrounding localities comes to Ephesus and you will recall that he at once seeks out the believers and asks them that important question, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" And when they tell him of their absolute ignorance of even the existence of the Holy Spirit you recall, how he laid hands on them and instantly they received the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues and prophesied. The number of them was about twelve.

This church had for its pastor perhaps the most brilliant speaker of Apostolic times. He was Apollos, known more than any other as a man of marvelous ability, "mighty in the Scriptures." You recall later on, when Paul wrote to the Corinthian Church regarding its being divided—some liked Peter's direct and powerful way of speaking, a second class liked the beautiful eloquence of Apollos, but Paul, when he came among them, couldn't come as an eloquent speaker, nor as a grand imposing man such as Peter was, but he said he was with them in much weakness and infirmity; that he couldn't speak with enticing words of man's wisdom but what he had to say he tried to say in the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit.

Now this same Apollos was the pastor of the Ephesian Church. We are told he was a man mighty in the Word and in church history; he could bind people with the power of his eloquence and yet the church numbered only twelve. And now there comes into their midst this little, hunch-back Jew; this little man who was with them in much infirmity, who couldn't speak with enticing words of man's wisdom. Yet when this little man came in the endowment of the Lord's power, after laying hands upon this little company of disciples and after staying with

them for three years, on his second visit in this city he had perhaps the greatest revival of Apostolic times; such a revival did they have that every form of evil was undermined and uprooted by the power of the Word of God. You remember that those who dealt in curious arts and dark sciences brought their books, heaped them up and burned them, and we are told that it amounted to many thousands of talents which today would mean many thousands of dollars. The whole city was stirred. We are told that the "Word of God ran and had free course" and was glorified and yet the little man in their midst spoke in much weakness. He had no natural attractions and whatever he had was from God. I believe the secret of that revival is given in the verses we have taken for our lesson—the Baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Yes, the little group to whom he ministered were believers; a select group of believers. They had had the advantage of all of Apollos' golden-voiced teachings but they remained a little select group gathered in the name of the Lord. But when this little man comes among them (his name, Paul, means "little", "small") clothed not in any physical attractions but in the beauty of holiness and the power of the Lord, a revival breaks out until this church at Ephesus was perhaps the most renowned of all the churches, and God in the book of Revelation holds it up as of the highest standard excepting perhaps the church at Philadelphia. In its renown it not only stood first but through its activity many other churches had been brought into the fellowship. Now what had been for years just a very small gathering of people, when the dynamite of the Holy Ghost came among them, they increased and grew so powerful that not only was the city of Ephesus stirred but after they had received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, churches sprang up all around them. Now Paul is reminding them here of this early Pentecostal experience, of that first glory that was theirs when he says, "In whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise." I want to emphasize that word, "sealed," and take you with me to four or five places in the Word of God where the seal of the Lord is mentioned.

Paul likens the Baptism of the Holy Spirit to

sealing. A good many people say we were sealed when we were saved but we cannot mistake the meaning of Paul's teaching here; he is reminding them of the Pentecostal experience which they had received years after they were saved; not until the Holy Spirit fell among them and they spoke with tongues and prophesied did they know that there was such a thing as the gift of the Holy Spirit.

In II. Timothy 2:19 we read, "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His." The Lord Jesus speaks of personal ownership. Those of you who have been in some of the government cities such as Washington, D. C., or in some of the Naval Stations have noticed many automobiles painted in a conspicuous brown color which indicates that they belong to the government and on the automobile door may be seen the coat of arms and the seal of the United States government. And you know that while many thousands of cars are stolen every year in this country it is very rare for a government car to be stolen that has this seal on it. Every man with a little bit of sense knows that it is one thing to steal from a private individual but quite another to steal from the government. He may be able to escape punishment for the first offense but he knows of a certainty that there will be severe punishment if he takes any piece of property that has the stamp of Uncle Sam on it. The seal is the only protection it needs for it tells that it is owned by the government.

I am glad that you and I bear a higher seal than that. God has sealed us showing that we belong to Him; and not only does He put that seal upon us that others might know we belong to the Lord but He gives us the precious witness every day that we are His. Sometimes when danger threatens we become concerned; when our dear ones are in a serious condition we fret and worry, and then the Lord says so sweetly, "Now look here, son, to whom do these folk belong?" "Well, it is my wife," we say, or "my child". But He says, "Why I thought they belonged to Me. By right of my blood they belong to me and also by your consecration," and so sweetly He will take us and show us how they are His personal property, sealed by Him. He will take care of them. "The foundation of the Lord standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His." I believe that our foes, the enemies of the Lord, know when we have the seal and when we haven't, they know

when we are under the protection of the seal and when we are not. It speaks of personal ownership.

Now let us turn to Matthew 27:66, where we have another example of the seal. You remember that after the Lord was taken down from the Cross the Pharisees and chief priests went to Pilate and said, "Now you will find that His followers will steal His dead body away; they are fanatics and will not stop at anything and you remember that He told them He would rise from the dead. Perchance by night they will come and steal His body and then say, 'Here is the empty tomb, the Nazarene is risen.' We want you to prevent that." So we read that Pilate said, "Ye have a watch; go your way, make it as sure as ye can." So they went, and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone and setting a watch. There we have the word "seal" again. I am told that just as our government permanently displays the seal on any property it wishes to protect so was it the custom of the great Roman Empire to make anything that it wished to be secure, have the Roman Tribune wherever he might be the world around, take a little wax and put the seal of Rome upon it. This seal bore Caesar's inscription and anyone who dared to violate that property would have to suffer the penalty which was death. Whatever bore the seal of Rome was secure and no one dared to molest it. In this way they secured the tomb of Jesus. But a greater power than that of Rome began to work and the third day the body of Jesus Christ arose from the dead. You remember how the angels rolled away the stone. Rome couldn't touch these heavenly beings for they were beyond her power. The seal speaks of security but the seal of Rome was not secure against the seal of heaven so the moral is, Don't get the seal of Rome, i.e. of this world, but the seal of heaven and then we will have that which makes us secure against any earthly or unearthly power. And such we have if we are sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise. I believe we will never know until we get to glory how many times due to this seal of the Lord upon us, we have been protected from the enemy, how many times we have been shielded from danger.

The seal speaks of personal possession and it speaks of security. It also speaks of authority. I shall go back to Genesis to the familiar story of Joseph and there you will find that Joseph proceeded to go through the length and breadth of Egypt. He would go to a rich farmer and

say, "I commandeer all of this ground," "this entire field," or "all of this crop." The Egyptian might ask, "By what authority do you dare to commandeer all of this property?" and all Joseph had to do was to display the finger upon which Pharaoh had put his seal ring and as soon as the Egyptian saw that royal insignia, instantly he would turn over all he had to Joseph. All the authority he had was that seal ring upon his finger; the ring spoke of the authority given to him. (Gen. 41:40-44.)

Since the Holy Spirit has come, He has given us authority; that word "power" in Acts 1:8, "But ye shall receive *power*"—comes from the same Greek root as does the word authority, "Ye shall receive *authority* after the Holy Ghost is come upon you." And it is also the same word that the Lord uses in connection with the promise in Mark, "In My name they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." It speaks of authority. When the Holy Spirit comes into our lives we ought to be able to speak with authority. There have been times in the past when the mighty anointing from the Lord has come upon us and we felt as though we had the strength of a giant, and in the name of the Lord we have commanded the powers of darkness to leave. I wish we could say that this was an ordinary experience, but many of us have had it occasionally. Why should it be so uncommon? Didn't Jesus say "Greater is He that is within you than he that is in the world"? I wish we could speak with authority more often. Not only does all heaven respect that seal but the underworld does also and they know that when we are living in proper relationship with God we have the right to use it. You remember how Paul used it in connection with the casting out of the evil spirits. When the Sons of Sceva said to the one possessed of the evil spirits, "In the name of Jesus whom Paul preacheth, we command you to come out," you recall how that one poor human wreck leaped upon them and overcame all seven of them as they challenged him, and the demons within him said, "Jesus we know, and Paul we know—he carries the seal—but who are you?" The demons wouldn't recognize their authority. They lacked the seal. It was one thing for them to claim the power but quite another thing to have heaven claim and own it. The seal speaks of personal ownership and of security and authority and then it speaks also of the deliverance soon to come.

Over in the Book of Ezekiel we read of the

command that was given to the heavenly messengers before the destruction by plague that came upon Jerusalem. We find this in the 4th verse of the 9th chapter. The Lord commands the cherub saying, "Go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem, and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof." And not until those folk were sealed were the messengers of destruction allowed to go and bring the plague upon the backslidden city. There are two things that stand out in this verse; they are that the people who were sealed were the people who *sighed* and *cried*. Do you know that we don't hear much crying for the sins of this present generation? We find few people who are shocked and terrified by the headway which sin has made in these days. We are sitting down, like Lot did in Sodom, and taking the attitude, "Oh well, these things have to be so." It is one of the signs of the times. Today we find conditions among the Pentecostal people that we would not have thought possible ten years ago. When people were seeking their Baptism and the experience of holiness they would not have thought of doing some of the things they are doing today. They were so careful not to offend in word or thought and oh how softly they walked before God! Oh yes, we are still on the way and happy in the Lord but I notice that the people whom God picked out were those who were so sensitive to the evil that existed that it caused them great sorrow. They sighed and cried.

While the majority in Ezekiel's day drifted with the tide of apostasy there was a remnant left that hated all of the worldliness that had crept in from the surrounding tribes and their souls were sickened at the sight of all their backsliding; the cherub knew it was such that belonged to the Lord for the Holy Spirit within them was grieved, and He sealed them before the destruction came.

I read of the very same thing in Revelation 7:3. Before the awful storm of the fulness of the tribulation presses through upon the world, there is a company that have the seal put upon them, for the angel is commanded, "Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads," and not until the servants of God are sealed—that seal speaking of their deliverance, is the full wrath of God poured upon the world as we have it spoken of there. Now linking this

passage in Ezekiel with this one from the Book of Revelation I believe the emphasis God places upon the seal, gives to you and to me a certain promise that they who bear the seal of the Lord, will be caught away from this earth to be with Him in glory before the fury of the tribulation breaks forth.

And then there is another thing which this seal does; it confirms. If you were to try to sell your automobile or your house or any piece of property which has any real value, you would find that it has to be recorded as a definite transaction through a city clerk or through the county of the State in which you live, and before that document would be official the seal of the State must be impressed upon it. That seal confirms the validity of the transaction. Now I am glad that God has confirmed us. I believe in confirmation but not in the kind that some denominations practice. I spent six years in the Lutheran Church and I shall always be thankful for all I learned there but never once in those six years did one of my teachers explain to me the new birth. I knew hundreds of hymns and Scripture verses and I could recite the catechism backwards and forwards but I never had anyone explain to me what it was to be born again. I remember well the confirmation when they swore with solemn oath that they would put away forever the world, the flesh and the devil, and absolve themselves of all form of sin and live holy and righteous. Anyone in order to live that kind of a life would need not only to be saved but should possess the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. However, there is a confirmation: "The Spirit beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God." Rom. 8:16. That is what confirming means. It bears witness to the truth that we claim.

You will remember in the 11th chapter of Acts when Peter was brought before the assembly at Jerusalem they said to him, "Why did you go down and preach to the Gentiles? Don't you know that only Jews can be saved and go to heaven? That only Jews may have the Baptism of the Spirit? Why Peter, didn't you know that? Why were you trying to bring this thing to the Gentiles when they are without?" And Peter answered, "Well brethren, I believed that same way myself and when the Lord sent the messenger to me in Joppa I would have refused to listen had I followed my own mind but previous to that God had spoken to me and said, What I

have cleansed call not thou unclean. So I had to go and while I was speaking to them, giving them the Word of God, the Holy Ghost fell upon all them that heard the Word. I and those who were with me heard them speak in tongues and prophesy and who was I to withstand God?" Yes, this seal confirms.

And then I want to bring out a thought which Dr. Gordon gives concerning this seal. He says that these folk at Ephesus where Paul had been laboring, especially appreciated the use of that word "seal", because it was a sea-board city and from the mountains beyond Ephesus the streams would rush down in the Spring, and would carry down the large trees which the lumbermen had cut down in the woods and these trees would be swept along by the mountain stream until they landed in the Mediterranean Sea where the lumber dealers would come to pick out their lumber. Suppose someone from Thessalonica would come down and say, "Now sir, down in Thessalonica they want to build a temple and they need so many beams and so many columns for the building." He would be given the privilege of picking them out as they lay floating in the harbor. He had brought with him a little chisel-like affair and as he picked out the trees he wanted, the lumberman would take the little chisel or seal and by a hammer blow give the trees the impression of the buyer's particular seal. These dealers were skilful in seeing the possibilities of the trees while lying in the harbor; they could tell whether a tree would bear the stress and strain of the building and later on the architect from Thessalonica would send another man down with wagons and he would say, "I have come from Thessalonica and I want all those trees which the agent of my firm bought and paid for last Fall." The first thing the lumberman would say, "Well, show me your seal. If you can prove to me that you have the same seal as the trees bear, you may have the trees." The man simply brings out the seal and shows it to him and then he goes out into the harbor and from all those thousands of trees he picks out everyone that bears his particular seal and they load them up and the man hauls them to Thessalonica.

That is what the Lord is doing in these days; He is picking out timber for His holy temple that will soon be completed and erected in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye in glory. There

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The Great Cloud of Witnesses

Can We Meet the World's Challenge?

M. J. Hagli in The Stone Church, July 26, 1931



URN with me to the book of Hebrews, 12:1, "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." And in 13:8, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever." How changeable we are! And have you noticed how easy it is for us to feel we have a changed Jesus when we are changed? We will come into a service when our hearts are in touch with Him and the blessing from heaven will just flood our souls, the tears run down our cheeks; we forget there is anyone else in the building but Jesus and ourselves; He is so near we feel we could touch Him by just putting out our hand. How precious those experiences! Then at other times we enter a church, sit down, take part in the singing, listen to the Word as it is given forth, but we are so lonesome. We do not feel His presence, and in our discouragement we cry, "O Lord, haven't You a blessing for me?" The Lord hasn't changed. He is always the same but it is we who are so changeable.

I have three children at home. When I bring them something or play with them, which I do occasionally, there is no one in the whole world like their "daddy." But sometimes when they want to go where I do not think it wise, or I have to correct them they do not feel so happy over it, but I am their *daddy* just the same. Do I not love them because I correct them or refuse them permission to go to certain places? Of course, I do. Our relationship does not depend on the way we feel. They are my children whether they feel like it or not, and we are the children of God when we feel sad or are reproved by Him just as when we are happy and rejoice.

We read we are surrounded by "*a cloud of witnesses*". We are not Spiritualists but Pentecostal, and I am not ashamed of the word "Pentecost". "Oh," you say, "you ought to be in our part of the country and you would feel the stigma!" Well I have been in other parts of the country. I have been on McNeil Island, where there is one of Uncle Sam's penitentiaries. As

we go from the mainland to that little island we see a tall flag-pole, and do you know what kind of a flag waves from that pole? It is not a blue and green flag but "red, white and blue," the good old stars and stripes. Aren't you ashamed of it? "No." Don't you know the men on that island are criminals? They have the flag, but it doesn't stand for crime. That flag waves in the breezes about the island and it stands for righteousness. I feel just that way about Pentecost. It doesn't matter what people say about it, God has a Pentecostal experience for every Christian in the world today, though some may bring reproach upon the name. I am not ashamed of Pentecost but I am ashamed of some people who call themselves Pentecostal.

It reminds me of an incident I heard: In a country place they built a new school house and were about to dedicate it and the mayor was to speak. The place was crowded, the whole community turned out for the occasion, the little children filling up the front rows. The mayor grew eloquent and as he reached a high point he pointed to a flag which was nailed up on the wall and said, "Children, tell me why is that flag on the wall?" One little fellow piped up, "Please sir, to hide the dirt." Sorry to say we have many today who try to hide the dirt of their lives under the name of Pentecost; they claim the Pentecostal experience, but no Pentecostal experience is given to cover up sin; it stands for purity and righteousness. When they go in for crookedness it doesn't take long for the covering to be burned off and they are exposed to the light.

But looking back we saw a great cloud of witnesses who have been tested and tried and found faithful. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews tells us about a great host of the faithful, about Abraham and Moses and the prophets who were stoned and imprisoned, sawn asunder, which was probably the fate of Isaiah, put in the trunk of a tree and sawn—of these the world was not worthy. Some were put into caldrons of boiling oil, and some did not accept deliverance that they might obtain a better resurrection. They wandered in dens and caves of the earth, dressed in sheep's skins, destitute and afflicted. Would you like to cast your lot with them? Do you feel sorry for them? They do not need our sympathy;

we need theirs. The Bible says, "The world was not worthy" of them. I wonder if it could say the same of us.

Have you ever gone through the Field Museum and seen the animals, life size? There you see the fleet-footed deer that used to run and leap over the mountains, the fish that would shoot into the deep sea and travel faster than any man-made steamer. Have you seen the birds that take their flight over the ocean? The huge elephants? You are not afraid of them now. When I looked at these animals I thought we ought to have a religious museum of historical characters and incidents. I believe we ought to have pictured The Red Sea when it was divided and two million souls passed over it; we ought to have the rock that was cleft and water gushed out, the manna that came down from heaven. In this museum there ought to be pictured the miraculous deliverance of the Children of Israel from Egypt; that man of God, Jeremiah, down in the dungeon, so that we could point to him and say there was a man who stood before kings and would rather die in the slime and filth of an old disused well than to compromise with sin. We ought to have Daniel in the lion's den, the three Hebrew children and the fiery furnace, Peter led out of prison by an angel, Paul and Silas with their bleeding backs in the jail at Philippi and the earthquake that shook the foundations of the prison.

I would like to see in that museum John Knox whose prayers were more feared by the Queen of Scotland than all the ships of the enemy. When John Knox got down on his face before God he prayed until pieces of the wreck of the Spanish fleet began to drift and push to shore. This "cloud of witnesses" tell of a God who used to deliver, used to perform miracles, what about the God of today? The world has a right to challenge us, "Where is the God who delivered Daniel in the lions' den? who saved the three Hebrew children? delivered Paul and Silas? Where is your God today?"

I believe one of the hindrances to miraculous deliverances and supernatural happenings is the "weights". The Word says, "*Let us lay aside every weight.*" What is a weight? It is a hindrance, something that will hold you down, something that will make you cranky and ugly. Have you ever traveled with a lot of baggage? If you have, it is just a little picture of the

weights that hold us down spiritually. I was back in New York on a visit and was going down to the subway station during the rush hour, and my baggage was so in the way in that crowd it made me very nervous. It weighed me down in more ways than one. Seeing the great crowd of witnesses that endured and were faithful gives us boldness to lay aside every weight. May we have the courage of the men and women of old of whom we read, "Women received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance"—they chose to lay down their lives rather than compromise. I think of that martyr Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna. As the soldiers came to arrest him he ordered a meal prepared for them, stating they must be hungry and when they had eaten he started out with them, going to the place of judgment. They said to him, "Truly, Mr. Polycarp, you are an old man and we reverence your age, will you not turn away from your faith and sacrifice to the gods? Then we will let you go." And old Polycarp stands there and looks at them, and then says, "For eighty-six years have I served Jesus and He has never done me anything but good. How can I deny my God and Savior?" Some folks cannot go on the street corner for fear someone will sneer at them. They are afraid to be a little different; there is a cry in the churches today they want to be like the rest; they don't want to be thought odd. When Samson had his seven locks shorn he was like the rest of the people, and when the Pentecostal people are shorn of their God-given power they will be just like the rest of empty church folk, professing Christianity but not possessing it. There is no one so empty or so dry as a used-to-be baptized saint.

We are surrounded by witnesses, a great host of saints and martyrs; we see them in the days of Nero, ready to die at the stake or to be thrown to wild beasts. History tells us that one day one of the captains of the guards said to a friend, "I want you to come and see something. Have you ever seen a Christian die?" "No, sir," said the friend, "I never have." "Well I am in charge of a company of soldiers who will put to death a number of them tonight. I want you to see how those men and women die." When you live right there is no trouble about dying. So he came. There were ten, and they asked one, "Will you deny your faith in Christ?" "No," he said,

"I never will." They tied him to the stake and covered the wood with tar. They came to another and said, "Will you deny Jesus?" "No, I will not," he replied, and they treated him the same way. They came to another: "Will you deny Jesus?" And when he thought of the death that was awaiting him he weakened and said, "Yes, I will give up my faith. I will recant and worship idols." So he was taken away, and when the captain of the guards saw it he took off his badge of authority and said, "Put this on. I will take your place," and he stepped over to the stake and said, "Bind me to the stake. I want to die for such a God." They came to one more and he too denied his Savior. The crowd began to howl. The friend of the captain of the Roman Guard stepped in and said, "Here is my life for Jesus." They set fire to them and while they danced and made merry the spirits of those heroes and heroines for the Gospel took their flight into the presence of the Lord Jesus.

You probably may have heard the story of how in the days of the Emperor Licinius the Christians in Armenia were being persecuted. 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. On the shore a large fire was kindled and food and wine and a warm bath prepared under the charge of a centurion and a guard of soldiers. It was announced to the forty that if any of them left the pool they would be considered to have denied Christ. Night came on and the wind became more cold and bitter. On the frozen pool were the forty warriors, some standing lost in prayer, some already sleeping the sleep of death. As the cold grew more intense one of the forty left the pool and came to the house where the centurion and his men were keeping guard. The centurion was touched by their bravery and taking off his uniform he ran out and took his place beside the men on the ice, and when the morning dawned the forty men lay upon the frozen ice; their spirits had entered into the presence of their Lord. I wonder what you and I would have done under the circumstances. Jesus Christ is the same today, then His power must be the same; His requirements ought to be the same and His children ought to be the same.

We will meet Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but we will also meet the young girl whose body was

broken on the rack, and who when torn limb from limb yet praised and glorified the Lord, choosing rather to be torn asunder than to deny her Lord. We shall see those who knelt down in the arena when wild beasts were let loose and rent them asunder, sending their redeemed souls into the presence of God. What will our testimony be when we see them face to face? We will see Stephen, the first martyr for Jesus, who was stoned to death. Stephen was a deacon, filled with the Holy Ghost. He was supposed to serve tables but was so filled with God he had to preach. He told the council at Jerusalem the truth and they gnashed on him with their teeth. And when the heavens opened and he saw the Son of God standing at the right hand of God, they stoned him to death. Jesus received his redeemed spirit as it winged its way upward. He followed his Lord who "for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross despising the shame."

It is impossible for any human being to do any hard work if he has nothing to look forward to in the end. The man who digs out the coal goes down into the mine looking forward to pay-day. The man who goes into the shop to work looks forward to pay-day. How many are willing to work without pay? It is the goal ahead of us that encourages us to work. Jesus came down to this earth to accomplish our redemption. "He was rich but for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich." He endured the cross, despising the shame. What was it that He looked forward to? Was it hanging on the cross? Was it dying, or ascending into heaven? No, but He looked forward to that day when the portals of glory would swing open and the redeemed of the ages would march into the presence of God. Can you not get a mental picture of that glorious day when the saints and martyrs will march thru the heavenly portals, Jesus leading them and saying to the Father, "Here am I and those which Thou hast given me"?

And what a testimony meeting that will be when we hear from those who have laid down their lives for the Gospel. Here are two girls: One says, "Oh I am so glad Jesus helped me to be true. I had the choice of being burned to death or being the wife of a nobleman. I was offered slaves, money and luxury but I chose the way of the cross." The other says, "I was bound to the rack, my body torn to pieces, but

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God's Hand at our Cross-Roads

Fiery Trials and Persecutions Stepping Stones to Character

Donald Gee, Edinburgh, Scotland



"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee" (Deut. 8.2). Those words seem uppermost in my heart and mind as I seek to set down, by special request, a few of the Lord's dealings with my wife and myself,

more especially concerning the "cross-roads" we have encountered along the way, and our call to the work of the ministry. May they help some fellow-traveller.

It is necessary to go back to the dark days of the Great War. We had both received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit in 1913, and I have always felt that was part of God's loving provision for the special trials and testings so soon to come. I had spoken just a very little in public meetings up till now, but had no thought of anything but a business life, for I loved my business in London, and found it a real sphere in which to trust God and take first steps in a faith life.

Then came the War, and the momentous personal decision that no other course was open but to become a Conscientious Objector; none of us knowing at the time all this might entail. In this great decision the beginnings of personal conviction were undoubtedly greatly helped by the faithful teaching received in the Assembly, and the example of others all around. The severe spiritual strain and stress this involved, including not only the "fiery trial" at the Tribunal, but later the months and years of continual obloquy and petty persecution, meant a growth in character and conviction that would have come much more slowly under peaceful circumstances. Incidentally it also brought complete severance from the much-loved business in London.

Those were wonderful days. After a protracted trial at the Tribunal the last question hurled at me was, "Would you be willing to be a missionary?" Needless to say I answered a

prompt "Yes". The judges retired for quite ten minutes to consider their verdict, (a most uncommon thing with a "C.O.") and I sat there in the Court with my eyes shut,—praying hard. I had a wife and a newly-born babe at home. They amazed me with the verdict—"Total exemption from military service on condition that you take up work of National Importance to our satisfaction within fourteen days". I had expected nothing less than imprisonment, and almost staggered out of the Court with joyous surprise.

I found that I had to find such for myself, and here was a problem. But my wife had an uncle who was a farmer, and I wrote off at once inquiring if he knew any surrounding farmers who needed a man. A telegram came back "Come at once and arrange." When I got there I found he needed a man himself! On the fourteenth day after my trial I started work on an uncle's farm, my wife and child joining me later in the little labourer's cottage that went with the job. My back ached, my feet ached, and I knew what it was to burst into tears through sheer physical exhaustion owing to the unaccustomed toil; but I eventually toughened to it, and it must have made a tremendous difference to my physique ever since.

There could be no question of favouritism under the circumstances, and we had to live on £1 (\$5.00) a week, paying no rent for the cottage, however. We had tithed ever since our marriage, and so this left us just eighteen shillings (about \$4.50) for everything. Yet we seemed to lack no good thing, and were very happy, while at the same time it was a grand training for future days. The potatoes will never be forgotten! Those were the days of the potato famine in England, and the submarine blockade, and nobody had much. I was given an old garden, and it had been planted with potatoes that had been dug up very carelessly. In digging over the garden again we found a constant supply of potatoes that had still been left in the ground that lasted us many weeks.

Six months later our uncle died, and the farm was sold. But at a Holiness Meeting I sometimes cycled to in the town on Sunday evenings, I had met another real Christian farmer, who employed me next. This was another wonderful

provision of God, for I was liable to arrest immediately I ceased my "work of national importance." It often meant unpopularity for a man to employ a "C.O." in those days, but this good brother stood very true, even though I took the place of his son at the front. I stayed with him till after the Armistice. The time came when his son was coming home, wounded, and local gossip said, "Wait till Master Harry comes home, he will about kill that 'conchy'." The reverse happened however, for we were the best of friends, and Harry proved to be my champion, respecting my convictions to the full and only averring that he "had not the pluck to take the same stand". He wrote to me after he got back to the front. I mention this for God's glory.

My wife and I had greatly missed the separation from the beloved Assembly in London, and we soon felt the need of setting apart at least one night a week in our cottage for definite prayer and a real "meeting", even if only the two of us were there with our Lord. My new employer and his wife soon joined us however, for they were both very devout believers; and there came a never-to-be-forgotten night when he was baptized in the Spirit, and spoke in tongues. I wondered why he had taken his jacket off a short time before: he afterwards told me he was bathed in perspiration, the "AND FIRE" was so literally true in his case!

There was a small Mission Hall near by, and there we met some more precious souls, hungry for God. Some of them also began to attend the weekly meeting in our cottage, and so the foundation was laid for a precious Pentecostal Testimony in that district which abides to this day, and is now spreading in various directions. The love of these good friends for us was exceedingly precious in view of the hatred and persecution which we met all around. After the meetings we would often find little gifts under the chairs,—some vegetables, or meat, or butter (very scarce then): once, when paraffin oil was severely rationed, there was actually a bottle of oil.

These cottage-meetings not only laid the foundation of a local assembly, but also of our own personal, pastoral ministry. There came a sense, ever-strengthening, of a clear call of God to a life wholly devoted, as soon as the way opened, to the work of the ministry. At that time I began to preach quite often. Most of the local preachers were at the War, and stop-gaps were welcomed, though the denominational chapels were, as a rule, afraid of the consequences of

asking a conscientious objector to preach in their pulpits. The Mission Hall had no such difficulties however, although once or twice the village policeman came, (evidently by instruction), to hear whether I was preaching sedition. It was a funny feeling to have a policeman walk in as I began preaching, but it was all good training. My "call" became so clear in my heart at that time that I began definitely to study and prepare myself for the ministry in my very limited spare time. I remember memorizing the Greek alphabet going up and down the field after the plough. It was the only "Bible School" I ever had.

Suddenly the Armistice came, and I was free. I thought God would have opened a door for us directly into the ministry from the farm, but it was not so, and we had to return to try and pick up the threads of the business in London. Then came the most severe of all the days of financial testing. Wedding presents, and piece after piece of our little home furnishings had to be sold to make ends meet: and still no door opened.

The Pentecostal Assemblies in Britain in those days were all very small, and while pastors were desired, they had to be always unmarried men; a married man with two children was beyond consideration. The kind offices of my old pastor and other friends found me openings for ministry nearly every Sunday around London, and I was glad to cycle to these appointments, so that I could jubilantly take home the small amounts handed to me for my "fare". Still no door opened, and we began to feel desperate.

A memorable milestone was the first invitation to have a few meetings outside of London,—at Tunbridge Wells,—and this necessitated an absence of four or five days. This was another cross-roads, for it compelled a definite decision that, come what may, the Lord's work should come first, and the business second. I determined to take every opening that came my way, whatever the cost. A few months later I was seriously considering taking charge of a tiny new work on the South Coast, and augmenting my income with bits of the old business from London, when, suddenly—like a bolt from the blue—came the call to Edinburgh. Here at last was an opening offering enough for our support. but the distance (400 miles) seemed too far (!) from all our associations in London. (I smilingly recollected this when, some years after, I was in New Zealand.) Even this call was suddenly withdrawn, for the tiny work at Leith, a suburb of Edinburgh, seemed on the point of extinction. But it

was renewed shortly afterwards, and I consented to go for a few weeks to fill the gap. While staying in the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Beruldsen in Leith the conviction steadily deepened that here was the Lord's call to undertake a real, pastoral work, and build up, by His grace, an established Assembly. I shall never forget one morning, when, while in prayer, the Lord spoke into my heart, "Be strong and of a good courage, for to THIS people shall THOU divide for an inheritance the land which I swore unto their fathers to give them." (Josh. 1:6). I wrote this out, framed it, and hung it on the wall as my battle-flag. Our darkest days in Edinburgh were when, under pressure of circumstances best unrecorded, I took it down from the wall,—doubting my call. At last faith triumphed, and I hung it up again in the teeth of everything; and then the tide turned. Praise His Name!

Another cross-roads occurred with the decision, after six months in Edinburgh at the Leith Assembly, to forego the settled salary kindly given us till then, and step out on purely faith lines depending only on a box at the door. Some folks said we were foolish, some said we would starve, but we made it a test as to whether we were truly in the will of God in being there, and the Lord supplied every need. The principle has never been departed from since, and has brought pure happiness in its train. A tremendous test came after we had been in Edinburgh just three years however, and the little Assembly was still in a struggling condition. At that time our principal financial supporters emigrated to Australia. This looked like complete ruin to the Assembly financially, and enemies of the work jeeringly remarked that we "should soon pack up and be gone now." Judge of their mystification when, not long after, we purchased an auto to help with the growing work in the outlying districts. Some said we were still receiving substantial help from Australia; but the real reason was that just at that time of crucial need my wife received a substantial legacy. How accurately God times things! With this "windfall" we were able to become temporarily independent, and so carried on the work until the Assembly had grown large enough to adequately support us.

The last cross-roads to date came with the Call to step out into a world-wide and purely itinerating ministry;—with not even the comparatively assured support of a settled pastorate. We had often said, in the days of early struggling, that if once the Edinburgh Assembly were

firmly established we should be happy to pass on to further work for the Master. It is easier to speak than to act, and God tested our sincerity up to the hilt. Early in 1928 another "bolt from the blue" came one Monday morning in the shape of a cablegram inviting us to conduct meetings in Australia. Here was an upheaval indeed, involving a journey to the other side of the world, and many months of absence from the beloved Assembly and my family. Yet after prayer my wife and I felt the clear witness in our hearts that it was the definite call of God, to be obeyed. It was a turning-point in our ministry even greater than we felt it to be at the time. Only very slowly, and it must be confessed with some measure of rebellion on the part of the writer, was it at last realized that God's call was to part with the pastorate which had seemed to become our very life. Evidence crowded in on every hand however that the Lord was unmistakably calling out to the larger Field, and so at last we made ourselves perfectly free for service where-soever the Spirit should lead. The joy deep down in the heart which has been realized when ministering the word to hungry and needy multitudes all over the World has been only one part of the blessed witness God has given to the accuracy of the step taken.

At every one of the cross-roads there have been friends who have disagreed with the decision made at the time, sometimes among our nearest and dearest. Almost all have since admitted that the way taken has been right after all, to God be the glory. The writer feels that his own stupidity and stubbornness have sometimes retarded his spiritual progress, but that the Lord has used him is a testimony to His grace. Our God DOES HONOR CONSECRATION however: He accepts the yielded life and will and often guides it in right paths even when the guidance is unconscious. We believe our own experience has been the fulfillment of a promise taken to heart in boyhood's days;—"IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM AND HE SHALL DIRECT THY PATHS."

* * *

We are glad to announce that Brother and Sister Carl F. Graves are sailing for the Island of Ceylon on Sept. 10th, via S. S. "City of Harvard." Their foreign address until further notice will be, Glad Tidings Hall, Wellawatte, Colombo, Ceylon. Pray for these two new missionaries. Bro. Graves has been a pastor in Kansas for several years, and is answering God's call to the mission field.

Wise Behaviour!

"And David Behaved Himself Wisely in All His Ways" I. Sam. 18:14

Miss Zelma Argue



THE spirit of David!

What was there in this shepherd boy that caused it later to be said that he was a man after God's own heart? There is an unanswerable grace about the child of God who walks in wisdom by the power of the Lord. This was true of the youthful David. "*David behaved himself wisely in all his ways, and the Lord was with him.*" In fact the story goes still further and says, "*Wherefore when Saul saw that he behaved himself very wisely, he was afraid of him.*"

Wise behaviour begins in the heart—in a lowly heart, a confident heart, a heart stayed upon Jehovah. Out of the heart are the issues of life.

He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride.
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

This was the advantage of the shepherd boy and his sling, over the great Saul in his glittering armor. There was a security in the position of the unpretentious lad from the hillsides of Judea that the king upon his threatened and tottering throne could not have. A lowly heart is the foundation. Yet it is not all.

A confident heart!

God loves to be proven, tried, and put to the test. David, in his youthful courage loved to put God to the test, and to proclaim his confidence in God without fear. Thus, when his elder brother addressed him angrily, "Why camest thou down hither? With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride and the haughtiness of thine heart," David, who had come to the scene of battle bringing provisions sent by his father, was not turned back.

Nor yet when Saul sent for the stripling, hearing he had offered to take up the daily challenge of the giant Goliath, and advising David, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him, for thou art but a youth." No, David was not put to flight! His reply showed his trust to be not in his own immature strength, but in a living God, who delights to choose things that are not to bring to naught things which are. A God who takes a worm to thresh a mountain!

Refusing the glittering armor of Saul, entirely unsuited to his slight figure, he chose but his

sling and five smooth stones. He looked back upon his shepherd experience, and recalled the time the lion came, and the bear who took a lamb out of the flock, and how he went after it, delivering the lamb out of its mouth. These memories gave him confidence now. "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine!"

It was a giant he was facing—a man nine or ten feet in height. Ridiculous! Yet God saw in David's heart what his elder brother did not see, what Saul could not see, and what the contemptuous Philistine giant could not see—and God gave him victory.

Unmoved by derision!

Many great warriors who have braved the shot and shell are helpless before the withering breath of scorn. Not the derision of his elder brother, not the envy of Saul, nor the contempt of Goliath dismayed this chosen youth. His confidence was in the Lord.

Graciousness! How God esteems it. Of Christ it is said, "Grace is poured into His lips." Grace means, of course, unmerited favor.

David's spirit was a gracious spirit.

David and Saul! What characters to place together! The youthful, ardent David, and the majestic Saul from whom the Spirit of God had departed! David, just coming into the days of his power. Saul, with his best conquests behind him. No wonder feeling ran high, both in the hearts of the two great leaders, and in the bosoms of the people as they sang, "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands."

Quite naturally there was the incident of the javelin then, when Saul flung it at the youth while playing his harp. There were other occasions too, when Saul sought to take the life of David. God clothes with a rare grace those who walk honestly with Him, in His will. Such a man knows he can well afford to be gracious. David was occupied. Fully occupied. He had all he could handle to come up to the great work God had ordained for him. And God's graciousness rested in the spirit of David. Not by word, thought, or deed would he consider vengeance on Saul, but rebuked those who spoke against him and his son Jonathan. David remembered,

"Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm."

The time when he with one or two followers stole upon Saul, asleep on the hillsides at night, unprotected from their power, David was satisfied to cut with his sword a piece from the skirt of Saul. That was all. But even for that his heart smote him, and he said, "The Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my master, the Lord's anointed, to stretch my hand against him seeing he is the anointed of the Lord." He suffered not his men to harm Saul.

Then Saul awoke! What a scene! David bowed before him, stooping with his face to the earth, and showing to him the piece of skirt in his hand. Saul saw what it meant. Even Saul began to weep, and he acknowledged, "Thou art more righteous than I, for thou hast rewarded me good for evil."

When finally Saul and Jonathan were dead, Saul having died by his own hand, David sincerely mourned for them as only love can mourn. In their memory he composed a beautiful song, and later hunted out the last of their line, that he might bestow kindness.

No doubt David thought, "Hands off! If God cannot handle Saul, I cannot!" When we recall how great the grace that ever reached down to us in the mire and the clay, to save and keep us, we know that we too can afford to be gracious to our fellowservants. Christ was gracious, and the servant is not greater than his Lord.

See David again! He is dancing now before the Lord. Do you believe in people dancing in meeting? I *do!* What liberty it brings into a service. What holy awe and rapturous joy! What recognition of the unseen presence of the Lord! What worship, surpassing words, is expressed by the David who must dance, in the power of the Spirit, before the Lord! What cares he for the criticism of the barren Michael, who never hears wafted to her spirit those heavenly strains of ineffable joy, caught from the shore of glory only by those who have ears to hear!

A contrite spirit too, so acceptable to God, was his. David was not flawless, even after he knew God. In fact he committed very great sin: a double sin. But Oh, he knew a broken heart, and a contrite spirit! Hear his anguished petitions: "*Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation!*" The

flesh had conquered the spirit, it is true. But oh, with what desperation, remorse, persistence, he turned back to God! And God received him. And God loved him, permitting him to be a forerunner of Christ. This is grace! Grace such as only God could show.

Perhaps sometimes very blameless people become a little harsh, and censorious in spirit. It is he who has been forgiven much who loves much. He has actually seen his own worthlessness. He glimpses the boundless degree of God's compassionate, matchless grace. He, in consequence, becomes correspondingly tender in dealing with the faults of others. His own have been so great. He personally knows, "all flesh is grass!"

Vindictiveness, moreover, did not lodge in David's heart. No, not against his early enemies did he harbor resentment, nor even in the late years of his life, when his own son Absalom usurped the throne, causing the then aged David to flee for his life, did he cherish vengeance. When David regathered his armies, his command was, "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom." And when he heard of his death, he gave that piercing cry that rings yet to us in its sincerity, "O, Absalom! My son! Would to God that I had died for thee."

Yes, of David's royal line, Christ was born. And some day in the city of David, He shall sit upon the throne of His father David, and all nations of the earth shall come up to Jerusalem to worship.

David was "A MAN AFTER GOD'S OWN HEART."

* * *

(Continued from page 13)

I have a new body now." The little heathen boy who came home and told his father he would no longer worship idols and was put to death—that boy will be there, and he will say, "Jesus, I am glad You gave me grace to be faithful." What will you and I do? Will we be found faithful unto death? May God help us to "lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us." Are you touchy about the little things? Do you get offended if you think somebody ignores you? Oh let us lay aside these "weights" and above all else, look unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith. He will give grace to bear the sneers and the jeers. If we keep our eyes upon Him He will carry us through, and we will be among that number of whom the world was not worthy.

One Who Walked and Talked with God



HE Stone Church has lost one of her most faithful prayer warriors in the home-going of Mrs. Fannie Reif, who went to be with her Lord on Aug. 18th, after nearly a year's illness. Her zeal and devotion to God's cause is well-known to many of our readers, and they with us will feel the loss of this mother in Israel, but "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," and we believe that her works will follow her. It can truly be said of her that since her conversion she has been on fire for God. For a number of years she has been in Christian work, conducting meetings in different parts of the country as God called, and unless God was in the call she never went.

When Mother Reif was not out in the work she was under the burden of the work at the Stone Church and her ministry among us will be greatly missed. Endowed with a deeply spiritual nature this saint of God talked with her Lord just as she did with earthly friends. She was always occupied in His service, leading meetings, praying for the sick, and her home was one where people loved to go with their problems knowing that she would always be glad to pray with them.

Her life was rich in experiences. Taught of God she could impart to others many helpful lessons. The following incidents which were given us on one occasion are very characteristic of her who for thirty-three years walked and talked with her Lord. Speaking on the question of Divine Healing she told us this story:

"A child was suffering from epileptic fits and a friend of her mother tried to get her to look to the Lord for healing for the child. After months of prayer and persuasion the mother said she would trust the Lord. The child who was seven or eight years old, had had epilepsy for two or three years, and as soon as the mother trusted God for healing the child became well—never had another spasm. Then the mother became censorious toward anyone who was a Christian and used medicine. Divine Healing was so wonderful to her that she criticized everyone who did not believe in it, and was uncharitable. The child had been healed about a year when she again became a victim of the disease, and pray as the mother might, she received no answer from God.

"The Lord spoke to the woman who was first instrumental in enlightening the mother on Divine Healing that she should get a doctor for her child. She said, 'Lord, how can I go with such a message after I have told her to trust You?'

But she felt pressed in the Spirit to go, and for three months she urged that mother to get a doctor for her child. At first the mother rebelled saying that the Lord had honored her faith at the first and she would never have a doctor. Finally the child became so bad, having seven and eight fits a day, that she went to a homeopathic doctor, who gave her some little pills. After the child took one dose of the pills she never had another fit, and was healed from that time on. The mother said, 'Lord, why did You heal my child and then want me to get a doctor for her?' He told her that it was because she was so critical and harsh of His children who did not believe as she did; that it was to break her stubborn will."

* * *

The following incident shows the human side of our nature and how God overrules:

"There was a man who had no use for women preachers, and as I was one he had no use for me. One day I was in a meeting and at the close I wanted a minister to pray for me. It was a man in whose prayers I had great confidence. I sat waiting for him for sometime as he was talking. As I sat there the Lord said to me, 'I do the healing.' Talking to the minister I wanted to pray for me was this Mr. S. who had no confidence in me and I little in him. The two stood talking quite awhile, and as I waited for Bro. M. I said, 'Lord, don't You want Bro. M. to pray for me?' There was something the matter with my knees. He said again, 'I do the healing.' They were through talking and I said to Bro. M. 'Will you pray for me?' He said, 'Surely,' and asked what the trouble was. I told him and then he turned to Mr. S. and said, 'Pray for Sister Reif.' I was quite taken back. Though neither of us had much confidence in each other, yet the Lord healed me and broke down our opinions, showing me that the healing came from Him regardless of the instrument.

* * *

"At a Camp meeting I attended there was a woman who had cancer, which the doctors said had gone too far for an operation. She came to me and said, 'I want you to pray for me. There is a woman here who may be used of God but I do not want her to pray for me. I have nothing against the woman but I do not want her to touch me. She makes such a fuss and works so hard at it.' I said to her, 'Well if God wants her to pray for you and He heals, you ought not to care whom He uses or what they do. I will pray for you but I do not think it will do any good.' As I prayed for her I had a vision and saw the cancer fall out. Then I said to her, 'If you want healing you must be willing to have anyone pray for you, even if it is a yellow dog,' and I told her how the Lord used an ass to re-

buke a prophet. A day or two later she became very sick and got so desperate she said, 'Lord, I am suffering so I am willing to let anyone pray for me—that woman or a "yellow dog".' As she reached that place of yieldedness the Lord met her and the cancer dropped out."

* * *

"After I received the baptism of the Spirit several of us were praying and the Lord showed us to go out to Pullman, and I said, 'I do not know anyone out there. Why should we go out there?' The other woman said, 'I know a woman out there who is ill. Perhaps the Lord wants us to go there.' We went, and when we got to this woman's house it was locked. There was nobody home. I sat on the porch and cried, 'Lord, what is the matter? Has the enemy been talking to us? Why did You send us out here?' The Lord showed us to get up and walk and indicated the direction to take. We went to a park and there met a policeman. His wife had been seeking God but he was not saved. We talked to him about salvation and the tears ran down his face, he was so under conviction. I felt this was worth coming to Pullman for. As we went out of the park I prayed, 'Lord, where do You want us to go next? Home?' 'No, to Rose Hill,' came the answer. He showed us that we should go to the house of a colored woman, and when we got there she said, 'The Lord has surely sent you. There is a girl coming to tarry for the baptism tonight, and she knows so little about it.' We stayed for the evening and prayed and then went home. They tarried all night and God met them."

* * *

"A woman came to me in deep distress in one of my meetings. After I prayed with her for a while I said, 'Look here! Have you ever been to a spiritualistic meeting?' She said, 'Yes, I was at one yesterday.' I felt the Lord had shown me and was burdening me for her deliverance. They had rooms upstairs and the meeting was down on the first floor. I said to her, 'You stay in your room and pray and I will go to the meeting.' When the meeting closed she came and said, 'Oh come up and pray for me quickly!' She owned up that she had had communication with the dead. We prayed and she was delivered of the evil power that was tormenting her."

* * *

"At Findlay, Ohio, one night I was helping in a meeting, and in the after service a young man with whom we were praying became afflicted in his arm. He said to his wife, 'My arm hurts; there is a cramp gotten into it and it is hard for me to keep in the spirit for the pain. I cannot pray.' His wife came and told me how he was suffering and I went and rebuked the pain. A man came to me and said, 'Who put you in authority when the power of God is on a man?' I explained that he had pain in his arm. The

brother insisted that God was working and that I should not interfere. I was one of the workers there but I did not want any dispute or grieve the Spirit of God, so I went back of the stove and cried to God. I felt it was the enemy coming in to thwart God's power, and I prayed, 'Lord, show me what to do.' And the Lord spoke to me and said, '*Pain is not power.*' I arose and went to the young man and rebuked the power of the enemy and he was delivered. We need to discern what is of God and what comes from the devil. Often when we are seeking God the enemy comes in and hinders our getting to God."

* * *

"My father tithed ever since he became a Christian until my mother died. After that he thought he would have to keep his money for fear he would die in the poorhouse. After he died the money that came to me was \$520. As I thought of using it the Lord said to me, 'Would you rob your father of a reward? He has robbed Me of tithes and offerings.' That was a little hard for me but I fasted for three days and I prayed, 'Lord, make me willing to give it to You.' When I did that the Lord so blessed me that I cried because it wasn't more. Every time I went to the bank and drew out \$25 or \$50 the Lord would so bless my soul I would have to say out loud, 'Praise the Lord!' I gave every bit of it to the Lord. Once I took out \$5 for my own use and God so punished me that I had to give it back.

"One day my husband said to me that I looked 'tacky' and asked me why I didn't get a new hat and some clothes, knowing that I had gotten that money. Then I told him how the Lord had dealt with me about that money, and he said, 'You mind God. How much do you need?' Then he added, 'I will give you \$20 and if you need more I will give it to you'."

* * *

"I was holding meetings in Great Bend, Kansas. I felt I was to leave there on a Tuesday and would reach home on Wednesday. The leader of the meeting came to me and said, 'Mrs. Reif, we have a meeting on Tuesday night. Will you not wait over until Wednesday? I went to my room and prayed, and felt that I had to leave on Tuesday. The train on Wednesday was wrecked; the engineer was killed and the coaches went down an embankment. The passengers were not killed but terribly shaken up and some received injuries. There is no greater joy than to have the Lord's guidance in the affairs of our lives.'"

* * *

Tracts by N. C. Beskin:

The Mark of the Beast
The Return of the Jews
What About 1934?
When Antichrist Reigns

All 25c per dozen, \$1.60 per hundred, including postage. Do not send stamps.

Missions in the Kentucky Mountains



TO MANY there is nothing so enticing as missionary work. Foreign missionary work is especially appealing. Home Missions so often lie in the shadow of the clouds of coal smoke, the dust of the hot dry dirty streets, and the stifling odor of breezeless slums, that we are apt to overlook the fact that at our very doors there is a really vast field opening up to Holy Ghost missionary effort, which has all the charm, and all the requirements of consecration of the foreign field.

The field referred to is the mountains of Kentucky. Tennessee and Arkansas, hold the same opportunity, and it is an opportunity to the Pentecostal people. However, we are dealing directly with the work being opened up in the Kentucky mountains. It is certain, that many who read this, are very vitally interested in such home missionary work.

For two years the Assembly at Cincinnati has been reaching into this territory. At present there are four stations occupied. These places are located in four counties—Magoffin, Breathitt, Wolfe, and Laurel. From these locations, it is possible to reach into almost unlimited territory in which there is little or no real Gospel work being carried on. And this is only a small portion of the Kentucky mountain region, in which the need of the Gospel is just as extreme as in some of the most spiritually desolate places in the foreign field. Seven workers, aside from the Pastor, in whose heart the Lord has put a great desire for the move of God in this home mission endeavor, are working in these different counties. Very definite and gratifying results are appearing from their work. The people in these mountains are so open to our message, their hearts are so filled with unexpressed longings for the freedom and love that only Jesus gives, and many of them are in such distressing and destitute circumstances, that the response they give to the full Gospel brings almost immediate results in the salvation of souls. It is the Pentecostal message of a life full of the Holy Ghost and Fire, that is needed among these people who are so often fast-bound in the spirit of hatred, immorality, and superstition.

The fact must not be disguised that the consecration required in the lives of these mission-

aries is as great and as full as that which is generally understood as binding upon those who go to the foreign field. It takes real consecration. There are hardships to be endured. There are strenuous spiritual conflicts to be faced. There are problems constantly arising that demand initiative and real missionary faith in God. Those who go into this work are entering a missionary field, a missionary devotion, by a missionary consecration, as truly as any foreign missionary does. This territory has long been passed by, by nearly everyone. It is astounding to those visiting the mountains, that at our very doors there is an untouched field in which thousands upon thousands of our own countrymen are in absolute darkness of soul, to say nothing of the mental darkness of the many who can neither read nor write.

In most places cabins can be had free for the use of the missionaries. Schoolhouses, and occasionally a meeting house, are available without charge for the meetings. Expenses can be reduced to a minimum. Just think of holding a revival campaign with no printing bill, no rent, no light bills! Advertising is as free as the strength of one's voice. Call out, "Meeting tonight!" a few times as you pass by the unpainted, weatherbeaten cabins along the creeks — and preach to a crowded house! The people themselves are very hospitable and will often share their last bit of corn pone, divide their few potatoes and mountain bacon and other produce with the missionary. There's little ready cash, and the work needs the prayer and support of those who are interested and able to help. There is a great deal of startling poverty encountered in most of these homes. Many of the people are utterly destitute. Used clothing is very greatly needed, and anything in that line may be sent direct to the mission stations. Addresses and instruction for sending will be gladly sent to any who will write for them. Such things as leather straps, and pieces of leather, cloth, mosquito netting and articles that are generally useful about the house, will be of great service.

Maybe this is the very thing that you are interested in. Maybe home missions greatly appeal to your heart. If you desire fuller information about any phase of this work, write to O. E. Nash, Pastor of the Christian Assembly, 1322 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

From Dark Africa

MRS. EDGAR PETTINGER who is working with her husband in the gold district of Springs and Brakpan, South Africa, writes that it is a most wonderful place for mission work. She says: "Over half the world's gold comes from the Rand and more than half the Rand's gold is produced from this area, so this district is a busy place and wonderful for mission work. Edgar and I think there is none like it, I suppose because of our call here and the burden and interest we have for it from God.

"The women's work is most encouraging. Not only the older women attend but also the younger women who have taken their stand for Christ, and the older school girls. A week ago yesterday eight were baptized in water. One was Henry Robinson's brother. He like Philip went and found his brother and told him about the Christ who saves to the uttermost. Robinson has led his friends to Christ and is a real worker. Two Zulu women were also baptized. These two attended our Sunday School when it was first started. Now they are married, with babies on their backs are attending the women's meetings, the regular services and also holding services in their homes on the location. Another baptized was one of our school girls, one Basuto man and the rest Shangaan men from the compounds. There were five tribes represented in these eight Christians."

* * *

Miss Ruth Erickson, Liberia, writes: "We are encouraged these days as we see the hunger for God among the people here. The chiefs are meeting today (June 24) to organize the workmen who will begin erecting a church in Doyea village. Chief Tabla says they will start tomorrow. When this building is completed, daily prayer meetings will be held there, conducted by Tabla himself, and on Sundays we will hold one of our services there instead of in the mission chapel. By faith I see a revival today among our heathen people, and I am glad to have a part in praying and working for that end.

"The Bible School for the training of native workers is in the course of erection now and the boys of the various stations are eager to attend. I am sending three boys this first term. Altogether twenty young men have been admitted into the School and this is just the beginning. May God bless these our future workers!"

(Continued from page 10)

is a story about the Jews and concerning their temple, that on the day when Palestine will again become a full-fledged Jewish country, overnight the temple will be erected; that all over the world Jewish and skilled workers are working on the various parts of this great temple. Some are working on marble and others on the golden vessels and then when they will gather from the four corners of the world to Jerusalem everything will fit into its proper place in the temple and it will be erected overnight. I don't know whether this is true about the Jewish temple but it is true of the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. For 1900 years the Lord has been going around buying up timber with His own precious blood and after He has bought it He has been putting His seal upon it and then He has let it remain amidst all of the other floating timber. Yes, it looks like the other and yet it is different; it bears the seal which shows that it belongs to the Lord. "The foundation of the Lord standeth sure, bearing this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His." And on the day when all is ready and His bride hath made herself ready, that great Builder and Architect is coming for all of this timber which He has purchased with His blood and sealed with His Spirit and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from the four corners of the earth, He shall rapture it to glory and there the temple of the Lord will be completed. See Rev. 3:12.

And so Dr. Gordon says these Ephesian brethren could well understand when Paul said, "You have been sealed." The seal which God has put upon us is the seal of the Holy Spirit of promise. That timber in the harbor had been bought and paid for but it was allowed to remain in the harbor for days and weeks and sometimes for months, but sooner or later another one would come to redeem it and take it back with him. I am glad we have the seal of the Lord. It speaks of personal possession; it speaks of security and of authority; it speaks of confirmation and deliverance from the things which are soon to come upon this world. But best and dearest of all, it speaks of the fact that God has condescended to have us a part of that glorious temple of which the Lamb shall be the Light through all the glorious ages of eternity. Do you bear this seal?

(Continued from page 6)

houses was built on posts without any foundation; it had a screened porch in the front and also in the back and there were two tiny rooms; You could have built the whole thing for \$500. As we drove past I noticed that my wife was looking longingly toward that house, and I saw a tear in her eye, so I asked her what was the matter. She said, "Jimmie is not well and I am so nervous. I don't want much but do you think we will ever have a little house to call our own?" I said, "I do not know. It doesn't seem that we will ever have one here but there is surely being prepared for us a mansion up yonder and one of these days we will have possession of that." That night I stayed up to pray, and when all was quiet I said, "Oh Lord, we do not want much, just a little house." And God gave me the assurance that we would have a little home. I woke up my wife and said, "Esther, we are to have a home." A little later the Lord opened the way for us to settle down a while and we had a house; it is ours until the next month rolls around. It was just a temporary home but praise God some day we will have a far better one and that will be permanent.

When I discovered that there would be room in the New Jerusalem so that each person might have at least sixteen acres, I was wondering just how large a space that would be. Several years ago Mrs. Beskin and I were in Washington, D. C., and among the sights we saw was the White House and the grounds surrounding it, with all the fountains, etc. I looked through the rooms and then the guide took us through the gardens and I got courage to ask him, "How big are the White House gardens?" He answered that they were sixteen acres. I said, "Well, praise the Lord, in the New Jerusalem I will have at least as large a place as the President of the United States has, only mine will be one mile high and full of glory!"

* * *

The last war cost, roughly speaking, ten million deaths, three million missing, nine million widows with five million orphans, and twenty million maimed and crippled. Wars will come until the end of this age, because the Word says, "There shall be wars and rumors of wars," but no Christian can reconcile war with the New Testament teachings. "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," said the Prince of Peace.

Our Appreciative Readers

Your paper is surely wonderful. I feel it is a leader in regard to prophecy on the Coming of the Lord. And we all pray that other Christian papers will fall in line, for truly the time is short.

An Ohio Reader.

Oh The Evangel is such a splendid, fine, deeply spiritual paper! Here's hoping it will always remain the same.

California Subscriber.

The paper has been the means of supplying during the past twenty years that which was necessary to the building up, strengthening and refreshing of my Christian life. It has been a source of great joy to send forth each number to others who eagerly wait for it.

A New Zealand Subscriber.

John Philip Sousa, the noted bandmaster, was quoted recently as saying that the reason there are few great composers today is that our age believes so little in God.

(Continued from page 2)

to look around and to acquaint myself with the surroundings. Nothing was to be seen. There was a desolate waste all about us. About a mile away was an old, abandoned lime factory. Some small boats lay on the shore. I do not know how they got there. Possibly they had been left by the retreating Red Guards. Most of the passengers decided to use these boats to reach Samara, which is on the Volga. We did not go with them as we had too much luggage for these small boats. The passengers scattered and soon we were left alone with two other families.

Now I was greatly tempted by Satan with the thought, "Why did I leave Finland?" Now we were isolated from the rest of the world. It was cold and we were hungry. It was a good thing that the boat had gone, for this destroyed the last bridge behind us. The only thing left, was to have faith and leave ourselves in the Lord's hands. In my heart I heard a voice say, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

The baby was restless from hunger. I suffered when I saw this, and began to walk away towards the desolate inland. There I knelt and prayed. I turned to the God who fed Elijah and told Him that it was useless to expect help from man in this predicament. I do not remember how long I prayed but I do not believe that it was very long. I arose from my knees and in the distance I saw a strange being approaching. If I remem-

ber correctly, this being resembled a man. Very quickly he came toward me. As he reached me, he asked if I was seeking food? I cannot state my conversation with him. I only remember that he extended a peculiar bundle to me, saying, "Here is food." Without delay, I returned to my wife and child on the shore. Upon opening the parcel we found that it contained a thick cereal-

like porridge. We thanked the Lord. Those who do not believe in wonders and miracles do not see them, but we who believe in them, experience them in our own lives. Jesus said, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever."—*N. J. Poysti, in the Gospel Call of Russia.*

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