



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

“For the Father Seeketh Such”

The Proper Attitude of the Soul Before God.

Evan. Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn in Glad Tidings Tabernacle, New York City, Nov. 17, 1928.



MY SUBJECT is “Worship”. All day long I have been waiting on God for this night’s meeting and I shall take just one phrase from the words of Jesus on this subject as found in the fourth chapter of John’s Gospel.

First, let me say that there is a breadth, a depth, a meaning, a comprehension, a power and life in the words of Jesus peculiar to themselves. I do not wish to disparage the importance of all Scripture. Oh, no! It is inspired of God and good, as the apostle says, for reproof, rebuke, and exhortation, but the Scripture emphasizes the value, the depth and importance of the words of Jesus. John the Baptist witnesses, “For He, whom God hath sent, speaketh the words of life, for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto Him.” (Jno. 3:34). God speaking to Moses stresses the point in Deut. 18:18, 19, “I will raise them up a Prophet from among their brethren like unto thee, and I will put my words in his mouth; and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him, and it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall not hearken unto my words which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him.” This scripture as quoted in Acts. 3:23 is stressed still more, “And it shall come to pass that every soul which will not hear this prophet shall be destroyed from among the people.” The margin gives this “utterly destroyed” and we may say that of no other prophet were words ever given this importance and predominance. All prophets have had the Spirit of God by measure but Christ had it *without measure*. His words therefore count for more and one may easily prove it by weighing them and sounding their depths. Did not Christ Himself witness of His words, “The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.” (Jhn. 6:63). Let us not forget that Christ is the very Word of God. How much more then also since it is said, “For the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us . . . full of grace and truth” (Jhn. 1:14).

It would be a revelation to some of you to buy a little note book and in it keep just the words of Christ alone in red or purple ink to distinguish them from any other writing. You would be immediately impressed with the immensity, the double inspiration of the words of

Jesus. Consider the few sentences of our text, “The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in Spirit and in Truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship Him.” (Jhn. 4:23).

Now worship is a subject in which the whole world is interested. Every human creature worships, for we are made to worship. Human beings *only* can worship. Animals are incapable of it. Even the unconverted worship something—it may be a deity of their own invention and imagination, nevertheless, they endeavor to worship. The apostle Paul puts it this way: “Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, I declare unto you.” Jesus said to the Samaritan woman, “Ye worship ye know not what.” There is not a people on earth who do not worship. Among some there is ceaseless worship. Indeed, the whole world worships, for the human family was created with that insatiable desire to worship something beyond it. It is part of our make up to offer up all that we have to some deity or to devote all of our powers, energies and affection to something or someone. Many in the United States stoop to worship inanimate things. Whatever you give your whole affection, interest, mind and heart to, you worship, be it an automobile, science, art, the pursuit of happiness or knowledge, it makes no difference. The result of this instinct is idolatry for what we should render to God, we give to human beings or things. Paul says *covetousness is idolatry*. From this we may know that our country is the most idolatrous in the world today. We are a nation of idolators and coveters, and need not travel to the South Sea Islands. Look at the masses here that never cease to crave and desire this, that and the other, which all results in trouble, unrest, confusion, and turmoil.

The early Christians were asked to be “content with such things as ye have.” *There* is rest. But we modern Christians are in great danger of becoming idolators as the world around about us grows more covetous. People today worship human beings, master men and great women. The theatre crowd has its idols; the movie fan his gods, the industrials their captains, the society fiends their social lions, the rich their financiers, the masses their heroes and the common people *mere things*, luxuries which they never cease to crave, or some glorified individual whom they wish to emulate. Why is it that we never cease

to "worship" in some form or other? Because there is that something *in us that turns away from imperfect self in disgust and disillusionment and seeks to find perfection in another creature, in some god or lose self in a rare treasure.* No wonder God produced One whom we could really worship, at whose feet we might pour out our hearts, and in whom we could never find a flaw, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

For two thousand years one hundred million Jews failed to live up to the mere Ten Commandments, a simple standard or code at best, for when Jesus came He said, "None of you have kept the law". God proving all mankind failures and imperfect through this costly experiment, produced the Perfect Man, Christ Jesus, drawing the whole world's attention to the true object of worship.

Christ is the supreme object of worship in Heaven, on earth and throughout God's universe, God having fore-ordained that all the fulness of His Godhead in Him should dwell bodily, and having given Him in all things the pre-eminence. The true Christian character is tested by worship. The whole atmosphere of the early Christian Church was worship. True religion is true worship. If we do not worship, whatever our prayers, however many the religious duties and functions fulfilled, our religion is worse than vain. We were saved to worship. We shall not feel at home in glory if we have not learned to worship here. The atmosphere of heaven is worship. To have heaven on earth is to be filled with worship. Worship is beyond prayer. When we truly worship we rest, we relax. If your Christian life is not one of continued, constant worship, you have never known the secret place of The Most High nor the fulness of His joy. If Christian life becomes so busy, so active, so servicefull, if it resolves itself into stickling for forms or merely abiding by so much ceremony, we have the shell and have lost the kernel of true Christianity. Singing is nothing if it is not worship; prayer is heavy and tiresome, galling and commonplace when not filled with worship. Even preaching will kill and

deaden, will be forced and strained in character, precise, cold and frozen, *except the preacher's heart worships, as he preaches.* Indeed, we may say that every expression and manifestation of Christian experience must be a form of worship to be acceptable to God. It must have that inherent quality of humble adoration and praise intermixed and interwoven.

Such jubilation, such abandoned and spontaneous praise as characterized the early days of the Salvation Army and other God-given movements; such a riotous spiritual revelling in song and in tearful adulation as swayed the multitudes night and day in the Welsh revival; such unpremeditated outbursts of Heavenly singing; such united extolling of Christ as with one voice, vast congregations have stood to their feet, lifted their hands amid shouts of glory and praise as

have characterized the Pentecostal outpouring—are all looked upon by the world as the sheerest madness, dangerous outbursts of uncontrollable emotion and to the worldly-wise have appeared sheer waste of time; impracticable and misdirected effort and energy. Full of sophistication and carnal judgment, they scorn such exhibitions of mass emotion. It is another world to what they are accustomed. But were the truth known, as God views it in heaven, more

has been done for His kingdom at such times of universal worship than at any other when the humble Welsh, at three o'clock in the morning massed by the thousands, sitting close together, heads bent back, hands uplifted, tears streaming from their eyes, singing "*Di Olch Jiddo*" for the sixtieth time, the whole meeting charged with the spirit of prostrate adoration, souls were being automatically converted right and left, transformed, whole lives revolutionized. These are the operations of the Spirit that count most, and I think of the Early Church only in that way. It is that very spirit that touched me as characteristic of the early Pentecostal days. Oh, the worship! *the worship!! THE WORSHIP!!!* Every thing was secondary to that. And do you remember when God first filled you with the Holy Ghost, how you just wanted to let everything go and do

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nothing but worship Him, the Beloved of your soul?

My text is, "For the Father seeketh such to worship Him." Oh, there is a pathos, there is a beauty, there is a measure of contrast in this sentence, sufficient to break your hearts! Just think of it, God is looking, searching, trying to find on this earth, those who will worship Him in spirit and in truth.

One would naturally think that surrounded with such millions of angelic creatures, so much more fit to praise Him, God would not think of looking about on earth to be satisfied with such imperfect worship as we could render Him. But think of the wistfulness of those words of Jesus, their import, their weight—"For the Father seeketh such"! Hallelujah! It melts my spirit, it comforts my soul to think that God stoops to seek our worship when all of Heaven bows down before Him. It will be a wonderful thing some day for us to be given the privilege of hearing the angel choir sing. These beings created to praise God are not given to our driveling habits, neither are they bound by human limitations, nor do they fall under the laws of a cursed world. They know no infirmity, no affliction. They neither sleep nor eat to sustain existence. They can sing all day long on one note and never have to take a breath. Think of it! Teeming millions of them! Perfect in gift and in their art, bowing before God's throne, day after day (for there is no night there) making the courts of heaven ring with untold rhapsodies and with a volume of melody like that of ten thousand oceans. Wesley said, "Ten thousand angel choirs bow the knee to thine eternal, holy majesty." Oh, praise God! Think of it! Ten thousand angel choirs of a million voices each and perfect harmony, all of Heaven re-echoing again and again with that marvelous music of adoration—and yet, God just turns His back on it all as it were, and searches out among us, seeks to find a soul here on earth that will worship Him. He does not look for them in Heaven for they all worship there (one could not remain in Heaven without worshipping God) but looks for us, with all our imperfections and limitations, afflictions and infirmities. He seeks our worship—miserable dying mortals that we are, circumvented and circumscribed with suffering, sin and death, forced to acquiesce to the demands of time and space, of circumstances and relation, having to go home to bed, to cook and to eat, to toil and to sleep, to catch trains and do all kinds of trivial, vexatious things necessary to our confined human sphere. Oh, the difference

between us and the angels is so great! They can stand there cohort upon cohort, regiment upon regiment, and just fold their wings and cry, "Holy! Holy! Holy!" with not a thing to distract or divide their attention; not a care to oppress them, nor a necessity to demand their time. They burn continuous incense of worship till it saturates all of the courts of God with a mist of glory. But God turns from it all and listens for the faintest cry from a broken-hearted sinner on earth; turns away from all this ineffable celebration just to hear you and me pray in our secret closet. The next time that you shut the door and bend the knee in private, think of that text. Raise up holy hands without wrath or doubting and a humble voice in worship and adoration; this is more pleasing to God than all the panegyrics of heaven. It is written, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Oh, sinner, as you come and kneel at this altar and lift up your eyes to God's throne in heaven and say, "Dear Jesus be my Savior", for the first time, all of Heaven as it were, is stilled and the angelic hosts rejoice! I think the greatest miracle in all the world is the fact that God takes a poor, forlorn, lost soul, cleanses and fills him with the Holy Ghost and causes him to worship God. It is wonderful!

There is much in our praying that is wrong. We pester God for things. We repeat, "Oh, Lord, come and give me this," "give me that", "GIVE ME THE BAPTISM"! If God could only cure us from that continued begging, break our spirits, give us contrite hearts, melt at will our nature and fill us with Himself, we would adore, praise and worship Him, take our delight in Him, and He would give us the desires of our heart. We need to be delivered from our prayers, delivered from our desires, our continued speaking, our worrisome struggling. Oh, just to rest, to worship God in the beauty of holiness! Brother, Sister, leave it all to Him. He will work it out for you if you let Him work it out in you. For this you were converted. For this you are to be prepared. For this the Latter Rain outpouring has circled the globe. For this is *real religion* and I refuse to explain or apologize for the Holy Spirit. If it is poured out till we cannot help ourselves and rise in unison as in the early Christian Church, and storm the heavens in one adoration and praise and prayer, I know that the people that sit in our midst will feel that it is real. Even though we are helpless as it were, our hearts are wept out before God and the breath of heaven sweeps us down on our faces before Him, He

will do more for us in that abject insufficiency and helplessness, than He could otherwise. It is in such an atmosphere that it is easy for people to get saved, to receive the baptism in the Holy Ghost and to be healed.

We have failed to notice how prominent the attitude of worship was with those who sought to obtain favor from Christ. Think what an awful sight that maniac of Gadara must have been, yeet it is writteen the man ran out of the tombs and worshipped Him (Mark 5:6). No wonder he was delivered. And it was the same with many other cases, with the worst—"A leper came and worshipped Him" (Matt. 8:2). Our attitude in approaching God counts for so much. Even the great ruler, Jairus by name, "when he saw Him, he fell at his feet—and worshipped

Him." (Mk. 5:22, Matt. 9:18). And though his daughter was dead, she was raised to life again. The heathen woman of the north country, a Syrophenician of the Coasts of Tyre and Sidon, in spite of the fact that Jesus' ministry was confined mostly to Israel moves our Lord to compassion; read it for yourself in Matthew 15: 25, "Then came she and worshipped Him," and obtained the healing of her daughter that very hour.

It is useless to multiply cases, but may we not learn from these at least the secret of a compliant attitude as we approach Him who is the King of kings and Lord of lords. I am sure that as we get our eyes fixed on Him in suppliant adoration we shall have, even before we ask, what we seek to obtain. Amen.

Why I Believe in Divine Healings

Jesus, the Ever-Present Physician.

Evangelist R. M. Shearer in the Stone Church, Nov. 23, 1928



I WISH to speak tonight on the subject of Divine Healing. I ought to know something about this subject. I am a living witness to the power of God to heal. Nine years ago I bordered on insanity and was locked up in my room the greater part of the time.

From a medical standpoint nothing availed to do me any good. I was working for my father at the time and he insisted on my going for examinations. I had diagrams drawn on the skin of my abdomen tracing the food. I was nearly starving for both food and water. I fell everywhere, I never went to the barber shop alone. Many times they had to unfasten my collar in the meetings; my tongue would become black. I remember a severe examination I had in Toledo, an external and internal examination, and when the physician was thru with me he patted me on the back, saying, "I do not feel I ought to charge you anything for this, I have nothing on my shelves and nothing I could prescribe for you. Yours is a hopeless case. You may live on for years and years, but you will simply exist, becoming worse and worse all the time." You may know how I felt with a livelihood to make for my family, (I had then a wife and one child) to be told there was no hope. They told me they had never known of but one case like it in the world and that was a doctor himself and he died of the trouble. They had no remedy for it, nor a name, only they said the nerve center of my abdomen was com-

pletely destroyed. Whether that was true or not I do not know. I only have the doctor's word. They were getting me ready to go to Columbus for an X-Ray, thinking I had a cancer, when Jesus came along and healed me. Mine was a miraculous healing.

Mrs. Shearer has also known what it means to be healed of the Lord in a miraculous way. She was dying of hasty consumption sixteen years ago this November. The first time she was prayed for the Lord healed her. The tendency was hereditary; my wife's brother, her sister and her daughter were all taken to Colorado for their lungs. My wife's brother has a little boy now in Colorado. Mrs. Shearer is the only one in the family that has been known to have any flesh on their bones. Her sister and brother are so thin. We feel the Lord has made her fleshy as a witness to His divine power. She weighed seventy-nine pounds when the Lord healed her. Tonight she weighs one hundred and fifty-two. The only consumption she has is bread and butter consumption. So with these definite experiences of healing we know what we are talking about. We haven't just read about it. My two children have never known medicine. I have one daughter in Bible School and another is in her tenth year.

I have nothing against people who take pills or powders. I would not censure them, but Divine Healing means to trust the Lord. I am not one to judge you if you take pills and powders. I do not believe the Lord will hold a club over you for it, and if you cannot trust the Lord,

I'd advise you to get the best doctor there is. There is no use in trying to trust God. It takes faith to get results. Some people say, "I will never have a doctor." Do not boast. The devil hears that and he is able to bring about something so severe and trying that you may have to have one. Do not brag about what you will do. There is no one here who knows just what he will do. It is all right to testify to what God has done, but to boast gives the enemy an opportunity to trip you and thus bring reproach upon Divine Healing. Some say, "I will never take a dose of medicine." And then when the enemy trips them, folks say, "Look at her. She said she would never take a dose of medicine, and I saw her take a pill." I am not here to condemn you or to condemn the doctors. I only wish they would give their hearts to the Lord. We have so many doctors who curse and swear. I believe, next to the minister, the doctor has the most wonderful privilege in the world, witnessing for Jesus. They are present at deathbeds where even a minister cannot go. Would it not be wonderful if they could speak to men and women about their souls? A doctor I know carries a medicine kit, and also carries a little bottle of olive oil. When he goes into a home he says, "Are you a Christian? I believe in Divine Healing, and if you want me to and have faith in the Lord I will anoint you and pray, and God will heal you. But if you do not have faith I have my medicine along too and I will give that." I do not condemn nurses and hospitals. We need all these in the world, but the Christian has a wonderful Physician. Rockefeller and these rich men take their private physicians with them when they travel. I have mine with me all the time. He is also an expert Surgeon, and when organs are gone altogether, He can restore them. That is more than Rockefeller's doctor can do. He would pay a million dollars to a doctor to give him a new stomach. Every mouthful of food he takes has to be pumped out after it nourishes him. But my doctor can give a new stomach when the nerve centers are completely destroyed. I cannot explain how He does it, but like the blind man who said, "Whereas I was blind, now I see," I can say, "Whereas I was very ill, now I am healed." It was Jesus who healed me.

I remember the first time we ever found out that Jesus really healed. The man who was used to bring us the light was Brother Wittich. My mother had chronic appendicitis, and the doctor said if she would recover from these

various attacks she would need to have an operation before she would receive complete deliverance; so this time she was stricken she was very ill; they had ice-bags on her and the doctors would not allow anyone in to see her. They said she must go to the hospital, but we all had a dread of the knife. Bro. Wittich called up and asked if he might come and pray for her. I was a hard-shelled Baptist and we had nothing like that at our church. I felt anything that we did not have was superfluous, so when he called up I told my father not to let him come. I said, "You know how he acts; he believes that the Lord heals (I believe like that too now) and when he prays he will say to her, 'Are you healed? Well then get up. Only lazy folks stay in bed'." I knew he had said that before and I said to my father, "Do not let him come, he will make her so nervous she will die." But father said it would not hurt to let him come.

I was missing that afternoon. There are times when we just have to do things. We had potatoes that had to be dug, and I had to dig potatoes that afternoon. They would have rotted if I had not taken them out then and there and I doubt if I ever dug so many as I did that afternoon. I just dug and dug; then dug some more; anything to keep out of the house while he was there. I didn't want to see a tragedy. After I had them dug I sorted them, just to keep busy. Finally I could stand it no longer and went in. I was chief cook and bottle washer when mother was ill, and as I went into the kitchen I found my mother there, just like Peter's wife's mother. The minister did the very thing I feared he would do. After he prayed for her he said, "Are you healed?" "Yes," said my mother. "Well then get up," he said, and she got up. That was nineteen years ago and she never had an attack of appendicitis since. We all love our mothers and have a desire to keep them as long as we can, and when your mother is not expected to live, and it just seems as if the sun would cease to shine into your life if she were gone and then in the midst of all that to have Jesus come and take away all the pain and all the disease, and you find her within two hours in the kitchen getting supper, wouldn't you like to recommend that kind of a Doctor?

I often glance over the advertisements in the paper. They are so glad to recommend a certain medicine, they often send their pictures and give their name and address. I wonder if we are the same when Jesus heals us. It ought

to be broadcasted. I do not believe we lay too much stress in spreading abroad what He has done. Many of us have hope instead of faith. Faith will bring us into contact with God but hope will not get us anywhere. When I travel around I find a certain class of people who have had everybody pray for them who comes along. When I come and ask, "Do you have faith?" they answer, "Oh I always have faith. I believe the Lord with all my heart." They would have been healed long ago if they had faith.

Some one asks me, "Bro. Shearer, do you have symptoms?" I have symptoms every day. I am in a continual warfare. I believe I can say before God, I live every day just through faith in the Son of God. I had Bright's disease, high blood pressure, and other ailments. I spit a half cup of blood at a time. Just tying my neck-tie brought on a hemorrhage. I live every day by the life I draw from the Son of God. We need to get to the place where Jesus was when the devil tempted Him. He said, "It is written," and the devil will leave us, as he left Him.

Divine Healing means Divine Living. We need to know how to keep our healing, and what to do when the enemy attacks us. I do not believe healing has ever been promised to the sinner. God in His great mercy sometimes heals the sinner but I believe the promises are to the Christian; the provision has been made for God's people. In Gary, Ind., we had blessed results from our healing services. One sister who came from the Methodist Church came to the altar after she had been to the instruction class on healing, and the Lord told her what she must do, and she was healed. When it came time for the meeting to close she said, "I must make this my church home. I might get sick again and then I would have to make a trip over here." One night in the first row I happened to look down at a man's limb and saw how large it was, and I tried to tell him what it meant to be healed by the Lord, and he never came back again. His wife said, "If those folks think they will get us to the altar and pray and cry, they have another guess coming. The doctors say he will kick off in the spring and he has an insurance of \$22,000." Now if we hadn't made it plain what it meant to be healed by the Lord, they would have brought him to the altar. But you cannot get healing unless you meet the condition, and they would have gone away and said there was nothing in it. God heals us for service, and He doesn't heal folks to go out and serve the devil. He heals them

that they might devote the balance of their lives to serving Him.

I talked to a wealthy doctor when I was at Canton, O. After the service I could not see him; finally I found him in the prayer room looking as if he were ready to pass out. He was resting his head on his hand and looked like death. I took hold of his hand, it was flabby and lifeless. He said, "Oh this religion just weakens me!" I said, "Do you know what it is? It is the Lord that is after you. He wants you to throw open your heart's door tonight and bid Jesus come in." He said, "Oh I cannot! There are some things I do that I would have to give up if I let Jesus into my life." "Supposing," I said, "when this Jesus came in He would take from you the desire for those things"—"That is it!" he said. "I do not want to lose that desire. I like to do those things." It is that kind of people who will not pay the price. We cannot buy healing with money. It is bought with the price of obedience. I'd rather people would go away and die than to come up and go through the motion and then go away and say, "There is nothing in it."

Jesus suffered terrible agony that we might be healed. The price has been paid, the provision has been made. We have healing by looking back to Calvary, looking back to the whipping post, to deep lacerations and the blood flowing down. We have healing by looking at His stripes (I Pet. 2:24). Everybody who meets the conditions receives healing, I firmly believe. I do not care if it is cancer, tuberculosis or a pimple. One is just as easy as another. If I had a pimple on the neck and an aggravated case of cancer on my arm, the cancer would not be a bit harder for God to heal than the pimple. The provision has been made and we can walk in and claim it. The Lord said in Ex. 15:26, "If thou wilt diligently harken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments and keep all His statutes"—this promise is not for the sinner. What does the worldling care about His commandments. God is talking to His children here—"I will permit none of these diseases to come upon thee that I have permitted to come upon the Egyptians; for I am the Lord that healeth thee (my people)".

They brought to us a handkerchief when in Canton, O., and took it to Orrville, O., to a woman given up to die; she was just alive through hypodermics. When the handkerchief was laid upon her she got up, and today she is about her work. Oh we have a wonderful God!

There was a time when it took a great deal of courage to preach Divine Healing; they were ashamed to preach it and own Him as their Healer, but that time is past. It is my delight to go into a sick-room and tell the people about Jesus. We do not have to go around hanging our heads, we have a God that doeth wonders.

In this fifteenth chapter of Exodus I find God telling Moses who He is—the great I AM. We do not have to apologize. The "I AM" sent me to Chicago, and I have to be willing to be used as the I AM would use me. He called me when I was at the head of an office, the only one who knew the combination of the safe. As I would be about my work I would be staring into vacancy, for I was hearing the Macedonian cry. That continued for nine years. It was the "I AM" who called me away from my work, that called me away from my home. I haven't a home now. It was the I AM who called us to leave our children. We had to leave all when the I AM called us. Our little Marjory who is with her grandparents, threw her arms around her mother and said, "Oh mother, I wish you were really my mother." My wife said, "Darling, I am your mother." But Marjory cried and said, "I wish you were like other mothers and would stay at home and keep house, and be like other mothers are to their little girls." The great I AM has called us to leave all that we hold dear.

Once I was dreadfully homesick for my girls. In the place where we stayed they had children about the age of ours, and as they came into the room there came such a surging over me to see my little girls I thought I could not stand it. I went away to pray and to cry and I heard the voice of Jesus say, "You can spend all eternity with your girls, but now you can work for Me." It will be impossible for us to be at home at Christmas. Duty takes us to Flint, Mich. at Christmas time, and as I was praying about that the Lord Jesus came and said, "I was away from home for thirty-three years and a half for you." He spoke to me so sweetly when I wondered if I could really stay away at Christmas time. Then He reminded me how much better treatment I was receiving when I was away from home than He received when He was away from home. He knows just how to comfort our hearts and to dry our tears. It was He that called us, and today I feel in a new way that I can make Him responsible for everything.

And then in case Moses might still be not quite so settled on it He said, "Furthermore

Moses, you say to them, This is My Name forever." That means He is the unchangeable One, and tonight, November 23, 1928, He is just the same tender, loving Jesus that walked the shores of Galilee 1900 years ago, and He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. He knows the heartaches, He came to bind up the broken-hearted, open the eyes of the blind, to set at liberty them that are bound, to preach the acceptable year of our Lord.

And then to cap the whole thing, He said, "And this is My memorial to all generations." He is not the "I was" nor "I will be" but the "I AM". He is alive today and does the things today which He did in the yesterday of time. How, I do not know, but He does them, and Divine Healing is a part of our portion, a part of our inheritance. We have a right to it. But we need a heart preparation to begin with. The Word says, "Confess your faults one to another and pray one for another that ye may be healed." An evangelist feels he has done something if he gets saints to confessing their faults. They are professional at confessing other people's faults, but it is not so easy to get them to confess their own. You can not lie about people and get by with it without making it right. And we must have a forgiving spirit. If you do not forgive people you cannot say the Lord's Prayer. And neither can you get healed. There is a reason why folks with chronic ailments do not get healed. The Psalmist says of the Lord, "Who forgiveth all our iniquities, who healeth all our diseases." There is something wrong either with us or the Word of God. Do you believe there is anything wrong with the Word of God? No, let every man be a liar but God is true. If we all had forgiving spirits and would forget and forgive the past would it not be heaven on earth? "Oh but brother, you don't know what he did to me!" someone says. "And it was awful what she said about me," says another. That may all be true. I know how hard it is, but what a sweet peace comes into the heart when we really forgive. I know all about it.

I was brought up in a little town of about 1800, and all my life there was no reflection on my character. Then I went to take a pastorate and somebody started a report about my character. I thought that was about all I had left. I had given up everything else, but we find ourselves wanting to preserve our characters; sometimes we think so much of them the Lord has to let somebody come along and besmirch them.

We get proud of them. We are like people who leave off their finery and become proud because they are not proud. So I was a little proud of my character and someone came along and bismirched it. I didn't know anything about it until it was all around. We were closely associated in the work with a policewoman. Her work brought me in contact with her because she took care of juvenile cases. We were called out day and night, but I never went without Mrs. Shearer. We went in this lady's car; Mrs. Shearer sat in the front with her and I sat in the back but the devil makes you deaf and blind. They reported that I sat in front with her and drove her car. It wouldn't have been wrong, but I didn't do it.

Her husband came over and said, "Mr. Shearer, Lucy is tired of this and so am I. I don't suppose you have heard of it." "No, I haven't." When he told me I felt the blood going to the roots of my hair, and I rushed across the hall to get some water to cool my head. It began to swim to think that anyone would at-

tack my character, that character of which I was so proud, and I heard a voice say, "I was reviled and I reviled not again." So I rose up. All the blood left my head. It was perfectly cool and a peace came into my heart and I said, "Brother we will not do a thing about it, the Lord is able to vindicate His own." In two weeks' time my own S. S. Supt. said he made the thing up and circulated it around town. I put my arms around him and told him I did not bear him any malice and told him, through the grace of God, that I would forget all about it.

If we want to get anything from the Lord, no matter what it is, we will have to have forgiving spirits, be willing to forgive and forget. Oh how far we live below our privileges! God has such wonderful things in store for us if we would enter into our privileges. Think of what the great I AM would do for us if we measured up to His Word. I AM is His name, and it is FOREVER. And it is His memorial unto all generations.

"The Weapons of our Warfare"

The Power in the Name.

William Bernard, Formerly Missionary in Java



IT IS now about twenty years since I received the conscious experience of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. The gift of tongues then received I thank the Lord for, and till today still have this utterance. But what I value far above this gift of God is the inner spiritual change and blessing which the Spirit brought with His incoming. The passionate love for the person of Jesus—a love for Himself alone, apart from His gifts or His work of salvation, the Spirit of worship and adoration, the revelation by His Spirit to my spirit of the things previously intellectually held, thus making them intense realities. For these blessings which have stood the testings of twenty years of life and still remain, I thank the Lord, and they are to me the greatest proof that the Latter Rain outpouring was, and is from God. Many are the things one has been witness of in this long period which would have made one doubt sometimes whether this was so or not, but above all these deplorable things, one's own experience in itself alone, apart from that of others, equally good as mine, has held me fast to "Pentecost."

One of the remarkable changes wrought in me

by the incoming and indwelling Holy Spirit is in my view of the missionary question. Formerly one advocated the missionary cause, because of the duty of obeying the Lord's command, or because of the great needs of the heathen—both most excellent reasons in themselves. But now the great compelling urge became that of the early Moravian Church when the Holy Spirit descended upon them at Herrnhut. With the consequent great missionary zeal thus engendered they went forward with the battle cry—"To win for the Lamb who was slain, the reward of His sufferings!" A passion for Jesus is I now feel, the deepest and greatest motive power for seeking to lay the kingdoms of this world at His feet. With the deep longing for this comes the question of "How, how, shall we do this great work?" As we look abroad today, after so many centuries since Jesus "opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers," and as we behold the millions still in darkness we may ask with the poet.

"Was it vain—The Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?"

Did Jesus underestimate the powers against which His soldiers must strive? Did He underestimate the mountains of difficulty to be encountered? Surely this cannot be. What

then, were His plans for the great campaign mishandled? Was the failure not His but His followers?

Let us inquire. He did not underestimate the forces arrayed against them nor the power needed to overcome them. Listen to His words. "Go ye—but tarry until ye be endued with power from on high." "Go ye—all power is given unto me"—and "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world!" So the great missionary was able to write "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" and again "but to God be thanks who in Christ over heads our triumphal procession," (2 Cor. 2: 14. Weymouth). Truly then, God did not send forth His infantry battalions to attack, without also providing His great artillery to reduce to powder the enemy entrenchments and to annihilate his barbed wire defences. Truly now the battle is not ours but God's. He is the Great General and Commander in Chief. If we do not see the strongholds falling, if the battle is long, fierce and in so great a scale almost indecisive, must not we His soldiers ask if we are fighting fully along the line of His plans and seek to be in such a position that our advance is covered and sustained by His artillery—that we experience the Lord working with us and "confirming the word with signs following." This is my great longing as I look upon the fields of the world.

When with my wife I was working for the Lord in Java, I was once confronted as a missionary of Jesus, by a raging maniac. The messengers of the cross standing face to face with a mighty work of Satan! What were we to do? We were in a heathen and Mohammedan town as ambassadors of the living God. Where were our credentials? Could we in this situation prove that we were possessors of mighty weapons, capable of pulling down this stronghold now facing us? Picture the scene. A dirty bamboo warehouse: fastened by manacles to an upright post is a young man, a raging maniac. He jumps about, as far as his chains will allow him, like a wild beast. He threatens those who come near him. He uses most foul language. With us—my wife, a lady helper and myself—is the father of the boy, who looks at us. Can we do anything for him, we the representatives of Jesus Christ? If the weapons of our warfare had been only carnal, humanly we should have been hopeless, but our Master said, "In My Name they shall cast out devils." Our only, but as it proved, our sufficient weapon, was

His Name. Taking this weapon I began to command the devil or demons possessing this young man to depart from him. I say I began, because I was with him fully an hour engaged in a stern fight for his deliverance. Though he was so violent, yet I found that I was absolutely his master, able from time to time with my hands to restrain his violence. Was this not because of the fulfillment of the promise—"I am with you?" I found also I was inspired with a tremendous confidence—unlike my own feeble faith—that in the Name of Jesus I was complete master of the demons. So much so was this that on one occasion when the demoniac had taken refuge behind a post to get away from me and my commands to the demons to come out, for I followed him closely as he moved away from me from place to place, I found myself actually laughing in his face in the consciousness that in Christ's Name I was absolute master of the demon forces. The possessed man got down a hole in the bamboo floor and began to throw up earth from the ground beneath. At another time I was greatly struck as he took a rough sack and began to roll about with it—just as a long time previously I had seen a large orang-outang do in a zoological garden. I should have told that previous to his chaining up in this room he had climbed to the top of a tree and remained there for many hours screaming. May it not be that he was possessed by the spirit of a beast like Nebuchadnezzar of old? Sometimes as I used the Name of Jesus he cursed. Sometimes as I stood close to him and with pointed finger commanded the spirits in the Name of Jesus to depart, he seemed compelled to bow his head to that Name. Other times he spat at the Name.

In three important respects this case remarkably resembles that recorded in the gospels of the man of the Gadarenes who dwelt in the tombs. First like the Gadarene he had to be bound with chains. Second he tore his clothing. At one time during my struggle—a hot struggle it was, (I had divested myself of my jacket and was perspiring freely with the great tropical heat of the room.) I felt led, for a reason I did not know, to ask my wife and the other lady to leave the room. Here again the Lord's promised presence with his disciple was shown, for no sooner had the ladies left than the young man roughly siezed his clothing and tearing it gave a terrible exhibition of obscenity. Then for the third resemblance to the man of Gadara—the most remarkable of all: During the ravings of the maniac my wife heard him say "There

are 2000 of us and we are burning in the fire." In the narrative of the gospel we read that the demons entered into 2000 swine! Thus, as I have said, in three respects this case was extraordinarily like that told of Jesus and the demoniac of Gadara.

How long the fight lasted I cannot say as I did not take note of the time. It may have been one or even two hours, but at the close there was no apparent change in the young man. Two days later my wife and I returned and were again shown into the room. Believing in the power of praise I asked my wife to sing the praises of Jesus. As she sang I again commenced to command the spirits to depart. The conflict went on for a similar period as before. At last wondering why there was no change I asked the father of the young man whether he had in his house anything belonging to the heathen religion. I had read of a case in China where when demons were being exorcised in the name of Jesus, they had taken refuge in a heathen shrine which had remained in the house. When I asked the father this question he denied that he had any such thing, but the young man at once said "*Kris!*" When I heard this—a very unexpected statement, I was deeply impressed. The *Kris* is a peculiarly made short sword worn by Javanese people. It is much more than a weapon. It is an amulet and is believed to have supernatural powers. In some a spirit is believed to dwell and people do obeisance to them. Thus when the young man said "*Kris*" in response to my inquiry about heathen things, and knowing, as I have already said, that evil spirits do sometimes take refuge in these articles, I was greatly impressed, and with a view to removing them from the house asked the father to let me take the *Kris*es away. He confessed that he had two of them.

The father consented, and leaving for our home again we carried the weapons with us. There was still no apparent change in the possessed man. Was all that in vain? We returned to the house a few days later and what was the news? After we had left the second time, the young man fell asleep and slept for more than twenty-four hours. Waking, all signs of mania were gone. For days he had not slept or eaten. When awake he asked his mother for food which

he ate. He washed and asked for clean clothes. When these were brought by his mother he who so recently had been so horribly obscene, asked to be left alone while he changed his clothes, and he expressed his desire for a clean heart. He was thus fully delivered and has remained so ever since.

We praise God that He does not send His soldiers to fight at their own charges, that His promise is true when He says "Go"—and "lo, I am with you alway!" "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." The Lord has not underestimated the power of the enemy whom His soldiers must fight. He has indeed provided the mighty weapons for a victorious warfare. Why then is the victory so long delayed? No more serious question can be asked by the Lord's people than this. The kingdom spread like wildfire in the early days. It spread in spite of intense opposition. Its weapons were proved and prevailed. The great soldier Paul was able to write (Rom. 15. 18, 19.) "I will not dare to speak of any of those things which Christ hath not wrought by me, *to make the Gentiles obedient, by word and deed, through mighty signs and wonders.*" The people of the Latter Rain Pentecost stand for "signs following" but alas how few mighty signs we see in our missionary work!

Where is the fault? Oh! that as we see the provision made for the great task we, zealous for His glory, and seeking "to win for the Lamb who was slain the reward of His sufferings" may earnestly seek to have again repeated in our day the experience of Mark 16:20. "They went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the word with signs following." From the earliest days of the Latter Rain revival I have felt that there are exceedingly few of its people well equipped with natural gifts for the Lord's work. Their only hope therefore is in seeking so to live, pray and believe that God's power, of which they speak so much, may be indeed manifested in and through them. Of carnal—natural—weapons for the fight they possess few. May the mighty *spiritual* weapons in their hands the wide world over prove mighty to the pulling down of strongholds.

Last minute orders for Christmas can be filled and sent direct to your friends. We will pack as a gift and enclose your card if wished.

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Notes

The Inn-Keeper's Regret

Edgar A. Guest

"OH, IF I had only known!"
Said the keeper of the inn.
"But no hint to me was shown,
And I didn't let them in.

"Yes, a star gleamed overhead,
But I couldn't read the skies,
And I'd given every bed
To the very rich and wise.

"And she was so poorly clad,
And he hadn't much to say!
But no room for them I had,
So I ordered them away.

"She seemed tired, and it was late
And they begged so hard, that I
Feeling sorry for her state,
In the stable let them lie.

"Had I turned some rich man out
Just to make a place for them,
'Twould have killed, beyond a doubt,
All my trade at Bethlehem.

"Then there came the wise men three
To the stable, with the morn,
Who announced they'd come to see
The great King who had been born.

"And they brought Him gifts of myrrh,
Costly frankincense and gold,
And a great light shone on her
In the stable bleak and cold.

"All my patrons now are dead
And forgotten, but today
All the world to peace is led
By the ones I sent away.

"It was my unlucky fate
To be born that Inn to own,
Against Christ I shut my gate—
Oh, if I had only known!"

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A Christmas Meditation

DARKNESS had covered the land and "gross darkness the people", for God had shut up the heavens for four hundred years. No prophetic utterance had fallen upon their ears. No majestic figure of the prophet moved in their midst to warn and to exhort! Those four hundred years of silence, how potent they were for Satan to accomplish his nefarious work!

Then a Council in heaven broke the silence, and God said to His Beloved Son, "The fulness of time has come when

*"The Seed of the woman
shall bruise the serpent's head!"*

The Angel Gabriel was dispatched to break the silence between God and man, and to a Virgin he came with the mysterious Annunciation that she should be the mother of the Son of God. Past comprehension this condescension of God! The mystery of the Incarnation! God stooping so low as to be born of a woman! Henceforth "the Godhead and Manhood linked together and never to be separated." An angelic host broke the silence to the Jewish world when they heralded the good tidings to the humble shepherds.

*"Unto you is born this day
In the City of David,
A Savior which is Christ the Lord."*

The Gentile world came to pay homage to this new-born King. The Persian *magi* came from Balaam's land, for they knew of his prophecy

*"There shall come a Star out of Jacob,
A Scepter shall rise out of Israel."*

They did not understand it, but they followed the light, the guiding Star, to bring Him their worship and their gifts.

All Jerusalem was stirred when the cry rang out in the darkness,

*"Where is He that is born
King of the Jews?"*

Herod the usurper trembled at the One who was born to be King of the Jews. He had ascended the throne thru craftiness. The scribes and Pharisees turned aside from their rituals and ceremonies to search the prophetic rolls that had been stored away in the archives of the temple. King Herod had demanded it. There it was:

*"And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda,
Art not the least among the princes of Juda,
For out of thee shall come a Governor,
That shall rule my people Israel."*

A King had been born, the long-looked-for Messiah of whom Isaiah had written,

*"The Wonderful, the Counsellor
Of the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father,
The Prince of Peace."*

The darkness had gone forever. The Light that had dawned was "to lighten the Gentiles". The whole world was to learn that this King who was born in the city of Bethlehem, was the Savior of the world!

Reader, is He born in your heart, this King of matchless condescension? Has the Light that came from heaven broken the darkness in your soul? Have you given to Him your homage, your adoration, your love? Have you crowned Him king of your life?

*"Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all."*

The Glad Tidings Campaign

EVANGELIST Booth-Clibborn writing enthusiastically of the meetings in New York City, says they continue marvelous. "Think of it!" he writes, "a full house on Monday night. And most blessed results. A number of children filled with the Holy Ghost in the children's meeting. I am continuing here another week. The fire of revival is wonderful!" The Pastor of Glad Tidings Tabernacle, Bro. Robt. A. Brown, writes:

Praise the Lord! and again I say, Praise the Lord! There are times when God takes us down to the foundations again; times when the Word of God, as it were, reconverts us and restores to us the convictions, the broken heart, the burden and the glorious sense of His presence, such as we enjoyed in the early days of Pentecost. This has been the atmosphere of the first ten days of the Glad Tidings Tabernacle Thanksgiving Convention, conducted at this time by Evangelist William Booth-Clibborn, whom we believe to be the man whom God has raised in the kingdom for this time, to use the words of the Book of Esther.

The key-note of the Convention was sounded in one of the first messages, "God Wants Worshipers" on the text, "And the Father seeketh such to worship Him." We can truthfully say we have never had such a Convention in the history of this work, the depth of the heart-searching, the broken and contrite heart everywhere manifest, the uncompromising preaching, are only a few of the aspects that explain why the Glad Tidings Tabernacle has been filled to capacity, with multitudes of people of God that have come from all quarters and are rejoicing

with us in this blessed visitation of the Spirit of God.

It is too early to report on results, but nightly the power of God falls. Last Sunday was Missionary Rally Day, and missionaries spoke representing India, China, Africa and other parts of the foreign field. The offering was the greatest we have ever lifted for the missionary cause, amounting to \$15,500. Bro. Booth-Clibborn has consented to extend his stay with us an extra week, up to and including Dec. 9th. Praise be to God!

Stone Church Revival

At this writing The Stone Church is in the midst of a real revival, conducted by The Shearer Evangelistic Party. Large crowds are attending nightly and the Spirit of God is moving on the hearts of the people.

We are having that for which we have long prayed, a wave of salvation. Three and four are being saved at the altar every night, and some also have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Some weeks ago we enlarged the seating capacity of the Church so as to accommodate at least one hundred and fifty more people, and on the middle Sunday of the campaign it was crowded to the utmost. The music by the Keith Trio, some of whom used to play on the stage but now play to win souls to Jesus, was a great blessing and deeply appreciated.

Our Pastor, Bro. Hardin, recently held a campaign in Philadelphia (Nov. 16-Dec. 5) for Bro. Ernest Williams in his commodious church, Nineteenth and Green Sts. This church which has been purchased and re-modeled by Bro. Williams' Assembly, has a seating capacity in the main auditorium of a thousand, and was crowded at many of the meetings. Large altar services were held nightly with blessed results. Souls were saved, healed and baptized in the Holy Spirit.

The following incident giving the result of a little personal work, is told by Bro. Hardin: "Bro. Williams and I went out for a walk and took with us a package of cards containing notice of the meetings. Bro. Williams said, 'Let us pray over these as we put them in the mail-boxes.' As we went from house to house we prayed, 'Lord, use these to bring some souls to Thee.' In one home was a man in despair. He went into his room with the intention of committing suicide, and his eye fell on one of these cards brought in from the mail-box. The Spirit of God led him to the meeting and he was blessedly saved. He came regularly to the services and testified to having found peace with God."

Wanted—A Spirit-filled leader in a progressive, Western city of 2,500. Consecrated woman preferred. One who gets results. For particulars write, H. A. Kirby, Bellefouch, S. D.

God's Secret Order

Enoch's Walk and Enoch's Faith Our Goal.

Part II. Evan. Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn, Edenrest, Clackamas, Ore.



THREE times the Scriptures refer to Enoch, and only three. But what a wealth of truth in this perfect number of references. Every word is important. Even the silence of Scripture is eloquent, for Enoch is one of the few men *against whom the Bible records no sin*,

reminding us that "*without holiness, no man shall see the Lord!*" That is a very exacting plumb-line! But when we are filled with the Holy Spirit, it follows that we shall be a *holy people*.

Enoch—what a name! As with so many Hebrew names, it is pregnant with meaning. I could preach a whole sermon on the three words "Enoch" stands for:—DEDICATED, CONSECRATED, SEPARATED. Here are three prerequisites for rapture, so that the very name of God's secret order implies the conditions for initiation into its 33rd degree. We may all Qualify!

Dedicated and consecrated means practically the same; set apart for sacred uses, hallowed to the service of God. Ah, what a need there is among us for a more thorough consecration, a re-dedication of our talents and powers to the Kingdom! The letting down around us should serve as a warning, as a danger signal to us who intend to go through. Then Enoch means *separation*, and there is no salvation without separation! Beware of compromising entanglements, seductive alliances with the things and purposes of this world. Down South, the Negroes sing: "I won't be tangled up no more; I won't be tangled up no more; I won't be tangled up in this work; I won't be tangled up no more." Amen! Israel must *leave* Egypt if she would be redeemed. Lot must flee if he would be spared the rain of fire that destroys Sodom and Gomorrah! Not only separated once, but we must remain separated

like Enoch; refuse to countenance the mixture of church and world, and he refused to approve of the mixing of the Sethites with the Cainites. God hates mixture, detests it. He cursed Israel and scattered their nation for this more than anything else. Cain had been sent beyond the mountains of Nod, there to live in separation free from Seth and the other sons and daughters of Adam and Eve. The Cainites were clever, built cities and roads, and resorted to all sorts of inventions to improve their lot. The Sethite civilization was quiet, tilling the soil and tending the sheep and cattle; theirs was a simple life compared to the complicated one developing beyond the mountains. Testimony to the truth, the worship of God and the traditions of the

Patriarchs remained intact with the Sethites, but both worlds soon began to mingle and apostasy set in. The daughters of Cain began to make advances towards the sons of Seth, and these said to their fathers at home: "I don't see that it makes much difference; she is so good looking, and not such a bad girl." And there you are! When you go to the picture show, you cannot testify, for that is the devil's place. You cannot win the world by going

Enoch's walk with God began with the birth of his son, Methuselah. The secret of that patient continuance in godliness, according to an editorial in the S. S. Times is suggested by the significance of the name he gave his son. "Methuselah" means, "when he is dead it shall be sent." Bible chronologists agree that the year Methuselah died was the year of the Deluge. Hence, that which was sent on the death of Methuselah was the Flood. Therefore it would appear that about the time of the birth of Methuselah it was revealed to Enoch that a catastrophic judgment would suddenly cut off the Antedeluvian Age and that this Divine judgment would occur after the death of Methuselah. This mighty revelation of coming judgment worked in Enoch a God-fearing spirit and a God-honoring walk.

half way to meet it. It detects the deflection! In this day of mixture, of deterioration and decline, let us withstand this cursed tendency as Enoch did. If we act, think, talk, behave, dress, walk and do as the worldling does, we cannot blame God if He gets us mixed. We look so much like the world that there is sardly any much like the world that there is hardly any

I have said that there are only three references to Enoch in the Bible, but that is sufficient, for the Bible itself declares that out of the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established. Genesis gives us four verses; Hebrews and Jude only two each. Such a wealth of truth in such a little space! Hebrews 11:5 reads, "By faith, Enoch was translated that he

should not see death." The eleventh of Hebrews records all the superior accomplishments of faith. *Enoch attained and retained a transcendent faith—mark it—in a time when most were departing from the faith. So can we in these days of falling away.* Not merely saving faith is meant, but a living, constant, practical faith—the kind that overcomes the world. That is why we find it ranked among the greatest achievements of the eleventh of Hebrews: Abel's comprehension of the cross 4,000 years before Calvary; Noah's lonely stand against a whole world of unbelief and ridicule; Abraham's and Sarah's dead bodies and their issue—Isaac; Moses renouncing the highest throne on earth; Jericho levelled by marching about it; The Red Sea dried up, kingdoms conquered, promises obtained, the dead raised, all these were manifestations of a superior faith, and Enoch's translation is classed among them. Our greatest need is a revival of living, overcoming faith—translation faith! Enoch's faith was all the more extraordinary since there was no Word of God in his day as we have it. Indeed, no one had ever experienced Rapture, nor had God promised it to anyone. We have all the Scriptures pointing to that event, and since faith cometh by the Word of God, it will be our own fault if we do not attain unto it! Look at that sixth verse where we are told that we cannot please God without faith.

This brings us to the next prerequisite for Rapture—a *life pleasing to God*. How many have tried to please God the legalistic way—by endeavoring to keep the law or live up to the standard of Scriptural holiness in their own strength. All wrong! "The just shall live by faith," cried Luther, and with this God-given slogan, he shook Europe! Faith was the root principle, the secret power that produced an incomparable goodness or God-likeness. Enoch's pious and upright life was the outcome of faith that worketh through love. That translation was a reward of that life is implied in verse six. Can we not perfect our lives to please a God who holds as an incentive the greatest reward that will ever be given man? And when we think that the reward held out to us was never nearer than now! Oh! if it ever paid Christians to stand true, and to go through with God, it is now. To please God, you know, does not merely mean to do what God says to do, and not to do what He tells us not to do. My little daughter can do all that, and still not fully please me. A piece of machinery does that much, but my

little Catherine is not a piece of machinery. In order to please me, she must *await my pleasure*; she must be able to know by instinct and because of association with me, what I would like her to do. One day, she came tearing upstairs and told me to hurry down because she, with some other playmates, had started a bonfire in the basement. You can imagine how I hurried, three steps at a time. In her tears later, she said, "Well, Daddy, you never told me we were not to make a fire downstairs." I explained that I did not need to write on the wall paper of the dining room a list of the things she was not to do, such as to throw chairs out of the window, to pound nails into the floor, to play ball with the cups, to make a fire on the carpet, etc. She saw the point. If she loved us, she would naturally know what pleased and displeased us. So it is with God. To please Him is more than doing what the Scriptures command, for, concerning a thousand questions the Bible is silent, and does not define the steps to be taken in every circumstance. When our hearts are filled with God's Holy Spirit, we shall be sensitive to His gentlest guidance and to His slightest check. We shall be so alive unto God as to notice His gathering frown, and He shall guide us with His eye, without saying a word, so close will our hearts beat to His heart. They that are in the flesh cannot please God—only they who are led *by* and who walk *in* the Spirit. Enoch must have striven to please God; he must have taken special pains, and gone to much trouble and care. Remember, in his day there were no Sacred Writings, no Decalogue, no Gospels! Yet God gave him this testimony that BEFORE he was taken, he pleased God. May we not infer that only such as obtain that testimony today will be translated?

The next point we take from Genesis, the fifth chapter: "*And Enoch walked with God.*" —"*And Enoch walked with God.*" Why did I quote it twice? Because it occurs twice in the text. No doubt it is intentional, and is meant to emphasize a fact which is stated but once. Of other holy men, it is written that they "walked *before* the Lord," but of Enoch, it is twice written that he walked *with* God. It must have been a beautiful, *intense intimacy* that required a repetition of the phrase to describe it. It must have been a lonely road since most men were walking contrary to God. It must have meant a constant, stable, continued walk—not an up and down experience, not victorious one week and

backslidden the next. How many things it implies! communion, fellowship, perfect unison, worship, agreement in mind and purpose, sympathy, love, understanding, enjoyment, co-operation, confidence—everything that it implies when spoken concerning a friend; but how much more when spoken of God. Oh! how the soul is ravished by the very thought of it! How we ought to exclaim, "Cursed be everything that separates or would come between me and my God." Paul saw the tragedy, the awfulness of such a separation. He could not tolerate the thought. He cries out, "*Nothing* shall separate me from the love of God!" Walking with God, keeping step with the Almighty includes everything else that may be said; and none will escape the coming judgments but those who walk with God. You cannot neglect, therefore, your secret prayer; I mean that which shuts you in the closet alone. Conventions and meetings, revival campaigns are good and well, but nothing can substitute the personal contact of the soul with its Maker. Many a preacher has lost out right here; become over-interested and engrossed in his *work for God* and lost his *walk with God*. Husbands and wives, better heed. We do not go to heaven "*a la wholesale*;" we go on with God "*a la retail*." Every soul for itself! God will not rapture couples, groups or congregations. He will translate only individual saints. And "can two walk together except they be agreed?" (Amos 3:3).

Then Enoch walked with God and begat sons and daughters. He was no Catholic priest or monk who selfishly shut himself out from all the world, and lived, contrary to nature, by himself. He did not lock himself up in a cell like Luther in the Augustinian Monastery, live on a piece of dry bread and half a frozen herring for a week and take the straps of leather and beat his bare back till the blood ran. That is the grossest fanaticism. Our Lord Jesus Christ ate with publicans and sinners, and it did not contaminate Him. He was none-the-less holy and separate from sinners. If you can walk a holy life down here in all the commonalities, in all the vicissitudes of every day life in this crooked and wicked world with its ten thousand influences of evil at play all about you, and yet look straight into the face of God, your experience is *real*. Poor Luther managed to shut out one wicked world (he considered hell outside) only to find another worse hell within his unregenerated heart. To beget sons and daughters generally

means a busy home life, with a hundred cares and duties. It means trial and patience in trial. The hustle and bustle of a large family of healthy children all more or less reflect and affect the parents. Some would-be holy women refuse to bear children, and their husbands acquiesce in this attitude. Their apology is that they wish to go on to perfection. But the means that God uses to perfect us are natural. It is in a natural world that He places us for schooling, and in His wise provision children are the most blessed and effectual means to perfect many of us. When people do not give life when they have the power to do so, and are married with that intention, I call them selfish, unnatural, unthankful, and sinners before God. The spirit of the age is to kill, and infanticide is widespread. My mother bore ten children, and she is strong, agile, active, said to be the greatest woman preacher living. I have noticed among Christians that those who have the most children, live the longest and backslide the least. Yes, you can walk with God, and raise a large family. Babies and holiness go together fine! I know this is not modern teaching, but modern folks will not be raptured either. Only the old-fashioned, as old-fashioned as Enoch, will go up. This is an old-fashioned Order; it's the oldest Order in the world. To walk with God in our busy modern existence, in the office, in the factory, on the farm and in the home—this is the supreme test, and "all things are possible to him that believeth." Amen!

One more Scripture remains to throw its light upon the life of our great type, and it is the only one that refers to Enoch's public life. What did Enoch *do* about the wickedness and ungodliness around him? Listen to the text of Jude 14, 15. "And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, *prophesied* of these, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and all of their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him." Enoch's was a Second Advent testimony. Strange that although he could have prophesied of so many other important events yet to happen, he overleaped the centuries, and, from the pinnacle of the mountaintop of a Holy Walk with God, glances across the ages and prophesies concerning the judgment that is coming *upon all*, Jew, Gentile, Church and World. *Thereby God links rapture*

to the testimony of our Lord's return. We in these last days will overcome but only by that same word of our testimony nearest to our hearts: "Jesus is coming soon!" To live in constant expectancy of the event, works as a tonic on our every day walk, and causes us to "purify ourselves even as He is pure" (I. Jno. 3:3). *Enoch was a witness.* Are you a witness in this day and hour? You cannot afford to keep your mouth shut these days. Silence would mean approval of the surrounding godlessness. How can we witness unless we are filled with the Holy Ghost? "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you" (Acts 1:8). I tell you I could not keep still. From the moment I was filled, I spoke. I began at my Jerusalem, right in my home. I saw nearly every one of my brothers and sisters filled with the Holy Ghost in answer to prayer and witnessing. How many of us fail right here. How common to hear the Name of Jesus taken in vain in business office and factory! And how rarely anyone speaks up and witnesses for Him! People about you may curse and blaspheme the name of God, and yet you never speak a word for Him! You are no witness. Your silence condones their wickedness. Oh! you will never be ready when the great day comes, if you are afraid to stand up and tell of the Lord you love. Lot was vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked; Elijah also for he cried: "Lord, they have killed thy prophets, and digged down thine altars"; and the universal ungodliness troubled and grieved Enoch to the heart. Living close to God makes you sensitive to the sinning that goes on about you and to the impending judgment that it brings. If judgment seems in abeyance or postponed, it will be all the more severe when it comes. The Holy Spirit has been sent to convict the world of judgment through us. Do you warn the wicked about you of coming judgment? I know it takes boldness and daring; and it takes the love of God to do it successfully, for how can you do so when your heart trembles with fear? Have you forgotten that "perfect love casteth out fear?"

Enoch was a prophet. "To these Enoch . . . prophesied," and God is pouring out today the spirit of prophecy: "Your sons and daughters shall prophesy." "The testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of prophecy" (Rev. 19:10). How many times have I seen them stand up boldly in the meetings, just after they had received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and prophesy sometimes for a half hour in the most remarkable

way, especially warning of the judgments to come! Oh, praise God for the Spirit of prophecy that witnesses to the Second Coming, Rapture and the Judgment of the wicked.

One of the most remarkable things that can be said about Enoch, is that the Scriptures record no great work, no great miracle or accomplishment which he ever did. What distinguishes him alone is his goodness, his holiness. He was just a simple, devout man, filled with God. He was like the most humble the most unpretentious Christians of today. Many have the impression that it is only the prominent workers and the great preachers who will be raptured, but it is probable that most of them will be left behind. Some have thought that the raptured company will consist only of those who belong to a future group of superior Christians yet to be revealed, who attain an extraordinary degree of immunity over sin and disease, who will perform mighty exploits and miracles, and who will, within a few years, sweep everything before them, and attain, as a body, a perfection superior to the Early Church. This is all too fantastical and misleading! There is a Scripture that will be of great comfort to tens of thousands of believers—where it speaks of Jesus baptized in the River Jordan, the heavens being opened, and a voice heard to say: "This is My Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Now think! Jesus had not yet done one great work. He had not healed the lame, nor opened the eyes of the blind. He had not even preached His first sermon, nor gotten a following. Yet God opened the heavens, and put His approval on His life, and said: "This is My Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." If you think that it is the tremendous public exhibition of virtues that counts, you are greatly mistaken. It is your secret life with God which is the important thing every time. Enoch was "no administrator like Moses, no warrior like David, nor statesman like Daniel; no hero of splendid exploits or world-shaking achievement. The great prototype of all rapture was simply an ordinary man filled with extraordinary goodness. The law in a natural realm—that like attracts like—rules also in the spiritual; heaven attracts the most heavenly; until, in the set design of God, acting upon ever-deepening heavenliness of character the mighty magnet suddenly works, and the Enochs are gone!" (D. M. Panton).

After all, God does not care how well we can sing or play or preach or work or even witness and heal the sick. All these things constitute

the public aspect of religion, and will count for nothing, if we neglect that intimate communion and fellowship with God; if we fail to learn to walk with Him as Enoch did. What had Jesus done? Positively nothing! Probably, He had peddled from door to door his father's chairs and tables. He humbly remained at home, subject to His parents, in total obscurity, living a quiet, industrious life in and about Nazareth. *And God was pleased!* Hallelujah! That should comfort every housewife who has to spend most of her time cooking, washing dishes and tending the little ones around about the house; also the honest, hard-working laborer who earns the wherewithal for his little brood, the conscientious clerk. The honest trade of every quiet Christian life is noted and approved by God. The toil and perseverance, the honesty and integrity, the conscientiousness — every detail is marked by the Father. Thirty years of obscurity in Nazareth met with God's approval! And He was only a Carpenter.

Now put it in a few words: the requirements for rapture are plainly revealed in the testimony Scripture gives us of the life of Enoch. We all want to be translated, it is God's best will for us to be. Then let us be practical, and discover where we fall short, and when we have found

our failures and shortcomings we must not moan and groan and struggle, but simply ask God to work out in us, through the power of the Holy Spirit, what He worked out in the life of Enoch. First, HOLINESS, no sin recorded of Enoch. Second, DEDICATION; third, CONSECRATION; fourth, SEPARATION; fifth, OVERCOMING FAITH; sixth, PLEASING TO GOD; seventh, WALKING WITH GOD, never shirking the natural duties of life; eighth, THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY; ninth, WITNESSING THE SECOND COMING; tenth, A HUMBLE SERVANT. And to all these, we may add yet many more which are inferred, such as lack of fear, perfect love, and the many things that walking with God implies. And, finally, remember the words of Christ: "Let your loins be girded about"—"therefore, be ye also ready." For He said, "I come quickly."

This order is doubly secret, because none knows who will go up. Nevertheless, it is open to all believers who will be alive and remain when the Lord shall descend from heaven. Eternally, they shall be in a class by themselves. Their glory will be different from the glory of all the other stars in heaven. Nothing matters now. All that the earth contains and offers is not worth one thought compared to this. "Even so, come Lord Jesus!"

Binding the Strong Man

Is Your Experience Pure Gold or an Imitation?

Evangelist Ben Hardin in the Stone Church, Oct. 12, 1928



CALL your attention to the 29th verse in Matthew 12, where you will find these words, "Or else how can one enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man? and then he will spoil his house."

No one can enter into your house and spoil your goods except he first bind you and then the house is at his disposal. Now I am sure that many of us have some "strong man" that needs to be bound this afternoon and we cannot take real victory until that strong man in our lives is bound. I have no idea how strong that man may be in your case but I do know he is just strong enough to keep many of us out of victory; we breathe out threatenings and we levy on his goods and threaten to put him out of the house but many of us have made the great mistake of allowing Isaac and Ishmael to live in the same house. Now it is impossible for the Spirit

of God to have the right of way unless the flesh is brought under subjection, subdued, conquered and bound. If the strong man is bound then Isaac has the right of way and there is victory and blessing in your life but until that time Ishmael runs things and Isaac has to step around at the will of Ishmael. Things are in a continual contention, but the moment the door is opened and Ishmael is banished then Isaac has the house.

As I was sitting in my study I tried to meditate on some of the strong men that needed to be bound. Take the life of David. The children of Israel did not have the victory and were not able to march forward as long as Goliath stood on the mount of defiance. God wants to lead us on to victory but there is no need for us to try to skim over the lesson that He wants us to learn; there is no use trying to go on to some greater battle until Goliath has been brought down from the mount of defiance in our lives. He is the one who threatens us with defeat; he is the one who continually stands in defiance of

our spiritual growth and progress. As long as Goliath the strong man, is permitted to stand on the mount in defiance against God we are at a stand-still, but the minute he is slain in our lives, we are ready to go forward. You know what Goliath stands for in your individual life.

The prophets of Baal stood in defiance of the God of Israel, and the prophet Elijah had no influence with the people of Israel because of the prophets of Baal. But finally he came to the crucial test and said, "Now we will meet in open combat on the top of Mount Carmel. If you will bring down fire from heaven then we will serve your god. The God who answers by fire is God." "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God follow Him and if Baal, follow him. We will see on the top of Mount Carmel who is the strong man." Four hundred and fifty men gathered there to find out who was God. It is useless for you to go out in your own physical strength; useless to buy a brief case and think that if you go out as a preacher you will do great things. It will take more than a brief case; the power comes from direct contact with God.

Now Elijah stood on the top of Mount Carmel and there was Baal, the strong man. The prophets of Baal prayed from morning till noon but no fire came and then Elijah stood up and called on the Living God and the fire came down, consumed the sacrifice, burned the wood and even licked up the water. And Elijah said, "Take the prophets of Baal; let not one of them escape. And they took them: and Elijah brought them down to the brook Kishon and slew them there." Now we never read of Elijah meeting these Baals anymore; he had bound the strong man.

One of the strong men in our lives, that we as Penecostal people need to bind, is the strong man of *compromise*. You remember when Moses stood before Pharaoh and said, "Pharaoh, I want you to let My people go." That was the message of God. Pharaoh said, "Moses, where do you want to go?" Moses said, "We want to go out and offer a sacrifice unto the Lord." Pharaoh time after time said, "You cannot go. That is a settled fact. I will never let you go." But finally when God began to afflict Pharaoh and visit judgment upon him he offered a compromise. At first he said they couldn't go but later he said they could, but not very far. The enemy doesn't want us to go far enough in salvation to get a change of heart because then he can never do anything with us. Just go far enough to shake

hands with the evangelist and sign a card but don't let anything definite happen in your life because then he will have trouble with you. You can go far enough regarding the Baptism, to sing about the old time power and to spend time in talking about the anointing and blessings but don't go far enough to get the Baptism with the Bible sign of speaking with other tongues. Just go far enough where you can tell folks that you have the Baptism because one time at a prayer meeting you felt the blessing of God rolling over your soul. But don't go far enough to get the Baptism with the initial evidence of speaking in tongues, because then there will be no question in your mind that you have it. It doesn't matter if you believe that the Lord can heal; the devil believes that. You can call up the preacher and even ask for prayer while you use Sloan's linament and Vick's Vapor Rub, but don't go so far as to take all the remedies out of the cabinet and really believe the Lord will heal you. Do not go too far. Compromise! Oh how the devil likes to have us compromise and let down! There is a kind of compromise among God's people that would make the realities of Jesus Christ look like a sham and pretense. The public is looking on and saying, "I wonder if there is anything to it. So—and—so is a Christian but if you insist on it you can get him to stay away from church without much persuasion. You can get him to go to places that are even questionable." Of course they didn't go to these places at first but now they are so cold that they can go without any compunctions.

In II. Chronicles we have the story about Shishak's invasion, how he came up from Egypt against Jerusalem, despoiled the Lord's house and took the treasures back with him. There were shields of gold that Solomon had made for the temple; pure gold. When Rehoboam missed those shields he said, "Now brethren, we have lost those golden shields and we must do the best we can to get along without them." So he made other shields out of brass to take their place. He said, "They will shine if a little brass polish is put on and they won't look so bad. We will go Saturday night and scour them up a bit and on Sunday the people will never know the difference." We can't be too particular and when our experiences tarnish we will go back to prayer meeting and get fixed up again. Of course we won't have anything permanent but we'll get along all right with a little touching up in revival meetings. When the new preacher comes we will

have him lay hands on us and polish us up again. We will compromise and try to palm off this lot of brass for the gold that was there. Rehoboam didn't want to own up to his failure; he didn't have the humility to say, "Now we have failed God and we need to come to the altar and repent." Rather than admit that he replaced the gold shields with brass.

I said in a former message that I believed about half the people who were once in vital touch with God are backslidden in heart. I did not mean that half of them couldn't testify anymore; many people think that they perform their duty to God if they do certain things or give of their money, but in heart they are backslidden. Many today present all kinds of excuses for not attending church. The fact that they stay at home to idle away their time in preference to coming to church is an evidence of lack of spirituality. When the fire is burning in your soul as God wants it to burn you cannot keep away from the house of God. But this is a day of compromise. We have lost the gold shields and we have replaced them with brass shields. Yes, we are still talking in tongues and interpreting but we have lost that keen touch with God. There is the strong man of *compromise* that we need to bind before God will lead us on to victory.

Then there is the strong man of *indifference* and *coldness* on the part of God's people, that needs to be bound. When that great ship, the Titanic, was finished it was proclaimed to be a masterpiece of workmanship, and they said it could not sink. It had air compartments so that even should she be divided in two, each half of the ship would float because of these air compartments and it was manned by a wonderful crew. Because of that, many of the millionaires sailed on its initial voyage; when the Titanic pulled out many of our most wealthy Americans were listed as passengers. Now had the steamer not had such a wonderful reputation they would have waited to have her tested. The Titanic pushed her nose through the waters as the band played and they had a big time. But all of a sudden they struck an iceberg and you remember the story of the catastrophe. The band that had been playing jazz now began playing, "Nearer My God to Thee" while the huge ship sank into the waters with hundreds of passengers on board. While the Titanic was sinking, another steamer was at some distance when they received the S. O. S. call stating that the Titanic was sinking

but the Titanic received no response; she waited a while and then sent another S. O. S. call but no help came. When investigation was started concerning the sinking of the Titanic the commander of the other steamer was called into question to answer for their failure to respond to the distress signal. The Examining Board looked at the commander and the officers of the ship and said, "Did you receive an S. O. S. call from the Titanic?" And the officer in charge said, "I did." "Why did you not respond and go to their assistance?" And the answer was, "Our ship was not very far away when we received the S. O. S. call and we knew they were sinking but we were frozen in the ice and were unable to move. Our fires were banked and we were held fast." Think of it—so near and so utterly helpless! Beloved, the indifference and the coldness on the part of God's people are strong men that need to be bound. While thousands—not so far off as Africa, India or China—but while thousands in Chicago are going down all around us without God and without hope, and while the distress call, the danger signals from dying men and women begging for help, are coming over the wires; we are frozen in the ice, cold and indifferent and unable to move hand or foot. Our fires are banked. No longer do we tarry until the wee hours of the morning; no longer do we pray until the earth trembles at the prayers of those who are in touch with God, but we have let down and become indifferent and careless. I would have you know that "coldness" and "indifference" are strong men in our lives that must be bound before the fires of God can burn again. May God thaw us out. May He send such a revival as we have never known in all our experience in Pentecost. God has not changed.

Some of you have strong men in your individual life; your heart flutters and you shake like an aspen leaf when you feel you ought to testify for the Lord. You say, "Brother, I wanted to testify but I was so nervous and something said, 'Sit still' and I obeyed." If that is your experience you need to bind that strong man of fear and the only way to bind him is to get right up and testify. As a rule, when you speak of testifying, the man who never testifies, fails to apply it to himself and the man who is on the floor all the time takes it and says, "I need to testify more." You remember the story of Abraham, how for many years he didn't have any children and then God, by promise, gave him

Isaac by a special miracle when both he and Sarah were up in years; then after God blessed Abraham and gave him Isaac, he married Keturah and she bore him children. But these children proved to be nothing but children of contention and strife, as their names indicate; Zimran, *celebrated*, Medan means *contention*; Midian means *strife*; Ishback, *free* and Shuah, *wealth*.

I have heard people testify under the anointing, and when the glory of God came down, they began to feel so elated that instead of being satisfied with having Isaac as the child of promise, they kept right on talking in the flesh and their testimony became flat and lifeless. Some of you need to bind the strong man of "timidity" and then others need to learn to keep in the spirit and be satisfied when God gives you Isaac, and not continue in the flesh.

There are other strong men in some of our lives. Some of us are tithers and some are not. You remember how Elijah came to the widow who had but a tiny bit of meal left in the barrel and said, "Bake me a cake first." She said, "I have only enough for myself and my son." But he said, "Make me a cake first." By scraping the barrel she could get enough for the cake but to give all the meal you have on earth to someone else is hard and she was in a quandary. She wrestled and then finally bound the strong man hand and foot and carried the cake out: "It is all I have on earth but I will give it to you," and when she went back and looked in the barrel there was still some meal there. She scraped another cake out and there was still some meal left. Some of you haven't learned how to prosper; the way to prosper is to give to God. *Greed*, *stinginess*, and all on that line are strong men that need to be bound. No man can enter into your house unless you are bound first.

What did Ananias and Sapphira do? They brought a liberal offering and said, "Lord, see what we brought. We brought three thousand dollars and we are giving it to You." "Is it your tenth?" "No, it is more than a tenth. It is the price of our house." "Did you sell your house for \$3,000?" Now Ananias and Sapphira sold their house for probably \$3500, but they decided never to mention it and just lay away the extra \$500 for a rainy day. They had no idea it would rain so soon. "Is that all you got for the property?" "Yes." "Why I thought that your house faced the boulevard. It seems strange you didn't get more." "Well you know this is the year of the presidential election and you can't get what

a house is really worth. We brought every dollar of it to the church this morning." Peter said, "Ananias you have wrestled with a strong man and he has overpowered you instead of you overpowering him." It is just a question as to who rules the house. Ananias fell at Peter's feet and Peter said, "Carry him out." Then his wife came in and Peter said, "Sapphira, did you sell your place?" "Yes." "How much did you get for it?" And she answered, "\$3000." Peter said, "The feet of them that carried your husband out are at the door to carry you out." "Ananias and Sapphira, did you bind the strong man of covetousness? What did the strong man do?" "He bound us." They were bound hand and foot by the strong man of their lives and they went out to meet their God. It is just a question whether you will bind the strong man or whether the strong man will bind you.

I couldn't begin to enumerate the strong men in people's lives. For some of you it is your tongue; you talk too much; perhaps you *gossip*. God wants you to get victory over that kind of a life. You live in continual defeat and condemnation and that strong man is cheating you out of victory.

Others are bound by the strong man of *complaint*; they are never satisfied with their home, church, their friends or their possessions and they are being kept from God's blessings because of this strong man of complaint running all thru their lives. No matter how well things are done they always have a complaint to register. If the meeting is wonderful they will say, "Yes—but it was so long," and if it was a short meeting they complain that it was too short. Some people are that way about a brother or sister; they will say, "Yes, Brother so-an-so is wonderful, but it is too bad—" and then they will add something that no one else knew about. "Yes, he is a splendid fellow, you couldn't meet a finer man, but it is too bad he and his first wife couldn't get along." "She is a wonderful sister but it is a shame she always makes trouble." "Oh I didn't know you didn't know about her! I would not have told you. I thought everyone knew it." The sin of repeating things! When you were right with God you never told anything about a brother or sister without the Holy Ghost checking you up. But now you go right ahead with all sorts of tales and then you say, "I don't know what is the matter with me. I don't have the joy that I should have." There is a strong man that needs to be bound.

I could speak at great length about the strong man but you know what he represents in your individual life. You say, "You have told us all about the strong man and we know he is there because God pointed him out to us. But how shall we bind him?" Just come at him in the same way that David did—in the Name of the Lord God of hosts. That is the only way to bind him. If you will pray through God will put such blessing and victory in your soul that it will defeat the strong man there. Wouldn't you like to bind him? Oh the tragedy of hanging up a shield of brass in the temple in place of the one of gold! Don't you want to come and get the gold again? That strong man of compromise, of indifference and formality, of covetousness and criticism must be bound if you would go on with God. When the distress signal comes from sinking men and women will we be compelled to say, "We are frozen in the ice and cannot throw out the life line to you?"

Winning Souls Thru Hardships

FROM Bro. Nicolas Vetter, El Tocuyo. Venezuela, we have an interesting account of the Ninth Anniversary of the work in Barquisimeto, which all of the missionaries and Christian workers attended to give reports of their various stations. One brother came from San Nicolas, a five days' journey with a plea for a worker. Bro. Vetter writes:

It was about a year ago that I heard for the first time about San Nicolas. Something gripped my heart and I felt like stealing away to visit the saints there, but because we had just opened the work in Quibor and there was no one to take charge of that station, I kept silent, but in June the Lord gave me a special word on that line.

The conference was over, and nobody had offered for San Nicolas. The poor man was disheartened for he had to return alone. About one hundred in his village were without a pastor, and everyone had contributed of his poverty to send our brother for help, and during the absence they were continually in prayer. This broke my heart, and I said, 'Here am I, Lord. I am willing to go.' Leaving my wife at El Tocuyo, I started out. We went as far as Acarigue by auto, and from there we had to go on foot. At four A. M. we started out. We walked hour after hour, passed several rivers, and finished our first day's walk at 4 P. M. Hunted for some limons to rub our feet, to allay the inflammation. The following day we started about 3 A. M. and reached Ospina about six. After breakfast the next morning we sold about twenty New Testaments which con-

siderably lightened our load. We heard of someone going to Guanare with mulecarts. We asked for two seats but shrank back when he asked \$12. We asked God if it was His opportunity that the price would be lowered. Later the man told us he had another passenger and anything we could give would be acceptable. We praised God for answered prayer and paid him \$4. We were to leave at midnight so thot to go early to bed. Just as we fixed our hammock, someone knocked at the door and asked us to preach the Gospel. So instead of resting we preached and felt refreshed and happy to see the hunger for the Word.

"The roads were bad; mud, mud everywhere. We were glad to have a cart so as not to walk thru these awful swamps. The cart was without springs and we received plenty of bumps. Twice I was shaken out of the cart and lost a pair of slippers thereby. I felt badly bruised but after several hours I became acquainted with this mode of traveling. The continual rain caused the cart to stick, but this gave us some change and exercise as we had to help dig it out. Our clothing and person became covered with mud. We improved the time and preached to the other passenger, getting him to buy a New Testament.

At six o'clock we crossed another large river and at eight reached our first stopping place. We were very hungry after so much shaking and rejoiced to find a place to eat. But we rejoiced too soon. The coffee was made of burned mais and they served us with bad meat. But the feet and hands of those who prepared the meal were covered with ulcers, so that I could not eat. Later on I found if I wanted to eat at all in the llanos I would have to shut my eyes because the people there are suffering from that disease. About five P. M. we reached San Rafael which was in decay because of the plague and revolution. We were not able to rest that night on account of the mosquitoes, so started again at midnight. For hours we saw no house, but at seven A. M. we reached the river Portuguese which was so swollen it was impassable. We got over by a canoe and asked a woman to prepare some breakfast, which she did.

The following day about 3 A. M. we left Guanare for San Nicolas. I had taken off my stockings and shoes and walked in sandals but my companion said I would lose them if I did not take them off as we would have knee-deep mud, which was no exaggeration. After walking in the mud about an hour the blood was oozing out of many wounds caused by the thorns and crowfeet hidden in the mud. I felt I could go no longer and prayed for the Lord to help, which was answered as we met a brother in the Lord driving a donkey. But we were now to have another time of torture. The donkey in hunting its way took me often thru the high grass and thorns which cut my legs.

About one o'clock we reached the first Christian home situated two hours from the center of

San Nicolas. Here I found many Marthas and Marys. They prepared us a dinner quickly but when they saw my wounded feet they brought hot water and oil. My pains soon left and I was able to walk again. About six we reached the center of the town. Behind us came the believers who heard of our coming. They praised God for answering their prayers and sending me with Bro. Lucio. I explained that I had come for only two weeks, but they said I was their worker as they asked God to send me. Besides holding services each night I visited the believers in their homes. More than twenty were instantly healed. When I left Monday morning for Fan Furia there was only one sick among the believers, and God healed that one afterwards. In the evening we held our meeting on the other side of the river. I was a little disturbed because of the unfortunate marriage relationships, but praise God for victory. He worked and straightened out the tangles. The interest was so great that the entire village came out to listen, and they offered us a room to come and preach weekly.

Everywhere we stopped on our return trip we found them full of fire for God, telling their neighbors of their new-found joy. The State of Portuguese is open for the Gospel. San Nicolas needs not one but two workers. Twelve young men asked for Bible training. One, in seeing how God healed, found a woman with a sick baby. When assured that she had faith he prayed for the baby and it was healed instantly. During the dry season I hope to go even further inland.

An Extended Evangelistic Trip

The Field Editor and Representative of THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL paid a short visit to THE EVANGEL office enroute to New York City from the Pacific Coast, bringing a bright and happy report of God's blessings upon recent meetings held in Santa Cruz, Turlock, Eureka, Calif., Seattle, Wash., and Crosby, N. D. In Seattle the Bethel Pentecostal Tabernacle for two weeks became the scene of blessed victory and the birth-place of many souls.

After receiving repeated invitations from evangelical centers in Europe, Evangelist Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn is leaving for an eight months' trip, visiting first the British Isles, then Holland, Germany and Poland, and if possible Norway and Sweden, France and Switzerland. He will sail (D. V.) on the S. S. *Berangaria*, Dec. 15th, expecting to spend Christmas with his parents in London. His address there will be 49 Highbury Hill N. 5, London, England. He asks the prayers of THE EVANGEL family that this evangelistic trip will result in the reaching of multitudes with the "Latter Rain" message and the salvation of a host of precious souls.

We shall hear from him through the columns of THE EVANGEL of the progress of the work.

On Earth Peace

IN a little French village, devastated and almost wholly deserted, the battle was raging between the German and the Allied forces; artillery and cannons were belching forth death and destruction and the indescribable horrors of war were being enacted in awful reality. But suddenly, from one of the little French cottages there toddled a tiny form, a little innocent child. As the little tousley headed tot scampered across the battlefield, the artillery ceased and for one brief moment there was peace, perfect peace where strife had reigned supreme.

Nineteen centuries ago, there was a battle raging. The conflict had been long and sore; many had fallen, others had grown weary and hopeless. Suddenly in the midst of the noise and strife of the battlefield, a Child appeared. A great silence settled down like a benediction over the din and clamor while angel voices rang out that message of heavenly comfort,

"Glory to God in the highest,

And on earth, Peace, Good will toward men."

The conflict is still on, the battle still unremitting. It is a cruel warfare; there is no quarter given to young or old. Many hearts fail with terror and they long for a truce. Oh, if they can but see that wondrous Child who is still walking up and down the racked and war-torn battle-front, gaze upon His compassionate face, and hear His gentle voice saying, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." They have but to look upon Him—and the din and strife of battle will cease forever. The peace of that night on Judea's hill will descend, and again they will hear the message of the angels ringing on the still air,

"Peace on earth,

Good will to men."

V. S.

Some people do not hold still long enough for God to work out His pattern in their lives. The only way you can have embroidery is by holding still. When I hear so much complaining I wonder how much embroidery some will have in their lives. The saints are adepts at embroidering. Sometimes they stick us until the blood comes and oh, how it hurts!—Shearer.

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

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multitudes marvelled, saying, It is the kingdom of heaven was never so seen in Israel.

34 But the Pharisees said, He 8 Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, etc.

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