



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

Will China Have Christ or Bolshevism?

Facing Mobs in the Interior

Wilbert R. Williamson in The Stone Church, Sept. 4, 1927



HE thot upon my heart this afternoon and the theme on which I wish to speak is "Christ or Bolshevism" and in what way it will affect the Chinese church. I shall aim to bring China a little nearer to you so that you may know how to pray for her in this crisis hour.

I thank God for the promise that "the gates of hell shall not prevail" against His church, even in China. I can stand here this afternoon and testify to God's faithfulness in the hours of sore trial.

On one occasion Mrs. Williamson was out in one of the villages preaching to a crowd of Chinese, and when she had finished giving them the Gospel, some of the young men came to her and said, "Why do you foreigners come over here with your foreign gods and try to make us believe in them and stir up so much trouble?" She answered by saying, "You people like the conveniences and the improvements the foreigners bring, electricity, automobiles, and other inventions." "Yes," they said, "we like those very much." "Then why is it that you like everything that the foreigner brings but the Gospel of Jesus Christ, when the foreigners owe all they have, all the improvements and sciences to the God whom they serve?" The attitude of the Chinese, and in fact, of the world, is, We do not want the Gospel but we want what the Gospel brings.

Some one asked us when we landed, "You are refugees from China?" "Yes, we are," we said, but there is one thing we left behind us, and that is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Altho we have left the field the Gospel we have implanted in the hearts of the people is still there.

When God sent us to China He put it into our hearts not to build on any one's foundation, but to preach Christ where He had not been named. When He called us forth He showed us in the Spirit the word "*Kwangsi*" in large, flaming letters, and I will never forget my first trip into the interior. It took me almost ten days by native junk, the only way we had to travel then. Our only avenues for traveling in China are mountain roads and rivers. Our station is 150 miles from Canton. Not very far here, but it takes as long to travel 150 miles in the interior of China as it takes to come from Japan to America, a distance of 7,000 miles.

I remember ten years ago on my first trip to Waitsap while waiting in a little inn, there I heard a voice singing in Chinese,

"Precious Name, Oh how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven."

It seemed very strange to me to hear the name of Jesus in a place where Christ was not known. I went outside and there I saw the captain of the boat which had been plying from SzWooi to Waitsap. He grasped my hand in good old American fashion and said, "You are the man I have been looking for for the last three years." "Who are you?" I asked. He said, "My name is Chan. I went down to SzWooi to hear the Gospel and accepted it." Then he went back to his village and told the people all he could, altho it was very meagre. During this time around twelve people had given up worshipping idols and turned to the Lord. They had been praying all this time that the Lord would send someone to tell of His way more perfectly. I thot as I heard his story, "What if we had not obeyed God! That man might still be waiting."

Those twelve people were the nucleus of our work in Waitsap. Today we have an assembly of about sixty members. We have an out-station at Leung Touen where there are about thirty-five members. We also have another outstation at Chung Chau, but during the uprising the students came, destroyed the furniture, seized the Bibles and song books, took them out on the street and had a bon-fire.

I do not know of conditions in other parts of China; I can only tell you how we faced matters in our own station. When we went back from our furlough in 1924 we had wonderful success. God blessed and poured out His Spirit. In May 1925, the trouble broke out in Shanghai, but it didn't affect us much, we were so far from the scene of the conflict. The trouble dates back to when Dr. Sun, who is now dead, went to the British government in Hong Kong and asked for a loan of a certain sum of money. Dr. Sun was at that time China's foremost man. He was truly a patriot and had the interest of China at heart. He wanted to borrow money to aid him in carrying on his war against the militarists, and offered substantial security, but the English turned him down, as also did other nations. Then he turned to Moscow and its Red element—that country which has set herself against God. When the

Canton Government could not get help from America or England, they found Russia with open arms waiting for an opportunity to enter China and spread her poisonous propaganda as a step in world-wide revolution. Their officers came over to South China to train the Chinese Army; they furnished them with money and ammunition and gave them the latest machine guns. Their agents went all over the country, in every conceivable place, scattering their poisonous propaganda against foreigners and especially against England. Then when they had gotten an army trained they came down and took Canton. The army there was considered a very good Chinese army, but they could not withstand Russian guns, Russian ammunition and Russian soldiers, officered by Russian men. It was led by General Cheung Kai Shek. All his student soldiers wore red handkerchiefs around their necks, signifying that they belonged to the Red Army. For several days the people on the streets were slaughtered; the blood ran like water. It was a sight beyond description. By the time this Red Army reached Canton, it was thoroughly saturated with anti-foreignism.

In May, 1925, the students in Shanghai went to the concessions and started trouble. The concessions in China are restricted areas where the consuls and the foreign business men live. They are protected by warships but of course the missionary has no protection of that sort. Some of the Chinese have come to me asking, "Why do you come with the Gospel of peace and yet have a gun-boat behind you?" I could only answer, "You do not see any gun-boat behind us, do you? I come here under the protection of your government, but more under the protection of the Lord."

So the Red Army reached Canton at about the same time the students in Shanghai had their uprising. The foreign soldiers in the concessions shot down the students who had no way of protecting themselves. They shot them down fifty or a hundred at a time. Shameen, the foreigners' concession, is just across from Canton. What was the result? The Chinese rose up in rebellion. Everything at that time was anti-British because the British did the most of the shooting. Everybody from the little boy and girl on the street to the oldest had hatred in their hearts because of the way their people were treated. The more the shooting continued the worse the feeling, naturally. What attitude did this create toward the missionary? It created a very alarm-

ing situation for him, as you may well know.

In June the trouble was at its height. We in Waitsap received a letter from the American Consul stating that all foreigners should leave immediately for the coast; that a strike against the foreigners had been declared and all boats would stop running at any time. We left at once. The bandits were on the river a thousand strong, but they did not molest us. When we reached Sam Shui where we had to pass the customs, I can never tell you the feeling that came over me. Thousands of soldiers swarmed everywhere. I was about to go to see the head customs' man who was a foreigner, but on second thought I decided not to go. I sent our faithful Bro. Lam. He came back very much excited and said that \$500 was offered for every foreigner dead or alive. If I had stepped off the boat I probably would have been killed. In fact they were waiting for the Asiatic Oil Company's man because they were expecting him about that time. Mr. Lam found out that the missionaries at Sai Nam had gone down to Hong Kong, and we felt very much alone. There was a war boat in the harbor and we thought we might be able to go to Sai Nam. As we passed by the gun-boat the captain waved us back and said, "I cannot allow you to go any further." Fortunately early next morning a boat steamed in from Hong Kong, and we got on board immediately, leaving shortly after for Hong Kong.

It wasn't until November that we were able to get back up country. In the meantime our motor boat had been stripped of the engine and everything but the hull, and we didn't have the money and equipment to fix it again until the following March. Just at that time the thieves were busy taking everybody for ransom, and both sides of the river were lined with soldiers to drive out the thieves.

There was a time when the missionary was the most honored person in China, but because of this Bolshevick propaganda the missionary finds his influence at ebb tide. The thieves were so strong they drove the soldiers back, but we knew the Lord had told us to go so we pleaded the protection of the blood. The Chinese said, "The missionaries are brave people; the bandits drove the soldiers back, but that little boat goes chugging up the river." The thieves said, "We saw Mr. Wai (meaning myself) going up. We did not bother him. We know he is here for the good of our people." We reached our station in safety and I could hardly contain my joy at

meeting our people again after being away nearly a year. What a glorious time we had together as we all sat around the Lord's table on the following Sunday! There were no Chinese or foreigners, but all were one in Christ Jesus.

But little we knew it would be for a short time only. When we opened the mission doors and preached again people on the street who had in the past been opposed to us, were now friendly. They said, "We are so glad to see you back." It seemed good to us to have friendly voices welcoming us back. God began to work in a marvelous way. It has been our experience that people who lived near the church were the hardest to reach, but now almost everyone on our street were inquiring about the Gospel. Another thing, most of our people up to this time, had been old people, 50, 60 and 70 years of age, but now the young people began to get saved. I remember particularly one young man who was a graduate of the high school. It meant something for him to step out for the Lord. It meant for him to give up his home, all he had, all his friends—they threatened him that he would either have to give up the foreigners' religion or give them up. Finally the Holy Ghost got such a hold on him he could resist no longer. He made the consecration and went thru with God. I will never forget how happy he was after he obeyed. After the service he went to his home. His mother had the whole front of the house lit up with candles. She had about a hundred joss sticks and she was mourning for her son because he accepted Jesus. His father said, "You are at liberty. We do not want a leper here." We took him and he studied the Gospel of Jesus. About twelve young people were saved during that short time, which to us was wonderful.

We had bought our land on which to build our home by this time, and we had built the brick wall across the end of the lot. We went down to the Coast in August and came back the first week in September and preached to a crowded house every night. During my last term in China I found it was a help to dress in Chinese clothes as it enabled me to get nearer the people. We were so happy because of the rising spiritual tide, when out of a clear sky Mr. Lam came to us one afternoon saying that there was a notice posted on the city wall that they were coming to tear down the mission and kill the foreigners. We paid little attention to it, but on Confucius' birthday they marched all day and were planning to tear down the mission, but the magistrate for-

bade them. We felt it was the Lord's restraining hand. All the students and those affected by Bolshevism called on the magistrate and told him he must allow them to tear down the mission. The magistrate reasoned with them and tried to put them off, feeling it his duty to protect us, but he was powerless. Finally he threw up his hands in despair and said, "You can do anything you want to and I will act as a mediator between you and the mission people. So the following Sunday we knew they were coming. It was the anniversary of the birthday of the nation, but it rained all day and prevented their coming. It was communion Sunday and every one of our Christians was there. The communion service with the Chinese is looked upon as a very important service; God protected us that day by permitting it to rain. We thought our troubles were over, but the next morning before noon we heard the sound of a bugle which warned us of coming danger. The Christians had gone back to their villages and we at the mission prepared for the worst. We stood in the door as they passed as we knew not what else to do. By and by they came. The leader was one of the heads of the schools in Waitsap; had been a friend of ours in the past and had come to the mission, but when the Bolsheviks came to Waitsap, he turned, and became the ring leader. As he came to the mission door he cried with a loud voice, "Down with Christianity!" and all with him took up the slogan. Finally they passed on and crossed over the bridge, carrying banners on which were inscribed epitaphs against Christianity. Hundreds of students stood on that bridge crying, "*Away with Christianity! Away with Christ!*" I will never forget how it pierced my heart. It truly seemed that the end was at hand. We knew something was about to take place. They walked to where we were building. One of our elders came to the gate and asked them what they wanted and they threatened him, saying, "What are you doing working over here for these foreigners, accepting their religion?" He said, "I am not accepting the foreigners' religion. Jesus Christ was not born in America. He was born in Asia. He belongs to us." They hadn't any answer to give him, but they said, "In three days' time unless you renounce your faith you will be killed." He said, "I will never reject my faith in Christ." The mob struck the old man with their flag poles, and took everything from the land that they could carry away. I went over but I could do nothing. I did what a missionary told me to do. He said,

"Bro. Williamson, mark everything you have as *lost*, and truly I did. I marked it lost for Jesus' sake.

I thot they would be satisfied when they had so thoroughly demolished the building, but the next day one of my boys came up to me saying, "Pastor, I do not know what is the matter, but there is a large crowd gathering in front of the mission. I know there must be something up." I went and looked over the balcony and as they saw me they cried out, "Tear down the mission!" Somebody else came in just then and said, "The mob are over tearing down the Baptist mission and are coming to tear down yours." I went over to my desk, picked up my passport and the deeds of the church and other valuable papers. We were greatly bewildered. I said to Mrs. Williamson, "Get a few clothes together. We may have to sleep in the mountains." We committed ourselves to the Lord, and sent word to the magistrate that he must protect us. He sent around a few soldiers who stood on one side of the door. We heard the crowd crying, "Down with the mission!" "Down with Christianity!" The students were pasting long strips of paper on the homes, which said, "This home opposes the deceiving doctrine of Christianity." They put them on every home which was not Christian, whether the people wanted it or not. We had many friends in Waitsap who didn't oppose us. They said of those who didn't have these strips on their homes, "In three days' time we will kill you." Not one of our Christians went back on his testimony. They were very true. One of our members was a tailor whom the students knew very well. They said to him, "Will you renounce Christianity?" He said, "No, a million times no! I will stay by Christ." They hit him over the eye, and for a time he lost his mind thru the excitement, but God restored him.

The trouble passed over for that day. The following Sunday Mr. Watt came to me and asked if we should open the mission. I said, "You know your people better than I do. You talk to the elders." We have three elders, and they decided to open the mission. We had great blessing in the song service, but presently the crowd gathered out in front and threw stones. We heard someone on the roof. Our windows are all on the roof because our wall is also our neighbor's wall. The blacksmith's wife living next door said, "Close your doors, the students are coming." The Christians were all there that morning, and I went to the front to meet the mob. We

sent one of our Christians to the magistrate to see if we could not get protection, not knowing all had been planned ahead. There were students at the back, and about two thousand at the front. Immediately they got hold of this Christian who had started for the magistrate, and took him to the middle of the town where they had a big mat-shed. They tied him to a post and said, "Break his bones! Kill him!" They took black paint and painted on his cheeks the words, "Foreign slave!" and on his forehead the word, "Christian." Then they brot him in front of the mission and said, "Now let your Heavenly Father save you." It reminded me of what they said to Jesus on the cross, "Save Thyself and come down." Finally the magistrate ordered them to release the man. Thru the whole terrible ordeal he was true to God. Crowds continued to stand at our door, making threats of what they were about to do. I cannot tell you the awful feeling I had as we faced that mob for five weeks. I asked the Lord continually if He wanted us to leave, but could get no answer. Finally the magistrate said he could no longer protect the mission. The very next day the Nationalistic party put out a notice which read, "After three days we will allow nobody to come in or go out of the mission on pain of death. We will not allow anyone to sell to the mission on pain of death; we will not allow anybody to work for them on pain of death. All Christians must renounce their faith." Realizing the situation, we saw nothing to do but to leave, which we had to do in three days' time. After five weeks of daily facing the mobs, we felt it was best to leave. Some of our Christians beat their breasts and said, "What will we do now? The only joy we have is coming to hear the Word of God." Thank God we could point them to Jesus! I shall never forget those awful days, and could never put in words what we went thru. Our friends did not dare show their sympathy or they would have been killed. As we were leaving, they said, "You must come back again."

The Church in China is going thru troublous times, but God is taking her thru victoriously. At present they are not permitted to open the mission at Waitsap on account of the demonstrations, but the Christians meet secretly in the prayer room. Many of the heathen expressed a desire to become Christians before we left. Bro. Watt, our native evangelist, writes us that in spite of the fact that they hold their meetings behind closed doors, numbers have asked to be

baptized. So we thank God that His work goes forward, and that the gates of hell shall not pre-

vail against His church because it is founded upon the Rock, Christ Jesus.

"Wounded in the House of His Friends"

Will We Show the Scars of Battle?

Dawson McCullough in The Stone Church, Sept. 11, 1927



FEEL at home among the Pentecostal people. I remember while pastor of the large Second Baptist Church in Seattle, I was groping after God. My paid choir would sing the songs, the pipe organ would peal forth, but my soul was hungry for God. In my study were shelves and shelves of law books, for I have been to three law schools. On the other side were my medical books, and another side was filled with theological books, but I said, "Lord, I need Your power, the power of God in my ministry." I was doing the best I could, my father and mother had been good Baptist preachers before me. I was a young man in a splendid, big church, but neither the church nor the salary appealed to me in my hunger for God. So I used to dismiss my Sunday evening services a little early (and they all liked it) so that I could find a little humble, full-Gospel Pentecostal place in which to seek the Lord.

Before I found this place I was walking around and came across another Baptist Church, and I said to the janitor, "Mister, do you know where there is anybody in town who speaks in tongues? I have heard there is something like that." He said, "Of course, I do, Mister, but you stay away from that place." "Of course, I can stay away," I answered, "but all I want to know is where it is." I found the place that night and walked in with my hair standing on end. They sang the same songs my congregation sang, but it was different. After awhile God filled me with the Holy Spirit in my own church study, in the presence of my Assistant Pastor and my brother-in-law. For over an hour the Lord spoke thru me in the language of Kashmir, India, where my Assistant Pastor had been a missionary for years and understood the language fluently. From that time I endeavored to bring the full Gospel message to many, among them several Baptist churches.

I feel so free this morning to be among the saints of the Stone Church and in the pulpit of your dear pastor. As we study about the Lord, you will pray for me.

In the thirteenth chapter of the prophecy of Zech. I will read a few verses. "In that day

there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness. . . . And one shall say unto Him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then He shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." Verses 1 & 6. I think that the Prophet Zechariah, with a clear and solemn vision, hung a crown very high when he said in prophecy, "What are these wounds in thine hands?" No one has ever risen to the height of that crown save the Lord Jesus Christ. No one else can rise high enough. I have heard of many who claim to be the Lord Jesus Christ, some even bearing the nail-prints in their hands, but they are not my Lord.

The Old Testament has hung up many crowns, but no one has reached to this height but the Lord Jesus Christ. The marks in the hands of Jesus stand today as marks of God's sovereign grace. Whenever a person dies they set up a monument. In our lives many monuments have been set up, but I want to talk about the monuments in the life of Jesus. There is the monument of the little stable, the little dug-out back of the Inn. There was no room for Jesus in the hotel, so He was born in a stable. The stable stands today as a monument to God's sovereign grace. Thank God for the old barn. The cross, an emblem of shame, has been changed into a monument of glory. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world."

There is another monument set up in the life of the Lord Jesus, and it is the monument of the stone that was rolled away from the tomb. Angels as seraphs from heaven came with a mandate that nobody could hinder, and rolled away the stone from the sepulchre. The very brightness of their presence melted the old Roman wax; the seal of the Roman senate and the seal of the high priest melted before those angelic personages. The angels rolled away the stone and fearlessly sat upon it. Praise the Lord for the angels that had the holy courage to sit upon the stone and challenge all hell to move it back.

But the monument that stands out above all

the rest, is the monument of the wounds in the hands of Jesus. They stand out today as the greatest monument of all. Yet I believe that the Lord Jesus Christ was crucified many, many times before He arrived at the cross, for we read in the text the astounding words, put together so beautifully, and referring alone to Jesus, "What are these wounds in Thine hands, Lord?" And He shall answer, "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." Jesus, in the answer to the question in the text does not say they are the result of the Roman spikes; He does not say that the wounds He bears are wounds that He received from the Roman soldier, but He so pathetically says, and it is echoed down thru the ages, that they are the wounds He received, not from strangers, but from the hands of His friends. That is different.

I like to talk with the old, grey-haired soldiers of the cross; it encourages us younger ones to go on when we see the older members of the church rejoicing and having victory. It tells me that they have fought a good fight. Sometimes I ask them, "What are the wounds that hurt you the most?" And always I receive the answer, "The wounds that hurt the most are those I receive from those whom I love the best." You know it is not the wounds that we receive from the world. The blows we receive from the world strike us and simply fall to the ground, but the ones we receive from our friends are the ones that cut; they are the wounds that open wide and seem never to heal. Take the dear old couple who have been living together for years, when he is old and grey and his shoulders bent with age, his knees a little unsteady; how cutting for her to say, "I never loved you." It would almost kill the old man. And if you have labored hard for your boys, to have them make some cutting remark, oh how it hurts! Wounded in the house of your friends!

"What are these wounds in thine hands Lord?" "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." Precious children, we have all been placed in the body of Christ. We have all been ground up together and baked into one loaf, and if anybody tries to slice up the bread, the cut is not only going thru me, but also thru the rest of the body, because I am hardly distinguished from the rest of the body. I have been ground up with the rest of the wheat and we have been baked together. So if one member suffers all the rest suffer with it. But we are only the rear guard that is left of the body of

Christ. The vanguard has gone ahead; the bulk of the harvest, it seems to me, has about gone over. We, the rear guard are bringing in the last end of the procession. We are all bearing in our bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus. That is why the world hates us and persecutes us—because we are in the body of Christ and we in our bodies are making up the suffering that is due the Lord Jesus. If Jesus were here in the flesh He would have to bear many reproaches, but now that He has gone we have to bear His reproaches. Can we do it? Are we big enough in God to bear them all without a word? Let us bear them like our Lord.

It was Paul who said, "None of these things move me." "Light afflictions" he called them. Paul who had fought with beasts at Ephesus; he who had fought the lions, was thrown into a subterranean jail under the throne of Nero, in which subterranean jail he penned those epistles which shook the world and shook the throne besides; Paul who was shackled, beaten over the back with Roman whips, said, "These light afflictions but work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." He could say, "From henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.

If you have been to a union of old soldiers you would feel sorry for the soldier who didn't show a scar. All the rest bear the scars of war. So we when our warfare is ended, if we have been good soldiers, will show in our bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus.

There are many ways that Jesus was wounded, and there are many ways that the body of Christ is wounded. We are sometimes wounded by silence, by acts, by words.

When I withdrew from the Baptist Church, someone in the Baptist Council said, Bro. McCullough, we feel so sorry to think you are leaving your big church and all the churches ahead of you in the Baptist denomination, and going to waste your life with those Pentecostal people. Don't you know their history is that they cannot get along with anybody or with themselves? You are throwing your life away, etc." I had nothing to regret for I had been born again, translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of light. Thru Christ I can say, "All things are mine." Joint heir with Christ! A joint heir is one that cannot do anything unless the other heir does it. If I were a joint heir on a farm even if I ordered a shingle without the other heir's name on the order, we would not have to pay for the

shingle. You cannot even take up a row of potatoes. I am a joint heir with Jesus Christ, and He will not do anything but what He will inform me about it. If I am a joint heir with Jesus Christ, and an heir of God, all things are mine. What more do I want? And as we are joint heirs with Christ we must know that we must bear His reproach in this present world.

Now a little more about Jesus. Do not forget you are in the body, but now let us talk about the Head. Jesus Christ came to His own, but they did not receive Him. Jesus Christ was born a King, but Herod would not have Him, so the angels made the annunciation to the poor, humble shepherds that Jesus had arrived in the world. Methinks the angels have been making the announcement to the poor ever since. He came to His own, but His own would not receive Him, but the humble shepherds on the Judean hills were glad to hear the angels heralding His coming. Jesus came to His own temple, the temple of Elohim but His own temple closed its doors to Him. His own would not have Him, but God sent three Gentile wise men, priests from Persia, and they bowed and worshipped Him. They brot Him gold for kingship, myrrh for death, and frankincense for priesthood. Children, get the thot. He came to His own priests who would not receive Him, but the Gentile priests from Persia and Ur of the Chaldees saw His star, and traveling to Jerusalem found Him and worshipped Him. If we as Pentecostal people will not let Him have His way in our lives today, God will bring in three more Gentiles who will give Him homage. God grant that we may let the Lord of glory have the right of way in every one of our lives. Man in himself has proved to be a failure, and what a *fiasco* he has been. Governments have come and gone; ecclesiastical systems have risen and fallen. We have so organized ourselves that we can hardly breathe. When I enter some churches I feel impelled to ask, "Where have you laid Him that I may go and worship Him?"

When Jesus was only twelve years of age He came into the temple and the doctors of the law were amazed at His wisdom, but His mother came and reprimanded Him—wounded by His own precious mother.

Jesus was wounded many times before He arrived at the cross, and He is wounded even today by His own. There comes to my mind a true story. While at school there was a boy who seemed to be a good boy. His mother supported

him thru school by taking in washing. God blessed that precious little mother and she took in some extra washing to get a little more money so she could go to the school to see her boy. She arrived on the train and was walking up the campus anticipating meeting her boy. He was walking down with two of his chums, and as she saw him she quickened her pace. When he saw her he grabbed the two boys and headed them around, starting them in the opposite direction. "What is the matter?" they asked, "Are we not going to town?" "Oh yes," he said, "but my washerwoman is coming and I do not want to meet her." The little, old mother heard him. She didn't go any further, but turned around, went home and died. Wounded to death by her own flesh and blood!

We find Jesus in the temple one Sunday morning and He finds a man with a withered hand. That is a place where no man should be withered, in church. Jesus knew this man's hand should not be withered, so He said, "Stand forth!" "Put out your hand!" He put out his hand. The dried-up hand was restored, resurrection life came in, there, in the presence of the whole church. Even then they would not receive Him. "Wounded in the house of His friends."

His own would not receive Him, but the Samaritans and the Greeks said, "Is not Jesus the Christ?" The priests and the Levites said, "He hath a devil. He is Beelzebub," but Jesus went over to Sychar and sat on the well, and the harlot of Sychar took a look at Jesus and said, "Is not this the Christ?" The half bred Samaritan harlot went to her village and said, "I have found Him, Jesus the Messiah."

The Jews thot that they would stone Him, but as they took Him to the cliff three Greeks came along and said, "Sirs, we would see Jesus!"

We find the high priest, His very own priest, saying, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" but then we hear the Pagan ruler whose god was Olympus, in whose body there mingled Roman and Spanish blood, say, "I find no fault in Him." The Jewish women cried out and said, "His blood be on us and on our children," but Procla, the wife of Pontius Pilate sent a letter to Pilate saying, "Have nothing to do with that just man." His own would not have Him but there were those on the outside who received Him gladly. Is it not the reason that you and I are in the Stone Church this morning—because His own would not have Him? We have stopped outside the camp and have found Him whom our souls love.

"What are these wounds?" "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." Take the picture of Jesus Christ on the cross that was prepared for Barabbas who was a white-slaver and a murderer. Oh they would rather have a man going about in their city who would attack their wives and daughters than to have the Son of God walk their streets again! Look at the picture of Jesus Christ on the cross. They are wagging their heads at Him. "Let Him come down, if He be the Son of God." All hell and earth is lined up against Him as He is nailed to the cross. In that midnight of human darkness, in that midnight of human history everyone has turned against Him. "Mine own familiar friend has lifted up his heel against Me," He cries. Tho the priests and the Levites of His own temple were wagging their heads and railing in that midnight hour, look at the young thief on the other side of the cross. All he knew was to be a thief, but Jesus recognized he had a soul and stopped His dying long enough to have a little talk with him. The thief said, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." A strange time to make that request when the two were being crucified. A strange place to talk about His kingdom. That young thief must have been inspired. His own kin folk, his own priests turned their heads, but here was this poor thief saying, "Lord, remember me." The rendering in the Greek is very beautiful—something like this: "Lord, whenever you come riding in thru the gates of your capital city I will be sitting by the gate with my hands out, and as I hold out my hands will you not throw me some alms?" And Jesus turned to him and said, "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." So as Jesus was dying He comforted the thief and took him with Him into the great unknown. His own would not have Him, so He took with Him a thief to keep Him company on His last journey.

But I believe one of the worst wounds Jesus received was from the hands of John the Baptist. It was John who baptized Jesus in the Jordan. He saw the dove descending on the head of the Lord; he heard the voice from heaven recognizing Jesus as God's beloved Son. He announced Jesus at three different times to be the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, and yet when it came to the final test, what did John do? He wrote a little note down in the dungeon and asked, "Art Thou He that should come, or look we for another?" I imagine that broke the heart of Jesus. He just said, "Go tell John the

sick are healed, the dead raised, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." Precious children of God, if God has saved you and healed you; if He has taken you thru trials and filled you with the Holy Ghost, in the crucial moment do not doubt Him.

A little girl noticed her mama wearing gloves all the time, and she said to her mother, "Mama, why do you wear gloves all the time?" The mother said, "Sweetheart, I will tell you: When you were a little baby we had an old-fashioned oil lamp on the dining-room table. You were sitting in your high-chair, and you pulled the table-cloth over you and upset the lamp. The oil ran over the table-cloth and all over your little dress, and when mama saw you, you were a mass of flames. Mama didn't want her little darling to be burned so she quickly tore your clothes off your body and you were not burned at all. But mama's hands were so burned you could almost see the bones on some of her fingers, and that is the reason she wears gloves, to hide the scars. The little girl begged to see her mother's hands, but she would not take off the gloves. So that night the little girl didn't go to sleep. She knew her mother took off the gloves at night, so when the mother was asleep the little girl tip-toed into the room and she saw her mama's hands in the moonlight. She kissed each one. In the morning she said to her mother, "Mama, your hands are not ugly. They are pretty." "How do you know anything about mama's hands?" her mother asked. "Oh," said the little girl, "last night when you were asleep I pulled the clothes back and looked at them. Your hands looked beautiful to me. Your hands saved me, didn't they, mama?" The little girl for the first time in her life woke up to the fact that her mother saved her from an awful death. This is a true story, and it has a precious lesson. What are the wounds in your hands, Jesus? "Wounds by which I put out eternal fire for you." We will not wound Him any more, will we? If there is any burden, or sorrow, any trouble in our lives, we will leave it all with Jesus. He put out the fire, and He can undertake in everything else. Let us take the gloves off His hands and look at them, and it will melt our heart in deepest tenderness.

A Loving Message

"Love has a hem of its garment
that touches the very dust;
It can reach the stains in the streets and
lanes, and because it can, it must.
It dares not rest on the mountains,
It is bound to come to the vale,
For it cannot find its fulness of mind
till it falls on the lives that fail."

News from the Hiring Line

MISS ADAH WINGER, Barquesimeto, writes of how she spent her summer's vacation, at the close of school, opening up meeting in a new town named Quibor—rather strenuous work for one who has been confined to a school-room for an entire school year, but the Lord so definitely led that she felt constrained to go.

Bro. Vetter and a native worker preceded her by scattering Gospel tracts and selling Bibles, and as a number of people seemed interested a place was opened for service, in spite of the fact that there was the usual Romish opposition. In a short time the house which was turned into a chapel, was crowded, and for three nights the audience listened attentively. They went to El Tocuyo over Sunday for meetings, then back to Quibor where they held meetings again. Again the house was crowded to the limit; many standing outside. Great interest was felt and deep conviction rested upon the people. One young woman came to them after the meeting and said she could not sleep at night because of the message and her desire to be a Christian. When the elder from Barquisimeto made the appeal for those who wanted prayer, some young men raised their hands, among them a prominent business man.

Miss Winger also writes of visiting another station in the country where she found eager listeners. "I had meetings every night in a farmhouse," she writes, "of a Christian family. The father is a colonel of the army and his family are wonderful witnesses to the Gospel. They have a large room fixed up as a chapel and here the people come from far and near to hear the Gospel. A number of the men who work on the farm have been saved; also a young married couple who recently came from another state. They had only heard the Gospel a few times but we had the joy of seeing them both yield to God. The husband testified to his new-found joy, and the wife told of how while in the kitchen she yielded to the Lord and heard a voice saying, 'Thou art free from thy sins.' They said it was the first time they ever heard the Gospel. We are told there is not a single missionary in the state they left.

"People in a district further on are awaiting a visit from us but the river is so high we cannot go. On all sides we hear the Macedonian call. The dear Christian natives are preaching Christ

wherever they go. I have been deeply touched to see the native huts converted into Christian homes where Christ is honored and worshipped.

"Brother Blattner and a native worker have just returned from a trip to a new district. They were well received in a number of towns they visited. In one place where they held three meetings the people asked them when they would come to stay. Altho the priest spoke against them they were well received by the people who bought Bibles."

Miss Minnie Madsen, writing about the meeting in Quibor, says: "I felt as tho I were indeed on holy ground when I saw at least twelve men remain for prayer, seeking God's pardon for sin. It means much to take a stand for Christ in this country—real bitter perescution. One young man who had given himself to Christ a week before came to Mr. Vetter with the story that he had lost his position as tailor. Mr. Vetter prayed so tenderly for him, asking God to provide work. The next evening he came with a bright face saying he had found work."

Pentecostal Work in Bulgaria

Our readers may not know that there are two Pentecostal missionaries in Bulgaria, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Nikoloff. Their headquarters is in Bourgas, a large port on the Black Sea, where they have started a Bible School course for the native workers, training them for active work. "But what," they write, "are a few workers for this multitude! There are over 4,000,000 people in this country who have never had a chance to hear the Gospel in its fulness. The national religion is Greek Catholic and the poor people are kept in spiritual darkness. A number have been saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. God has placed a holy zeal in the hearts of the young believers, and some of them have gone out to various villages to spread the Gospel." Bro. Nikoloff is a native of Bulgaria, and well acquainted with the people, as well as knowing the language. Besides conducting Pentecostal meetings, he has found open doors in some of the denominations, and has been used in breaking down prejudice. They write the Greek Catholic people are very hungry for God, and, in spite of opposition from the priests, many are turning to God."

Indescribable Suffering

Mrs. W. W. Simpson, Minchow, N. W. China, writes that there are only about six missionaries

left in Kansu Province. All the rest have gone to the coast. Their nearest missionary neighbor is six days' journey away. She writes that the suffering in the provinces controlled by the "Reds" is indescribable. "Even in 'peaceful' Kansu conditions are terrible. There was a dreadful earthquake, recently in the districts of Tiangchow and Kulang (N. W. of Minchow), when thousands of people were killed and thousands of others left homeless and starving. It lasted for some time. Even in Minchow one felt like running from the house.

"Grievous famine is prevailing in a large part of the Province—hundreds of people starving daily, and in some country places, we understand, the people are eating human flesh. Our workers in this district have been forced to eat bran, leaves from trees, bark, etc. The allowances have been insufficient to meet famine prices. With all of this there is a constant demand for unjust and exorbitant taxes for the support of the army, and the people are cruelly punished if they cannot in some way produce the required money.

"In the face of all this, thousands of bandits are going from place to place, pillaging and destroying practically everything as they go. A band of a thousand strong threatened to attack Minchow, but soldiers from Lanchow came in time to prevent it. But the soldiers from Lanchow are very cruel. They want to make good reports to their headquarters, so they seize the poor farmers and any unfortunate person who comes their way, killing them for spies, robbers, etc. Recently I saw them dragging a poor deaf and dumb farmer down the mountain, back of our home, his wife running behind. I later learned that they tied him up and beat him, and may have since killed him. One was shot the day before.

"When one sees such scenes almost daily it is almost disgusting to read such sentimental rubbish from America about 'China's Awakening' and the 'Birth-throes of a new nation,' etc. It can be nothing more than the 'death convulsions' of a torn country—that is, as long as there is any Communism in the Nationalist movement. Now, however, the situation seems a little more hopeful. We are hoping that if this new Nationalist Army reaches Peking and takes over the government, they will thoroughly clean out the Communists and the country again become peaceful, and satisfactory negotiations may be made with the nations." May God grant it.

A Promise Verified

Miss Eva Beach, Sultanpur, India, writes that she has at last secured land for her building. It is government leased land, at about \$50 a year for thirty years. After that time the lease must be renewed. Miss Beach has suffered much persecution from the Arya Samaj. Four times she has been asked to vacate a rented house, and now she feels the Lord is undertaking for her in a very special way. When she first went to India twelve years ago she was welcomed by a Holiness Mission, where her sister had been a missionary for some years. After six weeks she was asked to leave because of her refusing to deny her experience of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. As she wept before the Lord He comforted her with this promise: "I will give you a station of your own where they will not put you out." She has waited twelve years for this promise to be verified. Soon after she received the promise \$50 was sent her by one who was then a stranger, designated for a "station of her own." This was added to from time to time, until now she has just half enough to complete her house. Her sister has also joined her in the work, and has since received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. She has been in India fourteen years without a furlough.

Miss Beach, in writing of the work, says: "There was a Sadhu (holy man) who was ill with consumption and who began reading the Gospels and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Shortly before his death he said to us, 'Last night Jesus came walking to me. He looked just like He looks in the pictures you show us. I know He is the only Savior, and my only hope is in Him.'

"In the bazaar an elderly man, after having listened to the songs and the Word, said, with a a heaven-born smile upon his face as he looked at the picture of Jesus, 'Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus!' He was rebuked for saying it, but continued to say it again and again."

My Carnal Self

"There is a man that often stands
Between me and Thy glory.
His name is self—my carnal self
Stands 'twixt me and Thy glory.
O mortify him! Mortify him!

Put him down, my Savior;
Exalt Thyself alone; lift high
The banner of the Cross
And in its folds
Conceal the standard-bearer."

The Latter Rain Evangel

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by
The Evangel Publishing House
18 W. 74th St., Chicago

Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.25 (5/6s) per year in advance
OF THE WORLD 65c (3s) six months in advance
Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. Send drafts, express or money orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. Foreign Countries send international money orders. Do not send personal checks unless 10 cents added for exchange.

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Notes

The upward Gaze

*The eaglet soars to the highest crag,
The gull sails out to sea;
And I, O, Lord, in faith reach up
On high to Thee.*

*The crocus struggles through the snow,
The lily through the mire;
And oft, O Lord, I feel the urge
'Gainst base desire.*

*The tide ebbs out and the tide flows in
And breakers comb the strand;
Yet I can face life's heavy surge
With Thee at hand.*

—H. Halbisch.

Others

BEFORE the Holiday Season bursts upon us let us think about our lonely missionaries on the foreign field. Send them an offering now so that it will reach them by Christmas. You will enjoy your own Christmas better if you have that first of the dear ones over yonder who have left a comfortable home and loved ones to minister to the poor, benighted heathen—the unlovely and those for whom nobody cares but the followers of Jesus. How happy it will make our co-workers to know that you have that of them! We will gladly forward gifts of money to our faithful missionaries at the battle's front.

It isn't always those who send out the most glowing reports who are doing the best work. Some of those who write the least are most worthy.

* * *

Have you been wondering what gifts you would make to your friends as the holiday season draws on? What better token could you give them than a yearly subscription to *The Latter Rain Evangel*? It will remind them of your love

at every monthly visit, and will probably be read by a half dozen people each month. This will be gathering gems for eternity.

Thousands of dollars are spent each year on useless bric-a-brac, but what a privilege we have as God's stewards to use our money to store the hearts and minds of our friends with spiritual food—that which develops them for eternity. That is a gift that counts.

We have a beautifully decorated Christmas card for you to send to your friends (or we will send it direct if you wish) with the following inscription:

"I am ordering for you a subscription to THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL for one year. Please accept with my best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy and Prosperous New Year."

There is also space for the name and signature. We are glad to send these on request. Please let us know how many you want.

Pastors Leave Chicago

Pastor S. A. Jamieson has recently resigned from the Sunnyside Assembly, having preached his farewell sermon on Oct. 2nd. He feels led to give his time to conducting Bible studies among the different assemblies. He has been much beloved by the Sunnyside people, but feels God is leading him out. He will make Chicago his headquarters, and can be addressed at 3325 N. Lincoln Avenue.

Bro. Harold C. McKinney has resigned from the Full Gospel Assembly at Mozart & Wabansia Sts., this city, and has gone to Winnipeg to help in the Bible School there.

The Missionary Rest Home

A very blessed meeting was held at the Missionary Rest Home on Wednesday night, Oct. 5th. Inspiring talks were given by missionaries recently returned from the field, and the music furnished by the Barry Avenue Male Quintette was greatly enjoyed.

The Rest Home has recently been very crowded, having as many as twelve missionaries as guests at one time. At a recent meeting of the Local Committee of Management, a few resolutions were submitted by one of the members to be read at the Gen'l Council Meeting convening at Springfield, Mo. Sept. 16-22. They were as follows:

The Chicago Missionary Rest Home had its inception in the hearts of three women, who prayed it into being seven years ago. In May, 1920, Miss Mary Droegmiller was called by the Committee of Management to become Matron of the Home. But God in His wisdom had already apprised her of His appointment of her to this position. Truly the choice was of God.

For seven years missionaries have come under the shelter of its hospitable roof, and have gone away refreshed in spirit, soul and body. The Matron has given of her time, her strength, her ability and her comfort freely and unstintedly, and almost without price. When need has arisen she has given up her room again and again to the missionaries. She has fed them, served them, clothed those who needed clothing, and has kept the house clean and neat. She truly has been among us as one who serves.

Wherefore, be it resolved that we the Committee in charge, hereby express to her our appreciation of her unselfish services, her unstinted hospitality, her continuous labors and service.

Be it further resolved that these words of appreciation be read at the Springfield Convention at the time her report is made.

And be it further resolved that a copy be sent to THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL and also THE PENTECOSTAL EVANGEL for publication.

We ask the prayers of our readers for the Home and especially for the Matron. She has not been well, owing to her strenuous duties in the Home. Often times she has been without an assistant, which has made her do double duty, far beyond her strength. We need an assistant at this time, one who is strong in body and has a love for the missionaries. She will receive remuneration for her services, and not be expected to work for nothing. Anybody who wishes to apply will please write to the Matron, 1848 Berenice Ave., Chicago.

The Evangel Publishing House will be glad to receive offerings for the support of the Home.

Bible Training School

We are glad to announce that Rev. David Leigh and wife of England have accepted the call to the pastorate at our Church. The Presence of the Lord was preciously manifested at their first service.

Our Bible Training School opened on Oct. 3rd with a goodly number of students. Bro. and Sis. Leigh are well qualified to help in the School. They spent eight years in China. Other new teachers have been added to the Faculty. We have two and three year courses in Bible study in preparation for home and foreign work. Young people desiring such training may enter the School at any time. Full information may be had by writing to

Beulah Heights Pentecostal Church and
Bible Training School,
4741 Hudson Boul., North Bergen, N. J.

* * *

Friends have asked us to make an appeal for funds to bring Miss Emma Wick back from South Africa. She has been out over twenty years without a furlough, and is much broken in body. Her return fare will cost about \$600. May God lay the need of this dear warrior who has spent her life in faithful service, on some hearts.

* * *

It is said of John Newton that when a boy

he ran away from home, in order that, as he said, he might be free to sin. But somewhere prayer was made for him, and he was shipwrecked near the coast of Africa, captured and sold to a Negress, herself a slave. There he sank so low in sin that it was said no civilized man ever had sunk much lower. His clothing was reduced to a shirt, and he almost starved to death. But God by the power of the Gospel saved him, and he became a preacher of righteousness. Afterward he wrote many songs, among them that wonderful old hymn:

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see."

It is said that in the city of London near the Bank of England stands the church in which John Newton preached, and an epitaph, which he wrote for himself may be seen there. It reads thus: "Sacred to the memory of John Newton, once a libertine and blasphemer, and slave of slaves in Africa; but renewed, pardoned, purified, and appointed to preach the Gospel which he once labored to destroy."—Sel.

Revival in Mexico

The following report of the work in Mexico City was written by the native pastor, David Ruesga, and sent us by Mrs. Anna Sanders, who is so burdened that her dear Mexican people have a proper place of worship. The government has given them permission to open the building for service, altho it is only partly finished, on condition that they complete it shortly. So they are praying for funds for a permanent roof and floor.

MY DESIRE in writing these lines is to put before the beloved brethren in America what the Lord is doing in Mexico. Tho living far from the rest of the Christian family who are enjoying the fulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we thank God for having the same wonderful privileges. It is remarkable what the Lord is doing in our midst.

After much prayer for a revival, the Lord heard our cry, and on May 1st sent a precious, refreshing shower from heaven. As we began our Sunday School there was an expectancy in our hearts, and during the preaching which followed, praises welled up from hearts filled to overflowing. At the close, 1:30, no one wanted to leave. They flocked to the altar, seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit with all their hearts; those who had received, sought a re-filling. The entire company of people were in tears, tears that spoke of deep conviction. It was glorious to see old people, young people and children of both sexes, weeping tears of joy because God had visited them. It was marvelous to see men whose

hearts had never been moved even when they saw the blood of their own people poured out before their eyes—men who had never been moved at the sight of suffering and starvation all around—men whose hearts were hardened by crime, melt in the presence of Almighty God. And now, marvel of marvels, the tiger, the wolf and the hyena have turned into tender lambs of the Lord.

Since that wonderful day many souls have come to the feet of Jesus and found salvation. Up to date six brethren have received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. This is no doubt in answer to the prayers of our many dear saints in the United States. Not only has God baptized in the Spirit but precious healings have also taken place. I shall mention two. Our Brother, Villa Franco, a faithful child of God, was run over by a street car and according to the doctor, had fractured his skull and crushed several ribs against his lung. But the Lord wonderfully healed him. Within twelve days he was perfectly restored and testified in the mission. The other was a little girl eight months old, who had fallen on her head, which brot on convulsions one after another, un-

til it was thot she would die. God healed her in answer to prayer, praise His holy Name! Pray for the young workers in Mexico that they may be fashioned into faithful servants of God.

We have bought a lot and built on it, for we must have a building that complies with government regulations, not being permitted to hold services in any place but our own. If we violate the law we must pay the penalty, which means a term of imprisonment and a fine of \$500. The building we have has only a provisional roof and the greater part of the floor is earth. This is not wholly in compliance with the law for whenever it rains it leaks thru and leaves the temple in a terrible condition. It is only as you brethren in the U. S. pray for us that we will be able to add a permanent roof and a floor to our temple, and thus continue our services. If the government should close our place of worship because it is incomplete, it would mean the loss of thousands of souls. Please join us in prayer for a great revival all over Mexico so that the Gospel of Jesus shall be known among our people who are now in heathen darkness.

Spiritual Lessons from the Ark of the Covenant

An Exposition of First Samuel Fifth Chapter

Sermon by Pastor Phillip Wittich, Sept. 28, 1927



LAST Sunday morning we considered the effects of the presence of the Ark of the Covenant in the house of Dagon, the chief god of the Philistines. The incidents connected with this procedure are absolutely miraculous and supernatural and can never be explained by the mind and reason of man. The capture of this most sacred vessel of the Tabernacle,— the abode of this vessel as a prisoner in the temple of Dagon,—the punishment meted out upon Dagon, god of the Philistines, and the hasty removal of the Ark from the temple and the land of the Philistines, convey to us a far deeper message than man in his natural mind can ever conceive. We are standing here before a unique account, unique in the life of the Ark. Never, as long as the Ark was the central meeting place of Israel with God did a thing like that occur. The Ark actually became a captive of Dagon, chief idol of the Philistines. It therefore must have a deep significance in the Bible. In the type we must see the anti-type; in the shadow we must trace the substance. Let us see why the Ark was held captive for days in the temple of Dagon.

We will first ask the question, "For what does the Ark of the Covenant stand?" Its material is already suggestive. It was made of accacia wood which is very strong and has wonderful resisting power against worms and corruption. It is even stronger in that respect than the cedar wood. The accacia wood, furnishing the chief material of the ark, is a type of the humanity of the Lord Jesus Christ, for wood in Bible language is a type of man. The Lord said to the weeping woman, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children; for if they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Luke 23:26-31. Accacia wood is therefore a type of the sinless and incorruptible humanity of the Lord Jesus Christ. But His humanity is without sin, therefore, without corruption. The accacia wood was covered with gold. Gold is the chief metal, and speaks of the divine nature of the Lord Jesus Christ. It brings before you the thought which God has put in this type, that His Son in incarnation received a sinless, incorruptible human nature expressed by the accacia wood, while the gold refers to His divine nature as the Son of God. Thus we have in the ark the divine nature of God, typified by the gold, and His humanity typified by the wood. There you

have the two natures, the divine and the human, all blended in one person, the person of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The contents of the Ark were threefold. (1) The law, which is the expression of the will of God. Our Lord Jesus Christ as a man was the only one who could say with the Psalmist, "Lo, I am come: in the roll of the book it is written of me; I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart." Ps. 40:7, 8. (2) The golden pot of manna speaks of the Lord Jesus Christ being food. The gold speaks of divine food, John 6:54, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life and I will raise him up at the last day." (3) The rod of Aaron speaks of Christ, the only High Priest who went through the sorrows of death and came out of *Sheol* and the grave with the buds, leaves and ripe fruit of a new nature begotten in resurrection. Ps. 2:7. Jesus is the only man who ever went with His body into the grave and His spirit into *Sheol* without seeing corruption and being held by death, Acts 2:24-27. He is the only One who ever came out and broke the bars of *Sheol* and the grave. This victorious act of our Lord is typified by the fruit-bearing rod of Aaron. The almond tree is the first of the trees of Palestine which shows life in Springtime. It therefore speaks of the Lord Jesus Christ who broke the bars of death, hell and the grave and now sits at the right hand of the throne of the Father interceding for us. The Ark, therefore, represents our Lord in His deity and humanity, as the one who died, as the one who rose, and also as the one who went into heaven with His own blood to appear before the face of God for us. Heb. 9:18-24.

The blood-sprinkled Ark of the Covenant speaks of Jesus the Son of God as the Lamb of God, and our High Priest interceding for us at the right hand of God. We come now to the next question, "How is it that the Ark which is a clear type of the Lord in His twofold nature, as Lamb and High Priest, could ever come into the temple of Dagon to become a prisoner of the Philistines?" Let us first consider the meaning of the word Philistine. The word Philistine comes from the verb *phalash* which means to roll in the mud, to tramp or rove about. The Philistines are a type of the evil spirits and fallen angels who have wallowed in the mire of sin and who are now wandering about because they have lost their heavenly home. You know the answer Satan gave to God when asked, "From

whence comest thou?" Job 2:2. He replied, "From going to and fro in the earth and from walking up and down in it." The Philistines, therefore, stand for the demon powers that are subject to Satan who has a perfectly well-organized house. In Luke 11 the Lord tells the Pharisees that the kingdom of Beelzebub is an undivided house. Beelzebub means "god of vermin, insects," etc. Just as these pests of the air torment man so do demon powers torment human beings, and their torment is a systematic one, all in obedience to their head, Beelzebub. The Lord tells us in the Gospel that the kingdom of Satan is a well-organized, powerful kingdom against which man cannot battle alone. It takes a stronger one to come into the court of the strong one. The strong one is the devil, the Stronger One is Jesus. Adam went into the court of the devil. Jesus came into this world through incarnation, prepared Himself through the baptism of the Holy Ghost and single-handed took up the battle with the devil; the climax came on the cross. The devil tried it with Adam and succeeded; he tried it with Judas and got Judas down; at last he tried it with Jesus, but was defeated. The weapon of Christ was the Word of God. How we need in our Movement the Sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God! Jesus came into the court and took the armour of the strong one and thus released the captives. On the cross He took that which fortified the devil against God. Luke 11:19-22. Sin in man fortifies the devil against God. On Calvary Christ suffered physical death on the cross; there was a dissolution of His tri-part being. As a man His blood which is *His soul* was spilt out of His body. Now our Lord bears no blood in His glorified body. It was given for you and me that through this blood we also may overcome every temptation of the devil, the world and the flesh. The *dead body* of Jesus was laid in the grave, and *His Spirit* He gave over to the Father. His soul had already been sacrificed; for our sake His body carried away sin — it was laid away with myrrh and aloes.

Aloes is a tree of magnificent size and beauty; it bears cone-shaped white blossoms, very similar to the blossoms of the magnolia. But different from the magnolia or any other tree the aloes does not emit or send forth any sweet perfume when in full bloom. But after it has died and assumed a very unattractive form and appearance it emits the sweet perfume hidden in its blossoms. Christ who for three years was living

in His body on earth could never redeem us. He had first to die for our sins before He could rise triumphant for our justification. Now He gives His eternal life to "whosoever will."

We have seen that the Philistines are a type of demon powers, their head being Dagon. Dagon means "a little fish" in an endearing sense. This god was very dear to the Philistines and was represented in the upper part by the body of a man, from the hips down by the form of a fish. A fish stands for two things; good food and fertility. The Philistines worshipped this god as the one who would furnish them food and give them also productiveness. You can see how these two perverted ideas caused the Philistines to worship this idol. Any worship of idols is demon worship. Paul speaks very plainly that idol worship is of the devil. I. Cor. 10:20.

Dagon, the god of the Philistines, is a type of Satan who has power in the heavenlies, power on earth, and power in hell. He has power in the heavenlies as you read in Eph. 6:10-20; then he has also power on earth, as you read in 2 Cor. 2:4. He is called there "the god of this world." Jesus in the Gospel of John tells us that Satan is the prince of this world. Every time we commit sin we worship the devil. If we love any sin we love that which comes from the devil, for he is the originator of sin. Then he is also god in hell. Let us turn to Heb. 2:14 where the Word says that "Christ through death has brought to naught him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." Now let us sum up what God has to say about the devil: he has power in the heavenlies, power in this world over man, and power in hell. In Rev. 9:1, 2 the devil is described not as a falling but as a *fallen* angel who received the keys to the abyss, which is one of the deepest compartments of *Sheol*. To have the keys of a place is to control and possess it.

The house of Dagon was in Ashdod, which means a fortress or stronghold. However, there is a far deeper significance in the original word "*shaddad*" which means to force, oppress, destroy. Ashdod is a fortress of those who oppress and destroy, it is a type of *Sheol* where the devil is holding the spirits of sinful men.

"And they brought the Ark from Ebenezer to Ashdod." What does Ebenezer signify? In Gen. 49 you read where the patriarch cries out in the 24th verse: "The mighty One of Jacob, from thence is the Shepherd, the *stone of Israel*." In Isa. 28:16 He is called the precious stone. Then in the 26th chapter, 4th verse, you have the fol-

lowing: "Jehovah is the stone of eternity, the Eben-Ad."

The journey of the Ark from Ebenezer (stone of power) to Ashdod prefigures Christ's journey from Glory to this earth (His incarnation); then His suffering and death on Calvary and the imprisonment of His human spirit in *Sheol*. In Romans 10:7 Paul says, "Who shall descend into the abyss that is to bring Christ up from the dead?" In Greek the word abyss means the deepest hell. In Psa. 16:10 Christ says prophetically: "Thou wilt not leave my soul in *Sheol*; neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption." This word is also used by Peter in his Pentecostal message, Acts 2:25-32.

Here we have our Lord Jesus Christ as He suffered on the cross physical death, and in *sheol* spiritual death; His whole human being offered as our substitute! Therefore, His sacrifice for us is complete and accepted by God in our behalf. Praise God!

Man's sin in Paradise was a spiritual sin, and therefore our first parents suffered spiritual death. They had, of course, existence, but did not have any more the *life of God*. Now Jesus came into this world to take upon Himself the sins of the world, so earthly man could receive again the life of God. While Christ's body was in the tomb, His spirit went into *sheol*. The holiness of God demanded that sin should be punished; therefore, the sins that man committed in his body were punished in the body of Jesus. He atoned for the sins that man committed in his self-will. His last suffering was the imprisonment of His spirit in *sheol*, and that meant the suffering of separation from God. When He, the sinless Son of man, had suffered for us sinful men, God's just demands on us were satisfied and therefore Jesus could no more be held by *sheol*, but rose triumphant out of the dead. This resurrection and subsequent ascension is typified by the Ark being brought out from the house of Dagon at Ashdod and conveyed to the great stone at Beth-Shemesh. When Jesus went into *sheol* all hell trembled and the devil himself must have quivered from head to foot for here appeared the spirit of One Man who never committed sin and who delivered the whole human race from his power by suffering spiritual death for them.

The Philistines had their god Dagon on a pedestal. When the Ark was in that temple the first night Dagon's image was thrown to the floor of the temple. The second night its head was cut off. What is the head? The seat of reason, wis-

dom and authority. The death of Jesus has taken the wisdom of the devil away. All his plans which he started in Paradise were made foolishness through the wisdom of God on the cross. The hands of Dagon, too, were cut off. As his hands were cut off by the presence of the Ark, so the power of the devil was broken by Jesus. Oh that we saints might realize more the power of Jesus!

Another point we wish to bring out is this: it does not say that the head and hands of Dagon were on the floor, but on the threshold. If you want to go out of a door you have to go over the threshold. In *sheol* the devil got his biggest defeat through the sinless spirit of Jesus; he had to surrender the keys to Jesus who stepped out over the wisdom and power of Satan and opened the prison house for the Old Testament saints. Therefore, when Jesus rose out of the dead many saints appeared in the city. Matt. 27: 50-53. And now those who follow Jesus in faith and obedience can step over the threshold of death and *sheol* and say, "My spirit shall not suffer imprisonment in hell because the power

and wisdom of Satan is broken through my Lord's complete sacrifice! "O death where is thy Victory? O death where is thy sting?" 1 Cor. 15:55.

From that time on the Philistines went no more over the threshold which is an admittance that their god Dagon was defeated by the God of Israel. So you see that the kingdom of darkness must admit its defeat by one Man whom God had chosen, the Man Jesus Christ! Hallelujah! As Christ stepped out of *sheol* His heel bruised Satan's head on the threshold and thus fulfilled God's prophecy in Gen. 3:14 "He (Christ) shall bruise thy head."

In Rev. 1:17, 18 our Lord Jesus revealed Himself to John by this declaration: "Fear not; I am the first and the last, and the Living One; I was dead, and behold, I am alive forevermore, and I have the keys of death and Hades."

Death cannot keep his prey—Jesus my Savior!
He tore the bars away—Jesus my Lord!
Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph over His foes;
He arose a Victor from the dark domain,
And He lives forever with His saints to reign;
He arose! He arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!

What is a Revival?

The Holy Spirit's Answer to a Welsh Journalist

John C. Williams in The Sunday School Times



WAS brought up in a home that was religious but was not godly. I never remember family prayers in the home, or my father ever speaking to me about things of God. I was left at twelve years of age to support myself. I started to work in a foundry as an apprentice, and at that tender age when most boys are still at school, I started to work for my daily bread, leaving home at five o'clock in the morning, and getting back about six o'clock at night. I do not remember much of childhood. Then I became connected with church, and in due course became a preacher. I preached my first sermon on my twenty-first birthday. It is possible to be active in the service of the church without having any knowledge of God, or of the redeeming grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. As time went on I became imbued with socialistic ideas, and preached democracy. In the furtherance of this plan, I had a class of five or six hundred working men on Sunday afternoons in a great industrial center in England, where I then lived. We met under the flag of Christianity, and propagated the principles of Christian socialism. I believed at that time that there was

a divine spark in every man, and that it only needed the right and proper environment for that spark to be fanned into a flame. I believed that the flame would so grow that the man himself should, by the process of a divine evolution, develop after the image and conformity of the Lord Jesus Christ. I believed that, and believed it sincerely; I preached it to these men.

I GO TO WRITE UP THE SPIRIT'S WORKING

In the years 1904 and 1905 there appeared, from time to time, strange stories in the press as to extraordinary manifestations of divine power taking place in Wales. I am a Welshman, and coming from Welsh stock this appealed to me. At that time I was writing a good deal, and I had a request from an editor of one of the magazines of the day, asking if I could go down to Wales and report on these scenes that were taking place, and give an unvarnished opinion as to what was the meaning of it all. So I arranged my business, and went down to Wales. A minister of the Gospel, and also a deacon, went with me. Like Moses, we stepped aside to see the great sight of a bush that was burning, and yet not consumed. The three of us went in a critical spirit. My deacon friend was an Englishman, and I said to him, "When we get there,

we shall see that this is merely emotion, and we shall be able to trace it to its source. Let us three, independently, take notes, and at the end of each day compare our notes and thus make a judicial summary, and settle the whole thing."

I recognized everything but God. Not one of the three of us knew God; neither the minister, nor his deacons, for I was a deacon, too. We knew a great deal of creed and dogma; but of God the Father, of God the Son, and of God the Holy Ghost, we discovered that we knew nothing. In the course of time we reached the revival; that is to say, the locality in which the revival was taking place, for by this time the revival had spread over nearly the whole of South Wales. We reached a little town in Wales about ten o'clock at night, and were going to stay with the mother of the minister, for she resided in that town. We went to her house and the maid opened the door for us. The minister asked for his mother, and the maid said she was down at the chapel. The minister rather crossly said, "Whatever is she doing at the chapel at this time of night?" The maid said, "I do not know, but there is a meeting going on in our chapel. I came away an hour ago, and it had been going on then for four hours. I never saw anything like it before." I was a business man, and I like to get things through, so I said to them, "This is what we have come to see, isn't it?" The minister said, "It may be, but I am not going to see any revival at ten o'clock at night." The deacon, who was an older man than either of us, said: "And I am too tired." "But," I said, "fellows, what have we come for?" I was afraid the revival would be all over before morning, and I wanted to get a chance to use my notebook and pencil, and here these two were arguing about its being ten o'clock at night. Anyway, I felt that I must go, for here was something that we did not understand. I said: "Whoever heard of a meeting going on for five hours; something is wrong about it, and we must investigate." They saw I was determined, and I said I thought they had better come along; and so we went.

We were like the spies who went to Canaan, who had *already determined about the giants and the walled cities*, and we were *looking for what we expected to see*. I will, however, tell you what we did see. We went into the schoolroom and found there a lot of young people. It was a Christian Endeavor meeting, and the children had started a prayer-meeting. I do believe their

angels always see the face of their Father. These children had begun to pray, and the minister had broken down listening to their prayers. Then their parents came to see where Johnnie, Mary, Martha, and little Billy were, and as they came through the door, they heard these children praying, and they sat down until at last nearly all the parents of all the children were there. We arrived about ten o'clock and the place was full. We listened to the little children praying, and the minister sat there in the midst of them with tears rolling down his cheeks. I had gone in with my notebook and my nice pencil to analyze God. I took it out, looked at it. Looked at the minister, and thought, "What is he crying for?" and then I thought, "I have it! This is *emotion*."

I took my book, and was just ready to make a note, when the minister said to my friend who knew him very well, as he had been a lad in the same Sunday-school: "Brother, won't you say a word?" But my friend was in an atmosphere where his *brain would not work*, and his *heart could not work*, so he shook his head and pointed to me. He knew that I was trained in public debating and I was always supposed to be able to get up at a moment's notice and speak on any subject from a potato to the hemisphere. The dear old minister looked at me, and said: "My brother, have you got a word from the Lord?" Well, now, if he had asked me to give an address I could have done it, or if he had asked me to preach a sermon,—but to put it that way, "Have you got a word from the Lord"! Well, I got up, opened my mouth, and stood there for quite a time with it open. Not a sound! Then I looked down and I saw these dear children, the oldest of them could not be more than fourteen or fifteen, all looking at me with their eyes wide open, wondering what the stranger was going to say. Something gripped the heart of the stranger, and then the man who wanted to write about emotion began to weep, and all he could say was: "Oh, children, pray for me!" That was the most eloquent sermon that I ever preached in my life. And before you could say anything those children jumped up, closed around me, got hold of my coat, hands and fingers, and said, "Yes, we will pray for you; O hallelujah, we will pray for you." I looked down at them, and I was deeply moved, and said, "Well now, that is good of you; I am going to hear Evan Roberts, and I do not know what may happen"

A LONG NIGHT OF AGONY

And I did not. Things were happening so quickly that I did not know what might happen

next. The meeting broke up, we went back, and I shared the room with the minister, who got precious little sleep that night. I got less, for I was up, and was praying, and I did not know what had happened. I know now. I was under deep conviction of sin, and I said to Mr. A—, "You have been to college, and you know all about these things, but I have sinned against God." He said, "I told you that you ought not to go to that meeting; it was too late; I know you are tired." I was a railway man, and was accustomed to traveling ten to fourteen hours a day. How the world will try to find excuses rather than admit the work of the Spirit of God! So he said this, that, and the other thing, as I went through that long night of agony. I was up at five o'clock the next morning, and got those fellows out of bed, and said, "Come, there is a train at a quarter past six."

It was a dark January morning, and as we came near the place where I thought Evan Roberts was at work, we called a porter, and said, "Come here, can you tell me where the revival is?" He just gave me one look, began to cry, and said, "I don't know, but it is *in me!*" It did not matter where you were. It reminded me of the days when even the bells of the horses shall have inscribed upon them "Holiness unto the Lord." *That* is revival. It is revival when men in the street are afraid to open their lips and give vent to blasphemy that may be in their hearts because of the Spirit and the atmosphere around them. It is revival when sinners fall down, without any apparent reason; when they cry out for mercy at the street corner; when the whole town is overawed by the presence of God; when every shop becomes a pulpit, and every home becomes a sanctuary, and every hearth becomes an altar, and every lip is touched by the flame of God's presence. And that is how it was in Wales. Whosoever spoke, spoke with bated breath. It was as if men were walking in the corridors of the heavenly city, as if they were conscious of the presence of the omnipotent God, and walking softly and humbly before Him. We reached the place, and the station was a mile away from the village. I know nothing of how I covered that mile but they told me afterward it was just like Bunyan, running from the City of Destruction. When the Spirit of God puts his hook into a man and begins to draw, neither seas nor continents, neither the eyes of men, nor the fears of the world can stop the march of that soul, until it finds peace. The drawing power of God was

manifest that night and that day; and there in the dawn of that wonderful morning, there was a man running for his life.

At last I came to the church, and outside of the chapel I found a group of people, and said, "Where is Evan Roberts?" Mark you, I thought that he would be up at any hour of the day or night. "Whereabouts is Evan Roberts?" They said, "We do not know." "Well, where is the revival meeting?" "Why, everywhere, of course." And so I asked, "Is there a meeting here?" "Oh! yes, there is a meeting on here, but you cannot go in!" "Well, shall I have to go on to the next village? Is there any other chapel?" "Oh, yes, there are other chapels, but they are all filled." "But," I said, "it is only a quarter to eight in the morning." "Oh, that may be!" they said. "Well, when did this service begin?" "Well, it really began at six o'clock last night." And so it was. Men forgot the ordinary vocations of the day. Miners forgot to go down to the pit, and when they did go down into the bowels of the earth, those men gathered together in groups, and prayed to Almighty God. That is revival when grace spreads over the whole community. Down there in the depths prayer was being made for China, for India, and for the whole world by these men who had just come out of darkness.

SATAN'S TEMPORARY VICTORY

Some of the people came out of the chapel and we slipped in. My friends had overtaken me, and went in with me. We were standing just by the door. And there, all at once, the devil came in. It was as if I had been led into the very wilderness. The devil came and said, "Well, now, you are making a fool of yourself. What about that article you have to write?" I said, "Yes, of course, what about that article?" My mind began to work, and the flesh lusted against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh. The thoughts of men and the carnal mind that is in us are against God, and there the conflict was going on. At last it seemed as if the flesh triumphed, and I became cold and cynical. I began to analyze the whole thing from a fleshly standpoint and it seemed as if the Spirit of God withdrew and my old self was left.

Then I began to make some notes, as the service went on. Oh, the singing and the prayers!—first in English, then in Welsh, and then somebody would break out in French. It seemed as if all the languages were there, but there was no confusion, there was no lack of harmony, because God was the Presiding Genius of it all,

and the Holy Spirit had charge of the meetings. As it went on, my heart grew colder and colder, until at last the enemy whispered, "You are one of those that cannot enter in; you are one of those that cannot be saved; this salvation, this grace, this power, is not for you. It may be for others, but it is not for you." How I hate the devil! How I hate him for his lies, for his caricature of truth, for the lifelong misery he has brought into the world! How I glory in the cross of Jesus, in the triumph of Calvary that has put Satan under the feet of my Lord, in the liberation that comes to the captives who are imprisoned by Satan, in the glorious freedom that is the heritage of the children of God! That is the lie that the devil told me, that I could not be saved. Then somebody began to talk in Welsh. I had not heard any Welsh since I was eight years of age, but I listened and understood. Then someone began to sing. I cannot translate it in all the beauty and loveliness of its truth,—it was something about the Lamb, the Lamb of Calvary. They sang that refrain over and over:

"The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me."

And I found myself singing "The Lamb that died for me." All at once, I realized what I was saying, "The Lamb that died *for me*." God said, "This is for you. The devil is a liar; he was a liar from the beginning." The truth of God penetrated through my conscience until there was something in my soul that gripped,—the Lamb that died for me. The next thing I knew was that I was standing up, and my voice sounded through that great church, "Oh, people, pray for me!" The whole audience seemed to turn itself into a stream of intercession. As they prayed, I felt the power of God, and I knew it was God. God does not have to educate us, we know by the witness of the Holy Spirit that we are begotten of God, and that we have passed from death unto life. I knew it then, and I was overcome with the joy and the wonder of it.

Oh, people, do not lose the sense of wonder! Unless you become as little children, you cannot see the kingdom of God, and the child is full of wonder. You can never have a revival if you lose the sense of wonder. Do you wonder what God will do for you tonight? Did you come into his house hallowed by the prayers of his children, or as a matter of course as you would go into a store or into any other hall? Do you always come through that door, saying, "What will He do tonight?" "What will He say to me

this morning?" "What has He for me?" as if no one else were in the world except you and your Lord? I have never lost that sense of wonder. I am always wondering what God will do, and he has done some strange things with me. At a time when most men retire into what they term a well-earned rest, at nearly sixty years of age, he took me out into the mission field, and landed me upon the borders of Russia, and then brought me back to London, and here I am in America. I am wondering what He will do next, and where I shall go. I am sure only of this, that I shall never go anywhere without Him.

So, dear friends, there is revival when God takes possession of every faculty, when every part of your being is absolutely surrendered to Him. You cannot walk with God if there are two wills. There must be only one will, the dominating will of the divine Person. Do you know anything of the pressure, the burden of the sins of others? This is what I mean by burden: "Lord, how long shall the wicked triumph? How long shall they utter and speak hard things? and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves?" Do you want a revival for *your* church? for the purposes of your church? You will not get it. But if you are stirred to the very depths of your being because the honor of God is jeopardized and because your Lord and Master is brought under the contempt of men; if you are crucified with Christ and have entered into His death; if you are willing to suffer with Him, and suffer because of him; if the sin of the world around you hurts you, and causes your heart to throb and to ache until you cry out because of the very burden of it, "Lord, how long, how long, how long shall the wicked triumph? How long shall they utter and speak hard things, and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves?" ah, beloved, if that is why you want a revival you can have it.

Are you concerned because sin stalks through the land, and because the children of darkness, urged by the spirit of disobedience, are more blatant in their blasphemy than ever before? Does that break your heart and break you down before God, until you can neither preach nor pray nor speak because of the pressure and the burden of the sin of others? That is revival. The spirit of prayer is the gift of God. It is not an art, an accomplishment that can be acquired. A child can fall into it, while a wise man can pass over it. Revival is when Christians have the spirit of prayer for revival, and a deep,

continual and earnest desire for the salvation of sinners. This is what constitutes the spirit of prayer, and brings the salvation of sinners. It is not so much to save them from the penalty for their sins as to save them from dishonoring God; it is having God as the center in the saving of men and not because he is my brother, or my son, or a relative of my family. How often we pray for our relations, because they are our relations!

A dear woman came to me in a convention and said to me, "Will you pray for my son?" I said, "Yes, if the Holy Spirit brings him to my remembrance, for He is my memory, and He has said that He will bring all things to our remembrance. If your son comes up before me, I dare not do other than pray for him. But why should I pray for your son?" For a moment I felt like some doctor who puts his finger upon a palpitating, throbbing nerve, and I saw the tears well up into her eyes. "Oh," she said, "he is my only boy!" I said, "Do you think that is reason enough for me to pray for your son?" She asked, "Isn't it?" "Has your boy any companions?" "Oh, yes." "Who are his companions?" "Well, his daily companion is a boy who lives next door to us. They went to school together, and now they work together, and they are inseparable companions." I asked, "Is he saved?" and she said, "No, sir." "Has he a godly father and mother?" "No, sir." "But your boy has a godly mother; do you pray for him?" "Oh, yes, sir." I continued, "Have you ever prayed for your neighbor's boy?" She answered, "No, sir." "Well, now, shall we pray for him?" and she said, "Yes." We knelt down before the Lord and prayed for the neighbor's boy also.

Time and time again the Lord brought these two lads before me. I never thought of one without the other, and I had not seen either, yet I brought them before the Lord each time. Some months afterward I got a letter from the mother. She was more distracted than ever, saying, "Oh, Mr. Williams, my neighbor's son has been saved, but my boy is not saved." I praised the Lord, and wrote back to her, saying, "Go on, God never half does a thing; go on. We are all right now," and I encouraged her in the way of prayer. Well, you are not surprised to know that her boy was saved, and saved through his companion who was saved before him.

Beloved, do not let us get selfish in our prayers. There is nothing so galling to the spirit of prayer as selfishness. I know it is very human and very natural, but we are not on the human,

natural plane; we are on the higher plane of the Spirit. So I expect a revival to come when Christians are willing to pray for sinners because they are sinners and because Jesus died for them. If your neighbor's house was in danger of being burned to the ground, you would not sit at home and analyze your feelings about the matter; it would be enough to know that your neighbor's life was in danger, and if you were anything of a man, you would be at his door knocking until you awakened him out of his sleep, and told him of the danger he was in. You cannot love your neighbor until you love God. Human love is not big enough; it is not deep enough to enable us to gather up these neighbors of ours and carry them in our arms and lay them down at the feet of Jesus. There is nothing but the love of God that can do that; and when we have *that love*, we can have a revival. Every one we pass on the street is a call to prayer; every man and woman we come in touch with during the day is a call to prayer; for we are told to pray without ceasing. It is possible to create such an atmosphere of prayer that when we sit next to an unsaved person in the trolley car or train they will become uneasy and restless, and they will begin to talk to us. Christians need never force the pace when their life is in touch with Omnipotence; they can afford to tarry. There is a psychological moment that coincides with the spiritual moment; then the Christian will be enabled to utter the truths of God at a moment when the mind and the heart are receptive. I believe it and have proved it.

Break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord until He come and righteousness reigns upon the earth. Break down the barriers; prepare your mind by reading and discussing the revivals of the past. Study the history of the people of God, the chosen people. Under the pressure of temptation and environment of other nations, time and time again they lost sight of Jehovah. But there was always some one burdened with the declension of Israel, and God saw to it that there was. I believe that today God is raising up such a people, and there are some here, and some yonder, and there are some across the waters. God is never without his witnesses, and he is raising up a people who shall have a vision of revival that shall stir, I believe, in these last days, not a locality only, not a city only, but a revival that shall spread through the whole world, and make ready for the coming King. If He comes tomorrow, what sort of hearts would He find? Those indifferent to sin,

taken up with the occasions of the moment or with the duties of the hour or with the many activities of the church?

Oh, who is burdened because of the disobedience of the people? Who is crying out in the night watches? Whose pillow is wet with tears? Who is confessing the sin of the nation? Who is standing before God confessing the sins of this city? Who is there that is upholding before Almighty God, and confessing on behalf of those who have no power to confess themselves? Who is there who has such a vision of their own heart that they may take their hindrances and place them at the foot of the cross, and crucify their pride, and crucify all that hinders the outflow of the Spirit of God in and through them? Oh, blessed be God, revival will come! it will come when we are ready to receive it; it will come when our hearts are open, and our spirits are receptive. "Revive us in the midst of the years." That prayer has never yet been uttered in sincerity and truth, but it has been answered by Almighty God. Oh, my people, to our knees! We know much of doctrine. It is not that we need to be taught very much of the deep things of God. We know a great deal. We know enough to send us to our knees in broken-heartedness, and in a spirit of abandonment to Him. That is revival. May our Lord lead us into that place where He can meet us and pour out His grace upon us, until this whole city shall be moved to its very depths, not so much by the rhetoric of preaching, but by the power of the Spirit of God manifesting Himself in the lives of His people. Brethren, it is not so much what you say, it is not what you do, it is your relationship to God when you speak. It is your touch with God when you act that makes the difference between you and an ordinary mortal that walks the streets of this city, and has no light.

Oh, Thou who art the Giver of light; Thou who art Wisdom; Thou who art Truth, O Holy Spirit, take possession of thy people, and let us march in the triumph of the cross.

The devil has had his way long enough. Oh, lift up that blood-bought banner of Calvary and march to the strains of its victory and see the trail of the prisoners that shall be set free by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of your testimony!

PHILADELPHIA.

"In the New Covenant God does not say, 'If ye obey Me', but 'if ye will trust me'."

Raised from the Dead

TRULY "God is no respecter of persons."
"Why should it be that a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?"

I have been asked to give the following testimony for the glory of God. About ten years ago I was building a cottage at Drummoyne for a woman who had made a full surrender to the Lord. She witnessed to those in the neighborhood how God had honored our prayer in behalf of the sick and afflicted, and the good news fell on the ears of a woman, a trained nurse, who had adopted a baby. This baby, a little boy, was dying of a loathsome disease. The nurse asked me to go and see poor little Bobby. I said to her, "Why do you want me to go, seeing the doctor has given the baby up to die?" "Oh, she said, "I know you are a good man——" "Stop," I said. "If you are relying on my goodness you will be disappointed. If the child is in the doctor's hands I would not like to interfere, but I can pray. She said, "The doctor has given it up, but I want you to pray for him."

I went and prayed, and my wife called soon after and anointed the baby. The next day we both called. The poor little thing could not make a sound of any kind. Internally and externally he was raw and diseased, literally rotten. The odor was so dreadful we could stay in the room only a few seconds at a time. All at once the odor stopped, and the mother, feeling his pulse cried out, "Poor Bobby has gone!" and so he had. About a half hour later I could not resist the impulse I had, but went in and stood over the lifeless little form and gave the following command, "Thou Power of Death, in the Name of Jesus depart!" The child immediately opened his eyes and looked up at me. The mother sprang up to its little cradle almost frantic. There was no more odor. New life had set in and in two days all filth of the flesh had gone. He could cry aloud and a beautiful clear pink skin formed in a few days. When the mother went to tell the doctor of its restoration, he said, "Well, nurse, you have come for a certificate?" "No, doctor," she said, "I have come to tell you that Bobby is well." "Never!" he said. "I will come and see for myself." When he looked at him he said, "You do not mean to say that is the same child? I would have given ten pounds to have heard him cry."

A few days after, the nurse went to join her husband at Queenstown and wrote us from there a few months after, that Bobby had two teeth

and was quite well. To God be the glory, thru Jesus our Redeemer.

Bexley, N. S. W. Australia

F. Ainsworth.

The Lord's Healing

I WISH to witness to the goodness and mercy of God to my husband and me, the least of His little ones.

On Feb. 5, 1926, I became very ill with double pneumonia and asthma in a very bad form. I had a Christian nurse who prayed for me continually, but for twelve days and twelve nights I never lay down at all, for I could not breathe lying down. I had no physician; living or dying I determined to trust the Lord, and on the sixteenth day He healed me. About the beginning of May the same year, I again had double pneumonia, but I did not have the asthma this time, as I was completely healed of that. But God healed me again, as I trusted my case fully in His hands, without any doctor or medicine.

In September, 1926, I became ill again with pneumonia, but was sick only one night and a day, as friends came in and prayed at the beginning of the attack, and the dear Lord answered prayer at once. I have not even had a cold since that time, which is now over a year ago.

I never can praise Him for all He has done for me. Five times He healed me of pneumonia, but the greatest blessing He has given me is spiritual. He has saved my soul, sanctified me and filled me with His Holy Spirit.

In July, 1926, my husband, David Gardner, became exposed and took a very severe cold in his stomach and bowels. For three weeks he continued to grow worse and the trouble ran into peritonitis. Then the doctor who was attending him said he could not recover. We had the same nurse that took care of me in my first attack of pneumonia, and all the time my husband was so ill, she and I unitedly prayed for his healing. We clasped hands on Matt. 18:19 and repeated many times, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." We both agreed to stand on this word and claim His healing. The third day after peritonitis set in the doctor said he would not live until three A. M. He then had had the hiccoughs continually for five or six days and nights. When the doctor said he could not live until morning, the dear Lord gave me the spirit of prayer, and I sat by his bed from eight in the evening until two-twenty in the morning, praying the prayer

of faith. Then the Lord gave victory over the disease and healed him, tho he was sixty-nine years of age. Since then he has been stronger and had better health than he has had for years. We praise our blessed Lord for raising us both up.

Lake Worth, Fla.
Formerly Eureka, Ill.

Mrs. David Cardner.

The Little Necessities

Some of the annoyances and pests that torment the life of a missionary are enumerated by Miss Eva Beach, who has a mission in Sultanpur, India: "Would you like to know some of our guests on the roof and in the holes of the walls and wood-work? Sometime ago when my nerves were tired I was annoyed by the shrill chirp of the crickets. They are destructive as well as annoying. I have killed dozens of them behind wall mottoes. The roof is infested with rats and squirrels that race over the ceiling cloth, pelting down clots of dirt. Last night, 3 A. M., a jungly cat overturned a large number of tiles in search of a little squirrel that was squealing, I got up and chased the cat away but it returned and overturned more tiles until it had its prey. Then there is the white ant, that turns everything in its path to mud. They have almost destroyed the wood-work of this house; also the ordinary ant that comes in great parades at times. We do not mind these unless they get into our food. Mosquitoes—a veritable brass band! Frogs, loads of them during the rains and a long time after. I have often stepped on them. Then the hideous bat, the occasional scorpion and serpent, besides numerous unnameable creatures and bugs. The chip-killi on the walls are our friends. They look like lizards, but help us get rid of insects."

* * *

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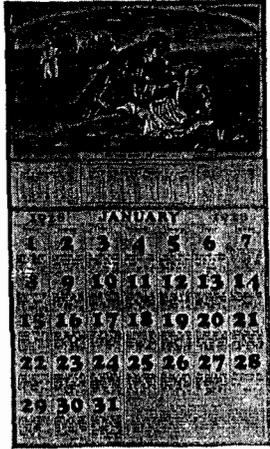
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