



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

The Church Asleep in the Lap of the World

"Little Flock" Pulling Down Satan's Strongholds

Evangelist Ben Hardin in the Stone Church, June 17, 1928



I WANT to speak to you this afternoon on the Life of Samson, reading from the 16th chapter of Judges. Samson was one of the weakest characters in the Word of God, and one of the strongest. It is strange that some of the greatest men of God have been the weakest along some lines, but one reason why God allows weaknesses to follow lines of very great strength is because He wants His strongest warriors to feel their dependence and their utter reliance upon God. Many of our greatest men have fallen in battle, many have arisen to a pinnacle of power and then gone down into utter defeat. So too, God's children have often stood out valiantly against some great test and trial in their lives, and gone down in defeat before some minor, insignificant difficulty.

Physically, Samson was strong because he was a Nazarite, on the order of John the Baptist. You remember John the Baptist, that great Nazarene preacher, whom all Judea and the region round about, went out to hear. They didn't go out to hear him because he advertised himself as a great D.D.; not because he had any degrees or was a man of great learning, but the Word of God says, "he was a burning and a shining light." Jesus said he was "a reed shaken by the wind," moved and swayed by the breath of God.

Samson was a Nazarite, a man of great strength. If you turn over a few pages you will find where he killed a young lion and rent it as though it were a kid, and went on his way. We do not read that he boasted of it, or even told about it in testimony meeting. There would not be many people today who would kill a lion and never mention it. You can hear them say, "Praise God, I killed a lion, today."

When he returned he saw honey bees going in and out of the carcase of the lion. He reached down and gathered up the honey and began to eat it. God doesn't always give you the honey the day you kill the lion, but there is a sweetness to the severest battle. In this life it is test and blessing. There is as much honey in it as there is fight. Samson gave some of the honey to his father and mother. He did not say, "I had a hard time to get this"; we do not need to tell how we have battled to get God's blessings; all we need to do is to hand them the honey. A sam-

ple of honey will do more to convince folks than our testimony. An ounce of demonstration is worth a ton of theory.

The devil does not always use the same tactics. Today he goes around as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. The next time you meet him he doesn't show his hoofs and horns, but wears fine clothes. You would think sometimes he had all the nine gifts of the Spirit, but you have to watch him; he is still the devil. Every once in awhile he kills a lamb and puts on the skin, and goes around quoting scripture, but he is still the devil. He came to Samson through a weakness in his life, in the form of a woman. He always attacks us where we are weakest.

Samson saw this woman down in Timnath and fell in love with her. He told his father and mother, "I'd like to have this woman for my wife." His father remonstrated with him about marrying among the Philistines, but when we get away from God we long for the things of the world. As long as we are prayed up, keep close to Jesus, He satisfies, but just the minute we let down in our prayer life we long for the things of the world, covet this and that, and lose sight of Him.

Samson saw this woman and got her for his wife, but he found he had made a grave mistake; he did not love her, though he thought he did. Then he said, "It is not the woman in Timnath that I love, it is the woman down in Gaza." And when he got the woman in Gaza he discovered he did not love her, but wanted the woman in Sorek. He is on the toboggan now, going down. When the devil gets a man on a toboggan he does not stop until he hits bottom. Samson loved Delilah, who is typical of the world. Samson is typical of the Church of God. There is a line of demarcation, of separation that God has put between the church and the world, and when the church falls into the lap of the world, she has lost her power with God.

Delilah said to Samson, "What is the secret of your strength?" Samson did not want to tell the secret of the Lord, but she pressed him, and made him to sleep upon her knees, a dangerous place for Samson. He told her, "If you shave off the seven locks of my hair, I will be as other men." When he fell asleep on her knees Delilah called the Philistines and said, "Shave off the seven locks of his head," and his strength went from him.

Today the church is asleep in the lap of the world. Like Delilah, the world has tried a long time to shear the church of her power, and has in a large measure succeeded. The church has lost her grip on God, the line of demarcation has been erased; the world has gotten in and rubbed it out. The world says to the church, "I have money and I have the people. You have the power. Let us go together. We need just to make a few minor adjustments. I will bring the people in and furnish the money, and all you need to do is to stop preaching against amusements, take the altar out of the church, close up the prayer-meeting and have strawberry festivals and cantatas, turn the church into a social center and we will go together." When the altar goes out, when the prayer meeting ceases, when pride and pleasure come in, then God goes out, and the church has lost her power. She is asleep in the lap of the world. I tell you the condition of things today is alarming. These are perilous times.

I remember a man in Gary, Ind., Edw. Giller, who has a rescue mission on Fourteenth Street. He had been a policeman and a very ungodly man, would swear and carouse; he knew nothing about God and was one of the roughest detectives on the force. His wife, I believe, had come in contact with the Gospel and God had touched her heart. She began to pray for him and one day the hand of affliction came upon him. He had a stroke of paralysis. They rushed him away to the Mayo Brothers, Rochester, Minn., but he came back, not much better. They wheeled him around in a chair like a baby, and finally he could walk a little with help. One Sunday his wife who was wheeling him around felt a great burden for his soul. He would not allow her to talk to him about the things of God, so she just prayed. One evening he said, "Carrie, wheel me to church." Every step of the way she wheeled him in silence, but talked to the Lord; she knew if she said anything he would not go, so she prayed as she wheeled him along. When she reached the church steps she saw a notice on the door, "Closed during July and August." It was the first time in all his life he ever asked to go to church, and she hardly knew what to tell him. She said, with a sinking heart, "Ed, the church is closed on account of the heat." "Take me home," he said, "that is enough." When she wheeled him home it was with a slow, heavy step. On the way he said, "Listen! Isn't that singing I hear?" She said, "That is the Salvation Army. They are playing their instruments and singing."

"Wheel me down there," he said, "and let me listen to them." She wheeled him down, and as he listened the tears ran down his cheeks. God touched and softened that heart. He went in the hall that night and found Jesus as his Saviour, and he is living for God today.

Dear ones, when you shut up the doors of a church for hot weather the devil runs riot. Think of the value of this man's soul and the church door closed to him!

Delilah had a man shave off the seven locks from Samson's head, and when he awoke and the Philistines came upon him, he said, "I will go out as at other times and shake myself." Alas, how many of God's people who have once had the power of God upon them have tried to do the same when the world has shorn them of their power! How many assemblies that the glory of God rested upon, have lost out because of mixing with the world. They are shaking themselves, but they "wist not" that the Spirit of God has departed. There are Christians who have once been filled with the power of God, once had the precious baptism of the Holy Ghost, but have lost out in their souls. They have gone back on God but are still trying to shake themselves. They will have to do more than that in order to retain the power of God. Samson shook himself, but "he wist not that the Lord was departed from him."

The Philistines took him, put out his eyes, brought him down to Gaza and bound him with fetters of brass, making him to grind in the prison house. There is God's servant, who once knew the power of God, had it resting upon his life, bound hand and foot with fetters of brass, both eyes out, grinding away in the prison house. Have you ever seen a preacher with both eyes out? I will show you how you can tell him. When he preaches he says, "I do not see any harm in an educational movie"; "I do not see any harm in a little friendly game of cards." When you hear a preacher saying, "I do not see this or that" you may know his eyes are out. If a man has the use of both eyes he can see the devil when he comes lurking around the corner.

There Samson was, bound in the prison house. There are people today bound in the prison house of Gaza, bound by habits. Some are bound by the tobacco habit; they stop it and then start up again. They are grinding away in bondage. They would like to get deliverance. I know Pentecostal men who slip behind folks' backs and smoke cigarettes; I know some who are bound by other habits. They are in the prison house of Gaza,

grinding away day after day.

Now the Philistines are showing off Samson; he is a terrible looking spectacle. Can you see that old warrior, his eyes out, his hair gone, bound hand and foot in the prison house? The outlook is bad, but thank God he can try the uplook. He can still pray. A man can pray with his eyes out. "Oh God, help me!" And God heard him. The best hair tonic I know on the face of the earth is prayer. It is far ahead of all the hair restorers you have ever heard about. Samson prayed down in that prison house of Gaza, "Oh God, remember me!" And one day when he was in that dark, dismal dungeon, still praying, he put up his hand and there was a little hair growing. He didn't stop praying, and his hair continued to grow. The Philistines were about to celebrate and have a feast to Dagon their god. It was Dagon's day and they had scored a big victory over God's people. The devil is victorious when he can get the church of God to wrangle and argue and quibble over trifles. He has a jubilee then. In the midst of their jubilee they called "Bring out that old, backslidden judge that we may look him over and make sport with him." They went into the prison and dragged out poor old Samson. He was blind but his fetters were loosed, and his hair was grown. He said to the lad who led him, "Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them." The lad brought him over, and he put his arms around the pillars that supported the house. He pulled and God pulled with him, and when you get God to pull on your side you will have victory. Down came the pillars, down came the temple, down came the Philistines, and he slew three thousand of them at his death.

Go back to the days of the Early Church. The church started out clothed with mighty, dynamic power, the gifts of the Spirit in full operation, miracles followed the preaching of the Word, wonderful power was vested in her. The anointing of God was upon her, and signs and wonders followed in the name of the Holy Child Jesus. But the world crept in. She began to let down in her prayer life, began to compromise. Then she began to grind out her ministry. She reached out and began to take in larger territory and when she did that she pulled in the world. Then her hair was clipped off and she drifted into the Dark Ages. Dense darkness settled down on the church and during the Dark Ages the church was as bald as Samson; every vestige of power gone.

From that gross darkness that covered the

church, there was a man crept on his hands and knees. Martin Luther peered through that darkness and seeing a faint ray of light streaming through the cloister, cried out, "Salvation is by faith." That was the first sign of hair on that shorn head. John Wesley came along and preached sanctification. The hair had grown out now just a little longer. He believed all that Luther believed and more. The hair of the church had grown in Wesley's day till it could be parted in the middle. Salvation and Sanctification, and her hair began to grow. God raised up men like Finney, Moody, and so on, to sweep the country. And in this latter day evangelists have gone everywhere to herald the tidings that "Jesus is coming." Thus the truth of the Second Coming has been heralded everywhere.

God reached down in that fashionable Presbyterian Church in New York City and pulled out Dr. A. B. Simpson and said to him, "I want you to start the Christian and Missionary Alliance and teach the doctrine of healing for the body. The truth that God raised them up to emphasize was Christ for the body. No religious movement has emphasized that truth more than they. Dr. Dowie also emphasized the truth of Divine Healing and our hair continued to grow. Finally someone read, "It shall come to pass that in the last days I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh," and they heard of little sprinklings here and there, out on the west coast, in the east, in India, and all over the world. God opened the heavens and caused it to rain, and we had a sweeping revival. And it is still raining, praise God! Our hair is still growing, and it is still raining. Thank God for Pentecost. I do not believe we have yet seen the best, but that God in these latter days will put a new chapter in the Acts of the Apostles. Some folks would make us believe that Jesus brought out the best wine in the days of the apostles and filled them full. Then when they had well drunk He brought on that which was weaker, and the wine kept growing weaker until today the church is far from God. I do not believe that. I believe that He has kept the best wine until now. In fact I believe He has turned water into wine. I have seen some old Christians with a weak, watery experience have something put in their souls that made them a flame for God—at one time so weak and watery they could not even testify, now when filled with the Holy Ghost they stand out like giants.

Do you know what we are doing as Pentecostal people? Today we are reaching out our

arms and pulling down the strongholds of Satan. This little church is reaching out her arms to the ends of the earth and pulling down the pillars of Dagon. Her arms reach from Chicago to China; she is reaching out her arms in India and pulling down Hinduism. She is pulling down Buddhism and Confucianism; she is pulling down the paganism of Africa, pulling down Christian Science, spiritism, and every other devil doctrine on earth. We are pulling, and the idol temples are coming down. I believe the church will see more souls saved in the closing days than at any time in the history of the Christian church. But we must use the methods of the Early Church. There was a time when you could get people in to hear the Gospel. Today it must be preached by miracle-working power. One little ounce of healing demonstrated will do more than a ton of words. As an evangelist I have stood and preached salvation until I was exhausted, and when I gave the altar call nobody moved. I have held a Divine Healing service and when God healed someone miraculously

of an incurable disease, men would swarm to the altar and get saved. We are not getting people through to God today by theories; what they need is a demonstration of the power of God.

"And Samson called unto the Lord, and said, O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines." If the church has a prayer this afternoon it is that prayer. If you are in the prison house, if you are in bondage, if you are not out in the freedom of God, if you do not have the anointing and the joy you once had, then pray this prayer, "*O Lord God, remember me.*" And when the locks of strength of the church have fully grown in power, "and this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations" in power and demonstration of the Spirit, when she will have reached out her arms in a last great effort of evangelism before the Tribulation falls upon the world, Samson-like, she will have accomplished more for God by avenging His enemies, than in all the history of the church.

Praise God for the Stones!

Evangelist Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn



RAISE God for the stones! No doubt, Stephen did when they were raining on his head! Paul must have also, though they left him for dead! They took up stones to throw them at my Lord. The Saviour never complained!

Stones stand for everything that is hard, arduous and most difficult in life; our tribulations, sorrows and problems; the hard places, the trying circumstances, the overwhelming odds and the crushing cares.

Come out in the field with me. Look at them laying all over the ground. The farmer will never weary of picking them up when plowing time comes due. All day long, he follows the sharp blades that overturn the sod, and, each time he strikes these obstructions, he stops, stoops low, lifts them out of the ground, and throws them aside.

You see, they have a habit of slowly rising to the surface of the land through the action of heat and cold from unknown depths. Are they handy? Yes! *Stones are useful.* They form the foundation of his barn. He lines the wall of his potato cellar with them. There is nothing like them to encase his well. They are even made to serve as a fence along the fields. Just so, stones of all sorts and shapes and sizes are constantly working up to the surface in our lives. I

wonder if you make good use of them? Alas! too many of us complain and grumble and bemoan our hard lot, instead of taking all these trying difficulties, and putting them to work in the service of God.

Did you ever see a garden in all the sumptuous, lavish colors of full summer, a garden supremely beautiful, without stones? No! Stones are everywhere, and the shrubbery, the gorgeous flower plots, the velvety green lawn—everything's beauty is enhanced by those great, big, clumsy, rugged rocks that have been carefully and artistically placed. Why, the very walk you tread is paved with enormous flat stones laid in a row. Take the hint; walk on your troubles. Make them stepping stones to God!

Did you know that rocks always collect moisture beneath them? Being cold, they draw the water, and nourish the ground and plants about them as from reserve stores—under every difficulty, there is a blessing! Fresh moisture for your parched soul comes through every trouble.

A great stone was placed at the mouth of Christ's Tomb. The women, hurriedly starting out that blessed Resurrection morning, no doubt worried all along the way: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" Do not do as the women! If the stone is too big for you to move, do not worry about it. Go

forward anyhow, and you will find, as you draw near in faith, that God's angels went before you, and removed it in time. For they rolled it away, and "sat upon it." So take the hint. If some stones are too big to walk on, just sit on them; and, if some are still bigger—as large as a mountain—well! just cast them into the sea. That's the purpose for which they are there.

But if some are stubborn, and, in spite of all your prayers and faith will not be moved, notwithstanding your praising God for them—I'll tell you what to do: just go to sleep on top of them. Place your head on that rugged rock, as upon a pillow, like Jacob did of old, and, whilst you relax in spiritual rest, all of heaven will come down to you, and all of you will go up to heaven, climbing up Jacob's ladder. And your difficulty, your hard stone, will become the medium of a new covenant. When you wake up, collect all the other stones you can find, all your troubles,

all your hardships, all your failures; pile them into one big heap, one pyramid, one pillar; and anoint the whole thing with prayer and praise like Jacob did with the oil that early morning; and go on your way praising God for the stones!

Just a word about throwing stones. I believe in it. Always carry a pocketful of them. They come in very handy. It used to be my delight, as a boy, to throw stones. Now, I do it spiritually all day long. But I do not use my hands. I use David's sling. They travel faster. You know, we all have little, paltry troubles and aggravations—those small vexations that are so trying and wearing. Well, collect all those pebbles for your sling, and every chance you get, slam them into Satan's face. Use them freely on every demon Goliath that stands in your way. Shout and praise God for every stone, turn Satan's guns on himself, and give him his own medicine.

Being Filled with the Spirit

The Melodies of Heaven Overflow in the Soul

Evangelist A. E. Stuernagel, San Diego, Calif., in the Stone Church, May 15, 1928

"And be not drunk with wine, wherein is riot, but be filled with the Spirit."—Ephesians 5:18.



IN THE last address we noted the different things that grieve the Holy Spirit. They are the negative conditions of "Being filled with the Spirit." In the present address we will consider the positive conditions essential to the Spirit's infilling. The first of these is, the courage of reproof.

The Holy Spirit is grieved not only by some things that we do, but by some things that we leave undone. In Chapter 5 verse 11 Paul says, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather even reprove them." There are many who live clean, separated lives. They would not go to the theater, the dance hall, or sit down to a game of cards. You will never catch them in a lie, or engage them in frivolous conversation. Oh, no! they are not the kind to do that. Yet, God is displeased with them. He is not satisfied with a silent, passive Christian experience. He expects us to be living, active witnesses of His redeeming grace and delivering power. Furthermore, He expects us to stand forth nobly and bravely as a constant protest against the sin and selfishness, the carnality and worldliness that abound on every hand. What does God think of a man who is satisfied to

enjoy His many blessings without raising his voice against those things so hateful and dishonoring to Him? Surely He will call him to account for such neglect!

The story is told of a young minister who went to supply a pulpit. As he entered the church some one approached and asked him to say nothing against the dance because some of the leading people of the church were prominent in society. When he got half way down the aisle another intercepted him and told him not to say anything against Sunday desecration because some of the prominent members liked to play golf on that day. When he reached the front of the church one of the officials called him aside and said, "Now just a word of caution. I hope you will say nothing against the liquor traffic. Some of our largest contributors are stockholders in the brewery and rent their buildings for saloon purposes. I know they would not like it." Upon entering the pulpit he told the people all this and asked, "In the name of heaven, what shall I preach about?" And some one in the congregation shouted, "Give it to the Jews; there is not a Jew in the house."

Why is there so little conviction of sin today? Because men do not preach against sin, and call people to repentance. Multitudes go in and out of the theater, whirl around in the dance halls, gather at the card tables, chase after worldly

vanities, and immerse themselves in unhallowed business pursuits and no one seems to care. Very few protest and point to the better way. The Christian world has become very guilty because they will not "reprove the unfruitful works of darkness." If we always withhold our witness because someone might be offended we will remain weak and cowardly. Besides, we will not enjoy the fullness of blessing that God has for us. If every Christian assumed the position of a positive, permanent, unwavering protest against iniquity in all its forms in our city there would be an overwhelming conviction and the way would be prepared for a sweeping revival.

In the next place Paul admonishes us to "watch our steps," "Look, therefore carefully how ye walk, not as unwise, but as wise." The only safeguard against all the manifestations of the self-life is to "walk by the Spirit" (Gal. 5:16). If we would be filled with the Spirit we must not only put out of our lives the things that grieve the Spirit of God, but we must follow His leading, step by step, onward and upward until we enter the fullness of blessing in Christ.

Then, too, we are to "redeem the time because the days are evil." By this Paul meant that we are "to buy up the opportunity." In other words, if we follow along the narrow way of self-denial and complete consecration to the will of God it will cost something. Have you not found it so? Has it not cost you something to associate yourself closely with the lowly Nazarene? Yes, it has. Sometimes it costs a great price. Every time you take advanced ground the enemy will challenge your progress. He will incite your opponents to lie about you, slander you, hinder and discourage you. In fact, he will do everything he can to retard your progress. Perhaps your husband or wife will oppose you, your children, your friends, your lodge or your church. Many will rise up to keep you from your purpose to press on to the precious fullness of the Spirit. But though it is costly it is worth all you pay for it. Even at the greatest price it is a high privilege to possess this precious anointing. It is the one thing that every Christian should covet above everything else in the world.

But why pay the price? "The days are evil." The world is steeped in unbelief, worldliness and rebellion against the Lord who bought them. The church is proud, enriched, cold, formal, worldly, carnal and ready to fight to a finish everything that looks like real spirituality and which reflects upon her dearth and impotency.

Another condition is "understanding the Will

of God." The hardest people to teach are those who do not want to learn. We have many such today. Not many wish to know the conditions of the Spirit's wonderful infilling. Others may think they are wise and have some special light on the subject but God calls them "foolish." Let us not try and reason away the plain statements of the Word of God, and thereby miss the richest and highest blessing that God has offered to a human soul—the filling with the Holy Spirit!

Let us "understand what the will of the Lord is." Perhaps you are saying "Oh, I understand, I have read books on the subject; I have even been to their meetings and have seen them come under the power and heard them speak in tongues. Oh, yes, I understand quite well. I believe they have the real thing." But that is not enough. It is one thing to **know about it** intellectually and quite another to enter into the experience.

A Bible teacher in Los Angeles who was asked what he thought about the speaking in tongues, replied, "Well, to be perfectly frank, I can say nothing about that; I have never had the experience." I thought that a very humble reply. It is amazing how many today assume to teach and preach about this wonderful blessing who have never had the experience. There is nothing like going down to the bottom of things and receiving the fullness of the Spirit in a real, personal experience.

"And be not drunk with wine, wherein is riot, but be filled with the Spirit." This command is not optional, but obligatory upon all God's children. No one can be fully loyal to God who disregards it. The first part of the text contains a negative command, "Be not drunk with wine." No thoughtful Christian would think of getting drunk and breaking this command with impunity. But the positive command, "Be filled with the Spirit," is even more important and obligatory. What shall we say then, of those who so constantly disregard this command as though it were not in the Bible?

When once the light has come we are obliged to follow it or lose out. Mr. Spurgeon well said, "The Christian is like a tight-rope walker. As soon as he stops he begins to fall." Multitudes have come to the parting of the ways, and being unwilling to go on with God have failed Him altogether. God have mercy upon all such! Remember Israel and Kadesh Barnea. After counting the cost they refused to go on and possess the land. Full of unbelief and rebellion they failed God in a crisis hour and lost the

peace and blessings of the Promised Land. There is no alternative for us but to go on if we would enjoy God's approval and blessing.

The filling with the Spirit is not a "second blessing" nor a mere physical sensation, but it is the complete possession of the believer by Christ through the Holy Spirit. Before our conversion we were ruled by Satan through the flesh; but when God saved us Satan was dethroned and Christ became enthroned. And when we yield full and final submission to the authority of Christ He takes full possession and manifests Himself through us to the glory of God, the Father. Accordingly, Christ fills us just to the degree that we are yielded to His control. This should encourage every seeker to press on till the full victory is won and Christ is Lord of all.

Paul follows the command to be filled with the Spirit with several very important results. Some people think that if we dedicate our all to the Lord we will lose all our joy, but such is not the case. In II. Chronicles 29:27 we read, "And Hezekiah commanded to offer the burnt-offering upon the altar. And when the burnt offering began, the song of Jehovah began also." Prebendary Webb-Peploe paraphrasing this verse says, "And when the consecration was complete the band began to play." Instead of losing our joy it will be as though all the music of heaven were let loose in the soul. You will never know the fullness of joy until you receive the overflowing blessing. Paul speaks of it as "singing one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." The filling with the Spirit results in an ecstasy, a holy heavenly joy, sweeter and fuller than any you have ever known before. Indeed, the Spirit-filled believer can sing amid the most trying circumstances. The Spirit of God lifts us high above the cares and depressions and trials of earth to mingle our songs of praise and thanksgiving with the heavenly hosts around the throne of God.

The singing will be "in Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." The Psalms are those of the Old Testament, and the hymns those common during the centuries of the Christian church. The "spiritual songs," I believe, are the spontaneous, impromptu songs that are given wholly by the Spirit in these last days. Have you ever known an individual who sang spiritual songs without having learned them? A song of praise and thanksgiving rising from the heart? A young lady about twenty years of age came to our services some time ago, and sang a most wonder-

ful song. She also recited a beautiful poem. Everybody marvelled at the beauty of her songs, and I asked her, "Where did you get those songs?" She replied, "Why, the Spirit gave them to me. I have about a hundred of them."

The Spirit-filled believer will also be "making melody in the heart." He will have a singing heart. Not everybody can sing with the voice, but everybody can have a whole music-box deep down in the soul. Besides, the vocal song must cease at intervals, but the heavenly heart-song can go on forever. It is the new song of heaven wafted down to earth which will continue through countless ages.

Spirit-filled people are a singing people. A dear brother came to one of our services who played the pipe organ. He was a singer and professor of music, and we asked him to sing and play for us. He seemed to enjoy the services immensely and at the close he said to me, "Brother Stuernagel, that is a most wonderful book you are using. Can I get two copies from you? I never heard such songs." Now the song books were little different from any other song books. The difference was in the people who sang the songs though the brother had not been aware of it.

What a blessing inspirational singing has become! How it purifies the heart, unburdens the mind, encourages faith and lifts the whole being nearer heaven! How it encourages praise and glorifies God! How it brings down the heavenly glory, melting, uplifting and transforming! Sing on, sing on! till the message of Christ's redemption shall have been wafted around the world in one great universal hallelujah chorus and all nations shall have heard the joyful sound!

Another result of being filled with the Spirit is thanksgiving. "Giving thanks always for all things in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to God, even the Father." When filled with the Spirit your faith is centered upon Jesus; fear is taken away, unbelief is banished, and you enjoy sweet, heavenly rest. There will be no fault-finding with Christ's government, no occasion of stumbling in Him, but out of a pure heart and a redeemed spirit there will arise thanksgiving unto God.

I am here reminded of an incident which well illustrates the possibility of always giving thanks. A physician and surgeon of national reputation had succeeded in laying by a small competency for a "rainy day." After consulting his wife, they mutually agreed to invest it. So they took to themselves a business partner, but inside of a

few weeks he absconded, and the thirty thousand dollars had suddenly taken wings. In the evening, this Spirit-filled man of God repaired to his home, and calling his beloved wife by name requested her to bring her chair and sit near him. As she drew near his side, he slipped his hand in hers and said: "My dear, we are penniless tonight." Her curiosity was greatly enlisted. "Tell me quickly; what can it mean?" she interrogated. Looking down gently into her soft blue eyes he deliberately said, "My dear wife, tonight finds us penniless. Our business partner has left for parts unknown, and has taken with him all we had entrusted to his care. Let us sing the doxology!" And they sat there and lustily sang it over and over again. Surely they were more than conquerors through Christ who would never forsake them.

Another result of being filled with the Spirit is submission—"Subjecting yourselves one to another in the fear of Christ." When a person is truly filled with the Spirit he will no longer be self-willed and obstinate. He will not always be bent on having his own way, but will be gentle and yielding and submissive to all rightful authority. This attitude of mind and heart will be manifest in every relationship in life. Wives

will be in subjection to their own husbands, as unto the Lord. (ver. 22). That does not mean a faithful wife will bow to every whim and fancy of the husband, but it does mean that she will yield to his authority as he does to Christ's. She will not run off and say, "I am called to preach. You can look out for yourself and the children." The Spirit of God does not divorce people from one another after that fashion, but makes them more loyal to one another.

When the husband is filled with the Spirit he will be more devoted to his wife and family than ever before, loving his wife as Christ also loved the church. (ver. 25). Spirit-filled children will reverence, love, honor and obey their parents as God's representatives, and will be more dutiful than ever. It will bring the whole family into closer fellowship and unite them in the Lord. Spirit-filled servants will also be more obedient to their masters and Spirit-filled masters will treat their servants as they would wish to be treated by their Master in heaven. The filling with the Holy Spirit according to these Scriptures will mean a model home where rightful authority is respected, where love rules every word and act, and unity preserves all in a heavenly harmony.

Witnessing at great Hazards in the Heart of Tibet

V. G. Plymire, now in Shanghai, China



WHEN I arrived in India I was quite surprised to find that the friends at home had given out that I had been murdered by the Tibetans. I would not mind being in the glory land but the Lord's time for that event has not yet come.

As you know, I started out on May 18, 1927, from my station in Tangar, on the Tibetan Border, with but one object in mind—to give the Gospel to as many Tibetans as possible. I had to carry food for the whole of the journey. I admit it was a hazardous undertaking into the unknown, but the Lord was with me.

I first took in that section along the Kokonor where we passed 102 tents in one day. I tried to work so that each tent would receive the Gospel message either by our word or in printed form. Then we passed thru the So. Kokonor mountains, working along the same line, among many tents and giving the message to the Tibetans. Then we came among the Mongols and near T'sa-ka spent a day close to the camp of

the prince, where we found everybody friendly and did considerable missionary work among these nomads.

We passed on and met more Tibetans, with whom we had many good conversations, giving the Gospel to all we met. At one camp they were drying wild ass meat for future use. A few more days saw us on the edge of the Tsaidam, that great marsh just north of the Kuen-lun mountains. Over this section I lost a good portion of my caravan, as many as five animals in one day, which was not very encouraging. Some of us were twenty-seven hours without anything to drink, traveling over dry sand. When we found water it was covered with a green scum, and with mosquitoes. I was so famished I got down and drank it regardless of mosquitoes or green scum. It was a time of great suffering.

Here I hired extra animals from the Mongols for a few days. In crossing this marsh several of our animals sank but we were able to pull them all out without loss. Dsun (Jun) is near the southern edge of the Tsaidam, where a few

miserable huts are occupied by Tangar merchants. Several days were spent here drying meat and buying animals to replace those I had lost. There was a religious gathering in this place at this time, two large tents being used for this purpose. In the Tsaidam about all of the population is Mongol, the head of each tent being a priest. In the Dsun district each family was obliged to have a man at this religious gathering, and I was busy for several days giving the message to these priests as well as to others, so practically every family in this district has received the Gospel. I made many friends here, some of which I hope to meet when I return to Tangar.

Our next lap was over the Bahan Buddha pass and on to the Dre Chu, where we forded several rivers, among them the DreChu which is 285 feet wide at this place and five feet deep. This is the river that enters the sea near Shanghai. Here I shot several wild yak and dried the meat. We also had deer, which kept us in fresh meat all the time. Near this river we met soldiers who were very friendly and seemed much interested in the Gospel message.

From this place we made a gradual ascent until we crossed the great Dang-la, over 16,000 feet above sea level and in a severe snow-storm. As we journeyed we met many wild-looking Tibetans and saw that each one got the Gospel in one way or other.

When we got to the Zang Chu we rested for several days to give my animals a chance to feed up as I had lost so many. Here we met many Tibetans, pilgrims returning to their homes in the Kokonor, and some to Mongolia; a large caravan of traders from Lhasa to Tangar, many of whom received the message of the cross. While here men were sent from Nag-chu-kha to stop us. But after a few days of friendly chat, giving them the Gospel, and a little target-shooting, we continued on to Tso-mo-ra Lake, some fifteen miles north of Shiabden Gomba. Here we camped for a few days, after which I went on to Shiabden Gomba and met the Khambo. Our camp remained at Tsomora for some weeks. While at Shiabden Gomba I spent most of my time in the official house, doing considerable traveling from this point, but of this I must not speak in order to protect the Tibetans who assisted me. I met officials from Tashi-lumpo, that great monastery southwest of Lhasa and the home of the great Pan-chen Lama, giving them New Testaments and having long talks with them. I gave some Gospels to be

taken to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. At Shiabden Gomba they had a dance, which was the occasion of a large gathering and here I had the opportunity of reaching many with the Gospel, right in the heart of Tibet. A priest asked me the origin of sin and I had the opportunity of preaching Jesus to him as the only Savior.

I had the opportunity of reaping the kindness I had sown in Tangar. I met a man whose sores I had dressed and cleansed when on my station. He asked the people to befriend me and help me all they could. I visited the Khambo a number of times, had a number of conversations with him and gave him a New Testament; also gave some to his attendants. I found only one man who could not read in my entire journey from the Tsaidam to Leh. Many of the women also were able to read, and some could even write.

Just before reaching Shiabden Gomba we passed thru the Hor-che district, which has 22,000 tents registered, while Nag-chu-kha district has a registration of 12,200 tents. Then beyond Shiabden Gomba are two districts, Namru with 12,000 and Nagtsang with 9,500 tents. I had to hire animals from Shiabden Gomba as mine could not go any further; the snow had completely covered the grass. I arranged with the Khambo for animals, agreeing to pay a fixed sum per day for their hire to Leh, and left Shiabden Gomba on Nov. 3, 1927, for the long, cold journey westward to Ladak. It took us just twenty-seven terrible days to make the journey, thru awful snow storms. One entire caravan perished in a storm right in view of our camp, yet God took us safely through. At different times we lived with the Tibetans in their tents and endeavored to give the Gospel and New Testaments in each tent. At Namri the official was exceptionally friendly and the people made me a present of some beef and butter.

Our next lap was the Nagtsang District, all under deep snow. Many times we were obliged to go straight up over the mountain ridges as the valleys were filled with snow. In this district we covered much ground as we zigzagged considerably and met many Tibetans who were pleased to know of our message of God's love for them. From Nagtsang we passed thru Chog Chu, Selipuk and Kiang-ma, and hoped to get to Rudok, but had to change our course on account of deep snow. All along thru these districts the people were friendly and open to listen to the Gospel. At Kiang-ma we had to cut south across the deep, snow-covered mountains to

Gartok, the snow being so deep we could go no further west. We were now in the valley of the great Sangh-gi chu (Indus River). Near Ombo we crossed two passes of 20,000 feet above sea level; between Ombo and Gartok we crossed three passes over 18,000 feet high. We were continually now over 15,000 feet high, and this high altitude was very hard on both the natives and myself. Breathing was accompanied with awful pain; our lungs seemed empty and deep breathing did not avail. At Gartok the officials were very good to us and we were able to witness for the Lord. We followed the river, and on Feb. 25, 1928, we crossed the border into Ladak—Little Tibet, continually giving out the message of eternal life thru Jesus Christ. In Tashi-gong, one of the most important monasteries in Western Tibet, the priests were open to our message and sold us a little rice.

The Ladaki people are very different from the Tibetans, both in features and customs. Here we came to very small villages built of houses instead of tents. It was quite a change, but they were not more comfortable than the black tents which had housed us during the past ten months. At Rushok, the last tent village, I gave out my last supply of Testaments and Gospels. Eight days more over dangerous roads found us in Leh, the capital of Ladak, continually witnessing for the Master. Leh is a very small town on the Indus, 11,503 feet high. Here the Moravian missionaries have had work for the past sixty years and have some two hundred Christians on all their stations. These missionaries are not permitted to cross the frontier into Tibet.

I spent five days in Leh selling everything I did not need for the rest of the journey. Here I bought a tin of biscuits. What a treat! And onions! They were more to me than ice cream, for I had had no vegetables for months. On March 12th I left Leh on horseback, following down the Indus for some miles, then turned in to the mountains again. Traveling up these deep gorges was terribly dangerous because of avalanches of rocks and snow, but we passed through safely. Five days later, at Kargil I was obliged to leave the horses and travel on foot, as the snow was too deep and the roads too dangerous for animals. My men carried supplies and baggage on their backs. Each day, with awful snow storms and high winds, traveling became more difficult. I had only raw sheep-skins about my feet as shoes were out of the question. Many times I pressed my way through the snow up to my waist; at other times we would cling to

a narrow path through the snow high above the river, literally hanging to the mountain side—one slip would have meant death. We had to be on the lookout for avalanches of snow. As they came down we heard the rumbling high up the mountainside long before we knew which way they were coming. Sometimes we found ourselves on an avalanche that had come down the night before, and at the same time we saw others coming down the ravine toward us. I cannot describe my feeling to be obliged to stand still and see them coming, not knowing whether or not they would sweep us down with them into the valley. Fortunately for us, one hung up in a narrow gap; another shot around a huge rock just about five feet ahead of me. Many people were swept away by the awful avalanches and never found. Miles of telegraph wire were destroyed in one night, just ahead of us.

At Machoi, the boundary line between Ladak and Kashmir, we were forced to turn into a small hut on the very top of the pass, to find shelter from the biting storm. Food was difficult to get. Our descent of the Zoji pass beggars description. We could see nothing of the road, just slid down through the deep snow with little desire left in us. One night we got to camp at 9:30, after a terrible day; then we had no fire-wood to make tea.

At Sonemarg, Kashmir, an avalanche smashed the telegraph office, killing two in the operating room and burying four others. I praise God for keeping us, as others lost their lives in this valley. After ten days of wading through deep snow, sometimes deeper than the houses (for we often walked over the roofs) we came to Kangan where there was no snow, but awful mud and rain. We pressed on, though getting thoroughly soaked, until we got to Srinagar, Kashmir, March 29, 1928, and found the flowers in full bloom. What a beautiful sight as we passed from the Himalayan snows to this beautiful Garden of God! The toils of the road seem as nothing, since I've come to the end of the way. The remaining two hundred miles to the Railway in N. W. India was made by auto and on April 8th I arrived in Calcutta. I took my two men to Darjeeling and started them back on their long journey to Tangar, visiting Bro. Kelly who is doing a very good work among the Tibetans from the Indian side.

Only time will reveal the results of the trip. At least one man gave his heart to the Lord, my

(Continued on page 13)

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Notes

The Blessing of Giving

IS THY cruse of comfort failing?
Rise and share it with another,
And thru all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother,
Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handfuls still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.
—Elizabeth Charles.

Missionary Disbursements

(May and June)

L. M. Anglin, China.....	\$ 40.00
J. W. Boyver, China.....	10.00
Miss Josephine Cobb, China.....	25.00
Miss Marguerite Flint, India.....	27.00
Mrs. Esther B. Harvey, India.....	28.65
Miss Anna Hockelman, for China.....	23.00
Miss Ethel King, India.....	20.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India.....	70.00
Mrs. Lillian Doll Maltby, India.....	25.00
Missionary Rest Home, Chicago.....	28.65
Mrs. Vernon G. Morrison, Ontario.....	3.00
Mrs. J. J. Mueller, for India.....	5.90
Frank Nicodem, India.....	5.00
John Norton, India.....	27.00
Miss Sophie Nygaard, Africa.....	10.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo Belge.....	5.00
Russian E. E. M. Society.....	10.00
Mrs. Anna Sanders, Mexico.....	8.00
Mrs. Violette Schoonmaker, India.....	10.00
E. M. Scurrah, So. Africa.....	5.00
Ira G. Shakely, for W. Africa.....	5.00
Wm. E. Simpson, N. China.....	5.00
A. L. Slocum, for India (for car).....	100.00
Thomas Stoddart, India.....	25.00
B. F. Surtees, for China.....	15.00

Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt.....	35.00
M. Vetter, So. America.....	5.00
Harry Waggoner, India.....	10.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan.....	5.00
John G. Wharton, Persia.....	10.00
Miss Emma Wick (rec'd. for return fare)....	70.00

\$695.30

We have forwarded to South Africa, for
Miss Wick's fare.....\$430.00

Bread upon the Waters

WE HAVE had a very concrete example of
bread cast upon the water returning "after
many days." About eighteen years ago we met
a missionary who had returned from India and
was not going back to the field on account of
her health. We offered to send her *The Evangel*
as a gift and occasionally had letters of ap-
preciation from her, and sometimes a small of-
fering.

Now comes a letter containing thirteen sub-
scriptions which she has solicited. She writes,
"We have been interviewing or writing to about
forty people of late about taking *The Evangel*,
and send you the following names." She appends
a list of friends from the various denominations,
all of whom, she says, will read the paper with
interest. This is doing a real work for God, to
get the people of the churches to read the full
Gospel truths; and there will be a harvest from
this seed-sowing, we are sure.

* * *

A number of our subscribers have expressed
themselves as very pleased at the addition to our
editorial staff. They write that the articles by
our Field Editor, Evangelist Wm. E. Booth-Clib-
born, are both helpful and pointed, and they en-
joy reading them.

With the Lord

MRS. A. C. TAYLOR, better known to a
large circle of Christian friends as "Auntie
Taylor," went to be with the Lord on June 14,
1928, at the ripe old age of eighty-six.

She was a Christian worker for many years,
the widow of a minister, and was one of the early
workers of the Christian Alliance, and also en-
gaged in rescue work in this city. She taught
a large Bible Class in the Stone Church in its
early days.

In the last years she was sorely afflicted, being
largely confined to her bed, but there she had
a precious ministry of intercession, praying daily
for the great mission field and the faithful work-
ers in heathen lands. Her life, even on her bed
of affliction, was a very busy one, writing letters
of comfort and help, and using the telephone to

communicate love and encouragement to a large number of needy ones. She lived a life of faith and had a host of loving friends to minister to her of their temporal means while she ministered of the spiritual to those who had the greater need.

* * *

EVANGELIST Ben Hardin has been conducting meetings in The Stone Church since our Convention, and the Board of Trustees have asked him to remain with us, which he has consented to do for a time, with the exception of filling an appointment for a few weeks in August. The Lord is working in our midst and a spirit of expectancy is upon us. Our faces are set toward God that He will give us a revival, and increased interest and blessing foretell its nearness.

Pastor Wittich, who resigned from the church in April, is holding meetings at Christ's Church, 70th and Elizabeth St.

Do You Plead Guilty?

One of the most destructive means of undermining confidence in the church life, is criticism. It is a deadly weapon often used by parents and others unconsciously to undermine Christian influence.

We heard Douglas Brown of London, say with deep feeling at the great Keswick Convention, "One way to keep a revival back is when people who profess to enjoy the deeper life, go home on Sunday and criticize the minister's sermon at the dinner-table in front of their children. That is a wicked way and grieves the Holy Ghost." How painfully true. Parents discuss a minister's faults and mannerisms at the dinner table, not realizing that thereby they are tearing down what by their prayers they have labored for years to build up.

Two women were discussing their pastor's limitations and lack in the presence of the son of one of them, and the young man spoke up and said, "Is that the way you feel about his preaching? I used to think he was fine but I do not care to go and hear him now."

Some years ago a woman came to us with a worried look, "My boy is losing interest in Pentecost. I can't get him out to the meetings." Little wonder. She had criticized the faults and failures of Pentecostal people in general, and ministers in particular, before her children, until they lost confidence in the work that was dear to her.

We once visited in a home where the minister and others were discussed unkindly in the presence of unsaved children. We groaned inwardly as we thought of the influence of the slighting remarks. We were not surprised as we got ready to go to the next service to hear the young lady say, "No, I'm not going to *that* church." The mother sighed as she said to us, "I can't get them to go." Their minds had been poisoned, and the result from such influences is that they often lose interest in everything that is spiritual.

What is the remedy? More love. Love covers the faults and failings of our brethren.

In the family life children disagree among themselves and often chafe under restraining parental influence. But let anyone make critical remarks about their parents or their brothers and sisters, and they are up in arms. A pastor and people are one big family, bound together by spiritual ties that are dearer than the ties of kinship. Should we not guard the reputation of our brothers and sisters in the faith as zealously as in the family? Even more so, as greater issues are at stake—the salvation of our boys and girls, for whom Christ died. An unkind word, a slighting remark, can never be recalled. How true the couplet,

"Boys flying kites pull in their white-winged birds,
You can't do that with flying words."

Once uttered, they leave an influence that cannot be wiped out. The love that "thinketh no evil" will guard our lips from the unkind word, the scathing remark, and cover as with a mantle the foibles and short-comings of our fellow-laborers.

* * *

(Continued from page 11)

old faithful yak driver, in whose life a decided change took place. Pray for him.

From Tangar to Srinagar was 183 traveling days, all covered on horseback and on foot. It is approximately 2,437 miles. The cost of the trip across Tibet and on to Shanghai was approximately \$2,008.00. I distributed, since my last report, 54,187 Portions from Bible and New Testament in Chinese. Tracts in Chinese language, 17,265. 73,396 portions from the Bible and New Testaments in the Tibetan language; tracts in Tibetan, 46,542. I expect to remain here in Shanghai for a time and then return to Tangar, and push the work among the Tibetans. Because I was reported murdered, money has ceased to come in. Pray that God will in some way make this up.

Don't Waste Bullets

Seven Pointers for Evangelists

Evangelist Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn, Eden Rest, Clacamas, Ore.

Be Deadly



HOOT to kill, and kill them the first shot. Do not waste bullets. Kill these wild fowl outright. Do not stun or merely hurt them, that would be cruelty to animals. Besides, they will suffer, if you wound them; they may get away on foot or with another flutter only to hide in the bush, slowly bleed to death, and do no one any good. Oh! what dreadful waste. Don't give them a ghost of a chance. Finish them with dispatch, for, remember, to run hospitals is costly business.

Be like the pugilist who waits not to be wearied out by his opponent in the ring, but stakes everything on a knockout in the first round, and goes at it with abandon and fury, so with your sermon. The first round counts most!

Aim to hit the most vulnerable spot—the heart. Do not tickle—pierce! Do not prick—nail through! Crush them in the middle with every ounce of strength you have.

Be Bold

Do not introduce yourself—it is a mistake! Do not introduce the message—that is fatal! Quick-firing guns do not need introduction. Do not cough, or clear your throat, or think of your appearance. Leaders in war have no time for that. Such procedure in battle would mean your finish. Napoleon said to his generals that the time had past when contending armies mutually chose the field of battle, and two representatives would meet in the center, shake hands, and one say to the other: "Gentlemen, will you please have the goodness to fire!"

Above all, do not apologize, palliate, manoeuver about and beat around the bush. It is suicide! It is certain defeat! The Spirit of God always employs "direct action," and the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. Therefore, be immediate, be instant to the point!

Do not mix! Do not approach within social distance, and get too well acquainted. It is best not to fire too close to your game. There may be little left of it to pick up. Do not humor your prey too much. Again I say, keep your distance. It's hard to kill pets!

Be Merciless

Though your heart is filled with burning love for every soul of man, remember it is better for them to enter into heaven without a hand, with-

out a leg, or without an eye than be lost forever.

Like the lobsters I saw in a restaurant window today, every one of them doomed to be boiled alive, so the sinner attends your meeting. He is your legitimate prey; drop him alive into the scorching brine. Those lobsters had a price on them. As they squirmed and scrambled, I could read the tags: \$2.50. A monster! Another, \$2.00. Still some were \$1.50. Thus, destined to be cooked, their price already fixed and paid for, human lobsters flounder into your meeting. Hurry, brother! Light the sacred fire; get the water of the Word to boiling heat; and upset the whole lot of them into your seething pot. Boil them alive! Sudden conversions often prove the best.

Be Quick

Like as if you were canning salmon. Did you ever see these fish dive up into space, trying to make the waterfall up in British Columbia? A long net is hung clear across the lip of the cataract, and hundreds of salmon get caught into it. The net inclines down toward a wooden chute that leads the whole struggling, jumping mass into a big cannery built on the side. They come tumbling down the wooden slats, and a half-naked Chinese grabs the first one; in less time than it takes to tell it, off comes his head, he is cut open and cleaned. In a split second, he's through the scaling machine and chopped into a dozen pieces, then dumped into huge blistering cauldrons. They don't even have time to die. An hour later, they have been packed, sealed, labeled and shelved in the freight car—Canned Salmon! So with us who preach, if we have faith. Every transaction leading to the ultimate finished product, can occur in an hour or so. God is not slow! Let us have greater faith and believe God to convert them in their seats.

Be Thorough

Give them no quarter. Wield the Sword of the Spirit, cutting the marrow from the bone, and separating soul and spirit. Crush their hearts with the sledge hammer of God's Word. Then wilt and melt what remains in the Divine Smelter.

Split their slave-chains asunder. Strip the veil from their eyes. Drive their fears to perdition. Assault their temerity. Damn their pride. With one rush, capture their imagination. With the next, guess all their thoughts. Answer every

query. Disperse every doubt. Search the house of their inner soul. Hunt them out of every refuge. Loot all their false hopes. Knock out every prop. Stop their mouths, and demand unconditional surrender.

Be Definite

State the case in every-day language. Use great plainness of speech. You are living in a plain-spoken world, and this is a plain-spoken age. Away with measured platitudes and pious dronings, oratorical flights and theological cant. Leave that to the senile preacher of a worldly congregation. You are out to win souls. You are out to catch fish. Sometimes the artificial fly will answer the purpose, but most fish prefer good, old-fashioned worms. Talk the worm language.

Be personal. When you point your gun at the flying duck, it may feel uncomfortable, but that is the only way to bring it home to dinner. It may be more polite to say: "We have crucified

Christ. We are murderers in spirit. And thieves. We have stolen our lives from His hands." But it will be a little more direct to say: "You have crucified Christ. You have the spirit of the murderer. You have stolen your life from His hands. You are a thief." People get converted in their seats when the preacher is definite and personal.

Be Yourself

Our pulpits are filled with cheap copy-cats, sermon-book popinjays, theological-teacher parrots full of second-hand common-places and dogmas. These stereotyped prattlers are wholly destitute of voice or vision. They are never themselves because they imitate everybody. Therefore, they are never original. Get your own license to hunt and fish. Do not borrow another man's tackle. You will only get into worse trouble. Besides, when the Heavenly Game Warden finally catches you, He will confiscate all your "catch." It was not yours anyhow!

From the Lord's Harvest Field

"TWENTY-FOUR hours of faithful service for Christ," is the way Miss Almyra Aston has figured those who are giving to missions, work. She says, "We, without the help of the dear ones of America could do almost nothing, but together we work for Jesus. If you have been faithfully witnessing for Jesus in the sunny hours in America, the man whose family was fed by your offering was faithfully preaching the Word of God and giving out Gospel portions to hundreds of villagers round about Barabanki, while you slept. There are many native Christian men and women in India who would gladly preach the Gospel from village to village if someone in America would supply the money so that their families could be fed. Our dear native workers do not demand big salaries. There are hundreds of them who are willing to support their families on ten and twenty dollars a month, according to the size of the family, giving their whole time to Gospel work, but the Christians of America will have to help them."

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mueller, though on furlough from India, keep in active touch with their field of labor. They write: "Miss Cooke and our Indian workers write of precious victories won. One young man who came to the Lord at Jaynagar, our outpost on the border of 'forbidden Nepal' has been sent to Bro. Blakeney's Bible Training School to be trained as a worker.

Another recent convert is a Zenanna young woman. When an Indian decides for Jesus, he or she must *count the cost*. Caste and the joint family system, etc., make it impossible in many cases for the new convert to remain at home. If a Hindu, after confessing Jesus in water baptism, they are considered a defilement and open to persecution and even death. If a Mohammedan, their people believe they do God's service if they take their lives. In one of the homes visited by our Bible women was a 'sister wife.' This young mother grasped the message and it was impossible to continue in the home. All one day she, with her wee babe, was hidden away in a Zenanna where there were other 'secret believers.' The men of the family came home in the heat of the day, servants and venders came and went, but not even did the month old babe in her arms make the place of their hiding known. After dark our Bible woman made her way to the heathen village and to the place of her hiding. Deeply covering her face in a remarkable way God enabled her to take her to the mission house where for two days she was quietly secluded and then taken to a distant Pentecostal Mission to be taught as a Bible woman, that she in turn may take the story of His freedom to some of the forty million Zenanna women of India. In her escape she had to leave her little daughter of two behind, and has many other tests, but she is brave and God is able. Such is

the lot of her who would step beyond the *Purdah nashin*. Pray for her."

In the Leper Settlement

Owing to insufficient funds coming in for her fare, Miss Bernice Lee has decided to wait until Fall for her furlough. She writes of the Leper Work, from Uska Bazar, "In the first place, I've not sufficient funds for going at this time, and then we are just lifting some of the heaviest burdens in the work which we will perhaps have, and I feel like sticking by through another summer. We are putting in the water and sewer systems and it is no small matter on a place of this kind. We are putting every ounce of strength and every cent of money that can be spared into what will set things on their feet in a substantial way. Then too I am still on the search for a reliable matron for the Children's Home, and until I have such I do not feel I can leave the children.

"I am having some sweet times with my older girlies, these days. The Lord is speaking to their hearts about being real Christians, and one, whose parents were baptized on New Year's morning, made an open confession a few days ago at morning prayers in the chapel before all. She is a dear girl and it is wonderful to see the development of both mind and spirit during the past months. We have twenty-four or more children. Pray that He will make them real Christians.

"Our ministry now is to so many, for daily we have throngs of people along this line, and have an opportunity of showing them a little of His love and of course preach to them Jesus. Just now as I write, a man is sitting here in the doorway who has come for help for rheumatism, and I've been telling him of Jesus.

"Then there are the workmen on our place, the masons, carpenters and coolies, all of whom love it here. They get the testimony, and the other day some were talking with Bro. Waggoner and telling him how impressed they were with our religion and labor of love. He of course, used the opportunity to preach Jesus to them. We have often thanked God for the faithful way these heathen men have worked for us.

"Recently two new leper women have come to us and two leper men. We are thankful for everyone. But the enemy has been attacking our ranks and some of our Christian lepers have yielded to temptation, and so it goes, the bitter with the sweet. Vigilant must be the eye of the under-shepherd.

"The village work is being carried on now by George Waggoner and wife, with our Indian

preachers. They go out in the Ford and have some good times, and also sell quite a number of gospels."

* * *

Bro. Henry McCune, working from Sainam, South China, has been doing a very blessed work among the soldiers. He writes: "On the trains, amongst the soldiers, practically everywhere we go, we find hungry hearts, many of whom ask for a book which will explain the 'Jesus doctrine.' Some actually beg for the Word of God. The other day a soldier whom we presented with a Testament a few days before, informed us that he had already read half of it.

"One soldier came back the day after receiving a Testament and inquired how to become a Christian. We explained the way of salvation and after prayer he seemed very happy, having accepted Christ as his Savior. Since then he has been bringing others to the meeting."

Africans Accept the Gospel

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Richards, Duivelskloof, Northern Transvaal, South Africa, write: "We are about to build Erwin Chapel, Mosunguludzi River Outstation, in the district where we have been working for the past year. We have just finished making 10,000 bricks for this little church. A native evangelist will come here from our Uotgietersrust district to take over the work in this farming locality which we expect to visit frequently. During 1927 there were 106 natives who came to the Lord for salvation in this work, though some of these were unable to follow Him fully, although they attend the meetings at times. Since Jan., 1928, a small number have given their hearts to the Lord in spite of low attendance during fever time, resulting in much sickness.

"On a three days' trip to the native reserves in our own district in March, four came to the Lord, during a profitable time of seed-sowing. In April we ministered to 225 in the same district, and fourteen came to the Lord, one, the wife of a Chief, who wept as she gave her heart to the Lord. She afterwards told us that she 'liked it very much to be a Christian.'

"On our last trip, over the week-end, we ministered to 475 natives in the blackest of heathen darkness, all within a short distance of the new home the Lord has given us. 300 were present in our first meeting on that trip, when we came upon an important meeting at a Chief's kraal. He politely stopped everything and had us hold our service, afterwards cordially inviting us to come back to them and build a church and school there.

"While we were busy preaching the Gospel to the 700 people on these two trips, the Lord was wonderfully opening a new door to us; and after a brief trip to Pretoria last week to settle matters, we are now in possession of a portion of ground in the midst of the thousands in the native reserves. The new site for our main station is on a high hill, overlooking all the reserves, and Modjadje's location close by. Surely God has worked far beyond our expectations, and we thank you for all your prayers, interest and financial help."

Never Greater Blessing

The Juergensens, Tokio, Japan, are busy in special campaigns for the summer. They have just closed two successful campaigns, one at their head station and another at their Fujimai Station. They write, "Both places were filled night after night and the people listened spell bound. God's wonderful love and great plan of salvation were presented in a beautiful and simple way, and the Holy Spirit was manifest in convicting men and women of sin till the altar was filled time after time with earnest seeking souls. The response to the altar call the first night of the meetings took us completely by surprise when twenty-eight came forward. . . . Never have we seen greater blessing, such weeping and brokenness, and never have we heard such singing before in Japan. What blessings we have already experienced within the walls of our first little church building in Japan! Between forty and fifty names were taken of those desiring to become Christians, but about thirty were especially earnest. The testimonies of praises from those who were saved, we shall long remember."

* * *

Miss Marie Stephany, YuTsi Hsien, North China, writes that "tent meetings have been going on for four weeks, in two villages. In the first village the Lord glorified Himself by opening the hearts of some of the old ladies. About fifteen took a stand for the Lord. One, dying with quick consumption, was marvelously saved and healed. I was in that village again last Thursday and I saw this woman. She got the dinner that day and was walking around as if nothing had ever ailed her. Praise God for His wonder-working power.

"There isn't exactly a famine on here in Shansi, but many of the working men have been sent to war and much of the ground is not being cultivated; hence a good many people do not have enough to eat, so the baby boys are sold, while

the baby girls are either drowned or thrown out, as the Chinese would rather do that than give them to the foreigners. However, one baby girl was brought to us almost two months ago, wrapped in a dirty rag and filthy blanket. We have named her Precious, for although not wanted by her own people, she is precious in the Lord's sight."

God's Faithfulness

From Miss Lillian Trasher, Assiout, Egypt, comes like a refreshing breeze, the story of God's faithfulness. "We have been having a time, but thank God we are on our feet again. We ran about \$500 behind in this last ten days, but yesterday we were able to clean up everything and start new with \$20 on hand. It is really wonderful how God helps us. I was sick in bed all last week, and having no money didn't add to my comfort. Our weak faith is surprising. God has been supplying our every need for seventeen and a half years, and yet when we get behind we doubt. But He understands our weakness, He remembers that we are dust, so He just forgives our lack of faith and sends the need. Then how ashamed we feel that we ever doubted for a moment!

When we got \$500 behind the enemy kept telling me, "Now you have tried to do too much. And where can you get \$500 over the \$500 needed for weekly expenses?" Well here is where we got it. A lady had her first baby and gave me \$100 in the baby's name. The grandfather gave \$10. Some ladies in a village sent me \$90; a friend living in town gave \$25; a class of school-girls who have a sewing-circle for charity gave \$75; a young man in Assiout handed me \$50, and a friend of his whom I had never seen before gave \$25; his brother handed me \$15; the American mail brought \$300. Then there were lots of smaller sums of \$10 or \$15 which came in, and thus God met all the needs as He always does.

"The Assiout people are so kind, and they always are so delighted when they hear that God has sent in money. They are so used to seeing God supply the needs that when I get discouraged they always say, "You know, Lillian, that God never will forsake the children."

"You will be glad to hear that the boys are doing well in their village work. Every Sunday they go and preach in the different villages. Last Sunday they had over 600 present to hear the Gospel. The boys take great interest in giving out the word to the different villages."

Where Mohammedanism Holds Sway

Mission Work in Dutch East Indies

William Bernard, Hoylake, England



THE Islands comprising the Dutch East Indies lie a short distance to the east of the Malay Peninsula and Singapore, and are a few days sail to the south of China. Lying very near the equator (some on) they are of course tropical and the climate is very hot. The principal islands are Sumatra, Java, Borneo and Celebes. The Holy Spirit creates in us the longing that Jesus shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, and that He shall have the heathen for His inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. What are the prospects of the realization of this as regards these far away islands? *Java contains thirty-three millions of souls for whom He died.* How goes His kingdom among them? I estimate that as the result of missionary work there are today probably thirty thousand Christians in the Island. The remainder of the Javanese are Mohammedan. Mohammedanism is also the prevailing religion in Sumatra. In Borneo the population is partly heathen and partly Mohammedan. In these Islands, also as a result of missionary effort, there are a large number of Christians.

At the beginning of the Christian era the religion of Java was Hinduism, but in the Fifteenth Century Mohammedanism took its place and the false prophet still retains his hold on the Island. It should be realized by all to whom Jesus is precious, that Mohammedanism is His avowed and determined enemy. It is anti-Christ. Many years ago I visited the world-famous mosque of San Sophia in Constantinople. This beautiful building was originally a Christian church, but when Constantinople fell into the hands of the Moslems it was converted into a Mohammedan mosque where Jesus is hated and Mahomet exalted. As I walked round the building my guide pointed to a mark on one of the great pillars which support the domed roof. The mark, about eight feet from the floor, was the bloody imprint of the hand of the Mohammedan general who, at the conquest of the city, rode on horse-back into the Christian church, and placing his hand, wet with Christian blood, on the pillar, left the mark which still stands out today. This was not the only sign of enmity to Christ which I saw in the building. Looking upwards at the dome I saw that originally it contained in its mosaic a pictorial representation of Christ on His cross. This could not be permitted to remain in the

shrine of the enemy of the Cross, and the picture had been covered over with whitewash. In spite of this, however, I was able to see it, as the whitewash does not entirely obliterate it.

That Mohammedanism is the enemy of the cross of Christ I was again forcibly reminded as I looked at one of the old heavy doors. In the centre of the door was a vertical plank, on either side of which, near the top, I saw the marks of nails. These nails formerly had fastened pieces of timber on each side of the upright piece, thus forming a cross. No cross must be seen in the now Mohammedan shrine, and it was obliterated in the manner I have indicated. The cross pieces were removed. Metaphorically, the crescent flies over Java and our great object is to supplant it with the cross.

What a challenge Islam is to the followers of Christ! We have no need, as of old, to launch a crusade to rescue the holy places from the Turk; there is a holier and grander crusade needed, namely to conquer for Jesus the lands lying in the arms of the Islamic anti-Christ. Centuries ago the Mohammedan crusader, sword in hand, almost exterminated the Christian Church in North Africa, from east to west. Then plunging his steed into the waters of the Atlantic, he cried out for more lands to conquer for his lord, Mahomet. Do we not need Christian Greathearts, filled with a passion for Christ, to plunge into a great crusade till our Lord Christ is supreme in the earth? Greathearts are wanted, not only to leave their homes and lands on this great crusade, but they are wanted at home who, with the crusader spirit will wrestle in prayer for the stretching out of the Lord's arm, that it may be once more recorded of His messengers as of old, "They went everywhere preaching the Word, the Lord working with them and confirming the Word with signs following."

The great difference, when God works in power with His messengers, is shown by two instances in the work in Java. Dr. Zwemer, who recently visited Java told how one night he could not sleep for joy over the fact that he had visited a church in a town in Java composed and maintained entirely by Javanese. This was truly something over which to rejoice, but to me the joy is somewhat dimmed as I remember that missionaries were working in that town for at least sixty years before that church came into being. Let us contrast this with what happened in an-

other Javanese village: Here God's Spirit began to work in power, giving great conviction of sin among the people, and it was a question of only a few months before there was a Christian community in that village. Finney in his day said that the heathen world would never be effectively reached except by revivals, and so we find it today. The great missionary need is, the Lord working in power with His servants. Praying Greathearts are needed to prevail for this.

In Mohammedan lands the fight is hard and resistance is severe. Java is not nearly so bad in this respect as most other Mohammedan lands. My wife and I had, however, on some occasions to meet strong opposition. In one town we were several times interrupted as we preached in the market place. Two fanatical young Mohammedans disturbed our meetings and sometimes succeeded in driving away the people who were listening to us. There was, however, a remarkable sequel to this. Sometime after our meetings had been disturbed we were somewhat startled one Sunday morning by seeing one of our young opponents walk into our hall. We had just finished our Sunday morning service and our congregation was dispersing when the young man appeared. Our women folk were rather alarmed, thinking that he had come to make trouble. But what was our surprise when we found our erstwhile opponent expressing a desire to learn about Jesus! He said that Mohammedanism had failed to satisfy him. He had also tried Theosophy with the same result, and now he wanted to learn about Jesus. He was given a copy of the New Testament and went away. It was not many days after that he came back, bringing his New Testament with him, and telling us that he had been forbidden to keep it. "But," said he, "when I am no longer under the rule of my elders I shall become a Christian." The young man was at that time living with his uncle who was the principal official representative of Mohammedanism and minister of the mosque in the town. We learned that the uncle had discovered the young man was reading the New Testament, for which he gave him a severe beating and ordered him to return it to us.

Some weeks later one of our native Christians selling goods by the wayside, saw M. A., our young inquirer, pass along the street. He was accompanied by three or four hadjis (Mohammedan "holy" men). M. A. looked very sad and distressed. As the party passed our sister, the hadjis crossed to the other side of the street, remarking loudly, possibly that she might hear,

that they would not walk on the same side of the road with our young friend, for said they, "He smelled of the Nazarene." We were informed later that the hadjis had taken him to another "holy" man who lived in a neighboring town, to "cure him" of Christianity. What that cure comprised, we do not know. The result, however, was that M. A. came back mentally affected, his mind a blank, remembering nothing of the past. For a long time we lost sight of him; his whereabouts were kept a secret. Quite accidentally, however, my wife learned where he was living. She went to that town with books and Gospels, and going from door to door, offering these for sale, she found him. What a change had taken place! Formerly an intelligent young man, his behavior now was that of a poor imbecile. He asked for a copy of the Gospel, though he quite failed to recognize my wife. She contrived to smuggle a Gospel into his hands, hoping and praying that it might not be taken from him again. It is sad to have to add that the last news we had of him was that he was confined in a mental asylum.

Does anyone doubt that such things are possible? Let him read Miss Carmichael's book, "Things as They Are in South India," and they will find that the East has subtle poisons that do not so much harm the body as cloud the mind or impair the moral powers and so provide a convenient and withal secret weapon, useful when some one is becoming too much interested in Christianity. How then we need men and women who have a passion for Christ, to enlist in the great crusade for the overthrow of Satan's kingdom and the setting up of the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ. The greatest need is perhaps prayer-warriors who will prevail until the Lord's arm is bared against the foe, and once again it can be recorded of His servants, "They went . . . preaching the Word, the Lord working with them and confirming the Word with signs following."

* * *

THE SOB OF A THOUSAND MILLION.
of poor heathen sounds in my ear, and moves my heart; and I try to measure, as God helps me something of their darkness, something of their blank misery, something of their despair. Oh, think of these needs! I say again, they are ocean depths; and, beloved, in my Master's name, I want you to measure them, I want you to think earnestly about them, I want you to look at them, until they appall you, until you cannot sleep, until you cannot criticise.—Rev. Chas. Inwood.

The Joys and Sorrows of Mission Life

Disciplining the Incurribles

Miss Marguerite Flint, Bettiah, Bihar, India



WE HAD a precious Baptismal service just before Miss Wagenknecht left for America. Mr. Boyce and Mr. Nicodem, who were here at the time for special meetings, took charge of the baptismal service and eleven of our teachers and girls made their public confession of faith in the Lord Jesus by immersion. Every one of them has much to praise God for, but I will just take time to tell you of dear Miss Lal—a miracle of God's grace and power.

We see her first as a little thing of six, the youngest child in a high caste and very wealthy Hindu family. Her brothers and sisters were all married, her father had just died, and the mother, a Hindu widow, stood by an open well, driven in utter desperation to seek quiet and death in the deep waters, for better die than live, a widow, accursed, despised, abused! Her hair had been shaved, her lovely jewels torn from her, land and property taken, and she herself outcast and tormented. But what about the little dark-eyed daughter? Life might hold something for her, so the mother stole away with the child to a distant city, where the missionaries lived, and the baby girl was given to them. The widow turned back to take her own life after that, but was stopped by relatives, and for eight weary years she lived on, shut away in one of the back rooms of the Hindu home. The relatives forced from her a confession as to where she had put the little girl, and a delegation of the men hurried to the Mission House, but the child was safely hidden, later hurried off to a distant station, and thus saved for God and Bettiah! Hallelujah!

At fourteen she was taken back to her old home to see her dying mother, and the Hindu relatives tried every power of persuasion, bribery and threat they knew to get her back, but she had learned to know Jesus and was not to be moved! Educated by the missionaries, given special training, she came to us two years ago to teach in our Pentecostal Girls' School. She had not been taught Divine Healing, the Holy Spirit or the Second Coming of Jesus in that other Mission but her heart was open and hungry for God's best and He soon baptized her in the Holy Ghost, and with her baptism came a mighty burden for souls. She has been teaching a Sunday School

class ever since she came, has gladly taken up the village Sunday School work, too, but now the call of God has gripped her to give up her teaching in the school and spend all her time preaching Jesus to the shut away zanana women in Bettiah. It means considerable sacrifice to her financially, as she is getting fifty rupees in the school and will get only thirty as a Bible Teacher, but she never hesitated a moment over that, in making her decision. God has given her a burden for her own people and she will spend her summer vacation in trying to find her brothers and sisters, lost to her for so many years, to point them to Jesus. Pray for her, and praise God for her, as we do.

You ask about our discipline in the Bettiah school and orphanage, I fear a story of the naughty side of our girls might not prove very interesting, for I assure you the girls have a very naughty side. In their behalf I would like to write pages on the matter of their home lives, inheritance, etc., but will not; I will just remind you of the fact that even the babies come to us soured in disposition and marred by sin, while among the older girls who come in from heathen darkness those over eight years of age have almost without exception been married. Read "Mother India," if you would know what that means out here. They come in with no self-control, no clearly defined sense of right and wrong, and a knowledge of all evil that is appalling. Jesus said, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven." What says He, I wonder, of these countless millions of little ones of India deprived of even their innocent babyhood, often marked for Hell instead of Heaven before they are old enough to know right from wrong? Each girl is an individual problem as she comes in. Yet, while we have been often horrified at the evil of some young hearts, we have been happily surprised at others, real little miracles of grace, who so quickly forget the past, adapt themselves to the new life and become lovable, sunny Christians.

In the school we have a system of discipline that is most successful. We have a standard of fifty conduct marks, and from this the teachers deduct for any untidiness, carelessness, rude

speech or disobedience in classes. At the end of the week if a girl has had ten marks deducted, her meat is cut for the following week, a sore punishment indeed, as the girls get meat only on Wednesdays and Saturdays. If more than fifteen marks have been deducted the smaller girls are whipped before the entire school, older girls are sentenced to spend Saturday and Sunday in "Jail," a dismal old store-room with high, barred windows and heavy door. For the "Honor Roll" girls, those who have the full fifty marks, or forty-nine, there is a treat on Saturday, a long walk in the country; a trip over to the Raj elephant stables; an hour in the Bungalow with Gramophone music, or perhaps sweets and games on the veranda. And I am happy to say the Honor Roll usually numbers fifteen to thirty girls, and often there are *none* below forty.



Training for Bible Women of India

Am I giving too bright a picture? We really are proud of our girls but I must confess we have some small "incorrigibles," take for instance little "Peace," the middle child in the enclosed picture. She has such a jolly little round baby face, but as I sit here writing you, she is sobbing the weary hours away in solitary confinement for having written in charcoal on the white school walls, a vile attack on the character of another girl, in language a woman would be ashamed to use. Shanti steals everything from red pepper to money and keys, she was evidently born with a mania for stealing. She has been spanked, switched, tied with ropes, locked up in jail, fed dry bread through the bars, but she always comes forth beaming, to steal again. She has a very warm feeling of sympathy for the black crows of India. One Sunday after the lesson on Elijah and the drought I asked them why God sent the ugly black crows (raven), to feed His child, and

wee Shanti eagerly shouted the first reply, "Because the crow is a thief and would know where to get bread and meat!" Poor little Shanti! She has had her mouth washed out with hot soap suds for telling lies and saying naughty words, yet in meetings she loves to pray. Just now her difficulty is green mangoes. I have tried to be patient, remembering a weakness for little green apples in my own childhood, but green mangoes cause colic, and nasty sores on little faces, and green mangoes she will have! Saturday she was whipped for eating them; Sunday she ate some more. We told her she could not go to the Easter Monday picnic as punishment, and that was dreadful; there were to be games, music, real colored Easter eggs, and gooseberries and ripe bananas from the garden. She begged piteously for pardon, but I was adamant. I must confess I thought much during the picnic hours of the wee culprit left behind so seemingly crushed; but that young lady had somehow escaped from the woman left to watch her, got hold of some more green mangoes and also some bits of charcoal, and all over the white washed walls of the Kindergarten and bath room she was writing her opinion of the girl who had reported her the day before. Now what would you do with her?

When Rev. Fockler, from Milwaukee, visited us recently on his world tour, he spoke highly of the Orphanage and School work, and one day out in the playgrounds he said, "Well, little folks, with all of this you surely ought to be happy girls and good women!" And they are! And if Jesus tarries, little Shanti may be preaching the Gospel of the grace of God to the women of India some day!

Aaron, a Second Hand Man

AARON'S call did not come to him direct from God; it came through Moses. In fact, Aaron was one of those men who are not in the habit of going deeply enough into a thing to get information and inspiration from the original source. He was a second-hand man. He was satisfied to accept what someone else handed out to him because it was easier than to get it with his own efforts. As long as his source was a reliable one, all went well and Aaron filled his place with credit to himself and the cause he represented. but he did not always have Moses around to give him advice; then not being in the habit of relying on God, he took whatever advice was offered and found himself in a sea of trouble.

When the children of Israel murmured against

Moses and Aaron, because they had no food in the Wilderness of Sin, it was Moses who went to the Lord about it. It was Moses to whom He promised the manna and quails, and it was Moses who rehearsed the message to Aaron to deliver to the people. "The Lord spake unto Moses," we read time after time, and following that, "Moses spake unto Aaron" to tell the children of Israel. He was merely a mouthpiece.

When the Israelites, under the leadership of Joshua, fought against the Amalekites, it was Moses who held up the rod of power which enabled them to prevail. Aaron's job was only to be one of those who held up Moses' hands; a helper, truly, but not the man of greatest power.

When Moses stayed forty days on Mount Sinai to receive the law, Aaron was left in command of the people without a counselor to tell him what to do. No doubt the devil chuckled to himself at the situation, for he knows how easy it is to trip a second-hand man. The people said, "Up make us gods." As there was no one else to tell what to do in the crisis, Aaron took their advice and brought sin and punishment upon both himself and them.

The dependable men and women, the real leaders in every great movement, are those who go to the source for information. They are the ones who "inquire of the Lord" direct and "Search the Scriptures" for His will in every time of trial or uncertainty. The second-hand

man takes council with his family or with his neighbor, all fallible advisors, who may suggest a golden calf or something equally disastrous and out of harmony with the will of Jehovah.

The crying need in every avenue of life, is for first hand men. Men who have gone to the bottom of the business and know it from the ground up; men who can direct others, men like Moses who can wield the rod of power and launch out into an untried wilderness with confidence because they have been to the source of things and know. There are plenty of Aarons who can follow a leader and prefer that because it requires less responsibility. Someone has said, "God has never found a man whom He could fully trust with his power." That is true, but those whom He can trust to the greatest extent are the Moses-men, who have stood on holy ground, men who have walked and talked with Him. They are never the men who have obtained their idea of Him through the study of theologies of men or the avenues of the intellect, even though they stand in robes of a high priest and hold the ephod of authority as Aaron did.

Go to the source. Be a first hand disciple of the Master, whether your task be that of a high priest or a shepherd in a foreign land. Go to the source where the living water springs up and you can take of the wisdom, the courage and the ability to become a "minute man" in the army of God.—Anon.

"Please Lead Me to It"



AND other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." Jno. 10:16.

One by one He is calling His "other sheep" in China, and as they hear His voice and come, what a sight meets our eyes! Some are old and crippled. They have worshipped idols all their lives, but with no benefit. Some are in the prime of life. Many are at the dividing of the roads. They feel that idols cannot help them and this "Jesus doctrine"—well perhaps they have heard many things for and against it. But more than likely more against it than for it just now. But still, when they hear His voice they too come. Some are little children who are being trained at an early age to burn incense before idols or ancestral tablets. But "Jesus loves the little children," so let them come also.

A short while ago one of the Christians here came leading his old grandmother to the Missionary Home at her request. She wanted us to teach her how to pray, repent, and sing. Perhaps this sounds easy to one who has never been in China. But you would soon have changed your mind could you have seen how slowly this dear old woman grasped the words spoken to her.

Try to imagine yourself having been brought up by heathen parents in a little dark hut occupied also by the pigs. After worshipping idols all these years suddenly at the age of eighty-eight to go and visit a grandson, who is a Christian, and hear of a strange God, a strange religion. "Yes," he affirms, "this God can help you, for did He not help me to get free when I was taken by wicked hands and bound after becoming a Christian?"

Only twice had old "Ah Poh" been brought to a service at the chapel. This was since she had

come to visit Ah T'ong, her grandson. Twice she had been led to a women's meeting and heard of the love of Jesus. Now she has come to ask us to teach her how to pray, repent, and sing. How shall we begin?

First we make sure that she realizes she is a sinner. Then we explain how that Jesus Christ can cleanse her from all sin. We find through our conversation that she no longer worships idols, as she has had a dream that made her feel she shouldn't worship them. In this dream a beautiful Man, who had a long beard and was dressed in a spotless white robe, entered her house. His face was sad and He immediately began to tear out everything used in connection with idol worship. When she heard of Jesus her mind at once went back to her dream and she remarked "That must have been Jesus I saw in my dream." This happened one year ago.

We now attempt to teach her to sing, "Yes, Jesus Loves Me." She tries to follow, but only gets this far when she suddenly stops and placing her little wrinkled hand on her chest, asks if Jesus really loves her. When assured that He does her face lights up and she exclaims "How wonderful!" She wanted the children (Mr. and Mrs. Kelley's little boy, three years old, and my little girl, the same age) to sing. They sang, "Yes, Jesus Loves Me" in Chinese and then in English. Ah Poh (grandmother) wanted to know if they could pray, and thought it was so wonderful that those little children could pray and she eighty-eight years old could not. What a difference it makes to have Christian parents!

Now to the hardest part of all. We must teach this dear old lady, who heretofore has known nothing of a God of love, to pray to a loving Heavenly Father. It would be easier to teach a baby of Christian parents than the one we are trying to teach. But as we pray and ask God to help her, she catches the spirit of prayer and soon is asking God to forgive her sins and to teach her to follow Him, etc. Such a change comes over her face as she assures us, in answer to our questioning, that she feels Jesus has forgiven her sins.

She is soon to leave for her village and feels quite concerned about her future, as she will be the only one in the whole village who believes in Jesus. We give her a Testament and a few good tracts. Although she cannot read, she can let others, who may be able to read and who inquire why she has made such a change at such a late hour in life, read for themselves, and perhaps

someone will read aloud to her. There is a beautiful picture of Jesus carrying a little lamb, hanging on the walls of the home here. We explain the meaning of this picture to her and tell her that she will have no need of fear when she returns to her village, as Jesus will always be with her, protecting her from harm as a true shepherd would protect a little lamb.

Ah Poh has never before been in a foreign house and is very much taken up with the Missionary Home here, which is quite large and also clean, and so much different from her own humble abode. We explain to her that this is very ordinary compared with the mansion Jesus is preparing for her in Heaven. This is such good news that at first she can hardly believe it, but when we insist that it is true as told in God's Holy Word, she grasps our hand with both of hers and says "PLEASE LEAD ME TO IT." We then explain to her that if she is true to Jesus, when she leaves this world He will carry her to it just as the Shepherd in the picture carries the little lamb. Please pray for this dear old grandmother as she will need our prayers.

MABLE ESTHER HENSLEY.

WANTED TO RENT A TENT—For Gospel purposes, size about 30x50 feet. Or an Evangelist to come with tent, about the middle of July or first of August. Write Pastor O. D. Channer, 1814 Lakawana Ave., Superior, Wis.

Our Field Editor writing from San Francisco, where he is holding a campaign in Glad Tidings Auditorium, writes; dated July 3rd:

"The meetings here are truly marvelous, considering that it is summertime. The great auditorium was taxed to capacity last Sunday to hear the illuminated message, 'Who Killed Jesus?'"

"There were thirty-two decisions for Christ that night. It was a great day—six meetings, from seven in the morning until one the next morning. Many received the baptism. It was a glad sight to see hundreds on their knees in the seven o'clock prayer-meeting. We will have it every Sunday throughout the campaign. Last night was saints' and believers' special. The subject was 'A Chariotload of Mud.' At the close of the message, the entire place was turned into a prayer-room, and the altar call became a general prayer-meeting. I can report to date, hundreds at the altars, distinct cases of healings, and baptisms continually."

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29 And O'phir, and Hāv'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.

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