



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

Beautiful with His Beauty

"Thy Face O Lord, Will I Seek"

Pastor Kelso R. Glover, in the Stone Church, July 29, 1923



AND thy renown went forth among the heathen for thy beauty: for it was perfect thru my comliness, which I put upon thee, saith the Lord. Ezek. 16:14.

God has ever desired that His creation be beautiful. In the beginning when He had made all things He looked upon the work of His hands and it was good. The creatures of the earth were perfect in every line, graceful in every movement, dwelling in a land of Paradise indeed. Man stood in majestic lordship over all he saw, kingly in the beauty and image of Him who made him and whose breath he breathed. But man spoiled that beauty. Sin cast a shadow over the glory that shone from his countenance. The eyes that looked forth from his guilty soul no longer reflected the light and glory of God from whose hands he had so lately come in the freshness of his purity. He fled from the roar of the lion and the beasts of the field over whom he had ruled as king, for the hand of God had thrust him forth from throne and garden, and fear and distress displaced his former majesty and power. As all created things reflected the beauty that rested upon the form of man when in his purity, so now did God curse all things that all might be a constant reminder that man was no longer beautiful with the beauty and comliness which God had placed upon him at his birth.

But the groaning of the whole creation which travaileth in pain together until now, the innocent suffering for the guilty, prophesies better things. Man also; who now has received the Spirit, groaning and praying, waits for release from the curse on his body, yea, waits for the beauty of God to be restored when all shall be transformed and made like unto the glorious body of our Lord Jesus Christ. The creation also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. But in the meantime we may turn from sin, the cause of it all, and seek to return to God who will change our vile natures and make us partakers of His divine nature, once more placing upon us His beauty; not the beauty of outward form, for that must wait, but rather the beauty of the inward life, the beauty of true holiness. Yet the inward beauty shining forth from a soul made

clean must also make beautiful the outward form in true beauty for there is no more perfect beauty than the beauty of purity.

In those first days God came down in the cool of the evening and walked with man. Oh what wonderful communion there must have been before man shut the door between himself and God! How often in my longing after God I cry, "Would that man had never sinned, that we might today in the cool of the evening walk and talk with God!" With David I say, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?" Oh for the privilege of being able to look into the face of the great God in all His beauty and walk with Him today! Indeed, "One thing have I desired of the Lord and that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and inquire in His temple."

But we are estranged from God because man has sinned. God can no longer look upon man nor can he look upon the face of God because of sin, but listen, children of the Lord: Jesus has come into the world as the second Adam to restore to you and me the beauty God placed upon man in the beginning; to recast us in the image of God that we may yet once more in the garden find Him and tho our eyes be holden for a time we still may know His sweet fellowship. The reason we today are not manifesting His beauty and perfection is because we do not walk with Him as we might. Too often it is not we who seek God but rather it is God who seeks us, and our joy at meeting Him is turned to fear and we hide ourselves and begin to make excuses when we hear His call, "Adam where art thou?" Justly are we reproached for we should seek the Lord, for we are they who have great need and God who needs no man nor the riches of man is left to seek man. The heart of our Lord is as much grieved with us as it was with Adam for we are slow of understanding and dull of hearing when the voice of the Lord would call us to seek Him and walk before Him perfect in all our ways. As one who dwells in surroundings of beauty and daily looking upon scenes that elevate and inspire becomes like them in his nature so

would we become like our Lord, beautiful with His beauty and perfect thru His comeliness should we spend much time in His presence, delighting ourselves with His fellowship and walking in His way. Then would men indeed become conscious that we had been with Jesus and would marvel that ones so unlearned and so unable could do so much in the kingdom of our Lord.

As God has desired that His creation be beautiful it has become the law of His kingdom that all who would dwell in it must be beautiful with the beauty of holiness. Nothing short of holiness is pleasing to the Lord of Holiness. The coming of Jesus into the world was for no other purpose than that we might be enabled to walk "In holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our lives." John writes to the church, so lately formed, "I write these things unto you little children, that ye sin not." Paul caught the vision of the holiness of God and cried out against the lethargy of man, "Awake to righteousness—awake, come out of sleep, out of darkness into the light of holiness,—"and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame." He declared that they did not know God. To know God is to be clean and holy. Our difficulty is that we do not know God as we ought nor as we might if we would only seek Him with our whole heart. Indeed, there is One in our midst whom we know not as among the scoffing Jews who stood before John at the Jordan. To know Him is to be like Him, holy as He is holy. He cried out to His hearers, "Be perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." "Be ye holy as I am holy," is the voice of our Lord from heaven. As Peter saw our Jesus, the Holy One of Israel, standing transfigured before him on the mount with face of glory and garments aglow with the very light and fire of divine purity, he cried "Lord it is good for us to be here." Oh that those might be the words of every one of God's children! There should be such a vision of the holiness of Jesus resulting from our earnest seeking of His face that we would fall down as dead before His feet and cry, "Lord it is good for us to be here, let us stay! Let us stay till Thy holiness becomes real in us." Jesus wants us to see Him in His glory for He knows its transforming power. His prayer was not only, "O Father, glorify Thou Me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was," but it was also, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they behold My glory

which Thou hast given Me." Tho we must wait for the fulness of that glory to be revealed at His coming yet we may now sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus.

Our difficulties are, we are seeking to pluck the fruits from the trees of this world's pleasures instead of seeking God. Jesus would have us deny the flesh. Paul tells us in that wonderful eighth chapter of Romans that we owe nothing to the flesh. Of course it must be clothed lest it be chilled; it must be housed from the rains and storms; it must be fed. It is still a natural body. But we are too much concerned about our physical needs and pleasures. We are admonished to be content having food and raiment, for godliness with contentment is great gain. We should exercise ourselves unto godliness which profiteth for eternity rather than exercise ourselves so much in bodily and natural matters which profit so little. I am convinced we are too much occupied with the things of the world to see the face of Jesus as we ought to see Him. Should we answer the call of the Lord to come up into the mountain we would hear yet the echo of the words of Moses unto Jehovah. "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory," for these are the words that God hath written in the stones of the mountains which lead to Him. Would we see Him these words must be uttered from our very heart. Then would we hear His answer, "There is a place by Me and thou shalt stand upon a rock." We may not see His face but we shall indeed feel His hand covering us and it will suffice.

Jesus is looking down upon us today from heaven. He would have us live as He lived. As He went about everywhere doing good so would He have us to feed the fatherless and visit the widow in her affliction but He would have us to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. We are in the world but not of it. There comes to me this morning a dim realization of the life Jesus would have us to live. We are in this world and we must talk with the men of this world. We must grasp them by the hand; we must brush shoulders in the crowd; we must talk to them here and there, but Jesus said, "Ye are not of this world." He prayed, "Father, I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil." The only way we can be kept from evil, in holiness and true righteousness is by seeking to see His face. All the time that can be spared from the duties which occupy us, all the moments that can

be spared from the actual necessities, should be spent in looking into the face of the Lord Jesus. Often our business so hinders that we have no time to pray, but Jesus will be with you in your business if you will take that time which you have, to seek His face.

The story is told of a monk, a man of God, who shut himself away in a monastery to seek God, but it became his duty at sunset each day to feed the poor who came for help. They came from the country-side round about to this monastery daily at sunset to receive the portion of food that could be spared, and he must rise from his prayers at this hour to minister to them. One day as he sought God in prayer there came a vision of the Holy One of Israel in his cell. Jesus stood there, His hands pierced, His face scarred, upon His brow a crown of thorns, and yet shining forth in the beauty of His great glory, standing there to answer the cry of this one who had long and daily sought a vision of His face that he too might be made holy like unto Him. As this vision appeared before him the sunset bell began to toll at the gate of the monastery calling the poor to come and calling him to rise and feed them. He heard the bell calling and saw the face of Jesus. He heard the clamor at the gate and yet saw the great desire of his heart before his eyes and he was torn between two emotions, whether to go and minister to the poor in obedience to the command of the very lips he looked at, or stay and worship the face he so loved. He remembered that the One who stood before him had left the admonition to be merciful to them that are in distress, and to weep with them that weep. So he left that holy presence reluctantly and went to feed the poor. When he had finished he returned to his cell sad and lonely, saying, "I have fed the poor but who shall feed me? I have left the very thing that I so long desired." But to his surprise and joy as he entered the door of his cell, the vision was still there.

That teaches me that God indeed wants the missionary to go and minister in the foreign lands. He wants the mission-worker in the slums of the city to go and lift up the down-trodden. He wants him who is in the markets of this world to attend to his business and be diligent therein, but when they come back from the contamination of the world, and seek Him, they shall find Him there. Let the answer of our heart then be as David said, "When thou saidst, Seek ye my face;

my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

And now, beloved, the writer of the Hebrews said, "Follow after peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see God." "He that overcometh," says John in the Book of Revelation, "shall not be hurt of the second death." When I consider those two verses I wonder indeed how scarcely shall the righteous be saved. Paul expresses it this way, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" This was not written to the sinner; it was written to the church of God. My mind would rather dwell upon the privilege of holiness than upon the necessity, but I do believe there is great necessity in our midst today that our souls be stirred to the demand that God makes upon us. Not that He stands as a Taskmaster to rule us with a rod of iron, but our great Jehovah God in His holiness is asking us to be like Him because He has given us the power to be like Him in all that He demands. Let us bend our backs then to the rod of divine chastening. He is saying, "I cannot take you into heaven as you are. You must be holy. This is a holy place. The creation of my hand, the earth, has been ruined by man's disobedience, but behold I make a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, and sin shall never enter there. Child, come quickly to me! How shall you escape if you neglect? Come quickly and let me wash you and cleanse you from your sin."

The love and mercy and strong desire of God to cleanse man and make him beautiful with His beauty of holiness is expressed in these words which Jehovah speaks thru the mouth of His prophet Ezekiel to His people Israel: "When I found you, you were as a babe cast out in the field, your navel uncut, not swaddled; I found you in your own blood, tenderly raised you up; I washed you white, I made you clean, I swaddled you with clothes, and I made you to be mine own very bride. I nurtured you and you grew to be a fair maiden, mine own chosen one. I placed upon you a garment of white, upon your head a crown, on your arms bracelets. I bedecked you with silver and with gold and your renown went out amongst the heathen for your beauty, for you were beautiful with my comeliness which I placed upon you."

This pictures to me the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. He doesn't hold over our heads a rod of iron; He doesn't lay upon our backs many stripes because of our past failures. No. There

was One who was willing to die for you and me. Jesus received that stroke. God has come and taken us who indeed were no people, who indeed were found in the field, cast out to be destroyed by the wild beasts of this life, but listen to His arraignment of the church of God: He says, "Ater I washed you, you forgot. After I bedecked you with silver and gold you forgot you were beautiful with *My* beauty, and you set yourself before the nations to be worshipped in *your* beauty, forgetting it was my silver that bedecked you, my crown that you wore; you turned from me and forgot that you were betrothed to me, and you played the harlot with the world."

I say to the church of God today, Let us go back to Jesus. Never shall we point the finger at one another, nor protrude the lip, nor shrug the shoulder, nor draw our skirt away from one another and say, "I am holier than thou," but let us come to Jesus in all humility. How shall we, the church of God escape if we neglect so great salvation? Jesus has come into the world to pick us up; it becomes necessary to lie in His arms that He may clothe us with the garments of righteousness, that He may beautify the meek with salvation. My soul this morning has a great cry after God, a great cry after the holiness of the Lord Jesus. I mean by this that there is a

hunger in the soul of my very being that I may put off this body of flesh and put on the very image of the Lord Jesus. There is a longing to be freed from the sin that is everywhere here in this world, and to be caught up into the glories that He has provided for us, both now and when He shall come again. I want to be ready for the marriage supper of the Lamb, don't you? John, standing in the mountains of Patmos, was shown the Bride, and he said, "The Bride hath made herself ready," ready with that beautiful wedding garment, the righteousness of the saints. Oh let us be sure that our garments are clean for Jesus is coming soon and we have not long to wait, not long to prepare for the wedding-supper of the Lamb! Are you clean today? If your hearts condemn you, God is greater than your hearts, but if your heart condemn you not, then have you confidence toward God. Have you confidence this morning, or is there trepidation? You may kneel before God and in a few moments find your heart bounding and leaping with the touch of the hand of God upon you, causing you to know that everything is right between you and Jehovah God. When Thou saidst unto me, Seek ye my face, my soul responded, "Thy face, O Lord will I seek." What shall your answer be to Jesus today?

Harnessing the River Jordan



OUR readers have often written and asked about conditions in Palestine since the British government became mandate over that land. There has been much opposition on the part of the Arabs to the Jews coming in and possessing the land. The Arab feels it is his home and resists any advances from the Jews, and for this reason developments have been very slow. Such a transformation of their coveted land as the Zionists hoped for cannot be wrought in a day. The centuries under the heel of the Turk have left their blight which cannot be wiped out in a moment. The orientalist looks askance at any innovation, but God's purposes will ripen at the right time. When His clock strikes the hour the desert of Palestine will "rejoice and blossom as a rose."

The next move is that the River Jordan is to be harnessed by science to irrigate, heat, light and industrialize the Holy Land. "The British government, which holds a mandatory over Palestine, has granted concessions to a company

organized to carry out the initial project at a cost of \$5,000,000 and next month the first construction gang will pitch camp near the spot where John the Baptist baptized Jesus. Within five years the company expects to throw a dam across the Jordan at its outlet from the Sea of Galilee and to parallel the river with canals, laterals and ditches which will water the Plain of Sharon and other barren lands in Palestine." The company also contemplates spending in addition to this initial five million from forty to sixty million, thereby supplying electric power to wharves, railways, mills, factories, stores and private homes. Pinhas Rutenberg, a practical civil engineer, who recently spent months of study in Palestine, has reported that the work can be done, and that the proposition can be made a paying one. He has secured the assistance of Baron Edmond de Rothschild and other financiers, obtained the approval of the Zionist Movement, helped to organize a colony and obtained government concessions.

An electric power plant is now under con-

struction at Jaffa on the Mediterranean, and two other stations are planned at Haifa and Jerusalem. Men and material are being assembled for the first great step of the project of harnessing the Jordan. While the Jordan from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea is only about sixty-five miles in a straight line, yet its channel is "so winding and tortuous that it describes altogether a route of 200 miles between the two seas." Engineers will put a great dam at the falls where the Jordan leaves the Sea of Galilee, which will furnish water for irrigation and electrical power. Canals will be cut paralleling the Jordan and from these canals irrigation ditches will branch out covering the entire country and converting the arid lands into rich harvest fields. It is proposed to build two power houses on the Jordan, one near the Sea of Galilee and another farther down the river, the water in the Sea of Galilee to be conserved in the rainy season for use in the dry.

Winston Churchill, Secretary of State for British Colonies, commenting on the great opportunity the Zionists have in the Rutenberg project, said:

"At the time our pledge was made to the Zionists an equally important promise was made to the Arab inhabitants in Palestine, that their civil and religious rights would be effectually safeguarded, and that they would not be turned out to make room for the newcomers.

"If that pledge was to be acted upon, it was perfectly clear that the newcomers must bring their own means of livelihood, and that they,

by their industry, by their brains, and by their money must create new sources of wealth on which they could live without detriment to the well-being of the Arab population. There is no doubt there is room for a far larger number of people, and this far larger number of people will be able to live far more decent and prosperous lives.

"Of all the enterprises of importance which would have the effect of greatly enriching the land, none is greater than the scientific regulation and storage of the waters of the Jordan for the provision of cheap light and power needed for the industry of Palestine, as well as water for the irrigation of new lands now desolate.

"It will create a new world entirely, and it is only by the irrigation which fertilizes and created the land, and by electric power that the honest pledges of the government to both Zionists and Arabs can be fulfilled. What better steps can we take than to interest Zionists in the creation of this new Palestine world, which—without injustice to a single individual, without taking away one scrap of what was there before—will endow the whole country with the assurance of a greater prosperity and the means of a higher economic and social life?

"Left to themselves, the Arabs of Palestine not in a thousand years would have taken effective steps towards the irrigation and electrification of Palestine. They would have been quite content to dwell in the wasted, sun-scorched plains, letting the waters of the Jordan continue to flow unbridled and unharnessed into the Dead Sea."

Haying Her Hours to God On the Borders of the Closed Lands

Mrs. C. Beckdahl in The Stone Church, Aug. 16, 1923.



WILL let you know a bit of how God led me before I speak of the needs of India, and especially of the closed lands of Nepal and Tibet. We have a station on each border since 1915. God has wonderfully strengthened us and helped us since we were home in

1915.

God met with me twenty-seven years ago. They said there was no Pentecost then, but there was, for He revealed Himself to me through the Spirit. It was in the High Church that God saved my soul, through the words, "I am the

Way, the Truth and the Life." I remember as I sat in the church in the morning, the Lord had given me a vision. During the week before I heard a voice from God calling, "Choose today, life or death." I tried to talk it away, tried to laugh it away. I had always prayed to the Lord, but I had one foot in the world and one foot with the Lord, and a half-hearted life doesn't pay. If we cannot be whole-hearted for God we might as well walk with the world. In that half-hearted condition I was never happy, but I wanted Jesus, and He will meet every heart who truly wants to follow Him. I remember as I sat in the church I said, "Jesus, Thou art my

Way, my Life, my Truth, and just as I said that I saw a cloud of glory coming my way and I shook with the power of God. They said it was very strange how I received salvation, but I was very happy; the expectation of the coming of the Lord filled my soul, and for a week I went around walking on air. When I met anybody on the street the living word flowed through me as I talked of Him. I praise God it can be so every day as we drink of the living water from above.

The next Sunday I came to the church and as I sat down I saw a tongue of fire coming from the corner of the building, and I fell to the ground. I said, "Oh Lord, I cannot stand anymore. I am frightened." I am sure the Holy Ghost would have entered in and I would have spoken in tongues then, but I was afraid. So today many are afraid when the Spirit of God comes upon them. Do not be afraid. "Let go, and let God."

I stood alone for ten long years. The Lord revealed Himself in visions and revelations. He spoke to me, and when I told others they said, "I cannot understand. God doesn't speak to me like that." They didn't understand and so I kept alone with Jesus. The Bible was a new book to me, but I did not follow the Lord wholly, and that was in obeying a call to the foreign field. In those ten years, every time I went to a meeting and found a missionary was going to speak, I turned my back and went home. I could not stand it, I heard the call of God so strongly, the Macedonian call, "Come over and help us." It was so strong that I knelt down, very much troubled, and prayed, "Lord, when I am thirty years of age I am willing to go anywhere on earth," and from the very day that I was thirty years of age I had no peace day nor night. I had an artist's shop and my mother was a widow, a worldly woman, and I went to her saying, "Mother, I have no peace day nor night, because I promised God to go to the mission field when I was thirty. I feel I am to go into Christiania first of all." I was living in Norway, and felt I should work in mission work there first. God had prepared her heart through prayer, and she, a worldly woman, said, "Go, my child." Oh how wonderfully God does work for those who really want to do His will!

I came to Christiania just before the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in 1907. Pastor Barratt had just come from America, having received the

baptism of the Spirit in a hotel in New York City. I did not know him, but when I asked the Lord one day what He would have me do, He said, "Go down and give five crowns to help the poor children." I went down to this church, and when I reached there, they said, "Take off your things and sit down and you will hear Pastor Barratt, who has come from America." As he was testifying of the blood of Christ God spoke to me right there and said, "You are hearing the full Gospel preached. There is power in the blood to live a victorious life." That was enough for me. I went to Bible school every morning and spent much time in my room asking God to endue me with power from on high. My work among the prisoners was very hard, but God led me into this victorious life. The Lord met me every day during those ten days. I didn't know of Pentecost then, the revival hadn't started in Norway, but God met me. He will manifest His power to each one who trusts in Him. On the tenth day there was something I had to settle. The question before me was, Are you willing to go to the foreign field? Oh if there is one with a vow on your heart, do not hide it any longer! Give your life to Jesus. I remember how the Lord met with me and I spoke in tongues. They said it was nine languages. I had been to the prison in the morning and I could not go to the Assembly. As I walked along the street I said, "Lord, surely it was Your will for us to have the meeting in the prison," and the Lord said He would take my will for the deed. I went to Bible study and at the close, the sister who was working with me said, "Let us have a prayer-meeting." I got such a burden and prayed for lost souls. As I poured out my soul in intercession the tears fell on the floor, and I thought, "What will she think?" She came to me and said, "Do you go to these revival meetings?" I asked, "What revival meetings." "Pastor Barratt has started big revival meetings," she said, "and I believe you are getting excited." That very afternoon God met with me, and there were seven teachers in the room. I saw the lost world before me, the cross of Jesus, and the blessed Savior, and the Lord put love in my heart for these dying souls. I had no peace then to stay and so God sent me forth in Jesus' Name, first to Germany. We always had to do evangelistic work before we went to the foreign field. I believe it is good to have the training before we go to the jungles; otherwise we cannot stand the hardships.

God wonderfully poured out the Spirit in Christiania in 1907; everybody came with their Bibles and people were slain with the power of God. I am so encouraged by what it says in Zachariah, "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain." Let us be encouraged because we are in the time of the latter rain. The persecution in Germany was very strong and they threatened to bring us before the Kaiser, but hundreds of people got the baptism. I can still see them; we didn't need any sermons, the power of God controlled everything.

It came to me one day that the Lord is on the way, perhaps at the threshold. Oh to see the crowds of people going back and forth that have no time to listen to the Word of God! They are Gospel hardened, but a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit will soften their hearts.

The Lord sent me to Nyack and I was a student there for a time, and going back went to the first Pentecostal Convention in Sunderland. I knew God was able to supply the need for my going to India, and I was on my face for nearly a fortnight. The Lord put prayer on me for gold; it was gold all the time, and He supplied so richly that I lived nearly a year on it in India.

God gave me Asia in the Spirit, and as I entered India's shores I asked the Lord to give me a love for these dying souls and that I might enter into the condition of India's womanhood, and the Lord sent me to Pandita Ramabai's in 1910. I stayed there half a year studying the lives of the women of India, and I praise God for what I saw there. After six months the Lord told me to go north. I attended a Convention at dear old Father Norton's and there I met dear Mrs. Denny who was praying God to send workers to this closed land of Nepal. In 1908, just before I went to school I had a vision of a mud hut with one chair in it, and when I went up to the border of Nepal to visit Mrs. Denny, there was the hut and the chair, just as I had seen it in 1908 in Hartford, Conn. I got married in 1915 and came to America on a furlough. We went back in January, 1916, took our Bible woman and evangelist and went to the border of Tibet along the Himalaya Mountains. There was a small king there who had given us land to build a hut, about a hundred English miles from the border of Tibet. My husband was away and I was left alone with the Bible woman. The people came from all the villages to see this white woman. They examined

me from head to toe. They said, "We have come twenty miles to see you, and now you must talk to us, sing to us, and give us some medicine for our eyes." I sang to them with my guitar, and anointed them with castor oil, it was all I had, and the signs followed out in the jungle.

I was poisoned one day, nearly dying, but after five hours the Lord healed me.

While we were on the Tibetan border Miss Gardner was on the station on the Nepal border, but after nine months she wrote and asked us if we wanted to take it up again. We had been asking God to give us another station, and felt drawn to these borders. Nepal has five millions population, most of whom have never heard of Christ. They come out now and then, but the multitude is in ignorance. We are friends with the officials and they invite us to tea in their gardens, and we are praying that God will enable us to get the Gospel into that closed land. One day we were in the jungle very close to the border, and the natives said, "Do not leave us. We will give you food and anything you like, but do not leave us." It is wonderful to see these souls so simple in faith. I love them and they love to have us sing.

My husband has been three times near death. One day he was dying with the flu, away out hundreds of miles from any help. Was God able to answer prayer? He was cold and blue in the face, his eyes staring, and the Indian people on the outside waiting for the end. I reasoned with God, "Are You going to take this witness away?" "Should a woman bury a man along the road-side?" The uncivilized people were all around me, and the supernatural power of God came into his body and God wonderfully undertook. I sent a boy five miles to a Mohammedan village to get some chickens. He ate and was strengthened, and after five days was able to walk twenty miles.

When I was in Norway in 1907 during that revival, an old man stood up and said, "I had a dream last night; I saw the bride coming out of heaven. She had on a golden belt and golden shoes, and on the left shoe was a black spot. I asked what it meant, and the answer was, 'A few in Asia are not yet ready.'" Friends, do you get it? Who do you think are in the Bride? Some from every tribe and tongue and nation. In 1919 there was a little native child got her baptism. She had a very bad temper and cried

to the Lord to give her another heart. She arose and spoke in perfect English, "Jesus is coming

soon, but a few in Asia are not yet ready." Let us help them get ready.

Moscow and Rome

The Red International and the Black

FTER the war," said an Italian writer, Signor Enroci Corradini, a few weeks ago, "a new fact arose in Europe—a terrible fact—and it was called Moscow; today another new fact has arisen, and its name is Rome." Moscow is the home of the Red International; Rome is the home of the Black International; but in Rome, the final home of both, the Black will be murdered by the Red. Both these cities are the head centers of two recent revolutions, as remarkable as any in the history of mankind; both cities are in the throes of the creation of autocracies the most absolute and merciless the modern world has seen; both cities are the cradles of international movements destined to meet in a final death grapple; both cities are cast by prophecy for "roles" gigantic and sinister, only less so than Babylon and Jerusalem; both cities are becoming embodiments of the Scarlet Beast.

M. Paleologue, French ambassador at Petrograd, wrote in his diary thus on August 9, 1914: "It was nearly 2 a. m. when I got into bed. Too tired to sleep, I took a book, one of the few books one can open in this hour of universal agitation and historical convulsion—the Bible." He turned to the Book of Revelation, and stopped at the beginning of the passage: "And there went out another horse *that was red.*" He puts the verse in italics, and adds: "Today it is men who will play the part of the *beasts* of the earth."

THE RED ARMY

The massing of the Red Army, preparatory to the huge invasion of Palestine by the Land of the North, is thus portrayed by Nahum: "The shield of his mighty men is made *red*, the valiant men are in *scarlet*; the chariots are *with fire of steel*" (marg., R. V.) armoured motor cars; "the appearance of them is like torches, *they run like the lightnings*" (Nah. 2:3, 4). Lenin's body-guard is clothed in scarlet from head to foot. Trotsky, the sole creator of the Red Army, boasts that at any emergency eight millions can be put into the field ("Times," Jan. 16, 1923). A military expert who has recently visited Moscow says: "The Red Army of Russia, today the largest organized military unit in Europe, if not in the world, has become a factor of rapidly grow-

ing importance. Officially estimated at around a million and a half men under arms, it is nearly twice the size of the French army, which is by far the largest standing army in Western Europe. 'What are the Bolsheviks going to do with this army?' is a question that is troubling every Western European capital today. I heard it from the lips of officials in London, The Hague, Berlin and Paris. No army has stricter garrison discipline. A huge Red six-pointed Star shines in the front of each soldier's helmet" (Fortnightly Review, Nov., 1922).*

TROTSKY

History reveals that a huge army is both the creation and creator of absolute autocracy; and in Trotsky, into whose hands all power is already passing from the dying Lenin, is the autocrat the revolution has thrown up. "He has been described," says one who knows him, "as the greatest Jew since Christ. Behind those fierce black eyes lurks ever the demon of suspicion and mistrust, driving him to terrible, pitiless acts of cruelty." "The word 'mercy,'" he has said, "has no place in our programme." Men are being thrown up by the revolution with all the savagery of a wild beast. A chauffeur once kept Trotsky waiting ten minutes for his car; without a word he drew a revolver and shot the man dead. As the coming God-Emperor will be both Jewish Messiah and Jewish exterminator, Trotsky is a Jew, surrounded by Commissars who are apostate Jews. Yet, as he himself said to the Patriarch Tikhon, "if you refer to the Jewish religion I have none. Religion to me is merely opium for the intellect. As to my origin, I cannot help being born a Jew, but I hate and despise all my race; and they know it, since they have cursed me in their synagogues." So we catch in a psalm the remarkable prophetic cry of the Jew: "Woe is me that I sojourn in Meshech [Moscow], that I dwell among the tents of Kedar!" (Ps. 120:5.) "I shall not cede my power," he has said, "to any but an absolute monarch." "Trotsky is only waiting," says a Russian officer intimately acquainted with the

*At the Essen funeral the floral tribute of the Communists was a Red Star, so immense that six men staggered under it.

facts, "till the time is ripe to fling the Soviets aside and himself seize sole dictatorship" ("Times," June 29, 1920). God's answer abides: "Behold, I am against thee, O Gog, prince of ROSH, MESHECH, and TUBAL.**: And I will * * * put hooks into thy jaws; and * * * My fury shall come up into My nostrils" (Ezek. 38:3 and 18, A. S. V.).

FASCISMO

But a new portent, and if possible a portent more ominous and profound, has appeared upon the horizon. The remorseless power that crucified Christ, the sole city into whose hands God has (in this age) committed world dominion unwithdrawn, the empire for whose rearousing prophetic students have long watched with dread, slowly wakes. The Roman Revolution, though comparatively bloodless—the death roll is 2,500 as against the Russian 1,780,000—is an iron yoke, and no less pitiless an autocracy. "The uprising of Fascismo is a portent. A couple of years ago they did not exist. Now they are supreme. They have a real army of their own, armed, admirably disciplined, and full of daring and impatience. They command the enthusiastic adhesion of the National Army, of the Navy and of the bureaucracy, or at least of a very large proportion of them. They have so terrorized the press by threats to burn newspaper offices and destroy the machinery, that the Italian people themselves know but little of their misdeeds, their insolence, and their cruelty in a great part of Northern Italy. Thousands have been driven from their homes and dare not return. Mayors, prefects, officials of all sorts, are forced to resign at their bidding. Magistrates who have dared to punish Facists, however inadequately, for grave crimes have been seized and beaten. The tyranny of the organization is complete, and it is a brutal and intolerant tyranny" ("Times," Oct. 28, 1922).

The Fascismo is a studied revival of the Roman Empire; the old Roman oath is restored, and the Roman salute; prætors and lictors have

**Anyone wishing for convincing proof that these are Russia, Moscow, and Tobolsk, will find it in the Appendix to W. Kelly's "Lectures on the Second Coming," and in J. Cross' "Christendom's Impending Doom" pp. 99-136. Gesenius says: "Undoubtedly the Russians." The omission of Petrograd, until recently the supreme city of the Land of the North, is but one more of the subtle and startling confirmations of prophecy. In 1917 the population of Petrograd was 3,420,000; in 1920, 705,000; today it is 40,000. Petrograd has been wiped out as a great city, while Moscow, the restored capital of Russia, has risen in the same time from 1,600,000 to over 2,000,000. Tobolsk is a natural center of the Asiatic Soviets.

come back, with the Roman cohorts and legions; the Facist emblem is the Fasces—the old axe of execution entwined with the rods of flogging; and the fact of immeasurable significance, overlooked by almost all, is that world power is now lodged by a Divine authorization never revoked in Rome; and that Rome has but to seize world dominion to get it. Hannibal, Charlemagne, Mohammed, Napoleon, the Kaiser grasped at the world sceptre and failed; the coming Roman will succeed.† Fascismo is a deep revival of Imperial Rome. "The nation"—so runs its official creed—"is not the sum total of living units, but an organism which comprehends the long series of generations, of which each particular one is a transient element; it is the supreme synthesis of all the material and immaterial values of the race."

MUSSOLINI

So, in Rome also, as in Moscow, the Revolution has produced the autocrat, the movement has created the man. The accents of Mussolini, in the very moment when the Great War was supposed to have annihilated autocracy, are astounding: "What takes place," he informs the Italian Parliament, "takes place by my precise and direct will and according to my exact orders: I woo nobody; I reject nobody; but I trust above all in my own strength" ("Times," Feb. 20, 1923). "Rarely," is the comment of the "Times," "has a dictator harangued a Parliament or justified himself with so much arrogance." He has re-organized what is already called in Rome the Prætorian Guard—a picked band of 70,000 men, an iron instrument of absolute rule; the Prætorian Guard, which made and unmade emperors, and so ruled the world, is back upon the stage for the final drama. So the road is being paved which will end in what Count Czernin, late Foreign Minister of Austria, described (in the case of the Kaiser) as "the systematic fostering of the idea of the Imperial God-head" ("Times," Oct. 24, 1919); "and I saw a scarlet-coloured beast,‡ full of names of BLAS-

†Fascimo (it is true) sprang to life on the corpse (probably a temporary corpse) of Italian Communism and has unquestionably restored a measure of efficient government. Nevertheless, the Scarlet Beast, while it also will suppress all other lawlessness, is itself the embodiment of anarchy (Dan. 7:238-258), and is the resultant of proletarian equality with imperialistic forces. The world's solution of anarchy will be an attempt at omnipotent anarchy.

‡The almost maniacal passion for Red was graphically revealed in Budapest on May day, 1919. "May day," we read, "has been an orgy of Red. Thousands of Red troops marched to Red music through Red-bannered streets. The sidewalks were

PHEMY, *having seven heads*" (Rev. 17:3), successive Emperors of Rome, self-deified, the last of whom is yet to come.

THE BLACK INTERNATIONAL

So we watch the huge growths heading up for the end. Trotsky and Mussolini may disappear, and the kaleidoscope of revolution may throw up new parties and new men; but the giant tendencies, creating iron autocracies, work irresistibly to their predestined end. For concentrated "*fin-de-siecle*" symptoms lodge also in the Vatican, the home of the Black International. The Dean of the College of Cardinals has publicly described Mussolini as "the man who has been chosen to restore Italy to the greatness of her civil and religious traditions." The Crucifix has come back into the schools. Mussolini is believed to attend Mass every morning. Black lists of doomed men are issued from Fascisti lodges *through the priest*.§

Nevertheless, across the Atlantic comes an ominous rumble which the papacy would do well to heed, as well as to the shots that rang out in Moscow over her murdered prelate. The very weapon that will be used by the anarchic power is already in clandestine operation. Within the last twelve months Roman church after Roman church, monastery after monastery, college after college, representing a loss of millions of dollars—the work of a conspiracy to which no slightest clue has been discovered—have gone up in fire and smoke. In Montreal alone three important churches have been consumed; and with the Basilica, in Quebec, the records and treasures destroyed were priceless. St. Peter's draws nearer to her fiery doom. The Vatican is playing with the scarlet flame that will devour her. And the scarlet-colored Beast 'shall *hate* the harlot

. . . AND SHALL BURN HER UTTERLY WITH FIRE" (Rev. 17:16).—D. M. Panton in *The Christian* (London).

crowded with men, women and girls flaunting Red ribbons Street cars were Red, automobiles were Red, railway stations and lamp posts were Red. In squares and on street corners were large Red wooden stands, on which was emblazoned the statement: 'This is the day of freedom and world brotherhood.' There were numerous immense plaster casts of Lenin and Karl Marx, some of them twenty feet high. The Red celebration continued all day and night, and Red electric lights added to the crimson hue after darkness fell."

§"It seems that a huge international alliance is in sight, an alliance of White and Red, of Monarchist and Bolshevik, Junker and Red Army man, and it would be a real union of all forces, old and new, working against democracy and peace."—Times, August 22, 1922.

A Young Convert's Faith

Mr. S., a pioneer missionary of the Presbyterian Church, went out to China in 1884. Some time after he was there a number of people were converted, among them an opium smoker. He cast out the demons and God delivered him.

No rain had fallen for three months and the harvest was suffering. The Taoists, the Confucianists and the Buddhists were all praying to their gods for rain. One of his converts said to him: "You tell us your God answers prayer. Can you not pray for rain?" "Yes," he said, "we will pray for rain at the next preaching service. When the service was over the native convert came to him and said, "I want you to come and pray for rain. I didn't mean in the meeting. I want you to come to the village and pray publicly and see God answer prayer." If all his preaching that God answered prayer was true, God had to send rain. He went, but in fear and trembling. As he walked along with this young convert the people were flocking in hundreds. The native had told them the missionary was going to pray for rain. He stood Chinese fashion, held up his hands and prayed, but didn't have much faith. While he was praying somebody said: "Oh, there it is coming!" A great big, black cloud appeared in the distance, an instantaneous substance. It passed over, but no shower fell. The villagers were on the convert's side. They said: "Oh, you nearly did it that time. Go and pray again." He prayed again, and the cloud began to move and came over them. It rained for three hours and the roads were impassable. It was in answer to the young convert's faith.

* * *

"I am so glad someone else has had a vision of Jesus. So did I in Berlin, but my vision showed me only the smiling, helping, healing Son of Man." Thus writes the pastor of the Wicker Park Lutheran Church of this city to the author of "And Today."

This booklet contains an account of the healing of Mrs. Camp in answer to prayer, after a long and most critical illness, during which physicians had pronounced her case hopeless. The Lord appeared to her in a vision and told her she would go down to the very gates of death, but He would raise her up. What comfort He gives the child of God in the dark hour! It could be truly said of this one: "This sickness.

(Continued on page 19)

"And Today," a 24 page booklet, 10 cents.

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Notes

After Fifteen Years

WITH this issue of The Latter Rain Evangel we close our Fifteenth year. God who planted the paper, has enabled us to continue it through the faithful cooperation of His people. We praise Him for loving hearts who have helped us send out the printed page for these fifteen years. Many of the dear ones who were among our readers are now in the glory, but God has brought others into our fellowship and so He continues His work.

We covet the prayers and cooperation of our readers that the circulation of the paper may be continued and increased. Send us names of your friends who would be interested in reading it, and we will send them a sample copy. If you are having special meetings, send for copies to distribute. If you are a leader of an assembly, send for a roll to hand out to your people. We will give special yearly rates for clubs of ten or more at one dollar each.

Many of our readers have been kind enough to say they could not do without the paper. Will you not help others to enjoy its blessings? The printed page has a ministry similar to taking your friends to hear a sermon. You cannot invite your friends to your church or a Gospel service who live thousands of miles away, but you can put a sermon in their hands that will grip their hearts and lead them Godward.

We praise God for health and strength to carry on the work He has given us to do. Whatever blessing has come to our readers has been from Him. His Spirit upon the printed word

has brought life and strength to the afflicted and comfort and help to the tested ones, and this is our reward.

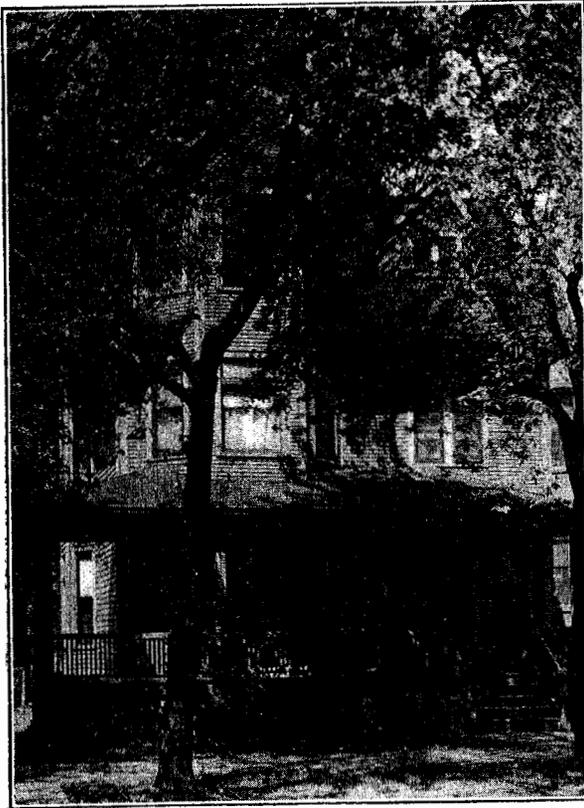
Two Months Report

WE give below our Two Months' Report (July and August) of Missionary disbursements. We praise God for the splendid interest in spreading the Gospel in lands beyond the seas. How the hearts of the missionaries will rejoice as they see their prayers being answered! Let us continue to pray and give, that aggressive work may be done for God and lost souls:

Miss Carrie Anderson, China, for Fat Shan Bldg.	\$ 50.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, China, (Women's work \$20)	85.00
Miss Mable Anderson, Africa	60.00
L. M. Anglin, China	30.00
Miss Blanche Appleby, for LoPau property	654.75
Miss Blanche Appleby, China, Native work	56.00
Gerard Bailly, Venezuela for Laguirra Property	506.00
Gerard A. Bailly, Venezuela (Native work \$50)	85.00
Mrs. A. F. Berg, Africa	10.00
Miss Gussie Booth, Japan	10.00
Mrs. J. H. Boyce, on furlough	10.00
Miss Elizabeth Brown, Palestine	15.00
Miss Jennie Carlson, Africa	35.00
Miss Sara Coxe, India	10.00
Miss Elsie Fearey, Venezuela	10.00
Miss Ada M. Gollan, Liberia	20.00
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Glauser, China	225.00
Mrs. James Harvey, on furlough	10.00
L. M. Jacobs, India	25.00
Gertrude Johnson, Africa	5.00
E. F. Juergenson, return fare	50.00
John W. Juergenson, Japan	25.00
Miss Ethel King, India	18.00
Miss Jennie Kirkland, India, for building ..	570.00
Mrs. Emma Lawler, China	15.75
Mrs. Harland Lawler, China	55.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Leader, Congo	60.00
Miss Bernice C Lee, India	30.00
Miss Bertha Milligan, China	40.00
Albert Norton, India	5.00
Wm. K. Norton, on furlough	10.00
Miss L. H. Parker, India	65.00
V. G. Plymire, Tibet	25.00
Miss Mary Rasmussen, for China	40.00
Mrs. Julia McC. Richardson, Congo	40.00
Gustav Schmidt, Poland	5.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America	80.00
Mrs. Violetta Schoonmaker, India	25.00
Ira G. Shakley, for Building, Africa	777.81
Wm. E. Simpson, Tibet	10.00
J. R. Spence, China, (Kelly's work \$26) ..	36.00
Jos. Sugar, India	30.00
J. Wilbur Taylor, Soudan	50.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan (Native work \$40)	50.00
Miss Jennie Williams, China (for vacation)	33.00
W. R. Williamson, on furlough (for building)	25.00
Central Bible Institute, Springfield, Mo.	100.00
Missionary Rest Home, Chicago	69.60
Fare for New Missionaries	325.00
Total	\$4,576.91

The Missionary Rest Home

THE Chicago Missionary Rest Home is a House of Prayer. "The thing that impressed me about this Home," said Mrs. Boyce from India at the monthly fellowship meeting, "is that they pray for the missionaries here." Two and three times a day united prayer goes up to God for the needs of the mission fields. Every missionary comes home heavily burdened as he sees the possibilities of evangelization, and rejoices that here is a place where prayer is wont to be made, and where they will not forget him when he goes back to the field.



The Chicago Missionary Rest Home
1848 Berenice Avenue

One of the problems that is facing us is that the place is too small. "We are twelve in the family," said the matron to us recently. The average this summer has been eight and ten. We thank the Lord for the faithful helpers who are untiring in their service for God, in the daily routine of the Home, and for the kind friends who love to give of their bounty that the missionaries may be built up and strengthened in body. It is a pleasure to the Chicago Committee and visiting friends to go through the Home and see everything spotless and in good order. A Christian worker wept as she compared its light,

comfortable rooms to the dark, stuffy quarters they had to accommodate the missionaries.

God has wonderfully provided for this Home through His children, and lest they forget to pray we take this opportunity of reminding them that it has present needs. Besides the running expenses, we have some very necessary repairs that we are obliged to make. The furnace must be repaired and another important item is the winter's coal. We know if the friends will pray God will send in the money for these needs.

The matron tells us they will be very glad for some fruit if the friends in the outlying districts of Chicago have a surplus.

The following missionaries have been in the Home during the past month: Mrs. Lillian Denney, Mr. and Mrs. C. Beckdahl, Mrs. J. H. Boyce from India, Miss Minnie Shilgallis, Venezuela; Miss Mattie Ledbetter, China; Mr. and Mrs. C. Radley and Miss Margaret Sparkenburg, outgoing missionaries to Central America and India. Also Mrs. Alfred Lewer, Miss Myrtle Bailey, China. Some of these have had many years of service on the field and well deserve the comforts of a rest home.

In the Supernatural Realm

LITTLE Willie B. was very ill with the small pox in the city of Glasgow, Scotland. The pastor, a godly minister in the Pentecostal faith, was sent to pray for him, and he went one afternoon. As he reached the home, the mother of the sick boy said, "Pastor, how did you get in this morning?" The parents were both away. He answered, "I wasn't here this morning. I just came this afternoon." "Oh," she said, "you came this morning and Willie was healed. He heard the bell ring and you came up stairs and prayed for him." They both realized as they talked it over, that it was an angelic visitor who came and prayed for the boy.

* * *

During the great World War, a brother whose boy was in France, was aroused one night with a prayer on his lips for his boy, Jimmie, at the front. He prayed for an hour and his wife set down the time of prayer. Jimmie was in a dug-out and buried alive with nine others. All lost their lives but Jimmie. One was cut in two, right through the center of his body. The faithful, Holy Spirit put prayer on the father away off in Scotland that his boy's life might be saved.

At another time as the father sat down to his breakfast, he could not eat. As he took the food into his mouth, he sickened, and said to his wife,

"We must go to prayer." He travailed in soul for hours and they noted the date. Later they found that at that time Jimmie and another boy were returning from a village. His own army thought he was from the enemy's side dressed in English clothes, and turned the machine guns on them. They showered the artillery on these two boys; the bullets flew so thickly the dust came up into their faces, but they were unharmed. Suddenly the Captain saw that these boys were from the British Army and ordered the machine gun stopped. All Jimmie got was a little scratch back of the ear.

* * *

A farmer whose wife attended the meetings of the Pentecostal folks, became filled with hatred because she insisted on going to the meetings of that despised company. He said, "I will not have my farmer friends make fun of me because you go to those meetings." She answered, "I will obey you in everything but this, and in this I will obey my Lord, and worship as He leads me." He became beside himself with rage, and one day he entered the house with a large knife in his hand and said he would kill her if she would not promise to give up her religion. She knelt down on the floor, thinking her time had come, and he stood over her with his knife. Suddenly he found himself on the other side of the room, and said to her in a frightened tone, "Who was that?" An angel had come down to protect the woman and fear fell upon the sinful man. He slunk out of the room and never again interfered with her belief after that.

* * *

At a street meeting a man who was a Catholic stepped up to the speaker as he closed the meeting and asked, "Who protected you?" "Well, God always protects me," he replied. "Somebody protected you tonight," said the Catholic. "I came here with the determination to knock you down, but some one grabbed my arm and held it." He was angry because of the exaltation of Jesus above the Virgin Mary.

* * *

If an Assembly is Apostolic, as Pentecostal people claim, the gifts of the Spirit will be manifested in their midst.

At a street meeting in a large commercial city, a strange woman stepped up to a Christian worker and said, "You are such a happy people, I would like to go with you." She went with them to the meeting that followed, and as she entered

the hall, the Lord spoke to one and said, "The sin of Achan, the sin of Achan. This one has committed the sin of Achan. She looked upon the wine cup when it was red."

The conviction of the Spirit came upon the woman and she confessed that a young man who went to war had given her a sum of money and asked her to keep it for him until he came back. He had an extravagant mother and said if he gave it to her, she would spend it, and if he lived to come back, he wanted it again; if he died in the war it was to go to his mother. The young man never came back from the war, and the young woman kept the money; no one knew she had it but the soldier who laid down his life on the battlefield, but the Spirit of God brought her into that meeting to show her her sin. She promised to restore it to the young man's mother.

On another occasion, a man came into the meeting and the Lord spoke through one and said that some one there had broken the seventh commandment. He confessed that he was living with two wives.

* * *

In the early days of the outpouring, a missionary in India had remarkable discernment, and in an impersonal way would picture the sins of the Indians through Bible illustrations so that they would be convicted and cry out for mercy. While under the power of the Spirit she was led to say, "I see a man going into the house of Rahab the harlot." "That is I," cried out a man, stricken with conviction. Again, "Here is Peter, who denied his Lord," and with a burst of tears another would admit his unfaithfulness. The natives became fearful of their sins being uncovered, and were afraid to come into the meetings when she was present.

If there were more of the exercising of the gift of discernment today, it would put a holy fear upon the church as in the early days. But it is a gift that must be exercised in great love and tenderness. May God help us not to quench the Spirit along these lines.

The Place

There is a place where thou canst touch the eyes
Of blinded men to instant, perfect sight;
There is a place where thou canst say "Arise!"
There is a place where thou canst reach the store
Of hoarded gold and free it for the Lord;
There is a place—upon some distant shore—
There is a place where Heaven's resistless power
Responsive moves to thine insistent plea;
There is a place—a silent, trusting hour—
Where is that blessed place—dost thou ask "Where?"
O, Soul, it is the secret place of prayer.

A. A. POLLARD.

From the Mission Fields Afar



LITTLE do we realize the spiritual battles a missionary fights who goes out to deal with the raw heathen, and the great need of infinite patience and divine love. Nothing else counts but the love which God implants in the heart for the benighted souls who have known nothing but darkness and ignorance for centuries. It is one thing to be fired with missionary zeal in a meeting or to have your affections stirred by reading a missionary book, but another matter to go to Africa and live in the midst of darkness, superstition and ignorance. We need to pray for the new missionary who goes out and faces these things for the first time. The romantic side of the mission field is lost in the stern realities that face him daily.

One missionary writing to another in Africa tells of some of these realities:

"We have just been pushing ahead by sheer force, for that is the only way to get ahead in this land. Just to see the natives' uplifted faces and the empty look in their eyes, is pathetic beyond words. Nothing but the power of a risen Christ can penetrate their darkened minds and bring them the revelation of a Savior's transforming creation. They seem so stupid—there, that expresses it. They are so deceitful and superficial. And they so much need to know how to work. They have lived in these jungles for centuries and nature and God have been good to give them all they want to eat with little effort, but if they are ever to rise above their present state they must learn to work with their hands, and cast off at least some of their indolence. *No praying mothers, no godly fathers, no wonder they are dense to spiritual things!*"

Mrs. F. G. Leader, writing from their new station, Masisi, Rutchuru, Kivu Dist., Congo, gives one a little glimpse of these difficulties that face the missionary:

"If a person has any sentimental or 'natural' love for the native before coming out, it soon vanishes after commencing to deal with him, and until the divine love and compassion of God fills the heart all efforts are ineffectual. We are very busy here on the station—school work, the language, the individual needs of the people, etc., etc. Many problems which the Lord alone can solve are confronting us, but our whole trust is in Him to work everything out according to His will.

"School is in full swing, and I enjoy it very much. Some are so dull they have been trying to learn the vowels (from a chart) for eight days, and cannot tell one from the other yet. Others

have gone to the second chart and are learning to read syllables and words.

"Our hearts are yearning over our house-boys and the people of the villages. Mrs. Richardson has been attacking their sins in her messages and we think that is why the people show so little interest. If they could accept the Gospel without dropping their sins, like the Catholics allow them to do, they would most likely come flocking to us. Just now we are teaching in the native tongue. When they can read that we will teach them to read Swahili, the caravan language, of this part of Africa.

"Our evangelistic work is threatened to be very much hindered as the people are not willing to come and carry us to the villages, and in this mountainous country there are only two villages we can reach by foot—something to pray about. God has promised to make all His mountains a way, and these are His mountains.

"We have not yet received all of our freight and are badly in need of it, for shoes, clothing, and cooking utensils especially. Two boxes have been reported missing, amounting in all to \$200. One box contained our tent and it will be impossible for us to do extensive evangelistic work without a tent, because of the kinputu tick in the houses which gives a fever more fatal than malaria. There are no houses in the villages in which we can stay, and the daily afternoon rains make it unsafe to go to villages more than an hour or two away. So pray earnestly with us that the Lord will send these boxes to us.

"We praise God that He has given us eternal things to look forward to which never fail or disappoint, and that

'The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.'

Evolution in India

What overwhelms the consecrated missionary who goes out and gives his life that the heathen might have the Gospel, is the fact that no sooner has Christianity been implanted into the hearts of the heathen, than an onrush of higher criticism, evolution and infidelity, comes sweeping upon them from the so-called Christian lands. It is sad indeed that two kinds of missionaries are going forth today, one to build up and the other to tear down; one to teach the Bible and the other to deny it. Mrs. Mary Chapman who comes in contact with young students in Travancore, India, feels the need of literature combatting these evils. A glimpse into a personal letter to us will give our readers a picture of one of her burdens:

"I have been sitting on my verandah for an

hour, pondering and praying over that sermon of William Jennings Bryan on Evolution, and wondering how I could get it before the young men of India. There is a Theological College near here, and the other day a bright boy called, speaking English quite well, and after some conversation on temporal matters, I spoke to him about the new birth and the baptism of the Spirit. He said, 'Oh, is it possible to have that?' I answered, 'Yes,' and quoted some scripture. 'But,' he said, 'they say there are so many versions of the Bible now and there is nothing about that in the first manuscript.' 'Who says that?' 'The boys in the Theological College, and they say that man came from the monkey.' 'Where did they find that?' I said. 'Oh, there was a great scientific man named Darwin who taught that. They call it evolution.' 'Who is teaching that in the College?' I asked. 'A European missionary,' and he gave me his name. I found by further questioning that he was well-versed in the Darwin theory and in Higher Criticism. He himself had not attended the college but learned it from other Indian boys who are being trained for the ministry in India. Think of it! And there are many other so-called Christian colleges teaching the same!

"Of course I took my Bible and with the help of some of Mr. Bryan's points tried to clear his mind of the rubbish. My heart is so burdened for the precious youth of India who are seeking to know the truth, and yet being led into such darkness. I suppose I could reprint part of this article cheaper than you could there, but I am just now trying to get enough ahead to print some tracts in the vernacular, so much needed. This would be better in English as the boys in College read English."

* * *

Miss Ethel King, writing from the Mussoorie Hills, India, says, "Praise God, the rains have broken at last, both the natural and the spiritual rain. In a week two have received the baptism, one a Chicago girl, a Baptist, a new missionary who came from Assam for her holiday. She has been most earnestly seeking the Lord for about two and a half months and received a beautiful baptism. She saw something of fanaticism some years ago in America and was afraid at first, but she knows now that there is a real baptism and that she has it. The others who are seeking are being led on and God is working. It is wonderful what He has done in the hearts of many missionaries this year. How blessed that God is bringing the power of Pentecost back into the Church. Mr. Stoddart came most unexpectedly and God used him. Certainly the Lord sent him. One can say of him as we read of some of the Lord's own in the Bible, that he is a 'man of God!'"

Japanese Eager for the Gospel

In Japan the natives stand on the street to hear the Gospel even tho the rain is pouring down. Miss Jessie Wengler writes that it is marvelous to see how God is working. A few months ago she went to the town of Hachioji, practically alone; didn't know a soul there. Now she has a crowd of young ladies who go with her to the meetings and stand on the street and sing in spite of the ridicule and opposition of those who do not believe. On a rainy Sunday night a large crowd gathered and stood under their umbrellas, listening earnestly to the singing and preaching, and quite a few followed into the meeting.

Miss Wengler asks special prayer for her Japanese worker. He is a choice young man, but will need the prayers of God's children to stand true. The Mayor of the city, and the Principal of the school where he teaches, a strong Buddhist, reprimanded him for marching around the street singing and taking part in the meetings, but he has been true to his convictions. He is the eldest son of a Buddhist priest, and it is the custom for the eldest son to follow in the line of his father's business, and while the father is yet alive, assume all the responsibility of the business and household, and inherit all the property. This young man, because he did not want to become a Buddhist priest left his father's house and became a school teacher. He was saved in a Holiness church and when Miss Wengler opened her meetings he came and offered to help her. She asks prayer that God will do a deeper work in his heart, and give him a deeper knowledge of His Word. It means much for him to stand and preach Jesus while his father is proclaiming Buddha, and while he has been bold and true, he will need much prayer to stand against the fire of the enemy,

A Native's Prayer Answered

From Wei Hsien, North China, Miss Mattie F. Brann writes: "We do praise the Lord for the way the native workers and Christians have the 'woe is me if I preach not "spirit"' and to see the way they sacrifice to contribute out of their poverty that new stations may be opened, and new workers pressed out to preach the Gospel. They walk from five to fifteen miles to attend preaching service, many of them women walking on their tiny crippled feet made so when they were children, bringing a little black biscuit with them for lunch, in which there is very little meal, being mixed with chaff—when we see their poverty and see them gladly giving their mites to the Native Church, we can only say they surely

love their Redeemer and truly want their people to know Him too.

"One dear woman, so very poor that we support her little daughter, so longed to give an offering that she prayed, 'Dear Lord, You let me find some money lost by someone who does not need it, and I will give one-third to the church and two-thirds to two poor families who have had sickness and perhaps that will interest them in the Gospel.' One afternoon as she was walking the five miles to the meeting, a dust storm was almost blinding her and she walked with her head down, and saw something at her feet. Stooping to pick up a little bag, she saw it contained money. She lingered a little while by the roadside, to see if anyone would come, and look for the missing bag, but no one came and she hurried on to the meeting. How she beamed with joy as she counted out the one-third and put it on the table, and later gave the two-thirds to the two families as she had promised the Lord. As I looked at her thin patched garment and knew how she needed the money and then looked at her smiling face and heard her praising the Lord for so definitely answering prayer, I marveled at her sacrifice.

"How I wish you could hear the testimonies of answers to prayer! One young man had been paralyzed for about seven months and his people were not Christians but as a last resort they agreed for one of the Christian neighbors to ask prayer for him, and he was raised up immediately. I could write for hours and not begin to tell how the Lord is blessing.

"A dear sister, a widow, has been suffering persecution for four years at the hands of her family. During the last few months her brother-in-law ceased his persecutions and now is a Christian; other members are inquirers. Her sister-in-law was sick for months, and nothing helped her. She agreed to have prayer, and the widow invited in others to pray for her and she was blessedly raised up. This angered the mother-in-law, who was very bitter, and she said, 'Is it not enough that you get all the family to follow the foreign devils, you must run to my daughter's home too. I will fix you.' Only the running in of the neighbors saved the widow from a severe beating, for she would not have resisted. She is praising the Lord and praying for the old lady and says she knows she will be saved.

"God has certainly blest and kept the dear children in the Orphanage and schools. He gave me the Scripture, 'The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail,' and He has blessedly kept His word. Best of all, the most of them have given their hearts to the Lord and some twenty or more have been baptized in the Spirit. Many of the older boys say, 'If you had not given me this home I would have soon been with the bandits. We could not get enough to eat by begging and work was not to be found. The bandit profession offered a living, and we had already been making plans about

joining them.' They love their home and work with all their might on their little farm. They work half days and study half days until farm work begins in the Spring. Last year the Lord gave us the promise in Lev. 26:4 for their little farm and it was really wonderful how that poor soil yielded grain and vegetables. Their little patch of cotton yielded more to the acre than any neighboring farmer who had the best of soil.

The land yielded about enough grain for three months' food and cotton for all the padded clothing for the winter and padding for a few comforts. How we praise the Lord for giving them this little piece of poor land. It takes something to feed, clothe and keep 100 growing children.

"Pray especially for our thirty-eight native helpers in different parts of the work. The two ordained, Spirit-baptized native pastors are being blessedly used of the Lord. Many calls come from other missions for our workers to go and hold revivals and one of our native pastors has answered a number of these calls, and God has wonderfully met and poured out His Spirit on many hungry hearts. Many of the missionaries are also hungry for the baptism of the Spirit, but so few want the Bible way. Praise God some have said, 'Come to us for we want a Pentecost whatever it takes.'"

Out of the Mouths of Babies

A peep into the Baby Nursery, Bara Banki, India, is given to us by Miss Olga Aston, who has taken in the friendless and the motherless babies. As we read how God has blest these little ones, one is convinced it pays to gather them in:

"God is blessing in our Nursery and just now as I am writing you I hear that they have several gathered in my bedroom for 'special service,' and I hear them singing at the top of their little voices 'Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for HIS OWN.' The oldest one, who is only about five, is leading the meeting it seems. I often call them in to pray for someone who has just sent in an offering and you should hear them asking God to give the person a 'big big blessing every morning.' They prayed especially for you on the sixth so if you got an extra portion that day remember that the dusky babies of the Nursery were praying. It is very precious to hear them pray and ask God with such simple faith. One little girl asked for a red hair ribbon one day in prayer and I heard her say, 'Tomorrow I will get it,' and sure enough a Xmas package came with a red ribbon in it. When we began to pray for the cow and the goat they were sure the money would come in and it did! When I see the tiny tots taking hold of God for what they need I am often reminded that in our dear precious book it is written 'Except you become as a little child you can in no wise enter the Kingdom.' With such faith do they ask. I am asking God daily for more childlike faith.

"Some few days back I heard one crying and when I went out to see what was the trouble, they were all playing about in the open yard. I found a little four-year-old crying as if her heart would break. I asked her what was the matter and she replied so sadly that the Lord Jesus would not love her any more for Chloe, who is the oldest, had said so. Everyone was quiet for a minute and then they all began to explain that Naomi, the one who was crying, had eaten dirt! They said they told her that Jesus would not love anyone who ate dirt! A little one spoke up and said, 'And mother, she has eaten the dirt twice today.' That night when I went to my room I thought it over and I wondered if I too was not guilty of eating dirt often, and deserved not to be loved by our loving Father. Gossip dirt, listening to false tales about our brother dirt, and lots of dirt that is easily eaten if we do not watch and pray. May God keep us. My babies teach me many lessons. 'A little child shall lead them.'"

* * *

Bro. B. S. Moore sends greetings from Japan and writes: "We do truly praise God for the wonderful way He is working here in Japan. At this time there is a greater spirit of seeking the Lord than we have ever seen heretofore and more reverence for the Gospel. People have come for many miles to our home to find Jesus, and found Him precious to their hearts. At the open air meetings they listen with rapt attention

and the attendance at the missions is good, crowded to the doors. Our recent tent meeting was the best we ever held here; it was in a new locality among a medium class people and from the start the tent was filled nightly and crowds outside. We hoisted the sides of the tent and they sat on the ground bringing "mushiro" to sit on and for three weeks every night we had the best of attention with crowds at the altar. Over ninety sought God and some were wonderfully saved, healed and filled with the Spirit. The other night we baptized eleven in water, "in the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." Others are waiting now who could not come on that night. The interest was so great in the locality where we had the tent they asked us to open a church for them and by faith in God alone we have ordered the carpenter to go ahead and build and we will trust God to send enough to meet each payment. The place is leased so as to last till Jesus comes for a place for the preaching of the full gospel and we are expecting to begin in September the training of men and women for the care of these churches and for the evangelizing of their own people. It is the natives of every land who in the main must evangelize their own lands. Therefore who will help in this wonderful glorious gospel forward march to victory with their prayers and means? Let us hear from you.

A Meeting that Counted for God



LET me tell you about a meeting we had on our mission station. We had prayed for a blessed time and had started Bible classes on the station. We sent out notices for this special meeting and the Chinese and foreigners came. We had our opening meeting Saturday night. God was in our midst; in fact, for some nights before, the Spirit of God had been working amongst us. On Sunday morning as we arose to pray God was so near we were loath to stop. A man I hardly knew from one of our out stations—in fact, I had seen him only once—was praying and praising God in tongues. He was a young man twenty years of age. Some time before that his baby was very sick, and he took it in his arms and rebuked the demon power. The Holy Spirit came upon him and he spoke in tongues.

I have never been able to describe that meeting because of the presence of the Lord. Some were seeking the baptism in the Holy Spirit. They had never had water baptism and we were afraid we should hinder them by withholding, so we had a baptismal service on Tuesday and

baptized twelve. That night the meeting lasted until twelve o'clock. One of our Chinese workers, a colporteur, had been seeking his baptism and he was lying there praying. For several days he seemed burdened. I could see there was something wrong, and as I questioned him he said there was. As a bookseller, we always pay for his lodging in the inns at night. It sometimes amounts to a little over a penny and sometimes two pence. This time he had also crossed the river, and we always pay for that; and he had written these things up two nights instead of one, and the Bible Society had paid two pence too much. This was on his conscience. God would often work in our midst, but a *two pence* or perhaps even a smaller amount than that hinders Him. I asked this Chinese brother if he would be willing to confess this publicly and he said yes. So he went with me to the platform and confessed to taking the two pence. Then the Lord began to work in a greater way than ever. You may say there are many with greater obstacles hidden in their hearts. Some will even let a half-penny come between them and God.

My Chinese boy had a few weeks before that received the baptism of the Spirit. After he

came I had come up from Pekin and he had met me at the railway station. I gave him a little over two pence to buy a platform ticket. He said: "It is not necessary because the place is shut." I didn't want us to do anything wrong. I wanted to be clear, and when I got him I didn't feel quite settled about that platform ticket, so I asked my Chinese boy if he had bought it. When he said yes I felt something in my heart. After a little while I said again: "You may think me strange, but tell me, did you buy the platform ticket?" "Yes," he said, "I bought it." "All right," I said, but I still felt something was not right, though I tried to believe him, for he was a very good boy. On this day in the meeting he was standing down at the door and as others rose up to confess I saw there was a conflict on with him. I was sorry in a sense, but I felt the Lord was working. I saw he tried to come up to the platform, but others came and he had to go back. I didn't really know what was on his heart, but finally he came up and said that he had been faithful all the years, never had done anything wrong, but after the Lord had blessed him he had failed, and confessed about the platform ticket, and that he should go to the railway station to make it right.

Others confessed sin in their lives, and God so worked that we were unable to close the meeting that week. We had to continue it longer. The Holy Spirit will work when we get things out of the way.

Some years ago a woman was brought to us who was demon possessed. The heathen were using means to frighten the devil away, and used needles to prick her. My wife asked her to come to the mission station and she came. We were holding meetings at that time in the different Christian homes and the woman came. There were times when the demon seemed to take special hold of her, and we determined to fast and pray that she might be delivered. When we began to pray the woman was quite normal, but as we prayed she became violent, absolutely under demon power. I was praying, and I felt I ought to command the demon to come out. Several of the Chinese were fasting, too. I didn't want to command the demon to depart in Chinese. I gave the command in English and in Norwegian, for I felt if nothing happened the Chinese would not lose faith. But my prayers for her were unavailing. There was no result. I had to cry out in Chinese, and as I did

the evil spirit left her. She arose and was delivered.

We have an evangelist whose name is David Li. He is one of our best and most trustworthy Chinese, and has been with us for years. His village is right by the great wall, and in that village there was a schoolroom. They could not keep any teacher, and they asked us if we would not send a teacher. We sent a Christian teacher and he taught school and preached the Gospel. David, then about sixteen years old, heard the man preach and he got a desire to repent of his sins, but he was afraid it would displease his father. His father also went and heard the preacher and he got a desire to repent, but he was afraid of David, his eldest son. Both had this desire, but neither dared say anything. One day one of them broke down and said he wanted to repent, and the other said: "I do the same. We will go home and tell mother." They went home and told David's mother and she said: "If you want to repent, I want to also." So they all became Christians. They lived in a cave and had great debts. The Lord has enriched them not only spiritually but temporally. Many of their debts are paid, and while they still live in the cave they have built them a room.

About six English miles from the town where we work we have a little place which is supported by the Chinese. We take up collections among the Christians in our assembly, as we like to have them feel they have a share in the work. I suggested we rent a place up in this town. They were willing, and some of the Chinese went up and rented a house. That place is, you might say, kept by our own assembly. They take up collections and we all give, keeping an evangelist there. The work had been in that town nearly a year when I left, and in that year there were ten Chinese came to the Lord through the work of our faithful evangelist. When I left the field we had about a hundred Christians. We could have had more had we done as some missions do, but they would be Christians in name only. They have a lot of trouble with those who come only for temporal help. In North China they never had such a year of blessing as they had after the famine last year. The Lord used it to bring the people to Him.—P. *Gulbranson in Edinburg, Aug., 1922.*

(Continued from page 11)

is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." The Son of God is being glorified today as this testimony goes forth to the ends of the earth.

Settling a Murder Case by Intercession



CHINESE magistrate in himself is judge and jury, and often counselor both for the defence and the prosecution. In fact, in a case-at-law in his yamen, he is "the whole thing." With such power in his hands, but without Christian background or tradition or training or profession, an official can rarely resist the back-stairs methods of adding to his pile.

WHERE MONEY TALKS

The accuser in a county yamen law-suit offers, by a circuitous route, one hundred dollars for a favorable decision; and the accused, by a method equally circuitous, is informed of what the accuser has done, and offers one hundred and fifty dollars—and wins. Money talks.

All this is perfectly understood by everybody; is taken for granted as a fact, and so acted upon by those who press processes in the yamen. An 'atheist was once interrupted in his lectures by a canny old Quaker, who said: "Friend, the Good Book says that the fool hath said in his heart there is no God; but thee dost blab it right out!" Now, in Christian lands "malicious and malevolent inuendoes do ripple along just under the surface," as Roosevelt said of besmirching rumors that, without foundation, befoul the reputation of public servants; while in heathen lands the people just "blab it right out"—but with this difference: that the people's indictment of their rulers is usually true. And, forsooth, how else than by muddied methods is an impecunious, well-nigh salaryless official, who has paid \$10,000.00 for a short-term appointment, to keep himself from starving, much less feather his nest? A man who knows, just said to me of a provincial treasurer: "If Mr. Wang is left unmolested for six months in his office he will make \$400,000.00!"

Walking along a road with common country folks, I have many a time heard them, out of bitter and first-hand experience, speak their conviction. They have a proverb on the subject that runs like this: "Ya men k'ou, hsiang nan k'ai; Yu li, wu ch'ien, hou tsin lai." That is to say, "The yamen gate faces, or opens toward the south; whoever has reason on his side, without bribe money, just let him step in last." His case is hopeless.

And, although the people euphemistically call a magistrate "the father and mother of the people," yet, for characterlessness, with consequent

lack of public spirit and disregard of the general weal, they distrust them, saying: "All officials ought to be slain. But what's the use? If we dispose of the rulers we have, just as bad will come to take their places!"

HOW LAW IS ADMINISTERED

Whoever lives among the people knows that these conditions obtain now, under the Republic, no less than under the Empire. Another name for the government has not changed the unregenerate nature of the men misadministering it. Nevertheless, in a land of the size and age of China, it would be strange indeed were there not stray cases of judges shrewdly rendering just and decent decisions in the interests of the people whom they so continually misrule.

I have somewhere read, in the annals of the Sung Dynasty, of a magistrate before whom his yamen runners brought five men as concerned in a recent murder. When questioned, each denied knowledge of the affair. So the magistrate chucked them into prison till dark, when he summoned them and said: "I have had a vision. A demon has appeared to me, and informed me that by morning light I shall know who is the criminal. You are to stand in a row during the night, when the demon will come and mark on the back of the murderer characters that cannot be gainsayed!" Then he moved them to a small room with walls newly chalked for the occasion. The four innocent men stood meekly in the middle of the floor, as commanded. The guilty one, however, planked himself in the corner, determined to give the demon a good tussle before allowing his back to be turned into a bill-board to punish his own undoing. The morning light inexorably revealed the tell-tale white rubbed in to his back; and he was forthwith beheaded. The story is current today among magistrates and people; and I have already heard of it, with variations, in several countries, as the virtuous and discerning act of local magistrates now living.

A HEATHEN MAGISTRATE'S JUSTICE

These preliminary remarks about magisterial decisions are referred to as illustrating the more hopeful sort of officials with whom the Christians, through their prayers, have to deal. But, as a rule, they are, righteously, "impossible propositions." Such cases of impartial justice may be set down as being as rare as hen's teeth. However, one more instance, namely, of a heathen

magistrate's just decision—and that through prevailing intercession—in the case of a Christian unjustly accused and cruelly tortured, is worth narrating in this connection.

Once, while I was out in a distant part of my country field, I went to a village where seven families, out of seventy, were Christians. The situation, where the patriarchal system obtains as in China, illustrated the words of Christ. The entire village constituted practically one clan, a big family; and it was literally a case of "father against son," "mother-in-law against daughter-in-law," in the choice of Christ. The occasion was a quarrel between the Christians and their heathen relatives; and I was trying to investigate. It was the case of a gun, and a bad one it had proved to be, in more senses than one. It was old, old-fashioned, out-of-date, rusted, so that one "couldn't hit a barn door with it"; wicked men had made use of it to try to take the life of a good man, accusing him unjustly of attempted murder; and, while they had not succeeded in getting him put out of the way entirely, yet they had been instrumental in landing him in a foul, noisesome prison—a tiny den—where he had been unjustly confined for six months; he and his family meantime enduring the agony of expecting his death, by beheading, any day.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE NAME

Repeatedly, wearing the cangue, he had been led about the streets on the big market days—an official warning to would-be-murderers. Whoever has seen the cangue in use, on a hot summer's day—the victim's hands chained, as a usual part of the punishment, so that he cannot brush off the flies that in swarms feast on his raw neck; his unwashed sores and ulcers tantalising him almost to madness—may form some idea of what torture is involved. All this, and more, Kwoa the Christian, forty years of age, father of children dependent upon him, endured for the sake of the Name. Would you? If the man were not slain for an imaginary, a falsely-alleged crime, yet his heathen neighbor-relatives gloated over the fact that he would soon die under the abuse received. Then, in all probability, and by methods which they thoroughly understood, i. e., in which they themselves had a part, they would get some of his property—after the yamen and his creatures had cut out a generous slice.

As one reads the history of the ancient Church it is possible to think, and many a young man in

the home-land, reading that history, has clinched his fist and through his closed teeth vowed that he could, and would stand it for the honor of God—it is possible, I say, to think one could gladly endure torture or martyrdom two thousand years ago in Rome, for love to Christ. There is a glamor about that—ancient Rome—its grandeur and its might; the arena—surrounded by thousands breathlessly watching, even the august Emperor there—with the whole college of the vestal virgins, and foreign ambassadors—the occasion affording such a setting as to cause the heartlessness of the vast assembly but to nerve the victim the more to a worthy heroism; a figure, powerful and tawny, creeping relentlessly nearer; a roar; like a flash a swift leap; a mist; the glory of the martyr role and crown, and the endless beatitude of heaven—ah, that is worth while; to be desired!

SUFFERING WITHOUT GLAMOR

But to endure being torn for the love of the Gospel, not ages ago, and by lions from Africa, but to-day, and by human wild beasts in the form of Chinese fellow-villagers—those who are of your own clan—dirty, unkempt, ill-smelling, vicious, who live in little mud huts right across a narrow, filthy street from you, and in the next yards all around you; and who in the dark climb over your wall, surprise you and your family asleep, and upon your own bed pound you with bludgeons; deny you access to the village wall; who suspect all your good motives, because their hearts are Satan-possessed—black with the venom of suspicion, distrust, avarice, cruelty and unreasoning rage—and who for a few dollars will do you to death—ah, that is another matter. There is no glamor about that. In fact, it is one of the most heart-gouging experiences on earth.

MARKING DOWN A CHRISTIAN

Now this particular episode happened on this wise. The heathen had made up their minds, as a result of several of their fellow villagers turning Christians, to pick a quarrel with these "religious renegades," and so manipulate the mixup as to come into possession of their houses and lands. As a first step in the plot they brought some of the smaller idols out of the village temple one night and set them in front of the door of Mr. Kwoa, as being the leading light among these renegades. This was intended not only as a taunt to Mr. Kwoa, but also as an insult to his family and to their Jesus God. To the idols, so arranged, something was sure to

happen, and whatever was done would be in the nature of sacrilege. Kwoa was as marked a victim for bringing trouble upon himself as the unfortunate before whose door a Chinese enemy commits suicide. Sure enough, next morning something happened; Kwoa's children, in their zeal for the doctrine, lugged the idols away and dumped them into the small village pond, in whose muddy water the people wash their clothes, and which they use for every conceivable domestic purpose. Nobody hindered the deed of sacrilege. That was exactly what the heathen wanted done.

The second step was for the heathen to rise up "in righteous wrath" and plan to kill all the Christians. So one Sabbath, when the little band of Christians were gathered together for worship, a gang burst in and began to beat them. Some of the gang had clubs and some had guns. Several of the Christians were seriously hurt. The ruffians seemed to have a special grudge against Mr. Kwoa for the part his children had had in the drowning of the idols. It was like an Indian attack in the day of the Pilgrim settlers, with this difference, that the "settlers" had, in this church, come unprepared. One of the attackers aimed his gun, over the shoulder of a pal, at Mr. Kwoa. Just as the gun went off the man on whose shoulder it rested happened to throw up his arm in his struggle with a Christian, and it was injured by the shot.

THE PLOT DEEPENS

The third step was for the gang to accuse Mr. Kwoa before the county magistrate of attempting to murder one of his neighbors. As this official was a heathen, and a hater of Christians, and as the wounded man was brought before him, he accepted this as incontrovertible evidence of the murderous intent of Kwoa. So forthwith he clapped Mr. Kwoa into the prison described above and abused him for half a year—the detailed description of which I dare not write. Then something wonderful happened.

In the meantime Kwoa's friends came to the missionary and begged him to do something to force the judge to loose the prisoner; to go and see the judge; or at least to send in his card. And their ultimate argument was: "The Catholic priest would do as much for his Christians!" But the missionary, in apparent hardness of heart, refused. He made a counter proposal: "Suppose we all pray that the Lord will give

some striking proof to the judge of the innocence of our friend, and that the judge be moved to release him." It was agreed to; and the Christians and their missionary friend began to pray.

And one day the magistrate, while engaged on another case (this one apparently forgotten), suddenly amazed his satellites by declaring: "I want to see the gun with which Kwoa shot his enemy!" So the *ya i* (yamen runners) hurried post-haste to Kwoa's house and brought back out of it a musket that his accusers knew he owned, and the possession of which lent color to their charges. Most villagers who can afford it have one to shoot off at sundown, to let robbers know they are prepared!

A GOOD END TO A BAD GUN

That gun is now our souvenir. It is an old-fashioned muzzle-loader of small stock, about seven feet long, very heavy and rusty. It had not been fired for tens of years; the wolves, for whose scaring away it had been purchased, had long ago disappeared. Moreover, it was an awful kicker, and to manipulate it was such risky business that it had not been used, even for the common and conventional purpose of warning robbers by being banged off at sunset.

When the judge took the gun in his hands, he remarked: "Not very new!" Then he noticed that the lock was rusted shut, so that the piece could not function. Suddenly he burst out: "This gun has not been fired for years! Free Kwoa, and bamboo the liars!"

If this delivery from prison was not as wonderful as that of Peter or Paul, certainly it was in answer to the prayer of faith. Once more it proved that the fervent prayer of God's people availeth much in its energising—and what a good end to a bad gun!

C. E. Scott in The Life of Faith.

The Gospel in Syria

Miss Y. G. Malick, working in Lebanon, Syria, writes to a friend of blessing in one of the hard fields. God is surely working in a way that is striking. People are coming to her from the different villages begging for meetings and offering their homes for this purpose. She writes:

"The Lord has been especially working among the young men recently. Quite a few have been blessed and some saved. I had been a little troubled about a young man who was saved but never testified to the fact in public. He had no courage, no grammatical language, always shy and sorry for lost opportunities. One day at an

altar service the Lord opened his mouth, and for the first time in his life he prayed out loud; was never slack to give a testimony after that. The Spirit was working. A young woman backslider was touched and poured out her heart in prayer. There was a general melting down before the Lord. The following Sunday two High School students accepted the Lord as their Savior, and the next meeting four young men were saved. Some do not know how to read and are anxious to be able to read their Bibles. They are begging me to start a night school for them as they have to work during the day. It is a problem to me and I have been praying about it. It means more work and responsibility, which I do not mind so long as it is the Lord's will.

"Visiting in the homes and cottage meetings are very interesting. For the last few weeks I have left this work mostly to my native helpers (Bible women) as I was not very well in body and had too much on hand. They came home one day rejoicing and feeling like two of the seventy of old when the Lord had sent them two by two. They gave the Gospel message to twenty-one women at one home, Roman Catholics and Mohammedans. Attention and much interest were shown. A Mohammedan woman invited them to have a prayermeeting in her house the next time they came, which is quite unusual for a Mohammedan woman, but there is no limit to what the Lord can do.

"Three weeks ago a dear woman came to me from one of the shut-in villages. Before leaving the house she asked the Lord to direct her steps where she should go. 'Go to Shweifat,' said a voice within. Obeying, she did, and was led to come to me. She told me of the great need of her village, pleading with tears for help. 'My people,' she said, 'do not know God, and our children are running wild like heathen. What Roman Catholic schools we have are not able to change them. I will offer my house for prayer-meetings and a school-room if you will come.' Of course this meant I would have to provide a teacher and trust the Lord for her support and other expenses connected with the work. \$20 a month are needed for the teacher. After much consideration and prayer I would not close a door the Lord had opened, for was this opportunity not an answer to prayer? A consecrated teacher is provided. School started with ten children; now we have twenty-eight and they are still coming. At a prayer-meeting there last Saturday there were forty in attendance, not including the children. The Gospel message was gladly received and we were strongly urged to come again. This is very encouraging for we had been warned not to go there.

"I have an invitation to another village tomorrow. I take along some of the young converts to train them in the work, and they are a help. Long walking is too much for my weak back. Often I hire a working animal which never has the right saddle and I haven't one of

my own. If I were to visit a village a day it would take me more than three years to go round. I am going to ask you to unite with me in prayer that the Lord will provide me with a missionary motor car and a folding organ, if it is His will.

Pray for other supplies of the work, for which, humanly speaking, I am responsible, rent of the mission house, two Bible women, a school teacher, the help of four orphans, traveling expenses, and others that spring up unexpectedly, let alone the spiritual part of the work which is most important. Many a time I would have gone under had I not had the promises of God to lean upon. Praise God I am never discouraged no matter how gloomy the outlook may seem."

We have given our readers glimpses from many lands, India, Africa, China, Asia Minor. These extracts were written by missionaries with burdened hearts, broken nerves, and weak bodies, but missionaries with a vision, and a consecration that would put many of us to shame. Surely this record of what God is doing in many lands ought to cause us to rejoice, for He is working today in heathen lands in a very remarkable way. When a Mohammedan woman will come pleading for a meeting in her village and offering her home for this purpose, is it not a marked sign that God is visiting these dark places? When the son of a Buddhist priest will renounce his father's religion in the face of influential friends, and espouse the cause of the lowly Nazarene, does it not pay to support such workers? We trust our readers will definitely stir themselves to pray for all these needs of the missionaries and of the great mission fields. It is prayer that has put the cry in the heart of the heathen after God, and it is prayer that will break the darkness and bring God's eternal light into their souls.

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