



*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

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## Animal Worship

### True Worship Emanates from the Cathedral of Our Hearts

Evangelist Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn, Eden Rest, Clackamas, Oregon



There are but two forms of worship: the sensual which appeals to the physical and animal senses of the unconverted man, and the spiritual which is the worship of God in Spirit and in truth from a regenerated heart. When the natural man attempts to worship God, he puts great emphasis on the external, on the ritual, for he understands naught of true, heart-felt religion. He cannot make it out at all since his carnal mind is at enmity, not only with God but with God's thoughts and ways.

When I say "sensual," I do not mean lewd. I use the word "sensual" in its broadest meaning: *i. e.*, appealing to the senses. The greatest example of this form of worship is that which takes place in the Roman Catholic Church where the external, that which fascinates the eye, overawes and enslaves the senses, is the all-important thing. All that is quite natural since ordinary Catholics know nothing of the divine nature; that is why they engage all human propensities and capacities in a physical worship. With them, it is *things* that are sacred, and they have *many things*. The people are not important; saints are rare, and it takes long to canonize them. It is the building, its main and side altars which are venerated; the many-colored vestments that are consecrated. It is the images and the pictures that are hallowed. It is the holy water, holy wafers, holy mass: but not holy men and women.

TO WHAT LENGTHS THEY GO TO FASCINATE THE EYE! Most cathedrals are depositories for countless "sacred" objects, stupidly held in veneration. Rare relics, from souvenirs to dead men's bones, give some churches the impression of a religious museum, whereas the most imposing edifices contain an appalling collection of bric-a-brac, curios, paintings, statuary and what-not which are hung and displayed about in great profusion. *All these catch the eye* of the unsophisticated masses. Every pew is made to face the massive, complicated altar with its multitudes of trappings and hangings, its marble tiers and sculptures, its golden crucifixes all embraced in an enchanting forest of burning candles. How useless for them to close their eyes as we do in prayer when there is so much taking place to captivate the natural vision!

THEN THE MIND MUST BE OVERWHELMED, and a false sense of awe and reverence created by the very immensity of the building whose colonnades rise to dizzy heights in frowning, majestic splendor. Gorgeous stained glass windows filter the beams of the sun, sifting its light into many colored rays with a fairly hypnotizing effect.

THE NOSE MUST BE CONVERTED ALSO, captivating the sense of smell and enslaving it to religious duty. So the altar boys swing their censors and fill the place with stifling clouds of incense that linger about in blankets of mist and soar to the highest cornices. The blue smoke permeates everything, and one sinks into a seat enveloped in holy fog. The nostrils and the lungs perform their religious due.

THE SENSE OF HEARING MUST BE GRATIFIED. The most exquisite music must tickle the ear. It would never do to let the congregation sing. That would risk too many discords. The massive organ pipes that spread out in all directions like a gigantic fan, peal in unison as the rolling of thunder, and, from the tremendous volume, die down to the most delicate strains of the Aeolian harp. The trained choir of vested boys adds to the harmonies of their languid melodies and chanted rhapsodies. The natural ear "worships," wholly charmed! The savage breast is completely soothed.

WHAT OF THE SENSE OF TOUCH? From infancy, the hands have loved to fumble and feel something, so their desire to play, is employed "in the service of God." They seem pleasingly gratified with the beads of the rosary. And, there is other work for them to do—trace the figure of the cross upon the body "in the name of the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost!" And the holy water helps too. It is something to feel; something to touch. There is a sense of something accomplished when the fingers are dipped in the cement chalice, and the water has touched the shoulders, the forehead and the chest.

THE NATURAL MAN LOVES TO EXERCISE. Movement is an important thing. The whole body must be activated in this "sacred" procedure: hence, the standing up and the sitting down, and the standing up again. The knees are not overlooked; they must bend down and up, down again and up again, down again and up again, each time the bell rings. Walking about the temple, ceaseless genuflections are necessary when passing ev-

ery shrine or crossing the main aisle facing the altar. During the service, the surpliced altar boys bob up and down all over the place. The knees are drilled in adoration.

THE VOCAL ORGAN IS GRATIFIED. The sense of speech must not be forgotten, for there are strict limitations in the use of the tongue. Impromptu exclamations are not in order. It is rigidly shackled to the stereotyped prattle, the frozen phrases of the program. Throughout the litany, the same prepared responses are alternately repeated with the priest. Alas! the work of the tongue is never done, with hundreds of "*Ave Maria*," "*Pater Nosters*," "*Gloria in excelsis Deus*" and "*Hail Marys*" without end!

THERE IS A SENSE OF THE PRIDE OF LIFE. And animal worship fully knows the effect of pomp and show. Nothing like parades and processions; the whole pantomime in scarlet, purple and gold, in rich and gorgeous dress, the succession of banners and flags and ceremonial paraphernalia—all work wonders on the spectators. What can better amaze and mystify?

But is this worship? No! No! A thousand times no! Such performances and ceremonies, though multiplied by a million, are but naught in the sight of God. It is animal worship. It is the enshrinement of the senses. God will not have all that flaunting flesh to glory in His sight. During special visitations of God, we lay no stress on the outward. It is when spiritual movements wane that things external become prominent and emphasis is given to that which appeals to the eye and the natural senses of man. When the revival fire of God sweeps over a country devastated by judgment like Soviet Russia, apostolic evangels, as living flames, cross the country preaching to thousands upon thousands, and seeing hundreds of thousands converted. No elaborate clap-trap, no thought of beautiful buildings, of stately edifices, of special garb or uniform, trouble their mind. Any old thing may be worn. No fuss of form or program; no dreaming of stained glass windows.

It is the fallen church that makes a pageant of religion and puts on its religious shows. It is the movement that has passed the days of its virility and youth, that has lost its pristine purity, which lowers itself to picture and pantomime the occasion and incidents of its birth and the first struggles of its founders. Present generation movements are too busy making history to be bothered about the past. Denominations that display presentations of the thrilling incidents of their rise, that give pageants of John Wesley's

life, characterizations of General Booth and outstanding occurrences of the beginning of his organization; that, like the Catholics, give costly and enormous dramas of the adventures and work of their missionary priests—have one and all entered into their spiritual dotage and senility; they are withered and dead, and, like old people, they live only in the past, "reminisce" about their youth, and but babble about past experiences.

In the burning zeal, in the holy enthusiasm of initiative revival work, an old barn is good enough. A humble peasant's home becomes the antechamber to heaven. As in the days of John Wesley, the open fields, some old graveyard, a windmill mound or some forest grove—every one hallowed places, pregnant with the memories of some three-or-four-hours' sermon, and on the field, as after a battle, the slain of the Lord many. But man is ever a creature of habit. He readily reverts to his early training. Back to primitive instincts; back to the ways of the flesh; back to splash and splurge, to its daub and paint.

Even in Pentecostal circles, we see this tendency insidiously at work. How easily we are led astray with human display! with the effeminate trait of love for furniture! They, too, must go the way of all the world, lose the sense of eternal values, forget about mansions in the skies and erect them on earth; construct towering temples, refusing to dispense with the extravagant expense of sumptuous edifices while the missionaries may well suffer and the unevangelized go begging—all because we are wading in the shallows, living in our feelings, and following the course of least resistance.

Now "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." "In spirit"—i. e., by the power of the Holy Spirit as the Originator and Motive; by the help and through the perception and understanding that only the Spirit of God can give. "And in truth"—this means in sincerity of heart, in a condition of life that is irreproachable, and through the means of God's revealed will and Word. Though God does not hold anything in particular against the use of natural senses in religious worship, yet it is the new creation in us that worships God. Being born again, we have become partakers of a divine nature, a spiritual nature which possesses a perfect counterpart of all the external senses of physical man.

WE RECEIVE OF GOD A SPIRITUAL EYE. This is the eye of faith which Moses had when he over-

came, "seeing Him who is invisible." When the scales have dropped from our eyes, when the veil has been taken away from our vision, we see Him. And this eye of understanding makes us comprehend the things of the Kingdom of God.

**WE HAVE A DIVINE SENSE OF SMELL.** Every child of God, from the time of his conversion may be said to have a spiritual nose, a measure of discernment through which he is able to differentiate between the power of darkness and the Spirit of God, that which is good and that which is evil, that which is of the flesh and that which is of the Spirit. This spiritual sense becomes quite sensitive, and develops rapidly as he waits upon God and lives a life of separation and consecration.

**THE NEW CREATION GIVES US A SPIRITUAL EAR** delicately attuned to hearken to the Voice of God. In the hub-bub and confusion, in the babel of noises surrounding us in this world, we are able to hear the "still, small voice" and hold communion with God in our innermost hearts. This Voice of God is warning us, teaching us, admonishing us as we go on our pilgrim journey.

**WE HAVE SPIRITUAL ARMS AND FEET.** Hands that can handle the Living Word of God; feet that run rapidly in the way of the Lord to declare the good news.

**WE RECEIVE IN THE NEW NATURE, A NEW MIND,** the Mind of Christ, whose faculties are vastly superior to anything in the natural, whose thinking and understanding are sublime and lead into the way of perfect peace. This mind is agreeable with God and opposed to the carnal mind which has done more damage to His work than any other natural unsanctified force.

**WE RECEIVE OF GOD A TONGUE, A MOUTH** whose language and wisdom none can withstand nor gainsay, whose words are as arrows, whose lips are full of grace and truth, whose conversation is salted, whose speech is controlled, yea, even dictated by the Spirit of God.

Well, some may ask: "Does not God desire to utilize in His service the external abilities and senses of man?" Yes! He does, but only on one condition: that we have been created anew, and have received of God, for every physical sense, its spiritual counterpart in the new creature. Hence, in our worship, the bending of the knee is an outward expression of the bowed heart that waits on God in deepest humility; the uplifted hands "without wrath and doubting" is the external expression of power and holy hearts whose

spiritual hands are engaged in the work of God. You may sing and shout and praise the Lord and though this involves the use of external sense-organs, the inward counterpart is praising God, happy and free! The motive power that fills and thrills our being is the Holy Spirit. It is the new creation that has sanctified the use of the organs of the old creation.

God's temple is our body because we have been regenerated; God's cathedral, our hearts where the incense of worship burns night and day, and unspeakable melodies and joys unendingly resound. Possessors of the new creation are the only ones that have the right to use their external organs in the worship of God. And they only are able to do it acceptably before Him.

Before an animal could be expected to act as a man, it should be given the spirit and the nature of a man. A chimpanzee may be taught tricks, to eat at the breakfast table and drink coffee, to use a knife and fork, and eat without soiling his napkin. But, as soon as the performance is over, he will know it, and, reverting to his primitive instinct, may be seen to bang the food tin on the floor of his den in a fit of pure rage, or frenziedly shake the bars in a noisy outbreak of nasty temper. It is waste of time to think of a monkey behaving like a man, except by some miracle the nature of man can enter into him. So, it makes no difference how well unregenerate man may engage in the service of some Protestant or Catholic Church, the Scripture still remains true: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." The Bible further asks, "What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man be in him?"

After the service is over, natural man reverts to his natural instincts, runs about in worldly amusements, cracks jokes, talks foolishness, curses and swears, smokes, drinks, dances, carouses, and all the rest of it.

When in St. Paul, Minnesota, I took my little girl, Catherine, to the Longfellow Zoo in Minneapolis. The proprietor, who had been attracted to her on a previous visit, seeing us again, invited us to see the circus animals perform. I explained to him that I was a preacher and, on general principles, did not believe in circuses. He said, "Oh, this is Monday; there is no admission charge, and there will be nobody there; but I thought you might like to see them being put through their paces by the trainer." Since we

would not be watching an actual paid performance, and thus would not be sitting on the seat of the scornful, commending an amusement that has caused untold suffering to brute beasts, I consented to look on, thinking I might learn something. I certainly did. Those poor lions, tigers and leopards reminded me of the unconverted masses enduring a religious service. Their faces showed how they hated the procedure, but the crack! crack! of the trainer's whip and the bang! bang! of his blank-shot pistol held them in check, as they jumped about roaring and snarling from one pedestal to another. The multiplied "cussing" of a black panther left me gasping and the "profanity" of those leopards was simply amazing. It was fear that kept them from doing hurt to the man that gently petted them on the back, and would order them to stand on their hind legs, front paws uplifted to hold a ball. How undignified that tiger looked with a big teddy bear balanced on his nose. Now, I am against cruelty

to animals. That is why I do not believe in forcing the unconverted as a custom to go to church. For it is the fear of a guilty conscience that binds many to ceremonial rites, and makes them willing to endure the most servile religious drudgery from Sunday to Sunday.

Animals performing are a perfect illustration of unregenerate man endeavoring to worship God. In a sense, only God can worship God—that is, that which has been given of God, the new creation, only may worship God. The Father seeketh such as will worship in Spirit and in truth. Anywhere, everywhere, providing we are filled with the Spirit, providing we have the Word of truth abiding in our hearts, we may acceptably worship God in simplicity and sincerity. If there has been in the mind of God but one predominant purpose in creating the church, it has been to satisfy His own heart's craving for worshipers. That first, and from true heart-felt worship everything else springs.

## Where Are the Weeping Prophets Today?

Practical Lessons from Nehemiah

Pastor A. G. Ward, Springfield, Mo., in the Stone Church, May 24, 1928



I want you to turn with me to the Book of Nehemiah. The author of this book was, as you know, a cup-bearer to the King of Persia, and at the time this story begins he was in the winter palace, the Palace at Shushan, located perhaps fifteen hundred miles from the city of Jerusalem.

The position of cup-bearer was an important position, as you will readily grasp, because the very life of the king rested in the hands of his cup-bearer; so only the most trustworthy could hope to be appointed to such a position. Nehemiah had been appointed to this position and was still in it at the time our story opens. It is related that one day while in Shushan he observed some men who were strangers in the city, and recognized them as some of his own countrymen, Jews, who had come from Jerusalem and were in the city. It doesn't say, if I remember correctly, for what purpose they were there, but Nehemiah, being interested in the city of Jerusalem made his way to these brethren and inquired concerning the conditions there. Now he might have dismissed the matter entirely and said, "Why should I be concerned about things in Jerusalem. I am comfortably fixed, have a good position and I have about all I can attend to, I will leave Jerusalem and its troubles alone."

But he didn't. He inquired and they told him that things in Jerusalem were in a bad shape; they said that the walls were broken down, the gates burned with fire, and the few who were left of the captivity were in great reproach. He might have said, "I am sorry," and thus ended it, which is the way some folks dismiss serious matters in these days. They express themselves as sorry and that ends it. That is a sort of galvanized sorrow and sympathy, isn't it? Some merchants met in conference to discuss the misfortune of a fellow merchant some years ago, and one after another expressed his sympathy. Finally one man spoke up and said, "I feel five hundred pounds sorry for that merchant, how sorry do you feel?" That is practical sympathy, the kind that counts.

Nehemiah might have dismissed the matter from his mind, but instead of doing so we read that he sat down—that is a very good thing to do, especially in our day when most everyone is rushing about, hurrying at break-neck speed—it is a good thing to sit down and take in the situation. People are on the way to damnation. We have those in our homes without hope and without God. If they die tonight, according to the Scriptures they will be eternally lost. We know that our fellow associates are in a bad fix but we have grown accustomed to it. I wish that we might sit down and take in the situation, let



the thing grip us until we feel the alarming condition that people are in. Of course if you knew that someone nearby was in danger of losing his life, you would be exercised. If you knew the occupants of an apartment house close at hand were all in danger, I do not suppose I could hold you, and I am quite sure I would not try, if I thought you would be of any service in rescuing them. But here we are in the midst of a condition much more alarming than that, people eternity bound are moving at a rapid pace without God and without hope; believers are drifting into all sorts of error and the devil is engulfing the people in a great maelstrom of unbelief and sometimes we are so dead to the situation that when an appeal is made to pray our mouths are sealed.

Nehemiah sat down and wept. Someone says, "We do not want any crocodile tears shed here." No, of course not. I am not appealing for surface slush, but I tell you when you sit down long enough to let this thing soak in you will weep, and the tears you shed will not be crocodile tears, neither will it be surface slush that will course down your cheeks. They will be tears that will burst from your eyes by the indwelling Holy Ghost as He weeps within you in compassion for the perishing world. Nehemiah wept. Oh that we had some weeping Nehemiahs today.

Jeremiah is spoken of as the "weeping prophet." Where are the weeping prophets today? Have they all gone? May the Lord raise up another battalion of them for there are many things to weep over. Far be it from me to find fault, but as I have looked in front of the altar I have found tears—conspicuous by their absence, and I have wondered what it all means. Why are we so dry-eyed these days? I can assure you it is not because the world has grown so much better and there is no further occasion for weeping; it is not because the people on every hand are serving God. Indeed they have practically thrown off all restraint and we are rapidly becoming a nation without deep religious convictions.

Nehemiah wept, and then he mourned. He evidently believed in the "mourner's bench." You do not hear that term now, very often. In some places mourners' benches have been removed entirely and been turned into a roost for chickens. But even where retained they are not used. Let it be noised abroad that people from all around this cosmopolitan city have gathered in this place of worship and are mourning hour after hour, mourning and weeping and

praying and agonizing for souls, and you will not hold the crowds. It is this dry-eyed business that is driving folk away; it is this coldness on our part that is causing people to shy off from us and say to themselves, "Those folks do not care much. If they felt we were lost and in danger of eternal damnation they would weep and pray more than they do."

Then we read that Nehemiah fasted. Not feasted, but fasted. There was a time when the church knew considerable about fasting. It was no uncommon thing for her to have a day of fasting, and sometimes in order to defeat the powers of darkness and get thru to God she had prolonged fasts. But fasting is out of fashion now. Feasting is the order of the day. Some folk feast so much that when it comes to a fight with the powers of darknes they are of no more value than a wood-chuck. If you feast and overload your stomach, you had better count yourself out when it comes to a conflict with the powers of darkness.

It was in the month of December when Nehemiah started this exercise. He prayed all through December. Then the long month of January came and he kept on praying. I suppose the devil came to him more than once, and in a sort of religious tone said, "Nehemiah, I would advise you to discontinue this business of prayer. I feel satisfied that if there is a God He does not intend to answer or He would have answered long ere this." And perhaps when that didn't work he came another day and said "Nehemiah, take a little advice from me. I am older than you are. I would advise you to take whatever you are seeking for, 'by faith'." That is just what Nehemiah believed. He was taking it by faith, but he didn't propose to take it by faith without getting it. That is the way some folk are doing today, taking the baptism of the Holy Ghost by faith. Somebody wrote to me from up country and said, "While we were in school we thought we didn't have the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but since leaving school we have attended a meeting in connection with a religious society well known, and we were invited to take the baptism by faith, and so we did. We are not writing to set you right, we do not feel equal to that task, but we are satisfied that one may have the baptism without the sign of speaking in tongues." They have about as much baptism now as when they believed they didn't have any; the only difference is, now they believe they have it and then they believed they didn't have it, but they didn't have it either time.

Nehemiah continued to pray through the month

of January, and then February came. Of course, February was a short month. I suppose it was as short then as it is now. Then March came, and March is a long month, but he kept at it, prayed all through the month of March. I think some of us would have collapsed, yielded to temptation to take something by faith. Or perhaps some of us would have said, "Well I believe the proper thing to do is to be perfectly submissive and leave the matter with the Lord." Have you noticed how frequently we call bad things by good names? Now that kind of submission in nine cases out of ten is nothing but laziness. We are just too lazy to pray. Submit and leave the matter with Him. Yes, it will remain with Him all right.

Nehemiah was old-fashioned and prayed until April, and then the burden had so increased he could hide it no longer. Before this he had been able to hide it pretty well, got alone with God, cried out his heart, then came out and performed his duties as a cup-bearer. There is a little secret there. Some folks always carry their burdens outwardly, and wherever you see them they are so depressed and depressing.

Nehemiah prayed on through April until finally this matter weighed so heavily upon him that when he went into the king's presence his countenance was sad. Yes, I know there are times when you simply cannot keep it under cover any longer; it weighs until it shows itself in the countenance. The king said, "What is the matter, Nehemiah?" And Nehemiah said, "Oh king, why should I not be sad?" Why should we not be sad, in the midst of our joy and gladness, as we think of the people just in our little world, and of the millions in other spheres who are without God and without hope, exposed to damnation each moment they live, with only one brittle thread holding them? Why should we not be sad? Think of the apostasy of the church! of the misunderstandings that exist between believers! Why should we not be sad?

Then the king said to Nehemiah, "I understand that your people are in a sad plight. What would you like me to do for you?" God takes us by surprise when we pray through. There is no telling what surprises He has for us. I suppose Nehemiah scarcely expected this and said, "Now this is my hour. I will put myself forward because I feel equal to the situation." We were trying to select a Sunday School superintendent in our church at the beginning of the year, and the assembly were having a little difficulty in deciding on the right person. One

name after another was mentioned, finally that of a young man, but he arose and said modestly, "I do not feel equal to the task." Immediately I was upon my feet. "We have located the right man," I said, and he was elected. I think it is implied that Nehemiah did not feel equal to the undertaking, when we read that he prayed to the God of heaven. You say, "Not right there in the king's presence; he could not expect to get an answer there?" Yes, when you keep in touch with heaven you can get an answer right in the midst of a crowd. A crowd may be jostling you on one side and on the other but that will not hinder your touching heaven. Nehemiah was in touch, and the Lord said, "Ask the king to send you down?"

And Nehemiah came down to Jerusalem. Of course before going he sent announcements ahead, and a life-sized picture of himself, saying, "I would like this picture put in a prominent place, spread it all around so everybody will know who is coming. Never mind about the expense. I am Nehemiah. Have the train stop out in the suburbs and I will enter the city in a limousine; preceded by a band and with stirring music we will enter Jerusalem. That would take well now. Somebody is coming to town, we will crowd out the auditorium. Everybody will want to go; they may not have much to say, etc. etc." Shame on us that we have drifted into this cheap way of carrying on God's work. In Canada Horlick's malted milk is the standard; if anybody wants malted milk they get Horlick's, so it doesn't need to be advertised. But when a Jew wants to unload his stock (and this is no reflection on my friend the Jew) he will take a whole page of the daily to advertise the most successful sale that has been put on for the season, and disposes of some left-overs. I often think of the late Dr. A. B. Simpson, who was one of the most unique characters of modern times. He didn't need to step aside for scholars or for any preacher in the country; he was also one of the greatest hymnologists of modern times. The Doctor appeared at a convention some years ago, and the newspaper men who were there ahead of him, said, "May we take some pictures?" "Certainly," he said. "Then get into position," they said. "Oh," he said, "you may take any picture you want of the grounds, but not of me." Let us rise and protest against this thing, and tell our brethren we are sick of this posing. It has almost eclipsed the Holy Ghost and practically shut Jesus from our view. It all smatters of the world and aims at the deification of man.

Nehemiah got to Jerusalem. Did he say, "I must call a meeting immediately at the Chamber of Commerce and get the leading men of the town together, perhaps they will help me to put on a campaign here worth while?" We had someone come to our church and she was scarcely in the house when she said, "Call up the reporters, please." Nehemiah went into town and just sat around for two or three days. Oh my! It would never do now. You have to dash right in and let the fire fly in the beginning. But Nehemiah was old-fashioned, so he sat down a few days and looked the situation over. Then one night while the other folk were sound asleep he went out, thinking he might look things over better at night; perhaps he could get the mind of God better at night time. And these old-fashioned prophets, whether they lived in the days of the long ago, or whether they live now, are up more nights than most folk know about. Follow some of them as they go forth, wrestling with the powers of darkness. You will be glad to go back to your own work and leave the old-wind-swept prophet alone.

So Nehemiah started out, and finally reached the place where there wasn't room for the little donkey he was riding on to move. That would finish it with most of us. "This situation is so awful there is no use in a man thinking of doing anything here, and I want to tell you I do not propose to dismount. It is bad enough to ride a donkey, but I will not walk," we would have said. Nehemiah tied up his donkey and went on a-foot. If you reach a place in the work of God where there is no room for the donkey, you had better dismount and go on foot, for you cannot afford to be defeated; and if the devil knows he can defeat you by fixing things so the donkey on which you are riding cannot travel, he will surely pile up things to stop him. But you will have to settle the business and go on foot if necessary, for you must win out.

Then Nehemiah went back and the next morning called some of the friends together and told them that he had gone clear down to the dragon well and sized up the situation. Some of the older folk said, "Nehemiah, I think you are picturing the thing in rather a dark way. I do not believe it is nearly so serious as you say." Friends, it is possible to sit in the midst of death and grow so accustomed to it you do not realize it is all around you. You can sit down and think you are perfectly grand and glorious, and be dead. I have been in such places. You can get so accustomed to a situation you will never know

it is a dead situation, until someone comes in and tells you. Then you can either resist the thing or accept it. I went into a Baptist church some years ago. The preacher said, "Why certainly, brother, I believe as you do." I was associated with the Christian and Missionary Alliance at that time. Night after night as we preached the cloud of glory came down and hung over the place, but that was as far as you could get—no break. I got disturbed, and one night I went to church early and knelt in prayer at the altar. Others came in and knelt, and we forgot all about turning on the lights. I heard the pastor say, when he came in, "There are more ways of getting light than one, turn on the light." We had been preaching alternately with the pastor and it was his turn to preach that night. It was as dry as could be, but while he was preaching the Lord was pouring into my soul a message on sin in the camp. I have gotten wise now, but in those days I knew no better than to speak right out. As he closed I got up and said, "Hold on! Hold on! God said something to me about sin in the camp, and I will tell you what He said. Is it true that there are people in this church who will not speak to each other? Is it true that when the communion service is on there are some members who will not kneel with others at the communion rail?" It was getting hot and it got hotter; and the preacher got hot. He said, "This scolding must stop," and he began handing out honey and sweets to the people. I dropped on my face, and when I looked up there was just one man in the church. I went to my room and to prayer, and I felt clear that I was to stay until the next night; if the preacher apologized all well and good; otherwise I was to go on my way. The next night I went on my way and God closed up the whole business. I am talking practical religion tonight. I could theorize and speculate and spin off a lot of things which might be more interesting, but this is practical.

Another man stood up and said, "Well, we are certainly very glad to have Nehemiah here. We have felt for some time that the situation demanded some attention. Of course we are all business men. Now Brother Nehemiah we will be glad to turn matters over to you. You just go ahead. If you get things moving we will be on hand to say, 'Didn't we do it?'" You have heard the story of Mary and John who were in the shack when the wolf came in. John climbed on the fence and Mary killed the wolf. When John came down he said, "Mary, didn't we do it?"



Then perhaps another wise gentleman took the floor and said, "Bro. Nehemiah, it is all too true. We feel the situation. Indeed we have felt it for some time. Now we would be glad to render some assistance but much of our time is taken with other matters. You go ahead; you can count on us for \$50; in fact we will give it to you at any time. Put on the program and carry it through." But that is not the way through. The way through, if you are in a hard situation is to hitch up together, and that is what they did. They went at it and things moved along rapidly. You ask, "How did that happen?" It is all told in just a few words. First, every man built over against his own house. A man came to a preacher some time back in a series of meetings, and said, "Brother, I wish you would come and talk to my two sons. They are here in the service tonight and neither of them are saved." The preacher asked him why he didn't talk to them, and he said, "I have made a profession of religion but my boys know I have not lived it." The preacher said, "The thing for you to do is to go and tell the boys that you have not practiced what you professed," and he had grace enough to do it. He said, "Boys, you know your father has not lived what he has professed; let us come to the altar." And the three of them went to the altar. You can have a revival anywhere, anytime, if you pay

the price. Do you know the three most difficult words in the English language to pronounce? They are, "I was wrong." I have known some folks to choke over those words for years. And three others almost as difficult are, "You were right." There are some people who will face damnation before they will say them. If you feel you were wrong, say so, for God's sake. I do not know whether you have a brother next to you or someone in your own home that needs to hear such a confession, but make it, and get through to God. "Each over against his own house"—that is the way to do. And then the other word that explains it is, "The people had a mind to work," a heart to work. Oh how things go when your heart is in it! I'd certainly quit this job I am in if my heart were not in it. If I had my head in it I would put my head in some other business. But with my heart in it I find hard work comparatively easy. Let us put our hearts into God's work. I am not implying you haven't your heart in this work. I know better, but I am suggesting that perhaps there are some folk here who have not all their heart in the work of the Lord. Let us put our heart into this business of making things straight. May God help us to profit by the lessons gleaned from the men who lived in the days of the long ago.

## Training Ex-Soldiers to Enlist in God's Army

### Establishing Russian Churches for Refugees

Mrs. Pansy Mason Surtees, Shanghai, China, in the Stone Church, Aug. 5, 1928



IN MY way to China in 1913 I visited the Stone Church and received the Pentecostal Baptism for which my heart had longed. During the most of my missionary life, *The Latter Rain Evangel* was treasured next to my Bible, for it brought me great spiritual blessing. My parents took me to China when I was a year old so I can say that my missionary life began when I was in my teens, working with my father and mother in Huchow, Chekiang Province. After eight years in this country the Lord sent me back as an independent worker to Shanghai. Three years later He led me to West China to the Szechuen Province under the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. Before this I had heard of Pentecost and began to pray that God would fill me with His Spirit, for I realized the need of the Baptism.

I thank God for the privilege of working in China that first term. There were no civil wars and no bandits, and the whole country was peaceful and quiet. It took us three months to make the journey from Shanghai to Kiating, my station in West China. Later on I was sent to Ningyuan with another single woman, a sixteen days' overland journey through some of the most beautiful scenery in all the world. We traveled five days through the Lolo country. The Lolos are a tribe of aborigines living among the mountains of South-Western Szechuen, a tribe without a single missionary.

We have never heard of a Pentecostal missionary in Szechuen Province which contains a population of sixty millions. The China Inland Mission preach the full Gospel with the exception of Pentecost. I hear that over four hundred of their missionaries have gone back to their stations in China. Before the trouble of 1927 there were

over a thousand C. I. M. missionaries and it will not be long before most of them are back again. Pray that the Lord will send out more full Gospel workers to West China. We would be glad to go back if the Lord sent us there.

When I returned to China in 1913 and was going up the Yangtse River the second time, Mr. Surtees, whom I had not yet met, was also going up the Yangtse at the same time. He was sent to Chengtu the capital, but was afterwards transferred to my station of Kiating. Later he was sent to Tzeliutsing where he got typhus fever, but was brought back to life and health through the prayers of the Chinese Christians. A year and a half after our marriage, through overwork he had a complete break-down so we were ordered home on furlough. This was over ten years ago. We spent most of our furlough in California, and from there the Lord definitely led us to return to China, trusting in God alone, having resigned from our mission, the Canadian Methodist, as the doctors were against our returning.

The Lord led us step by step very clearly. There was no doubt in our minds that we were in the will of God. We took with us our baby girl, Beulah, and my aged mother, Mrs. Emma K. Mason, whom the Lord blessed and enabled to put in five more years of work after she was seventy-three. After helping in two other places she was put in charge of Tangsi, Chekiang, for one year. This station was originally opened by my father. Later, she returned to Shanghai and worked with us among the Chinese and Russians. Here she taught daily Bible classes for the Russians who knew a little English. She might have stayed with us in China until our return had it not been for the civil war that broke out. Three nights before she left, there were thousands of soldiers killed in a night attack near Shanghai and we could hear the sound of the machine guns during the night. It was well she returned to America for she probably could not have lived through those last three years.

You have heard how the Nationalists have taken control of China. Although on the surface it may look as though peace has come, yet there is no guarantee of peace, and there are many disturbing elements. We thank God that the Chinese have turned against the Communists. This is a direct answer to prayer, and we hear that they are more willing to listen to the Gospel than ever before.

While we are not satisfied with our last eight years of service, yet we can say that the Lord did more through us than in all our previous years.

We made five itinerating trips in the provinces of Chekiang and Kiangsu, but our main work was conducted in Greater Shanghai which includes the surrounding Chinese settlements. Although we worked among the Chinese independent churches, the student class, and two armies, and among the Russian refugees, yet we consider our most important work has been the training of Chinese Christian workers to go out into the interior. About thirty have been sent forth by the Lord, among them a number of Chinese ex-soldiers who were in our first Bible training classes. One of them, Brother Liu, visited us in Shanghai, last Fall, and told us since he left us he had been holding tent meetings with another evangelist and they had an average of a thousand who professed conversion in a year. Another ex-soldier, Bro. Su, has established meetings in about thirty villages. We have received a letter of appreciation concerning them from the superintendent of the Mission that has taken them and their work over since they first went out by faith.

I wish to speak about Mr. Gin, a highly educated gentleman who had been a Chinese Consul to Moscow. He speaks Russian and came as a political refugee from Manchuria. He was destitute, having pawned all but one thin garment in mid-winter; we took him in and he attended our Bible training classes. In his poverty he found the book he had previously despised to be indeed the Word of God. Once we heard him pray something like this: "I thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for this Saviour; there can be no other Saviour. I thank Thee for this Book; there is no other book like it." After the Communists came in, he was afraid to stay in Shanghai because they were after him. He left secretly and went north. Pray for him.

Another of our Bible students, a Mr. Kyin, went to Heilungan, far beyond Harbin, in Manchuria. His brother obtained an official position there and wrote to him that if he would come up there, he would help him while he worked for the Lord.

Our first aim in teaching Chinese students was to win them to Christ and then to train them for Christian service. A number of boys and girls who consecrated themselves to the Lord are being blessedly used as evangelists. Three of these are now members of the Bethel Evangelistic Band of five that has been conducting revival campaigns in Canton, once the Communist headquarters, and other southern cities. They report several thousand saved, and have

often had two hundred and more at the altar in one meeting.

We were led to open by faith a little boarding home for Chinese girls who came from a distance to attend school in Shanghai. From its opening a godly influence permeated the home and with one or two exceptions all the girls consecrated themselves to God. Two talented sisters, Helen and Caroline Ho, who boarded there had come to Shanghai to perfect their English, as they intended to become doctors. They had a great battle to lay down their ambitions and make a complete consecration. After their High School graduation they were sent to the Women's Union Bible School in Nanking by my mother who paid their expenses out of her "widow's mite," and even before the completion of their course they became successful soul-winners, visiting the villages around their home City in Fukien during their vacations. One of them is now in the evangelistic band already mentioned.

We believe that a large part of the blessing upon our work has been the result of two men's prayers. One, a Pentecostal brother in America, who rose early daily to pray for us. The other, Walter Thompson, who as many of you know, died of malignant smallpox in Shanghai. His life was one of continual prayer. He worked and taught all day and prayed at night, so he simply became exhausted. He truly laid down his life for the Chinese, but China is still reaping the results of his prayers and labor of love. On his tombstone are these fitting words, "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

We believe there is a great spiritual awakening coming to China and God has increased our faith to expect great things to be accomplished in that sin-cursed and sorrowful land. We feel that it is not too much to expect that not only thousands but millions will be saved within the next few years. There are four hundred and fifty million people in China, and out of that number there ought to be millions saved, for, thank God, there is nothing too hard for Him. But for this to be accomplished we must pray and work.

We left behind us in Shanghai, two Russian churches and three Chinese missions, and hope to reopen Bible training classes upon our return. We praise God that since the time we stepped out on Matt. 6:33, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you," God has never failed us or the work He committed to

us, although He has often let us get down to the last few cents. Several months we did not receive anything from abroad but God provided. We praise Him for so graciously giving us this furlough when we were thoroughly worn out, as we had had no vacation for seven years. We are now waiting to return to China as soon as the Lord makes it possible. We ask for your continued prayers. We will be staying with mother, 75 Union St., Newton Center, Mass., until we sail.

### Healed of Eczema

FOR the glory of God and the encouragement of some poor sufferer, I wish to give this testimony.

A little over two years ago God graciously brought to me the light of Divine Healing. Before that I had scarcely heard of this precious truth. But I was given understanding and faith to grasp the promise, and after anointing and prayer according to James 5:14, God wonderfully touched my body, I had been ill for over two years, unable to sit up for more than twenty minutes at a time during the most of that illness. "When nothing else could help, Love lifted me." Strength came rapidly and the healing brought joy and blessing to my soul. At that time I felt I could trust Him for every need, and since then He has not failed me.

In February of this year eczema broke out on the third finger of my left hand, underneath my wedding ring which was rather tight. Little yellow blisters appeared which broke and caused the eczema to spread rapidly, until three fingers and half of the hand, the back and also the palm, were covered with a mass of sores. My fingers were so stiff that I could not straighten them out. It was repulsive-looking and friends shuddered at the sight of it.

I was advised to put salve on it for fear blood poisoning would set in and I should lose my hand. I refused believing that God would not let me lose my hand when He had the power to heal it. I prayed but I felt I needed to be anointed and have the prayers of others. As I live sixty miles from a Pentecostal Assembly and it was inconvenient for me to leave home I wrote to Bro. and Sis. Baines of the Assembly at Petoskey, Mich. They prayed and felt led to send me an anointed cloth, which I put upon my hand in the Name of Jesus. The enemy harrassed me with the fear that my faith would not be strong enough to bring the healing touch, but after a

*(Continued on page 13)*

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\* \* \*

Evangelist Ben Hardin, who has been in Camp meetings in Kansas during the month of August is back with us again. In his absence, Bro. James D. Menzie, Pastor of the Pentecostal Assembly in Gary, Ind., has been filling the pulpit at the Stone Church, and the congregation were blessed through his ministry.

## Outgoing Missionaries

Miss Leonore H. Parker is sailing for India on the *S. S. City of Lahore*, Oct. 9, 1928. She is taking with her Miss Viola Parker, of Milan, Mo., who will help her in her work at Partabgarh.

Miss Gerda Adolphson is sailing for So. China, Oct. 11, on the *S. S. Asia*, taking with her a new missionary, Miss Esther Johnson of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Mader and family are also sailing on the *Asia*, Oct. 11, for Shanghai.

\* \* \*

One of our correspondents sends us this interesting bit of news:

The Amir of Afghanistan had two copies of the Word of God sent to him while in England, by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and he has ordered a great case of Bibles sent to Afghanistan for his people to read. The Word of God will not be void of power.

## Field Editor's San Francisco Campaign

Pastor R. J. Craig, San Francisco, Cal., in his paper, *Glad Tidings* publishes the following interesting report of the W. E. Booth-Clibborn campaign in his Tabernacle:

Extending over a period of six weeks in mid-summer, it is quite remarkable that there was no lagging of interest throughout the campaign. The audiences continued large and the interest unabated. On the last night we estimated that 1,200 persons were present. The messages were of an exceedingly high order of spirit and under splendid anointing. Brother Booth-Clibborn is under God a great sermonizer. In addition to bringing forth many entirely new messages he prepared notes and delivered five messages per week before the Summer School. This alone would be considered ample work for the average man. However, he was wonderfully sus-

## Notes

### He Walks the Streets

He walks these streets, unseen of men,  
The same sweet spirit now as when  
The children crowded 'round His knee  
'Neath the cool trees of Galilee.

He walks these streets. No throne in space  
Could give the Shepherd resting place  
In some far spot in starry deep  
While hungry wolves devour His sheep.

He walks these streets. His heart still bleeds  
That man in greed so little heeds  
The lesson which the Teacher taught  
When on the mount His words were sought.

He walks these streets. The shop and mill  
Not yet conform to His just will;  
Upon the streets the unemployed,  
The fruits of toil by few enjoyed.

He walks these streets. Yet by His side  
A goodly throng find honest pride  
To walk with Him. He draweth near;  
He is not dead; the Christ is here.  
by E. H. H. Holman.

### Two Months' Report

(July and August)

Paul Aenis, Brazil.....	\$ 15.00
Miss Almyra Aston, Baby Nursery, India.....	10.00
L. M. Anglin, Orphanage, China.....	30.00
G. F. Bender, Venezuela.....	10.00
Mrs. Adolph Blattner, Venezuela.....	20.00
J. W. Boyver, Orphanage, China.....	38.00
Miss Mattie Brann, China.....	10.00
Robt. Cook, India.....	10.00
George T. B. Davis, Million Test. Campaign, China.....	26.50
C. W. Doney, Egypt.....	10.00
Miss Margaret Flint, India.....	10.00
Miss Anna Hockelman, China.....	60.00
C. F. Juergensen, Japan.....	30.00
Miss Minnie Madsen, Venezuela.....	26.50
Miss Bernice C. Lee, India.....	35.00
J. J. Mueller, India, (on Furlough).....	6.00
Miss Sophie Nygaard, Liberia.....	35.00
Missionary Rest Home, Chicago.....	38.95

tained. There were many splendid conversions, restorations and baptisms in the Holy Spirit. Over one hundred members were added to the Glad Tidings Fellowship. His ministry is altogether unique and fascinating. We must say we are exceedingly grateful that he came to us.

### Jews Expect Messiah

*Look for Coming of Superman Who Will Put End to Next World War*

**A** NEW Messiah who will become king of the Jewish nation and whose appearance will put to an end the next world war is predicted by the orthodox Jews of Palestine.

They declare that he will be a superman and that his kingdom will be a great center from which will radiate peace and brotherhood extending throughout the entire world.

The revelation of the Messiah will be preceded by the rebuilding of the temple, they say, adding that this will cause the enmity of many nations, especially those of the Moslem world. The last world war will focus itself in Palestine, and at the critical moment when all appears lost the Messiah, coming from heaven, will gain a decisive victory, according to the predictions. It is said he will immediately be proclaimed king, the first king of the Jewish nation in 20 centuries.

#### 50,000 JEWS BELIEVE

Of the 150,000 Jews in Palestine, most of whom have returned there from the four corners of the earth since the war, at least 50,000 are expecting developments to rapidly transpire until at an unexpected moment the Messiah will be revealed. "The Jews are praying every day for the coming of the Messiah," declared the president of the town council of Peta Tikva, the largest Jewish agricultural colony in Palestine.

"The Jews believe that some time a Messiah will come who will bring good not only to the Jews but to the whole world," remarked D. Smithson, who was decorated for distinguished service in Palestine during the war. "This idea is spreading throughout the country," he continued.

"The movement to Palestine, the settling on the land and the building up of the Jewish national home, is the forerunner of the Messiah," declared Ephraim Sacks, formerly of Chicago, now president of the town council of the beautiful orange-producing colony, Rehovoth.

The ideal of the restoration of the temple just prior to the coming of the Messiah is soon to be realized,

they hope. Ever since the destruction of their last temple, in 70 A. D., by the Roman Emperor Titus, the Jews have gathered daily at the famous "wailing wall" in Jerusalem, praying for the rebuilding of the temple. The invasion of the Moslems in the Seventh century resulted in the erection of the Mosque of Omar, the third most sacred shrine of performance of the sacred rites of the ruined temple.

"The Mosque of Omar will be torn down soon and a wonderful temple like Solomon's shall be built there!" happily exclaimed a rabbi as he was looking out over the temple area from a window of his synagogue.

Rumors are widespread that the specified parts of the temple have already been prepared in various countries, ready to be transported to Palestine and assembled at a moment's notice.

#### APPEAL TO LEAGUE OF NATIONS

A group of Jerusalem Jews has actually sent a petition to the League of Nations asking for a portion of the old temple site to be awarded to the Jewish nation. The tabling of this petition by the league has not daunted their hopes for a restored temple. So sincerely are they expecting it that a class of prospective priests are being taught the performance of the sacred rites of the temple sacrifices.

The restoration of the temple will create intense animosity among the surrounding nations, they fear. "The nations of the world will fight against Jerusalem in the near future," declared one of the largest manufacturers in Jerusalem. "The leaders of the Jews sense the situation but they are afraid to express their opinions publicly," he remarked.

—S. J. Williams to the United Press.

*(Continued from page 11)*

severe testing God gave me the victory. Faith triumphed and peace came.

At first there was no visible change except that the disease ceased to spread. This was on a Monday. On Wednesday morning when I unwrapped the bandage I found the sores were all dried up, the diseased skin peeling and cracking loose. The hand healed rapidly and became smooth as the other. Praise His Name! He who restored the "withered hand" in the days of long ago, also healed mine. "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."

—Mrs. Wm. Blissett, Alden, Mich.

### Notes from the Harvest Fields

**F**ROM Mrs. Marian W. Keller, Kisumu, East Africa, we have an interesting letter: "We were truly encouraged to receive your offering. Our new school building which has been started a year and a half ago is still not half finished and is beginning to be an "eye sore" to us. It gladdens our hearts to get some extra help to put towards this needy building.

"We have much for which to praise God. His mercies flow on with every new day. My morning school of girls and women is on the

increase. I have now an attendance of 170, and about 150 of these are able to read the Word of God for themselves. They are also taught writing and a little arithmetic. Each morning the sick are prayed for and their simple faith brings results. The last two months have been trying and there is much sickness everywhere. We ourselves have not been exempt having had fever, but we are glad to report that all is well with us again.

"We had another outpouring of His Spirit



about five weeks ago and a number of our hungry Christians were filled. Two months ago Mr. Keller baptized forty native converts and three more last Sunday. All of these have received special instruction from the Word for about two years and have proved by their lives that they are truly born again. We can get the natives here in Africa to confess Christ by the hundreds, almost, in a large meeting but that is not saying they are saved. The Word says, 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' and after they take a definite stand for the Lord we put them into the Baptismal Class and give them special instruction, and if they prove by their lives that they are truly saved we baptize them. We believe in a clean church, a separated people that live to the praise of His glory."

\* \* \*

We cull from a letter written to Miss Parker on furlough by Bro. Timrud of Partabgarh, telling of God's recent blessing:

"It has been no easy work trying to build up our district Evangelistic work. Partabgarh is not only a new and most neglected field, but I believe one of the hardest. Most of the population are orthodox Hindus who maintain a very strict caste and purdah system. The Aryans too have given us a lot of trouble, but praise God He is working in our midst and His presence and power has been very real to us.

"It was around Christmas time that the break came, and since then the Spirit of God has continued to work in the hearts of men and women, especially among our Indian workers. At the Lakhimpur Convention last Spring quite a number of Indian preachers received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, among whom was Timothy our young language teacher. He received a most wonderful baptism, confessing his sins before the whole congregation. He has since been on fire for God. Then Panchoo, your boy whom I baptized last year, received a most glorious baptism in the Holy Spirit. He had just come home from his first term in the Bible School, and God gloriously met him in one of our Thursday afternoon meetings. He has been in great blessing since, always under the power while in meetings, speaking in tongues, praying and praising God. Our people are not afraid to shout now; you can hear them for quite a distance, and I just let them shout. We have prayer meetings morning and evening, and sometimes they continue until midnight. Oh for a great revival to sweep over this district!

#### **New House Needed**

Bro. F. G. Leader, Supt. of the Work at

Gombari, Congo-Belge, writes that they have been passing thru a critical time owing to the prevalence of the scourge of dysentery which is ravaging the district. They have hoped and prayed that they on the station might be immune but several natives are very ill with it and one has already died, which has caused them great sorrow.

He reports that God is working, and there are about fifteen natives seeking baptism. He writes, "We are encouraged to establish the native church which we see will be a real factor in the religious life of the people. Our evangelists are alive to the need of the people and we are confident that God will magnify His name in the district.

"Our old, temporary house has at last fallen a prey to the white ants who relish chewing poles off at the ground line. It is leaning so badly that we must build another. It takes a bit longer to build in brick but pays in the long run. Of course all the brick must be made and burned; the lumber necessary must be pit sawn and all the other necessary articles gathered. A ton or two of cement used in the foundation would keep the white ants from chewing it down and from getting behind the door and window frames and making a meal of them. I just received quotations from Khartoum—cement delivered sixty dollars a ton, and wood preservative enough for a house one hundred dollars. With the labor and material a good sized house would not cost us more than \$400, as aside from the cement and preservative we make the material. Once a brick house is up and cement used to lay the foundation, it practically stands for all time. A mud house must be rebuilt every four years. With labor becoming harder to secure, due to the mines, it will pay us to get all our buildings completed as soon as possible.

"I praise God for this second term. I believe that God has given me a greater love for the native and an insight into their souls' need which has given me real compassion for their condition. I find that as I oversee their work I have a great opportunity of witnessing for God and explaining the things of God while we work."

#### **A Sadhu Saved**

A very interesting item of a converted young Sadhu comes to us from Mrs. Esther B. Harvey, Nawabganj, India, under date of June 6th:

"About two weeks ago a young Sadhu, a Brahmin lad about eighteen years of age came to the mission. He was wearing nothing but a loin cloth and carried in his hand a sadhu's bowl and re-

ligious books. He had attended a mela or religious fair somewhere and bought a Gospel. After reading this he decided that the Christian religion was the true religion and that he wanted to follow Jesus Christ and be baptized. He comes of the highest caste and belongs to a good family. Has been well educated in Sanscrit; would receive the B. A. degree in Sanscrit, but does not know English. One of his brothers is a station master and he has been educated to be a priest. Mr. Sugar had one of the preachers teach him for two days and then baptized him in water. He gave a very clear testimony about his faith in the Lord Jesus when about to be baptized, and said, 'Jesus Christ died on the cross for my sins and I am ready to give my life for His cause if necessary.' He seems real earnest and anxious to learn all he can about the Christian religion.

"There was quite a stir in the bazar when he was baptized as he is the first Brahmin to be baptized here. He had an encounter with the Arya Samaj people a short time ago. This sect of reformed Hindus are bitterly opposed to Christianity and do all in their power to hinder people from becoming Christians or to get young converts away from missions. Some six men surrounded him and began to talk to him, but when he told them of some of the vileness of their religion and the things that he knew they went and left him. If this lad continues in the Way he will make a fine Christian worker, and we ask prayer that he will become established in the Christian faith. We hope to send him to Bible School this fall with three of our boys. One of the results of our revival is that three of our boys who received the baptism of the Spirit are going to Bible School to prepare for the ministry.

"We have just taken in seven new children and need support for them, as well as support for our preachers. We are co-workers together with Christ, and you can help us by your prayers."

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Bro. Thos. Stoddart, Poona, India, tells of a blessed ministry in Bangalore, with Mr. and Mrs. Maltby. He was taken ill on the way but when he reached Bangalore Mrs. Maltby prayed for him and they started to hold services twice a day for two weeks. He writes: "It was an old-time Pentecost. The house began to fill up and the glory of God came down. One morning at prayer the Lord gave me this word, 'The threshing floor shall be full of wheat.' The people came to see what it was all about. They came to the altar for salvation and then to the morning service for

teaching. At prayer they were prostrated by the Lord. They had songs, and holy laughter and visions. The last Sunday was the climax. We had arranged a baptismal service after the communion, when nine presented themselves for immersion. One was a major in the army, an Eurasian. He had been annoyed that his wife tarried for the baptism of the Spirit, but we were patient, and when I spoke of water baptism he was convinced and wept his way to the cross. I baptized him, then his son and daughter. Then the rest followed. At night the nine knelt at the altar, all nurses, Tamil, Malayan, Marathi and two Eurasian women. How glad we were that we went."

\* \* \*

From Labrang, on the Tibetan border, our young brother, William E. Simpson tells of conditions there:

"This part of the country has been going through another war lately. The Mohammedans along the Tibetan Border have rebelled against the Kansu government and have ravaged the country far and wide, looting, burning and massacring the Chinese. The heartless cruelty of the Moslems is well known and there are no crimes that they have not perpetrated. Our hearts go out to the innocent people who have suffered so much at this time.

"However, we praise God that He has kept us and preserved us in perfect peace. The rebels approached within forty miles of Labrang but were repulsed by the Tibetan tribesmen who were levied for the protection of Labrang and vicinity. The telegraph wire has been cut and the mail service interrupted; also the cost of nearly all commodities has nearly doubled; otherwise we have not suffered anything.

"I am preparing again for the summer's itinerating among the Nomad Tibetans westward, and hope to leave in a few days now. I hope to visit many new tribes where the name of Jesus has not been heard, as well as to itinerate among the districts where we have sown the seed for several summers. Please pray much for us while we are out on this trip. We are hungry to see God work, and long for the time when thousands of Tibetans will return to the Lord. We believe that day is coming, but our hearts cry, 'Lord, how long?' Oh join with us in mighty, interceding prayer that the walls of this modern Jericho will fall flat under the mighty power of God."

Camp meeting, Durant, Fla., at Pleasant Grove Camp Grounds, 18 miles from Tampa, Oct. 11-21. For information write Perry W. Haddock, Plant City, Route 1, Fla.

## Among the Mission Fields of South Africa

### How the Lord Turned Black Hearts White.

Pastor C. B. Fockler, Milwaukee, Wisc., on Returning from the Mission Field.



WHEN the Lord impressed me to make a visit to the mission fields, I felt my first objective was to be South Africa, and turning my face hitherward I landed in Cape-town May 17, 1926. While in South Africa I spent practically all of my time with the Apostolic Faith Missions, as the head of the work there, Bro. LeRoux arranged all my meetings. I held meetings in about thirty-five places, and at practically every meeting people were saved and healed. I felt that the people were more responsive to the Gospel than they are in this country.

I held a week-end meeting at Cape Town and another at Kimberly, the center of the diamond field, both of which were blessed of the Lord. From there I went to Johannesburg and launched into an eight-day meeting which God in a marvelous way blessed. The third night a man came in with one arm entirely paralyzed. He had been injured in a gold mine by some rock falling upon him. After hearing the Gospel he presented himself for prayer, and as we prayed he immediately shot out his arm. I had to stand back or he would have struck me. A woman was healed who had a short limb. The sinews were drawn up and she had to walk on her toes. That night as she stepped on the street car to go home she found her foot went clear down. She praised God with a loud voice and caused quite a stir on the street car. A man who had a cancer on his lower lip was healed. Seven days after he was prayed for the entire mass of corruption fell out and the sore healed up. A woman who had a cancer on the left side of her face came a long distance to attend the meeting. Her sister hunted me up when I was in Pretoria, saying, "You prayed for my sister who had a cancer on her face. It has entirely disappeared."

There were a number saved at this meeting in Johannesburg, one of the most striking characters being a besotted drunkard, who was wonderfully delivered. At the second meeting I held at Johannesburg sixty came into fellowship with the church and forty were baptized.

At the holiday season the Apostolic Faith people have an annual conference, ten days of spiritual meetings. These meetings at the end of 1926 were the most blessed and spiritual of any I have ever attended. People came from a distance of

from five to eight hundred miles, and the time was devoted to seeking the Lord, teaching the workers, and getting people into the experience of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Their secretary told me that they have a membership of probably 40,000 among the white population of South Africa, and from four to five hundred workers. In their native work they claim to have a membership of about 50,000, and between five and six hundred native preachers.

One of the most deeply spiritual and remarkable characters I met in my mission tour was a native minister by the name of Letwaba. He was educated in a German Seminary in West Africa, and is now fifty-six years old. He has just opened up a Bible School which he calls Pamos Bible School, for the education and training of native men and women who are called to preach the Gospel throughout Africa. When I and two other brethren from Johannesburg visited him at Pietermaritzburg, we were amazed to hear the natives in his school answer questions ranging through the entire Bible, questions which, I doubt, I or any other white minister could have answered. He told me that one of his women workers, who is not able to read or write is able to quote *verbatim* entire chapters of the Bible. Any chapter you may ask for in the New Testament she is able to quote in full, having memorized them all by hearing them read. I was also told of an incident that happened in the ministry of Letwaba which is well worth repeating. A child fell and its backbone was broken. Those attending the child said it had only a short time to live. Letwaba closed himself in a room with the child and prayed all night. In the morning he presented the little one to the parents, sound and well.

While I was in a meeting of some of these native brethren one day, the Lord said to me, "Are you willing to wash these men's feet?" I said, "Yes Lord, I am." I went to Brother Letwaba and said, "I seem to be impressed of the Lord to wash your feet, and those of your brethren. Will you give me a basin and a towel?" He did and then I read the Scripture in the thirteenth of John regarding this subject and gave some thoughts. I was about ready to proceed when someone pulled my coat. Letwaba motioned to me to go to a white man first, but I shook my head. We are all one in Christ Jesus and I start-

ed in to wash the feet of the native who was before me who had on sandals. The next one had nothing on his feet at all, they were bare. Finally I came to the white man and then Bro. Letwaba. The men wept like children, and I did too, and as I finished I said, "For once at least I have kept that command of Jesus in the spirit I believe it was intended."

Later on I told that incident at a missionary meeting, and the Lord used it. They wept as they came and put down their money. One aged woman said as she came up, "God showed me this morning that I had a black heart. I always thought I would never do anything to evangelize the natives, but I do want to help and want God to forgive me." She was ready to lay down the deeds for two pieces of property. One after another made confessions. One said, "My forefathers were in the war against the natives and my heart has been against them." Another came and threw down ten pounds and said, "I always said I would never give a shilling to evangelize the natives, but God has shown me my sin and here is a little for the Lord's cause. I am going home and open up a work on my farm for my natives." I wept as I saw the consequences of relating that little incident, and I said to the Lord, "Now I see that it wasn't just to find out whether I had the humility to wash the feet of the natives. It was to break the hard hearts of some of these white people."

God has given Letwaba a large tract of land near Pretoria, the capital of the South African Union, where I presume he is now building a Bible School. God enabled me to raise for this school alone 1500 pounds (\$7,500) before I left South Africa. I also raised for mission work in general about two thousand pounds (about \$10,000).

One white missionary by the name of Andrews is situated at Umbaba, and he has charge of fifty-four mission stations and a large number of evangelists. I heard one of his evangelists preach at a baptismal service. He was in the water and he preached and preached, deeply inspired. I could not understand him but I could tell by the faces of the people that they were deeply touched. This missionary, Mr. Andrews, has a radius of 200 square miles that he covers, but he is sadly in need of two white missionaries. It was in this work that I heard such beautiful singing; it made me think I was in heaven. They start with just a familiar hymn and then they chant on and on in beautiful cadences. As I closed my eyes and listened to their singing out on the open velt I felt lifted up above the earth.

While I was preaching a woman with a tattooed face stood out on the edge of the crowd, with a baby on her back. All at once she started to cry and weep with a loud voice. Thru the crowd she came, pushing her way through until she got right in front and there she dropped on the ground, forgetting all about her baby. Women came and loosened it from her back, and she prayed on with great earnestness, the tears running down her scarred face. As she prayed her whole face changed. All unconscious of her surroundings she never knew when they took the baby off her back, but was under deep conviction.

While Brother LeRoux and I were visiting with the Zulus, holding some meetings with some of them, one of the evangelists who lives in the outlying district was arrested for preaching the Gospel across the line, into another tribe, although he didn't know it was forbidden. While he was walking twelve miles to where the court was held, he was bitten by a green numbo snake, whose bite is deadly poison. In fifteen or twenty minutes the person who is bitten dies. It is always fatal, but he said to those who were with him, "Oh come and pray for my leg!" They prayed and he went on his journey. I saw the marks of the fangs, and it looked very inflamed. He asked me to pray for him, which I did. The black man has simple faith in God; this evangelist never did anything but ask for prayer.

I was holding a week-end meeting at Bethlehem with the white people and while there the superintendent of the native work asked me to come out and give the natives one meeting in their location. They put up a tent 40x60 for an afternoon meeting and when I arrived the tent and far around it was just filled with black faces.

God gave me a tender message from Luke 4:40, "Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto Him; and He laid His hands on everyone of them and healed them." At the close the Spirit said, "Now you have preached the Gospel. Are you not going to give the folks an opportunity to be healed as Jesus did?" I said, "Yes, Lord, I will."

As I asked how many desired prayer, it seemed there were hundreds put up their hands. They walked by and I simply laid my hands on them and offered a simple prayer. A brother told me I prayed for 160. Some weeks later on when I was back in Johannesburg I received a registered letter and when I opened it I found a card entirely covered with coins of various denominations; they were glued fast to the card, and accompanying these coins was a letter from the

evangelist saying that the natives who were healed the day I ministered there brought this offering. He also said that about one hundred were definitely healed and testified to it, a number of cases being very serious.

Bro. LeRoux concluded to travel with me as far as India, and we sailed from Durban in October, 1927, arriving at Cairo, Egypt, in thirty days where we ministered in Bro. Randall's and Bro. Doney's mission, where Bro. Hardt was in charge. We alternated between the two places, and as they asked us to continue, we said we would if they united in one big meeting and secured a tent, which they did. In the beginning the tent held about 300, and later it was increased to accommodate 500. In a short time it was crowded, and many could not get in. Hundreds came for prayer and healing, and scores presented themselves for salvation. I never was so pressed upon as I was in this ten days' meeting at Cairo. The Egyptians begged us to stay saying they would secure a large, down town hall, but we were booked to go on and could not stay. When we left a large delegation came to the station to see us off and three young men got on the train and rode with us seventy-five miles to endeavor to persuade us to stay or come again.

From Cairo we visited Lillian Trasher's Orphanage at Assiout, and found that to be a most remarkable work; in fact in some ways the most

remarkable of any I have visited. At the time we were there she was housing 478 orphans, and with her widows and helpers her family numbered 500. At a meeting we held there were between four and five hundred present, and it was wonderful indeed to hear these young girls and boys from twelve to seventeen testify how God had saved them and baptized them in the Holy Spirit. The Sunday I was there they had water baptism. Ninety-eight had been baptized and still there were more when night fell. Miss Trasher asked me if I thought it best to continue the service as it was getting so dark, and I told her I thought she should postpone it for another time. I understand there were about 150 in all to be baptized, the result of the wonderful revival that had burst out in the Orphanage six or seven months before I arrived. She has two very splendid assistants, a Mr. Nash and his wife, native Egyptians who help her, and also a native preacher. Her work is largely supported by well-to-do Egyptians who are eye-witnesses to the wonderful work that she is doing.

The Cook Tourist Agency which runs steamers up the Nile and stops at Assiout have put this Orphanage on the list as one of the sight-seeing places worthy of being visited.

Elder C. B. Fockler found his work in Milwaukee in such good condition on his return from his trip to the mission fields that he feels he can be spared occasionally for evangelistic work, and wishes us to announce that he will be open for calls this fall and winter. He can be addressed at 825 Eighth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

## When the Vision Fades the Church Wanes

The Outpouring of the Holy Spirit Sent to Quicken Laodiceans

James D. Menzie, Gary, Ind., in the Stone Church, Aug. 12, 1928.



want to draw your attention this morning to Proverbs 25:18, "Where there is no vision the people perish." The primary meaning of the word vision as used in the Scriptures is "Divine revelation," and with this meaning in mind I wish to use this text: viz., "Where there is no Divine revelation the people perish."

Now in the days when Eli was high priest, as we read in the third chapter of First Samuel, "there was no open vision": the Word of the Lord was precious. Eli was backslidden and out of communion with God, and for this reason the people received very little of the Word, which was first revealed to the prophet and through him given to the people. So the prophet was God's means of communicating with His

people, and inasmuch as Eli was backslidden the Word of God was rarely given.

Every revival has begun with a new Divine revelation. I do not mean, necessarily, that what the people received was new but it was newly revealed, it was new to them. Many of the precious truths which God revealed to the Early Church have been lost through the Dark Ages, but thank God He has again revealed them to His people, and they have come as a new vision.

Take the great revival that came to the Church on the Day of Pentecost. It began with a mighty revelation of God. The disciples realized for the first time in their lives what Jesus meant when He said, "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you." So He told them that they should wait for this mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit



which would give them power, and with that mighty inflow of the Holy Ghost that day there came a revelation of God, not only to the people themselves but to the world at large. The people in Jerusalem received a mighty revelation of God and that began the great revival in which the church of Jesus Christ had its beginnings.

Christianity waned, error crept in and there was no open vision. It was during the Dark Ages that Martin Luther received a mighty revelation from God. He was not caught up to the third heaven and saw things unutterable as Paul did. It was not a new truth, but it was new to Luther, that justification was by faith and absolutely apart from works, and that Jesus Christ is the only Mediator between God and man. That revelation started another revival and turned men's hearts back to the Bible.

In these last days there has come a new revelation of God, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. This mighty "latter rain outpouring" has brought with it a new revelation from God; it has brought the truth that the church had almost entirely lost, and that is that Jesus Christ never changed, but is just the same today as when He was on earth. That revelation came to my heart as a mighty thunderbolt from heaven when I first came into the light of the Full Gospel. It came to me with tremendous force when I saw that the Bible taught that Jesus Christ was the same yesterday, today and forever. You say, "The Bible always taught it—Heb. 13:8." Yes, it was always there, but it is one thing to read it with your eyes and hear it with your ears, and quite another thing to have it made real in a spiritual sense. Many of you knew long before you were saved that Jesus Christ was the only Savior of the world, yet you were not saved. You had a mental understanding of Christ being the Savior, but one day you received a Divine revelation that He was *your* Savior; that He took *your* sins and carried them away. When that came something happened in your soul. We and others have read in the Bible that Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday, today and forever." We did not dream it was really true, but when the Holy Spirit fell and the power of God descended, people's eyes were opened and they began to search the Bible, and for the first time in their lives they understood what it meant. This is the mighty revelation that has come with the falling of the Latter Rain.

"Where there is no Divine revelation the people perish." We look over the Christian churches today and we see how they have declined as they have lost the vision. We think of the great

church that Wesley founded, which used to have its camp meetings from year to year. A man who is still living has told me of the wonderful times they used to have. He said, "It is not new to me to see the power of God falling. We used to have such scenes frequently in our orchard during our annual camp meeting," and he told me how they would be prostrated under the power of God. It was nothing new but happened every year in the days when the Methodist Church was in its infancy. He also told of a girl who was prostrated under the power of God for more than a day. Many in the churches today are satisfied to hear their parents tell how they were converted in a great revival when men and women were slain under God's mighty power, but the children have had no such experience. They hear it with their ears but have no revelation from God what such a revival means, having never been awakened to their need. They belong to church but have no experimental knowledge of conversion. The difference is, the parents had a divine revelation while the children received the truth with their minds only, having experienced no change of heart.

The same decline that has come to the Methodist Church will take place in Pentecost if we get to the place where there is no more vision and spiritual illumination. I remember when I first came into Pentecost and heard folks tell in a meeting how God gave them wonderful visions of the coming of the Lord and other spiritual truths. Those revelations were common in those days, but they are precious with us today. We too are drifting until there is not the divine revelation that there once was, and it is cause for lamentation for "Where there is no vision the people perish."

We need a divine revelation of eternal verities, a Divine revelation of the powers of hell, of things to come. You might read fifty volumes of the terrors of hell, you could read your Bible from cover to cover and give the subject an exhaustive study, but God can make the terrors of the lost a thousand times more real to your heart than you could ever learn to know them by reading all the books of the world on the subject. He does this by Divine revelation. When the power of God rests upon a meeting God reveals to the unsaved the terrors which await the lost and this results in a deep conviction of sin. Sinners get, in some degree, a revelation of the awfulness of being lost, and with the awful picture of hell before them they turn to God. Besides getting saved themselves, they

receive a passion to save other souls from the burning. Friends, we can slip away from that if we are careless. You may have had a vision of people being lost and perhaps today you are callous and indifferent. We see people around everywhere sleeping the sleep of death, and we have become quite accustomed to it. What we need is to get a new vision of hell and the terrors of the lost, so that we will use every possible effort to get men to put away sin; we need a new vision of heaven and the glories that He has prepared for those who love Him. We need a vision of Jesus Christ, His great and wonderful love that is reaching out to us. There is a tendency on our part to give up after we endeavor a certain length of time to get people saved because they seem to be unapproachable and hard to reach. We say, "I have spoken to them and they have had their chance," and we cease our efforts and our prayers. That is not Divine, but very human. A fresh revelation of the love of Jesus Christ will cause us to hold on for their souls, to love them and show an interest, though in the natural we would have given them up long ago. Oh for a Divine revelation of the love of Jesus! The limits of it we can never know, the height, the breadth and the depth. The world is going at a terrific pace today and it seems hard to stop people long enough to talk to them about God. We have become so accustomed to this state of unconcern that we are calloused and have lost our passion for souls. Hence they go on unwarned and perish. A vision of Jesus Christ and His sufferings on Calvary will put in us a new pathos, and a new desire; a new passion to get men saved. We may have had it once but if we have long since lost it we need to get it anew. The terrors of the lost or the blessedness of the saved cannot be realized by us through simply hearing someone preach or by reading; we need to have the truth illuminated by God alone. We may be inveterate readers, study our Bibles assiduously, but these things can never take the place of communion with God. We will never make sinners more concerned about their souls and their souls' need than are we ourselves. A preacher never influences his audience a particle more than he himself is influenced; he never makes them feel that which he himself does not feel. We can never make the lost feel their need of Christ unless we feel the need ourselves.

I believe the lack of a new revelation is the cause of the unbelief that is so prevalent in the world today. People do not believe in God, and it is largely because of the lack of divine revelation in the church. If they see the miraculous

and are made to realize that God is a God of wonders it destroys unbelief. Show me the man to whom God has revealed Himself and I will show you a man who believes God. No honest man or woman to whom God has revealed Himself can ever deny the existence of God. He has experienced God in his life to a degree that he could never disbelieve. I do not believe you can find a minister who was ever really saved, who disbelieves the Bible and denies the virgin birth of Jesus. It is not hard for those who have been saved to believe in the miraculous. When a man is converted and his life changed from a life of sin to one of godliness that is the greatest miracle in the world, a far greater one than that someone should be raised from the dead. I believe that the spirit of coldness and unconcernedness that is sweeping over the church is due to the fact that there is an absence of divine revelation. Let a church that is cold and whose worship is formal be touched with the Spirit of God and new life will quicken it. Do you remember when you used to go to church and Sunday School, how unreal the Lord was? how distant? When you prayed there was no faith; it was purely habit. God was not real to your heart. That is the condition of thousands of people today who attend religious service. People do not enjoy praying under those circumstances for God was never made real to them. He is a distant Monarch whom they have never seen or heard. To them He is purely a character in history and they are supposed to believe in Him. As a result there is no prayer, for God is unreal to them.

Because of the lack of Divine revelation the world is unsaved. What do you think would be the outcome if today all the ministers of all the churches in this great country were to start to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ in its power, and present the need of salvation? if they would begin to lay the Word of God to the line and the truth to the plummet? How long would it be until there would be a country-wide revival? Men today preach reformation, and the church is a social center. I was reading the other day of what a minister said concerning the prosperity of the church. He said, "Since we started to preach a social religion the church has advanced rapidly financially." And there are hundreds of ministers today filling pulpits who are like him and who will tell you if you ask them that they have never had a change of heart.

We were holding a meeting this summer in a country place and some of the people became saved. They were telling their pastor about it and he said to them, "I could never say that I

have experienced that change of heart." This from a full-fledged minister of the Gospel, is the experience of many. It is something to make angels weep. And that is what brings about such carelessness on the part of the lost. If ministers do not preach the truth how shall the people hear? The unconverted world is going fast to hell, and in the next generation the church will be largely unconverted. Rev. Dr. Caleb R. Stetson of Trinity Church, New York City, in a recent issue of *The Literary Digest*, made the statement that "only 40 per cent of this country's mixed population are normally attached to any religious body." And Dr. Pierson's statement given some years ago, which conclusion he came to after traveling around the country in evangelistic meetings, was that 70 per cent of the church members in that day had never been converted. That means that 70 per cent of the 40 per cent attending church are not saved. If that was the condition say twenty years ago, what must it be today in the growing apostasy?

I believe that the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in these last days was sent for the reason that God foresaw we were coming to just such a lukewarm, Laodicean stage as we are in today, and I feel that the responsibility of getting to the world the truth that Jesus Christ is the same today,

largely rests upon the Pentecostal Movement. I believe that this is the last great revelation God sent from heaven, and with this revelation there has been a mighty missionary effort made in both home and foreign lands. God has given us this mighty revelation that Jesus Christ is just the same today as in the days of the apostles, and with these truths ever before us, what a mighty flame of fire we should be to go out and entreat men to get right with God.

The Apostle Paul in reviewing his conversion on the road to Damascus before King Agrippa, said, "I have not been disobedient to the heavenly vision." He had received it, not by words of man, but by divine revelation. God has given us Pentecostal folks a mighty vision from heaven. Have we been obedient or disobedient to the great revelation that He has given? I believe there are multitudes all over this world whose hearts are breaking with pain and distress ready to take their lives, all because they know not how to obtain relief. It is all in Jesus and they do not know it. It is your business and mine to carry to them the glad news. May God get us to the place where He can give us a new revelation of Himself, of the need of the lost around us and the glories that await those who are redeemed.

## The Lord Using the Weak Things

Contrasting Heathen and Christian Chinese.

Mrs. M. McKay, Shanghai, China, in the Stone Church, July 5, 1928.



**N**EARLY twenty years ago we first heard of the Full Gospel. My husband and I were not married at that time, and when I first heard of this Pentecostal teaching I wanted it. I become exceedingly hungry and sought until I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. My husband had received the Holy Spirit before, and had had a call to China for many years. I had a call to the mission field and of course I went with my husband to China.

In 1911 the Lord opened the way for us to go to Shanghai. Thank God He sent us out with the Full Gospel. Many times my husband prayed, "Now Lord, You promised to use the weak things to confound the mighty. We are those 'weak things' depending on You," and it is "Not by might nor by power but by His Spirit" so depending on the Lord we went forth. We intended going to the Province of Shansi but every move we made to get out of Shanghai was blocked. In the meantime a Presbyterian missionary came and asked us if while we were waiting to go north, we

would come to her home and hold meetings, which we did, she providing an interpreter. From the very start the meetings were wonderful. The Chinese would stand up and cry out for mercy. One night Mr. McKay said to me on the way home from one of those meetings, "We are to stay in Shanghai." I asked, "How do you know?" He said, "On the way over to the meeting I asked the Lord if it were His will for us to stay here, to give us this one sign, that He would baptize someone in the Holy Ghost tonight and He did." Mrs. Yu was under the power of God and spoke in other tongues. So we praise God that the very one who needed to have the baptism was the one the Lord chose to give it to that night. We took that as a sign.

I like to contrast the dark and bright sides of work in China. It is sad beyond words, the things people suffer because they do not know Jesus, physically as well as mentally. On the dark side, I would like to tell you of one woman I met. I was traveling on the boat with my Bible woman and she turned my attention to

this woman. Both of her hands were mutilated, three fingers on either hand and part of one hand entirely off. We thought she had been in an accident and inquired. "Oh no," she said, "it was no accident. I have offered my hands to my heathen god." We asked her how she did it; it was done so clean it looked as though the fingers were cut off. She said that she bound a cord tightly around the little finger until it became dead and then held it over the fire. Then when that was sufficiently healed she took another, and all that was left was the index finger and the thumb. She said, "If I live three or four years longer I will not have any hands at all, just the stumps." My Bible woman talked to her about the Lord and said, "If you come I will be your sister the rest of your life." When the Chinese say that it means they will provide for them.

We had a boy, he is now in heaven, who had two big scars on the top of his head. There was no hair there, just these two great scars. Mr. McKay asked him one day, "What happened to you?" He said, "My mother took a hot poker and burned me on the top of my head, as a token of love." Thus he went thru life branded, a love mark from the mother.

Many times we have been awakened by the cries of a little child out on the street. She is being sent off to the factory where the children work from 4:30 A. M. until 7:30 at night every day in the week and every week in the year, excepting Chinese New Year's.

Now I wish to tell just a little of what the Lord has done in delivering these afflicted people. I have always been glad that we did not have to prove the Gospel except by our lives. The preaching of God's simple Word will bring results, and it brings the same results in China as it brings here. Sometimes I am inclined to think it brings better results. I have been in some places in the homeland where the odor was strong of tobacco smoke (perhaps not in Pentecostal circles) and I have known of some who attended picture shows and did other questionable things. In China when the Chinese become Christians they do away with these things. They testify they have been smokers and gamblers and frequenters of the picture shows, but we do not have to tell them not to do those things after they are saved. They praise God for a Savior who died for them on the cross, and as they give a mental picture of Jesus dying on the cross, they weep at the thought of His dying for them. Our sacramental service is a time of great blessing. I remember sometimes we would say, "Now this is

a solemn occasion and we will wait quietly before the Lord." Then presently you would hear subdued sobs here and there throughout the entire audience. They would weep at the thought of what Jesus had done for them.

We have one young man, Timothy Wong, who has a wonderful history. He is a man of remarkable faith. Circumstances brought him to where he had no money, no work, and nothing at all. He came to our place to know if he might sleep on the mission floor. Mr. McKay said, "No," for it had been washed that day. We lived in a Chinese house with our chapel underneath, and he said, "You may go up and sleep on the kitchen floor," which was the only place we had to offer. He came, and at first ate at our table, but we felt that was not just the thing because our food costs more than Chinese food. We talked to the Lord about it because we didn't want to offend him. Soon he came of his own accord and said that if we would give him a few coppers every day and let him buy his own rice it would do just as well. So we did that. One day I went out into our kitchen and found Wong by the window with an empty bowl. I spoke quietly and called him by name two or three times. He paid no attention to me so I thought I would investigate. As I was standing there I saw a woman come up the stairs and hand him something. As soon as she went he said to me, "You know Philip has come to be my guest and I did not have quite enough food. A heathen priest was coming to his house and they were having a feast to the idols, so he came here at my invitation. I was standing there asking Jesus to send me some food and the Lord put it into the heart of this old woman to bring it."

Another time he was put in jail for preaching the Gospel. He was arrested by a foreign policeman and put in a foreign jail on Nanking Road. He told us afterward that he went down the street singing, "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know." When he got to the jail he got down and prayed that God would save the policemen. And while he was praying a man came rushing in and said, "Why have you got this fellow in there? He is a friend of mine. Let him go." When he reached home he shouted for joy, "I have been in jail like Paul and Silas." We said, "Wong, why did you not tell the people you belonged to us. We would have gotten you out." He said, "I would not do that. I was put in jail for the Gospel's sake and I knew that Jesus could get me out." It was a lesson to me. I felt that I would not do that if I were imprisoned. I would be

looking to some influential person to get me out. Some of these Chinese have more faith than we have.

We have what Mr. McKay calls our "Baby Quartette." They are four old women, three of whom were saved after they were eighty years of age, and the other after she was seventy. They can neither read nor write, but if I were to enter into the history of these four women you would be sure that they are really saved. It was through the instrumentality of our Bible woman who visited one of them that she accepted Jesus Christ, came to the services and sat in the front seat. One day as the Bible woman went to visit her she said, "I have an old friend whom I would like you to go and see." The Bible woman said, "Let us go and see her now." They went and she was in the act of worshipping idols in her home. Her old friend testified to what Jesus had done in her heart and she said, "I would like to believe in Jesus too." The Bible woman said, "Are you willing to give up all your heathen worship?" She said, "Yes." They gathered it up and took it out on the street and had a bon-fire. When people want to become Christians, before we go very far we gather up the idols and take them out on the street and burn them, which serves several purposes. The temptation is gone from before their eyes, and that burning on the street and the gathering around it attracts the attention of the neighbors and they come and we get the Gospel to them. That is what they did in this case and the old lady became a Christian. I remember how the two sat together. The first Sunday this new one was in the church the tears trickled down her face and we knew she was saved. It wasn't long after until we got word she was dead, but when she was dying she said, "My room is all light and I see Jesus."

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is real. It works the same in China as in America and that means more than blessing. It works in such a way it brings reproach too. Sometimes we have been accused of exercising hypnotism, exerting an influence over the Chinese. One day that was said, and as a woman was praying we just left her to pray alone. Soon we heard a tremendous noise and there she had both hands up praising the Lord. She said, "Now I know this is not the foreigner's influence. It comes right from heaven."

I will close with this story to show you what a little will accomplish for the Lord. Sometimes people think they have just a little to give. When I was leaving China a young girl gave me some

gifts and I asked, "When I get to America what do you want me to send you?" She said, "Send me a doll." When I reached Vancouver I told about this little girl, and after the meeting a teacher of a girls' class said to me, "My class will give you the doll." So one day they called me into the ante-room of the church and said, "Your doll is here," and there was a parcel about three feet long and three feet high. I had to take it home in an auto. When I got home there were three new mama dolls—\$9.75 worth of dolls for me to send or take to China, where the people are starving for the Gospel! I wept and prayed and prayed and wept the most of the night. I didn't know what to do with these dolls. I knew I could never send them or take them to China. So I went to the teacher and she said, "Come and tell the class." I did, and they said, "We will get a refund and you may do what you like with the money." I got the refund and sent it to Mr. McKay and said, "I want this to be used for some special purpose." One of our women had just graduated from a Bible School, and Mr. McKay sent her up to a heathen village to work for the Lord. In a few months she came back and said, "My people want you to come up and open up a church," and that is what that money did. So you may think a little gift will not amount to much, but it will do a great deal in a heathen land. I love to sing

"Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,  
 Soon will we drift to eternity's shore,  
 Hasten then my brother, no time for delay,  
 And send out the Gospel while yet there is day."

\* \* \*

The first shortest text in the Bible is "Jesus wept". Oh, the present curse of a dry-eyed religion! May God restore to us the spirit of the broken and contrite heart.

The second shortest text is made up of three words, "Remember Lot's wife"; and it is certainly significant in this day of turning around, compromising and falling away.

The third shortest text is made up of four words, "Let brotherly love continue"; and that's about the most necessary injunction for these last days, in which, as never before, we see the Christians torn up and divided the world over.

\* \* \*

Preachers nowadays are busy doing a thousand and one things, but the early apostolic preacher did only two things: "We will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word."

W. E. B.—C.



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29 And O'phir, and Hav'i-lah, and Jo'bab: all these were the sons of Jök'tan. B. C. 2347 from thence did the LORD scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth. 1 Chr. 1. 4.

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- 34 But the Phär'i-sees said, He 8 Heal the sick, cl
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