



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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EARNESTLY CONTENDING FOR THE FAITH ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS

The Opening of the Seals

Prophecy Fulfilled before Blinded Eyes

Wm. T. MacArthur in the Gospel Tabernacle, Chicago, Dec. 31, 1920

Many writers have held to the teaching that the "white horse" of Revelation 6 represented the Gospel. It never seemed consistent to us to have one horse represent good and the other three evil. This would hardly seem a correct carrying out of the symbols. It seems far more logical that ALL the horses should refer to world conditions, and not one to the church.



THE last time I stood before you I called your attention to the sixth chapter of the Book of Revelation. I did so rather tremblingly, because I wasn't very sure of my ground. I asked you to take it into consideration and to pray over it. It says in the Word of God that the prophets are to speak, and the others are to judge. Since then, two years have passed; I have thought and prayed much about this chapter, and tonight I come before you feeling pretty certain of my ground. I am prepared to speak more positively, more dogmatically, regarding this sixth chapter of the Book of Revelation.

My attention was called to it by a most saintly woman in Utica, N. Y. She is very old, nearly ninety now, and is blind. I sat beside her two years ago, when the influenza was raging—they were digging the graves with steam-shovels in Philadelphia and New York City, and the City of Toronto was having ninety-two funerals a day, and I said to her, "I am wondering if we are not living in the sixth chapter of the Book of Revelation." She answered, "I am not wondering. I am sure of it." And that conversation led me to pray and study. Tonight I bring to you the result of my study and prayer. I have been waiting on God and asking the Holy Spirit to give me the words, one by one, the sentences, one by one, so that I might make myself understood.

In the second and third chapters of the Book of Revelation we have seven letters; a unique portion of Scripture, inasmuch as it is the only part of the Bible that was dictated to a stenographer or an amanuensis by the Lord Himself, the only time He ever used that method of teaching, which some teachers maintain makes this portion of Scripture all-important.

These seven letters have given us a forecast of church history, a picture of the church from Pentecost to Laodicea. I believe most Bible teach-

ers agree on that. You remember the letters; the first is to the church at Ephesus and the last is to the church of Laodicea; that miserable church that had only one testimony, and that was about money. Of course it is needless for me to say that we are living now in the days of Laodicea; this "league of Denominations" that we have had is a proof of this fact. The only testimony this "league of Denominations" had was "money." They said, "We must get together so that there will be an abundance of money; then the preachers and the missionaries will have plenty of money." It was money from first to last. Laodicea said, "We are rich, and have need of nothing."

In the beginning of the fourth chapter John says, "I saw a door opened in heaven, and a voice said to me, Come up here and I will show thee things which must come to pass *hereafter*." And what he saw is given to us in the chapters that follow, the things that come to pass after the church has reached her Laodicean condition; the world conditions that obtain immediately and prevail to the end of the dispensation. In the seven letters we have the conditions that obtain and prevail throughout the history of the church, but now in this sixth chapter he gives us the conditions that prevail to the end in the world.

These four horses go out and *they do not return*, showing that when these conditions obtain they prevail to the end. There is no change. When I was here before I said to you I thought the "white horse" represented the Gospel. I do not know where I got that, but I was talking it over with Mr. Philip Mauro later, and when I suggested that the "white horse" represented the Gospel, he said, "No," that a horse is always something political in the Book of Revelation, "governmental," something world-wide, but not of the church. I am satisfied he was right.

We have a corresponding description of the end of time of the church, in Paul's letter to Timothy. "This know also, that in the last days

perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof." He is describing the men in the professed church of Jesus Christ, not the world, and finishes up by saying, "From such turn away." Now I never would advise anybody to leave a denomination simply because it is a denomination, but the Word of God says, "Turn away from these men"; withdraw from their fellowship. I am noticing these days, that people who refuse to break fellowship with the thing that is described there, do not amount to anything spiritually. They listen to all kinds of teaching about the coming of the Lord, but their association is a millstone around their necks, and they had better do what the Word says, "turn away." It makes no difference what denomination they are in if Laodicean conditions prevail.

Now to go back to the sixth chapter of The Revelation, this to my mind is a perfect picture of what obtains at this moment in the world. I believe the Holy Spirit expects us to understand from the color of these horses what they represent. You know that white always represents peace; you talk about the dove of peace and the white flag. When a man shows a white flag that means he is ready to quit fighting; and when he shows the white feather, that means he doesn't want to begin fighting. Now I believe this "white horse" represents "peace propaganda," "peace talk," "peace treaties" and "peace conferences." That is a world condition today. It has obtained for years; ever since Andrew Carnegie built his Peace Palace. It has been for rent for a long time, but it is still there. Mr. Bryan succeeded in getting forty-seven Peace Treaties signed. They are all "scraps of paper," but the propaganda is still going forth. The "white horse" rider was riding all around the world, and the remarkable thing about him is that he was crowned before he went out. The first thing they did was to give him a crown. He had a bow but no arrows. He was going forth to conquer and never shed a drop of blood. And I believe Mr. Bryan crowned him because when he became Secretary of State, it is said that he went to the Armory, got some old swords and had them made into little plow-shares, and the

quotation from Isaiah 2:4 stamped upon them, and sent them all over the world, to the consulates and embassies, to be used as paper-weights; to proclaim the millennium. I remember reading in the *Kansas City Star* a little note about it, saying Mr. Bryan was all right, only he was mixed in his dates a little. He thought it was the millennial morning.

Now the United States Senate refused to endorse Mr. Wilson's white horse propaganda, but that was only a political move. They will do it in their own way, the Republican way, and give the Republicans the credit. Mr. Wilson was re-elected on the slogan, "He kept us out of war," but I was sure he didn't intend to keep us out much longer, and just as soon as he was re-elected he went into the war. Now Mr. Harding was elected on the slogan, "He kept us out of peace," but he intends to go into this peace pact just the same, only in Republican style; it will be peace talk and peace propaganda (peace where there is no peace) to the end of the chapter.

The next thing that has come to stay is the "red horse," and what is peculiar about it is that power was given to its rider to take peace from the earth. What a remarkable condition we have portrayed here, the one rider propagating peace, and the other propagating war. They are talking peace, declaring peace, and the whole world at war. There has been more turmoil and lives sacrificed in one way or another since the armistice was signed than during the war. Whole nations are being almost exterminated by famine.

The third seal opened brings the going forth of the "black horse," and its rider with a pair of balances in his hand. "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny; and see that thou hurt not the oil and the wine"—price-fixing on the necessities of life (but no restriction on luxuries), and on account of their scarcity, famine conditions prevailing. You hear what they say. President Wilson announces that unless immediate relief is sent to China, twenty millions must die. They also say that unless immediate relief is sent to the Near East many millions more must die. John R. Mott said two years ago that when the snow left the ground in Northern Russia there would be forty millions found dead. Nobody has any idea of the number of people who have died of starvation; no one has any idea of the number of people who have died of influenza. The British Foreign Office recorded six million deaths in twelve days from this source. The data of the

deaths in the United States, and in our armies and camps has never been published, and more died of influenza than were killed in action. Now comes the "pale horse" and his rider, and his name is Death, and Hades followed with him, and there was given him authority over the fourth part of the earth (25 per cent of the earth's population) to kill with the sword and famine, and with pestilence and the wild beasts of the earth. Twenty-five per cent of the earth's population would be 250,000,000, and this condition is to obtain until the earth's population has been depleted to that extent. It will not take very long. In six weeks South Africa reported 10 per cent of the population of the cities dead from influenza. Our missionaries wrote last year from Japan that they could scarcely bury the dead from the same cause.

Now the next seal opened shows the souls under the altar that have been slain for the Word of God and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should have fulfilled their course. Practically the whole of the Armenian nation has been put to death by the Turks. Why? Because they would not lift their right hand and say, "There is only one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." They died for the testimony they held; they were not a deeply spiritual people; they were not what we call a sanctified people, but they refused to lift up their right hand and deny the Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost. They died for their testimony, not by the thousands or hundreds of thousands, but by the millions. I myself saw a photograph of two thousand skeletons in one churchyard. They had taken refuge in the church with their pastor. The Turks at the door said, "If you come out your lives will be spared." They went out and died like sheep for the slaughter, their bodies thrown in a great heap, and left there until the flesh rotted off their bones. That was only a drop in the bucket; others were thrown in the river and disposed of in every possible way. "Oh Lord, how long! dost thou not judge and avenge our blood?" Did you ever hear of any nation avenging the blood of the martyrs? Is there going to be any vengeance

meted out to the Turk? Will this League of Nations inflict any punishment on him? Not one iota. Did you ever hear of the Church of Rome being punished for the eight million martyrs she is supposed to be responsible for? Where have the martyrs come from? From Rome and from Constantinople, and neither of those cities have ever been called to judgment by the nations of the earth.

"And white robes were given unto everyone of them." White robes always stand for sanctification. This we find all through the Word. "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." That is the reason they are before the throne. Sometimes people say to me, "Don't you believe there will be a great wave of salvation in the tribulation?" I do not see it anywhere in the Book. I believe there will be a great wave of sanctification, but I am afraid if they are not saved before the tribulation they will be left to "believe a lie." If they have been born again and have been living in carnality, I believe they will wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. These under the altar were presented with a white robe. I believe that their martyrdom is accepted by the Lord, and they get a white robe. They are told to wait for there are more to come. Who will be responsible for them? I believe the Antichrist.

These conditions must obtain until the very end, until the rocks are rent, until the sun is darkened, until the moon is turned into blood, until the stars of heaven fall, until the kings of the earth, the great men and the rich men, every bond man and every free man will call for the rocks and the mountains to hide them from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne. "The great day of His wrath is come."

Prophecy is always fulfilled before blinded eyes; nobody sees prophecy fulfilling. It is characteristic of this Book. I have not looked into the matter, but I have heard Mr. Chandler, who is a very conservative teacher, say, that from the time Judas Iscariot sold the Lord Jesus Christ for \$16.50 to the time He had met the women after He had risen from the dead He had fulfilled twenty-one distinct Old Testament predictions regarding Himself. It would be worth while to count them. These twenty-one prophecies were fulfilled right before their eyes and there

wasn't one, not even John, who leaned his head on His breast, that recognized them. But it says, after He had risen from the dead they remembered that He had said these things.

Here are world conditions never seen before; these riders are roaming all over the earth; nobody seems to recognize them at all, and I fear for professed Christians making plans for years to come and telling what certain properties will be worth then. Personally I think the word "securities" a joke. I believe that we are living in the very end of things, and that nothing is *secure*. When the war began in 1914 Mr. Blackstone sent us this telegram, "Be faithful, brethren, it is only a question of months now." I want to work as though I were going to live for years, and at the same time be ready for something to happen before morning. We are living in the very end of the age and things will never be any better than they are now. A man who makes no pretensions to Christianity said to me, "Business men do not know what is coming. I am in New York oftener than I am in any other place and I hear reports from Wall Street. Those men do not know what to expect tomorrow morning. They say we are sitting on a volcano."

Now what should be our attitude? I call your attention to what Jesus said, "When you see all these things begin to come to pass, look up"—"bend yourselves back," the scholars say, "for your redemption draweth nigh." This is the time to be glad; when you see the old ship going to pieces, because He has promised to furnish us air service.

I believe the Church never had but one busi-

ness and that is to spread the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth. This is particularly true today. I do not suppose you have much money hoarded away. I hope you have not, because you will be very sorry to see the Bolsheviks get it. In the city of Morristown, N. J., there are said to be sixty millionaires. I was entertained in the home of one of them, a most magnificent home; sitting on the porch (which was just one hundred feet long) with the gentleman one night, and looking out over the lawns covering forty-five acres, I said, "What will the bolsheviks do with this when they get it?" It hit him so hard he was dumb; didn't say a word for a long time. He knows they will get it. I heard since he has made arrangements to go abroad for five years. I don't know where he will find safety because the red horse rider is out taking peace from the earth. He is the red terror.

Won't it be mortifying to some people to see the Bolsheviks getting the money they should have sent to the foreign fields? I believe that prophecy is being fulfilled right before our eyes, and there is nothing between us and the sounding of the first trumpet. But He says, "Watch and pray at all times that ye may be *accounted worthy* to escape all these things that are coming upon the earth and stand before the Son of Man."

Any teaching on the coming of the Lord that doesn't carry with it the thought of entire sanctification is a snare to the people of God. Jesus never spoke of His coming that He didn't say, "Watch and be ready." "Watch and pray, lest that day overtake you as a thief."

Walking Worthy of Our Calling

Hardy W. Mitchell in The Stone Church, Dec. 12, 1920



I WANT to speak this morning on how we should walk before the Lord, and before the world. The Apostle Paul considered this very important. He refers to it in his epistles about thirty-three times, and John refers to it about ten times, so you see the importance of how we live before the world. In Ephesians 4:1, 2 we read, "I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called; with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

There is such a thing as walking worthily,

though naturally we are conscious we are not worthy. No doubt you feel a sense of unworthiness; you haven't any goodness on your part to plead, and there is nothing in your life, or anything you have done to merit the blessing of the Lord, for we must approach God in the presence of His Son, Jesus, who alone is worthy. He is the only One found worthy, and after He had ascended to heaven, John in the Spirit heard them cry, "Worthy is the Lamb."

You and I are not worthy, but we should endeavor to conduct ourselves in a way worthy of our great vocation. I believe the calling to be a Christian is the most noble and high call-

ing that can be given to man. The world has its standards of high callings, but the vocation of being a Christian, a follower of Jesus Christ, is the most worthy calling that anyone can choose. Paul tells us how to walk—"with all lowliness." From the time of Jesus' birth in the manger, He was One who was not only humble, but in many cases humbled himself, and if we will walk after Him and endeavor to follow in His footsteps, we will have to walk very lowly, and humble ourselves. There will be times when we will be humiliated. It is hard for the flesh to be humiliated. I have heard people say, "Oh if that hadn't happened just as it did. It was so humiliating." The old flesh rebels when these humiliating experiences come, but God will bring us to that place of lowliness if He has to let one thing after another happen in our life to humiliate us. We are called to walk humbly, in all lowliness and meekness. You remember Jesus testified, "I am meek and lowly of heart," and the very nature of Christ is meekness. The very nature of the Holy Spirit is meekness, typified by the dove. Jesus said, "Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

Now if we are to walk worthy of this calling, it must be in meekness, humility and long-suffering. I must confess my lack in being as long-suffering as I should be. There are times when in myself I feel like saying, "This is enough." But that is the flesh, the thing we have to get rid of. It has to go to the cross. There is only one place for the flesh, and that is on the cross of Calvary. "The flesh warreth against the Spirit"; these two are contrary. You will find in your daily life there is a conflict raging, the flesh contending and saying, "You are foolish to endure that; you should take your rights," but the Spirit pleading, "Be meek, be lowly, be long-suffering, be gentle; seek not your own." Are we going to walk worthy of our vocation? I feel like praying, "Lord, help me." There is no minister, if he gets his message from God and if his heart is honest, but preaches himself under conviction while he is preaching to others, and while it might seem we are striking at you, just realize that God is talking to all of us, and He is striving to bring us all into that state and place with Himself where it is no longer I, but Christ; no longer self, but God. No longer walking in the flesh, but in the Spirit, worthy of our high calling. Paul said in Galatians, "If ye walk in the Spirit ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the

flesh," but alas, we do not walk in the Spirit; we war in the flesh, and do the things that any other natural man would do and we grieve God's Spirit. When we follow after the desires of the flesh we are not walking worthy of our calling. We are a reproach to God and we grieve the Spirit of God. God doesn't want us to go around and plead the excuse of the weakness of the flesh. While we live in this natural body subject to its temptations and desires, we must realize the Spirit must possess us fully, the flesh must be mortified and put to death.

"In long-suffering, forbearing one another in love"—we have to do that right in our testimony meetings sometimes. Some one speaks in the flesh, and in your heart you would rebuke them if you yielded to the natural desire, but that is not "forbearing one another in love." Love is the greatest power and influence in the world, and God wants to give us more of that divine love that will help us to bear with one another. The enemy brings to play all of his power, and while you may overcome certain things in your life that other people have not overcome, and you may be tempted to speak against them and their failure, yet perhaps there is something in your life that is just as faulty in the sight of God. So let us not be blind to our own shortcomings.

Paul exhorts us to "endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit." If Pentecostal people would have lived right in these first three verses there never would have been a division. Every division and every church split is the result of people not walking in the Spirit. They get in the flesh and say, by their actions at least if not in so many words, "I am determined to have my own way." "Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit," even if it means to sacrifice your own desires or your own rights. God doesn't want anything that is in the flesh; He can work only along the lines of the Spirit. In the seventeenth verse we read an exhortation to "walk not as other Gentiles walk, in the vanity of their minds," God calls us to walk not as the world walks. The Interchurch World Movement was aiming to raise money to civilize the world, planning drives for money like they did in the war, but that was not God's way. God's ways are as high above our ways as the heavens are above the earth, and we cannot walk with people who are not Christians. They will tell you there is no harm in such-and-such a method, and that you should not be over-religious, but God says, "Walk not as they walk, for their understanding is darkened, being alienated

from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart." Here God has called us to be separate from those who do not walk after the Spirit.

Again we read, "That ye put off, concerning the former conversation"—you cannot talk as you used to when you were a common sinner. You cannot sit around and listen to smutty stories and jokes that are indecent, and laugh with the crowd as you used to do. You dare not even listen to it, much less participate in it.

Then in the twenty-seventh verse, he says, "Give no place to the devil." Did you know that was in the Scriptures? The old fellow is sly and deceitful; he is around trying to get a wedge in, but we are exhorted to give no place to him—in your thoughts, in your heart, in your life. Shut him on the outside and ask God to put a hedge

around you. Some one said, "The Lord put a hedge around Job, and all the devil could do was to run around and make corns on his feet." He could not break through that hedge until God permitted him. We are told to "walk as children of the light." We are to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather to reprove them; withdraw ourselves from them. Let us "see that we walk circumspectly; not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time." That thought covers the whole of what I have said. In the Gospels there is a statement concerning Jesus. They saw how He walked before men; the world today sees the Christians' walk. The world is not looking at its fellow-pilgrims who are traveling the broad way. Its eyes are on those who are walking the narrow way. Let us see to it that by the grace of God we walk worthy of the vocation wherewith God has called us.

Chinese Women Rescued from Living Deaths

Miss Ethel Abercrombie, Door of Hope, Shanghai, in the Stone Church, May, 1920.



TWENTY-ONE years ago we said that every third person in the world was a Chinaman, but the latest statistics bring it up to over four thousand per cent, so although we seem to have many missionaries in China we haven't so many to the number of people as one would think, and after twenty-one years of service there I am continually finding people who have never heard the name of Jesus. Our Lord, for "the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame." What was that joy set before our Lord? I believe it was having a Bride, having us with Him there in the glory. I was down in Kansas, and the pastor of one of the assemblies there stood and wept because there were people who had the Pentecostal baptism and didn't believe in missions. Our Lord has taken us for better or worse, and the Bride is not complete without South America, without China, without India and Japan, and we who long for His appearing hasten it by carrying the Gospel to the ends of the earth. We are not out to evangelize the world, to have everyone converted, but we do know that the Lord is choosing out of every nation a people for His Name.

My last twelve years in China have been spent in rescue work. Only yesterday I received a photograph of one of our oldest girls. Her face is burned with cigarettes; she refused to submit to all the shame that was required of her, and the refined cruelty of her owners burned her

with cigarettes. There are marks on her arm where she was bound with chains.

Last year a woman came in whose suffering touches a great deal on the suffering of Chinese women and girls, so I will tell you of this concrete example. This woman was brought up in the city of Nanking, in a home that was respectable. The father and mother were poor working people. They married her when she was about sixteen. Her husband at first did fairly well, earned money, and several children were born to them. She is now twenty-seven years of age, and last year her husband, who had gone to Shanghai to work, sent for her and her four children, a boy and girl, twins ten years old, a girl about six, and a boy about three years of age. When she got to Shanghai she found her husband had no work, but was gambling. Gambling in China is like an evil spirit in a man. It takes possession of him and he gambles day and night. It is illegal to gamble except on high days and holidays, but it is winked at, and the government is so weak it cannot afford to hunt up these evils. This man was a gambler. His wife, mother and four children landed in Shanghai. In a little time he sold his youngest boy to a family who needed a son. Confucius taught that the Chinese must have children to carry on the family name, and in a way he helped ancestral worship through the men of the family. So people who have not a son go to great length to get one. It leads to secondary

wives, to plurality of wives. These boys are treated very well, but this mother's heart was torn to see her youngest son sold, and never to know what had become of him. After a month or two the money obtained from that boy was gone, and then he sold the youngest girl, about six years of age, into domestic slavery. Since the revolution in China, 1912, domestic slavery is illegal, but again the government in its weakness does not try to punish violators of the law. I have a written paper in my possession showing that documents are given for human beings just like so much furniture. Sometimes a girl is leased for a number of years. That child was sold to be a little slave in a family and the mother walked the streets of Shanghai calling for her little daughter. Shanghai is an enormous city and it is estimated there are 10,000 fallen women within its limits.

This poor mother lost her youngest boy and girl. Then a little while after that, the eldest daughter went to be married, or rather betrothed in marriage, as she would have been in India, for \$50. China will have its poorer girls betrothed at an early age, which saves money on both sides. The husband's family get a cheap daughter-in-law, for they have her for a servant in the home, and the mothers do not have to keep a girl until she is of age. Those little daughters-in-law have suffered considerably. We have many in our Home whom we have been able to rescue because cruelly treated.

The husband's mother died heart-broken, and there was left one son ten years of age and the mother. And that father, sinking worse in sin, said to his wife, "Would you be willing to take a place as a servant?" She said, "We are down in the depths, but if you will quit your gambling and keep our boy at home I will be a hired help." He took her to the part of Shanghai called Frenchtown. Many years ago different nationalities got China to lease them parts of Shanghai, Britain, America, Germany, Japan and France. Britain and America have combined and other nationalities have gone in with them to make an international settlement, but the French hold on to theirs and it is called Frenchtown. There the vilest things flourish. I once went to Frenchtown and pleaded for a girl whom I had not been able to get out of a vile home, and the French magistrate said, "You do not need to come here and talk for the Chinese; they can talk for themselves." He took up her bill of sale and said, "It is all in order. There must have been some-

thing wrong with you for your husband to sell you." and he handed the paper back to that infamous place. But prayer prevailed, and she has been delivered from it.

The man who got rid of his three children, took his wife to Frenchtown, deceived her into believing she was to be hired help. He put her into one of those infamous houses and signed a document, leasing her to that house of prostitution for three years. They said to that woman, "We want you to put your name to this contract." She put her mark to her own contract, not being able to read or write, never dreaming of the place she was in. She stayed in that place only five days, and received three tremendous beatings as she was determined to maintain her purity. Finally one man came in who had a tender heart, and she knelt before him from nine in the evening until two in the morning, weeping, weeping, weeping, "Won't you save me?" Finally he said, "Get up and tell me what is the matter." When she told him of her children being sold, he said, "I have children myself and I would not sell them. I knew a place for you to go. You dry your eyes, and I will come along here and offer to take you and the lady of this establishment to one of the Chinese shows, and on the way back, the rickshaw will pass the Door of Hope. I will show you now what those characters are and you will have to recognize them. You will have to jump out of your rickshaw and run into that door, which is always open. I shall go straight on, and they will protect you." Well she came in. Do you think it took that woman long to learn about Jesus? She thought it was the most marvelous thing in the world that people from another country would come there and open a home for such as she. I saw that woman get saved only last October. I heard her pray to God to forgive her husband. She turned to me with tears streaming down her face and said, "He never knew what he was doing." She wanted to forgive her husband because God had forgiven her. We got hold of one boy, put him in a Methodist school, and we put a missionary on the track of her husband. I do not know whether he is saved yet or not, but I think with the people who are willing to help that man, and with a wife who can pray for his forgiveness, he will get saved.

Do you think that woman suffered? Don't you think when she came in and told me her story, I suffered? Do you think as I know of the thousands and thousands like that all over China

my heart doesn't ache? Do you think they are not groaning and travailing in pain? Do you think our Lord doesn't behold it when they say, "Do you see any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" Friends, our Lord speaks to us and says, "Other sheep have I, which are not of this fold." He loves them and wants to fill our hearts with His love for them.

A Pressing Need

A Pen-picture of the Chapra Mission Station as it is today.

Many who have been praying and sacrificing for the continuance of this station will be interested in knowing what is being done there.

Some three months ago, while in one of the hill-stations, we heard that Chapra was going back into the hands of the government. At the same time we were told by a missionary who knew the work there, of the promising opening the place afforded for the preaching of the Gospel. We lifted up our hearts in prayer, not knowing how vitally we were to be connected with the work in its future, and felt constrained to write Miss Lee not to give up the work, offering to make the balance payments if she would turn over the property to the Assemblies of God; also offering to take the work in case this should be done. In her reply she told us the payment had been made, and a little later she wrote that she felt it to be the Lord's will to turn over the property to the Assemblies of God, and for Miss Cox and myself to have charge of the work.

Accordingly, it was arranged for us to meet the trustees of the property at Chapra, Dec. 1st, that the transfer might be made and registered in the court. After two nights and a half a day's journey by train, we reached Chapra. We found the country through which we passed one of the most fertile parts of India we had seen. On account of water being so near the surface, wells have been dug in great numbers and the fields are well-irrigated, presenting a marked contrast to the dry, sandy districts to which we have been accustomed.

As we drew near the station we were all eagerness to see everything we could for this was to be our "Home." Soon after Miss Baugh died, Miss Lee rented the bungalow to the European Collector of the District for offices, feeling that the building would be better occupied than lying vacant. So we, through the kindness of the Collector, were entertained in the Circuit bungalow just across the road from the mission house. Here, Miss Lee, Miss Doll, and several other trustees of the property joined us.

We found the situation a very desirable one on the main road, far enough out of town to escape the dirt and smells of an Indian town, yet near enough to reach the people in a few minutes' time. The yard is large and shady, the bungalow commodious, but in a very run-down condition. Indeed it was a question whether the building would not need to be torn completely down and rebuilt. The brethren estimated this would cost us Rs 20,000

(\$6,000) at the least. After looking it over carefully, and estimating roughly the really urgent repairs, it was found it could be put into shape for us to live in at a cost of Rs 8,000 (\$2,600) which means a new roof, floor to be laid, the walls raised, doors and windows reset, etc. We found the out-buildings fallen down. To put these up, two rooms for Indian workers, two for Bible women, a kitchen, granary, stable, and some other necessary rooms would be another Rs 4,000 (\$1,300.)

We have in hand some Rs 4,000 toward this, and we ask you to unite with us in prayer that the remaining Rs 8,000 be supplied. As yet we have not been able to make any definite arrangements for the carrying on of the building. We hope one of the brethren will be able to go there and superintend it, as it would be quite impossible for us to take the little folks into the house in its present condition. We long that speedily it may be taken in hand, for our hearts go out to the many zenana homes there which are thrown wide open to the Gospel; to the women who are asking for someone to come and teach them; many from among whom have accepted Christ, and need to be taught more clearly the way.

The seed sown by dear Edith Baugh will surely reap an abundant harvest. We found that she was held in deep respect and love by all who knew her. We know of no other place in India where the Indian officials are more friendly to the Gospel, and no place more teeming with opportunity. We are working hard, as we have opportunity, at the language, and long speedily to possess our inheritance. Will you help us to do so?

Violetta Schoonmaker.

* * *

Some time ago we received a request asking us to make an appeal for funds to bring Father Norton home on a furlough, stating that he had not had a furlough for more than fifteen years. We felt impressed at the time to communicate with Father Norton, with a view to ascertaining if this was his desire to come to America, but as it takes so long to hear from India we felt it would mean too great a delay, so mentioned the request in the November Evangel. Now we have the following from him, which we give to our readers:

"Your kind appeal in the November Evangel to the home friends to give me a furlough, has reached me. My heart is much touched by the kindness of your words and I am sure our God will give you His hundredfold reward according to His riches in the coming glory. But I do not feel that the Lord would have me take a furlough. My two darling wives, Mary Kelly and Nellie Andrews, fell on the firing line here in pioneer warfare in dark India, and if I have to meet death I would like to lie as near as possible by their side, and the side of my two missionary sons, Eben and Bert. Again thanking you for your kindness, I would suggest that if any money be sent for my furlough, it be used for famine relief in India."

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Notes

Revival in Zion City

A MOST blessed spirit of revival is now in progress in Zion City, in the Assembly over which Bro. Harry Long is pastor. This revival has not been brought about by launching a big campaign and engaging prominent speakers, though we have no criticism to offer against such, but it has been prayed down by Brother Long and his faithful band. The presence of the Lord is so manifest in the meetings that one is awed by it as soon as one enters the building, and both saint and sinner feel they are treading on holy ground. The convicting power of the Spirit of God fills the place, and this is proof to every one that it is from above.

A number of young people have been saved; God has come into lives who had a name to live and were dead. One man had been a wanderer for many years—a decade of profligacy, drunkenness and debauchery had marked his life and thrown him into such despair that he contemplated murdering his wife or killing himself. But some one was praying. In his despair one Saturday night he was driven to prayer. He entered the service the next day, the first time in years, and the Spirit of conviction struck him. God led them to do an unusual thing. In the beginning of the service some one struck up the hymn of invitation, "While Jesus Whispers to You, Come, Sinner, Come." He broke down and wept before the Lord and was marvelously saved. He was also baptized in the Holy Spirit and his face shines with the glory of God.

Another man, a professed infidel, who tried to believe there was no God, was working for a family who came back to the Lord. Full of their new-found joy they immediately began praying for this man and witnessing to him. He said that when the Spirit of God convicted him, he would yield, little knowing what that would mean. As soon as he entered the church door, conviction settled upon him. Presently he got up from his seat and said, "I cannot sit still any longer." He openly confessed his sins and gave himself to God.

About thirty-five have been baptized in water, and in all the baptismal services the glory of God came down in a very precious way.

Scores of people have been healed, not only in Zion City, but God has heard the united prayers of the Assembly for serious cases, even at great distances. A sister told of the healing of her daughter of cancer of the breast just at the hour of prayer. When the mother visited her daughter some days after, the daughter said, "Mother, you have been asking prayer for me. I was suffering awful pain, and just at eleven o'clock the cancer went." It was just at that hour that prayer was offered. An operation had been planned, but when the doctor made an examination not a trace of the cancer was found.

A little boy was suffering with hemorrhages, which he had ever since the flu, two years ago. Something over a week ago he began to bleed very profusely. The parents were afraid to trust the doctor and afraid to trust the Lord, but it was apparent that unless God stopped the hemorrhages, the little boy would die. They were persuaded to send for Pastor Long, who anointed the child. The parents melted down before the Lord; He met them and the boy was healed amid much rejoicing.

The Lord has been breaking down prejudice in many of the hearts through healing the sick. Brother Long told us of being called into a home where a little girl had been sick for three weeks. The father and mother were both discouraged, and the little girl herself said she didn't believe the Lord would heal her. The call came through another woman, whose child had been instantly healed. In her joy she telephoned to the mother of the little girl. Brother Long knew the mother had been prejudiced against the work, but God broke it down, and when the mother received a spiritual touch, the child was healed. She came to the meeting a few nights after, telling what the Lord had done for her.

Several weeks ago a little colored girl was wonderfully saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. An elderly colored woman who was injured by being thrown out of the bus had been obliged to walk, sometimes with a crutch and sometimes with a cane, ever since the accident. After this little girl received her baptism she walked down the aisle and the old lady hobbled up the aisle with her cane to meet her. The little girl embraced the old lady, the glory of God came down, and away went her cane as she jumped and shouted for joy. She has never used it since, and walks every day to her work, a distance of two miles, with all the sprightliness of youth.

Several months ago the dear Assembly people were very bitterly persecuted, some even being imprisoned for the Gospel's sake, but when they were reviled they reviled not again, and rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for His sake; and because they endured as seeing Him who is invisible, God has poured out His Spirit, and the lifting up of Jesus is drawing many unto Him.

With the Lord

Words cannot convey the deep sorrow of our hearts as we record the death of Mrs. Huldah Needham, who with her husband was on a tour to visit the Pentecostal mission stations in China, Japan and India. They had just reached India, having spent the larger part of 1920 in China. They spent the holidays with Mrs. Needham's sister, Mrs. Turnbull, in India, and then went on to visit the Pentecostal Mission stations. She passed away while at Benares. The following letter from Mrs. Squires, Los Angeles, tells of the great sorrow there over the untimely death of this gifted woman:

"Bro. Eldridge (her father) received a cable from Mr. Needham on Friday, Jan. 21st, saying, 'Huldah very ill. Pneumonia.' Saturday they received another, 'Huldah gone home.' Sister Eldridge was prostrated, both of them stunned. We were at San Diego attending Mrs. McPherson's meeting; Bro. Kerr also. He received a telegram from Brother Eldridge to come back and take the Sunday meeting. He went, not knowing the great sorrow until he got home. They said when he arose to speak a great wave of sorrow swept over the congregation, and a black, heavy cloud seemed to settle over them as they bowed in grief. Suddenly the power of the Spirit fell upon Brother Kerr and then upon the people; God met them and dried their tears, and soon their sorrow was turned to joy, rejoicing in the Holy Ghost. Those who were there said it was wonderful. Saturday night they despaired of dear Sister

Eldridge's life; she didn't want to live but longed to be with her dear one. Monday night she was also very low, but God has brought her forth.

"This last Lord's Day Bro. Eldridge stood in his accustomed place and gave out a message we will not soon forget. He was lifted clear out of his sorrow and spoke in the power of the Holy Spirit as I have seldom heard him, 'Let not your heart be troubled. . . . I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also.' As he poured forth the words the Holy Spirit gave him, his own heart was healed, and from looking like a broken old man, his whole being changed, and he stood before us triumphant in Christ. It was truly wonderful, and we must believe this is one of the 'all things' that work together for good to them who love the Lord. We cannot see it now, but sometime we shall know why."

Let us pray for the loved ones who are bereft, and particularly for Bro. Needham.

* * *

Mrs. Thos. Hindle, who was very ill from typhus last summer, writes, "I have a new lease of life from Jesus. I saw Him. When I was so ill He took me away in the spirit; I felt His wonderful touch and looked into those wonderful eyes. Oh for an eternal look upon such glory and divine love!" He said to me, "Go back a little while longer and work for Me, because I am coming soon." I live for a new hope and joy in the ages to come, which is just to see and feel His wonderful eyes upon me." The Hindles are working in that hard field of Mongolia, and are on the border of the famine district. They are rejoicing over a few souls being saved.

* * *

Miss Ruth Erickson, Liberia, writes of blessed work among the children. They opened up the work in Newaka, and it is most promising. The Spirit of God has been poured out, and they cried to the Lord for mercy; soon they were shouting and clapping their hands for the joy of sins forgiven.

Two of the native boys returned from a preaching trip, having visited seventeen villages, in all of which the people heard the Word of God gladly, and many asked for missionaries. One place burned all their jujus and said they wanted to serve the one true God. A native Christian is holding meeting at this place.

* * *

Brother Doney writes gratefully from Cairo, Egypt, of another year of service for the Master. For the missionaries in Egypt it has been a year

of hard service mixed with trial and some sickness, but God has given blessed victory. "At times almost overcome with the oppressive heat, then with sickness, even almost despairing of life," he writes, "they fought the good fight of faith and Jesus was Victor." Of the work Brother Doney writes encouragingly:

"Mrs. Doney and I have just returned from a trip up country with Brother and Sister Post, among the many villages of Egypt. Sister Salyer remained in Cairo with the native pastor to carry on the work. The fields are white and ripe unto the harvest. Everywhere we went we were thronged with the people. We scarcely had time to eat or sleep, and were lead to exclaim again and again, 'This is the day of Salvation.' The poor people just pleaded with us to remain longer in their village, but we had sent on word to the next village that we were coming. The people on receiving the Word would come out to meet us and escort us into their village, saying, 'Ahlan wa sahlán'—'You are welcome.' In one village we were entertained by the mayor in his house, where we held the Sunday services, great crowds attending.

"As we beheld the multitude of hungry faces, and saw the ripened fields everywhere we cried out for laborers for the harvest. Oh for God-sent missionaries! men and women who are young and strong, full of faith and courage and of the Holy Ghost. Surely there are some of God's own choosing that can be counted on, and will be sent forth by the Holy Ghost to live or die for Jesus in the front-

line trenches. We see here such a marked increase in the work numerically and spiritually.

"Our Sunday School work is opening up well. We formed our first Sunday School in Cairo this year. Only five attended the first Sunday, and it has now grown to one hundred. Another Sunday School has been opened in Assiout, about one hundred and fifty attending there. In our Cairo Sunday School the children have a spirit of evangelism. They brought in their piasters, (nickels) and said, 'We want a tract of our own printed on salvation; also an invitation for the people to come to our mission.' They paid for the tract themselves and are now giving it out. They are also giving offerings to send the Gospel to other foreign lands."

* * *

Blessed Conference in S. China

The visit of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Needham to South China has been greatly blessed by the Lord, both to the Chinese Christians and also the missionaries. "There was a blessed spirit of fellowship all through the meetings, and the burden of all the meetings was the 'victorious life.' The business session passed off splendidly. A District Council of the Assemblies of God has been formed."

Mrs. Kelley writes as follows:

"We had a Convention for the Chinese and there were from eighty to one hundred Christians gathered there. We had five services a day. The teaching was fine and the meetings were quiet so the Word



Mr. and Mrs. Harold Needham, and the South China missionaries, at Sai Nam, South China. Mr. and Mrs. Needham in the center of first row.

could be given out, and we feel the Chinese were greatly benefited.

"Then the missionary Conference for five days. There were twenty-eight missionaries present and 'Peniel' (South China Home) was full to overflowing. We had some real seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and there was blessed unity from start to finish. It seems we are making some advance steps and God is working in our midst.

"The Chinese Christians have pledged about \$1,000 toward a church building in Sai Nam. We were nearly swept off our feet when the preacher gave a hundred dollars, and Wong Tak, the old carpenter, fifty dollars. Another, a new convert who had been baptized only two weeks, gave fifty dollars. Truly the Gospel is entering deep into their hearts and lives, and we can rejoice in the Lord. While it has been 'line upon line,' 'here a little and there a little,' we can see that our labor is not in vain."

* * *

Miss Zella Reynolds writes: "This has truly been the most wonderful year of my life, and I have had such joy as I have rested in Him and rolled my burdens on Him."

* * *

Those who are sacrificing to support the work on the foreign field, will be glad to know that the missionary is making equal sacrifice in the regions beyond. One who is making things count for God in India writes confidentially: "I can always see open doors. I can and do get up at three and four in the morning (twice last week at 2:30) and work all day long, compelling myself to quit at night, and find more than I can do. If we were not following this line of work I see other means of working, perhaps just as good and fruitful. My hands are more than full, but I see much more that I could do if I had the strength."

Girl's Home a Fact

Miss Winger writes on landing in Venezuela, that the Girls' Home is really a fact. The house that has been previously used as a mission home has been vacated and turned into the Girls' School, and other quarters obtained for the missionaries. There was an indebtedness on the building, but this has been cleared off by the funds the Lord gave Miss Winger when in the Homeland, and by making this arrangement they are able to start the Girls' School at once with the place clear of debt.

It is to be a school for the training of native girls as teachers and Bible women, just as Hebron is a training institute for young men. Miss Winger is very happy, as she realizes that in just one year from the time the Lord enabled her

to present this great need to the people at Home, He made the School a reality.

We see the Lord working in all heathen lands to train a native force for evangelization. Missionaries, no matter how consecrated, cannot evangelize the great heathen lands, but native preachers and Bible women can do it, and they must be trained to be the great evangelizers. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest to send forth workers," means native workers just as much as it means missionaries.

From the Home Field

We pass on to our readers this remarkable healing, sent by Mrs. Archer, Listowel, Ontario:

"You no doubt will be rejoiced to learn that Mrs. J. R. Richards, a subscriber to The Evangel, was instantly healed a few weeks ago from serious stomach trouble. She vomited quantities of matter streaked with blood, and her only diet was buttermilk, not being able to retain anything else. She sent Mrs. Etter a handkerchief for prayer, and when she laid it on the afflicted part she felt healed at once and began eating heartily all the different foods that were set on the table. She was reduced from a large, fleshy woman almost to a skeleton, but is now rejoicing over her recovery."

* * *

The story of an equally wonderful healing comes to us from Mrs. Marie Knudsen, Fresno, Calif. "I have been healed many times through the prayer of faith and the power of the Holy Spirit, but God met me in a very special way last winter. In February I was sick in bed a week with the flu, and it turned into pneumonia. I sent a handkerchief to Brother Opie to pray over, and immediately the pain left me and I was healed.

"For forty years I have had a double rupture, causing me to wear a double truss. A number of times I have tried to trust God for the healing of this rupture and would lay off the truss, but always failed to get deliverance. After I was healed of the "flu" I asked God what was in the way of my healing of rupture; why I was always obliged to again put on the truss. I cried to the Lord to tell me the trouble and His answer was, "Throw it away." I took God at His Word and threw away the truss, and never felt the need of it since, which is now about a year."

* * *

When God called Nellie Lundstrum Lincoln

to preach the Gospel, now nearly twenty years ago, He showed her in vision rows of benches and seats in tents and school-houses, dotted all over the country. He didn't allure her to a spacious, elegant church with its magnificent appointments, but showed her simple country folk, sitting on crude, rough boards, to whom she was to carry the good news. The following note from her shows how He has verified this in the country districts of Michigan:

"It has been the hardest, busiest, and best fall I've ever put in. Have been in meetings continually, having gone far and near throughout the country. Have preached sometimes with my little girl sitting on the table in front of me and holding on to her. Part of the time it has been

hard and dry and heavy, and few people. But God finally sent the crowds, and now in December, chilly weather, we are reaping the fruits of our summer and fall labors. Several saved out at the school-house where you were. Three saved at our Cottage prayer-meeting last week. Twelve saved on Sunday afternoon and four on Monday evening three weeks ago at Little Black school-house where over one hundred were present. Fourteen came to the altar at Church in Twin Lakes, two weeks ago, fifteen miles away; twelve started heavenward at the Dalton country church, ten miles away, one evening about three weeks ago. You know we are rejoicing. We've driven fifty-two miles; held two meetings and driven fifty-two miles back. Breaking up the fallow ground and sowing precious seed does bring fruit. We have six meetings a week in six different places."

Apostolic Power Brings Apostolic Persecution

How God Exonerated His Servant Under Trial

Dr. W. C. Hoover, Supt. of Pentecostal Missions in Chili.

"The two churches in Santiago, Chili, have grown phenomenally. From a handful of fifty or sixty at the most and under native pastorate, practically uneducated, they have grown until one of them numbers perhaps 900 and the other about 600."



OUR Pentecostal Revival in Valparaiso, Chili, took such proportions and was of such a character that it became an offense to the Methodist Church, and they desired to send me home, but the revival had been a blessing to so many people that they were rebellious at the thought of having me sent home, which was in a way sequestering me because they didn't want me there any more. So the majority of my church who had been quickened by the work of the Holy Spirit and many of whom had been converted and brought into the church through the revival, resolved to separate. They said, "When they turn you out, you can come and be our pastor."

I saw that an impossible situation was confronting us, because when they went out I would be left pastor to those who were not in sympathy with the revival that God had given us; and those whose spirits had been renewed and with whom we had precious fellowship, would be on the outside. In order, therefore, to be a loyal Methodist I would have to antagonize them and defend those who were really my enemies. So we betook ourselves to prayer.

The Lord was working in apostolic power, and we were also having a taste of apostolic persecution. Coupled with the persecution from

the city, came criticism and opposition from my brethren in the ministry. The Presiding Elder of Santiago came down one day and got the American Consul who was also a Methodist, and the Presbyterian pastor, and these three, without saying a word to me, went to the Judge and talked with him about our work. They promised him that the revival should stop. The Presiding Elder then went back to Santiago and wrote me telling me what they had done, and that the Judge had refrained from sentencing me because of their promise that I would refrain from the extravagances that had been going on. I went on with the work of the Lord just as usual. He also cabled home and wrote all sorts of charges and the Bishop wrote me a very anxious letter begging me that I would not dishonor Methodism.

The work continued until Conference which was held in Valparaiso that year in the new church. We were also able to finish the parsonage that year above the church, and we entertained a good many of the brethren. The Conference continued for eight days, and they spent the entire time laboring to get charges against me in my own church, with a congregation such as they had never seen in Chili and a Sunday School of 580. The missionaries even said that they had never seen a Sunday School so perfectly under control of its leader as was ours.

If I wanted quiet I just lifted the bell; didn't even strike it. They noticed it and commented upon it. They saw my large class of 100 members and still they spent their time formulating charges.

When the conduct of an elder is in question, nine elders are required to get together and pass judgment. I was an elder and they gathered together in my study criticizing me and laboring with me to get me to see as they saw. In the midst of the discussion a native preacher came to my side and said, "Brother Hoover, tell me why it is that you are so obstinate? Don't you see that all the brethren are against you and yet you do not yield a single point?" I said, "Brother, when my brethren show me fruits using the methods that *they* recommend that will compare with the fruits the Lord has given us here in the past year, then it will be time for me to yield to them." He remained a moment as if silenced and then said, "When you have said *that* there is no reply."

When they had the charges formulated to present to the home Board, it occurred to me that if I were to come home I could put the matter before the Board and they would understand me. So I said, "Well, send me home." "Will you go home?" they asked. "Yes, send me home." "Well then," they said, "we will take away the charges." I said, "No, I do not want the charges removed if they are legitimate charges." But they went into Conference and at the next session voted to remove the charges, and I was then invited up on the platform which I had not been hitherto; in fact I was not recognized officially though in my own church. But now the Bishop appointed me back to Valparaiso to prepare the place for my successor.

One of the things that caused offense to the brethren, my fellow-missionaries, was that I permitted a woman to be used who in her sinful days had been a woman of the street. She was saved in August, 1909, and her conversion was indeed wonderful. When in the Spirit, she went through the audience with her eyes closed, picking out people and telling them what was in their hearts, which those who were honest admitted was true. Many times overwhelmed with conviction they would confess in penitence. With great power she spoke and witnessed for the Lord, but the Conference objected to the prominence she had. All that year I had been learning new lessons, and I myself was not baptized in the Holy Spirit until two years after that. My

attitude toward all these new things was that of waiting and watching. I saw things that I could not quite understand but I didn't want to destroy that of which I was not perfectly sure.

From the moment I promised to go home, I became very unhappy in my spirit. All that week through all the contradictions and opposition I had felt a strength and exultation and absolute rest in the Lord, but now I began to feel downcast and perturbed, as if I had made a mistake. So before the Bishop left the next day I told him I felt as though I should not go home. He said that I had promised, but I told him I felt as though I would be doing wrong to go. Up to this time I had always been my own presiding elder because we do not aim to have a presiding elder apart from a pastorate, but under the circumstances they named the Santiago presiding elder over me, and he came to hold his first quarterly conference. He was so autocratic in his rulings and dealings with the brethren of my official board that they felt his exactions were unjust. So a few days after they came to me and said, "Pastor, we in Valparaiso are going to separate." (The year preceding, two congregations in Santiago had separated from the M. E. Church in a sudden, unexpected way). I begged my people not to withdraw, that they should be patient. "No," they said, "the purpose of the Bishop is to send you home and destroy the work, and there will be nothing left. We will withdraw and then when they put you out, you can come and be our pastor." I talked the matter over with my wife and we decided to go out with them. I asked them to say nothing to anyone for a week for I wanted to put my resignation in writing so that it would not be misconstrued.

On the following Sunday after Communion I read my resignation. In the morning I had prayed, "Lord, You can show me today if what I am about to do is pleasing to You," and as we rose from prayer in the Sunday School one of the young ladies who was baptized in the Spirit arose and Mrs. Hoover told me she had a message. As soon as she was given opportunity, she said, "We are going to eat the Passover today. Let everyone see that the blood is over the door." She repeated it twice, and I took it as a wonderful answer to prayer. She knew nothing about our going out, and was speaking of the Communion as the Passover. We were preparing to go out of the church like the Israelites, and that last Communion service was a wonderful scene.

They came to the altar so filled with joy that they could not contain themselves, and two in the audience were converted. One man whom I had never before seen rose in the back part of the church, came and knelt down; then went and was reconciled to his wife and gave his heart to the Lord, afterward partaking of the Communion.

At the close of that service I read my resignation and the separation occurred, about 450 going with me, the spiritual life and fire of the church. From that time we held our meetings in small places where we formerly held class meetings, and in a little while we were able to get a little hall but it would seat only about half our people. We were, however, able to keep together by the local preachers and myself going around to the twelve or fifteen meeting places. *From that time on the native church supported me.* Later we were able to rent a larger place, and yet that was not sufficient for our needs.

When we separated there were a few who thought we ought to obliterate all memory that we had ever been Methodists, and that we should formulate a creed for ourselves and rules of government, but I said to them that we had always flourished under Methodist polity and had been guided by the Discipline, and we hadn't deviated from its doctrines in any degree during the revival, and so I didn't see any reason for changing. We continue to be guided by the discipline, although not bound rigidly thereby, and have been saved the necessity of studying and discussing and disagreeing upon forms of expression, terms, and matters upon which we at heart were agreed.

The separation of the churches in Santiago was on this wise: The contradiction of the authorities of the M. E. Church began little by little and created an antagonism even in the churches that were not in Valparaiso. A Methodist church in Santiago desirous of this blessing wanted one of our members who was visiting, to speak in the meeting, but the pastor refused, and this created a sudden break in their relations and the church went out. In the evening a similar act occurred in another church, and these two congregations were thus separated from their pastors almost to a man. I counselled them to return to their churches and they made an effort to be reconciled, but the pastor refused their overtures. Each church then wrote an account of the matter to the Bishop and sought his mediation, but he took no notice of them.

As soon as I separated they wrote me asking me to become their superintendent, and three others also separated and asked to come under my oversight. Thus I became the Superintendent of the Pentecostal work in Chili.

The two churches in Santiago have grown phenomenally. They were a handful of fifty or sixty at the most and under native pastorate, practically uneducated, they have grown until one of them numbers perhaps 900 and the other one about 600. One of the pastors stammers so that it is often difficult to understand him; he speaks rapidly and pronounces imperfectly, and has little education, but he is a man of faith, has discernment and wisdom and great power in prayer. There is no man more respected and loved than he in all Chili, myself perhaps not excepted.

We are just as Methodist as Wesley, and how they could put us out we have no explanation, except that they would put Wesley out if he were here today. We have fourteen preaching places outside of the central church and a class-meeting is held one night a week in each of those places. Another night in the week exhorters take turns in preaching in those different places. Then we have a great deal of out-door preaching. The brethren form groups and preach on the street-corners, in the market-place, at the fisheries and wharves. We have been taken to the police station for preaching but we go out and do it again. They have arrested us so often and found it useless that they practically let us alone now. Mrs. Hoover was also taken to the police station once. The women go out in groups afternoons and evenings, and we have had much fruit from that kind of work.

One of our beautiful Christian women was a dressmaker sewing in a private home. The mistress sent her out one Sunday morning to buy a paper and she heard our people singing on the street. She stood and listened until it was over, then called a little boy and sent him to ask one of the men to come over so she could learn more about this religion. At his request I sent a sister to see her and she is now converted and baptized in the Spirit.

Our present church was bought in July, 1919. We spent the remaining months of the year in remodeling it, and it was dedicated at Christmas. The Lord worked marvelously when we secured our new building. We were going to rent a place with the privilege of putting in a gallery, and when I went to make the contract the owner

said, "Why don't you take it for a longer time?" I said, "We don't want to bind ourselves too long for we want some day to have a home of our own." Then he said, "Why do you not buy this?" I asked him then to show me the plan of the property, took it home and studied it and found by putting in galleries we could seat about eight hundred people. So we entered into negotiations and bought it for 31,000 pesos (\$7,700). We paid 10,000 down and still had left 4,000 to use in remodeling the building. We were obligated to pay 500 pesos a month and our friends in the homeland, one and another, when they knew we had purchased property, sent us sums which enabled us to finish the building. The total expense of it, including the remodeling was about 50,000 pesos (\$12,000.) Our people have paid about one-third of this, besides keeping up the running expenses, and doing all the time a great deal for the specially needy. They paid all my expenses during my illness, and are looking after our needs now during our absence. We had 1,087 in attendance when the church was dedicated, and our Sunday School attendance has run between 520 and 550. Lately I received word that it had reached 605 and they are having conversions all the time. I stand for the position that every church ought to have conversions all the time, and I am not satisfied if our church is without them. We had a dry time a few years back, and it was a time of waiting upon the Lord, in complaint, in sadness, and in humiliation, and the Lord met us.

I have been ill since January, 1920, and the Official Board has carried on the work.

In June, 1920, another revival broke out, beginning by half a dozen little children dancing in the Spirit. The Spirit of God fell on those watching them, and they began to dance, too; often they were out of their consciousness. They danced with their eyes closed and moved around among others not knowing they were near, and not colliding with them. This produced a wave of conversion so that in July we received 109 probationers and 97 full members. Great crowds of people came from the outside; members of churches as well as many strangers came in to witness the strange scenes. Some of those who came in were affected by the Spirit, so they began to dance, or weep, or pray. One young man who had only one foot and a crutch says he sees a light and hears beautiful music when the Spirit comes upon him and to him it appears that he dances with two feet.

I have had revivals wherever I have been. In our revival in 1909 they said, "It is Hoover. He is hypnotizing them." In this revival I was ill in bed, and it is still going on without me. It seems the Lord has sent it to show that it wasn't "Hoover," and to encourage me that if I were taken away the work would go on.

The Lord has worked miraculously in healing, and more than once money has been multiplied. Two young men were baptized in the Spirit out in one of the country towns. They were peripatetic photographers. They went into a new place to work and wrote me within about a month telling me they had a congregation of fifty, sending me their names; some had been converted and some already baptized. One of these young men, a day or two after he was baptized in the Spirit, arose one morning and was thinking of what he had to buy during the day, and that he hadn't money enough for what he wanted. As he was dressing he heard the clinking of money in his pocket. Putting in his hand he got out six or seven pesos in coin. He inquired in the house of one and another, thinking they had put money in his pocket, and they said they had not. He told me the story and believes the Lord multiplied his money. We have had other cases of the same kind.

In all the letters I received from my people they tell me that the work goes on; the revival continues. The church is crowded even on week nights and the attendance in the Sunday School continues at 600. To God be all the glory.

Obituary

MRS. SARAH OSMOND departed to be with Christ July 13, 1920. She was born in New York City on November 8, 1855. From girlhood, her life was characterized by the compassion of Jesus for the lost and her early years were spent in work among the poor.

After the death of her husband, she was for years connected with Josephine Mission, a branch of Euclid Avenue Baptist Church of Cleveland, Ohio. Later, during a period of twenty years, she traveled extensively throughout the country in evangelistic work with Mrs. Lida Romick. Since the death of the latter, Sister Osmond, with her co-worker, Miss Laura Requa, has been greatly used in Pentecostal work in Pomona, Pasadena, Santa Ana and Long Beach, Calif., where many grateful hearts bear testimony to her loving ministry, both in physical healing and the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Notable in the life of our precious Sister were these: fervent love and unflinching faith toward

God the Father, *her Father*, seemingly, in a special sense, Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost. With a heart long ago cleansed from sin, and kept day by day by the power of God, her highest happiness was to worship and to pour out her soul in fervent devotion and praise to her adorable Lord. Those who had the privilege of receiving the messages and expositions of God's Word which were entrusted to Sister Osmond, witness to this, that they never knew a spirit more joyful in praise and worship, nor one more steadfast in exalting her Lord.

Ever mindful of the word of the Master, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," and having no confidence in the flesh, she desired above all things, in her work of soul-winning, to be herself hidden away, that the seeker after truth might, unhindered, get the vision of the blessed Savior, of His grace and power to save and to keep the new-born soul. Needless to say that hungry hearts became more hungry for the living God as they beheld His love manifested in her life; kind, tender-hearted, forgiving others, even as God for Christ's sake had forgiven her; verily, "In her tongue was the law of kindness." Our sister knew the rapturous joy of a yielded life, and it swept her triumphantly through the gates at the supreme moment of departure. Angels came, it seemed, "sent forth

to minister" to her. She waved aside the prayer of love which would hold her back, and yearning to see her Savior face to face, in whom she had ever rejoiced with "joy unspeakable and full of glory," His gracious presence now made sacred the place from whence His precious child was taking flight. Those who witnessed this victorious home-going, felt the holy Presence, and were awed to stillness and peace. Thus the strong, loyal, gentle spirit was borne away.

More than one "Little Flock," as she loved to call those who gathered about her to hear of the things of God, will miss her faithful, loving ministrations and inspiring words. Her co-worker will find none to fill the place of a beloved spiritual mother. May the Holy Spirit give His own comfort to dear Miss Requa's heart in these days of sore bereavement. As we try to think of our loved friend and sister amid the scenes of light, imagination fails us, and we can only remember that "whom He justified, them He also glorified"; "that she shines as the brightness of the firmament," and "as the stars for ever and ever"; she hears the celestial harpers; she joins in the new song, the song which no man can learn save they who are redeemed from the earth; she is in the presence of the Lamb, with those that follow Him "whithersoever He goeth," and so shall she ever be with the Lord.—*Contributed.*

Jesus Proves Himself in the Desert Place

Geo. E. Smith in the Missionary Rest Home, Nov. 2, 1920

"And when it was evening, His disciples came to Him, saying, This is a desert place, and the time is now past; send the multitude away that they may go into the villages, and buy themselves victuals."



HE first thought that comes to me is this: If a man follows Jesus persistently he will land in a desert place. There never has been a man in the history of the Bible who has followed God systematically, prayerfully, honestly, lovingly, but what he got into trouble. Peter followed Jesus into prison, but thank God, he followed Him out again. Daniel followed Jehovah into the lion's den, but he kept on following Him, and he followed Him out. So you may start with Genesis and follow the Bible clear through, and you will find that every man who honestly follows the Lord, finds himself, sooner or later, in a desert place, although he doesn't stay there.

Here they were in a desert place with nothing to eat. It is hard indeed to be in a desert place, but it is all right after we get out. It is easy to put our arms around the other person

and say, "You are in a hard place, but what you want to do is to keep your eyes on Jesus," but not so easy to go through the desert unflinchingly. The man who has gone through the trial, the man to whom God has proven His Word and made it real, can go about and tell it, but I must confess that when we get into a desert place, though we do not lose sight of Jesus, our faith that was so big just the day before, becomes little and insignificant, and we find we haven't much.

Jesus Christ is the one who can lead us out of the hard place, but no man can do it. If, when we are in the desert place we could only reason as when we are on the outside, we would learn some valuable lessons, for Jesus gets us into the desert place that He may prove the exceeding greatness of His power, and make the desert blossom as a rose. Mary and Martha could not understand how it was that Jesus didn't come and heal Lazarus when they sent for Him. They said, "If You had been here this awful tragedy would never have happened. You stayed away and the hand of death has gripped our brother, the man You loved." Jesus wanted to do the ex-

ceeding abundantly above all they could ask or think. Their tears were tears of sorrow, but if Jesus had hurried down and quickly laid His hand upon Lazarus we would have had just one more healing recorded, and there it would have ended; but He wanted to hand down to us the history of the raising of Lazarus from the dead. If He had listened to the entreaty of those sisters we never would have had the story, but He permitted them to get into that "desert place." Oh how great their joy must have been! I know how advice falls upon those who are in a hard place, but Jesus can make Himself so real in the desert that after it is over you will be glad you have been there.

Notice the thought here, and that is the scheme of human reasoning. Here they were. They could not get back to their homes; everything was against them, and the disciples, who were human beings, began to reason without the power of God; they began to reason without recognizing that the Son of God was in the midst of them, and they said of the multitude, "Send them away."

That brings us to the missionary thought. Why send them away? "That they may buy bread." Notice another reason. Because "this is a desert place." The fact that it was a desert place made the need of Jesus all the more real. He was needed more in a desert place than where there was plenty. The last reason they gave was, "Send them away because the day is far spent." Some people say, "Jesus is coming soon and we have to get the saints fixed up"; "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh, and we have to get the bride ready." I will grant you, the Bride certainly needs the attention of a Dressmaker; her garments are far from being finished, and she needs it right away, but if it is true that this dispensational day of grace is far spent, then isn't there all the more reason why we should buckle on our armour? Isn't it all the more reason why we should not almost be reckless in sending forth the missionaries to the foreign field? Not, so far as human reasoning is concerned, but is it not time to launch out on God's wisdom, God's love and God's resources, and let God prove to us that the cattle on a thousand hills are His? We quote that but cannot trust the Lord for a piece of porterhouse steak. I believe God is looking for some one who will launch out almost recklessly on the power of God, and the reason I believe it, is because the day is far

spent. We have sixty missionaries to go forth and we cannot see the money.

What did Jesus say? He turned to those men to whom He had given bread, and said, "Give ye them to eat." "But Lord, that is nothing short of the miraculous." Praise God, that is the way He wants His people to act, and nothing short of a miracle will keep them in the foreign field. I have been to the place where the day was "far spent," and where He had to make the desert blossom as a rose; where, as an evangelist, I was cast out on God for I had no congregation. I was an evangelist in a strange town, and the Lord sent a man to my door, whom I invited in. We talked about the Lord until dinner time, and out of politeness I had to ask the man to dinner. I took the money I had, went out and bought some hamburger steak. I had known the man only five days, and he didn't look as if he had a nickel. He said to me, "I have some money that belongs to the Lord." My faith rose and I felt sure it would be a \$2 bill; I could actually see it. He handed me a \$50 bill. Do you know how I felt? Very cheap indeed.

Simply because through our human reasoning we cannot see these things is no reason we should send them away. The missionaries who have worked for God have been those who have stepped out on faith and stood there.

But then I want you to notice the reasoning of faith. He said, "Give ye them to eat." Then He said to the man, "How many loaves have you?" There is a thought here for us. He doesn't want any more than we have. "Gideon, what have you?" "I have a pitcher, a lamp and a horn. That is all." "Well, Gideon, I want to send you over against the enemy. You do what I tell you, and I will make you a wonderful channel." Gideon tremblingly said, "Here is a pitcher and a lamp. I will toot the horn." "Shamgar, what have you? Nothing but an ox-goat? I want you to go up against the enemy." "I have only this stick." "That is all I want." "What have you in your hand, Moses?" "A rod." "Give it to me." He wants all we have, but nothing more. Did He ever ask you for an unreasonable thing? You say, "I have no talents." Well, then do not give Him any. "Present your body a living sacrifice, which is your reasonable service," that He may be able to use you, and when He gets through you will have to admit, "I didn't think it was in me."

Then I want you to notice something else that Jesus did. He "looked up." When there are hungry souls to feed, we have to look up. I pity the poor preacher who stands up to feed hungry souls and doesn't look up to God. Jesus Himself looked up before He fed the multitude, and He not only looked up but He blessed. I have often looked at this picture. There He sat with those five loaves, about as large as a unceda biscuit, and two fishes like sardines, and that great crowd, and Jesus looked up and thanked God.

Elijah got down and prayed. There wasn't a cloud in the heavens, but he said, "I hear a sound of abundance of rain." He heard Jehovah speak and his eyes were on Him. He knew He would make those words good. Jesus looked to heaven and He got bread and fish enough for the whole crowd.

Then I want you to notice another thought.

When Jesus gives He makes ample provision; when men give they usually hold back something, their faith is so small. We read here, "They all did eat—every man, woman and child in the crowd—and were filled." That is what I like about this feast. I venture to say there were some that hadn't had a good square meal for a long time, but when they met Jesus in the desert place, without any prospect, Jesus gave them a meal, absolutely free, that filled them. The Word says so. Not only is He able to supply the temporal need, but I believe He is able to supply the soul need until we are all filled. "And there were twelve basketsful left." That was for the preachers at home. You see a people who give, and they always have some left over. I am glad that in this desert place the Lord is filling my soul with good things. If we are willing to serve the five loaves and two fishes, God will give us the twelve basketsful.

A Native Apostolic Church

Miss Elsie E. Fearey



SOMETHING has come to the birth in Venezuela! It is the beginning of the answer to the prayers and tears of many years, born I believe out of real soul travail. You ask—what is it? For twenty-five years the Gospel has been preached in this land against overwhelming difficulties, and slowly the body of Christ has been growing, but that growth has been greatly hindered because this Gospel we preach has been looked upon by all classes as a "foreign religion." The native Christians have been taunted with this "foreign religion" and the majority of the people have preferred to stay with something that more properly seemed to belong to their land.

What was the solution to the problem? A number of years ago God breathed into the heart of the founder and beloved president of this Mission (Rev. G. A. Bailly), the key, and at the same time, the life germ of hope and promise which in these last few months we have seen coming to the birth, and that was—a NATIVE church. By this I do not mean just a church edifice filled with native Christians, but living organism—Christ the Head, and all the members joined together in love and co-operation in the unity of the Spirit, each one recognizing that they have not received any "foreign religion" but have entered into their inheritance from which they have so long been defrauded.

About a year ago the native church in Caracas began to awaken in a very real way to the fact that this gospel is committed not merely to the missionary, but that as a native church, the gospel is theirs and the evangelizing of their land belongs to them. They began to seek equipment from God, and studying the Word they saw that the equipment of the Early Church also belongs to them. God breathed into their hearts and ours a vision—"A native apostolic and missionary church," and this has now become not merely the name of the church, but the meaning of these words has entered into their hearts, and they are claiming all that belongs to an "apostolic" church.

We believe we now are witnessing one of the real evidences that this is not a theory but a fact. One of our outstations, La Guaira, has for several years been almost spiritually dead. The members were not in sympathy and accord with each other or with the other branches of the Mission, and the native worker in charge suffered much at their hands, although remaining faithful at his post, pouring out his life in intercession for them. They were grumblers, discontented, and unwilling to leave their homes to attend the meetings in the chapel. The case seemed hopeless, but prayer has prevailed—the miracle has happened! Last Easter, God in His own mysterious way, touched these hearts, filled

them with love, and sent a revival among them that continues unto this day. Instead of an empty church it is so full that they need a larger building, and as another proof of the reality of their awakening—where once they wanted to receive all and give nothing—now they propose to build a church themselves instead of renting a hall, and have started a building fund for the purpose. Out of their poverty they have already gathered together over \$200.00.

Three weeks ago, Mr. and Mrs. Bailly, their son Horace, and I went down to celebrate with them their first assembly (or Convention), a number of the native Christians from Caracas also going down to rejoice with them over the miracles of the Lord. Brother Bailly felt that God had given him as the theme of the Assembly "The Venezuelan Apostolic Missionary Church," expecting to explain something of the meaning of such a term, and opening the Scriptures in regard to what an Apostolic Church should be and what it should expect from God. Can you imagine our joy, however, on arriving at the chapel to find that the Christians there had caught the spirit of it before we arrived, and there blazoned upon the wall over the pulpit were the words "La Iglesia Venezolana Apostolica Misionera," and underneath that a large bow of blue ribbon with "La Guaira" written on one loop and "Caracas" on the other, joined with a band of crimson on which was written "Cristo" (Christ) and underneath that "Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." This from a Church that had been estranged and did not desire unity! How much it meant to us.

What a wonderful day we had! A number of the native Christians and workers took part, each speaking out of the fulness of his heart in regard to this new thing which was born in their midst—a native church—a church which is not a stranger's church but belongs to them; a church that can receive the gifts and power of the Holy Ghost even as He has been received in other lands, a church united as one body though in different parts of the land, with one aim and object before them—the evangelization of their own people. How their hearts burned, how the words "Venezolana Apostolica Misionera" seemed to be caressed on their tongues and to burn in their hearts. How my heart thrilled as one of our native workers, whom God has greatly used in bringing this revival to La Guaira, said with such joy, "This is a native church, this

gospel belongs to us, it is not a "foreign religion."

Although as yet Pentecost has not fallen upon this land as in other parts of the world, we seemed to have a truly pentecostal day. At one point when Brother Bailly asked those who would consecrate themselves to God to rise to their feet, almost the whole audience rose crying out, "Here am I Lord, spirit, soul and body. Have Thy way with me." A melting scene indeed, and the Spirit witnessed to it so that for a long time they stood, or prostrated themselves before Him, praising and worshipping God! I suppose that there have been few such days seen in Venezuela. Do pray that speedily God will complete His work and baptize these waiting souls.

Not only is the church filled to overflowing, but they now hold meetings in a number of different places along the coast, going out every night with the message, and hundreds gather at each place to hear the Word. In some places they have met with great opposition, but God gave them favor in the eyes of the government. The chief of police and others of his staff accompanied the people to their meeting place week after week, stayed during the meeting, and accompanied them back to La Guaira again. Hallelujah!

Beloved friends, pray, pray, pray for this native church movement in Venezuela, your brothers and sisters in the Lord. Help them with your love and sympathy, for is not the Body of Christ one no matter where the members are scattered? Pray that God will supply the funds for the building of this church in the port of La Guaira as a testimony to His Name. Pray for an outpouring of the Spirit upon the land, and the receiving of the gifts of the Spirit by this people. The time is ripe, the land awaits. We believe the promise, "Blessed is she that believed for *there shall be a performance.*"

If you love souls pray for the salvation and preparation of the young people of this land to be messengers to their own people. Pray for the raising up of workers—we are claiming ten men from the Lord, part foreign, the majority native. And as you pray for native workers, pray also for resources. Even given the men we could do nothing without these. It costs almost twice as much to support a worker now to what it once did. Oh! that God would raise up a band of men and women at home, who, unable to labor in the field themselves, would have a native to represent them, supporting him financially and laboring with him in prayer!

Do pray as you have never yet prayed for Venezuela! This is becoming a matter of life and death to us. Our hearts break as we receive the constant calls for laborers and have no more to send. We can do nothing unless the body of Christ at home recognize their responsibility toward this field. There was never such promise, never such opportunity as there is today. Beloved, have you not a responsibility toward Venezuela which you have not yet shouldered?

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?"

Caracas, Venez., So. America.

Oct. 23, 1920.

Palestine and the Jew

MISS BROWN, Jerusalem, writes of the shortage there is in houses owing to the great influx of Jews. For months her furniture, household goods, etc., were out in the open, and she just got housed before the rains came, by paying rent two years in advance.

* * *

An exchange says, "The stage is being set in Palestine for the most bitter religious war the world has ever known." The Jews resent the Christians making any effort to spread the Gospel. A Hebrew newspaper editor was arrested on the charge of boycotting, publishing an article urging the exclusion from the Jewish community the privileges and rights of any Jew who himself attends or sends his children to a Christian mission. Another Jewish newspaper said that a campaign against missionaries must be started sooner or later. The missionary who goes to Palestine must indeed be sure of his call, for he will no doubt seal his testimony with his blood. The proud Jew deeply resents the fact that the Christian church is praying for him, but when Gentile time ceases, which some prophetic students say has come to pass with the capture of Jerusalem by General Allenby, God will again begin to deal with His people.

Events are fast transpiring. For the past twenty years students of the Word have told us what was going to happen. It has happened. Prophecy is now history. We are living in the most momentous days. There never was so much strife, so much division, so much sadness and distress; the world, the church, Christians everywhere were never under such a tension, so tossed and perplexed, so tried almost be-

yond endurance. This is what has been prophetically voiced for years; now that it has come to pass, God's people fail to recognize their own prophetic utterances.

Quoting from "Mountain Peaks of Prophecy and Sacred History," we ask our readers to watch the Jew, and watch Palestine, and see how the stream of prophecy regarding His people is again beginning to flow:

"The Jews are coming back to their own land in unbelief before the tribulation time and before the coming of Christ. As far as I can find by careful analysis, the scriptures in Ezekiel and Zephaniah certainly teach that the Jews are, in the providence of God, being turned, as Ezekiel puts it, into God's fire-pot, or as Zephaniah gives it, they are getting ahead of God and going up in unbelief *before* the day of the Lord. The Jews have a strong spiritual nature, they have spiritual capacity, and when the time comes, touched and quickened and purified by the blood of Jesus Christ, and filled with the outpoured Spirit of God, they will be a tremendous power.

"I am not praising the present spirit of the Jews; they are under the judgment of God, and yet they are engaging in a national movement full of virility and power, and it will succeed. But what are they going back for prophetically? In 588 B. C. the strong, conquering king of Babylon came to the walls of Jerusalem, and Judah, because of its sin and rebellion against God, was unable to hold out against him. Their walls were razed to the ground, their temple ransacked and destroyed; their king had his eyes put out, and their people were carried away captive and kept in captivity seventy years. An awful scourge! An awful time of sorrow, but nothing compared with what came upon them later in the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. That was an awful, terrible time when Titus besieged their city and destroyed a million Jews, crucifying hundreds of them. What a picture! Jews who had crucified their Messiah standing on the battlements of their beloved city which once belonged to God, and looking down upon the circle of crosses upon which their fellow-Jews were crucified, so close together that there was no room between, and no wood upon which to crucify others, all the while hearing the wails of their wives and children. The picture is indeed appalling! Oh it was a horrible time! But Christ tells us that the tribulation time which is coming, and which Daniel says in the ninth chapter, is just a little way ahead of us now (the latter half of that last seventieth week) is to be the worst time that the Jews have ever known. The hottest fires are before them from the Antichrist as he breaks his covenant with them in the midst of the week, and pours out his wrath upon them. And notice the pathos of it: the suffering people of the centuries, a great people with the heritage of God upon them, the progenitors of the Messiah, now fallen in apostasy and fighting against God, and

in their wilfulness saying, "We will go up and take our land." What are they going up to? "To fertile plains," you tell us, "in this land of Mesopotamia, to prosperity and wealth, to a great empire." Yes, but when this great Babylon has been rebuilt and has become the capital of the Antichrist, and when in the midst of that week the covenant is broken between the Antichrist and the Jews, this horrible destruction is to break loose upon them, and they who have been brought there through this Zionist Movement, through these wealthy ones and through their own prolonged struggles, to meet this awful doom, furnish a picture of pathos unequalled in the history of man. It is a terrible thing, the stirring of the national life, the appealing to the national pride, the gathering by thousands, and for such a destiny! For they have not repented of their sin, and God's hand is not upon them in love. That Hand which descended providentially when Nebuchadnezzar came and crushed their city and carried them away to Babylon; that Hand which descended again in the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus, is to come down again in awful destruction, and the people, who in their own wilfulness think they are going up to a time of blessing and relief, who are saying in their minds, 'Now we will get away from the scourge of Russia, away from the persecutions of other nations, we are no longer to be burned and tormented, and to have our property confiscated; we will have freedom in our own land,'—with their hearts stirring with national ambitions, and their energies let loose upon the promised land, they are, in the midst of all their hopes, to be the recipients of God's awful judgment in The Great Tribulation. It is a picture of pathos not to be surpassed."

How this thrills us today as we read it anew and see how much of it is being fulfilled. It was written ten years ago, but is just as fresh as if written yesterday, which is true of everything given by the Spirit of God.

The head of the British Zionists in addressing representatives of various synagogues in London, said that "Jews were entering Palestine at the rate of twelve hundred monthly, and that the number could not be increased until proper provision had been made for the reception of larger groups." A plan submitted for the irrigation of Palestine has been accepted, which will provide for the employment of 30,000 men. They are arranging for the cultivation of vast areas which are at present barren wastes.

* * *

A new era is dawning in Mesopotamia. "In 1919 nearly 100 canals on the Hilleh branch of the Euphrates river, which had fallen into disuse, have been dug out; 300,000 acres have been brought under cultivation, and there is promise of the greatest harvests in the memory of man,

possibly the greatest since the days of Nebuchadnezzar."

A Present-Day Miracle

"Miracles are not passing. Faith is passing. Very little faith in these last days. Men will not believe. When they doubt God they offer Him the worst possible insult—making God a liar. If they will not take blessing, then they get a curse.

"A rich Indian lost his inheritance through accepting Christ. Some heathen agreed together to bring a false debt against him—a grocer's bill for 500 rupees. He protested on the ground that he did not owe the money, but offered to labor until he had earned it to pay it; but the verdict was, 'At three o'clock tomorrow, if you do not pay your debt, you will be cast into prison for life.'

"He went to his little hut which he had built for himself, and at eleven o'clock got down on his knees and spent the night in worship, the burden of his prayer being, 'Thy will be done.'

"The next day he returned and again asked for time, saying he would pay it all. They said, 'What do you mean? You could not have had any sleep last night.' 'No, I did not sleep, I prayed to my God all night, and now I am rejoicing in my Savior.' 'You must be mad,' they said. 'You came last night at seven o'clock and paid the money—here is your signature.'

"I doubted this story, and went to those who had persecuted him thus; they said it was quite true, and some had been converted through it. Then I went to the Christian himself and he also confirmed the truth of the matter. This man was friendless—no one could pay the debt or give his signature save an angel whom God had sent."—*Sadhu Sundar Singh*.

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