



# The Latter Rain Evangel

*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

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

## The Two Classes of Redeemed

Those Who Serve and Those Who Praise.

Pastor Philip Wittich in The Stone Church, Sept. 12, 1926



JOHN tells us in Revelation 7:9, that "after these things" he saw in heaven a great multitude which no man could count. Now what are these things that are followed up by a great multitude of palm-bearers appearing in heaven? The beginning of the seventh chapter

tells us about the 144,000 out of the twelve tribes of Israel who are sealed by the Lord with the Holy Ghost to serve God here on earth during the Tribulation, to be unharmed and untouched by the Antichrist until Jesus shall come. Before that we have been reading that when the fifth seal was opened there was a great earthquake; however it does not mean an earthquake; it means a great shaking which affects not only the earth but the stars of the heavens. There is a great shaking of the whole universe, and the men of this world, the kings of the earth, the princes, the great and the mighty men, the high and the low, shall cry to the mountains, "Hide us from Him that sitteth upon the throne." Then before the judgments of God continue to be poured forth upon the world, God numbers the faithful in Israel and He has them all sealed thru the Holy Ghost so that the evil one cannot touch them.

There has been a great deal of confusion among Bible students regarding the word "tribe." In neither the Old nor New Testament does the Bible use the word "tribe" for the church or the nations of the world. I have made a thorough study of the word in both the Old and New Testaments and I find that the word "tribe" in the Hebrew is the word *mattah* which means a *branch*, something that has sprouted out. I challenge your most careful inquiry as to the correctness of this statement. You will never find a passage from Genesis to Revelation where the word "tribe" is ever used of any Gentile nation or of the church, but it is always used for one or all of the twelve tribes of Israel. The New Testament, which is written in Greek, gives the same satisfactory answer. The word *phuo* means "to sprout," "to germinate" and has exactly the same meaning as the word "*mattah*" so it refers to the people of Israel who have branched out, sprouted out from among the nations, having received the life of the living God. That word "tribe" occurs in our text: "out of every nation, and of all the

tribes and people and tongues." The first mention of the word "tribe" in the New Testament is in Luke 2:36, which says that Anna the prophetess who was waiting for the Lord was of the tribe of Asher. So she was a Jewess. The second time is Acts 13:21 where Saul tells us he was of the tribe of Benjamin. He mentions this again in Phil. 3:5.

We have a few cases where the word is used in the plural. In Matt. 19:28, the Lord promises His twelve disciples that they shall judge the twelve tribes of Israel. Then in Matt. 24:30, we read that during the tribulation all the tribes of the earth shall mourn. James addresses his letter to the twelve tribes of the dispersion, which means those who were scattered after the destruction of Jerusalem. In Rev. 21:12, we read that the names of the twelve tribes of Israel shall be inscribed in the foundations of the New Jerusalem. It says the multitude of palm-bearers came out of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues. The Greek word for nation is *ethnos* which is never used for the Jews any more than the word *phulee* (tribe) is ever used for the Christians. That word translated "nations" here means the Gentile nations, while *phulee* means the tribes of Israel. They came out of all peoples, *laos*, and tongues, *Glossa*, no matter to what nationality they belong.

Now let us go back to a description of the elders (Rev. 5:9). "And they sang a new song saying, Worthy art Thou to take the Book and to open the seals thereof, for Thou wast slain and hast purchased by Thy blood every tribe and tongue and people and nations, and made us unto our God a kingdom of priests: and they shall reign on the earth." Now the elders and cherubim as described in the fourth of Revelation, come, as far as their original life is concerned, partly from the Jews and partly from the Gentiles, but they are the ones who appear seated on thrones wearing crowns. The multitude that appears in the seventh chapter are people who have white robes and palms in their hand, but the place they came from is identical with the place from which the elders came. Some of them are converted Jews, some converted Gentiles speaking various foreign languages. In other words, they are drawn from all people of the earth. That is a wonderful thot that God

wants to bring out, that the origin of the elders and the origin of the palm-bearers is the same.

Now let us go a little deeper: It is the company that has been originally living as part and parcel of the Gentiles, part and parcel of the Jews, and part and parcel of some of the nations. Let us see the difference between the palm-bearers and the elders. A number is given here. Not a literal number but a typical number. Twenty-four is the number of divine government; it is the number which speaks of Jesus as the Prophet, High Priest and King. Jesus was obedient. The more one learns to obey, the more one can govern. Learn to be obedient in your home circle, and to obey the authorities; then God will need you to reign as kings. If you are rebellious in the place where He has put you, God cannot use you. He who doesn't learn to obey will never be able to rule. The body of Christ is not all hands, nor all eyes; it is not all ears nor all thumbs. We cannot be all alike, but if you are yielded to the Holy Ghost He will show you your place. In our bodies one member doesn't fight the other. My fingers would not try to hurt my nose. So we have to learn to work in harmony.

Now these twenty-four elders do not stand literally for twenty-four men, but for people that come absolutely under the government of Jesus Christ, representing the company that shall reign as kings and priests; just as God appointed twelve representative rulers over Israel, so He has a body of representative saints who in the New Testament shall have authority. They have learned the supreme authority of Jesus, therefore, they are able to govern the world. The elders are a class of people that come out of a lost humanity, but they have been changed into the image of a lion, into the image of a bullock, the image of a man and a flying eagle, and all these are types of the Lord. He is the Lion of the tribe of Judah; He is the bullock that served us on Calvary; He is the only Man who is the wisdom of God, and the flying Eagle, the one nearest to God. These four cherubim represent a class of people in each one of these distinguishing and predominating features; some have the stamp of a bullock, some the stamp of a man, some a lion and others an eagle.

But now to go back to our text. John sees a multitude which no man can count. It must have been in the millions, but I will never try to estimate how many millions; that would be speculating. They stood before the throne. What does the throne mean? It means authority. A party

sitting on a throne must have authority, otherwise a throne would lose its meaning. When we have a seat of rest it will be a throne of authority. But the text says that the multitude are standing before the throne and the Lamb. The multitude that are standing have no rest. They serve God day and night. The overcomers are composed of two classes: the cherubim and the elders. Where are the cherubim? There is a fine shade of difference between the cherubim and the elders. What the husband has, the wife has. The palm-bearers are standing before the throne; the elders are sitting upon the throne. Here rest and authority; there activity.

The multitude of palm-bearers are clothed in white, which speaks of purity and victory. While they were going thru the tribulation they had to submit to the cleansing and purifying process, the process of being washed in the blood of the Lamb. The overcomers sang a new song, "Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred and tongue and people, and nation. They have harps and vials of incense, which are the prayers of the saints. That word in the Greek that the elders and cherubim are saying, "Thou hast redeemed us," is the same as that used for the market place where the slaves were sold, and where the buyers came to buy. In other words we were once slaves of the devil and slaves of the flesh and of the world. We were threefold slaves, but Jesus touched us and the devil and the world had to loosen their hold.

Then we read of the cherubim, that they had eyes within and without. Nothing of that kind is said about the palm-bearers. The eye is a type of the Holy Ghost; they were people that were searching inwardly and without; no condemnation for sin. The palm-bearers only cry "Salvation" but what does it say about the cherubim? They cry day and night, "Holy, holy, holy!" The praise note of the cherubim and the elders is a song of praise unto the Father, unto the Son and unto the Holy Ghost for complete deliverance from self-life of the old creation. Is there anything of the kind to be found with the palm-bearers? They do not share the same glory with the elders and the cherubim, still they are redeemed. They have not paid the price, but they are washed from their sins thru the blood. Just as a slave is no more his own but belongs to his master, so the overcomers are people who sing a different song because they have a different experience. The palm-bearers say, "Salvation to our God," because they have been washed in the

blood of the Lamb, but the elders have a greater praise because their experience is a deeper one. If a man has a little experience with God his praise is very limited, but take a man delivered from the power of sin, and he will never cease to praise the Lord. Some people say, "That man makes me nervous when he praises the Lord so much." You may be under the blood like the palm-bearers, but the wonderful song of worship, "Holy, holy, holy" is missing. The palm-bearers have no song.

In the world we have all sorts of songs, some praising the deeds of men, heroes, others songs of love. Even when worldly people sing songs they cannot sing effectually unless they have the experience. It was said about a great Swedish singer who years ago swayed American audiences, that while she was filling an engagement she received a telegram one night before she went on the stage that one of her dear ones at home had died. She had to sing, and when the audience applauded her and asked for an *enchore* she sang that old song, "Home, sweet Home," and sang it as she had never sung it before. Her heart was over there in her Swedish home where a loved one was lying dead. There was hardly a man or woman in that theatre in the city of Boston whose eyes were dry when Jenny Lind sang that song, "Home sweet Home."

Why is it that the elders can sing a new song? They have a new experience. It is a love song. When young folks fall in love they love to sing love songs. Let them sing them; the world is cold enough. The palm-bearers were saved; they had washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb and made them white. Between husband and wife to have perfect unity, the wife must yield to the husband, and the husband must yield to the wife. As in the natural, so in the spiritual. If you would know the power of the tender love of Jesus your Bridegroom, you must yield to Him. People will call you foolish, as a girl in love, but with her you are entitled to sing of the love of Jesus, your Bridegroom.

I want to incite you to take your place and ask God daily to make you an elder or cherubim. Yield every bit of yourself to Him and when God calls you home you will not simply cry "Salvation" but you will sing the love song of the Overcomers.

Now the elders are called in Greek, *Presbuteroi*, those who are matured. The elders that were taken out of Israel were mostly taken from the

first-born of the home. As the first-born have more than the other children, so these elders get more of God; not so with the palm-bearers.

Now this multitude appears after the sixth seal is broken and the tribulation is well under way. But before the wrath of God is being poured out upon the earth these elders were seated, some on the throne and some around the throne. The palm-bearers were caught up *out of the tribulation*; they were sinners when the tribulation broke upon the earth and caused them to seek God. The tribulation is an absolute necessity for this world, for the preaching of the Gospel cannot reach people anymore; the Holy Ghost can no more melt the hearts of the people; men do not care about the full Gospel. Therefore, God has to send the Great Tribulation when many will learn to plead the blood of Jesus who before despised it. We have today many sects and doctrines that despise the blood. People tell you they can get to heaven without the blood, but praise God we have tasted the reality of the cleansing blood.

Daniel has alluded to these tribulation saints (12:1) when he says "there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation, etc." Daniel thru the Holy Spirit kept the book shut, but now we are in the time of the end. Study the book with Matthew 24. I am not looking for the tribulation but for the wedding feast. The 30th verse says, "Then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn." We will not mourn if we are ready for our bridegroom. We will shout! But the twelve tribes who are scattered all over the world, who have rejected their blessed Messiah will mourn as one mourneth for his only son.

The overcomers "shall reign as kings and priests on the earth." Do palm-bearers do that? No such hope is in their hearts. They are glad they escaped and serve Him day and night but the elders and the cherubim praise Him day and night. If we serve the Lord now with all our hearts we shall have a place of rest then and we will be in a condition of praise, but if we do not, and are snatched, so to speak, and saved by the skin of our teeth, we will, like that great multitude of palm-bearers have a chance to serve God day and night. The Lamb is on the throne; the cherubim are on the throne and the elders around the throne. You will find that explained in the tabernacle. The "holiest" was separated by a veil and within this "holiest" was the mercy seat. But what is the position and the place of

the multitude of palm-bearers? They are in the holy place. They never served Him on earth. They must learn to serve Him now. When we have learned to serve Him here, we will praise Him there. What will happen if you do not serve Him now? You cannot sit on the throne.

Why are they called "palm-bearers?" No crown, no throne, no rest. They serve Him day and night. In the twenty-third of Leviticus you have a flashlight as to the meaning of palms, fortieth verse, "And ye shall take on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days." That was to be at the feast of Jehovah when they enjoyed rest, and this multitude of palm-bearers in Rev. 7 have now rest from sin, rest from persecution, which in itself is very precious, but the elders and cherubim are seated in the holiest and have authority. What will we be? We cannot tell how soon our Lord will come, but I believe if we are not ready to enter in thru the open

door described in Revelation 4, we will have to go thru a part of the tribulation and be called upon to die the death of martyrs, and then we will cry to God as we never did before. Do you see what we shall miss if we do not yield fully to God? If faithful, full redemption will be ours as we cry, "Thou hast bought us and purchased us from the market place of this world where the devil was the great taskmaster." The elders and cherubim have not only salvation but *position*, and that is brot out in Eph. 1:13-14. *God wants to have full power over us.*

Do you really want to be an overcomer? Then every day you have to say an eternal "yes" to everything God says. If you do not want to belong to that company that goes thru part of the tribulation, but want to sing the new song of the Lamb, I beg of you do not lay this message away. There is no power in us but there is *power in Jesus* that will make us elders and cherubim. He is ~~no~~ more than willing to put us into that place of power and authority.

## Afterward

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*The following was written in the death chamber of the writer's beloved father, who for fifty-five years was in the active ministry of the Presbyterian Church. She says, "In the hallowed presence of eternal realities as the Gates of Glory swung wide to let his triumphant spirit pass thru, and in the overwhelming sense of desolation and loss which his passing left in my heart, the Comforter whispered these words, 'Nevertheless, afterward.' Immediately after his death I was plunged into a furnace of physical suffering and mental anguish seven times hot. Over and over in the darkest hour of pain, the whisper would come, 'Nevertheless, afterward.' By faith I looked beyond the present anguish to the promised peaceable fruits of righteousness."*

*"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby," (Heb. 12:11).*



LIKE a rainbow through our tears, like a shaft of sunlight in a dark room, comes the refreshing refrain in life's deep symphony of pain, God's promised AFTERWARD.

Clouds of suffering hang heavy on life's horizon. Suddenly, unexpectedly, we are called aside from the sunny path of everyday joys. Unaccountable, almost incredible causes for pain arise

to bewilder us, and in the darkness and loneliness tempt us to lose faith—faith in the Divine pattern for our lives which we have faithfully tried to work out under His guidance, even faith in Him into whose hands we unreservedly put our lives when we sang, "Have Thine own way, Lord; have Thine own way."

### The Crowning Sorrow

In this very avalanche of fiery trial that has come sweeping in upon us with overwhelming force, the Adversary, ever watchful to discover his opportunity, comes with subtle whisper, "He, too, has failed you: the One in whom you placed implicit confidence. He has left you to suffer alone. He does not care, after all."

Your thought runs back to that moment when the Lord became all and in all. Out of the selfishness and worldliness of life, one day, He stepped into the foreground. He became intensely real, and you felt He was "altogether lovely." Some you had known who were lovely in one thing, and some lovely in another, but Jesus had been the only one who was *altogether* lovely.

Now the warm glow of His presence seems withdrawn, and in the chill of darkness and loneliness the crowning sorrow is the cry from the depths of your inmost soul, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Is His mercy clean gone

forever? Doth His promise fail forevermore?"

Listen again to the sweet refrain in your symphony: "Nevertheless; afterward!"

*E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove;  
From the gloom His brightness streameth  
God is wisdom, God is love.*

#### A Strange Cause for Rejoicing

What astonishment it brings to our natural minds when we open God's Word, and find on page after page the strange injunction that we are to rejoice in these periods of testing and trial. "Rejoicing in tribulation," "Count it all joy when you fall into divers testings," "Being justified by faith. . . we glory in tribulation also," "Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him."

Can it be possible that amid these fiery trials, souls that love God will find occasion for bounding, leaping, joy? We had thought perhaps that if we merely endured them, submissive in His hand, we were well pleasing to Him. Does this mean that we are not only to accept God's will, not only to chose it, not only to trust it, but actually to rejoice in the darkest experiences that come to our lives, to find in them, the adverse, the painful, the heart-breaking trials, real reasons for joy "unspeakable and full of glory?"

Yes, this is God's admonition to us that in the darkest hour which ever can sweep a human life we are to praise Him through the deep waters, assured that they will not overwhelm us.

What is the secret of this rejoicing beneath the surges of pain? We rejoice when we realize the

#### Motives of God's Testings

The motives of God's testings are benevolent. "In faithfulness Thou hast afflicted me." These trials have come that those first small germs of good which He implanted within may develop into strong sweet maturity.

A young business man who had been severely tested, and whose heart was again and again tempted to rebellion during the process of trial to which his life was subjected, came to a Christian worker. His motherless babes, two and five years old, clung one to either hand. Though still in his early thirties, his hair was snow white from the hours of anguish through which he had passed. His beloved wife was dead, an income of twenty thousand dollars a year was gone. His capital, too, was all swept away. His home was gone, his car was for sale. Stripped of everything but the two beloved children that hung to

each of his strong hands, the big, broad-shouldered, young father, towering over six feet in the strength of a capable manhood, looked steadfastly at the worker and said,

"In looking back upon my sufferings I find that God makes no mistakes. Today, I have the peace of God that passeth understanding. I look back to the years when I had every blessing that life could give, a beautiful home, a married life of perfect happiness, wealth, friends—all that our human hearts desired—but I did not have peace. I was restless, dissatisfied. Now my entire life is at rest in Him, whose glorious Presence satisfies me fully."

"When amid the breaking light and exuberant gladness you review the pathway by which you have come, you will realize your indebtedness to His matchless grace in keeping that which you committed unto Him."

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Each trial points to the future, the glad afterward when we enjoy the peaceable fruits of righteousness wrought out in our lives during the hours of pain and testing.

#### Joseph's "Afterward"

There are many examples in the lives of God's saints and heroes that have been tested by pain. Let us look for a moment at Joseph, behind prison bars because he refused to sin against the God he loved. What a test of faith as the prison doors swung to and the keys grated in the lock, shutting him away from liberty and honor into drudgery and loneliness! It was not a prison like those we are accustomed to see, dry and well built. The Hebrew word is a miserable hole, two or three little rooms crowded with prisoners, stifling air, no sunshine.

Can we doubt that Joseph's greatest trial was the agonizing question, "What of the early dreams, what of the promised power? Were these truly of God? Or were they but the fevered ambition of my own brain? If they were of God, have I failed Him, that I should end my days in a prison cell? Have I missed some sign-post somewhere that He wished me to see, and have I come far out of the way of sunlight and prosperity?"

The smile of God broke into that prison cell and history unfolds the secret that this way, and this alone, was Joseph's pathway to the throne. There, the Psalmist tells us, the iron entered into the soul of Joseph, and there in pain and suffering the boy was disciplined for great leadership.

God wants *iron saints*. Never more so than now. In these days of chaos and unrest, He must put His chosen ones through the tempering fires; but always there comes the glad afterward of power, service and joy.

"Afterward—In a Sick Room

A young woman gave her life unreservedly into the hands of the great Potter. With unerring precision He led her to a mission field. Life in the mission began buoyantly, hopefully. The sun shone, joys of service multiplied. There was no hint of sorrow or disappointment, failure or defeat. Then suddenly the whole scene changed. Misunderstanding came among the workers; health gave way; and, broken in body and spirit by severe suffering, the young woman returned to the homeland.

Loved ones who had known her before she left home, remembering the proud, high-tempered nature, the self-will and domineering spirit, somewhat dreaded the care of the invalid, but they had not counted on God's Afterward. Grace, sweetness, patience, humility, and selflessness had been wrought out through pain, and those who ministered to her in the sick room were amazed again and again at the peaceable, fruits of righteousness which her sufferings had worked out in her life.

In bearing these trials let us keep an undimmed faith in our Lord.

The Way the Father's Face Is Turned

A little boy went with his father to visit in the country where the latter was to preach in the little rural church. After the services they were shown to their room. The lights were extinguished and the little son in a cot beside his father's bed became conscious of a darkness that he had never known before in his few years of city life. Always the light from the street lamp had shone in, but here was an oppressive silence and darkness of the country where even the stars had hidden their feeble light under a misty veil of rain. The strangeness and silence and loneliness of the night frightened the child, and he whispered throughout the darkness, "Father, are you there?"

"Yes, son, I am here."

"Father, is your face turned this way?"

"Yes, son, my face is turned your way."

The little fellow was silent for a few moments; then again he asked his questions, and again the reassuring answer came back, "Yes, son, I am right here, and my face is turned your way."

Frightened child of God, bewildered in an experience of pain, listen to the Father's voice: "Lo, I am with you always." "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." When we answer, "Hear, O Lord, when I cry. . . Hide not Thy face far from me." "Hide not Thy face from Thy servant; for I am in trouble: Hear me speedily," the reassuring answer comes, "My face have I not hid."

*I'd rather walk in the dark with God  
Than walk alone in the light,  
I'd rather walk with Him by faith  
Than walk alone by sight.*

Listen again to the sweet refrain in your sympathy of pain; "Nevertheless; afterward."

Let us remember that our testing is only for a season. "For a season if need be, ye are in heaviness;" the sun will shine, the clouds will lift, and afterward will come the wonder-glow of His love when we see that it has worked out within us the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

Madame Guyon said that for seven years she had to walk in the midst of severe testing and without any consciousness of the Lord's presence, but she considered those the most valuable years of her Christian experience. There sprang up within her heart an intensity of passion for holiness which God instills, and which is a sure token that the longing will receive satisfaction.

The Afterward of Calvary

The darkest picture of sorrow this world has ever looked upon was the tragedy of Calvary. The very heavens clothed themselves in midnight blackness; the heavy crepe of nature blotted out the sunlight. All creation bent and wept, and with convulsive sob the earth's breast heaved in a mighty earthquake when the hands that had created all were pierced by the brutal nails.

*When Christ the mighty Maker died  
For man, the creature's sins.*

But what shall we say of the afterward of Calvary? Napoleon on the Isle of St. Helena says: "You tell of Caesar, you tell of Alexander, and their conquests, the enthusiasm they kindled in the hearts of their soldiers, but think of the conquests of this dead Man! Can you imagine Caesar as the eternal Emperor of the Roman Senate from the depths of the tomb gathering the Empire and watching over the destinies of Rome? Yet, here is a man who for eighteen centuries has protected the church from storms which have threatened to engulf her."

Poet, statesman, artist, philosopher, historian render homage to the blessings that have come

from our Lord's dark hour of pain, when "He who knew no sin was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

As we, His followers, gaze on the glorious afterward of Calvary though we see as yet only

in very small measure all that it means, shall we not cry out from hearts filled with awe, wonder, and adoring praise, as did the great apostle, "That I might *know Him*, and the *power of His resurrection*, and the *fellowship of His sufferings*!"

## Do Missions Pay?

By a Missionary



O missions pay? The words stood out in clear bold type on the second page of a church paper that had just arrived with the home mail. A young woman sat by a little bamboo desk in the heart of India. It was the end of the month and scattered about

on the little desk were statements and bills. Before her the large account book was open and one could see that two long columns of figures had been neatly recorded and added. The balance showed a deficiency of one hundred and twenty-six rupees (\$42.00). Her eyes fell upon the lines of the church paper for the second time and she read aloud, DO MISSIONS PAY, then taking her pen she made a large question mark after the word "pay."

The day's work was finished, for it was most midnight. Across the lonely plains the jackalls were calling back and forth to each other but tonight instead of their call being the usual "We're here, we're here" they seemed to scream, "Do missions pay?" The "code owl" in the mango grove singing his weird night song of, "Dig a grave, dig a grave, dig" seemed to be singing instead, "Do missions pay?" "Do missions pay?" The young woman raised her eyes toward heaven and from between parched lips came the cry from her soul, "Oh my God!" then her fair head sank upon the arm resting across the top of the little bamboo table.

Into the village in thought she went just as she had gone many times in person. An old woman huddled up on the ground by the outside wall of a native mud hut grabbed her skirt as she passed and pressed it to her thin wrinkled cheek murmuring, "Spirit from God, let thy kindness rest upon me. My son has turned me out to die. A new oxen was bought to work in the rice fields. It is young and useful and must have shelter and I am old—too old to work, they say, so my place in the hut was given and now I shall die quickly." "Nay mother," the girl replied, "come with me and you shall eat my bread and drink from my well and I shall also teach

you of the bread of life and living waters."

At the village well there was much excitement. A young man in the village had just died leaving his little child wife of ten or eleven years a widow. There she sat some few feet away. The village barber had come and shaved her head to show that she was a disgrace for the gods were angry with her or else her young husband would not have died. All her trinkets had been taken from her and instead of the bright colored sari (dress) that the young married girls wear, a dirty rag one yard wide and two or three yards long had been given her to cover her little body. The women made slurring remarks at her and a passing child kicked her for was she not a curse? Yes, a little widow and from now on to be a little slave girl, a public character for all the village. "Oh white lady take me to your home," she whispered as the girl bent down to speak a few words to her. A few moments later she stole away from the crowd by the well and followed the old woman and the young missionary.

On the three went to the next village where a crowd of children were waiting for the weekly Bible lesson, or Sunday school. She knew they were happy when fifty little faces looked up into hers saying, "We know the lines you taught us last time, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on HIM should not perish but have everlasting life.'" A little lad of ten or twelve years stepped out from the crowd and said, "Missie, I refused to worship the family god yesterday and my father beat me," and he showed her several large bruises across his body, "but how could I after hearing of the true and living God, Jesus? Some day, oh white lady teacher, when we grow up there will be no gods of wood and stone in this village for it will be the living God, Jesus only that we shall worship in this village."

On the outskirts of the village she stopped at a cluster of little grass huts—the outcasts, the untouchables. Children ran out to meet her and an old man stooped and bent called to her from one of the doorways, "Nourisher of the poor, my grandson will get well now. Thy good care

and thy prayers to the living God hath saved him. Victory to the living God!" Thru the crowded bazar or market place she went her way giving out Bibles to interested ones, talking to a crowd here and one or two there. Twice she stopped and went in to see some Zenana (secluded) women, sang for them and then read some Scripture portions; chatted with them a few moments, her heart going out to them who live so shut in day after day. From the market place across the rice fields they went. Hearing the cry of a child she turned aside in the direction from which it came and at the edge of the field found a wee baby girl thrown away to perish. Taking off one of her skirts she wrapped the naked babe up and carried it in her arms saying to herself, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven"—and her arms tightened about its little body as she pressed it to her.

Two people had stepped out of the narrow path to let her pass and looking up she recognized them as two of the three lepers who had been coming daily and sitting outside the gate at the mission house while she read to them a chapter from the book of St. John. Seeing her they fell down on the ground at her feet crying, "Beloved little person, Ram Lal who has been coming with us is dead in the village five miles away. His spirit has gone to your God and our God but before he went he asked us to bring you this message from him," and they handed her a crumpled bit of paper which she recognized at once as part of a leaf from a much-used gospel portion that she had given him the first day they came. Smoothing out the paper she read, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God believe also in me. In my fathers house are many

mansions. . ."

Onward the little company of six moved toward the mission house across the fields. As they neared the mission house they heard the Christians singing, "What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear, What a privilege to carry, everything to God in prayer." Standing in the doorway of the long room that served as a chapel she looked for a moment upon the dusky brown heads bowed in prayer. Babies, orphans, child-widows, older widows, young men, young women, Bible women, preachers and teachers all gathered together at the close of the day to worship the living God.

Day had dawned and soon the sun came in thru the latticed window and its golden rays fell across the fair head fallen on the arm resting across a little bamboo table. The pen had fallen from her hand but before her tired fingers had relaxed the question mark at the end of "pay" had been crossed out and a blot of ink had been dropped on the "do" making the line to read "Missions Pay." Her co-worker found her there and raising her head she saw a pool of tears where the girl's cheek had rested. The account book was still open and written in red ink over the deficient amount of one hundred and twenty-six rupees were the words "*Yes, Missions Pay.*" They lifted her tired body and laid it on the cot to rest and when she opened her eyes a native doctor was standing by her cot saying, "Little lady your body has worked too long and your heart too hard; both have given way. We suggest that you go to your native land or else we will lose you for good." So she was sent to the homeland broken in body and health but not in spirit convinced that Missions Pay.

OLGA JEAN ASTON, BOX 660, San Diego, Calif.

## Among the Indians of Peru

Forest Barker in The Stone Church



I am truly glad and thankful for the privilege of being here in this missionary church. The Lord saved me some eighteen years ago and a little later filled me with His Holy Spirit. I remember when I sought Him so earnestly for the baptism of the Spirit, He asked me if I would go to a foreign field. I was glad to say "yes," though I had very little idea that the Lord would call me; I thought He was just wanting me to be willing like Abraham had to be willing to offer up his son.

My wife had a call to South America a num-

ber of years before we went; we have been at work for the Lord for some fifteen years, and immediately we started God gave my wife a definite call to this field. South America is one country I never expected to work in, but it is wonderful how the Lord changes our plans. In 1919 we went to the Republic of Peru. Statistics state that there are more ordained ministers in Iowa than in all South America, Mexico and Central America combined. Peru is on the western coast of South America. On the north is Ecuador, on the south is Chili, on the east is Brazil and on the west is the Pacific Ocean. It

it as large as seven of our Western States, California, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Idaho and Arizona, and has a population of about five million. About one in every seventeen is white, and nearly two-thirds are Indians; the rest are mixed. Our work has been among the Spanish-speaking people, Spanish being spoken in nearly all the South American countries.

We cannot report great success from our labors, but we thank God for a few souls. While in the interior we encountered many difficulties. One week we were mobbed three times. About two hundred fanatics attacked us and we had to climb out by a ladder. The next morning some Indians came and told us to leave town. The priest told them the reason there was no rain was because we were there. They tried to frighten us, said they would give us thirty-six hours to leave, but the soldiers came and protected us until we were able to leave. We went to the principal port of the country, Callao, but our daughter's health failed there, and Bro. Hulbert came and relieved us of the work. Then God definitely led us to Huancayo, which is the terminus of the highest railroad in the world, nearly sixteen thousand feet above sea-level. We were on an elevation of 10,758 feet, during the last eighteen months of the four and a half years we were out. The Lord gave us some bright young men there. The women are dominated by the priests and it is difficult to get the men out, but twelve were baptized, and two young ladies. Then we have an outstation where we baptized sixteen.

While in this place we were much impressed with the need among the Indians. They are the Quechua Indians, descendants from the Incas. Among these Indians, Sunday is the day they do their trading. They come from far and near. If we go out in the morning we will see the sidewalk lined with people; they sit clear up to our door. Down in the market place they are working like bees. There are several touring cars and a few Ford trucks in the town but they never think of going through that busy street on Sunday, it is so crowded. God has showed us that He wants us to work in this town when we return. These Indians were once highly civilized. They had a territory that extended through the empire down to the Argentine. They had wonderful buildings built of stone, and to this day

it is a marvel how those Indians were able to place those stones in the walls without mortar or cement. In the Fifteenth Century the Spaniards came and conquered them, entrapped their leader and slew him, establishing Roman Catholicism in their midst. They have been ill-treated and oppressed and there are hundreds of thousands of them among whom nothing has been done. We had thought of going into the interior because of the opposition by the priests, but some time ago in Tulsa, Okla., in an All-Night prayer meeting God gave me a great burden for them, and He reminded me of how they used to flock into the Roman Catholic church and go out in the same condition without any knowledge of the plan of salvation. Then He showed me He wanted me to go back to this town where they come by the thousands, and build a place where we can invite them in. Once you befriend an Indian, he never forgets it. We will invite them in and thus win their confidence, and we expect God to give us a great harvest of souls there. They do not have any comforts. Instead of a comfortable bed they have a little elevated space where the families sleep, with a pole or two across which they hang their clothing. We are glad to speak in behalf of these dear Indians and we trust God will lay them on your heart and that you will pray earnestly. I read in the last *Pentecostal Evangel* where one of these Indian boys has recently been beaten by a mob. This was at our out-station. It was reported that he was killed, but he recovered. This man was saved since we left there. Brother Lightner, a man who joined us in the work, had charge of our out-station. He was a great man of prayer, but God took him. At his funeral service, an educated Indian, having known of his prayer-life, gave his heart to God, and he has taken this brother's place. I just received a letter from another a few weeks ago. He wrote me in English, as he has had some university work, and when we wrote to him we were returning, he wrote, "Joy, joy, great joy!" He speaks the Indian language very well. Another one wrote and said, "We are like sheep without a shepherd." Two of these especially we hope to use as native workers.

It will not be long until our Lord shall come and take us to Himself. Soon we shall have the privilege of being in that innumerable company which John saw, and that company will include some of the Quechua Indians.

## The Highway and Hedge Call

The Morton Sisters



O our first campaign on this western slope of the Colorado Rockies, then an untouched field for this Latter Rain Gospel, we came as strangers, knowing only one family; and to announce the meetings we went on the street on a Saturday afternoon, and sang a few songs and made the announcements. Immediately the street was blocked with eager people to hear a message. The city officer turned the traffic to the next street, saying, "You can block Main Street with your meetings, for this 'Old Time Religion' will do us good." Soon testimonies were ringing from the audience who were filling the streets, the sidewalks and the running boards of cars.

Our "Sister Bess" was speaking of the "righteousness of God," and immediately her language was changed from English (our only language) to "another tongue." Tears flowed down the faces of the people, and we wondered who had understood the message given by the Holy Spirit. We dismissed the audience with an "old fashioned hand-shaking," and then we heard many foreign-speaking people greeting each other. There were Austrians, Germans, Spanish, a little French bride with her soldier husband and other nationalities as one great family hungry for the Word of God.

On the following Saturday night there came into the crowded tent, a family who evidently had not been in the revival meetings before. They came directly to the front, addressing us, "We heard that you could speak Austrian, and we have come 49 miles tonight from the mountains." As we explained to the elderly father that our sister had spoken under the inspiration of the Spirit, he wept as he interpreted to his wife that "this was God's Spirit to bless them."

The father said, "We want to come to confession." I answered, "We have no priest but Jesus; we will pray to Him."

The father, mother, three tall sons, two lovely daughters and the little grand-children knelt at the altar of prayer. Later a part of the family were immersed in the beautiful Gunnison River, and the Lord healed the young daughter of goiter.

The young men had heard our sister speak in Austrian, (their mother tongue) in the street meeting. I asked, "And what did she say?" They answered, "All about Jesus, and it made us feel queer in our hearts."

This family are now among our dear friends. They read their Bibles, and write beautiful let-

ters, testifying to the saving, healing and keeping power of God. When we hold revival services within 100 miles of their mountain home, they come to the meetings, bringing their relations and neighbors, saying, "We like to hear you preach of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

And in this new field there is "favor among the people, the Lord adding unto the church daily such as should be saved." And ministers and workers of different denominations are seeking and recruiting the Promise of the Father. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name we give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truths sake."

The dear friends here have given us a beautiful new tent tabernacle, 42x80 feet, 12-ounce khaki, seating some 800 people. This is our fourth consecutive summer to labor here, where the dear Lord has been pleased to give us hundreds of souls, and healed many sick people of all manner of disease. Never have we found more receptive hearts than in this new untouched field.

We have no Bible training school in this central west, and this is truly a great need. The call is so great, the harvest field so white, and the cry for strong young men and maidens—"Soldiers of the Cross,"—to go forth with a true knowledge of the Word of God and a hunger for souls, and who will wait before Him, and trust Him through these days of falling away.

What a service! The service of the King! How great the fight against Satan, and how glorious will be the day of victory! The day is short, the work is vast, the reward is great, the Master urges, our King is on His way!

### Called Home

Another precious warrior has gone to her reward. Miss Clara M. Miner who for a number of years conducted the Bethel Rest Home at 109 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, passed away on Oct. 4, 1926. For a number of years Miss Miner was a missionary in India. Returning to California she became matron of the Home of Peace, at Beulah Heights where she continued for seven years. Later she opened up the Grand Avenue Home for missionaries. For some time her health has been feeble and she went to be with her Lord whom she so loved after a life enriched by service.

It was Miss Miner's provision that the Home should be continued by Miss Agnes E. Jacobson, who, for the last five years, has been in the work with her:

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## Notes

### How a Missionary Was Called

IN our last issue we published a few notes on the power of influence, particularly the influence of the printed page. A recent letter from a missionary in the Congo gave us a very tangible illustration of this. He writes:

"I was brought into the light of healing thru *The Latter Rain Evangel*, and also came into the light of the glorious baptism of the Holy Spirit thru the same paper, and finally thru that same instrument I received my call to Africa. Here I am today proclaiming the blessed Word of God because God led me here thru your paper. Wonderful are the leadings of the Lord! Little did I know when I was in Minnesota that I should finally land here. God has permitted my eyes to see many come to the Lord, numbers filled with the Holy Spirit, the sick and afflicted healed and even insane restored to a perfect and sane mind. I praise God for allowing me to come here."

This is a source of great encouragement to us and our readers who have so nobly stood by us all these years and helped us send out the printed message. The friend who was instrumental in having Axel Oman read *The Evangel* will share in the fruits of his labors in the Congo. Reader, if you invest \$1.25 for a yearly subscription to *The Evangel* for some one and it brings returns like this, will you not feel repaid a thousandfold? There is material in many a young man and woman who have as yet not been awakened to the needs of a lost world. Send them the printed message. It will help them to find their place in God.

Another missionary from Africa writes: "We are enjoying the paper more and more because we are passing it along, thus preaching to some who never have such teaching. One minister comes just as regularly for the paper as the month comes. We have had some pleasant discussions concerning some of the teaching."

\* \* \*

Miss Jennie Carlson writes with great joy that she has a co-worker to return with her to Sierra Leone, Miss Grace Bowie, daughter of Pastor George Bowie of the Cleveland Assembly. They expect to leave the latter part of November. Miss Carlson prayed very earnestly for a co-worker and says that Miss Bowie has the right kind of missionary timber for Africa. May God bless them as they go forth to that needy field with its deadly climate.

\* \* \*

Miss Marie Stephany is returning to China, D. V. on Nov. 9th, sailing on the Taiyo Maru from San Francisco. She is very happy to take with her four new recruits, Miss H. A. Tielman of Cleveland, Ohio; Miss L. D. Lash of Venetia, Pa.; Miss G. M. Martin of Philadelphia, Pa. and Miss A. F. Stewart of Mt. Vernon, New York. Those who have been praying for workers for China will rejoice in these additions to the missionary body.

\* \* \*

### Two Months' Report

(Sept. and Oct.)

Miss Carrie Anderson, South China .....	\$ 45.00
L. M. Anglin, China .....	20.00
Miss Olga Jean Aston, for baby nursery, India .....	24.00
J. H. Boyce, India .....	158.00
Miss A. Elizabeth Brown, Jerusalem .....	5.00
Miss Grace Brown, India .....	25.00
Miss Harriet Dithridge, Japan .....	45.00
Miss Ruth Erickson, W. Africa .....	35.00
Miss Margaret Flint, India .....	10.00
Mrs. James Harvey, India .....	27.00
Cecil Jackson, So. China .....	10.00
C. F. Juergenson, Japan .....	15.00
John Juergenson, Japan .....	10.00
George M. Kelley, So. China .....	10.00
Miss Ethel King, India .....	15.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India .....	20.00
Miss Minnie Madsen, South America .....	25.00
Harry Mamalis, Greece .....	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mueller, India .....	48.00
Mrs. Mattie Neeley, W. Africa .....	10.00
John Norton, India .....	15.00
Wm. K. Norton, India .....	10.00
Miss Leanore H. Parker, India .....	21.00
C. C. Personeus, Alaska .....	15.00
V. G. Plymire, Tibetan Border .....	60.00
Miss Laura Radford, Jerusalem .....	5.00
Miss Mary Rasmussen, So. China .....	10.00
Miss A. F. Stewart, India (thru G. C.) .....	10.00

B. A. Schoeneich, Central America .....	32.00
Mrs. Violette Schoonmaker, India .....	10.00
E. M. Scurrah, So. Africa .....	11.00
W. W. Simpson, N. China .....	24.00
Walter H. Turner, China .....	20.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan .....	10.31
Harry Waggoner, India .....	5.00
Miss Jennie Williams, So. China .....	13.00
W. R. Williamson, So. China .....	10.00
Miss Adah Winger, S. America .....	10.00
Mexican Work, (thru G. C.) .....	10.00
Total .....	\$ 949.66

\* \* \*

### Home Missions in Canada

THE Canadian Assemblies are concentrating on Home Missions. This in no way hinders the foreign missionary work, but on the other hand tends to advance it, as every new assembly set on fire for missions means a forward move on the foreign field.

Bro. J. R. Spence, sailing for South China Nov. 11th and passing thru Chicago *en route*, is very enthusiastic about their Home Missionary effort, as he has seen the successful result of men and money expended in new fields. They have gone into entirely virgin territory and put on a campaign which has brought blessed results.

In Brandon, Manitoba, there was a small assembly which had been running just a few months. Evangelist Gordan and his daughter went there and held a successful revival. A few weeks later Pastor D. N. Butain of the Winnipeg Assembly followed and God wonderfully worked. The Town Hall was engaged and every Sunday night as many as five hundred attended the meetings with marked interest. Seventy-five received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and scores were saved. The result was an assembly established of several hundred people and a monthly missionary offering of about \$100.

They also had a similar meeting in Port Arthur, Ontario. There was no assembly there at all until they sent in an evangelist to hold a campaign. Now they have a splendid, growing assembly with an attendance on Sunday of three hundred.

In Hamilton, Ontario, they hired a church and opened up with a large campaign, and now they have a flourishing assembly of three or four hundred members.

The city of Portage La Prairie is being opened up in the same way.

The Canadian brethren decided some time ago to take one-third of the offerings that came in for Home Missions, and in this way they are able to launch these campaigns and open up assem-

blies in new places. At once these assemblies take up monthly missionary offerings and the amount expended is returned four-fold.

\* \* \*

### The Gospel among the Pirates

IN the South East delta between Hong Kong and Canton lies a little peninsula, two to three miles in length; also some islands called the Lardrone Islands. The population of this territory is about 150,000, of whom a large number are sea pirates. Rev. Jno. Galloway on furlough, told recently of conversions among these sea pirates. He said that on one of the islands there were between thirty and forty Christians, and on going to this island he was pursued and attacked by robbers from both sides of a narrow channel, who fired a regular fusilade, yet they were not harmed. They had read that morning from II. Kings, about Elisha and his servant at Dothan, and how the Lord had protected them supernaturally. They found afterwards that the robbers were expert marksmen. They were pursued by twenty-five men in a long, narrow boat, but God protected, and they finally gave up the pursuit.

Later God directed him as definitely as if a human voice had spoken to him, to go to the pirate island. They held a Gospel service for two hours in a mat shed filled with people, and then distributed Gospel literature. They desired to go further and witness to other pirates, but were advised it was very dangerous. "Don't you dare go," said a friend, "You had better go into a den of tigers." But they felt God had spoken and they went, altho armed pirates awaited them on the shore. They were permitted to go from one band to another, accompanied by guides, and were kindly received by them, even entertained with cakes and tea.

When they asked the friendly band to introduce them to another band, one said, "If you go there you will be blown to pieces." But he called a guide and they got to the boat just in time to meet the head pirate chief. As they landed on the other side the boatman went ahead to say that the missionaries were coming. At the blowing of the bugle, forty pirates assembled with Mausers, pointing them at the missionaries, but they were without fear, as they were there at the bidding of the Lord. As the missionary told them of God and of Jesus Christ, the men drank in the message and received the books kindly. As they were ready to leave, the missionary said, "The next time we come, don't pour a fusilade

at us; put up a signal and we will stop; and if you want anything, take it." They replied, "We didn't know it was you or we wouldn't have fired on you. Come back and tell us this story again."

Just then the pirate chief stepped up and said, "This country is open to you. Go where you please, you are under my protection."

As a result of this obedience to God's voice, one of the largest bands of nearly 3,000 pirates has been completely broken up, and they have gone back to a respectable life and business.

\* \* \*

### Healed of Double Pneumonia

**A** LITTLE girl in Portland, Oregon, three and a half years old, was taken with double pneumonia (the second attack in six months). On Friday night the doctor pronounced her condition very serious and felt there was very little hope for her. Her respiration went as high as 92, her lips and finger nails were blue. She had difficulty in getting her breath on account of her lungs being filled up. Her condition at midnight was so serious that the doctor was sent for. He looked at the child and said, "There is not much of anything that I can do," and went away. The parents were expecting to have to send a telegram to relatives in the morning that Mary was gone.

But the nurse had received the assurance before the doctor came that "When the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall raise up a standard against him," and after the doctor left, the child began to breathe easier, and in two hours' time was sleeping normally. When the doctor came in the morning Mary was laughing and playing, and he said that in all his medical experience he had never seen anything like it; that it was unbelievable. She ate a bowl of milk and toast for breakfast, and called for a second bowl. She slept normally Saturday night and Sunday night, and Monday morning she gave one or two little coughs and threw up mucous that more than filled her mother's hands held together. The third day the doctor came, thinking there would be some after effects, and found Mary playing the phonograph. He said, "Mary, I thought Friday night that you would surely be with the angels today. You scared me nearly to death; I came and found you in such a serious condition, and a few hours after I came and found you all right."

How true is the Scripture, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

L. L. H.

### In the Mission Field

Brother Boyce, Siswa Bazar, India, writes praising the Lord for funds to purchase three tents to visit the far-away villages. "Real good work was done on the borders of Nepal last year," he writes. "Some Nepalese were reached with the message of life as they came into India trading. Also portions of the Gospel were sold to them for one-half cent each. But most of the work was done among the Indian people. A thousand Gospels were left in the different villages after preaching to them. It is our aim to leave some portion of the Word of God in every village. Sometimes we sold as many as twenty portions in a village."

They have new missionaries who would help them in this blessed work but they haven't room to house them. Bro. and Sis. Boyce are greatly in need of buildings. They have six acres of land purchased for new buildings but up to date they have only \$220 for the buildings. May God lay the need of these buildings upon the hearts of some of His stewards.

They now have a Christian community of nearly eighty souls. He writes that when they first started their work he thought it was a great thing to trust the Lord for their personal support, but now with his orphanage work he finds himself trusting the Lord for seventy-three others as well. The Lord has given them souls this year right from the beginning. The last is a man from one of the low castes. But the problems with which a missionary has to cope are often heart-breaking. It means so much to get a native Indian converted, especially from the high caste. Immediately he is saved all his family rises up to turn him back to heathendom. Not being able to persuade him, they threaten him with violence and death. It is seldom that a man is able to withstand all this for the Gospel's sake. So the missionary often has to see his labors frustrated after much time and prayer has been spent on a convert.

\* \* \*

It is a striking instance of the power of God when a judge and his family and relatives, eighteen in number, all give their hearts to the Lord. This is a judge in Barquisimeto, who is also an elder in the church Bro. Bender established. Miss Winger writes "he is fruit that remains." He lifted up Jesus as the only Savior of the world at their Seventh Anniversary service followed by another native worker, saved less than two years. These special meetings began with a baptismal

service of nineteen precious souls from that dark land. "If you want to know if missions pay," she writes, "a scene like we are witnessing in these days would surely convince you. To think that seven years ago there was not one saved but

two lone missionaries obeyed the voice of God, coming to this place, suffering hardships and many trials. And now to see the contrast it seems the stones would cry out if we did not praise God. The Lord reigneth!"

## Itinerating in South China

J. R. Spence



It was a glorious morning. The long-looked-for day had come at last. For seven months we had been trying and planning to get off on that trip but always we had been hindered. And now A' Lam had come. To mention that name in S. China is enough. Imagine, if you will, a tall strongly built Chinese, dressed all in black with a face deep-dented from the marks of sin yet his eyes brighten his whole face and soften its harshness. He has been in turn soldier, gambler, bandit, executioner, and now preacher of the Gospel. His strength gave him the name of Little Bull in his wild days. He was a terror to all and his courage is magnificent. More than once since he was saved, have the bandits, his former associates, stripped him of all, yet he keeps going on carrying the tidings of great joy over the mountains and up the rivers. For none knows better than he "that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to all who believe." Truly a living witness of the Gospel to change men's lives. From bandit to preacher is a far cry yet he is now as successful in winning men for Christ as he was in robbing when the government put a big price on his head for his capture dead or alive. Wisely they leave him alone now, for is not the old A' Lam dead? *This A' Lam is a new creature in Christ Jesus.*

A' Ying is our engineer. Quiet, rather fearful when bandits are around, yet never once has he refused to go and he and I have been called to shore more than once by these "gentlemen." But he is a good Christian and a good mechanic and loves "Glad Tidings" our brave little launch.

Chan Hoh Lo is my own Evangelist. He is young and full of zeal. Such was our party.

Early in the morning we hastened through the streets of Sainam deserted save where some devout worshipper was burning the morning incense to the household gods. A' Ying had all baggage aboard. He cranked the engine and off we went. We sped past Sam Shui lying half asleep and without a hitch reached Sz Ooi where

we put up for the night. We preached in the chapel there and were glad for the nice crowd out to hear. We have a fine Girls' School there.

Next morning we commenced with the sun. On, on all day up the lovely Bamboo River, bordered by the graceful trees which gave it its name. Its a beautiful country but the bamboo and the fir forests are the haunts of the bandits, and well we know that even as we pass, signals are being given intimating our approach. Once in a while a head and a rifle are seen and as suddenly disappear.

Our destination the first night was Koo Shui, a market town fed by all the numerous villages lying round. Supper over we drew aside the awning closed to hide us from curious eyes while eating.

The little town is quiet now so we poled our boat nearer shore, and soon a crowd gathered, and like One of old, we stood on the boat and preached. What eager listeners they are! We told them of the love of God and of the Christ. The matchless story held them until far on into the night, and at last we tore open a packet of Gospels and sold several score. Then the last listener crept away. Soon the little town was fast asleep, and we were left alone, but the Christ was one of the company for did He not say "Go—and lo I am with you always."

Up with the sun, a splash with hot water, a warm cup of tea and off again. This day our destination was the port for Kwongwing, a small dirty place built on *stilts*, which we reached without mishap, just at sunset. Off next day again to make Au Tsai before dark. And it is there we have such wonderful scenery. Cliffs rising from the river, mountains, pine forests and bamboo groves, while away to the Northwest peaks cleave the sky, and the river like a silver streak winding its way out and in.

Up early again next morning for the last and most difficult stage of our journey. Six rapids to ascend. When we have nervous folks along we send them by chair from Au Tsai to Waitsap, for every time we make the trip it is "almost"

disaster, and all of us are ready, pole in hand, for any and every emergency. Cliffs rising sheer from the river, the river hemmed in, rushing down with such force that little "Glad Tidings," with all of her 12½ H.P., can only stand and shiver. With the aid of our poles and the coaxing of A' Ying, she slowly begins to make her way. Then a fairly smooth piece then another rapid. Eighteen miles of this, and to make matters worse, huge rafts of bamboo and fir come roaring down and woe be to us if we are in the way. Once, to escape one, A' Ying had to turn swiftly and that left him two alternatives—to have the side torn out of the boat or to run nose on to the rocks. Quickly power was shut off, and she struck nose on. Good old A' Ying.

But we get into smoother water, turn the bend of the river and Gold Mountain, the sentinel of Waitsap, comes into view. And then Waitsap, with its white-washed houses and its massive walls. Chan Hoh Lo and myself got out at the near end and walked. How good it was just to be there. Merchants grunted their welcome and boys and girls smiled at us. Soon we reached the chapel—scene of many a blessed time. Here we spent many happy days of toil for the Master and sad were we when we had to flee. Mr. Fung, the door boy, was there, old warrior that he is, fifty some years old, and then the old temple-keeper whom a Gospel of St. John introduced to Jesus. How he was persecuted, driven from his home! Yet since, he has—oh! no—"not departed" but "arrived" home to see the Lord, whom he loved, face to face. And then, the faithful women, Christ always has them. Overjoyed, yes that hardly describes it, to see us back again. And what a barrage of questions—"How was Sz Nai" (Mrs. Spence) and little Oi Lin" (our eldest daughter), and when were we coming back to be with them? and had we heard from Mr. and Mrs. Williamson? and then it was our turn. Most, nay, nearly all of them were still following the Christ. The few, God bless them, had let the cares of the world and the persecutions come in and they had ceased coming to chapel. Yes, we must look them up. But, there was one gone forever. Mr. Fung told us the story. He had grown cold and stopped coming to the meetings. Then, one fine morning he disappeared. Nothing was heard of him until word came that four young men had been caught in the mountains, robbing and taking for ransom. As the poor wretches were hauled along the street, heavily chained, Mr. Fung saw one of the four was

our boy. He did what he could, but early next morning four figures were taken outside the city wall. Then a quick sharp word of command, the crack of rifles and the end. The bodies lay as they had fallen for two days as a warning to others, and then they were got rid of. Perhaps if we had been there, yes perhaps, and our hearts were sad. Who can tell?

Waitsap is the Head Station in the Province of Kwangsi, opened by Mr. and Mrs. Williamson some years ago (and now occupied by them). God has wonderfully blessed, but it has cost. First both of these rare souls went down with smallpox, six days' journey from any help. Then two years later Mr. Williamson took ill and his wife had to bring him down in a small boat. When they reached Sainam he was near to death. Again he pulled through and we sent him off home for a furlough. Mr. and Mrs. Finch took their place and they also were very sick, and had to go home. We, my wife, baby and myself, went to hold the fort. Our health was good, but for the last weeks we were there we had continuous fighting, all around us, until it got so that the bullets came through the brick walls into the sitting room. These were strenuous days. The city was besieged by an army of thirty thousand men. All the robber gangs were hired to help hold the city. Women, especially the young, went around with white faces. The screams of them made our blood run cold, for the robbers helped themselves to what they wanted. Reluctantly we had to leave. My wife didn't have her clothes off for two weeks, scarcely ever slept. But, as He always does, God provided a way of escape. The officer commanding had to get news down to Canton. He sent us word that this would be our last chance of escape, so we slipped out, baby and all and boarded a commandeered boat. Beside the crew, all picked men of strong physique, two officials were with us, a spy who afterwards was caught and shot and a young student eager to help his country, who was attached to the service department. We pushed quietly off, got through the lines and after a record trip reached Sz Ooi and safety. *So it costs.*

"Whenever you ripe fields behold  
Waving to God their sheaves of gold,  
Be sure some corn of wheat has died,  
Some saintly soul been crucified.  
Someone has suffered, wept and prayed  
And fought Hell's legions undismayed."

And, on the first Lord's day of this trip how good it was to look on these sheaves of gold.

There they were, over fifty of them, young and old, farmer and business man, rejoicing in their new found Christ. Ten in the morning the first arrived, and from north, south, east and west they came, many of them walking over ten miles to assemble themselves together to worship the Lord. We always get them to sing "All hail the power of Jesus Name" and it is good practice, for in heaven it will be all "Jesus" up there, so they will be sort of used to it. And, how glad Jesus must be to hear it! A long heavy day it was, Sunday School, preaching service, catechising candidates, baptismal service, seven other sheep gathered in, and the Lord's supper. One old man walked two days to be baptized. We held an evangelistic service at night and the chapel was packed full.

The next few days were as full. Services every evening to capacity houses, and eager listeners. Chan Hoh Lo excelled himself there. He caught the spirit of it and preached with power, and then the after services, when those interested would slip into the guest room at the back, and over a cup of tea ask the questions that just were so many windows to enable one to look into their hungry souls. A young business man told us he had bought and read John's Gospel. Would he have to cease worshipping his ancestors? Did Christians smoke? Another asked, would he have to forgive his enemies? What about working on Sundays? Oh these negations! We quietly yet firmly took them direct to the Christ who saved them, then these other things work out all right. Then, two fine students—"Will you tell us what Christ has done for you?" Ah! how glad we were to do so. "Will we have to take Western Civilization if we take Christ?" Will they? Perish the thought. "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified," says Paul. It is not our business to force Western Civilization on them. They can if they so desire take of its best. But our business—(when shall we ever put first things first?)—is just to take Christ to them and them to Christ. He, as they follow, will do the rest.

Besides the evening services, the books had to be gone into and balanced, visits made to the discouraged ones, help taken to the sick, a few quarrels fixed up, so that tired but full of joy we laid our heads down on our pillows night after night, glad to be alive. Early our friend the blacksmith next door began to "ta t' it" (strike the iron) and that reminds us of his story. One day he

lay nigh to death's door. They had tried everything. Chinese doctors with all their quack medicine, the heathen priests and all that they could do, but the poor man only got worse. Then at last and almost too late they came for us. His mother and wife came weeping to our door at ten o'clock at night begging us to come and pray for him. Up a ladder into a room without windows, and there on boards lay a bundle of rags. Pulling the rags down from one end we saw his face, teeth set, ears white, unable to speak, almost dead. He had not eaten for two days. In every room there hung a paper god and in the blacksmith's shop there stood a stone one. We told them that these gods must be removed ere our God would hear. Would they have the faith and the courage to tear them down? The mother stretched out her hand and crumpled the paper god up in her hands. Then all of us, mother and wife included, knelt down on the rough floor and asked Jesus, for His glory, to heal this man. Next day he had some rice water and in two weeks was striking the iron lustier than ever. The heathen on the street called it a miracle. Was it? We know the name of our Lord was magnified. We also know that there is now no stone idol in the blacksmith's shop.

A week passed—King's business had been attended to. And now on to Leung Tsuen, a day's journey over the mountains. It was a long day, twenty-five miles over a hilly road, with only a rest at noon.

After a hot bath, we had purposed slipping away to bed tired as we were, but the chapel was full and we never miss such opportunities. The chapel here is large, seating three hundred, and since the station opened a steady work has gone on until now we have thirty-one Christians, all men. Strange? Yes and no. We have no Bible woman there (not to mention lady missionary) to reach the women, but there will be a rich harvest when the right woman gets there. Any volunteers? Next day was Sunday and a big day. Eight candidates the first to be baptized in Leung Tsuen (the others had gone to Waitsap the head station for this). Up early, but not before our eight candidates. And we had such a precious time together. We prayed with them, catechised them, and though not theologians, yet they had met the Christ and were accepted into the Church.

The river lay at the other end of the town. As we arrived what a sight met our eyes! Hundreds lined the banks, these yellow faces anxious

to see. Clasp hands the nine of us walked out into the clear river, and as the Christians on the bank sang "Oh happy day that fixed my choice," we baptized them. Some such picture it must have been at the Jordan when the crowds came to John the Baptist, but here it was the yellow face, men and women of the land of Sinim. What a wonderful Christ we have, able to fit in and satisfy all nations and colors! Hurrying back to change, we gathered again at the table of the Lord, and we shut the door. Another upper room scene. Oh, yes, the Christ was there and as we sat and partook of the bread and the wine—apt emblems of His death—we of all places were nearest heaven on earth. Yes, not for all the gold of Ophir would we change places. Away up in Inland China giving one's self for the Master! Yes, this is life and was it not Hudson Taylor who said, "Had I a son called to be a missionary I would hate to see him dwindle down to a king." Kings are losing their jobs these days but here there is work, abundance of it, and such a work too! The joy of giving, of toiling, of praying, and then at long last the abundant entrance!

Distant ten miles over a range of mountains lies Laang Haang, a large market town. Every five days *fifteen thousand go there to trade*. What a center for a mission! Mr. Ko, one of the Leung Tseun Christians accompanies us as we go there one Monday morning. The town lies in a valley surrounded by high mountains. Reaching the summit and looking down on the view one could see from all directions happy people laden with their produce all going to market. The crowd increased as we drew nearer town and soon we were in the midst of a happy, jostling throng. Here we have China at its best. The hard working farmer, the backbone of the nation, happy to be left alone, toiling away in the fields, going to market as his ancestors have done for thousands of years. Oh what possibilities when they begin to follow the Christ! These make the

very finest type of Christians and some of the great souls we have met are Chinese farmers. Arrived in town we made for an eating house, lots of them here, and a ten mile walk before breakfast is a good appetizer. Meal over, we went out with *our* wares. Crowds, lifted off our feet on the narrow streets, and after some good-natured pushing and shouting we reached the outskirts, put up our stall, six hundred gospel portions, two Sunday School Scrolls, with pictures of Jesus, tracts and Sunday School cards. We sang "Jesus loves me," and then told them the simple story. No time to go into the Trinity, no time for creeds or dogmas, we just brought Christ to them. And, how they listened! Good business? Yes, every last thing sold. Tired, hoarse, but so happy we left the place. You see we were following Jesus. He also went to the markets and loved to be in the crowds. That was in March, 1924. To our knowledge no one has been back there, and there are hundreds of just such towns waiting for the Gospel. Oh! the pathetic lack of workers and of funds. How selfish is most of our Christianity! Listen in if you will and you will hear petition after petition "Please Lord give me this, bless me Lord"; yes, always asking, but, how few Marys to give the box of frankincense! How few Pauls to give themselves, and yet how glad Jesus must be when He gets something. Don't you think so? *It is more blessed to give than to receive*. If we believed it we would give not only money, and time, but ourselves, and always remember that *if our Christianity is not worth exporting it is not worth keeping*.

Onward the line advances,  
Shaking the hills with power,  
Slaying the hidden demons  
The lions that devour.

There's bloodshed in the wrestling,  
But new born souls arise  
To shout the praise of Jesus,  
To journey to the skies.

## The Gospel among the Women and Children



IN II Timothy 2:3 we read, "Thou, therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." This instruction is not only to the missionary. It means everyone who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ. Some of our Chinese who have been really saved know what it means to endure hardness for the Gospel's sake. Even our children in the schools have strength of char-

acter to endure. They would rather do without their meals or take a whipping than to bow before the gods in their homes. Many of the parents have come to the Lord thru their children. One little boy when he went home was urged to go to the theatre. He refused to go, and when they continued to urge him, he went out and said, "Get thee behind me, Satan. I will not go to the theatre."

These little children, young as they are, sing on the street and sell Gospels. Many times in December their feet would freeze, for it gets very cold in North China, and when they take off their socks their feet bleed, and yet they are willing to go because they appreciate what Jesus has done for them. We had one boy twelve years old whom his parents could not handle; neither could the government schools and they said, "Let us send him down to the foreigners' school. They seem to have power to make bad people good." He was with us a year and a half and because of what was done for him, every one in the villages around who had a bad boy wanted to send him to our school. This boy was a great advertisement for our school.

We had one little tot who we thought could not live, but that little girl outlived three other children much stronger. She was brought to us when four weeks old and weighed only one and a half pounds. It was the awfulest-looking bit of humanity you ever saw; didn't look like a human being. Every time I looked at it I would be nauseated. The mother died when it was four weeks old; the father said, "Nobody wants a girl," and he took two Chinese pillows (blocks of wood) and put them on the baby. Someone came in and said, "If you kill that baby you will be arrested." Then she was brought to us. I did not think she would live, but she is four years old. When I took her in I named her Grace Love, for it was nothing but the grace of God that gave me love for such a looking creature. The Chinese even wondered how we could love her.

There was a woman who had two sons. At one time she was wealthy, but because of smoking opium she became very poor. They smoke all night and sleep all day. This woman used opium for twenty years until she had pulled down all her houses except one little court yard and one room she had set aside for idols, of which she had forty. These she worshipped with all her heart. She became so poor one son went to the city for work, and while he was there he heard about Jesus and wrote back to his mother, "I have accepted the Jesus that the missionaries talk about. I wish you and my brother would go to the meetings and give your hearts to Him." The Lord knew all about this widow. I opened a new station in her neighborhood, right between the theatre and the temple. From three to five days that theatre was open from eight in the morning until eleven at night, only stopping long enough

to eat. Then that big crowd came to my chapel. They came out of curiosity and I stood on the porch and gave them the Word. This woman came three times and then the Lord opened her understanding. She came and said, "I was in your service three times; the opium I smoked for twenty years I do not want anymore, and those gods I worshipped I do not want them any more." The Chinese clean house only once a year; other times they just sweep the middle of the room, but when they give their hearts to Jesus they pull down their idols and clean house.

I remember another precious soul who used to worship idols. When children die under twelve years of age they are never buried, but are thrown to the dogs. I asked this woman where her baby was, and she said, "We threw her out to the dogs and they ate her." They brought home a little girl, but because of the plague that was around there and because she was sick they threw her out to the dogs. This woman had four sons and she besieged her gods to protect them. She burned incense faithfully. They stand for hours before their gods in prayer. Her three boys died, and she said she would not worship her gods any more; when she was in trouble they didn't help her, and she threw them all out. They usually do not throw them out until they are saved, but when her three boys died she lost faith in them. She said, "Three of my children are dead. Now I will go to the white peoples' God. I hear they worship a God who answers prayer. I will ask them to pray for this one son. If God hears my cry I will serve their God." She came and they prayed for this child, and of course the Lord healed. She gave her heart to the Lord and afterwards wanted to be baptized. She had a running sore, and whenever they have any sores they never want to touch water. A friend said to her, "If you go into that water the sore will spread all over your body and kill you." "I do not care if it does kill me," she answered, "I will obey God and be baptized." She didn't care what happened to her, but she was determined to obey God. In less than a week that sore was dried up.

There comes to my mind another woman who persecuted her husband. Before he was saved he was good for nothing, an opium fiend. After he was saved he turned completely around. He was kind and faithful, but he had a wicked wife. The better he became, the worse she got. When he knelt at his bed and prayed she would throw things at him. Finally she left him and went to live with another man. He went from village

to village and got so weak he could hardly walk. I heard about him and the Lord put it on my heart to take him in. While he was with me he said to me one day, "My wife wants to come and live with me." I asked if she was saved and he said he didn't know. I told him to let her come, and we found she was already saved. She told us how it occurred. She knelt down and said, "Oh God that changed my wicked husband and made him such a good man, if You can change him You can change me; if You could deliver him from that opium habit You can save me and I will serve You. The Lord heard her cry. She came and asked to be baptized; she had the flu, but

said she would leave her sickness in the water. We tried to discourage her; the trip to get baptized is a very hard one, and we were afraid she couldn't stand it, but she insisted on going. One of her eyes was gone from weeping, and she said she believed if she obeyed God she would be made well. I feared if we took her and she died on our hands the Chinese would think we drowned her. My worker told me to let her go. When she came back her face shone with the glory of God, and just according to her faith that eye was made every whit whole. The Chinese believe the Word of God when they get sick, and they get healed.—*Marie Stephany, in the Stone Church.*

## The Hinderer, the Woman, the Man-Child

Revelation 12

Elizabeth Sisson



IN 2 Thess. 2:1-10 we have a vivid description of "The mystery of iniquity" and some of the workings thereof, which is also plainly dealt with in this Twelfth Chapter of Revelation. In the Thessalonian passage it is stated that he, this "mystery of iniquity" cannot come forth in his full fledged power until the hinderer "be taken out of the way." Who is the "Hinderer?" In Matt. 5:12 Jesus declares that His disciples are "the salt of the earth," that constantly hinders, or retards the world's utter corruption. In other words, Satan's full control of the earth is hindered till the visible church (Laodicea) has lost all salt savor, and little Philadelphia has been kept from "the hour of trial, which is to come upon all the world." Then the world's rapid decay is insured.

Here in this Revelation XII chapter God moves in a mighty drama, bringing before our gaze *A Woman*, upon whom we do well to look long. We cannot speak dogmatically of unfulfilled prophecy, but we may prayerfully, reverently behold, and trust God for instructive suggestion. Yes, we do well to study this woman, for all heaven (in the drama) is studying her. *There* she is "a wonder" and a "great" one! A mighty "marvel" (Weymouth) clothed with the sun, robed in God and the moon—all other light and power, under her feet! "Crowned," for God Himself hath crowned her with "a crown of twelve stars!" As we behold, we perceive she must be *filled* with the Holy Ghost for He is the rays, the only rays, that radiate from God the

Sun. Only *one* light does she shed—that of God! In her we see that Jesus' prayer *has* at last been answered, "That they all may be one, as Thou Father art in Me, and I in Thee, that *they also* may be one of us." We do well to gaze, and gaze, upon the scene. A condition vital to us, because *about to be* brought forth upon the chart of prophecy. It is the figure of an organism—one-ness—akin to the organism of the human body. An indivisible *unit*. No more has Paul to mourn over those who say "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas." Christ in her is no longer divided.

Once while studying the Eph. 4:11-19 description of Christ—Head and body, I asked an eminent physician to tell me which were the most important organs of the human body. He paused, then reflectively said, "If the lungs are interfered with it is death. So you may say, the lungs are the important life-holding organs, but let the heart functioning be arrested, that is death of the body. Yet the health of the body is vitally connected with the stomach and its digestive operations. And if disease touch the spine it foretells death, and the health of the body is wrapped up with the action of the kidneys." "In fact," the Doctor said with a laugh, "it would be harder to tell what was *not* the most important part of the body. You may say in brief that whatever fails of functioning life—that is—the diseased part, is the *most vital*, and is more or less swiftly dragging the whole body to death." And then laughing again as in admiration—"the body is so mutually interdependent and so co-ordinate are all its parts that the agony of disease in the one

part is drawn off and shared by another; for instance, severe internal trouble may voice its pain in the extremities, and so *ad infinitum*. The tender care of the various parts of the body for each other is wonderful." "That which *every* joint supplieth," surged through my mind. A healthy physical organism is a life-unit. And in Rev. XII we see such an organism of spiritual health.

"Divided?" Two-parted? or ten-parted? No! A thousand times no! Here is no Church of England, no Lutheran Church, no Congregational, no Unitarian Church, no Pentecostal Church, no Baptist, no Methodist, no Greek or Roman Catholic, etc., etc. A healthy human unit. A full-fledged woman with life producing power. A woman in travail! The universe has waited long for the sight! Nearly two thousand years ago on the eve of His crucifixion Jesus prayed "all one." Here comes in this woman, the answer! "One body," and one Spirit, "keeping the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." What *love* by God must have been produced!—"the whole body—its various members, closely fitting and firmly adhering to one another, grows by the aid of every contributory link, with power proportioned to the need of each individual part, so as to build itself up in a spirit of love" (Weymouth).

What absolute cooperation in the travail pangs! And to what a further glorious purpose! To bring forth a mighty warrior, another life with a destiny *far* beyond her own! *Virile* male child (the Greek here is very strong) for heavenly throneship. There must have been tremendous movings from heaven upon the whole earth, and its twice born ones, to make it so different from what we look around and see among us today! It is! It must be that harvest work of God which He foretold should not be moderate like in the seed planting period of the Infant Church, glorious as were those days, in which the record ran "that *mighty* signs and wonders were done in the name of the holy child Jesus," the dead were raised, demons ran before the name of Jesus on the lips of His people; the sick were healed under the passing shadow of a Spirit-filled disciple (Acts 5:15, 16) and the love among those early disciples was such that the unity was as if they were "one heart" and "one soul" (Acts 4:32-33). The beauty and the fragrance of the Lord Jesus, and the power of His Spirit was in "*great* grace" "upon them all." This was only early rain. The promise of a greater day of God than this was awaiting them. For that beauty of God upon the

Early Church was as the "small rain" of His power, holding a similarity of likeness to the early rains of the springtime of the Palestinian climate, for this is here God's figure—to the down-pour of its Harvest producing rains. In this Woman do we not see the culmination of God's figure? The Latter Rain of His Spiritual Harvest? The Church of the last Age before "The Tribulation, The Great?" Is not this the picture hung before our very eyes in this Woman of Rev. XII?

No wonder all heaven is adoringly gazing at the sight! How sympathetically they have watched with Jesus through the nearly two thousand years of His "ever-living intercession" for her, when again and again she has lost parts, and sometimes nearly the whole of the vision of her inheritance in Him! How often has He, and the heavenly watchers who looked with Him, been compelled to say, "How is the gold become dim! how is the fine gold become changed!" But now joyously He and they together gaze! A notable change! The "latter rains" must have fallen! Harvest fruits must have ripened! All over the earth He must have poured of His Spirit upon "*all* flesh!" "*This* gospel of the kingdom"—the one Jesus began to preach, and then "in the power of His resurrection" committed to the Early Church—must have been preached "in *all* the world" for things to have come so near the end. The effect—a perfect unity! A vast illumination! A mighty spiritual reign!

Crowned with *twelve* stars. Twelve! the culminating figure of the beauty of God's typical use of figures—the three of the triune God, the four of perfected humanity, the seven of completeness, but the twelve of God's preeminent type numbers: the twelve of the tribe hosts, the twelve apostles, the church heads, the twelve of all the foundations, and gates of the glory-beauty of the New Jerusalem. All that it signifies of unity, love reign, power, has been placed by God Himself upon the brow of this regal Woman! A queen? Yea, verily a spiritual queen. But glorious as she is, this beauty queen is in awful agony! Perhaps there is no other figure that could so bring in the thought of pain, agony (aye, and of peril!) as that of travail at child-birth. Death throes? Possibly, but if all goes well, life throes! In this case, culminating to a far larger, and more important life than her own.

What occasions this vast agony? Is it the persecutions that must come from world powers and powers of hell, upon a God-filled unity, that expresses in every move, at every turn, only her

great and glorious Head?—for *all* the life and power of a healthy human body (and such is the figure) proceeds continuously from the guiding control of its head. Has this exhibition of God manifest in the flesh awakened the rage of earth and hell? And does this bring upon the Woman an outward pressure of persecution that seems the very throes of death, yet proves to be only birth-throes of a fuller spirit-life than even the woman has hitherto known? We cannot be sure till prophetic fulfillment comes forth in all its detail.

This we do see by the picture that an immense inward pressure brought about by life-powers, pangs of parturition have given within the life of this Unit, another life, destined to go further, to rule higher than she. "And she brought forth a Man-child which was caught up to God and His throne," destined to rule from *thence*, "to rule all nations with a rod of iron."

The Man-child! Now it begins to appear! Why the rage of the dragon (Satan) so vast, so terrific, against this heavenly unit, the Woman? The dragon knew, perhaps more clearly than the Woman herself saw it, that if he could not with his allied world forces hold her back, restrain her life-powers, that she, or what came of her, would displace him in the heavenlies, where St. Paul tells us, all through this age he has waged war against the saints, "for we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against demons in the heavenlies"—"the spiritual hosts of evil, arrayed against us in the heavenly warfare" (Eph. 6:12 Weymouth).

With what unspeakable rage had this great dragon, Satan, stood before the Woman to devour the Child as soon as it was born! but God defeated again. Satan had already been sorely *defeated* in that near the end of two thousand years, God's people had become a unity! Oh the damage to him! Oh the gain to the world! Jesus had longed for this sight, that "the world" might see it. "That the world might know it," "that the world might believe" on Jesus, *knowing* that the Father sent the Son. The last, the ultimate, the all-convincing proof of Jesus' divinity, of His Godhead, is going to be this gift—unity of the bride to the heavenly bridegroom. Oh, how vital it is to the devil, and his kingdom, that this unity should not come forth! So we live in a devil-made-atmosphere that attacks our every thought and imagination as one after another of our fellow-Christians comes before us in domestic re-

lations, in business relations, or as we view their course in the work of the Lord, or in their books, papers and pamphlets—to mark their lacks, their failings, and set down mentally their short comings.

All this is made so easy for us, by all the spirit atmosphere around us; to retire into God as we notice either their glaring fault, or their lack of completeness, and plead with the brokenness of Daniel the prophet, when he retired into God to intercede for his sinful nation and confess with hot tears their sins, *as his own*; all this is made so hard for us in this devil-atmosphere in which we live here below! Yet this last only helps build the body of Christ. The former, merely perceiving, or far worse, talking to one another of their faults, helps Satan to continue the disunity. But in this wondrous chapter, Rev. XII, I see a host who have gotten the victory over all this. Hallelujah! He that is joined to a harlot is one flesh, but he that is joined to the Lord is one Spirit (I Cor. 6:16-17). These have unitedly in the love of the Lord—for the whole unity is love's unity—received strength to conceive seed for a life still higher than their own. This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and His Church.

As this dragon Satan perceives this growing child and senses his shortening hour, with what unspeakable fury does he stand before the Woman "for to devour her Child as soon as it is born"—but God! He is free now to work in her holy, mature conditions as never before. The Child comes to the birth. But the dragon, enraged beyond all description when he finds himself thus balked, with hottest fury turns his hatred upon the Woman. Displaced by the ascending Child, all Satan's hosts have dropped with him to the earth. With *great rage* he now begins his series of final attacks upon God, His righteousness, His people left in the earth. Now at last we discover who the Hinderer of Thessalonians is, the Hinderer who holds back from the earth the full malevolence of Satan: Some have thought he was the Holy Ghost that was to be taken from the earth in those last dark days of peril. Here we are shown it is the Man-child, for as he ascends, Satan drops, and there is a deluge of the devil upon the earth. Also upon what remains of God's beautiful Christian unit in the earth. The devil is now hard after her, "having *great rage* because he knoweth his time is short." Thank God! if 'tis sharp 'tis short! And the covenant mercies of her God are still

with the woman. For here there is a "prepared place" and we may be sure the Holy Spirit is still with her. Indeed all her precious God-life is hers in Him. No indeed, He, the Third Person in the Trinity, is not displaced by the devil. The Hinderer who has been taken out of Satan's way, is the Man-child. And both the Woman and "the remainder of her seed" are constantly served by the Holy Spirit, until the earth-term of each is completed. What a staging! and what a drama! *so soon* to be enacted. For by other converging lines of now fulfilled prophecy, we know all this is at hand. Witness the great war we have had and the starting rumors of war all about us. Peace seems taken from the earth! It soon will be. Notice the frequent earthquakes, tornadoes, tidal waves, etc. Observe the awful decay in morals spoken of in II Tim. 3:1-5, and watch the daily papers in their reports of the crime among youth, the increase of divorce cases, the murders, etc., etc. Are we not in "perilous times." These are unmistakably "the *last days*." See the constant guiding together of labor and capital. Observe how statesmen are at their wits end to conceive places for preserving peace in the earth. See the activity in the Jewish fig-tree (Luke 21:29-30) — "tree" in Jesus' mouth meaning nation—a parable "the fig-tree, and *all the trees*" (other nations). It is Springtime certainly in Palestine, after her long, long two thousand years of winter, with its barrenness of rain, "the earth iron, the heavens brass." Now watch its fertility, its splendid colonies, its new Hebrew University, its modern model city Tel-Avid, its vast schemes for modern applied electricity, the store house of wealth they have found for scientific purposes in the Jordan and the Dead Sea, the land swarming with Jewish emigration from everywhere. Surely the Jew is coming into his own, as God promised he should, but alas! as God also foretold, coming "in unbelief!" But while this Jewish fig-tree is coming to blossom with unparalleled rapidity—the other trees—the other nations, are almost as swiftly falling into decay. Look at the beginning of the emergence of the old Roman Empire, etc., etc. All go to show that the "time of the end is near." The Hinderer, the Woman, the Man-child, or the dragon must soon appear on the stage of action. How are we as individuals timing up with the great grace that God is pouring out upon hungry, open willing-hearted ones, in this our hour to make of them this Woman, and if they are so minded to go still further with

Him in the processes of spiritual maturity, and come through her into the warrior-life, the Man-child of this last hour? Oh my soul, look long at this Woman and this Man-child, and let God search thee!

Art thou aiming to be of her? Knowest thou that thou hast power *toward producing her*?

Dost know that thou, *under Jesus' Blood*, art heir of God? Equal, yea "joint-heir" with Jesus of God, because hiding in the fountain of Jesus' blood and from thence heir of all things, partaker of the *very nature* of God? Dost know that thou art allowed to live in that very nature all the time? And from thence clothe thyself with power to bring this Woman and her Man-child into existence? Sharer with Jesus in His ever-living intercessions, in answer to which she emerges from the present halting, chaotic state of Christianity to that Jewel of heavenly admiration hung out in Rev. XII? Somebody is going to join their prayers with Jesus to bring her to pass. Are they your prayers? Have you availed yourself of your inheritance as heir of God, as partaker of the Divine Nature? And from that *Nature* is prayer pushing within you for her appearance? Have you given yourself to God to live a martyr-life, to die a martyr-death, anything! anyway! "that your *prayers be not hindered*." So shall she come forth through God—God in Christ, and God in Christ in you.

Thy lessons art thou learning,  
Oh Soul of a Great Career!  
With Christ art thou abiding,  
With Christ in the school of prayer?



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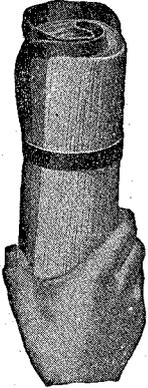
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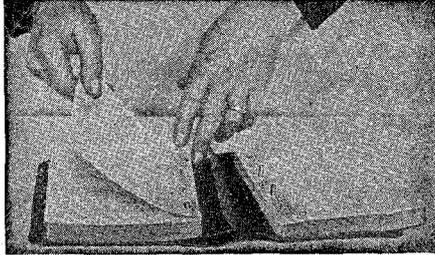
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