

"Would God that All the Lord's People Were Prophets"

Who Will Stand at the Door of the Tabernacle?

Pastor Kelso R. Glover, in The Stone Church, Jan. 28, 1923.



IN the eleventh chapter of Numbers, verse 29, Moses said, "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them!" This indeed was a proper desire. Moses stood to the children of Israel in the place that Jesus stands to us today. He said that in the latter days God would raise up a prophet like unto him, Him should all the people hear. And Jesus when He was here on earth expressed that very same desire regarding the Spirit. I know that it is the prayer of Jesus before the throne of God today that God would pour out His Spirit on all the people, that His sons and daughters should prophesy. It is a soldier's life to be a prophet because he has the spiritual enemies of his soul to combat continually and the burdens of the people to bear. One of the greatest prophets battled for three long weeks in fasting and prayer that he might get through to God and get God's answer for His people. Daniel, for he it was, prayed, "Lord, our people have sinned a great sin in Thy sight. Thou hast rejected us, and we are here in captivity because of the sins of Thy people." But he said he saw by the prophecy of Jeremiah that the time of the restoration of Israel was nigh at hand. It was his business, as a prophet of the Exile to give the Word for that time. Jeremiah had battled through his day as the prophet preceding the Exile, but seventy years had passed over the people and Jeremiah was gone, Isaiah too was gone, and Daniel now stood in their places. As he prayed there under the stars crying day and night that, as the prophet of the hour, God might give him directions for the people, his petition was, "Oh God, forgive the sins of Thy people and restore. How long? How long oh God! How long, before Thou wilt restore?" He prayed and cried three long weeks in agony before God that he might receive the Spirit from the Lord and prophesy comforting words to the people. I say, to be a prophet is not an easy task. It is the work of a warrior, the work of a true soldier, and it is not everyone who is willing to pray through and get the Word of God for the children of the Lord. Some would love to be prophets and have men and women come to

them and say, "What saith the Lord?" They would love to get a message and say, "The Lord saith so-and-so," and have people look up to them and seek them out, but I say to you a prophet never had any honor in his own country. He was continually driven hither and thither, by the enmity of the rebellious. The greatest prophets suffered persecution at the hands of the ungodly. You have but to read the prophetic pages of the Book to learn this. Jeremiah writes a whole book of Lamentations because of the sufferings he endured, and the iniquity of the people intensified the cry of his soul.

But Moses said, "Would to God that all the Lord's children were prophets, and that His Spirit should rest upon them." And He, our Lord Jehovah is looking down into the earth today and is saying the same words He said to Isaiah, "Who will go for Us, and whom shall We send?" Jehovah God is reaching down His hand seeking to lay it upon the shoulder of him whom He can find who is without guile in the land, that He may fill Him with His power and with His Spirit. The eyes of the Lord are running to and fro throughout the land seeking to show Himself strong in behalf of the man who will walk uprightly. I say that the hand of the Lord searcheth out men today to touch them and fill them with His Spirit. But where are our eyes? Do we not see Him? Shall the Bride forget her jewels? Shall she forget her adornments? No, but God says through the prophet "My people have forgotten Me days without number."

There is a need today that prophets stand before God and before the world, but I repeat that the work of a prophet is a laborious work. It is a work without honor. It is a work full of trials, a work full of suffering. It is a work full of battles that this world is going through. A prophet's life is full of conflicts with the enemy of our souls, a life continually being filled by the powers of God and opposed by the powers of darkness. But it is also a life of victory. Yet a soldier's life cannot be a life of victory unless that soldier is willing to wage a warfare.

The command of Jesus was, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." There are men today who stand and preach the Gospel, who proclaim the good

things of the kingdom of God, who are standing as it were between the living and the dead, pouring out their lives, and giving themselves for the service of others, but they are standing too much alone. This is not the will of God. It is not the will of God that our missionaries should be so few nor so poorly supported by the sustenance God's children give them. It is the cry today of the Spirit that many of God's children should be prophets and that His Spirit should rest upon them. Moses stood as one alone in his day. His father-in-law said, "Moses, you wear your life out attending to your many duties. Everyone comes to have you judge of this matter. This thing is too heavy for you. Seek ye out able men, set them as judges before the people, and pray that God will give them wisdom, and let *them* judge the people." There is need today that men and women come up and say, "Oh God, give me Thy Spirit, that I may help to minister to God's people and deliver them from the powers of the enemy." May we realize the call to the pew as well as to the pulpit, at home and in foreign lands. Moses came before God at a later time, and God spoke unto him and said, "Gather unto me seventy men of the elders of Israel, whom thou knowest to be the elders of the people and officers over them; and bring them unto the tabernacle of the congregation, that they may stand there with thee. And I will come down and talk with thee there: and I will take of the Spirit which is upon thee, and will put it upon them; and they shall bear the burden of the people with thee, that thou bear it not thyself alone," Jesus said, "The harvest indeed is ripe, the harvest is bending its head with whiteness ripened even to destruction, overripe, and where are the reapers to go in and gather? Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will thrust forth laborers." He tells us to look upon the fields, but where are our eyes? They are busy looking here and there at the things of this world, busy with our own interests, busy with our pleasures, taking time once in awhile to seek the Lord when we get into difficulty, or when we or some of our loved ones are afflicted. Oh that our eyes might ever be on Him, that we might receive the anointing from on high and stand with those who push the battle to the gates.

It was not enough that the apostles alone preached. It was enough only when the mighty hand of God scattered the whole church over the country, and they went everywhere preaching the Gospel. Beloved, it is not that we should

only be saved. It is not that we should just pray ourselves into heaven, that we should keep the anointing on our souls by just enough prayer and just enough reading of the Word to accomplish it. It is rather that we should be stirred in our souls to go forth to bring others into the kingdom of heaven. May God show us why He has filled us with His Spirit! "In the last days," said the Prophet Joel and echoed by the Apostle Peter, "will I pour out My Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." God said to Moses, "If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream." Where is God's prophet today? Where is he through whom God can speak? God is searching to and fro throughout the land to find him through whom He can speak. God said to the prophet, "I sent you not to a people of another language; I sent you not to a people who cannot understand; I sent you to a stiffnecked, rebellious people, speak unto them; if they hear, they hear, but speak unto them." God will send you indeed to your own country, where some will not receive you, and yet He will speak to that people through your lips. Will you go?

God told Moses to choose seventy men who were elders and rulers of the people. It was necessary for them to have proved themselves to be true elders in Israel before God could put upon them the spirit of prophecy. Some today would like to be recognized as great men without being willing to go through the training of days, weeks, and years perhaps, that is necessary to develop them into the place the Lord God would have them take. I believe today the prophet God would have, shall be the prophet that has lived in isolation as John the Baptist lived, shall be the man who knows what it is to be rejected by men, who knows what it is to be misunderstood. God is looking for the man today who is willing to be rejected by all if he can be accepted by God. I do not mean, now, one who, by his own eccentricities or fanaticism has been rejected, but I mean one who bears in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ that men indeed turn their faces from him and say, "That man lives in another world from us." God is looking for men and women who will separate themselves from the foolishness and the frivolity, and be willing so to live that the Spirit of God will come upon them and they shall prophesy to this generation. I do not say that someone shall stand in our

midst and proclaim himself some great man, who will say, "I am Elijah;" Ah no! But one who is willing to be nothing but a voice. The spirit of the greatest of the prophets is—"I know not what I am. I only know that I am a voice proclaiming in the wilderness that Someone is coming. I am only a voice crying, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make His paths straight.'"

We need a voice today, the voice of a prophet of God, willing to travail in soul, willing to go through the battles and conflicts, one who is absolutely ignorant of his own ability and yet the voice of God speaking to us. Peter admonishes the elders not to lord it over the people but to stand in the front of the battle. Many people are willing to lead when the battle is over, willing to step into the midst of a revival, take hold of it and manage, but they are not willing to go through and endure the hardships. I shall never forget the testimony of a brother who in the early days of his ministry went empty-handed to a certain city and announced that they were going to have a revival. God had spoken to him, and he determined to pray until they had it. He knew God, and that He was a Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. But what did he endure before the answer came? He lived on parched wheat; food was very scarce with them. He suffered hardships and privations. People didn't realize that a man of God was in their midst, didn't realize that there was someone battling day after day in prayer against the powers of the enemy and claiming the city for God. There are indeed few who are willing to labor in prayer and be forgotten, striving only for an incorruptible crown. There are 600,000 men from which Moses was to select the seventy elders, and I believe today that our proportion would even be smaller than that out of 600,000. We might possibly find seventy out of that number who would be willing to give themselves to God that He might put His Spirit upon them. Am I putting it too high? I repeat, to be a prophet of God is not to seek honor or favor, but to stand in the path of tribulation, endure travail of soul and anguish of spirit. My flesh does not desire these things, my spirit does not desire them, but my spirit desires the powers of God let what there be come with that, perils, nakedness, tribulation or the sword. Is there an echo in your soul to that as a soldier who hears the bugle of war? God today is searching diligently throughout the world to find men who will have His best. Oh when I consider the magnitude of God's power; when I consider the

signs and wonders and the miracles that God is not only offering, but thrusting on us, and commanding us to work, I say why are we so naked, so poverty-stricken, and destitute in spirit?

What does Paul say in answer to my question? My question is, Dare we hope to gain the anointing of the prophet's spirit upon us? Can we have it for the asking? Paul says, "Desire it, Covet it." The law forbids coveting as something entirely wrong, when it is coveting your neighbor's property, your neighbor's gold, but when it comes to the gold that lies in the treasure-house of God, He says, "Covet it, Break thru and take it by force." Make yourself into a robber and lay hold of it forcibly, and your name shall be changed like Jacob's, the supplanter and liar, to Israel, the one who prevails with God. "Oh I will not let thee go," was his cry as he wrestled with the angel. The angel had to smite him on the hip and lame him before he let him go, and even then he clung to him. The angel had to promise to bless him before he let him go. Beloved, do you know anything about that kind of praying? Our first wrestling is not with God, nor is the first wrestling we have to do with the devil, but rather with yourselves, to get our own flesh down and have it stay down until we have had a talk with God. Our souls are burdened and heavy, our souls are crying after God, but our flesh says, "Come along, soul. I am busy today. Come along, spirit, much business awaits my feet, my hands today; much business lies before me. I have no time to let you pray. Come along with me. You can talk as I run along and attend to business." Our old flesh needs to be wrestled with and brought down, chained and tied, "Stay there until I have spoken with God."

Our struggle then to be a prophet with God is to prove that we are elders in Israel, to prove that we are rulers over the people. Before you rule the people you must rule yourself, wrestle with yourself, bring yourself under subjection. Then are you greater than he that takes a city. Any man who has power, any man who has ability will have plenty of people to rule over. They say to a prince, "Come and be our prince and rule our city, for we need a wise man, a man of power in our midst to control bandits and evil men who come. Be our prince and protect us." There are thousands and tens of thousands of people today in destitute condition that are crying out, "Where is the prince who will protect us from the onslaughts of the enemy of our souls?" A ruler isn't one who sits on a throne. A

true king is not one who is ministered to, but one who ministers. God is bidding His Spirit to search up and down the land for men and women who are showing themselves strong to deliver those who are in affliction and He will put upon them the spirit of prophecy. That is what God said He would do. "You find seventy men who are true rulers in the house of Israel, and I will come down." All we need today is to find the men and God will come down into our midst. We have found continually that it is not because God is not willing to pour out a revival in our midst; it is because He finds so few warriors. No one is pressing his call. Satisfied with his own condition, his innermost desire is not for God. He is perfectly willing to look on and let others do. But you let a man come in who is hungry for God, let people come in who are sick in body and get healing and we will have a revival. God's promise is to us today as to Moses: "Search you out proper men and I will come down."

Moses was commanded to bring the seventy men and have them stand at the tabernacle door and God would come down. I pray God that we may find seventy hungry people in Israel this day who will stand at the door of the tabernacle until God comes. Something will happen then. You say, "Oh I have been a church member for years!" But are you hungry for God? or are you filled with the fatness, the ease of this world? May God find you today at the door of His tabernacle lifting up hands of service and saying, "Lord, here am I. I am nothing in myself, but I stand here that Thy hand may teach me and give me power. I have no sorrows for myself but give me a heart that is touched with another's sorrow; I have no burdens to bear, but give me powers that I may lift another's burdens and soothe another's care." Let us stand together at the door, and the Lord will come down and

will talk with us, and take of the Spirit of Christ, our Moses, and put it upon us, and we will bear the burdens of the people.

I say to you again that the duties of the prophet are not to lord it over the people, are not to rule over them, but to bear the burdens of the people. You ask, Who today shall have enough of the Spirit of God that shall be put upon seventy others? Jesus, and He alone. He stands in our midst today seeking for seventy to bear the burdens of the needy. There is no prophet like unto Moses except Jesus the Christ, and this Jesus stands at the door of the tabernacle today searching thru the multitudes, and asking, "Where will I find my seventy to stand with me and bear the burdens of the people?" Is there a response in your heart today, or do you say, "Why Lord, do You bother me? I am saved. I have the Holy Spirit. I am content in my present state. Why do I have to bear burdens? Why cannot I abide as the common people, sit by and listen? Why should You disturb me, Lord? Just bless me with Your Spirit. No terrible sorrow has entered my home, why do You trouble me?" That is not the Spirit of God to shirk responsibility. While we were yet sinners Christ died for the ungodly, died for those who knew Him not; for those who rejected Him, spat upon Him, crucified Him. I pray that the Spirit of God will come upon us and make us real prophets, real burden-bearers, send us to foreign lands, to the destitute, empty our coffers into the hands of the Lord and take the bread, having been broken by His Spirit and multiplied by His power, to the ends of the earth. Let us stand with Jesus at the door of the tabernacle, and God will come down and will take of His Spirit, the Spirit of Jesus and put it upon us, and being true prophets of God, we shall have power to bear the burdens of the people.

The Darkness of Tibet

William E. Simpson.

I WISH that everyone of God's people could realize the darkness of Tibet, for it is surely a land where the powers of darkness reign supreme, where people prefer their night to the light of the Gospel. I believe that Tibet is more destitute of the Gospel than any other country on the face of the earth. There is no other proportionate country where there are fewer missionaries and fewer professing Christians; where all efforts for Jesus seem so discouraging; where there are so many obstacles to be overcome, and where there is less religious liberty and stronger superstition.

There are many people in America and elsewhere who speak highly of Buddhism, but if they saw the real conditions in Tibet, they would have their eyes opened. I can think of no more fitting words to describe the Tibetan priests or Lamas than those which our Lord used when speaking of the scribes in Mark 12:36-40, "who love to go in long robes and to have salutations in the market-place, chief seats in the synagogues and chief places at feasts; they that devour widows' houses and for a pretense make long prayers." All that the so-called living Buddhas and their retinue of priests care about is to

extort money from the laymen on the pretense of religion. They care not one whit about souls and speak of the common people for whom Christ died as "just the same as cattle."

And as for the "common man," he is in absolute bondage to the monasteries and living Buddhas, who are their rulers, ecclesiastically and temporally; their gods, their conscience, their hope, and whom they fear and worship. They are taught to perform an innumerable number of mechanical actions which are described as accumulating merit and supposed to benefit in some vague way their future transmigration, knowing not that the only merit is in the shed blood of our Saviour.

When will the day come when even the Tibetans will feel their need of Jesus, and that there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved? Oh saints of God! you who have received His grace without mercy; you who know His full salvation, will you not pray for these lost sheep of His? Would that the Holy Spirit would lead you in real intercessory prayer for Tibet, for only He is able to break the chains of Satan and set them free. They are perishing and the responsibility rests with God's people.

And if it is not too much to ask, pray for me too, for I am the weakest and most unworthy of all the missionaries. I have just passed my twenty-first birthday and the burden is heavy for me to bear. Sometimes I become very much discouraged and there are many temptations. Oh why does God not work as in the days of the apostles, confirming the word with signs following, and causing many thousands to be brought into the kingdom? The fault is certainly not with God; it must lie with me. I believe the Spirit has been showing me that it is because I am not always in the place of crucifixion, not fully yielded to Him, but I want to go all the way through with Him; to lay my hopes, my plans, my will, my pride, myself and my all on the cross and have Gal. 2:20 made real in my life.

Sometimes I am tempted to drop the Tibetan work and go into Chinese, as that seems so much easier and more promising than the Tibetan, and I know the Chinese language and customs perfectly, but I cannot do it for Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel to the Tibetans! God helping me I will give my all to Jesus for Tibet. Please pray that I may be kept in the place of death daily and that God will give me strength and wisdom from above. If I fail Him, may He remove me, and raise up someone that will fulfil His will.

There are many seemingly physical hardships in working among the Tibetans, but they are really nothing at all if one is willing to deny oneself, take up the cross and follow Jesus. The real difficulties are the spiritual ones, but Jesus is Victor and so are we in Him.

But we have really much to praise God for that He has opened the way and that we have been able to come here at all. In former years missionaries have been driven out of Labrang, but God has caused the wrath of man to praise Him. The present Mohammedan High Commissioner for Kokonor, Tsinghai, or Amdo, as this part of Tibet is variously called, has brought low most of the large monasteries including Labrang and subdued all the tribes in his province, culminating, in the summer of 1921, with the subjugation of the independent Golok. Before this campaign it was very difficult to travel among the Tibetans because of robbers. But now it is entirely different; one can travel nearly anywhere in perfect safety. They have established garrisons at Labrang and most of the larger centers which are able to offer us protection. Though the Moslem soldiery have perpetuated many cruelties and taxed the Tibetans to their limit, yet there is this to their credit—they have opened the way for the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

In the two and a half years that I have been located at Labrang I have been able to secure a fair knowledge of the Tibetan language. Tho not perfect by any means, yet it is enough to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified. While no Tibetans have turned to the Lord as yet, four or five Chinese have, of whom three have received the Spirit as at Pentecost. At the Chinese border town of Kweite, four stages northwest of here where we have a work, there are about thirty Christians, more than half of whom have received the Spirit.

When I first came up here I was alone, but now the Lord has graciously given me many helpers from among the Chinese who are willing to sacrifice themselves for the salvation of the Tibetans. There are at present three Chinese workers with me, two for working among the Tibetans and one for the Chinese work at Kweite; also four students; three studying the Tibetan language here at Labrang and one preparing to work for the Lord at Kweite.

This summer the Lord led us to go on an itinerating trip among the nomad tribes to the west and northwest of here. We were away three months and were able to tell the story of the cross in two monasteries and to about twenty nomad tribes. Personally we were received very hospitably in nearly every place we went, and some enjoyed listening to the Gospel. We prayed for two sick people and the Lord healed them.

Sometimes the outlook seems very dark indeed and I am very much discouraged, but when I look back over all the way that He has led me I know He has not made one mistake, and so I am encouraged to trust Him for the future, whatever it may bring. I believe that very soon a great multitude of these benighted people will bow at the foot of the cross.

Souls "Gathered in the Bosom of the Hills"

A Call to China and the Result.

Mrs. Wilbert R. Williamson, in The Stone Church, April 15, 1923.



AM so glad for this privilege of being a voice from China to you, and to tell you of what God is doing in that land. The verse the Lord gave me, and the expression of my heart to you is found in Psalms 126:3, "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." I can say with the Psalmist this afternoon, it was a glad day when the Lord called me to separate my life to Himself. It was a glad day when He spoke peace to my soul, a glad day when He called me to China. It was a glad day when I saw Him supply my need to enter that dark land, when I saw His hand working here and there, not for the few bits of clothing, or the few dollars that were given, but because I saw the hand of the Lord working in my behalf. It was a glad day when I stepped on the *Tenu Maru* with my face set toward the land to which He had called me, because I knew that was the center of God's will for me.

I could not describe to you my feelings as I looked out thru the port-hole and saw for the first time the mountains of China. It was not a map of China, that I had looked at so often, that I saw; it was the actual land. But that which made our hearts the most glad was when we were able to tell the people who had never heard the Name of Jesus, the story of His redeeming love in their own language; tell them the story of Him who was able to save and bring them out of darkness and despair—that was the gladdest of all days when we saw darkened minds become enlightened, and when hope and peace became enthroned where darkness and despair reigned.

I will never forget the day when in the spirit I saw the millions of hands reaching out from the darkness. Oh how the density of that darkness gripped my soul! How I cried to God for the salvation of those precious souls! In China the poor women go out to the mountains every day to gather brush; after drying it is taken to the street and sold for a few *cash* with which they buy josh sticks which they take to the idol temples to be used in worshipping their gods. What a glad day it was when we could bring them Jesus and tell the story of Him who gave His life on

Calvary's cross for them! It is about these whom God has redeemed that we want to tell you this afternoon, for God has given us a few precious souls from that heathen land.

One day several women came from one of the many villages scattered among the mountains of Waitsap asking us to come and pray for an old lady. We could hardly understand their dialect. We hadn't been in Waitsap very long and the dialect is quite different from Cantonese, and yet we knew they wanted us to come with them and pray. So we followed them as they crossed the river, in and out thru the villages and along the mountainside. After walking for more than an hour we came to a village nestled in among the hills; on the side of one of the hills was a little old, mud hut. It was two o'clock in the afternoon, but it was so dark in there they had to light a lamp. Here in a room five or six feet wide was a woman lying on some bed-boards, all the furniture the room contained. She could not understand me nor my *amah*, and lay there with a great sore on her limb four or five inches deep. How helpless we felt! But it is not a matter of whether they understand us; it is a matter of whether we know *Him*. In our utter despair we were so glad we could call on the Lord, and with our Chinese *amah* we called on the name of the Lord and asked Him to heal this poor old soul. We had the privilege of telling those who had gathered in the meantime of this great salvation, and came away deeply conscious of our utter helplessness. We knew that God was able for such as these and that He was a God of deliverance, and on this faith we stood.

A few days after some women came with a little box of cakes which they said was a thank offering for what God had done. They told us that the pain ceased almost immediately and that night the great ugly boil burst. God healed that poor, heathen woman. She didn't understand us; we didn't understand her, but God understood. They said she would like to come to the mission to show her gratitude to God and give praise to Him, but she was so old and so feeble she could not walk so far. We told them the Lord would hear her there, that He looked down into the hearts even tho they could not utter a word.

A few weeks later, after Sunday School was over, several women came to the hall and among them was a dear old lady with beautiful, white hair and the sweetest face. It seemed there was a glory that shone into her face. I spoke to her, but I didn't know who she was. I found she was the old lady for whom we had prayed. The Lord had not only healed her, but He had put fat on her bones and the glory in her soul until we didn't know her. She had come to give praise to Jesus for healing her. These are things that cause us to say with the Psalmist, "The Lord hath done great things whereof we are glad."

Then I want to tell you of an old Taoist priest, A dear old grandmother Kuk Poh who has now gone to glory came to me and said, "There is an old Taoist priest who has gone blind." His wife poisoned his wash-water because she wanted his money, and he went blind. Dear old Kuk Poh knew this Taoist priest and she knew Jesus was able to heal him. She had had a touch of God in her life, and while it seemed against all reason for us, who belonged to the Lord to minister to a Taoist priest who was working for the devil, yet he consented to see us, we went with Kuk Poh, tho rather reluctantly. We knew as far as we were concerned we could do nothing, but that God was able to do all things. I confess I didn't have much faith, but nevertheless I went with Kuk Poh to his house. There he sat in his bamboo chair, blind. He was an intelligent man. We told him about Jesus and explained how he must leave his idol worship; we felt we must bring him salvation first and get him to the place where the Lord was willing to heal him. I shook my head as much as to say "I am afraid the Lord will not do anything," it seemed like such a big proposition to me, but Kuk Poh said, "You pray and Jesus will help him." It was marvelous the faith of that old woman almost eighty years of age! She herself had not believed the Gospel very long, but she had come in touch with a live wire of heaven. We prayed and went home. A few days after Kuk Poh came after us and asked us to go to this Taoist priest's house. I didn't ask her how he was, but some way felt impressed to take along some tracts. I always take tracts with me for anyone who can read, and I had one little tract with a song, and several prayers which we use in teaching the children how to worship God. The heathen are so ignorant, do not know a thing about worshipping the true and living God, so we give them these little forms how to pray and approach God. When

we came to the house, there sat that Taoist priest with his eyes open. I gave him the tract and he read every character. It was so wonderful, more than I had ever expected. God honored the faith of that old heathen grandmother. I said to him, "Well, Sin Shong, how did it come about?" And he said, "That night after you had been here to pray for me, at midnight I felt as if a hand was rubbing over my eyes, my little boy was sleeping next to me, and I heard him say, 'Father, father, it is Jesus.'" This old Taoist priest said he believed it was the hand of God that had rubbed his eyes, and consequently had opened them. Nothing is too hard for the Lord. He is no respecter of persons but in every nation those who call upon Him, He hears and answers.

Dear old Kuk Poh is only one of the many old people in Waitsap who have turned from their idols to worship the true God. That is one of the remarkable things about the work in Waitsap, so many old people on the brink of eternity have turned to follow Jesus. We wonder at it, but God gets greater glory, and it shows it is He that is touching their lives. One day dear old Grandmother Leung had been to the mission, and on her way back she providentially went into the home of old Kuk Poh who was in a desperate condition. At one time she had been a woman of wealth, had a husband, a son and daughter-in-law, a nice home with a wall around it, one of the nicest homes in Waitsap. Her husband died, her son, an official in the yamen, gambled away her money, her daughter-in-law had run away from home, and all she had left was a little mud hut across the river in which she lived alone. Not a ray of hope, no one to turn to in despair! But God in heaven looked down upon her in her sorrow, and He caused one of our Christian women to bring her to Jesus. She was in such despair that she was ready to hang herself. That is the last thing a Chinese woman will turn to, when she sees no way out. Dear old Grandmother Leung finally persuaded her to come to the mission to hear about Jesus. She had to come only once to hear that He was able for her case. After that every time she came to market she would drop in and we always had a word of prayer. How she did love to talk about the Lord. We had many happy times chatting about the things of the better land. It was wonderful to see that heathen woman's life change from a life of cursing and despair to one of praise and joy. There was hardly a time we talked together that she didn't say to me, "If only you

had come two years sooner my son would not have died without Christ." Oh how it went to our hearts! That is the cry of many. Perhaps there is someone who would not need to die if you brought them to Jesus.

Before Kuk Poh was saved, she had great big sores on her limbs; she wasn't even able to work, but God healed her from those sores and there wasn't a meeting Kuk Poh didn't come to, tho she had a long way to come from across the river. When we were both so sick she was so concerned, she wanted to do something, but she didn't know what to do. One day she came with a lot of sugar-cane, a certain kind, she claimed would be very good for us. She went several miles out of her way to get this. I wish I could make you feel the love and devotion that dear old soul had. One day she asked me if I had a patch to patch her quilt, and I brought out a piece of dotted Swiss curtain material, and one day when I was visiting in another old lady's house, I saw she had divided that patch with her; they made two handkerchiefs of it, as she thought it was too good to patch a quilt.

She sold her house, the last thing she possessed, for twenty-five or thirty dollars, that she might not have to rely on the church for her burial expenses. She passed away while we were gone, and is now enjoying far better things than she had here.

Another one of the many remarkable conversions among the old people was that of Paak Foo, whose name means venerable father. He had been an idol temple-keeper for many years. One day Mr. Williamson and I were out walking and we passed an old house in front of which sat a little old man. We nodded and said, "Paak Foo, have you eaten your rice yet?" which is the customary salutation. He had heard how that we prayed for the sick and they had been healed so he asked us in to pray for a baby that was stone blind. After this he began coming to the mission regularly to hear more about this wonderful gospel. For years he had had in his possession a book of prayers from the English Church and a gospel portion that he had read and re-read but he didn't know just what they meant as he had no one to explain them to him. But he was hungry and was seeking light. Finally he made his decision to accept Christ and after meeting one night, he got up in front of the crowd and said to Mr. Williamson, "Muk Sz, I want to follow your Jesus." Mr. W. explained to him that he would need to leave the idol tem-

ple. It meant something for that old man who kept the temple for so many years to leave it as that was his way of making a living. But he gladly left all to follow Jesus because he had found that peace which he so long had sought. After he was baptized his wife beat him and put him out of the house and for a time he had to sleep on top of the coffins in the temple. But before we left China she had been reconciled and permitted Paak Foo to remove all the idols out of his house. Even though this man has believed the gospel for only about two years he knows his Bible very thoroughly and there is hardly a question asked him but what he can give a Scriptural answer. He has stood faithful amidst much persecution and is one of our most faithful Christians.

Then there was Cheung Man To, who has gone to glory. A few weeks after he died, a man came and was talking to some of the Christians. "Did you know Cheung Man To?" they asked. He was the man who run the ferry across the river between the villages. "Yes, I knew him," he said. "If I wanted to get across the river I had to call for half an hour, he was always reading that *Book*." That was the testimony he left.

Then there was Mr. Cheung. It was noised abroad that we prayed for the sick, and early one morning somebody knocked at our door. It wasn't a very pleasant sensation to have somebody knock at your door at that hour of the morning but we opened it, and a man said, "Our uncle is very sick; we want you to come and pray for him. Mr. Williamson went with our native preacher and followed this man, thru the streets and out into the country while it was still dark. As he reached the house he was ushered into the reception room, where a man came bowing, treating him as if he were some great personage. He said, "My brother is almost dead," and they were greatly excited. Mr. W. tried to calm them, and went into a little, dark room to pray for him. The room was filled with relatives, and he saw the man was in a dying condition and wondered how he was going to tell that man about Jesus. He prayed but saw no change, and came home. About eight or nine o'clock another knock at the door: "Oh do come down, if you cannot do anything but comfort our hearts. He still lives, but will die any moment." We both went down and decided we must tell him about Jesus even in that dying condition. Mr. Williamson said to him, "Do you know you are on the brink of eternity? that there is a yaw-

ing hell awaiting you? You have been worshipping idols, but God sent His Son that you might not go into eternity in that condition." All of a sudden his face lighted up. God revealed Himself to that man and showed him Jesus as his Saviour. From that very moment we prayed in faith and the man began to get better. The people said, "They called for the priests, they tried every kind of medicine, but they had to call for the Jesus people, and when they did, he got better." That man is alive in Waitsap today. Not long after that he came to the mission to give thanks for what the Lord had done.

On many Sunday nights our mission is packed with students from the Middle school and with young men from all over Waitsap district. Every little while they will come in a body, the cream of the young men of that district, and fill the mission. We could get them regularly if we had a better place. It is hard for us to get native workers to come from down near the coast, it is so far in the interior and they are not willing to make the sacrifice; they say the river is so filled with pirates. So our desire is that the young men of Waitsap may get saved and become our future native workers to their own people. The missionary cannot do it all. We must have native workers, and must find a way of training our own.

This is one of the needs of our work in Waitsap. These young men belong to the upper class, and they need the Gospel just as well as the lower class.

We live over the mission. At the back door there is a pig-sty and the filth and stench from it are sometimes almost unbearable. This and other unsanitary conditions, things of which we cannot speak, make it very unhealthy. Our lives have been in jeopardy many times because of this, and our great desire is to build a little place. We can buy a piece of land for \$500 and for about \$3,000 we can put up a large enough building to accommodate the new workers who come and ourselves. We know if you folks will pray we can buy that land and put up a building. The land is above the water level in time of flood, and we know it can be gotten thru prayer. Will you pray with us for this need and for young men and women who will heed the Macedonian call? If you pray you will have a part in the reaping. Think for a moment of those great untouched districts that border on Waitsap, without a witness for Christ, which we are given the responsibility of evangelizing! Think of Hoh District, of Sun To District, and Hoi Kin, with their thousands waiting for our entrance with the Gospel! It is only possible by your prayers and new recruits coming out to help.

Can We Have Communication with the Dead?

"The Man Who Tampers, Opens a Door He Cannot Shut."

S. D. Gordon, in the Olympic Theatre, Chicago, March 28, 1923.



CAN we have communication with our loved ones who have died? It is perfectly natural to want to have it. We had communication with them, sweet, continuous, then death broke cruelly in, and the communication was rudely snapped. It would be unnatural not to want to talk with them. Can we? Not, may we, if we could? Not that. Can we?

Death has been running riot of late, taking people away, the usual toll immensely increased by the war, violence, disease, famine, and so this question is being asked as after every great war in the past. The number of new books dealing with the question run into hundreds in the nine years since the war began, and the magazines likewise. We have had visits to this country from England of notable men who have swung the tide, and in a way that is not good, one man of them, notably a scientist standing high in the

scientific world, a man of charming presence, of real culture, of a deep, emotional nature. He has had great favor everywhere, though it is striking to find across the water in his home land his scientific associates are saying, "Poor Lodge, if he had used the same childish methods in his scientific researches as in this, his name would never have emerged from the shades of obscurity.

Then there is a little mechanical device that is being used very largely in this connection, used by many laughingly as a jolly evening entertainment; it has a strange name, it is called a Ouija Board, a mongrel name, a word made up of two words from two entirely different languages, *Oui* French for "yes," and *Ja* for "yah," the German for "yes." The thing will say yes to you in any language. Bring your longing, your desires, your heart cries to it in any tongue you happen to speak, it will say "yes," "yes." The striking thing to mark is this: while it is used so much as a bit of entertainment, yet mark you, it

will not operate unless a man becomes passive. That is very significant. He must demit his control over his faculties in some degree or the thing will not work. To demit the control of our faculties in any degree is unmanly, it is wrong, it is a sin against a man's mental integrity. God strengthens a man's self-control, never lessens it. The evil one causes one to demit his control. This thing will not work unless one demits control over his faculties.

It is incidental to note that the cult of the dead is the underpinning of every religion almost, except two, the Hebrew and the Christian. The dead hand of the past in most religions has a strangled hold on the life of the present. Can we have such communication? Three groups say, "Yes." Those who believe in ghosts say, "Yes, they do come back, and the communication is uncomfortable." It is striking how common this belief is even among some cultured folks. Then there are the experts in every nation, in every generation, a group of experts; the English word to designate them is medium; the French derivative, clairvoyant. These experts say, "Yes, you can have communication." There is a third group, those who believe in what is called, psychical research, and it ought to be said here that there is a legitimate sphere of research. There are certain faculties of our mental development that we do not know much about; there is a realm of mental science not yet fully discovered or even fully explored. It is being worked at now, the new psychologist will emerge meanwhile. A group among them, not all, say, "Yes," and the striking thing to mark is this: That there are responses come from the attempt to have communication with our loved dead, there is no attempt to deny. The responses come; that is quite clear. If they come from our loved ones, it is a bit discouraging, for if that were true, they must have suffered a mental collapse in transition.

These responses come from one or more of five sources. Some say they do come from our loved dead. Second, They may come from the working of our sub-conscious or subjective mind, or the sub-conscious functioning of our mind. This bit of psychology we know so little about. Third, they may come through deceptive means. Fourth, they may come from demons, evil spirits impersonating our loved ones to deceive us, and fifth, they may come as a blend of two or more of these.

For myself, I have reached three simple conclusions. For the last twenty-five years I have

been digging into this kind of thing in this country, in England and on the Continent, to satisfy my own mind but with no thought of teaching. I have read books, listened to strange experiences, talked with people everywhere in these countries for the last twenty-five years. I have pushed my researches to the very last legitimate limit, though I haven't gone to the seances, as a matter of principle and conviction. I refuse to tread on the devil's territory. It is not needful to touch pitch to know that it blackens your hand; you do not need to commit adultery to find out about it. I refuse to touch pitch, but I have made every investigation and have come to three conclusions. First, *Human spirits do not return.* Let the brevity be the emphasis. Second, *Haunted houses, aparitions, this kind of thing can be explained without the suggestion of human spirits returning.* The older the country, the more frequent this thing is. The third item is this: These responses that come, *never do come from our loved dead.* The evidence *there* is quite irrefutable. They come either from demons, or the working of our subjective consciousness, or deception, or the blend of two or more of these.

Yet I want to put in two parenthetical bits about strange experiences. Christian folks, who have not thought of tampering with the illegitimate, tell me they have been conscious of the presence of their loved ones who have gone, in a very real, definite way. There is always an answer: When a loved one goes, our hearts are very tender and the angels of God are very tender in their ministrations. The Holy Spirit is especially tender at such a time, and these angelic ministrations seem to us as though it is our own loved ones who have come back to us. There is a second bit: Many times as the loved ones near the border of life, they seem to see the loved ones gone before, and as they lie there they repeat the name of someone who died, and the whole inference is that the loved one who died before has come back. But the answer is this: As death draws near and the physical life wanes, the spirit-life oftentimes strengthens, and the spirit vision is open to us. In the spirit world there is neither distance nor space. If I could see with my spirit eye, I could see my mother yonder in Jesus' presence, though I might think of it in my normal thinking as thousands of miles away; but in the spirit world I can see without any space. The one dying sees through what we call space, and sees plainly the faces of loved ones yonder in Jesus' presence.

But now turn to the Book. Happily we have

the Book, and I confess to my ignorance of anything authoritative except from the Book. There are a long list of passages on this subject but I will give just one keen passage in Deuteronomy 18:9-14, "There shall not be found among you anyone that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee." This same thing is used nine times interchangeably, and in this, as in a whole string of passages in the Book all the pretended communication with the dead is plainly characterized as "devilcraft." The teaching could not be plainer. A second bit from the book, and again a long string of passages, one an index finger to the other, Isa. 8: 19-20, "And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep, and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead? To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them." The whole thing is strongly forbidden under the severest penalty.

Then the third bit to mark, listen softly, is this: This kind of thing of getting into communication with our loved dead, is utterly incompetent. Whatever seems to come is through deception; it is utter incompetency clearly to have any communication with our loved ones gone. And the fourth bit is this to mark, the continued tampering with this kind of thing undermines a man's mentality. I ran across a little book in London, not written from a Christian's standpoint, the man plainly not a Christian man who wrote it, and he said this, quoting roughly, after tampering and after a struggle to get control again of his mental integrity: "*The man who tampers here opens a door that he cannot shut, and through the door there come foul spirit presences that threaten a man's mental integrity as well as his moral fibre.*" I remember talking with what they call a peasant in Germany, one of the common folks. He was a man of all work in a large Bible School up in Frankfort-on-Oder. Plainly he was in distress, something troubled him. He was humble, deferential, modest, seeking for help. We knelt to pray and another personality manifested itself. He gnashed on me with his teeth and raged as under the control of another distinct

personality. We talked a bit, prayed, we pleaded the blood of Jesus and the strange, evil, foul presence had to go. Then the man said this: "I opened the door. This foul presence came in and I could not get rid of it." The dangers attending all this kind of thing even Sir Oliver Lodge himself speaks of. That is rather striking is it not? I never heard a man talking about the dangers of praying, of reading the Bible, or living a straight pure, Christian life, have you?

"But what shall we do?" you ask. You sit in a lonely corner by a lonely fireside, and the rain of your grief patters down on the roof of your heart, I know, but there is an answer. There is One who knows all about the grief and the tears for the loved one gone. He will come and sit in your lonely corner and hold an umbrella over the roof of your heart that the tear-drops cannot patter down. Even while they fall He will start the music a-going. *His* Presence will be real. What do I mean? Do you know that the Holy Spirit continuously at Pentecost and since, is not the gift of the Father distinctly. He was sent down by Jesus, crucified and crowned. He sent down the Spirit, His own other self, the One who swayed Jesus all those human years and was in Him as He went to the grave of Lazarus; He was the full diapason of Jesus' life. He knows every human experience. He will come and sit by your side and His presence will be very real. And if today, my friend yonder who knows the sharp edge of the knife of grief and the pattering of the rain and the sheer lone of the corner that cannot be told, you will yield afresh to Jesus Christ, His Spirit will fill your surrendered heart. He is real. It is Jesus own self who is in you. He will start the music a-going, and He will cushion all the edges for you even while the lone feeling is there. His presence is real. You will know it. This is the answer what to do.

I have a friend in Ohio, the Dean of a Theological Seminary. He told me when his daughter was a little child, less than three or four years, he awakened one night by the little child speaking; her bed was on the far side of the big, broad bed. Half awake, he roused himself and the little thing was saying, "Hand, hand, papa." Half asleep he put his hand over the side of the bed, and at once the little fat, baby fingers held as tightly as only baby fingers do hold, you know about that. In a few moments, he knew by the breathing, the baby was asleep, and she slept hand in hand through the night until the light came.

"A little child shall lead them." This little child shall lead us. It is night time, a bit scary some folks find the night time. You want a bit of a feeling. Very well, there is a Hand reaching down, and a quiet voice says, "Hand, my child," and we may slip our hand into His; yes, and feel the knotted place that tells you whose Hand it is, and you and He may go on hand in hand. Listen! He has two hands and His other hand is in that of your loved one yonder. He is the Communicator, and some day He will bring the two hands together, and you will meet your loved ones face to face in His presence. Meanwhile He will keep the music a-singing till the face-to-face times. Let us slip our hands anew into His.

Healings in India

Miss Bernice Lee, Uska Bazar, India, now back in the harness, writes, "This finds me out in camp alone with our two Bible women and two men preachers, and indeed we are having a blessed time. Oh what a new vision has the Lord given me of India's need, and as never before do I feel that I am *one* with this people among whom the Lord has sent me to labor! How I have cried to the Lord to help me to get up close to them and to love them with His own love, and He is answering my prayer!

"We came out to this place (Lotau) in Basti Dist. It is only twelve miles from Uska, but it took us from 5:45 A. M. to a little after 1:00 P. M. to make the journey in our slow-moving ox-cart over rough, country roads. Oh how hungry some of these dear people are for love, and the most of them have never before heard the Name that is so dear to us! Yesterday our hearts were full as we went in and out amongst them, and they came to us from all sides wanting prayer for their sick, and to hear what we had to tell them. Our dear Bible women said they would like to settle right down amongst them and teach them for they are so simple and susceptible.

In this village there is a poor, epileptic man who has been afflicted so many years that his mind is quite affected. On his leg is a terrible sore, the result of falling into the fire when in a fit. The people wanted us to pray for him and we all gathered. It seemed such a big thing to me—a heathen man, dull of comprehension, his mind partially gone and an epileptic. But our dear workers were so faithful, so earnest, and together we bowed before the All-powerful, Almighty God, and *He* was in our midst. We then sought to get the poor man to utter the Name of Jesus, but he would not. A day or two later the preachers went again, and that day the man uttered the Name! Still later we went, and then the dear man was so different and repeated again and again the precious *name* of Jesus and called on Him. He has had no spells since the first day

we prayed. The people are talking about it in the village and it is so sweet to see the dear old mother standing with us for victory and urging us to call on the Lord. The dear old grandmother is also so earnest, and though nearly blind, followed us the other day and begged us to pray for another member of the family.

"The first day we were in camp a man came to us asking that we go and pray for his wife who was so sick. We did so and she is so greatly improved that all are talking of it. She had not been able to walk to any extent but is now doing so. The Postmaster is spreading the news of her healing.

"We were asked to pray for a child with fever. At the time of prayer the fever left her, and last night the old woman from that zenana came over and asked us with a beaming face to come and pray for someone else.

"The other day we got into a large zenana where there were about sixteen shut-ins. A number of other women gathered, and oh the joy in their faces as we poured the Gospel message into their listening ears! We do want the home folks to pray as we go out into these distant villages, that these zenana doors which are so tightly closed against us by the men shall be opened. In this village of Latau there is a large zenana which we have longed to enter, but day after day our hearts have been saddened as we saw no possibility of doing so. However, we have been *praying* and just now as I am writing, the master of this very zenana has come asking us to come and pray for a child. He said, 'I see that the power of God is with you people as you pray in Jesus' Name, so I want you to come!' Oh how I wish I could send a wireless that would reach you in the homeland in the next hour, saying, 'Pray for us.' But perhaps some at home are at this very moment on their faces before God for us.

"These roads are very bad, and the other day our ox-tonga became disabled so that we have had to walk again, and yesterday after trudging thru the hot sun, across fields, and by winding foot-paths for a long distance, then working in one village after another and home again, tired but happy, we found a group of people to preach to again here in our tent, as night settled down. But oh the blessedness of being weary for Jesus' sake in His glad service. I praise the Lord for wonderful health since my return. My furlough has certainly refreshed and renewed me."

* * *

We have often been asked to publish an article on Spiritualism, and now call our readers' attention to the very able discourse on page 10 of this issue by S. D. Gordon, whose ministry in this city was so blest of God.

Send this to your friends who may need this enlightening and timely warning about this subtle and dangerous cult.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

Stone Church Convention

The Thirteenth Annual Convention of The Stone Church, 70th & Stewart Ave., May 20th to June 3rd. Meetings daily, 2 and 7 p. m., except Mon. and Sat. Sun. 2 p. m. and all Night meetings at the Normal College Auditorium, Stewart Ave., nr. 69th St.

Dr. Morse H. Markley, formerly of Scruggs Mem. M. E. Church, St. Louis, Mo., will speak nightly, May 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26. Dr. Chas. A. Shreve, Pastor McKendree M. E. Church, Washington, D. C., at 2 and 7 p. m., May 29, 30, 31, June 1. Both of these pastors have their Pentecostal baptism and teach it to their people.

Missionary Days, May 22, 25 and June 3, 2 p. m. A number of missionaries will participate. Ministers' Day, May 23. Divine Healing, May 24, 2 p. m.

* * *

Evangelist John Goben of Iowa conducted a successful revival at the Pentecostal Assembly on Sunnyside Avenue. The church was crowded nightly and the Sunday meetings were held in Ravenswood School Building, which was well filled. Bro. S. A. Jamieson, the pastor, reports a number of marked healings: "Two brethren were healed of rupture, a sister instantaneously healed of spinal trouble of years' standing, another of stiff hip and a number healed of chronic diseases. Souls were born again, many backsliders reclaimed, and the saints greatly blessed.

"The presentation of the truth by Bro. Goben removed prejudice from the minds of many against Pentecost. Strangers who attended the services acknowledged the presence of God in the meetings, and our Assembly was greatly strengthened."

Bro. Jamieson's present address is at the Church, 2120 Sunnyside Avenue. Phone Ravenswood 5859.

* * *

Two Months' Report

The following is our Two Months' Report (March and April) of Missionary Disbursements, sent in by loving hearts and helping hands:

E. E. Alger, Liberia	\$ 21.00
Miss Carrie Anderson for Fat Shan Building..	183.50
Miss Carrie Anderson, China	67.50
Miss Blanche Appleby, China (\$16 native work)	21.00
Fred Baltau, China	10.00
Mrs. Jennie Bendiksen, Africa	10.00
A. F. Berg, Congo	40.00
Miss A. E. Brown, Palestine	5.00
Miss Ada R. Buckwalter, China	10.00
Robt. Cook, India	15.00
Miss Sara Coxé, India	10.00
C. W. Doney, Egypt (School)	55.35
Elsie Fearey, So. America	10.00
Ella Finch, China	10.00
Miss Margaret Flint, on furlough	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gausler, China	115.00
Mrs. Walter Glauser, native work	50.00
Miss A. M. Gollan, Liberia	50.50
Mrs. Esther Harvey, India	17.00
Mrs. Marion W. Keller, Africa	25.00
George M. Kelley, China (\$16 native work) ..	73.00
E. B. Kennedy, China	10.00
Miss Ethel King, India	37.00
Miss Jennie Kirkland, India	46.75
Miss Elizabeth Kunkle, China	10.00
Miss Beatrice Lawler, China	30.00
Mrs. Harland Lawler, China (Fare \$50)	80.00
F. G. Leader, Congo	65.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India	55.00
Alex Lindsay, India	25.00
Miss Bertha Milligan, China	22.00
Frank Nicodem, India	10.00
Albert Norton, India	5.00
Miss L. H. Parker, India (\$20 native work) ..	50.00
J. M. Perkins, Liberia	21.00
V. G. Plymire, Tibet	85.00
Mrs. Anna Richards, Africa	20.00
Mrs. Julia McC. Richardson, Congo.....	20.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America	35.00
Mrs. V. Schoonmaker, India	35.00
E. M. Scurrah, Africa	10.00
Ernest Smith, India	27.25
N. Sorenson, So. America	10.00
Thos. Stoddart, India	10.00
J. Wilbur Taylor, Africa	20.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan, Equipment for station and native work	103.00
W. R. Williamson, on furlough	5.00
Missionary Rest Home, Chicago	25.00
Matron, Missionary Home	2.55
Total	\$1,586.90

Making the Spoons

A bishop of the Church of England returned from a visit to Canton and was entertained by a wealthy lawyer who didn't take much stock in missions, and he said, "Bishop, it is just like dipping up the ocean with a spoon to try to convert the heathen," The Bishop answered, "We are over there making the spoons." That is what we are doing, trying to get in the young men and young women and make spoons of them to

carry the Gospel to their people. Waitsap means, "gathered in the bosom of the hills." We climbed to the top of a high mountain and looked over that vast interior, and saw village after village as far as the eye could reach, without the Gospel. The burning desire of our hearts is to get young men and women converted and send them out as witnesses to those who have never heard.

W. R. Williamson.

* * *

I have learned if I cannot get along without troubles, I can get a lot of good out of them. The way I have discovered to break their power

is right in the middle of them, to look up and say, "My God, I thank you for this." I believe it is God's plan that everything that touches your life and mine shall do us good. The trials of this world do not do the sinner any good. They make him curse God and blaspheme, but the trials of the saint will make him saintly. We are told that even the things that Jesus suffered, perfected Him. If it is possible for Christ to have been perfected by suffering, how much more is it possible for you and me to have that which will perfect us, and make us like Him.—K. R. GLOVER.

The Trial of the Soul

Back to the Alphabet of Redemption.

Evan. John Gobin, at Sunnyside Church, April 25, 1923.



IN John 16:8, we read, "And when He (the Holy Spirit) is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness and of judgment:" The world is born in sin. The Psalmist said, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." The world does not like that, but the Word of God declares it. We try to fix up the old flesh but sin cannot be fixed up. Only the blood can blot it out. We are all the children of wrath by nature, and must have the conviction of the Holy Ghost on our lives in order that we may see ourselves as God sees us, and when the Holy Spirit begins to deal with our lives He shows us our true condition. The Word says, "Some men's sins go before them to judgment and some follow after;" we want our sins to go before to be judged that we may not face them in the hereafter, but that they may be blotted out and put behind the back of God, into the sea of His forgetfulness.

My first thought on this subject, "The Trial of the Soul" is, that the one making the arrest is the Holy Spirit. The Word says here He will "reprove" the world of sin, but the revised version says, "convict." It is no wonder to me that many of the churches say they do not believe in the Holy Spirit. If He had an opportunity to get in, He would start from the pulpit and go clear back to the door, bringing conviction to men and women. You will never know the power of redemption until you know conviction. You ask what is the matter with Christianity that it is at a low ebb? It is because there is a lack of conviction a lack of the sense of sin. The alpha-

bet of redemption is the convicting power of the Holy Spirit. We all have to learn our A. B. C's before we can spell, and after we learn them we can put letters together and make words. The trouble with people today spiritually is that they do not know their alphabet, do not know the first principles of redemption. They are trying to get into the power of redemption without going into the depths, confessing and repenting of sin. God can never bless a man so long as sin is in his life. You may seem to be blest, but do not let the devil deceive you if there is sin in your life, that is not God blessing your soul. God cannot work over sin, and if the Holy Spirit is in you, He will convict and reprove. His business is to show the hideousness, the awfulness, of sin. The natural man cannot see the true nature of sin. We are living in a time when people are actually pitying men who are sinners but we must show them *sin* as it is outlined in the Word of God, making them see it is a crime for a man to live in sin. They pity him, saying, "Wasn't it too bad such a thing had to happen." They take this attitude because sin is covered up in their own lives, and it is only the true nature of sin, as it were, being demonstrated in action. They say, "It is too bad," as though the person is not accountable for what he did. I want to say that every man and woman here is responsible for the sin they commit. You are the guilty one, and before God can cleanse you from the power of it, you must see your true condition in His sight. The Holy Ghost will turn on the searchlight and take the sin out of your life if you will let Him.

Notice with me the method the Holy Spirit is using to bring men and women to a knowledge of their condition. When Paul and his little

company were praying by the river Lydia listened to his prayer and there was such unction, such fervency, she was convinced he had something from God. The Holy Ghost was in Paul's life; on the way to Damascus he had a meeting with the Lord and saw the heinousness of his sin, confessed it and was delivered from the power of the enemy. He went out, before the whole city of Damascus and was baptized in water. Paul knew the power of redemption, was saved from his sins, and then the scales fell from his eyes. Ananias said, "Look here, Paul, you come out before the multitude and be baptized. In other words through baptism acknowledge that you were a big sinner; God arrested you, served a warrant on you; you were found guilty and confessed. Paul, you repented and the blood has been applied to your soul, now come out in the face of the multitude and acknowledge it by baptism," and he did so. He said, "Good-bye Sanhedrin, Good-bye high priest, Good-bye Jewish religion! I believe in Jesus Christ." He was buried, and you never find him with the old clique anymore. That is what baptism means. To you, sinner, it means, "Good-bye picture show; good-bye dance hall, good-bye card-table. I am done with you." But before you can do that you must get a new man on the inside and bar out the old man.

Lydia perceived that these were men of God. Paul was so filled with the Holy Spirit that it brought conviction upon her. Our lives should be so permeated by the power of the divine Spirit of God that our very presence would be a rebuke to sin. Lydia said, "That is what I want," and she repented and turned to God. She turned her house into a mission. I love to see conviction get hold of men and women until all they have is on God's altar and they say an eternal "yes" to Him. God has been after some of you for years and the devil has impeded your spiritual progress. You remember that financial pressure you were under when you cried to God to help you? You couldn't see your way out, and God came to your rescue, and then you went back on God and believed the devil when he said, "That just happened so. It wasn't any particular intervention of God." The next thing that happened, a loved one was taken out of your home and your trouble multiplied. Then you called on God and pleaded His mercy and His power. He came and blessed and again you forgot Him. Brother, let us stop right here and find out where you are according to God's standard. It doesn't pay to cover up and try to hide things from God.

Remember, you are not dealing with man, you are dealing with an eternal God, who knows you from the beginning. He is doing everything in His power to save your soul and unless you turn to God, the day of grace will be passed for you.

Now in this trial of your soul, the Holy Ghost is the one that makes the arrest. He was there the time you did that ungodly act; you remember how miserable you were, how down-hearted and cast down, and ashamed to look anybody in the face. Why? Because the Holy Ghost was there and He was talking to your heart, and you went contrary to God's will. The trouble with your life today is the fact that you failed to get down to the bottom of that sin, confess it and make it right. Brother, you cannot put anything over on God. He knows your every motive and looks right down into your heart. He discovers the true condition of yourself; makes you a self-discoverer—reveals to you the true condition of your soul. He doesn't run around and tell the neighbors, but He opens up to you your condition. And makes it so plain, you say, "Yes, Lord, I know about that, I know I did that thing," and under His searching power your weaknesses and sins are bared. If there is godly sorrow He will put it in the sea of His forgetfulness and wash you in the blood of Jesus. Everyone of us would be in hell tonight if we had our just dues, but thank God for His love that is burning in our hearts and drawing us to Himself. How many times has God revealed to your soul your true condition and you turned it aside as a light matter. Friend, it is the weightiest matter you ever considered in your life. Do not shrink from His searching.

Now we will deal with eternities. Your soul is being dealt with; the devil is on the defensive and the Holy Ghost is the prosecutor. Your soul is on trial. The devil will do everything he can to steal the Word of God out of your heart. He takes your memory and says, "You remember that time you stole? If you ever got saved you would have to restore, and you know you can't do that." He brings up all the past and says, "You cannot get right now. It is impossible, you would have to confess all these things. That is true, but look at the reward of righting wrongs! And I want you to notice that if you continue in sin you will have to confess not only what you have done in the past, but all that you are continuing to commit will pile up against you. There is no man or woman before me who doesn't some day expect to be right with God. You are saying in your

heart, "I expect to be saved sometime," but the devil says, "Put it off a little longer." He has some traps set for your feet you may perhaps step into before the morning, and your doom is sealed.

Then the devil sears your conscience as with a hot iron. He leads you to put off getting saved, and every time you turn away from an altar service your heart becomes that much harder, and it is so much harder for God to reach your soul. The devil is bartering for your soul and he wants to land you in hell if it is possible. God said that in the last days people would give heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils and that is the people of today. Satan is saying, "I would not believe in that old-time salvation. It is out of date." But he is a liar. I challenge you to show me a man that is satisfied in his heart unless the Spirit of God wrought the change in his life. If your conscience is seared and this message has no effect in your life, the devil on the defense has gained the victory.

Then he takes the law and argues law to you; shows you what a big sinner you are and tells you there is absolutely no escape at all, that you have gone over the dead line and all is settled. There is no use trying. I find that spirit in men and women everywhere I go. It so binds them that we have to fast and pray for it to be cast out. Their nerves are so wrought upon and they are so under the control of the enemy until their lives are a misery to themselves. What is the cause of it? It is the devil arguing against their souls and God is trying His best to deliver your soul from the power of sin. We notice the Holy Spirit is prosecuting the case. The Holy Spirit says, "It is all true that you have to confess your sins." Man is just like the devil pictures him in every sense of the word. He cannot get out of the pit, but the Holy Spirit says, "I am here for the purpose of lifting you out; I am here to blot out the memory of the past; I am here to give you a new heart, to give you life for death, to give you righteousness and deliverance from the powers of sin, to give you the spirit of rejoicing for the spirit of heaviness. Oh, He is able! He has picked many of us from that terrible bondage and liberated us. Satan has lost his hold, he has lost his power. We have a sure footing. But someone says, "I feel miserable," I know it, brother. And you should be glad that God has not left you. He is dealing definitely with your heart and life by the Holy Ghost sent from heaven. He knows every deed and every act, and he

is dealing with your soul to keep you out of hell.

Now we come to the verdict—acquittal or conviction. In the natural, all hope lies in convicting men. Men who have no sense of sin will not accept Christ. You will never be a Christian until you have a true sense of sin. That is the trouble with hundreds, yea thousands of professed Christians today. They are living in sin and naturally have not a true sense of what sin really is. You say, "Brother Goben, I do not see a bit of harm in doing the things which you condemn." That is because the devil has your conscience seared with a hot iron, blinded to the effect of these things in men's lives, and unless the Holy Ghost can get into men's and women's hearts and show them the real power of sin, they will never repent.

If you will go with me to the cross of Calvary I will show you the true character of sin. Man became so degraded so overpowered by sin and the devil, that when the Son of God, the Creator came down to this earth, evil men said, "He has no right here." Though He created the world by His own powers," this old, sinful flesh said, "We will not permit Him to live," so the true character of sin and flesh took the Lord Jesus, the Son of God, and cried, "Away with Him. We actually demand that He shall die. Nail him to the cross!" That is the true character of this world. It would not even let the Son of God live upon His own creation. It will absolutely drive out of your heart any sense of God whatever, and put up your fleshly man as a little god and say, "I am able to take care of my own affairs?" I say you are not. Man has been a failure from the time he fell in the Garden of Eden down to the present time, a failure without God. That is what we are reaping today. We have a lot of unregenerated men and women in the pulpits and in the pews of our churches, people who have no sense of sin, and the effect is telling on the world to a marked degree. I'd rather have a true knowledge of the nature of sin than to have all the wisdom this world could give. If you are ever what God wants you to be, you will get back to the alphabet of redemption, you will get back to what sin is and what sin does, and when you have a true knowledge of that you will have power in your life. You will not go to church and shout "Hallelujah, I have victory" and go home and quarrel with your wife. If you do that God knows you are a liar, and the church knows it too. They can feel it in your testimony.

I will say that the greatest tragedy of modern times is a lack of love for Christ. What makes

it? It is a lack of the true knowledge of what sin is. A man will never appreciate Jesus Christ as long as he loves sin. The Church is passing over sin and teaching about beautiful things. Your old, human flesh can never be beautiful except by the power of the Spirit of God. Some ministers preach a beautiful Gospel and then they wind up by saying it is impossible for man to live it. The reason we are reaping infidelity and higher criticism, and this ungodly stuff is because men are covering up sin, and they will never appreciate Christ as long as they do that. Back to the power of the Word of God! We are on the witness stand tonight, here before God. The Holy Ghost is the prosecuting power, the devil is on the defense. Your soul depends upon your decision tonight, and I dare say the Holy Ghost will never let a man get out of this place without a true knowledge of the condition of his soul. The Holy Ghost has put His hand upon your life and is saying, "Thou art the man." You remember David when he committed those heinous sins and the Prophet Nathan came to him with the parable of the man with the great sheepfold, taking from the man the one little lamb that he had. David said in a rage, "Show me the man

who did this and he will pay for it." Ah David, why did you let the devil blind your eyes? The prophet said with deep meaning, "Thou art the man." Friend, God is bringing before you the true condition of your life." He is saying, "Thou art the man!" "Thou art the woman!" The Holy Ghost is pleading for your life, but Satan is saying, "I would not do it. I would get out of here as quickly as I could." I have known men under conviction to rush out the door and down the street only to come back again in a few hours crying for prayer. Never say "No" to God's dealings. They are for the good of your soul.

Here are the results of the verdict, "Come unto Me that ye might have life." The Holy Ghost has made His plea, and you say in your heart, "I am the man," "I am the woman." The devil says, "Not tonight." The Holy Ghost has pleaded your case and offered to acquit you before the throne of God. The man who sees his true condition and throws himself on Jesus saying: "Yes, I am guilty, Lord, have mercy," will find the open arms of Jesus extended to him. Let Him come into your heart and life and He will make you a new creature.

In the Beginning It Was not So "Behold, It Was Very Good!"

Pastor C. B. Fockler, in the Auditorium, Milwaukee, Wis., March 25, 1923.



A FEW words from the beginning of the Book. In meditating this morning the Lord said to me, "In the beginning, God." And so I have opened the Book to the very first chapter of Genesis; I want to refer to the last verse of the chapter, "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold it was very good." You who have read the narrative of the creation of the earth and the things in the earth, will remember that it says in the second verse, that there was chaos, that there was darkness, and the Spirit of the Lord brooded over the waters and caused a separation. Things began to come into place in an orderly manner. The Lord continued in the creation until everything was finished, and we read, "It was very good."

Coming back from the South the other day on the train, I picked up a magazine and read an article entitled, "The Sun our Lord," referring to the sun in the heavens, the orbit that warms and lights the earth. The writer went on to show,

in a very laborious way, how the earth came into existence. In explaining this he said there must have been two immense planets, like great balls of fire, and they came too close to each other, and the friction threw off great chunks or portions, and these portions coming together in great rapidity in the air, formed a globe; eventually that globe cooled off and it became our earth. I would like to ask the author a few questions. I would ask him where the first two big planets came from. My boy came home from High School sometime ago where they were teaching as they do in the High Schools and colleges, science and evolution, and little or nothing about God and the church as we find it in the Word. As we discussed the matter at the supper table, my boy said, "Dad, they tell us that things came into existence first from an atom and that they can get a number of these atoms on the point of a pin. They are getting it down pretty fine, but where did the atom come from?" I told him if he would stick to that he wouldn't go far astray. So I would like to ask the writer of that

article where those two big planets came from, that through friction threw off big chunks that formed the earth. In all that article there wasn't a hint that the story of the creation as told in the Book of Genesis might be true. Friends, I believe in the story of the creation. I believe that God formed and created this earth. When we think how great, how tremendous, how wonderful it is, even the things which we see, we know it is only the work of the hand of God.

This past summer I stood on the rim of Crater Lake, looking down over a precipice ranging from a thousand to two thousand feet to the blue waters of the lake. The lake was six miles in diameter and twenty-five miles in circumference, the depth of the water 1995 feet. It was undoubtedly as its name indicates, a crater of some great, vast volcano that became extinct centuries ago. It was a sight that gripped the heart with terror, the tremendous depths and great, cavernous recesses; people turned from it with fear. In meditating upon that scene one evening before I fell asleep it came to me, that the great God had left such places monuments of the battle grounds of worlds. As we look around and see the matchless grandeur, the great, scenic wonders upon the earth, and then think how poor, puny man will speculate and try to explain its existence and ignore the truths of God's eternal word, how foolish and how utterly absurd it all is.

It is our privilege today to stand in the heart of this city as witnesses for the Word of God; that we believe the Word of God, and that *we* believe God in the beginning created the heavens and the earth and all things that live on the earth; that He placed the sun in the heavens to give light and warmth, and hung the moon and the stars in their places. Then last of all He created man, not out of an atom, nor did he evolve from a monkey, but man was created in the image of God. I do not like to think of my Heavenly Father looking anything like an ape or a monkey. God created man and then He provided food for His creation, in the seas and in the air, and on the earth. The narrative closes with the wonderful words, "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good."

Was there any sorrow before then? No, there was no sorrow there. Was there any sin there? No. Was there any sickness or disease? No. Have you ever gotten a mental picture of that scene in the Garden of Eden with the first man and his helpmate there in their innocence, in the image of God, not knowing evil, having sweet fel-

lowship together, and precious communion with God their Creator? Have you ever sought to picture that scene in your own mind? How wonderful it must have been knowing no sin, having no sickness, no suffering, no distress, no sorrow. God saw that everything was good. We are foolish enough to believe in the Fall of man; that something happened, and that all creation fell. Man fell from that holy, ecstatic state in which he was created and the struggle for life and existence began; the struggles and troubles, disease and the workings of death began, and it has come on down through the ages, leaving its marks, leaving its stamp of hatred, envy, of torment, of distress, of blood, of war and of death. The great selfishness that entered into man has worked down through human hearts and lives putting its blight on all.

I wept as I prayed this morning and meditated on this wonderful creation, man made in the image of God. I saw the awful failure and in the midst of my tears I said, "Oh God, is there no way back to that place of peace, of freedom from pain and misery and sorrow? Is there no way out of the hell of selfishness that is raging everywhere, that leads to wars and bloody scenes throughout the world, that seem to have no ending and are only intensified as the years roll on? Is there no way back to the place of rest and communion with Thee Oh God? I look through the Word of God and here and there I see these pictures. The prophets saw, just as though the curtain had been lifted, the condition before man fell, and they likewise see the horrible condition of things, and as they look down through the vista of time they see that God will once more make this earth a paradise of God, in which man can dwell, a saved body of people, redeemed, born again, having communion and fellowship with God their Creator. As I meditated, it drove away the clouds, it made my soul rejoice as I read Job 22:12-30; there you will see that wonderful picture of God's possibilities for man if he can get back to God, if he can find his way back through the clouds of unbelief and of despair and the hell that is raging everywhere. There is a wonderful future to that man and woman who will find their place back in God again.

If you will turn to the First Psalm you will find it starts out, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly nor standeth in the way of sinners;" all that man's ways shall be blest; He shall have the peace and the power of God resting within him. In Psalms 16:7-11

you will find another little climax of that wonderful provision God has made for mankind. That beautiful Shepherd Psalm, the 23rd, who does not know it? That must have been something of the condition that Father Adam and Mother Eve had before they fell and lost their communion with God. If you will turn to Isa. 11:1-9 you will see that the prophet had a vision of the whole earth redeemed and back to its Edenic state, when the anger, the bickerings and the strife will be out of men's hearts, and the nations will not learn war anymore; they will beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and even the beast creation shall be subdued, the lion and the lamb shall lie down together and a little child shall lead them. I believe it was that way in the beginning when God created them. In Hab. 2:14, we read, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Finally Jesus comes upon the scene, the great Redeemer of whom the prophets had foretold hundreds of years before He was born. He begins His ministry by saying that if the people will repent the kingdom of heaven is at hand. He came to redeem man and finally the whole creation back to that blessed condition it was in, in the beginning. This matter of getting deliverance from sickness, divine healing for the body, is not the goal. It is only one little incident in this glorious kingdom of heaven. It was good, was it not, when you found out if you repented of your sins and trusted in Jesus Christ, the door you could enter into the kingdom of heaven? Through Him you may have deliverance from your sins, your bad habits and your sicknesses; through Him you may be made a clean man and a clean woman, and every organ that had been infested with disease be made whole. It is only a little incident in the blessed kingdom of heaven but it is a blessed one to realize that one has access to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

In closing, just these words of Jesus, who said so lovingly: "Ask and it shall be given unto you; seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth, he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

Then come instructions how to ask and what we have a right to ask for. For "what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know

how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him." How broad that is. Is poverty a blessing? Is the animosity and strife between capital and labor of God? Is God in all this selfishness, this struggle for greed? There is not enough of power in this evil world that will keep you out of your inheritance. Even if we are in the midst of a selfish world, you do not need to go down in poverty and distress, in sorrow or in misery for Jesus has said, "If ye being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, *how much more* shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him." Who is here who would be so foolish as to say cancer or consumption was a good thing? God is not the author of disease. He hasn't a storehouse filled with them, but they come as results of sin. If we repent of our sins and unbelief,—and there is no unbelief so apt to keep people out of their inheritance as to be mistaught about the nature of God, but when we know that God is the author of every good and every perfect gift, we have a right to come to Him as our Heavenly Father in the name of Jesus.

In the beginning God pronounced everything good, and through Jesus He has again made provision that man may enter into that place of communion and fellowship with Him as a loving, heavenly Father.

Revival in Ireland

A BLESSED revival spirit is now on among the churches of Great Britain and Ireland, especially in Ulster, in the cities of Belfast, Ballymena, Londonderry and other surrounding towns. Many in these cities so torn with civil strife have "exchanged the bullet for the Bible; revolution for revival."

Writers in *The Life of Faith* compare the present awakening to that notable outpouring of the Spirit of 1859, which swept men and women into the kingdom under mighty spiritual operations. In Belfast, the "mass" movement Christward began over a year ago when a Boy's Brigade in a Presbyterian Church which had been meeting for drill practice began to show indifference to the orders, and when the Captain inquired the cause they astonished him by intimating that they preferred to have meetings along spiritual lines. At the close of this new "drill practice" over thirty had given their hearts to

the Lord, and within two weeks the whole company of seventy boys were saved. Since then, they have met, over one hundred strong, every Sunday morning for Bible study and prayer, and they and their Captain hold cottage meetings in the neighborhood. In a three weeks' revival, 1,100 gave their hearts to the Lord.

The churches are crowded from the pulpit steps to the door, and a strong emphasis is being laid on separation from the world and every sinful habit. It is said that the moving picture shows and the football crowds have lost faithful supporters.

The fire of God broke out in one of the most unexpected places, a Reformatory, through two boys who had left the institution several years ago and later were saved. They returned to the Reformatory and began to work for God. As a result thirty or forty boys were saved.

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Some of the mission workers held meetings in the midst of flying bullets, but God brought them through without a scratch. All classes are being reached. A request came from what they call the "gun men" (those who until recently went about armed) that if a night were set apart for men only they would attend. This was gladly arranged for and God worked mightily among them. "Men who a short time ago with rifle, revolver and bomb, were a terror to the neighborhood, are now holding open-air meetings and taking part in the mission."

In many places mothers met together after their children had gone to school, to pray definitely for a revival. As a result the different mission halls became crowded, many who came not having attended a place of worship for years. At the close of these services, inquirers remain behind seeking salvation, among whom are drunkards, skeptics, socialists, etc. One of the wholesome results of the revival, is that of making restitution; old debts, even those which have been outlawed are being paid, which shows the genuineness of the work. "In one particular district" said a minister who attended the meetings, "drinking, gambling and kindred vices were so prevalent that it was impossible to get many to attend a meeting. Now our difficulty is to provide accommodation for those wishing to be present, and although no special efforts were put forth, over one hundred men alone, professed conversion at the meetings and Bible classes since the beginning of this year."

Men pack the churches to overflowing, often

coming two thousand strong, straight from their work in the shipbuilding yards in Queen's Island, their faces and hands oftentimes as black as coal, but their faces shine, nevertheless, with the glory of God. One young man who arose and gave himself to God, was seen to pull some pieces of paper from his pocket. "What is that you are doing?" asked the evangelist. "I'm tearing up my betting slips," he responded.

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There is a very definite work being wrought among the children. At the close of a mid-week prayer meeting in a Methodist church, two boys were waiting among the inquirers. One of the boys, ten years of age, was reading to the other from the New Testament. When questioned he said to the Christian worker, "Miss, I am saved and I am just reading him a little out of the Word until someone is free to speak to him."

A woman who with her husband was saved, was anxious to attend one of the day meetings, but found no one to leave with the children. Her little boy four and a half years said, "Mama I will pray that God will allow you to go." A few minutes later he came and said, "It is all right, mama, you'll get to the meeting. I have asked God to let you go." Later, a neighbor came in and said, "Mrs. W. if you want to go to Mr. Nicholson's meetings I will look after the children for you."

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In England and Scotland there are also souls being saved in large numbers. In Glasgow they turned the stage of one of the large theatres into an inquiry room.

In many places the work is carried on largely among the laity. One man, an oil dealer in Wrekenton, North England, and his young friend, a blacksmith, are booked up months ahead for meetings and missions. After their day's work they go to different villages and hold meetings, and souls are being saved every night. His eight sons are out in the Lord's work in one way and another.

Revival fires broke out in Kilbourne, Derbyshire, where more than four hundred were won to Christ. The spacious inquiry rooms were too small to accommodate the crowds who flocked into them. Whole families surrendered to God. Gospel songs have taken the place of the popular airs of the day, not only in the homes, but on the streets, in the factories and the work-shops, even down in the bowels of the earth, the coal mines. The change in the miners has amazed the offi-

cials. An example of the change was seen on a load of coal upon which were inscribed the words, "Give your heart to Christ," as it emerged from the depths of the mine.

God Searching out a Soul



TRAVELED almost twice around the world to find peace in my soul, but it does not come that way. Men do not find salvation thru the things I sought after. In my youthful folly I tried to satisfy an inward craving but the more I traveled, the more miserable I became, for Satan is always on the track of the searching soul, seeking to turn him aside.

For a time I practically doubted there was a God, but one night while at sea, the Lord began to deal with me. The first experience He gave me was to take me into hell. I suffered the pangs of the damned, and as the flames surrounded me, I cried out in anguish. My companions on board ship could not understand what I was going thru, and said I had the "blue devils" for they were accustomed to seeing me drunk. From this scene I was taken in spirit into heaven. What a change to my vision and feeling! Three times I was taken from hell to heaven, and from heaven to hell, the Spirit of the Lord showing me the two places of abode for the soul, and that I could make my choice. As I came to myself I pondered what I should do. I knew there would be no use in asking anyone on board ship what to do, for those men would only laugh at me and tell me to take another drink. I wanted to pray, but didn't know how, so I cried, "Oh God, if You will spare me until I get to shore, I will serve You."

As time went on, this experience was almost forgotten, with the drinking and every kind of sin in which I indulged, but after reaching England I met some working men at a place called Blackfriars Road who told me what great things God had done for them. Then the promise I had made to God came back to me, and I said to my wife, "I think we will go to the mission to-night." I wasn't there very long until the spirit of weeping came over me. God was working, and at the close the preacher invited all those who wanted to be saved to come to the front. The enemy was working too, and tried to keep me back. The minister seeing the conflict was on, said, "I am going fishing," and came back to where I was. It wasn't long before he caught

me, and I went to the altar and yielded up to God. He knew what I wanted, and He gave me a change of heart. That was the second dealing of the Lord in my life.

We were accustomed to having plenty of intoxicating liquor in the house, and I used to mix the drinks to make them stronger. My wife knew I always had rum or brandy in our tea. The devil knew my weakness and said, "Now you do not need to give up smoking and drinking *in moderation.*" I took his advice, but God knew my heart was honest before Him, and the liquor became so distasteful to us we could not take it any longer. I had a similar experience with the tobacco. I could not enjoy a smoke after I was saved. I changed the tobacco, got new pipes, threw away the pipe altogether and tried a cigar, but could not enjoy smoking, so I gave it up. Now old things have passed away and all things have become new, thank the Lord!

Our mission was a branch from Spurgeon's (Baptist) Church, so we were baptized in water, but we lived a kind of "up and down" life, sinning and repenting, and after living along like this for awhile, the Lord wanted to lead us on. He gave me a vision of two roads, both looked alike, and I heard these words: "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death." I had never heard those words before and we searched the good Book to see if they were in it, and found them in Prov. 14:12. When I became a believer in the Lord Jesus, I always believed the Word from cover to cover, so I began to ponder and consider the way I was traveling. I felt if we continued on in the way we were going, we would soon be wrecked on the shoals.

About this time I found a tract which spoke about Divine Healing. I asked the wife to see if this teaching was in the good old Book, and there it was, so I went to a meeting where they were teaching it. I heard a man testify how he and his family had spent a great deal of money doctoring but got no better, but now the Lord had healed them of many sicknesses, and it was cheaper too. I saw the truth right away, and opened my heart to receive it. About three months later I presented my body a living sacrifice to God (Romans 12:1) for at that time I did not know anything about receiving the Holy Ghost as in Acts 2:38. When I gave the Lord my body I was anointed with oil and then I was entitled to healing.

Some time after that, the flu came to England

and it was very bad. The Lord allowed me to have it for a test; I got it the same day the Duke of Clarence (King George's brother) died. My wife was out helping to get dinner for the Ragged School children, and when she came home she brought the news of the Duke's death. It was not very encouraging news to me, as I was lying helpless in an arm chair. "Oh," she said, "I'll go for a doctor." "No," I said, "go for Mr. Simpson." (the minister at the mission). She started to beat an egg before she left to give me a little nourishment, but I could not stand the noise, I was so ill. When she went for the preacher, a London fog had settled down over everything. No one but those who have been in them can understand how dense they are. This delayed her, she had such a time finding the place, but she came back bringing the preacher, who when he saw how sick I was gave me a good dose of James 5:14, "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." Thank God for the "shalls."

About ten minutes after the anointing he said to me, "How do you feel now?" I said, "I am all right, praise the Lord." My wife saw the change in my face. I had really forgotten all about being sick until he asked me how I was. He asked me if I could walk, and I arose and walked to my bench and started to work. I was perfectly healed. I am now sixty-four, but I have better health than I had at the age of twenty-eight.

I still had a hunger in my soul after God, and the words kept coming to me, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." In April, 1910, we came to Canada. I went to the Church of England for a time, but I could not get enough food there. Every time I went it was, "Lord have mercy on us miserable sinners," so I joined the Methodist Church.

Sometime after that I received a paper called "Tongues of Fire" which gave me a little more light. Later, we got a copy of *The Latter Rain Evangel* when Brother Piper was at The Stone Church. We read it over and over, and oh how beautiful and clear the teaching was. I have been taking the paper ever since, and used to watch the places where the meetings were to be held, hoping to be able to attend one; but the distance was so great I felt I did not have the money to

go, and prayed that the Lord would send someone along to give us the full Gospel. After being in the Methodist Church for eight years, and witnessing for the Lord as the Healer two brothers came and started Pentecostal meetings. Oh how the power fell! People were prostrated and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, speaking in other tongues as the Spirit gave utterance. I sought diligently and it was nearly five years before I received but on Oct. 11, 1921, the power of God was upon me for three hours as I sang and spoke in other tongues. Praise Jesus for His mercy to a hell-deserving sinner like me!

George Smith, Allendale, Ontario.

Light in Dark South America

From Brother N. Sorenson's letter of January 5th we give our readers a glimpse of what God is doing in Bolivar (South America): "It is now nearly two months since we started our tent campaign. In the past it was hard to get people into our hall, but this is all changed now. When we pitched our little tent we asked God to give us twenty souls in this campaign. Seventeen have come so far, and we have no doubt whatever that the Lord will give us the rest. For years we would see one saved now and then, but now we fully believe that the time has come when we will reap from the precious seed that has been sown in the past years.

"The last of the old year we baptized five in water, and it did our hearts good to see these dear ones step out from the corrupted Roman church, taking upon themselves the cross and following Jesus. They were so happy as they stepped into the water. Lately several sick ones have been healed and the news is spreading. They come one after another to have us pray for them, and we find great joy in taking them to our blessed Jesus.

"Dear ones, we must have more help. Who is willing to lay down everything at Jesus' feet and say, 'Here am I, send me' ? When this reaches you, time is nearing to take down our tent, but where we are to find a suitable place for winter (your summer) we do not know; besides, it will be expensive. The Lord is building the spiritual temple, and when the time is come that we must have a building, we believe we will get it. In the years we have been out here we have paid out enough rent to buy a place. Pray for us."

* * *

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