



*The days of heaven on the Earth*

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

HAWYIN - CHICAGO

## Some of the Privations of Missionary Life in Tibet

### Would You Pay the Price Tibetans Pay to Become Christians?

V. G. Plymire, in the Christian Assembly, Zion, May 1, 1921.



IN Luke 9:57, 58, we read that a young man came to Jesus and said, "Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest. And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." If you know anything more about that young man after that I wish you would tell me. I find nothing more about him.

There are many people like him today. So long as they find bread and fish on the table, and plenty of clothing, they are willing to follow Jesus, but when it comes to the places where there is nothing to eat, wandering in caves and dens, enduring privations, living alone, cut off from friends and relatives, being hunted like a rabbit, they turn and go the other way, saying, "What is the use? Why should we suffer?" They have never found out the glory and the joy that comes from going through those things for the Lord Jesus. Some one asked me, "Brother, do you find honey in the rocks out in Tibet?" Indeed you do if you are able to break the rocks. I admit it takes dynamite from heaven to break the rocks, some are pretty hard, but the Lord always has the honey.

To reach the "top of the world," the spot to which the Lord has called us, we journey many hundreds of miles inland. From Shanghai we take a river steamer and go to Hankow, the Chicago of China. This is one of the principal ports of China and during high water, ocean liners come up there, about eight hundred miles from the coast. The first time I went we traveled in a house-boat twelve hundred miles inland. We had water from above and from underneath, besides plenty of rats to contend with. Then we traveled inland for eighteen days to our destination. We travel in springless carts, no rubber tires and no good roads. We have mules in China, and sometimes they are all right but other times they are just the opposite. We sleep in Chinese inns and on Chinese beds. The fire-place and the chimney have the same opening. The smoke comes out where the fire goes in. It is no trial to me to live on native food. I like it, but when we go far west we say good-by to rice.

When we reach the border of Tibet we are twenty-eight days from the nearest railroad, practically a thousand miles inland, or as far as from Chicago to New York. The average barn along the roads here is better than our Chinese inns.

The Tibetans are as different from the Chinese as you and I are, except for their color. They are more like our North American Indians than any other people I know of. A good deed they will remember, and a bad one they will not forget; they will pass it down from one generation to another, and will know you though they never know your name. We have traveled in the wake of some globe-trotters, some explorers and some missionaries, and wherever they have been, the natives have a mark on every one of them. They will know you by that. The altitude is the highest in the world, twelve thousand feet. We haven't any roads, only cow-paths, and going over the plateaus there is no one to tell you the way. The mountain-passes are very dangerous and the roads leading up to them are difficult. In traveling through the passes a man will have to take your mule by the head while another takes him by the tail and guide him over, because a slight bump will throw him down into the river several thousand feet below, and you will never see your mule or your luggage again. There is a gale through those passes; if you stop there for even a few minutes it may mean death to your mules; the breeze and the gale seem to chill you through, so the natives are very careful when they come to these passes to go straight through, and in some places the wind is so strong you can scarcely keep on your feet; it lifts you up and carries you through.

In Tibet you depend altogether on the hospitality of the people. They have no inns there. If they take you into their homes all right; if not, you go on and find a place to sleep on the rocks. Then you always light a little fire to keep the wolves and the wild dogs away. If they smell smoke they will not come near; otherwise neither you nor your horse will be safe. It is intensely cold there. I have known it to be as cold as thirty below zero. We have such wind-storms that seem to take the roots right out of the ground. If you have ever been out in one

of those wind-storms with no houses for shelter, little beetles blowing into your face, you can imagine how one feels; like getting off your horse and simply pressing your body into the ground. There are only a few hours in the night when there is not a strong wind.

Then the atmosphere is filled with dust. Sometimes you feel like getting off your horse and going anywhere for a place of shelter. The poor horses go along, their faces as close to the ground as they can get.

I have traveled through snow up to my horse's body in the latter part of May. Frequently you wade through snow up to your knees, and deeper. I remember being out one time on a trip. It was all right when I started, but the second day it snowed and completely covered the tracks over one of China's sacred mountains. It was over a marshy mountain and I could not find the track. I simply stayed on my horse and let him pick his way through. That night the horse took sick. I slept a little while, then traveled on for a little distance. The natives didn't tell me the truth and I traveled on the wrong road. I walked around the most of the night. The next day I traveled

only the skin, but my flesh, and they bled for months. I traveled this way three days and two nights before I got anything to eat. I had money but couldn't buy any food. That is one of the trials. We need men who will not turn back at times like this. You won't die in these hardships. The Lord will give you strength to curb



Mrs. V. G. Plymire's Bible Class of women at Minhsien, China, near Tibet



Mrs. V. G. Plymire's Sunday School in Minhsien, China, near the Tibetan Border

all day through the snow; I hadn't eaten for a day and a night and could find nothing. The following night I entered a little village, but they wouldn't give me a thing. I slept on a cold bed. They heat their beds in Tibet, but the fire in this one went out. When I woke up I found my feet and face were frozen and had cracked open, not

your appetite, and you will be able to get something somewhere along the road. This is the way we get in touch with the people. On that trip when I had those hardships the Lord led me to put an English infidel to thinking, and it wasn't long after that he got saved. He was a very wealthy man and was out there putting up a smelting plant for a British smelting concern. We were out there looking over different minerals; he had a lot of gold in a wheel-barrow, and I began to talk to him about the Lord. "Well," he said, "I take no stock in anything like that. My father was an infidel and he died one of the happiest men you ever saw." But I said some things that put him to thinking, and in a few days he wrote to a minister and asked for a New Testament. He afterwards got saved.

Nine out of every ten Tibetans are thieves, and the men go out and do the robbing. They always carry a sword under their girdle, even if they go only to their next door neighbor. We came one day where no missionary or white man had ever been. The Tibetans were out holding a counsel of war, and they sent us from one village to another. Finally a man told us where there was an empty house, but there

wasn't even a cook-pot in it. Our horses hadn't anything from early morning; we had nothing and no chance to get anything until the next day. One man took pity on us and sent us over a cook-pot with some water. You never know what they will put in it, but we have to trust the Lord about this. Finally they took pity on us, gave us some food and took us over to their house.

We went to bed and a lot of Tibetans came in and held a council of war, encircling around us. They put some wine into a bowl and passed it around, each taking a sip. They came up to where I was; one man drew his sword and others did the same. We sat up and looked at them, looking all the time to the Lord to protect us. The man who took us in encouraged them to have another drink, and they drank until they were obliged to lie down in a drunken stupor. We went to sleep and got up in the morning and went on. Many times our lives have been in danger, but God has protected us. One of our best Tibetan friends was a robber chief who had killed at least five or seven of his countrymen. But that man hasn't the courage to kill a louse. That is because they believe in transmigration, and that at death your soul passes into that of some animal.

The Tibetans are rough and wild, repulsive and uncouth, and it is only the love of Jesus in your heart that draws you out to those rough and ugly-looking people. If the love of Jesus prompts you to go to this people, you will love them in spite of their looks and evil ways. We face things in Tibet I could not tell you about. I talked with Brother Taylor, just returned from the very heart of the French Soudan, and he tells me they have nothing like what we have to face out there. They run around nude and yet are not as low morally as the Tibetan people. In many places they live together more like animals than human beings. About sixty to sixty-five per cent are afflicted with incurable diseases, and they say you will not find one pure girl in the country above sixteen years of age.

The Tibetans never bathe, but grease their bodies with butter; sleeping on those hot beds with all that grease and filth on their bodies, year in and year out, and then giving us the same bed when we go amongst them—you cannot imagine what that means. Where we have good friends they allow us to sleep on the floor, but when we are among strangers we are obliged to sleep where they tell us.

You would be surprised to find how God gives grace to do the hard things. I have always found His grace sufficient for my needs. In their homes they have first the cattle-pen, then the sheep-pen, then the pig-pen, and back of it all the people live. They know they are degraded and that they are sinking lower and lower.

Not one in a hundred of the people are able to read, and even among the priests, few understand what they read, and I have never yet found a woman who could read. We tried hard to get the children, but so far they have not allowed us to have them. The women are treated so mean by their husbands that they take opium to end their lives. There are many cases of demon possession; we see them like when the Lord Jesus was on earth, frothing and foaming at the mouth. They take themselves off in dark rooms and hold communion with demons for weeks at a time. Oh the powers of darkness in those monasteries! If you want to know what hell is like, go in there.

A man was possessed of an evil spirit, and a Chinese Christian heard of him and of his awful condition and went to find him. He found him out on the field thoroughly under the power of the devil. The man said, "I have tried everything to get rid of this; it takes me and throws me down." The Chinese Christian said to him, "I have a cure, a positive cure." The man said, "If you have that cure I want it." So the Chinaman told him it was "Jesus, God's Son"; through His Name demons have come out. They walked along until they came into the house, and he said to the wife and children of this man, who were all heathen, "You have to get down on your knees and call on Jesus." The Lord said He would hear those who called on Him, and all the Chinaman ever knew was what was told him. They knelt down, this Christian prayed, and in the name of Jesus cast out the demon and the man was free. Before that the demon had promised this man who was possessed that he would work miracles through him if he would worship him, and he did. His family heard him worshipping the devil, and he actually healed people. Friends, you and I must live close to God these days so we can distinguish between what He is doing and what the devil is doing. When the Christian cast him out, the demon spoke up, "Have you turned me out for good?" "Yes," he said, "you are out for good." "Then," he said, "I must go. I cannot live where Jesus is Lord."

Friends, the demons know Jesus Christ. In some cases the missionaries have had to fast before they had power over the demon-possessed people. You little realize the awful suffering they endure because of the power of evil in that land. There are some folks who blame the sower for the seed not coming up, but God says His Word shall not return void, and if we have faith and patience there will be a harvest. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Missionary work has been carried on among the Tibetans for perhaps fifty years on the Southern and Western borders, principally by the Moravians. The Chinese have had the Gospel given to them in some way or other for centuries, and you ought to expect some harvest after all that time. We have a few converts among the Tibetans. A Buddhist priest came out and was wonderfully changed. He followed the missionary and was true to God everywhere and every day. Then we had another man who was punished because he became a Christian, was hung up by his thumbs, beaten, and everything he had was taken away from him. He stood true to God and finally everything taken away was restored. There are very few full Tibetan Christians. We have half-castes, but they are under the Chinese government and have religious liberty. If a Tibetan becomes a Christian he is obliged, either to leave his country or lay down his life. They haven't yet been willing to suffer these persecutions for the Lord, so very few of them come out for Christ. There is no industry among the Tibetans. Their livelihood is in their cattle, and as they cannot take their cattle with them, they are holding off. They say, "If I become a Christian, look what I have to give up." There are people at home who have heard the Gospel for years and years, but are not willing to come out for Christ; why should we be surprised that these people, so steeped in sin, superstition, and immorality, are slow to move toward God?

One young man who was interested in the Gospel was thrown over a roof and his neck broken. They cremated his body so there would be no redress, but they failed to cover up a clot of blood, which told the tale. But you could not do anything. There is a great need for missionaries among the Tibetans at this time. The country is not open, but there is much work to be done along the border. I have been further in the interior than any other

missionaries. The Lord has helped us to get in the Gospel and some day it will bring forth fruit. You can travel fifty-four days' journey on horseback and not find a missionary; not even an outstation in all that territory on the border, and you can go up through there with a great deal of safety. The Chinese will protect you and they are quite friendly. The Moravians have been on the border for fifty-five years, and in the beginning they had more graves of missionaries than they had converts, a half Tibetan in two years on the border of Yunnan.

There are fewer missionaries now among the Tibetans than ever before. One has written me recently, "What we need are missionaries who can face anything and never run away." There is nothing that fires my soul more than to look at that land and hear of the missionaries running away. Others who have not our precious Gospel are going ahead, why should we lag behind? You will find the British and American Tobacco Company sending their men all over China; the American Sewing Machine Company, the same. You will find Russellism, Christian Science, Seventh Day Adventism, Catholicism spreading, but we are lagging behind. God only knows the infinite patience it takes to pray and labor, month in and month out, year in and year out, and oftentimes return from a trip heartbroken to have your messages unheeded. But the Lord gives us grace to go back again.

There are some people who like to follow the Lord along the primrose path. The "primrose" is a rose that has no thorns, but I do not want that kind of a path. The disciples when they followed the Lord walked the thorny way. Paul and Silas had "stocks" and they had "bonds." I believe if many people would serve the Lord today as the apostles did, they would have some of the stocks and bonds that Paul and Silas had instead of the kind that are so popular today.

I have no other desire than to be true to the very end to the trust that God has committed to me, to preach the Gospel to a lost world. I'd sooner be out on the lone mountains of Tibet any time than to be President of these United States. There is nothing like this ministry in all the world. I am glad that God counted me faithful. Don't forget to pray for the missionaries that are alone and in hard places. They need your prayers.

## The Ear-Marks of a Consecrated Life

### A Holy Ghost Revival Brings Separation.

Pastor H. W. Mitchell, in The Stone Church, May 15, 1921.



**I** FEEL impressed to speak this afternoon on the subject of Consecration. Most of us feel we are fully consecrated; we come to the altar and as far as we know, give ourselves to God; as far as we know we surrender all to Him, and that is about as far as our idea of consecration goes. But I believe in its effect, it is more than this. What Consecration is and what the benefits received from being fully consecrated to God, is the subject on my heart.

A person who is fully consecrated, is entirely separated from the world. I will read from II Cor. 6:14-18, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? etc. . . . Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you. And will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

When God called Abraham and Abraham obeyed, God covenanted with this man that He would raise up through his seed a nation, and his seed would be as the sands of the sea in number. According to His faithfulness God raised up the children of Israel, a "peculiar" people, a "holy" people; in other words they were to be a people separated from all the people in the world. There is a spiritual truth in this lesson, and that is, that this peculiar people is a type of the church of Jesus Christ today. When I speak of the Church of Jesus Christ I do not mean the visible church, the various denominations; I mean those who have been born of the Spirit. They are to be a separated people, separated from the people of the world.

You can find people today right in our city who profess to be Christians, but if you watch their lives you will find that instead of being in the house of God on the Lord's Day, in an atmosphere where the Spirit of God moves and they can get in touch with Him, they will be in a movie or in some dance hall. It is a fact

that from their lives you cannot tell any difference between a professing church member and a person who makes no pretence, but God never intended it to be that way. I do not believe there is such a person as a worldly Christian. There are many worldly church members, but not worldly Christians. If a Christian becomes worldly it is evident either he never was converted or is backslidden. According to God's Word we are to be a separated people.

The Lord said in the seventh chapter of Deuteronomy, speaking of the dealing of Israel with the nations round about, "When the Lord thy God shall deliver them before thee, thou shalt smite them, and utterly destroy them: thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor show mercy unto them; neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son." In other words, while you live amongst the world you are not to marry therein. I have seen when Satan could not succeed in entrapping some good spiritual people in any other way he led them into marriage with an unbeliever. Friends, I believe if you will allow yourself to get so entangled, it will either be that you will hold your ground and the unbeliever will come your way, or you will go his. But the sad part about it is you usually go his.

I heard a preacher tell of a certain evangelist who had with him two young women who assisted in the meetings. When they were at a certain town these two young women became infatuated with two young men in that town. They came to the evangelist one day and said to him, "We want to notify you that when this meeting is over we cannot go with you any more. We will have to give up the work." He asked them "Why?" and they told him they were going to marry those two young men. He said, "Are they Christians?" "No, but they expect to become Christians." He told them to read II Cor. 6:14 and pray about that before they made any decision. He knew it was a snare of the devil. In a few days one of them came to him, her face lighted up with joy, and said, "I have prayed through on the matter and see it as you do. I have notified the young man

I cannot marry him and I am going on in the Lord's work. The other one came, her face set and determined, and said, "I have made up my mind I will marry." "Have you prayed about it?" "I do not need to pray. I have made up my mind," and she left the evangelistic party at that time. The other girl who prayed through became a wonderful preacher, and God marvelously used her in the ministry. Some three or four years after this incident, this same evangelist was in the city, and was holding a meeting down in the slums; after he had spoken to the crowd that usually frequent a mission hall, there came up a woman, her face marred by sin, which showed the life she had been living. She said, "Do you remember me?" "No." "I was So-and-so. I married that man when you advised me not to do so, and he never became a Christian. I went with him to the places he went. He had me drink and led me down to this life of shame. Then he left me and I am ruined and in disgrace." Isn't this a striking example of disobeying God's Word?

But the question of marriage is not the only one; God doesn't want you to be yoked with unbelievers in any way. I do not mean that you should not be sociable, that you should hold yourself aloof, but I believe you should not be yoked up with them, be associated with them, and go to the places they go. If you are a Christian you are to be separate, set an example of a godly life, and conduct yourself like Jesus Christ. If the religion of Jesus Christ is not something better than the world can give, there is no use wasting words, but thank God it is all that He intended it to be.

Now the Apostle says, "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?" You can no more have fellowship with unrighteous people than you can put light and darkness together. Light has no communion with darkness. You turn light into a dark room, and the darkness disappears. You cannot mix oil and water; neither can you fellowship with unbelievers, for their hearts are set on the things of the world. Christ said if we would be His disciples we should deny ourselves and follow Him. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." There are some people who think you cannot live soberly and righteously and godly in this world, that as long as you are in this

flesh you will have to sin; that it is the flesh that sins and not the spirit, but I believe you can live a godly life here and now. Sin is in the heart. I heard a minister use this illustration: There was a colored person down in the South who wanted his neighbor's chickens and he went over and helped himself. He was arrested for it and brought before the Judge, who asked him if he wanted to make his confession. The man said, "This old black body of mine saw that chicken. This old black body of mine wanted that chicken. This old black body of mine went and took that chicken, and this black body of mine ate it." And the judge said, "Well, I will sentence that black body of yours to sixty days in jail and you can go where you want to." So a lot of people today are going around and doing things in the flesh, and they say it is not in the heart to do it, but God is holding them responsible for the deeds done in the body.

The Philistines took the ark of God and brought it into the house of Dagon and set it by Dagon, the Philistines' god. But the God of the Israelites would not allow such an act to go unpunished. "And when they of Ashdod arose early in the morning, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the ground before the ark of the Lord." If you will read the rest of the story you will find the punishment was so severe they were glad to get rid of the ark. You cannot have the Spirit of God in your life and have fellowship with idols. If the Spirit of God is in your life you will get under conviction and realize you have to get rid of the flesh. Paul said, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness but rather reprove them." There are people who *approve* of the unfruitful works of darkness, but the Christian should *reprove* them and live out and out for God.

I give you warning: if you do not separate from the crowd that live in the flesh, you will suffer with them when they are called to judgment. I'd rather come out now and be separate unto God than come under judgment hereafter. There was a time when there was trouble in the camp of the Israelites. Korah, Dathan and Abiram came up and tried to bring confusion into the ranks by saying they were priests just as much as the others were. They didn't recognize God's servants, and Moses said, "We will call God to judge this matter." The Lord made His appearance, and this was the message that came to the children of Israel: "Separate yourselves from the tents of these wicked men,

and touch nothing of theirs, lest ye be consumed in all their sins."

The thought is if you do not separate from the ungodly crowd here, when the wrath of God comes you will be consumed with them. I do not care what church you belong to; if you do not separate from the ungodly you will perish with them. God said to the Israelites, "Touch nothing of theirs," and Paul gives the same message, "Touch not the unclean thing, and come out from among them."

In this life we have everything we need to enjoy and when God gives us that which is lawful and right, it is enough; but there are things about which He says, "Do not touch."

When Ezra had a revival in Israel he said, "Now therefore make confession unto the Lord God of your fathers, and do His pleasure; and separate yourselves from the people of the land, and from the strange wives." Now what had they done? They had intermarried with some of the heathen people, and God called upon them to separate themselves from them. A real Holy Ghost revival brings separation. Jesus said, "I came not to send peace but a sword," and separation comes right in the household. Real separation means that we are to dedicate ourselves to the Lord. When Solomon dedicated the temple, the glory filled it, and I cannot but believe that when the last barrier is out of the way and your life is dedicated to the Lord, He will fill His temple.

In the sixth chapter of Romans Paul is writing of sin and of what the grace of God will do for us; he refers to baptism, speaks of being buried with Christ; first death, then burial, and then resurrection; those are the steps to be fully dedicated to God. Dead to sin, your old self-life, the old man with all the evil deeds buried, and resurrected a new creation. Then he says, "Yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God." So when you are fully consecrated, dedicated to God, and He possesses you entirely, you will be unconcerned about many things pertaining to this life; they will not affect you at all.

The Bible tells us that the unregenerated person is dead in trespasses and sins; he is just as dead as the people whose bodies lie out in the cemetery. They are not aware of conditions in this life. And so it is with the soul that is dead in trespasses and sin. He knows nothing of the things of God. But after he has been

resurrected, he is dead to the things of this world; his interests and his thoughts are on the things of God. I read of a noted author who was so taken up with his books that he sat in his study day and night. His friends became concerned about him; he never paid any attention to pleasure or the things taking place in the world; his whole thought and time were on his work. He was oblivious to all around him, and when questioned about it he said, "I would not go around the corner to see the world." I believe we can be so taken up with Jesus Christ that we will have no time for the sins of the flesh. A life of consecration is a life out and out for God. It is not secret discipleship. When Jesus was here in the world there were those who were out and out disciples. We find also there were some secret believers. John tells us there were many of the rulers of the Jews who believed on Him but they feared the Jews. They didn't confess Him openly lest they be put out of the synagogue. They were secret disciples but not outwardly. Jesus said, "He that is not for me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." I want to apply that to the church of Jesus Christ. If you are not trying to get people to God you are scattering abroad. If you are out and out for Jesus, when you are with a worldly crowd you will not put your light under a bushel.

If you are wholly consecrated you will not love your life. "He that loveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." May God deliver us from a life of ease, from living our own life, and help us to live a life of sacrifice.

Now the benefits of consecration: When you are fully consecrated you are a son. He said, "Touch not the unclean thing and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and I will be a Father to you and ye shall be my sons and daughters." We also read that the Spirit of God will bear witness to our spirits that we are sons of God. It brings assurance to our hearts, it brings light to our souls. It gives us an eye that is single to the glory of God, and if your eye be single your whole body will be full of light. When you are fully consecrated and altogether on God's side He brings you into a place of safety. If you are altogether His, then you are under the shelter of the 91st Psalm, in the place where "no plague shall come nigh your dwelling"; though there be destruction and pestilence all around yet you are safe.



Now how are we to consecrate? The first step is to decide, Am I walking in the light I have today? I am to give up all the sins of the flesh, to live for His glory, an unselfish life. Can I surrender certain things that are in my life? You know Joshua called the people to decide. He said, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, the God your fathers served on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Now what will you do? Follow the example of worldly church members, indifferent and lukewarm, whom God will spue out of His Mouth? Or will you say, "As for me, I will walk in the light"? Time is precious and the moments are passing. It is said of Alexander the Great when he lay siege to a city, that he put a bright light which meant if any of the inhabitants of that besieged city would come out while the light was burning their lives would be spared, but if they refused to come out, when the light was extinguished

none would be spared. On Calvary's cross God set up the Light of the world. If you will come to Him while the Light is shining you will have life, but if you will put it off until the darkness sets in, there will be no more mercy. I am glad I said to God, "I will go the whole way with Thee." It means a full dedication to Christ, to present your body a living sacrifice. It means to reckon yourself dead to sin.

In conclusion I call your attention to these verses in Romans 8:35-39, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . . Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

### "I Was Robbed"



YOUNG brother, a preacher of the Gospel, writing to the publishers of this paper, says: "Please send me your valuable paper, The Last Hour. I was robbed of the Book of Matthew in a certain Bible School, and thank God it was restored to me by reading Mr. Mauro's book, 'After This.'"

Testimonies like the above are reaching us from every part of the world. But, while we rejoice that not a few of God's beloved children are now finding deliverance from the most mysterious and most ruinous error that ever found acceptance among them, we are nevertheless deeply concerned because of the many thousands who, like the writer of the above letter, have been "robbed" (it is not too strong a word) of that most precious portion of the Word of God—the Sermon on the Mount—and who have as yet no suspicion of the wrong that has been done to them. The reason for this is that the agency for its accomplishment was "a certain Bible School," where the fundamentals of the faith are maintained, or perhaps a thoroughly orthodox teacher or lecturer or writer.

Lately the writer of these lines was speaking in a large city. His subject was the Sermon on the Mount; and he called attention to the infinite value to every child of God of that matchless

utterance, pointing out how the quality of *Divine Grace* pervades every part of it. After the address a young man pushed to the front and wrung the speaker's hand, exclaiming in a voice that quivered with emotion, "I thank you, sir. I am a preacher of the Gospel. They had taken from me the Sermon on the Mount. But tonight it has been restored to me. I have a bigger Bible than when I came into this hall."

From another letter of recent date we quote the following: "Allow me to send you a very genuine word of thanks for the work you are doing in exposing that deadly error of the Scofield Bible—the postponement theory, and the implications thereof. That theory *practically killed the Gospels for me!* But—I am delivered! and hope to be used of God to save others from the same pitfall."

Here is a striking example of what has been taking place among us in a wholesale way. For when matters have come to such a pass that acknowledged leaders and teachers are permitted to say, unrebuked, that the words of our blessed Lord's Mouth are "*law*, and that raised to its highest, most DEATHFUL and DESTRUCTIVE potency" (Dr. Scofield in *Our Hope* magazine) what other result can follow than that, for many of the household of faith, the Gospels will be "practically killed"?

## A PLAIN DUTY

Our course, therefore, in regard to this serious matter is quite plain. Inasmuch as we see clearly what is going on at the present time in circles where there is much knowledge of the Truth and much love for it, we are bound to call upon all the members of the great "Household of God," so far as we can reach them by voice or pen, to take notice of the following facts, which are of *vital concern to everyone of us*:

*First.* The Sermon on the Mount is the *special message* of our "Father in heaven" to His own born-again children on earth. It was brought to them by God's own Son; as it is written: "God has in these last days spoken *unto us* BY HIS SON" (Heb. 1: 1, 2, see also John 17:8). Because of the intrinsic importance of that message, and because also of the dignity of the One Who uttered it, it has the highest possible claim upon our submission. It has been given, moreover as the *foundation* for our life-structure; and all who hear those "sayings" of His, will be judged by them in the coming day (Mat. 7:24-28). Whoever, therefore, deprives a child of God of this, his heavenly Father's message, does to that "little one" a cruel and irreparable injury. We cannot, in this short paper, do more than state the bare facts. Detailed information as to the supreme value, to the children of God, of the Sermon on the Mount, will be found in our recent publications. (Send to publishers for book-list.)

*Second,* that a new doctrine—*never heard of in all the Christian centuries until our day*—has sprung up, and has spread with amazing rapidity among those who are most zealous for the truth of God, the main purpose and result of that doctrine being to *discredit the Sermon on the Mount* in the eyes of God's people, and to persuade them that it is not for the children of God, but for a yet future dispensation.

Thus it is boldly declared, by the leaders of this new school of doctrine, that "the Sermon on the Mount is law and not grace" (Scofield Ref. Bible, p. 989). This takes "the doctrine of Christ" away from this present dispensation of "Grace" and assigns it to that of "Law," thus making our Lord a teacher of Judaism, not of Christianity.

Particularly do we call upon every one who loves the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity to take notice of the following words, penned by Dr. Scofield and published by Mr. A. C. Gaebelien in his magazine *Our Hope*, Dec., 1919: "*The Sermon on the Mount is law, and that raised to*

*its highest, most deathful, and destructive potency.*"

We do not know how to express ourselves in regard to these fearful words, which do such deep dishonor to our heavenly Father's message to His own begotten "children," and such incalculable injury to them. But our purpose will be gained if we can but induce our fellow saints to *ponder the words we have quoted*, and to consider what must be their effect upon those who receive them. So we simply declare our deep conviction that the children of God are at this time exposed to no evil that is more serious or that has wrought more harm to them, than this new doctrine, which poisons the pure doctrine of the grace of God at its very source, and which is now found between the covers of a popular "Bible."

Let no one suppose that the great enemy of truth has not other effective methods besides the "Higher Criticism," whereby the people of God may be "robbed" of portions of Scripture which are of priceless value to them.

## OUR RESPONSIBILITY

Because of the facts briefly stated above, it becomes the solemn duty of this writer, and of all to whom the knowledge of those facts may come, to cry a loud warning against the error referred to, and against the agencies whereby it is being propagated. To keep silence under such circumstances would be culpable.

In discharging this responsibility we are not "attacking" any one. We have not consciously uttered a word that is wanting in respect for our brother, Dr. Scofield; and we think likely that we spend more time in praying for him than some of his injudicious friends, who seem to think that the reputation for "scholarship and spirituality" of a poor mortal man is of more consequence than the welfare of tens of thousands of God's children, or than the honor that is due to the words and commandments of Him Who "made Himself of *no reputation.*"

It does no wrong to a teacher and writer to *note his own teachings in his own words*, and to compare them with the Word of God. We are *commanded* to do this (1 Thess. 5:21); the present writer has done no more; and, the facts being as stated, he could do no less.

Some think it wrong to name those by whom the error in question is being spread among the saints. But Paul did not think so. He said plainly, "Of whom is Hymenaeus and Philetus, who concerning the truth have erred" (2 Tim. 2:17, 18). Moreover, our warning would be without

value if we failed to name the agencies by which the mischief is being done.

A final word as to the origin of the error itself. We are not ignorant of the sources whence the materials used in Dr. Scofield's notes were gathered. He himself claims no originality for these, but (in the preface to his Bible), frankly says: "The Editor disclaims originality. Other men have labored, he has but entered into their labors." The sources referred to were the writings of godly and spiritual men, sound in the faith. But unhappily the germ of the "postponement theory," and of the idea that the Gospels are "Jewish" and "legal," was found in their writings. Coming from such sources it would naturally be accepted, as indeed it has been, without question. And from that tiny germ, the now widespread Upas-tree of error has developed. We know this, for we got it ourselves from the same sources.

But the facts of the case have now been fully exposed; and it would not be a kindness to those who have been conspicuously identified with it to permit its destructive work to go on simply because the process of arresting it may involve for them a little (perhaps salutary) humiliation. It would be a great triumph of grace if they would frankly acknowledge their error.—Reprinted from *The Last Hour*.

### Healed when Dying in South China

When you get out into heathen darkness; out where the storms rage and all the enemy's power and darkness and oppression is thick, then to see Jesus step out like the disciples saw Him step out on the waves, and there is no other help, then you have a Christ you have never had before.

On the tenth of April I was dying of double pneumonia in Wouchow, South China. Two blessed Christian doctors were in the hospital praying for me. Knowing that I was trusting in Christ alone they offered no medicine, offered no advice as far as science was concerned, but being men of prayer they prayed for my healing. I figured I had only a few hours to live. My lungs had closed until there was just a little breathing space.

I had been struggling against the forces of darkness in a heathen land; it had been a long, hard lesson of faith through the weeks and months of meetings after meetings, sometimes leaving my wife at some central place and running off to a side journey. The strain had been

so heavy up to this time, I found I was struggling, yet my faith was seemingly reaching out holding on to God. Mrs. Rader was holding my hand watching the pulse beat. As the moments wore away the doctors left the room, whether it was that they might not see me breathe my last, I do not know, but she was left alone.

In a moment or two I fell into a doze and I dreamed I met the Lord Jesus in the path. I am glad I met Him. If His face looks anything like the face I saw in my dream I wish He would come this morning. I had been given a task in my dream. It was to take some logs down to a certain place. I was doing my best to take them, had taken off the bark and taken off the limbs. I had no horse and no one to lift the logs. I was tugging away; the logs caught in the other trees, and it was hard work. As I was pulling the logs, He appeared in my path. I said to Him, "I am doing my best." He said, "You are having a hard time." "Yes, they are so long they catch in the other trees." He said, "Why don't you look over there?" pointing as He spoke a little distance away. I looked and here was a silvery stream. "Why don't you push them over there and ride on them?" I pushed the logs over and I went riding down the stream. When I awoke I knew what it meant. "He is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all we can ask or think." "Why," I said, "when you trust God it doesn't make any difference. I am floating like a log."—Paul Rader, May 22, '21.

### Campmeetings

Byesville, Ohio.—Aug. 19-Sept. 4, Campmeeting by the Pentecostal Assembly at Byesville. A number of workers and missionaries will be present. For particulars address the pastor, J. Clark Soules, 202 Meek Ave.

Portland, Ore.—July 3-Sept. 4, Ninth Annual Campmeeting of the Pentecostal Assembly at 112 First St., cor. Washington, 25 miles from the center of the city, 65th Ave. and 50th St. Pastor, Will C. Trotter, 212 E. 30th St.

Atlanta, Ga.—June 16-26, Beulah Heights Campmeeting, Ormewood Avenue. A six weeks' term of Bible School will follow the campmeeting. For particulars write Mrs. Hattie M. Barth, 200 Berne St.

\* \* \*

We receive letters continually regarding the Bosworth Meetings. They will be held in a large tent at Cicero and North Ave., under the auspices of the Humboldt Park Gospel Tabernacle, June 19th to Aug. 1st. For information please address the Pastor, J. O. Wester, 3403 Pierce Avenue. Office phone, Spaulding 3801.

# The Latter Rain Evangel

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## Notes

### The Desperate Need

When Paul Rader visited heathen lands and felt the dense darkness with which the missionary is surrounded day after day, month after month, and year after year, he realized the great lack of prayer on the part of the church at home. At his first meeting held in this city after his return he made these significant remarks:

"It is not a sentimental thing when missionaries ask you to pray for them. If in America we could have a concentrated work of prayer, every missionary in the world would reap a harvest. But you don't pray as you should. It is only prayer that will get things from hell and pull them from the devil. The men and women working in foreign lands are laboring under the very battlements of hell. If I ever had an ambition I have lost it. I have only one desire and that is to know the will of the Lord Jesus Christ and do it. If I ever was a missionary in any sense I am ten times more a missionary now. If the Gospel works at home, it is the same old Gospel all the world around, and it is the Gospel that does the work. 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it (not man) is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.' As soon as you learn the language and tell it, it does its own work in the world.

"I have been asked, 'Is the famine district of China what they say it is?' How could you say it? How could you tell anybody that a million people are starving to death, absolutely helpless?

The whole world is in agony, in travail, and in pain. If you sit here in any kind of blessing or joy, it is because Jesus is here; because of the salt that is here. God pity poor America if the salt loses its savor. I fear we are losing our savor. We are pointing with scorn to some of the great things Jesus Christ has offered.

"We will go to pieces in America unless we get Jesus. Unless a tremendous revival comes to America we are gone with the other nations. God hid this continent until 1492; then gave us civilization and the Gospel to evangelize the world. O America! thy machinery! thy battleships! thy buildings that stretch themselves on the inland seas! These great cities! The curse of God and the terrors of the Lord will be round about thee!

"God never put this wealth in this land that we might hoard it up, but that we might pour it out, to give the Gospel to the ends of the earth. You sit here with an education. Why did He give it to you? You sit here with money, with a library, with a home, with opportunities in life such as no other people have. Why do you have it? That you might take the Bread of Life to the perishing millions."

\* \* \*

Shall we be content to enjoy these privileges and fail God in His plans for evangelization? Are we doing our best to send out the Gospel to the perishing? We know there is serious financial depression all over the country, but regret our missionaries should be the ones to suffer. One whose heart is on fire for the salvation of the heathen, has taken some music pupils that she might be able to give more to the field, which has enabled her to double her contribution. Another is doing her own washing and ironing instead of hiring it done, and while her hands are busy, her heart is going up to God in prayer for the mission fields. Is there some sacrifice that you might make to help in this time of stringency?

Our missionary receipts for May were about half the amount received for April, and the need will be greater now that the hot season is on. Our missionaries must leave the plains for the hills and the coast. The heat is unbearable, and so saps their vitality that they have no strength for their work when the cool season comes. One of our best missionaries crippled herself for many months by staying on her station in the intense heat. The result was a lasting fever which incapacitated her for service during the whole of the cool season; and she has not yet regained her full endurance. We trust our readers will bear

in mind these needs and help our missionaries to have a time of rest from the heat and heavy duties of their stations.

### Missionary Home Meetings

"I enjoy these monthly meetings more than any other service I attend," said the Treasurer of the Missionary Rest Home at the close of our last public meeting when the blessing of God fell "like rain upon the mown grass." This is the sentiment of a number who frequent these meetings and enjoy the refreshing that comes from heaven.

God always meets us in the precious prayer-time when our hearts go out to missions and missionaries in all lands. The missionaries in the Home bring us in close touch with the dark spots of the earth which have been watered by their prayers and tears.

Miss Bernice Pottorff from Liberia, told us how God called her to what many considered the hardest field, but when Brother Plymire from the Tibetan border recounts his hardships, it would seem that Tibet eclipses all for suffering and privation. Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomee who spent two or three months sowing and reaping in Southern Illinois, told of privations almost as severe as those in heathen lands. But the fifty or sixty souls born into the kingdom more than compensated for all their hardships.

Tears fell like rain from the faces of the missionaries as we sang with uplifted hand, "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow." But they were tears of joy that they had been counted worthy to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

This Monthly Fellowship Meeting is held at the Home, 1848 Bernice Ave., the first Wednesday night of the month. A weekly prayer-meeting is held every Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 which is open to the public. Pray for the Home, its interests, its missionaries and the Matron and her helper.

### A Startling Revelation

The following article from The New York World presents some startling facts: 40,000 pastorless churches in the United States! Oberlin College, the great stronghold of Finney's day, had not one single candidate for the ministry in its graduating class last year. Harvard University, originally established to educate young men and prepare them for the ministry, sends forth a dwindling number yearly. The same is true of Princeton and Wesleyan universities. What is the cause? The teaching of Modernism and

the destructive criticism of the Word of God that emanates from these schools of learning. Take the cross, the atoning blood, the supernatural out of the Word of God, and nothing is left that attracts. Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, is the power that draws. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

Far better is it for our young men to go into business and into professional life than to assume the sacred office of minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and leave Him out. But God will not be without His ministers. He will choose from the humbler walks of life those who will preach the Gospel in its simplicity. Men will fail God, but He will never be without His witnesses. He who can make the stones to cry out in praises to Him, will equip for service those whom He can use to preach the full Gospel.

#### PREACH OLD TRUTHS AND RELIGION WILL ATTRACT

The leaders of many of the larger Protestant denominations are beginning to be seriously concerned over the dearth of ministers and candidates for the ministry. There are now 40,000 pastorless churches in the United States, according to an estimate made at the recent meeting in Boston of the Federal Council of Churches. The number of young men entering the theological seminaries has steadily decreased, and many of the colleges that used to send their finest young men to the divinity schools are now sending them to the schools of law, medicine and business instead.

The situation is not confined to any one church or section of the country, but seems to afflict all the Protestant bodies. The Roman Catholics still have more priests than churches, but in the Protestant churches there are about 40 per cent more parishes than there are ministers to serve them. In the South, for example, there are said to be 3,000 Baptist churches with no pastor. In the same section there are 1,800 Methodist churches with no preacher and about 1,000 Episcopal and 1,000 Presbyterian churches in a like condition. Efforts are being made in some of these churches to develop groups of laymen to serve as lay preachers or lay readers as they are known in the Episcopal Church. Similar conditions prevail in many sections of New England, in the Central States and in the West. There are pastorless churches not many miles from New York.

#### DEARTH OF CANDIDATES

The alarming feature is the dearth of candidates for the ministry. Take a strictly church college, like Oberlin College, in Ohio, for example. This was founded by Congregationalists, has always been a strong church school and has annually graduated many young men to enter the divinity schools in preparation for the ministry. But the graduating class which was turned out at Oberlin last June contained not a single candidate for the ministry. Harvard, which was originally

established to provide "an educated ministry for the churches" and which of late years has been a chief source of supply for the Unitarian and Congregational ministries, has been furnishing a dwindling number of candidates in divinity. Princeton, always an important contributor to the Presbyterian ministry, shows a similar falling off. Wesleyan University in Connecticut and the Ohio Wesleyan University are furnishing fewer Methodist preachers now than before the war.

In 1916 the Protestant Episcopal Church in the

United States had an enrollment of 692 "postulants"—young men who had signified their intention of entering the ministry of that church. Today the Episcopal postulants number 390. New ministers licensed by the Presbyterian Church in 1915 numbered 259; last year the number was only 169. Practically all the seminaries show smaller entering classes than they had before the war, though in practically all of the academic colleges, universities and technical schools the entering classes are larger.

## Sowing and Reaping in Foreign Lands



HE work in all the stations in South China was never so promising as it is today, and the missionaries feel well repaid for their months and years of sowing. Many of them are reaping the result of seed sown by hands that have long ago been laid to rest, but God's promise is being fulfilled; the Word which went forth has been accomplishing definite work in hearts and lives.

"Each month is better than the preceding one," writes Brother Kelley. What could be more encouraging than this? "Others first," has been the secret of God's blessing upon the work at Sai Nam. The missions in South China have looked upon Brother Kelley as a father, and when there was land to buy, buildings to repair, locations to secure, natives to discipline, converts to baptize, churches to be set in order, the missionaries always consulted Brother Kelley, who never failed to respond. He attributes God's blessing on their work to the fact that he has labored on that principle.

They have just purchased land in the Hakka country for a school building, which is bought and paid for. Their present school has outgrown their quarters, and out of thirty-two pupils, seven are preparing for the Lord's work.

"Seven new converts have been added to the church at Sam Shui and the Sunday School averages 102. They have had to enlarge the chapel to hold the people, and yet it is too small.

At Canton, Brother Kelley recently assisted Miss Milligan in a four days' meeting. Sixteen came to the altar and sought the Lord, and three of these received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

All of South China seems to be open to the Gospel, and revival fires are burning at every station. The only lack is workers to take care of the hungry souls that come for the Bread of Life.

### Who Will Help?

"Truly God has blest us in this move," writes Miss Myrtle Bailey of their new building project. "If you could see the precious sacrifice on the part of the members, you would thank God. Not only is He blessing in this business venture, but is giving showers of blessing. Of course it means suffering. God has taken Miss Ledbetter and me down to the depths in humiliation until we

seemed to be reduced to ashes, but He gives beauty for ashes, and Paul, said, 'When I am weak, then am I dynamite.' so we are encouraged by the Word.

"I appreciate your words of warning about property trustees. We realize this is necessary, for we have seen the failure of others. We expect to have the property to belong to the people who, under God, have given their money to it, so we are arranging to have it held by the Assemblies of God. Miss Ledbetter and I are not afraid of our interests being jeopardized. We can trust that matter in God's hands.

"Gold was better when we made the purchase than it has been for years, so the time was propitious for buying when we did. We made the first two payments and want to make the heaviest and last payment July 1st. This will purchase the site only. It is a valuable site; two other denominations were trying to get in that locality but we committed it to the Lord, and as we put our feet into the Red Sea and exercised faith, the waves rolled back. The site is costing \$2,425 gold, and we will need \$5,000 more to build.

"When we first came to this city there was no protesting voice. The worldly denominations were all the people knew; their converts were cigarette-smokers, theatre-goers, wine-drinkers, and gamblers. People wanted to be saved but such worldliness was no inducement. We are getting them because we are 'hot-hearted,' as they say, and give them a Gospel that separates from the world and sinful pleasures."

This city of Fat Shan is a most important center; the population is a million. The present quarters have been crowded out again and again; people who want to be saved cannot get in to hear the Gospel. We, the people at home, have the privilege of helping them put up a building that will accommodate the crowds, and where the full Gospel will go forth. Perhaps you have not been able to do much for God in the homeland. You are disappointed that your life has not counted more for Him, and that you cannot look back on your efforts as a soul-winner with satisfaction. But here is an opportunity to redeem yourself. You can invest in a soul-saving station in a city of a million inhabitants where the opportunities are boundless. Souls saved in South China through your sacrifice will abound to your ac-

count, and will be jewels which will adorn your diadem in the great crowning day. Let us come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty forces of evil in that great city, for God has much people there.

### New Lepers' Home

"Tomorrow," writes James Harvey, Nawabganj, India, on April 19th, "we open our Lepers' Home. The grass sheds will be destroyed and the lepers will move into an eight-roomed building made of sun-dried bricks with a good, tiled roof, verandah, doors and windows. It will last for years." Brother Harvey shows the practical side of his nature when he asks, "Did they need this home? Had God the money to build it? Certainly, millions of money. Could He give me the strength to get it done? Surely. Could I get material and workers? Plenty. Then why not get the work done?"

He is an indefatigable worker. He has opened his compound to the poor, the aged and the leprous; also started a Boys' School. Besides this he keeps up the evangelistic side and says the work in general has grown five times what it was before he opened up to the poor, which he considers God's seal upon the step. The indirect result is indeed far-reaching. The heathen community around have been impressed by the love and sacrifice manifested at Sharannagar through their efforts to help the poor in a way that preaching alone would never have done.

### "A Great Tragedy"

The Pentecostal missions in Liberia have just passed through waters of deep sorrow; "the hardest test they have ever had," writes Bro. Wm. Johnson. They had just planted a rice-farm, and the school boys were watching the birds so that they would not pick up the rice as soon as it was planted. At noon a storm arose, and a tree under which seven of the boys took shelter, was struck by lightning. All seven of the boys were struck to the ground, three of whom were killed outright; the other four recovered. As the news spread, the heathen gathered around the mission, beating their drums, wailing and muttering ominously, all their superstitious dread and fear being revived. "Such an occurrence at home, would be very sad," writes Miss Nygaard, "but here it is a *great tragedy*. They beat their war-drum and people came running and screaming from every way, crying and screaming. 'Who has done it? 'Who is the witch?' 'The Mission has been witched and we must take our children.'"

Only those who have worked in Africa know the heart-ache and the keen disappointment to those on the field as they see their efforts of years to implant the Gospel thus ruthlessly overrun by the powers of darkness in a moment. For the most part the mission boys were very brave and remained true, but the heathen found two witches upon whom they put the blame and gave them "sass-wood."

A fight between two of the tribes seemed imminent in consequence, but the missionaries succeeded in allaying the trouble by much effort and prayer, though the devil-doctors immediately began selling ju-jus to keep lightning away.

A few days later a tiger entered the mission yard at Gropaka and killed a boy twelve years old, which brought added sorrow to the faithful band.

Such trials as these would well-nigh discourage anyone who did not have God's vision of those lost souls. But seeing Him who purchased these souls at such a tremendous cost, gives them courage to press on in the battle, believing that when the enemy comes in like a flood, God will raise up a standard.

The native preachers who went to the Pahn tribe, came back with a good report. Two chief men and others came with them to ask for a missionary.

\* \* \*

Visiting in the homes of native Chinese in Yushan, Harland Lawler writes of the change wrought in those homes by the Gospel. Instead of the worship of idols, the sound of singing and prayer to the True God is going forth. Where the walls were formerly decorated with pictures of heathen gods, you will now see large New Testament pictures with scripture verses underneath. This is a silent witness to their heathen neighbors that they belong to Jesus.

### Testing Days

Mrs. Marion Wittich Keller writes from Kisumu, British East Africa, of testing days, both temporal and physical: "Many times we almost succumb under the many great burdens in this hot climate. Mr. Keller has much fever. He is drawing his life daily for the many duties that befall him. The other week he baptized eighteen converts who proved true to their profession for over a year. The morning of the baptismal service he had high fever, and had to trust God to keep him as he went into the water, which He did.

"Plague has been raging in this part of the country and has taken three of our best girls. We still have twenty-five girls and twenty boys. So you see what a family we have to care for."

The Kellers have been tested along financial lines. A number who promised to keep the work on their hearts have failed in their promise and lost their share in the sowing and reaping. If we in the homeland fail to hold up the missionary in faith and prayer, God will provide in some other way for those who trust Him, but we will lose our reward.

\* \* \*

Vernon Elliott, a converted soldier from the British Army, called into the Lord's work, has been sowing the seed in Central India. He traveled over 150 miles by road, visiting every village he could find. Thousands heard the Gospel for the first time in districts neglected by the older mis-

sions. "One Brahmin schoolmaster was greatly touched, and it seemed that he would be converted, but he hesitated to take the final step. If he comes out for the Lord he will have a very hard time for he will be the only Christian in his village." He asked for a New Testament that he might read for himself and invited Mr. Elliott to speak in his school of over seventy boys.

Brother Hansen of Pekin, writes in detail of Mrs. Hansen's sickness and death on Easter Sunday. Mrs. Hansen, Miss Letta Teuber and a Chinese sister visited a poor home to learn if they needed help. They found the mother of the home lying dead on the Chinese Stone k'ang. The result of that visit was that they all three took typhus fever. Miss Teuber and the Chinese sister recovered, although they almost despaired of Miss Teuber's life, but Bro. Hansen writes that the Lord had mercy on them and did not permit them to have sorrow upon sorrow. Mrs. Hansen on account of her overworked condition was not able to battle against the fever. A few days before she passed away she repeated over and over again, "When the saints come marching home!" Her husband writes, "She was one of many saints who knew how to lay hold of God. She prayed me into the kingdom and many others. Her works do follow her."

#### From the Famine District

Of the famine Brother Hansen writes on April 28th:

"Sometimes God must even cause a famine to come to a nation, in order to get His Word to the people. This seems to be the case here in North China. No doubt the daily papers have written many articles on the subject, 'Famine in North China.' Though I have not read any papers from the U. S., yet I know that no article published could be exaggerated; in fact, it is impossible to pen conditions as they are. Some places are worse than others.

"It is heart-rending to see the poor people coming for their grain, and many of them with not sufficient strength to carry it away. In our province the ground is parched and dry for want of rain. The spring crops of wheat are already dead. If rain does not fall soon there will be a worse famine than at the present time.

"We are distributing grain to 7,500 starving men, women, and children. How happy they are to receive their grain. We have to stop them from worshipping us, and point them to the God of heaven. At present we have four native evangelists working among the famine sufferers. Every morning we gather together those that have their grain tickets and arrange them in a large group, and preach the Gospel to them for an hour or more. We make a special effort to emphasize the name of 'Jesus,' because very few of them have ever heard that name. I'm sure that they will not forget His Blessed Name. We make them repeat it many times. It is wonderful how attentively they listen to the Gospel.

"Beloved, think of these poor people living since last fall on the roots of a grass (called p'u ken) with dried apricot leaves that fell last fall and a little sweet potato tops mixed in. From the above articles they bake a biscuit that is very bitter. The result of this kind of diet has caused nearly every one to become constipated, and also to have hemorrhages of the bowels.

"I am sure if the dear saints that have sent their offerings to be used for Famine Relief work in North China could step over here and see conditions as they are, it would convince them that what they gave was so ordered of the Lord. Prov. 19:17.

"I wish to thank every dear saint that has sent offerings for Famine Relief whether through *The Latter Rain Evangel* or through other distributing centers or by private letter. God richly bless you one and all, and may your gifts sent be the means of helping many to find the 'Pearl of Great Price.'"

#### The Harvest Time

SAY not ye, there are yet four months,"  
For harvest time to come;  
Behold! Behold! the whitened grain!  
Harvest is almost gone.

The Master's call rang loud and long,  
These many years ago;  
He's calling still for you and me,  
The precious seed to sow.

The call is also a command,  
"Go into all the world."  
Be quick to reap the ripened grain!  
With whitened heads all curled.

What shall we to our Master say,  
If Him we do not heed?  
To stir ourselves with quickened zeal,  
To reap souls with all speed.

Awake and up while it is day!  
The harvest indeed is great.  
Where are the reapers for the grain,  
To be garnered e'er too late.

Oh, let me to the harvest go!  
Pray, do not hold me fast;  
Do send me forth with quickened speed,  
To be at "home" at last.

I long to see those faces dear,  
Radiant with glory above;  
Led by me to the Saviour's feet,  
Thru His redeeming love.

They're calling for me, "Come again,  
We miss your presence here;  
Oh don't delay, but come at once,  
We need your fervent cheer."

Afric's shores! how I long for thee!  
In this land I cannot stay.  
Pray then for me that I may go,  
To that land so far away.

Written on April 20, 1921, the Twentieth Anniversary of my first sailing to Africa, April 20, 1901. What blessed memories!  
J. O. Lehman, Upland, Calif.



## Secure until the Morning by the Blood

### How Missionaries Were Saved in Imminent Danger.

J. D. Saunders, in the North Avenue Mission, Chicago, March 27, 1921.



**I** MAY say something that will scatter some of your theology to the four winds, but I want to scatter some of it and give you something better. I never like to destroy, but a destructive criticism is all right if it can be replaced by something better.

How many of you people at one time or another when you have been praying have said, "I plead the blood"? I want to say that you cannot do it. If you will look into the Word you will find that you have no right to do this, but thank God, you can do something better. I want to give a weapon into your hands which you will find will be far more effectual than just pleading something you cannot use. To illustrate: a soldier going to war (and you and I are in the biggest battle in the world) takes with him a weapon, but of what use would that weapon be to him if he went up to the enemy and said, "I plead this rifle"? The enemy would simply use his own rifle on him. But if he went up to the enemy with the rifle provided for him and used it the other fellow would run if his weapon was stronger than the enemy's. Just so, it will do us no good to plead the blood, but we can take it and use it. When you put the blood over you, and between you and the enemy, he cannot touch you.

I will turn to Hebrews 9:7, "But into the second (the holy place) went the high priest alone once every year, not without blood, which he offered for himself and for the errors of the people." The high priest alone offered the blood and the people were waiting outside for the effect of his offering; when this offering was accepted then they could use the effect of it as a protection against sin. Let us read the 15th verse, "And for this cause He is the Mediator of the New Testament, that by means of death, for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance." Jesus Christ is the Pleader for you, and when you begin to plead the blood you take upon yourself the office of Jesus Christ and you cannot do that. He is the Mediator of the New Testament and is appearing in the presence of God for us and pleading His blood. The blood

was sprinkled on the mercy seat and when you and I are beset by the enemy, Jesus points to His blood and pleads that to the Father, and we receive the effect of that pleading.

Turn to Exodus 12:7, "And they shall take of the blood and strike it on the two side posts and on the upper door post of the houses, wherein they shall eat it." The Old Testament is a figure of the New and the pictures of the Old are always types of that which was to come and this is a type of what you and I must do, "And they shall take of the blood and strike it on the two side posts—of your soul—and on the upper door posts of the houses wherein they shall eat it." You remember as Jesus was speaking to His people one time He said, "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood ye have no life in you." They had to eat the lamb in their houses and sprinkle the blood on the posts of the houses wherein they ate. Now our bodies are the houses—God says our body is the habitation of the Lord. We have to take the blood and sprinkle it upon these houses—our bodies. "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt." You and I well know if some of those people who had killed the lamb and ate it, had said, "I don't believe that that man was right. What is the use of putting this blood on the door post? Let's sit here and plead the blood," it would have been of no avail and the angel of death would not have passed over that house. It would have done no good whatever, but they literally had to take the blood and put it on the lintel and on the two side posts.

A friend of mine who was a missionary in Mexico told me this story: "When I was in Mexico that bandit, Villa, was raiding the country, and every village he and his soldiers would come to, they would kill and assault the women. No woman was safe where he and his soldiers were. We found that he was to come to our village." Now listen. They didn't get down on their knees and plead the blood, but she and another woman marched all around that mission compound and by faith they put the blood of Jesus over the entire buildings and grounds and everyone connected with the mission. In a few

days the bandits came and carried on their nefarious work in the village, took the young women and ruined them and killed the old people, but there was not one foot set upon the mission grounds. Not one foot! One morning when the missionary came down to breakfast she looked down to the entrance gate and saw two of these villains standing there. She said, "I walked down to them and said, 'What do you want?' and they wanted to know if we had any food for their horses. I said 'No' and they walked away." After the bandits had left the village the missionaries sent one of their servants to the town to find out from the villagers just what these soldiers had said about them and why they had not plundered the mission station. The servant investigated, and the villagers told him that every one of those soldiers had said that when they came near that ground they were all seized with awful terror. The power of the blood! They said that their very hair stood on ends. God has given you and me a weapon which we can use against the enemy and all his forces. When you and I stand up and begin to plead the blood the devil laughs, but the moment we put the blood against him he has to flee.

The Word of God says that when the enemy comes in like a flood the Lord raises up a standard—the blood is between us, the Holy Ghost raises up a standard against the enemy. If men and women in these days would realize what a mighty weapon they had, there would not be half the battle in their lives. People say, "I am having such a hard time." You put the blood of Jesus between you and the enemy.

The same missionary told me wonderful stories. The houses of Mexico are greatly infested by scorpions, and one sting means death in about three minutes. She was in one of the houses one day and suddenly one of these scorpions dropped on her hand. She knew it meant death in three minutes if something was not done, and she said, "Lord, I take thy blood and put in on that sting." In a moment the swelling disappeared. Beloved, we have something we can use; not some myth, not some theory but we have a real weapon which we can wield. She told me of one time when she had gone out visiting in the country and passed one of the Mexican huts where a number of Mexicans were sitting outside and drinking. One of them inflamed with drink got up and staggered after her. She knew what the vile man wanted; he went along for about two hundred yards and suddenly she turned around

and said, "I put the blood of Jesus between you and me." He immediately put his hand to his brow, staggered and turned away.

Let us use what God has given us. Not only is the blood a protection but there are other merits about this blood to which I want to draw your attention. First of all, it procures redemption for us slaves. Did you know that we were slaves, sold under sin? The Word of God says, "To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved, in whom we have redemption through his blood." We were sold under sin. If you will read carefully you will find that we were slaves in the market, bound hands and feet by the devil. We were slaves and nobody in the world could redeem the price of a soul. Not all the wealth of the world could redeem or pay ransom for my soul. But my Lord came down and saw me in the slave-market without hope, and He bought me out of the market. One of the meanings of the word, "redemption," is "to loose him." The Lord said, "Devil, you loose that fellow in such a way that he can never again be put back in the market." The book in the hand of Him that sits upon the throne contains the mortgage of your soul and mine. "If thy brother be waxen poor and hath sold away some of his possessions, and his kin come to redeem him, then shall he redeem that which his brother sold." We sold away our possessions. Old Jewish history tells me that when any of the Jewish brothers sold anything there was a record made of it and it was sealed with seven seals. God always dealt with the children of Israel by natural law; He showed them here pictures of the redemption by Jesus Christ. Whenever they sold a piece of land the recorder took the parchment, rolled it up and put seven seals on it and it was then put away in a pigeon-hole and only the person who redeemed that land was able to come and take the parchment out of that pigeon-hole and break the seal. John began to weep and said, "Is there nobody that can break the seals?" And there was no man in heaven or on earth that was able to break those seals, but the angel said, "There is one, the Lion of the tribe of Judah is able to break the seals thereof." We were poor, too poor to redeem ourselves. "But if thy brother be waxen poor and hath sold away his possessions then shall he redeem that which his brother sold." Jesus procured redemption for our souls. Our Elder Brother redeemed us.

Then, the blood secures justification for the guilty. Read Romans 5:9. People say, "I am jus-

tified by faith." Faith is only the step-ladder leading up, but the price was the blood.

It insures cleansing for the unclean. "But if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship"—I often quote it like this—we have two fellows in one ship. It is a wonderful companionship when there are two in this ship, Jesus and I.

Everything that you and I get must come through the blood. In these days when people are trying to put the blood of Jesus in the background—many shudder when you speak about the blood—I would like to bring it right to the front where it belongs. I remember when I got on the train for Winnipeg and went up to get my ticket the man behind me said, "You are a minister?" I said, "Yes, I am a witness for Jesus." "So am I," he answered, "I am a Scientist." I said, "Let me ask you one question. What think you of the blood of Jesus?" That man said something that made the chills run up my back as he answered, "The blood of Jesus was no better than the blood of a hog." Think of talking about the blood of my Lord like that! May God have mercy on such people. I am glad that it took the blood of Jesus to redeem this soul of mine. You and I were without Christ, having no hope in the world. I tell you that we as Gentiles ought to praise God ten thousand times more than any Jew because we were without God in the world. But we were "made nigh by the blood of Christ." It took the blood to bring us to God.

Another merit of the blood is that it effects sanctification for the unholy. Hebrews 13:20, "Now the God of peace . . . through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ." Working in you; continually going on and on. Paul said, "We die daily."—a little burning here and there until God can say, "It is enough." "And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." (Malachi 3:3.) One man said one day, "When I was sanctified it felt just as if a hand went right down my throat and pulled out a big black root. It went and has never come back." "Well," I said, "that sounds good." After the service they all got down on their knees and prayed. I was standing back and I looked on. Suddenly this man's wife came up and touched him on the shoulder and whispered something to him and he turned

around and growled at her. I said, "That black thing must have come back very quickly." God will make you perfect by continually working in you until you are in the image of Jesus Christ. If God could take us and put us on the table and say, "You are perfect now," it would be wonderful, but I want to say that it takes more than one blow to kill the old man. It would be very nice if we could get rid of the old man with just one poke, but I guess if we had it taken out in that way we would get the swelled head. God knows what He is doing and I verily believe that He will perfect His people through the fire; it is as we are willing to go through the fire and let the Word of God burn and burn that we will be perfected into the likeness of Jesus Christ.

Then the blood of Jesus Christ brings victory to the accused. "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony." God never accuses but He does the justifying. The devil accuses.

Now we come to the last point. What is Scriptural eternal security? Do we want to be eternally secure? I don't mean, once saved always saved, but the scriptural way of being eternally secure? Read Exodus 12:22, "And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the basin, and strike the lintel and the two side posts with the blood that is in the basin; and none of you shall go out at the door of his house until the morning." When you have entered into the ark, then take the blood and sprinkle it upon the two side posts of your soul and upon the lintel of your heart—and don't dare to go out of that house of the blood until the morning when He shall appear. Then you will be eternally secure, but out from under that blood I cannot guarantee anything. Outside is the devil's territory but in the house of the blood you are eternally secure. While I remain under the protection of that blood and have my feet on the solid rock, all the powers of hell may rage and howl but the blood will prevail. Isn't that a wonderful house to live in? "And none of you shall go out at the door of his house until the morning" when He shall appear.

I pray that this will open your eyes to the weapon and that you may use it effectually. The enemy will come around howling but you can say, "I have my weapon and can use it against the enemy."

#### Camperings

Philadelphia, Pa.—July 29-Aug. 21, in Wm. Anderson's Grove. For further information write D. H. McDowell, 160 Monsey Ave., Scranton, Pa.

## Degradation of the Heathen Due to Idolatry

### Christianity and Heathenism Contrasted.

Miss Jennie Kirkland, in The Stone Church, May 22, 1921.



**I** PRAISE God for Jesus. He never was so precious to me until I met heathenism and came in contact with the powers of darkness. I thank God for the privilege of giving seven years of my life to India. The contrast of the worship of Jesus and His power in our lives, and the heathen in their degradation and abject misery as they worship their idols, is great indeed. As we worship the Lord in His wondrous beauty, we become like Him in spirit, and the reason the heathen are so degraded and so depraved, is because of what they worship. As we go along the roads we see the most horrible images under the green trees. People look at them as they pass, and all tends to degrade and debase them. But the wonderful love and life of Jesus, how it lifts and elevates!

It is wonderful as we have walked among the heathen to see the light of the Gospel dawn in their hearts; to see the transformation wrought in their lives. The contrast has been very marked. I think of a young woman who came to our place again and again. She was caring for cows and came day after day, but she was so vile in her language I could not allow her to be with our Bible woman. One day she came to me and said she would not tell any terrible stories if I would permit her to come and listen to the Gospel, which I did. When she first came she was filthy, her hair matted, and her appearance repulsive. But as she heard the Gospel day after day, there was a marked change in her appearance. She oiled her hair, put on a clean sari, and her face was transformed into His image. I praise Him today for His transforming power in the lives of those darkened ones. She listened to the Gospel for about a week and one day I heard a commotion outside the door; her husband had come into the yard. As I went out he said, "She has defiled herself; she is no longer my wife." She had taken a glass of water from our Bible woman, and could no longer cook the food for her husband, no longer carry water for him.

You no doubt know something of the suffering of the little widows. I want to tell you how this young woman made herself a widow. Her husband called her mother and father and they tried to get her by force. They said they would re-

instatate her in caste, but she refused. Then they tried to take her out bodily. I sat on the couch by her side, and could only whisper to her, "Be true to Jesus." That was all I could say. She refused to go with her parents who finally left the yard, putting the curses of the gods on us and on her. That girl of her own accord took off her jewels and made herself a widow for Jesus' sake. The father and mother said if they didn't have the power to get her away there would be a policeman who would come and get the girl. We went to prayer, waited on and on, but nobody came. The girl trusted the Lord to protect her. Finally we saw the father coming. He came and crossed his hands and bowed before us and said he was sorry for all the trouble he had given us. God had answered prayer. He said to us, "She is no longer my daughter. We have had her funeral. Take her out of the city." The next morning at one o'clock we took her to a girls' school.

Bettiah, where we have been for two years, is a city of about 30,000 inhabitants. It has its closed homes, its purdah, the little zenanas in which the women are enclosed. The enclosures are very small. If they were to walk across the rooms ten or twelve feet wide, that is all the exercise they have. There are 40,000,000 women like this, in India, most of them not allowed outside at all, just peep out through the sackcloth. There are a great many of these purdah homes in Bettiah, most of which are open to us now, and the transformation in the lives of the women is very apparent. They cannot come out to our meetings or go to the village meetings. We can only reach them as we go to them, which they tell us is the only ray of sunshine that comes into their lives.

Bettiah is a center for melas, religious gatherings. There are many shrines and holy places in the city, to which the people gather from many parts of India. At these times our workers give out the written Gospel, thousands of portions of the Gospel are given into the hands of these pilgrims, many of whom have never heard the Gospel. We go to these shrines and give out the written Word, and if God's people will back us up by prayer, then God will help us to open up the situation near the border of Nepal. This state is closed to the Gospel and the only hope is the written Word. Bettiah is on a very direct

road to Nepal where the people are going and coming constantly, and our workers are located there with instructions to get a portion of the Bible into the hands of every Nepalese. So that country five hundred miles long on India's border, is getting the written Word.

The Indians have a fashion of reading aloud. When you pass the school they are all reading out loud at once, and as a man gets a Gospel he reads the whole thing out loud to the others. The little school boys take them into the zenanas and read them, and all the women of the zenanas are listening. The boy is unconscious that he is giving the Word of God to those people, but such is the case.



The first convert in Bettiah, India. But for the blood of Jesus she would have been as the one below.

Beside the village work and this district work, the Lord has given us more than fifty girls who are being trained. We have them in grass houses up to this time, but the Lord has enabled us to buy eight acres of land where we are putting up some buildings. Miss Flint, my coworker, is now putting up the walls. It means much to get hold of these young workers. You cannot imagine the environment under which these children live, the awful immorality and vice, and tho only a few of those fifty girls become Bible women, yet every Christian girl as she grows older and marries, has her influence on the community.

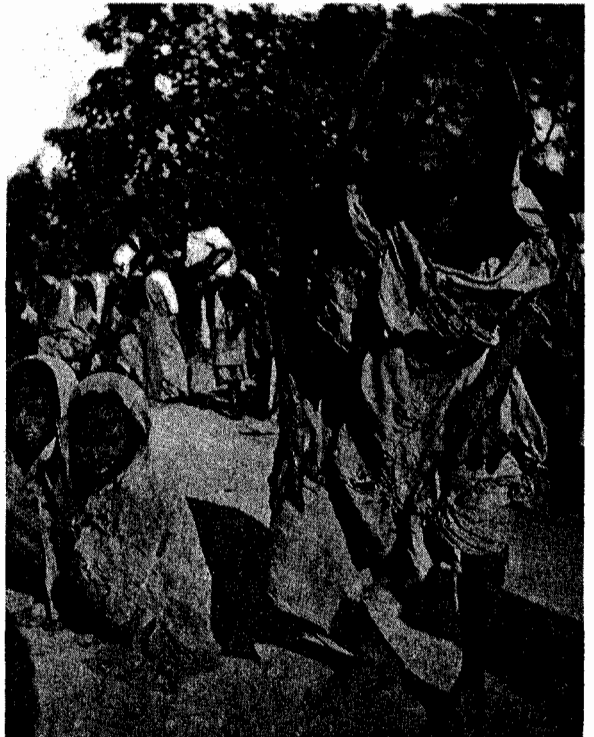
The first convert the Lord gave us at Bettiah was Mariom. It was in the beginning of the work, and our ten orphans which we had then, had come home from school for their vacation. Having no room on our place for them we took over the small, dilapidated house next door. In some places the roof had fallen in, the ceiling

cloth was torn and hanging; bats, rats, snakes, scorpions and others of the "friends on our frontier" had full sway; the odor was so bad the place was almost impossible, especially when the tropical sun shone down, although everything possible had been done to make it sanitary.

However, it must have seemed a mansion to Mariom as she looked inside the grass walls one day and gazed on the happy group of girls and young women. She listened to the Gospel as she watched the food being cooked and noted that all actually had enough to satisfy them. Her eyes often turned from the scene to her two hungry children by her side. Later she saw the children being taught and told the Matron that some day she would put her two children in school.

As she went away with her two hungry children—for caste forbade them to eat Christian food—a prayer went up for their salvation. From the human standpoint, it seemed almost a hopeless petition, for hers was a hard, criminal face which never changed as you talked with her. She had lived a "bazaar" life, and as she confessed to having taken the lives of her helpless children, etc., etc., we understood why she never smiled.

But she returned after a few weeks, her two bright children were put in school and she attended the women's daily meetings. Gradually the light broke, she was being changed, softened, tendered by the influence of His love.



One to whom the Gospel came too late.

As I stood on the verandah one evening Mariom came to me in the twilight, saying she had something on her heart. I looked into her face, grown sweet through her changed life, and took her hands in mine as she told me of a vision her new-found Lord had given her. She said as she prayed, two angels in white conducted her to the edge of a pond, and as they tarried they told her to follow Jesus in baptism. The glory of it all seemed to fill her soul as she related it, and she urged that I quickly arrange for the baptismal service. I wept before the Lord as I realized the price she was paying—friends, caste, loved ones swept out of her life by the simple act of baptism. And our first convert was pressing the matter herself!

Contrast, if you will, the transformation, with one of India's aged. Bridge the years of sorrow, idol worship and superstition, with no one to tell her! Look into the dejected, hopeless, question-

ing face of one to whom the Gospel of peace evidently came too late. Blind in very truth and dull of hearing—too hardened now. The Banyan tree with its branch rootlets which for years have interwoven themselves about the center roots has been likened to the caste system of India. To uproot such a tree is almost impossible, and few of the old of India ever truly yield to the "axe of the Gospel!" With Bishop Taylor we are proving that "To win any nation to Christ we must begin with the little (or young) folks."

Pray, pray for the old, "Nothing is too hard for Jesus." Pray for the more than fifty girls and young women God has intrusted to our care. Pray that we may be able quickly to put up the much needed buildings, so that these young people may be under constant spiritual training and become true Pentecostal Bible women and helpers in the Gospel among India's darkened ones.

### Itinerating in the Villages of South China



AY not ye, There are yet four months and then cometh harvest. Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

It is my desire and aim here to give you only a wee glimpse of the vast fields of ripened grain, of the broad and extensive harvest with its thousands of perishing souls momentarily entering eternity, buried in Christless graves to suffer eternal doom and damnation for the lack of reapers to gather in the sheaves. My hope and prayer is that some little word this message conveys will sink down deep into the hearts of the readers, and that they will hear God's call to go, to send, to give, and will be willing and obedient in sacrificing their all on the altar, that the fire of God might consume the sacrifice and their lives be made fruitful in the vineyard of the Lord.

Glancing over this vast region which lies before us, and catching as it were but a bird's eye view of the surrounding country, we behold village after village, hundreds of them dotted here and there and yonder until at the far horizon they seem as a tiny speck against the glowing sky. The thought comes to me over and over again, How many of these villages have ever heard the name of Jesus, or know that a Savior has died to redeem them from sin? How many will there be in that number who will join in the song of the ransomed around the great white throne in the glory hereafter? I fear there will be few indeed if these present conditions continue.

Seeing the great need as only an eyewitness can, the awful misery and sinfulness of a heathen land, steeped in the grossest darkness, superstition and idolatry, with their fearful devil worship and heathenish parades, my whole being cried out within me to God that I might be able in some

way to bring this wonderful message of salvation to the lost, spread the good news far and wide, that they might believe and be saved. God at that time began to speak very definitely to my heart about evangelistic work, of going from village to village, preaching the glad tidings of great joy, giving out tracts and selling gospels; so I gladly responded to His call in the hopes that He would take of my few small loaves and fishes and use them in feeding the hungry multitudes. Knowing this kind of a life would be very strenuous, if obliged to travel by foot, I prayed for a good horse which God marvelously supplied, after which I joined Sister Mattie Ledbetter in this village work. Our plan of operation is to find a good center in some village where we rent a Chinese house, live here for a month or two and cover the surrounding country from this point. When we have made a circuit of all the villages within a day's journey from our center, preaching, distributing tracts, and selling gospels, we look for another place further in the interior, and move to this new location. God has said that His Word shall not return to Him void, so we believe that many a gem will be found hidden deep in the superstition and darkness which will shine as bright jewels in His crown.

Many and varied have been our experiences since we have gone in to possess the land. There are innumerable giants in the way and we have been met on every hand by the foe, but since God is with us, "we are well able" to overcome. At our present date of writing we are located at a small village called She Kong. The house we are living in is made of mud and the floor is the ground, so you can imagine how everything is covered with dust. We have a balcony on the inside that is used as our sleeping quarters, putting our straw mattress on the floor and setting

up our little folding cot. Our two pieces of furniture in the room consist of an old school desk, which has been through the fire and is badly burned, but which answers the purpose of a dressing table, and a wooden horse, which is the most comfortable chair we can find on these trips. Below us the Chinese sleep on boards laid across wooden horses. This room also answers as our study, our living room, our dining room, and the room in which we hold all our meetings in the evening. In order to reach our sleeping apartments we have to climb up a steep ladder (no such luxury as a stairway) which is often a difficult task, being in danger of losing our footing. We borrow the few things we need of the Chinese, such as a table, benches and bedboards.

This is just a small glimpse of things material, but thank God I can give a better report of the workings of God, which enable us to endure any amount of hardships and to go through all kinds of privations for His dear Name's sake. Here in She Kong the people seem hungry for the Gospel and are asking us to give them the True Light. Night after night, men, women and children come to the services, bringing their lanterns and torches to light them on their way. They sit through the whole meeting drinking in every word and are reluctant to leave; in fact, many times we have to tell them to go home so we can retire for the night. Some come for prayer for healing. Every day a leper boy comes, and we believe God has really touched his body, so that he feels much better and stronger. He and others are waiting to be baptized. God gave me the Scripture in Acts 18:9, 10 for this place, "Be not afraid but speak and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city." We also realized some persecution in this place. One man came to put us out of the house and drive us from the village, but our hearts are all the more encouraged when we see Satan stirred, for then we know the Lord is assuredly working.

Perhaps a short account of a typical day's work will give you some idea of what itinerating work really means. Six A. M. the alarm clock awakes us. 6:30 to 7:30 is for private prayer, followed by our regular morning prayer service below. After breakfast and study hour (one never ceases to study Chinese) the horses are brought to the door, ready to start. Leaving the horses at Taan Po, we proceeded by boat to another village farther on. The people at first seemed indifferent, but as we walked up and down praying for guidance, a young man stepped up and asked us where we came from and what was our mission. We told him we had come to bring the glad news of salvation and asked him to direct us to a good place where we could speak to the people. He directed us to an idol temple, and by this time a large crowd had gathered.

After singing some hymns we told them the old, old story of the cross and of Christ's dying love for sinners, and the matchless story gripped their hearts. They listened oh so eagerly! When

the little children became noisy, they were quieted by the older folks. One little girl seemed so interested, but while the Bible woman was talking her father came with a big, twisted rope and began to beat her over the head. She tried to escape, but he followed her, beating her head and ears until I feared he would kill the child. He would not permit her to listen. Others were also called away. When order was restored we continued with the meeting. How my heart went out to that needy crowd! It was all so new to them, but we sold some gospels and we were happy to sow the seed and leave the results with Him.

From there we went to other villages, repeating the experience of the morning, and when the sun was setting we turned back to the village where we were stopping. On arriving here we found a crowd awaiting us, and although weary and tired, and suffering from a severe headache, we again gave forth the Bread of Life. When the last one had gone, we praised God for the privilege of another day's work for Jesus.

And so the busy days and weeks fly past. We are touching only the fringe. There are enough villages to go on for years and not visit the same one twice. Reader, what are you doing? The great commission reads "Go!" Have you a special permit to stay? It is easy to read such articles and do nothing. It is easy to go to the big meetings and conventions and have a good time, when if we would follow the Lord we would be in our closets talking with Him about this great need. May this stir you up in prayer to remember us as we go bearing the precious seed, that the Lord Jesus may be glorified in the salvation of precious souls from South China's villages.

Coming, coming, yes they are,  
Coming, coming from afar,  
From the fields and crowded cities,  
China gathers to His feet,  
In His love Shem's gentle children  
Now have found a safe retreat

Lavada R. Leonard

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**Hardy W. Mitchell, Pastor**