



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

Contents

Pentecostal Revival in Latin America	2
"God Work on"	2
Miraculously Cured	6
When Only the Master Touched.....	6
Proving the Vision and Call	8
Mining "Treasures of Darkness".....	8
God Restores Amputated Fingers	12
Notes	12
The Call of the New Year.....	12
Nineteen Twenty-Six	12
Two Months' Report.....	13
Sowing and Reaping	14
'Midst Scenes of Death.....	14
Preaching to the Women.....	14
A Sheikh Becomes a Christian.....	14
Among the Miners	15
Security Only in Obedience	16
The Shout in the Camp	16
Breaking the Alabaster Box	19
"It Was That Mary"	19
Blessings in the Valley	21
Darwin's Last Days	22

An International Monthly Magazine

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

A Pentecostal Revival in Latin America

When the Missionary said, "God Work On"



G. F. Bender, Barquisimeto, Venezuela, in the Stone Church, November 20, 1925

AFTER spending a number of years in Carracas and its vicinity, one day the summons came to arise and depart to an unknown field. I knew the place only by name, and its reputation was of the worst sort but it was the call of God to us. We went with fear and trembling yet we knew that the promises of God were sure for we had tried and tested them and found them immovable; so we were ready to believe God. I shall never forget how many times we stood on that promise, "Where two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything it shall be done unto you." There were just two of us, myself and my wife, and together we claimed that promise.

We went a distance of about two hundred miles from Carracas to a place called Barquisimeto which is now our headquarters. From there we have worked farther into the interior and God has wonderfully blessed. This city is the capital of the State of Lara and is a very good center. It is surely behind the times for they still have the ox-carts. But you can also see the ever-present Ford coming along. We also have some modern inventions, such as electricity. The light plant, however, is run by natives and the lights are off about as much as they are on.

It was in the year 1919 that we went up there and settled and for five years we labored, preached the Gospel and gave out the Word of God. We distributed tracts and scripture portions until the people became well acquainted with the truth. At first not a home was open for the Gospel but after five years of hard labor with little encouragement, God began to honor faith and break through in our midst. Sometimes it means something to

"Keep on believing
And keep things afloat."

and it meant something there. We preached the Gospel of salvation and many were saved. We also preached to them about the fullness of the Holy Ghost, and told them they needed this in-filling. But our neighboring missionaries in the next state to us were opposed to Pentecost. Having heard that we were teaching the people in our place that Pentecost was for this day and age as well as for the beginning, they began to publish literature against Pentecost. They even

brought their preachers down to our state and had them distribute their literature in our congregation. They would visit our people and try to show them by the Word that we were teaching false doctrines. We naturally felt like telling them to keep in their own territory but God gave us grace never to say a word against them. They were precious people and truly saved and I said to myself, "God can take care of this and I shall leave it with Him." We kept on preaching Pentecost to the people and one day after five years had passed, the revival began in our mission. The 21st of September was our Fifth Anniversary in that place and the revival came on the 19th of August.

One afternoon we were having prayer service where mostly women had gathered, but now and then a few men dropped in for a season of prayer. I shall never forget the conviction that seized the people on that 19th day of August. Nothing out of the ordinary had been said but the entire congregation seemed to be seized with conviction and they cried out for mercy upon their souls. There were two women especially who came through into a glorious salvation. The noise became so great that it could be heard all around the neighborhood and the neighbors ran in to look on. Then these two new converts began to preach to them. It was wonderful how the power of God was on them and enabled them to point out the way of salvation to others. God used their testimonies. There was weeping and moaning and everyone seemed to feel his need of God. Old wrongs were made right, old debts paid and people got right with each other. There was a great humbling and confession of sin, with the result that one after another came through into glorious victory in their lives. I like a revival that starts with the humbling process for that gives a good foundation, one that will be firm enough to hold the building later. Then on the 19th of September, a month after, that which had been a revival of salvation turned into a Pentecostal revival and those who had straightened everything in their lives were the first to break through into the full Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I shall never forget it!

I remembered how some missionaries I had worked with previously had been so fearful of demonstration and had said to us, "You cannot have in Venezuela what you can have in America.

The people here are very emotional and if you have Pentecostal demonstrations like you have in America the thing will get from under your control." I know there was a side to that which was very true. The moral conditions in Venezuela are terrible. Men have no respect for the women at all; they try to flirt right in the Catholic Church with the girls. I realized the danger and I knew that I had been given some sound advice. But there was such a burden on my soul and I said, "O Lord shall we deny the Latin race the Baptism of the Holy Ghost?" Finally I came to the decision that we must have Pentecost at any cost; the church of Venezuela must have the full outpouring of the Spirit and so I stood and looked on, on that memorable day and said, "God work on." I want to say that the power of God began to move and the neighbors ran together and talked about it. The devil would tempt me and bring back to me the warning that had come from older missionaries. It was a test of my faith and it took some believing to let the Lord have His way and not put our hands on the work. The children seemed to be happier than the rest and made more noise than all of the congregation until it worried me a little. I stepped off the platform and said to them, "God is not deaf," but by that little act I quenched the Spirit and the meeting might as well have been dismissed for we could not go on. I had to humble myself before God and confess my fault and I said, "Lord You are able to take care of Your own interests; I refuse to hinder in any way." So I sat back and just let the Lord work.

I remember how a mighty outpouring came upon us one Friday night, but God was right there to manage everything. Among all the number that received the Baptism there was only one lad of thirteen who fell on the floor and he was so frightened that he got up and ran as fast as he could out of the place. The next day the native brethren came to me and said, "Brother Bender, that boy fell right on the floor last night. Some bad spirit must have gotten hold of him. You know he is too young to get it." I said, "No, he is not too young. Just let the Lord work with him." In the next service the little fellow was prostrated again and in a short time he came through speaking in tongues. Up to this time only one had received the Baptism of the Spirit and that was right in his own home but the presence of God was so manifest there in that home that ten or twelve got under conviction and were saved. The following night they came to the prayer service and told their experiences. One

woman who had come from out of town got saved that night. She arose to testify, and while she was telling of the wonderful things God had done for her, conviction fell on the entire audience and almost like one man they fell prostrate on their faces. Everyone began to pray aloud until the whole neighborhood gathered and we had a tremendous crowd on the outside as well as on the inside.

The policeman on duty at the corner was very faithful to us for he had become interested in the truth. He managed the crowd and of course heard the people inside crying to God and saw one here and there "coming thru." I can see him now as he stood at the door with his club, watching and looking at the people inside. As he saw their faces transformed as the faces of angels he could endure it no longer but went down on his face to seek God. Oh, the conviction that was on that man! His tears fell freely that night. Since then he has been more of a preacher than a policeman and we have often seen him corner a man to give him the Gospel right on the street. I want you to pray for that man as he is in a hard place; the authorities are after him because he is preaching so much. And then too he needs prayer as he has a hindrance in his life. The devil has those people so bound, and their past is so black that we in the homeland have no idea what it means for a man to step out for God. Pray that he will go thru and be a mighty witness. He loves the Word of God and uses it instead of the club. The priests themselves evade him because they are not able to cope with him on the Word.

One Friday night we started the service with a song, and rising to our feet repeated a chorus over and over again until the power of God was so manifest that all began to praise the Lord. One young man in the front lifted up his hands and began to lead the congregation in prayer. As he was praying the power came on him and right there he began to praise the Lord in other tongues. That was the beginning. In just a little while another received the Baptism. From that time on there were prayer meetings in the various homes. No matter where you went there was always a prayer meeting. I remember being in a home across the way where there were a number of girls seeking the Baptism very diligently. As we came in, a little fellow who had received his Baptism, suggested that we get down and pray, which we did. As we laid hands on one girl after another the power came down and one young lady received the Baptism. Reports

came in that one had received the Baptism here and another there; the revival continued that way until March 14th.

We had a Baptismal service then which was preceded by a preparatory meeting. On the Friday night we had our regular prayer service and on Saturday we had the meeting for the candidates, a marvelous meeting. On the Friday night there came a harlot of the city to the meeting. She had slipped in, hearing about the revival through other members of her family who attended regularly. She sat in the last seat and during the meeting which was glorious, I saw the tears running down that painted face. But I said to my wife, "I don't know whether that is real or not," for she was always such a hypocrite. But this night she was under conviction and God dealt with her, for the next day she took two of her illegitimate girls out to some woods and found shelter from the sun under some shrubbery where she wept before God and confessed her sin. But she didn't find peace for her soul, so that evening she decided to come back to the service which happened to be the preparatory meeting for the candidates. When she came in the Spirit was working and the power was falling and one after the other was receiving the Pentecostal Baptism. That woman fell on her face before God and cried for mercy; some of the Christians gathered around to pray and soon she broke through into a glorious experience. A harlot of the city of Barquisimeto! It had such an effect upon her that she took her handkerchief and wiped off the paint from her face and tore off some fancy work from her dress, changing her appearance in general although nothing had been said to her. She was transformed. In just a little time, while her hands were uplifted and she was praising the Lord, He descended in His fullness upon her and baptized her in the Holy Spirit. When the two little girls saw their mother transformed they began to cry to the Lord and I doubt if it was more than a half hour until those two little children too received and spoke in other tongues as the Spirit gave utterance. It was the greatest scene I ever witnessed.

One of the candidates for baptism had a sister who had been sold into slavery and shame to one of the wealthy generals of the army. This girl was about seventeen years of age, a beautiful child and the mother and brother sold her to this general. Isn't it beyond human thought that a mother could sell her own daughter into white slavery? She was to be taken to another city on

Monday and on this Saturday she had come to say farewell to her Christian sister. Her sister had talked to her and dealt much with her and finally persuaded her to come into the meeting for a while. When they came in the power of God that was surging through the meeting seized that seventeen-year-old girl with conviction. In that same meeting sat the wife of the general with whom she was to elope the following Monday. This girl was so under conviction that she got right up from her seat, made her way to the general's wife and confessed that she was sold to her husband and was to elope with him. They were all broken up and wept and God accepted the contrite spirit of that girl. In just a little while she was gloriously saved and not only that, but He baptized her in the Holy Spirit that same night. It is a marvelous thing when people humble themselves, for God always honors such a spirit. The sister and her husband took her home after the meeting and of course she was bubbling over with joy. At once she told that wicked, cruel mother what had happened, how God had saved and baptized her and added, "Oh mother, you must have this salvation!" But that demon-possessed woman dragged her by the hair across the floor and said, "I'll shake the Holy Ghost out of you." While she was dragged across the floor by the hair she was praising God in other tongues. None of these things moved her. The following day, Sunday, the mother forced that girl to go to the confession-box. She went in submission, but when she got to the confession-box she had nothing to say, so the priest said to her, "Haven't you anything to say?" She answered, "No, because the Lord Jesus has forgiven everything. I am here just because my mother forced me to come," and then she told the priest what the Lord had done for her. Please pray for that girl for she lives in a veritable hell; the mother and family are determined to "knock the Holy Ghost out of her." Her sister is a splendid Christian as is also her brother-in-law, but they have tried in vain to get this girl into their own home. Only God can undertake in this case.

I want to tell you the outcome of that preparatory meeting. The result was seventeen children of God received the fullness of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. The following day was the baptismal service and you can imagine that it was no dry one. Both the candidates and the members of the church were showered with "latter rain." It was a hallelujah time indeed. God was in the midst of His people and there was much praising and rejoicing. Many outsiders

came to witness that baptismal scene that morning, among whom was a young druggist who had lived illicitly with a young girl. This girl got converted by the Gospel and left him, saying, "You and I will never live together again." He then sent her word that he would marry her in the Catholic church but she sent word back, "You and I will never marry until you become saved and we are married in Jesus." So of course the young man didn't know what to do. He really loved the young woman, had lived with her several years and they had had two children, the one of them died during our revival. The young man seemed to hold himself aloof from us but kept going after the girl. One evening as I was giving the altar call a large crowd came forward for salvation and among them was this young druggist. I felt suspicious of him and soon discovered that he was going through the form of becoming a Protestant just to get the girl. I said to her after the meeting, "That fellow is not sincere." She said, "I know it."

The following Sunday, which was this baptismal day he came to look on and he looked on a little too long that morning. He was sitting to my right in the middle of the chapel and there he wept as conviction seized him. Just as I dismissed the congregation that fellow shrieked out that he was lost and without hope. The people gathered about him to pray, and he wept copiously before God. In less than a half hour he came thru into a glorious salvation that was real. I remember how he took his cigarettes and threw them across the floor. God began to clean him up right before the people and when he went out from the chapel he said the whole world looked new to him. Before he returned that night he was baptized with the Holy Ghost. He went into the home of the family where his wife lived and found them praying. Our people have a habit of gathering for a word of prayer before going to meeting, so they were just having this little prayer time and the young man knelt down with them. He was in good condition and as he was praying and looking up to God the power of God struck him and he began to speak in other tongues. That young man is mightily used of God today. When he became a Christian his boss threw him out of the business. He was a real soldier of Jesus. When we passed by the drug store I thot that perhaps it might be better for us not to look in and embarass him, but he was never ashamed of us nor was he ashamed of the Word for he read it openly in the store.

Just before we came away I said in one of the meetings, "Will the young men who want to dedicate themselves to God to serve Him in any capacity, just come forward and kneel down." Among those who came forward was this young man. I looked down at him and thought, "You are rather young," but when the elders laid hands on him to set him apart for whatever service God opened up for him, we thot of the message that Paul wrote to Timothy, "Stir up the gift of God which is in thee." I felt the power of God and realized that He had a work for that young life. He had been saved but two months but on Wednesday night I called on him to give his testimony. When he got through with that he began to preach on a passage in Jeremiah and if ever I was surprised I certainly was that night to hear him expound the Word of God as he did. I looked at the elder sitting near by and said, "There you have help."

Our preparatory meeting was held on the 14th of March and the following week there were forty-two who came through into the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Oh what a week! I shall never forget it. There was no such a thing as starting the meeting or finishing it. God controlled the people and they stayed day and night; there were prayer meetings in every home. We thought on the 15th of March we had our last baptismal service before coming home, but God thought differently. That week there were so many new ones saved and baptized that they came one after another and said, "You will have to baptize us before you go home," and that verse came to me, "Can any man forbid water that these should be baptized as well as we?" How could I deny them! So on the 5th of April we baptized twenty-five more in water. What a stir there was! Among those baptized in the Spirit there were seventeen children who were also baptized in water. A few were denied water baptism because their fathers were opposed.

We felt that we would have the meetings in the Institute the next week and the first night we had a glorious meeting. We started with a song but I don't remember how far we got with it. I can remember seeing the whole congregation standing with hands uplifted, praising the Lord. Many new ones came thru into the Baptism that night and the street was crowded with people. The neighbors had come around to see what was happening in the Protestant Institute.

Friends, many times the enemy tempted us during our years of labor and tried to make us

believe that we were praying in vain, but the Lord said, "In due season ye shall reap if you faint not," and finally God gave us this wonderful visitation and baptized the church in Barquisimeto in the Holy Spirit. I am glad to say that we are not confined to that city alone for we have a nice church in a little town farther on. The last letter I received from the native worker said that four up there have received the Baptism.

The brethren who fought us so bitterly in the beginning of the work and spread their literature in our midst, are having a time with Pentecost in their own mission. They thought they would stamp it out of ours but God worked right on and baptized the church. And more than that, the struggle has changed for they are trying to stamp it out of their own work and cannot succeed. Some of their people came down to our place to look on and they looked a little too long so the fire is falling in their midst too.

One of our boys who received the Baptism went to the neighboring town to tell what the Lord had done for him; he had a group of the Christians around him and was telling them about the Holy Spirit being poured out in our church and he said, "Now if you will get down and pray He will baptize you right here." He got those people down and two received that night. That

little fellow thinks he isn't doing anything for the Lord but he little knows how God is blessing him. I am glad he doesn't know. Our people are a missionary people and although they haven't much to give in the way of money, they certainly give the Gospel.

They are writing us that we will see many new faces when we return so we expect to meet many new sheep. We are cut off from other friends but God is with us in the interior. In five years' time God established a church in Barquisimeto and another farther on; also gave us a fine Institute where we can train our children, and best of all He sent us the revival. We have spent nearly twelve thousand dollars in the Gospel work, but God supplied the means from some of the most unexpected sources. When I was in the East I asked a young man, "How was it that you began sending us money when we were so much in need?" and he replied that one night he was praying by his couch for the missionaries and the Lord spoke to him, "Send Bender some money." He got information from some paper as to who "Bender" was and he began to send offerings. I had the privilege of telling him what a great blessing his help was to us in the construction of our building. We haven't one single debt on any of the property in Venezuela and the entire place is dedicated to God's service till Jesus comes.

Miraculously Healed of Double Curvature and Paralysis When only the Master Touched

After nearly two years Miss Ruby Dimmick, Vancouver, B. C. (formerly Victoria) told before a large audience in Portland, Oregon, the miraculous story of her Healing, which occurred April 20, 1923. Reported Dec. 1, 1925, during the Price Campaign in Portland by L. L. H.



RIENDS in Portland, I am here before you to tell you about the wonderful things the Lord has done for me. I am not going to tell you all about the sickness I went through, but I will give you just a few details and tell you some of the trials that I endured so that you will really understand that my case is not a fake.

For eight years I was an invalid. It started with appendicitis, which I had two years before I was operated upon; we were hoping that with treatment we would avoid an operation. However, the treatment did not help and an operation was necessary. From this operation I never fully regained my health and strength for there was other trouble besides that, which the

doctors had not reached. I was in Prince Rupert when I was operated on for appendicitis, and the doctor's name was Dr. Kergin. I have all the doctors' names if you want them.

Two years after, having spent nearly one year in bed and suffering intensely, I was operated on once more by a Vancouver specialist—a three-fold major operation. He came up to Chiliwack and said that was my only hope of life, and six months after that, although I was still unable to walk or move around from the effects of this operation, I was operated on again and my tonsils were removed, gatherings having formed constantly. This was a case of going on the operating table again.

While I was in this weakened condition, pain was continually running down my right side, down through the leg; the ankle joint became separated and fluid formed in between the joints; the inner cords drew up and the outer cords stretched until the foot formed a club, and no feeling remained. The leg itself withered

until it was just like a paralyzed, withered leg and foot. The doctor put this in a cast; he had an X-ray taken of it, saw just where the ankle bone had separated, but when he took it out of the cast it was no better. So he advised us to go to Vancouver and see if anything could be done there. We went there to Dr. McKechnie who said nothing could be done unless I went to Toronto, and there **they might help me.**

So my father took me down to Toronto that summer, and once more I had to go on the operating table while they straightened the foot as well as they could and put it in a cast. After this foot was taken out of the cast I went under steady treatment day after day, and after these treatments I had to learn to use my foot once more and try and straighten the spine, which was curved and which caused my leg to shorten an inch and a half.

Although I do not like to recall those days, I think I will just tell you a little bit of the experiences I went through. In order to learn to walk, there was a pulley which was attached to a part of the ceiling of the gymnasium, and on that was a cross-bar; a harness was fitted on the head and attached to the cross-bar; you were raised up until your toes touched the ground and then as it went along you were dragged; the main strain was on your neck, because the weight of the body hung free from the head. One nurse walked on one side and put out your foot, and another on the other side put out the other foot—until, after three months, I was able to put out one foot, and then the other foot; and after six months, I could walk with the aid of a cane and an extension boot with braces.

For the straightening of the spine, I was hung up about two feet from the floor with this same apparatus, the whole weight coming on my head so they could try and straighten my spine; but just as soon as they let me down again the spine would go back. I only tell this to you tonight because I want you to know that Jesus has really and truly healed me.

We moved after that from Chiliwack over to Victoria and I went to one of the eminent physicians and surgeons there day after day and day after day. It was very discouraging because the gatherings in my throat kept continuing, and although the doctor burned my throat and tried to stop the gathering, it did not help. He told me he did not know what more he could do for me, unless it were more operations.

But a new day dawned for me when Dr. Price

came to Victoria. I never will forget those days as long as I live. They brought such joy and peace to my heart that I just long to tell others about it. He came about April 8th (if I remember correctly), 1923, to Victoria. I might say that Dr. Couie had been there just previously; and as we were talking about Dr. Price's meetings, I remember my father saying, "Well, I will go down with an open mind, but if he is anything like Couie I do not want to have anything to do with him." After hearing Dr. Price once or twice, he became so enthused, feeling that this was the work of the Lord, that he put fresh courage into my own heart.

I stopped in one afternoon on my way back from the doctor, but I was really too miserable to stay long enough to get much good from the meeting, and I was taken ill and unable to go again for ten days. On the 20th of April, 1923, my father had arranged for me to be prayed for after the morning service, a preparatory service for the sick. I was taken down that morning, weak and miserable, unable to support myself, but my heart filled with joy because I knew that the Lord would answer prayer. There were a great many people praying for me that morning, and that strengthened my faith. It was during the singing of the hymn, "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord," and especially when they came to the second verse, "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, for I am thy God, I will still give thee aid," that my faith reached forth to Jesus and I claimed His promise. I could just feel Him at my side, and as I reached forth my hand I said to my father, "Oh, Daddy, He is right here." Just as I said it, the power seemed to stream right up through this arm and down my back and all through me. My spine had a double curvature, and I felt just as though a heavy hand were pressing on the small curvature; and where the big curvature was another hand seemed to press there, and all of a sudden the spine straightened and went into place. I felt a tug at my foot, and I looked down to see who was touching it. I saw my foot coming down until it was even with the other; and the extension on the bottom of my shoe was below the other shoe.

I cannot tell you the joy that was in my heart as I poured out my thanks to God, but I know that when I got outside I just ran up and down as hard as ever I could. *I hadn't run for over eight years*, I hadn't walked hardly except with the aid of something else, and it was almost more

than I could bear. When I got home I got a tin can out of the garbage can; and I kicked it all around. I ran up and down the steps; nobody could stop me, I couldn't stop until I was just tired out from the day's work, and I have been going ever since. Praise God! I am gaining strength every day, and I am able to do, I think, as much as the average girl. I have my own

work, and am kept busy from day to day. God has wonderfully blessed me and it is my greatest joy to do all I can to help Him.

I pray that in some way this testimony may help somebody here, and that you will reach forth in faith unto Christ, who is "the same yesterday, today and forever." May God bless you all.

How God Proved the Vision and the Call Mining "the Treasures of Darkness"

Mrs. Anna Sanders, Mexico City, in the Stone Church, October 25, 1925



HERE is a scripture which says that if we walk in the light as He is in the light we are washed in His precious blood. I praise God that I am just a sinner saved by grace. I remember years back when I had wandered away from God how He in His tender mercy wooed me, and how I came back to Him with a broken body, with a broken soul, sin-sick and tired of the world, but He washed me in His precious blood, and healed this broken body that had been sick for twelve years. I had tried everything that doctors could suggest, had been on the operating table, but no one could help me but Jesus. He is the same "yesterday, today and forever."

Then when He healed me, He called me to go to the dark land of Mexico. I was along in years, and I am sorry to tell you that I wasted my young life in the service of Satan, but God had mercy on me and helped me redeem the time in my older days. I was in Calgary, Canada, when I received the call. In a vision I saw several women coming toward me while I was in prayer. They were dark women and had shawls over their heads, and as they came and looked into my face I almost became frightened, but the Lord spoke to me plainly that I should go to Dallas, Texas. I thot perhaps my call was to the colored people of Dallas, and the brethren rather doubted it, since I was past fifty years of age, and a little indefinite as to the place I was to go, but when God calls He will put His seal upon the work.

I mentioned to a sister in Calgary, that my call came in a vision, and she said, "That is all right, but you must have it from the Word of God." "Well," I said, "It would not say in the Bible that God wanted me to go to Dallas, Tex." Later I was in a certain meeting, and a sister who had charge wanted a certain Scripture to read. I proceeded to find it, as I was sitting near her, but as I looked for it, my attention was riv-

eted on this verse, "And a vision appeared to Paul in the night. . . . Come over into Macedonia, and help us." That might not mean anything to you, but to me it came like a streak of lightning from heaven to my soul. It was so real to me I almost cried out, "I have it! I have it!" That afternoon as we closed the Women's meeting a sister came and put in my hand a letter. When I got home I opened it, and to my surprise it read, "We are starting a missionary fund in our prayer meeting every Monday afternoon, and we feel the Lord wants us to give you the first offering." It was signed by seven women. God had to do with me like He did with Gideon. He had a wonderful call to deliver Israel, but he had to be assured, and so did I. I asked the Lord for one evidence after another, and He set His seal upon my going link by link.

I went to Winnipeg and as I sat in the Wesley Church everything before me disappeared. I saw a large wheat-field. Then the scene changed and a multitude reached their hands for help, some very dark and others lighter, and a voice said, "These are the people to whom I have called you." It was very real to me. I went to Dallas, Texas, and there my faith began to fail me. I wondered what God had for me there. I didn't have a single address of anybody. I pressed my Bible to my heart, "Lord, You have never forsaken me before. Now that I stand before some difficulties, help me now." When I opened the Book this is what I read: "I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight. I will break in pieces the gates of brass and cut in sunder the bars of iron: And I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayst know that I, the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel." This Book is more than all the world to me. Once in my life I had plenty, but there is nothing that satisfies like the Word of God.

As I said, I thot I was to go to the colored people, so at the station I inquired of the Trav-

elers' Aid, and she found the person whose name I had. I went to that home and they said, "If you can get to speak to the colored people you can do more than we can." I made an appointment with the man at the head of the colored Work and he said, "You are the first woman who has come to me in this way. While I do not believe there is any place in the Bible that tells a woman to preach yet you can come to the meeting and we will learn to know each other as we work together." There were four hundred black people in the first meeting I attended and I the only white woman. As I sat there at the back wondering what God was going to do, along came the leader, "Will you give us a message tonight?" He had said before that he didn't want a woman to speak in his meetings, but now he came and asked me. After that I worked in a little outstation for three months and God blessed.

In the meantime I was invited down to the Mexican mission and introduced to Brother Baker who said, "Perhaps God called you to the Mexican people." I said, "No, I do not believe He did for I cannot speak Spanish." I went against my will, and as I sat there before the meeting started, I saw a woman sitting over in a corner who attracted my attention. I said, "Brother Baker, where did that woman come from? I have seen her before." "No," he said, "you could not have seen her. She came from Mexico only three weeks ago." "I have seen her in a vision in Calgary," I said. Then a few days later as I was in a home there passed by two women with black shawls over their heads, just like I had seen them in Canada. I knew then that my call was to the Mexicans.

They told me I must have a passport to go across the border, but that was hard for me to get as I was born in Denmark and I was then neither a citizen of the United States nor of Denmark. I asked Brother Ball to go with me to the Consul, and I showed the secretary a recommendation I had received, but he said that would never get me into Mexico. Then I said, "Is it possible that God has called me and showed me where to go and I can't get in?" Then he said, "Give me that paper," and he went back into the Consul's office and came back and handed it to me, saying, "You can go. It is all right."

When the train gets to the Rio Grande it stops on the bridge, and if you haven't a pass they will not let you go. I had taken nine lessons in Spanish but being fifty-two, I forgot what I learned, but God had sent along a young man about nine-

teen from Houston, Texas, who began to talk to me. He took care of me all the way until someone asked me if he were my son.

Some people think the Mexicans do not need the Gospel, being right on the border of the United States, but the darkness there is very great. After my experience of four years I have found out that until God changes their hearts, you cannot believe one word they say. And they are deceitful; I have known one to step right back of a friend, and shoot a bullet thru him. If I had taken one step further it would have gone thru me. I could not tell you how deeply they are steeped in sin and superstition. One day I went into their churches. There is not a single thing there about Christ. It is all about the Virgin Gualapupa, a life-sized doll I call it, dressed in clothes like a woman. Then on either side are statues. On one side there was a statue black as coal and they told me it was called San Benito or the "Black Christ." Over his hands are a number of ribbons, the colors of Mexico.

Oh the awful superstition! Of course you know they believe in purgatory. They believe that once a year the dead are set free and are allowed to come back to their loved ones. That night if you come with me to Mexico you will find in certain grave-yards there are things put for them to eat, even to beer. In their homes they put toys and candies and things for a feast. You might say it was the poor and ignorant that do this, but it is not they alone. I said to an intelligent business man, "How can you believe such a thing. Don't you know it is all a lie?" He shrugged his shoulders and said, "We have always been taught that way." Do they not need the Gospel?

I will tell you a little of what Jesus did. The poorer class of Mexicans never marry, and the moral condition of the people is worse than lips can tell. When they come to Jesus they want to be baptized in water, but we cannot baptize those living together until they are properly married. I cried to God and prayed much over this condition and didn't know what to do, when the secretary of the Bible class said to me, "Sister, why do you not go to the judge?" Many years ago it didn't cost anything to marry but now it costs \$16—\$10 to the judge, \$1 to each of the witnesses and \$2 for the application, and it is more than a poor man can afford. Some get only 50c a day, and the highest the poor people who come to the mission get, has been \$1.75 a day. Then there are a wife and four or five children to take care of,

and they scarcely get enough to eat not to speak of paying to get married. I said, "I will go to the judge if you will give me a recommendation." He gave me one and the banker gave me another. He said, "These people are going into the saloons and throwing away their money." I said, "That is true. Do you know the holy Scripture?" "I have heard about it," he said. "Have you got one?" I said, "It is this Word of the living God that changes the hearts of men and women from ravening wolves to tame lambs." He looked at me and said, "Can that be possible?" Then he said, "I would help you madam, but I cannot." "Who can?" "The Municipal President." He told me how I could find him. It took days before I could get to see him, but prayer changes things. There were several other women waiting to see him when I went, finely dressed women, and one said, "If the President comes in you have to be in a hurry, otherwise he will not listen to you." I prayed, "Oh God, for Jesus' sake help me!" When he came in he walked over to me, seeing that I was an American and said, "Lady, what can I do for you?" I looked at him in astonishment that he could speak English. I said, "In the name of Jesus I ask that you will help get these people married without money." In a few days the papers were made up and they gave one to me and sent the other to the judge, but he denied having received it. When I got there the official said, "Madam, that paper is no use." "All right," I said. "I will go back and get one that is." I went back to the Secretary's office at 9:30 and when I reached there the bodyguard said, "Lady, I am very sorry but Mr. Lopus says he cannot see anybody today, he is too busy." That very minute, Mr. Lopus stepped out of his office, and something within me said, "Now is your chance." I said, "Good morning, Mr. Lopus," and he turned from talking to a man and said, "I am so glad to see you. Did your business go thru?" I said "No." He gave me a new paper and said, "Take that to the judge."

The judge was very angry when I came with it, but I called upon God as my only Helper, and He did help me. If I didn't have Him, I would never dare to return to Mexico. The Lord helped me to write everyone of those applications. Sixteen couples were married before I came home, without a single cent of money. Then God sent a precious Mexican brother I met in Dallas, Tex. With tears in his eyes he said, "If there is anything my Master can use me for, I am here." That man has been a faithful

servant of the Lord, and is in charge of the work while I am home. He came from a fine, wealthy family, but when he became a Christian they turned him out, and said he disgraced them. He was offered a good position in a wholesale house, but he didn't accept it, tho his children have often been hungry. He has put himself on the altar of sacrifice to give the Gospel to his own people.

We asked the Lord to baptize some in the Holy Ghost. We observed the three days of prayer, and one memorable night I shall never forget. As I was praying someone touched my shoulder and said that a young lady had fallen on the floor. I went over and saw immediately that the Lord was working. I started to get something to put under her head (we didn't have a nice carpet like you have) and as I went seven were prostrated under the power of God. No one had touched them but God, and I saw He was beginning to work. I said, "Lord will You baptize Brother David and Sister Ponita?" She was the one who lead the singing and I felt if they were baptized I could leave the meetings in their hands. Later a sister got up to testify and she broke down and began to weep. Then she turned to her husband and said, "Oh I have been so deceitful." She fell on her knees and asked him to forgive her. There were eighty people present and they fell on their faces and wept. God put a wonderful conviction on their souls until they had to cry out for forgiveness. That was the preparation to receive the Holy Spirit. I believe that every person who receives the Holy Spirit goes thru a cleansing before. I asked the Lord if He baptized them to have them speak in English. That would be an evidence to me. That little Sister Ponita put up her hands with the power of God upon her and said in plain English, "*Oh what a mighty God!*" "*Oh what a mighty God!*" and she didn't know a word of English.

The face of our native preacher shone like the face of an angel. One got up to praise the Lord and he said, in his own language, "Now, I surely can be a little servant of Jesus after He has filled me." Then he said in plain English, "I praise You Jesus! I praise You Jesus!" Oh the Lord worked wonderfully! I have seen the deaf ears unstopped, and blind eyes opened. I have seen the lame walk.

We had a little blind girl whose father was a drunkard, a thief and a gambler. He used to whip his wife when she came home from the meetings. The first time we prayed for this lit-

the blind girl she opened her eyes, but her sight wasn't clear. We called for fasting and prayer and said that we would pray for her again on Sunday if the mother would bring her. Oh, God answers prayer! On Sunday the mother came with her, but before we prayed the child was looking around and seeing everything, and she was so happy. She can see as well as you and I can.

And now I want to speak of our terrible needs. As I told you before, they do not marry. The men live with the women for a while and then leave them. We need a Home for these destitute women and for these children who are born under such conditions. Many have come to me and begged for a home. We need a home where we can care for the poor children that are homeless. Can you imagine your own child sitting on the doorstep all night long? Sometimes they cuddle up to a little dog to keep them warm. Then can you imagine your sister or mother going through what these women do? I have these sights before me every day, and do not know how to help them. Will you help me to pray about it?

Our mission is back of a livery stable, and we have to pass the horses when we go in. The government has said we cannot have the mission there any more, but we have not been able to get another place. Please, beloved, pray for poor, stricken, neglected Mexico. When that wonderful resurrection morn dawns and you will see them coming in from Mexico, you will get your reward, as you pray now. There are many jewels there that God has dug out of the mire. A highway robber and a murderer came one night to the mission. He looked so fierce that I was afraid, but I put myself in the hands of the Lord. He went out peacefully. In Mexico they play cards until midnight and then they go out and murder and rob for a few cents. This man went the next night to play cards with his friends, when he felt a hand on his shoulder and a voice said, "*Son, this is no place for you. Go to the mission on Constancia Street.*" He came to the mission and gave his heart to Jesus, and he has been filled and baptized in the Holy Spirit.

I know the Lord has spoken to me to go to the hills, but there is great danger there. A Methodist sister from California was so beaten that her hip is out of joint, and she is injured for life. They took a Baptist minister and burned him. One day two women who were across the street from me said, "Oh there she is! Let's stone her." But they didn't do anything. We went once on the outside of the city and a woman took

up stones and threw them over our heads. It means something to bring the Gospel to Mexico. The city is not open to the Gospel; you cannot go into a hospital, but in spite of the restrictions God works. Prayer opens the hearts of the people and the Gospel wonderfully changes their lives.

God Restores Amputated Fingers

A VISITOR at the Price Campaign in Detroit, Michigan, gave us the following remarkable instance of healing which occurred in the Northwest and was rehearsed by Dr. Price. A "knockout" to Evolution:

"A Mrs. George came to the meetings after hearing of the healing power of God and the many deliverances wrought, for the purpose of having prayer for herself. She knew nothing of the saving grace of God, and not much of His healing power with the exception of what she learned in the first meeting she attended.

"Mrs. George was afflicted with cancer and tumors, and at an earlier date had met with an accident in which her fingers were cut off diagonally from one hand. When being questioned about her preparation for healing she insisted upon Miss Carvel giving her a card that very night so that she might be prayed for the following night. Miss Carvel advised her to come back again and go to the altar and seek salvation so as to be in a condition for healing, but Mrs. George didn't seem concerned about salvation and left without a card.

"A week later she returned to the meeting and on being asked if she wanted a card she answered 'No,' stating that she had been praying and the Lord had saved her; that she didn't feel ready yet to be prayed for, for healing, but was seeking for an increase of faith. The result was that when she asked the Lord for healing from cancer and the tumors she was perfectly delivered. She then came in faith to Him and asked Him to put fingers on the hand which was maimed through an accident. Dr. Price says that the Lord has grown new fingers on the hand in answer to prayer, and that finger-nails are also forming.

"This case has stirred the people of her neighborhood who knew that her fingers were cut off. They see her going about with fingers on both hands and must admit that a miracle has been performed. 'A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right.'"

How true the words, "If thou canst believe. All things are possible to him that believeth." Mark 9:23.

The Latter Rain Evangel

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by
The Evangel Publishing House

Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.25 (6s) per year in advance
OF THE WORLD 65c (3s) six months in advance
Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more
copies. Write for terms. Send drafts, express or money
orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. Foreign
Countries send international money orders. Do not send
personal checks unless 10 cents added for exchange.

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Notes

The Call of the New Year

*Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a burden to bear,
There's a grief to share,
There's a heart that breaks 'neath a
load of care—
But fare ye forth with a song.*

*Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a battle to fight,
There's a wrong to right,
There's a God who blesses the good with
might—
So fare ye forth with a song.*

*Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a work to do,
There's a world to make new,
There's a call for men who are brave
and true—
Oh! on with a song!*

*Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a year of grace,
There's a God to face,
There's another heat in the great
world-race—
Speed! speed with a song.*

W. H. Hudnut.

Nineteen Twenty-Six

ANOTHER year from out the bosom of Eter-
nity! Another year of rare and holy op-
portunities opening up to us, who live "in these
the closing days of time." For you, dear reader,
we covet God's best. This is so easily missed in
these days of intense and confusing speed.

We continually need to be "jolted" to keep
"awake" to spiritual values amid the display of
earth's fantastic show. We need to be thoroughly
"awakened" to the eternal value of sacred hours

of opportunity now coming to meet us from the
hand of God.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

Will you look in your Bibles and see who oc-
cupied the stage of action 1926 years on the
other side of the great spiritual divide, when God
had just launched His great project on the arena
of time? It was Abram and Sarai. God began
with them, but has to finish with such as you and
I. *Through them* and their descendants, the Re-
deemer was to come. *Through us*, the story of
that Redeemer and His Coming again must be
published.

Yes, it was Abram and Sarai who had re-
sponded to the call of God amid the protests and
questionings of friends and kindred. "Where are
you going Abram?" some one asks. With a pec-
uliar light in his eye and a ring in his voice, I
seem to hear him say, "I don't know, but I'm
going."

"Abram, leave us your address," another says,
"so we can write you." But how could he when
he was to follow the finger of an onward-moving
God? From now on, he was to have no abiding
city.

Dear trusting Abram and sweet following
Sarai. How God needed, wanted and counted on
them! How safe the plan of God was, as long
as they were on the scene. They would go any-
where and do anything God asked of them.

Oh, for that same kind of abandonment to
God! That same willingness to risk all for God!

Oh for God's best for us and our best for
God, even though we may suffer earthly loss!
may lose our reputation and may have to go to
a land we know not of!

Oh for that readiness, to follow where He
needs us, though it may take us amid the fever-
stricken jungles of Africa or across the plague-
infested plains of India or perhaps to frozen
Northland.

Not very inviting, did you say? But listen!
"Just a few short years and all will then be over.
And the time for winning souls no more be
mine." Then we'll gather for the Harvest
Home!

Then it will be—

"Rest, reaper, rest
The sweat that damped thy brow
When harvest pressed,
Is changed to glory now;
From whitened fields of sin,
Thy sheaves are coming in."

"Rest, warrior, rest,
Thine armor thrown aside,
The victor's crest
By hands once crucified
Is placed upon thy brow—
No need of armor now."

Oh does not that sound inviting? Yea, transporting? Well, Amen! Then, let us answer the Macedonian cry coming in from everywhere. We all have a part in the work to be done. Amazing, is it not, that way back in the Council Chambers of Eternity, God spoke of you and me and a company of others, as possible co-workers with Him, in the completion of His work among the children of men?

No wonder the Sons of God shouted and the Morning Stars sang together, when they saw mortals chosen to become Ambassadors for the Christ, to the glory of God the Father.

Angels watch us. They envy us! I believe they'd gladly leave Heaven's glory to have our calling and our share in the salvation of a lost world. They must marvel at our slowness and indifference. May God stir us up to "see" and "feel" this coming year as never before.

A returned missionary once said, "The great commission in Matt. 28—*condensed* would read—Pray! Give! Go! Send! And that leaves no one exempt!"

All can pray; most everybody can give; many can go; and others can send a substitute. What a privilege!

Then, in view of the fact that "with every breath we draw, four souls pass into Eternity, *without* having heard of Christ, *can* we, *dare* we, plead exemption? No! A thousand times *no!* We will, O Christ, do our best for Thee. Thou hast done all for us.

When we consider how others fought and bled and died that the Gospel might be preserved and *given to us*, we are debtors indeed.

May we now, in turn, be willing to be stretched to the limit for the spread of this glorious Gospel, to the ends of the earth, that God, who chose us, in the Eternal Past, may not be disappointed.

N. E. L.

Two Months' Report

(Nov. and Dec.)

Paul J. Aenis, for Brazil	\$25.00
L. M. Anglin, China, Orphanage work	147.55
Miss Carrie Anderson, So. China	60.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Berg, Congo	54.50
J. H. Boyce, India	88.00
Mrs. J. W. Bovyer, China, Orphanage	378.00
Miss Mattie Brann, China, Orphanage	66.00
C. W. Doney, Egypt	50.00
Miss Ruth Erickson, Liberia	92.00
C. F. Juergensen, Japan (Bldg.)	50.00

John Juergensen, Japan	19.25
George M. Kelley, China (native work)	18.00
Thos. Hindle, Mongolia	30.00
Miss Ethel King, for India	25.00
Miss Bernice C. Lee, India	75.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Leader, Congo (Ret'nd fare)	190.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. Mueller, India	105.00
Miss Bella Melitscher, China (native work)....	23.00
Mrs. Mattie J. Neeley, Liberia	45.75
Frank Nicodem, India	10.00
W. K. Norton, India	15.00
Miss L. H. Parker, India	20.00
Mrs. John Perdue, China	25.00
Charles Personeus, Alaska	25.00
Miss Esther B. Piper, Central America	30.00
V. G. Plymire, Tibet	83.00
Miss M. Petterson, China, Orphanage	10.00
Miss Laura Radford, Jerusalem	25.62
B. A. Schoeneich, Cent. America	22.85
E. M. Scurrah, So. Africa	32.00
Wm. E. Simpson, Tibet	24.00
Mrs. Julia McC. Richardson, Congo	10.00
Thos. Stoddart, India	78.75
Ernest Smith, India	80.00
Mr. and Mrs. B. Surtees, China	26.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt	35.00
Walter M. Turner, China	50.00
Harry Waggoner, India, Leper work	70.00
A. G. Ward, Leper work	10.00
Miss Adah Winger, Venezuela	20.00
W. E. Williamson, China	15.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan	46.00
Miss Henrietta Wise, India	10.00
Miss Alice Wood, So. America	15.00
Missionary Rest Home, Chicago	90.00

Total

\$2,420.27

* * *

In closing up the year 1925, we praise God for enabling The Evangel Publishing House to receive and send to the foreign field nearly Eleven Thousand Dollars (\$10,981.22). Bro. Ray Stutenroth in auditing the mission books for the past year asserts that "the cash receipts and disbursements representing the money received for missions have been carefully audited and found to be correct."

Our readers share with us the blessing of giving. One of our missionaries, bending under financial burdens, writes gratefully: "You have had such a beautiful share in the work. I could not carry it on without your aid. Your rewards are laid up above, as without you we could not be perfected." So we say to our faithful readers—We could not send to these needy ones without your aid. *You will share in the rewards that are stored away up yonder. Without you we could not be perfected.*

May God help us to continue to work together and make 1926 a greater year for missions than we have ever known. A blessed chain of living links that helps us to join hands across the sea, is continually being forged by love for the lost from hands that toil and hearts that sacrifice.

"It is in loving, not in being loved,
The heart is blessed;

It is in giving, not in seeking gifts,
 We find our quest.
 Whatever be thy longing or thy need,
 That do thou give.
 So shalt thy soul be fed, and thou, indeed,
 Shalt truly live."

Sowing and Reaping

HOSTILITIES have again broken out in North China, and there has been fighting between Peking and Tientsin, but conditions in South China seem much better. All the missionaries that were at the Coast have gone into the interior. Brother Williamson expected to be at Waitsap for Christmas.

Both the Chinese and the missionaries are rejoicing at the return of Brother Kelley to the field. They feel it is in answer to prayer, as he is greatly needed at this time. It has been a real sacrifice for him to go and leave his precious family in the homeland, but Brother and Sister Kelley never consider themselves when the work is concerned. They are willing for any sacrifice that the work of God may be sustained.

* * *

Mrs. Harvey Nawabganj, India, writes joyfully that the Lord has answered prayer and given them money for iron beds for the Boys' School. This is a matter for great rejoicing, and has been a great encouragement to the boys who prayed earnestly. Their suffering from bugs in the old wooden beds with ropes was almost intolerable, and they shouted and clapped their hands at the good news that the money had come for iron beds. They are now praying for a latrine and bathing-house which they greatly need.

Brother and Sister Sugar have gone to Uska Bazar to help in the work there.

'Midst Scenes of Death

Brother Plymire, writing from the "Roof of the World," under date of October 29th, says they are just receiving the papers from the United States from last January and February. The war in China makes it doubly hard for them as they are so shut off from everybody. There is war all around them, and they write of ministering to the soldiers:

"For the past several days now we have been receiving from one to four soldiers each day. Some of these poor fellows come in with such awful wounds. We have one with three spear wounds in the face; one just missing the eye is deep and rather bad. Another was carried in with face all burned with powder. This poor

fellow looks terrible. Today while I was setting a broken leg for one soldier, Mrs. Plymire was trying to dress another who was shot in the forehead. I just came in while she was at this, but it was getting so dark we will be obliged to have this man brought in in the morning. Such is our lot at present. Looking at things from the human it certainly does not look very bright for this old world. The soldiers thus far have been very friendly to us, for which we praise the Lord. We trust to be able to win some of them to the Lord Jesus."

Preaching to the Women

From Masisi, the Kivu District, Congo, Brother and Sister Berg write that they are "pressing on day by day and God is blessing and giving many opportunities for ministering to the people. Quite a number have stepped out and confessed Christ as their Savior and are now following Him. It has been blessed. There has been a deepening of the hunger in the hearts of others and we feel the Holy Spirit working in convicting of sin. These babes in Christ need prayer as their temptations and battles are many, but it is wonderful to see how God works in their hearts and how He talks to them when they are alone. Our hearts are torn and near to breaking as we see the great need and we able to do so little. The chief has been sending the women from seven different villages to carry dirt where we have been leveling the hill behind our house. This has given a wonderful opportunity for presenting the Gospel to them, and I have had services with the women almost every day. Many times there have been as many as forty and fifty women at a service, many coming from villages far away and not having heard the Gospel before.

"Mr. Berg is busy building, and it will not take so long now until the first brick house will be completed. . . . He is also overseeing the building of a motor road between here and the government post at Masisi. He had to do the surveying and the measuring himself, but the Government is supplying the men and paying them for the construction of the road. It will be a great asset to the mission here."

A Sheikh Becomes a Christian

Miss Laura Radford, Palestine, Jerusalem, sends us most interesting material of the way God is working in that hard field:

Rev. Habeeb Bushara of the C. H. Mission in Cairo, was with us September 29th to October

12th and men trembled as they listened to his sermons about sin and God's judgments. Three candidates were baptized in water October 12th. October 20th to November 2nd Kamil Effendi, Mansour, a Moslem convert from the American Mission in Cairo, preached for us, and his appeal to men to leave all and follow Christ stirred many hearts, and decisions were made by some who had been wavering for many weeks. One Sheikh (a Moslem teacher and leader) who had come in often last winter for Bible study, we invited in for a personal interview with Kamil Eff., who himself had been a Sheikh, and a full surrender was made to Christ. Would that you could have shared with us the joy of that hour.

That same evening we had arranged for the Moslem converts in Jerusalem to meet alone with Kamil Eff. There were present nine baptized converts and four inquirers, including this Sheikh. One was from the Latin Church, two from the Church Missionary Society, three from the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and the others, except Kamil Eff., from our Mission. Kamil Eff. spoke briefly on "Discipleship," and then each man gave a brief testimony. As the Sheikh began to speak he seemed a little nervous, for this was his first testimony for Christ, but soon his face lighted up as I had never seen it before, and he spoke fearlessly, confessing his faith in Christ, as his Saviour. Will you pray for him and for all this company of believers that they may be delivered from all the enemies of Christ and at last be presented faultless before His Throne with exceeding joy?

Among the Miners of So. Africa

Miss Mabel Rigg writes from Johannesburg, South Africa, of God's blessing among the natives:

This past week has been a very blessed one in the work, and Jesus has been pleased to manifest His presence. We are very grateful for these blessings. Just a month ago my father cabled me the money for a new Chevrolet five-passenger motor car, unexpectedly the direct answer to our many prayers. Words can hardly describe the amount of extra work we have been able to do for Jesus with this car. Before that we walked many weary miles each week to get to the different mine compounds and locations, and we were naturally much limited in the amount of work we could do. All the extreme fatigue has gone, and now we are able to spend our entire time in actual work with the natives, taking as little time as possible over the hot, dusty roads.

Last Tuesday night we had a blessed street meeting in the new native location in Johannesburg, which we entered about two months ago. Thirty souls knelt in the dusty road at the close of the service, pleading with God to take away their sins. Recently the Lord marvelously healed a native woman in that location of rheumatic

fever, in answer to prayer. The next time we called on her we found her up and well, doing all her work, for the first time in several weeks. Praise the Name of the Lord! We are hoping to put up a mission in this new location soon, as one thousand natives live there at present, with room for many more.

This past week-end, God has been working in a precious way at Robinson and Randfontein. Brother Richards and Brother Bennett had the joy of seeing 86 souls come to Jesus in one service Friday night, when 700 heathen men listened to the gospel in one of the big compounds housing 6,000. God has given them boldness to break in upon war dances with their gospel meetings and hundreds have turned to listen. Many tests were put to the natives who came forward Friday night, and when it was seen that they were in earnest, the workers dealt definitely with each one, many of whom were in tears over their sins. On Sunday morning in this same compound six others came to the Lord in a short service. An hour later two more were saved in the Robinson mission, and one backslider was reclaimed for Jesus.

Since we have had the motor car, we have started a new Sunday School at the Randfontein mission. There was never time to go there before for that purpose, as Randfontein is three miles beyond Robinson, and we could not be in two places at once. With the car, however, we can quickly get about and do all the work we desire all day long. Praise the Name of the Lord! Four weeks ago, when we told the children at Randfontein we had come to start a Sunday School for them, they jumped up and down and clapped their little black hands for joy. One hundred and thirty followed us to the mission that day, and yesterday at our fourth meeting, 234 happy children were present. In the Robinson Sunday School, one of our little boys was recently healed of double pneumonia, in answer to prayer, when he was at death's door. To God be all the glory.

* * *

"Now lad, make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts; for if you do, temptation and other things will get the better of you." *David Hoag's death-bed advice to David Livingstone, which had a marked influence on his life.* Read the *Personal Life of David Livingstone* by B. G. Blaikie, the most complete, inspired and authentic of all his biographies, \$1.50.

* * *

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Eternal Security only in Obedience

The Shout of a King In Our Camp

Sermon by Pastor Philip Wittich, December 6, 1925



WE ARE coming today to the second prophecy of Balaam, recorded in Numbers 23: 13-24.

After Balaam had given that wonderful prophecy, Balak, the king, said, "Neither curse them at all nor bless them." We see here an old trick of Satan. He wants the saints to lose sight of the fact that God is in the midst of His people. He suggests a position of neutrality and what some term, "*a sound and safe religion.*" His advice is: "You do not need to lose sight altogether of God but do not get so very close to Him. Do not be fanatical. You do not have to be on your knees all the time, spending all your life in prayer. Just be a little sober and sensible." Thus the enemy entices many of the New Testament saints to let up in their prayer-life. Show me a man who has given up his prayer-life, and you will fail to see the glory of God shining out of his face.

Prayer means communion with God. When Zachariah, the father of John the Baptist, was standing at the altar of incense, God appeared unto him. When Joshua the high priest, although covered with filthy garments, was standing before the altar worshipping his God, the Angel of Jehovah was at his right side, and Joshua received deliverance from his filthy coverings. Through prayer we get into touch with God in a way that can never be replaced by any other experience in our Christian life. There is something about prayer that lifts a saint up and above the things that would otherwise drag him down into the mist of doubt and the mire of unbelief and backsliding. Prayer is a privilege. It is coming in contact with Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords. Prayer means to receive from God as well as to give to Him. Prayer means to pour out your heart to Him who loves to dwell in your heart. Oh, how the enemy would like to sidetrack God's people, as through Balak he sidetracked the prophet! The letting up of the prayer-life has been the downfall of God's people in every age. Saints, take time to commune with God! The enemy would like for you to move out to the very edge of your vision of God, to neglect your prayer-life and to neglect the study of the Word of God. "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light to my path." Ps. 119:105. There

are again others who after they have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, say that they need no further teaching; that the Holy Spirit is the Teacher, and that they have no further need of the Word of God. This delusive position has led some believers into false doctrines and has brought confusion and disorder among God's saints. The baptism of the Holy Ghost is given to help you to understand God's Word, for the natural man cannot receive the things of God (I Cor. 2:14). You will find this inclination of listening to Balak's advice among many of the saints today. Beloved, for over forty-five years I have been studying the Word of God, and during the last thirty-five years with a heart regenerated through grace, and yet I confess to you that my knowledge of that precious Word of Life is very limited. I would rather be alone with God studying His holy Word than to be on the platform giving it out. "My people," says God in Hos. 4:6, "are destroyed for lack of knowledge; because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee."

"I will bring thee into another place," said the king to the prophet Balaam. That is the word the devil often whispers to God's children: "Why don't you quit and go somewhere else. Quit belonging to these cranks." Many of our anointed saints are moving to other places and spiritually becoming dead. I am not blind to the failures in our Movement. I see how many of God's people have been endued with the gifts of the Spirit and have not yet measured up to the standard of the cross. I see with deep sorrow how the spirit of self-exaltation, of pride and rebellion have taken possession of the anointed ones. However, above all that, I see the King of kings moving in our midst, and I hear "*the shout of a King in our camp.*"

Perhaps in passing it will be instructive to show you the three places to which the King of Moab led the prophet, and thus succeeded in making him a wretched backslider. The first place to which the king led him was the height of Baal. Baal was the god representative of the sun, which gives life to the earth and its productions. Today, Satan, who was back of Balak, is trying to get God's people to adopt a system of reasoning and of trying to understand that which can only be received by the Spirit of God. Whenever we

attempt to reason out God and His leadings in our lives, we are being led by Satan into the height of Baal.

The next step the king took the prophet was to Zophim, which in Hebrew means "the watchers," "those that lie in wait for you." Whenever you lose your anointing and lean to your own reasoning and understanding, the "watchers" will set a trap for you. "For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual host of wickedness in the heavenlies. Wherefore take up the whole armor of God." Eph. 6:12, 13. Then lastly, the king led Balaam to Peor, which is the god which represents the vilest flesh. Follow your own leadings, fall into the trap that is set for you by the evil powers and you will soon find the enemy coaxing you away from the camp of God and into the grossest sins.

Let us hear now the second prophecy: The main thought in this second prophecy is, Israel rendered invincible under the divine blessing and presence of her King. The first thought is that her security lies in her God. God here is the Hebrew *El*, and *El* means "the Strong One." So the first thought in this prophecy leads you right into God as the One that is strong enough to take care of His Word and *to take care of you*. Israel's strength was in her God, a God that cannot lie nor ever will repent.

Let us turn to Jer. 17:5, "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from Jehovah." If you put the creature above the Creator you are departing from God. Psalm 116 also brings this out most vividly, verses 9 to 11, "I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living. . . . I said in my haste, All men are liars." In those two passages we have the two truths placed in contrast. God, who is not a man, therefore cannot lie, and man who, *separated from God, is subject to lying*. God has blessed Israel because He hath sworn by His own self that He would bless Abraham and his seed.

I would not have you, beloved, bring in here the thought of eternal security which is taught so much among God's people in these days, a teaching which says if once saved you are always saved, no matter what you do. Balaam, whose eyes and ears were opened by the Holy Ghost, saw the camp of Israel in her glory, and the Shekinah of the Spirit hovering over her. He heard the shout of a king in that camp; neverthe-

less he was not conscious of the fact that while this was going on God was most severely dealing with the disobedient and rebellious element in Israel. When the sons of Korah assembled themselves against God's servants, Moses and Aaron, the earth opened its mouth and three thousand went down alive into *Sheol*, although they all claimed to be holy. Num. 16:3, 31-33. I would have you understand that the Word of God cannot be twisted by man's opinions and teachings.

ISRAEL WAS SECURE AS FAR AS SHE OBEYED GOD. Is this divine security a handle for that dangerous doctrine? Never. Do you know that God let every one of the adult Israelites die in the wilderness? It was only the young generation that was permitted to see the Promised Land. So there was grace and yet severity, and I want you to know that while the law is very severe, *grace is more severe*. Grace will not wink at sin and will never tolerate sin in the heart and life of the saints. Grace is not a covering under which a saint of God can go on sinning. Grace is based on the legal demands of a Holy God, satisfied by His blessed Son on Calvary's cross. Grace must therefore expose sin and apply the all-sufficient remedy, *the blood of Jesus Christ*. We are a secure people as long as we render absolute obedience to God.

I refer you to one of the temptations of Jesus when Satan told Him to let Himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, quoting the Scriptures, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." That sounds correct to the superficial reader, but you read the quotation as it is in Deuteronomy, not as it came from the twisted lips of the devil. There you will find that God will only take care of those who walk in the ways of God. The moment you undertake to go your own ways, you place yourself outside of the pale of divine protection and security. So Israel was seen by the prophet as a people that were secure in God. And we, also, are secure *only in God*.

In the eighth chapter of Romans there is something that is of great comfort to us. The chapter opens with these words, "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." You are either in the old man, the nature you received from our first father, Adam, or you are in the new man, Christ Jesus. You cannot be in both at the same time. This chapter speaks to the people that are in Christ Jesus. The seventh chapter contains the experience of a man

that is still in the flesh and he cries out, "Oh wretched man, who shall deliver me!" In the eighth he, by the grace of God, received the faith that took him out of self and into Christ. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" That is the promise to those that are *in Christ*. Now, beloved, are you still in self or are you in Christ? Jesus died that you might have freedom from self, and if you do not have that you are not living in Romans 8. God has to put that faith in your heart. He will do it if you want it. So if we are *in Christ* our security is an *eternal security*, but there is no eternal security for the "old man." There is only condemnation, death and judgment for our old nature. Do not let this old nature of sin and death possess your thoughts and your feelings, and rule over you. Reckon yourself a free man and a free woman through the death of your Substitute.

Israel is also seen in this prophecy as a people free from iniquity and perverseness, for the prophecy says, "He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob; neither has He seen perverseness in Israel." Where were the people when this prophecy went forth? In the wilderness. At what time? At a time when God led the young generation out from the wilderness into the Promised Land. That land was to be for the Jew a land of rest from wandering, a land of escape from Egypt. But it was not for the older generation that this prophecy was uttered. They, refusing to obey, died in the wilderness. Num. 32:11, "Surely none of the men that came up out of Egypt, from twenty years old and upward, shall see the land which I swore unto Abraham, unto Isaac and unto Jacob, *because they have not wholly followed me.*" It was the younger generation going through the school of obedience and affliction that were privileged to enter the Holy Land. And we, referring to the Movement of which we are part and parcel, are so to speak, on the threshold of our Promised Land. There were many saints at the time of the apostles who were in the same condition as we are. Therefore Paul says in Heb. 4:10, "There remaineth therefore a *rest*"—for whom? For the wicked? No. For the worldly people? No, but *for the people of God*. Well, if something awaits me, I haven't got it yet. That is what Paul wanted to emphasize, that there were saints still in the wilderness, and God had something **better for them than** the constant wilderness experience. What is our rest? *It is*

Jesus. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," He says, "and I will give you rest." We, *as a movement*, must get to that place that is waiting for us—a place of rest from self, rest from sin and its power. That doesn't mean rest from the sins committed. We have that. Israel was free from Egypt, a type of the world when she crossed the Red Sea, but she wasn't free from wilderness wanderings, a type of self. They had another body of water to cross, the Jordan. Jordan stands for death. The Ark of the Covenant is a type of the Lord Jesus who went through the waters of death. When you follow Him, the One who has overcome death, He will lead you through to the place where you can say with Paul, "Not I but Christ."

Then, beloved, we see that there is yet for us as for Israel, a rest and all who have entered into this *rest* show it by their peaceful mind, by their pure thoughts, their clean desires, and by their *blood-washed tongue*. When these conditions are not fulfilled, and you do not have your heart and mind and tongue under the blood, you are still in self. You may be righteous, you may be very zealous, you may take an active part in church work; you may be a preacher, a teacher, an officer in the church, but if you do not enjoy a clean heart, clean thoughts, clean desires and clean speech, you will have to pass the river Jordan, pass through death to self.

Israel was also a *shouting people*. Balaam said, "The shout of a king is among them." The Pentecostal movement has been distinctive from every other because of our readiness to shout and praise the Lord. What is the matter now? If you want to know how the Lord looks at it, read II Chron. 29:

Two conditions had to be fulfilled by the Jews under Hezekiah. First they had to give a public sin offering; second, they had to give a perfect burnt offering. The sin offering speaks of forgiveness of the sins of the past. If you believe that the Lord has put all your past life under the blood you have met the first condition to a shouting life. If you have the assurance of faith that your sins are forgiven, you must never deny your brother or sister the same privilege. Never talk about the past life of the saints. If you do that you lose the joy. The *burnt offering* meant more than the sin offering; the sacrifice was completely burned on the altar, and to us it means a *heart surrendered to God*. Do you know what it means to surrender your heart? Out of the heart come the issues of your life. Although

you have been delivered from the sins committed, your natural heart will produce and reproduce the same sins if you give that old nature a chance. *The burnt offering means the surrender of your whole heart.* When the burnt offering was made the song of praise went up to Jehovah. If you make a *complete* surrender you cannot stop the praises. The moment you get tested, and you will always be tested concerning your will power, you will find out whether you have made a full surrender. When God can take anything away from you and do anything with you without rebellion and murmuring in your heart, that is an evidence of a full surrender. Our Lord Jesus gave a complete surrender to the Father. John said, "Behold the Lamb of God!"

Beware of self-will. As long as you want to carry out your **self-will in your own home** or in the church you haven't given God a complete burnt offering. Take more time to wait on God. *Let Him show you how to make a heart surrender.* Do not let slander or criticism get in.

That will destroy the burnt offering and there will be no song. Do not dismiss these words of mine, but take them to heart. Make a complete surrender. You do not know the powers that are working against you. Make a full surrender to God and let Him bless you. Tell the Lord who gave you His Son that you want to make your burnt offering to Him. If you do that the service will be sanctified by the songs of Jehovah.

"And Hezekiah commanded to offer the burnt offering upon the altar. And when the *burnt offering began*, the *Song of Jehovah* began also, and the trumpets, together with the instruments of David, King of Israel. And all the assembly worshipped, and the singers sang, and the trumpeters sounded; all this continued until the burnt offering was finished." II Chron. 29:27, 28.

"Of thee cometh my praise in the great assembly: I will pay my vows before them that fear Him: The meek shall eat and be satisfied; They shall praise Jehovah that seek after Him."

Psa. 22.

Breaking the Alabaster Box

"It Was That Mary"

Mrs. John Lincoln, Muskegon, Michigan



IT WAS *that* Mary." Did you notice that John designated which one it was? It was "*that*" Mary! She's different from the rest, in a class by herself. Branded, and classified and marked! It was "*that*" Mary! Now don't confuse her with the other five Marys, who were among that privileged number keeping company with the Man of Sorrows, in the hour of His temptation. She was "*that*" Mary, that gave the whole crowd such a shock, that years afterwards, when John was writing his gospel, this that she did was still fresh in his memory. It was the outstanding thing in her life. None of them forgot it. What one does, often speaks louder and is more lasting than words. "Only remembered by what we have done."

It all happened on this wise: There was a strange stir in Bethany. Hearts were aglow with gratitude and joy. Old and young were talking of the mighty power of the Nazarene, who had so oft gone in and out among them. Now they knew Him as the mighty Conqueror of Death and the Grave.

Wondrously happy they were, so they made Him a supper at Simon's house. Maybe his house was larger than the rest. Or perhaps,

Simon longed to specially honor the Master, for reasons of his very own.

What a happy, free, informal gathering it must have been! How kindly the neighbors must have helped out! Gladness filled the very atmosphere, as the guests entered the home that memorable afternoon. The Master is already there and Lazarus is just coming. Martha came a while ago. She's to help "serve." Dear soul, she wouldn't be satisfied otherwise. Both she and Mary could, no doubt, have "sat" at the table, but this was not their choice.

How I would have loved to have been there too. What a scene—the Crown Prince of Glory, mingling and conversing with these friends of His earthly pilgrimage, just six days before the Passover. It was perhaps the last visit.

The attention of all is divided between the two guests of honor, Lazarus, who had gone down under Death and been swallowed up by the grave and Jesus who had brought him back to life again. As they gather 'round the festive board, these two are given foremost seats. How they seek to honor Him! Dear hearts, if they had only known—they were indeed the honored ones!

In the midst of this tranquil festivity, the unexpected takes place. A woman suddenly

emerges with a beautiful alabaster box and, kneeling at the feet of Jesus, begins to anoint them with the precious spikenard, weeping as she does it. As she lifts her tear-stained face, Simon recognizes her. Why, it's Mary! As he looks, she stoops and kisses the feet of Jesus, over and over again; at the same time, wiping them with her beautiful, black, glossy hair. Others have noticed it, too, but not a word is spoken, as yet.

Mary, totally oblivious of her surroundings, is lost in weeping, joy and adoration at the feet of her Friend—King David's Son and Israel's Hope. In the meantime she has totally broken the box, determined to extract the very last drop, as she lavishly and unstintingly pours it all out upon Him, while her broken heart visions the coming Passover.

By this time all eyes are upon her, for the odor of the ointment is filling the spacious room. What is she doing? What can it mean? Simon, as host, is rather disturbed by Mary's actions, and deep down in his heart, he resents it, and mentally draws his own conclusions. Be careful, Simon! 'Tis a dangerous business to bring up a woman's past, just because you do not approve of her present act of unrivalled devotion to the Son of God. Simon, you are scheduled for a rebuke, and that openly, even though you've not said a word. Thoughts are dangerous. Words are serious. Beware! By them one is to be judged. Suddenly the silent suspense is broken, by the cutting, piercing remark, "Why this waste?" Just as though you could possibly waste what is unstintingly given to Jesus!!!

Of course, we know why they really objected. It was the "breaking" and "emptying" of it all, when just a little would have served the purpose. Well, friend, that is where you missed it. Mary is not showing signs of hospitality. That duty belonged to Simon. Mary, woman-like, has sensed the deeper import of His words, that even the brethren missed.

The costly perfume is permeating the whole house. They have even gotten a whiff of it out in the kitchen and have come near the dining hall. How far the fragrance of completely broken alabaster boxes penetrates, one can never tell, but invariably it "draws" souls from everywhere to the King's Banquet Hall!

Mary, so occupied with Him and her love service, suddenly realizes that all eyes are upon her, and that her act is provoking criticism. Timid and frightened like, she arises to hastily withdraw. The erstwhile tranquility of the hour

is gone. The place seems turbulent like stormy Galilee, but hark, the Prince of Peace is speaking! The murmur of voices is stilled. All listen intently. What will "He" say of Mary's strange act and expensive waste? Thou precious Christ, how compassionately Thou hast come to the defense of crushed and sensitive souls, as they have stood amid criticisms and misunderstandings!

"Why trouble—criticise and accuse—the woman? For she hath wrought a good work upon me. Let her alone." They are so astonished! And He continued, "The poor always, ye have with you; but me, ye have not always." Perplexed, their hearts question—what does He mean? Mary knows and has supplied His need! And to do this love task was far sweeter to her than to partake of the rich supper.

Looking at Mary, He lovingly assures her, "Thy sins ARE forgiven. They'll never confront thee again, Mary." Oh Simon, don't you wish the Son of God had said that to you?

His voice is wondrously sweet as He speaks His farewell greeting to Mary as she leaves His presence—"Go in Peace." Her heart is jubilantly happy. The Master understood and is pleased. He accepted her offering. Of course, He did and it is all so precious to Him that He further remarks that His name and Mary's will be linked together forever wherever His vicarious atonement is preached.

Oh blissful honor that is Mary's! Oh precious place in the Saviour's appreciation! Oh holy fellowship that others know not of! It seems to me that Mary has reached a place of far greater honor, than to "sit" at the table with Him or even to "serve."

Methinks everyone present must have begun considering getting out their own hidden boxes, too. But it appears this privilege is not to be given them. He needed anointing for burial only once, and Mary alone understood and performed the sacred task. All heaven must have watched that scene. Heaven had no choicer treasure than this One, whom men call Jesus of Nazareth, and He was to be anointed. Earth's dignitaries were not worthy of anointing, wiping and kissing His precious travel-stained feet, but Mary was. It was not given to Martha nor even to Lazarus, but to quiet, subdued Mary.

Said we not that she was in a different class? When was she "promoted?" I'll tell you. It was that eventful day when Christ said, "Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." It was that day when

Mary's heart and eyes were fixed on Jesus, and she lost sight of all beside.

It was that day when Jesus came to the house and Mary just dropped everything and sat at His feet in silent adoration, listening to Him speak. But Martha could not be content that way, so she hurries "from His presence," to do for Him. And she worked hard, too, for she wanted the meal to be a splendid success for His dear sake. And Mary just sat there. It surely was trying.

The "Martha class" have never understood the "Mary class." They are so very prone to upbraid, criticise and expose them. The Marthas can see no labor of love for the Master in *sitting idly by, just listening.* But waiting in His presence and listening to His voice bring "after results," that continuous activity can never bring. One has quaintly remarked, "We accomplish more on our knees than on our feet."

Finally, Martha can endure it no longer and hurries in to make her complaint. "Lord, dost thou not care? Mary has left me to do all the work." She must have been severely tried that morning with Mary's attitude, to speak as she did. I can just imagine she made extra noise out there in the kitchen, with pots, pans and kettles, to attract Mary's attention, but Mary neither sees nor hears anything but the Master. She's lost and enraptured as her heart begins to realize the work He has come to accomplish. The revelation that He is "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," is almost overwhelming. What are earthly things to her now, in the presence of the Divine and Eternal!

Blessings in the Valley

Oft when God's children are facing a trial the Lord fortresses them for it by some precious lessons from His word, which carries them thru what would otherwise have been a crushing experience.

FOR a week before the great earthquake in Japan, the Scripture was continually in my mind, "Blessed is the man who passing thru the Valley of Baca (weeping) make it a well," and just a few days before the awful catastrophe God gave me this lesson which carried me thru the days of suspense which followed. They were, indeed, days of suspense to my natural heart, for no word had come from my daughter off in an interior city, and I was passing thru the valley of weeping.

There is something in all of God's children that

But poor, tired Martha has missed all this. Oh, if she only could have been persuaded to "rest" at His feet, what a feast He would have prepared for her!

Can it be possible that we have been so taken up with our activities for Him, that we too have hurried away, when we might have had a full look into His wonderful face and the sweetest communion?

Dear, good Martha, who opened wide the door of her home to Him, when many a one was closed. And how she looked after His every need! I'm sure the Lord was glad for her willing service and she'll have her reward, but how glad He would have been, if she'd been willing to "sit down" and let Him do the "serving."

On this wonderful day, Mary caught the vision of a life surrendered and laid down at His feet. She's absolutely changed. Her eyes have seen the King. From now on there are no reservations. He holds her undivided heart. She has entered into a new relationship with Him. She's one with her Lord, "with His cross and His shame, the mocking, the spear and the thorn."

No wonder she declines a place at the table, for a place at His feet. No wonder she pours out "all" of the costly spikenard, as she glimpses His blood shedding for her. No wonder she willingly becomes the gazing stock of men and angels, that supper hour, for the bliss of His approval.

He has become her all in all. It was "that" Mary! How precious is her memory and how fragrant the odor of her outpoured ointment! What a beautiful picture of the Bride!

seems to crave the mountain top experiences, the moments of exaltation, when heaven seems so near and the presence of the Lord so real that we are lifted above the earth, and like the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration we fain would build us a tabernacle and stay there. But the Psalmist in this verse is talking of an entirely different experience, a valley experience, a low place, a place of tears. All of God's children must have the valley experience as well as the mountain top, for the disciple is not above his Master, and sooner or later we will have *our* Gethsemane where the battle is fought alone with God, our own wills surrendered and like the Master we can look up into the face of the Father and say, "Not my will but Thine be done."

David says, "Blessed is the man who passing

thru the valley of weeping make it a well, a place of refreshing, a place of life-giving and growth. In the day and the land in which David wrote, a man who digged a well was a public benefactor, for without wells there was no water, and without water there was no life. So he says, "Blessed is the man who makes a well," a place where he himself is refreshed and strengthened and where others, passing thru the valley may partake of its waters and be strengthened for the rest of the way.

But we all dread the valley, the low place, for in its gloom it seems as if God had forgotten us and has withdrawn the sunshine of His presence from us. The winds of adversity and sorrow blow coldly around us, and it is the place of tears. And alas, it is sometimes the place of murmuring and complaining and not the place that God intended it to be, the place of refreshing. "He knoweth our frame," and He knows that the valley experience brings us nearer to Him. He knows that in times of trouble and bereavement we are driven to Him for comfort and support, and then indeed we find Him to be "a very present help in time of trouble," and as He whispers to our troubled hearts, "Fear not, for I am with thee," faith springs up afresh.

Dear saint, are you passing thru the valley of weeping? Are you being tried almost beyond your strength? Then dig down into the love of God that never faileth; into the blessed will of God. He knows what is best for His children; into the Word of God which contains for us His unfailing promises. Then out of that low place shall spring forth a well of living water that shall refresh and strengthen your soul, and you will praise Him for permitting the hard things to come, so that you might test and prove Him. Then you will find that "not one word had failed," and like David you can say, "His praise shall continually be in my mouth." Praise in time of sorrow as well as joy! praise in time of tempest as well as sunshine! praise in time of famine as well as plenty! praise in time of loss as well as gain! Can we say it? Then let us come up out of the valley praising Him because He has enabled us to stand the Refiner's fire. Gold must be tried in the fire, and gold is the heavenly character that must go thru the fire and have the dross burned away. So out of every testing time we shall come forth stronger, humbler, with clearer vision, greater faith and fresh courage. Thus passing thru the valley, we make it a well.

L. C. WENGLER.

Darwin's Last Days

AT a time when the whole world is discussing the question of Evolution and Darwinism, it seems very apropos to give an account of Darwin's last days and his love for the Old Book, as told by an Exchange:

We wonder how many of the disciples of Darwinism know anything about Prof. Charles Darwin's last days? The story of the visit of Lady Hope to Mr. Darwin, written by herself, is not only interesting but enlightening. In Mr. Darwin's younger days he was a materialistic investigator of science; in his latter days he went back to the "Old Book."

Here is the remarkable story of that remarkable Lady Hope of Northfield, England:

It was on one of those glorious autumn afternoons, that we sometimes enjoy in England when I was asked to go in and sit with the well-known professor, Charles Darwin. He was almost bedridden for some time before he died. I used to feel when I saw him that his fine presence would make a grand picture for our Royal Academy; but never did I think so more strongly than on this particular occasion.

He was sitting up in bed, wearing a soft embroidered dressing gown of rather a rich purple shade.

Propped up by pillows, he was gazing out on a far-stretching scene of woods and cornfields, which glowed in the light of one of those marvelous sunsets which are the beauty of Kent and Surrey. His noble forehead and fine features seemed to be lit up with pleasure as I entered the room.

He waved his hand toward the window as he pointed out the scene beyond, while in the other hand he held an open Bible, which he was always studying.

"What are you reading now?" I asked as I was seated by his bedside.

"Hebrews!" he answered—"still Hebrews. 'The Royal Book,' I call it. Isn't it grand?"

Then, placing his finger on certain passages, he commented on them.

I made some allusion to the strong opinions expressed by many persons on the history of the Creation, its grandeur, and then their treatment of the earlier chapters of the Book of Genesis.

He seemed greatly distressed, his fingers twitched nervously, and a look of agony came over his face as he said:

"I was a young man with unformed ideas. I threw out queries, suggestions, wondering all the time over everything; and to my astonishment the ideas took like wildfire. People made a religion of them."

Then he paused, and after a few more sentences on "the holiness of God" and "the grandeur of this Book," looking at the Bible which he was holding tenderly all the time, he suddenly said:

"I have a summer house in the garden, which holds about thirty people. It is over there," pointing through the open window. "I want you very much to speak there. I know you read the Bible in the villages. Tomorrow afternoon I should like the servants on the place, some tenants and a few of the neighbors to gather there. Will you speak to them?"

"What shall I speak about?" I asked.

"Christ Jesus!" he replied in a clear, emphatic voice, adding in a lower tone, "and His salvation. Is not that the best theme? And then I want you to sing some hymns with them. You lead on your small instrument, do you not?"

The wonderful look of brightness and animation on his face as he said this I shall never forget, for he added:

"If you take the meeting at three o'clock this window will be open, and you will know that I am joining in with the singing."

How I wished that I could have made a picture of the fine old man and his beautiful surroundings on that memorable day!

—Exchange.

Bethel Missionary Home

Although the Home has been so recently planted in the midst of one of New York's busiest centers, already its open door seems to have been sighted from all missionary lands, and during the past year, few fields there are that have not been brought near by missionaries going forth and returning.

The Home is already a standing testimony to God's faithfulness demonstrated in the bountiful and unending supplies for every day's need, in response to faith and prayer. There is, however, opportunity for all to be partners as well as participators in its hospitality by their voluntary offerings,

How we praise God for the many prayers and

practical helpers He has rallied to our aid! A house once so unpromising in appearance has become transformed into a *home*—as one has said: "With every guest room smiling a welcome."

Many gifts and vountary labors have turned domestic cares into blessings. An electric washer, electric light, steam heat, a mangler and many other conveniences appreciated by the housekeeper can be named among these.

How preciously the Lord has provided for the homelife and "Bethel" atmosphere which is the supreme need, in the matron, Sister Anna Hackl, and her assistant, Sister Kayser. May all who come to us be helpers together with them to this end!

Begin by advising us of your desire to be accommodated in the Home, or communicate through some responsible friend in good season, that there be no disappointments.

Address the Superintendent, Miss Lillian E. Kraeger, 255 West 131st Street, New York City, N. Y.

Outgoing Missionaries

Miss Elsie Fearey is at present in Guatemala, Central America. While waiting for the way to open to return to Venezuela, she was entreated to go to Guatemala for six months to fill an urgent need, take the place of a worker who is broken in health. She felt it was God's leading for her, but expects to go to Venezuela later.

* * *

Miss Ethel King and Miss Jessie Barber are returning to India (D. V.) at this time, sailing on the S. S. Pittsburgh (Red Star Line) from New York on Feb. 12th. The missionaries are writing for their return to Landour and they are again expecting to open the Missionary Home. They covet the prayers of our readers that it may again be a Mount of Blessing to large numbers, as in the past.

* * *

Old friends will be interested in knowing that Miss Esther Piper, the second daughter of the founder of this paper, is sailing for Central America on Jan. 20th to work in Honduras. She is going out under the Latin-American Evangelistic Association, whose headquarters are in Philadelphia. She asked the Lord to send her to the most needy field and felt this was His leading.

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29 And O'phir, and Hāv'i-lah, and Jō'bāb: all these were the sons of Jōk'tan. | B. C. 2347 | from thence did the LORD scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth. | 1 Chr. 1. 4 |

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multitudes marvelled, saying, It is the kingdom of heaven was never so seen in is'ra-el.

34 But the Phār'i-sees said, He 8 Heal the sick, cl

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Y-lon are fourteen generation and from the carrying away in Bāb'y-lon unto Christ are fou teen generations.

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