



*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

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

HANFEN - CHINA

# The Scarlet Line which Runs through God's Book

## How God Came to Man's Rescue

Evan. Ben Hardin in the Stone Church June 10, 1928



**I** WANT to speak tonight on a subject I would rather speak on than any other subject in the world. Reading from the twelfth chapter of Exodus, I will take for my text Joshua 2:21, last clause, "And she bound the scarlet line in the window." I praise God tonight for the scarlet line, that interwoven in the very fibre and texture of God's eternal truth is the scarlet line, the crimson thread, the blood. It runs from Genesis to Revelation. Some one has said that if you take your pen, dip it in red ink and start at the beginning of God's Word, drawing a line on every page where there is mention of the blood you will find a scarlet line running from Genesis to Revelation. The center of God's truth is Jesus. Everything in the Old Testament points to Calvary and everything in the New Testament points from Calvary. We praise Him tonight for Calvary and that the blood is still flowing for sin and for uncleanness.

This Scripture in Joshua second chapter, deals with Rahab the harlot. Joshua had sent the spies over to spy out the land of Canaan, and they found a refuge in the home of Rahab the harlot in the land of Jericho. Rahab took the spies in and befriended them. When the king of Jericho heard that the spies were in the land he searched through the city and found them not. Rahab had taken them to the top of the flat roof of her house and hid them among the stalks of flax. When she sent the King of Jericho away she said to the spies, "I want you to promise me that when God delivers the land of Jericho into your hands, you will spare me, my family and my household." The fame of the God of Israel and what He had done to the kings on the other side had reached the ears of Rahab and she wanted to cast her lot on the side of God. She knew that Jericho would never be able to stand against the God of Israel, that it would fall into the hands of Israel, and she

wanted to cast her lot with God's people, which is always the winning side.

"I want you to promise me that you will save me and my father's house," said Rahab. Every one of the hundreds of promises are conditional. If you meet God's conditions God will meet you. His promises are true. They said, "Yes, we will spare you and spare your family if you meet the conditions." What were the conditions? Well, there is only one condition in God's Word in order to be delivered from death, and that is the blood of Jesus. There is only one remedy. They said, "We will spare you on the condition that you take this line of scarlet thread that you

let us down by and hang it in the window." She had dropped them out of the window with a crimson cord, and she bound the cord in the window, according to their words.

You dip your pen in red ink and turn to the beginning of the Bible and you will find blood shed. When God placed Adam and Eve in the garden He gave them dominion over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and

### THE ATONEMENT

Martin Luther preached the doctrine of atoning blood to slumbering Europe, and Europe awoke from the dead. Amid all his defences of the Divine Sovereignty Calvin never ignored or belittled the atonement. Cowper sang of it among the water lilies of the Ouse. Spurgeon thundered this glorious doctrine of Christ crucified into the ears of peer and peasant with a voice like the sound of many waters. John Bunyan made the Cross the starting point to the celestial city. Moody's bells all chimed to the keynote of Calvary. Every true preacher of the Gospel strings all his pearls on the red cord of the atonement.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

access to every tree in the garden except the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Regarding this only restriction God said to them, "In the day you eat thereof, you shall surely die." But Eve held a conversation with the serpent. I do not know why it is that God's people spend so much time talking to the devil. They say that the devil wanted them to do this and that. I find it is very bad policy to listen to the devil, and Eve made a great mistake in having a conversation with him. The serpent came around Eve with, "I notice that you and Adam were talking with God." God came down in the cool of the day and walked and talked with them. They had unbroken fellowship. Wonderful it must have been! I believe God is trying to bring us back to that place today, where we can walk and talk with Him. But some of us will have to drop a lot of things if we would be in that place. God is trying to strip us of the world so we will walk

with Him. He came down every day in the cool of the day and they became friends, man and his Creator. There was an innocency and relationship there that was beautiful, God and man, the Creator and created walked hand in hand in the cool of the day.

But the serpent came to Eve and said insinuatingly, "What did God say to you?" And she answered, "He said we could eat of all the trees in the garden except the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." "And what did God say would happen if you did that?" he asked. "God told us," said Eve, "that the day we ate thereof, we should surely die." Then the devil, subtly in the beginning as he is doing now, changed the Word of God. He said, "God didn't mean that you should die. He meant the very opposite. He meant that you would be advanced to a higher state, you would become as gods, knowing good and evil. Go and eat of the tree and live." Isn't that what the world believes tonight? They believe they can go on and live in sin and then be saved at last. Do you think these moving picture fiends, these liars, these Christ-rejectors believe they are eternally lost? They live in sin and when they die they all expect to go to heaven. You never hear a preacher at the funeral say, "Here is a man who is going to hell." The choir sings, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and the minister preaches them to heaven.

I had a peculiar experience some years ago. I came here from Pennsylvania to hold a meeting for Bro. Fred. Price, then Pastor of the Humboldt Park Assembly. It was in the winter, and one cold day there was a rap at the door, and there stood a tall young lady. She said, "Is this where the Rev. Price lives?" He told her "yes," and invited her in. She said, "Rev. Price, my father is dead. I am a florist, and we have a floral establishment here on Armitage Ave. I would like to have you preach the funeral sermon at the church. Will you do that?" "Yes," he said, "Bro. Hardin will you help me?" Then we asked, "Sister, was your father a Christian?" "Oh yes," she answered, "he has been a very good Christian for many years." "Well," we said, "it is always quite a comfort when our loved ones pass away to know that they have known the Lord, and loved and served Him. May I ask what your father died of?" "Why he died of delirium tremens. He fell down the steps and broke his neck," she said. "He was drunk." Did she think her father was saved? Oh yes, he fell down the steps drunk and broke his neck, but he went right to heaven. I want

to disabuse your mind tonight if you are living in sin and think you are saved. If you die tonight you will go to hell. I believe in a literal hell, fire and brimstone, just like the Bible teaches; if one dies in sin he is eternally lost.

The devil said to Eve, "You will not die. You will become as gods, knowing good from evil. He changed the Word of God, but the Word distinctly tells us, "The wages of sin is death but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." I can hear the Lord flashing from Sinai, "The wages of sin is death," but if you incline your ear you will hear an echo that rebounds, not from Sinai but from Calvary, "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Eve reached out and tasted of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and she brought the fruit to Adam who ate it. God came down as usual to see His friend. Man was a friend of God and they had had such fellowship. I can imagine a loneliness as God came down. Adam wasn't there to meet Him. No doubt He said, "Where is my friend? He is not here, something has happened," and He called, "Adam! Adam, where art thou?" Oh can you not imagine the loneliness, the yearning in the heart of God as He walks up and down the Garden of Eden and calls for Adam! It wasn't man hunting God. Man doesn't want God. It is God that is always searching for man. God began the search, and it is He that does the calling today. Do you remember the day God called you by name? He called "Adam!" and waited. There was no reply. Adam had run and hid.

I do not know what Adam hid behind, but I know today that man will hide behind anything on the face of the earth. You ask a man, "Are you a Christian?" and he will get behind a little old baptismal certificate he got when he was a baby. "Yes," he says, "I was baptized. I have a certificate." He may be a liar and a blasphemer, but he calls himself a Christian because of that little bit of paper. Some will put their names down on the church roll and pay ten cents a Sunday and call themselves Christians. Some men will join a lodge and think they are Christians because they open their meetings with Scripture. They say, "Everything we do is founded upon the Word of God"—hiding behind anything that they can. It looks bad to see a man hiding behind a little sapping that doesn't cover him. I have seen people doing that. If you were a preacher you would see them peeping around.

When Adam could no longer hide he came

out. Man will hold out against God as long as he can. The thing for us to do is to bombard and tear down every thing between and when there is nothing to hide behind they will come out and surrender. Sinners will listen to Gospel sermon after Gospel sermon, come to church time after time, and as long as there is anything to hide behind they will not budge. But if you tear down every falsehood, and tear away the refuge of lies, they will repent and get right with God.

I was down in Granite City some time ago, and a man said to me, "Brother Hardin, when you were here before I clutched the seat and shook like a leaf. I was under such conviction if I had let go of the seat for a minute I would have fallen prostrate in the aisle. I ran out of the church and down the street and shook so I could not open the door, fumbled over that for about thirty minutes, fell into the house and sat down under Holy Ghost conviction. I fought that thing for months until finally I could resist no longer and came out and got right with God." As long as they can fight and hold out they will not surrender. When Adam could no longer hide, he came out, and said, "I hid, I was naked." "Who told you you were naked? Have you broken the command of God and tasted of the tree?" Adam said, "Don't blame me. It was the woman you gave me." Man is never to blame. It is always the woman. God got after Eve and she blamed the serpent. What did God do? Did He drive them out into the world naked? He did not. He slew an animal, took the skin and covered their nakedness. There we have the shed blood. God had to shed it in order to get a covering for the nakedness of man.

When Cain and Abel brought their sacrifices what did Cain bring? He brought a lot of pumpkins and cantaloups—"I am not a bad sort of fellow, I am liberal. I have a room full of squash and gourds"; "I will not repent of sin but I will give you a check." That is the way they talk. I know a man who would give the preacher the last nickel he had, do anything on earth but repent and get right with God. Cain came with his gourds and pumpkins, "My family produced this." It is not what you can produce, not what you bring, it is through the merits of Jesus Christ that you can come. Cain brought the fruit of the land but God did not accept his offering, and he went away sorrowful. You cannot help but go from the presence of God when you go pleading your own merit, the merit of your own goodness. When Abel came he brought

a lamb, the firstling of his flocks. That lamb that Abel brought pointed to the Lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world.

Come down to the book of Exodus. God told Moses that he would bring one more plague upon Egypt, the plague of death. Moses told the people, "The death angel will hover over the land of Egypt, but you take a lamb and with the blood sprinkle the sides and the upper posts of the door, but do not put the blood on the door step." Once you trample under foot the blood of God's Lamb there is no redemption for you. The blood was to be sprinkled on the door posts, and "When I see the blood I will pass over you."

The Hebrew children found protection under the blood. Their only refuge was the blood that was put on the upper door-posts. The death angel passed over the entire land of Egypt and in every home where there was no blood, death came. The Jews have a legend that during the time of the Exodus a little girl, the eldest of the family, was an invalid. It was the night the death angel passed over. She was lying on her bed and she said to the servant, "Tell father I want to speak to him." He came, and asked what was the trouble. She said, "Father, this is the night the death angel passes over the land. I have been thinking what an awful thing it will be tonight. There will be mourning and weeping in Egypt, death everywhere. The undertakers will not be able to take care of them. The only deliverance is the blood of the slain lamb. Do we have the blood over our door?" "Yes, daughter," he said, "you do not need to worry. Just lie down and sleep. I have told the servant to attend to it." She lay down, but could not sleep. He said to her, "Daughter, you are so restless, what is the trouble?" "Oh," she said, "I have been thinking what an awful thing it would be if we didn't have the blood on our door." "Daughter," he said, "you do not need to worry." It came near the midnight hour and the awfulness of the thing swept over her. She sent for her father again and said, "Father, I have been thinking what an awful thing it would be if we did not have the blood on our door and the death angel entered our home. Do not tell me. I want you to gather me up in your arms and carry me out and when I fasten my eyes on the blood I will be satisfied." He gathered up the little form and carried her out, and to her consternation there was no blood on the door. When

the father saw it he ran for the basin and smote the door-posts with it as the midnight hour struck.

I have traveled the United States over, and pleaded with men and women to give their hearts to God, and as I have spoken to them and said, "Brother, are you a Christian?" they answer, "I guess so." Oh, if you are guessing or supposing when the death angel passes over the land, it will mean death! I tell you there is a place that you can know for a surety that the blood has been applied. It is the only means that will land you safely across.

This scarlet line is interwoven. It runs all through God's Book. I believe it is Josephus who says that at one Jewish Passover twenty-two thousand oxen and fifty thousand sheep were slain. Can you imagine the rivers of blood which flowed at the time of the yearly sacrifices? But "if the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God!" Praise God for the blood of Jesus! "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins."

I look yonder to the town of Jericho. There is the crimson cord that hangs from the window of Rahab's house which tells its own story. It tells the folks of Jericho that Rahab and her family have gotten under the blood, and are relying on the God of Israel. Have you ever had the blood applied to your heart and hung the scarlet line in your window? Your neighbors will know about it. It is something you cannot hide, something you do not want to hide. It is something you want the world to know.

It wasn't long until the armies of Israel came over against Jericho and Jericho was a great heap, a ruin. And as Joshua marched with his soldiers and came to the home on the wall, he

sent in the two young spies and brought out Rahab and all her household, because she had the scarlet cord bound in the window. They found protection under the blood.

I read in a magazine sometime ago that over in the Alps Mountains they have a cable to aid the tourists in climbing. Tourists climb the Alps to view the beautiful scenery. This mountain climbing is very difficult, especially for those not accustomed to rough climbing, and to help them they stretched cables over the mountain side. In this way they pull themselves up rough mountain cliffs, hand over hand. Some of the manufacturers, it was found, were putting inferior material into these cables, and in pulling hand over hand the ropes would break, causing many of the climbers to go to their death. The death rate was so great that they had to take steps to stem it. So they formed a club whose duty it was to inspect every bit of the cable, and when they found the cable was of sufficient strength and durability to stand the test, the Alpine Club put their trade mark on the cable. They simply marked it with a little scarlet thread, so the tourist traveling over the mountain and seeing the scarlet thread, was assured he did not need to worry, the cable was strong enough to hold him. When I read that I thought of a relative of mine, a beautiful woman, refined, cultured, but she is pulling herself over the rough rocks of time, holding on to a cable that has never been tested. One of these days it will snap suddenly and she will go down over the rocks into the great chasm and be eternally lost. That cable she has staked her life on is Christian Science. It has no blood line. Let us get hold of the wonderful life line, the scarlet cord that stretches across the gulf of sin to those who are eternally lost. The blood line extends from time to eternity. It has been tested and proved, and has never lost its power. Praise God for the blood of Jesus, the Son of God, that cleanses from all sin.

## Is our Home Life Consistent with our Profession?

### A Talk on Practical Christianity

Pastor J. E. Robinson, Oshkosh, Wis., in the Stone Church, March 25, 1928



YOU will find my text in Second Kings 4:26, "Run now I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." As I look over this audience tonight, my heart goes out to you. I do not feel like talking on Divine Healing because I believe

you are already well-versed on that. I do not feel like talking about the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, I have heard so many good reports of how God has blessed you on that line. Neither do I feel like talking on the Second Coming of Christ for perhaps, shall I say it? you are surfeited with that truth, but I feel like asking you three questions: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy

husband? Is it well with the child?"

It is a question for everyone of us to answer concerning the welfare of our souls. Is it a fact that we pray more today than we did five years ago? Is it a fact that we are more on fire to win souls to Jesus tonight than we were two years ago? Does our heart thrill at the very thought of the coming of Jesus like it used to? Does the very fact that the Lord baptized us with His Holy Spirit make us more concerned to lead others into this wonderful experience? Or are we here tonight hoping to be entertained, or to hear some new thing? Is it a fact that in our homes we have unsaved relatives about us and we are not deeply concerned about their salvation? Is it well with us tonight? Does our consecration stand as it did a few years ago, or have other attractions absorbed our attention? Does Jesus fill our vision tonight as when we first said "Yes" to Him? Does the thought of His coming thrill us as it did when this wonderful truth first burst upon us, or has it gotten to be an old story? Let each one of us soliloquize, "Oh Jesus, is it a fact that I do not love You as much as when You asked for my life?" We are living in days of apostasy. We are living in days when it seems so easy to get away from our consecration; when it seems so easy to go with our companions to questionable places. Others would entice us to leave the prayer-meeting, to neglect our obligations. The apostasy has struck the very circle of Pentecost, but the Lord has given us wonderful light, and "To whom much is given, shall much be required."

If I were to come to your home would I find jazz on the piano or would I find the beautiful songs of Zion there as formerly? You remember the time when you wouldn't think of having any jazz in your Christian home; you would not let your piano be adorned with anything of the kind, but tonight if I were to go to your home, would you hustle to get it out of sight? And would you hasten to get the jazz records out of sight, and put in their place some sacred pieces? I hope that everyone of us can say that our homes are consecrated to the Lord. If not, then we need not wonder that we will have to say "No," when it comes to that question, "Is it well with thy husband?" It may be that the reason it is not well is because of the inconsistency of your life in the home? Does your husband see in your life the consistency of your Christian character? Is there patience there? and forbearance? Or is there the cold look and the critical smile that repels? God would search our hearts tonight.

He would call some to a fresh consecration so they will not stand in the way of their husbands getting right with God.

"Is it well with the child? We spend a great deal on the education of our children, so much time in their training, but the longer I live the more I am convinced that God will hold us responsible for the bringing of our children to Jesus. Somebody asked me recently why I did not preach on "Modest apparel" and kindred themes. There is no one stronger than I against the looseness of things along this line, but I am sure a great deal of responsibility lies with the parents. The thing for us parents to consider is, Is it well with our children? Do we still have family prayer in our homes, or are we too busy? Is it a fact that we are so busy our children do not see us pray anymore?"

I counsel you to look to God and He will show you the cause of this backsliding, the reason for the unconverted state of our young people. You will see that sin lieth at the door. You will remember the text I took this evening from that beautiful scene of Elisha coming to the home of the Shunammite. He need not have asked these questions, he no doubt knew, being a prophet. I often wondered why Jesus asked questions when He already knew the answer. He asked, of the sisters at Bethany, "Where have ye laid him?" He knew where they had laid him. "How many loaves have ye?" to His disciples. I have had people excuse themselves by saying, "God could save the world without me." Maybe He could, but God holds us responsible. When we are so unconcerned that we are not burdened for the lost we must not wonder that we are not getting along better in our Christian experience. It is true, there is another part to this, and that is the prayer-life. We are not going to get on with Jesus without emphasizing the prayer-life; without spending time on our knees before Him. I have found this out by experience. How will it be well with our souls? By taking heed to these things we have heard. It is not enough then to know about the Second Coming of Christ; it is not enough to know about Divine Healing, but in what condition is our prayer-life? We can say with all our hearts that we believe in these wonderful truths. The teaching on the Second Coming of Jesus inspires us and thrills us, but does it influence us to pray more?

I have been thinking about that little time Moses had on the mountain when Israel was fighting Amelek. When he held up his hands Amelek lost, and when his hands were down,

Amelek won. No matter how hard the Israelites fought, only when Moses' hands were up, did they win. We can fight and struggle, but unless God is with us, it will avail nothing. Women can talk to their husbands, parents can talk to their children, but only the power of God will do the work—"lifting up holy hands in prayer without wrath and doubting." You will never get along with Jesus unless you find time to pray and to read your Bible.

When I was in London, England, the city of my birth, I remember the news that came to us of the great land of opportunity. There were big signs all over the city, "Come to Canada, the land of opportunity! Homes for all! Money for all!" and the story went around that we could even find money on the streets. Imagine our spirits when we landed at Quebec not to find money on the streets! As we went further west our hearts leaped for joy at the prospects that lay before us. We settled in Ontario and it seemed we had our *Eureka*, but we found we had to work hard for everything we got, and while the government of Great Britain had promised all kinds of inducements, it meant hard work.

We have the promises in the Bible, great spiritual opportunities are before us, but as Christians we are going to get only that for which we pray and strive. As we listen to the different testimonies of those who walk with God, we sometimes think we would like to have their experience, but we do not know the struggles and the heartaches before that place in God was reached. Would you be willing to pay the price that brother or sister paid? I am looking for a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit to come upon us again. I am expecting God to sweep hundreds and thousands into the Kingdom, but as I look out over the cities of the world I have to say, "It is not well with the cities;" and I hear a Voice say, "No, it will not be well until I come." As I hear people prattle about the world getting better, I hang my head in shame, But Jesus is calling men and women into His wonderful Body. Does your heart not leap for joy at the thought that soon Jesus will come, and we shall be caught up to meet Him in the air? "And so shall we ever be with the Lord."

I am reminded of the time when the Lord healed me of consumption. It seemed my very life had gone out. I knew I was dying. I had the sense of death on me, and I was going down to death's door, caring little if I died or not, but the beautiful hand of Jesus was laid upon me and I felt new life all thru my body. Jesus made

me whole, and I shall never forget it. Then another time I was deathly sick with double pneumonia. It seemed my very life was going out. One night my eyes were set in death and the white froth was oozing thru my mouth, but that night Jesus touched me again and gave me another chance to live. Can we ever forget those touches when Jesus came in mighty power?

Imagine the joy of the Syro-Phoenecian woman when He said, "Go, thy daughter is healed!" Imagine the joy in the home of the man with the withered arm, when Jesus touched him! Imagine the joy of Peter to be forgiven after he had denied his Lord! Jesus did not say, "I told you so." Among the first words He said after His resurrection were, "*Go and tell Peter.*" And you remember the beautiful conversation they had at the breakfast table: "Peter, do you love me now?" "Why Jesus Thou knowest I love Thee." Jesus knew it all the time but He just wanted Peter to say so. I am so glad Peter was the chief speaker on the day of Pentecost. Peter wanted to be identified with Jesus and when they went to crucify him, according to tradition, Peter said, "Oh, don't crucify me like my Lord, but let my head be down. I am not worthy to be crucified as my Lord."

Will we consecrate our lives to Him tonight? I remember how the truth came to a dear family in the little place where I am working. The family were Lutherans, and the husband lay a-dying. The doctors said he could not live, but would die in a few hours. That dear faithful wife went by herself and prayed to God, "Lord, if You will heal my husband I will give my heart to You and serve You." Then and there God spoke to her heart, made her to know He would heal her husband. She went back in the room and found that He indeed had manifested His healing power to that dying man.

Friends, is it well with you, tonight? Is it well with your soul? Is it well with your family?

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SOUTHWESTERN BIBLE SCHOOL of Enid, Oklahoma, is now the property of the Oklahoma District Council of the Assemblies of God. Forty-four students enrolled last year and twenty-seven received certificates for the satisfactory completion of the First Year's work. Plans are on foot to provide room for 200 students this fall. The term opens September 28th. Tuition is ten dollars per term, or twenty-five dollars for the year if paid in advance. For further information write the President, P. C. Nelson, 316 East Cherokee Avenue, Enid, Oklahoma.

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A returned missionary from India who is an experienced Bible teacher, is prepared to give correspondence lessons on the whole Bible, free of charge.

Write for sample lessons. Address, Miss Kate Knight, Ripley, N. Y.

## Miraculous Deliverances in Inland China

When the Angel of His Presence Saved

Mr. L. G. Bolton, Wei Hsi, S. W. China, in the Stone Church, July 22, 1928



Read in Psalm 72:16, "There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." I thank God this morning for the power of Pentecost and for what it has meant to my own soul, and what it has meant to the millions that have received this truth. It is precious to know that God is moving these days all over the wide, wide world. We rejoice that away on the borders of Tibet, ten thousand feet above the sea-level there is a company of people looking for the return of the Lord. Once they were deep down in superstition and death, but now they are rejoicing in the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Jesus said in His Word, when He sent His disciples forth, "Lo, I am with you alway." I have proved His faithfulness away out in Inland China when we were beset by bandits and robbers and faced death. I shall never forget my trip into the interior to reach the station where I expected to labor. It was a great ordeal. When we reach the border of China we have about two months' journey before we reach our destination; we travel six weeks on horse-back, day after day, week after week. We traveled and walked over the mountains fifteen thousand feet high then down again to the rivers. Sometimes we would sleep on the mountain tops, sometimes by the riverside, sometimes in a Chinese inn. Sometimes we had to drive out the pigs and put straw down and sleep in a pig-sty, and we thanked God for that, for there was no other place. He supplied our every need.

I remember when I was traveling inland, for the first time. An English missionary, Mr. Alfred Lewer, was coming down to the Border to meet me, and on the way down he had to walk about 200 miles in his bare feet. After walking a long way he became very tired and weary,—he had spent nine solid years out there, and on his way as he was crossing one of the Tibetan rivers, weary and exhausted, he was drowned. I expected to meet him at the Border, I was entering thru Burmah, and waited and waited, and finally I had a cable from my father saying that Brother Lewer had drowned. It was a trying time, but the Word in Philippians came to me, "I can do all things thru Christ which strengtheneth me,"

He will be with us thru every peril, and I traveled on alone. I had to fix up food to use two months on the road. Then a Chinese came to meet me who had a letter from my sister saying he would escort me inland. I could not talk the Chinese language and he could not speak English, but we traveled two months together, and we both could talk to Jesus. He understood both languages. At night I used to pray in the English language and David would pray in Chinese.

We were traveling about ten days on the road, crossing the mountains, and I was just putting down my bed, when in came a Chinaman, talking in English. It was the first word of English I had heard on the trip, and he was saying, "Beware! Robber! Beware! Robber!" I tried to get something else out of him but all he could say was, "Beware! Robber!" I was scared about robbers because I had an uncle who was killed in the Boxer trouble in 1900. I rushed down stairs to find out if the robbers were there stealing my goods. I had boxes enough to last me for seven years. I could not see anything but that night I was "Bewaring" all night long, and could only ask God to protect me and help me on the road. In the morning we started off again. It is the custom in Inland China for a missionary to have an escort of soldiers with him, sometimes five, sometimes a hundred and five, all according to our dangers, but this time the soldiers were nowhere to be found. They run away when trouble comes. But praise God, we do not put confidence in man but in God. I was riding ahead on horseback and about eleven o'clock we passed a thick woods. I had twenty-five horse loads of goods behind me, and as I turned a corner I heard a noise. The Lord told me clearly to jump off and run back. I had a big stick in my hand; I could not speak to any of the Chinese, but I remember running back as the Lord told me to jump off and there I saw twenty-five to thirty bandits, ugly looking characters, possessed with the very devil himself, and dressed in just a loin-cloth. Some had guns and some had knives, some daggers in hand ready to kill me. They were ready to steal all my goods, there they were leading my horses in the woods. I saw my boxes of silver and it quickly flashed on me they were stealing my goods. I trembled and shook, and I looked up to Jesus, "Oh, please, Lord, undertake for me!" I can truly testify as I breathed that simple

prayer to God and claimed His promise which says, "One shall chase a thousand," the power of God came upon me in a way that I shall never forget. I felt I could put ten thousand to flight. So I went rushing forward in the name of the Lord. I could not speak the tribal language but I had learned to speak in tongues when the Lord baptized me in the Holy Ghost, so as I rushed forward, the power of God upon me in a mighty way, I spoke in some language unknown to me, and using the stick, I laid two or three of them low. They looked at me as I was yelling at them in tongues. I really believe God gave me the right language to speak to those robbers. It had such a powerful effect they were scared out of their lives, and gave one big yell and ran away as hard as they could, leaving me standing there. Then I felt the power leave me and I trembled from head to foot. I thank God for that miraculous deliverance. The days of miracles have not passed, His power is the same today as when He shut the mouths of the lions. I have proved Him again and again as we have met these bandits. I have seen some terrible sights in Inland China, natives with their heads cut off, their bodies cut in pieces, but I praise God that altho we have had trials He has wonderfully delivered.

Once when we were traveling along the road, two hundred of them came toward us. There are cannibals out there. They think if they take the heart out of a white man and eat it, they will receive the bravery the white man has, and so without God one is not safe. As these two hundred came toward us with their guns, I looked up and said in the Chinese language, "Do not be afraid. We trust in the living God." We were facing death, as it were, but God again worked a wonderful miracle. They came to within about fifty yards of us when suddenly they stopped, could not come any further. The angels were encamped around about us, and they could not advance any nearer. We have a mighty, wonder-working God. He lives today and still answers prayer.

We have had many trials and difficulties traveling in Inland China; there are no roads and we have immense rivers to cross; the only way to get across them is by a rope stretched from one side to the other. The horses and the boxes are fastened to this rope which is about two hundred feet above the river. The first time I went across one of these rivers my Chinese helper, David, said, "Pastor, do you feel brave?" I looked at the turbulent river and felt my heart beating a little rapidly. I said, "Are you sure the rope

is strong?" It is made of bamboo. He said, "Yes, it is a new rope. It is quite all right." He put a rope around my body, and I asked, "Are you sure that knot is good and tight?" He assured me it was. I thought I'd like to take my camera with me so I could take a photo half way over and send it to my mother to show how brave I was. He gave me a push and away I went twenty miles an hour above this river, my heart beating very hard. I didn't care to take a photo half way over. After I passed the center I would have to pull on the rope; I would pull a while and then stop to rest. If I would let go I would slide back to the center. After hanging on to that rope about ten minutes I got to the other side. This is one of the practical sides of missionary life in Inland China, on the borders of Tibet. Perhaps you ladies wonder how you would cross. They would put you in a basket. I have been buried in snow head and all, on the heights of those mountains, but I have never suffered from a broken bone.

In that part of China we have nine different tribes all with different languages, and it is a large scope for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Pentecostal missionaries have penetrated into the most hidden parts of China and God has given a gracious increase. We have many problems with which to deal. In China a man often has two wives, but a Tibetan woman can have two or three husbands. The Tibetans are very dirty. They never bathe from the time they are born until they die. They rub their body in butter. One needs all the grace he can muster to work among these people. When I first met them I cried to the Lord, "Oh God, You must work a greater miracle in my heart. I do not love these filthy, dirty people." I saw one standing beside me to whose heart the blood had not been applied, and Jesus said to me, "I loved you when you were in sin. Can you not love these people for Me?" I realized then as I had never done before that all I possessed was by the grace of God. I might have been like the one next to me were it not for Jesus and His grace. So God answered prayer and helped me to love those needy people.

I have seen our own Christian natives suffer from cold, traveling in the snow with hardly any clothing on their bodies. I have seen them take the bark from the trees and ask God with tears in their eyes to make this bark nourish them. They have lived on the bark of trees and been very thankful. We have had them travel three and four days, twelve thousand feet above sea

level, and say, "Please white man, come and tell us about this One who can give us eternal life." They have come two, three and four times, sometimes with bleeding feet, asking for someone to go and tell them, but there was no one to go. The fields are white unto harvest but the laborers are few.

We have conventions at Christmas and at Easter time when the natives come together from the different stations. They come from the North, South, East and West; five, six and seven hundred of these natives come together. Hundreds of them prostrate themselves on the ground in prayer. One day at the close of a Communion Service I heard one of the native Christians say in the English language, which he did not know, "Jesus is coming!" He was praising the Lord and was receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Praise God, He works in the same Pentecostal way, off in the Far East as He does here, and He is no Respector of persons. Marvelous are their answers to prayer. Sometime we think we have to build up a great lot of faith to get something from God, when it is only a tiny mustard-seed faith that is needed.

We sit around the camp fire and have testimony meetings, perhaps a hundred natives in a group. I remember a woman who testified about her little girl. After they get saved they love their children, but before they are saved they throw them away; if the mothers have no milk they leave their children on the mountains to die. This woman said, "I loved my little child, she was spitting up blood. I didn't want to take her to the doctor, he would cut her," and she saw in her catechism about praying and felt she should go straight to Jesus. She asked Him to heal her child and after she prayed she looked into the child's mouth. The child was not healed, and then looking at her hands, she saw they were dirty. We often preach to the natives about cleanliness, they are not too fond of water, and she thought, "I guess it is because I am dirty," and she went and washed all over. She went back again and prayed, and asked the Lord to heal the child, and when the child wasn't healed she wondered if it was because her house was too unclean. Then she thought she would go down to the church to pray. We have churches that the natives themselves have built. They are self-supporting. So she went down to the church and prayed and came back again and still the child was not healed. Then she thought perhaps she had made a mistake and she spelled the words out again. Then she got desperate. Thank God for

folks who get desperate, they are the ones who get answers from Him. She went back to the church and climbed up in the loft so she would be nearer heaven, she thought, and she prayed on the loft of the church until she knew she had the answer. Did God withhold His hand? Of course not. When she was up in the loft praying, He healed her little child.

I remember another native woman whose log cabin I used to visit. She had a fall and broke her leg. We missionaries have not only to preach the Gospel, but we have to do first aid work, and a number of things that require skill and courage. We put this old lady's leg in splints and anointed her with oil and she got well. She was a very poor woman but she had a cow. About two months later I went to her log cabin and there I saw this cow with a lot of oil over its head. I wondered what she had been doing. She said, "Oh Pastor, it works all right." "What do you mean?" I asked. She said, "Yesterday I was out ploughing with my cow and suddenly it fell down and seemed it would die. I thought, 'I cannot afford to lose the cow, why cannot God heal it as well as me?' so I got the cruse of oil and poured it over its head and prayed. And as soon as I laid hands on the cow she jumped up." Thank God, He can heal a cow as well as us. It is not foolish, but shows simple, childlike faith.

Someone asked me, "Do your Christians stand?" "No," I said, "they do not. They go on." They go on with God and it is wonderful how they receive blessings from the Lord. Many a time as I have been going on horse-back I have heard them coming to meet me singing the songs of Zion. It is worth all the gold in the world to be an ambassador of Jesus Christ. Talk about laying up treasures down here for other folks to squabble over, I want to lay up treasures yonder where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt nor thieves break thru and steal. But we do have backsliders. I remember a man's testimony. He was a backslider, and would not come to church on Sunday. He went out cutting wood, and saw a great big bear. He wanted to make sure it was dead and he threw a stone at the bear, but it didn't move. So he thought it was dead and he went down to where it was, ready to cut it to pieces. As soon as he got there the bear jumped up and clawed him. It tore open his legs and his back and left him in an awful condition. Along came other natives and when they saw this backslider lying there, they said, "This is So-and-So, the backslider, serves him right." However they

came over and told us about him and we went to him. He was bleeding and suffering greatly. And he had five little children with no food, and naked. It was a pathetic sight. We got the elders together and prayed, and stitched up his wounds. He nearly died but after two months he was well again and came to the meeting. He found it didn't pay to backslide, and said, "I won't back-

slide anymore. If you backslide there is a big bear waiting for you. He will tear you and leave you to die."

Thank God for the ministry he gives us among these simple people. I want to go back to them again before Jesus comes. I want some of those native tribesmen as stars in my crown. Pray for us as we go back to them.

## The Joy of Winning Souls Surmounts every Hardship

Mrs. Ada Buckwalter Bolton, in the Stone Church, July 22, 1928



passed thru here about nine years ago on my way to China. At that time I had just left my home that was near and dear to me and I was facing a heathen world for the first time. But my feelings are different this morning. I am looking toward China again but it is like going back home. Those people have become my people. I remember years ago, when I first went out I was wondering if I could stand the climate, or if I could endure all the hardships and privations a missionary had to face; or if I could learn the difficult language. It was a step of faith, but there was one thing I forgot to reckon in, and that was the great joy the Lord gives us as we carry this glad story of Jesus and His love to these people. That was the real secret of my work in China. Many a time the joy of the Lord was my strength. Our work was strenuous as we would climb up high mountains, riding mules, hanging on so we would not slip, and going to the very top, then getting off and walking down until one's knees tremble, but when we would arrive at a village that had received the Lord Jesus Christ, what a joy it was! The people would say, "Our teacher is coming," and they would welcome us and in a short time all our fatigue was forgotten. They would take us in and give us tea. Many times we would arrive cold and wet, but the joy of meeting those who had given themselves to Jesus eclipsed all the hardships.

The Lord has been putting in my heart a little phrase in Romans 12:1, "a living sacrifice." It is not what we gave to God in days gone by. Sometimes our sacrifices become stale and dead, but God asks us to be "a living sacrifice," and He doesn't ask anything unreasonable. I have proved Him in China. In all these nine years He never failed me once. There was always the grace of God to help me thru the difficult places. We have not only offered ourselves a living sacrifice in days gone by, but we have our faces again set toward the land of our adoption. Again we have laid our lives on the altar, and we trust we will

be able to live among the tribes of Western China until Jesus comes. Years ago when I first heard about Jesus' coming back again it greatly stirred my heart, and I love the thought of His soon return. I want to labor in Western China until He comes.

The people with whom we have been laboring are a mountain people. They are the Lisu tribe and they have always been oppressed by the Chinese. Their language has nearly all soft sounds in it, showing them to be an oppressed people. But God has come to them and their oppression has prepared their hearts for the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Not only entire families but village after village has accepted the Gospel, and God has given us much fruit. These people live on the mountains and sometimes their villages are almost inaccessible, but we get the Gospel to them. They live in log cabins, with an earthen floor and build a fire in the middle of the floor. There is a great change in their lives since they have become Christians. One of them said to me, "You have no idea the change that has come since Jesus has come to our village. Before that we were always fighting, drinking, and killing one another." They carry big knives in their belts; sometimes they would get drunk and fall down the mountains and become injured. "But now," they say, "we are living like brothers and sisters." They have opened their hearts to the only One who can transform their lives.

God has given us some very precious Bible women and evangelists. One of our Bible women is a part Tibetan. God wonderfully saved her in days gone by. She formerly worshipped in all sorts of Tibetan customs and at all sorts of Tibetan shrines but found no peace. Then Jesus came into her life and she has been a living sacrifice ever since. She has been with us thru sorrow and all kinds of hardships. God has given her a real ministry among the people.

I was in China two or three years when my sister, Mrs. Lewer came home on furlough, and I went out with this Bible woman. For about

three months I never spoke a word of English, and we had a wonderful time preaching to the different tribal people. I remember on one occasion this Bible woman was preaching to them. Most of the men could understand Chinese but of the women very few. They were a different tribe, but when she was preaching the power of God fell on the audience and the tears rolled down their faces as she told about the terrible punishment there will be for sin and the blood of Jesus Christ as the only remedy. After she was thru speaking they said, "You spoke to us in our language. We understood everything you said." She said, "I cannot speak a word of your language." "Yes," they said, "but we heard it." The next morning some came and said, "We heard all that message." She asked me, "Could the Lord have worked a miracle? I spoke in Chinese and they heard in their language?" I said, "God is so willing for them to have the Gospel He could turn the language so that they could understand it." He is a God that doeth wonders.

An old man who had not been able to walk for eight years, believed after the Lord saved

his soul, that He could also enable him to walk, and it was even according to his faith. The Lord gave him such strength that he was able to walk upon the mountains. It is wonderful what God has done for these people who seemed so unpromising. Even they themselves said, "We were just like cattle. We did not know how to act like people before we were saved."

We have booked passage to sail on Sept. 15th, and will probably be traveling until after Christmas. Our evangelist writes they have peace in all their borders so there is no reason we should not return. Since we have been home our evangelist writes that he has baptized over a hundred. A new district has opened up and the people who were saved said, "We want to be baptized. It is the Lord's command." He said, "I'd rather wait until warmer weather,"—the snow from the mountains is very, very cold—but they insisted on being baptized then, saying the Lord might come. So he carefully instructed them what it really meant and they were baptized. We are longing to go back and open up other districts that are ready for the Gospel.

## Hands Off



OD hates nothing as much as an attempt on your part to make yourself fit to approach Him. ANY desire to prepare yourself to surrender is another act of rebellion on your part. *You cannot "get ready" to get saved!* in nowise can you adjust yourself for salvation. As you are! don't alter yourself or endeavor to improve and arrange anything about yourself. Come to God just as you are, in your misery, in your sin and your darkness; in your wretched condition fall in helpless prostration at the feet of your loving Saviour and surrender to Him your all. *Don't hesitate—'tis another form of unbelief—straightway—immediately—arise and approach Him in full confidence, though your steps may falter, your words may fail and your prayer be but a stammering of regrets and fears. You are blind? true!—yet you shall see Him. Naked? even so!—yet He shall clothe you. Come to Him now and fall in His outstretched arms.*

*Don't touch yourself*—you don't belong to yourself,—you have no right to touch your dirt and rags. Don't touch your condition—don't spoil your abject and desperate situation, it is just terrible enough to invite your Saviour's compassion and beckon His help. The darkness and blackness of your heart are the very conditions He loves to change and transform by the

light of His Person.

*Don't tackle your entangled and confused life—leave it as it is—every touch of your hand has succeeded only to blight it and curse it the more*—you have made a complete failure at self-redemption; every attempt has left confusion worse confounded. Every time you have taken yourself in hand you have prevented Christ's hands from blessing you; you have saved yourself from Christ's salvation and have invoked the wrath of God in putting your trust in yourself.

Every attempt to assist and better yourself is an avowal of your independence and a rejection of His assistance. Each endeavor to redeem your forlorn soul is an insult to the work of deliverance He has wrought for you on the cross. To rely on your own strength is to deny His power to wholly save you.

*You cannot help your Saviour.* He desires the glory and honor of redeeming you. Could you begrudge it of Him who has tasted death for you? He demands not your assistance but that you desist arresting His opportunity of saving you. *Hands off! You are not your own.* You are His property just as you are. He purchased you in your sin and filth and degradation. He bought you, not with silver nor with gold but with His life's blood. He purchased you in your moral, spiritual and eternal bankruptcy. *Hands*

*off!* you have no business even to hold yourself—your own resources and efforts have spelled your doom, have cursed and destroyed you. The more you have tried to undo the knot of your life the more entangled it has become. His hand awaits to solve your problems, to soothe your fears, to lift and caress you, to pardon and redeem you. Your hope is to cast yourself upon His mercy. Leave yourself alone. Don't help Him save you, don't try to assist Him: You will only mar His work and rob Him of His privilege to save you from your uttermost need and plight to the uttermost glories of His Heaven. *Hush! Cease to explain.* He knows, He understands. He does not need your explanations. He has followed you pleadingly, knocking, beseeching and continually waiting for the moment, the minute when you would LET HIM *do it.* Let Him now! tell Him He can. He longs to take you if you are a helpless lamb; only such He presses to His bosom and bears in His arms to His fold. *Cease your struggling with those thorns and briars that so cruelly pierce your flesh.* Struggling but adds to your pain, but sinks afresh each thorn in your flesh. See His Shepherd hands extended above you. Will you give up? Will you not only give yourself up, but give up your SELF, your self-esteem, your self-help, your self-will, your self-confidence, your self LIFE; *your SELF POSSESSION!*

Help Him? you cannot. He will not have it. He cannot touch you as long as you help yourself. As long as you claim yourself to be *your own* He can never make you His own. Let yourself go—come to an end of your plans and your resolves—your resolutions and desires. See Him standing before you—fall at the feet that were pierced for you. You cannot help! don't violate with vain and foolish efforts *His sacred right to save you.* He is *your Saviour.* He alone saves them that are lost, totally lost, absolutely beyond hope and help. *Your sins?* they are His. *He made them His.* He took them in His own body upon the tree, there to suffer their judgment and penalty. Yet you continue to sin the more grievous sin—the greatest sin of all—the damning sin supreme—you refuse to yield—you will not believe that He can and will save you now instantly just as you are—Oh! you must not continue to withstand thus actively or indifferently His offers of Peace. He loves you. The more you have ignored Him the more He has loved you and followed you. Your self-trust has smitten His crucified face. He said "It is finished"; you say, "No, not all was done. I must do something, I must improve myself, correct my ways, learn,

fight, strive, endeavor, work,"—*Stop!* lest death overtake you and win. This mad course of yours but makes Him the more desire you. He knows you will tire. He knows the forces you battle against are stronger than you imagine. So frail, so small, you cannot resist their penetrating power. He knows! He fought them single handed on the cross for you. There He felt the overwhelming torrents of evil, *there* He crushed the accumulated forces of hell, *there* He bruised the Serpent's head with His wounded, pierced heel; *there* He cried "It is finished." Oh! dear, much beloved reader, He conquered all, but you can conquer nothing. You can withstand nought, you are smitten by sin. Sin is still your Ruler—sin encroaches upon you more each day. *Hands off!* Stop fighting that in which you were born. Run, run to Him, flee to His arms that were, in death, extended apart—nailed to the tree and opened to receive you. Let those hands that were pierced for you do the work, take, wash, embrace, lift you and then bless you, saving you and filling you with Himself.

W. E. Booth-Clibborn.

Eden Rest, Clackamas, Oreg.

### Off to Egypt

Bro. and Sister Doney who sailed for Egypt on July 25th, send our readers a few farewell words:

"Our furlough of one short year is ended, and we are now leaving our homeland for Egypt, the land of our adoption.

"We have not obtained the needed rest for our bodies, but have been refreshed among our friends and the children of the Lord; as we have traveled in Canada and from New York to California and back again.

"Besides being responsible for the regular monthly up-keep of our Cairo Mission Station, we have also had the task of securing funds to purchase a mission and school property in Cairo, to properly and efficiently carry on the work the Lord has committed to our care.

"We have appealed for \$19,000, the price of the property which is in an ideal location and suitable for our work. Nine thousand five hundred dollars of this amount is due September 1st, this year. Many of our friends and the friends of missions have responded to the appeal.

"We now take this opportunity of thanking you who have so generously responded, and although the full amount has not yet come in, We believe God will supply the need so that on September 1st, we will close the deal, and take over the property.

"As the time is so short, we ask all that now desire to help make up the first payment of \$9,500 to kindly send by New York draft, obtainable in any bank or currency by registered letter to, C. W. Doney, Apostolic Assembly, Shubra, Cairo, Egypt."

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## Notes

### Returning to China

ACCORDING to the daily papers the United States has signed a treaty with the Nationalist government of China, restoring them tariff autonomy, which has been a matter of contention for so many years. China has been so long without a government that it is encouraging to see one established. We trust it will be for the benefit of missionary activities. General Chang Chih Chiang, Marshal Feng's representative in the Nanking government has told the officials in high circles that Christianity is the only hope for China.

Missionaries are again returning to their fields of labor in China. Miss Mattie Brann and Mrs. Jean Ratan Cole are returning to Wei Hsien, So. Chihli Province, No. China, taking with them a new missionary, Miss Anna Hockelman, who was with us last winter, helping in the Evangel office. Miss Hockelman has had a call for some years and was booked to go three or four years ago when the war broke out and hindered. They sailed on the Korea Maru from San Francisco, July 27th. Miss Bella Militscher is sailing for South China, D. V., on the S. S. Empress of Asia August 16th.

### Wedding Bells

On July 28th at 4 P. M. Evangelist Campbell Bannerman Smith and Beulah May Argue were united in marriage at Wesley Church, Winnipeg, Manitoba. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bride, Bro. A. H. Argue, assisted by Pastor D. N. Buntain of Wesley Church. The bride is well known in the States, having held successful evangelistic campaigns in many Pente-

costal Assemblies. The groom has conducted revival services in Canada, and they will take charge of the pastorate at Woodstock, Ontario. May God bless these consecrated and talented young folks as they start out together to work for God.

### Evangelizing in Russia

*The Gospel Call of Russia*, organ of the Russian and Eastern European Mission, contains some interesting information in their Annual (May) number regarding their work in Russia, Poland, and Eastern Europe. They now have forty-five missionaries and five students on their staff whom they are supporting thru friends. During the year they have received in cash gifts nearly \$22,000. At present they have missionaries working in Soviet Russia, Poland, Latvia, Hungary, Bulgaria and Germany (on the Polish border.)

Bro. and Sister Gustav Schmidt, who have been in this country two years, sailed for Europe on June 9th, to superintend this work which has grown to great proportions. It is interesting to know that there are twelve workers in Soviet Russia where atheism stalks abroad and the Gospel is merely tolerated. Bro. J. E. Voronaeff who was born in Russia and saved in the United States, returned to Russia six years ago and is at the head of the work in Soviet Russia. He writes that the Lord is working thru the Christians in great power. They have in their Union 350 Assemblies and groups of believers, some of which are very young, and need much teaching. They have forty-two preachers on the field to whom they give financial support and spiritual training.

Earthquakes in Southern Bulgaria have caused great devastation; some of the largest cities are in ruins and the Pentecostal people there have suffered great losses. They are holding their meetings in the open air. Bro. Nikoloff who has charge of the work in Bulgaria, writes that thru the earthquakes 265,000 people are without shelter, 279 villages and cities have been damaged and 142 completely ruined.

### For the "Other Sheep"

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."

The under-shepherds are out bringing in the "other sheep," and tho the road is rough and thorny they are faithfully laboring to bring them into the great sheepfold.

From Matagalpa, Central America, Bro. B. A.

Schoeneich writes: "We have just returned from a trip to Leon and the low country where we had some very precious meetings. There is such a hunger for the Word of God we could not fill all the sales. The Lord was also pleased to show forth His power in healing. One case was very wonderful to us. It was that of a baby some eight months old, covered from head to foot with running sores and boils. The parents were kept up day and night and all hopes of saving the child were given up. The parents were Baptists. The father asked us to pray for the child and it was healed—not even a scar to be found on his little body.

"The work in Esteli is moving on slowly and we are encouraged. The native preacher is good and works hard. Here in Matagalpa we are going ahead; always new comers while older Christians move on to other towns; thus the truth is passed on to others.

"Mrs. Schoeneich was thrown from her mule recently and has suffered from it very much. The doctor told us she would be laid up for two months (that is if Jesus does not undertake, which we know He will). She is run down in body and now with this fall she is much in need of help from God. We covet your prayers in a very special way."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Fannie Spiese, Tukuyu, Tanganyika Territory, E. Africa, writes of the difficulties in getting established in a new field:

"For eleven months we had been seeking a location in this Territory. We were sure this was where God had told us to come and for which the British government had given us a permit. But a permit to enter a land to do missionary work is not a location. However, at last, April 27th, 1928, we were allowed to purchase the old Gov't buildings and given a ninety-nine years' lease of fifty acres of land. We have had many months of searching for a place, many discouragements, and much prayer for just His own door, then this place quite unexpectedly offered us by the Provincial Commissioner for six months' rent with probability of purchase was all too evidently by our Lord's hand for us to question. Of course the six months was not with the freedom of ownership and much now needs to be done to make the buildings suitable for mission work, but the Lord has wrought in salvation of souls, both men and women, and many have attended the daily services with evident interest in the Gospel messages. We have a Men's Bible Class, a Women's Prayer Meeting, a Children's Meeting, and

we shall soon open a School for Boys and one for Girls. The village preaching has been dearest, perhaps, to my husband's heart, and our Lord has saved there also.

"We are not backed by anyone except our Lord, and so far as we can ascertain we are the only Pentecostal Mission in Tanganyika and the only "Full Gospel" in the southern half. The African Inland Mission has some stations in the north. We need prayer for wisdom, for strength in Africa's climate, for power and for the overflowing Spirit-filled ministry of prayer and service every day."

### Among the Lepers

Miss Bernice Lee, writing from the Leper Colony, Uska Bazar, India, says, "I can scarcely tell the joy of my heart as I see Him working so precious here. The work is so tense with interest. Last Sunday three more precious lepers followed the Lord in baptism, and as we see Him so graciously answering prayer we are so encouraged and happy. One to be baptized was a young Mohammedan. He had not been with us long, and his father has often come to visit him and been so impressed with the Home. After the young man decided to be baptized he visited his home, and, as we feared, came back with his decision changed. His mother objected; these people find it difficult indeed to break away from home ties. Our hearts sank, but we knew God could bring him yet. Just as we were about to sit down to our evening meal Saturday night, a messenger came saying that Nur Mohammed (the young man) would be baptized the following day, after all. The following morning found him in his place and he answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative the questions put to him regarding becoming a Christian.

"Within the past few weeks six more lepers have come to the Home and the Holy Spirit is working. The coming of these new ones has been an encouragement to the others who have been asking Him to send them in.

The whole place is more and more taking on the air of a Home. We have given the lepers more plots for gardening, and I wish you could see them out working in the soil, weeding, etc. One couple have put up a little pigeon house and also have a few chickens. We are delighted to see how happy and contented they are."

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Mrs. Mattie Neeley, Cape Palmas, sends us a few side lights from the Liberian Coast: "Cape Palmas is not the hum drum place it used to be when I came here four years ago. Even as I

write I hear the "honk honk" of motor cars and feel the trembling of the earth as the large trucks rumble by in their haste, with full loads to be delivered at the Firestone farms. Out there is a hospital manned by efficient American and French doctors. Here we can buy American provisions if we have the money. The mail that used to take four or five weeks we now get in from four to six days. Even dress goods is brought out from America. The place is being filled with strangers and oh what an opportunity it gives for Gospel work!

"Some of the denominations are keeping their eyes on us. We are becoming too numerous. Even the Government is asking, "Who are these people anyway?" But the message is going forth from one end of this district to the other—the message of the Coming of the Lord. Some are giving heed, others call it fanaticism. Some preach at it and others preach against it, but all inquire about it. And they all feel the world conditions and that something out of the ordinary is close at hand. They feel more safe here than in the homeland . . . . We distribute tracts, hold street meetings, preach in the churches, visit the sick, and cook for missionaries. We truly enjoy our labor of love. It is so precious that the blessed Lord lets us still do something for Him."

\* \* \*

Mrs. J. J. Mueller, now on furlough from India, writes, "Do pray that the Lord will supply a Ford for the ladies at our station. Miss Cooke

writes that they can get to the nearby villages only. Our station, Laheria Sarai, is in the midst of our district and like the hub of a wheel from which spoke-like auto roads lead all over the district. When I think of the three million people of our district and no white missionaries of any Society excepting Misses Cooke and Steffen, I long that they may have a car and get the Gospel all over the district. With Bible portions to distribute much can be done; indeed the missionaries' and the Indian workers' ministry could be more than doubled. Oh! the cars and cars in this favored land which are used for pleasure, for sin and destruction! And how badly one is needed in Laheria Sarai to get the Gospel to those who are dying without a knowledge of Him!

"We handed a Bible portion to a man thirty-five miles out in the district. He could not read so gave it to his Babu or Molik (Master), who read it. One day in passing the Mission House he saw the same name and address as was on the Bible portion so he went into the Mission House. He said his heart was touched with its words and he wanted to hear more. For hours the Gospel was given him and he heard gladly. At length he said he had a peace he had never known in his heart before. He had been touched by the Infinite. These interior people are on our hearts and we long that a car may be possible and numbers get the Light who now sit in darkness. There is no way of getting to the villages except by walking weary miles in India's terrible heat."

## Is Apostate Christendom Getting Ready for the Antichrist?

Rev. C. D. Hicks in The Defender



*HIS is one of the most interesting questions before the student of prophecy at this hour.*

It has long been the consensus of opinion among prophetic scholars that at the time of the arrival of the Antichrist there will be a federation of apostate Christianity, if not indeed a unification. That the forces of Christendom are desperately working (and remarkably succeeding) toward this end is unmistakably true! It is also just as evident that this federation or, unification, is preparing at the same time to reject God's Christ and accept the Devil's Christ, the Antichrist.

It is quite interesting to note the *episcopal address* to the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which met in Kansas City during the month of May, this year. Also note the official action this body took regarding a

proposed federation. In their address to the conference the bishops, in discussing the subject of "Christian Unity" said, "*Usually the proponents of Christian union have looked forward to the day when the Eastern Churches and those in the West, Protestant and Roman Catholic, would be united in one.* What an amazing statement! Then after stating what they consider the impossible conditions demanded by the Roman Catholic Church for such union they open the next paragraph with these significant words: "So far as this section of the Church is concerned we should avail ourselves of every opportunity for friendly co-operation in dealing with the great moral and social problems, leaving to another day the settlement of questions manifestly now impossible of solution. Even now, however, there may well be the tempering of judgment and the modulation of voice in discussions essentially doctrinal or religious."

We are glad to note that the great Methodist Church is *not quite ready* for a diabolical union with the Roman Catholic Church. But is it not very significant indeed that they should mention, "another day" in this connection? It would seem that even these leaders are looking forward to a day when this union will be effected. And to this end they are bold to recommend a "tempering of judgment and modulation of voice in discussions essentially doctrinal or religious."

*We notice also with interest, this great body of Methodists appointed a commission whose function will be, during the next four years, to work out, if possible, a union with the Presbyterians and Congregationalists.* And with the rapidity of events these days it is not at all improbable that this union will be effected within the given time. It will be remembered that such a union has been effected in Canada already and there is no doubt that it will very soon be universal. It is common knowledge that the Canadian union was engineered by modernistic politicians.

*It is a well known fact that many of the leaders of the Episcopal Churches are earnestly contending for a union with the Roman Catholic Church.* Not so long ago three of their bishops went across the seas seeking a conference on unity between the Russian Greek, the Roman Catholic, and the Protestant churches of the world. *The New York Evening Post* says regarding this incident: "This is the first time since the reign of Henry the Eighth that Anglican bishops have waited upon the Pope." It was Bishop Greer who said, "What we need in these times is organic union in the churches. If all denominations, Catholic and Protestant combined, became one, we would then have a great universal church." The Bishop of Hereford is reported to have made the following statement: "In the future, Catholics and Protestants should meet in a common devotion." But others, as well as Episcopal leaders, share in the same opinion. R. J. Campbell of "The New Theology" fame is reported to have said: "If we could have a Modernist pope, we should all be in the Roman Catholic Church tomorrow." Mr. J. Scott Lidgett is reported to have said on a certain occasion: "If the Pope is prepared to lead the way, no ecclesiastical or theological difference, however important, should be allowed to prevent Protestants from joining him."

*The Bible Champion* for May reports that a group of laymen in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States have published a protest against what they term as Roman Catholic practices in their denomination. They charge that "there is an organized movement within the

Protestant Episcopal Church to adopt some of the doctrines and forms of worship now observed in the Roman Catholic Church."

We are told upon quite good authority that there is a wing of the Congregational Church working to unite with the Episcopal Church. *If that is true, notice the chain of efforts Methodists uniting with the Congregationalists, Congregationalists uniting with the Episcopalians and the Episcopalians uniting with the Catholics.* It most certainly does not take an eye of a prophet to see the day near at hand, indeed at our very door, when this federation or unification will take place. So near is this at hand that already these forces, while not organically united, are working together in a most remarkable manner. It was not long since that Dr. I. M. Haldeman, the noted preacher and author, received an invitation to attend a religious educational meeting in the city of New York. This meeting was to be addressed by Cardinal Farley, Professor Geo. Albert Coe, Rabbi Magnes and Dr. John H. Finley, and music would be furnished by the choirs of St. Patrick's Cathedral and Temple Emmanuel. Dr. Haldeman replied: "I should consider myself a faithless minister of Christ and wholly a traitor to the trusts of Holy Scripture were I in any way to recognize an 'interdenominational' meeting with Romanism at one end, Universalism at the other, and the Hebrewism, which denies Jesus Christ, in the middle."

That the leaders of this movement are at the same time preparing to reject the Christ of God and accept the Antichrist is beyond dispute when we consider their public statements. Notice just a few: Dr. S. P. Cadman, president of the Federated Churches of America: "The inerrancy and infallibility of the Bible are no longer possible of belief among reasonable men." Shailer Mathews, a recognized Modernist leader, says in his book "*The Church and the Changing Order*" "Why should the church stop to make a belief in the historicity of the big fish of Jonah a test of fitness for cooperation in aggressive evangelization?" Also listen to Prof. Edward A. Steiner of Grinnell, Iowa, who at a great Chicago gathering was loudly applauded when he, "relegated the Book of Daniel to a place among the myths of the Bible." With these men and others of their type at the head of this movement, it is obvious beyond any doubt that union will always be at the expense of Faith and Truth. And this means nothing more or less than a preparation for the rejection of Christ, and the accepting of the Antichrist.

Another observation is of sufficient weight

to provoke our thinking. This combination of ecclesiasticism is already dictating, to a great extent, the policy of many political bodies and will therefore be in readiness when the Antichrist comes to work in cooperation with him in his diabolical and fiendish rule. During the war only such men as belonged to the "combine" could hope to get into service in certain capacities. When the Rev. Geo. R. Truett, D. D. of Dallas, Texas, desired to go over seas simply as a Baptist preacher he was not permitted to do so. He was compelled to wear a "Y" uniform or stay at home. Dr. J. B. Gambrell, D. D., says the Baptists besought and protested for Dr. Truett and other men, but were unsuccessful in their efforts. A writer in the *Christian Workers Magazine* says: "At——— is the State Orphans' Home. Until recently the children were permitted to attend the Sunday School and church of their choice, but a federated community church having been organized, they were forbidden to attend any church except that one. The Baptist Church appointed one of their ministers to talk with the superintendent of the Home, who reported that the superintendent said he was sending them to the church favored by the Government and it would ultimately be the only church the Government would recognize." Is not such procedure getting very close to the fulfillment of the prop-

hetic writings?

To the writer's own knowledge, in a city in California, a friend of his applied for a permit to stretch a tent on a vacant lot for a gospel meeting when he was told that the city council would have to first see the Ministerial Union before they could grant the permit. The meeting was not held.

It would, therefore, seem that the stage is being set and the curtains are about ready to be lifted; and the Antichrist about ready to make his covenant with the Jews and apostate Christianity, bringing forth the tribulation.

*In business we find everything being operated in the form of nation-wide "chains." Much use is being made of the word "chain;" "chain-stores, chain-newspapers, chain-radio programs, chain-financial systems, etc.*

*In politics, the same principle is being applied. The destiny of the world, politically speaking, rests in the hands of a few men who control the international political chain. The League of Nations is the logical expression of the plan.*

*In religion, we see in this article, that same plan is at work. A religious-chain is certain.*

*At the proper moment, Old 666 the Antichrist, will dramatically take his position at the head of all the chains, and the whole world will wander after the beast.*

### The Epistle of Kallikrates

*An interesting document was recently discovered in North Africa. The papyrus pages were found far down in sand that filled the cellar of a ruined house, and sent to New York in June, 1927.*

*It purports to be a letter from a Christian scholar belonging to the Corinthian church, who is seeking light, and is addressed to the Apostle Paul at Rome about 64 A. D. Translated from the Greek by J. M. Witherow, in The Atlantic Monthly. We give it in part:*



ALLIKRATES, the son of Euphorbus, one of the faithful at Korinth, to Paul, the beloved apostle of our Lord Jesus Christ: grace and peace be yours always from the one true God who sent you to bring the word of life to Achaia.

It has ever been a sorrow to me that, living in a mountain village a day's journey south of Sikyon, I never saw you, Paul, or indeed heard of you when you were preaching the Gospel in Korinth. Three years after you left Korinth for

the last time, I came here to study the books of some of our celebrated teachers, and here I met Stephanas, your brother in Christ, and now mine. He taught me the way of salvation, which you had taught him. Through him I have been baptized and received into the number of the saints that are in Korinth. I live in the street that leads to the old harbor, the fourth house from the temple of Apollo.

Stephanas has been very kind to me, lending me your letters to the brethren in this city, and a copy of a letter you wrote to the brethren in Galatia and of another to the brethren at Rome. I have copied them all out and have read them again and again, thanking God our Father for the truth in Christ sent to me in my ignorance and unworthiness through your words, deep, eloquent, and persuasive. At many places in your works I feel as often as I read that the Lord Himself is speaking to me through you. I have fed at your hands, but am still hungry. I have drunk at your fountain, but I am thirsty still.

Besides all this, we your children in Korinth are in much anxiety about you. We hear you

are again to be brought before Caesar's tribunal. We earnestly pray God night and day for you that you may be acquitted and set at liberty. And I pray also that you may come back to Corinth and guide us, for some are in need of guidance, I myself most of all. Meanwhile, I write of my difficulties and doubts to you in this letter, hoping you may wish to know the present beliefs of the church in Corinth and may be permitted by your jailer to answer.

You are our most profitable and convincing teacher. From Silas and Loukas we have received sayings of our Lord Himself and many of His parables, and from Apollos many interpretations of the Hebrew writers. But you are our greatest teacher of all men now living. And yet, as you said, you do not 'lord it' over our faith. You reason with us when you write of the law courts, of the payment of apostles, of tongues in public worship, of the resurrection, and other subjects. But why reason with us, if we may not judge your argument? Surely you are implying that you wish us to use our own minds and judge what you say? Nay, at certain points you expressly invite us to form our own opinions. In discussing idolatry and again about unveiled women, and again about prophets speaking to the church, you tell us plainly to think for ourselves. I am sure you will not blame us for taking you at your word. Permit me, then, beloved teacher, to tell you what my judgment is on some points of your teaching, praying you not to be offended, but to be patient with me if I disagree, and with brotherly kindness explain to me the right doctrine on these points more perfectly.

First, then, I make mention of what you have written to the brethren here about human wisdom and knowledge. We all see quite clearly that by no cleverness or genius or learning do men enter the kingdom of God. We understand quite well that you rightly recommended the Gospel of Christ as an engine of power to change men's hearts and conduct, using this appeal to fact in simple language rather than subtle argument and flashy rhetoric and display of erudition. About all this there is no difficulty. But here and there you use language which to some of us seems to go much further. For instance you say, 'Sage, scribe, critic of this world, where are they all? Has not God stultified the wisdom of the world?' And again, 'Whoever of you imagines he is wise with this world's wisdom must become a fool, if he is really to be wise. For God ranks this world's wisdom as sheer folly.'

A certain section of our brotherhood here

never tire of quoting these sentences of yours, especially when they see me or my companions present at the meeting on the day of the Lord or at the love-feast in the evening. Some of them are sure they are acceptable to the Lord because they can neither read nor write nor avoid solecisms in their speech, and that I, because I have studied logic, geometry, and philosophy, and the dramatic poets, am in danger of eternal perdition. They say that you, in mentioning sage and scribe, plainly censure both Greek and Hebrew culture, that all education is folly and therefore offensive to God everywhere, but especially in members or administrators of His Church, and that we Christians should know nothing but Christ and Him crucified. In vain do I plead with them that your words only mean that you despise flashy rhetoric in stating God's offer of everlasting life, and that human art and learning and education, if applied to redeem a man's soul, are utterly out of place and 'sheer folly,' in the sense of being entirely futile for that purpose. Thus I might call the rudder oar of a trireme an instrument of foolishness if I saw a man trying to build a house with it, but that would not prove that I thought triremes should have no rudders. So I plead that men should use some common sense when your epistles are read.

But this is all in vain. Some of these brethren reply to me that I must be wrong because you never admit that human wisdom is valuable for any purpose. They add that your reason probably is that you are sure the world is soon to end and the day of the Lord's return is very near. When I hint that perhaps neither you nor anybody could be certain of this, and that if the day of the Lord should not come for one hundred and fifty years it would be unkind to deprive our young people of education to fit them for doing their work in the world, they are offended, and tell me to read again your words on the resurrection, 'We shall not all sleep,' proving, as they say, that the day of the return must come in the lifetime of some of us now living. Others, again, add that most assuredly we should agree that with God human wisdom must be sheer folly, because God may be regarded as a mighty emperor and men in His eyes as less than spiders, and an emperor may well smile at the foolishness of the cleverest spider. To this I answered, 'I am sure that is not Paul's conception. Did you ever,' I asked, 'hear of an emperor sending his son to die for spiders?' But although this reduced my opponents to silence for a time, I did not convince them, and indeed I confess that, on reading again your words about human and di-

vine wisdom, I myself remain uneasy in my mind. I cannot hide from myself that your whole trend and tone are hostile to human culture, and I cannot find much recognition of, or sympathy for, the noble and true sayings of our philosophers and poets, though you did once from the *Thais*.

I go back to one of my favorite books and I read, 'Be sure of this, no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death,' and then I read in your letter to the brethren at Rome: 'God will render to everyone who does good, glory, honor, and peace.' And I wish to know, beloved teacher, why I ought to call the second sentence divine wisdom in spiritual language and the first sentence human wisdom and sheer folly, and why I must renounce appreciation of the first if I wish to appreciate the second. Even when I narrow your meaning to a censure of flashy rhetoric in stating the Gospel, I find myself wondering whether you think it would be wrong to use good rhetoric stating the Gospel in a careful, educated way, in order to conciliate an educated hearer and win him to Christ. Surely not wrong? But if not, then, O beloved teacher, I do wish that at this point in your letter you had inserted some such word.

We have now several bishops at Korinth, as I hear our brethren in Philippi and Ephesus also have. They are wise and earnest, trying to settle our difficulties and superintend our worship in accordance with your instructions written for us in your letters. I never refer to these instructions myself without wondering why you did not appoint, or cause us to appoint, bishops or other administrators before you left Korinth the first time. You wrote that there were various teachers and governors under the apostles in the Church elsewhere. You knew that some brethren in Korinth were more or less qualified for this work. You actually named Stephanus and said you would like us to follow men like him.

But, O Paul, would it not have been wiser to have seen that such men were appointed directly it was certain that you yourself would have to leave? Naturally you were shocked at the adulterous person who brought discredit on our church in the early days. But for whom among the brethren was it a duty to put himself forward in the very unpleasant business of denouncing the offender and calling on the church to have him expelled? Can you be surprised there was some delay? We had no one to act or to judge because no one had been appointed. Your instructions in this affair bear the interpretation

that an assembled congregation (men and women, married and unmarried, old people, and young boys and girls) may suitably hear and decide about such offenses. Surely you do not mean this? If your words about procedure here are insisted on as binding on the Church until our Lord come, I foresee grave trouble. In the ancient times of Hellenic freedom it was ever found, both in Athens and in Korinth, to be difficult to make a large assembly into a court of law. Will it be easy for us?

Similar thoughts occur to me when I find you censuring the brethren for resorting to the Roman courts for judgment of disputes between one Christian and another. If the brethren had possessed already a court of their own, with power to enforce its award, they would never have dreamed of carrying some of their disputes to Caesar's magistrates. But no such court, no Christian arbitrators, had been given them, and I wonder why. Perhaps you smiled at your own irony when you assured your Korinthian converts of their competence to judge? However that may be, some of the 'puffed-up persons' in this city whom you had occasion to reprove more than once never doubted their competence to judge you and 'the world' and 'the angels' and everybody else. Your mention of the angels at this point, and also in the paragraph about women in public worship, has caused much perplexity, but I must not ask too many questions. I wish to say that modesty about ability to judge is not, and I think never was, a difficulty in the Korinthian church.

The real difficulty lies here. Many of these disputes do not arise from little personal grievances. Thus the other day Eumenes, one of the brethren, came to my house and said, 'I have trouble with our brother Karpokrates.'

'What is your trouble?' I asked.

'His brother Menon, who is now dead, was my dearest friend,' said he, 'and when dying made me promise to look after the money he bequeathed to his two little girls, still very young. Karpokrates and I were made executors of his will. And now Karpokrates wishes to spend this money, as I think, in a foolish way, likely to end in total loss. But he says it is a good investment, and he will not listen to me. He has the money in his own name at the bank. What am I to do?'

'O Eumenes,' I replied, 'I think you should tell the bishops.'

'I have already done so,' answered he, 'but they said, "It is not for us to say what investment is

wise or foolish; we can only tell our brother Karpokrates to be very careful." But I know he means to carry out his foolish purpose, and what am I to do?'

And I answered him, 'O Eumenes, your promise to your dead friend Menon, and your trusteeship for those two little girls, make it your duty to do your utmost to protect their rights. You must go to the Emperor's court and tell your story. The judges will issue an order to Karpokrates that will restrain him. If not, you at least will have done your duty before God.'

And when Eumenes had gone, I took up again the papyrus leaf on which I had copied your words and I read again what you say on this topic: 'To have lawsuits with one another is in itself evidence of defeat. Why not rather let yourselves be wronged? Why not rather let yourselves be defrauded?'

And I said, 'Yes, honored master, about strictly personal affronts and hurts you are right, but about other matters ask a trustee!' And is our life not filled with trusteeship?

What I have written about our former lack of bishops and other recognized officials might be repeated if I were to review your most wise and just and solemn rebuke to us for our mishandling of the Lord's Supper. The disorders, the irreverence, the misconduct, grieve us now even to think about, though they are long past. I myself indeed never saw these offenses, but I join with the brethren in deploring that in our Korinthian church the Master could be so dishonored. We owe you a great debt, apostle beloved, for exposing our error to ourselves and for making so plain to us how this ordinance of the Lord should be observed.

And yet, most honored brother and father in the Lord, permit me to say that the faults you censured so justly were due partly to ignorance, but largely to the absence of any authorized and qualified dispenser of the bread and the wine. It would have been his easy duty to see that things were done decently as becomes the Church of God assembled for worship. He could have seen that this never happened again. Anyone presenting himself at the table too drunk to discern the body and blood of the Lord could have been warned and expelled. But in those early days it was nobody's business to prevent a man observing the Lord's Supper whenever he and his intimates saw fit, and drinking too liberally from the common cup.

And when you were reproofing and correcting us, O Paul, I wonder why you did not say, 'I

want you to appoint Stephanas or Fortunatus or such an one to give the loaf and share out the wine, and so at the table wait for the dispenser to give you the Lord's Supper.'

No doubt for some wise reason you did not appoint or direct any officials to conduct this solemn ordinance, but considered disorders would right themselves if the brethren examined themselves and discerned the Lord's body and then ate and drank worthily, waiting for one another. And now nearly ten years have passed away since you wrote on this subject. We think we now observe the Supper worthily. It is always dispensed by either Stephanas or Philokles or Sergius, who are our bishops, and once, when we met on the first day of the week, not one of them was present, owing to illness, and many said, 'We will not have the Eucharist, for we cannot receive it worthily except from a bishop.'

I have written this that you may see how much we have changed and how careful we have become.

\* \* \*

We, like all the brethren, praise you for having brought us and our brothers the highest and truest religion in the world, for no reward braving unnumbered perils by land and sea. We, like all the brethren here, never cease praying God night and morning and every evening to spare you to us and all the churches. Wherever in your writings you say you are giving something from the Lord, my friends and I believe and obey without hesitation. Wherever you give a message of doctrine that strikes home to our hearts of itself without special claim on your part, we recognize the Spirit bearing witness with our spirit that there also sounds the Word of the Lord. And there also, need I repeat, we believe and obey without hesitation.

In regard to other passages, we for our part think you are right on some points and mistaken on others. I have mentioned some of the latter, and here I will only add I could wish you had not assumed the truth of what some of the Alexandrians and the Stoics have taught about demons dwelling in the lower heavens and working mischief. I hope it is not necessary for a Christian to believe in demons. I also wish you could have omitted what you say about women's veils and women's hair. If the Lord come not for another hundred years, your words on this matter may be carried to quarters where they are sure to be misunderstood. In Abyssinia, I am told, veils are unknown among women. In one part of India,

I am told, it is indecent for men to wear their hair short and for women to wear their hair long. The day may come when those who take your personal opinion as the Word of God will tell the women of those two lands and other lands that without veils and long hair they are offensive to God and cannot be saved. I feel sure you would regret such a use of your letter to Korinth.

In spite of these differences, we follow you and honor you and desire to learn more and more from you of the way of truth and love as it is in Christ. But because of these differences, which we think small, many of the brethren regard us with suspicion. Their principle seems to be that in all matters of worship and of personal conduct and of religious opinion all Christians should act and speak and think exactly alike. My friends and I, on the other hand, hold that, if brethren love and honor the Lord Jesus Christ with all their heart and with all their strength, they should be given their freedom in conduct and worship and belief so long as the freedom of other brethren is not injured, or, as you reminded the brethren at Rome, 'To their own Master they stand or fall!' But a different rule gains ground in Korinth. Here a man will say, 'For me to disobey any regulation or differ from any generally received belief of the Church is a sin, therefore it

must be a sin for everybody else.' I have great fear, beloved brother in Christ, that those who pursue this phantom of an impracticable and unlovely and unwholesome uniformity will tear the body of Christ into fragments, so that the day may come when the saints in one province will disown the saints in another, and it may be even in the same city there will be saints calling the same Christ their Lord and their Saviour who will refuse to call one another brethren.

May these fears be dissipated by the speedy return of the Lord Himself!

Of all your friends who have visited us I have been most comforted by Loukas. He and I read over together your wonderful discourse on Resurrection. I asked him about my father and mother, who were good people. It is twenty years since they died, not having heard of Christ. And Loukas said to me, 'Be of good cheer, Kallikrates, for God has no favorites and he who reverences Him and lives a good life in any nation is welcomed by Him.' And I asked him, 'Who said so?' And Loukas answered, 'Kephas.'

And I said, 'Blessed be Kephas for . . . (lacuna of three lines) baptized for my dear parents.' Others said, 'No, for were it utterly futile to be baptized for the dead, Paul never . . .' (The conclusion is lost.)

### The Power in the Name



HE meeting was over; goodbyes had been said to the women and, accompanied by a stalwart brother and his two grown sons, we were on our way to the outskirts of the village where the patient car had been left standing in the shade of a banyan tree.

"Now about this mela. The preacher tells me you are going," I remarked.

A mela is a religious fair holding all the attractions of a camp-meeting, a circus and a country auction, combined. For the religiously inclined, there are the sacred tanks where one may bathe and, if he is anxious for still more merit, feed the hordes of black fish that are lying greedily in wait under the ledges and arches of the tank. The gods are to be found lined up patiently in the veranda by the side of the pool where, after the ablutions have been properly performed, one may approach any or all of them to pay his respects and offer petitions, as long as his gifts hold out.

Attendance at a mela could be an innocent enough diversion, where the Christians would meet relatives from miles around, enjoy a pleas-

ant picnic under the shade, and return home at night loaded with trinkets and sweets for wife and children. On the other hand there was the pull of old customs, the sacred pool of water, and the garlanded gods in their gaudy finery. Many of the Christians are but babes in Christ. It was with a heart full of misgivings therefore, that I turned to Budha, the Christian brother, with my statement which at the same time held a question in it.

"Oh, of course I am going! Everyone is," came the ready answer. "I would have gone long since, but the preacher brought me news of the goodness of your coming, so I tarried for you. But there is plenty of time. It is only four miles from here, and it is not yet noon."

I turned and looked deep into his eyes and I know that my own were troubled. "All right! Only promise me one thing; that you will not go near the sacred tank, or bow down before the idols. Promise," I said firmly.

The stalwart form had become crooked from much bending over the ploy, but at my words it straightened as if a galvanic shock had passed through it, and the eyes, which but now had

held something of the bovine patience of his oxen, blazed into mine as if kindled into flame by some sudden spark within.

"You ask me to make a promise like that. Me! Me!" He choked and sputtered in his emotion, while I fell back amazed at the outburst which my well-meant words had produced.

Seeing the surprise in my face, he collected himself with an effort, and resumed in his usual courteous tone. "Do you see my son there?" pointing to the elder of the two boys who accompanied us.

We had reached the car by this time, and scenting an unusual story from his manner, I placed my books and umbrella inside and leaned against the door, resolved to get at the bottom of the matter before we started. "Well?" I questioned. His form relaxed into its former bent posture, while he began slowly and musingly as if weighing every word.

"It is five years since my boy here was struck down with a dumb sickness. He had been in the fields all day as usual, and had just finished watering and feeding the buffaloes when all at once he put his hands to his head and crumpled up, like a dead man. We thought at first his spirit had left him, but we got him on the bed, and after a long time his eyes opened. His mother was beside herself when she saw this, and throwing herself down on the bed beside him she embraced him over and over, begging him, with tears, to speak to her. But no word came.

"A crowd of neighbors gathered, attracted by her cries, and began to offer all kinds of advice and suggestions. Finally, however, they fell back and I could hear them whispering to each other, casting glances of fear towards the bed. At last their whisperings turned to murmured hints and dark shakings of the head.

"The boy, they said, had been seized by a dumb devil who would have to be exercised and placated. The only thing to do was to call the bhagat (priest) who would tell us the name of the devil and what was to be done to induce it to leave.

"I heard no more. In wrath I drove them from my door telling them that I was a Christian. Christ gave me the boy. Christ can take him away if it pleases Him, but no bhagat shall contaminate my home by stepping across the threshold." The man paused, overcome by the poignancy of the recollection.

"That was the beginning. All night long I sat by his bedside. Sometimes he slept, and sometimes the great speaking eyes would remain gazing

at me, but he neither moved nor spoke. So the night passed, and the day, and so other nights and other days dragged their weary length along while still he lay, a living soul in a dead body.

"The news spread quickly, and relatives from far distant villages came, to shake their heads slowly and talk with dark whispers in corners. Always on leaving they spoke out their thoughts. The boy was under the influence of an evil spirit. There was only one thing to be done. Call the bhagat to find out whose spirit it was, then build an altar and placate it with offerings of fowl, and even goats if need be. What was a goat when the life of an elder son hung in the balance?

"They even won over my wife with their show of wisdom, and I had to bear the burden of her tears and reproaches. If I would not call the bhagat I should allow her to build the altar. If she made a neat one of stone, and whitewashed it over nicely, perhaps the spirit could be induced to leave her boy and dwell in it, especially if she sprinkled the blood of a kid upon it as an extra inducement. Now she wept and pleaded and now she upbraided, but always her plaint was the same.

"To her as to all I had but one answer: 'Christ is powerful. He is my God. I will put my trust in Him alone.'

"The days passed into weeks, and the weeks rolled by until it was nearly the end of the month, and still my boy lay and wasted away. He would take a little milk now and then as we poured it into his mouth, and he got so he could move his head from side to side, but still he did not speak, and he grew so thin and haggard that nothing seemed left but his big eyes that would follow me hungrily wherever I went about the house. We all began to feel that the end was near, and my wife became more bitter in her reproaches.

"At last I felt that I must bring matters to a crisis. If my boy died I would learn to be content, but his living death I could not stand. Refusing all food I sank down on the ground beside his bed in an agony of soul. I neither saw nor heeded what was going on around me. When I tried to pray only one expression came to my lips, 'O Christ! Thou art the powerful One. Help me!'"

He paused here, the tears raining down his cheeks, overcome by the strength of his emotion. In a flash the whole scene unrolled itself before me. The string bed with its wasted form, the prostrate man on the ground, the crowds of curious whispering relatives, and a fearful woman cowering in a corner with shrouded face, while ever and anon an agonized voice broke through

the rustlings and whisperings; "Ai Mashiha! Tu qudratwala hai! Meri madat kar!" (O Christ! Thou art the powerful One! Help me!) So vivid was the picture that I recalled myself with a start at the sound of the man's voice as he again took up the thread of the story.

"Three days and nights passed, as they told me afterwards, though I knew not when the day left off and the night began. At last a strange peace came and smoothed out all the agony and trouble and I knew what I must do. I raised myself from the ground and stood over the bed while the little circle of relatives fell back in speechless fear, expecting—they knew not what. I took the poor wasted hand in both my own, and looking fixedly into the big eyes riveted on mine I commanded him in a firm voice:

"Speak! Call upon the name of Christ."

"The relatives exchanged fearful looks. They thought I had gone mad with the long strain. But I heeded them not. 'Speak,' I cried in a louder tone. 'Call upon the name of your God.'

"The poor wasted muscles of the throat moved, the face worked convulsively. Then a tiny sound came forth, faint and weak like that of a sick lamb on a winter's morning. The mother cried out in a sharp fear but I heeded her not.

"Louder," I cried. 'Say it, Masiha! Masiha!' With a mighty effort the boy sat erect; a strangled sound burst forth; and then clear and unmistakable came a glad triumphant cry, 'Masiha! Masiha!'

The speaker stopped abruptly, his shining face lifted to heaven. In a sea of conflicting emotions I leaned weakly against the side of the car, overcome by the simplicity and sublimity of the description: For what seemed like a long, long minute we stood thus, he with his shining face raised to heaven, and I like one hypnotized with my eyes riveted on him.

The tension was broken by the man. As if remembering where he was he drew a sharp breath, and then before I could recall my shattered senses he turned fiercely on me.

"And yet you ask me to promise not to prostrate myself before idols. Me! Me!"

Taken aback by the suddenness of the transition I could only gaze at him speechlessly for a moment. Then involuntarily I raised my hands in the oriental posture of supplication:

"Forgive me, brother. I am very stupid. I did not know."

The fierce look left his face, to be replaced by his habitual look of calm benignity. "Nay. You are not to blame. How could you know? And many there be who bear the name of Christian who will be found loitering in the neighborhood of the sacred tank this day. But remember this," and a look of high resolve settled on his features. "Though all the world prove false to Him, there is just one name before whom Budha and his family will prostrate themselves:

"Christ, the Powerful One!"

—Kings Business.



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