



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

After the "Juniper Tree", God's Visitation

Consolation for Those Whose Ideals Have Been Shattered.

A. H. Carter, Principal of Bible Training School, London, England, in The Stone Church, Aug. 15, 1926.



AS I was meditating upon God's glorious Word, I asked myself, "What shall I speak to these dear people?" Shall I speak to those who have just stepped over the line of decision and given themselves to the Lord Jesus? There are precious messages for these, for God's Word abounds with exhortations to those who have begun the Christian life. Or, I thought to myself, should I speak to the backsliders and exhort them to come back again and give themselves whole-heartedly into the service of the Lord? Or should I speak to those who are going on brightly in the Christian life? No, no. I think I have a word that possibly is not touched on very often. It is a word to the people who have been ambitious for God, and have seen their ambitions fall. They have put heart and soul, mind and strength into the work and service of the Lord, desiring by the grace of God to accomplish something and yet they have accomplished apparently little. Their ideals have been shattered; their ambitions have lain in the dust. To such men and women I have a word. It is found in I Kings 19:8, the first three words: "*And he arose.*" There in those three little words we have the turning point in an ambitious man's career, "And he arose." Of necessity he was down before he could get up, but what brought him down. Why was he lying so low? Why did the juniper tree spread her branches over this man of God? You are never down in the depths of despair, you are never cast down, feeling your whole career is blighted, your ambition gone, without a cause. I do not want to dwell too much upon why or how people get into that condition, but I want to speak on how to get out. Yes, we get into it easily enough. How shadowed has been my life and my experience! How many times I have been under the juniper tree! As I take a little retrospect I can see that every time I have had a visitation of God it has been after a dark, gloomy experience that has brought me down to the very depths of despair. And if it is given to me I am sure that many of you dear people have had similar experiences.

Elijah was an ambitious man, a man who attempted something for God. Perhaps you are

saying to yourself, "I do not have those times of darkness." Let me ask you this question, "Are you one of those who never attempt anything for God? It is the man who puts heart and soul into what he does who becomes disheartened at times. Yes, he mounts up with wings as eagles, then comes down to earth. It is better to attempt something and fall than never to attempt at all. Thank God for every man or woman who has attempted great things for Him!

The record of Elijah's career began when he stood before Ahab and said, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." In a little while he was down by the brook Cherith, and there he had a strange experience. He had to wait for his morning meal and his evening food. He looked up and saw the birds flying, and saw them drop something, and went and picked it up. In the evening he lifted his voice in prayer, and the birds would come again and leave him bread. Oh how wonderful! The whole creation bends to help the man of God in his purpose. When we do the will of God, all creation is summoned to help carry out His purpose. Even birds can bring us food. Don't be too particular about it. If they drop it in the dust, pick it up.

But I believe the greatest test *there* was the test of solitude. No one to speak to him, no one to comfort. Ah, but there was the Divine Presence! After awhile the brook dried up. What was his burning ambition all this time? For what did he yearn? It was for a revival in Israel; to see a backslidden people brought back to God. The brook Cherith dried up and he was sent to Zarephath at the word of the Lord. He met a widow woman there gathering a few sticks for her last cake. "Share that cake with me," said the prophet. "It is all I have for me and my son," she replied. "Make me a cake first," said the prophet, "for thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruise of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth." The woman believed the word of the Lord and there was another experience. Possibly they shook it out and got the last few grains from the bottom, and the next morning there was another handful there, the following day another, and so on. How

wonderful! There is no limitation to the man who can believe God.

The barrel of meal didn't waste but trouble came to that home. Don't think because you are in the will of God that you will never have any trouble. If that is your thought let me disillusion you. It is to bring us into greater blessing; to astonish the on-looker. The widow's only child died, and died while the man of God was in the house, died while a miracle was taking place, while the barrel of meal wasn't wasting nor the cruise of oil failing. "Give him to me," said Elijah, and he takes the corpse out of the woman's arms and carries him up to the loft. You notice where the prophet was sleeping. Don't be too proud if your bed-room isn't comfortable. Prophets can live in a loft. He laid him upon his own bed. Why? Elijah was a man of determination. I feel the trend of his prayer was this: "Lord, I shall not lie down upon that bed until that lad gets up alive." You know that kind of determination that comes into the soul of man—"he must get up before I lie down"—and he did get up. Of course he did.

I remember going down to a man late one Sunday night, after I had come home very tired. I had ministered the Word all day long and was just looking forward to rest and sleep, when there was a message waiting for me: "Dear Mr. Carter: Will you kindly come around and pray for my husband. He has not slept for six days and is delirious. Do come around and pray for him." I went and I prayed for an hour. The poor man was rolling in agony and didn't recognize me as I entered. After an hour's prayer he was no better, and I said to that woman, "I shall not go out of this house until this man sleeps. "The devil said to me, "You will be here a few days." Did he ever talk to you like that? I said, "If I am here a week, this man is going to sleep." I opened my Bible in desperation and said, "Lord, give me a message from Your Word." I began to read and this was what it was, "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." I put the Bible down and turned to the sick man saying, "In the name of the Lord you have to sleep." He didn't look much like it, but after I prayed for half an hour more he opened his eyes and said, "I am a little better." "You are going to be a lot better soon," I said, and prayed again. In another hour, in the early morning, he said, "The pain is gone." I continued praying, and about three o'clock I said to his wife, "You see God is answering prayer. He

is sleeping." She said, "Well I am not quite sure." I said, "My good woman, how long shall it be before you are sure he is asleep?" "We will give him an hour," she said. At four o'clock I said, "He is still sleeping." "Well it looks like it, doesn't it?" she said. At 4:30 that morning I went home to do likewise. It was the determination of faith that put the man to sleep. I feel that Elijah was a man like that. He determined the boy must live. He had taken the corpse out of the mother's bosom and gave her back a living son.

Elijah's mission was fulfilled in Zarephath, and he came forth. The great ambition of his life was not to be fed at the brook, nor to fill the barrel of meal, nor even to raise a widow's son. These were all incidental. Israel must be brought back, and the very power that surged through his soul as he waited those days in obscurity before he came out to the public, that very divine energy produced other blessings by the way. Now he comes. Ahab had been searching for him; they had been sending to neighboring nations to inquire if Elijah was hiding in their midst. Now he comes and meets Obadiah who had hid the prophets by fifties and fed them on bread and water. Aren't you glad you are not a prophet? To be a servant of the Lord is not always the most pleasant calling in the world. They were living in caves and being fed on bread and water. Elijah sent word to Ahab that he was there and Ahab said, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" "I am not," said Elijah, "but thou and thy father's house are to blame. Gather the people together and the prophets of Baal and come unto Mt. Carmel."

The hour for which he had waited, the time his soul had yearned for, had come. Great processions of people had come, 450 priests of Baal; they came from neighboring towns. The prophet Elijah who had been lost to the public for three and a half years had come out of his obscurity and was now master of ceremonies. What a scene it was! There was the king of all this people, the priests of Baal beautifully robed and here is this rugged looking man who doesn't care one tiny bit for the comforts of this world, doesn't indulge in luxury; his clothing consists of a mantle girded around him; uncouth and unkempt he has just one passion burning in his soul. He turns with contempt upon the riches of this world, he cares not for fame or earthly glory, nor for those things that are highly esteemed among men. Just one thing he wanted, and that was to see

God's glory as he stood upon Mount Carmel.

The priests of Baal prayed as they called upon their god. They prayed and prayed but no fire came down. The God who answered by fire was to be declared the God of Israel. At the time of the evening sacrifice Elijah put the bullock on the altar, laid on the wood, and ordered them to pour on the sacrifice four barrels of water. It seemed a most absurd thing to do, beyond all reason to dampen the sacrifice, but we have a God that does unreasonable things to show the triumphs of faith. Four more barrels of water, and then four more. Twelve barrels of water! It ran down and filled up the trench. I believe a holy hush fell on that congregation gathered there as that single man lifted up his voice: "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again." Then great sheets of fire came down and consumed the sacrifice, the wood and the stones, licked up the water and left a few smouldering ashes. The people fell on their faces, awed before that manifestation of divine power, and cried out with a great voice, "The Lord, He is the God!"

It was according to the Mosaic law that if anyone led his brother into idolatry he was to be put to death, so Elijah commanded the people to take the priests of Baal, and they were slain according to the law. Then he commanded Ahab to eat and drink for there was a sound of abundance of rain. The fire had come down, the people had confessed, and Elijah goes to the top of Mount Carmel to pray for rain. He sends his servant to look at the sky, and when he came back saying there was no sign, I believe Elijah was thoroughly perplexed. He had prayed only once and the fire came down. Why has the rain not come? But he starts in to pray again. Don't be defeated in your faith-life. If you do not succeed the first time, pray on until you get the answer. After the servant had gone seven times he saw a cloud the size of a man's hand. That cloud meant big things to Elijah. He could see the heavens heavy with rain, and said, "Go and tell Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down that the rain stop thee not."

Now Elijah's mind was at rest. God had answered both his prayers. He ran ahead of Ahab's chariot into Jezreel. Ahab is whipping up his horses, but Elijah is running quicker than the

horses. However, could he do it? There must have been something miraculous about it. It was miraculous. He was running in the Spirit of God. He saw, elatedly, God's people all brought back and the true worship of Jehovah established; he saw the people with one accord worshipping in the temple, and in his spiritual imagination he saw the prophets of the Lord re-instated, the sacrifices again instituted, and a glorious revival thruout Israel. These visions must have filled his mind as he ran. And then he waited at the gates of Jezreel as the king drove up to tell the queen how God had answered by fire. Can you picture Jezebel's face as the king told her what had happened? "That man has dared to slay my prophets! The gods do so to me and more also, if I make not his life like one of them, by this time tomorrow. Get me some soldiers." I can see her giving orders. A messenger comes to Elijah saying, "You have twenty-four hours to live." "What! Is not the queen converted? Didn't she accept the king's word. Can she resist?" Ah how deceitful the human heart is!

Elijah says to his servant, "We must flee to the desert. She is getting an army and will slay us." They flee for their lives and as they are running they pass thru Beersheba, where he says to his servant, "Go home. I am broken-hearted. I have prayed three and a half years, and yearned for this very hour, and this woman Jezebel has spoiled it all. Go home. I am going down to the desert to die." And the servant went home.

I have thought a lot about that. I pictured that servant calling his friends together and telling them the story of that scene on Mount Carmel: "We gathered the people together, we prayed down the fire, and then the rain." "Yes," they say, "that was splendid." "And then things went wrong, the queen tried to slay us, so we ran away, and my master sent me home." "And you came home?" "Well, he told me to come." "And where is he now?" "Oh, he is somewhere down in the desert!" "But what is he doing there?" "Oh, he is dying!" "Oh that is the kind of servant you are! You can keep true to your master in times of success, when the fire is falling, and the rain is coming down, and everything is going 'swimmingly,' but when a bit of trouble comes you go home." God save us from such fickleness of heart. Is there trouble on the Christian way, face it. Yes, we have church members like that. When a revival is on they wouldn't stay away from the meetings, but when things are a little dry and the pastor has a hard time, and troubles

multiply, and the wind is contrary, you will find them around the kitchen fire telling of how the Lord used to work in the church. The Lord save us from that!

Elijah is down under a juniper tree. He hasn't a soul to speak a word of comfort to him in his broken-heartedness. His ambition ruined, his ideals shattered, he lies there exhausted, despairing, "Oh God, take away my life. Let me die."

Let me picture another scene. Let me take you up yonder and give you a glimpse in heaven. See Jehovah on His throne, calling to one of his angels, "Gabriel, you see down there on that stricken earth?" "Yes." "You see underneath that juniper tree?" "Yes." "That is my servant. He has nobody to talk to him. Go and talk to him, go light a fire and make him a meal." "Yes, Lord." If you haven't a companion on earth there are plenty up there. Down comes the angel, and Elijah, lying there unconscious, is aroused. "Elijah," says the angel, "cheer up. God still loves you. He has not changed, even tho the revival has not come." Yes, you can lose the revival, but you cannot lose the Lord. He is still on hand. The angel tells him to get up and eat. Then he lies down again. Then the angel bakes another cake and urges him to eat a second time, "You are going on a long journey." "Where am I going?" says Elijah. "You are going to the Mount of God. You are going to be told something," replied the angel. "But I want to die." "You cannot die. Your work is not done." Sometimes we lie down, and say all is hopeless, but it is not. God comes to succor His people. "And he arose!" Elijah had lost the revival, lost that for which he had prayed and yearned with intense desire. It was all gone. Now he was being sent to the Mount of God for another experience. Go to the wilderness if you want an experience. Go out and walk there with God. Leave men behind. They are disappointing. Leave the ambitious life. If you are sick at heart because of disappointment, you still have the Savior.

Elijah got up in the morning and walked and walked, over the barren hills, in the scorching heat, without eating or drinking. For forty days he neither ate nor drank, yet he had vitality and strength. There was a time when he was fed by ravens; there was a time when he ate from a widow's barrel of meal. There were wonderful experiences, but here was the most wonderful of all. He was living the supernatural life in the deepest sense of the word, living on the very life of God. Oh yes, there was a time on Mount Carmel

when he mounted up with wings as eagles! And he ran to Jezreel and was not weary. Now he was learning to walk without fainting. We love revivals, and our spirits mount up when we are in them; we can run, and keep that up a good many miles, but the steady walking in our spiritual life; that is the hardest. Elijah walked by the power of God within him. He comes to the Mount of God and there in a cave he waits for God. How will the Lord come? Listen! He hears the voice of God: "What doest thou here, Elijah?" He hadn't expected that. He expected God to come in tenderness and grace. But He comes like a taskmaster. He demands to know what he is doing. And then Elijah tells him how jealous he has been for the Lord when the children of Israel have forsaken Him, and that he alone is left to serve Him.

Then the Lord says, "Go and stand upon the mount before the Lord." We go to God for sympathy and He speaks roughly to us. We expect grace and He gives us law. In the distance Elijah sees the sand blown up. Now comes a wind carrying with it sand and trees. It howls and whistles, and the rocks are broken. There stands Elijah waiting to hear God speak. He wants a word from the Almighty. At last the wind subsides and there is no message from God. He is utterly perplexed. As he waits the mountain begins to shake and the earth to quake. He listens but there is no voice of God in the earthquake. And after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. He saw no vision in the fire. What can it all mean? Oh how perplexing are the ways of God! But listen! He hears a little whisper, a still small voice. And what is the voice saying? Exactly as before, but now in the tenderest tones. It isn't so much what we say, but the way we say it that counts. Now it is the voice of inquiry. Before, it was the voice of demand.

Then the Lord tells him He has yet seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal. He had come out of the cave now, and his head was wrapped in a mantle. God tells him to go back, anoint a king over Syria, another over Israel and anoint Elisha in his stead. He had brought him all this distance to teach him that there was another side to his ministry. It had been all fire, and whirlwind and earthquake, all law; now it was to be grace. It had been all thundering, now it was to be quiet. It is not Sinai, but Calvary. Not the thunderings of law, but the whisperings of love. It is not, "Adam, where art thou?" but

"Adam, I have a sacrifice for you." Oh men and women, do not be afraid of this God of love and tenderness! Elijah had that to learn. It is not all manifestation. It is not all earthquake and fire. It is by the still small voice that God can win the heart.

Elijah goes back to service, and he is a changed man. He went back to do the will of God in whatever small way God wanted him to do. He sees a man plowing. The Lord indicates that he is to be his successor. He casts his mantle upon him and Elisha burns up his plow, offers up the bullocks upon the altar, and leaves all to follow Elijah.

You know the last work of Elijah, how he rebuked Ahab for taking the vineyard of Naboth, and rebuked the messengers of King Ahaziah; how he brought fire down from heaven upon the captains and their fifties, and then went to see the king and rebuked him personally because he inquired of Baal instead of the living God.

Just before his translation Elijah told Elisha to tarry, first at Gilgal, then at Bethel, Jericho, and beyond Jordan. When they came to the Jordan Elijah took his mantle and smote the waters which parted and they two went over on dry land. On the other side Elijah said to Elisha, "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken

away from thee." What did he ask for? Just what any spiritual man would ask for, more of the Spirit of God: "Give me a double portion of thy Spirit." I have never been able to understand how a man could give away twice as much as he possessed, but I suppose they can do it in God: Elisha kept his eyes on his master, and as they talked the chariot of fire came down. Elisha is not looking at the chariot, but at his master. His eyes are not on the manifestation, but as the chariot parts the two, he sees something fall from the chariot. He finds there the mantle of Elijah. Here was the servant that had followed his master to the end. He was the one who went all the way and got the mantle of power. What about that other servant. We hear nothing more of him. The mantle of Elijah rested upon the faithful one. Elisha picked it up and did the deeds of his master.

And that is the word to you and me. If you are discouraged and downcast because the things you hoped for have not come to pass, remember that even tho all you have attempted to do appears as nothing, you still have the Lord. He will come to your help under the juniper tree and send you back renewed in service until the time He will call you to Himself.

Cherubim Not Angelic but Redeemed Beings

Characteristics of the Overcomers.

Pastor Philip Wittich in The Stone Church, July 25, 1926.



AND I looked, and behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, with a fire infolding itself, and a brightness round about it, and out of the midst thereof as it were glowing metal, out of the midst of the fire, etc." Ezek. 1:4-16.

A stormy wind and fire were heard and seen by the prophet. Storm and fire in most instances are a type of God's judgment. In this case, in the prophecy of Ezekiel it was the judgment of God over His own people who had rejected His Word and His leadings. Fire and wind-storm in connection with an earthquake appeared in the life of Elijah, when he saw that his ministry of reconciling Israel to God was in vain. Tho Israel had seen the miracle of fire falling on the sacrifice on Mount Carmel, she remained perfectly cold and indifferent toward her gracious God. Elijah fled to Mount Horeb and hid in the rock. While hidden there he noticed

an earthquake, saw the fire and heard a mighty wind-storm. But Elijah would not move out of that place because none of these three signs were for Him. He was an obedient servant of God, and judgment is never for the obedient, but for the disobedient. But when the still small voice came, then Elijah knew the Lord wanted to meet him. He himself went up in the whirlwind and the fiery chariot and horses, as much as to indicate that he was now ranked among the few in heaven who are human, glorified cherubim, and chariots of the Lord Himself.

The fire of judgment fell on Calvary, upon God's blessed Son. There was no visible fire, but there was an earthquake. There was no visible storm, but the wrath of God typified by earthquake, fire, and wind-storm passed over the head of that blessed Son because He took the place of a cursed and a fallen race. Some one had to be struck; some one had to suffer, and as none of the old Adamic race could stand the judgment of God, Jesus the Volunteer of God

stood it all on Calvary. Fire, earthquake and wind-storm are types of God's wrath and indignation upon sin; of a greater and more burning form than these elements that must fall on every man, woman and child who is not reconciled to God thru the sacrifice of His Son, Jesus Christ. Judgment must come on every sinner who rejects the atonement in Christ. The judgment fell on Him, but woe to you and me if we reject this judgment. When we believe that God's judgment for us fell on His Son, we escape. It is then no more law, but grace.

These cherubim in Ezekiel, are appearing out of that wind-storm and fire and cloud, saying that they themselves represent a body of people who have gone thru the judgment of fire, of earthquake and of wind-storm. We know that Jesus our Substitute suffered all for us, but if we wish to benefit by this full sacrifice of His on Calvary, we must let the Holy Ghost do a deeper work in us, and that is not simply having our sins confessed and overcome, but letting God search our hearts to show that out of a certain condition in us there arises always a desire to sin. What is that condition? It is the old creation, and we will not be delivered from this unless we accept the fire, the wind-storm and the earthquake of God's way of dealing with us.

The judgment of the wind-storm has to blow away the foul air of false doctrines and to clear the atmosphere in our hearts from anything that is not of God. The earthquake is necessary for God's believers, to shake us and to make us quake and tremble, so that we lose every bit of confidence in ourselves. There is a man on record in the New Testament who went thru this earthquake of God and that is Paul. And when he went thru he came out with this confession, "I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing." Therefore Paul had no confidence in his old nature. We need the earthquake. After we have been saved and baptized in the Holy Ghost and have been made the recipients of various gifts of the Spirit, we are apt to become puffed up and proud, and it sometimes takes an earthquake to get us down where we ought to be. The high tower of self has to come down, and it takes the Holy Ghost to shake the very foundation and make the old Adamic nature of ours to crumble into dust. Then God sends the fire to burn it up. In the divine earthquake He sends also the fire, and what the earthquake fails to accomplish the fire does. Sometimes a message will strike one like

lightning and will blow like a wind-storm and will burn up the invisible. If you are wise, you will not find fault with the messenger, but thank God for the earthquake and for the fire. If the fire burns up the rubbish, thank God.

Out of this very triune judgment, earthquake, fire and wind-storm come these creatures, showing that these cherubim are human beings who themselves have gone thru the process of judgment. If you want to be a cherubim, if you want to belong to the bride of Christ, you cannot expect to escape the wind-storm of God's Word. If you are not purified, do not imagine for a moment that you can ever belong to the class of overcomers. You may be a believer in a general sense, but you will never be an overcomer.

We see that these creatures are coming out with the likeness of a man. So you can see they are not angelic beings. They indicate here that after the work of each has been done in them, they come forth as perfect human beings. There was one Man who went into all these judgments and that was Jesus on the cross. When He came out, still as a Man, without any spot or sin or blemish on Him, He was raised as a Man, He went to heaven as a Man, and He imparts His divine human nature to such as present themselves for the purpose of being made like Him. I am sure that most of us have made this prayer, whether in public or in private, it matters not. "Oh Jesus, I want to be like Thee."

Now out of that noise of fire, earthquake and wind-storm came these four creatures in the likeness of a man, and they had the likeness of this resurrected Christ. The first Adam was made in the image of God, and the last Adam imparts Himself to us, for He is the image of the living God, and those that have gone thru the fire, earthquake and wind-storm of God's purifying judgments will come out having the very image of Jesus the Lamb of God on them.

* They have four faces, and they are explained in the tenth verse: a lion, an ox, a man, an eagle. The lion speaks of authority, dignity and power, so having overcome every foe, by the grace of God, having been delivered thru this divine judgment from every self-life, the lion nature of Jesus is visible in them. They have authority; not the authority that man would like to have in the flesh, but the authority that Jesus speaks of when He says, "I have given you all authority over all the authority of the enemy." Did you see it? That is the lion nature imparted to the saints, because it is the lion nature in Jesus, who has

overcome every foe. If we subject ourselves to the lion character of Jesus it will come forth in us, and, instead of being defeated we will be overcomers and have authority over the flesh, the world and the evil one; and in the millennium authority over the nations.

The next is a bullock, which speaks generally of two things, service and sacrifice. The overcomers are a people that have received from the Lord Jesus the bullock nature; they serve. They do not want to rule or have any fleshly authority, but they serve God and one another. They are willing to sacrifice, even as the ox in the Old Testament served its master, and when the master needed food for his family that ox laid down his life and served him with food. So the Lord can put this ox nature in us if we are willing to serve God and our brethren, and willing to be sacrificed for His sake.

Then comes the man-nature. They had the likeness not of the old man but of the new.

Then the last is the eagle nature, which brings out the thought of sublimity of and nearness to God. The eagle can fly higher than any other creature. I understand that eagles have passed over some of the peaks of the Hymalaya mountains that are over thirty thousand feet high. The eagle nature in the saints rises above the earth, its shadows and its scenes, and flees to God.

Then again we read that they have four wings. A wing is a divine gift. You yourself cannot manufacture a wing, put it on an animal and cause it to fly. Wings are given to certain creatures of God and He alone supplies the faculty to fly. The cherubim having wings bring out this thought. They are able, by the grace of God, to follow the Lord Jesus in faith and obedience. They had four wings; with two they covered their bodies; with two they flew. There you have the wings of faith and obedience. No man can follow Jesus without these two wings. The wings of the cherubim represent to us the divine gifts of faith and obedience. The natural man has no faith, neither has he obedience; he is naturally disobedient, but when he repents and is willing to be delivered from the self-life, according to his heart's desire God gives him the wings of faith and obedience.

In Paradise when Adam sinned, God provided the blood of an animal to be slain for him and Eve, and with the skin of that animal he covered their bodies, to indicate that later on He would give them a better covering. This was only a covering in type. Since Jesus died we have the

two wings of His precious blood. Whatever is covered with the blood of Jesus is covered effectually. The blood does not simply cover in the sense of hiding, but in the sense of blotting out the sin. So by these two cherubim covering themselves with these two wings, we have a very strong proof that they were not angelic beings but human folk. Here we have to deal with a company of people who have accepted Jesus and are, through the blood and righteousness of Jesus, perfectly covered and acceptable to the Lord.

Listen to what Isaiah says in the 53rd chapter, speaking of the Lord: "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and to the shearer as a mother sheep." Two things were done with the Lord Jesus. He was deprived of His blood, his soul, his life; and as a mother sheep is deprived of her wool, her covering, so our Lord Jesus was deprived of something on Calvary that many of us never realized. Just as the mother sheep coming from the hands of the shearer looks hideous, so Jesus looked hideous because God took that beautiful covering away from Him, His own righteousness, that we who by nature are hideous, should have the beautiful covering of our mother sheep, the blood of the Lamb of God, that covers us from head to foot. Hallelujah for the wings of faith and obedience that fly, and the two wings, the righteousness and the blood of Jesus Christ that cover. With these four wings they come into the presence of God.

It says furthermore that their feet are straight. In Josh. 6:5 and 20 we read that the Lord commanded the Jews that when the walls of Jericho were falling, every man should walk straight before Him. That is the way they took possession of the enemy's city, and that is the command to us. Every man that would be a conqueror must walk straight before Him. Our Lord Jesus walked a straight life. His walk was straight before God, and He alone will enable us to live a straight life and to walk with straight feet.

There is something said about the feet. They were cloven like that of the calf. Why is a calf's foot mentioned? Because the calf belongs to the clean animals. According to the Mosaic law the Jews were not permitted to eat any animal that had not the cloven foot nor didn't chew the cud. In chewing the cud they assimilate the food in a different way from other animals, and the cloven foot speaks of two contradictory facts; one is weakness and the other is strength. We all know that the hoof of a calf or a sheep feels very weak. You can move either of the two toes. With

those weak feet sheep and goats can go where no other animal can. In traveling through the Rocky Mountains I was permitted several times to see mountain goats and mountain sheep. One day I was very much struck with a fine specimen of a mountain goat. It stood straight on a rock, and it looked as though there was no more space but that on which those feet stood. As we passed beneath I could see how those cloven feet gripped every little protrusion on that rock. There was weakness as well as strength. It would have been impossible for me to have stood on that spot where that mountain goat stood. It had the equipment to stand in tight places and to walk over dangerous ground. It was *sure-footed*. The saints of God have not only a straight walk, but they have also a *sure walk*. They do not slip, and while they are weak, *God is their strength*.

Then again we read of these cherubim that "their feet were like burnished brass." According to Rev. 1:15, their feet were like the feet of Jesus as seen by John. His feet were seen as burnished brass. Burnished brass speaks of great judgment passing over a person. So it proved here the truth that these saints had their walk judged by the fire of the Holy Ghost, and their walk proved to be one that would come under the judgment of God, a life that had been purified and delivered from all sin. Now the fact that the feet were shown to be like burnished brass shows that these cherubim were not created but redeemed beings. They had to go through the process of fire, and God's saints of today are now in this process. We are passing through the fire of tribulation, of tests and of trials, which are all intended by the Master to bring us forth pure. Now such as do not want to be overcomers complain continually about their trials. Their lives are lives of constant complaining; but such as know the Lord's way with them, are willing to abide the fire and stand still and see God's final deliverance when He sees fit. You are not turned into a cherubim in a day, or a week or a year. Our walk must be a divided walk, a clean walk. You cannot walk the path of holiness and at the same time the path of sin. You cannot follow Jesus and at the same time follow the world. You must have cloven feet and in order to obtain them the Lord must send you through the fire, and give you feet of brass. In other words, make your life pure.

This is not said to you in the spirit of discouragement, but of encouragement. If you go through tests and trials, which you must, do not

complain, but tell the Lord to give you grace to endure. Be willing to say, "Lord, do not stop until my feet are cloven, and until they are like burnished brass." Do not shrink from the fires of holy judgment, which burn away anything in the self life. If you think that God in some way deals severely with you, remember that He loves you. If you have said, "Lord, I want to be like You," He will take you at your word. He will deal with you until you realize your own weakness, and at the same time enabling Him to show His strength in you.

Then we read in the 8th, 9th and 16th verses about the hands. The hands were hidden. Those cherubim have hands. The hands speak of receiving, of giving, and of working. You receive with your hands, you give with your hands; and you work with your hands. These cherubim have learned to receive from God, to give to others, and to work for the Master. But listen: Their hands were not over their heads so that everybody could see them. They were hidden, under their wings. I say to you now, the greatest blessing you have ever received, has been in the hidden place, *alone with God*. You may have gone to the altar with a whole company of people; you may have had people talk to you, but when you were shut in with God, under the wings of faith and obedience, you extended your hands to God and received from Him what you wanted. So it is with giving. In ourselves we have nothing, but when we have Jesus, we give Him out. When we pray, lay hands on the sick, or preach, we give what came from Jesus. Do not go out without the wings of faith and obedience over you. Do not let yourself be known; do not boast about anything that you have received of God.

Even when you are being made a blessing, and people say, "Oh his talk was such a blessing!" stay under the wings, and He that seeth in secret shall reward openly at His appearing. Receive, give, work, under the wings. We have some of the most beautiful workers, men and women, who are hidden under the wings, while others are advertised in every paper, and their names are in every one's mouth. "What a wonderful man!" "What a wonderful woman!" They have their wings clipped by the devil. Let us not work to be seen. Let us not work to be talked about. *Let us work for God.*

In verse 11 we read that the wings were joined together and the tips were separated. Now we said the wings were faith and obedience. The wings and the shoulders were united to the wings.

and shoulders of the other cherubim but the tips were separated. Unity! Individuality! Unity in the Spirit. Our faith must be one, and that was the prayer that Paul uttered, that we may all come, not only to the unity of the Spirit but also to the unity of faith. We must all have the faith and obedience of Jesus; but there are the tips, one tip separated from the other, because we receive this faith and obedience not from one another but from Jesus. Each little branch gets its life from the vine, and yet all these little branches are clustering around one vine. The shoulders are united; therefore, we must be united, one to another.

The 12th verse says that they were not turning, but were going as the Spirit guided them. The cherubim are never a class of people that say, "This is too hard for me." They are never quitters, never become side-tracked by doctrines of men, but are guided by the Holy Spirit. Someone asks, "How do you know you are guided by the Holy Spirit?" If your guidance corresponds with the Word of God, then you are guided by the Holy Spirit, but if it is contrary to the Word of God, then it is not of the Holy Spirit.

The next point: their appearance was like coals of fire, like torches. In Jno. 3:5 we read that the Baptist was called a burning and a shining light. Mark the order. It doesn't say he was a shining and a burning light, but *vice versa*. Everything of the old nature was burned out of him, so that he could shine for the Lord Jesus. If we want to be a shining light the Lord will first make us a furnace and burn out the old dross. Then we will be able to shine.

Lastly there was lightning, which is always a type of judgment. Since the cherubim had been purified and cleansed they were able to judge others as no one else and bring judgment on the sinner. If we had more cherubim Christians, or even such as are willing to be made cherubim, we would not have to preach as much as we do. Our very presence would bring conviction on the people.

Now what are the wheels? There are two contrasts there. I spoke of the wings being divine. The "wheels" are human. God makes the wings of a bird, and man makes the wheels of a wagon. Here you have the spiritual side and the human. It says here that the wheels were like beryl. The bride in the Song of Solomon says, "His hands are beryl set with gold." There is something very remarkable here. The Hebrew word for "wheel" and for "repent" is almost the same. They come from the same root. *Galgal* is the Hebrew for

"wheel." It also means to "repent." As those wheels went round they preached a sermon of repentance to the sinner. If we are cherubim we are living ministers to the sinner. Every sinner will see in our life something that will cause him to come under conviction. If they do not want to be convicted they will come under absolute condemnation. It says "the one fit into another." There was no friction, one running one way, and the other, another. That is what the Holy Ghost has yet to work out in the lives of the saints. When they come into contact with other wheels there is often friction, and even smoke. Real cherubim are wheels within wheels; in other words their human life is without sin. They must not say, "I cannot bear that man; I know he claims to be Pentecostal but I have no use for him." Such wheels have some hard places; there are some corners that have to be filed off. "A wheel within a wheel," perfectly fitting one into another.

Now we come to the last point: Their rims were so high that they were dreadful. Our lives when we come in contact with earthly people must be such. Our lives will either bring salvation to the sinner or be a hindrance to him. When we live a pure and holy life our conduct is a dreadful conviction to those who live in sin.

They went in all four directions, north, south, east and west. The cherubim have a message for every side of the compass. They are the ones that heed that wonderful message of Jesus, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." And what is the rim of that wheel? "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." When your human life is so sanctified by the divine life of Jesus, your rims, your outer conduct will bring persecution. There was a certain man described in the New Testament, Stephen, as being filled with the Holy Ghost. You cannot help but agree with his sermon, "Ye have always resisted the Holy Ghost." The rim of his holy life struck them and they stoned him to death. You have either a message of life or a message of death to those around you.

The last thought is that there were eyes on the body, on the back, on the wheels, on the hands, and on the wings. With your eyes you see things material; with the spiritual eye you discern spiritual things. The cherubim have eyes in their body. Who is the body of Christ? We! And we must learn to discern the things of God, and the things that are not. Divine light, divine intelligence, divine faith, divine discernment, in the body of

Christ, in the wings of faith and obedience, in the wheels, in everything! How we need it! If we as God's people want to be trained into cherubim we will need the eyes of the Holy Spirit so we may have divine discernment. May God put the eyes of His Spirit in us and show us if there is anything that must be judged; so that He may point it out and give us grace to have it removed. Let us all learn to be judged by the searching eyes of the Holy Ghost. This cannot be done in one message. It can only be done in our lives when our hearts are fully surrendered.

Dividing the Word of Truth

"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned." See I Cor. 2-14. "Except a man is born again of the spirit he cannot see the kingdom of God." John 3-3. The natural man with all his acquired ability can not see, much less understand, the plan of salvation. The only work that God honors is the work done in and through His children. We are commanded to "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2.15. The word "study" does not mean uninspired meditation or investigation, but it does imply inspired thought, with an intense desire to know God's will. The Holy Spirit is our Divine Teacher and will guide us into all truth if we do our part. God says, "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts your thoughts." See Isa. 55:9.

If we expect God to lead us, we must come to an end of our own thoughts and our own ways. Then, and only then can we be filled with a knowledge of God's will. Unless our eye is single our body cannot be filled with light. When our views of God's work are the results of tradition or education it will only bring confusion and division in the church.

When our views on worldly conformity or the mode of baptism, or the Spirit-filled life are the results of uninspired teaching, there is danger of being converted to a creed. When our human relations get in the way of our divine relations, we are in great danger of going astray or bringing division among the followers of Christ. When we lay more stress on some of the fundamentals of evangelical truth than we do others, we are likely to cause division in the family of God instead of promoting fellowship. The only remedy is to live a Spirit-filled life. God help us all.

S. B. SHAW.

"If My People Only Knew"

From South China, Bro. Williamson writes of a terrible scourge of tigers in the vicinity of Wait-sap. "People are being taken almost every day. The tigers are so bold; they killed a woman at the foot of Pagoda Mountain just a few days ago. A school-teacher dismissed his class for breakfast, and when they came back they found a tiger with the body of their teacher half eaten. It makes the people think seriously; even the heathen are saying, 'Surely these are the last days.'

"Just recently I returned from our outstation at Leung Tsuen where I administered the Lord's Supper and set the church in order, placing three deacons in the church whom the people elected to administer their affairs. It does our hearts good to see the dear Chinese brethren coming forward to take their places in God's work. Some day soon we hope to see a self-supporting work in that place for His glory.

"On the following Monday we started at peep of day for the village from which our boy Peter came. He had been begging us for weeks to go and tell his people about Christ. Many times a day he would say, 'If my people only knew!' It was the burden of his heart. We spent two days there and found hungry and receptive hearts to whom to tell the old story of the Cross, and it never seemed more precious than it did in that mud hut, set back amid the mountains where a white man's feet had never trod. I dressed in Chinese clothes for the first time, and I found it did much to bring about a closer contact with the people. How my heart was appalled by the innumerable villages along the way, just as far as the eye could see, that had never heard!

"We have baptized seven since we are back, two of these are young men of promise who have a real 'born again' experience. Tomorrow (July 10th) there will be four or five young men to be baptized. God is certainly answering prayer and giving us young men. In spite of the fact that the students are parading the street and yelling in front of the mission, 'Away with the mission and the Imperialists' running dogs,' a real revival spirit has come to us, and I feel your prayers have counted much. Just today the magistrate sent us a big notice to hang up, for protection to the mission. We ought to be leaving for the Coast, but the river is bad and we are having such a revival spirit we are loath to leave."

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Notes

Being a Missionary

Out where the loneliness presses around me,
Looking on sights that are sordid and drear,
Strangely abiding—yet surely God called me,
Why do I wonder if Jesus is here?

Strangeness of living—strangeness of people,
Have I not come with the gospel of cheer?
Why is my heart then depressed with its burden?
Isn't my Comrade—my Jesus, out here?

God! Teach me quick to do without friendships,
How to let go of those things that were dear,
How to be rid of this self that is binding me,
Surely my Master, my Jesus, is here.

He, who God, took the form of a servant,
Humbled Himself unto death without fear;
Lonely, forsaken, despised and rejected,
My blessed Savior, my Jesus, came here!

Father forgive me my failure in serving,
Heartache, depression, regrets, disappear,
Born of the Cross, a new courage infills me;
Jesus, my victory, my life, is here!

In Loving Memory

WITH deep sorrow we record the passing away of Edythe Flower Creamer, wife of Lloyd G. Creamer of Tientsin, China, on July 12th, at Honolulu.

Mr. Creamer and Miss Flower were married in Shanghai, June 21, 1926, just before sailing for their much-needed furlough. They had a beautiful wedding attended by many missionary friends, at the Free Christian Church, and sailed two days later on the S. S. President Cleveland. After leaving Japan Mrs. Creamer became seriously ill, and the ship's doctor strongly recommended them leaving the steamer at Honolulu. She passed away a few days later (July 12th) in the Queen's hospital, of peritonitis.

Mrs. Creamer had been engaged in missionary

work in China for six years under the American Presbyterian Mission of Shantung, but was deeply interested in Pentecostal truths and had herself experienced the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. She was talented and had a charming soprano voice.

Last summer she was director of music for the summer conference held by the missionaries at Pei-tai-ho, and at the close of the season superintended the rendering of the oratorio of Elijah, in which she took the chief soprano part. At the Chinese conference her solo work in the Chinese language was made a blessing. Mr. Rodeheaver had asked her to stop in Chicago on her furlough to make some phonographic records in Chinese Gospel songs.

It would seem hard to understand why one so eminently fitted for missionary work should be so suddenly cut off, just at the threshold of her wedded life. The sorrow of her husband, so unexpectedly bereft, and of her mother and sister living in Oberlin, Ohio, who were joyously looking forward to her return, is beyond words to express. They can only bow in submission to the omniscient will of God, and know that He makes no mistakes.

We know that our readers will pray that "the God of all comfort" will bind up the broken hearts and pour in the oil of consolation, and that He will in some way overrule this great loss to China. To those who mourn we say with the poet:

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!"

* * *

On to Venezuela!

THE Stone Church is sending to the field her thirteenth missionary. Miss Minnie Madsen who has been in our midst for fifteen years, is sailing on Oct. 29th (D. V.) for Barquisimeto, Venezuela. She is to be associated with Miss Adah Winger, under the superintendency of Bro. G. T. Bender. Miss Madsen is a graduate of Bethel Bible School, Newark, N. J., and already has a good foundation in the Spanish language. Her call has not been the outcome of a sudden enthusiasm, but of mature conviction, born of the Holy Spirit. Her sterling character and spiritual life have gained for her the confidence and love of the Stone Church congrega-

tion, and she goes forth with their hearty support, to "the continent of opportunity."

South America furnishes great resources for evangelization. During the past year, the Latin-American Congress compiled some interesting facts regarding its vast unoccupied territory.

It comprises six million square miles of territory unoccupied by any mission society. By way of comparison, Africa comprises five million square miles. The following statistics of unoccupied fields are astounding:

Two-thirds of Ecuador is altogether unoccupied; also the southern part of Columbia. Nineteenths of Venezuela is unoccupied. British and Dutch Guiana are unoccupied within forty miles from the coast. At least three-fourths of Brazil (which is slightly smaller than the U. S.) totally unoccupied. The larger part of Uruguay and the southern half of Chile are unoccupied; also the great northern part of Peru. In Argentine, the portion between the rivers is unoccupied. Bolivia and Paraguay, with the exception of a few states, are unoccupied.

Summing up the total area of 5,900,000 square miles, an area almost twice the size of the United States, there is a total population of from twenty-five to twenty-six millions totally unreached by the Gospel, including between six and eight million Indians. Is it not time for North America to send the Gospel to this great unoccupied territory? Souls in South America are just as valuable in the sight of God as those in India or China. May God lay this neglected continent on the hearts of many who will be led to pray and to go to this needy field.

* * *

We are glad to announce that Miss Elsie Fearey, who has been spending some months in Central America, has also gone on to Venezuela, and will work in the vicinity of Barquisimeto.

Two Months' Report

(July and August)

Carrie Anderson, China.....	\$ 40.00
Carrie Anderson, China (for the work).....	30.00
L. M. Anglin, China, Orphanage	47.00
Miss Olga Jean Aston, for Orphanage, India	37.00
J. H. Boyce, India	20.00
David Boulton, China	25.00
Miss Mattie Brann, China	15.00
Miss Grace Brown, India	10.00
Miss A. Elizabeth Brown, Palestine.....	5.00
Miss Ruth Erickson, Africa.....	28.00
Miss Elsie Fearey, South America.....	20.00
Miss Marguerite Flint (Orphans \$12).....	37.00
Mrs. Esther Harvey, India.....	19.00
Arthur Johnson, China	20.00
C. F. Juergensen, Japan	50.00
Mrs. George M. Kelley, for China	75.00

Edward B. Kennedy, on furlough	24.60
Miss Ethel King, India	50.00
Miss Beatrice Lawler, on furlough	20.00
F. G. Leader, on furlough	5.00
Miss Bernice C. Lee, India	55.75
Miss Minnie Madsen, for South America..	21.00
Mrs. Vernon Morrison, Africa	5.00
Mrs. J. J. Mueller, India	25.00
Mrs. Mattie Neeley, Africa	41.00
Miss Sophia Nygaard, on furlough	35.00
Miss Leonore H. Parker, India	35.05
Charles Personeus, Alaska	15.00
Miss Josephine Planter, N. Africa	10.00
V. G. Plymire, Tibetan Border	71.00
Miss Laura Radford, Jerusalem	10.00
Mrs. Anna Sanders, for Mexico	149.10
Gustav Schmidt, for Poland	52.50
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America.....	25.00
Mrs. Violet Schoonmaker, India.....	5.00
Edgar Scurrah, Africa	50.00
Wm. E. Simpson, Tibetan Border	100.00
W. W. Simpson, China	20.00
George Slager, China	25.00
Ernest Smith, India	55.00
Thomas Stoddart, India	65.00
Joseph Sugar, India	40.00
Walter M. Turner, China	56.00
Harry Waggoner, India	30.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan	10.00
Wilbert R. Williamson, China.....	10.00
Miss Adah Winger, South America.....	10.00
Chicago Missionary Rest Home	20.18
Miss Lillian Thrasher, Egypt	20.00

Total \$1,635.18

A BLESSED meeting was held at the Missionary Rest Home, at the September opening, when inspiring messages were given by Miss Mary Ayres from Australia and Miss Blanche Appleby, South China.

We regret the leaving of the Matron's Assistant, Miss Gaumer, who rendered such valuable service to the comfort of the guests, but her health would not permit her to stay longer.

The Home is now in need of a good cook, one, the matron says, who is strong and willing to do whatever is to be done. If any of our readers would like to apply for this position, they may write to the matron, Miss Droegmiller, 1848 Berenice Avenue, Chicago, who will give them details regarding the work. The spiritual atmosphere of the Home and the Christian fellowship will more than repay for the heavy domestic duties and one who is strong in body will greatly enjoy the work.

* * *

Miss Christine McLeod sailed for India on Sept. 6th on her third term. She is going to Fyzabad, United Provinces, to be associated with Miss Anna Helmbrecht. Miss Almyra Aston is leaving the States on Sept. 16th for India. She is also entering on her third term, and is taking with her Miss Mollie Blair of Houston, Texas. Do not forget these missionaries when they leave America.

How Missionaries Spend Vacations

THE following letter from a missionary tells of the blessing in the hills in India:

"We have been having some precious meetings up here. There are so many hungry hearts among the church people. Three church missionaries have recently received the baptism of the Spirit and others are earnestly seeking. We had such a precious meeting the other afternoon. There were only two Pentecostal missionaries present but it was a real Pentecostal meeting. In one end of the room was a Lutheran missionary praising and adoring the Lord in other tongues, her face just beaming. Near her was a Z. B. M. missionary, having just as wonderful a time with the Lord. A little farther down were an Alliance, a Presbyterian and a Holiness missionary; the latter had been dismissed from her mission because she had received the baptism, but this did not hinder her from having a precious time with the Lord. Then there was a Methodist missionary, with the tears rolling down her face as she made a deeper consecration to Him and waited for the fulness of the Spirit. This dear soul had come all the way from South India, spending three nights and three days on the train in this awful heat to wait on the Lord for ten days, the extent of her vacation. You may know by this that her heart is hungry. This is the kind of fire that water cannot put out, altho some are trying to put it out.

"I must tell you about a wonderful talk I heard the other afternoon on how the Lord worked in a Presbyterian Girls' School. The missionary who spoke had been in that school for fifteen years and had not seen the results that she wished. They had a good school and the Inspectors were pleased with it, but she felt she had not come to India just for this, so decided that the Lord must do something for her and give her the power of the Spirit. She felt her own need, and when she went back to the Station she didn't know how the others would take it, but laid it before them and they said that they, too, felt the need, and they decided to meet together regularly for prayer for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Later they had meetings for the teachers and some of them received. Then they called an Alliance missionary who also had the Baptism to come and have meetings in the School, but the Superintendent felt that the girls were not yet ready for Pentecost. However, the Lord spoke to her, and that night the leader gave the call, not only for those who wished to

give their hearts to the Lord, but for those who wished to tarry for the fulness of the Spirit, and the altar was filled. During these meetings the Lord poured out His Spirit as at Pentecost. Some had visions, and all who received were wonderfully transformed. She then told us of the change it had made in the school. Some who were so quarrelsome and worldly had made a wonderful consecration and were greatly used in prayer. Now instead of teachers fussing together they go to the prayer-room after school and pray together."

Saved from a Horrible Death

From Miss Marguerite Flint, Bettiah, India, we have interesting items about God's blessing on the school, and the need of prayer:

"We have much to thank God for; He has been and is blessing us all in Bettiah. How I wish I could pack into one letter all the good things He has done for us and brought into our lives during the past few months since I last wrote you! Another building finished, at the back of the place, a good, dry, safe home for six more of our Christian families, all in answer to prayer, and we are tearing down the old grass huts that have been unfit for human beings to live in; they make better fuel than homes. Then, during vacation days four of our girls were happily married and are all nicely settled in their own Christian homes. Now the third year of school is on, with over eighty-five girls enrolled, and all doing well. One of our girls was saved from a most horrible death, last week,—by just as real a miracle as ever has been or ever can be recorded, for a cobra snake sprang at her and twined itself about her bare leg. The matron and a good many of the girls saw it, and gave the child up for dead. But God shut the mouth of that snake, it could not strike, and after a moment or two it dropped back to the ground, and was killed there. Praise the Lord forever! And just this last Sunday night after the evening service, a young Hindoo man from good caste stayed with us for about two hours, talking of the things of God, praying and earnestly seeking the truth, and before he went away he definitely gave himself to the Lord, for service at any cost. He has been studying the Bible, and says as he measured his Hindoo religion with the teachings of Jesus, all their gods and goddesses were "weighed in the balance and found wanting." This has greatly encouraged our hearts, you may be sure.

"I do so want you to join us in much prayer for the zanana work here in Bettiah at this time. I believe I wrote you that God had called one of our dear teachers to leave the school work and begin evangelistic work among the women, did I not? She has already found trouble,—of a very real kind. We have done practically no zanana work during the past year and a half, since that Brahmin girl wife came out for God from one of the best homes in town,—our Bible women have confined themselves to the village work. But this week our teacher and her companions went over to that part of Bettiah from which the Brahmin convert came, and they find things are about as bad as can be,—the men afraid and angry at us, and homes shut tight. In some places the women called them from inside by means of a child or servant, but before they

could get back to the women's part of the place some man would rush in and drive them out, telling them roughly to take their religion elsewhere, and break up other homes, not his! In one home they had been admitted, and a number of bright women were listening eagerly to the 'good news,' when a man came in with a club, and literally *drove* his wife from the place, screaming at her never to listen to the Jesus words that separated man from wife. Now we don't believe the Lord wants the salvation of one little woman to shut the doors that hundreds may never have their chance to hear and choose, and we ask all our friends to pray with us, that in some way God shall overrule and give us the hearts and confidence of the people again, on that side of the town. Please pray. He has given the zanana teacher for whom we prayed, now He can surely open doors for the message."

"The Lord Hath Need"

He Carries on His Work With Our Loans.

Mrs. John Lincoln, Muskegon, Michigan.



HE Lord hath need!" Surely not the Lord whom Isaiah saw "sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up and His train filled the temple?" It could not be the Lord, strong and mighty, for whom the everlasting doors and gates are to be lifted up, could it? The Lord, to whom belong the cattle on a thousand hills and the silver and the gold of earth, has He suddenly become poor?

Who is this Lord that hath need? It never could be the Lord of Earth and Sea and Sky, whom winds and waves obey! Oh no, not He? Yea? but truly it is He! He, of whom it is written, "for Him and through Him and by Him are all things"; "by whom also He made the worlds." He it is, who "though He was rich yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." WAS RICH! BECAME POOR! POVERTY! AMAZING!

As heaven's ambassador to this alien world He might have established a palatial center from which to work, but I could not conceive of the poor, the broken-hearted and the needy thronging His pathway then, could you? Gamaliel, Caiphas and Pilate, might have officially called, but the multitudes—what of them?

So He, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, came from out

of the Ivory Palaces by way of the stable, the straw and the manger, to company suffering humanity in its poverty and woe. The poet gives us a glimpse of Him in His heavenly estate:

"He looks and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for His word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with His voice
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord."

This glorious, Omnipotent One condescended to humble Himself and become as the poorest of the poor. This "wealthy One" became so poor that He was cradled in hay; nursed in poverty, taught carpentry in a home, and then, having lived an extremely simple life, He goes forth without script or purse, to *borrow* almost everything He needs from the humble poor among whom He sojourns. Wondrous Christ to thus condescend to poverty for our sakes! And His poverty was that unpleasant kind that is so dreadfully inconvenient and most embarrassing.

The incomparable meekness and lowly condescension of the Son of God are truly amazing. He condescends to men of low estate, and actually made a Magdalene, a Samaritan and a Gadarene His witnesses. His closest companions were humble fishermen, whose garments must long have retained the offensive smell of fish. A clucking hen with her chicks, lillies of the field, and birds of the air are His texts. A fish supplies His tribute money. How this meek and lowly One who so humbled Himself on all lines, must grieve over

us who have oft indulged in haughty looks, high-sounding phrases and a superior attitude.

The Lord *hath* need! Present tense, of course, at that time. But isn't it peculiar that it is still present tense—in the ever-present *now*? The Lord *hath need!* More pathetic than words could e'er depict, are the needs of this Lord. "Impossible!" you say. List! On earth today Christ has no hands but our hands; He has no feet but our feet; He has no tongue but our tongue. And He has no means with which to carry on His work here only as you and I loan Him some of ours.

In Holy Writ are three outstanding instances depicting our Lord's needs while here on earth and how they were met by humble folk at that time. Wondrous privileges, say you, were given to them! Yea, indeed, but have you never read His words so illuminating, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." May He awaken us to see *His deeds* in the needs that confront us so oft amid life's busy scenes.

The circumstances of His need referred to, circle respectively round a colt, a guest chamber and a man with a garden.

* * * * *

"In a place where two ways met," a colt was tied "by the door," probably so the good housewife could keep her eye on the frisky young animal. Not because of its great value or pedigree, but it was *theirs*. Then too, it may have been the children's pet. No doubt the whole family had a possessive feeling in regard to it.

Some distance away but drawing nigh to Bethphage and Bethany, is the Son of Man, whose every step is a fulfilling of prophecy. There He stands at the foot of the Mt. of Olives. The hour is at hand for His entry into Jerusalem, and He *NEEDS* something to ride on. He has to ask for it, borrow it. Think of it! Could not some one have loaned Him a prancing steed, or gotten Him a Roman chariot for the occasion? How much more imposing it would have been! But He who has condescended to men of low estate all thru His ministry, is now condescending to their lowly possession. There will be no attractive outward display. His triumphal entry into the city is to be marked by the very quintessence of lowliness and meekness, accompanied by the shouts of a rejoicing, liberated multitude. So He sends to borrow the little colt at the village yonder. The owner is outside, talking perhaps to the neighbors, when he sees two men approaching. Straightway they begin to unfasten the rope and he, sur-

prisedly, calls to them, "Why loose ye the colt?" Quickly they reply, "The Lord hath need of him."

How easily he could have said, "No. Don't take him. He's too young; never been used. Our neighbor has a better one. Maybe you might take his." But there seems to have been not a moment's delay before permission was granted. He must have said to himself, "What! Does Jesus of Nazareth want to use my little colt? Well, He surely may have it. If I had something better He might have that. And away goes this man's humble possession to carry a holy load and help fulfil prophecy. Can you find a place of greater honor this side of the pearly gates than this—a mortal man and his earthly possession used to fulfil God's Word?

A little lad listening to this account, once said, "When I get big I'll give Jesus an automobile." "Darling," said the teacher, "haven't you something now that Jesus could use?" "I have only my pony and cart *now*." "Well, let Jesus have the use of those now." We so often think that what we now have is too little, or not of great enough value to be handed over for the Lord to use, and so we wait for that future day of greater possessions, and in the meantime the work waits and workers languish. So, beloved, let Him use your little colt today, will you? "But Lord, Thou dost not need a colt now-a-days, dost Thou?" I hear one say. "Why yes," He answers, "some of my ambassadors in South America, Tibet or China will be glad for the use of him as they cross the foothills and journey over the plains, footsore and weary."

One time when we were going with the Gospel message to the neglected country districts, we were short on cars to carry the workers to a little school-house twelve miles out. A brother hastened from one home to another to borrow a car. They all refused for various reasons, and that day the Lord didn't get the use of either their car or their colt. If He sent two of His servants to borrow aught that you possess, would you be as free and quick about it as the owner of the little colt?

Once in a meeting where a missionary was telling of the long trips they had to take *on foot*, going from village to village, and how exceedingly weary they became, a man in the audience was suddenly seized with a happy thought. "I will pay," he said, "for one leg of a donkey for this missionary to ride on." "I'll pay for a second leg," said another, and so on, until the donkey

was paid for. If we will do likewise, the Lord in some of His faithful toilers can ride and be rested as they enter the next village to preach the Gospel.

Thronging the dusty highways leading to Jerusalem, multitudes are hastening, intent on celebrating the coming Passover, according to ancient custom. Inside the city walls all is commotion in preparation to receive the great numbers who must be housed and fed. Down a certain street stands a house that boasts a second story. A busy woman is energetically cleaning its large upper chamber. Every year at this time she has been thankful for this spacious room; it has been so convenient to entertain therein. Shortly the work is done; the table and chairs, the candlestick and pitcher are all set in order. With housewifely satisfaction she looks it over, recalling at the same time happy incidents of the past and some of the guests of other years whose friendship she still cherishes.

Suddenly the good man of the house comes up the stairs, possibly in search of "mother," and looks in. "Oh," he said, "I'm glad you've got the room ready, for we are sure to have guests. The streets are just thronging with people; you can scarcely get through." And so speaking they come down together and go about the remaining simple duties of the day. They find the water-pots are about empty and a servant is sent out to replenish them.

Outside the city's wall, possibly at Bethany, stands the Master surrounded by His little band of disciples. Their hearts are troubled, their minds perplexed. A strange premonition and fear have gripped them. The Master has spoken as He has never done before: The parable about the fig-tree, the Son of Man coming in the clouds, the temple stones thrown down, His sufferings, His going away. They are positively stunned at these sayings of His, but amid the jostling throng of noises they are reminded of the hour and ceremony of the day, and turning to Him they say, "Where wilt Thou that we go and prepare that Thou mayst eat the Passover?" Yes that is it. *Where?* Had He not told them before that He had no place to lay His head? Had He not on several occasions shown them His utter poverty?

Tenderly He looks at these who have left all to follow Him. Surely there must be some place to take them. Again the Lord of all the earth has to ask for what He needs. "Go into the city," He says to two of His disciples, "and there shall you meet a man bearing a water pitcher. Follow

him. And wheresoever He shall go in, say ye to the good man of the house, The Master saith, 'Where is the guest chamber where I shall eat the Passover with My disciples.'" Could not some one have anticipated this and sent Him an invitation? Did they not realize that He too would want to keep the feast as well as they? How forgetful and self-centered humanity is, especially at feast times! Oh the pity of it all! the utter loneliness and "left out" feeling!

Christian worker, called to go the "lowly way," do you recall how you've felt as you've gone year in and year out, borrowing a room here and there, and eating continually at some one else's table, too poor to have a place of your own, not even a little space to hang up your clothes, but always crowding an already crowded home? You understand, do you not, how He felt when He said, "Foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests but the Son of Man hath no place to lay His head." You know how He felt when He questioningly sent the messenger saying, "Where is the guest chamber?" "I have," said a worker, "stood timid and embarrassed at the close of a service, wondering where I could find a guest chamber for the night, while happy families trooped home to comfort and plenty. On one such occasion all left but a poor woman with a large family. She invited me to share her little "all" with her, and they vied with one another to do without that I might have. When I remonstrated with them about it, she said, 'we feel we invited Jesus to our home when we invited you'." Ah, that was it! It wasn't the size of the guest chamber nor the paper on the wall, for there wasn't any. Nor was it the solid comfort of the bed, for there were already two for that, and one more made three. But it was that wonderful welcome and glorious "done it unto Me" atmosphere that made that place like a little bit of heaven.

I am glad that woman in Jerusalem got ready the guest chamber in her home. She little knew who was to use it. And neither do you know who will occupy yours. You haven't got one, did you say? Then will you not get one ready? Can you not hear Him say, "Where is the guest chamber?" It need not be elaborate, and it need not be under your own roof, either, but in some distant land the Lord of the Harvest Fields would be glad to have you make ready that "large upper chamber" where He could take His laborers for rest and shelter. Help us Lord, to get the Guest Chambers ready all over the earth. Truly our souls would shrink to meet Him if we continue to live

in "ceiled houses" while He in His servants lives in mud houses, plastered with cow-dung.

Perhaps the man with the water pitcher never noticed the two disciples following him, but when they all arrive they are met by the good man of the house to whom they put the question, "Where is the guest chamber?" Maybe these folk knew Jesus. At least they must have known of Him and that the rulers in Israel were against Him. Howbeit they do not shrink from bearing His reproach, and I am sure they watched and waited for the Man of Galilee. And when He came, do you suppose they ever forgot His words or His looks as He accepted the use of *their* guest chamber? I doubt if the heavenly fragrance and holy influence ever left that home.

They tell of rooms where walls are stained by the breath of praying saints, and where the floor is worn in grooves where men have wrestled with God. But this Guest Chamber where Jesus instituted His supper, washed His disciples' feet and sang a hymn,—would that it had been in my house and that I could have gotten that room ready!

My soul catches the vision of much-needed guest chambers in the mission fields. Let us see what we have to furnish one. Oh yes, there is that splendid table, a much cherished candlestick, and the good new broom. How readily we give up those things we easily can spare, but how about sacrificing something we need? Then every time you miss it, you can rejoice that He is using it. Then too the work is heavy and they need nourishing food, so I will send over all five barley loaves instead of one. Would you just as soon send your two fishes along so that the meal would be complete? As we share in these labors so shall we share in the glory of the Harvest Home.

* * * * *

Joseph of Arimathea—a rather unique character. Have you ever given much thought to his record? There are only twenty verses about him in the Gospels, but these few verses speak volumes. Some men's biographies are very lengthy and elaborate, but how soon forgotten, while this condensed record of Joseph is still read and commented on after twenty centuries have fled. "Oh, that's because it's in the Bible," you say. Yes, but it is wonderfully worthy and almost necessary for it plays a remarkable part in the closing history of the rejected Jesus, and wraps itself around that bleeding form even as much as did the swaddling clothes in the manger.

Joseph is described as being good, just, rich,

and an honorable counsellor, which are the qualities which might possess many men, but the distinguishing quality that places him in the enviable esteem of heaven's courts is this: He "also waited for the kingdom of God." That groups him in with the Simeon and Anna crowd. Yes, he was in that company who were looking for Redemption. Wealth and honor could not satisfy his hungry soul. He wanted spiritual blessings rather than earthly possessions. He also was a *disciple*. A day had come when this man ceased being a disciple of Moses, and became a disciple of Jesus Christ. He was not the kind of disciple who left Him when He said, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you," but was one of those who followed all the way to Calvary.

Among the many things which Joseph possessed was a garden. "To the Oriental, a garden stands for wealth, beauty and repose. It is not just a place for raising fruit, vegetables and flowers. It is a parlor, a place of rest, a music room. The noise and dust of the city streets, the burning heat of the Judean sun, the debilitating lassitude brought out by hard exertion in a warm, enervating climate, the memory of thirsty days out with the caravan on the desert sands—all these, by their very contrast, give to the quiet, shady garden an unsurpassed attractiveness."

Joseph must have spent much time and thot, as well as money, in beautifying this portion of his estate. The olive trees, perhaps planted by Joseph's father, the pommegranates, the cypress trees, the flowers, the sparkling fountains, indeed make an interesting spot where Joseph must have rested. The family also would resort hither with guests, drinking in the beauty of the place.

It may seem strange, but in this garden was a tomb. Wealthy Jews often placed them there. It was a new sepulchre still awaiting its first occupant. Perhaps Joseph had sometimes wondered which one of the family would be the first to occupy the new tomb. But of late he had not spent as much time in his garden as formerly. A wondrous experience had come to him. He had met Jesus of Nazareth and become His disciple. Lovingly he had followed the lowly Son of Man. Amazed, he had heard of his miracles. Entranced, he had listened to His wondrous words. But now all is confusion. Hopes are dashed. Fear and disappointment possess the heart of every disciple. The Galilean stands condemned at Pilate's bar and is to die outside the city's gate.

Stunned and grief-stricken, Joseph leaves his beautiful garden for dark Golgotha. As he gazes in agony upon his crucified Lord, he knows he can do nothing, but suddenly he turns and starts for the city. He will get something to wrap around that bleeding form. He buys something expressly for the purpose. A man, gloriously converted after thirty years of debauchery used to say to his wife, "Now wife, get out your finest linen, the best silver, and all the good things to eat you've got, for I'm going to bring God's people home to dinner, and you know there is nothing too good for God and His children." He and Joseph were of the same opinion.

The Word says "he bought *fine* linen." O Joseph of Arimathea, I love you for doing this for my precious Lord. How beautiful your act amid the gloom and sadness! By this time Joseph knows who is to be the first to occupy his sepulchre. The Son of Man needs a tomb, and Joseph is providing this for Him. I wonder if any of the family would object to having the "disfigured corpse of a crucified peasant, executed for sedition against Caesar and for blasphemy against Israel's God," in their beautiful garden.

As Joseph again reaches Calvary's brow someone else approaches. It is Nicodemus with one hundred pounds of spices. He too is "a lover of the Lord" and is willing to face reproach and scorn for the rejected Messiah. But they realize before they can carry out their purpose, they must have permission from the governor, so Joseph volunteers to ask for the body. It says of him that he was a disciple *secretly*, but it also says he went *boldly* to Pilate to request the body of Jesus, in the darkest hour of history. To me he was a brave man, for as a member of the Council he was willing to bury one whom the Council had condemned. "He, whose riches would have been rare plucking for greedy Pilate, dared risk the displeasure of the Roman governor, by asking permission to give honorable burial to a convicted criminal. He, who had laid out for himself so beautiful a garden, was willing to desecrate it in the eyes of the world, by depositing there what was to them the unclean corpse of a crucified outcast." Centurion and soldiers must have looked on in astonishment as these two noblemen tenderly and carefully wrapped that broken body in the fine linen and sprinkled the spices around. What a scene! Almost with envy we read the account. Oh if we too could have been there to put in a few spices and use one of our best napkins to cover His face! Could we have

helped them carry the body from the cross to Joseph's tomb! A few weeping women were looking on; otherwise this funeral procession was as unnoticed as His birth had been at Bethlehem 33 years before. But all heaven must have bent low watching the two perform the last sad rites. In heaven's Blue Book I am sure they are rated high.

Deep and intense must have been Joseph's feeling as he gave us his new tomb. He probably could see further than the tomb, but he gladly supplied that need of the Lord's, risking his life to do it. But after that glad Resurrection Morning had dawned in Joseph's beautiful garden, his vision must have pierced thru the valley, across the river, and on up to the throne of God. Do you suppose Joseph ever wearied telling of the wonders of it all? Do you suppose he ever regretted that he gave his tomb to Jesus? Just think, it was from Joseph's tomb that He arose for mankind's justification. It was in that garden that the angel commissioned the women to give forth the first Easter message: "He is risen indeed." And so as I view the short record of Joseph, my heart cries out, "Happy mortal" so to fit into the purposes of God.

You and I can never minister to our Lord in His flesh, but what we have and what we are, may it always be available for Him to use who even today hath need.

On the Border of Nepal

THE whole Christian world being interested in Nepal I feel that I should write you these few lines which I trust will increase the interest and stimulate the prayers of the many earnest Christian people that are praying for this closed country.

It is estimated that Nepal has a population of about five million people, and the country is about five hundred miles long. At the present the only mission that is doing anything to give the light of salvation to these five million souls is the Scottish Mission in Darjeeling, which is working on the educational line. They are at the extreme end of Nepal in the East. And, from there to this end of the country I know of no other missionaries that are working among the Nepali people with the exception of a few of our missionaries who make efforts from time to time to sell Nepali Gospels to those that come over into India.

Before the time came for us to leave the States we had a feeling that the Lord was going to lead us back to India to work among these hill people, but we had no place in mind where we could settle. Perhaps it will be interesting to you to know that we are now located on the very border line

of Nepal, and our Mission is at the end of one of the railway lines that run up to Nepal, and on one of the main roads that leads in to this closed land. Consequently there is a constant stream of Nepalese passing our very doors every cold season. There is a market here at the end of the railway and it seems that God has made it necessary for every Nepali man to come out of His forbidden land every year to buy salt, as there is no salt to be had in Nepal. We praise God that this is so, for this brings thousands of these people into our village, and they must pass our house, as they come and go to and from the bazaar.

When we came here and saw this, our hearts were very much burdened for them, especially as we could not speak their language, and we could find very few of them that could read. This summer the Lord seemed to lead us to go to Darjeeling as it was necessary for me to take the wife and children to the hills for some time

to escape the heat, and when I got there I found that I could hire a Nepali man to teach me the Nepali language. I studied with two teachers while in the hills, and since coming down I have been able to secure a man to help me, so I am continuing my studies. I wish to thank the Lord for the progress that I have been able to make, and I believe that by this winter I will be able to start to preach to them as they come and go, in their own language. I earnestly desire the prayers of God's people everywhere for this.

I wish that I had time to tell you something about the life of these Nepali people, and of some of the things that we see and hear about them. It's a dark, sad picture. A picture of a land with five million souls, who live in a country that has closed its doors to the missionaries of the Saviour of Life. It's a picture of a land where sin reigns supreme, but I must close now and perhaps sometime in the future tell you more.

FRANK NICODEM.



Christian Chinese Kidnapped and Released

After One Hundred and Fifty-six Days.

It is a source of great encouragement to those interested in the cause of missions to know that in spite of the anti-Christian spirit that is astir in China, there are faithful Chinese brethren who have proved themselves as willing to suffer persecution for the cause of Christ, as the saints and martyrs of any land. During the recent uprising in South China, some Chinese who were left in charge of the work at Wuchow when missionaries were forced to leave, were captured by pirates, and held one hundred and fifty-six days for ransom. The story of their kidnapping, graphically told by a missionary, W. H. Oldfield, in *South China Alliance Tidings*, is here given to our readers.



THE last two weeks in January were weeks of extreme anxiety and abounding joy. Anxiety because negotiations were being concluded between the robber chiefs and a Chinese Christian worker, who represented the kidnapped brethren. By the payment of a heavy "board bill" the captives were to be released, but it was feared that after the "board bill" had been paid the robbers might decide to still hold the men, and demand an additional sum of money, as is often done. There was "joy unspeakable and full of glory" when the captives were really set free, and once more we saw them face to face. They did not present an entirely healthy appearance. Their faces were swollen, and their feet were weak and dropsical. But their hearts were rejoicing and their mouths were filled with praise to the God of Deliverances who had brought them out of an "horrible pit."

Two of the captives, Messrs. Chao and Lee, reached Wuchow on Jan. 25th, and a few evenings later we listened to Mr. Chao's thrilling narrative giving details of their capture, their experiences while held captive and their final release.

It will be remembered that during the previous summer when anti-foreign riots broke out all over the country, our missionaries were ordered to the coast for safety, and the affairs of the Mission were placed in the hands of a Committee of faithful Chinese workers. Later when Mission problems began to multiply, several members of the Committee went to the coast to consult us. Travel to Hongkong, however, was prohibited, and greatly disappointed, the brethren turned round and started for Wuchow. The steamer had not gone half way on her journey when she was attacked by pirates. These outlaws had boarded the steamer at Canton as passengers. With weapons concealed, they scattered themselves throughout the steamer, taking up strategic places, and when after dark a favorable spot was reached, they suddenly began to shoot.

Our Chinese brethren had retired for the night, when they were startled by rifle shots fired at close range. They arose to find that their cabin doors and hallways were guarded by armed robbers. There was no place to hide and no way of escape. After considerable commotion among the passengers and crew, and a lot of

shooting by the robbers in gaining control of the boat, at last the steamer slowly proceeded on her way to a lonely spot on the river where the band awaited her arrival. As soon as the steamer reached the shore, crowds of armed ruffians rushed on board, and without ceremony began to rob the passengers of all their valuables. Pockets were searched, suitcases were opened, boxes smashed in and contents taken. Passengers who made the least objection to giving up their valuables were roughly handled and threatened with death if they did not obey orders.

When the work of looting was finished the passengers were led off in the darkness to a thatched building nearby. Here one of our brethren was accused of being a soldier and was to be shot at once. He told the robbers that he was a preacher of the Gospel, and his open manner convinced the robbers that he was telling the truth, and so his life was spared.

Before the all-night march to the mountains began, the robbers, fearing lest some of the captives might try to escape, began to bind them together in pairs by the wrists. The cords cut deep into the quivering flesh and caused excruciating pain, but there was no mercy either asked or shown. Soon the order was given to begin to march, and immediately the company started on their wearisome journey. The unknown path was narrow and slippery, and in spite of the curses and threats of the robbers, in the darkness, some of the fettered captives stumbled and fell. This so impeded the progress of the party that finally the robbers loosened the cords, and the prisoners were permitted to walk in single file. When through sheer weariness some of the captives began to lag behind, they were struck over the head with guns and compelled to move faster. Part of the journey was made by boat up a small stream, while the remainder was made on foot through long stretches of paddy fields, or following the winding paths that led among the hills. The journey continued all night and at dawn the robber rendezvous was reached. Here the prisoners were separated into small companies and handed over to villagers who were in league with the robbers, to guard and keep them.

In this district robbery and kidnapping is a regular business, and is carried on by the whole countryside. After committing an outrage, the robbers take their captives back home, and hand them over to other members of the gang, who, for a stated sum per man, usually about one dollar a day, guard, keep and feed the prisoners until they are ransomed and released. These rob-

ber guards, as we might call them, have regular shelters in which to keep the captives. These shelters are all prepared with chains and manacles to bind both neck and feet.

These robber districts are seldom molested by soldiers. There seems to be a tacit understanding between the bandits and the authorities. The outlaws do not carry on operations too near headquarters or kidnap those who have a pull with the ruling class, and in return for this kind consideration, the officials do not interfere very much with the activities of the robbers. When occasionally some outrage occurs that forces the authorities to take action, the robbers are always notified some hours beforehand that, "we are coming," and so have time to escape with their captives to a nearby hiding place, where they remain concealed until the soldiers withdraw.

The robbers that kidnapped our brethren have been carrying on their nefarious business for over two years. During this time scores of robberies have been committed and hundreds of men have been kidnapped. Yet the robbers are permitted to travel in and out at will. All the letters written demanding ransom were posted in the city of Canton, and when at last the "board bill" was paid, several of the robbers accompanied the captives out to the city to receive and count the money, and when the transaction was finished, the robbers went with them to a nearby restaurant and had a friendly meal together!

Fortunately, when captured, the four brethren were all handed over to the custody of one head man, and so were housed together. These men with six others were crowded into one narrow room about six by fourteen feet. Over the doorway of their dismal shelter might well have been written, "Let hope depart for those who enter here," for when they stepped inside, the door of their prison house closed on them, not to open again until they were released five months later. For nearly half a year this small space afforded living quarters, dining room, kitchen, bedroom and bath room all combined. Here, throughout those long, weary, waiting months they "lived and moved and had their being." When well they exhorted one another to patience and forbearance. When one of their number was stricken with fever, they cared for and comforted him as best they could, but never knowing what or when the end might be. To make the captives more secure, every man was fastened with chains about the neck and ankles. Our brethren were all chained together. The

neck chains being too short, the fourth man could not be fastened, and so was permitted to remain with only his ankles manacled. In this uncomfortable way the brethren spent their days and nights. Only twice in five days were these chains removed for even the shortest period, and then it was because of a report that soldiers were coming. When at midnight the message reached the robber camp, the ankle chains of the captives were taken off and the men were hustled through the fields chained together by the neck. There on the hillside they squatted together in the tall, wet grass and waited longingly for dawn. It proved to be a false report and when the danger was passed, the captives were led back to their foul shelter, and the ankle chains again attached. These chains were so short and fastened so securely that one man could not turn in bed without all four turning together; one man could not arise from his bed without all arising; one man could not take a single step without all the others going along with their clanking chains. For one hundred and fifty-six days the men were not permitted to take a bath, or have a shave or hair cut, and as the small room in which they were confined was close, dark and foul, the stench from each other became almost unbearable. Vermin in all forms abounded. Lice crept and bed bugs crawled. Fleas danced in wicked glee and mosquitoes sang their plaintive notes. The vermin increased so rapidly that in order to obtain any sleep at night, two hours each day were devoted to the work of "bug-killing." One one occasion after a sleepless night filled with wakeful dreams and itching sensations, one of the men blamed the others for his discomfort, and suggested that in future each color his own little pests so that it could be told if they were bitten by their own or by those belonging to others.

Though unspeakably filthy and exposed to diseases which other captives had contracted, still God mercifully guarded them against infection. When through hardships and exposure one after another was smitten with fever, the Lord graciously delivered. For these mercies the brethren are most grateful, for it was the custom among the robbers, if a prisoner became dangerously ill to take him out and chain him to a nearby tree in the open air, exposed to all the elements, until he either got better or passed away. In this way two of the captives, who had taken fever and were thus exposed, died.

Throughout their long confinement, our brethren

had but two garments each, which were worn continuously day and night without washing or change, for one hundred and fifty-six days—from the heat of August to the cold of January. When the brethren were released these garments were reeking with filth and worn to shreds. All the bedding that was provided for the four men was one coarse rice bag each, until the last month of captivity when an extra rice bag was provided. But the brethren were given straw which they wove into a coarse coverlet, which kept them from the piercing cold.

When captured the men were permitted to retain one small New Testament among them. This little volume proved a blessing and benediction as again and again by the dim light that shone through the rafters, they pored over its pages and feasted on the promises. The little Testament was nearly worn out by constant reading day by day, but its messages did not wear out. It afforded nourishment for the soul, though the body was suffering. When prone to be discouraged at the long confinement Psalms 91:3 came to their minds and encouraged them to believe: "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the noisome pestilence." Or when Satan tempted them to fear that they might die in captivity such words as 2 Cor. 1:10: "Who hath delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver, in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us," enabled them to expect deliverance and to hope on in spite of disappointments. These and other passages were especially helpful, lifting them up above their uncomfortable surroundings and causing them to look up to the Lord from whom cometh our help.

During the long months of captivity, the brigand bands carried on their operations of robbing boats and villages, and at irregular intervals fresh captives were brought into the robber shelters. This gave the brethren opportunity of speaking to other prisoners about the Way of Life, and at least one man accepted the Message.

When our brethren were first captured the full amount of ransom money demanded was not at once made known to us. The robbers evidently wanted time to enquire into the social status of the men, and the ability of their friends and relatives to pay, before deciding on a definite sum. But scrawling notes from the robbers stated that unless five hundred dollars per man was forthcoming within five days, as a little "tip" to start negotiations, that the men would be tortured. Sometime later another letter was received, stat-

ing that since these two former notes had been ignored, that they would again limit the time, and if the amount demanded was not sent to them within seven days, the heads of our brethren would be forwarded to us. While this was a threat to extort money, yet it carried with it real cause for anxiety, for robbers often resort to all kinds of cruelties in order to gain their ends. We have heard of a case when the letters demanding ransom were ignored, the captives' ears were cut off and sent through the mail to the relatives with the threat that the corpse would be presently forwarded if their demands were not complied with.

It was the rule of a certain band of robbers not to keep their prisoners more than three months. If within that time the relatives really cannot provide the amount demanded, the price is either reduced, or the captive is killed as a warning to the others. This latter plan is often resorted to if several of those kidnapped are relatives or friends. On one occasion after waiting in vain for the money, one dark night they took one of the captives and led him back to a spot near to his native village, and there put him to death. A few days later the mutilated body was found and a scrawling note lying near the corpse stated that if there was further delay in producing the money that other members of the family would share a similar fate.

A few months ago a number of students from a Mission school in Canton were kidnapped. A short time afterwards the body of one of the captives was found in a pig basket floating down the river, while letters threatened greater cruelties if the others were not quickly ransomed. Our brethren, therefore, were in great peril, and might have been done to death any day. But God never once deserted them. He who was with Daniel in the lions' den, now kept these human brutes from carrying out their plans. Later it was confidently told our men by their keeper, that had their homes been nearer, so that they could have been taken back easily, at least one of them would have been murdered.

When the brethren were first kidnapped, they hoped that their imprisonment might be of short duration. They thought that perhaps it might last but three days, the length of time between Christ's death and resurrection. Then they changed the time to seven days, the duration of Passion week. Again ten days was the time set, but when its closing day brought no release, they thought of the forty days' temptation in the wilderness, and hoped at the end of that time de-

liverance might come. Finally, they counted the rows of bricks in their prison walls, and longed that a day for a row would bring deliverance. But when all dates failed and they were still in captivity, gradually their awful condition was realized, and hopelessness like a dreadful pall slowly settled down upon them.

The brethren knew full well that naturally it was impossible to secure the ransom money. There was no help in man, but God's unfailing Arm was underneath them, and they realized in a precious way that what had happened was not accidental. God had a purpose in it all. They were in God's school, the bitter school of adversity and trial, and God was teaching them lessons that they needed to learn during this time of agitation and unrest in China. These lessons could not be learned in a day. It took months to solve the problems. One of the brethren said after they were released, "How good we did not get out too soon, otherwise we might have missed the lessons the Lord intended us to learn." The Chinese have a proverb that says, "It is a great pity to enter a Treasure Mountain and to return empty handed." And surely our brethren have not returned "empty handed." They entered the mountains much disturbed in heart and mind, but they have returned with richest treasure, which will enable them more fully to carry out God's purposes for their lives, and cause us together to press forward in the work of the evangelization of this province in a manner hitherto unknown. Yes, the brethren have had to suffer, and the missionaries have passed through months of anxiety and fear, but today we believe the clouds are lifting, the darkness is fast passing away, and a new day, big with promise, is dawning in the East.

* * *

A camp meeting known as the Union Camp for all Nations located in a beautiful grove at the corner of Temple and Hoover Streets, Los Angeles, Cal., has been in progress for several weeks, and will continue until some time in October, in charge of Evangelist S. B. Shaw, "The Apostle of Unity." The object of this meeting is to bring about closer fellowship between all Christian people, and for a thorough revival in all the missions and churches in the city.

The music is in charge of Herbert Buffum and wife, author of "I'm Going Through," "My Sheep Hear My Voice," "The Old Fashioned Meeting," "I Would Like to Hear Elijah Pray Again," etc., that are sung around the world by all Christians. We urge the readers of this paper to pray for this work.—S. B. SHAW.

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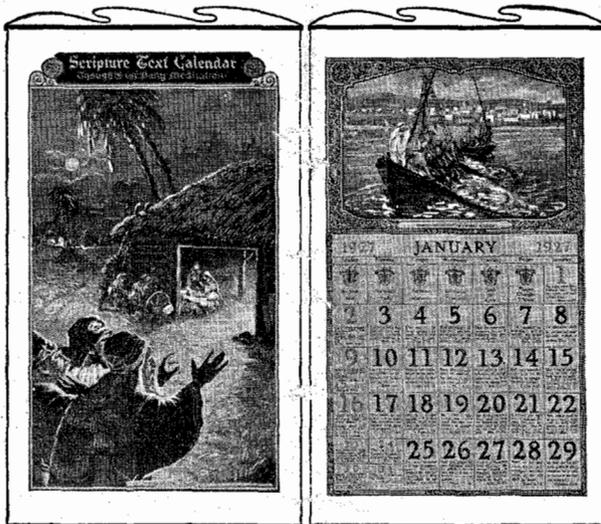
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