



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

Pay Your Debts

The Purpose of the Spirit's Baptism.

Wm. C. Booth-Clibborn in the Full Gospel Assembly, Chicago, Ill.



MY SUBJECT tonight is "Pay Your Debts," or "The Widow's Cry." Turn to the Second Book of Kings, the fourth chapter and read the story. One of the reasons that many are not filled with the fullness of the Spirit is because their motives are not pure. We are such miserable worms, surrounded by all sorts of influences and oftentimes when we think we are clean and pure, our hearts are deceived, our motives are not pure and the blessings for which we pray, God in mercy withholds from us.

This wonderful story reveals to us the reason why many do not possess the power of God. The Baptism of the Spirit is only the fuller expression of the life of Christ. I want to speak tonight on the motives that move people to seek the Baptism. In Vancouver we had a large campaign but for three weeks we could get no breaking through. It made me search my own heart for the reason and a dear brother and myself went to the woods and prayed and asked God to reveal to us the cause. That night I preached on the Baptism of the Spirit but begged the people not to seek then. I asked them to come to the prayer room and praise the Lord. All that week God led me to preach on the motives people had for seeking the Baptism. I ran up against a real snag for I found that the man who had engaged me for the campaign, wanted to send me away because there had been no break in the meetings. There had been about sixty-five conversions and twelve had received the Baptism but we wondered what was the matter that more had not received. Why do people want the Baptism? Is it for their own selfish desires or to glorify God? These are questions upon which I enlarged. The next week the break came; eighteen received in one day and after that there were ten and twelve and nine. The power fell like rain. We forbid all laying on of hands. Everyone was advised to seek God for himself, and when we found some beginning to strive we urged them to pray for a broken heart. A contrite spirit is becoming a rare thing these days. We haven't enough water; we are getting so hard. If God could break our hearts He would give us anything. When people begin to weep the fire of God begins to strike.

We had the same experience in Seattle. I

asked God to give me the key to the Seattle meetings and instead of answering the prayer in my mind, He answered it in my heart and I couldn't do anything but weep the first four or five days. You ask God to break you up and you will see what a conception of spiritual things and what a tender conscience and hunger for the things of God you will have. I say that God answered my prayer, for in giving me a broken spirit I preached along that line. The result was that God gave a mighty break in that meeting. In just a short time one hundred and sixty received the Baptism and we didn't have to work with the people to get them thru.

It is the Lord who baptizes with the Spirit, but unless you are ready to live a Spirit-filled life after the Baptism, I would advise you not to seek for it. It will do you no good. If once you have received the Spirit and have tasted of the deep things of God, you are spoiled for everything else and you will not be happy unless you determine to live the Spirit-filled life. Do you will to have your life run according to God's pattern? Do you will to walk in Him every day and hour? Have you fully realized that to live in the flesh brings only sorrow and dissatisfaction, and that to live for your own desires only results in displeasing God and grieving the Holy Spirit? Are you disgusted with the natural life and do you hate it so much that you want to live in the Spirit? What is your reason for seeking God? Is your heart pure and are your motives right? I have discovered various motives in people for seeking this blessing. Some feel that as long as they do not have the Baptism they are not counted in the crowd. Another reason is, they have seen other people have wonderful experiences and they strive to have them too. Again, people desire the Baptism because they want to feel God's power in their bodies. That is also a wrong motive. The Baptism of the Spirit is given that we may pay our debts to God and to a lost world.

Some people who seek for the Baptism of the Spirit will talk like this, "Well, I have done everything. I don't know what more to do." As long as you are trying to do something to get the blessing, you are not ready to receive it, tho what you can do is to put away sin. I remember one brother who was seeking and we discovered that he owed a debt of \$2,000 which he refused to pay.

You cannot expect God to fill you with His Spirit with sin in your life. Oftentimes there is an unforgiving spirit but I believe the greatest hindrance is pride, the oldest sin in the world; the sin that caused Satan to fall from heaven. We human beings are proud.

We are living in a day when God is pouring out His Spirit upon all flesh, but it is also a day when thousands of people are backsliding. Some one may ask, "Does God baptize people whose motives are not pure?" Yes, God has often blessed us in spite of certain conditions in our lives in the hopes that we may remedy them later on. Many times we are blessed in spite of our faults and blunders and the many things we do that are not according to God's will. He blesses us by virtue of the work of Christ. Often people who are almost raw converts receive the Baptism of the Spirit and saints who have known Christ for years seem to seek in vain. They stand back in amazement, not being able to understand it and say, "I have known the Lord for years and I cannot get this gift and look at that man who was just saved last night. Now he is speaking in tongues." Then they go away and say there is something wrong with the whole thing. No there is nothing wrong; his heart was open to God, and He does not lay the sins of a sinner against him. The Scripture says, "He imputes not his past sins." But if you as a Christian, have sinned against light, perhaps for years, then God demands repentance of you.

Pay your debts. In the story of the widow we read of her crying unto Elisha. What had her husband done before his death and what manner of man was he? We know that Elisha was the one who continued the work of Elijah. When Elijah disappeared in the chariot of fire his mantle fell upon Elisha and that was typical of the blessing and power of God that should be upon Elisha. What for? To continue the work which Elijah had started, and that work was the keeping of faith among a backslidden nation. This young man, before he died, loved Elisha and loved to attend the classes he had among the young men in the school of the prophets. He would neglect his work to go and sit at Elisha's table and learn from him; he was so engrossed in God that he neglected the things of this life. I am surmising this. It seems that he got into debt and then suddenly died. He had two sons. To be a widow in those days was a great affliction. When a woman lost her husband she had to be protected by her near kin, but this widow had

no near kin, no brother or father, and besides all this, she was very poor. After her husband's death the creditors came to the house and we can imagine the scene. She probably didn't know he had been in debt and here these creditors demanded her home and her furniture. And they also suggested that her two sons be sold into slavery in order to pay the debt.

Why was the man cut off in the prime of life leaving a terrible debt to be paid? The woman didn't refuse to pay it, for she was an honest woman, but she didn't know what to do. If he were only alive! But now he is gone and she is left alone in her poverty. It looked very dark. A knock comes at the door and the creditors come again and demand a settlement. I can see her weeping quietly as she said, "My debts must be paid." She didn't say to the creditors, "It isn't true. My husband didn't owe you anything." She probably thought of going to work and then came the suggestion that she sell her sons. Is she to lose her two sons? She broods over it. Her husband gone and her two sons to be sold into slavery!

We have a right to look for a spiritual meaning in this story. For whom does the man stand? And the widow and her two sons? All things written in the Old Testament were written for our admonition; the Bible never grows old, it is always up to date, and this story is up to date.

The man that died stands for Jesus Christ, who left a debt to be paid. The widow is the church and the creditor is the devil. Oh, the work that Jesus has left for us to do on the earth! I wish He were here to preach the Gospel to you tonight, but He has gone and He has left the task to us. We are debtors. Do you know that you haven't any business living here on earth unless you are going to pay your debt? My prayer is, Lord help me to pay my debt, my debt of love. I can imagine that that widow was almost frantic; she thought of this and that. The creditor comes again. "What is it, sir?" she asks and he insists that she give him the money; that he cannot wait any longer. Then he adds, "I must now help myself to the goods that you have here. I cannot wait any longer." Probably she loses all her furniture and everything she possesses and all that not being sufficient to pay the debt he threatens to take the sons. There is an adversary that we have, the devil, who has taken about everything that the Christian church ever had. What shall the widow do? In her distress she thinks of Elisha;

she hears of him going past on one of his circuits and she finds him and falls on her knees before him. She had no near kin or friend to help her. Has the church of Jesus Christ any kin or anyone to defend her? How is she to pay her debt?

We try to win souls the wrong way; we talk to sinners as if they were privileged to listen to us, whereas we ought to consider it a privilege to talk to them. I was in a certain home where the daughter was much taken up with the world and the mother was quite distracted over her condition. Every night there was a storm when the daughter came home; the mother would cry and say, "You will break your mother's heart. You are so worldly," and she would tell her all the wicked things that she was doing. I listened to this for two weeks and then one day when I got the mother all alone I began to talk to her and said, "You are going at it the wrong way. It is a great honor that you have to speak to your daughter." She looked at me. "An honor? The little scamp. I have cared for her all these years and now she is breaking my heart. An honor! What do you mean?" Yes it is an honor to talk to someone about his soul and instead of having the sinner thank you, you should thank the sinner. If ministers would take that attitude they would win far more to the Lord but instead of doing *that* they feel the congregation is highly honored to listen to such a 'learned' man.

Jesus said, "He who would be the greatest let him be your servant." He did not come to be ministered unto but to minister and give His life a ransom for many. When you listen to me preach these nights you bestow a great honor upon me; you give me a chance to pay my debt of love that I owe to Jesus for saving my soul. I am debtor to everyone on the street who is unsaved. I must pay my debts. That is the way Paul felt when he wrote to the Romans, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians." There was no one too low or mean or too poor to whom Paul did not consider it a privilege to talk. I can see him with the chains around his hands, talking to the soldiers. Just think of the honor those soldiers bestowed upon Paul, to listen to a man in chains. But we take this attitude: "Hurry up now. I can pray for just a little while so hurry up and get converted." We make the sinner feel indebted to us for dealing with him. Oh, friends, it is a wonderful thing to be allowed to live to pay our debts and that should be our great aim in life! Wives, if you take that

attitude with your unsaved husbands you will win them. What were you before God picked you up? You had nothing and everything you received came from God. You were not worth looking upon and everything that you have has come to you thru the grace of God, and now to think that your husband will sit at the breakfast table and listen to you speak to him about his soul! It is an honor. Paul loved the lost so that he said, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen," to win them for Christ. He considered his life and time as nothing, only as he could spend it in talking to lost men.

If you want to be filled with the Spirit that you may be able to pay your debt to a lost world, then you may be sure that God will fill you. But if it is just for your own satisfaction you have the wrong motive. If you want power to save the lost and stoop to pick up some fallen daughter, then come up and pray for the fullness. Perhaps that woman you have despised is some mother's prodigal daughter and when you can shed tears for her and will stoop to pray for her you are beginning to pay some of your debts.

For what purpose did the widow go to Elisha? Elisha was the teacher of her husband. Jesus always did the Father's will when He was on earth and suddenly He went yonder and left the great work of saving lost humanity to us. We haven't the power nor the means; we haven't the words nor the capacity to do the work; all our natural ability is as nothing for this divine task. How will we pay our debt to lost humanity? How will we convince them of the error of their ways? We cannot do it in our own strength. That poor widow couldn't pay her debts. To whom could she go but to her beloved husband's teacher? To whom can we go but to the Father? That is why the Baptism of the Holy Spirit is called the Promise of the Father. She heard that Elisha would be passing on one of his circuits, the little place where there was a gathering of the prophets, and she came to him in her distress. She said, "My husband is dead and the creditors have come and I am in danger of losing all I have. What shall I do?" She had come to the right person and you can come to the right Person to discharge your obligation. Go to God and say, "How can I testify and win the lost around me? Oh God give me the means with which to pay my debts!" You owe a debt to every sinner but you cannot pay it without means from God.

What did Elisha say? "What hast thou in thy house?" He wanted an honest confession; he wanted her to know how little she had. Are you willing to confess that you have nothing but a tiny bit of oil? Don't tell how long you have been a Christian and how many have been converted thru your ministry. Don't tell God how much you have. Just tell Him that you are hungry and want to be filled with the Holy Spirit in order to pay your debt to a lost world. If you are seeking the Baptism just to feel good or to dance and have a good time speaking in tongues I trust you won't receive. But if you want to pay your debt to the lost in Chicago, if you mothers want to get your daughters converted and if your hearts are bleeding for the lost; if you want power to pray, power to weep, power to intercede for the sins of the people, power to stand in the breach, then go to God, go to our Elisha and cry like the woman did.

"What hast thou in thy house?" Nothing but a bit of oil. Did you know that it was oil which was her means of paying her debt? We need oil to pay our debts. Nothing else will help you to pay them. I was in a certain city preaching

on this subject and a young missionary was there, about ready to return to Japan. She had just raised funds for her journey and the work to be undertaken, \$1500.00 for Japan. But she came to the altar and cried out to God, "Oh God, give me oil for Japan!" She had received her Baptism but she had gotten a little cold and she realized that she needed oil with which to pay her debt to Japan.

We need oil. We cannot pay our debt without oil. The oil does the work. Get filled with the Holy Spirit. The widow filled all the vessels of her house and then sold the oil and she found she had plenty with which to pay all her debts and enough to live on. You will receive enough not only to pay your debts but there will be sufficient for your own soul. After the others were considered she also was provided for. Others first! A lost and dying world comes first and when you have paid your debt then God will give you some for yourself. You may have visions and wonderful experiences but they will seem as nothing compared to your ability to pay your debt to a lost and dying world.

The Peril of Drawing Back

The Lord's Controversy at the Gates of Death.

Miss Katherine Roth, in the Stone Church, Nov. 21, 1926



HAVEN'T a thrilling story to tell about the foreign field. I cannot tell you anything about a missionary's life, but I can tell you simply of the Lord's dealing with my own soul and of the wonderful way He has healed me. Tho I have been so rebellious He has kept His hand upon me.

God called me definitely to Africa when I was a child between eight and nine years old. I was a very timid child, afraid to hear my own voice. When I went to Sunday School I was afraid to sing with the other children for fear some one would see my lips move, but Jesus whispered a secret to me and it filled my heart with joy. I knew if I followed the Lord I would some day go to Africa, but I kept the secret hidden in my own heart. It was so sacred to me I couldn't bear to have anybody make light of it. At this same time a great burden of intercession came upon my child's heart. I prayed many times for lost souls and my pillow was wet with tears. Over and over there appeared before my vision the

sight of hungry, black faces. I didn't know what it meant but my heart cried out to God, my burden was so great.

In Sunday School I was in a large class of girls, and one day the teacher came to me and said they were going to have a missionary program and each one was to represent a certain country. I had never told anyone that I hoped to go to Africa some day, but in my heart I said, "Jesus if You will let me speak for Africa I will do it with all my heart." The next Sunday the teacher gave us our parts and she said to me, "Yours is Africa." My heart beat fast. It was a simple thing but I believe the Lord answered my prayer. The night we had the program the church was packed, but I lost sight of the people. I seemed to see a sea of black faces before me and my soul seemed to be in Africa.

I didn't realize then what it would mean to be a missionary; I never thot of the hardships and trials; I just thot how wonderful it was that Jesus could trust me with such a charge. My only regret was that I was so young. I attended the Baptist Church and I wanted to come to Chi-

cago to go to the Baptist Missionary School. But before I was old enough to take this training the Lord graciously brot the light of Pentecost to me. I thank Him that He ever led me into that wonderful tent meeting in Milwaukee, which changed everything for me, and the desire to go to Africa became greatly intensified. I wanted to talk to someone about my call but my timidity kept me silent. After awhile I was distinctly led by the Lord to go to the Faith Home in Zion. I had quite a struggle about it because I wanted to educate myself, but the Lord had another plan for me. I was terribly bound in many ways, but God delivered me. Oh, how I learned to love the Bible!

As the years went on I heard many missionaries, hundreds of missionaries from all parts of the world, and as some of them told of the trials and hardships I allowed myself to become intimidated by them. Unbelief and doubt came into my heart and I thot, "Perhaps I am mistaken about my call. I cannot believe that God wants me to go to Africa," and I tried to dismiss it from my mind, but the more I tried, the more wretched I became. Many times in prayer I felt the Lord dealing with me to make a full surrender, but I drew back, thinking of the lions and the cannibals, and the dangers to be encountered.

I went to a meeting in Waukegan, and while there heard a sermon on consecration. I was a Christian, baptized in the Holy Spirit, but not until then did I really lay my life on the altar. As I made a full surrender I seemed to hear the Lord's voice saying, "Are you willing to go to Africa?" I just wept on my knees before the Lord, but didn't say "Yes" to Jesus that night. I went my own way and two weeks after that I had a complete physical break-down. I went down to death's door and would have died at the time had it not been for the prayers of faithful friends. The Lord graciously restored me at that time altho I was not completely healed.

I went back to Milwaukee and I was in a critical condition. My heart was in a serious condition, my left arm was paralyzed. I could not raise it, could not help myself at all, had to be waited on. In two weeks' time I was again at death's door. I knew the Lord was dealing with me. When He puts His hand on us we cannot run from Him. But somehow I didn't surrender. They prayed for me again and my life was spared. I was able to walk around. I had enlargement of the arteries and very serious heart trouble.

Two years from the first time I broke down, I again went to death's door. This third time there really was no hope for me. I knew that was my last opportunity and that God would not permit me to trifle with Him any longer. It seemed I could not live. I could hardly whisper. I could not stand any noise in the room; the Lord was dealing with my soul. About three o'clock in the morning I found myself in the very throes of death. I could not talk. My mother was with me, but she didn't know what to do. It seemed in a very short time I would be in eternity, and the Lord gave me my choice. "Are you willing to go to Africa?" was the question that was put to me as I faced death. If I were not willing I knew I could not live, and yet it seemed ridiculous to me to tell the Lord I would go to Africa when I was dying. I have always heard that people even with strong hearts became weakened over there because of the climate, and I thot it would not be possible that I could ever be very strong, but in that last moment I looked to the Lord. Tho I could not talk to anyone around, I could have communion with the Lord. I said to Him, "Lord if You will raise me up now I will go to Africa. I will go the day You send me." I could hardly realize it but the moment I said it I knew the Lord would raise me up. He assured my soul it was His will that I should live. I was yet unable to speak, not healed by any means, but I was happy. My mother saw the change come over my face. She put her ear close to my mouth and I whispered to her to rejoice in the Lord, that victory was very near. I knew it for I had heard from heaven. This was three in the morning. I was still in a dying condition, but I knew I would be raised up. I had said "Yes" to Jesus and I could meet the lions and the cannibals without fear.

The Lord dealt with me from three to seven thirty in the morning instructing me with wonderful verses of scripture. It seemed the precious Book was alive with wonderful promises for the healing of the body. By 7:30 I said to the Lord, "I will step out on Your Word," and the moment I said that the power of God began to surge thru my body. I shouted and praised the Lord while the tears streamed down my face. I had a friend staying with me, helping to care for me; mother had just stepped out of the room and when she heard me praising the Lord she came back. By that time I was on my feet dressing. I called to my friend to bring my clothes. Before that I wasn't able to turn my head on the pillow; they

couldn't even move me on the sheet an inch, I was so ill. That morning I got out of bed by the mighty power of God, completely restored and healed. But I didn't feel healed right away. For three days the Lord permitted me to be tested. I had a very severe test. It seemed I wasn't healed at all, but I had the witness in my soul. I had been taught line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little. If it hadn't been that I had been taught as I was, I would never have known I was healed. I would have gone by my feelings and have been in my grave today. But I praised the Lord for three days and at the end of that time every symptom left me and I have been perfectly well ever since. Now when I walk with people they say, "Please do not walk so fast." I can run. You never would know that I had heart trouble. The Lord did a thoro work in me, restored me completely. My arm that was stiff is now fully restored.

One morning I asked the Lord to give me just one more word about going. Not that I doubted. I never doubted for a moment. I had been so happy ever since I was raised from a death bed I could hardly wait until I got started, but this morning as I was kneeling in prayer and was worshipping Jesus, lost in Him, all of a sudden a beautiful handwriting appeared before me. It was like a golden thread and I saw a capital G take shape. I never for a moment thot that the Lord was doing it, and as I watched I saw the word "Go." Then I knew it was the Lord's doings. I had asked Him for one more word, and He gave me the word "Go," I had never thot of Him giving it that way.

I thot I was to go at once; I went up to my room and got on my knees, "Lord will You not tell me when I must go?" I took up my Bible

and opened it and my eyes fell on the words, "And they continued yet three years." I thot, "Surely that has nothing to do with what I had been praying about." I closed the Bible and put it away, but I could not forget it. Then I remembered it said "*they* continued yet three years." I was alone and I felt it must mean I was going with someone. Now there is another sister going with me, Miss Edith Chadwick, who has talent to work among children. I am sure the Lord will bless her over there.

I think it was seven years ago when I saw Mrs. Keller, then Mrs. Marion Wittich. I said to her that if the Lord would have His way I would join her on the mission field. But I was so rebellious the Lord couldn't do anything with me all these years, tho a divine Hand was pointing across the water to that little place where Mrs. Keller lives. The three years will have expired in January. The Lord has a plan for our lives, and no matter how we squirm and rebel, as some one has said, He doesn't seem to bother about our squirming. I was like the fruitless fig tree, ready to be cut down, but the Lord said, "Let it alone. I will dig about it and water it, and maybe it will bear fruit after all." I cannot tell how thankful I am that God has been so merciful to me and given me that glorious privilege to go forth in His Name. He lifted me from the grave when I was so unworthy. My heart goes out to any person who is struggling along as I was struggling. I was wretched and unhappy, trying to have my own way about my life. I felt so small and helpless I often wondered what I could do for the Lord, but it isn't what we can do, but what we let Him do thru us. The only way for anyone to be happy is to let Jesus have His way in his life. Pray for me as I go to East Africa to work with Brother and Sister Keller.

Children--the Hope of China



PREVIOUS to my going to China God gave me some experience in the faith life in the homeland. I trusted the Lord in my work in the mountains, but when He called me to orphanage work it meant to clothe and feed children just like a mother with a family. We began with four, fourteen years ago, and I say to His glory not one word of His promises has failed. Out there in a heathen land, with God alone, we learned to depend upon Him. I remember how the Lord used a dear native woman to encourage our hearts with

the first offering. It was only five Mexican dollars, but the gift meant much to her. She only earned five dollars a month. That amount tided us over a critical time. That dear native was also the first one to receive the baptism of the Spirit. Today she is teaching the Bible in one of the mission schools, and they consider her invaluable. She has a blessed opportunity of leading many dear students to the Lord. In a short time we had other girls come to us, some from famine districts, some slave girls, some picked up on the road-side.

When the outpouring of the Spirit came to us, six of our girls had real experiences of being born again. It was a joy to see those girls brot out of heathen darkness, experience conversion and ask to follow their Lord in baptism. I never will forget that first baptismal service. It was held in a canal in front of our house and after the baptism the glory of the Lord fell upon us and practically the entire household were under the power of the Spirit. Such weeping and brokenness, visions and intercessions! One dear girl had been a slave girl and had run away. The Lord had His hand on her and she was one of the first to be converted and also to receive the baptism. One person saw a dove come and light on her head. She burst out in praise and lifted her hand. No one had ever seen any person lift her hand in praise before. After that a number had precious experiences.

A little heathen shoe-maker had come to be healed. He was ill, and while the Spirit was being poured out he went over by the side of the step to get out of the way. We were having such a glorious time up in the heavenlies I had forgotten all about him, but after the Spirit lifted I looked over to where he sat, and he said, "I do not know anything about letters, but something went out and something came in, and it feels very good." That little fellow stood true to God. He wanted to go to work in another city and asked if he might go and preach the Gospel to his people, which he did. Sometime after that he was stricken with sickness and died, but he passed away happy in the Lord.

In China frequently unborn babies are betrothed; others when they are little tiny things. One little child of whom I shall speak, her father had died, and her mother, who was very poor, betrothed the girl to get money. She worked in a button factory from early morning until night, and sometimes when she would have to work all night they would not let her sleep in the daytime but made her carry water and do chores. And then they would beat her and hold her mouth shut with iron tongs to keep her from making a noise. I received two letters asking me to rescue the child. We took up the case with the authorities and got the girl completely released. Her growth has been dwarfed, she never will be full-grown because of her abuse. It wasn't long after until she was in the Home. She gave her life to the Lord Jesus, and just before I left she had the joy of preaching to her people.

One little girl we have was buried alive. She was just a year old when her mother died. Evidently the mother had poor health from her birth and the father said she was a little demon. So she was being starved to death. They left her on the mountain to die. A Christian neighbor having heard the child was thrown away prayed that God would keep her from the wild beasts. Early in the morning they went and found the straw where the child had struggled. They found her still living. One of the church missionaries was itinerating and hearing the story took a tin of meat and showed them how to feed the child. She said, "I am going back to Ningpo and ask Mrs. Nichols to take the child." I could scarcely refrain from tears as I saw that little form. It was too weak to cry, had a voice like a little kitten. Today she is in the kindergarten and surely has the blessing of salvation. We believe the Lord has some purpose in saving that little life.

We have had them come frozen, half-dead, starved, sick with disease. I could not tell you the condition of those poor tots that are brought into the Home. One of our women confessed to having smothered to death six of her baby girls, but when the light of the Gospel shone into her heart how she wept! She had been a cigarette fiend and a wine-bibber, but since coming into the Home she was gloriously saved, delivered from cigarettes and from wine-bibbing, and today a song is on her lips. I praise God for the way He has saved these dear women and these girls, and ask you to pray for our family of eighty and ninety.

The Lord in a very remarkable way opened the way for my coming home. At Christmas time I had an unusual number of personal gifts. As a rule I put them into the work, but when I received these gifts I thot I would put them aside for my passage money. The second week in January our offerings fell off and I had to use from this fund that I had set aside. The Saturday before I was to leave I saw the bottom but I felt my work was like a business house; if the head of the firm ordered me to go I would go without fear. God gave me two precious promises and I stepped out on His word. I bought my ticket to Shanghai, and hadn't much more than gotten it than there was a knock at the gate and an old Chinese Christian came in to call. Just as he was leaving he slipped two Chinese dollars into my hand. I was just as grateful for those two as if they had been two

hundred, for it spoke to me of my Father's provision. He had been gone only a short while when again there was a knock and this time it was a native woman. After talking awhile she began fumbling down in her pocket, and finally said, "The Lord spoke to me and told me to give you this toward your passage home. I do not know how much you need it, or whether this will be enough." There were 170 Mexican dollars. We had a time of thanksgiving and praise over that. I knew my Lord would take care of me, but it hadn't dawned upon me even then what He was doing. I left the next morning for Shanghai, and there another Chinese friend came and handed me receipts that he had deposited \$80 in Shanghai for me. I asked him how he wanted it to be used, and he said I should use the biggest part toward my fare. So the Lord used the dear Chinese to pay my passage home. The next day I had a check handed me from another Chinese of \$70. I went to get my ticket and had enough to get me to Los Angeles. I didn't have to be burdened about it at all. The Lord said, "I have gone before you and prepared the way," and He truly fulfilled this promise to me. *Mrs. Nettie D. Nichols, Ningpo, China, in the Stone Church.*

It Pays to Pray

Mothers write us about their children. They are unsaved and in the world, loving pleasure more than God. Some parents have prayed for their sons and daughters for many years, but their prayers remain unanswered. We know several cases of children of believing parents having died suddenly without having given an evidence of their salvation; then the mother and father heart craves just a little ray of hope.

It seems to us that the earnest and believing prayers for unsaved children cannot be for nothing. Nor do we know what happens in the last moments of a dying person. We believe more people are saved in the hour when death approaches than we realize. It is always a good thing to give to the unsaved God's way of salvation and the very best to quote Gospel texts to them. The Spirit of God will use these texts in His own time and way. More than a generation ago there lived a godly servant of the Lord. His name was James Inglis. He edited a paper called "*Waymarks in the Wilderness.*" He related a story and vouches for its truthfulness, which we like to pass on to praying fathers and mothers. We are sure it will cheer them and comfort

them as it will also stimulate prayer.

Mr. Inglis was acquainted with a boy in his father's congregation in Scotland, who from his childhood had been disobedient to his parents, unruly and wayward to the last degree. His mother was a devoted Christian, and tried to guide and teach him, but he scoffed at her admonitions and entreaties. When a young man he ran away and went to sea, without even saying farewell to his loving and sorrowful mother.

On his first voyage he was standing on the deck during a frightful storm, cursing and blaspheming God in a horrible manner. He denied His very existence, and dared Him to His face, shouting out to the terror of the superstitious seamen that God could strike him with lightning if He wished, and thus prove that there is such a Being as Christians recognize. Suddenly the ship gave a violent lurch, and he was hurled into the sea.

Immediately the life-boat was lowered, but the wind was strong and the waves high, so that when the sailors reached him, as he was disappearing beneath the surface, he was apparently dead. Brought back to the vessel, the surgeon tried in vain to resuscitate him, until the Captain turned upon his heel, saying, "He is gone; prepare him for burial." Still the surgeon continued his efforts, and at last the young man sighed, opened his eyes, and the first words he uttered were, "Jesus Christ has saved my soul." When sufficiently recovered to speak distinctly he told his companions that as he made that awful leap into the sea, his sins crowded about him like so many demons, dragging his soul to a merited hell, and that then there came to his memory a text which his mother had taught him in childhood, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief" (1 Tim. 1:15). He added, "As I was sinking down to a deserved doom, I cast myself into the outstretched arms of the Saviour."

Mr. Inglis stated that he knew the man intimately, and that for fifteen years he had been a godly and zealous minister of the gospel. If the boy had been drowned, his mother's gray hairs would have brot her down in grief to the grave, and yet she would have met him in glory at the coming of the Lord. It was not as clear to me then as now that we should never lose hope for the child of a believing and faithful mother who has commended her offspring to God in continual and earnest prayer.—*Exchange.*

New Persecution from Anti-Christian Mob



OR sometime our missionaries and the Christians in South China enjoyed a respite from the fierce anti-foreign spirit that raged something over a year ago, but opposition to the Gospel has again broken out. Several weeks ago a cable came from the Williamsons saying they were in great danger and asking for prayer. A letter just received from Mrs. Williamson gives detail of the seriousness of the outbreak. She writes:

"How I pray that God will lay us on your hearts tonight (Oct. 12th). I doubt if we have ever been in greater danger or passed thru a darker hour. The talk all over the town is the killing of the Christians. Just within the last two weeks the students and the rationalists have risen up against us and Christianity. On the third they had planned to march in memory of Confucious and at the same time tear down the mission but the magistrate did not permit them to parade on our street. When it was learned it was to protect us, they became enraged and called a meeting with the magistrate. They had another meeting and this time meant to carry out their threats which they had written out on posters and put up all around the city, but it rained all day Sunday and they didn't parade. We felt that God had undertaken for us. However they marched on Monday in spite of rain. They were bitter when they passed the mission, but we were glad that they passed without entering and demolishing the building. They scratched out the characters over the door of the Baptist Mission, crossed the river to our new place where they knocked down part of the wall. The garden we planted was torn up. They beat up Mr. Ng, our door man, pretty badly, and threatened him that if he didn't give up his faith within three days they'd kill him. They also stole his clothing.

"We praised God because our lives and the mission were spared and that the worst was over, but today they have fresh posters out threatening to kill all who will not give up their faith. After lunch today, Taan Tsing came up saying, 'Pastor, I wonder what's doing. There are so many people gathered in front of the mission.' We heard they were tearing down the Baptist mission and would be here next, so we picked up the important papers and got ready to flee. The noise increased, and cries from the crowd, 'Tear it down' fell on our ears. We closed the door ready for

anything. We sent Mr. Watt to inform the magistrate, and three officials and four soldiers came to protect the building until the crowd dispersed. The students came parading and standing in front of the mission, cried, 'Away with Christianity.' 'Away with the mission.' 'Away with Lam Ngan Tsai (Bro. Lam).' 'Away with Wai Lum Sun (Mr. Williamson)!' We didn't show our faces all day. As they went along the streets they stopped in front of houses asking the inmates if they were Christians. If they were not they pasted a piece of paper on the house which had characters to the effect that those in the house stood with them against Christianity. At the home of the workers they stopped and told Mrs. Watt that she should get ready for in three days she would be killed. At the post office when they saw Mrs. Ma they informed her the same.

"We are not opening the mission to the public tonight, but just having prayer in the prayer-room. I feel I am facing the supreme test of my consecration. The flesh is weak and it isn't easy, but I am asking God for strength and grace. The Lord gave me Ps. 138:7 when we came up to Waitsap, and it still holds good. We are trusting God to deliver us out of the hands of our enemies. May God lay us on your hearts now! It may take this persecution to answer the prayers for the people of this district that we've loved and cherished, and suffered for. We are so cut off from everyone, escape is not easy. Mr. Williamson didn't sleep last night and at noon he was so burdened that he could not eat.

"The Christians seem real brave and come together every night. Mrs. So and Leung Apoh walked ten miles from Naam Tung to see if the report that we had fled was true. Surely God will not forsake us. Our trust is in Him. When one of the Christians told them that he would not renounce his faith they struck him in the eye. It so affected his nerves that he almost went insane." Oct. 23rd: "By Sunday everything seemed to quiet down so we decided to have the morning meeting in the chapel, but scarcely had we begun when a stone was thrown into the mission, and our neighbors eagerly warned us that the students were coming. A large mob quickly gathered with them. The Bible woman's husband went out the back way to go to the magistrate for help, but was caught by some of the

helper received his baptism. It was announced last night (Oct. 15th) that after God was thru with the sinners He would get a chance at the ones who called themselves Christians; that they would all seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit, so pray much.

"Conviction has been so deep that the proud Episcopalians have been knocked to their knees. Some forbid their people going but they didn't obey. One girl who was engaged to a young man went against his will, and the Lord saved her. He appealed to the girl's father thinking to be justified in this stand, but the father said if the girl wanted to be saved he would not let any man stand between her and God. Their bishop has two daughters; one was saved last night, and the other was still seeking at the altar. The meeting grows warmer every night, and the place is packed. There is only one larger place and that is the Episcopal Church. One of the members said they would like to have it over there but they wouldn't know what to do with it. How I wish it were possible!"

Miss Ruth Erickson, writing from the Interior of Liberia, says she realizes that someone has touched God in her behalf, as her heart has been much better for the past two months. God is blessing in the mission, a little boy who has just come into the mission was sweetly saved, and several received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Healed of Snake Bite

Miss Jessie L. Eustace, writing from Konobo Station, tells of how a native woman from one of the heathen towns was bitten by a poisonous snake while working on her farm. For awhile the pain was so severe she could not move; then she asked God to give her strength to get to the mission, a good distance away. As the missionaries and native Christians saw her coming in great pain, they laid hold of God for her, and He delivered. She attends the service regularly. A number of the boys and girls have been saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit.

* * *

Bro. Olaf Fern, who with his wife have moved into a new district, Lung Shan, Shantung Province, China, writes that tho they have been there but four and a half months their mission is filled night after night with attentive listeners, some of whom have expressed a desire to become Christians, and burn their idols. One old woman has been truly saved; she had a vision of Jesus

who spoke words of comfort to her and advised her to come to their mission to receive spiritual help. The next day she came and asked them to pray for her. She had consumption, and when they prayed for her and anointed her with oil, God healed her. She testifies to her neighbors of what the Lord did for her. She burned a big idol which she had loved and prayed to for over twenty-five years. The missionaries praise the Lord for "the day of small things."

Lights and Shadows in Tibetan Border

From the "roof of the world" where the thermometer is sometimes forty and sixty below zero, Mrs. Plymire writes of the growth of the work in Tangar, on the Tibetan border. Good interest is manifested with full attendance at the services. "God is drawing even those who were bitter against Christianity," she writes, "and making the anti-foreign movement work for the spreading of the Gospel in the many out-of-the-way villages.

"I just wish you could come in and visit our station. Truly the house and compound are signs of greater things God is going to do here and in Koknor basin. The house is completed, painted inside and out, and without debt. Now while the Lord has given us a home we're praying for rivers of living water to flow out from here.

"Since starting this note I've had to hire another man to help watch the garden. This makes three men who sleep in the garden to chase thieves away. Twice they have dug up our potatoes. The grain which is cut in the fields is stolen at night in the shock. The poor people have so little and that is stolen from them.

"Mr. Plymire is much worn in body from the long strain of building but felt the spurring of the Spirit urging him to go forth with the Word to the tenters. The bandits are so fierce. Over the road he has to travel not less than four men were killed or wounded by robbers within a few days. The Tibetans are becoming bolder now that wool has fallen in price. They stole Mr. Plymire's cows and two horses but he got them back as a peace offering. The thieves said, 'Oh, we didn't know they were the Gospel Hall's cows!'"

* * *

Miss Susie M. Scott, 3066 W. Avenue 35, Los Angeles, Cal., a "shut in" sells satin book marks—Bible verses and poems printed on satin ribbon. These are in English and Scandanavian. Price 20 cents each. Order direct from Miss Scott.

Danger Lines After Great Victories

Gideon's Tests and How He Met Them.

Pastor Philip Wittich, Aug. 22, 1926



I WANT to speak on the danger lines after great victories, reading from the eighth chapter of Judges, verses 22-28.

The enemy is extremely cunning in his warfare toward God's people. If he cannot trip us on one line he is even on the alert to bring us to defeat on another. He knows that the most dangerous time in the life of a Christian is the season after a great victory. When we have experienced the high tide of God's grace in our life; when we have, so to speak, seen the glory of God marching ahead of us and we have felt the victorious hand of our Lord Jesus Christ upon us and our hearts are overflowing with praise and hallelujahs toward Him who has given us such victories—I say, then is the time of the greatest danger in the lives of the people of God. Our most lasting victories are won simply doing what Paul told the Ephesian Church to do, after he told them to put on the full armor of God—"having done all, stand." Things may go "dead wrong" with you; you may go thru a season of spiritual flatness in which you cannot grasp the grace of God by faith as you used to do, the gifts seem to be taken away from you, the Spirit seems to be in hiding and you seem to be drifting without God—Then brother, sister, is the time to exercise your faith in the indwelling Christ, for He who said, "Tho a mother forget her child, yet shall I not forget thee," dwells by His Spirit within us. Whether He manifests Himself in feelings or reasonings to our human life or not, He is within and He waits patiently to see whether we are willing to exercise the faith that He has given unto us.

How we need encouragement and instruction on that line! I see in the eighth chapter of Judges one of the greatest lessons we have in the life of Gideon, a lesson on the Danger Lines after Great Victories. You know that Gideon had a special meeting with God. He had an experience which caused him to call God the Jehovah Shalom, that is the God of his Peace. When he had thrown down the altar in his father's home, he erected an altar to the living God, and then he was equipped with his three hundred men in a way that stands unique in the history of the Israelites and a numberless host of the Midianites were

killed by the hand of three hundred Gideonites. Not with ancient warfare, not with spear or shield, not with bow and arrow and such means as were then in vogue, but simply with torches and shout and with pitchers to be broken before the enemy.

After these experiences God began to test Gideon in a special way, and similar tests will come to those who have said to the Lord, "I want to be an overcomer." Thousands of Israelites were sent back to camp with their trumpets unblown, and we have the same kind of people today. We have people who are satisfied that they are saved from the curse of sin. They have received the washing thru the blood and the anointing with the Spirit, and then they settle down, and neither God nor man can stir them up. They are satisfied with what they have and unwilling to go on with the Lord. When you want to go on with the Lord you must go as a soldier, and that means finally a victor, a conqueror. God did not condemn the thousands who were sent home. He didn't tell them they were backsliders and no more His children; He simply told them to go back to their homes. But He knew that aside from Gideon there was a little band who would go thru every test, and they did go thru.

Now we have here an audience, not very large, but God knows who of us are simply worshippers, who, when the fight faces us, are going home to our own little circles and blow our trumpets there, or who are men and women willing to face the battles and defeat the foe of our Lord Jesus Christ. You cannot help but distinguish this difference in people. Israel had warriors, worshippers and workers, and we in these days are either in the class of warriors, worshipers, or workers. God doesn't classify you; you classify yourself. God brings you to the test and it isn't the devil when you fail; it is yourself. These tests are the kodaks of God. He takes your picture and shows you that it is one thing to blow the trumpet and testify to what God has done, and another thing to keep on fighting until the victory comes.

Let us see the first danger line in the life of Gideon, Jud. 8:1, "And the men of Ephraim said unto him, Why hast thou served us thus, that thou calledst us not, when thou wentest to fight with Midian? And they did chide with him

sharply." Who were the men of Ephraim? They were children of Israel. They had received the promise from the mouth of dying Jacob that Manasseh the older one should serve Ephraim, the younger. In Joshua they are called a mighty people, and that seemed to have turned their heads. They were not only numerous but powerful, and they took precedence over other tribes. Gideon was of the tribe of Manasseh, and the Ephraimites were somewhat jealous of the victory that God had won through Gideon, who belonged to a lesser tribe. They chided him. That was a test. It didn't come from Amalek, a type of the flesh; it came from Gideon's own people. So we in these days are likewise tested by our own people. What caused the Ephraimites to chide Gideon? They were jealous. Why were they jealous? Because they were not right with God. You cannot be right with God and be jealous of a brother.

Ephraim had certain promises that were never given to Gideon and the tribe of Manasseh. Gideon never looked for any promises, any prophecies, but when God called him, he heard and by obedience to His call he aroused the jealousy of the tribe of Ephraim. Jealousy is one of the strongest weapons that the enemy has to use in the camp of God's people. God has a place for every one of us and it behooves us to remain in that place and never to covet the place of another. If you know that you are in God's place and your brother likewise in God's place, let him stay there. Never be jealous of a brother or sister.

How did Gideon get the victory over this test? It was because of his humility. "Why, I haven't won the victory. You did more than I did. I just stood there with my three hundred soldiers and when the time came we broke the pitchers and blew the trumpets. We didn't kill anybody, but you killed the Midianites. You did more than we did. We didn't wield the battle by our own strength." What was pleasing in God's sight about Gideon was that he gave God the glory. "Who am I? I am nothing," he said, and that appeased the jealous spirit of the Ephraimites.

That chiding spirit! How it is found in our ranks! One wants to be more prominent than the other, and when you have that desire you are bound to be jealous. If you have jealousy and pride in your heart God cannot use you. He uses whom He chooses. In these days as in the days of Paul, God chooses the foolish to confound the wise, and the things that are not to bring to naught the things that are. Where is there any

room for us to get jealous of one another? Yet you find that jealous spirit, where one preacher, one mission, one worker in our movement, is jealous of another. Who are we? If God sets us aside what can we do for Him? If He uses us it is only by His grace. That first test of Gideon was won through his spirit of humility. Whenever God uses you, my friend, you will have some of the Ephraimites in your ranks to become jealous of you and to chide you. Learn from Gideon the great secret of his humility. Ask the Lord to give you such humility; then the chiding will cease. But if the brethren are proud and you are proud, there will be trouble, strife, division.

Now we come to the second test that Gideon had to undergo. This came also from his own people, Judges 8:22, 23, "Then the men of Israel said unto Gideon, Rule thou over us, both thou, and thy son, and thy son's son also: for thou hast saved us out of the hand of Midian. "And Gideon said unto them, I will not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you; Jehovah shall rule over you." Now the Jews realized that their deliverance, their victory and their subsequent peace of forty years duration came through Gideon, although it really came from God, and they looked with admiration upon the hero. This was a man-exalting spirit which was a snare to Gideon. "Now Gideon, what is the use of you hiding yourself. You were the only man used of the Lord to deliver us. A man like you who with three hundred men defeated the Midianites is the man we want to be king over us." They got their eyes on him for a king, but what does Gideon say?" Neither shall I nor my son rule over you." That was a test he passed safely. You know how Israel's first king turned out, and how he failed through disobedience. The same spirit is among God's people today as it was in the time of Gideon. Your brethren will either be jealous of you, or they will pat you on the shoulder. We see men and women exalted above Christ and people make little gods out of them, but their downfall is sure to come. "I will not give my glory to another," says the Lord.

The second danger line was passed by this man Gideon through the same principle of humility that governed his heart. He wasn't angry with his brethren the Ephraimites. Neither was he puffed up by the people of Israel who wanted him to be king, because his eyes were on the Lord. Therefore he could answer, "Jehovah shall rule over you." If you know church history you will see that the two danger lines that befell Gid-

eon have befallen the church from the time of the apostles up to the present hour, now almost two thousand years. There were always jealousies, always man-exalting Christians. Jesus says to the Ephesian Church, "But one thing thou hatest, which I also hate, the spirit of the Nicolaitans." What does that word "Nicolaitans" mean? It means those ruling over the people. You will find it in every assembly; preachers or laymen trying to take the authority of the assembly. Now if we have the spirit that Gideon had at this time, we are not looking for the rule of man; we are looking for Jesus to rule. Of course the Lord has His way of ruling and governing His visible church, for in Eph. 4 we read He has given to the church apostles, prophets, teachers, pastors and evangelists for the edification of the saints and the building up of the church. We have these five offices and when a church goes beyond them it goes beyond God's will.

You will find this ruling spirit right in our own movement at home and abroad. I have heard preachers say, "Our church will be the leading church in the city." Today you cannot find that church on the map of the city. That spirit will not prosper. God is the only authority in the church and, as far as that is concerned, in the whole universe.

Now we come to the third test. The first two came from his own people, one class chiding him, the other exalting him. The third test came from his own experience with God. "How can there be any temptation in that?" some one may ask. Listen! When God first called Gideon, He made his heart right with Himself. Gideon had to offer a sacrifice which God accepted. It went up in fire. When the angel of Jehovah touched that sacrifice on the rock it meant that God accepted it. Exactly what we have been doing. Leaning upon the Rock, Christ Jesus, we offer Him, the Son, as our only acceptable sacrifice in the sight of the Father, and when we do that we receive exactly what Gideon did. He cried out, "Jehovah is my peace!" When we accepted Jesus as a sacrifice, furnished by the Father, there came unspeakable peace in our hearts.

Gideon received the order that he should tear down the altars in his father's house. He did so. Then he received another order from the Lord, "Build Me An Altar." Then the third order came, "Go and whip the enemy." That certainly gave Gideon plenty of experience with God. He found God as his Peace; he found God as his Power over all the power of the enemy. Gideon

held a distinguished and distinctive place among his brethren, through his close life with God, and the enemy used this to divert his eyes from God.

What his brethren could not do, the devil accomplished by puffing up Gideon and making him believe that because of his experiences he was greater in the sight of God than his brethren. Therefore, he took the gold from his people and made for himself an ephod, which he put in his own home. You may not see much in that if you do not know the Mosaic laws of worshipping God. The ephod was one of the twelve pieces of high-priestly garments that Aaron and his sons had to wear. It was never to be worn by a priest or a Levite, much less an Israelite, but only by a high priest. It speaks of something that belonged to Jesus only, for the Jewish high priest is a type of Jesus, our High Priest. We have only one High Priest and that is Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and the Son of Man our true Mediator.

On the ephod was a breast-plate with twelve jewels, and back of that breast plate was a pocket which contained the Urim and Thummin. When the children of God wanted to consult the will of God they went to the high priest and the high priest consulted the Urim and Thummin in his breast-plate and the answer came from heaven. May I briefly state to you that the ephod stands for the office of Jesus as our High Priest, the Urim and Thummin stands for His office as our Prophet, for Jesus is the only Prophet, Priest and King of the universe. Gideon committed the sin of having the ephod made, which was to be worn only by the high priest; then he committed another sin of having that ephod brought to his own home instead of having it put in the tabernacle, as much as to say, "You people come to me now and I will consult God and get His leadings for you." What does the word say regarding this? That Israel went whoring after the ephod. That was just like they did after the brazen serpent. God told them to look at the brazen serpent when they were bitten by serpents, which was only a type of Him who was made a curse on Calvary. Later on under the kingship of Hezekiah we read the Jews took that brazen serpent and making an idol of it began to worship it. Hence the king destroyed it.

Gideon's experiences with God turned his head, so that temptation didn't start with his people; it started in his own heart. He became puffed up, just as we see people in these days. We find this spirit in some Pentecostal circles: "We do not need any preacher, neither do we need a teacher.

We have the Holy Ghost and He teaches us all things." This ignorance on the part of the people is used by the enemy to puff them up, so that they become unmanagable and unteachable, and then the devil brings in false teachings. For instance, people who have the gift of prophecy are in danger of exalting themselves and thinking they are greater than others. The enemy whispers "You are a wonderful man," "a wonderful woman," "You receive messages from God." All Israel went a-whoring after the ephod, in Gideon's home and there are people today who become infatuated with the gifts instead of looking to Jesus. I take no stock in these books of prophecy that are being circulated among the saints. Many people read them instead of the Word of God. We do not want a thing of brass; we want gold. Prophecy, speaking in tongues, interpretation all have their place, but all these gifts are subservient to the Giver who is Jesus.

When my dear brother was living he had a Pentecostal Mission in Detroit. God blessed his ministry, and the glory of God was visible in their midst, as I can testify to you, being an eye-witness. I have seen people who came into the building and fell under the power of God. I saw over eighty people baptized in the Holy Spirit in three weeks, but after awhile the saints became accustomed to these blessings and when miracles were not performed in the meeting, they thought the power had left them. The straight preaching of my brother did not please them; they wanted something to pierce the flesh, and when two Pentecostal brethren endued with gifts came to the assembly the people turned their eyes on them and God could not work in their midst.

Gideon got puffed up because of the blessings the Lord had given him and he aspired to the office that belonged only to the Jewish high priest. Pride gets into saints' hearts and they try to usurp what does not belong to them. If you want to live close to God you may, but remember that it is only the grace of God that keeps you humble. Oh will we ever learn the great lesson of grace! It is grace that takes us out of the mud. It is grace that saves us from hell; it is grace that heals our bodies; it is grace that gives us the Holy Ghost; it is grace that causes us to triumph in our hearts.

Now comes the last test. I will deal with it very briefly, the fourth one (8:30) "And Gideon had three score and ten sons of his body begotten, for he had many wives." How did Gideon come to have many wives? Because of his fleshly life.

First, he exalted himself above Israel because God did so much for him and when pride got in, then the old passion ruled—the passion of the flesh. He had many wives and then kept a concubine whose son caused the house of Gideon and the house of Israel untold trouble and sorrow. Solomon started out right but his end was wrong, for we read that he had a thousand women. That was 999 too many. I Kings 11:3, "And his wives turned away his heart." The right kind of a woman is a help-mate, according to God's word and will. Marriage is a divine institution but polygamy is a trap of the devil.

The next chapter is filled with crime, murder, division, and everything horrible. Oh you say, that was Gideon! Are you stronger in yourself than Gideon? Can you boast of such wonderful things that God did for you as He did for Gideon? Not one of us can say we have accomplished what Gideon did. If we don't want to fall into the traps that the devil laid for Gideon and into which he fell, we must heed what Paul says in Rom 6:10, "For in that Christ died, He died unto sin once; but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God thru Jesus Christ our Lord." As long as we reckon with the flesh, we will go down in defeat, but when we trust in Him who has delivered us on the cross, He will give us victory. You do not know what is slumbering in your old nature. All it takes is the devil's temptation to awaken it within you. Marriage is instituted by the Lord but when we disobey God, and get out of the reach of His grace, the devil will lead us into the grossest fleshly sins. A number of men and women who were once tars in the horizon of our churches ended their careers by committing some of the grossest of sins. The only safeguard for all of us is to find shelter under the blood of Jesus.

"Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the *Blood of Jesus*;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus."

Mrs. Mary Chapman writes that since Bro. Cook has returned to take charge of his work, she and her workers have gone to Quilon in Travancore. Here is a large field where the full Gospel message has never been preached. This veteran missionary is now 70 years old and needs a furlough. She had a break down last year but the Lord gave her a new touch of His life, and writes, "It would be blessed to go up to meet the Lord from India instead of coming home."

Kept!

A Story of a Remarkable Deliverance.

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." Jude 24.



OME folks think they must keep salvation, but the fact is, Salvation must keep them, or it is not salvation at all. When they say, "Oh, I couldn't keep it," they aver that salvation is a poor, sickly thing that needs to be bolstered up, fed with a spoon and constantly nursed to keep it going. And how successfully the enemy uses this slogan of his to discourage the hearts of the young people! Satan turns their eyes upon themselves and their acknowledged weaknesses (which are really his own), enlarges upon what they must *give up* and presents as many difficulties as possible to the matter of surrendering to God. Seeing only the difficulties the dear heart dismisses the subject with the old time saying, "Go thy way for this time!"

But the heart overburdened with sin and desperate for release will leap into the pool as only the desperate can, and find salvation real. Why stand on the borders looking over into the land? The delightful land is yours for the one act. *Step over.* Make no reservation. Keep nothing back and you will taste and see that the Lord is good. The land is watered by the rain of heaven. The smile of God is upon it. The fruits fail not in their seasons. Valleys of rest and still waters are there. Freedom from bondage! The angels are His police and the land is most fair.

Allow me to give a word of testimony of how I entered this land that is watered by the rain of heaven. For several years before my conversion in the Spring of 1906, I was under terrible conviction. I wandered from coast to coast and from north to south, but nothing satisfied. I took sea trips, traveled on the Gulf and on the lakes, visited the different resorts seeking rest but finding none. The habits of my life began to multiply in their strength. Drink, cigarettes, gambling and the like led me lower and lower until self-control was a thing of the past. The social drunkard with well curried manners and fine clothes soon developed into a thoroughbred, but my heart was breaking. Heaven's police were ever on my track and life became unbearable, I was in torture. God was beginning to answer mother's prayers for her boy. Guarding detec-

tion I kept up a bold front but some saw thru my mask and pitied me, but could give me no help. Had I known that a loving heavenly Father was only leading me home in the night in silence, I would have turned to Him, but I plodded on in ignorance. The sky-pilots I came in contact with were so busy drawing their pay and talking Darwinism that they could not point the wandering to the only Refuge there was.

Have patience with the erring,
And those who are out of the road.

My health left me and fleeing to California I sought a climate god, but instead I met the God of the climate. Strange to say, God healed me of consumption, tho I was still unconverted. I left Los Angeles as well and strong as I ever was, and pursuing my way along the Southern Pacific Railroad to New Orleans I took the boat to New York and continued on in the path of sin.

The last act was now staged and I was nearing the end of my tether. Aimlessly I wandered thru Ontario up to the Soo, intending to go thru to Omaha, but just after getting off the boat at the Soo I lost my money in a barber shop and was left stranded. *God was in it but I knew it not.* I went to St. Ignace, Michigan, and remained there for three seasons, participating in the wildest and most godless orgies of my career. I had no power to stop it, was a captive, bound hand and foot. The riotous days and nights spent at Mackinac Island will never be effaced from my mind, but God was good and lifted me out of my sin and misery.

Losing utter control of myself I was sent up near Marquette to a quiet little place to get away from drink, but boozers will always find a way to get the stuff and before night came the small group of men in the village were all drunk, I included. Flying from this place in wild despair, I took the D. & C. steamer to Detroit, and taking an apartment in the West End I settled down, but I found no rest. In a few weeks' time one night I found myself on a passenger train riding toward Toronto without my baggage. Arriving there on January 6, 1906, I tried to reform because I was near "home." I did want to be a good and virtuous man, but the old nature in the hands of hell is a deep ditch and I fell into it.

It was there that the Good Samaritan found me, helpless and undone, and I found Him on my knees. There I poured out my heart as one con-