



# The Latter Rain Evangel

*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

## Contents

<b>"Too Much Religion" .....</b>	<b>2</b>
The Overflow of Christian Life.....	2
<b>Miraculously Healed .....</b>	<b>7</b>
A Dream of Christ's Coming.....	7
<b>Contending for the Faith .....</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Love at First Sight.....</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Notes .....</b>	<b>12</b>
Then and Now.....	12
A New Departure.....	12
The Greater Easter.....	12
The Stone Church Convention.....	13
Mineral Wealth of Dead Sea.....	13
<b>Here and There.....</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>From Co-workers in Heathen Lands.....</b>	<b>15</b>
Hunger for the Word.....	15
Holy Spirit in Dark Japan.....	15
Living Water.....	16
<b>Two Signal Revivals.....</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Strategic Center for Mission Work.....</b>	<b>17</b>
How the Gospel Is Carried.....	17
<b>Among the Neglected Women.....</b>	<b>21</b>
Enlightening Power of the Gospel.....	21
<b>High Caste Man Healed.....</b>	<b>23</b>

**An International Monthly Magazine**

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

## “Too Much Religion”

The Overflow of Life in the Christian Experience.

Evan. Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn



The subject of this discourse is, “Too Much Religion,” or “The Overflow of Life in the Christian Experience.” If you will turn with me to the latter part of the tenth verse of the 10th chapter of John’s Gospel we will study a statement from the lips of Christ: “I am come that they might have life, and

that THEY MIGHT HAVE IT MORE ABUNDANTLY.” The original reads thus, “Have it in excess,” or “too much.”

*First: Let us consider Life*—There is not a man that does not love life, and cling to it as long as possible. We have only to portray certain incidents, as the sinking of a steamer, or a serious public calamity such as an earthquake or tornado to realize how a man will struggle for life and give up all he has to retain it. We have only to walk through the wards of a hospital and see how wealthy men think nothing of pouring out thousands of dollars to effect a cure in order to cleave to life. Satan sometimes tells the truth when it fits his purpose. He spoke the truth when he said, “. . . yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.” (Job 2:4). God did not deny the statement. Life is inestimably precious; we are here but once; only one person was ever born in your mold; your nature, your characteristics, your face and form are original, and there never has been nor will be a duplicate of it. Therefore your chief natural instinct is self preservation: *the next*, to make *most* of your life. If this be so naturally, how much more so spiritually.

*Second: Let us consider the Expression of Life*—Now we know many people though physically alive, are really “dead.” Many are alive but that is just about all; they can scarcely drag one leg after another; some have to be led by the hand. Others eat herbs—diet devotees! How

many merely lead a hot-house existence; flabby muscles, inert dispositions, insipid faces, bloated with fat; or the other extreme, anemic, bloodless! Exertion exhausts and prostrates them. To the carnal world—nothing is as beautiful as physical life. What admiration buoyant youth receives from the writer, the sculptor, the painter! How philosophers wearied themselves to find the “Fountain of Youth,” all in vain! In a sense, their kind is still with us in the Physical Culturist. Now we cannot blame the world—natural life is all they possess. And certainly “. . . the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of life” (Luke 16:8). Apply this Scripture to what we are considering and it simply means that the world shows greater wisdom in its efforts to preserve,

retain and develop physical life, than the children of God in enjoying and increasing the spiritual life they have.

Now look about you, how few Christians enjoy the abundant life. How many just exist! how bloodless their experiences. The virility and strength of the Christ life is not manifested. Even if they have once tasted of it they are now in a condition of retrograde. We may divide

present-day Christians into two main classes; the one class have just enough life to keep their noses above the waters of sin. And with what struggling and striving and panting they are barely able to manage even to do this. These are vastly in the majority. But thank God, there is another class, those who have life and power and abundance of Divine strength, manifested in such a way that they can swim the waters of sin and are never in danger of sinking; these indeed, have an extra buoyant, jubilant, happy spiritual strength which they expend in saving others and in pulling them out from the deep waters of sin.

I remember an incident that occurred whilst at Kent College, Canterbury, England. I had been sent there to finish my education against

### A New Feature

In every issue in gist or in full a Message or Sermon from our Field-Editor.

Coming Numbers will contain:

“Hands Off”

“Mule Religion”

“All Things Are Yours”

“Don’t Run Around Naked!”

“Drive Slow. Have Respect for the Dead” and many others.

Have your friends share the blessing of these splendid articles.

Send us the names and addresses of ten for \$10. They will receive THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL for twelve issues. It will be an investment for eternity.

my will. I begged father and mother to allow me to continue preaching, promising to do my school work "on the run," conscientiously, every morning. But all my pleadings were in vain. "Children, obey your parents" ended the argument. You can imagine how difficult it was for me to settle down to the common curriculum of school life after having once had a taste of the adventure, the excitement and the joys of victorious and fruitful revivals. I had seen hundreds upon hundreds of children converted in my own meetings; and the majority of them had received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. With my father I had travelled all over Holland and Germany, and parts of Poland and Russia.

Oh what a purgatory that school life proved to me! What an agony! What a heavy cross! I was eaten up night and day with the zeal of God's house. Many were the nights I wept myself to sleep, I so longed to be preaching again. To satisfy this hunger I started noon prayer-meetings with growing success. My precious Brother Eric, who recently passed away while a missionary in Africa, stood by me wonderfully; we experienced a real revival in the school. Burdened night and day, I would steal away by myself and cry and cry; I found a little room in the turret of the large dormitory where, in solitude, I could pour out my heart in intercession to God.

But persecution started. One Sunday afternoon when in one of these unutterably sweet moments of sacred and intimate prayer, after I had been weeping for about an hour, the door suddenly opened and in walked my head teacher (a bitter enemy). Taking the pipe out of his mouth and sizing the situation, he exclaimed in a tone of disgust, "A-ah! Clibborn, you've got too much religion." I just stared at him with tear-filled eyes and never answered. He went out, closing the door. The remark, intended as a dash of cold water upon my soul, proved to be one of the greatest blessings. The voice of God spoke to me so sweetly, "That's just it, William, you have too much religion. Had you just enough for yourself and none to spare for the other fellow you wouldn't bother, you wouldn't pray and weep in this way, nor feel concerned about the spiritual welfare of every boy in the school." What a refreshing I received from above! What showers of blessing filled my soul up in that little turret as I reconsecrated myself!

That is the trouble with many of our converts today. They do not get enough religion when the getting is good. A man cannot run many miles

on soup but he can do fine on a square meal. Figuratively speaking, hundreds of our converts eat the soup, the meat and the potatoes, but do not wait on God long enough to get the dessert.

The world is so bad today that we must get all we can of God to withstand it. God must have foreknown that in these days of the falling away nobody could survive without the "too much." That is why He promised to pour out the Latter Rain "abundantly." It is not merely to be Christians, or "Christ ones" but it is to be ones who overflow with Christ. And who had a more abundant life than our Lord? "He healed all," He listened to all, He blessed all; He never wearied or gave out in the spiritual sense, and He wants to make us channels of blessing to everyone about us. Now let me convert you by first showing you this law in the natural world and then convincing you by the Scriptures.

*In the matter of clothes:* Is that the only suit you have? Your Sunday go-to-meeting best? No. A man would not feel comfortable except he had one for most occasions, first, second, third and fourth best, as you will. That is a lovely tie but on a rack at home you have some of every color and description! And you women! One peep at your wardrobe would reveal a good many dresses besides the one you have on your back right now, for if that were all it would be real disastrous if that one got torn. You would have to take to your bed. The same with collars, stockings and shoes, etc., etc.

*In relation to food:* We live in a land of abundance. Look at our grocery stores stocked with the products of the nations to fit and to please the most delicate and fastidious taste. Look at our fruit stands. One riot of color! We sit down to our tables in home and hotel and, compared to the fare of our fore-fathers, they are sumptuously loaded, fit for a king. Our modern railroad transportation facilities make it possible for us to eat a great variety of fresh fruits and vernal vegetables; lettuce from the Imperial Valley, bananas from Cuba, pineapples from the Hawaiian Islands—and all the rest! And this "too much" is a good thing.

*When it comes to money,* which of us is satisfied with just enough, I would like to know? Not one of us! It is the extra money that we have which makes life enjoyable. To have barely enough to exist, forcing one to a continual scrimping is a sad condition indeed. The ambition of every business man and the desire of the head of every family is to get ahead of this constant "nip and tuck" chase with bills. When

taking an automobile trip, a little extra in the purse in case of a blow-out or some unforeseen circumstance, leaves one at rest. A little extra comes in very well in a pinch when a relative suddenly takes sick or daughter gets married. Unless you have "extra" how can you ever help the man who has nothing? and then the following Scriptures would be without meaning: "Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother hath need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" (I John 3:17). "And that you study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your hands, even as we charged you; that ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing" (I Thes. 4:11, 12). "... Let him labor, working with his hands . . . that he may have to give to him that needeth" (Eph. 4:28).

Contrary to the notions of many, God is not a Socialist in the literal sense of the word, but a Capitalist in matters spiritual, for He saith, "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have *abundance*: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath." (Matt. 13:12). It is not only the tenth which keeps the work of God going, but it is the little bit of "too much," the little extra above the tenth, that really counts for the missionaries, the poor, for the needy and the helpless.

*Look at business today.* The store that has the biggest trade is the one that carries the greatest stock. "Too much" again. Unless a tailor has a large assortment of suits on display, not only as to quality but as to color, size and price, you are not liable to find what you want and he knows that. But it is not only in the matter of stock. What about profits? There is not a business in the United States of America that could exist without a continual income over and above its expenses. Every month debit and credit are compared and it is the "too much," the surplus that keeps it going—if not they are headed for bankruptcy.

*In construction the same law applies.* The tremendous bridges that span the thousand rivers are built to withstand a far greater strain than that of one transcontinental flyer or that of an extra loaded freight train. Allowance must be made for the fury of the elements, for a cyclone or tornado; and the same is true concerning every tall building. The skyscraper engineers allow for the force of the winds. So God gives us religion strong enough to withstand all the powers of the enemy and all the pressure of the world, plus some more.

*For example, take a law of nature.* Did God provide the trees with just enough fruit to reproduce their own kind? If so, it would not be possible for us to taste the luscious pear or the juicy plum. Nature provides plentifulness. The trees are loaded down with fruit; if not they are pruned and sprayed until they produce abundantly, enough to warrant their existence. It is the *super* abundance that is sold in our market and gets into our pantries. And one look at the orchard littered with the rotting fruit will convince you that some of that surplus goes also to fertilize the sod. What liberality! *The same law applies to the farmer.* He must raise more than just enough grain for the use of his immediate family; he must have enough for the next year's crop, besides be able to turn an immense yield into cash so as to finance his enterprise and purchase a hundred and one necessities and still come out with a profit.

Now the God that put this law of plenty, of the "too much" in nature, imprinted upon His creation a characteristic that is His own. Oh hallelujah! Our God is liberal and everything He does is liberal; all His promises He fulfills in copious, abundant measure. In James 1:5 we read, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men *liberally*, and upbraideth not. . . ." Even so, James asserts He came that we might have life and have it more abundantly. In Isaiah 55:7 God does not promise to forgive exactly to the amount of our sinning but He says, that ". . . He will abundantly pardon." And Paul in Romans 5:20 asserts, "Where sin abounded, grace did *much more* abound." And in I Timothy 1:14 Paul testifies that he had been a blasphemer, a persecutor and an injurious person but that "the grace of our Lord was *exceeding abundant* with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus." God cannot help doing things this way since Moses witnesses that when the Lord passed by before Him, He was proclaimed, as "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and *abundant* in goodness and truth." It is useless to quote one hundred Scriptures that readily come to mind, the truth is all over the Bible. God asserts in Psalm 36:8 through the mouth of His servant David, "They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures." There is certainly no scantiness there, no lack, no poverty. In this sense every true Christian is rich. The Apostle Peter speaks of an "abundant mercy." He certainly needed it. Then speaking of the final per-

séverance of the saints he assures us: "An entrance shall be ministered to you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ." (II Peter 1:11).

Oh glory to God! That is how we are made to receive the Holy Spirit, when in the blessed Baptism God chooses to pour it out upon us. It is always "A sound of abundance of rain." It is like the waters that came out from the rock when Moses struck it, not only enough to satisfy a few thirsty lips, but as the Scripture says in Numbers 20:11, "Waters came out abundantly and the congregation drank. . . ." So with "The renewing of the Holy Ghost; which He shed on us abundantly. . . ." (Titus 3:5, 6). It is not drops of water but praise God! it is "showers of blessing." Again, watch the four superlatives, or promises of "too much" in Ephesians 3:20, "Now unto Him that is able to do *exceedingly*"—there is the first too much, "*abundantly*"—there is the second too much, "*above all*"—there's the third too much, "*that we ask or think*"—there is the fourth too much, "according to the power that worketh in us;" that last phrase shows that it must be our constant experience.

You remember how that when Jesus fed the five thousand, twelve baskets full were taken up of the "too much." The supply with Christ never runs out. When God issues the Gospel call of invitation it is with the words "Come, all things are now ready." The table is richly laden, there is enough for everybody. Oh I am glad that my God is a hospitable God! that one may feel at home at His table and ask for a second helping. No wonder the promised land of the Israelites was not like the land of Egypt "which thou waterest with thy foot, but a land that drinketh rain from heaven;" "a land that floweth with milk and honey."

I remember once staying in the home of a stingy fellow, north of Edmonton, Canada. I am sure I shall never forget him; he was a red-haired Scotchman, and that is a dreadful combination. The brethren had made arrangements for me, with my wife and baby, to board and room at his home. If I was late because of the meeting he would not allow me to sit down and eat. When I did eat he was continually watching my plate. I never dared to ask for a second helping or more gravy. Oh if there had been a hole in the floor I would have gladly sunk into it for embarrassment and shame! That stingy rascal made me afraid to eat, and you cannot enjoy your food when someone is watching you closely and begrudging you the contents of your platter. One morning at five o'clock I had to inter-

fere; he was chasing his wife with a butcher knife. The cause was that the grocery bill was too big. And remember, he was being paid for it, too. It is an abomination to stay in the home of people that are that small. God makes you welcome; you cannot get too much and if you are possessed of God's Spirit you will be liberal, too. And that leads me to a further phase of our subject.

The Scripture says, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. *For with the same measure that ye meet withal it shall be measured to you again.*" (Luke 6:38). This occurs three times in the Gospels and if it be true in relation to our dealings with man how much more is it not true in relation to our dealings with God. No wonder some are never filled to overflowing; after ten minutes at the altar, they anxiously turn around, study the clock, or a deafening honk is heard outside the building; lots of fidgets and up they get. Same if the preacher is over-inspired, if the sermon is ten minutes longer. Stingy!

A hundred assemblies have dried up long ago because their people are tight with finances; though we live in the wealthiest country in the world our selfishness is monumental; our collections a disgrace; our failure to support the missionaries a standing reproach. Thus saith the Lord, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." (Mal. 3:10). Look at that! Floods are promised—an inundation! And the proposition is a good bargain, "If you are liberal with Me," says God, "I will be liberal with you." In Proverbs 3:9, 10, He strikes the bargain again, "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be *filled* with plenty, and thy presses shall *burst* out with new wine." But when the collection plate comes around a blanched fist conceals in a tight grasp that nickel or dime. The Scripture says that if a man asks you to go one mile with him you should go "too much"; if he wants your coat, give him your vest, and add the overcoat if you like. I never saw an offering that had to be stopped because the people gave "too much," but in Exodus 36:5 we read how Moses had to stop the people from giving. I wish we had such offerings again. There is no telling what God would do by way of answer.

If you are dry, spent, wearied, drowsy and unblest, it is your own fault. You are living in the days of the abundant latter rain; the days when "The floors shall be *full* of wheat, and the fats shall *overflow* with wine and oil." (Joel 2:24); the day when every man may say, "My cup runneth over"; when every believer should experience the "joy unspeakable and full of glory," and the "peace that passeth all understanding." It is the day when "the liberal soul shall be made fat and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." (Prov. 11:25). Oh hallelujah! Blessed be the Name of our God! If we pray without ceasing or "too much"; if we get rid of our stingy miserliness in waiting upon Him; even after meeting, tho wearied of body, if we kneel before retiring and offer to Him the sweet sacrifice of a little extra praises, a little extra prayer and worship, we shall receive the overflow. We shall cease to eke out a miserable Christian experience, able, just to survive, as it were, by the skin of our teeth. We shall be *made* more than conquerors; we shall have the surplus. We shall "be filled—to overflowing—with the Spirit." Eph. 5:18.

When in California I once visited the oil town of Taft. Tho' wearied after the long journey on the train I got not a wink of sleep all that night, for the most unheard of noises, a screaming and scratching and tearing, all combined in a continual see-saw all night to keep me awake. In the morning I asked my hostess what it was; and she explained it thoroughly, to my astonishment. I went out to see it for myself—one hundred steel rods going out from one power house in so many directions, reaching way out into the oil fields and attached in a continued string of action to many derricks; there setting in motion, pump wheels. From a little funnel at each derrick there oozed out a tiny little flow of oil. Oh, I thought, is this what is causing all the noise and costing this enormous expense! And how laboriously this small yield is obtained! When I returned to the house I told the sister I had thought that the oil came out of itself. She just laughed and I learned that morning that gushers are very rare things; not the rule but the exception.

And what a multitude of "pump Christians" we have. What effort and energy it takes to get a little praise and a little willingness to work out of them! Look at the expensive machinery of our churches—so many pump houses working night and day to keep the merest little flow of oil going. How the preacher has to pet them and humor them to keep them interested and willing to offer their services for the good of the cause!

It is positively sickening. Oh I want you to get so disgusted at that kind of machine-worked-up religion that you will cry out with all your heart, "Give me the 'too much.' Spring thou up within my soul as an artesian well of living water!" For His promise is to you, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." (John 4:14). Of course, before we get this promise fulfilled to us much digging will have to be done. When Elisha commanded the valley to be filled with ditches, the soldier that dug the deepest had the most water when it came.

It was in Taft that I heard a good story of a certain man who could not be dissuaded from the idea of sinking an oil well away out beyond the limit of all the other prospective ground. We will call him "Tom the Fool." Obsessed by his hunch he staked everything on it; and it cost him a small fortune to make it go. His bits broke time and again; everyone thought it a wild-cat scheme and when he went bankrupt it was the same old story, "I told you so." He took to begging; into the grocery store, the barber shop, the hotels, everywhere went Tom the Fool; they gave him up as hopeless, would wink at each other and tap their heads, but all to no avail. Here he got \$5.00 and here \$10.00. An old friend would give him a \$100; a relative another. Slowly but surely he secured quite a considerable sum and started operations again. He even borrowed, stopping at nothing. And with his two sons he toiled at that derrick night and day. One bright day a barefooted, hatless boy galloped into town shouting at the top of his voice the one word that will electrify an oil town and that is "GUSHER." Everyone scrambled into the open; business, trade, work, everything was thrown to the winds, and a tremendous mob dashed down the main street as fast as they could run. You did not have to tell them where the gusher was; they could hear it roar for miles. They found Tom the Fool literally drowned in oil; when she "came in" with a roar like thunder up went the derrick, the machinery and everybody. Everything was catapulted into space. But when they dragged him out dripping with the golden fluid, he had on a broad smile, worth ten million dollars. Everyone that had loaned him anything got it back with the "too much." "Here is a thousand for you. You loaned me \$10." "Here is \$500. You loaned me \$5.00." When you strike the oil of the Holy Ghost everyone around you will share the blessing. But like Tom, you must dig deep; stake everything, go through, get *too much* religion.

## Miraculously Healed—After Sixteen Years

A Dream of Christ's Coming: Its Result.



FROM the time I was a baby I had been delicate, and when I was thirteen years of age, in the eighth grade at school, I was taken violently ill. I went to bed feeling very badly and at eleven o'clock I awoke with a terrific pain running over my heart and down the center of my spine. It caused me to scream and I awoke the rest of the family. My father asked me if I wanted him to pray for me, but I said "No."

Previous to this, some Pentecostal people had come to our town, Memphis, Tenn., and were having tent meetings. I belonged to the Christian church, and while my mother and father insisted that I go with them to these meetings, I went unwillingly, as I was not in sympathy with them. I would attend the services at the tent and then hurry home as quickly as I could, get my Bible and see if what the minister preached was really in my Bible. I found it was, but I refused to accept it for myself and consequently when my father wanted to pray for me I discouraged him. But the Lord has His way of bringing us when we resist Him and He permitted this sickness to come for a purpose.

My mother said that I might have a doctor if I wished one, and I said I did. He came, but said he could not diagnose my case but would have to call in another doctor. It developed that I had inflammatory rheumatism and kidney trouble; this last disease I had had all my life. I also had appendicitis, tuberculosis of the bone, and tuberculosis of the lungs. I had a nurse who came every day, and my condition was such that I could not lift a hand. Some one had to feed me, and I had to be turned on a draw sheet.

For six weeks I was in this critical condition, and then the doctors said I would have to submit to an operation or I could not live. They said there was no use of their coming any longer, it was a waste of their time and our money, and there was absolutely no hope unless they performed an operation. When they left I asked mother to lower the shades as I would like to go to sleep. She was frightened at my request, fearing it would be the end, and didn't want me to go to sleep. I slept a little that day and while I was asleep I had a dream of the Coming of the Lord which completely revolutionized my attitude toward Pentecost.

In my dream I saw several of the people from the tent at our home. I had cleaned the kitchen

and they were all sitting around, each one with Bibles under their arms. One lady who had been talking to me at the tent, was sitting on the back step with me. As we sat there I looked up and saw coming from the East the most beautiful white cloud I had ever seen. I said to her, "Sister Winnie, look at that beautiful cloud!" As she looked up she said, "It is Jesus coming to catch us away," and as she said that He appeared in the cloud and they were all caught up with Him, leaving me sitting alone on the step. I began to scream and to gnash my teeth and tear my hair. All I realized was that I had to meet God without an excuse. I had heard them preach the truth, and I knew it was the truth for I had read it in my own Bible, and I refused to accept it. I said to myself, "I am the biggest fool God ever let live because I did not accept what He had for me."

I awoke crying, but tried to compose myself so my mother would not know I had been crying, and then I called her and asked if she would not have some of the Pentecostal people come and pray for me. She was very pleased to do so, altho she knew nothing about the experience I had. She sent my sister after them and she returned, bringing two ladies, one of them Sister Winnie, who had sat with me on the back step, in my dream.

As they entered the house, the very presence of the Lord came with them and a deep calm came over my entire being. They came and knelt down and as the one sister finished praying, Sister Winnie came over and said, "Nellie, like Peter said to the lame man at the Beautiful Gate, 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto thee. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth arise and walk.'" With that the power of God with a warm, soothing feeling, enveloped me from head to foot. I said, "Let me up," and for the first time in six weeks I started to rise. I threw back the covers and walked over to the fire, standing there and praising the Lord for two and a half hours. The next day I walked to the new Tabernacle which had just been completed, and the following day I helped my mother clean the yard.

I have never had a touch of the tuberculosis, or any of the other diseases since that time. Many said it would last only for a short time, but it has been sixteen years since I was healed, and I never had the slightest return of the trouble.

I have been examined by three different physicians, all of whom have told me that if I ever did have tuberculosis, I had no trace of it now. I was perfectly healed at that time of the kidney trouble, with which I had been afflicted all my life, as well as of rheumatism and appendicitis.

The Lord did a perfect work in my body. Praise God, "He doeth all things well." On the following Friday night I was baptized in His Holy Spirit, and rejoice in the way He revealed to me His blessed will.

MRS. H. E. BRUCE ARMSTRONG.

1509 E. 70th St., Chicago, Ill.

## Contending for the Faith



ONE of our readers, Mr. Albert Henry of Honolulu, sent us last winter the following able defense of the Pentecostal Movement, written to the Editor of *THE WONDERFUL WORD* in reply to an antagonistic article published in that paper. The answer is well written and in a most commendable spirit:

"There appeared in your August-September issue of *The Wonderful Word*, an article by Rev. R. A. Hadden, President of the Christian Fundamental League of Los Angeles, Calif. The article deals with 'The Leaven' and the writer laments the false doctrines of the day, classifying The Pentecostal Movement among the 'False Isms' along with Spiritualism, Theosophy, Bahaism, Millennial Dawn, New Thought, Unitarianism, etc., etc.

"I am sure this will appeal to thousands of your readers as it did to me, as an unfortunate affair. Thousands of followers and adherents to Pentecostal doctrine will resent this allusion by Rev. Hadden, and will doubt if he is really a converted minister. Thousands of your readers know you, Bro. Tucker, and know you to be a reborn, God-fearing man, and will wonder, as I am wondering, why you allow such indiscretion to appear in your magazine.

"I want to speak a word about Pentecostalism, and you may print it if you choose. Pentecostal teaching brought me to a true realization of sin and a true way out of it; it taught me the truth about faith thru Jesus for sickness and disease. I am only one of thousands of followers in the Pentecostal Movement who believe that God heals; that He works thru faith, and that He indwells and fills us, all of which are scriptural.

"I understand that there are over five million followers of the Pentecostal teaching, and from observations I have made in the nine years that I have been a Pentecostal follower, I have seen more real work for the Lord performed by these people than any five other denominations. I will admit that I was a good Methodist, about as

good as the best; but I got scant results with the control of my daily life; and I never had it seriously put before me that God indwelt us or that He healed us, except thru the doctor, hospital and medicine. Imagine my delight, diseased as I was, when a Pentecostal woman pointed me to the positive words of the Divine Book assuring me of healing thru faith, and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit of true believers. Such was my good fortune, and I stood alone in my church (1st M. E. at San Francisco) for this truth and experience.

"I want here to make this assertion: Never in all my forty-five years as an active Methodist, did I find or meet a fellow churchman who loved and served and followed God's Word, practiced its demands, as do the Pentecostal people. It is true, there are some lowly, uneducated among them, as was also the case when Jesus chose His followers, but is it not a fact that the major part of the Pentecostal followers are educated, intelligent folks? I have found them far above the average of other Christians in knowledge of the simple teachings of Christ. I have known hundreds of them to make restitution to the limit when they were converted, and I can supply the names of several bankers, editors, teachers, professors, artists, actors, auditors, engineers, financiers, directors of corporations, lawyers and even doctors that I have met in the past nine years who are Pentecostal followers. It is possible that Rev. Hadden has only a superficial knowledge of the Movement. Has he, do you suppose, ever sought for the Baptism of the Spirit, or sought relief thru faith and prayer for some bodily affliction?

"The writer himself was auditor of a division of the Bell Telephone System for many years, suffered two serious afflictions for about thirty years—and tolerated them—and found relief thru Pentecostal methods. He obtained and does now experience a fellowship with our Lord that only a divine touch and revelation could produce. I wonder if Rev. Hadden has ever wrestled all night for many successive nights on his knees

with God, seeking the divine revelation? I have, and Pentecostal followers have, and thru this method alone can much be realized.

"I have not taken up my pen before to defend Pentecostalism; its defense is its action, but we wonder, Bro. Tucker, why it is that you allow such an uncalled-for charge to be placed against such a worthy class of followers of the lowly Nazarene, as to let your columns be disgraced in placing Pentecost in the classification of those seventeen *isms* defined as ungodly. Do you realize that tens of thousands of the best church members in the various denominations of the United States are seeking for the truth of this thing, and their hearts are with the Pentecostal Movement tho they are still on the rolls of the parent church? I know it to be a fact. I have sat in Pentecostal meetings and witnessed members coming in from scores of regular churches, and I have heard them testify where they could not in their own churches; yea, I have seen scores come from the regular churches to be anointed and prayed for, and many healed.

Pentecostal people have taken kindly to your magazine and have recommended it to others, because you have presented so much good food, but they do not want it if you are going to let it be turned on them by such prejudiced, unsaved ministers as Mr. Hadden. I voice the sentiment of thousands, not only Pentecostal, but other Christians who sorely protest against your allowing such an article to appear in your magazine. I and many others withdrew our subscriptions because of just such an infraction in this magazine once before. I hated to do it because we always looked forward to your magazine and passed it on to others; but this was spoiled by your allowing prejudiced, ungodly writers to condemn us.

"I will close by giving you a personal experience: I developed a serious heart affliction, *angina pectoris* combined with *auricular flutters*, and had to be retired from my executive position with the telephone company. I was diagnosed by seven of the best doctors in San Francisco, Sacramento and Los Angeles, at different times in the course of the development of the disease. They frankly admitted that there was no cure but only a limited time until I would be dead. I will gladly furnish the names and addresses of the doctors if my statement should be challenged. I grew worse until I finally had to take my bed. Seriously afflicted, I was of no use on earth. I could not walk, and lived simply from minute to minute thinking each would be my last. After two or more months I became reconciled to die

and called my friends to my bedside, including my brother, to say the last word. Pentecostal friends came and anointed me according to James 5:14, prayed over me and induced me to disregard the doctor's diagnosis and put the case entirely in God's hands. I did and I am much alive and have told the story to thousands. Whenever I tell it to a doctor he always says, '*Impossible!* You couldn't be alive if you were diagnosed right.' Of course, doctors have ethics, but God often puts the wise to folly. I promised God that I would serve Him all my life if He would raise me up. He did, and I am doing my part. God still makes covenants with individuals.

"My wife found this truth long before I did. She has given birth to six children and never had a doctor for this or any cause for about seventeen years, and we are all hearty. We have one girl who had St. Vitis dance from birth until about six years old. Prayer and faith have restored her, and for three or more years she has been talking and walking and developing normally, whereas she had not spoken for nearly six years. Now she talks us all to sleep every night. These are just little incidents in our family. Similar instances are happening all over the earth among Pentecostal followers. Can you blame me for leaving the old Methodist church, or any other for that reason?

"Be charitable, brother. Pentecostalism is not a science, or a new thot; it is the oldest thot on record—God dwelling among you. Church history is full of such writers as Hadden. They tried in every conceivable way to put justification by faith out of business, but old Martin Luther plugged away. Do you think God permitted His followers to have only that one revelation? No. This revelation of Pentecost is even better than Luther's. The Movement is only about twenty-five years old and there are over five million of them. It has taken fifteen hundred preachers from the Protestant pulpits in twenty years. Why? Because they received a new vision of God's revelation. It has revolutionized faith and given us an indwelling of something real, not imaginary."

\* \* \*

It is reported that President Calles of Mexico has established 12,000 public schools in which two million Mexican children are being educated.

\* \* \*

"If we walk in the light the shadows will not fall in front, it is those who walk away from light that get into the dark."

## Love at First Sight

Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn



IN THIS sophisticated age those that believe in it are getting fewer; some even say there is no such thing. But I for one, know *there is*. Every active, successful evangelist has seen it again and again on the spiritual plane; and it is the Spirit-given vision of our glorified Christ that makes men and women "fall in love" with Him. I do not insist that everyone converted may be said spiritually, to have experienced "love at first sight." But it has been of late the purpose of all our evangelistic effort that many more shall experience the "change of heart" in this spontaneous, sudden and miraculous way. We can but testify that we have been led to pray earnestly "Oh, Lord, by Thy divine power, grant that they may see Thee, and seeing, be saved!"

It is quite consistent that we who have repeatedly seen this spiritual phenomenon should not entertain any doubts as to its natural counterpart. When two fall in love at first sight, there is an element of surprise, a suddenness and mystery, that is altogether fascinating and charming. Romance is there at its best! And so with its spiritual equivalent, it is peculiarly entrancing. It may be difficult to explain exactly how this happens, but spiritual "love at first sight" exists. The Lord Jesus expressed it this way, "Thou hearest the sound thereof, but *canst not tell* whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is everyone that is born of the Spirit." Or as Weymouth renders it, "So is it with everyone who has been born of the Spirit." (John 3:8).

Speaking of the experience in the natural, permit me to tell you something of my own. Having been properly brought up by godly parents, to look at marriage as a very serious and sacred subject, I recognized that in this I must yield to the Word and to the will of God and leave the matter on the altar of consecration. I made a vow that for ten years I would "not look on a maid." This proved a great blessing, for by His grace I was able to keep it and thus my mind and heart remained undisturbed by that which otherwise might have preoccupied and hindered me in His work. Nevertheless, I made my future wife a subject of prayer, often earnestly interceding for the young woman, who somewhere in this great wide world, God was preparing to be my help-meet. In my heart I secretly wished that love should come to me as a whirlwind. I prayed that my love might be sincere, devoted and

"strong as death." I wanted it to sweep me off my feet; yes, that when I would fall in love I would fall hard. When it happened it was all I could wish for, I can assure you. Whether because I had hoped that it would come that way, I cannot fully say, but the moment I was introduced—I was done for—I fell in love at first sight. Though I was reluctant to acknowledge it to my own heart, I was completely captivated. To my surprise I lost appetite. This and other symptoms convinced me that it was the genuine article. I could but think and dream of my darling, and pursued my suit with determination and abandonment.

Now someone might have spoken to me about her and have described and pictured her personality in a most convincing and winning manner. I would probably have been interested, but people do not "fall in love" with portraits, however accurate. It sometimes happens that well meaning friends, would-be-matchmakers, speak of a "possibility." Curiosity is aroused and a desire to get acquainted, but not until the two parties in question meet can anything come of it. They must see each other face to face before "love at first sight" might be hoped for, since it is rather the exception than the rule.

Ah! Did I say to see the person in question? Yes!—And it is impossible for anyone to "fall in love" with the Nazarene without first seeing Him. To see Him is to love Him. There is not only LIFE but LOVE in a LOOK. Alas, how many professing Christians there are who have never really seen Jesus! No wonder they do not love, adore and breathe in Him. All the knowledge we might obtain concerning Him cannot take the place of love. Only when the heart is thrilled and filled with that divine response to His divine affection are we really happy.

Without the vision of Christ the people not only will perish but they never can come to life nor awaken to love. No eloquent description, no beautiful word pictures can take the place of the Holy Ghost revelation of the Lord Jesus to the blinded mind of the natural man. If our sermons, however interesting and orthodox, fail to "Lift Him up" they have FAILED ALTOGETHER! Words multiplied, exegesis, homilies, illustrations, all portraiture and pleading, all, are of no avail. The supremest effort is but a dismal defeat. The mere letter of Scripture is lifeless, the mere proclamation of facts, however well re-

lated and presented, can but awake and inform the brain or interest the mind. Yes! The head may have been thoroughly *convinced*, but the heart have remained far from *convicted*, and the conscience left undisturbed and unaroused!

I have seen this happen again and again. An impression had been made, an interest created, a curiosity satisfied, but the Holy Spirit had been grieved. His work is to take the things of God and show them, not alone to us who know Christ, but to those to whom our Gospel is hid and who need to see "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. 4:6).

When the Holy Spirit broods over a congregation as over the troubled waters of Creation, it is then that even while the preaching is going on someone is suddenly swayed and mightily moved upon by that wonderful wind of heaven. He feels His Saviour's presence and it is but a few moments until it seems as if the preacher's voice has neutralized itself to a humdrum in his ear. He has forgotten his surroundings and has been transported into a spiritual consciousness of the things eternal—the things of God, and lo! He is looking on Him who is to become his Savior. At that wondrous moment he beholds the Lamb of God! And the sight melts his heart, breaks the last vestige of resistance; overwhelmed at the vision, he capitulates as the tears fill his eyes, and everything shouts within him "He is my Savior! I love Him! I Love Him!!"

It was not the preaching alone that finally overcame his opposition; it was the vision that came through the preaching touched with the fire from God's altar. The object of faith had been revealed; the Darling of mankind, Jesus, the One altogether lovely. His eyes were open and he saw Him and believed. He looked, loved and lived! How oft we have seen people thus transfixed, as it were, in their seats, the tears coursing their cheeks and oh, that wonderful light that has passed upon their faces, changing the expression entirely!

What we expect, happens. According to our faith it shall be done. We must have confidence that the power of God is able to convert men in their seats, and if we pray and believe to that end, this will occur more frequently. As a consequence we will cease to rely so much upon the matter of our address, as upon the power of God. In the very act of proclaiming the message we will stand as if our eyes were closed to all about us and be secretly praying that God's Spirit interfere by "direct action"—interpose, to "open

their eyes." The preacher, therefore, will stand in entire dependence upon God—shall I say, in a desperate trust in Him; and only God who knows the fulness of his heart will there read the constant confession of his inability, his insufficiency. And this vital contact will be consciously continued throughout the delivery of his sermon as he prays inwardly for that supernatural, creative Spirit of God to cast light upon the Person of the living Christ. It is then that preaching becomes of a supernatural order. And only then will he often be conscious of being in direct and fierce conflict with the god of this world who now is pressing the veil of blindness upon the minds of those who listen.

We may probably have put altogether too much stress on the altar call. Do not the unspiritual churches put too much stress on mere membership? Is it not more apostolic to expect and to record instantaneous conversions whilst the quickening Word is going forth? No, not all conversions will take place in this way; any act, any expression that we may succeed in securing from convicted hearts, manifesting their conviction and desire for God, will be welcome as a means to an end. But let us not forget that the great *Mean* is Christ.

Alas! thousands of preachers have never seen it thus—never seen people regenerated in a moment; never seen their resistance collapse, their hearts melt at the vision of the Crucified, for the simple reason that they do not believe such a thing could be possible. Has there not been an over-emphasis on the efficacy of the altar service, the altar workers, personal dealing and other means?

Yet love at first sight is more possible in the divine sphere than in the natural. In the spiritual there are not *two* individuals that mutually must get acquainted and awakened to love. One Individual initiates all. Christ is acquainted with us and is more than merely interested in us. He loves us with an unchanging, everlasting love whose quality is not comparable to anything on earth. He died for us and His love since, continues devoted, loyal and warm as the rays of the sun. So there are not two parties needing to get reciprocally pleased with each other as in the human sphere. Christ delights to take the lowest, yes the least and to receive him into His fullest love. It is the lost soul that must be drawn to Him and must awaken to His love. He it is who "courts" us. We are to experience the upspringing of love. Oh hallelujah! this is a one-

(Continued on page 14)

## The Latter Rain Evangel

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by  
The Evangel Publishing House  
18 W. 74th St., Chicago  
Anna C. Reiff, Managing Editor  
W. E. Booth-Clibborn, Field Editor

### 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 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.

*Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly add "LATTER RAIN EVANGEL," Chicago, U. S. A.*

**A red cross on your wrapper signifies that your renewal has been received.**

A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

## Notes

### Then and Now

"In the glorious Hereafter—  
When the veil is swept away,  
I shall know with perfect knowledge  
What I marvel at today.  
I shall trace the wondrous leading  
Of a faultless Hand Divine,  
All my life-book's hidden meaning;  
I shall read it line by line.

"I shall know why came the tempest  
To my sunny sky so soon,  
And why my sweetest blossoms  
Were faded ere the noon.  
How the 'all things work together  
For my good,' I then shall see;  
And adore with rapturous praises  
For the crosses laid on me.

"I am willing to walk softly,  
Closely clinging to God's Hand,  
With each footstep drawing nearer  
To my blessed Fatherland,  
Drawing nearer to the brightness  
Of my Elder Brother's smile;  
Only parted from His Presence  
And His love a little while."

### A New Departure

**T**HE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL is glad to announce to its Evangel Family that Evangelist William E. Booth-Clibborn who is known to most of our readers as a preacher of note, is from this time to take an active part in the issuance and in all that concerns THE EVANGEL. Bro. Booth-Clibborn is the grandson of the late Gen. William Booth, father of the Salvation Army, and has worked in the Pentecostal Movement for twenty years. From its earliest begin-

ning he has taken an active part in meetings in many of the countries of Western Europe, United States and Canada. He will be our Field Editor and Representative, and brings to THE EVANGEL EDITORIAL STAFF not only an extensive knowledge and experience, but deeply consecrated talents and a holy zeal for God. We have on hand a number of unique articles from his pen, which will appear from time to time in the columns of the paper. It is our united aim, under God, to make THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL the best paper in the field.

### The Greater Easter

**E**ASTER, according to the calendar, with a stated date is one thing. But a Greater Easter is coming for which we have no date; no, not even the angels in Heaven! But we have a Witness—and witnesses are supposed to tell what they know, not what they think.

Here is a man *who knows* about that Greater Easter, a witness who has seen of its glory and majesty. Hear him speak! "Even as our Lord Jesus has revealed to me, the time for me to lay aside my body is now rapidly drawing near. So on every possible occasion I will do my best to enable you to recall these things after my departure. For when we made known to you the power and *Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ*, we were not eagerly following cleverly devised legends, BUT WE HAD BEEN EYE-WITNESSES OF HIS MAJESTY. (II. Peter 1:14 etc. Wey.).

This Apostle claims to have already sensed and seen the power of the Coming of the Lord, and had been a witness of His majesty. And he speaks of experiencing this on the "holy mountain." Peter, James and John were on the Mount of Transfiguration, and Peter states that it was a foretaste of that GREATER EASTER we are awaiting.

Let us compare the foretaste with the Rapture and Resurrection we await:

1. It took place "after six days" (Matt. 17:1). So with the Resurrection and Rapture—after six days of a thousand years each have run their course.
2. It took place on "a high mountain." So only those who climb the "High Mountain" or belong to the best in the mountain (kingdom) will share in it.
3. It took place "apart". Thus it is only those who have separated themselves apart to God who will participate. "Apart" from the sinning world, in that it is not of the world; the world will not hear the trumpet.
4. The heaven was opened and a voice was heard. Thus the heavens will speak again and the voice of the archangel be heard.

5. "And behold there talked with Him two men" (Luke 9:30). So only two classes will "appear" with Him when He comes again. The "dead in Christ" and "we which are alive and remain" unto that day.

6. "There appeared unto them Moses" (Matt. 17:3). Moses is first mentioned, and he had died. So then—"the dead in Christ shall rise first" (I. Thess. 4:16).

7. "And Elias" or Elijah, mentioned as the second man who "appeared," and he had not died but gone to heaven in a chariot of fire; so in the Greater Easter "then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them" (I. Thess. 5:17).

8. At Transfiguration it speaks of a cloud—"there came a cloud, and overshadowed them" (Luke 9:34). At Resurrection and Rapture the same—"we . . . shall be caught up together . . . in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air." (The Cloud is a type of the fullness of the Power and Presence of the Holy Ghost, as upon the Tabernacle in the Wilderness.

9. It was as Christ "prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered." Significant, for it will be in answer to His prayers and by virtue of His supplications that we shall be raptured and the dead shall be raised. Even as Lot was saved from Gomorrah's Doom by virtue of Abraham's petitions; "And it came to pass, when God destroyed the cities of the plain, that God remembered Abraham, and sent Lot out of the midst of the overthrow." So we shall be saved in answer to His prayers. It may happen this year. There may never be another Easter Commemoration. The Greater Easter may interfere. Oh! Glory to God! We cry, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

W.E.B.-c.

\* \* \*

IT was "very early in the morning" while "it was yet dark," that Jesus rose from the dead. Not the sun, but only the morning-star shone upon His opening tomb. The shadows had not fled, the citizens of Jerusalem had not awaked. It was still night—the hour of sleep and darkness, when He arose. Nor did His rising break the slumbers of the city. So shall it "be very early in the morning while it is yet dark," and when naught but the morning star is shining, that Christ's body, the Church, shall arise. Like Him, His saints shall awake when the children of the night and darkness are still sleeping their sleep of death. In their arising they disturb no one. The world hears not the voice that summons them. As Jesus laid them quietly to rest, each in his own still tomb, like children in the arms of their mother; so, as quietly, as gently, shall He awake them when the hour arrives. To them come the quickening words, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust" (Isa. 26:19).. Into their tomb the earliest ray of glory finds its way. They drink in the first gleams of morning, while as yet

the eastern clouds give but the faintest signs of the uprising. Its genial fragrance, its soothing stillness, its bracing freshness, its sweet loneliness, its quiet purity, all so solemn and yet so full of hope, these are theirs.

Oh, the contrast between these things and the dark night thru which they have passed! Oh, the contrast between these things and the grave from which they have sprung! And as they shake off the encumbering turf, flinging mortality aside, and rising in glorified bodies to meet their Lord in the air, they are lighted and guided upward, along the untrodden pathway, by the beams of that Star of the morning, which, like the Star of Bethlehem, conducts them to the presence of the King. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." *Horatius Bonar.*

### Stone Church Convention

The Stone Church will hold its Annual Missionary Convention May 20-June 3, 1928. Pastor A. G. Ward of Springfield, Mo. will be with us during the entire time, other speakers will participate, as well as a number of missionaries, including Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Pettenger of South Africa, and Miss L. H. Parker of India. A blessed meeting with God is anticipated.

### Mineral Wealth of the Red Sea

WHEN divine providence opened the great fissure from northern Syria through the Jordan valley to the Dead Sea, there was prepared one of the most remarkable phenomena of the earth. This little inland lake is 140 square miles in area. Its distinctive features are that it lies 1300 feet below sea level, and it has no outlet. Every day the Jordan and lesser streams pour 6,000,000 tons of water into it, and although there is no outlet the level shows practically no variation. The hot and constant sun carries away in vapor as much water as flows in—no more, no less.

But this evaporation does not carry away the mineral atoms drawn from the soil of the surrounding countries by the trickling of water that finds its way into the sea. Thus for centuries its bed has been a reservoir of mineral matter, which imparts its quality to the water. Though the water does not increase in volume, it has through the centuries been increasing in mineral qualities. It is five times as soft and buoyant as ocean water. No life can exist in it. Through all the centuries nature has been gathering this mineral wealth. The world is now astounded by its immensity. So long as it was held by the Turk no advantage could be taken of it, but now that it has passed into the hands of Great Britain it is to be developed and utilized. The British and Palestine governments have appointed experts to determine its approximate wealth, and their report is almost unbelievable. They value its mineral wealth at \$1,190,000,000,000. The United States is richer than the next five nations of the world, but this sea is almost three times as valuable as the entire wealth of the United States.

A merger has been effected between the leading chemical companies of Great Britain for the exploiting of this wealth. The company is known as "The Imperial Chemicals Limited." Wealthy Jews in large numbers are interested in the merger. It has a con-

tent, according to the report of this committee of the leading chemists of the world, of 1,300,000,000 tons of potash, valued at \$750,000,000,000; 853,000,000 tons of bromide, valued at \$47,500,000; 11,900,000,000 tons of salt, valued at \$47,500,000; 81,000,000 tons of gypsum, valued at \$1,200,000; and 22,000,000,000 tons of magnesium chloride, valued at \$825,000,000,000. There are other minerals in smaller quantities. The exploitation, which will commence as soon as arrangements can be made, will be the greatest commercial enterprise ever undertaken by man. It will bring wealth to Palestine and be of great blessing to the world. The soil around the sea is bituminous, and it is possible that vast quantities of oil lie under it. We wonder if this may not be the fulfilment of the Old Testament prophecies concerning the great wealth of Palestine and its people.

One of the provisions of the concession is that the farmers of Palestine are to be furnished nitrates for fertilizers at cost. It is believed that this will result in refertilizing the denuded and neglected soil of Palestine, and make it again a land "flowing with milk and honey."

Some fear is entertained that this marvelous wealth will tempt the cupidity of Russia, and lead to an alliance between that country and the Asiatic peoples, and bring on the great war that has been feared by many. German chemical concerns have tried to gain a partial control of these resources. It will not be easy for the surrounding nations to see Great Britain and Palestine alone reaping such unmeasured wealth. —*The Defender.*

### Here and There

CONAN DOYLE, one of the leaders in occultism in Europe recently made the statement that about a year ago he received a message thru spiritism to the effect that within three years Europe was to be hurled into a catastrophe greater than that of the World War, and that England would suffer least of all the nations. It is a well-known fact that demons impersonate the dead in spiritism, and they are perfectly familiar with coming events.

Before the World War in 1914, a Tibetan witch doctor under tremendous excitement turned to a missionary looking on at a devil dance, and brandishing his long sharp knife, said, "That is what your people are doing to each other now. Our big gods have all gone to Europe." The missionary did not understand until he later heard of the outbreak of the great World War. Demon spirits had spoken thru the witch doctor.

\* \* \*

The youth of Italy are chafing under the rule of Fascism, but if they express themselves their every movement is watched or they are banished to some rocky volcanic island in the Mediterranean, where they are without water supply and almost devoid of vegetation. Here they are left to suffer and die by starvation. On March 3, Mussolini made an open threat of war against Austria, saying, "This is the last time I shall speak on this subject. The next time we will fight." Later he thundered, "Let the whole world know that Fas-

cism is mounting watch upon the banner of frontier. . . . I am speaking for the world; not Austria alone."

\* \* \*

The Annual Report of the Christian Alliance in French Indo-China for 1927 gives the splendid figures of 1,355 men and women saved from heathenism during the year. Besides this the sick have been healed, demons cast out and insane restored.

In strong contrast the following: During 1927 more than 32 per cent of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches of the United States failed to secure a single convert by profession of faith. The reason for this is not far to seek. When the ministers are in the business of openly tearing down the Bible, is it to be expected people will be saved under their preaching? Bishop McDowell of the Methodist Church has made the statement, "I am one of the rankest of Modernists."

In an Ohio College, according to an exchange, the Baptists use as a text book, "Problems of Religion" by Drake, which contains atheistic statements such as these:

Page 52: "As for Jehovah, He was, it seems, originally a storm god of Mount Sinai. Various Biblical illusions show us that his home was long thought to be in the south."

Page 71: "We can guess the bitter doubt that found utterance in the despairing cry of His cross, 'My God, why hast thou forsaken me', but He conquered His weakness, bowed to the divine plan, and met His death serenely, a martyr to His faith in His own destiny."

Page 143: "Jesus shared the ignorance of men, not only in His boyhood, but throughout His life. He knew presumably nothing of science. He knew little of the life and history of the world. He shared the local beliefs and hopes of his fellows and was possessed in the last months and years of His life by a passionate conviction which in its literal form can only be called a pathetic delusion."

Page 270: "Obviously untrue are many of the Biblical statements."

Page 274: "In the Buddhist scriptures are many passages more truly inspired than the less inspiring parts of our Bible."

Is it any wonder the colleges are turning out infidels and the churches have no conversions?

(Continued from page 11)

sided affair and so much easier, so much more rapid in its fullest attainment than its human counterpart. Again, human "prince charming" has his faults and imperfections. But who could resist falling in love with this altogether Lovely Suitor! Has anyone in heaven or on earth ever discovered the least imperfection in Him? No! The longer they have looked on Him the more they have loved Him. He is the fairest of ten thousand, the Lily of the Valley, the Rose of

Sharon, the Diamond for whom the whole Universe is but a setting. Everything about Him, His very manner of approach, the music of His voice, the loving glance of His wonderful eyes, have lost none of their divine charm but rather put on a fresh, an infinite glory since the days

when He walked the fields of Palestine and emptied its cities of people. Can we doubt any longer that the vision of our glorified Lord can convert on the spot? The whole world seems to cry, as of old, "SIRS, WE WOULD SEE JESUS." And our cry, "Oh God, use us in that miracle."

### From our Co-Workers in Heathen Lands



OUR readers tell us they peruse with deep interest our notes from the Mission fields. The printed page keeps the intercessors and the supporters in Christian lands in touch with the noble army of heroic men and women who sow the Gospel seed in the dark lands of the earth. And the seed is germinating and the hearts of our missionaries are rejoicing as they see, first the blade, then the stalk, and then the full grown ear.

#### Hunger for the Word

"Never, anywhere," writes Mrs. Elsie Fearey Blattner, from their new station in Venezuela, "have we seen greater interest in the written Word, tracts, etc. By many they are prized. The other day a man from Aguarda visited relatives here who read to him from the Gospel of John. He asked for the book, but was told he could not have it, as its owner was studying it, but that he could get one from us. We sent him a Gospel and other booklets, which he accepted. A woman who attends regularly brought two women from some leagues away in the country who wanted some of the books and tracts like she had received.

"Our meetings are well attended and new faces are seen at almost every meeting. We have seats for about forty and there are always a number standing. We have ordered another dozen chairs.

"For sometime we have felt a number were very near the kingdom, and last Sunday evening, conscious of the Lord's presence, we asked those to raise their hands who wished to surrender to God. A number did so. We explained the importance of the step and asked those who were in earnest to remain for special prayer. Eight remained, four women and four men, and yielded themselves to Christ.

"One of those who yielded is a beggar. From our arrival in Siquisique he has been interested in the Gospel and reads all the literature. Without our having preached Divine Healing to him he has received healing for his leg which has been diseased for about six years. He tells us he has been healed just thru reading the Word. We are very happy that God has given us this gracious encouragement."

\* \* \*

Bro. Jos. Sugar, Manager of the Boys' Industrial School at Nawabganj, India, writes:

"The Lord is working in our midst at present in a marvelous way. Oh it is wonderful to see Him work! A number of women and boys have come to the missionaries asking forgiveness, and the power of God has been falling in our midst. Last evening (Feb. 26th) one of our boys received the baptism of the Spirit and the Lord has been using him in a marked way. When it was noised abroad that Gidaun had received, the boys came in to see what had happened and they too began to pray and cry to God to give them the Holy Ghost.

"God is working not only in the mission, but in the hearts of people around about us. There are two men, both high caste, who are convinced that Jesus is the only Way of salvation, but as yet they have not the courage to take an open stand. Pray for them."

\* \* \*

When God works in heathen lands our missionaries are willing to stand any hardship, and toil ever so arduously. Miss Marie Juergenson writes regarding God's blessing on their work:

"Our entering into this new year, which is the fifteenth for our blessed Master in Dark Japan, was glorious! We had three wonderful meetings and two precious ones received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. How we have longed for the showers in this dry land! Altho these blessings are only droppings still our hearts just bubble over with praises to Him. We feel it is the cloud on the horizon about the size of a man's hand. After all our years of toil and hardship, of hindrances and failures, of praying and weeping, surely He will meet us soon.

"The first one to receive the baptism of the Spirit was the dear woman who was saved at our Opening Convention, the whole family following. It was so real, the Holy Spirit filling her to overflowing. Then in a few minutes the sister who was in reality the means of bringing them all to the Savior, received. The glory of the Lord just filled the place. Times of refreshing even in Japan! It is such a hard place! Still His promises are true. And were it not for such times of refreshing, it would seem as if we could not bear up. The younger sister, who has been so faithful these past two years, also received, but in a little prayer-meeting.

"Our new Station is indeed a rich blessing to the work. Hungry hearts come in continually. In the last two weeks from twelve to fifteen have come in seeking God."

### Living Water

Bro. John F. Derr, Dhond, India, writes of a trip to Bhima Shanker, where a mela was held, 135 miles from Dhond. About twelve thousand people were assembled to bathe in the sacred water, and to worship gods of stone. He writes:

"We were eight missionaries, three Bible women, two Indian preachers and two booksellers, against twelve thousand of the devil's children and countless hosts of demons. But more were they that were with us than that they were with them. We watched the people bathing in the sacred pools, the water becoming dirtier and dirtier. There were separate bathing places according to caste. The bath finished, the fervent worshippers carried their offerings into the temple, shivering as they went, with their water-soaked clothes still on their bodies.

"They poured offerings of water over the filthy image which ran out under the temple wall into a little pool outside. Those who wished to demonstrate greater holiness came out here and caught in their palms this water which had been bathed in by a multitude, been poured over the god, then trodden under foot in the temple, *which they drank*.

"But the story of this filthy water is not ended. The worshipper draws from this unclean water in his particular bathing pool, a small vesselful, and approaching some person of his own or higher caste, pours it humbly over his or her feet; then quickly catches on his fingers some of the water which he scrapes from between the toes and lets it drip into his mouth.

"But what a joy it was to tell them about the 'Living Water' that we traveled 135 miles to give them. We take our stand in the bazaar. In a very imperfect way we play the violin and star a song. The people gather around and the living water is flowing into their thirsty hearts before they know it. After the preaching comes the distribution of books. In a short time hundreds have gone into the different preaching groups. A Bible or two go. Others ask for more, with the result that later a party of fine village headmen come up to the forest bungalow on the peak of the mountain asking for Bibles and Testaments.

"Sunday and Monday see a steady stream of people leaving the bungalow with these books while the crowds almost mob us in the bazaar reaching for the portionettes. The victory of Calvary, for at the close of a mela of about fifteen thousand people, we have distributed about forty Bibles, one hundred forty testaments, seven hundred Gospels, and anywhere from ten to twelve thousand portionettes and tracts, largely the donation of the Scripture Gift Mission of London. Seed sown? We exult, we rejoice over the Calvary that has opened the hearts of men to receive the Gospel in such fashion. We see portions sticking from pockets, Testaments carried in hands, people eating their picnic lunches on the

hillside with a big Bible beside them. Hallelujah!

"Dear ones, will you keep this water flowing by praying for this Word that has gone forth, adding to this living stream your own tears of love and pity which God will transform into more 'living water'? 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy'."

\* \* \*

Life on a mission compound has a very practical side to it. Mrs. Vernon Elliott writes from Barsi, Central India:

"Over Christmas and the New Year I had my hands very full of work. Two babies were born on our Compound, and one woman, the mother of eight children, was very ill with typhoid fever. I took her from her little room and cared for her here. She had a lovely little baby boy just three months old, so of course I had to take the baby and feed it with the bottle or it would have died. For over a month I had the little thing in the bungalow and cared for it until the mother was raised up. She was able to go home the middle of January.

"We are praying for more missionaries to come out with Mr. Elliott. I wish you could hear these dear Indian men and women pleading with God to send out missionaries so that the Gospel may be carried all over this district. Praise our loving Father for the support of another Evangelist promised for the Barsi District. Almost simultaneously we had an application from a man for the post. (He is a converted Brahmin and has suffered much for his faith. We have taken him on and he has begun work."

### Two Signal Revivals

WE wish to tell our many friends, of the revivals that have resulted from an open door given us in the churches of Oregon, our home state. Many assert that the day of revival is past. Such need to consider Proverbs 10:5, "He that gathereth in summer is a wise son: but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame." If ever there was a time of harvest, of full summer, it is now. God is witness: Winter in all of its severity, Tribulation with all of its horrors, is coming. Oh! the shame of being idle, of sleeping in this time the most opportune of the world's history for revivals, the final harvest time.

Hunger? I have never in twenty years of preaching seen as much of it! Recently we closed two large campaigns in The Dalles and Bend, Oregon. An open door came to us for Union Church Campaigns in different cities in the state. Here in brief is what our eyes have seen: In The Dalles, in the First M. E. Church which was packed to the doors, such deep contrition

that often the whole audience would weep as with one voice. By the time we moved to the City Auditorium the conversions were well over one hundred. The meeting took on such a city-wide aspect that the most reluctant ministers felt compelled to lend a helping hand. All the forces that stood even thus nominally for the Gospel were thus rallied. We paraded the streets with twenty-four streamers and contingents of children from all the Sunday Schools and representations from out of town, everyone singing and clapping their hands to the music. High School students called and organized noon-day prayer meetings, many of which I personally addressed.

And the scenes, as the awakening spread among the youth, were indescribable. About eighty would sit crowded in a room and eat their lunches whilst for ten minutes Scriptures were read and explained in the midst of joy unspeakable. And then all would fall simultaneously to their knees. Such tears and repentance as would follow! Some were converted right there and led

to Christ by happy comrades whose faces shone with glory. Scores of conversions were verified. A number of young people have consecrated to go out into the work as a result.

My dear wife began the revival in Bend, Oregon. It soon spread to all churches till she had to preach twice—in two different churches each night to crowded houses; and these the largest auditoriums in the city. It was with intense interest and curiosity we watched the effect that full Gospel preaching has in starved church-members. With great dependency on God we looked daily for wisdom, and much fruit resulted. The city was moved and altars crowded, whole families turning to God together. The revival still continues and we have a standing invitation to return and build a tabernacle there.

At this writing I am in Indianapolis. My dear wife has held meetings in Estacada, Ore., and Aberdeen, Wash., and is now beginning a campaign in Gresham, Ore. Our friends may address us at Eden Rest, Clackamas, Oregon.

WM. E. BOOTH-CLIBBORN.

## The Most Strategic Center for Mission Work in So. Africa

How the Gospel Is Carried Into Heathendom.

Edgar Pettenger, Springs, Transvaal, in the Stone Church, Feb. 26, 1928



HERE are various phases of missionary work upon which I might speak. We would like to come home and tell you that there are hundreds and thousands of Africans stretching out their arms to the Gospel, and tell of wonderful conversions (and we can tell of the conversions) but there is another side to missionary work, which, if we talk upon too much we would discourage our friends altogether; so one hesitates sometimes to speak too much on the dark side. While I could speak tonight on both phases, yet I have chosen for my subject this evening, "The Most Strategic Center for Missionary Work in South Africa."

As some of you know, we have been laboring for the last four years in what is known as the Transvaal Gold Fields. The Transvaal is a province in the Union of South Africa containing 110,000 square miles of territory. These Gold Fields are spoken of as the Witwatersrand. They are situated 1,000 miles northeast of Cape-town. Gold was discovered there about forty years ago, not in nuggets, such as were found in California and other places, but it is found in

reefs, sometimes four and six thousand feet below the surface of the earth, only extracted by crushing the reef or rock to a powder by the latest modern machinery and by washings.

These Gold Fields are nearly 6,000 feet above sea-level and they stretch across the country for about 100 miles in the Johannesburg district. When gold was discovered it was a bare, treeless, trackless country, but in forty years' time the Union Government has pushed a railway thru from Cape Colony and established a modern European city with a population of 150,000 in the center of these Gold Fields. The mines stretch east to west from thirty to fifty miles on each side of this city of Johannesburg.

After gold was discovered many came from England and America and also from European countries to finance and supervise the workings of these mines. Then came the problem of labor and at first thousands of Chinese were imported for this work but they did not prove a success and were all sent back to China again. Since then the mining companies have been drawing on the large native reserves for their labor supply. As the natives are hired for a period of from six months to a year we have a constantly changing

population. They are housed in large brick buildings called compounds.

A compound is a huge building covering many acres of ground, built in a great square, so as to form a court in the center. Some compounds house 7,000 men, others less, depending on the size of the building. There are about 100 compounds on the Gold Fields not taking into consideration the many coal companies who have thousands in their employ. There are about 250,000 men in these compounds besides thousands in the various locations where men, women and children live. They come pouring in from Portuguese East Africa, Swaziland, Vendaland, Zululand, Gazaland, Basutoland, and other native territories to help the white man dig his gold.

These Gold Fields have been likened to the hub of a wheel. As the spokes reach to all parts of the wheel so there is that vital connection to all parts of the country from the Rand. The men leave their wives and families in their villages and come here to work. The majority of them are raw heathen, thousands only wear their blankets. If the Gospel is preached in the compounds it is preached in all parts of the sub-continent, for after a short term of work they are scattered north, south, east and west, many taking a measure of the Saviour's love with them. In no other place in Africa do we find so many raw heathen gathered together, and in no other place in South Africa do we find it so easy to reach the natives with the Gospel as on the Witwatersrand Gold Fields. If we fight the devil here we fight him in all parts of the country. If we win souls for Jesus here we win them from every tribe. If we teach the natives in the compounds, that teaching will spread throughout the land.

This then is our field of labor. I do not belittle other fields in speaking of the possibilities of this great district. God forbid. He has His missionaries in the fields where He has called them. We have labored ourselves in Natal and Zululand and surely the need is great. We have also labored in Vendaland and there I believe the need is greater. So I would not depreciate the work being done in other parts by faithful workers when I speak of the Witwatersrand Gold Fields. The fields are already white unto harvest and the Rand Gold Fields is the hub through which to radiate the Gospel to all tribes and reap that rich harvest. The Rand has a larger population than Zululand and Swaziland combined and has nearly the population of Basu-

toland and more than Vendaland. The call is insistent, the opportunities are unique, and the need is urgent. The enemies of the cross of Christ all realize this and they are not losing any time in spreading their false doctrines. Bolshevism, Socialism, and other *isms* are spreading their teaching thru the compounds and various locations. Even Mohammedanism is fast sweeping down from the north and today thousands on the Rand adhere to this religion. Those who preach the simple Gospel-story are very, very few indeed, and the work so great is not being done. I am convinced that every year thousands of men come to work in these mines and return again to their heathen *kraals* without once having heard the story of Jesus and His love. In fact, they return in a worse state because of having come in contact with other tribes and their customs, and with so-called European civilization.

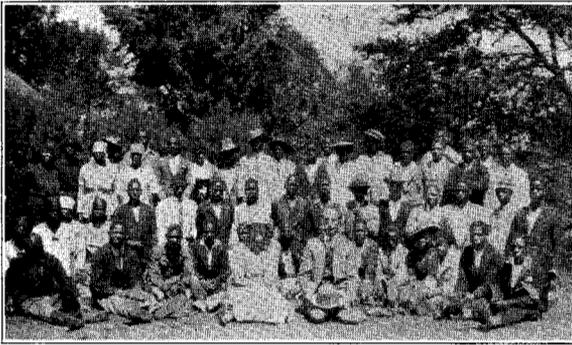
The district has been divided into the East and West Rand. For various reasons we have settled on the East Rand thirty miles from Johannesburg. This part contains some of the largest and richest mines of the whole district as well as some of the largest compounds. I want tonight to have you visit with me one of these compounds. It is within a stone's throw of our home. In this compound are housed about 5,000 men. It is divided up into many rooms, each room accommodating from twenty-five to fifty men. The room again is divided into cement bunks just long enough for a man to sleep on. The native men throw their blankets or anything else they might possess on these bunks and here they make their home for a few months. In the center of each room is a large chimney like an inverted funnel. Under this they build a fire and the gas and smoke which do not come out into the room are carried off through this chimney. The compound is in charge of a white man who has a large force of native police under him. On one side will be one tribe, and on the other another, and still another at the end. They cannot mix the tribes because of the various customs and hatred between them.

I am glad to say that the mining authorities take better care of the natives than they used to do. In the early days many as much as said that the "Kaffir" (word of contempt) was only a dog and many were neglected. Today, however, the government has instituted laws regarding sanitation and food, etc., and the natives also get good medical attention free. Their food is cooked by steam in large iron pots. They have a mealy porridge and a mixture of vegetables as

well as meat twice a week. After a meal, as well as when they are working, you will see them lying around on the ground, if it is warm outside, drinking, smoking, talking and snuffing. They are paid between ten and fifteen dollars a month. They are supplied with almost everything they need except the Gospel and this we and others are trying to supply with the help of our friends in the homeland and South Africa.

We are given a room in these compounds similar to the one I just described in which we hold our night schools and also have meetings. In these rooms we have some tables and several benches and here the men gather every night for an hour or so and learn to read their own language.

We also have two church buildings about twelve miles apart. One was built only about two and a half years ago and that is the church we have had charge of for two years. The other



Native Christians in the Gold Fields

church is cared for by a native preacher who is supervised by another one of our white missionaries. But we find it difficult to get these heathen men into our churches, even tho they are just outside the compound. They reason, why should they go to church; they are contented and happy in their way; they have their dances; they have their witch doctors; they carry on all their heathen practices besides taking on many of the sins of the white man. Every night as well as all day Sunday there is one continuous humdrum. We have open air meetings in these compounds and sometimes forty or fifty will raise their hands during the course of a service and desire to serve the Lord. That encourages us and we would like to write home that this number had been saved and fifty more added to the church and cause a big stir among the saints at home. But usually we get only three or four of those outside and into the church, and perhaps only one of the four to the altar and he very weak; then it does not sound so glorious. Of course, they want to

serve the Lord and leave off their heathen practices but the devil has them bound and their hearts are hard. You and I knew a great deal about the Gospel before we were converted. These men can neither read nor write their own language; they come from heathen villages into the compounds which are full of immorality and vice, worse in many instances than their own homes, and sometimes it takes weeks and months of patiently sowing the seed and instructing them in the way of the Lord before they realize what real salvation is. Many of the compound managers are very good to us and help us with our various rooms in which we hold our schools; many come into the schools who would not go to the church and so we get the Word of God to them in that way.

I will tell you an experience I had in opening a school. I had four Christian men in a certain compound about three miles away. They were members of one of our churches in the interior and had come in to work in the mines. I got permission to use a certain room in this compound and this room was full of heathen men. I took a native policeman with me to this room so that the heathen would recognize that we had the right to carry on school work there. He told them they must keep quiet while the Christians had their service. That quietness lasted only until he was outside the door. I had made a table during the day and had sent it over to be used in this school and they knew that this would interfere with their drinking and other heathen practices. I thought I would have a wonderful time preaching that night to those men and so we gathered around the table and tried to begin our service. Immediately one man who was drunk began to pound and beat on a tin pan while others joined with him in the noise. I could have called the police and had the ring leaders taken out and they would have probably been beaten, but then I would have lost contact with them altogether and I didn't want to do that. I wanted to reach those men with the Gospel.

We little realize sometimes what our Christian men will go through and stand for the sake of the Gospel. We often marvel at what they will endure to learn to read the Word of God. Sometimes it seems that all hell breaks loose and we wonder if we can carry on at all. I could not speak, so we sat down around the table and after a little word of exhortation we five got down to pray. That encouraged the four Christian men and to me that was a glorious prayer meeting. When we got up I greeted the ring leaders and

told them I would come back the following night. I did so and talked with them about their fire and other things that interested them and then I got ten minutes to preach the Gospel. The next time I went I had better success and after that we had no trouble as they were quiet enough so we could carry on our work. Eventually we were given a better room in that compound and today there is a prosperous school and quite a number of Christians there. Every night in these various schools our men get out their tables and charts and study until they are able to read the Word of God in their own language. How happy they are when they are able to do this!

On Sundays we have a general service in our church when the men come from the compounds, and women and children from the locations and farming district. So the work has been built up gradually; they have come into the fold by the ones and twos. It has been line upon line, precept upon precept. God has blessed the Word as it has been preached and all the glory is His.

Just before we left I went to bid a final farewell to my native Evangelist. He told me that the day before a woman had come to the church weeping and saying she wanted to repent. The Lord had spoken to her in her village some three miles away and said, "Do you see that church over there? Why don't you go there and be saved?" She said she had hesitated and held off for a week because she feared what her husband might say to her. But the Holy Spirit was faithful and wrought such conviction in her heart that she could stay away no longer.

One Sunday morning we were having our regular service. There was a man in the front seat whose name was Mabuza. He had come Sunday after Sunday and had heard the Word preached but then he stopped coming for a while; now he was back again. In the middle of the message I saw Mabuza weeping; the Word had finally struck home to his heart and he was soon making his way to the altar. I stopped preaching at once and called an altar service. We gathered around him but he could not get through to God. He said a demon was troubling him. They call the devil by his right name; they do not call him "heredity" or "circumstances" or "affliction," but they name the trouble correctly. We prayed until noon and then had to close the meeting because of a Sunday School in the afternoon. I made arrangements for him to meet me the next morning at eleven o'clock. He came. I took my Zulu Testament and together we went over pas-

sage after passage and we prayed until the demons had to leave and Mabuza came through into the joy of real salvation. He proved to be one of our most faithful Christians. Some months later he came to our house to bid us goodbye for his time was up on the mines. He left for Gazaland a few days later to radiate that joy of new-found salvation to a people who still sit in the darkness of heathenism.

We had a native Christian by the name of Joseph, who came from Swaziland. He had been converted and had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit under the ministry of Tandukubona, one of our native ministers at our other church on the Rand. He had gone home and returned again to the Gold Fields, this time to our new church, for he worked in that district. One day we learned that he had been taken to the hospital, sick. I went to see him, for I visit the hospitals regularly, and I found that he had contracted miners' phtisis. It is a fatal disease, similar to consumption, and comes from breathing in the dust of the mines. If you were to examine this dust under the microscope you would find that it consists of little three-cornered pieces of stone. This gradually fills the lungs, eventually causing death. Joseph had contracted this disease and I found they were going to send him home to die. I visited him regularly the three weeks he was there and it was always a joy to preach there. It takes the grace of God for our Christian men to stand. God only knows what they have to take at times from the heathen men around them and sometimes from the white men's sneers. Joseph would pull his testament from under his pillow and carefully follow me as I read; then he would lead in prayer in front of the heathen and tell of his faith in God. One day when I went to see him he was gone; gone back to Swaziland. A few months went by and I received a letter from a Scandinavian missionary which read something like this: "I am returning to you the card of Joseph who died a few days ago. My native Evangelist visited him every week during his illness and Joseph stood true to his faith in God to the end." That was a wonderful testimony, that he stood true to the end in spite of all the witch doctors, the heathenish customs and superstitions. Joseph took back with him from the Rand Gold Fields a knowledge of Jesus. Because of the unique situation of the Gold Fields, in almost the center of the sub-continent, we find it the greatest center for missionary activity. Pray for the thousands of heathen in the compounds on the Gold Fields.

## Among the Neglected Women of South Africa

The Enlightening Power of the Gospel.

Mrs. Edgar Pettenger, Springs, Transvaal, in the Stone Church



THIS is a joy to be in your midst again, though I was very sorry to leave Africa. It was harder to leave the mission field than it was to go there in the beginning. During my last illness the Lord had to deal with me very severely about coming home, but finally both Mr. Pettenger and I felt so assured that it was His will for us to leave Africa and asked Him to open up the way. We had a real trial of faith for awhile, but, praise God, when we move in His will He always sends in the needed funds. We were advised to change our booking, but we both felt sure that the money would be there by the 18th of November, our sailing date, and it came within two weeks before we sailed. We need to come home, not only to be built up physically, and to stir up the home people along the line of missions, but to be built up spiritually. When one gives out all the time, one needs to get some spiritual food, too. My soul has been feasting since I have returned from the field.

I thank God for the precious way the dear ones at home stood by us in our need. I remember once when we were up in the Northern Transvaal, Mr. Pettenger and I were both sick; also a lady missionary who was with us. We were just the three missionaries there and had only a few Christians. It was indeed a dark hour, as we were all too sick to pray, but we said, "Lord, lay us on somebody's heart at home." The throne of grace was touched that night and God answered. Another time I sent home for prayer; I had been in bed a week, and was too weak to be up. One day I felt a change for the better and then I received a letter from my sister in which was an anointed cloth, and when I counted back to the time you had prayed, it was the day the Lord healed me. Then last July when I was so sick with a pain under my chest which gave me no rest or sleep day or night and we cabled home, God took the pain away. I felt then that I would never see the homeland again, but because of your faithfulness in prayer I am here.

In Romans 1:16 we read, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." Most people emphasize the first clause, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel," but

I believe Paul meant particularly, "*It is the power of God unto salvation.*" Have you ever thought that God who is the Creator, the Omnipotent One, the Sustainer and Upholder of the universe, depends upon the Gospel of Jesus Christ for the salvation of souls? Nothing else avails for the salvation of the soul, but the blood of Jesus Christ, and God is as dependent upon it for our salvation as we are. What a responsibility rests upon us then to tell about this Gospel, and how precious for us to realize that it is the power of God unto salvation!

When I reached Africa we were sent to a mission in Natal on the border of Zululand where we studied the language for a few months. From there I went to the Witwatersrand and was married. Mr. Pettenger had gone to Africa two years before and was laboring among the natives employed in the gold mines, where they employ over 200,000 native men. Quite a few natives come from Portuguese East, while others come from various parts of south and East Africa. The Portuguese government do not allow the women to cross the border, knowing that if they keep the women there, the men are sure to return home after their terms in the mines have expired; but there are quite a few women, namely the Machopi, who smuggle themselves into South Africa.

The native men who work in the mines are housed in compounds. These compounds hold from 500 to 7,000 men. When one desires to hold a meeting in a compound one does not have to go far for a crowd, for the men are there. The municipalities and the mines have locations where the native families live. When we were in Benoni I found that the women were neglected. Most of the Gospel work was being done among the men, so I started to hold women's meetings in our Apex Church, which is situated in a mine location where the natives live in tumble-down, rickety, old shacks. Many women in these mine locations are not married, especially the Machopi women, who are there to sell out to the devil. At first just two women attended and they were the wives of our two evangelists, but God brought in a woman from the location who was demon-possessed and delivered and saved her; then we had three women.

At this time we had a native man who had been beautifully converted, but we can not baptize

them immediately upon conversion, as there are so many things in their lives that have to be straightened out or put aside. We found that this man, named Fifteen, was living with a woman who was not his wife, and we told him he would have to marry her before we could baptize him. He did the right thing, got married and was baptized and brought his Machopi wife to church. She also came to our women's meetings and brought other Machopi women with her.

Our evangelist said, "These Machopi women are absolutely hopeless. It is impossible to get them saved because they are only here for profit, and they will not give up their gain for salvation." But Christ died for them and He is able to save the lowest. Fifteen's wife got saved and requested that we come to her home for services. She lived in a tumbled-down mud hut and would gather the Machopi women in for the meetings and God saved them one by one. One woman came and asked for prayer, bringing all her charms and medicines which she had received from the witchdoctor and laid them on the altar. We handled the things very gingerly and had a bon-fire. The Machopi tribe was once a cannibal tribe. The women file their teeth to points, pluck out their eye-brows and eye-lashes and tattoo their faces—they are not much to look at, but when the glory of God shines in their faces they are beautiful.

I was just in this work about a year when our Brother and Sister Riggs in the Northern Transvaal needed a furlough and we were asked to take care of the work there. Our little son was only two months old when we went up there and it was the worst season of the year, when the rains were on. That year we had something over ninety inches of rainfall in a few months' time, which was exceptional. We were all slain with fever, even the natives who seldom get fever. Bro. Riggs had gone up there two years previous and pioneered. They first lived in a wagon, then in a mud hut, until a house was built. He found the Vhavenda Tribe, which numbered about a quarter of a million, very raw and unevangelized. They are very degraded and only care for beer drinking and demon dancing. When a man reaps his field he invites his friends to come and help him reap. After the reaping is over he gives them a beer drink and dance which may last for two weeks or so day and night. The devil is very real to them and one can feel the demon power in their midst.

When we went there we had just a handful of Christians. The men seemed to be quite sus-

ceptible to the Gospel, some having been to the mines and having gotten in touch with the Gospel, but the women seemed impossible. They would not come to the women's meetings, but they would attend our regular services. The church was always crowded seemed impossible. They would not come to the women's meetings, but they would attend our regular services. The church was always crowded on Sundays and when silence reigned my husband would be encouraged and inspired to drive home some Truth, but soon the women would file out of the church one by one for a snuff and gossip. We could not tell them not to do so, or it would frighten them away.

In order to reach the women in a more definite way we began to hold women's meetings in the various kraals, each week holding our service at a different kraal. Their minds were so darkened that it was hard for them to grasp the meaning of the meetings; but the seed sown in faith, with much prayer and patience, began to sprout. Now one and another seemed to understand the Truth. Even after they know what it is to be saved, it is very hard for them to leave their sins, but, we do praise God for the women who have been gloriously saved in Vandaland.

We were obliged to leave the Northern Transvaal on account of our health and return to the Witwatersrand again, this time to settle and labor in Springs. Mr. Pettenger again labored among the men and I felt burdened for the women and children, starting a women's meeting and Sunday School. We went from house to house in locations asking them to come to the services and telling them the Gospel. God brought them in one by one. One woman came to us one day with tears in her eyes and told us that her little baby had fallen into the fire and died. We told her that her baby could not come back to her, but if she would give her heart to God, she could go to him. This so touched her that she surrendered to God. Another woman came to our evangelist and said that God had spoken to her in a dream and told her to come to our church and so our evangelist preached Jesus to her.

The field is hard and the work new, but we preached a full Gospel and expected the Lord to work. One Sunday morning we had a baptismal service and the Spirit of God rested so precious upon the service. In the evening three men came to the house and said, "Come to the compound quickly. Something has happened. We don't know whether it is demon power or God's power." They were acquainted with demon

power, but had never seen God working in this way. Mr. Pettenger went at once to the compound, and I wish I could describe the scene that met his eyes in that room. There were our Christian men prostrated on the floor, in the midst of other native men. You could hear them weeping, and then here and there you could hear them speaking in tongues. It was God Himself pouring out His Spirit. We had expected God to work at the altar, or in the compound near the church, but this was all unexpected. One of our men had a vision that God's house was almost completed. While in the Spirit he spoke in pure English that Jesus was coming soon. It is truly wonderful that God takes the poor, ignorant native to herald His tidings that Jesus is coming soon.

The following day Mr. Pettenger called the men to prayer and the same scene took place. The next Sunday we didn't have to coax them to the altar. They ran forward, and oh what prayer went up to God! He worked so beautifully thru those who wavered, those who we didn't think were strong. It is wonderful to see them come out into the Light, for their lives are so darkened and full of sin of every description. It is hard enough to deal with one tribe, but when you get the various tribes packed into one compound, they learn the sins of each other's tribes, and also the sins of the white man. When they step out for God it is a time of separation for we teach a narrow way. God wants a clean people in Africa as well as in America. Many a time it means for them to put away their many wives, and other customs must be dealt with, but God gives them grace and with Jesus in their hearts they are able to do it. Those who live in a Christian land cannot realize what it means for an African to be saved.

How I wish it were possible to take you into our Springs church, to show you the transformation in lives that have been redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, to listen to them pray and sing. They are very talented in music and harmonize beautifully. When I want a little bit of heaven I close my eyes and picture myself back in Africa. The hardships, the lonesomeness, the sickness, are nothing when one sees these darkened souls born into the kingdom of Christ. Some day when we get over yonder I believe some of our redeemed Africans will lead in the songs that only those who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb can sing.

"Grace teaches a Christian not only to act like a man to God, but also like a God to man."

## High Caste Man Healed

**W**E HAVE been having precious meetings lately here with our Christian people and God has met us all in a wonderful way. One man from the bazar, a high caste man, has been wonderfully healed and it has caused quite a stir in our town, for the people never heard of such things before. This man was actually dying with consumption; his family had made all arrangements for his death, but we told him about our precious Jesus and that we would pray for him if he could believe that Jesus would heal him. He came out one day to our meetings and as he listened to the gospel story of Jesus and the wonderful things that He did when upon this earth, a faith was born in his heart and right while the preaching was going on, he threw up his hands and shook his head, as much as to say, "I believe". As soon as the call was given he was the first one out to the front to be prayed for and God wonderfully touched him so that he is completely well now and has been to about every meeting since. His face just shines with the joy of new life. He says every day now "I pray to Jesus. I don't feel the way I used to. Now I can sleep all night long without any pain and can work all day lifting big things in my store." He is as happy as a child with a new toy. Please pray that God will give him the grace to take the step of baptism which will cut him off entirely from heathenism. It will mean much to him for everything he has will be taken from him, and he will be bitterly persecuted, but we know that God is able to hold him fast.

God is preciously blessing our boys and people since these meetings and many of them are hungry and seeking the baptism. We expect to hold special meetings again this month and are asking God for a real outpouring of His spirit.

Rupaidiha, India

Mrs. Frank Nicodem

### FOREGLEAMS OF GLORY

By Miss E. Sisson

This book is in three series: Contents as follows:  
Resurrection Papers: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

Faith Reminiscences: God Back a Train, 2, Providing for the Family, 3, Tombstones Spouting Gold, 4, The Guarded Sovereign, 5, The Money Token, 6, The Priesthood and its Maintenance.

In Trinity College: The Holy Ghost and Fire, Jewel Joints, The Heavenly Housekeeper, etc., etc.

Bound in cloth and gold, 206 Pages, \$1.30 by mail.

### MIDNIGHT HOUR AND AFTER

By R. T. Naish

More than 25,000 copies of this book have been printed and it is one of the books most called for today. Reveals some startling facts regarding the second coming of Christ. Thrilling and inspiring. By mail, \$1.00.

# The Highest Development in Bible Making

## International **TEACHERS' BIBLE** BLACK FACE TYPE Self-Pronouncing

The Smallest Black Face Type Teachers' Bible Published. Containing the Authorized Version of the OLD and NEW TESTAMENTS, with 60,000 References in Center Column and Maps Printed in Colors. Also HELPS AND A COMPLETE CONCORDANCE.

WILL FIT THE POCKET SPECIMEN OF TYPE SIZE 4½ x 6¼ INCHES

20 And O'phir, and Hav'i-lah, and Jō'bāb: all these were the sons of Jōk'tan. | B. C. 2347 | from thence did the LORD scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth. | 1 Chr. 1. 4 |

- No. **8290** French Morocco, divinity circuit (overlapping covers), round corners, red under gold edges, silk headband and marker, grained lining. **\$4.00**
- No. **8295** French Morocco, divinity circuit (overlapping covers), round corners, red under gold edges, silk headband and marker, leather lined to edge, silk sewed. **4.75**
- INDIA PAPER EDITION—Same Bible as described above, printed on India Paper**
- No. **8290X** French Morocco, divinity circuit (overlapping covers), round corners, red under gold edges, silk headband and marker, grained lining. **\$6.45**
- No. **8295X** French Morocco, divinity circuit (overlapping covers), round corners, red under gold edges, silk headband and marker, leather lined to edge, silk sewed. **7.08**

## BLACK FACE TYPE TEXT•BIBLE

LARGE CLEAR TYPE CONVENIENT SIZE FITS THE POCKET  
Containing the Authorized Version of the Old and New Testaments—Text Only—without Helps or References—Maps Printed in Colors. Size 4 x 6¼ inches.

ONLY SELF-PRONOUNCING BLACK FACE TYPE TEXT BIBLE PUBLISHED

- multitudes marvelled, saying, It | The kingdom of hea  
was never so seen in Is'ra'el. | hand.  
34 But the Phār'i-sees said, He | 8 Heal the sick, ch
- No. **6290** French Morocco, divinity circuit (overlapping covers), round corners, red under gold edges, silk headband and marker, extra grained lining. **\$3.00**
  - No. **6295X** French Morocco, divinity circuit (overlapping covers), round corners, red under gold edges, silk headband and marker, extra grained leather lining to edge, silk sewed. **5.25**

## PEERLESS TYPE TEXT BIBLE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS SELF-PRONOUNCING  
Containing the Authorized Version of the Old and New Testaments—Text Only—without Helps or References—Maps Printed in Colors. Size 3¼ x 5½ inches.

THE SMALLEST BIBLE PRINTED FROM SO LARGE, CLEAR BLACK FACE TYPE

- The book of the generation of Jē'sus Christ, the son of Dā'vid, the son of A'brā'hām. | Jē'son are fourteen generation and from the carrying away in Bāb'yl-on unto Christ are fou- teen generations. | 18 ¶ Now the birth of Jē's Christ was on this wise: Wh
- No. **6680** Flexible Kraft Binding, divinity circuit (overlapping covers), red edges. **\$1.88**
  - No. **6690** French Morocco, divinity circuit (overlapping covers), red under gold edges. **2.60**

### THE GIFT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

By Willis W. Blossom  
"What is the Gift of the Holy Spirit and how Obtained?" This is a thorough treatise on the subject of the Holy Spirit, scriptural and conclusive. It is the first book of this kind that has gone into the subject so minutely. As a text book it will be a valuable help to Bible study along the line of Pentecostal teaching. Heavy paper cover, 220 pages. 75c per copy, postage 5c.

### "WITH SIGNS FOLLOWING"

By Stanley H. Frodsham  
This is a splendid work on the Latter Rain Outpouring of the Holy Spirit, from the "first shower of latter rain" in 1900 until the present time. It is deeply interesting. It contains detailed accounts of Pentecostal revivals thruout the United States, British Isles, Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, Canada, India, South America, Egypt, China and Japan. A book filling a long-felt need. Price reduced to \$1.10 by mail.

### HOW TO UNDERSTAND THE BIBLE

By Martin Anstey  
An exposition of the Method, a Demonstration of the Power, and a Revelation of the Joy of Bible Study. The author takes up the Synthetic method, the Parallel Method, the Topical Method, the Typical Method, the Cyclopaedic Method, the Microscopic and Explanatory Methods. Also chapters on how to master the Bible, How to Wield it; How to Enthroned and How to Defend it. Not a dry treatise, but a book full of life and power, and helpful instruction. 180 pages, price 75c

### FAR ABOVE RUBIES—HEART STORIES OF BIBLE WOMEN

By Agnes Sligh Turnbull  
The author vividly portrays the motives, joys and heart-breaks of noted characters of the Bible. She has used her imagination somewhat, but it vividly portrays the inner heart-throbs of women who passed thru great crisis. Some of the most striking chapters are, "The Heart of Bathsheba," "The Vow of Hannah," "The Bride of Cana," etc., etc. Beautifully bound and illustrated. Suitable for a gift to women. 230 pages, \$2.00

### LIVING GOSPEL SONGS AND CHORUSES.

This is the book for your special meetings and prayer meetings. 9' Hymns of the best in Tabernacle Hymns No. 2. A marvel of cheapness: Manila, 15c each, \$10.00 per hundred; carriage not prepaid. Send for sample and you will want to order in quantity.

### THE GOLDEN DAWN OF MAN

By Annie MacDonald Carnapas  
This book contains a fund of interesting information regarding "the beginning" of things. Some of the chapters are Former Inhabitants of the Earth, Cain's Wife and City, Crush the Father of the Blacks, The State of the Earth before and after the Deluge, How the History of the Antideluvians was Preserved, Atlantis, A Lost Faculty, etc., etc. The author has delved into history and the Bible to prove her statements, as well as using legends and findings of excavators in ancient ruins. The book shows a great amount of study. Bound in heavy art paper, 132 pages. Price 75c each, postage 10c.

### THE SINGULAR ACTIONS OF CONSISTENT CHRISTIANS

By Wm. Secker  
"This is a wonderful book," writes Dr. Cuyler in his introduction. At whatever page you open it, your eye lights upon pithy aphorisms that combine the axioms of Benj. Franklin with the sweet, holy savor of Samuel Rutherford. It contains hundreds of bright seed-thots as these: 'The world is very large in our hopes but very small in our hands' — 'A harp sounds sweetly, yet it hears not its own melody' — 'Moses had more to ministers.' 367 pages, Special price because slightly glory by his veil than he had by his face.' A treasure to ministers." 367 pages, Special price because slightly im- perfect, 75c.

### "AND TODAY"

A miracle of healing and vision of Jesus. 10 cents

## The Evangel Publishing House

18 W. 74th St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

The Stone Church Convention at 70th Street and Stewart Avenue, from May 20th to June 7th. All are invited.