

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

Put Out Your Tongue

The Relation of our Spiritual Lives to our Utterances

Dr. Lillian Yeomans in Sunnyside Chapel, May 6, 1926



THE subject I announced for this afternoon was, "Put out your Tongue." I will read Psalm 34:12, 13, "What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? *Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.*"

When I was a child I was filled with misgivings when my mother lined me up in front of a doctor, because the first thing a doctor always said was, "Put out your tongue." And when I put out my poor little trembling tongue he would make an awful frown and give one searching look, and then he would invariably say, "This child has been eating trash. Give her no supper and put her early to bed." That broke my plans. And then he said what was worse, "And give her a full dose of castor-oil." I used to think how wonderful it must be to be a doctor! How wise he is! How could he possibly tell just by looking at my tongue that I had been naughty and say, "Put her early to bed and give her a dose of castor-oil." Could it be that he could see way down into my "tummy"? I knew there was a piece of taffy there and a big piece of lemon-pie. But when I got older and got to be a doctor myself and could say to my patient in front of me, "Put out your tongue," I knew then that a clean, pink tongue was the very index of health; and that a swollen, discolored furried tongue was a sure indication that there was something seriously wrong.

And when I found Jesus the Great Physician and commenced to study *His Book*, I reduced my expensive medical library to one volume. I carry it around and in its pages I find a remedy for every ailment, spiritual and physical, to which flesh is heir. But when I commenced to study this wonderful Book that comprises my medical library I was very much surprised that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Physician attached much significance to the tongues of those who come to Him. And I will show you the relation of the condition of the tongue to our spiritual and physical well being. The first one I think of is, "The tongue of the wise is health." Prov. 12:18. We are told in the Song of Solomon that the bride's lips are a thread of scarlet. The occupation of a wise tongue is telling the story of Jesus; that

brings health to the one who tells the story and health to the listeners.

"Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart every word,
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.

Tell of the cross where they nailed Him,
Writhing in anguish and pain,
Tell of the grave where they laid Him,
Tell that He liveth again."

Another Scripture is, "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." "Yes" comes with your tongue. You can say "Yes" to Jesus and that is life, and life everlasting. It is always "Amen" to Jesus; amen in joy and sorrow, in rain or shine. It is "Yes" to God forever, "Yes" thruout eternity. That is a healthy tongue. But we can also say "No" to Jesus.

You remember Frances Ridley Havergal and her consecration hymn,

"Take my tongue and let it sing,
Always only for my King."

She was a wonderful singer; she had a voice not only of great power and compass, but carefully cultivated. She used to be invited to sing in great drawing-rooms in London. Someone said to her, "How can you sing in those great drawing-rooms? Can you sing without marring your consecration?" "Yes," she replied, "for I always sing the Word of God. I stand up and sing something from one of the oratorios. I always pray that God will carry it home to the hearts of everyone there."

In Psalm 30:12 we read that David's tongue had a name. Has your tongue the same name that David had? "To the end that my *glory* may sing praise to thee"; David's tongue was called "glory" and that should be the name of the tongue of every child of God,—*"and not be silent."* He didn't want a lazy tongue. Some tongues we read of were not called "glory" but "grouch." In the Book of Numbers they murmured and we read the fiery serpents were after them and stinging them, and the next thing some were sick and died. They would all have died if Moses hadn't lifted up the brazen serpent. So you see it is a dangerous thing to have your tongue called "grouch." We see how dangerous it is in I. Cor. 10:10, Neither murmur ye, as some of them also

murmured, and were destroyed." Sometime ago I was praying for a woman who had neuritis, a very bad case, and she was gloriously healed. She went home rejoicing and said that all these symptoms had left her. She felt so well and active. She came back and testified and still was rejoicing over her immunity from this disease that had been such a burden to her for so long. Some little time elapsed and one day she came back and said that she was ill again. She said the trouble was with her tongue: "It was 'glory' and I let it be changed to 'grouch'." I went home and found the children had left their toys all over the veranda; a bill, twice as big as it should have been, was in the letter box, and other things happened and I had one old grouch, and it wasn't twenty minutes until I had all the neuritis pains back again. I found my tongue wasn't clean."

There is a scripture here in the first chapter of James which will give you a picture of your tongue, verses 22-26, the last verse of which reads. "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." So that woman took a look at her spiritual tongue through the looking-glass of the Word and saw that she had not been bridling it but "grouching it" and that her religion was vain. She said, "I want my tongue changed back from 'grouch' to 'glory.' I want to post an act in the court of heaven that I want my tongue changed." When our tongues are controlled by the Holy Spirit then the power flows unhindered through our being and we are strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

I will tell you a true story about a man who had an awful tongue, a "grouch" tongue and the Lord changed it to a "glory" tongue. I was holding some meetings in a certain rural district in Canada and we had splendid meetings because the people prayed. I was entertained in the home of an old gentleman who prayed all the time. He didn't pay any attention to sleeping hours. If you were disturbed by his praying you could get up and join the prayer-meeting. Every morning he would tell about the souls that were going to be born into the kingdom. There was one man there whom he could not reach with his prayers. He was the richest farmer in the district, had the finest buildings, the most wonderful pedigreed stock, but was a very bad man. He had not been to church for twenty years. He was very cruel to his stock, used to stick them with a fork, twist their tails, etc. Many times the other men in the district had to bring the humane officer there, and

there was an atmosphere of hostility between them and him. His tongue was the scourge of the neighborhood; he was blasphemous and profane; the way he spoke to everybody he came in contact with was a public scandal.

This old man where I was staying prayed most earnestly for him, but he seemed to think that something would have to be done besides prayer. They came to me, "Dr. Yeomans would you be willing to go and call upon that old man?" "Certainly," I said. They said they would pray; they thought it safer to pray. As I left the house they were praying for his salvation. They said, "Do not forget, Dr. Yeomans, that he is terribly deaf." I promised that I would make him hear. It was four and a half miles through the sand and as I walked along I said to myself, "I certainly will make that man hear. I will not have this walk for nothing." As I got to the house I saw that the buildings were all of a very superior character, a fine substantial residence and barns. I saw in the distance the fine pedigreed cattle and beautiful horses. As we went up to the door and knocked it was opened by the master himself. He seemed to be rather flattered that I had called on him, invited me in and introduced his wife. I felt this was no time to spend on ceremony, that his soul was at stake and this might be the last chance he might ever have to hear the story of Jesus and His great salvation. So I let the matter of etiquette slide for the time being and I moved my chair closer to the man than I should have done in accordance with etiquette. I thought he gave a slight start but I did not allow myself to dwell on trifles, and just as quickly as possible I said, "What you need is to get saved." He gave a start and I thought, "Conviction is beginning to work on him already." I went on and told him the story of the redemption of a lost world, and that there is no name under heaven whereby a man can be saved but the Name of Jesus. I told him everything at about the same concert pitch and then I thought he looked dazed or paralyzed when I had finished. Then I said, "May I pray?" all in the same key. My sister was sitting silently by and she was thinking what a magnificent voice I had. He said "Yes," and I knelt down and took hold of God for his salvation. After that I arose and he and his wife showed us very politely to the door. He seemed almost in a stupor, and we went out. When we got home they were still on their knees; they asked us, "How did you get on?" I said, "He is undoubtedly under conviction. I cannot say that

he confessed himself a sinner or acknowledged his need of a Savior, but there was something startling in his expression after I had spoken to him, and an impression was made, I know. We will keep on praying. One thing, any way, I assure you that I made him hear." Then one of them said, "Why wouldn't you make him hear. He is not deaf." "Not deaf?" I shouted. "No, not in the least," was the reply. I explained that as I was leaving the house somebody had told me that he was as deaf as a post, and that I shouted with all my lung power every minute I was there. They were discouraged, but they prayed all the more.

Two or three days elapsed and we had crowded meetings. One night there was scarcely a seat anywhere, and in walked this gentleman, his wife, his son-in-law and his daughter. It was the first time in twenty years he had been inside of a church. He was shown to a seat; you could have heard a pin drop when he came in, everybody was amazed. Shortly after he came in I called for a standing confession of Christ, asking those who were trusting in the blood of Jesus Christ for their salvation to stand to their feet. Up he stood to the amazement of everybody. When he got up I said, "Brother, if you are really saved you had better tell it out." He said, "It is out." The Lord so changed his tongue from that day on, his son-in-law said, "All I can say is, I think the stock around that place must think that he has died, the sweetness, kindness and gentleness of father is beyond anything I hoped for." So you see God can change a grouchy or a profane tongue into one filled with the praises of God.

Then there is another kind of tongue mentioned in Proverb 19:9 that I have meditated on a great deal, "The words of a talebearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly." I think talebearing, from the standpoint of spiritual and physical health, is one of the most dangerous occupations anybody can

engage in. I believe that some of these diseases affecting the deepest tissues of the body are due to a misuse of our tongues, telling things which are not for the glory of God. You remember the first case of sickness the Israelites had in their wilderness wanderings, the case of Miriam, who was stricken shortly after they left Egypt and after the covenant on healing had been given, conditioned on their obedience. Miriam was stricken with leprosy, but Moses prayed for her and she was healed. The cause of her sickness was misuse of her tongue. She spoke against Moses because he had married an Ethiopian woman. Miriam thought she was entirely too dark, and every time she looked at her sister-in-law she was convinced that she wasn't suitable and she talked against her. If we want to be strong and well we must keep our tongues dedicated to the Lord, extolling and praising Jesus with every breath, and not permit them to be used to reproach our brother or sister.

Let us consecrate our tongues to the Lord. In order to have a clean, healthy tongue, spiritually, you must have a pure heart, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." God wants our lives so absolutely yielded to Him that the Holy Ghost can take possession of our tongues and praise Jesus in some language we have never known, heavenly language perhaps, of men or angels. Isn't it glorious that God deigns to use our tongues and have them controlled by the Holy Spirit? I have been thrilled and almost lifted into the third heaven in listening to the praise and adoration that God has put upon mortal tongues when He fills them with the Holy Spirit.

This tongue which has often been such a source of evil is capable of uttering the highest and holiest aspirations of the human heart. Oh that our tongues might always be controlled by the blessed Holy Spirit who abides in our hearts!

From Every Tribe and Tongue and Nation

The Hope of the Congo

Fred G. Leader, in the Stone Church Convention



OME two thousand years ago people gathered together and said, "Let us make us a name. Let us reach unto heaven; let us drag God off His throne." The result was that God scattered them and changed their one common tongue to many dialects and different tongues, but in Revelation 5:8-12 we find that

God has again brought these nations together and they sing with one voice, not "Let us pull God off His throne," but "Worthy is the Lamb who was slain!" They worship Him who has now drawn these nations together. The day is not far distant when this company from every tongue and tribe and nation will again be gathered together. The ones that you have prayed for in China for months and even years, they will be

there. Some in India and in the Congo who heard the Gospel through your means, will be there. They may have a house next to yours. Jesus will introduce them to you and tell you that through your ministry they are there.

This is the great hope that kept us on our feet in Congo. When the days seemed long and our faith showed signs of slipping, we remembered this Word, that they came out of every tribe and tongue and nation, and we said, "Praise God there will be some coming from this tribe here." They will drop their *Bantu*, they will drop the Swahili; they will drop the Dutch and the English, and they will have a new song and rejoice in the presence of the King. They will feast their eyes on Him for several thousand years saying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

Nothing short of God's great love in giving up His Son will ever gather every tribe and tongue and nation to one common place. Even in our little part of the world the different tribes would have nothing to do with each other; every tongue was different; they were continually crossing swords, but praise God the day is coming when these tribes will dwell peaceably with each other and say, "Oh Lord, how excellent is Thy Name in all the earth!" I am glad there will be representatives there from every tribe and tongue and nation. I am positive they are coming from the tribe of the Bangalis, and that is why He sent us out there that His Word might not be found lacking. We will not see the black, the yellow or the white up yonder. Our eyes will be upon Him who redeemed us.

In amongst the banana groves at the head of Lake Kivu, in amongst the filth, is a little grass hut. It is not much to look at—there are thousands like it in Africa. In that grass hut is an expectant mother. The father was hunting several days away. He expected to return by the time this expected son was to be born, but he hadn't gotten back so the mother had to bear the burden alone. After awhile the news was in that the father was returning. As he got near the village the drum sounded, "He has come! He has come!" The father rushed into the hut and there on that spot the boy was named, "Wabisa"—"He has come."

He played around the hut and as he grew up to be a lad white people came and told him words of life; not words of witchcraft, superstition and death, but words of life. He volunteered to take care of the goats. He was very silent, but looked on as only the heathen can. He heard the message that God's Son had come down to earth

to save such as he, and so as he herded the goats and heard the old, old story, there came an awakening in his heart. After awhile because of circumstances we were forced to leave the Kivu district and this lad wanted to go with us. We took him and every day during that long march to Gombari he was brought nearer to God. One day as we arrived at a government station an official said to him, "What do you mean by traveling without a tax-plate?" They are taxed and wear these plates, but it happened that he left his at home, so he was seized and would have been put in jail for three months, but we paid the tax so that he could go on with us. As we traveled we saw the Spirit of God working and we earnestly prayed that this boy who had the courage to follow us might follow God. As we passed through a settlement we were obliged to stop at a place used by traders, a rough, beer house, but there in that house we used the incident of our paying his tax so he might go free, as an illustration of how Jesus Christ paid the debt for him that he might be free from sin. And there in that room he was as truly converted as any white man ever was. Nothing short of the power of God would ever have induced that boy to accompany us and step out for God. His life for months afterwards proved that he was genuinely saved. He threw away his tobacco, put away his witchcraft and really gave himself to the Lord. It means something to leave heathendom with its sorcery and witchcraft. We do not half realize the courage it takes for a young boy to leave his customs and break away from superstition. He was our first convert, and we praised God for that soul from that tribe that was to be represented in glory. Since then there have been many more who have been redeemed by His blood and will sing the praise of the Lamb.

After we reached Gombari one day we saw a little group coming up the path. At first we thought they were a group of children but as they came closer their light-colored skins showed us they were the Pigmies. They are only about forty inches high, and travel around. Fear was written on their faces, but we talked to them, and they asked for a little salt which we gave them. They eat it like we eat candy. The head man said, "White man, you are our father." As we talked to them we found they were from the dense forest. They invited us over to their camp, and our hearts went out to them as we thought of their darkness and we longed to give them the Gospel. One who could speak our dialect said to me, "Talk to us, white man, and we will turn

the words upside down." That is their way of saying they would interpret. They do not settle anywhere for a missionary to open a station in their midst; they migrate, and so the only way to reach them is to get the little fellows in school, teach them to know God and then send them out to evangelize their people.

We have some very bright boys in our school who know the Word. One chap who was baptized took the name of Marco. He is bright and keen and knows the Bible. You can mention any text and he will turn to it. If a native is not living up to the light he will bring the Bible and say to that boy, "Look here. This is what it says about you." He knows the Bible from cover to cover, and only three years ago he was in heathendom, could neither read nor write. He came to the Mission to tend cattle. God saved him and now he is tending the "other sheep." His life has been an inspiration to us missionaries. But I am sorry to say, through the debasing influence of other natives he was drawn into sin. We called him in and dealt with him. The Word says, "If a brother be overtaken in a fault, restore him." We took him from his place of honor and put him down in a low place. It was hard for him. He told us afterwards that if it hadn't been for the grace of God he never would have stood. To be taken from a place of honor and put down is something few of us have the humility to stand. He took his place, was penitent, studied his Bible and prayed. Oh the prayers of the penitent are something beautiful! When he got in touch with God again how they honored him!

That boy, three years ago in heathendom, is now the head teacher of the school. It is marvelous what the grace of God can do in the life of an African. He is now in charge of the school and calls the boys together for prayer and a song. It is a sight to see over fifty little fellows from six to twelve years old praying. A sight that made me rejoice! Oftentimes I would slip in and hear them pray. I would hear Marco pray about one of the boys, "Oh God, he has been in devilment today but wash him up and bring him back to You." They greatly love and respect him because of his life in God.

I have been amazed to see how they learn. I have had them read a whole chapter in the Bible and then had them close the Book and repeat it. They could tell me everything in that chapter. Our purpose is that everyone that comes on the station may get God's Word in his heart; that he may get the epistles tied to him. as they say, that

as he meets the heathen he may say, "Oh God, make me a walking Bible!"

The little fellows would behave as well as any white folk. One after the other would recite chapters without a single mistake. Oh it is a grand sight to see these fifty or more little fellows recite Scripture and pray! We used to give them prizes for saying so many Scriptures without a mistake and they were always anxious to get a Bible as a prize. We offered them francs but they preferred the Book, the Book about God. Our hearts are greatly encouraged over these young people; they are the hope of the work. The old chief will say, "Oh I am too old to learn this new way," but we can take these little fellows and teach them and work with them individually as if our very existence depended on getting them to God. If they make a mistake we show them where they have failed and deal with them. We don't lose sight of the fact that these chaps are liable to slip and it hurts us more to see them slip than it hurts them. We encourage them and pray for them to get back to God. During vacation they go to the village and testify and they come back and tell what God is doing.

I believe the time will come when white workers will not be able to work in these foreign lands and I believe if we can raise up a body of native workers, trained to preach and teach, that they can go out and give the Gospel. Every Sunday we used to send four of the boys out but we wish we could have sent four hundred. You say, "Do missions pay?" It is all according to the way you look at it, from man's standpoint or God's. Moffat was out ten years before he had a single convert. I suppose many people at home said, "I guess he is making a mistake. He doesn't seem to have any push in him." But listen, through his ministry hundreds were later brought to God. I can see a mother, or a brother or sister, spending an hour or two every day year in and year out, weeping and praying in the closet, that God will magnify Himself among the heathen. God bottles up those tears and brings results and I can picture the scene on that final day when God shall say, "Sister So-and-so, has a bottle of tears to her account, ten souls in Congo-land brought to God." Do Missions pay? In God's account, yes. I know it takes money and it costs lives, but it pays just the same. It pays to serve God. If there are any young hearts who are doubtful as to whether it pays, I can say that we are living witnesses that it does pay. Oh yes, we have had discouragements, we have

had sickness but we look at it from God's point of view. We work and pray as unto God and our efforts are not in vain in the Lord. No, they are not saved by the thousands but remem-

ber, the Gospel has not been preached there before and they don't grasp it fully as yet but our work is to sow the seed and God will give the increase.

How the Heathen Sacrifice

The Three Great Trunk Lines to Missions

Miss Blanche Appleby in the Stone Church Convention, June 6, 1926



IN Jno. 14:6 we read, "Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, the Truth and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." The particular thought I wish to emphasize is that *Jesus is the Way*.

Three summers ago Miss Carrie Anderson and I were granted the gracious privilege of going to North China to attend a Bible Conference. We visited a number of Pentecostal Mission Stations in the North, among them Bro. Anglin's Orphanage at Taianfu.

Twelve miles from the railroad station is situated the most sacred of the five sacred mountains of China, known as Tai Shan, 5,100 feet above sea level, requiring from six to seven hours for the ascent, and one-half that time for the descent. Tai Shan is climbed by an almost continuous flight of broad stone steps, some 6,300 in number, which are said to have been erected long before the Christian era. Although recent repairs are many, the whole is convincing to the skill of ancient Chinese engineering.

There were four in our party. Our mountain chair-bearers who were Mohammedans came early and the wonderful trip began, across the beautiful plain which presented Chinese rural life in one of its most attractive aspects, on to the arched gateway where the ascent began, up those 6,300 stone steps through many arched gateways, while numerous temples were along the way, built perhaps to satisfy the more devout worshippers. We entered several and beheld the hideous idols and the many mottoes with Chinese characters carved in wood, on the temple scrolls. But the one which appeared so frequently in the many temples was, "*Yau kau pit ying*," i. e., "Ask and ye shall have the answer." Oh what a falsehood in the name of worship and religion! Another inscription or motto was, "*Yan kap maan feng*," "Grace extends everywhere." Truly the grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, but here were those who had changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man and thereby had despised the riches of His grace. There were caves along the way where weary pilgrims had sojourned in their

arduous pilgrimage. Damp, cold, bare earthen caves were their shelter with no bed but earth, seeking for the way to heaven.

We passed through the "Middle Gate of Heaven" beyond which the way rises more precipitously.

The magnificent cypresses and verdure of the lower lands give way to sparser pines, which in turn yield to the altitude and leave the soaring peaks to the purple gray rock. The "South Gate of Heaven" comes into view at the end of an upward vista. Oh how difficult the ascent! How slowly the pilgrims toil upward! We too must walk and breathing is hard. Doubly hard the way must have seemed to those who in addition to the steep ascent had the sentence of death in themselves, "having their understanding darkened and being alienated from the life of God through ignorance that is in them because of the blindness of their hearts." If tradition is true, pilgrims came from all over China since the time of Abraham to win their way to heaven by climbing that rocky steep.

As I looked around on both sides at the deep ravines and rough rocks where no human being could travel, and faintly realized at what terrible cost this so-called way to heaven had been built, and where millions of pilgrims had toiled and were toiling upward to find release from burdens, these precious words were breathed into my heart "*I am the Way*." Not this rocky stairway of 6,300 steps which leads to the crown of Tai Shan, but the Lord Jesus Christ.

We now begin the last hard pull and are mounting the last flight of 480 steps leading precipitously to the Southern Gate (of heaven), for we are not yet at the summit. Here in the tower is a block with the names inscribed of the devout who have won thus far on the rocky road to heaven. We needed not to inscribe our names in this book, for they have already been written in the Book of Life. I thought of the time when a Chinese lad in Pak Nai Mission had a vision of an angel writing his name, Kam Tong, in letters of shining gold, in the Book of Life. Eternal life was a free gift to him. He didn't have to work for it.

A half mile more brings us to the summit

topped by three larger temples dedicated to Confucius, a contemporary with Daniel and Ezekiel. We went on to another temple, which contained the Lady Goddess of the Sky, whom the poor, ignorant women worship, trusting her to give them children and to heal their little ones. There on the floor were hundreds of cash, approximately one-twentieth of an American penny, and little bound-feet shoes, given as thank offerings. The topmost temple is dedicated to the Taoist Emperor of heaven, a marble slab in the courtyard marks the goal which millions of feet have aimed for during the century. They have tried to reach heaven, but the Word says, "Without are . . . idolators"—without the heavenly portals,—no idolator can enter the pearly gates."

We planted our feet here and breathed a prayer for poor, dark China, with her four hundred and forty million souls, one-half of which are still without the Bible. I thought of the sorrow and shame that idolatry and superstition have brought. Millions have planted their feet on this marble slab but they are no nearer heaven than when they began the long, toilsome pilgrimage; but he that plants his feet on the Rock, Christ Jesus, will truly lose his burdens and reach heaven, for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is Jesus Christ.

Friends, I want to ask you, Do you believe that the heathen are morally depraved and hopelessly lost? Hudson Taylor believed it; Adoniram Judson believed it; David Brainerd believed it; and that was why they poured out their very lives.

As these pilgrims go from temple to temple they illustrate even to the Christian world, the spirit of true sacrifice, for out of their poverty they offer a small gift to practically every god in order to gain his favor. And tho the individual offerings are very small, the total given by the thousands of pilgrims is sufficient to support the thousands of priests who keep the heathen world in darkness. Could we as Christians be just as faithful in giving our portion, small or great, how the cause of Christianity would move forward!

There are three trunk lines to missions. What are they? *Go, Pray, Give*. All are required but prayer is preeminently the greatest. I want to urge you to intercede for those millions that are without Christ, and that you pray daily that they may have the Gospel.

One day in Ohio a blacksmith received a letter from India. He was about to eat his evening meal. His wife had put the letter by his plate and he read, "The girl in the mission school that

you and your wife are supporting is incorrigible. Unless she changes soon we cannot keep her in the school any longer because of her influence on the others." He told his wife he would not eat; he went to his closet and shut the door and prayed. For hours he agonized. It was Saturday evening but Sunday morning in far away India. The missionary had gone to her class, and without any unusual message this disobedient girl rose from her seat, ran forward and fell on her knees and began sobbing. Soon a number of the others followed and they too were soon confessing their sins. It was a wonderful day of salvation and conditions were changed from that time forth. A few years afterwards the President of that Society came and looking at a group of native women, singled out one and said, "That native woman has such a bright-looking face." "Yes," said the missionary, "she is one of our brightest and one of our best Bible women, but she was that incorrigible girl for whom the blacksmith prayed."

We have problems on the mission field just as serious and just as difficult as this, and we need intercessors who will be willing to agonize and pray through to victory. There is splendid material for Bible women and native pastors among our converts in South China. What the field needs is people at home who are willing, like that blacksmith, to pray, and even do without a meal if necessary that native workers might be called and fitted for service.

As soon as they get saved they begin to witness to the saving power of Jesus Christ. In LoPau there was a man who had been an opium smoker for thirteen years. He also smoked cigarettes. One day our language teacher, Mr. Lau, went to him to get his watch repaired; that was his business. Mr. Lau said to Tseung Ts'at, "Won't you repair my watch immediately. I have to go and teach those Western ladies, and they are very particular about beginning on time." The opium smoker said, "Wait until I smoke some cigarettes first. I must do it, I cannot wait." The Christian said he should wait, but the opium smoker insisted he couldn't, saying, "I smoke twenty cigarettes a day." The Christian said, "I will tell you how you can stop smoking." "Oh, you needn't tell me," said Tseung Ts'at. "I have tried one thing after another and just cannot quit." The Christian said, "I will tell you what to do. You pray tonight and I will pray that the Lord will take away the appetite for it." Then he left him. That night when he went to bed the jeweler had

either a vision or a dream. He saw a hand just from the elbow reach toward him and put something in his mouth that had a sharp, biting taste. He roused up and thought someone was in the room. He got up, looked under the bed and examined the front door, but could find nobody in the house. From that day even the smoke of tobacco made him sick. He came to the mission

and was saved. As he spoke of the night he had that experience, he called it God's arm of grace extended to him. Later he was baptized in water.

Oh that the people at home would agonize in the prayer closet that God's arm of grace might be extended to many in that dark land, and that they might be brought to a knowledge of Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life!

What Prayer Did for One Community



As far back as twelve years ago a saintly father, now in glory, began praying for the community of Oak Lawn, Illinois. His heart sank within him as he saw the Methodist Church close its doors because the hearts of many had grown cold and because worldliness and pleasure were usurping the place of the prayer-meeting. It would have been better for the cause of Christianity if some of the other churches had closed, for they were mere social centers. The pulpits were filled by students from the universities honeycombed with evolution, and they knew nothing about experimental salvation.

Some of his children joined him in prayer, among them, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peters, whose hearts were increasingly burdened for the salvation of that community. The wickedness of the town filled them with dismay. Those who had once been regular attendants at church now spent their time going to Sunday picnics, dances and in carousing. As the years wore on their burden increased and the Lord led them to settle in the town for which they had prayed so long.

Their home was opened for an afternoon class to study the Bible; also an evening class; they invited in their neighbors, some of whom came occasionally. For over a year the Word was taught in those little meetings. It was often discouraging; the numbers were few and interest often lagged. Sometimes for months there were no more than four, their immediate family and one other, but they prayed on and believed God to work. The Lord laid prayer on people in Chicago for that community; in the middle of the night one woman would arise and pray for Oak Lawn. When the crowds grew larger they moved to the front room; then later they borrowed chairs from across the street.

One who was a very zealous worker in one of the churches often visited at the Peters' home. She realized that they had an experience to which she was a stranger, and she longed to become familiar with the Word of God and to know how

to pray. Her church *never* had prayer-meetings; the minister only talked ten minutes in the Sunday service but that talk had no Gospel in it. When she heard a Bible class was to be started her heart was overjoyed. Now she would have an opportunity to study the Word for which she was famished. She visited them regularly, "hung around day and night" hoping they would invite her to the class, but they said nothing. She was so active in her church they didn't want to persuade her. She asked about the lessons and studied them at home, and finally determined to go without a special invitation. The lesson that day was in the second chapter of John. The Lord convicted her regarding her church work, suppers and entertainments, in the verse, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." She was heart-sick for two weeks after the Lord enlightened her on that verse. She felt that all she had been doing was worthless. Matters came to a climax when the choir to which she belonged arranged an evening party. They came to Chicago to attend the movies and after that had a feast in a Chinese restaurant, the minister accompanying them.

She made a whole-hearted consecration and received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The Lord then led her out to witness to others. She brought a young woman to the Monday meeting and the Lord saved and baptized her. He sent her into a house where she had never been before and the woman there came to the meeting. As one after another got saved they went out after others, and so the Spirit of God worked.

One Monday morning the Lord said to Mrs. Peters, "Wouldn't you rather work for Me this morning than for yourself?" "Gladly, Lord," she responded. Immediately she donned her hat and coat and visited her next door neighbor, Mrs. Petersen. She started to speak something about the Word of God and at once the woman began to weep. She was saved right in her home. She had often sat on the porch and listened to the singing next door and God had been silently

working in her heart. Within a week after she was saved she was baptized in the Holy Spirit. Sometime after that while Mrs. Peters was studying the Word the Lord brought before her this woman's husband who was unsaved. She said to Mr. Peters, "Will you go with me to the house next door?" He said, "It is pretty late but I will go with you." As they entered the home they found two others there who were attendants at the Class. A little prayer-meeting followed and as they arose to go the Lord said to Mrs. Peters, "I am going to save this man." They pointed out the way of salvation to him and as they knelt and prayed again, he confessed Christ as his Savior.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters had arranged to spend the winter in California. They had shock-absorbers put on their car and were expecting to leave in a few weeks, but when they saw God working they felt constrained to change their plans. He gave Mrs. Peters the Word, "They went to a place where prayer was wont to be made," and showed her that there were to be rivers of salvation flowing through that little town. "Why this is the first time in my life I was ever free to go," said Mr. Peters, somewhat taken aback at the change of prospect, but they could not leave and God more than proved Himself.

A woman came from a neighboring town to the Monday meeting and said, "Pray for me. I want the baptism of the Holy Spirit." The Lord poured out His Spirit upon her and gave her a vision of a ladder leading from earth to heaven.

A woman came out from Chicago and hearing that there was to be a prayer-meeting on Saturday night said, "May I go too?" They took her with them. She had been lame all her life, since she was a year and a half old, and it was very difficult for her to sit at a typewriter and work all day. That night in the meeting, without anyone praying for her especially, the Lord touched her body and she was able to go back to work and write on a typewriter all day long without becoming tired. She said she felt a warm glow come over her body, the healing touch of the Lord.

A woman who had been in Christian Science for twenty-five years called on Mrs. Peters and inquired about the meetings. She came another day and was saved.

There was a little Austrian woman in the Class, and she asked them to pray for her that she might be saved. While they were praying for her salvation another woman came through into a marvelous baptism. The Lord poured out His Spirit upon her until twelve o'clock at night. This little

Austrian woman went and witnessed to her neighbor and they came together to the Class. She gave up her operatic music and dedicated her voice to the Lord. Both of these were baptized in the Holy Spirit and thru them as many as five or six were brought in; their homes were changed and their families attended church for the first time in years.

A young man started coming to the class. They prayed for him and the Lord healed him of stammering. He wept bitterly and they asked him why he was weeping. He said for his many sins. The following Wednesday night as his mother was getting supper, the Lord baptized him in the Holy Spirit. He said "Mother, I feel so light in my heart. Let's pray. I do not feel like saying much, but just want to praise the Lord." The power of God came down and baptized him. At once he started out to witness for the Lord. The next evening he went to a neighbor's house and the Lord put prayer on him for the father in the home. Through the Spirit he told him to weep for his sins. He went to a chum's house where a grandmother had heart trouble. He prayed for her and she became better.

Before he was saved the Lord asked his mother to give her boy to Him. She was scrubbing the floor, and she stopped and consecrated him to the Lord. From then on God worked in that home and in the neighbor's home also.

There was one woman in the community who was not permitted to go to church as she liked. Her husband was doing some carpentering on the Peters' porch and Mrs. Peters' kindness to her father during his illness, touched him and he urged his wife to go. One day he said to her, "I do not think you will be able to go to the meeting today. You had better have them come here." Later on one of the children was saved.

They heard of a man who was terribly ill, and Mrs. Peters and her sister went to pray for him. The Lord saved the man and his wife. At another time while some of them were praying for the man's healing, his wife received the baptism of the Spirit. The man was given up to die, but became improved. He also received the baptism.

Curiosity brought two women. They heard that somebody spoke in tongues and they came to see what it was like. They received wonderful experiences themselves.

The working of the Spirit in the community produced a hunger for the Word of God. One little woman would learn whole chapters with her

baby on her lap. She came regularly to the Friday night class with her babe from the time he was three weeks old.

One of the young men who attended the Class has a call to the mission field and is studying for that purpose. An average of twenty attended the Friday night Bible Class; they have had as high as thirty.

The cases of salvation were very genuine; their lives were completely changed. Instead of the craze for pleasure, the movie and the dance, they were found regularly at the prayer-meeting. But they had to learn to pray. Neither those who came from the churches nor those who were saved from the world knew how to pray, but with a patience born from above Mr. and Mrs. Peters led their spiritual children in the first steps of the Christian life. And how they loved to sing! Those lips that had been used to cursing now sang the praises of God. When the Bible lessons were over they were loath to leave but begged that they might stay and sing.

As they were saved they came in to the Stone Church to be baptized in water, and also attended the Sunday services there. More than a hundred different people attended the Bible Classes at different times, and those who gave their hearts to God are standing true.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters have taken a trip to the Holy Land. Before they left they asked Pastor Wittich to look after the little flock while they were gone, and the prayer-meetings and Bible class are continued.

There are many of our readers who are burdened for their community. Some have prayed for more than twelve years that the Full Gospel might be taught in their midst and sinners saved. We give this blessed account of the working of the Spirit of God to encourage others who have agonized in the prayer-closet. Just as surely as God answered prayer and sent Holy Ghost conviction on the little community of Oak Lawn, so will He answer prayer for your vicinity and raise up somebody to sow the seed and reap the harvest.

* * *

The scars of Jesus Christ are the test of true discipleship. Who can write in the diary of his daily life, as Paul did, "Henceforth let no man trouble me, I bear in my body the brand-marks, the scars of the Lord Jesus?" The man who can do that, can wield the power of sacrifice with sincerity; the man who can do that without hypoc-

risy, without flinching before God or man, is the man who has boldness to appeal to others.

BY WHAT RIGHT

do we ask a Moslem convert to tear himself loose from his old environment, and face ostracism and death; by what right do we ask a man in Korea or India to endure persecution and suffering and to become a hissing and a by-word, if he has never seen in our lives the print of the nails?

The scars of Jesus Christ, the print of the nails, the mark of the spear, are they imprinted on our aims, our decisions, on our expenditures, on our ambitions, on our daily habits? Is there anything in my life or in yours which shows the lacerations and tears and blood and agony of Gethsemane and Calvary? If there is, then are we ordained by a power higher than any church to preach this Gospel of reconciliation to a lost world.—*South America.*

* * *

One of our correspondents sends a report of blessed results in the campaign conducted in Minneapolis, Minnesota, by Dr. Chas. S. Price. The citadels of darkness were once more shaken and brands snatched from the burning as the power of the Gospel was demonstrated in saving and healing of scores of people.

In one Sunday service three thousand hungry hearts expressed, by uplifted hands, their longing for the power of the Holy Spirit in their lives and during the campaign eight thousand, five hundred came to the altar seeking salvation. A Catholic woman, while riding in the street car, heard the singing, was drawn, and upon request, was directed to the services. There she, with hundreds of others, found that the Christ she had formerly worshipped as dead, was alive forevermore, and she surrendered to Him.

Among the scores who were healed were those delivered from blindness, deafness, high blood pressure, rupture, diabetes, ulcers, gall bladder and liver troubles, as well as many others not named. One woman who had suffered for months from hip trouble was set free in her own home while the prayer of faith was offered at the service. She is improving daily. What a catalogue of afflictions! But many times they are a means in God's sight for drawing the sufferer, for through them He can manifest His power not only as a Physician for bodily ailments, but also for the greater disease, the leprosy of sin.

Another feature worthy of praise is the unity brought about among the saints during the campaign.

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Notes

The Cross Was His Own

They borrowed a bed to lay His head
When Christ the Lord came down;
They borrowed the ass in the mountain pass
For Him to ride to town;
But the crown that He wore
And the cross that He bore
Were His own—
The cross was His own.

He borrowed the bread when the crowd He fed
On the grassy mountain side;
He borrowed the dish of broken fish
With which He satisfied;
But the crown that He wore
And the cross that He bore
Were His own—
The cross was His own.

He borrowed a ship in which to sit
To teach the multitude;
He borrowed the nest in which to rest,
He had never a home so rude;
But the crown that He wore
And the cross that He bore
Were His own—
The cross was His own.

He borrowed a room on His way to the tomb,
The Passover Lamb to eat;
They borrowed a cave for Him a grave—
They borrowed a winding sheet;
But the crown that He wore
And the cross that He bore
Were His own—
The cross was His own.

The thorns on His head were worn in my stead;
For me the Savior died;
For guilt of my sin the nails drove in
When Him they crucified.
Though the crown that He wore
And the cross that He bore
Were His own.
They rightly were mine.

—The Sunday School Times.

Revival in a Reformatory

IN Olympia, the capital of the State of Wash-
ington, Mrs. Wm. Booth-Clibborn held a city-

wide campaign which resulted in many precious
souls being born into the kingdom of God. The
leading churches of the city opened their doors
to her, and capacity audiences listened to the
Full Gospel message, delivered without fear and
compromise. During this revival a move was
made to have meetings in the State Girls' Re-
formatory at Grand Mounds. Governor Hartley
of Washington gave the necessary permission,
and for two weeks the beautiful grounds of the
State Girls' School with its four cottages became
the scene of a stirring, old-fashioned revival.
Twice a day the meetings were held, and the ap-
peals received immediate response. Scores of
girls wept their way to Christ. Out of one hun-
dred fifty-nine girls, one hundred thirty confessed
conversion, and in two baptismal services eighty-
one were immersed before many interested spec-
tators and relatives from different parts. The
work continues, as the matrons themselves are
Christian women, and many of them received the
revival touch. The girls have formed themselves
into prayer bands, and at different cottages gather
at stated intervals.

Christian people are earnestly requested to re-
member them in prayer that they may be enabled
to stand true to Christ and not fail in their faith.

Two Months' Report

(May and June)

Paul J. Aenis, for South America	\$ 5.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, South China	62.00
Mrs. Thomas Anderson, Bolivia	5.00
L. M. Anglin, China	57.00
Miss Olga Jean Aston, for orphanage, India..	60.75
G. F. Bender, South America	5.00
J. W. Bovyer, for orphanage, China	15.00
J. H. Boyce, India	50.00
Miss Mattie Bran, China	25.00
Percy Bristow, China	10.00
Miss Josephine Cobb, China	25.00
Miss Harriet Dithridge, Japan	15.00
Miss Mary Droegmiller, Matron	60.00
Miss Ruth Erickson, Liberia	15.00
Miss Jessie Eustace, Liberia	25.00
Miss Margaret Flint, India	17.00
Mrs. Esther Harvey, India	10.00
Mr. Arthur Johnson, China	15.00
C. F. Juergenson, Japan	8.00
George M. Kelley, South China	10.00
Miss Ethel King, India	40.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India	45.00
Miss Bella Militscher, on furlough	10.00
Missionary Rest Home, Chicago (for repair)	132.75
Elmor C. Morrison, South China	15.00
Jacob J. Mueller, India	25.00
Mrs. Mattie Neeley, Liberia	23.18
Mr. Frank Nicodem, India	15.00
John Norton, India	23.25
Wm. K. Norton, India	25.00
Axel Oman, Congo Belge	5.00
Miss Leonore H. Parker, India	15.00
Mrs. Edgar Pettinger, South Africa	15.00
V. G. Plymire, Tibetan border	210.00
Miss Mary Rasmussen, South China	15.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, on furlough	30.00

Gustave Schmidt, for Poland	25.00
Ira G. Shakely, West Africa	10.00
W. W. Simpson, North China	31.00
Ernest Smith, India	58.50
Thomas Stoddart, India	55.00
K. A. Timrud, India	25.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt	5.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan	10.00
W. R. Williamson, South China.....	50.00
Miss Adah Winger, South America.....	10.00
Mrs. C. Wynes, Mongolia	15.00

Total\$1,433.43

* * *

The story of the abduction of Aimee Semple McPherson, when she was supposed to have been drowned, has been very startling. The newspapers have had full accounts of the kidnapping as told by Mrs. McPherson. She was accosted by a man and woman on the beach who asked her to pray for their dying baby in an auto nearby. As she entered the auto she was drugged and driven to the Mexican border where she was held for ransom. After being a captive for more than a month she escaped, and is now back in Los Angeles with her devoted flock who are overjoyed at her return.

A Miracle of Healing

A little boy living in Harvey, Illinois, was crossing the street when he was struck by an automobile and dragged, face downward, for a mile over a hard, cement road. When he was picked up it was found that his skull had a compound fracture, and his left limb was also factured in the same way. One side of his face and his body were a mass of bruises and his condition was sickening to behold. He was taken to a hospital in Harvey but when they saw his serious condition they sent him to Chicago to St. Luke's. His leg was set and his bruises bandaged but the hospital authorities gave no hope for his recovery. But God! The pastor of the Stone Church was sent for and with one of the young men went and prayed for the boy. Many prayers went up in his behalf, and he was fully restored. It was a miracle of healing. One of the marvelous results was the fact that the boy, who before his accident was a little weak-minded, has since become perfectly normal. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Koehlef, are rejoicing in the marvelous deliverance wrought.

* * *

A little baby lay as if dead for four days. Its stomach and bowels had grown together, the doctor said, and he had given it up to die. But in their extremity the parents turned to God, prayer was offered up and the little one was healed. The baby is well today.

Rejoicing in Tribulation

I WAS working on a building and putting up the forms for the balconies, and while working on the scaffold the shores (supports) gave way and struck the scaffold on which I was working and threw me, causing me to drop twenty feet. I landed on my feet. A 2x10 board eighteen feet long struck me over the shoulder, knocking me backward thru an opening in the air-shaft down into the boiler-room. I fell a distance of eight feet striking my head on a concrete floor and then falling on my knees. I screamed "Praise Jesus," and then everything became black before me.

Two of the men who were working there helped me to my feet. I walked about 75 feet, climbed a ladder 16 feet long to get out of the boiler-room, and then walked 125 feet to the street. They put me on a stretcher and took me to the Washington Park Hospital. I was conscious all of this time and lay there from 11 to 3:30 o'clock without having any aid, but every three minutes the doctor would come and feel my pulse. As he came to where I lay I would say, "Praise the Lord!" The rejoicing that I had in my heart no living soul could ever realize, and still I was unable to move. My head was split open about four inches, my collar-bone was broken, also my shoulder; my hand was split open so that stitches had to be taken in that and the muscles of my arm were ruptured; they said I would never be able to use my arm again. They examined me and put me to bed, and the doctor said to my wife, "Do not remain away long. I will be frank with you. The chances are it is a hopeless case." The doctor stayed all night and continued to watch me. The Pastor of the Stone Church, Bro. Wittich, called at twelve o'clock that night, and they told him I would be gone in the morning as a result of a concussion of the brain. But I was in the hands of God and the next morning I was much better.

It was on Wednesday I was hurt and on the following Monday I was walking all over the hospital without any assistance. On Friday night at 12 o'clock I got such a pain in my right arm I felt I could not live. I prayed to the Lord to do either one of two things, either deliver me or take me home, that I could not stand it any longer. As I uttered this prayer I felt a sensation in my elbow. It was just like an electric touch, and the pain was gone. Then it went to my wrist and to my shoulder where my collar-bone was broken, but it left me as I prayed. After the Lord so definitely touched me I fell asleep and slept for seven hours. When I awoke I was without pain and

ready to leave the hospital, but they kept me there for two weeks. It seemed I was so near the grave, looking at it naturally, but far from it, from God's standpoint. I felt as if I was carrying a ton to carry my arm with my shoulder and collar-bone broken.

It was wonderful the joy I had in my heart as I lay on the operating table. I could not explain it if I tried. The doctor wept and said to his

nephew, "It gets me where he gets that joy." I felt grateful to God for sparing my life. If that 2x10 board had not struck me and knocked me into the boiler-room I would have been crushed to death when that concrete balcony fell, but God saved me in that strange way. I have joy in telling of what He has done. I weighed 212 pounds and I consider it indeed miraculous that He so healed me and spared my life.

W. Hewes.

From Our Co-Workers in Heathen Lands

FROM Japan we have good news of a successful tent meeting in Hachioji. Miss Jessie Wengler writes under date of May 13th:

"With joy we want to report to the faithful praying ones in the homeland some of His workings in our midst. On April 24th Brother C. F. Juergensen, Japanese workers, with Sisters Marie and Agnes brought their tent from Tokyo and started a series of meetings in Hachioji.

"In every step of this campaign the Lord seemed to set His seal upon the work. We were enabled to get a lot on the main street, belonging to the Post Office, which strictly speaking was supposed to be used only for governmental purposes, but the head man said, "Please use the lot for God's work." We accepted this as a direct undertaking of the Lord, and the tent was pitched in this busiest section of the city.

"About two weeks before the opening of the tent meeting a new ruling was made in Hachioji, to the effect that no street meetings of any kind would be allowed, but when the head police officer was visited and request was made that we be allowed to march through the streets before the evening meetings, and also hold short meetings, permission was courteously given and again we felt that God was setting His seal upon the campaign.

"From the first the interest was good, but as the meetings went on the crowd increased and the tent was filled to the limit with hundreds standing on the outside unable to get in. Deep conviction rested upon the people some of them hearing the Gospel for the first time. We rejoiced to see many precious souls take a stand for Christ. Grandmas, grandpas, young men and young women were all at the altar together, seeking His grace and finding their way to God. There were twenty-five souls added to the Lord. The whole of Hachioji was stirred by this meeting, and we

believe that the coming days will bring a harvest of souls from the seed sown in this meeting.

"The Children's Meetings held in the afternoons were a joy; the tent was literally packed with bright-faced boys and girls who sat "spell-bound" as Sisters Marie and Agnes told them the story of Jesus and His love. Practically all of these children come from Buddhist homes—so it is a joy to tell them of Jesus, the children's Friend."

Miss Juergensen also writes of how that city of 45,000 was stirred by the campaign and of the deep interest manifested on all sides. They were overjoyed as they saw souls seeking salvation. At one time there were nine at the altar for this purpose.

The Juergensens are now in the midst of their second campaign, in the district of Takinogawa, holding meetings every night, singing on the streets and gathering in the crowd. One night five men were at the altar seeking salvation. They write, "The fight is often long and strenuous and our physical strength at times is drained to its limit but we dare not give up, for precious souls are dying. We must work while it is day for the night will soon be here when no man can work. But we cannot work alone. Beloved in the homeland we must press on together. Your prayers and help enable us to carry on the work of our Master in bringing the message of life to a people dead in sin and darkness.

Remember the need of our first Mission Station Building! A Chapel where we shall have sufficient room to effectually carry on the work of our Lord. This need is so great. We expect to start on the building soon. After praying a great deal we feel the Lord would have us take this step of faith altho we have only about half the amount to start with. As we undertake this in faith, do remember us in prayer."

An Audience of Thieves

Miss Carrie Anderson writes from South China of the blessed meetings being held in Canton. The revival is still going on there and the power of God falling upon earnest seekers.

"Last Friday," she writes, "a party of six of us went out to two villages across the river. We were three missionaries and three Chinese workers. We preached in both of these villages to a crowd of over a hundred in both places. Our meeting was held in the open air under the shade of big trees. The audience was made up of a good number of thieves with pistols in their belt and guns strapped over their shoulder. We sold over fifty Gospel portions to them. Mr. Lau, our preacher, is a converted thief, and many of these were his former friends and partners. Pray for him. He is passing thru severe trials."

* * *

Miss Adah Winger writes from Barquesimito, Venezuela, of taking trips into the country districts and sowing the Gospel seed in new territory. The journey was hazardous and tiring as they had to travel on horse-back but the people are open to the Gospel and the deep interest shown compensated them for the discomforts of the journey.

She says, "The powers of darkness raged against them, but the mighty God gave victory. The priest that night preached against Luther and Calvin and other reformers. The next day he told the children of the catechism to gather the tracts of the Gospel people and destroy them, and if they could stone us it would be appreciated."

"A brother who in the last few weeks has become interested in the Gospel came to us early the next morning and brought us an offering. He said he had been reading Bible portions for a long time and is heart and soul for the truth. We visited a school-teacher whom we found deeply interested in the Word."

"Another family up the mountain-side where there were three daughters listened to the Gospel message most intently. A neighbor woman came in and she received the truths of the Bible with deep interest."

"In El Tocuyo the neighbors gathered at our door and we had a glorious meeting. One man said he had a family and wanted his children to grow up in the Christian faith. Everywhere we went we felt the Macedonian call, and there are open hearts in all these districts. Oh for more

workers! Will you stand with us until these places are evangelized?"

* * *

Mrs. Williamson has now joined her husband at Waitsap (South China). It was with fear and trembling that she left Sai Nam for the banks of the river were infested with thieves, but God took her thru without harm. Their faithful A Lam went to meet her. The thieves, his old acquaintances, stopped him and asked him where he was going and when he told them to meet Mrs. Williamson they allowed him to go on. As he passed through one of the towns the people said, "Are you going to venture? Do you think you'll get by when not even a bird can fly by unharmed?" A Lam said if they trusted in the Lord there was nothing to fear. Mrs. Williamson writes of a most blessed spirit in the meetings at Waitsap and of wonderful opportunities. They have a band of spiritual workers and the prospects are most encouraging.

Fruit on the Tibetan Border

Mrs. Plymire writes from the Tibetan Border, "The work on the station is growing. Services are well attended. Three have been saved since the new year with others very near the kingdom. We are praying for a revival in Tangar. There has never been one in these parts. We are having showers, but we long for a real deluge of "latter rain." The hand of God is seen in our midst in power. Outsiders are being drawn, even Mohammedans. Some come saying, "Mrs. this is good to hear. I never knew it was this way." There is a real stir in the district. The Lord is so good to us in letting us see a little fruit of the seed sown these past four years."

"Here the students, officials and soldiers are all very friendly to the Gospel and the missionaries. This has truly been of God, for a few days' journey southeast the soldiers preached against the foreigners. In Lanchow the mission school was closed and taken over by the governor, the missionaries mistreated."

She asks prayer for Mr. Plymire, who is suffering from catarrh. The high altitude, 9,320 feet, with no forests, aggravates the disease. Also pray for Mrs. Plymire, who is much worn.

* * *

Bro. Niels Thomsen, Cawnpore, India, writes that they preach the Gospel to the Indians while they are threshing out their grain. They still pursue the old methods that obtained in Abra-

ham's and Moses' day. The grain is tramped out by oxen and winnowed by lifting it up above the head in shallow baskets and slowly shaking it out while the wind is blowing, or producing a wind with a large fan. This is what John had reference to when he spoke of Jesus as having a fan in His hand. As nearly the whole village is out at work, we go there to tell them the story of Jesus and His love. The other day a young man called one of the workers aside in just such a place and when he had gotten him out of sight of his companions he purchased a Gospel and asked for our address that he might visit us some time and talk more about these things. The day before, in another village, a school teacher took me aside for the same purpose. In both cases they were men who had heard only about once before.

"Brother Andreasen has just closed three weeks of special meetings for the English speaking population in Lucknow. I was over and preached for him the last week. Despite the heat, we had some definite conversions and several are definitely seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit."

* * *

Bro. P. J. Aenis is looking forward to returning to his work in Brazil in October. He writes that he is continually receiving letters from his native workers, in which they mention the great progress which is being made. Some of their worst enemies have been converted and many souls are being won for Christ.

The Importance of Native Evangelists

Word from the Kellers, Kisumu, Kenya Colony, tells us that the roof is on the Boys' Home, to which our readers so kindly contributed. They write, "We are putting forth special effort these days to train and teach natives to get under the burden and responsibility of the work among their own people. We realize more and more that if Africa is to be evangelized it must be done by the Africans. It is too slow and too expensive work to wait for the white man to come and do the most of the work. The African does not have to get used to the climate, nor does he have to learn the language and customs of his people, and he understands how to deal with them better than the white man ever can. He can also live cheaper and does not need a furlough like we do. When we consider these things we feel more and more that all our efforts and strength should be put into the training and teaching of native work-

ers. We have at present six teachers and evangelists at work all the time spreading the Gospel. We pay them \$4 a month. Up to the present the Native Church has met this expense which is about \$25 per month, and we think it is very splendid as these poor people have not much to give.

"I have also employed two Bible women now to help me with the early morning School of Girls and Women, which has grown so large that I have not been able to manage them all alone. These two women are a great help and do splendid work. They also help me with the visitation and personal work in the huts.

"We received permission from the government to open up two schools in the new tribe adjoining us which has never had the Gospel. We have been so happy over this definite answer to prayer, and now there are other villages which are asking for schools and we are trusting the Lord to again work in His miraculous way and enable us to get the necessary permits from the government.

"Since writing the above I have been interrupted by a native Christian who came to me with her troubles and told me that her husband has given her such a beating that her back and neck are all swollen. She was in a terrible state and refused to go back to him, but the Lord has helped. We have had prayer together and I had a good, long talk with her, and she has gone on her way rejoicing in the grace and strength of the Lord and consented to cook for him and forgive him. I consider this a great victory for her. We little know the terrible misery that exists in the native homes. How helpless we would be out here without the living Christ.

"The Lord is continuing to save souls in our midst and some are earnestly seeking the baptism. We have a class of twenty-five new converts who have recently been saved and who are being instructed in the Word to enable them to cope with the great evils and temptations that daily beset them.

"The Lord is manifesting His healing power in a remarkable way and faith is springing up in hearts. Two cases of pneumonia are worthy of mention: one was a young man just recently converted. He was lying very low and his heathen relatives were gathered together and already had started to wail for his death, when word was sent to us that he was dying. Mr. Keller immediately went to his hut and prayed for him.

He revived, and was healed to the amazement of all about. The other man had been a Christian for some time, but inclined to lean on the arm of flesh. Word was sent to us that he would not live until morning—but God undertook for him, and he went to the meeting the next day and tes-

tified to the healing power of God.

"Our Sunday School is very encouraging. About a year and a half ago we had only 40 children, and now we have 350 attending, and we hope to reach the 500 mark before the year is out. Just keep on praying."

The Double Portion of Peace

An Afternoon Service in the Convention

Ray Stutenroth



HE Lord dropped into my heart some thoughts on Isa. 26:3, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." Why? "Because his mind is stayed on Thee." The margin says, "peace, peace," double peace. The Lord will keep him in a double portion of peace whose mind is stayed on Him. The Lord has more trouble with our minds than anything else. The purposes of our hearts may be all right but our minds wander all over the world and are not stayed on God. Those whose minds are stayed on God will have an extra portion of peace. Are your minds stayed on God? Then He has perfect peace for you; He fills the measure up twice for you.

The most delicate requisite in our Christian life is our peace, and it is that which the enemy tries to injure and destroy. Did you ever have him rob you of your peace? He is aiming to rob you of it daily, hourly; tries in every imaginable way to take away your peace, but God will keep in *perfect peace* him whose *mind* is stayed on the Lord. Oh how our minds fly hither and thither! We get down to pray and the enemy brings everything in our minds but God; then when we get up from our knees we have no peace. A thousand thoughts flitted through our mind and we just *said* our prayers.

David Brainerd was a man whose mind was wholly stayed on God. He put his tent in the woods, crawled into it and prayed, prayed for the Indians for whom his heart was burdened. The snakes ran over his legs, but little he cared. His mind was on God. One day he opened up his tent and the Indians in that locality came around. They didn't care anything about the white man, but God was bringing them. They went back to their tribe and told them there was a man there who knew God. When David Brainerd went forth with the peace of God in his heart, and his mind stayed on God, he won the whole tribe to God.

Peace is just like the main-spring of a watch. You let the main-spring get out of commission and the watch will not work. So when a man's peace is gone he has no power to work for God. I never felt more power in my life than when I felt there was nothing between my Lord and me. If you want power in your life, you must maintain the peace that God has given you. Peace is a fruit of the Spirit—"love, joy, peace, etc." The devil doesn't attempt to counterfeit peace. He can counterfeit the gifts of the Spirit but he doesn't attempt to counterfeit the fruit.

Some are called to go through refining, crushing processes to obtain this double peace. God permits peculiar trials to come into our lives, and testings. Peter said to Jesus, "You are not going to die," and the Lord turned and rebuked him, "Shall I not drink the cup my Father gives me?" It did not disturb His peace. He had the double portion. The Jews mixed that cup but it went through the Father's hands. Has the Lord sent a "cup" around for you to drink? If your mind is stayed on Him there is an atmosphere of God around you, and He will carry you through. If we want peace and power in our lives, let us be willing to drink the cup; let us take it from God and not blame everything on the devil. The devil uses men, but the Lord allows it. Do you feel pressed in spirit? Paul says he was pressed "out of measure." When gas is pressed to the limit there is an explosion; otherwise you would have no power in your machine. So power in our lives comes when we pass through times of great pressure.

Ofttimes we let our peace be disturbed because we worry about the future. Worry will destroy our peace, and if we entertain thoughts of distrust of our Heavenly Father, our peace is gone. One time I was planning to make a little trip and I sent my wife ahead to give her a little more vacation. I wanted God's will but I didn't watch myself. You step aside ever so little, and see how it affects your peace. Before I knew it my peace was gone. I got out my Bible and tried

to find help there. Prayed and prayed again. Continued for eleven hours, and felt all at sea. I became so disturbed that I was beside myself. You don't feel that way when you have this double portion of peace. From six at night until seven in the morning I struggled until I was completely worn out. But then something happened. The Holy Ghost within me started to sing. He sang and sang, and as I listened to the Holy Ghost my peace returned; it flooded me and calmed me like Jesus calmed the sea when He said, "Peace be still." Then I could hear God's voice. You cannot hear His voice when you are in turmoil.

The world today is on a mad rush. It is nervous. Peace is not on a rush; peace is still, peace is quiet. When I was so disturbed the Holy Ghost sang that song, "Leave the unknown future in the Master's hands." That was what was disturbing me and destroying my peace, worrying about the future. I not only was disturbed myself but my tempestuous condition produced an unpeaceful atmosphere and affected others.

You cannot live without peace. The enemy tries to destroy the peace of an individual, the peace of an assembly, but the Holy Ghost as a Soldier watches over us and keeps our hearts in perfect peace. There is the thought of faith here—"where mind is stayed on Thee." Faith and fear cannot dwell in the same house, but faith and peace do. You cannot have faith unless you have peace, and when you get the double portion of peace you will have all the faith you need. The Word says, "He prepares a table before me in the presence of mine enemies," and right there He prepared a table for me. That test established me and built me up. I sat down and ate at the table in the wilderness. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness." Praise God for His peace! It is the main-spring in our lives.

Once a man was putting a lot of dots on a blackboard. A crowd of folks were watching him and wondering if his mind was affected. After awhile he put some lines and then a cleft, and before they knew it they were singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" Many a time the Lord held me and kept me in peace in time of great stress and caused the chastening to become a glorious harmony in my life. God will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on the Lord, because he trusteth in Him.

Safety in a Broken Will

WHILE the brother was speaking I was reminded of an incident in my life. While in Montreal holding meetings I received a letter from my home folks telling me that my eldest daughter had through some injury received blood-poisoning. The poison entered her middle finger, went into her hand and up to her elbow and finally reached her shoulder. In the natural there was no hope. As I received one letter after another I felt that the enemy through these letters wanted to disturb my peace. When I received the last letter I left the mission and walked up and down St. Catherine's Street. The devil said to me, "You had better go home or you will never see your daughter alive," trying to bring sadness upon me. I got to the place where I felt if the time had come for my daughter to die in Ohio while I was in Canada, it would be all right, and as I walked I said, "Lord my child is thine dead or alive." Then I went back to the mission and was able to preach because of this resignation. I was willing to let God have His way in the life of my child. There is safety in a broken will.

John the Baptist saw many people on the banks of the Jordan, thousands of them. Suddenly his eye that was sharpened by the Holy Ghost saw among those many Jews a young man who didn't look any different from other Jews, but the Spirit cried forth, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!" Jesus came as a Lamb, and a lamb is the animal that most vividly describes a broken will. You can do anything with lambs; you never hear of them kicking or biting. You hear of mules kicking and dogs biting, but not so of lambs. So Jesus is described here as a perfect Lamb without a will. So when we have a broken will which is the foundation of this peace, we will have peace.

Pastor Wittich.

The Secret of Peace

Elder E. E. Brooks

I HAVE found out in my experience that if there is a lack of peace, it is because a warfare is on. This is true nationally, true in business, in school and in individual life. A lack of peace means a state of warfare, and the thing that produces warfare is conflicting wills. If you will search yourself carefully you will find out the reason you haven't peace. It is because you have a will that is opposed to God's will. You are bound to be in harmony with God if you want peace because He is peace. You cannot

have peace yourself unless you get into harmony and in touch with the Author and the Source of peace. I went through that experience but there came a day when I surrendered and threw up the white flag. There was a day when I absolutely put myself at the feet of Jesus.

You can do that temporarily; you can surrender to God today and be in rebellion tomorrow, but there comes a time when you have absolutely to surrender, never to rebel anymore. Then you have constant peace, abiding peace. The consecration of one's self and the subjection of the will is the same thing, and you will never have peace until you have surrendered to God. As long as you are in rebellion against God, there will be conflict, turmoil, strife and discontent, but I do know there is a place of absolute peace. I praise God that every day there is a place of perfect peace. I am very sure that our peace with God is disturbed and our lives are not happy because we have allowed our rebellion, our lack of consecration and surrender to God to come in. I know there are many things that would seem to create a lack of peace that do not have anything to do with the will, but you may trace it and if you have utterly and completely surrendered your will to God and your life is wholly given to Him, what can disturb you? Absolutely nothing, Nothing, because in the first place you must have faith in God before you can make a complete surrender. You must seek God.

All these years I have lived and I have never found God as my father until about a year ago. He was my Judge and my Ruler, and I was a little afraid of Him. I had quite a share of peace all that time but I never had a Father. I never had an earthly father, but I had a judge who was my earthly authority. I never had my father take me on his knee. I never remember him taking me by the hand; I never remember him speaking kindly to me; I never kissed him, and I knew nothing about having the kind of a father most children have. But in the last year or so I found my real Father. Did you know that God was your Father? Oh no, they tell us that a monkey is our father; that we came from pollywogs and tad-poles, but I found that God was my Father. I do not know how to express it. I have seen Jesus as my blessed Savior. I have felt the wealth of His love, sat at His feet and enjoyed Him, but I think it was after finishing a five months' prayer—I prayed for five months, two hours and a half every day, for a certain victory that was to come into my life, and at the

end of that time I got a vision of God the Father. I saw the infinite and boundless love of God. I felt my Father smile upon me.

I saw the smile of Jesus thirty years ago. I saw Jesus in the cloud. He smiled at me, then disappeared. That smile and that approving look satisfied my soul that I was to do the thing that I had refused or was afraid to do. I have seen the Lord Jesus at another time, but the Father seemed hidden to me. But after awhile the Lord Jesus seemed to stand aside and say, "I will introduce you to the Father," and I beheld that infinite love, and now I see that the love of God the Father is infinitely greater, I cannot describe it. It seems like sacrilege to attempt a description, but somehow there is a deeper love that comes from God the Father than even from Jesus my Savior.

You may think that strange, but that is how it came to me. I saw that God was no longer my Judge but my *Father*. Oh the infinite love and pathos God exercised toward me! Do you think I could be afraid to put myself in His hand unconditionally? That is what it takes to make a complete surrender. When you see that your Savior loves you enough to die for you, and get a vision of God's infinite love, you are not afraid to commit yourself into His hands. And when you commit yourself like that you will say, "Now Lord, do anything You want with me, send me wherever You like. It will be a delight to have Your reproof." I have had faithful children of God come to me and tell me straight where I was and what I was doing; just straighten me out, and it was a very wholesome lesson; so I have since felt, "Oh if the Lord would send someone along and chastise me, knock this old self out of the way!" it would be just like a thunderstorm clearing up the atmosphere.

Committing all to Him, it matters not what comes. Your peace is not disturbed. A year ago I saw my daughter fall back twice with illness. I thought she was gone and my heart was heavy, but I went to my room and knelt down and said, "Jesus it is all right. Anything You do is all right." And it is all right. It never can be anything else but all right. Anything and everything that God does is all right. I tell you, beloved, when you find you are God's child, when you know He loves you and never lets anything come upon you but what is for your good, for "all things work together for good to them that love God, and who are called according to His purpose," and when you believe that in reality

and that you are in the hand of God in reality and your will is at His feet, your very life given to God, you are not troubled about anything. God help us!

The Lost Crown

Will You Be in the "Milky Way?"

Wm. T. MacArthur in the Gospel Tabernacle, Chicago



YOU will find my text tonight in the third chapter of the Book of Revelation, eleventh verse: "I come quickly. Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." My theme is, "The Lost Crown." We read in Scripture of a number of crowns; several Greek words are translated "crown," but this particular word means "a laurel wreath," a "prize." All crowns are prizes. They are not included in forgiveness of sin and the gift of eternal life. A crown is a prize in addition to these, and my text warns against failing to win it. It is for everybody, and the injunction is, "So run that ye may obtain," for it is the privilege of everyone to run as though he were the winner in the race. A billion people can win a crown, which is the beautiful thing about this race we have entered.

Now I do not know whether or not you are interested in winning a crown. Perhaps you are one of those who like to sit behind the door. I have heard people say that they would be satisfied if they could only sit behind the door in heaven, but I do not consider that very commendatory. I should not like to sit behind doors here, much less in heaven. That is no place to sit for a billion years. What an idea people have of heaven! I shall not raise any argument whether you can be saved and lost; saved again and lost again—I never knew anyone to be convinced by an argument, and why waste your breath—but it is positively true, for I read it all through the Book, that there is such a thing as failing to win the prize or losing one's crown. And it seems to me from the text that there is such a thing as some one else getting it; some one else having more crowns than he is entitled to, while you are bareheaded.

I am glad that the Apostle Paul dropped this little word when he was talking about the resurrection and the glory of the age to come. He said, "If you want to know how things are to be arranged up yonder, go out some starry night and look up into the sky. There is one glory of

the sun and another glory of the moon; one star differs from another star in glory; so shall it be in the resurrection." I often think of this Scripture when I look up at the stars on a wintry night and see those blazing planets and fixed stars. At certain seasons of the year there is a white sheet that spreads across the sky, which they call the "Milky Way." I have made inquiries, and astronomers tell me that this Milky Way is composed of an innumerable multitude of little stars so small that they cannot be distinguished one from the other with the naked eye. Now I know that in the resurrection there will be millions of souls in the "Milky Way," so small that you cannot distinguish one from the other, and it will take a million of them to make any kind of a showing. They will be very happy to be there, happy to decorate God's glorious heaven, but I should not want to be among them.

I know there will be multitudes who will lose their crown, and we will find out tonight just exactly why, through an Old Testament picture of a man who lost his crown. We cannot understand any New Testament doctrine aright until we have seen it in the Old Testament picture. The Old Bible is God's picture Book: there we have the filagree, the detail. I love to study these pictures.

The Old Testament record of a man who lost his crown is found in the First Book of Samuel, and his name is Jonathan. He was a very beautiful character, a brave man and good soldier, and his love for David is proverbial. Some one has told me that one of the great fraternities has taken him as a sort of model or patron saint, because of his beautiful love for David, but I doubt if they looked quite as deeply into the subject as they might have. While there is much to be admired in Jonathan, he is really not the kind of man whom I would like to imitate.

The story begins where David conquered Goliath. David was only a stripling, and was sent with some cookies for his brethren who were living on hard-tack in the army. When he overheard that over-grown Philistine, that big bluffer, calling for some one smaller than himself to

come out and fight him, he was deeply stirred. He could not bear to hear the challenge, because the anointing oil of his God was upon him. It always stirs any one who has the Holy Spirit in him when the devil comes out with a daring challenge to the people of God. David said, "Let me go and take his head off." They replied, "You are not able." He explained to Saul that when the lion and the bear came upon him, he slew them. I do not know what he had in his hand. You do not need much equipment when you do anything in the name of the Lord, but if you are to achieve anything in your own strength you need to be well equipped. They put Saul's armour on him, but he could do nothing with it, so he took a few stones out of the brook. It was more than he needed but it is good to be well supplied with ammunition when you go after the devil. David needed only one stone because he went in the name of the Lord God, and though the giant had a sword and a spear and a shield, yet David with a sling and a stone killed that formidable foe. When this had been accomplished, then Saul became very anxious to know who this stripping was.

Then we read that "the soul of Jonathan was knitted unto the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." He "stripped himself of the robe that was upon him and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle." Saul set himself over his men of war and was very happy until he heard the people sing, "Saul has slain his thousands and David his ten thousands," and that was too much for his pride. Jealousy is an awful thing. I pity men who cannot bear to hear anything good about anyone else. If I had a jealous devil in me I would seek the Lord this very night until it was cast out. I remember how I shocked my first congregation as a young minister in the Baptist church, when I stated that it would give me just as much joy if I saw the Spirit of God poured out in the Methodist church as in my own. My deacons thought it was nearly time to resign when any man was not more loyal to his denomination than that. I thank God I love to hear of the blessing that comes to my brethren.

Saul could not stand David's popularity, and in a jealous rage threw a javelin at him. Jonathan talked to his father about the matter, and made him swear that David should not be put to death, but Saul did not keep his promise, be-

cause we read he again tried to put David to death with his own hand. David fled but came back again, and we find that David and Jonathan made a covenant and swore loyalty to one another. In I. Sam. 20:16, we read, "Jonathan caused David to swear again because he loved him."

I do not believe it was necessary for Jonathan to make but one covenant with David, but Jonathan was a great man to renew his vow. He said, "David, let us swear once more." We find later on, the secret of it all. David was to be king over Israel and Jonathan his prime minister, and was to occupy the seat next the throne with David. That was the reason for all the swearing. Then in the last of the chapter it says they kissed one another and swore again. Jonathan was a very affectionate young man. It is all right for men to kiss one another occasionally, but it seems to me this kissing and swearing was a little overdone. The record says they wept, and Jonathan said to David, "Go in peace, for as much as we have sworn both of us in the Name of Jehovah, saying, Jehovah be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever." Then there was a separation. Jonathan went into the city, and David escaped to the cave of Adullam.

Jonathan loved David. He stripped himself of all his finery and his raiment, and gave them to David; he entered into a covenant with him, swore again and again, kissed him, but went back to his father's house, while David went to the cave. I think David expected Jonathan to follow him to the cave as did the others. It says there went down to David every one that was in distress and in debt, and that was discontented; they gathered themselves together to him and he became captain over them, about four hundred men, but Jonathan was not there. Jonathan was not in distress; he was not discontented or in debt. He had it too good at home; a good, soft bed, porterhouse steak and other luxuries, and while he loved David and had covenanted with him over and over, and expressed his conviction, he was not ready to suffer, and here is the New Testament truth illustrated. The Apostle says, "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." "If we suffer with Him we shall be glorified together."

You cannot make a business of both worlds. That is the trouble with these people who will form the Milky Way in the age to come. They

love the Lord and they expect to be in heaven, and no doubt they will be. They will be as happy as mosquitos but they cannot be any happier because they will not be any larger. They have not the courage to say "good-bye" to the good things of earth and their loved ones, and be true to Jesus.

I have wondered for years how Jonathan could be so happy with Saul when he knew that Saul was determined to kill David. He lived with him, hobnobbed with him, ate and slept, and had a good time with him seven days in the week, and yet he professed to be loyal and true to David. He spoke well of David, prevailed with his father once not to kill him, but the next time he tried to intercede for David, his father threw a javelin at him and that ended it. After that he got along with his father by keeping quiet about David.

That is just the way with the Jonathans of today, of whom there are millions. They get along with their relatives and friends by keeping their mouths shut about Jesus. They have good times. They go to conventions and camp meetings, renew their covenant, protest their love for Jesus, but when they go back home and put their feet under their own table they are just the same as before. "It would not be wise, you know," they say; "I cannot talk in my own home." What kind of a home do you have if you cannot talk in it? When I had a home that was the one place I felt I could say what I thought.

Now there is a remarkable story in Chronicles to which we will turn. There are several chapters about the men who went with David to help him. It says, "They were the mighty men, helpers of the war." In I. Chron. 11:10, we read of "the chief of the mighty men whom David had, who showed themselves strong with him in his kingdom." Then it gives the list of the men and tells what they did. They were all men who worked miracles. That is, they did the same kind of thing that David did when he killed Goliath. Here was Jashobeam, the chief of the captains, who lifted up his spear and slew three hundred at one time. Then there was another, Eleazar, who stood in the midst of a patch of barley and killed four hundred of the Philistines while protecting it. The people had cultivated this barley and as it was just about ripe the Philistines came down to harvest it, but Eleazar saved it. Another, the chronicler tells us, slew a lion which had been stalking around. They

digged a pit to entrap him and covered the pit with brush, and after a snowfall Mr. Lion came along and fell in. This mighty man heard the lion scratching and digging, trying to get out of the pit, which he would have succeeded in doing in five minutes more, but Benaiah jumped down into the pit and slew him.

But the three who stood head and shoulders over all the rest, are the men whose names are not given. David was looking toward his native village. He could see it and the holy city, but there was an army of Philistines between him and the gate of Bethlehem. "Oh that I might have a drink of water from the well of Bethlehem!" Those three men heard him express that wish, and they mowed their way right through that army of the Philistines. One filled his helmet with water, and they all mowed their way back. "Did you say you wanted a drink from the well of Bethlehem?" The record says over and over, that the greatest of his mighty men were those three who brought the water from the gate of Bethlehem.

These mighty men swam the River Jordan when it overflowed all its banks, to get to David. I think I can see them swimming the river, and hear some one say to David, "I see some more fellows coming." And David would say, "I wonder if Jonathan is among them." I know that David watched day after day for Jonathan to come. Why? Because he was reserving a place for Jonathan. These men were being selected for some distinction in the kingdom, some place of authority. He knew it was only a question of time when he would be king; he needed captains over the host and over the treasury; commander here and commanders there, and secretaries, and he was picking out his men. But he reserved one place for Jonathan, and that was a seat with him in his throne. David knew that if Jonathan stuck by old Saul, ate his beefsteak, slept under his roof, he would never reign with him, even though he had sworn to give him that place. But Jonathan never came. You can read those chapters through and you will find his name conspicuous for its absence. When the crowning day came Jonathan was not there. Later we read his body was nailed to the wall at Bethshan. Why? Because he stuck to his father. That is the reason. He always went back home and let the others do the fighting and the suffering. They won and he lost.

David composed a song in memory of Jonathan, set it to music and had the Israelites sing

it. You will find it in the first chapter of Second Samuel, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen! etc." but yet he was greatly disappointed. He had been hoping for several years that Jonathan would come out like a man and take his stand, but all he got was another kiss, another embrace, a renewal of the covenant and a word of encouragement. "Stick to it, David. You are bound to come out all right, and I will be next to you." But he was not. He was not next to him in the cave of Adullam; he was not next to him when they swam the river; he was not next to him on the battlefield but was fighting on the side of the enemy; and neither was he next to him on the crowning day.

Beloved, our crowning day is not very far away. It is nearer I think than most people believe. Jesus is coming, and he has been waiting all these years for us. We are all on trial, right here and now. This message is only to those who have accepted Christ; the unsaved are out of it entirely but those who really love the Lord and are eating beef-steak at the table of the world, know what class they are in. They know they would not be lying in a good, soft bed if they were true to Jesus. They ought to know it. When the honor roll is read, their names will be missing. They will sit on the side-seats and watch the procession of prize-winners, the crowned ones, go by. Oh what a grand parade that will be! I am determined to be in it, by God's help.

You ask, "Do you expect to be up with the Apostle Paul?" No, I do not. You may have to sit and watch for five hundred years before you see me coming along, but you will see me coming. I may be near the end, but I will not sit on side-seats. The most of God's people will sit on the side-seats because their name is Jonathan. They are all talk, talk, talk; all testimony, all protestation of affection, but they will not deny themselves. The Apostle John says, "Beloved, let us not love in word, but in deed and in truth." Let us do something. Let us make some sacrifice, take our share of the rejection and all that goes with it.

Dire Need of Our Neighbors

THE Christian people of the United States have been painfully indifferent to the dire spiritual need of our next-door neighbor. Mexico with its millions without the Gospel has a greater claim on us than other heathen countries because

she is our neighbor. The darkness and superstition is just as great in Mexico as in Africa or China, and while laws have recently been enforced to change missionary activity to a certain extent, yet the country is open to the Gospel.

Mrs. Anna Sanders, whom the Lord raised up from a dying bed in Canada and called to the Mexican people, and who has had a ministry in the city of Mexico as few women have had, is visiting Pentecostal Assemblies in the interest of two hundred and fifty Christian Mexicans.

These simple, earnest people have come into the light of the Gospel largely through the self-sacrificing efforts of a native pastor and his wife who have suffered untold privation to give the Gospel to their people. Mrs. Sanders has told us, she has seen the wife do without food, that the children might have a little. They teach their people to tithe, but the pastor writes that it has dropped off to less than half because some who helped left the city. "We have just enough money for three days," he writes, "but I know He will provide for that which we must have."

The great need of the work is a proper building for the meetings. Could we picture to our readers their present quarters it would call forth a willingness to sacrifice on the part of the Christians of the United States that these needy ones might have a place to worship God. Their present mission is adjoining a cattle-shed, and all their surroundings are unspeakably filthy. Within a few feet is a barnyard where pigs wallow in a gutter of filthy water. To reach the shack which they call the mission they have to walk a half block through absolute darkness; there are no lights of any kind in the vicinity of the building. The native pastor and his family also live in these filthy surroundings. They have recently been compelled, according to the law to register the mission, and they know that because of the unsanitary surroundings they will be forbidden to hold services there, so their need is very desperate.

Now they have a wonderful opportunity of purchasing a very substantial building from another society. In this building there is ample room for a mission, an orphanage, school and room for workers. It is exceptionally adapted for their use, and the place is offered to them for \$13,000. It is to secure funds for this building that Mrs. Sanders has come to the States. They must have a building; they cannot have meetings in homes even if any were large enough as the law forbids more than ten people in a home for a religious meeting.

We ask our readers to pray that God's people will get under this burden; the Mexicans are not able to buy this property; a man gets only from 50 cents to \$1.25 a day, and they are not able fully to support their native pastor. Brother Ball who has visited this Assembly speaks very highly of it. The property would be held by the Assemblies of God.

An idea of how the Christians hazard their lives for the Gospel can be gotten from the following account sent to Mrs. Sanders by the native pastor:

"Last Tuesday we went to the village of Santa Cruz, where some families had invited us to come and preach the Gospel. Sister Blaisdell, the baby and some others went with us. They invited us to stay a few days and preach the Word but the priest heard of it and stirred up the entire village. When we arrived in the afternoon we were received by the brethren, but by eight in the evening a great mob came into the yard and congregated in front of the house where we were staying and demanded that we leave at once; but we felt it was only to kill us on the way. As we saw that the man in highest authority in the village stood with them and that they intended to kill us, I asked that we might remain until the next day, but the whole mob cried, 'No, no.' As we saw matters becoming worse I told the boys to prepare the auto truck. As we went towards the truck they cried, 'Kill them, kill them.' It was a very cold night and about to rain hard.

When they saw the little baby they screamed, 'Kill the rat.' We got into the truck and I said to the driver, 'In the name of Jesus go as fast as you can.' But we didn't know that the people laid a snare for us further on. As we passed through the streets of the village they tried to block our way. When the driver saw that the people stood in the way of the truck he increased the speed of the auto and God in His mercy helped us through. But when the mob saw that their opportunity to hurt us was gone, they sent a rain of stones and bullets. For two miles they followed us with Winchester rifles; we went with all the power of the auto midst a hail of bullets, but thanks to God not one received a scratch. We kept praying that the precious blood of Jesus should keep us to the uttermost. After we had gone about ten miles we came to the Administrator's estate and he gave us forty armed servants to protect us for the rest of the night.

"I have seen many miracles of the Lord, but I have never seen any equal to this. In the face of more than two hundred bullets fired at us, we were untouched, and for the glory of God I feel like crying out with all my strength that the living God of Daniel is my God, and has manifested His marvels in the midst of His children."

Would not our readers like to help this heroic band of Christians to have a permanent place of worship? We will gladly forward funds for this purpose.

Some Good Books

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