

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

Unto Us Is Born

CHRISTMAS is wonderful because in the manger there is still a Savior for us to discover. In the heavens the angelic hosts are singing yet. In the hearts of men there is still a longing for His coming; in the world today there is still a crying need for His message. Rejoice then, for unto you, this day, in the City of David, is born a Savior which is Christ the Lord. Seek Him until you find Him; serve Him until you see Him face to face. Love Him until men see the radiance in your life. Hasten to His manger in Bethlehem and then follow Him all the hard way even unto Calvary. It is for us who rejoice upon His birthday, so to live that ultimately the whole wide world will "give back the song which now the angels sing."

Author Unknown

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

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The Latter Rain Evangel

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When Angels Sang in the Night

'Twas night when the Babe of Bethlehem was born. 'Twas night, black night, when over the Judean hills the angelic host burst the skies asunder to sing that first Christmas carol from their choir loft in the starry heavens. Yes, the world was wrapped in night and this physical night was but typical of the spiritual darkness which hung like a pall over all the people. As the continuing years came and went, bringing no relief from Herod's tyrannical reign, their sun of hope had long ago set and in the hearts of the oppressed people, there was night, hopeless night. The time of depression had reached a new height when the decree for registration was issued by Caesar Augustus, for this meant new and increased taxation. To many this newly enforced decree brought heavy financial burdens; some were perhaps compelled to mortgage their homes while to others it meant the complete loss of their little abode. Methinks as the various neighborly groups wended their weary way toward Bethlehem, or other registration centers, they must have lamented the unprecedented depression with its ever increasing demands. What had the future in store? All was black before them! Yes, the whole world seemed to be in the grip of night.

Little did those trudging pilgrims dream that this new taxation was bringing about the fulfillment of prophecy and yet it was this very edict that brought Joseph and Mary at this inopportune time, to the city of Bethlehem, where it had been foretold centuries before, the Savior and their Deliverer should be born. And now God's clock was about to strike the midnight hour of that spiritual night and then slowly but surely the morning would approach.

The Christ Child was born and though none of the earthly surroundings bespoke the advent of royal birth, yet royalty never had the honor of having a birth announced by angelic hosts as did this Babe of Bethlehem. And how significant that the first message of the Savior's birth was dispatched to men of humble station, men who were watching by night, toiling in the night, physical night and spiritual night.

The world again is in the grip of a night so dark, so inky black that men's hearts are failing them for fear lest morning shall never break. It is night in the world of morals. That which a few years ago would have startled a nation now arouses but the passing interest of a day and then is lost in the maelstrom

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The Birth of Christ Was on this Wise

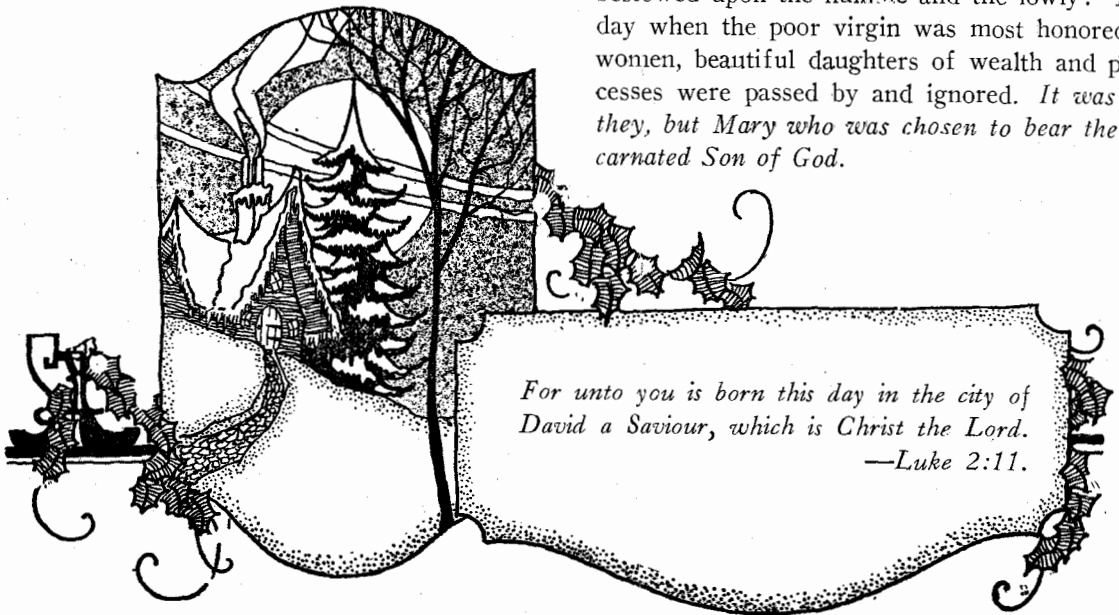
When God Bestowed Honor on the Poor

Sermon by Bert Edward Williams, Pastor of The Stone Church.



WE ARE approaching the season when congregations will be assembled in all parts of the world in memory of an Infant born in a manger. From the sunny climate of the Southland to the frigid regions of the North, and all around the globe will the sweet story of the Savior's birth be once more told in tones of love, hushed into reverence by the gentle spirit of adoration. Once more the all-absorbing theme of the Incarnation of the Son of God, as it has done for two thousand years, will sing forth the glad and glorious message of "peace on earth" with

abode of the rich. Her apparel was not that of the proud. She belonged to no royal family. She possessed no houses nor lands. No retinue of servants attended her wants. Her's were the haunts of the poor. She was her own servant and earned her daily bread by the sweat of her brow. She was a poor girl. Of all the women of Nazareth who would least be expected, if any, to be chosen as the mother of the infant Jesus it was the humble Mary. How well we could conceive of Him the son of a royal mother! How grand He would appear pacing the marble halls of an Oriental palace! But not so! Man's thoughts are not God's thoughts. Oh what honor was that day bestowed upon the humble and the lowly! That day when the poor virgin was most honored of women, beautiful daughters of wealth and princesses were passed by and ignored. *It was not they, but Mary who was chosen to bear the Incarnated Son of God.*



For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

—Luke 2:11.

the sweetness of an angelic chorus. The story that is as old as the Christian era, yet ever the most welcome and newest of all news, will again be told to a world that is fast dying for the want of it. Oh that the sad, old world would give earnest heed to this wonderful story when it is told this time!

The Poor Favored

Now the birth of Christ was on this wise: There lived in the little town of Nazareth "a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph" (Luke 1:27). Her life was as spotless as the lillies that blossom in the woodland. Her heart was as pure as the dewdrop which sparkles in the morning sun. She was to be highly favored above all the daughters of men. Yet her's was not the

Let us hear a consoling word, dearly beloved, for there is much in this event for our comfort and encouragement. No doubt some of us are inclined to think sometimes that our Heavenly Father has treated us rather unfairly by permitting us to be placed in a sphere so humble that we are forced to earn every morsel by the sweat of our own faces, while others' wants are so bountifully provided. Undoubtedly there are privations and anxieties from which some of our brethren are exempt, but let us not forget that "God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love Him" (James 2:5). There are those who are rich in this world's goods and poor in heaven's wealth, and others who are

poor in this world's goods but have treasures in heaven. The poor, of all men are not the most miserable.

Not only was the Virgin Mary poor, but all those whom Christ chose to be His disciples were poor men. The poor in all ages have been the first to receive, to obey and to delight in these "good tidings of great joy." And this is a very good reason why we on Christmas Day should remember the poor. How many times we forget the real meaning of Christmastide! We always remember our friends, especially those who never forget us, but seldom do we think of how we can cheer the lonely discouraged hearts about us, and help them to see that there is something real in Christmastide, even for them. We like to give presents to those well-stationed in life; perchance at some later time they may remember us with a lovely gift, but we forget that *our gift of kindness* might prove to the one who lives in the dingy attic, an inspiration for better living or an encouragement to take hold of the realities of life with a new and more fervent grasp.

And is not this the real meaning of Christmas? On Christmas day God remembered the humble virgin in the little town of Nazareth and the poor shepherds on the mountainside tending their flocks, and ignored kings and princes. He gave the first knowledge of the birth of the world's Redeemer not to the wealthy but to the poor.

Prophecy Fulfilled

While Mary and her espoused husband were dwelling in Nazareth in holy expectation of that event announced by the visiting angel, a decree was issued by the Emperor of Rome that all persons in the Empire should be enrolled (Luke 2:1-5). In consequence of this decree Joseph and Mary, as the lineal descendants of David, left Nazareth, and journeyed toward Bethlehem, their native city—a small town about sixty miles distant. In this act the holy parents fulfilled circumstances which must needs be fulfilled, yet circumstances over which they themselves had no control. This incident furnishes us with remarkable evidence of the strange manner in which the Most High sometimes fulfils the promises which He has made to the children of men. The Roman Emperor seated upon his throne, knowing nothing and caring nothing for the God who placed him there, issued a decree, the result of his own vain glory, to enroll the names of his subjects and learn their wealth. All for what purpose? Simply that a poor carpenter and his espoused wife should be obliged to take a journey of sixty miles,

at a time when nothing but compulsion could have caused them to go. Did Caesar Augustus sit upon the throne merely to rule the Roman people? No. *He sat upon the Roman throne that he might issue a decree that all the world should be taxed.* Indeed, can that be possible? We need not ask the question. It has come to pass. The record of this Caesar is read only by the few, but the record of the carpenter and his journey into Bethlehem is read by the multitudes and has been translated into every language under the sun. Only scholars can tell you of the deeds of the Caesars, but any child can tell you of the deed of the carpenter and his espoused wife.

But let us note the lesson: When God makes a covenant with man He always keeps it. He always has, He always will. Has He made a covenant with you, my brother? my sister? Has He promised you redemption through Christ? He will give it you if you will claim it. Has He promised you comfort and peace. He has it in store for you when you cast all your cares upon Him. Has He promised to answer your prayers? He will do so in His own good time. His promises never fail. "*They are built,*" says Salter, "*upon four pillars: God's justice and holiness, which will not suffer Him to deceive; His grace of goodness, which will not suffer Him to forget; His truth, which will not suffer Him to change; His power, which maketh Him able to accomplish.*"

Christ's Sacrifice

Having arrived at Bethlehem, they found what might have been expected; namely, that the little town was crowded to excess by the influx which the Emperor's decree had occasioned. "*And so it was,*" says the inspired historian, "*that while they were there the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn*" (Luke 2:6,7).

We must not pass without taking at least one look into this manger. Let us dwell for a moment in our imagination upon this amazing scene. Comprehend, if you will, the depth of this wonderful manifestation of redeeming love. Are we not ashamed of the way we sometimes overrate our sacrifices? Behold the "Ancient of days, whose going forth has been from everlasting" and will be to everlasting, condescending, for your redemption and mine, to become a helpless infant in a mother's arms! Let us think of just this sacrifice! We need not think of the years of misery

which awaited Him; the coming to His own who "received Him not"; the shame, the cruel treatment, the fatigue, the agony of the garden, the cross, the death—this one scene alone convinces us of His transcendent condescension. We have need to blush as we think of our scanty self-denials and our sacrifices. How small they seem in the light of this great sacrifice! Says Blunt, "At such a sight the language of our hearts should be, 'Lord, nothing which I possess is too good for Thee; nothing which Thou hast ever given shall be withheld from Thee, if Thou demandest it; myself, my soul, my body, all, all are at Thy disposal; my best but a blemished sacrifice, and myself an unprofitable servant'."

There was "no room for Him in the inn," I will give Him a place in my heart where He may be born.

I've built a little manger
 Within my heart tonight
 To welcome in the Stranger,
 The Lord of Love and Right,
 I've built a manger lowly
 Where He may come and rest,
 And here the infant holy
 Shall be my welcome Guest.

For many a door has turned Him
 Into the evening gloom,
 And many a voice has spurned Him,
 Saying, 'No room! No room!'
 I've made a little manger
 Because I have no more.
 Come in, Thou blessed Stranger,
 Possess it evermore."

The Unlearned Respected

The Christ Child is born, and now comes the news to the world. An angel with snowy wings descends to announce to the world that the Redeemer of Israel has come. Who shall first hear the wondrous news of the advent? Why should not the heavenly messenger go first to the High Priest at Jerusalem, the Holy City, that he might, with all the splendor of his priestly office, stand within the courts of the holy temple and cry aloud before the priests, the scribes and the people, that prophecy had been fulfilled, and the long-looked-for Messiah had at last come to redeem Israel? But not so! God's ways are not man's ways. God had no need of their great learning or inexhaustible ceremonies. He chose first to announce this fulfilment of prophecy to humble shepherds in the open field—to those who read the law because they loved it and delighted in obedience to its divinely-ordained precepts (Luke 2:8-14). He ignored that class who read the law only that they might the more skillfully change its precepts to suit their own individual opinion.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is no respecter of persons: It is not always the cultured and refined professors of religion whom the Lord uses to carry His messages of love and comfort to the sick and outcast world. And the Gospel as it is preached in the cathedral does not always eclipse the preaching in the country school-house. And it is not always the cultured minister standing in the rich pulpit adorned with costly vestments, who wins the most souls to Christ. Very few would be the additions to our churches if this were the case. A certain preacher whose sermons seemed to convert people by the scores was one day engaged in a prayer of thanksgiving to God for the great success which he had been having, when it was strangely revealed to him that not one of the conversions was due to his efforts or eloquence, but all to the prayers of an illiterate lay brother who sat on the pulpit steps praying continuously for the success of the sermon. So it may be in the all-revealing day, that the earthly wise and much honored will find others preferred before them.

Faithful Obedience

Let us turn in conclusion and see the effect of the angelic message upon these simple-minded shepherds. No sooner had the last of that celestial host winged its way back to the realms from whence they came, when we find the shepherds saying one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us (Luke 2:15). Not tomorrow, but today! This very hour, this moment! Though they had been watching their flocks throughout the livelong night, no feeling of fatigue, no consideration of personal inconvenience could delay them for a single hour! And observe, not "Let us now go and see whether this thing be come to pass, which the Lord hath made known"; but, "Let us go and see this thing which is come to pass." They never for one instant questioned the certainty and the reality of all that had been revealed to them. What an example of that true faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

And is not this the virtue of which we all stand so much in need? Instead of accepting God's promises at once to be true, we sometimes pause and wonder and doubt, wanting to see the end from the beginning before venturing out very far upon them. Thus we lose many rich blessings and many sacred surprises.

(Continued on page 14)

One Night in Flanders

When There Was Peace on a Little Strip of Earth and
Good Will Among a Few Men



On Christmas Eve for a few short hours during the great World War there was peace between the contending armies. The following is an abridged account of an article by Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather in The American Magazine, who told how even that "terrible war

had been unable to check the spirit of Christmas in No Man's Land."

I ENLISTED in the British Army the day after war was declared—mainly, of course, out of a sense of adventure which was the natural outcome of the whirlpool of patriotic fervor and excitement that existed at the time. I do not think that "the liberation of Belgium" or going to the assistance of France had much to do with the motive power of many.

I had been only a few days in Havre when suddenly and without warning, my orders came. I was ready. My total luggage consisted of personal equipment which I carried myself and a roll-up canvass floor bed, known as a "Flea Bag" which was somehow sent by machinery to where you wanted to go. I left Havre on a train crowded to suffocation with singing and smoking soldiers to join my battalion, the First Royal Warwickshire Regiment. Late in the afternoon it began letting down soldiers for various destinations and I knew we were near the front. At last it came my turn.

It was of course raining at the time; dusk had set in, and I was the only traveler to that particular spot. As the train jerked its way on again and left me to survey the dark surroundings, a sudden violent longing for England, and home seized me! No getting out of it now! No turning back! I found on inquiry from some stray soldier that I was faced with a five-mile walk to my battalion, which as it happened, was resting at the small town of Nieppe.

Alone I started up the muddy road in the direction indicated. And now as I strode along in the dusk, I was for the first time initiated into the sound of war. Beyond the low hills in front of me there was a rumble as of distant thunder. A horrible feeling of sinister foreboding seized me, which I partially mastered before turning in at

the gates of an old and disused brewery yard, where my battalion was resting. I had arrived a day before the battalion was due to return to the line.

I reported myself, received instructions from the adjutant and awaited departure on the following night. We moved off at dusk, the only safe time to approach the line unseen. I had been appointed machine-gun officer to the battalion. We were about nine hundred strong as we wandered off from that village on the sullen, silent march to take up our job of holding about a mile of trenches again.

At last I arrived at the trench, which I was told was where I had to stay, and slithering down the mud banks, found myself on the inside. I spent my first night in the trenches making a dugout to protect myself from the rain. Dawn found me sleeping in water, but well sheltered above by a canopy of mud, leaves and straw. I lay in my mud cavity thinking over the general situation and at that moment I was in a frame of mind to agree to any peace proposal that might be offered. There I was, covered with mud from head to foot, cold as a fish and reclining in about a foot of water. As the day arrived I crawled out into the pouring rain and took stock of where I was.

Try to visualize this scene and in imagination cover it with a steady rain on a gray October day. Then try to realize that this is where you must live and that there can be no escape except on a stretcher. If you can do this you will have an accurate picture of that long, damp, sad line of trenches that lay out across those ravished Flanders fields between Ypres and Armentieres in the first winter of the war. Many of us secretly prayed to be wounded in those days. I did.

In front of us was a very large turnip field covered with shell holes, on the other side of which a long, gray, irregular mound indicated the position of the German trenches. It seemed strange indeed to realize that behind that mound lurked men of different nationality, yet same humanity, suffering from the same absurd conditions as we were ourselves. Not a living thing could be seen in the German lines, but about halfway across No Man's Land, two or three motionless lumps in gray, which were fast melting back into the sodden soil, proclaimed the presence of the dead who were never buried. Some

of that legion of Unknown Warriors in the making.

We sat and talked and wandered in those watery, muddy trenches for five months before we left that area. Every other week found us going through the same process of existence. Long gray hours of day would be swallowed up by the still more hopeless dark blue hours of the night. Rain, mud and occasional sudden death. It was "him" today; it might be "you" tomorrow. A ceaseless vigil had to be maintained and while doing so we just communed with rain and mud.

On many a night when my work was over I went alone behind our lines and wandered amidst the charred and blackened ruins of what had once been the little village of St. Yvon. One night I entered and examined the dark, wrecked interior of a mutilated cottage. On that and many another occasion I knelt down in the darkness and prayed that the whole of this terrible business might cease.

I remembered all the gray graves I had seen, I thought of the daily toll of useless tragedy, I thought of that vast line of opposing humanity stretching from the North Sea to Switzerland, and wondered what had happened to the world. I realized that it would not be long before Christmas arrived, only a few weeks, and also saw clearly that unless something happened to take us out of the line altogether, we would spend Christmas in that desolate area before Messines.

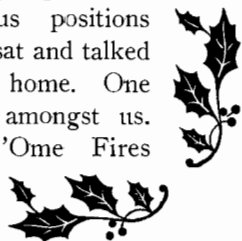
We were drifting toward a Christmas such as none of us had ever seen, and such as none of us, in our wildest dreams had ever expected to have. Christmas in the trenches! There can be no season in the year so distressingly at variance with the whole nature of war as Christmas. "*Good will toward men.*" What a mockery! It made one laugh sarcastically at the whole idea. The unexpected relief did not come. On the 22nd of December after our usual short rest, we were again back in the line. Curiously enough, the weather which had long been damp and dreary, with dull gray skies, changed to bright sunlit days and cold, frosty nights. There was no snow but the ground was covered with frost. The water in our trenches was frozen over and as one moved about it was with the sound of crunching ice. The air was very still. As one plowed down the trench on one of those still, starry nights and saw the war-worn soldiers in clusters around their fire buckets, their faces lit in the yellow-red glow, one could easily feel where their hearts were.

What a Christmas! Lurking in a frozen slot in

the ground that wound its way across an ex-tur-nip field! On Christmas Eve a post arrived and with it came several parcels of the smaller size, bringing presents and food from those we envied back at home. Perhaps a cake, several cans of potted meat and sardines. Mufflers and thick woolen socks arrived too in large volume. The quiet and the presents combined to impart a little extra brightness to us all. By about midnight songs were breaking out here and there and a revival of sundry mouth organs had enabled some of our mouth-organ experts to get under way. How pathetic those songs sounded out there in that curious setting! Overhead a blaze of stars in the dark blue sky; below the singing and the glowing fire buckets.

How painfully ridiculous it seemed! Nation facing nation from two long winding slots in the ground! This, after all the mental evolution of man throughout the ages, was the method used to settle a dispute! Behind the war on both sides were those who started it, organized it, and ran it—cultured men who believed, presumably, in civilization and no doubt felt superior to prehistoric man in every way—yet, along had come a dispute and the methods used to settle it had dropped humanity back a hundred thousand years. Christians, told to love one another, now were engaged in killing one another!

In peace, science had developed amazing skill in the art of fostering life. Even hopeless cripples are cared for at enormous expense. In war, the strongest and the best are thrown into a mechanical and explosive hell, and destruction becomes the most important scientific attainment. Look at the great telescope and consider the mathematical triumphs of the greatest astronomers! Nothing is more noble. Look at the bayonet on the end of a rifle, invented by the same race of men, fashioned and proportioned so as to provide the maximum amount of use in killing and wounding. Can anything be more pathetic in the make-up of the world than the dual nature of civilization? It was with thoughts such as these that I found myself sitting, past midnight, at the entrance of my dugout, idly scraping mud off my boots. On my left a group of soldiers clustered in various positions around the fire bucket. We sat and talked of the night and of those at home. One expert mouth-organist was amongst us. "Let's 'ave 'Keep the 'Ome Fires Burnin'" said some-one, whereupon the refrain of this song be-



gan. Suddenly a sentry on my right who had been gazing over the parapet according to his usual instruction, turned down the trench and shouted excitedly, "Be still, you fellers! Listen!"

The music stopped dead. "What's the matter?" I asked, springing up from my dugout entrance.

"They're singing, sir! I 'eard 'em quite plain."

"Who's singing?"

"The Germans, sir! Listen, and you'll 'ear 'em!" Everybody turned towards the parapet and listened.

Sure enough, he was right! We all distinctly heard the sound of what seemed like a concertina. It was soon coupled with voices and occasional laughter. Our men seemed pleased to think that the Germans could sing and play music too. A few yards to the right of where the sentry had been sitting, the remnants of a hedge and ditch ran out at right angles from our trenches, towards the Germans. The end of this hedge also marked the spot in our line nearest to theirs. We all instinctively went in this direction and listened again. The German singing and playing continued. Suddenly one of the crowd half scrambled up the parapet and shouted out, "Come over 'ere!"

There was a laugh amongst us at the absurdity of the notion. Someone else repeated the invitation louder. There was an un-understandable reply from the German trenches which brought forth still further merriment on our side of the field. Even this terrible war had been unable to check the Spirit of Christmas that seemed to be abroad. Here, on Christmas Eve, something had snapped! Something containing traces of "Good Will" had happened which had never happened before in war.

Oh! If this spirit could only be maintained and extended until the stupidity could be realized and human friendliness again established! These humble soldiers with whom I lived, in spite of daily destruction, had no animosity toward the Germans and I don't suppose their counterparts in the German army had any either. We were all enveloped by a vast machine, being run by some person or persons unknown, in pursuance of a cause, which presumably was a good one, but we had to take their word for it that it was so.

I found myself praying to Christ, the Founder of Christmas and all that it should mean in the hearts of men. I prayed for the extension of the amazing spirit of Good Will that had descended so strangely that night—an extension to a point where no power could stop the friendliness and fusion of the two vast opposing armies;

for if there be understanding, friendliness, and the spirit of Christmas, there can be no war.

A ridiculous prayer from a war-like angle, and at that moment I was a very bad soldier. I was thinking of Christianity rather than of killing the Germans. The night was still and beautiful, holding all that is ugly in human nature, in its embrace. From above, the majesty of the stars shone down on those myriad pathetic little ant-like figures in four hundred miles of trenches and made the whole thing look so stupid.

An excited soldier ran to me.

"They've met, sir! One of our men and the Germans! Out there in the open!"

I hastened back with him and found that not only this had happened but that two or more from both sides were on their way to do the same thing. In the darkness these strange meetings were taking place. The situation from a military point of view was absurd. What should be done about it? We were soldiers who had fought and who had to continue fighting. To stop suddenly and be friendly seemed a preposterous thing. *But there was a greater force than armies at the front that night!* Without any sense of fear and without my revolver I climbed the parapet and went out into the darkness of No Man's Land. A gray form approached me. It was one of our men. He excitedly and with great glee showed me a German uniform button, a souvenir that had been given him by one of the enemy!

As the dawn came I was able to see the situation. Our soldiers were everywhere in disorder. Some were standing in the parapet, a position which in normal times would have spelt sudden death. Others were straggling out in No Man's Land past our barbed wire, laughing and talking.

Looking toward the German lines I saw precisely the same scene. Quantities of German soldiers were swarming out of their trenches towards us. Their gray uniforms and the red bands around their field caps stood out sharply against the white, frosty ground and presented a scene of strange pictorial charm. The soldiers of both armies were approaching one another across No Man's Land with smiling curiosity. Something had leaped across the intervening space like a leap of electricity between two overcharged spheres.

The spirit of Christmas had been too much for war.

As the rosy dawn dispersed the blue of the night and the stars began to disappear, the weary warriors of both sides were meeting and endeavoring to talk in clusters of two's and three's.

Neither side had entertained the idea of coming out armed. There was a mutual trust about the whole thing although naturally accompanied by a curious shyness at first, which rapidly wore off; no trace of hatred or antagonism. One felt the establishment of that friendliness which forms itself between companions in misfortune.

I met a young German officer and exchanged buttons as souvenirs. With my wire cutting pliers I removed a button from his tunic and gave him one of mine in exchange. Later I was photographed by a German with several others in the group composed of both sides. Not far from us lay some dead, now approachable for the first time. The scene was so strange that in a simple, foolish way I felt the war could not endure in the face of it all.

This fraternization was now taking place on the front for roughly a half mile. On our left the Seaforth Highlanders were having a little of it, on our right the Somersets were having some, but not so much as ourselves. Strolling by in No Man's Land I observed the extent of the thing. No Man's Land! Where only a day ago it would have been impossible to move without disaster, but where now soldiers were exchanging food and souvenirs, and now and then strolling back into the trenches to bring out more goods for bartering.

What would have happened if this curious situation had spread in both directions until such a scene was being enacted along the entire length of the front? With hate and all the propaganda that is used to inflame soldiers gone from war, it would be hard to get the thing started again. Those men out in No Man's Land were there only at the bidding of others, part of the vast herd which makes an army and which can be used as a blind force in any direction decided by a few. Suppose someone could have shouted loud enough to have been heard all along the front—then what?

What could the directing few do if a herd, numbering a million, refused to start again? And what is the right point of view to have if such a condition arose? Should Peace and Good Will—Christianity—be fostered, leading to amicable settlement of the dispute, or should armed force prevail? But if someone powerful enough had arisen in No Man's Land on that morning and advocated a "stop fighting" policy, he would have been court-martialed and probably executed.

About noon, as the general laxity and friendliness were growing, a football match was suggested. Someone had evidently received a deflated football as a Christmas present. Playing football with the enemy, whilst an empire pays your soldiers' salary, doesn't sound right somehow. However this project was rudely interrupted.

I was suddenly sent for by the captain of my company and something within me told me that all was not well. I arrived at his dugout and heard that there was displeasure in the mind of the Colonel at the nature of the proceedings. The news had reached the General and sharp orders had arrived to terminate any fraternization immediately. What else can a General do? Chatting with the enemy takes no place in his profession. So with much

trouble, the officers in the front line began herding the soldiers back into their trenches. The Germans were made to understand the friendly meeting was over. The orders to return to the trenches were reluctantly obeyed. There was talk of punishing those of us officers who had taken part in the celebration.

Christmas Night saw both sides back in their lines and on our left a few still-mingling soldiers, who had not grasped the serious nature of the orders, were shot down by opposing machine-gun fire.

The war had started again. Rifles spat forth

(Continued on page 23)

A STAR trembled in the midnight sky,
and an angels' anthem sounded in glory.

And shepherds fell upon their knees, in wonder—and from afar, the wise men set their caravans in motion and started upon a holy quest.

And in a stable, sweet with the scent of stored grains—warm with the breath and movement of friendly beasts—a Mother gave birth to a child.

It was the first Christmas. . . .

And today, though centuries have passed, we can still know the wonder and delight of that thrilling hour.

The star still shines—if we have the eyes to see its glory. It shines above the smoke of factories and the clouds of war and the blur of faithlessness. The angel anthem still sounds past the noise of dissension and doubt. And, all across the Christian world, shepherds still kneel in adoration—and wise men still set their laden caravans in motion.

Christmas is, always, the first Christmas. It never grows old, nor stale.—M. S.

Strong Meat for the Full-Grown Christians

A Homely Talk Among Ourselves

Frank J. Lindquist, Minneapolis, Minn., at the Lake Geneva Camp, June 26, 1932



WILL read from I. Kings 3:5-15. My subject is the need of discernment in the church. I believe the *gift of discernment* is one of the most essential gifts in the churches of the Pentecostal Movement. Rotherham calls it, *Discrimination of spirits*, and you will find as I go on in my message I will frequently use such words as "judge," "discern," and "prove."

The great task that confronted the Apostolic Church was not only the evangelization of the world but the forming of the canon of the scriptures. Have you ever stopped to consider what a tremendous task it was to take the writings of Peter, John and Paul and all the others whose writings compose the New Testament, and add them to the Old Testament canon and thus give us a complete Bible which ends with the Revelation? What a prodigious task that was amidst all the spurious writings that were extant at that time! Surely the gift of discernment was greatly needed in the Apostolic Church. God has given us His Word that has guided us now for two thousand years, and will continue to guide His people until Jesus comes.

The same task that confronted the Apostolic Church is confronting the church of today that stands for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. As the gifts of the Spirit begin to be operative in the meetings and in the congregations, it falls to our lot to use the *gift of discernment* to discern that which is divine and that which is human. We still need that gift in the church today, and the greatest proof, to my mind that the Pentecostal Movement is of God is that it has been able to purge itself of the spurious, and that which is merely human, and stands today in more purity than ever before, going on to that perfect goal in Christ, that we might have the gifts of the Spirit operating in our midst when He comes back again.

How many of you remember the early days of Pentecost when we had the "yellow book" and other messages supposed to be messages of the Holy Ghost? I happened to get hold of one of these books in which were printed messages in tongues supposedly inspired by the Holy Ghost. One message I still remember, in part, was a

message concerning coffee; yes, Jesus had given a message concerning the drinking of coffee; it was signed by Jesus. I read that in my early experience in Pentecost and I wondered what I had gotten into. Even today I quite often receive through the mail from Los Angeles a long sheet of paper on which will be a mimeographed letter supposedly a message in tongues. Somebody with more zeal than knowledge has been sending it broadcast over the country. When John wrote the Book of Revelation by the power of the Holy Ghost he said, "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book." God has given us a complete revelation in His Word, to which nothing can be added nor taken away. We need to use the gift of discernment that God has put in the church in order that the church may be kept clean and guided on the way that leads from earth to glory; kept in the middle of the road, not in the ditch of formalism on the one side or the ditch of fanaticism on the other side; but as the prophet says, "there is a highway and a way." We find that the ditches belong to the highway, but we do not try to drive down in the ditches; the way is in the middle, so we will not land in one ditch or the other, but stay on the highway until we reach the goal for which we are striving.

I believe four things are necessary in order to have discernment: The Word, the Spirit, mature experience, and the special Gift of Discernment. First of all, we need the Word of God. Hebrews 4:12, "For the Word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." We see here it is a "discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The Word and the Spirit always agree, and when you quote the Word of God and someone says "The Holy Ghost told me so-and-so," you do not need to accept it unless it agrees with the Word. In I. Cor. 2:14 Paul writes, "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Not only do we need the Word of God but we need *the Spirit of God* to discern spiritual things. The psychic or natural man judges from the

natural standpoint, but the spiritual man judges by the power of the Holy Ghost. "He that is spiritual judgeth all things."

Then we need not only the Word and the Spirit, but we need experience. In Heb. 5:13, 14 we read, "For everyone that useth milk is unskilful in the word of righteousness: for he is a babe. But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil." You could not expect a babe in Christ to have discernment; you could hardly expect a new convert to distinguish between the human and the divine. It takes experience in the Lord. It makes me shudder when new converts and those who have recently been baptized in the Holy Ghost set themselves up against those who have been in this Movement for years. I have seen the awful ravages of fanaticism, and how babes in Christ will set themselves up in judgment on mature Christians and the serious results that follow. All of us have discernment in a measure, but there is the *special gift of discernment* which God gives to some.

Now let us turn to some of the things that Paul writes about. The Thessalonian Church was evidently disturbed. Somebody had given them the idea that they were really in the Tribulation and that perhaps the rapture had already taken place and they were left behind. Perhaps they had received a letter signed by one named "Paul" which was a spurious message; so Paul the Apostle writes to them in I. Thessalonians, second chapter, "Be not troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand. Let no man deceive you by any means." When the doctrines of the "New Issue" swept over the Pentecostal Movement why was it that so many were swept into it? Why did so many reject the Trinity? It was because false teachers had come in. There we were, newly baptized in the Holy Spirit, a truth we had never known before, and just like little robins in the nest have their mouths wide open before their eyes are open, we sat in a meeting ready to gulp down everything that came along. But some of us had spiritual intuition and we began to investigate and study the Word, and thank God, the Pentecostal Movement purged itself of this false teaching and got back to the blessed Word of God. I am glad that in most parts of the country this teaching is dead. Any student of church history can prove that the "new issue" doctrine is nothing but a re-hash of old error that appeared in Apostolic times. In these days of

the outpouring of the Spirit the devil tries again to take up the error and send it out as the truth of God, but thank the Lord we have been saved from it. Error may be the result of ignorance and heresy the work of Satan, and it is possible for both error and heresy to exist with true faith. Someone may ask, "Why does God save people and baptize in the Holy Ghost where error exists?" God in His goodness looks upon the true and honest heart, and people who believe in the saving blood of Christ are saved; it is no proof that we are absolutely right in doctrine because we are saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. No one can say, "I am absolutely right in doctrine because God baptized me in the Holy Ghost." God baptizes people in the Holy Ghost that He may *lead* them into *all* truth.

Defective judgment brings division. Paul speaks of this in writing to the Corinthian Church, I. Cor. 1:10: "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." There occurs that word "*judgment*" again. We need to judge between the false and the true. When a writer in a recent book tries to foist upon the full Gospel people the teaching of purgatory, we ought to bring out our Bibles and prove it is not of God. It is heresy and the Spirit does not witness to it. I hope, as full Gospel people, we will not base doctrines on parables. A babe in the Lord ought to know better. When you teach doctrine by parables you are entirely on false ground. Many Pentecostal churches have been wrecked and gone on the rocks because somebody with a pet doctrine could come in and speak for a week or two, and then go out and start a new mission within a block or two. The Pentecostal people have been their own worst enemies. As long as we will stand united and speak the same thing, in the same mind and in the same judgment, the world may say what it will, all hell may rage, but this movement will go on from victory to victory, from power to power and from glory to glory.

What do we need to discern? We need to distinguish what is of God, what is of man, and what is of Satan. Some people are always swinging from one extreme to the other. They are either saying a thing is all the Lord or it is of the devil. The devil is blamed for a lot of things of which he has never been guilty. Between God and the devil there is the *human*. Let us not be sure that everything is either of the Lord or

of Satan, because many times it is of the human. How often has God been blamed for the most ridiculous statements, and we have put divine labels on that which is pure foolishness! We need divine discernment in order that we may reject that which is merely human, or put it in its proper place and adhere to that which is of the Lord. People will say, "The devil gave me a cold," when it was nothing but their own carelessness; perhaps they were perspiring and sat in a draft. There are not only the supernatural laws of God but the Providential laws of nature. God set the world spinning in space, the planets spinning in their places, and they all obey Him. The operative laws of nature are of the Lord, but we cannot say it was the devil that gave us a cold when we in our ignorance have violated the very laws of nature. Let us give God His dues but let us also put that which is human in its proper place. Many little things that occur are often attributed to the Lord when He has nothing whatever to do with them.

How I appreciated the teaching we had in Minneapolis under our dear brother, Donald Gee. He used the sledge-hammer of the Word and blasted some of our pet theories to atoms. He made some startling statements; one was that it was a question whether any utterance in tongues should ever be called a message, because such a word is not found in Scripture. The gift of tongues, interpretation of tongues and the gift of prophecy all need to be discerned and judged, and when we do that, we will not be led away by a message supposed to be of the Lord, but from the human spirit. Paul said, "I will pray with *my spirit* and with *my understanding*." It is the Holy Ghost that comes and works through the *human spirit*, and gives utterance in other tongues. If our human spirit, inspired by the presence of God in a meeting, feels the blessing of the Lord, it is not always proper to jump up and interrupt a speaker, thinking you have a message in tongues for the whole church. On one occasion when I was at a meeting I was certainly surprised at the proceedings. One morning when a brother was trying to preach he was interrupted twelve times; and these interruptions were based on the reference in I. Cor. 14:30, "If anything be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace." Because one feels

inspired in a meeting doesn't mean that he is to interrupt a speaker with what is supposed to be an utterance in tongues. You have *inspiration* but it is not necessarily a *revelation*. How often has someone gotten up and spoken something that has no bearing whatever on the address of the speaker! It merely detracted from the meeting. The Word doesn't say if you feel *inspiration* you are to get up and interrupt the speaker, but if you have a *revelation*. There is a vast difference. If a minister is speaking under the anointing and power of the Holy Ghost why should the Holy Ghost interrupt His own message? An utterance in tongues, as I said before, is not, necessarily a revelation but may, in its proper place *confirm* the preacher's message, perhaps at the close. We cannot base such interpretation upon one verse of Scripture. That is the reason people have been turned away from our meetings. They have accused us of confusion and disorder because the gifts have not been used in their proper place in the church.

Going on a little further we see that inspirational gifts need to be *judged*. In Phil. 1:9, 10, we read, "And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all *judgment*; that ye may *approve* things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ." We find some folks sit in church and say "Amen!" "Amen!" to everything that is said whether it is right or wrong. They are just poll-parrots. The Lord says here we are to "approve" things that are excellent. I like to hear a response from the audience but when it becomes mechanical I do not care for it.

Let us turn to I. Thess. fifth chapter. In verse 19 we read, "Quench not the Spirit"; verse 20, "Despise not prophesying," and in verse 21, "*Prove all things*; hold fast that which is good." We have to eat the fish and throw away the bones, but we are to hold fast that which is good.

I believe that as the Pentecostal people go on with God and we become deepened in Him, God will give us not only a few, but all of the gifts of the Spirit, and most of all an intense passion for souls. May we go back to our respective assemblies with the blessing of God on our souls and may our churches be enriched by our lives and efforts until this great Central Northwest shall be thoroughly evangelized.



At Bethlehem God Himself became the divine Dramatist, the stable became the stage upon which the truth of divine compassion and the divine longing were enacted in human form.

Why the Star Did not Shine



WE ARE indebted to St. Matthew for the beautiful story of the Star of the East—the star that appeared in the sky when Jesus was born of Mary. In a distant and unknown country there lived some wise men—students of the star-studded heavens. To them the new star signified the birth of a child destined to singular greatness. It promised guidance to the place of His nativity. And so they make ready to follow where the star would lead, taking with them such gifts as would do honor to a royal babe. Crossing mountains and plains, deserts and rivers, they finally arrive at Bethlehem where their eyes behold the glory of the Son of God.

Many are the lessons of this beautiful story. We wish to bring you one we have never seen emphasized. It is suggested by the experience of the wise men as *they turn from their starlit way to enter Jerusalem*. While in that city the light of the star was hidden from them. But when they depart thence and are headed once more toward Bethlehem, the star reappears. We read: "When they had heard the king, they departed, and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy" (Matt. 2:9, 10). Their joy at this time would be meaningless but for the fact that *the light of the star had been obscured for a season*.

This prompts the question, Why was the guid-

ance of the star withdrawn from the wise men? Was it because they went into Jerusalem on an unlawful errand? Does their decision to interview Herod concerning the birth-place of the new-born King indicate *doubt* as to the sufficiency of the revelation granted them by means of the star? We have reason to believe so. The star did not point toward Jerusalem and yet they turn their steps thither. "In what place," they asked one another, "would they be more apt to find the Royal Babe than in the city of kings." Thus reason instead of revelation becomes their guide with the result as above noted.

We are fully convinced that the Jerusalem visit of the wise men ran counter to the divine will because so much evil came of it. Innocent little children were slain at the order of King Herod, who feared that the security of his reign was threatened by the advent of the Bethlehem Babe. Might not this awful crime have been averted if the Wise Men had been more faithful to the guidance of the star? We leave the answer with the reader. Suffice it to say that disobedience to Divine guidance always brings disappointment and grief.

The wise men re-discover the Star when they quit Jerusalem and all that their visit with the king and the priest implied. And, "when they saw the star they rejoiced with great joy." They were happy just to see the star again. As yet they were not in Bethlehem. Their eyes had not beheld the Babe in the manger. They had but the friendly gleams of a star to make them glad.—Ivar F. Pearson.

From our Letters Home and Abroad

PASTOR C. L. GREENWOOD of Richmond Temple, Melbourne, Australia, sends us the following item of interest regarding their children's work:

The Lord has been blessing the meetings lately and quite a number have been baptized in the Spirit, over 30 since we published our last issue. There has been a great move among the Sunday School children. About 16 have been gloriously baptized in the Spirit. At our last Children's Sunbeam Service which we hold on the third Saturday of each month there were 1,300 present. It is a wonderful sight to see all these little ones singing the praises of Jesus. We have a wonderful opportunity of presenting the Gospel

to these children, and who knows what will be the result.

Bro. Arthur F. Berg, Pastor of the Sioux Falls (S. D.) Gospel Tabernacle, writes:

"God is continuing to bless our ministry in this beautiful city of Sioux Falls, and our hearts rejoice as we see the many hungry hearts drawing near to the foot of the cross. During the past two years we have seen about seven hundred precious souls kneel at the altars for salvation. This is what I call a *real*, old-fashioned revival. We are just two years old and to celebrate the beginning of our third year we were privileged in having eight young people in Bible School,

which is the largest number from any one church in our district."

Here is a letter of another nature. It was not meant for publication but will give our readers a glimpse of what some of God's children are passing through, and we hope lead some to pray for those who have lost their all:

"On the 13th of August we lost nearly everything we had in an awful 150-mile storm. Among the lost things were my books, tracts and papers. We were so thankful to have our lives spared us. I came near losing my dear husband, but thank God he was spared to us.

"I realize it costs money to send me the paper, and as much as it means to me I will not ask you to continue. I love *The Latter Rain Evangel* better than any paper I have ever read, and its loss will be like losing a precious friend, but, dear one, we are having the hardest time of our lives, and we just can't spare the money for the paper, as winter is here and we have nothing to buy clothes or food for the family. Would you pray for us?"

We could not discontinue the paper to one who had passed through such a fiery trial, and we will gladly send it on believing that in some way God will supply from another source. The sister then offers to sell Christmas cards to pay for the subscription, which is a good suggestion for those who do not have the money to renew.

Many of our readers have heard of the disastrous earthquake that recently shook Greece. One of our correspondents, whose husband is preaching there, writes us regarding it:

"On Sunday, Sept. 25th, one of the leading papers printed a very shocking caricature of the cross of Christ. Monday night, the 26th, my husband spoke of it at the close of his sermon, and told them about the destruction of Pompeii, and of the earthquake when our Lord was crucified, and remarked, 'It would not be surprising if the Lord punished Saloniki for such a shocking thing.' No sooner had he uttered the words, and before he had time to pronounce the benediction, the building trembled like a leaf on a tree and swayed from one side to another. They thought it was about to fall. Many ran out and others knelt to pray. My husband called them in and after they had given thanks for their safety, closed the meeting.

"When they went outside the populace was on the streets. Those shocks continued for a week, and a few miles away the destruction was appalling."

One of the great problems our missionaries who are blessed with children, have to face is the care and education of their children while they are giving the Gospel to the heathen. Mrs. Lillian

duPlooy who, with her husband is working in the North-Eastern Transvaal, South Africa, writes of this problem, and her letter is the sentiment of many a mother whose life is dedicated to the mission field. She writes:

"We have three bonny children, overflowing with energy, whose ages run ten, eight and two. They bring us life, joy and comfort in many of our lonely hours and trials. They often help us wend our way into the hearts and lives of the natives.

"The real heartache and test that come to the married missionary are to know how to educate the children, and to train them in the way that they should go to be men and women after God's own heart. Born and reared in a fever climate, and in the midst of heathenism where are the strongholds of Satan, it is a great problem to know how to keep them from the evil one. Looked up to by the natives as important personages because they are the missionaries' children, and because they have command of the native language, and being the only white children, they become self-important unless kept well in hand. Free they are, in a sense, but not beyond the mission station can they roam without getting under evil influences. No other white children with whom to play or compete, they long to see others like themselves and not black continually. What can we do without sufficient funds to send them to school or have a governess? It means sacrifice to the missionaries, and loss to the children as they have no scope for the enlargement of their children's vision and development. Often the welfare and education of the natives come, of necessity, before theirs. Please pray for the children of missionaries.

"God has given His Son and His heart has been declared to us once for all. If He tries us too as He tried Abraham, how blessed to think that in this carefully measured cup of His, God is saying as it were, 'I know, I know it all.' It is my Son, my Isaac, my only One whom I am giving for men. Thus the tree is cast into these Marah waters and sweetens all our bitterness."

(Continued from page 5)

Notice how quickly and how fully and gloriously these humble shepherds were rewarded for their prompt obedience: "*And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger.*"

We have received many quests for Mr. Hoover's article, "Giant Mergers and the Forerunner of the Antichrist," to be printed in tract form, and it is now ready. Price 25c per doz. \$1.60 per hundred. May be assorted with our other tracts on the times, What About 1934? The Return of the Jews, etc., etc.

Disappointing Baptisms

Spiritual Gifts Must Be Rekindled

Mr. Donald Gee in The Stone Church June 2, 1932

(Continued from November issue)



NOW I have to say something which must be said, altho I am afraid it is contrary to the belief of many. I must say that speaking in tongues is nowhere given in the Scriptures as a sign of spiritual health. People say, "Oh we know we are going on with God because we are speaking in tongues every day!" Can you show me the Scripture, my friend? As the initial sign of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost to prove that He has come and filled the temple, I thank God that it is invaluable, but it is no sign that one is walking with God.

The same is true with regard to people's attitude in a meeting. Some think that as long as they can preach they are right spiritually; as long as they can lead in prayer or testify, they think they are in health spiritually; they say "Oh, I am all right! Look how I can take part in a meeting!" The test of your spiritual life is not what you are in a meeting. It is what you are when you are alone with God. I say it without fear of contradiction. A man may make a big show and deceive the people into thinking that he walks with God, but the test of his soul is how does he look when alone with God. Some of us love to pray in public, but do we love secret prayer? Some of us love to feel the glory and enthusiasm of a crowd, especially in a live, revival meeting, but we shrink from the Garden of Gethsemane. When in a great spiritual meeting you say, "I feel grand!" but brother, the test of your spiritual life is whether you feel grand when alone with God; when the hours spent in His presence are like heaven on earth.

I suppose the most striking illustration of this is King Saul. You will remember when he disobeyed God, the Spirit of the Lord departed from him, and yet after that there came a time when he was among the prophets that the Spirit of the Lord came upon him and he prophesied. That was when he was backslidden and his heart was a raging inferno, determined to murder David. You ask, "How did it happen that he prophesied when his heart was in that condition?" It may not fit in with your theory, but it happened. It is in the Book. What is the explanation? It is this: You will find that Saul comes into an at-

mosphere that is charged with the Spirit's power. He comes among Samuel and the prophets. They are under God's anointing and prophesy as the Spirit is upon them. As I have said the atmosphere is charged with the presence of the Lord, and in that heavenly atmosphere Saul comes under the influence and the Spirit moves him also for a little time. It is just a revival of the old manifestation he used to have in the days he walked with God.

I have seen it happen again and again; people who were backslidden, who had lost the anointing, have come into conventions and revivals and when they got into a spiritual atmosphere they again had the touch of the Spirit upon them; but the whole thing is the result of the atmosphere. *The test of a man's soul is when he is alone with God.* When King Saul was alone he was so distracted, so beside himself, they used to get a musician to soothe him. Brother, sister, how is it with your soul when you are alone with Jesus? I do not ask how it is when you are in a meeting. I believe many of us here have the choicest, happiest moment in our lives when we are shut in with God. Out of that fellowship comes real holiness and fruit of the Spirit. I would say too that success in the ministry is no measure of your own spiritual life. May the Lord help us as ministers of the Gospel to realize that while we are working in His vineyard we have one of our own to cultivate, and while we are sowing and planting in the garden of the Lord, there is a little plot in our hearts we must not neglect. Remember the words of the great preacher, Paul, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

The last group about which I wish to talk are those who have had the experience of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and there is every reason to believe that it is genuine; they have had gifts of the Spirit, and their gifts are, as far as we can judge, pure gifts, their lives are beautiful, and yet these dear friends do not seem, somehow, to have had the power, nor had any real fruitfulness; do not seem to have had the outflow of the rivers of living water of which the Scripture speaks. No doubt I am speaking to some in this class today and they are saying in their hearts, "Brother Gee, will you drop a word that

will help me?" I think one of the things these folk need to learn is that the gifts of the Holy Spirit need waiting upon even after God has given them to you. They are not automatic. We read in Romans 12:6-8, "Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation." We have to wait on our gifts that they can produce the real fruit that God intends them to produce. So many people have a mistaken idea that the baptism of the Holy Ghost does away with all need of hard work. I love to impress this upon our students at our Bible Schools; the baptism of the Holy Ghost is not a labor-saving device. You say, "Oh I suppose I won't need to study; I won't need to think; I won't need to pray." That is the very reason so many people who have had the Baptism of the Spirit have nothing to their ministry, and, I blush to say it, some are of the milk and water variety. They have had gifts but have never been diligent. Oh the childish babbling in tongues that we hear in some places! There is nothing convincing, or beautiful, or powerful about it. I am not talking of those who have recently received the experience, but those who have had it for years. It is just the same with interpretation and prophesying. Some is so infantile, fragmentary.

For as much as you are zealous of spiritual gifts, seek that ye may excel. Some of the sayings that are supposed to come from the gift of prophecy are so childish it is wrong to make the Holy Ghost responsible for it. Real prophecy is magnificent. It has revelation in it. It has something which makes our hearts burn. It is the same with the word of wisdom and the word of knowledge. If God has given you these gifts you have to *wait* on Him that they may be developed. You may have possibilities as a teacher and a preacher that are supernatural because of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but even a gift from God you have to be at your best with it. "*He that exhorteth*", Paul says, let him wait, develop his exhortation by every means in his power.

The parable our Lord gave to teach us this truth is the parable of the talents. Here were the servants, and the Lord gave them gifts; they were not the servants' property but given to them with which to trade. Two of them went to business with them, but one man dug a hole in the ground and buried it. He didn't lose his gift; it wasn't taken away from him until the day of reckoning. When that day came he dug it out

and said, "Here you are, Lord. Here is your pound." He didn't lose anything, but he didn't gain anything either. May the Lord help us to see that we have to be diligent with our gifts. Perhaps that is why some of you good folk haven't had the results for which you have longed. You thought the gift would work itself. It will not. Our spiritual gifts have to be traded with; that is the lesson in the parable. They have to be diligently developed that we may get the best returns for God and man. And perhaps you haven't prayed enough that God will give you further gifts. The Bible says, "Covet earnestly the best gifts." Be diligent. Pray for them. Perhaps the gift you have will not give you very much fruit, but ask God to give you one that will. Oh that we might long to be useful in these days when the field is white unto harvest! The Lord help us to seek His face to show us how to use His sickle that is sharp and clean.

I am not talking now about great outward results that men speak about. I am talking about that sweet sense of the things that God is doing. I am not speaking of evangelistic work. God has other offices in the church that are of equal importance.

Timothy received a gift from God. It came with Bible prophecy. He had a real gift and yet Paul said to Timothy, "Stir up the gift," or as the Greek has it, "rekindle the gift." We hear people pray, "Oh Lord, stir up my gift," but the Book tells you to stir it up yourself; "Neglect not the gift that is in thee." How can you do it? Suppose you have a fire almost on the point of going out, and you wanted to re-ignite it. What would you do? I'd get down on my knees and start building it. If you want to rekindle go to your knees and breathe that heavenly breath, the breath of prayer.

Another thing to do if a fire is going out, is to get some more wood. God still has lots of wood for the heavenly fire if you will go and gather it. There is a lot of fuel in His Book. "While I was musing the fire burned." Don't expect the anointing of the Spirit to make up for your laziness. Get fresh things from God; more wood for the fire. Don't preach the old sermons over and over. I heard a man preach sometime ago, and to be honest I believe it was the sixth time I heard that sermon.

There is another sort of wood which has a wonderful rekindling effect when you get together, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." Bless God for the times when we

kindle the flame in each others' hearts. Ah yes, we have a responsibility. Do not say, "The Spirit did not move me." Perhaps He was willing for you to move yourself. We are co-workers with God. I have to work with the Spirit. I cannot drag the Spirit along behind me but I work hand in hand with God. Oh this divine co-operation is wonderful! As I, like Elijah of old, set my sacrifice in order, and put my bullock upon it, and the wood, He sends the fire.

Now I want to close with the deepest thought of all, and God knows I am speaking to myself. I believe the deepest reason why so many who have had the Baptism of the Spirit and the gifts of the Spirit and yet have not somehow made good and had real life and power and ministry, is this: They haven't welcomed the cross into their lives. I am not talking about blessing in His cross for salvation. I am speaking now of taking up my cross and following Him. Many who have had a glorious baptism have absolutely lost out because they haven't taken up their cross and followed it after Pentecost. The outflow of the Spirit depends upon my death to myself. If you say, "Oh I want an easy time. I want lots of friends, popularity, money, and plenty of leisure." If you think you can be popular, have the power of the Spirit on your life and be without the cross you are making a tremendous mistake. The people who have a real fragrant ministry for God and souls do not have their cross on display, but it is in their lives; they know what it is to die daily. Like Paul of old they say,

"Death worketh in me," and everywhere they go, because they are dying to themselves, they put life in others. Dear friends, have I put my finger on the spot? Is it so with you that you haven't really welcomed dying to yourself? That you haven't welcomed the part of suffering and self-denial, and because you have not welcomed it, there is not the result coming from your baptism? Thank God there is a cross waiting for each of you that you can take up! And may you say, "By the help of God I will take up my cross and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." And as you bear your cross you will find a power in your life; from your innermost being will flow rivers of living water upon thirsty souls. Never think that the fulness of the Spirit will ever flow out of a man who seeks a life of ease. He may have an outward appearance of being successful but there is a canker at the heart of it, and in a short time, only the matter of a few years perhaps, the whole thing will end in smoke. There is only one place from which life comes. Out of death. Life comes from the cross. That is why Jesus said so pointedly, "If any man will come after me let him take up his cross and follow me. So shall he be my disciple."

The Lord grant that none of us may have disappointing baptisms. May He give us the fulness of the Spirit that will shine more and more unto the perfect day, so that when we see Him we can render an account of our stewardship with joy, and He will say, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

Some Alaskan Fruit

Mrs. C. C. Personcus



WHEN we first opened our Mission in Juneau almost fifteen years ago, it was only a small store room down on Front street, where we gave out the Gospel in personal testimony, tracts, and held regular services. Sometimes we witnessed to lone fishermen, far from home and friends, or a miner or two, who would come into the Mission; sometimes to a traveler going thru Juneau, either to the "outside" or "inside"—"outside" meaning out of Alaska, and "inside" the interior country back from the seacoast. We often had a number of Indians or Natives, as they are called here, and we started our first little Sunday School with a group of native and part-native children.

After several years of Mission work, while visiting an Indian mother who was sick and in want, having a number of small children, and a Mexican husband in jail, I met a young Filipino, the

first one with whom we became acquainted, altho there are many of them in Alaska. He was living in the same apartment house, and was playing with the children, as he was very fond of children. I invited him to the Mission, and the next evening when I called for the Indian woman, he followed us down to the Mission, and came often afterwards. He was blessedly saved, and came to our home twice a week for lessons, as he had not had the privilege of going to school. The Bible was used as our principal text book, and from it spiritual lessons were taught.

Cleto Bargayo, for that is his name, became a very earnest Christian worker in our Mission. He had a real heart burden for his countrymen. He would pray for them, witness to them and invite them to the meetings, until the larger part of our congregation, seven or eight years ago, were Filipinos. They were very responsive and grateful

for our interest in their souls' salvation. Many accepted the Lord Jesus and followed Him in water baptism, but as most of them had been brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, they knew very little of the Holy Scriptures, so needed much help and teaching in the Word.

Cleto Bargayo received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and learned to read the Scriptures well, and to expound them earnestly to his countrymen. But there was one difficulty they had after they were saved, and that was to get suitable living quarters where they could pray and read their Bibles undisturbed; it was hard for them to get houses in the better part of town. As there was an old house standing empty on the lot next to our home we rented it and fixed it up for five or six of our Christian Filipinos. We also took three of them into our own home. They were always very polite, generous, neat and clean, real gentlemen, bright and eager to learn more of the Scriptures; also great music lovers.

Among the five that lived in the little old house next to us were two especially fine young men, both of them High School students, working here to get money to complete their education. One was Emil Bernaldes, a very earnest Christian young man, with a quiet, gentle way about him. Altho he worked hard every day in the gold mill, yet he never missed the meetings if he could possibly get there. Besides our regular meetings in the Mission Hall, Mr. Personus was giving a course of Bible studies in our home for a class of young people, and these two young men, Emil Bernaldes and Peter Castro were in the class studying the Word of God. Bro. Emil also took up music lessons on our little folding organ.

One day while talking about some of the deeper truths of God's Word, and the transforming power of Jesus Christ, Emil said: "I have been going to church since I was a little boy, but I never heard these things before. Why don't missionaries go to the Philippines and tell my people these things?" I said: "Perhaps God will send you back to the Philippines as a missionary, and let you teach the people these rich truths." But he hardly thought that was possible. We felt that God had laid His hands on these two young men for His service. Though we did not mention it again, we believed that the Holy Ghost had spoken as in Acts 13:2, "Separate me Emil and Peter for the work whereunto I have called them." So we watched and prayed, and gave them the Word of God.

After living an earnest Christian life in our

midst for several years, God called Emil Bernaldes into His service, and he left Juneau for the Central Bible Institute at Springfield, Mo., where he studied and prepared for the mission field. He graduated in 1929, and went forth filled with the Holy Ghost, to carry the glorious Gospel to his people in the Philippines. The Lord wonderfully opened the way before him and he started a Mission at Guindulman, Bohol, P. I. He married an earnest Christian girl who was helping in his meetings, and at present he and his wife have a good Mission at Guindulman, and he is opening a new station at Tugas, about four miles away. He writes that the land for building a Chapel there, has been donated to them by a family who were just converted from the Roman Catholic faith last year. The little band of Christians are giving posts, lumber, nails, screws, thatch for roofs, and food to the workers. He says: "I would like to stay in this place and work, but no one will take my place here in Guindulman. My classmate, Bro. Donald Foote and his wife wanted to come, but could not get any support. Please help us pray for them. We need workers badly to help spread the glad tidings around."

The other young man, Peter Castro, also received the call of God to preach the Gospel. He is a splendid, ambitious young man, and like Peter of old, quick and impetuous, and a very earnest Christian. When Emil went to Springfield he regretted he had not applied in time to go with him but thru Bro. Edgar Personus, who was one of the teachers at the Bethel Bible School at Newark, N. J., he was accepted as a student there, and although being somewhat handicapped by not having the education in the English language he needed, he graduated in the last class of that school in 1929. As he had been unable to finish his High School course, he afterwards went to work in Cleveland, O., and continued in some branches of study the next winter. But the call of God was ringing in his soul, and the precious Holy Spirit was urging him to go back to his people with the glad tidings of Salvation. So he went forth, alone with God, sailing from San Francisco for the Philippines.

Peter Castro came from the northern part of the Philippine Islands while Emil Bernaldes was in the south, so they did not see each other. Peter went first to his old home town at Santa Maria, Ilocos Sur. But the Lord led him to a very needy field farther north at Banna, Ilocos Norte, where at first he met much persecution; the work was hard and discouraging, and the trials many.

Then he found one Christian home where he was welcomed and began holding services there, and as he labored and prayed the prejudice was somewhat broken down. In the home was a sweet Christian girl named Josefa, who became an earnest worker in the services, altho quite delicate and frail in health. Later they were married and worked together; God blessed their work and souls began to seek the Lord, but it was hard to get people to come into a private home to the services. They needed some kind of Mission hall or chapel, but not having the money the work was hindered.

The father of Josefa was in California and had been making good money, and after Peter Castro and Josefa were married, her father wrote and asked Peter to bring Josefa's younger brother over to California, arranging for their tickets. Then the tempter said: "Here is a good opportunity; it will not cost you anything to go back to America, and you can make some money and come back here and build a home and chapel for services." And like Peter in John 21:3, who feeling discouraged, said: "I go fishing," and gave up fishing for men for awhile, and with other disciples toiled all night, but "caught nothing," so Peter Castro came back to California, but could not get much work; just a little once in awhile. He always loved Mr. Personeus very much, and last fall when Peter learned that he was in San Francisco attending the General Council Meeting, he came up from Salinas to see him, and wept for joy to be with him again, and like one of old thanked God and took courage, determining to go back to the Philippines as soon as he could get money for his return fare.

But many of us know it is easier to get out of God's will, than to get back again, and Peter found this the most bitterly trying year of his life. I wish you could have read his letters. God is leading him thru fiery trials, but he is coming forth as gold purified. He wrote to us in August of how worried he was because he could scarcely get work enough to pay his board. He said in part: "It seems a sort of warning that Jesus is coming soon, and we should abide and walk with God as Enoch did, lest we be left at His coming. I know God is dealing with me, and has revealed to me that I ought to be working for Him. Yes, it is a hard life to be out of the will of God and not to obey His calling. I hope the Lord will forgive my failures and put me back in the place He wants me to be, and I will stick to it and be happy with my Lord. My wife

is also very sick, according to her last letter. She really loves the Lord and has been working for Him. I have promised my beloved wife that if God is willing, I will be home by the end of December. I am very glad that I have a salvation built upon the solid Rock, Christ Jesus. Though the world is full of sin, I am glad the Lord never changes, and we can just cling to Him always. My loving Saviour never fails. Praise His wonderful Name!" I also had a letter from his dear wife Josefa, still in the Philippines, saying she was very sick and asking for prayer; also telling of more women and children who had come to her home and were saved.

In September we received another letter from Peter Castro, written in great sorrow, and asking for prayer, as his beloved wife had gone to be with the Lord. There was deep grief and yet a sweet resignation. He quoted part of the last letter he received from her. She said in part: "Probably you will come home dear, when I am gone to Heaven. Be a good, true, perfect Christian so I will see you again. I am going to Heaven now and I shall be waiting for you. I would remind you it is your duty to obey God and help the wandering souls. Why do you delay?" One of her brothers wrote to Peter to help pay her funeral expenses, so he had to send the \$50 he had saved toward his fare home. He says: "I was just wondering how will I get home, when I got your letters. The Lord just wants me to fully trust Him. In front of me I have two letters, yours and one from the Principal of the School in Cleveland saying: 'Come and complete your education. Will send you the money for your ticket.' Your letter is for Jesus, the other for worldly ambition. I got down on my knees and said to the Lord: 'I need Your guidance, oh Lord. Help me to do Thy will.' Then came the words of the Lord Jesus to Peter—'*Lovest thou Me?*' Then I poured out my heart to God, till I was singing: 'I surrender all' and some missionary songs. Praise God, the Lord is always faithful to us! Yes, whatever the cross may be, I will work for Jesus till He comes. Hope the Lord will give me plenty of souls. He is giving me another chance to work for Him."

Yesterday we received another letter from Peter, written October 9, saying: "I would like to leave on the S. S. President Monroe sailing from San Francisco Nov. 25th, which will arrive in Manilla on Dec. 27th, so I could start in the Lord's work at the beginning of the year. I could not tell how good the Lord is to me. He

has sent showers of blessings on me the past few days. "Glory to God! I know the Lord never fails if we trust Him."

I have given these portions from Peter Castro's letters that you may know how God is working in this young man's life, and will you please hold him up in prayer as he takes up his cross again and goes forth alone with God, into this needy harvest field. While he was in California he has been preaching and witnessing among many of his countrymen, who are also stranded on the West Coast. Our people here in the Mission are helping us in getting his fare, as much as they can,

and if anyone else can help in his fare or support when he gets on the field, we know God will bless and reward him. We do not have many Filipinos coming to our Mission now, just one or two occasionally, as our congregation is mostly white people now. But there are many people here out of work and it will be a hard winter for them. We praise God for His faithfulness during these fifteen years we have spent in Alaska, and for His blessings upon spirit and soul and body. Will you please pray for us that we may win many souls for Him, and for God's work in the Philippines.

Over Four Hundred Turn to God among the Tribes

THOSE who are working in the spiritual deserts of the earth will rejoice to read the following account of God's blessing among the Tribes people of West China. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morrison who on their return to West China went further into the interior are having blessed results from their seed-sowing. Mrs. Morrison writes:

"God has been with us in a marvelous way in these eight or nine months we have been in this valley. Already there are over 400 souls that have taken their stand for the Lord. The opportunities pile up on us faster than we can take care of them. Our evangelist has been going steadily all summer out among the mountains, telling the way of salvation to thousands of sin-sick souls and weary hearts. In every village he visits some turn to the Lord, and many times the whole village turns.

"In this district alone there are approximately 5,000 Lisu homes besides the Chinese and a few other tribal people. Then to the north about eight days there are the Tibetans where in later days we want to have a work. Our Chinese evangelist feels a definite call to the Tibetan work. West of us, five days' journey, is another great river valley, the Irrawaddy, with approximately 12,000 homes that never heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ until our evangelist went in last fall, when eighteen families turned to the Lord. We have not been able to go back as it takes a month to make the round trip and our work here has been more than enough to keep us busy this year.

"Then still further west of the Irrawaddy Valley there is another large district, twenty days off with a population unknown that has never even heard that there be a Savior. They are wild and primitive in their habits and so fierce that the English government (Northern Burma) although ruling them for over fifty years has never really conquered them till the last three years. Up to the present there is no missionary society of any kind doing work in that part.

"Now this territory may not seem large, but what one couple could do in Africa, it would take

five couples to accomplish here because of the mighty ranges of mountains that divide us from the other parts of the world. There are no greater ranges of mountains in the world where the Gospel of Jesus Christ has not penetrated. These vast, untouched valleys where the people are so susceptible to the Gospel are a challenge to the Pentecostal Movement. There is no class of people more yielding to the Gospel teaching than the Tribal people of Southwest China.

The C. I. M. are taking advantage of this great need and opportunity, and are rushing recruits to the Lisu work as fast as they can. Ten new workers have come to Talifu, the second biggest city in Yunnan, to train exclusively for the Lisu work. The most of their Yunnan work centers around the Tribal people and they are having wonderful results. May God help us who have the latter rain outpouring to be more zealous in reaching the yet untouched and whitened harvest fields! Sometimes we feel there is a dimming in our Pentecostal ranks of the great vision and ignoring of the command, "Go ye!" and others are shouldering the burden and running the race to the ends of the earth with the good news. This year the C. I. M. sent 200 new recruits to China; two years ago they placed 200 new workers in this land, all of whom seem to be on fire for God and souls.

From many villages the Tribal people are begging us to send them teachers to tell them more about the Gospel, but we have no one to send. Just these past two weeks three delegations from villages two days north of us have come down begging us to send a teacher to them. On the third trip down they refused to return without taking someone back with them, so we parted with our language teacher, Mark, for two weeks, though he could hardly be spared. Our room is crowded every Sunday with new converts. Some come a day and a day and a half's journey; they usually arrive Saturday evening and stay until after the Sunday services. Besides this we have converts from over thirty villages, three and four days' journey from here. The harvest is indeed ripe, but where are the workers?

Lying Lips



HERE is hardly any form of wickedness against which God has spoken so often and so strongly in the Bible as He has against *lying*. He says in one place, "*The mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.*" In another place He says, "*He that speaketh lies shall perish.*" There is no greater honor to be found anywhere than they will have who are permitted to enter heaven and see God's face and live with Him. But how terrible it is to hear God say, "*He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.*" However, in the book of Proverbs we have one of the strongest passages which the Bible gives us, "*Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord.*" To know what God thinks about lying should lead us to mind the warning against it.

Between three and four hundred years before Christ there was a famous philosopher in Greece whose name was Aristotle. He was the teacher of that celebrated General—Alexander the Great. Aristotle was a very wise man. Somebody asked him, one day, what a man could gain by lying. The reply of the philosopher was: "His gain will be this, that no man will believe him when he speaks the truth."

We are told that there was a distinguished poet in Italy whose name was Petrarch. This man had gained for himself a well-known reputation for speaking the truth. On one occasion he had to appear in court as a witness in a certain trial. In such cases it is customary, before a witness is allowed to speak, for one of the officers of the court to get him to take a solemn oath, in which he pledges himself to speak—"the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." But when the officer was about to get Petrarch to take this oath, the judge rose in his place and said—"Never mind, sir. It is not necessary for Petrarch to take that oath, for every one knows he never speaks anything but what is true." That was an honorable reputation for one to have. And these incidents show us clearly what men think about lying, and how highly those persons are esteemed who gain for themselves the reputation of always speaking the truth.

In the country of Siam, in Asia, we are told that a person who tells a lie is punished according to law by having his mouth sewed up. If this law prevailed in our country, and was faithfully carried out, how many people we should see with their mouths sewed up! Whatever the

effect of our lying may be in this life it will soon be over. But the consequences of lying which must follow us after death will last *forever*.

In talking to his friend, one day, an English merchant, who had been very successful in business, said, "When I was fifteen years old I was in the service of Mr. C., a farmer in Yorkshire. One day Mr. C. was expecting a gentleman from a distance to buy one of his horses. That animal had certain defects, which, if the gentleman knew, he would not be willing to purchase it. Mr. C. said to me, "Now, Bob, if this gentleman should ask you whether the horse has any defects, you must be sure and say, 'No sir' Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir, I hear, but cannot do that. I know the horse has defects and I cannot lie about it." This made Mr. C. very angry.

"Well," said he, "if you don't do as I tell you, I'll give you such a horsewhipping as you'll never forget while you live."

My answer to him was, "Sir, I can stand the horsewhipping; but the Bible tells me that *all liars must have their part in the lake of fire*, and that is something that I cannot stand. My mind is made up not to lie."

Just after this the gentleman on horseback made his appearance and began bargaining for the horse, for which he offered quite a large sum. He asked a number of questions about certain defects which are common to horses, and he wanted to know if *this horse* had any of those defects. Mr. C. assured positively that he hadn't one of them. Then to confirm what he had said called on me and began to ask me, in the presence of the gentleman, if the horse was not perfectly sound. In answer to this I said at once—"No, it is not." "What!" exclaimed the gentleman, "isn't it sound?" "No, sir, it isn't, and Mr. C. knows that as well as I do." Then the gentleman was much offended and gave the farmer a severe rebuke, and declared that he would neither buy that horse from him, nor any other, as long as he lived.

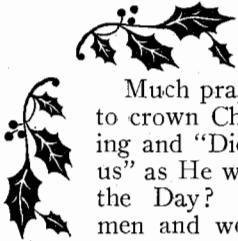
No sooner had he departed than Mr. C. followed me to the stable where I had gone. He shut the door, and taking a large horsewhip he laid it on me most unmercifully till my back and shoulders were black and blue. "Now," said he, "you'll know better than to disobey me another time."

When he was going out of the stable, as I was smarting from the cruel lashes of that whip, I called out after him—"Satan is preparing a warm place for you in that lake of fire."

Immediately after this the farmer went towards a large water trough in the barn-yard, where the horses used to go to drink. As he was standing there a frisky young horse came by. Raising himself on his front feet he jerked out

his hind feet with great violence, and struck Mr. C. a heavy blow on the head. He fell to the ground insensible. He never rallied from that blow, and died before the next morning."

It is a *serious thing* to lie. *Lying* is the first step to ruin. It is the bypath that leads to the lake of fire. Above all other things remember this, "*Thou shalt not lie!*"—Miss E. K. Schuster in Glad Tidings Herald.



A Christmas in North China

Much prayer had been sent up to God to crown Christmas Day with His blessing and "Did not our hearts burn within us" as He walked and feasted with us all the Day? Before Christmas, several men and women from surrounding villages began to gather, bringing food and bedding, intending to stay for a few days. Some women carried big babies *seven miles distance* and yet arrived as happy as could be. Others who were better off came by cart. These guests helped to make up a good number for our Christmas Eve prayer-meeting. There was a spirit of reverence and worship from the very start, which prevailed all through Christmas Day, even to the Sunday following.

I was so happy to notice that although the atmosphere was festive, it was not in the least tainted with worldliness, and nothing grieved the heart tuned to worship. Loving harmony and cooperation! The light of a few extra candles placed here and there added to the brightness and made such a soft expression as one entered for the sunrise service. At four o'clock in the morning we had been awakened by the sweet voices of Miss Brann's orphan girls. There the dear girls stood in the bright moonlight singing Christmas carols below our window. I could scarce restrain the tears, so touching was the sight!

A little later we were surprised by another group of singers at the North side of the house. Who could they be? we wondered. Sure enough! Six or seven men, faithful stand-bys of ours: The water-carrier, the scavenger-man, the man who helps in the kitchen, and a few more of Miss Brann's proteges. It was fortunate that they had chosen a familiar hymn, "Oh, come in my heart, Lord Jesus!" for their singing was of such a nature that it was difficult to recognize at first hearing. Bravely they went on, and bless their hearts, they so did their best! Suddenly a door in the yard opened and out came one of our evangelists. Apparently not as appreciative of the singing as we were, he quickly came up to the group and said, "Why are you making all that noise? Far too early!" And right there and then the singing stopped and they never finished the last half of that verse. When I led the Sunrise Service I called for the same hymn to be sung. Their faces beamed at the choice of their favorite

and I am sure they did not think it had just been a big "noise."

"Immanuel, God with us," was the word put into my heart for the sunrise service, and we claimed His Ever-Presence for each soul. At ten there was the most interesting meeting of the day. The church packed with such a happy crowd, old and young. The young people were to recite scripture portions, and sing and play. Forty from the Boys' Orphanage had come into town for the occasion and took part in it all. Most of them had now grown to young men and it was most blessed to see these stalwart young men recite in chorus Luke 2:1-20 and several Old Testament prophecies referring to the birth of Christ. Their voices were uncultured, but reverence was stamped on all those who took part. Now the big boys, then the little girls; then some men again (for our group of early carolers apparently had not been discouraged at all by the abrupt stop in the morning) sang together a piece of about eight verses.

A happy, blessed, holy Christmas feast brought joy to every one present in Wei Hsien Church, and, I am sure, glory to God. One could see the leading Deacon in earnest, silent prayer while a group would sing. Then some girls sang and one could not hold back the tears in concern for their precious souls. The little tots recited in chorus. How glad one was for them in their warm wadded garments, and that the Lord had provided them such a loving, sunny home, while death and starvation was all that faced them. Such a tone of praise prevailed all through the three-hour service! Yes, in China an ordinary meeting under the two hours is not worth coming to, for such a great day as Christmas could not be hurried through. After the recitals the "Second Deacon" gave a good message, after which a collection was taken for the flood sufferers in the Yangtsi Valley. Over eighty dollars came in and that from a company of people who were mostly poor. The faces of all present shone with joy as each put down his offering for their fellowmen.

The Sunday following we had a review of the Sunday School. Some of the good friends who had sent soap, pencils, celluloid dolls, hankies and other useful gifts should have seen how these presents were appreciated. Early Sunday morn-

ing some old ladies came to me asking, "You surely will give me a little man (as they call dolls)?" These dolls were to be given as rewards to those who could repeat the golden texts of the last half year. And would you believe it? One old lady of over sixty, who barely knows how to read, had been storing up those golden texts in her memory and could repeat all twenty-six without a mistake. Bibles and books were given to those who could read.

A group of men and women had miscalculated the dates and arrived here just after Christmas was over. They, however, stayed until after Sunday and had a blessed few days with us.

Some days before, a little boy who had been underfed for more than two years, had heard of Miss Brann's loving heart and so decided to follow the Christian women from his village. His widowed mother was sick and his grandmother very cruel, and he declared he was going to stay whether wanted or not; that he would not be mistreated or starved any longer. The thin, pale, poorly-clad little fellow made himself quite at home and enjoyed Christmas immensely. Four days, and every day food to the full. Miss Brann had just ordered some warm clothes made for him, and shoes, when on Christmas we heard that after the morning service some of his people had come and taken him home. Short-lived joy for the poor child! The grandmother had beaten his mother severely for allowing the boy to run away, and when the boy heard this he was persuaded to return home.

The lovely Christmas parcels from America reached us missionaries in the best order. All the fruit, jello, nuts, macaroni, beans, jellies, cheese, candy, coffee, cookies, etc. We thanked the Lord with grateful hearts for so much love shown, and realized that in hard times as these many a sacrifice had to be made. You ought to have seen the cosmopolitan spread. Jello and fruit from Redondo Beach; cheese and spaghetti from Lomita, coffee, cookies and candy from Los Angeles; a Chinese chicken, celery from Taiming, etc. etc. The Lord will keep good account of all and surely will reward each of you abundantly. —Annie Kok.

(Continued from page 2)

of other crimes. It is night in the political world with the black shroud of communism wrapping itself around civilized and uncivilized nations alike till hundreds of thousands are "picking their way" thru the befogging night and other thousands are already lost to the hope of eternal life—and eternal day.

It is night, appalling night in the financial world. The sun with all of its bright rays has long ago disappeared behind the horizon for the millions of unemployed, and to them the night is grim and black. Again countless numbers are helplessly looking on while all their earthly pos-

sessions are being swept away. The depression has taken a heavy toll of life and hope, and throughout the land men and women are blindly groping for a way out of the night.

And what shall we say of the night in the religious world! How gross is the darkness when churches, once instituted to turn men from darkness to light, will barr their doors against Him who is the Light of the World. What a night it is when churches find room for all manner of social activities, the dance, the card game, and dinners, but no room for the Babe of Bethlehem! From the pulpits of our nominal churches men are heralding the coming of some new play, or the virtues of some poet laureate rather than the advent of the World's Redeemer. Dark indeed is the night when the youth of our land go to the church to find amusements instead of the Deliverer from sin.

But, as on that first Christmas night, even now, the angelic choir will rend the heavens and in the midst of this black night, to those whose hearts are attuned to heaven's music, to those who, by night, are watching their heaven-born sheep, lest the wolves who prowl in the darkness steal away the heavenly treasures, to these toilers of the night will ring again the message of the advent of a Deliverer; there shall ring the hopeful message of the Second Coming of our King who alone can bring Peace on earth and Good Will among men. R. M.

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(Continued from page 9)

death across the shell-scarred turnip field, banishing the spirit of Christmas that had flitted in a strange way across No Man's Land and for a few hours had triumphed.

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CHAPTER 3.

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

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

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

5 shall.
Ps. 25. 14.
John 15. 15.
a Heb. 5. 13.
1 Pet. 2. 2.
1 Or, factions.
2 according to man.
b Rom. 12. 3.
c Acts 18. 4.
d Acts 19. 1.
e Isa. 55. 10.
f Ps. 62. 12.
Rom. 2. 6.

19 F. foolish ten, I craftin
20 Ar the tr are va
21 T. men.
22 W Cēpha Jeath come,

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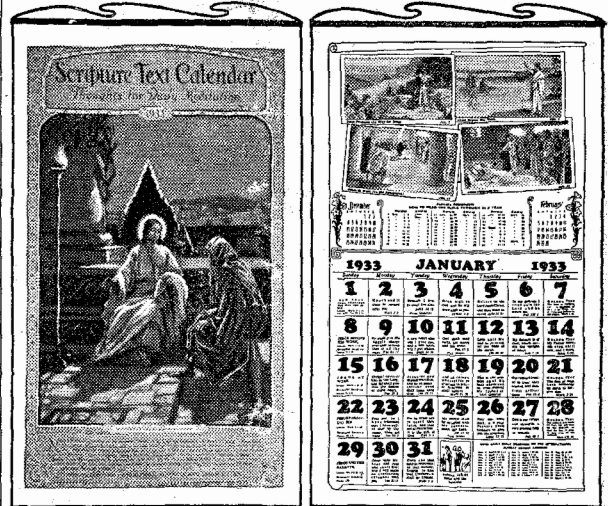


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