

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

The Hope that Outweighs

THESE are times so dark, mysterious,
 Times so filled with sordid night,
 That 'twould seem this world delirious,
 Soon must reach its destined plight.
 These are days unfathomed, dreadful,
 'Tis the age's maelstrom hour,
 And the world is plunging, reeling,
 Gripped upon by unseen power.

Now we surely see above us,
 Far above us in the sky,
 One lone Star of lustrous brightness,
 And it speaks that day is nigh.
 Glorious herald of the morning,
 Though our eyes were filled with tears,
 It imparts in signal blessing,
 Hope that quite outweighs our fears.

Jesus is the Star above us,
 He is shining, holy Light;
 And the Rock, unmoved, eternal,
 Underneath us through the night,
 Is God's Word, His precious message—
 Ah! with these the storm we brave,
 Singing back the trustful message,
 "God Jehovah, He will save!"

Jesse Albert Barney.

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

Raised From the Dead

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The Latter Rain Evangel

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The Night Cometh

WE ARE fast entering the days of which Christ spoke when He said, "The night cometh when no man can work." For years the warning has gone forth, "Jesus is coming! Get ready!" As the years have passed some of us have said, "The Lord delayeth His coming," and have ceased our vigilance, yet all the time God's clock was moving on.

Twenty years ago ministers and Bible students spoke warningly of the world's unrest, and "men's hearts failing them for fear," yet how intensified is this condition today! One does not have to be a deep Bible student to know that we are on the eve of great national and international catastrophes. The tremendous convulsions and crashes that have lately occurred in the financial world have put fear into the most stout-hearted.

Hitherto, men of finance and of affairs could always give a ready answer to the cause of financial crises and industrial upheavals, but not today. Arthur Brisbane, whose writings are syndicated in the daily papers, said speaking of the result of the recent action of Great Britain in regard to the gold standard, that "the professional great financiers know as little about world finance and the gold fetish as a child unborn."

No one can understand present conditions except in the light of scripture. The seething mass of over ten million unemployed in the world spells revolution and anarchy. This baffling problem

of unemployment and the unrest that follows is graphically foretold in Zech. 8:10, "For before these days (the days of Israel's coming restoration) there was no hire for man, nor any hire for beast; neither was there any peace to him that went out or came in because of the affliction." The brains of the world are pitted against the unemployment situation, and still the unrest grows.

H. G. Wells, the noted writer, says of present conditions: "Destruction is not threatening civilization; it *happening* to civilization before our eyes. The ship of civilization is not going to sink in five years' time, nor in fifty years. It is sinking *now*."

There is no human remedy for present conditions, and things are in such a crisis that men are crying for a mighty personage who will take hold of the world's situation—a superman. In this they will welcome the Antichrist. No ordinary man can cope with the situation. He will be one who will be energized and filled with Satanic power. There are only two cases in Scripture where Satan enters into a man; one is where he entered Judas to betray the Lord, and the other where he enters the Antichrist to work signs and lying wonders to deceive the nations. In his despotic rule no man can work the works of God; no one will be allowed to send out the

(Continued on page 12)

Raised from the Dead

Miss Anna Hewlett, Assembly of God Missionary in Yunnan, China, in Redemption Tidings



IT CAME to pass that the beggar died and was carried into Abraham's bosom; the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame." Luke 16:19-31.

When the rich man found that help could not come to him he urged that Lazarus might be sent to tell his five brothers of things in the hereafter, that they might so conduct their lives as to escape hell. But he was told that the Bible is open to all on this earth and that if they will not receive the Word of God they will not believe even tho one returned from the dead to tell them of eternal realities.

Times have not changed, nor have human hearts altered, and tho one returns from the dead in our day, who will believe her report and alter their lives so as to conform to the plan and law of God that the blessings of heaven may be their eternal inheritance?

Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place for you." Heaven is a locality where those who follow the plan of the Bible may spend all eternity. Paul said that he had been caught up into the third heaven and saw things not possible to be related to our poor humanly limited minds and spirits. In recent years there have been those who have passed thru death and who have returned to give their testimony of the reality of the life after human death. The following experience challenges the earnest thought and prayer of all readers, that they may take the more earnest heed of their own spiritual state and the fitness or their lack of fitness for entrance into heaven.

Before I died on March 10, 1928, I had already been "in deaths oft", and as many times miraculously delivered and healed by Him upon whom was cast the iniquity of us all, and by whose stripes we are healed. At one time and another I had been brought to the very doors of death by various diseases—some of the attacks being so sudden and furious that from good health and soundness I was plunged all in a moment into the dread shadows of death.

To relate my deliverances in these instances would be to tell just so many miracles. There were times when I had passed beyond human help and the end was near, but I was instantly and miraculously healed, arising from an apparent death-bed and going about my usual duties.

In recent years I have been attacked by and delivered from gastric ulcers, cancer, pneumonia, influenza, pleurisy, hemorrhages, bilious attacks, and blood-poison.

In spite of these many supernatural escapes, I was suddenly warned that I should surely die. One day in prayer the Lord spoke to me through the Bible, so distinctly and so clearly that I knew He was the One speaking to me. The verse which God pointed out was "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt surely die." This seemed strange to me, for there was no evidence of death approaching me. I was doing my regular work, preaching at this time every evening in Birmingham.

MY ILLNESS

A few days later I suffered a sudden attack of bronchial trouble and became rapidly worse, so that within two days I was in a serious condition. But I moved about as long as I could and told no one of the message from the Lord, and concealed from the family with whom I was staying the great pain with which I was suffering.

Although not half believing the warning that I should "surely die," I had a box brought down from the upstairs, for it contained some letters and dresses which had not been "put in order." I re-arranged the clothing and disposed of some of the letters, so that my house was now all set in order.

OTHERS WARNED OF MY APPROACHING DEATH

At this time I was at the home of Mr. H. Roe, 550 Bromford Lane, Ward End, Birmingham. He was the pastor of the Crown Mission in which I was holding evangelistic services and where I had preached even the night previous.

On the evening of my death, Mr. Roe was to have given the address at the opening of a new mission at Holmewood. But Mr. Roe, although very active in evangelistic work and much used of the Lord, never went out to a meeting until he had the prayer and blessing of his mother, a godly saint 80 years of age.

As they went to pray for his trip to Holmewood, she said, "Do you know that I feel that you ought not to go out tonight?"

"But," Mr. Roe replied. "They are expecting me at the new mission."

"Yes, I know," answered his mother, "still I think that you ought not leave the house tonight."

This seemed very strange as they did not know that I was very ill and expected me to take the service that evening at the Crown Mission. And as his mother kept insisting that he should not leave home that evening, he inquired if she had received any direct word from the Lord. She replied that she had this verse, "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

Mother Roe seldom mistook the mind of the Lord, but they were much puzzled over the meaning of the message. They remarked that there was no indication of a sudden death in the home, although I did not look very well and the aged mother was ready to be called up higher at any time, so they wondered if it could be either of us or some other person who would die that evening.

The mother then asked her son's wife what she thought of his leaving for the evening, and the daughter answered that she had not felt at ease all day.

Mr. Roe then came downstairs and questioned me as to how I felt about his going; but I insisted that he do as he felt the Lord led him. But at last I admitted that I would feel much easier if he did not go. So he decided to abandon his trip to Holmewood and instead go to take my place in his own assembly that evening.

So he started for the meeting, and on the way met Mrs. Moore of his congregation, who stopped him and said: "I have been praying much for the opening of the Holmewood Mission and that the Lord would greatly use you there. But strangely enough, I feel that you should not go."

"What makes you think so?" he inquired. She replied that while praying her mind was continually brought under a strong conviction that he should not go, for it seemed that something was going to happen.

She continued by saying that she then asked the Lord to give her some explanation from the Bible and that the following words stood out in raised letters: "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." It must be that someone is about to die.

MY DEATH

After the departure of Mr. Roe for the service I was lying on the couch and became suddenly worse. My breathing became heavy and I was unconscious part of the time. Returning at

10-30, Mr. Roe saw that I was seriously ill and said that we must earnestly pray.

The messenger of death was upon me and I tried to say, "Rebuke death," but before I could utter the words a power seemed to choke me and my tongue was paralyzed. I was lifted from the couch to an easy chair. Then my arms and legs straightened out and became as stiff and unmovable as boards.

Then began a prayer battle with death which lasted two and a half hours. Not only those at my side, but others whom God moved to pray, fought for my life. But in spite of every effort I died.

As death conquered I felt my life go out of my body. During the preceding moments, although unconscious, I felt my spirit within my being moving up and up like a fluttering dove about to take its flight. Up and up it moved, into my chest, then up and out, and I was free from my body.

Those praying at my side said, "Anna is gone." They called the aged mother of Mr. Roe who had been at many deathbeds, and she too said, "Anna is gone."

There was no pulse; there was no heart beat; there was no breath; the whole body became rigid and cold; the eyes were sunken, with dark lines underneath, and as the eye lids were lifted the scaly fishlike eyes seen only in the dead, were disclosed.

The dead body I had left was now lifted to the couch and the battle with death continued.

Directed by the Holy Spirit, pleading ceased, and with commands of mighty unction not of human origin, Mr. Roe now commanded God to rebuke death and to "restore Anna." He had never before commanded God nor had he thought that he had a right to do so; but after it was all over he understood that what he had done was according to the Word, "Concerning the work of my hands, command ye me." Isa. 45: 11.

As the battle continued, Mr. Roe was taken deeper and deeper into soul travail and intercessory prayer. This was not a battle with flesh and blood but with principalities and powers of darkness and the hosts of demons and evil spirits in heavenly places. Eph. 6:12.

MY SPIRIT REACHES HEAVEN

When my spirit left my body, it became clothed upon with my spiritual body or tabernacle from above. I was ascending through the air; but it was not like a dream, for I was fully conscious, ascending up and up. As I ascended, I could

feel the air on my face. Soon I passed the first heaven and ascended up and up beyond the stars. It was a wonderful sight to look down upon them, which might be compared to the lights of a city as seen by one on a mountain overlooking them.

On I went through the third heaven toward the New Jerusalem, the city of the redeemed. It needed neither the sun by day nor the moon by night for the great light of the glory of God and the Lamb filled it.

I went on and on, until I stopped before the gate of the city. Angels were there. The glory of God lightened it brighter than the noonday sun.

How I longed to enter by the gate into the city, but some power held me back and I could not.

With deep regret and disappointment, I found myself receding and knew that I must return to earth.

MY RETURN TO EARTH

Down, down I came—back through the stars and back through the atmosphere. Joyfully I left; but with keen regret I returned. My ascent to heaven and descent to earth seemed to take but a short time.

For a long time I seemed to go up and down the street past the house where my body lay, as there was so great reluctance to again enter that body of clay.

At last my spirit again entered my lifeless body—my lips moved, my tongue was loosened, my eyes opened. I saw Jesus standing in the room. His face and body radiated a great light. With a kindly but somewhat sad gesture, He beckoned me to remain.

With a weak voice, I said, "It is Jesus."

I was gently rebuked by the Holy Spirit for saying "it"; so said, "He is Jesus." As I pronounced the name of Jesus I felt a flow of life through my whole body. I repeated the words, "He is Jesus, He is Jesus," and every pronouncement of the name "Jesus" brought a flow of life to me. In a few minutes the power of that matchless Name had set me free from the power of death and of the disease which brought on death. All pain was gone, the disease had vanished, death had fled.

With returning life my muscles and tendons which had loosened in death again began to function. After some slight stiffness and aches, they worked normally.

Those at my side, Mr. Roe, and his wife and his mother, first noticed a slight fluttering in my

throat, then my lips moved, my tongue was set free and I said, "He is Jesus." As I pronounced His Name, they could see my body becoming filled with life, my arms and legs relaxed, my eyes opened, my voice returned, and with every expression of the Name of Jesus the pallor of death left my face and was replaced with the flush of life.

They tried to see Jesus as I pointed to Him, but their eyes were holden. They did not see the light radiating from the face and body of Jesus, but they did see the light radiating from my body, and recalled how heavenly light had radiated from the face of Moses so that the children of Israel could not steadfastly behold his countenance (Ex. 34: 29.35.)

MY RESTORATION

The incident came to my mind of Jesus healing the mother-in-law of Peter, who arose from her bed and prepared refreshments for them. But the devil whispered to me that she was only sick and had not died, I replied aloud, "Get thee behind me Satan, you are a liar from the beginning. In Jesus' Name I will arise and minister to these present with me."

With that, I arose and went into the kitchen and prepared some toast and cocoa of which we all partook. After some conversation and prayer we retired.

The next day I went about my regular duties. Six days after a physician examined me and pronounced me free from any disease.

Although every whit whole, my spirit was very reluctant to remain in this earthly tabernacle, and for about ten days I felt that at will I could leave my body again and that without sickness or pain but with the consent of the Lord my spirit could again take its flight to the realms of light from which I had so reluctantly returned.

During this time, friends carefully and prayerfully guarded me. After that I became content to remain in the body, and since then according to the plan of the Lord I have become a missionary in China.

* * *

Rev. J. N. Hoover, whose article appears on page 10 of this issue, and who is well known throughout the United States and Canada, begins his Fall and Winter evangelistic meetings and Bible conferences with Pastor Frank Gray in Tacoma, Wash. His engagements will bring him into the Central and Eastern states during the year 1932. Rev. Emil A. Balliet, his traveling companion, musical director and violinist, will be with Bro. Hoover in all of his campaigns.

How to Live the Victorious Life

A Formula that Works

Bert Edw. Williams, in the Stone Church Sept. 13, 1931



I WISH to talk to you this afternoon about the Victorious Life. You are all interested in how to live the Christian life more successfully. It seems the Lord has been laying upon my own heart of late the necessity of better Christian living—living that is beyond reproach. It is in the little things of life that God's people fail and thereby their testimony is often destroyed. So it is about the life in this realm that I wish to talk. If anyone should ask us to rob a bank, murder some one or commit some gross sin, we would be shocked beyond words, but there are many things that we do that weaken our testimony and consequently the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence.

The Word of God tells us plainly that we ought to live holy lives: "Be ye holy for I am holy;" "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." "As He is so are we in this present world." Holiness is a command from the Lord. In my study of the Word I find there are three things that are obligatory upon the believer, though from the way some people live you would suppose these Christian virtues to be optional. But I find for myself that I am *commanded* to live a holy life. I find that I am commanded to have faith, and also to be filled with the Spirit. These three are commanded by the Lord: "*Be ye holy,*" "*Have the faith of God,*" and "*Be filled with the Spirit.*"

These things are binding upon us as believers. And there is no excuse for us, because when God demands a standard of living He provides the equipment necessary for reaching that standard. When we pray for the healing of the sick, the salvation of sinners and the sending forth of workers into the vineyard—all these are works of faith, and they cannot be done without faith. "Without faith it is impossible to please God," so He commands us to "have the faith of God." The same is true of holy living, and being filled with the Spirit. They are not optional but obligatory upon every believer.

It is about this holy life that I want to speak particularly. The Word of God says, "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His" (II. Tim. 2:19). Aren't you glad for that? Another

passage is, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Down in New Jersey a church withdrew the hand of fellowship upon six members because they announced to the pastor that they knew they were saved. The pastor said, "You cannot know you are saved; that is fanaticism," but those people insisted they knew they were saved. The Board said, "We will put you out of the Church if you talk such nonsense," but they replied, "Whether in the Church or out of it, we are saved," and it is a matter of record that they turned them out.

God knows and we know that we are saved. Here is a two-fold knowledge, but that is not enough. The *world* should know that we are saved. The remainder of II. Tim. 2:19 reads, "And let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." What for? So that others shall know that we are saved. Here is three-fold knowledge: God, ourselves, and our neighbors. And the only way our neighbors and friends can ever know that we are Christians is by our departing from iniquity. They see us going to church regularly but is that a positive proof we are saved? It might be a very good indication; in fact it is a splendid indication that we are saved. But when we give up iniquity, give up the world, the flesh and the devil, and cleanse ourselves "of all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God" (II. Cor. 7:1), that becomes infallible proof that we are saved. The devil is a great counterfeiter. The Bible says he will transform himself into an angel of light in order to deceive, if possible, the very elect. He can imitate every spiritual manifestation we have, but he cannot imitate holiness. Why? Because he hasn't any. He cannot give genuine holiness because he doesn't have it to give.

Let me give you an illustration of the value of careful Christian living in a seemingly small matter. I have a friend who goes to Coney Island every summer to preach to the folks on the beach. One year he took his laundry to the Chinese laundryman, and contrary to his custom he ran a bill. At the close of the season he went to the Chinaman and said, "John, how much is my laundry bill?" John replied, "I tell you," and taking down a little ledger he ran his finger

along the column and said, "See! See! You owe me so much." Then my friend remembered that he had never given the Chinaman his name, and wondered how he was identified with the account. So he said, "Well, John, you do not know my name. How do you know what I owe you? He said, "See! See! Christian man! Christian man! Only one I know." My friend replied, "You do not mean to say that I am the only Christian man you know?" "Yes, yes, by the way you come in. Rich man, big man, he come in, he leave laundry. When he come back he say, 'John laundry ready?' I say, 'No sir, no sunny, no dry clothes, rain all time. Come some other day.' He get mad. He roar like lion. He no Christian. 'Nother man down street, he come in, he say 'John got clothes ready?' I say, 'No, no sunny, no dry clothes. Sorry!' 'Gr-r-r-l!' He no Christian. He big bear. You come along, you say, 'John, laundry ready?' I say, 'Sorry, no dry clothes, rain all day.' You say, 'All right, John. Come some other day.' See! Christian man! Christian man! Only one I know." That is what I am talking about—that intimate, personal contact with the common things of life. There Jesus wants to dwell with us so lovingly, so sweetly, so tenderly, to give us victory in every temptation.

Now how are we to have the life of victory in the little things along life's way? As I read my Bible we are to live this life along the avenue of perfect love. Now don't get frightened because I said, "Perfect love." I know what you are thinking about: Those days when you went to the altar and how you struggled to become the possessor of perfect love. And you did get a blessing. Everyone who waits on the Lord receives a blessing. You felt you possessed perfect love, but on Monday morning when you went to the wash-tub and the wash-tub sprung a leak, lo and behold you lost perfect love. And you could scarcely wait until the next meeting so you could go to the altar to struggle again and get back perfect love. "Now I have it. I will never let it get away from me again," you said. But next it was a leak in the plumbing that upset you.

Now if I understand the Bible correctly, struggling at an altar is not the way to get "perfect love". If we are saved this afternoon, born again by the Spirit of God, and Jesus Christ dwells in our hearts, we are already the possessors of perfect love. But somebody says, "Well, Mr. Preacher, if I possess perfect love, why is

it my love is not more perfect, my speech more like His?" Now don't go so fast. To possess perfect love and to let perfect love possess us, are two different things. Some years ago a man on Long Island died of starvation, and when they searched his shack they found hidden in different places \$1600. He had plenty of money to draw on, and yet he died of starvation. It is one thing to possess perfect love and another thing to draw on it. We possess perfect love because we possess Jesus. "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." In other words, Jesus is God's Love-gift to the world. To possess Him is to possess perfect love.

"Jesus, one word expresses all the love of God. It is not wholly seen in air and sea and clod. Nor does the light of heaven the whole of love reveal, We know Jehovah liveth, and that His love is real. The things we see about us can only tell a part, But when we look at Jesus, we see Jehovah's heart."

He is the embodiment of God, and when we want to see the love of God manifested extravagantly, we must not look at the world. A great many people are confused these days because they do not understand where to look to see the love of God. They hear about the tidal wave that inundates a great city and destroys thousands of people without a moment's notice; they hear of great scourges that sweep thousands into eternity; they hear of great steamers going down and hundreds of lives being lost. Why cannot we see the love of God in nature? Because this nature into which we are looking to find the love of God has been cursed. Where is love revealed? At Calvary. In the cyclone, in the tidal wave, in the scourge, we find the *power* of God revealed as He wields great weapons of justice trying to bring our attention to Himself. But out there at Calvary is where the *love* of God is revealed. If you would find His love, look there! That is the only place, Calvary! Calvary's stream is flowing!

So beloved, when we have this Jesus — this great love-gift to the world — this extravagant Gift of God-Jehovah in our hearts, we possess perfect love. Just notice what the Word in I. Jno. 4:16 says, "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect." It is not done by struggling though you do get a blessing through struggling, but this perfect love is in Jesus. As He dwells in us and we dwell in Him our love is made perfect. That is what the little colored boy said. He could not explain how it was, and his master made fun of him because he said Jesus was in

him and he was in Jesus. He was troubled and one day he was sent out to make a fire. He was stirring the fire with a poker and as he lifted the poker out of the fire, the fire was in the poker. So he ran to his master and flourishing the poker said, "See, Massa, I has got religion. The fire is in the poker and the poker is in the fire. I is in Jesus and Jesus is in me." That is as good an answer as anybody can give.

If Perfect Love has His way then the manifestation will always be the way of perfect love. Let us read I. Cor. 13:4-7 like this: "I suffer long, and I am kind; I envy not; I vaunt not myself; I am not puffed up; I do not behave myself unseemly; I seek not my own; I am not provoked (R.V.); I think no evil; I rejoice not in iniquity but I rejoice in the truth; I bear all things; I believe all things; I hope all things; I endure all things; I never fail." This will be the life when Perfect Love is having His way. "But," you say, "Mr. Williams, it is not so in my life. How is Perfect Love to manifest Himself?" Well you just have to move out of Perfect Love's way and He will always manifest Himself in this manner.

How will we get out of Perfect Love's way? The Bible tells us how. It never leaves us in doubt as to anything God wants us to do. The scripture makes me think of the crochet work my mother used to do. You older folks know about that lovely little edge our mothers and grandmothers used to make for the pillow slips. If you use a fine thread it makes a very delicate pattern. I remember how I used to watch my mother make that needle go so fast, and once in a while she would crochet a long piece and I'd get worried. But she would keep going, and about the time I'd get ready to tell her she had missed something she'd loop it through an opening way back in the pattern somewhere, and it would be a thing of beauty. That is just the way with God. We read on and think He has dropped a stitch, but if we will keep our eyes on the Word we will see He has not dropped a stitch at all, but He keeps on going and we will find He loops the truth together and there is a beautiful pattern. Well, how do we get out of Perfect Love's way? We die out.

The Word says, "We are crucified with Christ (Gal. 2:20). We talk about Christ dying for us, and we cannot talk too much about that, but listen! There is something else. We died with Christ. God wants everyone of His children to have a definite experience of crucifixion, so we

can enter into the fellowship of His suffering and feel the pain and agony of Gethsemane and the cross.

I will never forget an experience I had coming back from the West some years ago. I was lying in a Pullman at night, reading the Word of God. Never did it seem so precious to me. I put it to my lips and kissed it. That is a very sentimental thing to do. But it is one of the instincts of humanity to kiss the things we love. As I did that I passed through a strange experience. It seemed there was a flood-gate of glory breaking upon my soul. There came upon me in a few moments the consciousness of the sufferings of my Savior, and it seemed I bore in my body all the sorrow and all the woe that was heaped upon my blessed Lord. I lay there and wept. It seemed my heart would burst as I thought of the words of the apostle, "I am crucified with Christ." I believe these experiences with Him in His suffering are fundamental; they are a foundation upon which to stand.

Then there is something else. The Bible says, "Reckon yourselves to be dead unto sin." If we have not been crucified with Christ we cannot reckon that we are dead. We have no basis upon which to reckon. Judicially we died with Christ. We were crucified when Christ was crucified, but the matter of experience you and I must enter voluntarily, and learn something of the fellowship of His suffering. When this has taken place we can better reckon ourselves dead unto sin, but alive through Jesus Christ. What did Paul say? "When sin revived I started to argue?" Ah no! "When sin revived I died." Reckon yourself to be dead, and as we reckon ourselves as dead, Perfect Love will manifest Himself.

But the trouble is when our temptations come we have to put up a defense: "You wait until I see him. I will give him a piece of my mind." And when trouble starts, "Well I guess I have some rights around here. I will assert them too. I have as much to say about this business as you have, and you will find it out too." "I won't stand this thing any longer, for her or anybody else. So there!" Does that sound like a dead person? If a corpse should talk like that everybody would be frightened to death. Folks would run for their lives. We know the tongue is set on fire of hell, and it is so much easier to talk than it is to die. We never can say that we like funerals, but we must reckon ourselves to have a funeral every time we are tempted to sin.

When temptation comes start in quickly to reckon yourself dead. The world, the flesh and the devil will keep going—this trinity of darkness, but we are dead to them. We may come into this service very much alive, but we can be dead before we go out. If we learn how to reckon, and if the life we now live we live by the faith of the Son of God, then we will be able to overcome temptation. Not even the devil will bother long with a dead person.

Notice the case of Lazarus. He had been in the grave four days. Jesus had come and said, "Roll away the stone," but Mary said, "He is awfully dead, so dead that he is repulsive." He was so dead that there came out an odor from the tomb. My Bible says that "when He, the Spirit of Truth is come, He will convict the world of sin." That is what God expects you and me to do. And we will do it, not by yielding to every temptation that comes along, not by responding to the world, the flesh and the devil, but by a godly life. We will do it by the power of the indwelling Spirit and absolute surrender to the will of God. But we will not convict of sin by doing the things our neighbors do; or by doing the things ungodly members of families do. The Word says that they, "seeing your good works shall glorify your Father in heaven." We are too much alive to the call of the world, and respond too quickly to its appeal.

Lazarus was in the grave, and there were doubtless those who said that Lazarus was a hypocrite. "I do not think he ever had a Christian experience. I never thought he was genuine. He never did right by those sisters, etc." But Lazarus never heard a syllable. He was dead. Over yonder was another group: "That man Lazarus, wasn't he a handsome man? He always had such a sweet spirit, was so good to his sisters. What a wonderful testimony he could give, etc." Lazarus never heard a word of that either. He was dead. In a few moments a loud voice called, "Lazarus, come forth!" and he leaped right up out of the grave. He was dead to everyone and everything but the voice of God. May the Lord make us that way—dead to the condemnation of our enemies, dead to their flattery but alive to the voice of God and the things of God.

Well, beloved, reckon yourselves dead—start to figure it out that you are dead indeed unto sin. Now is this formula practical? Will it really work out in every day life? I have had some experience with it and it has worked out for me every time I have given God a chance. Some

years ago in New York state I was talking along this line and there was in the audience a noted Christian layman. He heard the message and said, "That sounds reasonable. I believe I will try it." A few days later I saw him on the street. He said, "Mr. Williams, it won't work." "What do you mean?" I asked. "That formula for a successful Christian life. It will not work." "Well," I said, "how is that?" He said, "I was building a house and I had it all done except putting the hardware on one door. I had a carpenter whom I was paying a dollar an hour, so I hurried up and went to the hardware store to get the fixtures. There was a new clerk on duty there who did not know the stock and I became impatient. But I remembered what you said—Reckon—so I stood there reckoning and said, 'I'm dead.' The fellow was pulling out one drawer after another and all the time I was thinking of that dollar an hour I was paying that carpenter. Twenty minutes were already gone and I could stand it no longer. So I opened up on him and told him what I thought." After hearing his story I said, "You are the best known layman in this city of one hundred thousand people; you are wealthy and have one of the largest Bible classes in the town. You spoke unkindly to that young man because you could not afford to pay a dollar an hour for victory." "Yes," he said, "it looks like that." I continued, "You wouldn't be out of that store five minutes before that clerk would be asking, 'Who is that man who talked to me with such an unchristian spirit?' Inside of six minutes he will know you are the leading Christian layman of the city and he will not have a bit of confidence in your religion." He said, "I never thought of *that*." I said, "If you are not willing to pay a dollar an hour for victory, you do not deserve it."

Brother, sister, are we willing to pay a dollar an hour for victory? I hear someone say, "In these days of depression that is a good deal to pay for victory." Yes, I know it is a good deal to pay, but I have a fine recollection of a verse in scripture that reads like this: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself (at the rate of a dollar an hour) and take up his cross and follow me." Doesn't it say that? Yes, it means self-denial and if we haven't learned that it will cost something to follow Him we haven't learned the rudiments of Christian living.

Why do we have to take up our cross? Oh beloved, why did Jesus take it up as He went out from Pilate's Judgment Hall? No, that

wasn't where He first took it up. It was in Gethsemane where He said one eternal, irrevocable "Not my will but Thine be done." That is where the marks of His crucifixion were forever fastened upon His body. You would never be in this place this afternoon with your experiences if you had not reached the place where you have said, "Not the will of my husband, my relatives or my pastor; not my will but God's be done." At that moment the cross was laid upon you. Paul says, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Jesus would never have had that pierced brow, He would never have had those wounded hands and feet, that broken side if He hadn't first said, "Not my will but Thine be done." That is when the real crucifixion takes place—when your will is wholly surrendered to His.

Let me give you one or two experiences to show you how this reckoning works out. I had been invited to a campmeeting for ten days as one of the speakers. On a Saturday afternoon we had a testimony meeting. It was late and the flap of the tent was up at the back. Bro. Tunmore had charge of the meeting and Bro. Ernest Williams was on the platform. I was praising the Lord and enjoying myself, when suddenly Bro. Tunmore whispered to Brother Williams, and then said, "We are going to change the order of service and have a missionary speak." I could imagine people in the audience saying, "There must be something wrong with that man Williams." And the devil rushed right up and said, "Here is a man that needs my help. Williams, go down and pack your trunk. Don't stay a minute." And I said, "All right. That is what I ought to do."

They had invited me to speak and I had it all planned how I would talk to them in those ten days on How to Live a Victorious Christian Life. The Spirit brought that to my memory and I said, "Well now why not apply this formula to your own case. You have been telling other folks how to do it." You know it is a good thing for a preacher to stand right in front of his own gun. So I said, "Well that would be a good thing. Let us see what this formula is: "Reckon yourself to be dead indeed." Oh my! Going to put on a funeral here." So I started to reckon. "Well who are you anyhow, Bert Williams?" And then I remembered: "If any man thinketh himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself," and I felt myself shrivel up. "Have you anything in yourself worth saying to

these people?" "Do you know how to say anything? etc." By the time I got thru reckoning I wasn't bigger than a hat pin. In a minute and a half I had perfect victory. I was dead; a dead person cannot strike back, or pack his trunk and move.

At the close of service, up rushed Ernest Williams, "Brother I am so sorry for what has happened. The sun was shining right in the back of that tent and Bro. Tunmore didn't know you were giving a testimony." I said in substance, "Bro. Williams, the funeral is all over." A little later as I was sitting near the platform up came Bro. Tunmore and said, "Bro. Williams I am so sorry for what happened. Bro. Ernest tells me you were testifying when I changed the order of service. The sun blinded my eyes and I never saw you." I said, "Brother, the flowers are all wilted." What a foolish man I would have been if I had gotten up and gone home angry! Wouldn't I have made a fine spectacle? No more tho than some of God's dear children make when they yield to other temptations and disgrace the cause of Christ.

Just one more experience: I was in a certain city in New York state and had a trunk and several other pieces of baggage. I went in on an electric road and upon reaching the station said to the baggage-man, "How much will it cost to check my trunk?" "Ten cents a day," he replied. I left it there and then went and put my dress suitcase in their check-room, several blocks away. After several weeks I went back, and there was a long tear in the leather of the case. I said, "I guess you have damaged my bag." The agent examined the rack and found that carpenters had driven a nail into the shelf and torn the leather. "I will send for the adjuster," he said. I waited about five minutes and all at once a cyclone came in and it broke right in my face: "Well, I suppose you want a new bag," he shouted. I said within me, "Perfect Love, come here quickly. I need you right away." So Perfect Love came running up and I said, "Now Perfect Love you talk to him." So Perfect Love said, "No, thank you. I wasn't even thinking about a new bag. In fact I do not think I ought to have one. This is an old bag that I have had many years. It didn't cost very much to start with and it isn't worth much now." "How much do you think you ought to have?" the cyclone asked, by this time very much calmed. Perfect Love is always just and never overreaches; doesn't even seek

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Three of the Hardest Battles I Ever Fought

A. G. Ward



I HAD withdrawn from the Methodist ministry because of very definite leadings from the Lord, and was engaged in special meetings in a mining town in the far West with a friend who was a young Baptist preacher, when an invitation came from a Holiness preacher in another city to join him in rescue work which he and his wife had undertaken. After some prayer I decided to accept the call and a little later found myself in the midst of a small group of very needy souls. We worked hard, spent what money we had, and looked to God for definite results. For some reason unknown to me we failed to see the results for which we had hoped.

As the weeks passed, the atmosphere in the preacher's home changed until one day I was asked to give up my fairly comfortable room upstairs for one much smaller and less comfortable off the kitchen. Not long after this I was told that I must sleep in a tent. Winter in Western Canada is always severe and the tent was located near the bank of a river and had not been properly pitched.

About midnight of the first night in the tent I became so cold that I finally decided I must either freeze to death or get up and dress. I chose to do the latter and after dressing walked the streets for hours. Finally morning broke and although greatly embarrassed I returned to my friends' home and sat around all day wondering what I would do when night fell again. It came, and with it a great fear to return to the tent for another long cold night. At last I dismissed my pride, for the time being at least, and asked permission to sit up all night in the kitchen of the preacher's home. This was granted and a little later the brother and his family retired.

It was a long night. As I sat hour after hour with my chair near the range, my thoughts were many and varied. I found plenty of time to think of the past and future as well as of the present; the enemy of my soul drew near with strange suggestions. The battle raged—at times the contest was fierce but the Lord gave needed grace and again proved to His much-tested child that He was the "enough God"—able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think.

* * *

When about seven years old our youngest child developed trouble in her right knee. At first we were not unduly disturbed by it, but as the days passed it became much more serious until finally after the leg became practically stiff we decided to consult a physician—an old friend of mine.

After a careful examination on his part he expressed the conviction that Ruth had developed a tuberculous knee, but in order to make doubly sure advised that we consult Dr. Harris, a bone specialist. A visit was made to Dr. Harris' office and the diagnosis of the first doctor consulted, sustained. It was a sad hour for both Mrs. Ward and myself but our daughter though very young seemed confident that the Lord would deliver.

The following Sunday morning in the Assembly Hall when we invited all who wished to be prayed for, for healing to come forward and kneel at the altar, Ruth was the first to respond. As she bowed at the altar we anointed her with oil in Jesus' name and prayed that the healing hand of the Living Christ might be laid upon her body. The weeks passed, the trouble continued until everything seemed to indicate that ere long our precious child would be leaving us for a fairer clime.

For many years we had trusted the Lord as our Healer and of course He had never failed. His promises seemed so very clear and positive, surely deliverance would come but instead of an improvement in her condition the trouble became much more aggravated. Many times each day we were before the Lord, pleading His word and endeavoring to claim the promise, "If ye ask... I will do."

It was a long and fiercely contested battle; at times it seemed as though victory would never come. Must we give way to this awful disease? Would our little girl be taken from us? How could we go on without her? What would we say to others with a like disease? Would our confidence in the Lord as Healer be shaken?

Then one morning after many weeks of conflict the Lord spoke to us while in prayer and said, "I do not want you to ask Me again to heal your child, begin to-day to thank Me for her deliverance." At once we obeyed and continued as the days passed to praise the Lord for perfect healing.

Later we had our daughter re-examined by

the first doctor consulted and after a thorough examination he said just one word, "Wonderful!" Many years have passed, our girl is now a young woman, no trace of the disease remains, nor is there any apparent weakness in the knee, so we continue to sing:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sick ones plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their aches and pains."

* * *

While Principal of Central Bible Institute, Springfield, Missouri, sickness broke out among the students and many were laid aside from their classes. The Matron was busy day and night ministering to those who were ill and I was constantly on the go when not attending to the many other duties which devolved upon me, praying for both young men and young women who were in great need. The climax was reached when Miss R. developed a bad case of blood-poisoning. A trained nurse who belonged to the student body that year was greatly distressed as she watched the case and later expressed a feeling that it was altogether too serious a case for her to be responsible for.

That evening we called all who were well enough to attend to meet with us in the Chapel for prayer, for we felt no matter what it meant we must pray through, the enemy must be routed and the Word of God vindicated. I laid the situation before the dear students and some of the members of the faculty who were present that evening, and stated that I felt we had tolerated the devil altogether too long and that we must not give way until victory was ours.

Oh what a spirit of prayer came upon many that evening! I believe some at least made intercession with strong crying and tears. It was a glorious night, the battle continued until at last the Holy Spirit rose up within me and with a mighty rebuke the enemy was forced to retreat.

I was lifted from my knees to my feet and as I walked down the aisle of the Chapel with hands uplifted I had a mental vision of the forces of hell falling back before the all-conquering, all-powerful name of our Lord Jesus Christ, as with God-given authority we were using it in commanding the devil to lift the sickness and withdraw. The nurse referred to above was amazed when she actually saw the blood-poison retreat until on the following morning it was gone, the students who had been so ill were restored to

their classes and once again life in the college became normal.

It pays to pray, to pray until you have the inward assurance that you have prevailed. Prayer is either a prodigious force or a disgraceful farce. If a prodigious force we may pray little and get much; if a disgraceful farce, we may pray much and get little. Lord, teach us to pray! Lord, teach us how to pray! Lord help us to pray through!

(Continued from page 2)

Gospel message. No minister will be permitted to raise his voice in warning.

So as we see the on-coming storm let us redouble our efforts by voice and by pen to send out the warning cry: "Jesus is coming!" "Be ye therefore ready!" It is a matter for great rejoicing that people are stirred as never before as they "see these things begin to come to pass." They write, "Send me tracts on Signs of the End. I must stir up my relatives. They are unsaved." One woman wrote she couldn't keep enough tracts on hand; that they even came for them after she had retired for the night. There is no service we can do for God easier than to give out a tract, and who knows but it might lead to the salvation of a soul. Many have written that our tract on "The Mark of the Beast" and others along this line have enabled them to reach sinners in a way they have never been able to do before.

One of our readers recently sent us a picture of the City Hall in Pasadena, California, on which the Fascist mark appears over the entrance. She also sent us a wrapper from a loaf of bread bearing the same emblem. Now since their attention has been called to these things they can see prophecy being fulfilled along many lines. Some have endeavored to explain regarding the emblem on the United States dime saying that it was put there before the Fascisti was in power, but does that mean that it hasn't a prophetic fulfillment? It is very significant that the Fascist emblem is being put on a large number of commodities, which no doubt has a deeper meaning than people realize. In Roman antiquity the Fasces was born by lictors before the superior Roman magistrate as a badge of their power over life and limb, and in the days of the revived Roman Empire when Antichrist sits as dictator of the world, he will have power over every man, woman and child. "And no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark or the name of the beast." Rev. 13:17.

Offend! Never Defend!

Attacking a Hundred Strongholds of Hell

Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn



IN THE fiercest, most furious fighting fortune favours the forces on the offensive. How often a flinching from the fire, a fear to go forward has turned the tide of battle! Many a military campaign has completely collapsed because the commander failed to press the issue at a crucial point and follow up his gain with a "Forward March"! Aggressive warfare may be costly in casualties, but it creates the confidence and courage that soon crowns the cause with victory. A stationary army has neither strength nor strategy. **IT IS THE ARMY THAT MOVES THAT MASTERS!** And the battalions that are mobile, outmanoeuvre the enemy every time. Defenders are always in difficulties. Sometimes the besieged have been saved and a surrounded city has been relieved but it is not a glorious affair. Advance has its dangers but also its advantages—adventure, capture and spoil. In the fever of successful conflict, in the flush of triumphant invasion, sacrifice and suffering are soon forgotten. Living at the enemy's expense is better than stinting on the quartermaster's rations. To foray for yourself far inside the foe's frontier is both entertaining and satisfying. The sword successful should exact tribute. Territory that is taken should be taxed and made to pay the expenses of war.

In these principles Napoleon was a past master. He came to the command of the disheartened French troops at a most critical time. They had been repeatedly routed by the Italians and were a bedraggled, dishevelled, disorganized lot when he arrived from Paris. He assembled them together, promised them new uniforms, rifles and cannon and plenty of money all within a month. Dumbfounded they listened, wondering what new turn of fortune had come to the Revolutionary cause. After his speech the older generals, smarting keenly that a younger man than they should have been placed at the head, enquired of him how he could perform such wonders when they well knew the depleted conditions of the War Treasury at the Capital. He replied, "Tomorrow at 4 a. m. we march out of camp and start a new campaign against the Italians." In one month four major battles had been won and sixteen lesser engagements, the troops were all

reorganized, and re-equipped with the enormous amount of ordnance that had been captured from the Italians who were every where in precipitous flight. Like a battering ram he kept following the fleeing hosts and inflicted such punishment that in six months he had the Milanese under his heel. He lived in his saddle. He attacked night and day and so trained his veterans to rapid march that later when all of Europe was overrun they said, "The Emperor makes us win our battles in novel fashion—with our feet!"

If these things be true of worldly war how much more of spiritual combat. "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, *but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds*". (2 Cor. 10:4.) Paul here pictures the people of God perpetually assaulting the fortresses of Satan—A militant Church on the Charge—a Faith forever on the offensive—A Christianity full of audacious venture and daring Challenge. The story of the Acts of the Apostles glows with the enthusiasm and zeal of revival conquest. The Holy Ghost had given them a holy "Go". Their Gospel meant "Go ye". Such momentum and power accompanied their glorious progress that it was said of them "These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also". (Acts 17:6.) Like the conquest of Canaan under Joshua they pulled down the walled strongholds on every side. Today one gets the opposite impression. The rule is retreat and the retrograde is general. Christianity is on the defensive on almost every battle front! The saints sadly sing, "Hold the fort for I am coming". That is a hymn I very much dislike. It is symptomatic of the failure of faltering faith in these days of the "falling away". It reminds me of hard pressed American Pioneers gaunt and haggard hugging the portholes of their wooden stockade besieged by Indians. Doves of the savages are circling around peppering the pallisades with bullets, yelling like mad and riding like demons, shooting under the bellies of their galloping ponies. Inside the fort all is devastation, distress and despair; the wounded are laying about, no one to tend the dying, the water supply exhausted, the ammunition running low, nothing left but grim determination clinging to the forlorn hope of reinforcements.—This is all wrong! Such a policy is impossible! ! Instead of singing about *one*

fort, we should be engaging the enemy on his own territory, *attacking and taking a hundred holds of hell and keeping the devil on the run everywhere*. "For he that hath, to him shall be given: and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath", even that one miserable fort (Mark 4:25).

Take a lesson from the last war. The German "*Generale Mass Stab*" (High Military Council) had but one motto: "TO ATTACK IS TO WIN; TO DEFEND IS TO LOSE." At first they filled the world with consternation and dismay. They defied five continents by land, sea and air. The marvel was the nobility of their smashing columns. The rapid movements of their shock troops were so sudden and so full of surprise that they inflicted on their enemies twice the bloodshed they suffered themselves, and dominated every theatre of hostilities for three years. THEY LOST BECAUSE THEY FAILED TO LIVE UP TO THEIR SLOGAN—They couldn't! The German Might was defeated the day they allowed their divisions to dig ditches. The terrible stalemate of trench fighting was fatal. This monotonous make-believe battling wore the will to win out of their men. That dreadful desultory skirmishing, that weary watching across no man's land wasted and weakened their morale and vitality. That dispiriting sameness would sicken any soldier! No wonder the regiments had to be recuperated repeatedly back of the lines. There's nothing spontaneous, romantic or enterprising about mere resistance. DEFENCE IS DEFEAT! Because defence is negative, offense is positive! Not until Field Marshal Foch decided to attack without ceasing did the Allies ever have a chance to win. He battered the Hindenburg line unremittingly and breaking its back, the big blows continued until the Boches ran for the Rhine. *It was offense that won the world war.*

But the Modern Pulpit apologizes, palliates and compromises. Preachers that pussyfoot are forever begging your pardon for what they are supposed to believe. The Pastors explain, expound and expunge attempting to make the presentation of the unpleasant piercing truths of God's Word palatable to the public. But we cannot change this Scripture "He Shall be... for a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence" (Isa. 8:14). And Paul says, "If I yet preach circumcision why do I yet suffer persecution? Then is the offence of the Cross ceased" (Gal. 5:11). Jesus said, "offences must needs come", some are bound to stumble because *Christ is a Stone of*

Stumbling. No amount of maneuvering can remove or smooth off the sharp edge of the sword of the spirit. Direct action was never so needed as in this final fight of faith to the finish. *Let us proclaim the Gospel, not protect it*. No cowering to higher criticism! No armistice with modernism! No fawning for favour! Let us be bold to provoke, to encroach and to assail, "in nothing terrified by our adversaries" (Phil. 1:28). The gates of hell *cannot* prevail against us, for has He not said, "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon that have I given unto you" (Josh. 1:3)?

* * *

Our readers will again be glad to see an article from the pen of our Field Editor, Evangelist Wm. Booth-Clibborn. At the beginning of the year he launched his second tent campaign in the city of Brisbane, the capital of Australia, a city of 300,000. This tent, in three sections to accommodate itself to the crowds, will seat when enlarged 2,500 people. He writes that their goal is 1,000 souls—they have now passed the 600 mark.

* * *

Miss Mabel Dean writes from Minia, Egypt, "Last winter was my best since coming to Egypt. During the time of the riot in Alexandria last summer I felt I would never see Minia again, so we all prayed very earnestly that the Lord would give us one more winter there to reach the many surrounding villages. Praise God He not only brought us back but has blessed us far beyond anything we had expected. There is a continual praise going up here for the way He is working, giving us power with the people and enabling us to reach out into the far villages. We have had meetings in twenty-nine different villages this year but only fifteen that we go to regularly. There is simply no end to them. Whichever way you turn you can stand in one place and count eight or ten, large and small. It is the women we long to reach." Mrs. Doney writes that there are numbers saved and baptized in this work at Minia, and that God is blessing Miss Dean and Miss Meade.

* * *

Bro. and Sister Shakley returned to their work in Freetown, Sierra Leone, sailing on *The Milwaukie*, Sept. 19th. They are asking the prayers of God's people that the God who never failed them will be their Helper during this next term.

Christ Knocking at the Door of His Church

What It Means to Sup with Him

Hugh Cadwalder, Alton, Ill., in the Stone Church August 16, 1931



I WANT to call your attention to the 20th verse in Revelation 3. I do not know of a better text than this to use in an evangelistic meeting for truly Jesus Christ is knocking at the door of every man's heart; neither do I know of a better text than this to preach from to people who have not received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit for Christ is knocking at the door of every man's heart that He might come in not only as his Savior but as his Baptizer, but today I am compelled to admit that this message mentioned in this verse was not addressed to sinners nor was it given to people seeking the Baptism for they were already walking in the light, and I believe it will be very timely for us as Pentecostal people to take this message from God.

We all know, without going into any lengthy discussions, that the seven messages given to the seven churches of Asia were given not only to the seven historical churches which were located in Asia Minor, but they have a dispensational setting and will cover a period from the day of Pentecost to the rapture of the church and the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. When we study carefully the history of the church to the present time we find that the conditions described by God to John on the Isle of Patmos, have all been fulfilled and we are now living in the period covered by the Laodicean Church, the last one of the seven churches, the one which is to close the church age and usher in the tribulation just before the millennial reign of the Lord Jesus Christ.

With these facts before us, to me, the verse gives us a clear vision of what the Lord is doing these days. If you read this message to the Laodicean Church you will find it was a message to a church which had suffered a tremendous declension and letting down in their consecration; they had gotten their eyes off the spiritual side, the essential things of the church of God, and on to the great material things which they had accumulated. Tell me, has there ever in the history of all Christendom, been a time when the religious world has accumulated such tremendous wealth, when the church has put such confidence and trust in material things as she is doing today?

In all of the different religious organizations, Catholic and Protestant alike, you will find their hope of pardon is resting upon material things and they have their eyes on the accumulations which they have made. And I am sorry to admit it but the fact remains that this same spirit which has crept into other denominations is slipping into the Pentecostal Movement and we find ourselves surrounded with that spirit of dependence upon the natural and material. This has been the undoing of every religious movement, for God is a jealous God and He is determined that His people shall wholly depend upon Him in recognition of the fact that without Him we are helpless. We must have the presence and the power of God in our midst or nothing worth while will be accomplished.

I do not think it is hard to convince you that we are living in the age described here where people say, "I am rich. . . and have need of nothing"; we have increased our goods and have all the natural things we want and have need of nothing else, but know not that we are poor and needy, blind and naked and miserable. Why? Because the one essential thing has been left out and that is the presence of the living God. And then the apostle talks to them in the language of our text, "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." I want you to notice the phraseology which the Lord uses; how touching and stirring and how it should move our hearts: "Behold!" Who? None other than the Lord Jesus, the Savior, the Redeemer of the world. It is He who Paul says, gave Himself for the church that He might wash it in His own blood. Then the church is His own possession for she has been paid for with His own life; and now we hear that same Jesus who gave His life and who shed His blood, say, "Behold I stand at the door and knock!" We know it is the door of the church, to which He is referring. He is not talking to the world. The message was spoken to the church and He is saying today, "Behold I stand!" the Son of God, in all His power, ready to work as mightily as He ever worked. The Christ who walked the shores of Gallilee, who raised the only daughter and the only son is the same today and

it is that Christ, that Son of God who says, "Behold I stand at the door of the church." What a sad fact is brought out in this picture! Where does He stand? At the door of the church. The One who poured out His life blood to save the church is now standing at the door knocking for admittance.

Is there anything that ought to wring the heart and make the child of God weep between the altar and the door, and fast and pray more than this? To think that He has to stand at the door of the church for which the Lord gave His life, and knock for admittance! We are forced to admit that there are conditions inside which prevent Him from being recognized as Lord. He wouldn't have to knock at the door of His own house unless there are conditions inside which make Him suspicious that it would be embarrassing for those inside, if He came in without knocking. His knocking for admittance testifies to the fact that there would be an embarrassing situation if He came in unasked. I can imagine it would be embarrassing to the man who has envy in his heart. "Oh," you say, "you don't mean to say there are people who call themselves Christians that have envy and malice in their hearts!" Let me say that I have sat at the blessed communion service and observed people partaking who would not speak to other persons in the same service.

I think it would be rather embarrassing for individuals should the Lord come in unbidden to find their hearts all enwrapped and taken up with the things of the world, for Jesus declared He would have a separated people, separated from the world. I am reminded of the Scripture, when Jesus looked out over Israel and observed all of their ceremonies and performances for the exterior, and then said, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Again, I think of that old warrior, Paul, who over there in Rome got the revelation from God that without holiness no man should see the Lord. God will not associate, will not affiliate or have anything to do with the sins of the world; with ungodliness, with unrighteousness or uncleanness, and because of the conditions which existed in the Church of Laodicea He stood without. Why should He ask for admittance? Imagine, if you can, the Son of God, the Man of Calvary having to ask for admittance in the church, which He purchased at so great a price!

There are some people who once believed in purity of heart and in the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and used to recognized the Lord as Leader,

but since they have learned to preach a little they have decided they no longer need the presence of the supernatural Christ; no longer do they dare to open their meetings and rely on God and keep their hands off. You know, Jesus might embarrass them if they did; the Lord might humiliate them by doing something they didn't want done at that particular moment. There are many people who claim they recognize the Lordship of Jesus Christ but do not give Him much opportunity to exercise it.

I have been stirred as I have studied the experiences of Saul. You remember how Saul said, "Who art thou Lord?" And the Lord said, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." Then He told him to go to Damascus, not on Crooked Avenue or Grumble Street, but to Straight Street and there he would find Ananias and he would tell him what to do. Why didn't Jesus tell him what to do? Because Jesus has committed to the church the responsibility of giving a testimony for God. How can they do it if His Lordship is rejected? It may not stir you as it does my heart, but I tremble as I recognize the tragedy that right in our Pentecostal assemblies and churches we have come to the place where we have such forms and programs that Jesus Christ has no place to break thru and do something out of the natural. Nowadays you can take your children over to your neighbor and promise to be back at a certain time for them, but you couldn't do that years ago. While there may have been many things that took place in the early days of this Movement which may have retarded the work of God, yet there is one thing we must come back to, and that is to recognize the Lordship of Jesus Christ in our meetings.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock." If we were to end this message here it would leave us with a sad and gloomy outlook. Knowing the conditions of the religious world and of the church, and knowing that the ecclesiastical system of this present day has become so organized that He would not be allowed to exercise His Lordship, we still have the hope of a remedy. Listen to the next thought. While He is standing at the door knocking, having been shut outside the churches, He passes the responsibility to the individual and says, "If *any man* will open the door, I will come in." Of course in one sense no man has a right to open or close the door of the church; some people think they have that privilege but I know of no organization or person who has the right. One man cannot answer for

the whole church. There were times when Moses answered for Israel and Paul cried out for certain assemblies, but as a rule, no one individual can answer for the church. But in this glorious program for the church He doesn't take away your personal privilege of opening the door of your heart and letting Him come in. You say, "What are you saying? Letting Jesus come in? I have been saved for years and have the Baptism and have prayed for the sick and they have been healed, and now you talk to me about letting Jesus in." If you study the history of the churches of Asia you will find that they were just as far advanced as you ever assumed to be and yet there came a time when Jesus turned away from the church and said, "If any man in that backslidden, half-hearted, lukewarm church, will *hear* my voice"—It means something to hear the voice of Jesus in these days.

There are many voices in the world. Some years ago I attended a Chautauqua and heard a man lecturing there on "God's Masterpiece, Man." He went over the masterpieces of art and literature and finally came to God's masterpiece and then told of that great masterpiece of literature which a man wrote and called "The Call of the Wolf." How up yonder in the mountains he found a little baby coyote and he brought it home and tried to tame it and make a watch dog out of it. It grew to be a monster and was very affectionate but one day at the time of sunset the master noticed him standing with his head reared, listening attentively, and there came ringing out across the hills the call of the coyote. All attention, he continued to listen; then he looked back towards his master for a moment, listened again and when the second call came he gave one farewell look at his master, then off he bounded to join his kind. He knew the voice of his own. I am glad that while there are many voices calling, while the world would beckon us to serve it, we can hear ringing out over all the clamor and the tumult, above all the lurings of position, political and social, the voice of Jesus clear and strong, "This is the way, walk ye in it." He said, "If any man will hear my voice, and open the door of his life, I will come in."

I believe that it means more than most of us realize. I believe the man and woman who will dare to step out and open the door of the innermost recesses of their lives, will find the divine life of Christ making deeper inroads than ever before, and there will shine forth a brighter radiance than has ever been known. And let me add,

they will live to realize the fulfillment of the saying, "They who live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Never in the world has sin had such power to envelop people as it has now, and if you dare to live in touch with God, sanctified and filled, as sure as you live, you will put a reflection upon sin and will make every sinner that comes in contact with you miserable and the devil will stir up opposition; but there comes from the depths of my heart a response to the voice of the Lord Jesus and I can say,

"Take the world but give me Jesus."

If it means persecution such as our brethren are suffering in Europe I say, "Lord come in, saturate, permeate, fill and sanctify me a vessel unto honor, meet for the Master's use." Do you want Him in your heart today? You know I never yet found one house that is large enough for two families. Do you get the thought? Jesus will not move into your life if the old man still lives there; if sin is living there Jesus will not come in; if the love of the world is there He will not come in. So if you want Him to come in you must see that everything of the world goes out.

Then I would like you to notice the last part of this verse, "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me." I think sometimes the devil in his craftiness deceives us to believe that if we dare to let God have His way it will mean the loss of everything. How the devil will torment us if we permit him to do so! He says, "If you dare to surrender and cut every shore line, where will you drift? What will happen? It is absolutely ridiculous to trust the Lord for all things; if you trust your babies in the hands of God they will die and then the law will get after you." But listen to the words of Jesus, "If you will open the door, *I will come in and sup with you.*" There won't be any drinking of the cup that He will not drink with you. You remember when Jesus took the cup, He didn't say to His disciples, "Here you drink it." He drank first and then He passed it on. He never asks you to drink the cup that He has not first partaken of. And He will so illuminate and sanctify your life that you will be a constant rebuke to those who have refused to let God have His way.

Then there is still another phase. If you will let Him sup with you then when the battle is over and the victory won, when King Jesus comes marching into the presence of the Father with ten thousand of His saints to present them as His

Church which has been kept by Him, you will be among that number. What a wonderful truth is brought out here, that if we will let Him sup with us in our sorrows, in our victories here, He will make us partaker of His glory. Did you let Him sup with you this week when some financial turn brought you gain? Did you sup with Him when He baptized you in the Holy Spirit? When you prayed for someone and God's power was present to heal, did you give God the glory and did you let Jesus sup with you? I get rather disgusted these days to see the way people take the glory. Every boy or girl or man or woman whom the Lord uses a little in the ministry, comes out with the announcement, "Tomorrow night I will tell the story of my life." Who cares anything about a person's life story? I don't want anyone to know my past life, and I am so glad for all that Jesus has done that it takes all my time to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Did you let Him sup with you? Did you give Him all the honor? Paul said, "I could glory if I wanted to, I could tell many things about myself but God forbid." If Paul, when he came to the Council at Jerusalem, had started to tell how he had been sitting at the feet of Gamaliel he could have made Peter feel ashamed of himself but he said, "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and if I glory, I glory in the cross." May God help us to see that natural results are not supernatural victories! Jesus says, "If you will let Me sup with you in all your victories, let Me walk with you and talk with you I will share My glory with you." I presume most men are like I am; when I feel there has been a great victory won and if there comes to my life some special blessing I always want to let my wife share it with me. I believe Jesus wants that fellowship, that same friendship, that privilege of walking with us down life's pathway. Somehow I love to slip away into my room after a great blessing from the Lord, and just say, "Jesus, didn't we have a good time together? I do thank You for allowing me to walk with You today." You remember the little boy with the five loaves and two fishes. Methinks when he went back home he must have said "Oh mother, the most wonderful thing happened today! You know Jesus and I had the most wonderful time because I shared my lunch."

If you will let Him sup with you now then when the victories are won and sin is forever conquered, when Christ comes marching into the

presence of the Father to be crowned Lord of lords, He will let you sup with Him then. You know people don't realize who we are, they say, "Such a lot of peculiar people! they are rather noisy and not a very good class of people who go over there," but that is because they do not recognize us. Do you know why? Because we have not yet put on our royal garments. He is supping with *us* now but when He receives His honor and His glory He says we may sup with *Him* then. Do you want to be partaker then? The whole thing rests with you. You cannot get your eyes on the apostate conditions of the church and say, "Well nobody else has much victory, the Lord is not blessing anyone these days and I am getting along about as well as anyone else." No, that will not do. The responsibility rests with each of us individually, and the question comes, "What will you do with Jesus today?" Will you open the door and let Him come in and sup with you?

Missionary Disbursements

(From May to September)

Miss Carrie Anderson, Singapore	\$ 40.00
L. M. Anglin, China	52.00
Mrs. A. Blattner, Venezuela	55.00
Miss Mattie F. Brann, China	62.53
J. H. Boyce (on furlough)	25.85
Elizabeth Brown, Palestine	7.00
Chicago Missionary Rest Home	47.00
Robt. Cook, India	12.00
C. W. Doney, Egypt (Building)	60.00
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Graves, Ceylon	40.00
Miss Anna Helmbrecht, India	10.00
Miss Anna Hockelman, China	128.00
C. F. Juergensen, Japan	80.00
Miss Ethel King, India	15.00
George M. Kelley, China	25.00
Miss Bernice C. Lee, India	138.00
Million Testament League, for So. America..	20.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mueller, India	25.00
V. G. Plymire (on furlough)	22.00
Miss Laura Radford, Palestine (Building)...	100.00
Miss Mary Rasmussen, China	25.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo	10.00
Russian E. E. Mission	40.00
Edgar M. Scurrah, So. Africa	30.00
Wm. E. Simpson, Tibetan Border	51.66
Thos. Stoddart, India	125.00
Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Surtees, China	10.00
Miss Hilda Wagenknecht, India	25.00
Clifford Wallin, Liberia	45.25
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan	20.00
W. R. Williamson, China Flood Sufferers..	50.00
Total	\$1406.29

* * *

Bro. Beskin writes that he has a very startling and illuminating article for one of our coming issues on "WHEAT, BARLEY AND OIL." Get your friends to subscribe for the paper and get these interesting and enlightening articles. Five subscriptions for \$5.

Alone with God

Sermon by J. N. Hoover, in the Stone Church



Let us dismiss from our mind the worry of business and the cares of home life and spend the next thirty minutes alone with God.

When Jesus heard of the death of John the Baptist, and how King Herod had caused him to be beheaded while yet in prison, He departed with a heavy heart into a desert place that He might spend a few hours alone. Though divine, He was also human, and as He sat in silence thinking of that day of days when He must taste death for every man, He heard the muttering of a hundred voices, and the tramp, tramp, tramp, like the sound of a marching regiment. Lifting His weary eye-lids, He looked, and lo, before Him was a great multitude of people, anxiously seeking healing, and the smile of His heavenly face. When He saw their faith and earnestness, He was moved with compassion toward them, and healed them of their diseases.

Thus, the few hours which He had hoped to spend alone, had become a day of toil and sacrifice for others, until now the evening shadows were falling. The disciples seeing that night was upon them, said to Him, "Send the multitude away, that they may go into villages and buy themselves bread." But Jesus said unto them, "Give ye them to eat. How many loaves have ye?" And they said unto Him, "We have here but five loaves and two small fishes." He commanded the multitude to sit down on the grass; and He took the five loaves and two fishes, and looking up to heaven, He blessed and brake the loaves and gave it to His disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. And they did all eat and were filled; and they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full. And they that had eaten were about five thousand men, beside women and children. Then He bade them farewell. And while the disciples were returning to the other side of the sea of Galilee, Jesus "went up into a mountain apart to pray, and when the evening was come, He was there alone."

ALONE

Did you ever feel you were all alone? And that those whom you considered your friends were in truth your enemies, and you were forced

to face and master life's problems alone? If such you have experienced, doubtlessly you can appreciate the feeling of the dear Master as He journeyed up the hillside alone.

It was He who said, "The foxes have holes, the birds have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." He was tired and weary, and longed for a home of rest. This world was full of sorrow for Him, and it is for some of us. I tell you, this world is full of sad, lonely and discouraged souls. Every day we meet those who are broken hearted and lonesome. We long for one who sympathizes with us, and for one who is not only friendly, but a friend.

I shall never forget the experience I had while engaged in missionary work in the city of St. Louis, Mo. One night there came into our mission on Pine street a young man who seemed to be a gentleman in every respect. At the close of the sermon I interviewed him regarding the destiny of his soul. I asked him if he was a Christian and he said, "Yes, sir, I am. But sometimes the way is so rough and my burdens so heavy I almost despair." And while he spoke I saw his eyes fill with tears, he bowed his head and this is what he said, "This world seems to have no place for me. I'm alone and lonesome. Mother is dead, and father, well, I never hear from him any more. As a clerk in a department store, I am trying to earn an honest living, but I long for a place I could call home, and for someone who would really love me." I saw his heart was heavy, and tried to comfort him some; for I too had just lost my mother; father had gone South for the winter, and the old home was no more forever.

I tell you there are hundreds of young men without a home and many of them without a friend. I am the young man's friend. I know his joys and his sorrows. God pity the boy or the girl, who is facing life's battles without a home, without a mother's love, a father's care or the encouragement of a friend. Life sometimes seems hard enough with all of these, but what must it be with neither father, mother, home nor friend? If you can't speak good of a young man or young woman, then say nothing. They need your sympathy, your helping hand, and not your criticism.

You who live in a large city, have seen,

whether you were conscious of it or not, hundreds of children, homeless and friendless. Some of these boys and girls sell papers for a living, some steal for a living, some sleep in old boxes in a dark alley or in some old basement where there is no sunlight; many of them have no home and no one who cares for them. I have spoken to them in the streets, in crowded halls and in the filthy slums, and my heart goes out in loving sympathy for these children. I am convinced that our great American cities are rapidly becoming the most difficult missionary field in the world.

These tried and lonely hearts are longing for sympathy, and for one who will help them into a higher and better life. They love the one who will give them a smile, and will serve the one who lends a helping hand. But we need not go into the large cities to find the homeless, the poor, the lonely and the distressed, for they are in our own door yard. Perhaps some of your children have gone astray; some are married and have a home of their own and some are buried in the city of the dead, and to-night, no child's play or laughter is heard in the old home, and you sit around alone, thinking of bygone years.

I am sure there are those here who have lost your companion and you feel lonesome and alone. The trials of life seem more than you are able to bear. Oft you have hid yourself from friend and foe, and wept until your heart was sick. I tell you, it is an awful thing to feel you are alone in the world. God help the young man and the young woman who feel alone, and God help the father and mother who are left alone and lonely.

Sometimes money and positions of honor do not comfort the heart that is burdened with the heavy weight of loneliness. I read some time ago in *The Pathfinder* of perhaps the third richest man in the world, who was alone and lonely. Though comfortably housed, he was lonely with a lonesomeness money could not remove. Stocks and bonds, and business engagements could not prevent the ever-rising tide of lonesomeness.

Many are the hearts that are broken tonight; the one we love and the one for whose comfort we have made many a willing sacrifice has gone and the home has changed. Yes, many a father and mother are sitting in the old home tonight, thinking of the years gone by; thinking of the day when the dear ones whom they loved and whom they served, gathered their little keeps together and went out, out from the old home to make a happy home for the ones who had come into their hearts and lives. Oh what a world of

changes! a world of joys and sorrows! but thank God it will not be so in heaven.

Again, Jesus went up into the mountain that He might be alone

IN PRAYER

Thank God, though great may be our afflictions, we are not left alone, for there is ONE in heaven who sympathizes with us and bids us commune with Him, and some of us with the poet can sing,

"He comes my soul to comfort,
He shows His mighty power."

Jesus went up into the mountain that He might spend the night alone in prayer. I wonder how many nights you have spent in prayer; how many hours you have spent in prayer, and how many times you have prayed. Some say, "When night comes on I am too tired to pray; and when morning comes the day's work is so great I cannot stop to pray." Oh what folly! Man, dost thou not know, that time and all you have belong to God? And your life is not your own, for soon He will call you to judgment. Public praying is all right but it is not to be compared with the secret prayer. If it was necessary for Jesus to pray how much more necessary it is that we come to God in humble prayer. I believe we should talk with God before we begin our day's work. It will give us greater knowledge, it will give us greater liberty, it will make us more efficient in soul saving, and it will give us the sweet sense of His abiding presence.

"Take time to be holy,
Speak oft with thy Lord;
Abide in Him always,
And feed on His Word;
Make friends of God's children,
Help those who are weak;
Forgetting in nothing,
His blessing to seek."

I believe a man should never get too busy to pray. The man who is never too busy to pray, is the man who is up with his work, and the man who is up with his work, is the man who has time for prayer and devotion. Are you burdened with many cares? It is well that you stop and pray. It will help you in mastering life's problems and strengthen you in the work of righteousness.

I remember reading a sermon sometime ago by a minister in the Southland, in which he gave an account of an interview he had with William Jennings Bryan on the deck of a great steamer in mid-ocean, which led to the revolutionizing of

his life. At that time he was not a Christian and somewhat antagonistic. Seated one morning on the deck in a retrospective and melancholy cast of mind, Mr. Bryan passing by stopped and occupied a seat by his side. Prayer; the solution of all problems, soon became the subject of the hour, which closed with a prayer that brought the knowledge of sins forgiven and peace into the heart of the discouraged traveler. Absorbed with political problems, Mr. Bryan found time to stop and pray for a man lost in sin, and lead him to Calvary where the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all iniquity.

I tell you, my fellow-workers in Christ, it pays to be a Christian; it pays to stop in the busy rush of life and pray; it pays to win a soul from the realms of doubt, discouragement and sin; it pays to talk to God and see the power of the Holy Spirit transform a life and send him forth to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation.

President Harding, while crossing the Rocky Mountains on his western and last trip, one night seated in his private car in pleasant conversation with a friend and member of the party, took out his Bible and began to read a portion of the Sermon on the Mount. As he read he came to this statement, "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." And as he sat thinking over this passage from the Bible, the President said, "As a city set upon a hill, have I been letting my light shine as I should as President of the United States?" Turning to his friend he said; "Do you ever pray?" to which the friend replied that he did, but not as much as he should. President Harding said; "I feel like praying;" and putting his arm affectionately around the shoulder of his friend he said, "Would you be willing to kneel here with me, and pray?" to which the friend said he would. And there, in the midnight hour, as the train went winding through the canyons of the great mountains, President Harding, in an audible prayer, asked God to help him to fulfill his obligations as President of United States to the best of his ability and to live a sincere Christian life.

When I read in "*The Commonwealther*" the account of this midnight prayer of the President of the United States, I closed my eyes and with faith that goes far beyond the circuit of mortal vision, thanked God for men who knew God; for men who had time to pray to God; and for men who had a desire in their hearts to honor God in the things in which they were engaged. If you want to know God, begin to pray. If you want

to love God, begin to do His will.

A great religious convention was on in Tremont Temple, Boston, and a number of well known ministers were present. On the program was the name of a lady who was to have the most important hour of the great convention. The chairman felt the program committee had made a great mistake, but when the hour for her to speak came, he stepped to the front and made the necessary announcement; then taking his seat he said, "I buried my face in my hands and began to pray God to save the meeting from disaster. But it was not long" he said, "until I began to listen as well as pray; the voice of the little woman filled the great temple, hearts were touched, eyes were filled with tears; it was the greatest of all the meetings—a real Pentecost." At the close of the sermon, he made his way to the little woman and said, "Pray, tell me the secret of your great victory today," and in reply she said, "Last evening I went to my room in the hotel, and knowing what would be expected of me on the morrow, I spent most of the night on my knees in prayer." Oh brother, sister, if you want to win souls for Jesus, if you want power from God and influence with men, take time to pray.

I have read of a little boy who lay on his bed one morning in the beautiful sunlight, listening to a bird singing in a near-by tree, and turning to his mama, said, "Mama, what makes him sing so sweetly? Do he eat flowers?" I have seen those whose words were like the music of heaven, and whose character resembled that of the Son of God, and I have said, "What makes them so loving, gentle and courageous? and the answer came,—*prayer*. Alone in prayer with God will drive the clouds away, and make you a channel through whom the light and music of heaven will cheer the darkest heart and drive the clouds of doubt and fear away. I am convinced that if we would take more time for prayer, life's problems would not be so perplexing, and we would be in a better condition to win souls for Jesus. Again he who is alone in prayer is

WITH GOD

King David said, "As the heart panteth after the water-brooks so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." He who loves God finds real joy in prayer and he who prays much is with God. If there is a longing in our hearts to be with God, then there is a willingness to comply with His law. And if His law has become your delight, then there is fellowship, life and power. It was

a happy hour when God for Christ's sake forgave my sins. I knew when the burden rolled away. The knowledge of His presence filled my soul with His glory. In all the years of my Christian ministry, I have found the closer I walk with God, the greater is my strength, the brighter is the way and the more successful I am in this soul-saving business.

It was the hours Gladstone spent alone with God in prayer, that made him the wise and safe leader of England. It was the hours Spurgeon spent alone in prayer with God that made him the greatest preacher since the days of Paul. It was in the hour when defeat seemed inevitable, that Joshua stood alone and prayed to God and the answer was a glorious victory over the five kings. It was the hours Elijah spent in prayer with God that brought the fire down the sky step and convinced Ahab that the Lord was God. It was the hour Jonah spent with God in the deep sea, that prepared him to preach repentance to the people of Nineveh. It was the hours Daniel spent in the upper chamber alone in prayer with God, that saved him in the den of lions and made him a prince among men. It was the hours the disciples spent in the upper room alone in prayer with God, that enabled them to preach three thousand souls into the Kingdom at Pentecost. It was the hours the Apostle Paul spent alone in prayer with God that enabled him to make Felix tremble, and King Agrippa to exclaim, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And, my friend, if you would be a winner of souls, you must spend much time alone in prayer with God, which

IS GLORIOUS

If you do not delight in the hour of secret prayer, it is because you do not live in harmony with the laws of God. I know we are not perfect, but I also know there should be a longing in the heart for the better way. You will never reach the glorious life, until you become acquainted with Jesus. You will never be able to overcome evil only as you follow the dictations of the Holy Spirit. You will never be successful in winning souls to Jesus until you become acquainted with Him. I know sometimes you feel your work is all in vain, I know the burdens pressed upon you make you weary, and you feel the victory you can never gain. But stop, brother, sister, friend, listen—*Get alone, with God, and pray.*

* * *

Every Day Cards No. 21—Asst. Cards with lined Envelopes, Birthdays, Anniversaries, Comfort, etc., 21 cards for \$1.

From our Letters

THOSE who have suffered from the extreme heat the past summer will have just a little idea of what our missionaries endure who have a continuous temperature of ninety and a hundred for months at a time. Mrs. Blattner writes from Coro, Falcon, Venezuela, "We have lived for three and a half years in Siquisique where the temperature reaches every day an average of 95—sometimes the thermometer registered several degrees over 100, and sometimes, though not often, it would stay as low as 92 or 93. This would be year in and year out. Now we find here in Coro that the thermometer reaches from 91 up. Adolph goes around the town in the mornings visiting, giving out tracts, etc. and comes home soaked in perspiration from head to foot, so that you would think he had had a bath with his clothes on. I think this is the reason we cannot get up to normal weight. There are days and nights at a time when my head is wet with perspiration all the time. But with all this we praise the Lord that we feel pretty well. We haven't any surplus strength or energy and for that reason we daily trust the Lord for His life in our bodies and to keep sickness away.

"We are just as happy as the day is long. God has brought us to a great field and sometimes we hardly know how to contain our joy at the privilege that is ours to preach Christ in these parts where He has not been known."

* * *

Mrs. Edgar Pettenger wrote from Benoni, Transvaal, under date of June 11th:

"Around Easter we motored up to the Northern Transvaal as Mr. Burke asked us to come up and help in the Easter services. The trip was a pleasant one although it was through flat bush veldt with high lion grass and also over the ruggedest mountains. It was a real inspiration to see the growth of the work during the six years since we were up there; to see many that were heathen then now serving the Lord, and to meet again many of our school children who are now saved and members of the church; to greet our kitchen boy, Lucas, who was a raw heathen boy when the Riggs took him in the home but who now is the evangelist on the mission station. On Easter Sunday over four hundred Christians and heathen gathered at Bro. Burke's station for services. The church was too small so the afternoon service was held out under the trees.

"Tomorrow afternoon is the meeting in the Brakpan Location. I just love these house meet-

ings in the Location. They are so very precious, and how near we get to the natives as we visit and hold meetings in their homes! We held a meeting in a heathen home and one of our school girls got saved. When we asked her parents' permission to baptize her they not only consented but asked us to have patience and perhaps some day they too would follow in their daughter's footsteps. They opened up their home for meetings and we have been holding services there on and off for about a year. There are quite a number of homes open for us, and so we have to make the rounds, holding a meeting every Friday in a different home. At this particular meeting the mother of Dorcas invited her friends and eighteen or twenty women besides a few men and children came. As I gave the message I could see how stirred and convicted the mother was, and at the close she came forward and knelt down for salvation. God gave her a glorious one and when she arose to her feet her face was just beaming with joy. How we praise God for this soul to whom we have taught the Word of God for one year!"

* * *

Interesting news comes from Miss Grace Agar, Yunnanfu, China, who writes: "The harvest is very ripe here. Never has it been so easy to win souls in China as now, since the President was converted. During the past two months and a little more about sixty-one have accepted Christ. The Chinese church of about thirty members has a strong evangelistic spirit, and is earnest in winning souls.

"Lately a Chinese woman accepted Christ and told me that her son had a dream of One in white hair who gave him a beating and said, "You must believe! You must repent!" "God is wonderfully working!" exclaimed a Christian Chinese woman when she heard this dream.

"A lot of soldiers passed through this city, filling every empty room of the people's houses. A Christian heard two companies of these soldiers singing a Christian hymn, and on investigating she saw them standing respectfully and singing before they had their meal. The next morning she heard their officer calling them up for morning worship.

"We were delighted to hear of the conversion of China's President; it has had a great effect upon the Chinese and God is working strongly. We go every Monday to the little Chinese Poorhouse (and it is poor indeed) but nearly all the inmates have accepted Christ—over ten in num-

ber. The Spirit is strongly felt in the meetings, as these who have so little of earth's goods think of the New Jerusalem, the beautiful, transparent, shining city soon to come down from heaven! Oh the joy of soul winning!

* * *

Mrs. Gustav Anderson, Shanghai, China, writes: "We are glad at this time to tell of victory for Jesus. Last week we were called to take the idols out of a home where they wanted salvation. We had special meetings for ten days in that mission and this was the beginning. Then the Lord baptized two young men in the Holy Spirit. We also had special meetings in our oldest mission, and were called to take idols out of a home where the wife was insane. As she was prayed for she saw Jesus and He gave her water to drink and she was healed. She gives her testimony in the meeting and is so happy. On Tuesday as we were singing the closing hymn the Spirit fell on us all and a young girl received the baptism of the Holy Spirit; two opium slaves were set free, all glory to Jesus. We are glad to be here with the Gospel that has power to set men free."

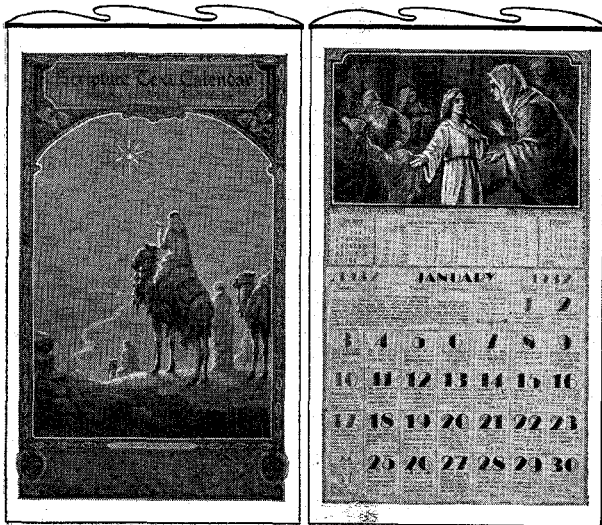
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(Continued from page 10)

His own, so Perfect Love said, "Well, I am owing several days' storage and if you care to cancel that it will be all right." He said, "Would you be satisfied?" "Perfectly satisfied," Perfect Love replied. He said, "We would be very happy to cancel the storage." The fact was that the bag was scarcely worth the storage.

Three or four weeks later I went to get my trunk, and when I walked into the baggage-room the agent said, "I am sorry Mr., but we will have to charge you 25c a day on this trunk. I told you 10c which would have been correct had you come in on a different road than I thot, but we will have to charge 25c." I made a rapid calculation and found it ran into a considerable sum. Just at that moment the Cyclone came in and the agent immediately began to explain the difficulty. He looked at me and saw who I was, then said oh so kindly, "This man had a bag torn at the other station and he was so nice about it that I have decided to cancel this whole amount; wipe it right off the records." Is it not a good plan in these times of depression to let the Lord have His way? "Reckon yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God thru Jesus Christ our Lord."

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CHAPTER 3.

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

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

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

5 shall
7 Pt. 25. 14.
John 15. 15.

19 F
foolish
ten, of
craftin

a Heb. 5. 13.
1 Pet. 2. 2.

20 Ar
the th
are va

1 Or, fac-
tions.
2 according
to man

21 T.
men.

b Rom. 12. 3.
c Acts 18. 4.

22 W
Ce'pha

d Acts 19. 1.
e Isa. 55. 10.
f Ps. 62. 12.
Rom. 2. 6.

death
come,

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