



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

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God's Power on a Wrecked and Ruined Life

Enduring Hardness Enriches Our Ministry for Souls.

Lucius B. Compton, Asheville, N. C., in Chicago, March 4, 1924.

In publishing "Remarkable Answers to Prayer" in the life of Mr. Compton, some months ago, such wide-spread interest was manifested that we are giving our readers an account of his Life's Story as told by himself. This is equally interesting and shows the marvelous grace and power of God almost beyond comprehension.



OR ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and . . . the weak things to confound the things which are mighty. . . . He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord. I Cor. I:26-31.

I want to leave that last verse in your minds while I speak tonight. Remember that the Book says, "He that glorieth let him glory in the Lord." The greater part of my Life Story I am ashamed of, and would never tell it were it not to magnify the Lord and encourage someone who may be having a struggle in life. It may help to lighten the burden of someone who is pulling hard uphill, for I have had many letters from folks who say I have helped them up steep places through this experience of mine. There is not much in it I like to remember except that which is of grace, and the knowledge of what Jesus Christ has done. I tell you to my own humiliation that if you would take the Lord out of my life I would simply be the weakest, most helpless man alive.

I made my arrival in America April 21, 1875, back in the mountains of North Carolina, where I was brought up. We were eighty or ninety miles from a railroad, probably 125 miles to the nearest town, six miles from a post office, a school or church building. My father was an old-fashioned mountaineer Baptist preacher who worked for thirty-seven and a half cents a day to support a wife and six children. We lived in a little cabin home 12x16, without a window. At night everything in that room was "bed," because the beds were made to fit into each other and were opened up at night.

I was the youngest. My earliest recollections were of poverty and want. I know what it means to go to bed hungry and cry for something to eat, but I doubt if there are a half dozen people in this audience tonight who know what real hunger is. People do not sympathize with

the poor little fellows who steal bananas and get into jail because they tried to satisfy their hunger, but I can sympathize with them.

My eldest brother was hired out, and when he was seventeen years old he got for a day's work a quart of home-made sorgum molasses, and that was not an eight hour day, but from sunrise to sunset. He would start out with his empty pail in the morning and walk five or six miles, work hard all day and walk back home again with the pail full of molasses, which we would eat on corn bread for supper and for breakfast. Those days are very vivid in my memory. I can remember the first clock I ever saw, the first cook-stove, the first house that was painted and had windows in it, and thought that if one could ever attain to live in a house like that and not be obliged to eat corn bread it would be like heaven.

At the age of five years I developed what is known as bone white-swelling in my left limb, from having a fall, and I became a cripple from that time until I was twenty-four years old, during which time I walked with crutches and a cane. I had another affliction which was just as bad and that was an impediment in my speech. I never spoke my name distinctly until after I was married, and being of an extremely sensitive nature, this caused me to live to myself. I used to sit on a rail fence back in those mountains and wonder why God ever permitted me to come into existence. With such poverty in the home and the feeling intimated that there was too large a family, I was very unhappy. I never was considered as having ordinary intelligence; perhaps I did not have it, or it might have been because of the impediment in my speech, but I never spent six months in school in all my life. I was a cripple and the school building was too far away; and besides they had school only three months in the year. I remember very well when the whole family of boys went barefooted the whole winter through. Being a cripple and not able to work like the rest of the boys, my father was unable to furnish me with clothes, and I had to help my sister wear her clothes. When I was ten and eleven years of

age I wore a girl's dresses, so you can imagine how I felt.

There is one scene of my childhood days I love to dwell on, and that is how my old father took his Bible, which weighed seventeen pounds and read it to us. He would talk of heaven and hell, of salvation and the rejection of it. He would go on his knees and talk to God about every child of the family.

At the age of seven I had an operation on my limb. The doctors there in the mountains scraped the bone and then painted it from my hip to my heel. Later they performed the second operation and that seemed to be successful for a time because I got to where I could walk again and my family thought my condition greatly improved.

When I was thirteen, while father was away from home, I ran away. I did not know what it would mean, and knew not where to go, but I started on the downward path. I hunted a job, and as I got into the world I found people could read and write, and that boys needed a little education to get along. I got a job carrying water for the lumbermen at the rate of seventy-five cents a day, and paid \$2.50 a week for my board. If I worked every day I had \$1.50 a week left out of my wages. If it rained one day I had only seventy-five cents, if two days I had nothing. And where was a boy to live except with the cheapest and commonest men of the place? So I got in with bad company. There is not a day in those six years after leaving home that I like to remember, because I was a common, wandering, homeless hobo, part of the time living on charity and part begging for my bread—going from place to place hunting a job, and with my crippled limb. At seventeen I became addicted to drink and the evil habits of life, and for over a year I scarcely had a sober day. I want to say to you people, you can condemn the poor old tramp and sing, "Rescue the Perishing" but I have two homes that do not slam the doors on tramps. God alone knows what has crossed the paths of those poor unfortunates! It is not always that a fellow with a dirty, ragged coat is vicious. More times than I have fingers on my hands have I stood on the street a wayward, homeless, discouraged, sinful wretch, watching the fathers go home from their business and the children hurrying to happy homes, and just before the time of pulling down the shades, I would look into the windows of good, happy homes, and shivering, hungry and penniless I

would say, "Why did God permit me to come into this world? Father said there was a God, a God of justice and mercy," and I thought if there was a God of justice why did He ever permit me to come into existence without one advantage in life and with my drawbacks. Every man should have a chance and why should I have come into the world without any opportunity. Thus I reasoned, and the only way I got any consolation was to drink beer. When I was drunk I was happy, and I never got talkative until I got tipsy, for at other times I was embarrassed on account of my stuttering.

In my wild, reckless career I made a chum who had also run away from home. We traveled together, we worked together, and I want to say that I never asked for a thing for which I did not offer to work. I was always willing to the best of my ability to work for what I got. This boy was brought up back in the mountains from whence I had come; we worked together and divided with each other. We decided to go back again to our country and there we got a job in a brick factory and got along well. We lived in a cheap boarding house in a colored man's home, and you know the degradation to which we were subject when you understand what a white person thinks of that combination in that country. Well, my chum took sick and when I was at work one afternoon they came for me and told me he was dying. I asked off and hurried back with my crippled limb to see him. I said, "Tommy" but he could not speak. His mother was there, and in my desperation I said, "Has nobody prayed for him?" Of course, he had never heard me mention a thing about prayer, but I suppose the preaching of my father impressed me that he needed something. He died, and these two hands washed his body. He did not have another shirt to be buried in, so we washed the one he had on. I put his best clothes on him and sent word out in the mountains six miles that we wanted a grave dug. I got a team and drove that coffin, with the family sitting on behind, out into the mountains, and buried my chum. When they put the body in the grave I insisted that I must cover the coffin because he was my chum, and I could do no more for him, so they let me shovel in the dirt. With my crippled limb it took me a long time and the task was very arduous, but I knew it was the last task I could perform for him.

While I was shoveling this dirt I looked around and behind me there was a little girl crying as

if her heart would break. As she stood there I looked up and said, "Do not cry, I will be a brother to you," for it was my chum's sister. We went back together and his mother asked me to stay with them a few days. Soon I went back again to my life of wandering and went on and on. After some time I got money enough to buy a \$4 suit of clothes, a thirty-five cent shirt and a rubber collar. Paid fifteen cents for a little tie and got a pair of shoes at a second-hand store for \$1. Now I was going to see the little girl I had not seen for seven months. Her mother had since died and she was taking care of a home and two children. I went there as the chum of her brother, and as we sat relating our troubles, she cried and I cried. She was lonely and I was too. I asked her if she would rather live with me than live there and she said "Yes." I lied to get my license and got married, but in a few days I was the most discouraged man you ever saw, for I had no advantages in life. The people looked down on me as if I was not just right—I could not speak, I could not walk properly, and I saw nothing to live for. I shall never forget how one time I took the lining out of my shoes and out of my hat, and any numbers whereby I could be identified—knowing that I was a wreck and that everything I touched was a wreck, and I was planning to end it all.

But father's prayers must have helped me, and in my roving I landed in Cincinnati. With my coat collar turned up (for it was very cold) and my shoes tied on, I was walking the streets to keep warm. A beer house was the only place then where a man could get thawed out. Going down Fifth Street I heard singing and as I walked across the street a man asked me to come inside, and I took a back seat. A man got up to testify saying, "I was homeless and friendless, but came here and found the Lord. He came into my life and changed me and I am happy." Another got up and said he had found Jesus. Then I got to thinking that this was not the proper place for a wretch like me, but something said to me, "There is hope for you too!" I jumped at once to my feet and asked them to pray for me, away from home and no friends. They began to sing and I arose and went out thinking these people were not like me and that there was nothing for me to do but continue in my old life of wretchedness. A more disheartened mortal you have never seen, but the next night I went back again to the little

mission to get warm.

I left early again and cursed my father and mother for bringing me into the world. I said that if there was such a thing as justice in God why couldn't He let me have a chance. It looked as though the darkness of all time was upon me. That third night in Cincinnati I was the most miserable man who ever lived, and the thermometer was below zero. I went into the post office and stood beside the radiator to get warm, but a policeman came and made me move on as that was no place for hobos like me. I started down Main Street. I was crying and most discouraged, but I looked up toward heaven through all the gloom and said, "Great God, I am a piece of wasted humanity; my life is blasted and wasted. If there is any hope, for Jesus' sake have mercy on me." In less time than I am telling you, the power of God came down upon me and a joy inexpressible filled my breaking heart. I realized that my sins were washed away and I said to myself, "I am saved now." It was too good to keep and I wanted to tell everybody. I went into a store where two or three men were sitting chatting and in the best way I could I told them of how the Lord had just saved me. I went into a station and washed up, combed my hair with my fingers, and put a piece of clean white paper around my neck to serve as a collar.

I thought of that little mission to which I had gone the night before and wished it was time for it to open. I walked down to where it was, and am sure I walked past it seventy-five times until it opened and then went in and took a front seat. No back seat for me that night. At my first opportunity I jumped to my feet and told what God had done for me. I asked one of the men to write to my father and my wife for me. My father wrote back at once and said he hoped I was sincere and that it would last. He said, "My boy, this girl you married is to be a mother inside of two months, and if God has done for you what you say He has you ought to send for your wife and take care of her." I got a job and worked hard, and saved \$6 toward the expense of bringing my wife to Cincinnati. I secured a little attic up in a three-story building, bought a mattress with which to make a bed. In a second-hand store I got a folding cot which I carried on my shoulders and walked up those five flights of stairs with it on my back. I got a frying pan for 15 cents, a box for 25 cents with which I made a table, and out of another box I made a cup-

board. We used newspapers for table linen and tin cans for cups.

Right in that room on that old folding cot was born my only child, and right up in that little attic was born in me the ambition, the craving never to die an ignorant man. I bought a little spelling book and there in that little room I learned to read. You can imagine the feeling I had when I found I could really read like other folks! It has been up grade, mountain climbing; it has been a struggle, but by the grace of God I have been successful.

I knew by that time that God had called me to His service, but how handicapped I was! A cripple, a stutterer, and could neither read nor write. They were having street meetings and one of the leaders came to me and said that I had to speak. I tried to explain how impossible that was, but he said I was not expected to say much, just tell how Jesus had come into my life and changed it. I was glad to do that, but begged to be excused because of my stuttering. He insisted on my coming, and I was terribly embarrassed at the thought of getting up before that crowd. After a few testimonies the leader said, "Friends, we have a mountaineer here whom the Lord has saved and he will tell you about it." I began to tell them something about my career and how the Lord came into my life, and all at once I lost sight of myself, my impediment in my speech and everything. When I came to myself I saw a large audience before me and two men were kneeling at my feet. As I finished a friend stepped up and said, "You talked thirty-five minutes and never stuttered one word." From that time until this I have never stuttered. Now I knew I had to preach the Gospel and that was an awful thing to me. I did not tell my wife or a soul, but kept the thing in my heart. The task of educating myself was burdening me. I had a wife and baby to care for, and how could I preach. I studied until all hours of the night and when I got to the place where I could read my Bible was I not a happy man? I worked ten hours a day, then came home to a little simple meal, after which I got out my Bible and books and burned the midnight oil until one and two o'clock.

The struggle I have had to educate myself after twenty years of age—the ridicule and the scorn, with the poverty, no human being can understand. In this twentieth century you throw a man out into the world scarcely able to read or write and handicapped with poverty—it takes the

grace of God and an unseen power; it takes the prayers of friends to help him through.

After three years I took charge of a little mission, and God answered prayer and blessed me. Afterwards I went back into the mountains and buried my life in Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, North and South Carolina. For seven years I labored in these states and God gave me hundreds of souls. There are forty-seven workers in the foreign field today through my influence. I preached in out-of-the-way places, sometimes without enough clothing and very little to eat, but God was with me. I have seen the time when my trousers were frozen stiff when I had to put them on.

I had an agreement with God that I would never ask for any money or take a collection for myself. I am now in my twenty-seventh year as an evangelist, and with all my work I have found time to accumulate a good library. I have worn out ten Bibles and have traveled over 240,000 miles. I have preached in thirty-five different denominations and have become a brother to 747 unfortunate girls who have found shelter under the institution which was born in my heart twenty years ago. I have a home for 209 children whom I have adopted, and have found time in all these busy hours to try and educate myself. If a man had told me thirty years ago that God could have done for me in a thousand years what He has done today, I would not have believed him. He has let me stand in the humblest, lowliest places as well as in the big churches. He has put me at the table with peasants and with presidents. He has put me in homes where four or five slept in a bed, and then again in the most elaborate and wealthy homes, but I find my source of real joy is in serving Jesus regardless of circumstances. If God can take such a life, a wrecked life, a dwarfed brain, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, by the work of the Divine Spirit could come into my life and do for me what He has done, what could He not do with some of you upon whom He has bestowed all the advantages of life?

I have walked miles to hold a meeting and then back home again in the cold nights without an overcoat. I have gone for two and three days at a time without a bite to eat. I know what it is to travel through this old world without a place to go and no one ask me in for the night. It was in these times of hardness and sincere crying to God to remove opposition and bless my efforts that God has given me souls by the scores. I

have preached in overalls and have seen the time when I had to stay in bed while some good sister would launder the only shirt I possessed. But these are not the things which discourage. Take a man who is filled with the Holy Spirit and it takes more than poverty to discourage him. It takes more grace to endure prosperity than to go through poverty. If the ministers of today had less worldly goods they would make better preachers. One must endure hardness if he is to walk with God in humility. There is one good thing about poverty; it will give you an experience which nothing else can. When you walk with Him along the humble path it is a life which God alone knows and understands.

I am not worth anything in this world—don't suppose I ever will be, but \$272,000 has passed through these fingers to help feed orphans and

rescue fallen lives, and to help put missionaries on the field. One of the sweetest things in my life now is to know that I have helped these girls. Many of them today are the wives of ministers and missionaries. I went to hold a meeting out on the Pacific Coast in a large church, and the girl who played the piano, the wife of the pastor, went through our Home. Some who have gone away from us have larger institutions than mine. You can lay up your treasures on earth, but give me the privilege of helping the needy. You have never gotten the vision of what life means, the vision of living for God unless you live for others. I am ashamed of my life. I would like to forget it, and I try to get out of telling my story. I cannot boast of anything that I have done—only of Him can I tell and of what He has done for me. Jesus Christ has accomplished it all.

God's Forgiveness and Ours Contrasted

Lessons From the Parable of the Talents

Pastor Philip Wittich in The Stone Church, Jan. 13, 1924.



IF ALL the sayings in our blessed Bible, the sayings of our Lord Jesus Christ are truly the deepest, and some of the greatest truths we have in the Word are clothed by our Lord, enshrouded in some parable, some type or shadow. Whenever the Lord uses that form He always adds these words, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

I want to speak to you today on Matthew 18: 21-35. Here Peter asked the Lord Jesus how often he should forgive his brother, and He answered, "I say not unto thee, until seven times; but until seventy times seven." And then He gives this remarkable parable of the debtor who owed his lord ten thousand talents, how he was forgiven, but refused to grant forgiveness to his fellow servant who owed him an hundred pence. The truth contained in this parable, branches out into other truths, as a tree branches out into branches, and it is impossible to cover all, but I want to give you the salient truths. We are impressed, first of all, with the sum that this bond-servant owed his master. He owed him "ten thousand talents" and if we take this Attic talent as a basis, we find that bond-slave owed his master ten thousand times ten thousand; in other words, one hundred million dollars. How is it possible that a bond-slave whose day wages were only 17 cents could ever get in such a debt with his master? I do believe, beloved, there is a solution for this, and through the solution, a won-

derful lesson for all of us.

First of all, we are struck with the word "talent." Talent is a Greek word. The word "*talanton*" means "the balances," the old-fashioned balances which you hold in your hand, the weight on one side and the article on the other. Then the second meaning of the word "*talanton*" was applied to the article to be weighed. Finally that conception drifted into a certain sum of money. The bond-servant of our text owed his master ten thousand times ten thousand dollars, translated into American money, while he owed his fellow-servant an hundred pence, or denarii. A denarius equalled 17 cents; therefore one hundred denarii equalled \$17. There you have the contrast—the servant owing his master one hundred million dollars; the fellow-servant owing the servant seventeen dollars. You reduce the one hundred million a hundredth part and you will have the proportion of *one million compared to seventeen cents*. Here we have an illustration that really captivates us by way of contrast. The contrast is so great that we marvel.

What does the Lord mean by the "talent"? We do not have to be at sea for that word occurs in three different passages of the New Testament, Matt. 18:24 and 25:15-28, and then in Revelation 16:21. Let us look at the one in Matt. 25. Here the Lord uses the word "talent" with another parable. He is described as a man who goes into another country, as a King who would reckon with His servants on earth. So this is a parable that is applicable to us, as we are living

in the kingdom as it exists here in mystery on earth. That "far country" is none other but heaven. When Jesus Christ at His ascension went to heaven, He went there not only as the Son of God to sit with the Father on His throne, but He went there also as a man. We know nothing about that "*other country*" except as it has been revealed to us through Jesus Christ.

In Matt. 25:15-28, which contains the key to Matt. 18:24, we find the Lord giving to each one a certain number of talents; to one He gave five, to another two, and to the third, one. These talents distributed to three different parties are called "HIS GOODS." What are the "goods" of the Lord Jesus Christ? What has He to give us? HIS HOLY NATURE. Christ has been given unto us "for wisdom, righteousness, holiness and redemption." I Cor. 1:30. When we receive anything from Jesus, we receive part of *His nature*. He wants to give to the believers, not merely some blessings, but His very being. Christ has given unto us "*His Goods*," or "the things which originally belonged to Him." We read in Genesis 1:26 that God created man in His image and after His *likeness*. Now the Holy Spirit never employs vain repetitions but uses here two distinct terms, so we may know that there is a difference between an *image* and a *likeness*. What is the image of God? In Col. 1:15 we read, of Jesus Christ, "who is the *image* of the invisible God, the first-born of all creation." Then in the 18th verse of the same chapter we read, "And He is the Head of the body, the church, who is the beginning, the firstborn out of the dead." Here we have two statements about the Lord Jesus. He is "the first-born of all creation" and "the firstborn out of the dead." In Romans 8:29 we have a statement referring to the Lord as the firstborn: "For whom He foreknew He also foreordained, to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the firstborn among many brethren."

Our Lord Jesus is the image of the Father according to this passage, but why is it that He is called the image "and likeness" of God? In Gen. 1:26 we have the record of a consultation of the Trinity: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." The word "image," according to Col. 1:16, clearly defines Christ in His relation as the invisible Son of the invisible God. The word "likeness" (Heb. *demuth*) has the meaning of visible appearance. You find the same word used in the description of the four living creatures in Ezekiel, first chapter: one had the ap-

pearance of a lion, the other of a man, the third of an ox and the fourth of an eagle. Here we have the key to the meaning of Genesis 1:26. The word *likeness* refers to Christ's visible appearance. God Himself is invisible to creation. Only through the Son He appeared in the flesh. When God says we were created in His "appearance" or "likeness," He refers to the visible manifestation of His Son. We might say that angels, too, were made after God's image, but the Bible never says this of the angels. It is only said of *man*. Therefore there is something about man that takes the precedence even over angels.

Why is it that God would deny Himself of His deity and take upon Himself the form of man? Because He had a special purpose in sending His Son in the form of human flesh.

Paul tells us in Romans 8:19-22, "For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for *the manifestation of the sons of God*." For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope. Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of children of God. For we know that the 'whole creation' groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

The whole creation mentioned here surely includes the angels. While they do not groan as a fallen creation around us, nevertheless they are groaning for the perfecting of God's redemption plan, *i. e.*, the *adoption of the sons of God*. We do not read of Jesus that He took upon Himself the form of angels, but the form of man. He lowered Himself to us to restore us to Himself, for Jesus as the Son of God is the invisible image of the invisible Father, and as the Son of Man He is the visible appearance or likeness of the Father. In John 14:9, Jesus said to Philip, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?"

When Adam sinned he lost the Son of God, the image and likeness of the Father. This truth our Lord brings out through the ten thousand talents. There is something in the large amount of the talent that speaks of Deity. When Adam sinned he lost that amount; he lost Jesus, the image of the Father, and thereby became a debtor to God. Adam was created in His image; he was, therefore, created holy, righteous and perfect, but through his own free will, he lost it. Adam sold himself and his family unto sin and thereby

rendered the whole human race debtors unto God. That debt is so great that we in ourselves can never pay it back; we can never restore ourselves to God. Therefore the Lord takes such an immense sum, as a *hundred million dollars!* If both sums of *talent* and *pence* are reduced to their smallest proportion we get the amounts of one million and seventeen cents, respectively.

The wicked servant promised "to pay it all back," and he finds his counterpart in many of the Christians of today. The wicked servant comes and asks for pardon and the Master forgives him freely. Then he finds another servant who owes him 100 denarii (altogether \$17), but will not show mercy to his fellow servant. In this parable we see how God wants us to look at sin committed against us. David realized that when he said, "Against Thee alone have I sinned." He was a murderer and an adulterer. He had wronged Uriah and Bathsheba, yet he said, "Against Thee alone have I sinned." Whatever good we do to each other, we do as unto God. Through the fall of our first parents we have gotten ourselves so deeply into debt to God that we in our own strength could never get out of it. We will be debtors to the end of our lives unless God forgives us, and this He has done in Christ Jesus. He has freely forgiven us all our trespasses. Our Lord Jesus is the one who paid the one million dollars we owed to God, and He has restored us to Himself and through Him to the Father. Jesus, the image of the Father, died on the cross and there delivered us from that which stood in our way. *Through Calvary He removed sin from us*, and now we have free access to God through Jesus Christ.

Jesus has not only forgiven us our trespasses and washed us in His blood, enabling us to come back to the Father, but He is also our righteousness and our holiness, so we do not have to come before God as empty beggars but *in the fulness*, the perfection and the righteousness of His Son. Therefore Paul speaks in Col. 3:10 about putting on the *new man* which is renewed in knowledge after the *IMAGE* of Him that created him. That new man is not the Son of God who, as the visible image of the Father created our first parents; but the Son of God who as the *Son of Man*, the visible likeness of the Godhead, died for us and rose again as the last Adam, the life-giving spirit. *And we are to be in that new Man.* The first creation ended at Calvary. God put an end to the life of the old creation when He nailed His Son to the cross. When Christ died the whole

creation died, and when He rose out of the dead, a *new Man* arose, and that Man sits on the throne of the Father. The fulness of the Godhead dwelleth in Him, and as such He sits on the throne that you and I may be made partakers of all that righteousness and all that holiness and all that perfection with which He is endued. We do not have to go around like starving beggars. God has made us infinitely rich in His Son, Jesus Christ.

The Hebrew word "talent" has also a wonderful meaning. In Exodus it is called the "talent of the sanctuary." The talent of the sanctuary contained three thousand shekels. A young Hebrew when reaching the age of twenty entered into the ranks of Jewish warriors; whether rich or poor, whether high or low, he had to pay a half shekel of redemption money. If he failed to pay that amount his name was taken from the list of Israelites. Why this provision? Didn't God make with Abraham an everlasting covenant with the Jews through circumcision? He did; but circumcision only made them children. Now they were to enter into full manhood and become warriors of God. To do so they had to pay one-half shekel. Three thousand shekels make a Jewish talent, so a six-thousandth part of a talent was to be paid by a young man when he became of age. Brethren, our Lord Jesus Christ has warriors and overcomers even today. The church of God has babes of which Paul speaks so frequently. The church of God has also full-grown men. If we want to be full-grown overcomers we have to enter into a deeper relationship, a deeper union with our Lord Jesus Christ. Just as a Jew had to pay a half-shekel of silver—silver according to 1 Peter 1:18, 19, standing for redemption—so we as warriors of Christ must have a deeper application of the blood of Jesus than we ever had before if we want to be fortified against flesh and blood, the world and Satan. As long as there is anything of the old creation in our hearts, Satan will always find an entrance therein to overcome us; but when we have a daily application of the blood (which is true sanctification) the enemy cannot prevail over us.

The word *talent* in Hebrew has about the same meaning as the Greek *talantos*, *i. e.*, a balance. There is a passage in the Song of Solomon (4:14) that refers to Jesus Christ as our balance, and in Exodus 30:23 we find a description of the anointing oil which was applied to the high priest. It consisted of four ingredients that were typical of the death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. These ingredients are myrrh, cinnamon,

calamus and cassia. In Isa. 46:6 the word calamus is used for the beam of the balance. *God's balance is Jesus Christ.* You and I must not come to the balance of our own opinion or of some church doctrine, but to Jesus Christ the Son of God.

Now we see in Matthew 18 that this servant had lost that which he once had. That servant is a type of our father Adam and his whole race. In the natural we have lost every bit that applies to God. As sinners we are shut out from God and have forfeited in ourselves the right to come to Him. Christ gives us this parable to show how deeply fallen we are in the natural, and what His redemption by Grace means to us. The more we realize how deeply we have fallen through our first parent, and that there is absolutely no good in us, the more we ought to show kindness to our failing brother. This is the great lesson Christ wants to teach us in this parable.

The greatest troubles we have among believers are not the sufferings and the afflictions that are heaped upon us by sinners, but the sufferings and afflictions that we heap upon one another as saints. If an unsaved person does something real mean to us it does not affect us so much, but rather drives us to prayer. However, many of us almost lose our balance when a saint does that which is unjust and unrighteous. This is the lesson the Lord wishes to bring out. He does not justify the action of our brother sinning against us, but He wants us to remember that He forgave us when we were yet lost sinners. We had lost the Father's image and had nothing left that applied to God, and that is brought out by the large sum of one hundred million dollars. The sin our brother has committed against us is compared with seventeen dollars—in proportion to \$1,000,000, the debt we owe to God. That is what the Lord answered Peter, who thought it sufficient to forgive his brother seven times a day. Some church members carry a grudge for seventeen years, and some for a lifetime. "Oh I have forgiven but I cannot forget! It hurts me every time I think of it!" Well, then, you have not forgiven at all according to Christ's standard.

Now to make this very practical: God has forgiven us our *one million dollars*, and rightly expects us to forgive our brother's *seventeen cents*. When the enemy comes around to magnify the wrongs of brother or sister, let us tell him: "*seventeen cents*"! Some of us may differ with a man's message. Now if we do not guard our hearts we will take a hostile position against the

speaker; but our Lord raises his finger warningly and says, "*seventeen cents.*" The Lord says we are to be willing to forgive the brother seventy times seven, or four hundred and ninety times a day. Christ's lesson therefore is this: Every time your brother sins against you, you must have the same heart attitude toward him as I have toward you. You must be in an attitude of constant forgiveness toward any one who wrongs you. Have we never failed God? Yet He is so merciful to daily and freely forgive us. How much more ought we to be willing to forgive each other.

Brethren, I want to speak just one more word. Don't commit the sin of hypocrisy. Don't shake hands with your brother and sister and tell them how much you think of them and then turn around and criticize them. That is adding the sin of hypocrisy to the sin of unforgiveness. If you have the spirit of unforgiveness in your heart you ought to cry out to God to forgive that abominable sin of hatred. Hatred never comes from God, but from the devil. The Lord is not unforgiving toward us, and why should we be less forgiving one toward another than God is to us. The debt that we owe to each other is like seventeen cents to the great debt of holiness and righteousness in Jesus Christ that we owe to God.

If you know of some one against whom you have a grudge, I beg of you, go to that one and get right with him, for you know what the Lord says about the man who would not forgive his fellowman, "neither will your Father in heaven forgive your faults." We can never face God unless we have a *forgiving spirit*. I believe the Lord sometimes lets our fellowmen fail us so that we can exercise that wonderful grace and love that God has for the sinner as well as for His children. We often pray, "Lord, I want to be like Thee," and when we meet a brother who lashes us with his tongue, our feelings are hurt and we are inclined to carry a grudge against him. If we want to be *like Jesus* we must always forgive our sinning brother. Beloved, we cannot escape these tests. Let us ask ourselves: are we willing to forgive *with all our hearts* a brother or sister that has wronged us? If the enemy taunts us and brings to our memory the wrong that has been done, we silence him by shouting in his ear, "*seventeen cents.*"

"*Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.*" Matt. 6:12.

* * *

HEALED OF GALL STONES WHEN DYING. A remarkable tract with practical lessons. Helpful and an impetus to faith. Price 10c per doz. 75c per hundred.

The Russian Martyrs

D. M. Panton



RUSSIA, the great modern protagonist of evil, is a far profounder and more portentous entity than Bolshevism. In what land or in what city Satan's Throne is at this moment, no mortal—unless it be the Occulist—knows: that is one of the secrets of the unseen world: but if the lion's cave is betrayed by the bleached bones at its mouth, it is Moscow. It is only just to remember that Russia has been a home of persecution long before the Bolshevik was born. In seventy years there passed through one Siberian town alone nine hundred thousand exiles, and at the Revolution more than one hundred and twenty thousand were at the moment in Siberia. Between 1905 and 1908—in figures proved by the Duma—the Tsarist Government executed four thousand prisoners, and exiled seventy-four thousand, suppressed a thousand newspapers, and often put to the torture thousands (*"Times,"* May 22, 1923). Mr. Lloyd George said in Parliament:—"They talked about the Revolutionist and the Tsarist governments. The Russian was the thing that mattered; and when they met these people, there were really no fundamental differences between Tsarist and Bolshevik. Gradually the Bolshevik would evolve and develop into the Russian Imperialist again. It was the same old Russia—like an avalanche going down and down" (*"Times,"* May 16, 1923). The Red Square of Moscow, the head-center of Bolshevik ritual and bloodlust, was entitled the Red Square long before the first Bolshevik was born. Bolshevism is only an ebullition of Rosh.

REVIVAL.

Yet Russia to-day is caught in the grasp of the grace of God. "I know where thou dwellest, *even where Satan's throne is*; and thou holdest fast My Name, and didst not deny My faith" (*Rev. 2:13*). It is possible to be a Christian even at the mouth of Hell. In the marvelous providence of God, it has been reserved for Rosh—the portentous antagonist of God at the end—to show, in the twentieth century after Christ, that there are martyrs of the Faith as worthy of the crown as any that have gone before. Two thousand Orthodox priests, and three thousand adherents of other communions, are in the Russian prisons (*"Times,"* May 1, 1923); most of Russia's output of pig-iron goes into prison bars; and "if Bolshevism lasts ten years longer," says Capt. McCullagh, "ninety per cent of the

churches of Russia will be unfit for use." Over a thousand Russian priests and bishops have been put to death. An eye-witness says:—"I recall one terrible case in the winter of 1921, when three hundred priests and monks were dragged from their churches and houses, some of them in their robes, and slaughtered in the snow in front of the Kremlin. The costly vestments of the priests were torn from their dead bodies by the infuriated rabble." "The anti-religious campaign," says the "Pravda," the official organ of the Soviet Government, "has had a tremendous success, splitting the church, and the power of the infantry of Jesus is gradually wavering" (*Times*, May 21, 1923). The Patriarch Tikhon offered his life for priests who had been condemned to death. Nor is this noble record only Russian. How remarkable is this word of Archbishop Melitios, late Patriarch of Constantinople:—"The Archbishop of Smyrna was beaten, stabbed, mutilated, and finally killed. Many Greek priests died after awful torture. We can but think of the promise of our Lord in His Patmos message to the angel of the Church of Smyrna. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'" Astoundingly fruitful the blood of these martyrs has already proved. Pastor B. Goetze, of Warsaw, says:—"Before the war there were about two hundred and fifty believers in Russia: NOW THERE ARE ABOUT TEN MILLION.

THE SWORD OF CHRIST'S MOUTH

Russia is thus richer for us in martyr lessons than any land has been for centuries; and first, as to one origin of martyrdom. For our Lord throws a most remarkable sidelight—vital to all Christians—on persecution. To Pergamos He appears with a drawn sword; and in His Letter He says, concerning members of the Church who, although known to be guilty of fornication and idolatry, had never been excommunicated:—"Repent therefore (that is, of your want of discipline); or else I come to thee quickly, and I will make war against them (the offending Church members) *with the Sword of My mouth*" (*Rev. 2:13*). The sword on Christians can come, not only from a Nero or a Lenin, but from Christ. Rasputin, unexcommunicated—he was a notorious fornicator—together with the idolatrous worship of icon and wafer, can provoke the Sword of Christ: a Church, unpurged, must be purged by fire. Khaled, the Moslem conqueror, with an imagination on fire with the conviction that he was—as he said—"the Sword

of Allah,' swept the adulterous African and Asiatic churches off the face of the earth.

MARTYRDOM

Nevertheless—such is the sundering and purging power of pain—we are watching amazing martyrdoms. So, in Pergamos, there suddenly bursts on our vision a radiant star. One man alone, in all our Lord's Seven Letters, is named for praise—not one, even of the Angels, is ever *named*: this man shines out the lonely Star of Asia:—"ANTIPAS, My witness, My faithful one, who was killed among you, where Satan dwelleth." The name—as usual in Scripture, charged with significance—means 'against all'—an Athanasias against the world; or 'altogether against'—a man utterly separated to God: he stood alone, and he stood to death. Brusilova, the martyred daughter-in-law of the Tsarist Commander-in-Chief, when sentenced to death, was told by her judges to cease smiling in the face of death. "You may do what you like with my body. You have no power to touch the peace and joy in my heart," replied the lonely martyr.

We learn also the kind of cross-examination that awaits us. In the trial after which Monsignor Butkevich was shot, the Red Prosecutor, Krylenko, thus conducted the examination:

KRYLENKO. Did you teach religion to persons under eighteen?

PRIEST. Yes, whenever I was asked to do so.

KRYLENKO. Did you not know that the Soviet Law forbids it?

PRIEST. If the parents or other authorized persons ask me to teach religion, I always do so.

KRYLENKO. Even if it is forbidden?

PRIEST. Yes. There are other laws; and the law to teach religion is Divine.

KRYLENKO. We care not about any other law. There is no law here but Soviet law. When that law comes into conflict with any other law, you must choose which you will obey.

PRIEST. I will obey the Law of God.

So also Edward Yunevich, a young priest of twenty-five, was but one example of extraordinary courage. He said:—"With joy I obeyed the summons to appear before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and with joy I will go from hence. You cannot destroy the ideals and principles of my faith, for which I am ready to suffer imprisonment or to die.

"It was a blood-lust," says Capt. F. McCullagh, "such as was exhibited by the populace of imperial Rome. 'Your religion,' Krylenko yelled, 'I spit on it, as I do on all religions—on Orthodox, Jewish, Mohammedan, and the rest.

There is no law but Soviet law, and by that law you must die.'"

For the dread upheaval in Rosh is a profound world-symptom we do well to heed. At a ministers' meeting after a recent Convention, a Church Army officer, himself a working man, rose and said:—"I have lived all my life among working-men, and I know them. The majority of British working-men desire to attain their aims by constitutional methods; but there is a growing and powerful minority which is set on revolution; and they tell me—"The first thing we shall do is to stand all you parsons against the wall.'" "And make no mistake"—he added—"they mean it."

ANTIPAS

Perhaps in no passage of the whole Bible does the glory of faithful, private, obscure witness shine out with such a sudden glorious blaze. Earth tells us nothing of Antipas: the world never heard of him: even early Christian tradition is, for once, silent. Antipas had not, like Paul, made thousands of converts in a hundred cities; he had no splendid record of shipwrecks and stripes and deaths oft: he was simply a private Christian, living in a huge and godless city, just fulfilling the common round, the trivial task: but when the trial-hour came, and the great crisis, he passed through it all—the arrest, the trial, the public scorn, the (according to later tradition) iron image of a bull heated red-hot, like the splendid hero that he was: hidden and unknown among the thousands of Pergamos, with no grave even to mark his ash, the Son of God draws his name out, in an intimacy of love, and a blaze of glory, unique even in the Apocalypse. An unknown Christian authoress of the twentieth century thus writes (in words of singular pathos) of the unknown martyr of the first:

Go search the dusty archives of the ages,

And, as earth's vast biographies you scan,

Ask why with all her poets, scribes, and sages,

She knows so little of so great a man?

Earth answers:—"He whose voice of trumpet shrillness

Once took Patmosa's wild and lonely shore,

Told in an exile's ear, 'mid Sabbath stillness,

The martyr's story—and I ask no more.

Enough! he held aloft Heaven's Blood-bought charter

'Mong those who deem'd the faith of Christ a

crime

Those thrilling, tender words—"My faithful martyr"—

Tell of a life that death had made sublime.

Blazen it not on monument colossal;

Rocks with their chisll'd records shall decay:

God wrote it by the hand of His Apostle

To live when heaven and earth have pass'd away.

—The Wonderful Word.

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Notes

The Babe of Bethlehem

“**F**OR unto you is born this day in the city of David

A Savior which is Christ the Lord.

Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes,

Lying in a manger.”

“Who is this so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable shelter’d,
Coldly in a manger laid?”

“’Tis the Lord of all Creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.”

Oh the matchless condescension of the Lord of Glory to lay aside His Kingship and His power to become a helpless Babe! The Lord of all Creation divested Himself, and in His helplessness was just a Babe to be nurtured and cared for like any other babe, that He might succor us in our helplessness.

This helpless Babe was born to be the Savior of the world. That little tiny Form, what Destiny was His! The angelic face, “so marred more than any man”! Those tiny hands, to be stretched out only in blessing, yet destined to be torn by cruel nails. Those little feet, unable now to stand, but some day to trudge up Calvary’s hill for you and me. The kingly heart within that little form pierced to save this sin-stained world! The sacrificial Life begun in Bethlehem’s manger and ending at Calvary—

*It was for you!
It was for me!*

Oh the love that drew Salvation’s plan!
Oh the grace that brought it down to man!
Oh the mighty gulf that God did span!
At Calvary!

God in Our Midst

A woman came to this city from Sturgeon Bay, Wis., who was suffering great pain with what is called a “house-maid’s knee.” It was stiff and blue and had water on it, and so painful she had to have a pillow under it. Her husband brought her to the city in his auto, her knee on a pillow all the way, to see a specialist. While making arrangements he took her to the home of his sister, who attends the Stone Church. The woman herself was a Catholic and refused to entertain any thought of trusting the Lord.

While sitting at the breakfast table one morning, the very morning she was to go to the doctor’s for an examination, she was taken with an acute pain of the heart. Her sister-in-law said, “Let us pray for that right away,” and walked over and laid hands on her head and prayed, at the same time asking God to save her soul and heal her knee. After breakfast she went upstairs to the bath-room to sponge off her knee before going to the specialist, and while she was bathing it, she noticed that it didn’t hurt her at all. She started to move it, and found herself free from pain; then she stood on it and found she was perfectly healed. Her heart was melted at the goodness of God, but she thought she wouldn’t tell it, being prejudiced against the teaching of divine healing, and would go and see the doctor anyhow, but she became so happy over it she couldn’t conceal it. She gave her heart to God, and shouted and praised the Lord, saying to her sister-in-law, “I have peace in my soul. That is what you call being saved, isn’t it?” Her husband, who was greatly touched, said, “Now I guess she knows what the true religion is.” She went back to her home rejoicing in what God had done for her.

* * *

A little babe was very ill with double pneumonia and bronchitis. The mother called up its grandmother for prayer, and while she was talking over the ’phone, the babe who was in its father’s arms, stiffened out and was apparently lifeless. “Oh mama,” cried the frantic mother over the ’phone, “our baby is dead.” The grandmother and grandfather at once knelt to pray for the child, and in response to their desperate cry to God, it was restored to life, and is well today.

"I wish I had some way of working for God," said a young lady who was recently healed and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. She started out to sell Scripture Text Calendars, and found on going from house to house that they were an opening wedge to speak of her Savior. She had great joy in witnessing for Jesus and many opportunities of being a blessing.

One day recently as she rang the bell of a home, a woman came to the door and insisted that she come in. She found the woman in deep trouble. She had been suffering from a tumor on her forehead, but had been praying and had gotten partial deliverance, although not having any teaching along the line of healing she had often become discouraged and was tempted to take her life. Only that morning she contemplated suicide by turning on the gas, but God led this young woman to her home in time to save her. The afflicted woman poured out her heart, and together they sought God. The canvasser

returned a few days later bringing along a woman of prayer, and as they prayed and talked of God's willingness to heal, faith in the woman's heart grew, and now the tumor has almost entirely disappeared.

* * *

Last June a broken-hearted mother wrote us from a distant city asking us to pray for her son and send an anointed handkerchief, which the church did. She sewed it into his underwear. He was demon-possessed, had a raging temper, refused to work or study, and was driven from one place to another by an unseen power. The mother fasted and prayed, and though for several months it seemed all hope was gone, God gave her the verse, "Nevertheless if we are faithless, yet He abideth faithful." After several months of desperate conflict with the powers of evil, faith prevailed, and the mother writes that he is perfectly delivered, in school and doing well.

What Our Missionaries Encounter

THE consecrated missionary called by God who forsakes home and friends and kins-folks, has a God-given love for the people to whom he or she is called; they are nearer to that missionary than the ties of flesh and blood; their burdens are his burdens, their sufferings his sufferings, and it is bearing these burdens and sorrows of the heathen world that play such an important part in the life of the missionary, that sap his vitality, undermine his constitution and destroy his nerve force. We see in the face of every returned missionary the marks of standing for the Gospel in the midst of heathen darkness; deadly climates, and the powers of darkness coupled with the burdens of immortal souls, leave their imprint on every true soldier of the cross.

Heart-breaking letters continue to come from those in the flood districts of India. These flood and famine scenes that our missionaries face can never be fully pictured by pen, but they give us just a glimpse of what they have faced recently. Miss Parker writes from Cawnpore:

"I am crushed in spirit tonight. The river Ganges overflowed its banks and thousands upon thousands of people are without a home. Thousands of villages are completely wiped out. Really, if God doesn't do something for me I can never stand the scenes. This means famine. Their fields are gone; all their earthly possessions gone. As we went for a little walk, the masses of people we saw without homes! Under one

tree were four people, one a woman no clothes above her waist, a baby on her lap. Her head had just been shaved, and I have never seen such agony on a human face before. She was a widow; no doubt her husband had just been drowned.

"We are cut off from Lucknow entirely. The river is about a mile and a quarter wide here. People, sometimes ten and twelve, would be seen on one raft, some screaming and crying. The rescuers dangled ropes from the bridge and those who had strength to hold on were pulled up, but many were too exhausted and dropped back into the surging waters and were seen no more.

"Dead and live cattle floated down the stream. There were more cattle saved than human lives; they lassoed the cattle and saved them, but the cattle come first in India always. I dare not think of what the winter will be. When the fields are destroyed, the people's living is gone, which means *famine*. The preachers and my Bible women are out every day, and there is plenty to be done."

Miss Heron, writing from Saharanpur, gives us a graphic account of the destruction of the flood:

"Bridges and railways have been washed away, and the earth has been washed out to a depth of forty feet, in some places, friends tell me, to seventy or eighty feet. Near Delhi a lake seems

to have sprung up. In this district 130 villages have been washed away, and had the rains continued two days more, nothing could have saved Saharanpur. For several weeks trains from the Punjab, Lucknow and Delhi have not run. Snakes have been washed out of the earth and being carried down on the rushing waters brought death to many. People took refuge in trees, but the snakes crawled up the trees and bit many who fell dead into the water. Some clung to the branches dead, and the crows fed on them. Those who escaped were half-clad and really half mad. The waters rose in the night, and those who could get away quickly fled, but the old and the blind, the sick and the children, perished.

"In this district there was a noted Hindu temple, of dark, underground passages, where death and wickedness reigned. Three hundred Hindu priests were supported there and large sums of money hidden in the earth under the temple. The temple was swept away and all perished. *Not one priest lived to tell the tale.* A Hindu convert, whom we have as a colporteur, was acquainted with the place, and went to see it. On his return he wept greatly as he said to us, 'This is the hand of God and He has directed much of this destruction to the Hindus. I am so glad that some of their dark places are wiped out and that God has saved me from Hinduism.' He is more zealous than ever to get the Gospel to as many as possible.

"This awful calamity came when the summer rains were seemingly over, on October 9th, when I have never seen rains in my thirty years in India. Out of a clear sky for four days it poured and poured. One night a spirit of weeping came upon me and all I could say was, 'My Father! My Father!' over and over. It was that night the waters overflowed. I trust the Lord will not let you forget me. I had \$1.50 which I sent out to the sufferers, and now many will be coming to our door for bread."

That Deadly Climate

One of the greatest obstacles to effective missionary work is the "climate." The demon powers that control heathen lands poison the very atmosphere, and as soon as a missionary lands in these miasmatic, pestilence-laden countries, his body is a target for the poisonous darts that are aimed at him from every side. We need to raise the shield of faith in their behalf and grip God that He will protect them from these deadly influences that sap their vitality and destroy their resistance.

India, Africa and China are pestilential lands, and those who enter them truly need to be panoplied with God's armor. Reader, have you prayed for the missionaries today? We know that many cannot spend time upon their knees, but the housewife as she busies herself with household duties can life up her heart in prayer for the faithful toilers over yonder. As we travel to and fro on the street car or other conveyance, instead of thinking how a brother or sister injured us, or occupying our minds with unprofitable matters, think how it would lift the burden of our ambassadors of the cross if we would use that time in prayer! And while we are praying for them and helping them through a crisis, we are enriching our own lives, taking our minds from the things that hurt and sour us, and entering into partnership with our Great Intercessor.

Brother and Sister Williamson, recently returned to their interior station at Waitsap, are realizing their need of prayer as they again face the powers of darkness. China never seemed filthier, the heat never more intense as they landed, yet Mrs. Williamson writes that the dread of the things they had to endure left them when their little "Glad Tidings" started chugging down the river toward Waitsap. They were searched both by soldiers and bandits on the trip. No sooner had they gotten out of the clutches of the one until they were in the hands of the other. They were robbed of \$21 at the point of a gun, and accosted by one band of robbers after another, and only the mercy of God took them through. Owing to the perils of robbers, provisions are double what they were before. Indeed, it is hard to get provisions, and this is a serious condition which our interior missionaries are facing.

The people at Waitsap gave them a hearty welcome, the heathen as well as the Christians turned out *en masse*, and greeted them in Chinese fashion, shooting off fire-crackers. Mrs. Williamson writes:

"Dear Bro. Lam didn't get the word that we were here until several days after as he was at Chung Tsau, but when he heard, he started out while it was still dark and walked almost thirty miles. A dear old grandmother said that if she had known we were here, she would have gone without her meal to get here to see us. The heathen on the street would stop to tell us when we met them how glad they were to have us back. Some said it seemed like their parents coming home. The attitude of the people is very much changed; they seem so hungry for the Gospel. We have had meetings every night with the hall packed; not even standing room. It is a pity we

are not able to get more space. Bro. Lam says he thinks we can get the places on either side of us now. Altogether it would amount to about \$500 gold. I wish you would pray that this urgent need may be met.

"Last week I went out with the Bible woman every day and have been well received. In one place an old gentleman went to his house and got a new Testament which I recognized as one from our mission. He told us he read it, although he hadn't come out on the Lord's side.

"On our second Sunday we baptized four fine young men and two older ones; on Monday we were asked to baptize two more from one of the distant market towns who came too late for the other service. On Saturday we were called to pray for a man at the point of death. He had been in bed over two months and had spent over \$200 for doctors, but received no help. The mother used to come to the mission when we were here before, and yesterday brought her children to have them dedicated to the Lord. Today we found the man much better and the family quite encouraged. I felt the spirit as I prayed and while we were there the man sat up and we all praised the Lord for what He had done."

* * *

We get a peep into the Baby Christian Nursery at Bara Banki, from Miss Olga Jean Aston's letter of Nov. 4th:

"My babies are growing so fast that it keeps one person busy taking out tucks and letting down hems, but the Christian women, our preachers' wives, are very good in lending a hand in helping me do the hundred and one things that must be done every day to keep them clean and fed.

"Sunday morning I was not so well, so had to keep my bed, and about the middle of the day I heard the door opening from my little bed-room into the nursery, and in came about fifteen of the larger babies, those between three and five, and announced to me that they had come to pray for me until I got up. And the Lord really did touch me and I arose. I do thank God for each little wee one that we have gathered in for Him and some day after I am worn out and gone perhaps they can carry on the work of gathering in the suffering, sick and starving babies for Jesus. Many people wonder how we can continue day after day under the strain of it all, but we know well how to do it and here is the key: 'As thy days thy strength shall be,' providing one is in the will of God, and I know beyond a doubt that He has called me to the babies of suffering, Christless India."

* * *

Miss Eva Beach, now back in India with her children, will be located at Sultanpur, Oudh, United Provinces. Her oldest children are asking for water baptism. Miss Beach had quite a ministry on the boat *en route*. While she found no fellowship with the pleasure-loving crowd

there were some to whom she was a blessing. The Captain became interested in her work and asked her to speak at a Sunday service. The Lord used her in blessing to a broken-hearted man sorrowing over the death of his wife, who gave her an offering for her children.

In the Wake of the War

The hearts of the Turners, Shanghai, China, are rent and torn because of the devastation wrought by war in Woosung where they have been working. They have just been able to enter the ruined district, and were saddened beyond words at the sights that met their gaze. They write:

"As we stood gazing upon the ruins, up from a heap of burning mortar and bricks rose a young lad of fourteen who rushed into our arms and began to weep piteously. His features were almost unrecognizable, his eyes filled with lime and dirt. He was one of our brightest coolie lads in the day school. After the war broke out and the village depopulated, this dear lad's mother died of starvation. Without shelter he wandered about, sleeping on the ashes of the former home. His little garment was thin and he was bare-foot and cold. As we covered him with our own coat we looked to the Lord as to what we should do, and as if from the very heavens came that still small voice, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, . . . ye have done it unto Me.' It seemed impossible to add another to the already large family, but we believe that the same voice that spoke to us to care for the 'fatherless' will speak to others at home so that we may be able to keep him. God has helped us to shelter many of our Woosung Christians in a compound back of our Shanghai mission. One dear young Christian woman who was wonderfully healed of tuberculosis was cruelly assaulted by soldiers, and when she reached us she was nearly insane. Two other women were missed and their husbands found their dead bodies in a nearby creek, the victims of the soldiers. Beautiful young girls have been victimized by the troops, the old mothers made to do the cooking and the husbands shot down at the least remonstrance. . . . When we entered Lu Hui where most of the heavy fighting was done, we found only fifteen people out of a village of probably over ten thousand. . . . We are helpless before this great need, except as God undertakes. The war has left thousands homeless and we are asking God to help us feed five hundred poor coolies who never know what a full meal means. Each gift of sacrifice will be a hundredfold blessing in the day when He cometh to make up His jewels."

Swept by Hurricane

From the West Indies, Bro. Jamieson writes of a terrific hurricane which swept the Leeward Islands, leaving distress and poverty in its wake.

"Thousands are homeless, the crops have been destroyed, fruit trees broken down, many killed by falling houses and some swept away by the swollen streams, for the wind was accompanied by very heavy rain. Two of our churches were destroyed and one mission house badly damaged. The tales of woe that fall on your ears are heart-rending. Many have no shelter from the rain and this is the wet season. Some are under parts of houses that were not entirely broken to pieces. We had planned to be in the U. S. long ere this for a much needed rest, but are held here until we can get our churches rebuilt and meet our other needs. We are unable to render the assistance we would like on account of lack of funds, but are doing our best. Perhaps someone who reads this would like to have a part in assisting us at this time of great need."

Winning Souls in Japan

The Juergensens are rejoicing in their first ten campaign. They have had twenty-six nights of meetings, the tent has been filled and large crowds standing on the outside, and thirty-six have come forward for salvation. Of these, over twenty have good, clear testimonies. They can hardly wait until their day's work is over to attend the meetings. This is a sample of their testimonies: "Thirteen nights ago I was saved in this tent. Everyone knows me. I was the leader of mischief in this district. I heard about the tent and came to see. The words I heard went through me like a knife and I came to Jesus. Now I am a different man." Bro. Juergenson writes:

"Our Bro. Yabumoto, the ex-Buddhist priest, who was saved several years ago, came and gave his testimony which is wonderful and convincing to his own people. . . . At our Children's meeting which numbers 200, at least eighty have come out to give their hearts to Jesus.

"It has meant hard work with services every afternoon and evening, and often at the close of the day we have felt so weary it seemed we could scarcely make our way down the narrow streets 'home,' but the Lord has given us strength for each new day, and God willing, we expect to continue ten days longer. We shall also have a special campaign in our Fujimai Mission station, and feel we greatly need your prayers as we continue in the trenches at the battle front.

"About two weeks ago 18,000 houses were flooded by a typhoon. Have also had several large earthquakes, but we know His everlasting arms are underneath us."

When the Fire Fell in India

Miss Bernice Lee writes of a very blessed series of meetings held in Bettiah, India, where she says the Lord met them abundantly above all they could ask or think. She writes:

"Miss Flint had asked me to come and hold these meetings in the hopes that the new teachers who had come from various places and denominations would become hungry for and receive the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. She had wanted to get Pentecostal teachers in the first place, but God has His own ways of doing things. I found a hungry set of eight teachers, young women of fine education, most of them being able to speak good English. They just wanted *Jesus*, and I had such joy and liberty in talking of Him. God has been burdening me with the Indian church ever since I have been in India. Then when I was in the Punjab last summer, He began definitely showing me that He was going to send me out from time to time among them. Just as soon as I reached home the invitations began coming in, although no one knew what He had been showing me.

"We had some blessed times in Bettiah and then one day the *fire* fell, and for hours those teachers and girls wept and cried before the Lord. It was the first experience of the kind they had ever known, and it was wonderful to see the Spirit working with them just as He does with us.

"We had been having meetings twice a day all the week, so decided not to have any on Saturday. However, those hungry teachers came trooping into my room in the morning to say they wanted to pray. The head teacher had been so mightily under the anointing the night before that she was actually unable to stand on her feet, so she remained in her room. In a few minutes she was speaking beautifully in tongues. There is nothing like the work of God to advertise itself and hearing of it, the hungry teachers all went into her room to see what was happening. They had never seen it on this wise before.

"For more than a week the tide rose higher and higher, and then one morning a little baby on the place died, and I gave the morning meeting with the teachers over into the hands of my precious Bible woman and went to the bazaar to get some things for the funeral. Miss Wagenke-necht went with me, and when we returned and began lining the little coffin which the carpenter had just finished, we heard the most joyous sounds coming from the region of the teachers' meeting and in a few minutes out they came to say an-

other teacher had received the Baptism, and soon she appeared with shining face and speaking fluently in tongues. Such a day as that was! We had to go at once into the sad little funeral, for as the parents had only recently come out of heathenism, they did not know how to take sorrow, and the wailing was pathetic.

After that God so wonderfully met us that we decided to set the whole next day aside for waiting on God, so announced there would be no school. At ten o'clock the Spirit came down upon us like rain and three teachers and one of the older girls received the baptism at the same time. Oh I shall never forget that scene! We laughed and wept and it was all so precious. The following morning the sixth teacher received in her room. There was no doubt as to the much-disputed "seal," for certainly all these spoke fluently

in tongues and one teacher could hardly speak Hindu for two or three days. It is always so wonderful to me to see these Indians receiving in just the same way as we do, and they have never seen anyone receive before. The best of all was that these dear teachers seemed to catch the vision of deeper things, and they just loved and adored Jesus. Oh if this Baptism does anything at all for us, it makes us love and adore Him as never before. After eighteen years He is a living, bright Reality to me. News has just come that another of the teachers has come through to a glorious Baptism. Now only one remains of the whole staff unbaptized, and I feel sure she will receive soon, as she is very hungry and prayed in her room recently until two in the morning. Miss Flint has her Pentecostal teachers, but not in the way she expected!"

Counting all Things but Loss to Win Some

How God Thwarted the Designs of Evil Men



On the walls of a Missionary Home hangs a portrait of six famous missionaries, whose deeds of heroism and stories of pioneering have been published in book and tract form and been read and rehearsed by peoples of all lands with the greatest interest, but methinks that on the walls of Glory hang portraits and records of countless numbers whose heroism is fully known only to Him whose eye can see all things. And with what tenderness, and, may we say it reverently, appreciation must He look upon these and realize that in a small measure He has been repaid for the Life He gave, by these who, too, have sacrificed their all that others might have Life Eternal. So on the annals of missionary heroism recorded in heaven are no doubt many whose names are never mentioned on pages here below, but here and there one discovers them, working perhaps in hidden places, but nevertheless in God's great front ranks.

One of these we met on the steamer *en route* to China; she had already given twenty-five years of service to this land and was now returning to give another term of nine years, should He tarry. It is these warriors who appreciate most what the Gospel has brought to a heathen land, for while present conditions are far from peaceful, yet in contrasting former uprisings and raids we were informed that the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ had indeed worked wondrous

changes. To one coming out for the first time and seeing the multitudes steeped in heathen customs and superstitious worship the question arises again and again, "What must it have been before any ray of light penetrated?" or "Could it possibly have been worse than this?" On the other hand, one who saw conditions in pioneer missionary days and views them now would naturally exclaim, "How was the change all brought about?" But could we lift the curtain from past years and see behind the scenes, the secret would be laid bare. We would stand in awe before the heroes and heroines of the Cross of Christ who have given their lives; yea, have gone through horrors worse than death, that the change might be wrought.

We look upon the martyrs as being the greatest proof of the marvelous grace of God, but what superhuman love, God's grace beyond measure and dogged determination to go through at any cost, are displayed by men and women who have faced martyrdom time and time again, lost all they hold dear, not only of material possessions but their own flesh and blood; yes, they have known what it means to have the enraged heathen point a pistol directly at them, to be spit upon by an angry mob, to see their little children taken before their very eyes, and have robbers search all their trunks and boxes. But in the face of all this, instead of giving up and saying, "We have endured enough, let another step in to push the battle," they look up into God's face and

gladly volunteer for the front ranks of His army again, returning to the very scenes of past horrors. To us, grace thus exhibited towers above all other victories.

It is the experiences of one of His tried and true ones, that we give below; perhaps her name will never appear in any honor roll here on earth, but in the galleries of heaven it will shine with radiant splendor.

Because of the strong anti-foreign feeling in the year 1900, these missionaries had left their own station in the Kansu Province, and it was during the absence of the husband who had gone for supplies and money that they first heard of the actual Boxer uprising and of dastardly deeds being perpetrated. Little credence was put in these rumors at first, but they soon learned that they were all too true, for on the following Saturday after the husband had returned, proclamations were placarded in prominent places all over the city that the foreigners were to be killed the following Wednesday night at eleven o'clock. These proclamations were written in large letters on huge pieces of paper and no one can realize, excepting those who have gone through similar experiences, just what it means to see your death sentence made public in this way. To flee from the city was their only hope, but this was more difficult than they had anticipated, for orders had been issued forbidding any native to protect or help them. The mayor of the city was appealed to, but little did he care for their safety, and not a single cart or mule could they get to take them on their flight, for everyone was afraid to have anything to do with them. Monday passed and Tuesday also without any success in getting means of transportation. The day of their execution had arrived and they were still in the city! But somehow they believed God would undertake and constant prayer was going up to Him. That evening at four o'clock a cart was brought to their door, but the mules were missing and while the husband ran to and fro trying to get some mules, the wife was praying; suddenly the Lord called her attention to the story in the Word where the king's heart was changed, and with a faith that knew no denial she grasped this promise and believed God to change the heart of the mandarin (mayor), and it wasn't long till there were mules and carts enough to take the entire party, for other foreigners had joined them. They had come right up to the time of their execution, but God's clock never strikes too late and He manifested His power in a marvelous

way. As the missionaries came out of the house to enter the carts they found the yard full of enraged Chinese soldiers armed with knives, and they were all screaming and shouting because their plans for murder were being thwarted, for since the hour had been placed at eleven o'clock they were not permitted to kill before, and the missionaries fled to safety just in time.

But the danger was not yet over; the men who managed the carts were very mean to the foreigners and on entering the next city they appealed to the mandarin for other men. His attitude towards them was quite favorable and he threatened to kill the men unless they treated them better. They travelled day and night until they reached Siam, where it seemed they would surely meet death at the hands of the soldiers who took away all their mules. They knew of nothing to do but to pray, for their lives meant nothing to this enraged mob; time and time again it seemed their end had come, but in a wonderful way God undertook at every turn and place of danger; indeed, it seemed He put a wall of fire about them at times, for to this day they cannot understand how they ever escaped, except that it was God. They travelled on and on under awful conditions—their boxes had been broken open and the robbers had taken most of their provisions and clothing and the men were very cruel.

Wishing to get to the end of their journey as soon as possible they constantly prayed for good weather so that they could make the trip in the shortest time, but God foresaw better than they ever could the dangers ahead and instead of granting them good weather to hasten their flight, they had days of drenching rain which greatly impeded their progress. When they had gone as far as they could in carts, they had to take a small boat, and upon reaching the other side of the river they learned that had they arrived there just a day sooner they would surely have been killed, for the mandarin of that city had sent out forty of his men commanding them to kill all foreigners. But the very morning of the day these missionaries arrived this mandarin had received telegrams from Peking and Honan stating that every foreigner must be protected, for no more were to be killed. Had their progress been as they had prayed, they probably could not have escaped, but God proved Himself again as One who never makes any mistakes and in His all-wise guidance He gave them the opposite of that for which they had prayed, knowing that they were praying amiss.

The remainder of this trip was comparatively safe until they reached Hankow, when their boatmen put their boat right in the midst of the boats belonging to the Boxers who looked at them and said, "These are foreign devils and we will kill them all." But as God closed the mouths of the lions in days of old, so He put over these evil men a fear which they could not understand. To His trusting ones, however, it was plainly a proof of His supernatural power. The Lord saw them safely through every dangerous place and they finally reached the coast and got out of the country.

A number of years later on, in April of 1914, these same missionaries were again advised to flee for their lives because of the raids being made in their part of the country by White Wolf and his army of men; but a Conference was going on at the time and their home was filled with missionaries and Chinese workers, so they did not feel free to leave. However, the following Monday another letter came informing them that this band was only thirty miles distant, and that a nearby city had been burned and most of the people killed. Naturally they of course would have fled at once, but they sought God's guidance first of all and it didn't seem His will for them to leave. Then, too, they felt responsible under God to stand by their little native flock who were looking to them in this time of peril.

Very early one morning they suddenly heard the guns being fired, for the men had entered the city; the first place they asked for was the Gospel Hall, but the people, wishing to spare the missionaries from danger, for they loved them, took them to the Catholic institution. The band of robbers, however, knew this was not the place they were looking for and said, "No, no, we want the Gospel Hall." Every moment meant increased suspense to the missionaries, but this was soon to be broken by actual realities, for it wasn't long until the robbers were right at their doors. They rushed into the house and demanded the missionaries to tell them if they had any guns, to which they replied, "No, for we trust in the living God alone." Oh, these men seemed just like wild beasts as they searched one room after another armed with knives and pistols! The missionaries stood helplessly by, unprotected as far as natural ammunition was concerned, but there was an unseen host on guard whose strength far surpassed that of any earthly forces. Every box was opened, the contents emptied out ready to be taken away, but as a last resort the missionary

appealed to White Wolf himself asking if he would not let them keep these things, for they would be of little use to them and since they were poor missionaries they really would suffer without them. God undertook, his heart was turned and he gave orders that nothing was to be taken.

But the hardest test came when one of these evil men demanded of the mother her little son, for she knew all too well that his only intention was to take him for ransom. How much easier could she have given her own life! But to resist their demands meant only to bring on more trouble, so with trembling heart she went outside where the little fellow was playing and said, "My boy, the man wants you and you must come, but ask Jesus that he will not take you away from mama," and, praying every step of the way, she brought her little six-year-old son into the house, turned him over to this man who led him out of the house. But God proved Himself again to be their All-sufficiency, for in a very short time the little fellow came running back into the house with a few *cash* in his hand which the man had given him. Could it be possible! Yes, with God all things are possible and this only proved to be another trial to strengthen their faith and teach them to trust Him under any circumstance.

While searching in one of the bed-rooms, White Wolf came across one of their Bibles, and the missionary, ready to grasp every opportunity of preaching Jesus, took up the Book and read to this robber chief John 3:16, explaining it as best she could and adding "Now God can see everything that goes on. He can see me and He can see you just now." He seemed touched, for when the missionary asked him if he wanted this Book he replied, "No, I don't want to destroy the Good Book."

One peculiar and interesting thing was that they always took along with them ten boys between the ages of ten and twelve and these boys were considered sort of fortune tellers, especially to foretell whether the band of robbers was being pursued by soldiers. And they always believed that as long as the sky was clear and the sun shining there was no danger of them being overtaken by soldiers but just as soon as it rained they said that was the time to leave the place for this they believed to be a sign of danger. On this particular day the sun was shining brightly and there seemed no possibility of rain until about three o'clock in the afternoon when it very suddenly and unexpectedly became cloudy and soon a heavy storm broke in all its fury. Immediately

the entire army of robbers began to make preparations to leave. By the beating of drums they gathered their forces of fourteen thousand men together and by four o'clock the city was entirely cleared of them. They had looted many places in the city and fairly emptied out some of the pawn shops; they had taken many Chinese women but not one of the Christians. Three very promising young men belonging to the mission had fine-looking wives and while the robber band was in the city these young men were sitting in front of a neighbor's house. Some of the robbers spoke to them for quite a while but they went away without harming them or their wives. It was only the Lord's protection and how precious it was to these simple native Christians to see how he spared their lives from the hands of the enemy!

But the story is not yet complete. The result of the raid did not cease with their exit from the city, and it was God's time now to do His over-ruling work and prove that the devil had again overstepped himself. Those who had been opposing the "Jesus" religion could not but see that the God whom the foreigners worshipped surely must be the living God for had He not protected everyone of them and also the native Christians? The robbers had killed and plundered wherever they could but these missionaries and native Christians were unmolested and through this many were made to believe.

There was one man especially to whom God made Himself real in time of great need; he was a wealthy man whose fourteen-year-old son the robbers had taken away with them. It almost seemed the mother would die over the loss of the boy so the father started out on what seemed to him a hopeless search to find the child. He walked and walked until he came to Kansu Province, about twenty-six miles distant. The man was not a Christian but had heard the Gospel and suddenly in his extremity and great need he wondered if there could be anything in this religion. Remembering how the foreigners had been protected during the raid, he knelt down right in the street and cried out, "Oh if it is true that there is a living God which the foreigners worship, You must help me today. If you do I will gladly give You my son and I will worship you." The more he prayed the more strength he seemed to get and he felt refreshed. He walked till he came to a certain village where someone told him he thought he ought to go and

speak to a certain man, a Mohanmedan living in a certain house. So he went there and the people asked what he wanted; he told them his story. "Oh yes," they said, "there was a young boy with the robbers and he seemed so tired. White Wolf thought he wouldn't kill him for he seemed so nice and we think he sold him to a friend of ours;" to whose house the amazed father was directed. When he reached this home the father at once recognized his boy and the boy so rejoiced to see his father again that the people who had bought the lad could not doubt that this boy belonged to this man and they were glad to give him back saying, "We are sure this must be your boy and you can take him back home with you." What rejoicing there was when the father and son returned, but what greater rejoicing there must have been in the courts of glory over this sinner who came home, into his heritage in Christ Jesus, for since that day, true to his promise, he has come to the mission and been an earnest seeker after the deep things of God.

Rose Meyer.

Turkey's Women Unveiled

THE missionaries in India who have been praying for years for the liberation of the purdah women will rejoice to know that the women of Turkey in disregard for an ancient custom which is stronger than law, are removing their veils. They are not only going about with their faces uncovered, but they are taking part in politics and business. "Fifteen years ago," says *The Literary Digest*, "the poorer women of Turkey wore veils so thick that you could not see their faces, and only the high class ladies of the harems had white gauze veils. This is the result largely of the World War. When the women went to the field and served as nurses they began to take off their veils. Many of them joined the Red Crescent, the Turkish Society of the Red Cross. Others did all sorts of war and relief work and discarded their face coverings.

Since the war, unveiled women work in stores, operate typewriters and switchboards, and there are many women clerks. Years ago husband and wife never appeared on the street together, and the law forbade Turkish men and women to accompany one another at a public entertainment; now you will see men and women in each other's company, some arm in arm.

"There is much talk of doing away with the

harem and Dr. Faud Bey, formerly Minister of Health and Child Welfare, says that in a recent trip across Turkey he didn't find any man with more than one wife, and that the time will soon come when a law will be passed prohibiting plural marriage."

A new area is also dawning for China's women; they have entered the professions, busi-

ness and philanthropy, and it is said that this is due largely to the influence of missionaries and missionary organizations. There is no doubt that within a few years the women of other heathen lands will be set free from the superstition and cursed customs that have bound them for centuries. Wherever Gospel light shines it drives away the darkness.

Raised from the Dead Stripped in His Search for God.

Charles B. LeDoux, in Portland, Ore., July 13, 1924. Reported by L. L. H.



ARVEL not at this, for the hour is coming in the which all that are in their graves shall hear His voice."

Paul says in the second of Ephesians, "And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." Every man and every woman redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ is a living witness of the Resurrection from death in trespasses and sins. I stand before you not only as a witness of the resurrection from death in trespasses and sins, but as a living witness of the resurrection of the body. I am glad that God in His grace has made that possible. God is gracious, and has a living witness for every phase of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the church. Every word of God is backed up by living reality.

We have three records of resurrection from the dead in the Old Testament. First, the widow's son at Zarephath, the next is the son of the Shunamite woman through Elisha, and then we have the story of the dead man who was put in the tomb of Elisha, and when his body touched the bones of Elisha he came to life and stood on his feet. There is nothing said about what was done with the man, but I have no doubt that that man told the whole country what had happened and thus God testified through this marvelous operation to the power of the resurrection among men. Jesus declared to His disciples before His death that He would die, be buried and raised the third day. He backed it up by demonstrations of the power of God over all disease and over all the power of the enemy, during the three years He was with them. But instead of looking for His resurrection, according to His statement, they took oil to anoint His dead body. Can you see the atrophy of faith in human kind? Think of the work that Christ wrought among the people! His fame had gone into all the land, having healed the sick, raised the dead, quieted the

storms, and just a few days after He had prophesied His death and resurrection, they did not believe it. No wonder Jesus was surprised and pleased when He saw the faith of the Roman centurion.

In the New Testament we have the record of the raising from the dead of the daughter of Jairus; also of the son of the widow of Nain and of Lazarus, after he had been dead four days.

I give these instances as a preface to the story of the resurrection of my own life. In 1905 I was a business man, well off; had several thousand dollars in the bank, a good home, trotting horses, beautiful carriages, and carrying a payroll of one hundred and fifty men. Naturally speaking, I was at my best in those days. I had been raised a Catholic, made my first communion, was confirmed and served mass for a number of years as altar boy, but I was one of those who never had a change of heart. I would not give the impression that there are no Christians in the Catholic church. I believe there are Christians in all churches, but being faithful to rituals and obedient to parents, doesn't mean a change of heart, and I realized this when I heard the real Gospel.

In 1905 in the city of Coeur d'Alene, on the shores of Coeur d'Alene Lake, while there on business, I passed by a church. It was filled with people and I went in. The preacher, full of fire, was saying that Jesus of Nazareth died to save sinners, and through the mercy of God I saw myself that night, a sinner, for the first time. At first I wanted to leave and then I couldn't. Oh what a battle heaved back and forth in my bosom! The sermon ended, the altar call was given and I found myself pushing people out of my way in order to get to the altar. I forgot I had 150 men and sixteen teams in the woods; I forgot my business, forgot the Catholic church, and in that moment when I lost sight of everything I found Jesus. I wasn't conscious of anybody

being in that house but myself. I said, "Oh Jesus, if You died for sinners, then I am a sinner. If You will save me tonight I will serve you all my life." And I evidently meant it because the Lord came and something happened. I was as light as a feather. I thank God He didn't let me think of my business then. He took me at my word and saved me. I wanted to shout and clap my hands. Even as a boy I always wanted to do things just right, but that night I wanted to jump up and praise the Lord.

I let go of my business after awhile. Five years after that experience death came into my home, took my wife, my brother's wife, my mother and my stock. I was a horseman, I picked the best. I lost thousands of dollars' worth of the best horses that ever were on earth, a cursed disease came upon them and they died. I left the business and didn't want to go back into it. I came to the place where I'd rather be in the house of God than anywhere else. I sought God anew with all my heart. No one told me of the deeper truths of the Gospel, but I was crying after God day and night. I couldn't find fellowship with my brothers in the flesh; it was God I wanted.

One day, driving a span of horses, I was returning from hauling some logs. It was 25 degrees below zero, the snow was four feet deep and the branches of the trees bent, laden with snow. Suddenly I felt as if I had struck a tropical region, I got so warm and so happy I wanted to love everybody. The great avenues were stirred up within me. There flowed down my cheeks streams of water; not because of the sorrow I had had, not because of the property that I had lost, not because of the horses that had died, but they were tears of joy because Christ had become everything to my soul. That night I did something I had never done before. I preached Christ to about twenty-five of the roughest lumber jacks with whom I had ever mingled.

The next five years there was a difference in my life, but it was a life of considerable weakness. There was nobody to tell me about the baptism of the Holy Ghost, or sanctification, but at the end of five years God sent along a poor, old preacher, and for the first time I heard him preach some strange things that my soul seemed to know but had never heard of before. One Saturday night I was sitting in the front room of a home, my Bible in my hand. A little red-headed girl, a Sunday school teacher, was also there with her Bible open before her. Her father

and mother were in the next room with the door open between us. As I sat there I heard some one come in at the front door. I turned around and looked, and though I saw no one I was conscious that Someone had come in. There was a Presence in the room and I said to the young woman, "What does it mean? Let us pray." We knelt and prayed, I know not how long, but I arose from my knees and began singing a little song and suddenly He who had come in, took me in His arms, floated through the room, and out into the expanse of the heavens. Oh the glories of it! I was above the stars, above the moon. The fire was in me, and the cloven tongues like as of fire floated out of somewhere and came and rested on my head. If I could picture the Columbia River turned on its thin edge, floating through my soul, I would tell you just what was going on while I was floating in the heavens. When my spirit came back to my body everything was just the same as when I had left.

I want to go back five years now to a time when I took sick with typhoid pneumonia. For sixty days my body was ravaged with that disease like a prairie fire that could not be extinguished. Dr. Hunter, Presbyterian by faith, a Christian gentleman, was my attending physician. Dr. Meyer also of Coeur d'Alene City was the consulting doctor. They afterwards told me they never were able to touch the disease. It took its course, and I had a relapse. In about sixty days I was alive, my mind active, but I felt death settle down upon me. I felt its fangs piercing my soul. Emaciated, all resistance gone, I was just a bunch of flesh and bones, unable to lift a hand. Finally the light went out of my eyes and I was gone. They rubbed me a long while, then they put a glass over my mouth. No moisture. They tried my pulse, but there was no beating of the heart. Mortification had set in; there were black spots over my body from my head to my feet. They finally closed my eyes, crossed my hands, and there I lay under the white sheet.

Somehow, I don't know how long afterwards, this wonderful, wonderful thing took place, whether in the body or out of the body I do not know; the Lord knows. I saw, as in a dream, a Man coming toward the house. The glory of that Man seemed to de-materialize the house so I could see Him. He didn't come in at the front door, but right through the wall and up to my bed. I knew in an instant who it was, Jesus of Nazareth, the One who died for me. He looked into my eyes—I say my eyes as though I were awake,

but my physical eyes were closed. He was looking at me and I was looking at Him with my spiritual eyes. It would be useless for me to describe the glory and the majesty of Christ, the power manifested in His eyes! He seemed to crouch a little. He lifted His hand and pointed with His finger, and as I turned my neck in the direction He was pointing I saw an empty grave, dug as though not with a shovel but marvelously clean cut. I saw the darkness at the bottom of it and thought it was hell. Then I looked up into His eyes for an explanation. Suddenly my physical eyes popped open. I had died some hours before that with clogged lungs, and any nurse here knows that when you die with pneumonia you cannot breathe; you are filled with phlegm and clogged up. When I opened my eyes I saw Jesus still there, and I took a long breath. He walked like a King into the kitchen and vanished out of my sight. I said, "I am hungry. Give me something to eat." I was alive and I was well. That is the story of my resurrection from the dead, just the best way I can tell it. It measures up somewhat with the experiences in the Bible.

Now to go back to Bovill. I was baptized with the Holy Spirit, but never had been taught upon Divine Healing. From the time I was raised from the dead, near 1910 to the time I was baptized with the Holy Spirit, and a year and a half afterward I never told a living soul I had been raised from the dead. One day I was standing in the back part of a well-filled house and a precious daughter of Zion stood on her feet and told how Jesus had come to her bed and raised her from the dead. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the life of God burned within me, and I said, "I believe I have a testimony," and for the first time I told how Jesus had raised me from the dead, and I felt I would burn up in telling it.

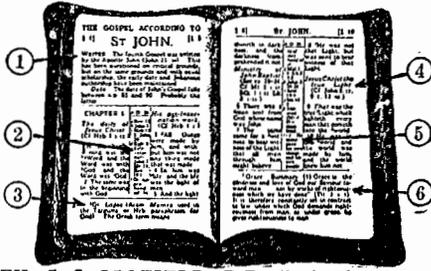
Three days after this a man came to my room and said, "Charlie, my wife is dying. Won't you come and pray for her?" I said, "Pray for her?" I have never prayed for the sick." I felt I had never had any teaching along that line but something within me urged me to go, and on the way there the man told me what was wrong with his wife. She wore French heels and had gone out on the ice and her ankles gave way. She fell and hurt herself and as she was to become a mother in a few months, her condition was serious indeed. I was going through a great trial. I heard the rattle of chains, the clanging of the jail doors and saw the bars, and a black hideous monster seemed to approach me and whispered in my ear, "If you

pray for that woman and she dies, you know the sentiment of this town, and you will get into prison." I trembled. I reached the house and couldn't go in. I said to the man, "I will go in the woodshed and pray awhile." He went into the house and I stayed in the woodshed. While I prayed there was spoken in my soul, "Fear hath torment." I cried to God, and all at once I saw a beautiful light floating down from heaven and resting on my head. It was just like you would turn on an electric light; the darkness and the unbelief disappeared in my soul. I went in to the room and knelt down. The woman was going through contortions of pain so great that her head would almost touch her heels, and screaming because of the terrible suffering. The husband was not a Christian, neither was his wife, so far as I knew. There I was, and there she was writhing in pain, and there was her husband looking on. I knelt by her bedside and knew not what to do.

Finally that woman reached out her hand and took my hands and put them on her body. I did not know what to do next, but while my hands were on her body there was a wonderful stirring within my innermost being, a mighty commotion, a bubbling up like water coming from the depths of the sea. Finally I said, "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." She was still suffering and crying and I didn't know what to do. Again a great stirring within me, from my very depths and more bubbling up to the surface, and God spoke through me again, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." I began to pray and prayed twice. Then the enemy came and I was afraid. I jumped to my feet and said to the couple, "Everything will be all right." "Oh yes," he said, "I have faith in God." I started for the door, took hold of the knob, and the woman called out, "Mr. LeDoux, come back and pray once more." I closed the door and went back. This time she didn't have to take my hands and put them on her body; they went there of themselves. They did not have to tell me to pray. I prayed for an hour and realized the fulfilment of the Scripture, "We know not how to pray as we ought, but the Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." The prayer of faith was offered and the woman was healed. At six o'clock the next morning she was up, healthy and well, getting breakfast for her husband. In due time a little baby was born and oh what a sweet baby it was! That is how the Lord taught me the Gospel.

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