

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

1932

THE year is done, its toll of days is over,
The span is finished, and the race is run—
The winter's snow, the summer's crimson clover,
Are banished to that land behind the sun.

AND for those chances that have been our pleasure,
And for those joyous moments we have known—
We thank the One who gave, with flowing measure,
Who never left us, for one hour, alone...

1933

THE year begins with hope and joy and singing,
The year begins with mirth and love and prayer—
Yet there's a little fear for what life's bringing,
And there's a shadowing of future care!

THE year begins with vistas that seem boundless,
With glimpses into gracious promised lands;
We pray that all our doubt and fears be groundless—
We leave the future in His gentle hands!

The Christian Herald.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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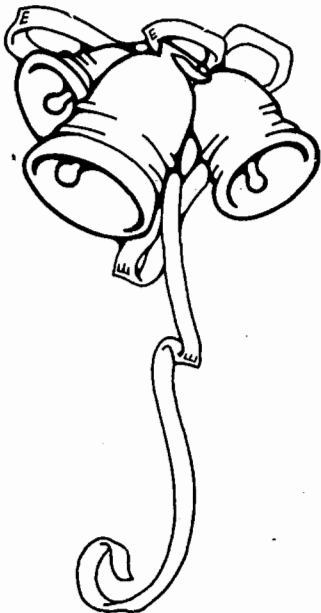
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New Year's Greetings



“Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times:
 * * * * *

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite:
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease:
 Ring out the narrowing lust for gold,
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.”

Spiritual Investments

TURNING back over 366 pages of Nineteen-thirty-two's journal, many a Christian scans the pages with mingled feelings of joy and grief, for between the two covers of January First and December Thirty-First are pages here and there which are blurred with failures and stained with selfish acts, worldly ambitions and avaricious desires for earthly gain. As a result there is keen disappointment in the hearts of many, for 1932 has been a record year for business failures—many of the firms considered the strongest having gone into bankruptcy and millions of dollars' worth of gilt-edge stocks and bonds have become naught but worthless scraps of paper. And so, as the year's journal is closed and the balance sheets, not only of earthly, but also spiritual gains and losses, are viewed once more, many a heart has said with bitter remorse, “Oh that I had invested more heavily up yonder where the returns are guaranteed, and less in these earthly securities which now prove worthless!” To those who have invested in the treasures of heaven, there comes no regret but a deep satisfaction that nothing has been lost. From such investments there is the assurance of interest in this life and a hundredfold return in the life to come.

We are reminded of an investment made by a
 (Continued on page 17)

"In Remembrance of Me"

The Precious Significance of Last Things

Sermon by Bert Edward Williams, Pastor of the Stone Church, Oct. 2, 1932



WISH to speak to you about the "Lord's Supper." Perhaps there is no title given to this ordinance that is sweeter to us than the title of The Lord's Supper. Jesus gave this ordinance as a means of keeping His followers in remembrance of Himself. He said, "This do in remembrance of Me." There are several instances in the Word of God where we are admonished to remember and are shown the significance of remembering the benefactions of our God. But sometimes we forget the wonderful teachings of the Word of God and also the significant experiences that we have had along the way. We sing the hymn, "Count your blessings, Name them one by one," but in spite of the song we sometimes forget what the Lord has done, and in time of trouble, sickness and distress we are inclined to complain; we do not *remember*. But the blessing is in *remembering* what the Lord has done for us.

In Luke 17:32 we have this expression, "Remember Lot's wife." When are we to remember her? When we are tempted to look back to the world, to long for the things of the old life, when temptation comes and we find ourselves edging toward the world and finding satisfaction in it. We are then looking back to Sodom, to those things upon which God has pronounced a curse. Jesus says at such a time, "Remember Lot's wife." I would call your attention to Joseph's experience while in the Egyptian prison. He interpreted the dream of the king's cup-bearer and assured him that he would be restored to the king's favor. Joseph said to him, "When you are restored to favor *remember* me; I need someone to intercede for me." The king's cup-bearer promised Joseph that he would remember him, but when he was restored he forgot about him. How often it is that those whom we have befriended, soon forget us!

Then in Luke 16 we have the story of Dives and Lazarus. When Dives asked Abraham to send Lazarus with water to cool his tongue, Abraham said, "*Remember*, that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things." This pathetic incident surely teaches that it will do no good to remember God's goodness when the soul is forever lost. We had better remember these things while we are able to profit by them. Then we have the ex-

pression of the thief on the cross when he said to Jesus, "Remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."

There is the case of Peter in the house of Cornelius. When he was accused of going to the Gentiles he said, "Then *remembered* I the word of the Lord, how that he said, John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost"—no distinction between Jew and Gentile. He *remembered*. The sad thing about us all is that we forget too much. Just think of the teaching and the admonition, and the instruction Christian people have had in divine things. Would it not be wonderful if the people who have sat under the ministry of mighty men of God in the years that have passed would remember the things they have heard? So we find this Lord's Supper was for the remembrance of God's people, not to forget what Jesus did in His death on the cross.

We call this ordinance the "Communion." To commune is to partake of something in common with someone else. It takes only two people to commune and we are always influenced by the person with whom we commune. We may be unable to comprehend just to what extent we have become different, but it is true that every person with whom we come into contact in association and fellowship and even in the exchange of ideas for a limited time influences us in some way—we are never quite the same again.

Why do some people backslide after Jesus has saved them? Because, after their conversion they go back to commune with sinful people. If we associate with people who are better than we are—people who have reached higher heights of Christian perfection, people who love the Lord more than we do, the natural result will be a growth in God. If we find ourselves with people who are below us spiritually, who have not had the blessed experience we have had, we must see to it that our communion proves helpful to them and that we do not descend to their level. The true communion is, first of all, communion with the Lord Jesus; that will influence our communion with each other. However, we cannot perfectly commune with the Lord Jesus Christ if there is something between us and our Lord—some hidden sin, or something that we are not willing for Him to have control over. Anything that hinders the flow of pure love will render the

communion imperfect. Just so in our communion with one another. If there is hatred, or malice, or disrespect, the communion will be broken. It will really not be a communion at all. We can shake hands and say, "God bless you, brother," we can even put our arms around each other, and wish one another God speed, and yet all the time there can be lacking that which actually produces fellowship, and makes our supposed communion a veritable farce.

So if we are really going to commune this very day, when the table before us is so blessedly spread, let us examine our hearts in our attitude toward every other person whom we know in the world. We have instructions in the Word of God that if one bring his gift to the altar and remember that any have aught against him, he should leave there the gift and go away and first be reconciled to his brother. Sometimes we hear a person say "*I haven't anything against anybody.*" That is not what the Bible says. It says, "If thy brother hath aught against thee." You may ask, "Must I go hunting around straightening out difficulties and asking folks what they have against me? That will take a lot of humility. Must I go to a brother and say, 'Brother, I understand you have something against me?'" Exactly so, that is what our Lord tells us to do. It is very humiliating indeed, but we are bound to do it if we would really commune with our brethren. There should be no schism in the body of Christ. We are all members of one body, and the hand cannot say of the foot, "I have no need of thee," but we are all members together in Christ Jesus. Oh what a monstrous thing it would be for the hand to have a grudge against the foot! or the mouth to have a grudge against the ears in the same body! It is ridiculous. And isn't it just as ridiculous when we think of different members of the body of Christ having grudges against one another? Suppose a person should talk about you! Is it a matter of life and death, or is it something you should forgive and forget? Beloved, let us commune one with another. It may mean some confessing but let us not deceive ourselves into believing that we can enter into perfect communion either with the Lord or with one another unless everything is 100% right between us. I remember my dear old Presbyterian grandmother—the best woman I knew in my childhood days—and I recall how she would never come to the communion table if she remembered there was anything between her own heart and anyone else in the world.

We call this ordinance the "Eucharist." The

word "eucharist" means, *to give thanks*. We come to think of the Lord's Supper as the eucharist because Jesus brake the bread and gave thanks.

There are three things for which we should thank God, which three things ought to make this ordinance very precious to all of our hearts. First, we ought to thank God for what He has done for us in the past; then we ought to thank Him for what He is doing for us just now, and then we have great cause to thank Him for what He will do for us in the future.

When we look into the past we see God giving His precious Son to die for our sins. Oh what a gift! And as we look at Christ, the gift, we see Him painfully bearing His cross, *our cross*, to Golgotha's hill, where He died in unnameable agony that we might be saved. At this amazing scene the language of our hearts should be,

"Thus wert Thou made all mine,
Lord, make me wholly Thine,
Give grace and strength divine to me,
In thought and word and deed,
Thy will to do."

"Oh Lord, lead Thou my soul to Thee
E'en though it bleed! E'en though it bleed!"

At the present time He is keeping us, by His priestly work in the Holy of Holies, in the heavenly sanctuary. And some day in the future He will come again in majesty and great power, to lift us up to reign with Him. "Then shall we ever be with the Lord." Surely there is much significance in the Eucharist—there is much cause for thanksgiving.

Then we call this ordinance "the Last Supper". Jesus said to His disciples, "I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until I drink it anew with you in my Father's kingdom." There is no doubt that they had celebrated the Passover together at least two or three times. They were all Jews and every year they participated in this celebration of their deliverance from Egyptian bondage. But now this is the Last Supper in which Jesus is participating with His disciples.

Beloved, there is a peculiar significance attached to last things. You remember the words of Paul when he bade good-bye to the friends at Ephesus and at Caesarea, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." They were trying to prevent his going to Jerusalem, feeling that it meant imprisonment and death. They sorrowed most of all that they should see his face no more. Paul was become dear to their hearts. They owed to him their salvation. He had written them an

epistle and now it was their last meeting and their hearts were broken. They were sad. Do you remember the last meal your dear one ate at your home? Do you remember the last word he spoke? the last admonition she gave? the last word she spoke before she died? There is a sweet significance about last things. The last kiss!

I remember the last sight of my mother's face as she lay in her casket before the cover was screwed down. I remember so well standing beside her and the urge that was in my heart. I scarcely knew whether I should yield to it or not. I had been away from home a great deal, and it was always my custom when I came home to see my mother, to receive her kiss and give her one in exchange. As I stood looking at her, there welled up in my heart such an urge to place one more kiss on her cheek. I knew it would be the last. Just as the undertaker stepped forward I could no longer restrain my emotions, and with all the other relatives and friends looking on, I reached forward and placed the last kiss on my mother's cheek. Yes, it was the last one. I am so glad I did it. It made that last sight of her so sacred. Then I remember after we bore her away to the cemetery and we had gotten into the autos, and were returning home, I leaned far out of the window of the car and looked back to the little mound. It was the last look.

Sometimes we sing that beautiful hymn, "Where the Gates Swing Outward Never." It was written by Charles H. Gabriel during the World War. He went to New York with his son who had been drafted into the army. He was a Christian young man and was just going up the gang-plank on the steamer which was to take him to France and to the trenches. As Mr. Gabriel was trying to say a brave good-bye to this young son whose life of usefulness might be snuffed out at any time, and as the son was trying to say good-bye, he saw the tears welling up in his father's eyes, and he realized it was harder for father than it was for son, and in order to comfort him he said, "Father, if we never see one another again on earth, we will meet some day *where the gates swing outward never.*" It was his last word to his dear father and it was so significant because it was his last word. It so impressed the heart of that godly man of talent that he went home and wrote that beautiful hymn,

"Just a few more days to be filled with praise,
And to tell the old, old story,
Then when twilight falls and my Saviour calls,
I shall be with Him in glory."

I'll exchange my cross for a starry crown
Where the gates swing outward never,
At His feet I'll lay every burden down,
And with Jesus reign forever.

I remember sometime ago how my own heart was wonderfully thrilled with the song, "Tell mother I'll be there." That great Christian statesman, William McKinley, was sitting in the White House at Washington, and his godly Christian mother was on her death-bed. She sent a last message to her son that he might come as speedily as possible to be at her bed-side in her last hour, and when he received the message he sent another back to Canton, Ohio, "Tell mother I'll be there." Then as quickly as the machinery of government could be made to work a train was chartered, and every railroad track from Washington to Canton was cleared, and as fast as the steam-engine could go, down through the valleys, around the curves and through the woods, the head of this great nation rode to his mother's bedside. Out of that incident we have the hymn:

"Tell mother, I'll be there,
In answer to her prayer,"

It was the Last Supper Jesus had with His disciples. Had there not been a last supper there could never have come the great marriage supper of the Lamb. We remember how He said, "I shall not drink of this fruit of the vine until I drink it anew with you in my Father's kingdom." We shall some glad day sit down at the great Marriage Supper of the Lamb, and there we shall remember this Last Supper, and rejoice as we feast with our Lord.

A Word of Thanks

AS 1933 dawns we cannot but praise God for His blessings and undergirding during 1932. The great unemployment situation, the drop in farming commodities, and the closing of many business doors have all affected our subscription list, and yet in spite of this God has enabled us to keep the paper going. Some who have been unable to renew have written, "I pray that God will send someone to take my place," and He has answered. We thank Him for a number of new readers. We appreciate the large number of gift subscriptions and thank our readers heartily for their co-operation.

If you are receiving The Latter Rain Evangel for the first time as a gift it is because someone is interested in your spiritual welfare, and is praying you will find it a mine of rich treasure.

The Evangel staff sends old and new subscribers a New Year's greeting and prays that God will keep each one faithful and trustful in Him. We covet the prayers of our readers.

The Tragedy of Modern Theology

Fatality of Compromising

By J. N. Hoover at Lake Geneva Camp, Alexandria, Minn.



MODERN Theology is thoroughly unorthodox and is more responsible for the absence of young people from our churches than the moving picture shows. Too many of our churches have become ethical societies instead of soul-saving stations. Infidels masquerading as men of God are doing more to take the Bible out of the Public Schools than all the theories of evolution, and we will never get the Bible back into the schools until we get infidelity out of our churches.

RELIGIOUS INFECTION

Modern Theology is a religious infection centered in the heart of organized Christianity. Modern Theology, while retaining an outward appearance of Christianity, not only rejects everything of a supernatural nature but casts the Bible aside as the infallible word of authority. They say: "We have learned not to think of the Bible as the final and infallible Word of authority, and have come to see that there is no such authority and that we need none"; that "The Bible has all the marks of a deliberate human composition," and that "God has no existence apart from the universe"; that "There never has been a creation, and if man fell it was an upward fall, for man is under a process of evolution and Christ was a master product of evolution." Oh, the tragedy of Modern Theology! They say, "Man's present moral condition is due to his failure to rise out of the animal; the Virgin Birth and a literal resurrection are no essential part of Christianity"; that "Immortal life is something to be earned by slow conquest," or in other words, salvation by education instead of regeneration.

A well-known professor in a well-known Christian University gives forth the fundamental doctrines of Modern Theology in the following words: "Gone are the old ideas of religion; gone is the old notion of the divinity of the sacrament, of the efficacy of prayer, of the authority of the Scriptures, of the divinity of Christ, gone even is the former view of the immortality of the soul." This is present-day Theology, proclaimed from some of the high places of religious authority.

Again they tell us: "Not supernatural regeneration, but natural growth; not divine sanctifica-

tion, but human education; not supernatural grace, but natural morality; not the divine expiation of the cross, but the human heroism, or accident of the cross; not Christ the Lord, but the man Jesus, who was the child of his time; not God and his providence, but evolution and its process without an absolute goal—all this and such as this is the new turn in the affairs of religion at the tick of the clock." This is the doctrine of Modern Theology. They tell us, "That cold, calculating mathematical idea of the cross is no less than brutal and it leaves us cold." They declare "people no longer believe in an actual heaven and hell and we need to get rid of these medieval superstitions." This is Modern Theology—a religion without an experience, a theory without facts, a form of worship without power. Men have crept into our denominations who are not true; who are not faithful; who are not Christians; who are rationalists, infidels and atheists.

While this condition is deplorable, we need not be surprised, for is it not written in the Holy Scriptures, "Of your own selves shall men rise speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them"? Acts 20:30. Also in II. Timothy 4:3, 4, I read, "The time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lust shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables." Ye shall know them by their fruit.

These Modernists declare, "The Bible account of the beginnings of things is merely the weak strivings of the people of that time to grasp the tremendous facts of creation," that "The accounts of creation in the Bible are absurd." What better material could the atheist or the evolutionist want than Modern Theology, which some theologians are handing out in the classroom and over the sacred altars in many sanctuaries? Atheism finds ample room for expansion in the field of Modern Theology.

This perhaps is the chief reason why 60,000 churches in the United States failed to report a single convert in 1928. This perhaps is the reason why between 7,000 and 8,000 churches closed their doors and quit business last year. This step backward was not for the lack of money, for the church is very rich, her financial report reach-

ing \$600,000,000. Automobiles, radios and the movies are not the chief cause for the lack of interest in the churches. After years of experience and observation I am convinced that church members themselves are to blame for the empty pews and the low tide of spiritual life in the average church of today. The power to dispose of the cold and lifeless form of public worship lies with the members. If the official board is in the way, out with them. If the minister in the pulpit is to blame, remove him. If the church is unable to secure the service of a minister who cannot distinguish the difference between regeneration and education, between spirituality and morality, then gather in your sanctuary, read the Bible, pray, sing, be sincere and evangelistic in your public service and you will become soul winners that need not to be ashamed. Many times the sermonette spoils the atmosphere of public worship.

A distinguished editor of one of our great daily papers recently said, "I went to church yesterday to listen to a sermon and I heard a lecture." Many of our preachers refer to the statements of Shakespeare, Longfellow and Tennyson more than to Jesus Christ and the Holy Scriptures. Alas! many ministers seek to display their intellectual attainments rather than follow the leading of the Holy Ghost. Some seek to hold a congregation by entertainments, but it is folly to imitate the theatre. Church services should be cheerful, enthusiastic and evangelistic. Too many of our ministers desire popularity rather than spirituality.

COMPROMISING

To compromise is not only the evidence of disloyalty, but a criminal act. King Saul was commanded to fight the Amalekites and to take no booty. The temptation to increase his influence, from the human standpoint seemed perfectly legitimate. He considered it. He yielded to temptation. He disobeyed. He lost not only the blessed leadership of the Holy Spirit but the confidence of his people. When Samuel called to see him, he told the prophet he had performed the command of the Lord, but he lied, and Samuel knew it, and said unto him, "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?" Ah, be sure your sins will find you out! Saul was a wonderful man, but like all men he too must have a decision day. He came to the fork in the road and he turned to the left. Covetousness led him into the ways of sin and into a life of shame. Men may deceive men, but men cannot play with God and get by.

Saul rejected the divine revelation for the theories of men. The thing he thought would increase his power, robbed him of his influence and left him dead. Compromising is a dangerous venture.

Napoleon compromised and went down. On one occasion he is reported to have said, "My policy consists in governing men as they wish to be governed. By becoming a Catholic I have ended the Vendean war; by becoming a Moslem I gained a footing in Egypt; by becoming Ultramontane I won over public opinion in Italy; if I governed Jews, I would rebuild the temple of Solomon. So too, I will talk of liberty in the free part of San Domingo, and I will retain slavery in the Isle of France." The shameless practice of compromising with right and honor brought Napoleon to Waterloo and to St. Helena. Compromising with the gospel message of salvation, seeking the praise of men rather than the will of the Lord, will turn the most efficient scholar and eloquent speaker into sounding brass and bring his life to an end in the valley of fear and remorse. Believe God's Word! Preach God's Word! Live God's Word and God will take care of you.

A religious society that enters into commerce and politics has fallen from the divine system of operation. Organized Christianity has become commercialized until the message of salvation by regeneration is rapidly becoming a doctrine of the past. The opinions of men, like themselves, die shortly after they appear, but the laws of God are not only unchangeable but abide forever. Remove infidel leaders from their high seat of religious authority, give the people facts and not theories, and you will not only see the evidence of genuine Christian experience, but your church will be filled with earnest worshippers and converts will be a common event.

ATHEISM IN SMALL DOSES

Modern Theology is the chair of religion in the school of evolution. Modern Theology and the theories of evolution go hand in hand and are inseparable. When you attack Darwin's theories of evolution you incite the ill will of those who hold to the doctrine of Modern Theology. The Twentieth Century evolution is Modern Theology. You are taking atheism in small doses when you accept the teaching of Modern Theology.

When a minister of the Gospel or a teacher in the school can no longer accept the Biblical account of creation, can no longer believe in the

Virgin Birth, the vicarious death, the bodily resurrection, the divine plan for divine healing, and the second coming of Christ, he should immediately separate himself from Christian society, for he is unworthy of the fellowship of such a body.

A man must accept the Bible or reject it, for there is no middle ground. To question, minimize or lay aside any portion of the Holy Scripture is a criminal act, for it is written, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable," and, "If any man shall add unto these things, God will add unto him the plagues that are written in this book, and if any man shall take away from the words of the prophecy of this book, God will take his part out of the Book of Life and out of the holy city." It is a losing game to fight against God, "For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Some modernists, whom I have known in the school of theology, are very egotistical and assume to be even superior to those who have attained the same degree of schooling. Much book knowledge sometimes spoils a lot of common sense. Seeking to change Biblical statements to harmonize with your own theory, is not a safe road upon which to enter. Fallen men and ruined lives through the ages should be sufficient danger signals for those who are inclined to be skeptical.

PUBLIC WORSHIP

A form of public worship without the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit is the popular system of today. No wonder our churches are filled with empty pews. There is a reason. Have I not told you? It is always midnight where the Holy Spirit is crowded out.

How God Answered when the Need Was Great

A SHORT time after I weaned my little girl baby she became ill. At the beginning the Scripture came to me, "This sickness is not unto death but for the glory of God." I was then young on the way of trusting God for healing and did not meditate on that scripture and value the import of it. My baby seemed to grow worse from day to day. She vomited everything I gave her for nourishment; I changed her food many times but she was unable to keep anything on her stomach and her bowels were like water.

I felt I knew the truth of Divine healing and that the Lord wanted me to trust Him for the children, and although I had been looking steadfastly to Him to heal her, yet she was getting worse all the time and gradually became so wasted

The Bible is not the production of mortal mind! Christ is not a myth! Satan is not unreal! Heaven is not imaginary nor is hell a dream! Some of the advocates of Modern Theology seem terribly grieved over this slimy theory of evolution, when the fact of the matter is, their doctrine has made possible the teaching of this hell-born theory of evolution. Some men are so broad that they are flat, so liberal that they are ridiculous and so self-conceited they are blasphemous.

The one who will not accept the Bible as the Word of God and the final word of authority, should not hang around and live off folks who do. A profession without an experience is hypocrisy. A man has the right to express his religious conviction, but no man has the right to remain in a Christian church and at the same time repudiate the fundamental doctrines of that body. If the Bible is not infallible, it is not authority; if the Bible is not authority it is not the Word of God; and if the Bible is not the Word of God then we are lost and on our way to an everlasting grave. Oh, the tragedy of unbelief!

Soldiers of the Lord Jesus, to the front. Lift high the banner of the cross! Beneath the blood-stained arch of Calvary take your place, and proclaim the full gospel of a crucified, risen, ascended and glorified Christ, until He comes again, whose right it is to reign.

Rev. J. N. Hoover assisted by Evangelist Ray Soper, his secretary and song director, is to be in special meetings with Pastor A. N. Glanville, Vancouver, B. C., beginning Jan. 5th, Pastor J. R. Craig, San Francisco, Calif., beginning Jan. 22nd, Pastor Moon, Santa Cruz, Calif., beginning Feb. 12th, Pastor O. B. Braune, Ft. Worth, Texas, beginning Feb. 26th, Pastor Albert Ott, Dallas, Texas, March 19th, and from there into the North and East.

that I could no longer bathe her, but just gently rub her with oil. Then in deep distress how eagerly I took hold of that Scripture, "This sickness is not unto death but for the glory of God." I held it up to God as His Word, and believed the promise that His Word should not return to Him void, but would accomplish that which He pleased.

A friend came in and when she looked upon the babe she stated the name of the disease. I cannot now recall the name, but she said that if it had broken out on the outside there might have been some hope of her life, but as it was the disease had gone through her system and there was no chance of her ever recovering.

One day I was all alone in the house and I be-

(Continued on page 22)

Opened Heavens

The Command that Brings the Overflow

Earl Clark in the Stone Church



Y SUBJECT this afternoon will bring a revival if you will follow it. The Word of God says in Malachi, third chapter: "Bring ye all the tithe into the storehouse, and prove me now, saith the Lord of hosts; if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

The tenth of every dollar you get belongs to God. It doesn't belong to you at all. You cannot give it to the poor. You cannot clothe your poor relations with it. That is not the place for the tithe; the tithe is for God's work. If you want to feed the poor, feed them with your own money. God's Word says, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." If you feed the poor with God's money you are not lending to Him, and are not assured of getting it back. But if you give of your own, the Word says you are lending to the Lord, and He pays His debts.

Some people are very careful to pay their debts to their fellowman, which is very good, but are careless about their debt to God. But God is the One who can help you if you prove Him. Your grocer cannot give you work, but God Almighty can see that you get work, can see that prosperity comes to your home, can see that your children are clothed, and can see that you have a revival in your church. God loves to have you prove Him. I know people who think they can feed and clothe their relatives with their tithe, but God's Word tells you plainly what you are to do with it.

There was a time when I was afraid to speak on tithing. I didn't want to hurt folks' feelings. I thought it might hurt their finances too, but it didn't. I can go out and buy more with my nine-tenths than you with your ten-tenths. Some people say that tithing was under the law, but before the law was written Abraham tithed; Isaac and Jacob tithed. Just think of God saying to us, "Prove Me." Who are we that He should say to us, "Prove Me"? Worms of the dust, and yet He is so concerned about us that even the hairs of our head are numbered by Him.

A man's wife came to me and said, "My husband hasn't any work. Will you pray for him?" I said, "Send him to me." He told me he had

walked the shoe-leather off his shoes and gotten nothing. We had a prayer-meeting that night and the next day I took him to the Ford plant and they gave him \$25 per week. He had gotten away from the Lord but was reclaimed. He promised to tithe and did so faithfully for a few weeks and then began to buy furniture and other things and forgot the Lord. How sad for folks to break their vows to God!

A minister went to a church in Geneva, New York that had a debt of \$150,000. He felt perfectly helpless with such a condition in a church, but seven of the members started to tithe; then the number was increased to ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five. They tithed and paid off something every month until the entire debt was wiped out. Then another church in that vicinity began to tithe, and the Methodists said, "Let us start a Centenary Movement and get the people to tithe." They set the goal at One hundred million dollars and they got it.

Just before we were married Mrs. Clark had \$50 given to her, and she had about \$7 of her own money. I said to her, "Are you going to tithe that \$50?" She said, "Not I. I have too many things to buy. I cannot afford it." We started home to be married and stopped at her sister's in St. Louis. Walking up the steps of the new depot, which had just been built, she lost that \$57. She has never had to have another lesson on tithing. She was young in Christian experience at that time but she knew it was taught in God's Word.

I remember a young man who had lived in a town where I had been preaching. He came to Indianapolis and took T. B. and was kept by the city. Finally he learned I was there and came to me, "Brother Clark, I have had T. B. all winter. Will you pray that I get a job?" We knelt in our living-room and I drove him over to an automobile firm and he got a job he held for years. God healed him too and the Welfare Society didn't have to keep him anymore. God gave him new lungs. If you do right by God, He will do right by you.

God meant that the church should be supported by the tithe. I do not believe that the finances of a church should be shouldered by the rich, but by every one giving faithfully to God His portion.

An old bum down in Indianapolis got right

with God. He had lived a life of gambling, drinking and carousing. His physician had told him he had six months to live. His health wrecked, ambition burnt out, hope gone he went back to his parents' home to die. He had once owned a saloon but thru drinking and gambling he became a porter in that same saloon, while his wife and children were ragged and starving for food.

His mother who had prayed for him all the years of his wasted life, welcomed her prodigal son and thru her faith he turned to God, making a covenant with Him that if the Lord would save him, his life would be spent in reclaiming men. God prospered him in business. He is the President of the American Shoe Repair Company, which has branches in many of the large cities. He built the Cadle Tabernacle in Indianapolis, and another in Louisville, that men such as he might be saved. After Cadle was saved he began to give to God ten cents on the dollar; then increased it to twenty-five cents and later to fifty cents. He says on the matter of tithing: "The more money that a Christian pays for the advancement of God's Kingdom, the more blessing he will receive. If you give ten per cent of your income, you get a ten per cent blessing. If you give fifty per cent of your income you get a fifty per cent blessing. The writer is in the latter class and I never missed the fifty per cent."

I personally know that some eighty boys from his Bible Class went to war and of that number Mr. Cadle led sixty-five of them to the Lord. I know of men that used to haul booze around our city that are now saved and preaching the Gospel thru Mr. Cadle. The large Cadle Tabernacle in the center of Indianapolis, has a seating capacity of ten thousand people and cost over Three Hundred Thousand dollars. If the world stands, tens of thousands will find the Lord in that place.

When he first started in business after he was saved, he was associated with men who were ungodly, and he could not get along with them. So he went to the governor of Indiana and said, "I am in business with men who are ungodly. I cannot get along with them and I cannot buy them out." The governor said, "How much do you need?" Mr. Cadle said, "I need \$20,000." The governor walked over to the bank and gave orders to pay to the credit of Howard Cadle \$20,000. Cadle went back to his firm and said to his partners, "You sell and I will buy you out." He sat down and wrote a check for the amount agreed upon. They looked at it and went over to the

bank, "Is this check of Cadle's for \$15,000 good?" The bank honored the check. I love to think of what God did for that man who had once been such a wicked gambler but since Jesus met him his life is given for others.

I am glad I discovered that I owed God a certain amount, and I have been a tither ever since. I cannot do anything greater for you than to cause you to see God's plan for financing His work. Some have been robbing God, yet you expect God to answer prayer. I think I hear you say, "Oh Lord, save my boy!" Another, "Oh God, save my husband!" But God says, "Pay Me what you owe Me." Can you expect your prayers to be answered when you hand the Lord a nickel or a dime when you owe Him a dollar or perhaps five? Don't tell me God is pleased with you. Impossible!

Some years ago I went to Glendive, Montana, to build a church for the Home Mission Board of the United Brethren in Christ. My salary from the Home Board was \$100 per month. We organized with twenty-four charter members and they promised to pay \$25 per month, but I received only \$25 during the entire year. Everything was very high and I really needed more. I dropped into a service one day and heard a man preach on Tithing and made up my mind I would preach a sermon on that subject, which I did. When I had finished I asked the members how many would tithe, and about twenty held up their hands.

That Sunday evening one family brought in \$5, their first tithe money, but they didn't continue it. The wife wanted to continue paying tithes but the husband refused, and to my certain knowledge they lost much more than their tithe that summer. Sometimes he was not able to work for a week, which meant the loss of \$25. One night, instead of coming to prayer meeting, they went to the home of another member to visit, thereby keeping them from prayer service. Their boy, fourteen years old went with them, and while playing in the yard he fell from a wall eighteen inches high and broke his knee-cap. They had a doctor bill of \$50.

Another one of my members who promised to tithe that day, failed to do so. We called on her and she told us she was about to lose her position where she was making about \$90 a month, beside her board. She was sad, being a widow with many debts to pay, due to sickness and death. I hurried home and told the circumstances to Mrs. Clark and we both felt that she was losing.

her position because she withheld from God. We knelt and prayed that God would help her, and He answered prayer. Before she went to work that night she, too, knelt in prayer and promised God if He would let her keep her position she would bring \$20 she had pledged for the foreign field the next Sunday, and begin tithing the following week. When she reached the office her employer informed her that the man who was to take her place had been sent elsewhere.

While only five in my church kept their pledge to tithe, there was always money in the treasury to pay me my \$25 and all the current expenses of the church during the whole year. One brother never failed to have \$5 tithe money every Sunday, which showed me he was making more than before.

I preached on this subject on the North Side and a man who heard me became very angry. He was working, and told later how he lost his job. He didn't like to hear a talk on tithing but when he lost his job God had a chance to talk to him and showed him His Word on the subject. He said, "I promised the Lord I would tithe, and then I got another job." It is said that John D. Rockefeller began tithing at eight years of age, as a very poor lad. When he was twenty-six years old he married, had a wife and two children to support and his salary was \$1,000 a year. He is now rounding out a long life and has amassed a fortune of many millions of dollars. He has bequeathed a half million dollars to the poor, to Christianity and for educational and scientific research. Rockefeller is from my home town, Cleveland, O., and I have often worshipped with him on the Lord's Day. He has been severely criticized because of his colossal fortune and great success, but let me ask you this question, Has his success been greater than God has promised those who accept His challenge?

One penalty for neglecting the tithe is that it fosters the sin of covetousness, which is the one commandment of the ten that we can violate all our lives and not know it. Our neighbors and friends can and do know it, and mark and comment on its increasing power and control over us as we grow older.

Oh that you might get a vision of a lost world and a sympathizing Christ who died to save, and the necessity of funds to send the Gospel around the world! Will you not pray about your giving? God waits to bless those who are faithful. "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, but he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

Healings that Remain

From Manhattan Beach, California, Pastor S. A. Jamieson, who is pastor of the Assembly there, writes it is a center of Holy Ghost activity and blessed of the Lord. Souls are saved, backsliders reclaimed and people healed and delivered from Satanic attacks. Brother Jamieson writes:

"One man with a badly sprained ankle so that he could not walk was instantly healed when prayer was offered for him. A remarkable case was that of a baby four months old, which had never grown from its birth. Too weak to cry, it was nothing but a skeleton, and blue in color. The mother brought it three times for prayer. The last time we noticed a blue film over its eyes. Earnest prayer was offered and the baby was healed. He is now about two years old, the very picture of health, strong and husky looking.

"A Catholic woman was brought to us suffering from a large goitre. In answer to prayer the goitre immediately disappeared. We have proof that the healing remains.

"A woman, claiming to be an evangelist, came to our service for prayer. She was not conscious of any demon possession, but when prayer was offered she nearly strangled, the demons making a huge goitre when they came out. She returned the following week and testified that she had a new heart, new stomach and has not been troubled with demon power since. These are all tested healings, and remain. We enjoy reading *The Latter Rain Evangel*. Mrs. Jamieson keeps them on file."

* * *

One of our readers in Switzerland writes of a precious experience of answer to prayer:

"I had been reading *The Latter Rain Evangel*, and after I had retired I was thanking God for the blessings received through it. I had noticed that my subscription expired with the last number and was talking to the Lord about it, having very little money to spend on myself. I said to the Lord, "If I may have the paper longer send me five francs (Swiss money) tomorrow." But immediately I thought, "How could it be? Perhaps in time to come!" The very next morning post brought an unexpected letter containing ten English shillings. "Is it not blessed to have a Father in heaven who cares for us and answers the cry of our heart? He knows how I hunger and thirst for the food of the dear Latter Rain Evangel."

* * *

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One Night In Belgium

Donald Gee



IT IS about 6:20 p. m. on a rainy October evening when we shut the door of the "manse" behind us, and go out for the meeting. Climbing the hill we pass the familiar winding apparatus and surface buildings of a coal-mine, for this is the industrial district of Belgium, and then descend sharply again to the Protestant Church where the special revival services are being held.

Lights are shining cheerfully out of the windows of a fine solid structure about 140 years old that is the home of one of the largest Protestant congregations in Belgium. A considerable addition has recently been made to accommodate the increasing crowds, for the blessing of God is resting upon this work and the pastor is a man who has been baptized in the Holy Spirit as in Bible days. Whatever his colleagues in the "*Union des Eglises Protestantes Evangeliques de Belgique*" may think or say about his "Pentecostal" testimony, they cannot deny that his church is a throbbing centre of spiritual life and activity. A few motor-cars drawn up outside the door give an almost American touch, for revival attracts all classes.

We enter the pastor's vestry by a side door, and receive a cordial welcome from four elders who are apparently men of humble rank, but the pastor's loyal helpers. These also have been filled with the Holy Spirit. All barriers of language are forgotten when we kneel in a circle round a small table to ask for the anointing of the Spirit upon the meeting.

A door leads into the church, which is already well-filled with several hundred people. Some nights the place is crowded to capacity, and on Sunday we do not know where to put the crowds. How they sing! Except for Sunday morning the services are quite informal, and favorite numbers are called for all over the place. There is no choir, though a small male-voice choir of miners delight us with their rendering of two or three Gospel messages in song. An organ and two or three violins, very well played, in the gallery, lead the music, and the volume of sound as *everybody* sings is something to listen to with delight. But who can only listen!—we must join in somehow, either in the best French we can muster, or else in English if, as is often the case, it is a translation of one of our own favorite hymns.

A young Swiss evangelist is asked to lead in

prayer. He is one of Mr. Douglas Scott's "Timothys," and has already had conspicuous success in founding a new work at Calais. Then a portion of Scripture is read, after more hymns. After that the writer climbs up into the gallery to take the organ while the folk learn a new chorus just translated from the English. This time it is "Let the beauty of Jesus be seen in me." The Belgians love new choruses almost as much as the British Assemblies.

Then comes my turn to speak. The pastor himself interprets for me, for Mr. Henri de Worm has spent some months studying theology in the University of my own city of Edinburgh, and so knows English very well. The message goes over excellently, the people are eager for the Word, but love life in the preaching, perhaps with even an occasional touch of humor. Belgium is no field for dry preaching. Yet the word is solemn enough on this occasion,—Saul and the contrast between his early and later days after he had lost the anointing of the Spirit. For this first message is specially for the believers present, and perhaps 80 of the members of this church have been baptized in the Spirit, and many are hungry.

Mr. Douglas Scott follows, with a burning evangelical message given in French which lacks nothing in vigor. The people are all leaning forward now in deep interest, children are hugged close to mothers, men sit motionless. The Spirit is resting upon the meeting, and God is blessing His word. At last comes a short earnest prayer, then an appeal. A short moment of hesitation, then up goes the first hand,—two, three, and four. Now they follow in quick succession. Sixteen in all this night, but sometimes it is many more. Those who have raised their hands are directed to the small room at the side for personal conversation and prayer, and a venerable evangelical Belgian pastor who is present (and also baptized in the Spirit), takes charge with delight of this important piece of work.

While he is dealing with the seekers for salvation inside, a beginning is made with prayer for the sick in the larger meeting. Very quickly a long queue filed up for Mr. Scott and his helpers to pray for them, and lay hands upon them in the name of the Lord for healing of body. This part of the service takes quite a time. Many in Belgium are not only sick in body, but sometimes obviously demon-possessed also. It is a land of

spiritual darkness, and the coming of the Light of the Gospel in the power of the Spirit only serves to reveal it. Startling scenes sometimes occur, but the workers are specially sent by God for the work, and are blessedly fearless. During this ministry to the afflicted the pastor leads the congregation in the singing of hymns, while others of us keep in prayer. Many wonderful cases of Divine Healing have been experienced. Praise God!

As I sit by the door of the vestry I am specially fascinated by the faces of the enquirers after salvation, as they come out one by one. Here is a young couple, rather well-dressed and obviously refined. Their eyes are swimming with a solemn joy as they take seats near at hand. Next comes a smart young officer in military uniform, the same fulness of solemn emotion on his face. There is no excitement, the most conservative need find no fault with this meeting, but there is deep feeling. They have had a personal meeting with the Savior; religion has become a matter of deep experience rather than outward form. Then there is an old couple, they don't say much, but there is the same quiet joy lighting up the eye. Some join the long queue for healing; now that they have found healing for the soul they want to come to the Savior for their bodies also.

When, at last, all the sick have been prayed for, we stand to be dismissed. Everybody is happy,

and no wonder! We have been in a real revival meeting in a land that has never seen it on this fashion before. Faces are shining, perhaps especially some who were baptized in the Spirit at the waiting meeting in the afternoon.

A French Protestant pastor is there at the back who has come all the way from France to see if Mr. Douglas Scott can visit his church for a revival campaign also. Folk are hungry. We feel that a great day of opportunity has dawned for these lands that have never yet had the "Latter Rain." But enough for one night. Someone starts a chorus "*Gloire L'Agneau*"—and we sing it again and again and again with hands raised to heaven before a closing benediction dismisses the meetings. Yes;—Worthy IS the Lamb!

Such is a typical meeting in the Pentecostal Revival now in progress in Belgium. The prayers of many for these lands are having a glorious answer. But there is need for much continued prayer that the work may go victoriously forward. There are "many adversaries." The Belgian and French pastors themselves who are receiving the fulness of the Spirit are the greatest guarantee that the work will continue, but they will have much to face of misunderstanding from some of their colleagues, even apart from the inevitable persecution and opposition in lands where Rome has great influence over the people. But—"The Truth shall set you free."

Seeking the Lost

Miss Grace Brown, Giridih, India



IT TAKES a real love to be a real seeker.

Once our pony, Leah, lost her foal, Prince Reuben. She constantly and distressingly neighed day and night. It was pitiful to hear her. Even when she drew the tonga on her trips to the villages, the mother whinnied as she went, neighing for her two-year-old, who was in the habit of running alongside as we went on our evangelistic duties daily. Now the orphan boys formed searching parties and scoured the countryside in vain. The police had been notified, and they in turn had informed all the chowkidars (watchmen) of the district. Orders were given to have the drum beaten in the bazar and around, and a reward offered if the mission foal were found.

Four days had passed but Leah was not going to let us forget Prince. On her return from taking us out with the Bible woman to the villages, now the fifth day, she whinnied more urgently than ever, and impatiently stamped as her harness

was taken off.

"Let's give her a chance now to see what she can do to find Prince," I said, and off she darted. Within an hour I heard galloping hoofs! prancing hoofs! Leah, full tilt with flowing mane, and Prince Reuben following after—up as far as the Thana (police), past the Mission House, down to the dak bungalow and back again to the Thana, up and down the road as if to show off her success to the police and the mission and to say, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my lost one."

We surely did rejoice as we saw the half-starved foal, grimy and black with coal, a picture of the sin-stained prodigal brought back from the depths of sin. Prince had probably been underground these past days in a coal mine. It took mother instinct and God-given scent to trace the lost one, in order to succeed where we had by sundry efforts failed.

The Merchant Man made seeking goodly pearls His great business. The Great Shepherd made it His aim to search out the lost and wandering

sheep, and before He went He said, "I am no more in the world, but these are in the world," that they may follow up the business having caught the scent, trace and track the lost, like the "Hound of Heaven."

We scented and tracked down one poor, wandering soul, but alas! again we lost sight of it as it was caught in the briars and mazes of worldliness.

At a Hindu festival Mela we are asked, "Have you come to see the Mela?" "No, we are on the scent for those who have lost their way to God." Suddenly the mission sisters came upon one who had before in her own house heard the Gospel message. The Mela gives the Indian woman the privilege for once of seeing the outside world, as she goes to get a glimpse of the idol, "a vision of God" they call it. "You have not yet come?" said Sister Indu, not yet come to God?" "I wanted to, I tried to, but I could not find the Way," replied the woman, resplendent in a bespangled sari, glittering with gold and jewels—gala attire, redolent with blends of cocoanut oil and attar of roses perfume. "Then come away now from following the crowd, come make up your mind to follow the Holy Path. Let us go to the Mission House at once." At the mission, the missionary also talked to her; they read, they prayed with her.

"I will think about it; I must ask advice."

So she was lost once more in the whirlpool of worldliness. How hard for those who have riches!

One day, when Indu-Didi, our Bible woman, was out fishing for souls, she brought back with her a widow, who had left the mother's protection for a life of shame, two months before. To be seen with such a woman is a disgrace. We sat with her on the back verandah, and there in the inner courtyard of the Mission surrounded by high walls, where none but the proud poultry could blush to see her, we talked to this Hindu woman of her life; what God had meant to put in it, how thoughtlessly, wilfully she had strayed. We showed her a large picture of the lost sheep bleating on the mountainside, and the Great Shepherd, at the cost of His own life, reaching out a strong hand to save. We said, "This is a picture of your life." She looked astonished. And as the scene is once more applied to her, the great turkey cock who had blushed scarlet with the concentrated blushes of womanhood, crimsoned to see her and strode more disdainfully than ever in that back yard, now sobs convulsively, as if to

echo the breaking sob of our own heart as we plead with this soul.

She listens, she is interested. She wonders as she sees the tears that speak to her more than words. There is a pause. We hear again the hysterical sobbing of the gobbler. It is the drama of a soul in the Valley of Decision. She breaks the silence at last, to say, "I will come on Monday." She goes back to her den. There is a young girl next door to her, not more than fifteen years old, who had said to the Mission Sister, "You ask me too late to leave this life. I have been brought up to it from so high," suiting the action to the word. It is to this young girl, old in her profession, that our secret visitor talked. Indeed there were high words, but it resulted in that young girl leaving the old woman who had brought her up to a degraded life, and returning to her native village. Our visitor came, true to her word, on Monday, to tell us many things, the veracity of which we cannot vouch for, and were unable to ascertain. But this we know, she had determined to leave the life of ill-repute. We told her we would send her to Calcutta where she would be taught to work and earn an honest livelihood. She shook her head. It ended in her return to her distant home and mother that night, having sold her bed and belongings to her neighbors. We thanked God and took courage.

"I have been on the trail of that bear for a couple of years," said a sportsman to me. Captain P---- thought nothing of leaving his luxurious home and comforts to spend night after night tracking that bear, watching for him in the dark jungle. Finally he got him before the first streak of dawn, and what a haul that great bear was! The sportsman and all his friends rejoiced.

Let us not be less keen in watching unto prayer for immortal souls.

* * *

The Stone Church has been having special revival services for a number of weeks, closing December 25th. Evangelist and Mrs. Earl Clark of Indianapolis, Indiana, were used in the special meetings and God blessed their ministry. Souls sought the Lord for salvation and there were some marked healings. A woman who had not been able to kneel for fifteen years was immediately healed when she knelt for salvation. Another testified to being healed of a sinus growth and goitre. God has used Brother Clark in healing in the past and he and Mrs. Clark are untiring in their service for God.

* * *

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A Spiritual Pilgrimage

By James Douglas



ILLIONS in their last anguish have heard in the universally familiar syllables of the Twenty-third Psalm the cadence and rhythm of everlasting revelation. They break on the human soul century after century as the waves break on the shore. They are the unchanging beat and pulse of the tidal sea of faith.

As I listen to their mystical music I remember the twenty-sixth chapter of Isaiah, and these words sound unshakable certainty in my ears:

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.

There is nothing higher or holier or more durable than this, I say; and then I seem to hear my good old father's voice in a passion of simplicity uttering these seven laconic words from the twelfth chapter of Isaiah: "*I will trust and not be afraid.*"

Our childhood was besieged by all the wild beasts in the jungle of poverty. There was hunger in our home. Sweet milk was a luxury. We called it sweet milk because the skim milk and the butter milk were sour. We were fed on stir-about and potatoes. Sometimes oatmeal was too dear for our tiny income, and we were regaled with thin, tasteless porridge made of Indian meal. This was called hasty pudding, and our infant palates loathed it. It made us hungrier. Butter was a delicacy. It was spread very scantily on a thick slice of bread. And bread, too, was scarce. Our mother watched her six ravenous children with an anxious eye as the dear loaf went down our little throats.

She stinted and starved herself to feed us. Our father fared no better than his hungry children. But his faith never faltered. It was from his heroic lips that I learned the secret meaning of the seven words, "I will trust and not be afraid."

But the chapter of chapters which rang like a tocsin of hope in our humble home was the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. When penury thrust its sword into our hearts our father used to say to our mother at the close of each weary day, "Sarah, we will read it." "Yes, Robert," she would reply, her loving eyes bright with tears and a brave smile on her mouth.

Round the lighted lamp we sat and listened to the charmed words:—

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in

God, believe also in Me.

Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Do you wonder that John 14 is still my favorite chapter? We starved joyfully to its rhythms. As our father rose from his knees his face was always shining, and our mother's face was shining, and we marvelled as children marvel in the presence of a mystery.

Since those years I have sinned many sins and suffered many sorrows. I have lost my way in the thickets and deserts of doubt and dialectic. And in the end I have come back to the simple faith of my father and my mother. It, and it alone, suffices in the starkest agony of life.

I cannot explain the hidden mystery of faith. It is too deep for words. But it is all in John 14.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thrilling words! Magical words! I hear Thomas in his perplexity asking the great question: "Lord we know not whither Thou goest; and how can we know the way?" I hear the mystical answer which for two thousand years has held the field against all the world and all the worldlings:

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.

He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father. I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I.

I have stumbled through all the wilds and wastes of theology, philosophy, psychology, and science. I have travelled from Dan to Beersheba, and I have found all knowledge and all reason barren. The sure refuge from withering cynicism and parching pessimism I find in John 14, where the trumpet of faith blows finality and security and safety and certitude.

I am the way, and the truth, and the life.

Yes. Faith is the fortress, the citadel, the invulnerable fastness of the soul.—*The Sunday Express.*

Mr. James Douglas is the Editor of *The Sunday Express*, an English journal whose circulation runs into several millions. This makes the above article a remarkable one.

Waiting upon God Brings a Revival

Miss Zelma Argue

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." "Be strong in the Lord and in the Power of His might."



WE ARE called upon not only to preach the gospel, but also to work the works of Him who sent us. This we can do only in the strength of the Lord, received in waiting upon God. We are living in a day that demands strength. If we would be strong there is no way but by the power of His might. Strength for the battle is found in waiting upon the Lord, in the secret vigil.

I look back over some outstanding scenes which witnessed God's evident presence among us, and trace the source of blessing to waiting upon God when the battle did not appear easy.

Last year during a summer convention in Saskatoon, Sask., we were looking to God for a special visitation of His Spirit. Daily business sessions were being held, which we feared were in danger of distracting the minds of the people from the spiritual interests and possibilities of the meetings. After facing this situation thoughtfully, we called the people to a special season of fasting and prayer between services. God's power began to break in upon us at once, meeting hungry souls. The following day a climax came. In the afternoon service at about five o'clock, a young man, who we were told was studying to be a doctor, received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and for the next twelve hours, until five o'clock the following morning, the power fell, sweeping many, one after another through to the baptism. Different young men who came through during that time are now active in some capacity, we understand, in the Lord's work, for which we praise God.

Called to Cavalier, N. D., for the opening meetings in a new church, we were looking earnestly to God for His power to fall. The work was only a few months old, and needed a real drenching of God's mighty power. In an afternoon service the Spirit fell upon a woman from the country. Laying aside thoughts of rest between services, we remained praying beside her. At just about time for the evening service to open, she came through to the baptism of the

Holy Spirit. The long vigil brought blessing not to her alone, but to all in the service that night. Numbers sought Jesus as Saviour, weeping many tears, and that night there was a "land-slide" of people who came through to the baptism, the power falling so that it was impossible to break up the meeting until three the following morning. One elderly German, 64 years of age, who had never been saved, had been at the altar the two nights previous, seeking conversion. No matter how his friends prayed with him, when asked if he was saved yet, he would only shake his head sorrowfully and say, "Nein, Nein!" But this third night God's glory struck his soul. He was not only saved, but God's power rested upon him for hours as the blessed Holy Spirit came into that yielded temple. He saw visions of many of his fellow townsmen slipping down to hell, and wept as he saw them lost. He saw a vision of the beautiful Bride of Christ adorned in white array, with only one small portion yet left to be filled. He saw that if he did not get in now, it would be too late. The revival that broke through that wonderful night shook the country around for God, and that young work is continuing a power for God.

Some time previous, we were in the city of Seattle. A new tabernacle had been built, and the janitor had had a dream of rain falling until the roof could no longer turn the rain. He was a very elderly brother, since called to his reward. One Saturday afternoon the power began to fall in a Children's Service. It came down so that we were unable to leave the altar, until people arrived for the night's service. Young people who had come in to tarry, on their way home from work, were prostrated under the mighty power of God. The night's meeting began, but so great was the cloud of glory resting upon the service that it was impossible to speak for more than a few minutes. The whole congregation seemed to pour forward in a body. We were later told that a host of unsaved were among them. One young lady who prayed through to conversion about midnight that night has since been laboring in Africa as a missionary. It turned out to be an all-night prayer meeting, and over the following Lord's day something over a score, we understand, received the Holy Ghost, in which God was glorified.

Such scenes I have found are not accidental, but come after somewhere there has been much prayer, some real vigils, keeping watch with God. Perhaps after the early years of Pentecost, many who had been fruitful prayer warriors found their strength greatly expended. Perhaps there was a period of tendency to run on the momentum of previous intercession, until, fittingly enough, a period of "hard sledding" prevailed. Nothing makes my heart more glad than to observe so widely a new hunger for God Himself, and to feel the strength and fresh pulsations of vigour in intercessory prayer among God's children. For it is waiting upon God, that brings a recurrence of Pentecostal scenes.

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(Continued from page 2)

wealthy young man, Robert Arthington, of Leeds, England. With an immense fortune at his command he might have lived in the height of luxury and without a care in this world, but he had caught a glimpse of eternity's values and chose rather to be poor in this world's goods that he might invest it all in the kingdom of heaven. Hence, through all the days of his earthly pilgrimage he lived in one little room, in most frugal style, doing his own cooking in order that he might invest his entire fortune of Five Million Pounds in the cause of Foreign Missions. After his death a slip of paper was found on which he had written these words, "Gladly would I make the floor my bed, a box my chair, and another box my table, rather than that men should perish for the want of the knowledge of Christ." In commenting upon this tremendous investment and basing the recompense of reward on the Lord's promise of a hundred-fold return, another says that this man's "requital will be one of the wonders of the Coming Age." Oh for a vision that sees beyond this world's goods! beyond the gilt-edged securities and realizes that the only safe and lasting investment is that which is made in immortal souls!

The world renowned violinist, Fritz Kreisler, had such compassion on the poor, the destitute and the homeless of his land that he constantly deprived himself of the "little extras" that he might give the more to those who were in real need. He once said that he was "constantly endeavoring to reduce expenses to the minimum. I feel morally guilty in ordering a costly meal, for it deprives someone else of a piece of bread—some child, perhaps, of a bottle of milk. In all these years of my so-called success in music we

have never built a home for ourselves. *Between it and us, stand all the homeless in the world.*" If material want can arouse such compassion and sacrifice, how much more should the church of Christ be aroused to sacrifice in order to invest our utmost in immortal souls, for *Between us and our investment, stand the countless millions of lost souls of every nation.*

There is not only the monetary investment but also the investment of time, of talent, the investment of consecration and of prayer. A retrospect into other years and other lives will reveal some astonishing returns on these diversified investments. Perhaps the most profitable of all, reckoning in heaven's coinage, is the investment of prayer and yet how few take advantage of the wondrous prospects right at our knee tips. Through the investment of prayer made by David Brainerd the never-dying souls of entire tribes of Indians were placed to his credit up yonder.

During the time of the Scot's Worthies, a band of twelve saints gathered together one Saturday night to pray for the salvation of souls on the following Sunday service. As a result of that investment of prayer five hundred redeemed souls were placed to the credit of that little band of spiritual investors. During the ministry of Jonathan Edwards a company of saints met for an all night of prayer and as a result nearly 500 accepted Christ on the following Sunday morning when Jonathan Edwards preached from the text "Their feet shall slide in due time." The conviction upon the audience was so terrific that it is said some of the prominent people of the town actually climbed the pillars of the sanctuary, fearing that the bottom of the church might drop out and they would sink into hell. Five hundred immortal souls were entered on the credit side of heaven's ledger in return for that investment of one night in prayer.

In the year that has just passed some of our Christian workers have invested heavily in heaven's securities—invested of their time and service where there was no hope of monetary returns. From Miss Zelma Argue comes the encouraging report of one such investment: "Possibly the best investment we made in 1932 was early in the year when we had two calls confronting us, one to a well-established assembly, the other to an entirely new work.

"We decided to go to the latter place. It was a venture as it meant paying our railway-fare both ways; then the financial condition was such

that we could not conscientiously do other than return to the assembly any offering that might be given us. It was hard, but were we repaid? We surely were. Some sought salvation, others received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, the very first fruit in this northern city to enter this experience. Thus our labors, with that of others who were sacrificing to establish a work, helped to open a spiritual lighthouse in a far northern city which had never before had a Full Gospel work. Fur trappers, lumbermen, and others striking this first city point as they come down from the northern forests, drop in and hear the Gospel. We are told that scarcely a Sunday passes without some seeking salvation, and others are re-

ceiving the Baptism of the Spirit. As the year closes we are glad to know that there is a new lighthouse sending out its faithful Gospel beams in a little northern city heretofore untouched."

The Nineteen-thirty-two Journal has been closed; we cannot alter the records therein, but as 1933 unfolds its pages before us we can profit by the lessons learned and make this New Year yield returns far greater and more lasting by investing of our time, our talent, our money and our prayers in treasures beyond the skies; investing them in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, who Himself made the supreme investment of His life's blood to purchase a lost human race.

R. M.

A God-Sent Revival in India

MISS HILDA WAGENKNECHT writes from the Girls' School at Bettiah, India, of a recent revival in their midst:

"Most of all I want to write you this time about the wonderful revival the Lord has begun in our midst. We had been praying for some time that the Lord would do a new work for us and give us another real touch of the Holy Spirit. About two weeks ago the Lord gave me a little message for our Christian people on the verse in Revelation, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, he that is unclean, let him be unclean still, he that is righteous let him be righteous still, and he that is holy, let him be holy still." It just seemed as though God spoke directly to every heart, and we had a wonderful time of prayer, such melting and breaking before Him. Then for several days the girls had prayer meetings by themselves until late at night, and prayed most earnestly. The following Monday, when I went out to open school as usual with Scripture reading and prayer, the older girls came to me asking me to please allow them to say something in class, instead of having the regular lesson. The first hour in school each day is devoted to Bible Study; I have the older girls, and the other teachers have the younger children. So when I went to my Scripture class, one girl after another got up and had something to confess, something to ask forgiveness for. When they got through there were still a few minutes left before time for the next class, so we thought we would have a little time of prayer, but as soon as we got down on our knees, the Lord came forth in such convicting power, that classes and all were forgotten, and there was a real crying out to God, such weep-

ing and crying, until every class was touched, and all over the compound we could see the girls praying and asking God to forgive them. One by one they went to the different teachers, to others, and to one another asking for forgiveness. Most of the things were so small that the majority of Christians would not be convicted over them, but when God speaks, even the small things look big, and they could get no rest until all was made right. That whole day they continued in prayer and it seemed that whole week there were confessions and things to be made right and oh how we thank God for working in such a wonderful way! When we had the next meeting there was no need asking anyone to pray; we could not keep them from it and I am sure they could be heard quite a distance away. The older people also were touched and there was a real work done in their lives, both old and young. The following Sunday morning we had the Communion Service, and oh it was such a precious one! Before partaking of the Lord's Supper we all got down on our knees, singing, "Just as I am", and it seemed right there the Lord came and touched each one and accepted us all, just as we were. What we intended to be *just* a few minutes of prayer and heart searching, lasted over an hour and then while we were partaking of the Lord's Supper there was such a sweet spirit of prayer and praise. When the Lord meets with us in such a precious way here, we think of what a wonderful Communion service it will be up yonder, when we shall partake of it anew in His Kingdom, when some from every tribe and nation shall be there. I believe the coming of the

Lord is very near, and He is preparing His people, cleansing them and making them ready."

A Service in Japan

The Juergensens have just closed an evangelistic campaign in which the Lord richly blessed. The following is an account of one of their services, given by Miss Marie Juergensen:

First we must go out for the street march to announce the meeting throughout the district. You ask who are all these folks? Our workers and native Christians. Don't they look fine as they march two abreast all intent on business for the King tonight? Three are blowing horns, two beating drums; two tambourines, lanterns, etc. Just let me whisper to you—eight years ago when we first entered this district with our tent we marched the district with one worker and no Christians! Do you wonder our hearts are filled with praises to Him? Now Bro. Suzuki is leading the singing. A goodly number have come in, all leaving their shoes at the door. The singing is over and he is asking for a few good testimonies.

An elderly man rises to his feet "I used to be a 'sake' (native wine) barrel, but 20 years ago Jesus saved me and changed my life, made me a new man. I am seventy years old but look how well, strong and happy I am because Jesus has come into my heart. Two months ago my brother who was 72 years old died. When he died he left 25 children having had three concubines beside his wife—he was a terrible 'sake' drinker. If I had not found Jesus my life would have been like that. Do you see what a difference it makes to believe on Jesus!"

Next Mr. Ikeda testified. Then a dear little old lady—bent over because of her age rose and in a clear voice told how happy she was because after so many years she found that Jesus was the true and living God. "I hope," she said, "you will all open your hearts and believe on Jesus—you too will know He is living!" There was a moment or two of silence as she sat down. Then Bro. Suzuki with a beaming face said, "Friends, that was my Mother! Death came into our home and took all of our family but myself, leaving only a darkness and sadness that hung over us for many years until Jesus came in." We were just starting a chorus when a voice rang out—"I want to testify." It was Sano San, the blind girl. She is so happy in her Savior. Her little sister nine years old faithfully leads her to the meetings. Her mother also is blind and they live in great poverty but she is so happy for the light

and love that Jesus has brought in her soul. One of our workers has taken pains to learn the raised Japanese letters and is teaching her. She is delighted to think that soon she will be able to read the Bible.

Our Bro. Yumiyama is now giving the message. I am sure you wish you could understand it. Now the altar call. You are happy to see them come! There are 6 men and 4 women at the altar for the first time tonight. Praise God! A song of praise is sung, and we sing the chorus over and over so the new comers will learn it before they leave this meeting. Now with many bows they are putting on their shoes and going home. May the results of this meeting last through all eternity is our prayer. Amen!

Genesis and Revelation Contrasted

Rev. Archibald G. Brown pointed out the striking balance which exists between Genesis and Revelation, as follows:

In Genesis I see earth created; in Revelation I see it passing away.

In Genesis sun and moon appear; in Revelation I read they have no need of the sun or moon.

In Genesis there is a garden, which is the home for man; in Revelation there is a city, the home for the nations.

In Genesis there is the marriage of the first Adam; in Revelation there is the marriage of the second Adam.

In Genesis there is the first grim appearance of the great enemy Satan; in Revelation there is his final doom.

In Genesis there is the inauguration of sorrow and suffering; you hear the first sob, you see the first tear; in Revelation there is no more sorrow, and no more pain and all tears are wiped away.

In Genesis we hear the mutter of the curse which falls because of sin; in Revelation we read "there shall be no more curse."

In Genesis we see man driven out from the garden with the tree of life; in Revelation we see him welcomed back, with the tree of life at his disposal.

—From *The Witness of God*.

Beloved, the pages are going up every day, for the record of our life. We are setting the type ourselves by every moment's action. Hands unseen are stereotyping the plates, and soon the record will be registered and read before the audience of the universe, and amid the issues of eternity.—*Alliance Weekly*.

Here and There in the World

With the inevitability of a glacier China is slowly slipping down to the valley of humiliation. About a seventh of its people (sixty millions) are under communist control, and official corruption and ineptitude favor civil war and banditry so widespread as to constitute a national scourge. Japan is wresting Manchuria, and the Hand of God lies heavy upon the land in flood, famine, pestilence and devastating mortality. Christ alone can meet China's needs.

A few facts to stir our hearts: There are thousands of refugees from communist areas who dare not return—20,000 in Hupeh province alone—and their care is a difficult problem. North Anhwei and Honan are in the grip of famine; at Haifeng (Honan) a thousand are dying weekly. Children are being sold by thousands, and the Famine Relief Commission is buying numbers to save them from slavery, and will return them later to their parents. Cholera rages in South China. Canton alone has 300 cases daily. Kiangsi, Hupeh, Anhwei and Fukien are dangerously over-run by Communists. Fukien is burning Christian schools.—*World Dominion*.

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In 1931 in Korea, 50,000 families read the New Testament thru anew. In 1932 a small booklet on Personal Soul Winning was sent to 4,000 churches to train the members, and all active Christians asked to pledge themselves to work definitely for the conversion of their friends. From January to March a week of revival services will be held in each of the 4,000 churches. Tens of thousands of posters about the Bible will be placed in store windows, on bulletin boards and on Christians' front doors. An intensive Gospel campaign is on.

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Almost an entire village in the Dutch East Indies turned to Christ on the visit of a missionary of the C. & M.A., Mr. Fisk, and he baptized 305 converts in that village.

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The most prominent parts of Palestine, the orange lands about Jaffa, the plain of Sharon, the plain of Jezreel, the whole plain on the bay between Akko and Haifa (the future harbor of Palestine) are in Jewish possession. There are now 175,000 Jews settled there, almost the entire number using the Hebrew language. Recently in the village of Karkur an artesian well opened a water vein yielding 300 cubic meters an hour—an unheard of quantity for Palestine. The hydro-electric power plant on the Jordan has just been dedicated with this motto: "Cheap power for Palestine irrespective of race or religion."

* * *

A new political party called the National League but which strongly resembles Fascism, has been organized in Japan. It was formally inaugurated on Dec. 22nd with a meeting of 3,500 delegates. It has its own flag and uniforms for youths, and aims to replace the cabinet by a National Council capable of exercising authority.

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"The North Sumatra Bataks—once cannibals—now number 300,000 Christians, but only one-seventh of the island is evangelized. There are 40,000 Christians in Java, but 41 million Muslims who oppose Christianity. A Dyak king of East Borneo and 278 of his people

were converted last year, but the interior of the island is largely untouched."

* * *

Transjordan is hungry. Crops have failed for two years, and two-thirds of the cattle, sheep and camels have died. The poor resort to plunder and even to hunger, for food. The town of Ma'an was recently in a tumult following the conversion and open witness of a Muslim townsman. Chanting the couplet, 'The religion of Mohammed was spread by the sword, there is no Allah but Allah,' a crowd surged thru the streets and attacked the missionary's house. Imprisonment, threats, denial of sleep, bribery, all failed to make the convert recant. The king of Hejaz and Nejd has forbidden any missionary to enter his territories. Starvation conditions in the Holy Cities are making the Arabs sullen and anti-European. There are groups of Muslim women who have come into Gospel light and secret believers among the men." Transjordan sheikhs are being urged by Muslim anti-missionary committees to petition the Emir Abdullah to expel missionaries of the C. & M.A. because of blessing which has followed aggressive evangelism.—*World Dominion*.

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A village in Japan recently decided to sell 57 girls to purchase land necessary to the community. In China, because of famine, children are being sold as low as 12c each, into a life of slavery or shame.

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The First Baptist Church of Ft. Worth, Texas, has the largest Sunday School in the United States, according to the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*. The records disclose an increase from a little more than a thousand to ten thousand members during the ministry of Rev. Frank Norris who recently preached his Twenty-fourth Anniversary sermon. The church has produced over 100 ministers, missionaries and Sunday School workers.

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The "perilous days" when men (and women too) shall be "without natural affection" (II. Tim. 3:3) are upon us. A woman died recently in this city leaving \$20,000 in trust for her dog and cat, to provide for their care and board during the rest of their lives.

Hundreds of little children go to bed every night hungry; women go from door to door begging for food for their families, yet hearts are so inhuman that they lavish affection and money on dumb brutes and turn deaf ears to the cry of suffering. To such as these who live in this enlightened age, in a land of the open Bible, the words of the Master will come in judgment, "Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for you."

* * *

The Republic of Turkey at its Christmas Day meeting adopted some very strong measures in regard to the cultivation and sale of opium and other habit-forming drugs, according to a recent daily.

This step of the Turkish government will aid the nations in their war against this drug traffic. Illicit manufacturers of habit-forming drugs, living in other countries, have used Turkey as a base for their nefarious traffic, and from the city of Istanbul peddlers smuggled these deadly drugs to all parts of the world, but Turkey has ordered the cultivation of poppy limited to medicinal needs, and has refused permission to reopen three narcotic factories recently closed at Istanbul.

The Result of Obeying God's Voice

I HAD been a widow just five days when God spoke to me, telling me to get some groceries and take them to a sister in the Lord who was almost blind, saying, "Behold, she prayeth!"

Before my husband died he had been ill a long time so that the small wages on which we had been living were completely used up. After his death I sold everything of value. My clothing was threadbare and even my shoes were gone, and when all the debts were paid, \$6 was all the money I possessed in the world. I knew of no one to whom I could appeal for help, and sorely needed the little amount in my possession, but I did not dare to disobey the voice of God.

It was the end of March, the day was very cold and raw, but in obedience to the Lord I took my basket and went to the butcher, the grocer and to the bakery, and bought provisions for this needy sister. Then I went to her home and knocked repeatedly but there was no answer. I knew where she kept her key when away so I opened the door, put the things on the table and returned home. But I was restless and not contented; so I went back and found the sister walking the floor and praising God for what He had done. I learned that she had had nothing to eat for a few days. Her husband was away on a drunk, she knew not where, or when he would return. She had prayed all night and gone out in the morning to try and borrow some money in order to buy something to eat. She had twenty cents which she would use for coal to cook the things I had brought. We both rejoiced together, she that God had answered prayer and I that I had been obedient to God's voice.

This was on a Thursday morning. That evening I was awakened by a voice saying, "You take that Five Dollar bill you have and give it to your sister." Everything within me rose up, "Oh no, no! I know that is not God." So I lay down and went back to sleep. About midnight the Spirit of God shook me and said, "You take that Five Dollars and give it to your sister." That frightened me. I knew it was God, but I did not want to believe He wanted me to part with my last five dollars. I was in great need myself and didn't know where I could get hold of one penny. I was sick from exposure, could not go to work, and had nothing to wear! My distress was great, and I cried bitterly, "Lord, I know this is not You. You are no Respector of persons. Do you love Sister T. better than me? Oh I want to die!

I don't want to live any more." Then as I thought it over I said, "Father, if this is You, wake me in the morning and tell me the same thing, for I will obey You no matter what the consequence." Sure enough, at six o'clock the Spirit shook me and said, "Take that money and give it to Sister T." I fell on my face before God, but oh how I grumbled! I said, "You know Lord, I am hungry this minute and have in the house only a few slices of dry bread, some coffee, and a five cent can of Pet milk. Oh God, spare me!"

After crying my heart out He did not answer, so around nine o'clock I went to her home. I took the Five Dollar bill out of my pocket-book, it was not mine, and carrying it in my hand knocked on her door. There was no answer. I rapped again and called to her, "Oh Sister T—, let me in!" She threw open the door and said, "Come quickly, I was hiding; I thought it was the furniture men again. They have threatened to take away my mattress. I still owe one dollar on it. And just read this note—you know I pay \$4 for this room and am behind in my rent, so here is a notice to move. They will put me on the street on Monday." I said, "Let us pray." We knelt down, but I could get nothing from God. We got up and I said, "Here is \$5." Then she shouted, while I stood there thinking of my sad plight. Then she said, "When Bill comes home and goes to work I will repay you." I said nothing, but thought, "It is no more than right as I have no husband at all."

I went home, going through all the alleys I could so I could cry out my heart. When I reached home I put on my coffee-pot, got out my dry bread, and just then I heard heavy walking on the steps. I looked out and our old Elder called to me, "Oh sister, come help me!" I ran and took one of his baskets. Then he said, "Both baskets are for you, and that is not all. The Lord has been talking to me about you." I said, "He did? Tell me quickly what He said." "Well," he said, "how about your rent? I have some money and God said to give it to you. Here is \$15." I said, "Oh, that is God!" Just then God spoke, "Go tell Sister T. that I have paid her debt," which I gladly did. We both rejoiced at the goodness of the Lord. Lecta Hill.

Let us live as though Christ were crucified yesterday; risen today, and coming tomorrow.—*Luther.*

Missionary Report

The following is a tabulated list of missionary monies sent to the different mission fields during 1932:

Africa	\$ 109.24
Alaska	70.00
Central America	10.00
China	743.94
Eastern Europe	12.75
Egypt	60.00
India	768.75
Japan	130.00
Malay Peninsula	150.00
Mongolia	26.00
Palestine	4.50
Philippines	15.75
South America	123.30
Tibetan Border	26.25
Missionaries on Furlough.....	925.34
Chicago Miss. Rest Home.....	57.77

Total\$3,233.59

We have had our mission books audited by Mr. H. E. Bruce Armstrong, the Mission Secretary of The Stone Church and he has found them to be correct.

* * *

Mrs. Jennie Mueller writes from Dehra Dun, India:

"We are glad we can rejoice in Him, for altho we have been passing thru deep waters, still in a spiritual way He is richly meeting us and pouring out His Spirit. A number have been graciously saved and baptized in the Spirit with precious signs following.

"You will rejoice with us over another 'brand plucked from the burning.' She was alone—a widow—and there is perhaps no such aloneness as in the life of an Indian widow. But somebody's substitute Bible-woman took the message to this widow; it touched her heart and alone in her hut Jesus Himself drew near. She, the lone, despised widow, caught the smile of His love. All day long she would look up and talk to Him as to a friend. In the short time she knew and loved Him, Jesus was truly more real to her than He appears to be to many who have known Him long. Now she has gone to Him and we rejoice over another heathen saved and safe with Jesus!"

* * *

"Someone wrote Chaplain McCabe asking him to take stock in a silver mine of astonishing riches. The Chaplain replied: 'I am working two good mines now; one of them is the mine of Self-denial, far over in the valley of Humiliation; the other is the mine of Consecration, entered on the heavenly side of the brook Denial. There are riches enough in these two mines to evangelize the world.'"

(Continued from page 8)

came desperate. Oh how I longed to know the desire of God's heart! I knew "the Lord was for the body and the body for the Lord", and that "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses". I knew that with a positive certainty, and yet to all appearances circumstances denied it for our babe. I implored the Lord to search my husband's heart and deal with him; to search my heart and show me if there was anything within that would grieve Him, any sin of omission or commission. I begged Him to speak to me through His Word, send somebody in to tell me, to speak to me directly, anyway or anyhow to show me the *desire* that was in His heart in regard to our great need.

I picked up the Bible not knowing where to open it, but it opened at the thirteenth chapter of Jeremiah and I read where God gave Jeremiah a lesson from the linen girdle and His dealings with Israel, ending by saying, "As this girdle cleaveth to the loins of a man, so have I desired to cling unto Me the whole house of Israel and the whole house of Judah, . . . that they might be unto Me for a people, and for a name, and for a praise, and for a glory, but they would not."

I knew God was speaking to me to cling wholly to Him, and I raised both hands up to heaven and said, "*Lord, here is one that will.*" Immediately His peace and joy filled my heart. My burden was gone, and, praise His holy Name! the baby's condition improved so rapidly that in a very short time she was perfectly well. She is living today and never again had a symptom of that dread disease. God didn't want Abraham's Isaac. He wanted only Abraham's heart.

I am sending this forth in the name of the Lord Jesus and for His glory, to encourage any whose case may be desperate or deemed incurable, to seek God and press through to victory. Let us say like Jacob of old, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me," remembering that Jesus defeated Satan on the cross of Calvary. God always rewards those who seek Him with a whole heart. He asks, "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" (Jer. 32:17). And we read in Hebrews 13:8, "Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, today and forever."

R.R. No. 1, Blackie, Alberta, Can., Mrs. G. W. Jackson

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In all the burdens day by day,
His loving hand does e'er uphold,
He goes before—marks out the way—
Sustains with grace and strength untold.

The Heaven-Built Wall

IN THE campaign of Napoleon in Russia, while the French army was retreating from Moscow, there lay in a poor, low cottage, in a little village, an invalid boy. This village was exactly in the course of the retreating army, and already the report of its approach had reached and excited the terrified inhabitants. In their turn, they began to make preparations for retreat; for they knew there was no hope for them from the hands of soldiers, all seeking their own preservation, and giving no quarter to others. Every one who had the strength to fly, fled; some trying to take with them their worldly goods, some to conceal them. The little village was fast growing deserted. Some burnt their houses or dismantled them. The old were placed in wagons, and the young hurried their families away with them.

But in the little cottage there was none of this bustle. The poor crippled boy could not move from his bed. The widowed mother had no friends intimate enough to spare a thought for her in this trouble, when everyone thought only of those nearest to him and of himself. What chance in flight was there for herself and her young children among whom was the poor crippled boy?

It was evening, and the sound of distant voices and of preparation had died away. The poor boy was wakeful in terror, now urging his mother to leave him to his fate, now dreading lest she should take his word and leave him behind. "The neighbors are just going away; I hear them no longer," he said. "I am so selfish, I have kept you here. Take them with you; it is not too late. And I am safe; who will hurt a poor helpless boy?"

"We are all safe," answered the mother. "God will not leave us, though all else forsakes us."

"But what can help us?" persisted the boy. "Who can defend us from their cruelty? Such stories as I have heard of the ravages of these men! They are not men; they are wild beasts. Oh, why was I made so weak—so weak as to be utterly useless? No strength to defend, no strength to fly."

"There is a sure wall for the defenseless," answered his mother. "God will build us up a sure wall."

"You are my strength now," said the boy. "I thank God that you did not desert me. I am so weak. I cling to you. Do not leave me indeed! I fancy I can see the cruel soldiers hurrying in. We are too poor to satisfy them, and they would

pour their vengeance upon us! And yet you ought to leave me! What right have I to keep you here? And I shall suffer more if I see you suffer."

"God will be our refuge and defense still," said the mother, and at length, with low, quieting words, she stilled the anxious boy till he, too, slept like his sisters. The morning came of the day that was to bring the dreaded enemy. The mother and children opened their eyes to find that a "sure wall" had indeed been built for their defense. The snow had begun to fall the evening before. Through the night it had collected rapidly. "A stormy wind, fulfilling his word," had blown the snow into drifts against the low house, so that it had entirely covered it—a protecting wall, built by Him who ever pities those who trust in Him. A low shed behind protected the way to the outhouse, where the animals were, and for a few days the mother and her children kept themselves alive within their cottage, shut in and concealed by the heavy barricade of snow.

It was during that time that the dreaded scourge passed over the village. Every house was ransacked; all the wealthier ones deprived of their luxuries, and the poorer ones robbed of their necessities. But the low-roofed cottage lay sheltered beneath its wall of snow, which, in the silent night, had gathered about it. God had protected the defenseless with a "sure wall."—Guiding Hand, by H. L. Hastings.

* * *

"In the still air, music lies unheard; in the rough marble, beauty lies unseen. To make the music and the beauty, needs a Master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen. Great Master, touch us with Thy skilled hands, let not the music that is in us die. Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let, hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie."

* * *

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—the American Standard Version in parenthesis.

JOHN 5:39

39 ¶ Search [Ye search] the scriptures; for [because] in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me.

Ver. 46; De. 18.15,18; Lu. 16.29; Ac. 17.11.

ACTS 17:22,23

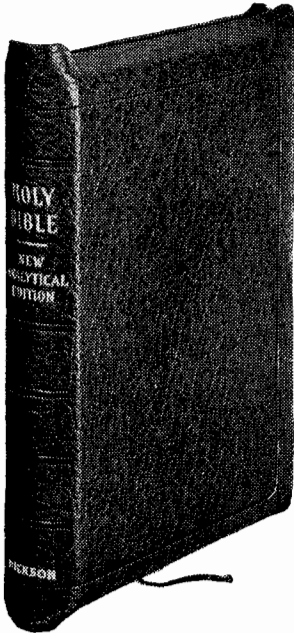
22 ¶ Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill and said, Ye men of Ath'ens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious [very religious].

23 For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions [observed the objects of your worship], I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

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ITHESSALONIANS
4:6

6 That no man go beyond [transgress] and defraud [wrong] his brother in any matter: because that the Lord is the avenger of all such [in all these things], as we also have forewarned you and testified.

Le. 19.11,13; 1 Co. 6.8;
2 Th. 1.8.

ITHESSALONIANS
4:15

15 For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent [in no wise precede] them which are asleep.

1 Co. 15.51.

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