

The Latter Rain Kvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

Thank God for Enemies!

He who said: "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets"; "Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake"—He, who spoke these words, had enemies many and powerful. Are we like Christ if we have no enemies? Did He not say also, "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord. If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of His household? Fear them not therefore!"

Think of the many enemies the prophets had! the seers, the godly men of old! Enemies formed the steps of David's ladder to fame and power: a lion, a bear, Goliath, Saul, the Philistines! Useful? Yes! Splendid to conquer and from whom to exact unending tribute! Today it is the same. We need enemies; they are most useful. The greater opposition, the more power needed to conquer! The hotter the hatred, the more intense Divine love shall be! No reward in loving friends! (Matt. 5:46) How poor the Christian who cannot love his enemies because he has none! Why not "count" your enemies, "name them one by one"? Then, "Pray for them that despitefully use you." No enemies, no feast. If a table at all, just very meagre fare, for it is written, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." When God lays a table, it is a sumptuous spread, but you can only be seated and enjoy it if, like David, you have enemies. I'd rather sit at God's Banquet with enemies a plenty than live on crackers and skimmed milk without! Thank God for enemies!

W.E.B.-C.

Ask Ye of the LORD Rain in the Time of the Latter Rain

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Our Goal for 1929

DID you notice, dear reader, the missionary statement for the year 1928 published in the January number of *The Evangel*, page 22? If you did not notice it—*Notice Now!* For one whole year of 12 months—366 days, only \$5,922.66 went to the mission fields through this instrument that you so value and enjoy—this God-given God-anointed Evangel of the Latter Rain! This is a very poor showing! Only about six thousand dollars, may God help us to do twice as well in the current year of 1929. Send us your support and with willing hearts and compassion for the millions who await “The Light of the World,” I am sure, by His Grace, and with His Blessing *that maketh rich*, we shall be able to give,

\$12,000 in the year 1929.

In a few minutes during the Glad Tidings Tabernacle Thanksgiving Convention we were able to raise \$15,000 by cash and pledge. *The Latter Rain Evangel Family* is much larger than the membership of all the New York Full Gospel Churches and its pages travel every country and pass to every clime reaching ten thousand readers and more whose lives are enriched whose spirits are comforted by its life-giving messages. Will they all do less for missions in a whole year than one congregation did in one Convention? No! this shall not be, for God will only bless this paper as it lends itself a Channel to pour the Blessing

of the Gospel to the Heathen World. Let me tell you about

GOOD MISSIONARIES BEING CAST-OFF.

For lack of support! In Edinburgh it was a privilege to meet an old family friend, Brother J. C. Beruldson, his precious wife Jeanne and their three beautiful little children. Brother Beruldson hails from the scenes of the first down-pour of the Latter Rain of Pentecost in the Bonnie land of the Covenanters. In his father's home in Edinburgh the Pillars of the present work were laid, scores receiving the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and departing to spread the fires of revival in every direction. J. C. Beruldson, a trained missionary, whose work in China was invaluable to the cause, whose command of Chinese is exceptional, who laboured faithfully for years in the very front of the battle, and later in the Training School for new missionaries as well as natives; labouring at a task all other missionaries of experience voted him *Best Fitted—is cast off! for lack of funds!* With an overflowing heart our brother told us of his call to China and his desire to return. He explained that the Board of Missions which had supported him heretofore had now too many to take care of. Think of it, for lack of funds they cast-off a well-practiced workman! Shall we not shoulder

(Continued on page 23)

The Contrast of the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ

A Meditative Apostrophy

By Evangelist William E. Booth-Clibborn

TO JERUSALEM



THOU didst set Thy face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem—thus steadfast in purpose, rejoicing in hope, our faces are set toward the New Jerusalem. Thou art determined to endure the tortures of the cross, rebuked Peter, permittest nothing to stand in Thy way; thus never faltering, how much more should our hearts be fixed, unmoved, for we are to enjoy the transports of Heaven. Thou ridest as King upon the colt of an ass; they hail Thee: "Hosanna, Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord!" Tomorrow, thou shalt be cursed, and crucified. Today we are persecuted, considered the off-scouring; tomorrow, we shall be crowned, with glory!

THE SUPPER

How meagre the fare of Thy last meal—How lavish the feast of the marriage supper of the Lamb. Thou givest thanks for the cup of Thy suffering—There we shall drink the cup with Thee, filled with the new wine of happiness. What is this Thou doest? A servant? As a bond slave *stooped* low to wash Thy followers' feet?—That we, a royal priesthood, might *rise* and reign as kings when our redemption is complete.

THE GARDEN

How dark the night! The wings of doom o'ershadow Thee as Thou enterest the Garden of Gethsemane—My inheritance, a garden too—Paradise in the morning in the sunshine of thy glorious face. Thou art very heavy—that my burden might be light; Exceeding sorrowful—that my joy might be full. To the last drop Thou dost drain the wine of the wrath of God—that the cup of rapture might unceasingly overflow for me.

THE BETRAYAL

All night a vigil, and this Thy last night on earth, Oh! Son of Man take Thy needed rest! In the midnight hour Thou keepest watch that Thou mightest give Thy beloved sleep. He is betrayed—God's *faithfulness* is mine throughout eternity.

His enemies lay hold on Him and lead Him, bound, away—God has laid His hands on me and set me free.

THE JUDGMENT HALL

They lead Him to the Judgment Hall—He brings me to His banquetting house.

They hate Him without a cause—His banner over me is Love.

How they accuse and reproach Him—He justifies and approves me.

As a sheep before His shearers, He is dumb—That my tongue might be loosed. His silence is my eloquence; His answering not, my boldness of speech!

Hear them condemn Him, pronounce Him guilty—It is my acquittal they proclaim.

THE SOLDIERS

Thou art mocked, reviled, ridiculed—That I might be honored and glorified with Thee.

Thou art rudely assaulted and smitten—Mine the caresses and defense of God.

They scourge and spit upon Thee—I am embraced and receive God's kiss of forgiveness.

They beat upon Thine head—"Thou anointest my head with oil."

They dress Thee in scarlet—I am "Arrayed in fine linen clean and white."

They blindfold Thy lovely eyes—That the veil might be taken away from mine.

They whip Thee with reeds—Every stripe for my healing.

They mar Thy face—That mine should reflect the glory of God.

They crown Him with a crown of thorns—That we might receive the crown of everlasting life. They stand Him thus before the jeering, shouting multitude, who ceaselessly cry for His blood; that we might sit in Heavenly Places with Him, midst the praise and songs of angels. Thus He was humbled that we might be exalted; He was put to an open shame that we might nevermore be ashamed.

TO GOLGOTHA

Oh! Wondrous Son of God! Borne down and stricken by the weight of my iniquities, a criminal, they lead Thee outside the great city, whose destruction even now Thou prophesiest to the women who weep about Thee—Loosed from my bondage by Thy grace, a freeborn citizen of the Heavenly Jerusalem I look for that city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.

Thou carriest the cruel tree of death that I may feast from the pleasing Tree of Life. A thousand fears press and torment Thy troubled soul that I, my fears cast out by Thy perfect Love, with confidence might see my enemies rage in vain.

The place of the skull is reached, they cast Thee down; Thy fall doth raise us from the fall. They take Thy seamless robe—Mine the robe of Righteousness. Thou art naked!—That we might be dressed, our nakedness of sin covered.

Oh! Wonderful Weakness! Thou offerest no resistance. That we might be strong to resist the devil; Thou refuseth the help of twelve legion of angels, that they might encamp around about us.

THE CRUCIFIXION

They tear and stretch Thy sacred limbs and nail them fast to the wood; that I might lift up holy hands and that my feet might swiftly run to tell Thy Gospel News.

They have pinned Thee a captive Prisoner there, that I might enjoy the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

All Thy body just one great wound, that mine be made every whit whole.

Oh such defilement for my cleansing! All that shedding of blood that all blood-shedding might cease.

We have our peace through His chastisement,

Our plenary pardon through His punishment,

Our gladness through His multiplied sorrows,

Our comfort and consolations from His exquisite sufferings,

Yes, ten thousand mercies issue from His infinite miseries!

Because He was abhorred—We are beloved.

Because He was despised—We are esteemed.
Because He was rejected—We are elected.

THE PASSION

<i>He cries!</i>	— <i>My Pacification</i>
<i>He thirsts!</i>	— <i>My Satiation</i>
<i>He groans!</i>	— <i>My Tranquillity</i>
<i>His struggle</i>	— <i>My Rest</i>
<i>His torture</i>	— <i>My Ecstasy</i>
<i>His vinegar</i>	— <i>My Sweetest Honey</i>
<i>Every drop of His gall</i>	— <i>My Joys, one and all</i>
<i>His the dust and the ashes</i>	— <i>Mine perfection of Beauty</i>
<i>He is made sin</i>	— <i>That I might be made the Righteousness of God.</i>

THE CONVULSIONS OF NATURE

A great darkness, the sun refuses to shine; for me the marvelous Light of an eternal Day. An earthquake; for me, those things which cannot be shaken. The rocks are rent; for me a Sure Foundation.

THE DEATH

He is forsaken—"I shall never leave thee nor forsake thee." He gives up the Ghost—"The Breath of the Almighty hath given me life." He bows His head—"And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me." He dies—"I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord."

God in Man's Way

Man Curses but God Blesses

Pastor Ben Hardin in the Stone Church, March 17, 1929

Numbers 22, 23, and 24



ISRAEL had ended their wanderings in the wilderness and had encamped in the plains of Moab near the Jordan, where they were to abide until after the death of Moses. The leadership was put upon Joshua who was to lead them across the Jordan, but when they were stationed in the plains of Moab, Balak the king of the Moabites became frightened because of their vast company. But he need not have been frightened because in Deut. 2:9 the Lord commanded, "Distress not the Moabites, neither contend with them in battle: for I will not give thee of their land for a possession." But Balak was afraid when he saw the Israelites settle in the plains of Moab. He had heard about this people, how they had been brought up out of Egypt with a mighty hand, and he sent messengers to Balaam, in Pethor of Mesopotamia. He had heard that whosoever Balaam blessed was blessed, and whosoever he cursed was cursed, and he asked him to come and curse the Israelites.

But God appeared to Balaam and said "Thou shalt not go with them; thou shalt not curse the people: for they are blessed." You cannot have

a curse and a blessing on you at the same time. So Balaam told the princes of Balak that the Lord refused to permit him to go, and when they returned to Balak and told him he sent princes more honorable, and said, "I will promote him, maybe that will bring him." There are many preachers who would accept a call if it meant promotion. Balak said, "We will send some of our nobility, our honorable princes, and when he sees what fine people we have, he will surely come." So the princes came and promised him great honor, offered him anything he should ask if he would come and curse Israel. But Balaam said, "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord. (Like Daniel who said to Belshazzar, "Let thy gifts be to thyself and give thy rewards to another.") But tarry here and I will inquire of the Lord." So they waited, and God said to Balaam, "If the men come to call thee, rise up and go with them; but yet the word which I shall say unto thee, that shalt thou do."

So Balaam rose, saddled his ass, and went with the princes of Moab. And God was angry with him. Balaam didn't wait until the princes came and called; God had already turned their hearts away so they would go home; he would never

have needed to have gone, but early in the morning he went with the princes. Then God got in his way. One strange thing about the Lord He sometimes gets in our way. While God is able to swing worlds into space, make the sun revolve in its orbit, cause this world and all the planets to revolve in their respective orbits, while He possesses all wisdom and knowledge, yet in spite of everything He gets in man's way and hinders him. Times without number He has done that—when we have the track all smoothed out, every obstacle moved, and the toboggan well oiled, then God gets in our way.

"The angel of the Lord stood in the way for an adversary against him,"—standing in the path of Balaam with a drawn sword. Now Balaam was mixed up with enchantments, and I believe, as Bishop Patrick says, that he had once been used of God, but perhaps through pride and a love of material things, he had lost out. When Balak sent for him, it was not because he was vitally in touch with God, but because he was possessed of a spirit of divination and could put a curse on people. He had lost out and got to dabbling with familiar spirits. I want you to know that when people open up their spiritual being to the supernatural, and do not live a close walk with God, they let evil spirits into their hearts, and many of these peculiar leadings and hearing of voices are not from the Holy Spirit but from "familiar spirits." When people disobey God, compromise and are guilty of downright hypocrisy, familiar spirits begin to whisper and lead them off into error. Fortune-telling, seances, "charms" and all that tom-foolery are as Satanic as hell itself. It is amazing how superstitious people are—people who have been saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. They will turn back because a black cat ran in front of them, afraid of having bad luck, drop a knife and say "Somebody hungry is coming," and a lot of other silly nonsense that comes from the pit.

Balaam had at one time been in touch with God, but he lost out, and then he floundered around in the spirit-world, tampered with familiar spirits and put it over on the people who wouldn't know the difference. Some old hypocrite today can come along and jabber in tongues and people say, "Isn't it wonderful!" He may be possessed with a legion of devils but some have so little discernment they say, "He was so deep I was carried away with him." We are often too easily carried away. The Word says, "Try the spirits, whether they be of God."

When Balaam started "the angel of the Lord

stood in the way for an adversary." He was riding along on his ass, and the ass saw the angel of the Lord. You might know how spiritual Balaam was when he did not see the angel of the Lord, though the ass saw him. The ass turned out of the way and went into the field; he didn't want to pass the angel of the Lord with the drawn sword. And the angel of the Lord stood in the path of the vineyards where there was a wall on either side thinking he would make it harder for the ass to pass. As the ass came trudging along with Balaam, she saw the angel of the Lord and thrusting herself against the wall, crushed Balaam's foot. But that didn't stop Balaam for he was on his way to the plains of Moab. He smote the ass the second time.

The angel of the Lord went *further* and *stood* in a *narrow place*. I am so glad for a God who goes "further." So many times I have rebelled against Him, and as He stood in the broad way to stop me I have gone around Him. Then He tried to hedge me in as I faced a wall of difficulties and I have been maimed through resisting, but He "went further." I would have you know that God will go any length to bring us to the place where we will recognize that He is dealing with us. We have attributed our reverses and our trials to the enemy, when often it is God who is dealing with us and trying to get us to halt. "The angel of the Lord went further, and stood in a narrow place, where was no way to turn either to the right hand or to the left." Did God ever do that with you? stand in such a narrow place where you could not get around in spite of all you could do, and you were face to face with Him? He will let you walk around Him once or twice, but He will finally bring you down to the place where it is so narrow you cannot get through, and then you have to stand still and say, "It is God!" You cannot put the blame on your wife nor your husband, your relatives nor your employer; you know it is God. He hedged you in that narrow place where you were face to face with Him and you had to surrender.

When Balaam's ass saw the angel of the Lord in that narrow place she fell down on her knees, the thing that Balaam should have done, but instead of that he smote the ass with a staff. "And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times? And Balaam said unto the ass, Because thou hast mocked me: I would there were a

sword in mine hand, for now would I kill thee." Then the Lord opened Balaam's eyes and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way; he bowed his head and fell flat on his face. *God in man's way.* "Then the angel of the Lord said to Balaam, Go with the men: but only the word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak."

When he arrived in the plains of Moab he asked Balak to build seven altars, and prepare seven oxen and seven rams. And Balak took him to the top of the rocks and said, "I want you to get a good view of this crowd, and then I want you to curse them." But Balaam said, "How can I curse whom God has not cursed? God has blessed them." But for this very thing Balak had sent for him. He knew that if God turned against them they were defeated. And Balak took him to get another view of the camp of Israel. If he were living today he would say of us, "Look at this motley crowd. Sometimes when the power of God comes upon them they begin to shout in the Spirit and after the power lifts they shout in the flesh. I want you to notice that a lot of them are out of date; they are not up on current topics, do not know anything about politics. Some of them speak in tongues when they are not in the Spirit, but they do know their Bible and know how to pray." And Balaam, standing on the top of the mountain would see all our imperfections; he would see that some do not live what they profess. Sometimes an outsider comes to us: "You know Mr. So-and-So. He belongs to your church." "Yes, he comes there." "It would be a good thing for him if he paid his bills. He owes a grocery bill." "What do you want us to do? Curse the church and close it up because somebody owes you a bill?" Of course, this is the only church that has hypocrites in it! We know that everybody that attends a Pentecostal church is not a saint. There are a lot of "aints" in every meeting. But after you have seen all the defects and heard all the weaknesses and the criticisms that the leading "Doctors" of the city can say about us and heard the Pentecostal Movement ripped from center to circumference, aired in all the pulpits as "that Tongues Movement"—"curse them Balaam," Balaam will look us over and say, "In spite of all you say I cannot do a thing but bless them." "Oh, do not bless this people; I brought you here to curse them," says Balak. But Balaam would have to say, "How shall I curse whom God hath blessed?" When Balak found he could not accomplish what he wanted, he said, "You are not

looking at them from the right angle. Come over here and look at them from this angle." If it is quietness you want, that blessed silence, you are in the wrong church. You will not get that even in heaven. But it does say there was silence in heaven by the space of half an hour, though when you consider eternity and only a half-hour of silence, it looks as though it would be a rather noisy place.

"Come over to another place and look them over." A number of things exist in the church, in the Pentecostal Movement that are contrary to the will of God, that do not coincide with the Word, but in spite of them you can stand on the most lofty peak, you can look the Movement over and you cannot curse what God has blessed. In spite of our failures and shortcomings, God comes down in copious showers, the Holy Ghost deigns to meet with us in anointing, and billows of God's blessings roll over us. We have no confidence in individuals, but we have confidence in *God* who is leading us on. I would not build my experience on people no matter how much I liked them. They are too unstable. Every other religious movement both false and true, has been headed by an individual. Methodism was founded by John Wesley, the Lutheran Church by Martin Luther, the Christian Alliance by Dr. Simpson, Spiritualism by the Foxe sisters, Christian Science by Mary Baker Eddy, and so on, but who is at the head of the Pentecostal Movement? It is rain that God sent, and it has been poured out over all the earth.

"Come over here and I will show you another failure!" I was in a Church in Gary and the preacher berated Pentecost, saying he knew one of their people who stole a lawn-mower, which would prove to any sane-thinking person that the whole Pentecostal Movement was not of God. I would not stand here today and say that no Pentecostal person ever stole a lawn-mower. It would be a blessing if they had never done anything worse, but there are tares in every wheat field. Jesus said of His church, "Let the wheat and the tares grow together until the harvest." They will sit side by side, sing from the same hymn-book and listen to the same sermons until He comes. If you are a wheat or a tare, only God knows, but it is not our duty to pluck you out if you are a tare, it will destroy the wheat, but when He comes He will separate the wheat from the tares.

Now Balaam, come to another place and look over this Movement. You have heard the criticism, you have heard the most learned men of the world say the Movement was of the devil,

that it was heresy and a delusion; you have climbed on the loftiest peaks of human or earthly wisdom, and would like to raise your voice in condemnation, but when you open your mouth there is blessing comes down. God says, "I will bless that crowd and you cannot curse them."

There was a young man back East who lived near my home, and when I came into Pentecost he thought I had lost my mind. Some years after he got saved and became a preacher. They told him what a delusion Pentecost was and he believed it. His mother joined a certain church and attended meetings near my home. They had revival services recently and the evangelist got up and said that he didn't want anybody to work at the altar who spoke in tongues; and the Pastor said, "Amen." The mother of this young man was there, and that night as she was praying by her bedside the power of God came upon her and she began to speak in tongues. She never expected to speak in tongues, but God got in the way. One of their best members received the very thing they had criticized. The evangelist got up to curse the Movement, but God turned it into a blessing. It is strange how God gets in the way.

Then Balak submitted this compromise. He said, "I see you are bound to bless this people, and I want you neither to bless nor curse them; neither do one thing nor the other. I will bring you unto another place; peradventure it will please God that thou mayest curse me them from thence." How many have stood and cursed the Movement from the fact that we believed in Divine Healing! They have said, "Divine Healing is not for us. The days of miracles are past and God doesn't heal today." But when God stepped in and healed incurables and worked miracles, they moved over to another peak and said, "Well, it is not so much Divine Healing but the teaching on the Baptism of the Holy Spirit that is in error. You get that when you are saved." But Paul asked the disciples at Ephesus, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost *since* ye believed?" The disciples were all saved before they assembled in the Upper Room on the Day of Pentecost. The disciples had been to Calvary, they had been to the fount of cleansing, and on the Day of Pentecost they were all baptized in the Holy Spirit. The Baptism of the Spirit is subsequent to regeneration; it has nothing to do with the sin question. If you are a sinner you need the blood of Jesus applied to your heart and you become a new creature. With the new heart comes a new song and a new love. The things you formerly loved you now hate; the

things you hated you now love. You may have had all this and not had the baptism of the Holy Spirit, which is an endowment of power for service. No man puts new wine into old bottles because the old bottles cannot stand the pressure of the new wine. The old man could not stand the baptism of the Holy Spirit, but the new man with new desires, new love and new aims, is well fitted for new wine.

Then Balak moves over to another peak and says, "It is the Premillennial Coming of the Lord that we cannot stand. You know the Lord's return has been expected for a long time. My great grandfather expected it, and my grandfather, and they have been teaching that nonsense ever since. But "since our fathers fell asleep are not all things the same?" God has given us Bible proof that we are in the last days. Paul tells us that "in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, . . . traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Heady, high-minded men are wonderful speakers as far as oratory is concerned, geniuses who can give wonderful discourses, but they have never been saved by the Lord Jesus Christ. They are building and planting just as in the days of Lot before God rained fire and brimstone down on Sodom. Was there ever such a day of building as there is at this time? Beautiful, imposing structures with magnificent architecture! Surely this is Babylon the Great with its buying and selling of merchandise. If the Church had the money that has been spent on bric-a-brac and cosmetics in the city of Chicago alone, every year she could evangelize the world—take the perfume counters alone, where they pay five and ten dollars an ounce for perfume. If the money spent alone for cigarettes were turned into the proper channels, it would convert the world. God will not excuse our national sins and one of these days Jesus will come and God's judgments will be poured forth.

One of the criticisms people have about Pentecost is that we talk so much about the coming of the Lord, but that is one of the evidences to me that the Movement is of the Lord. I have watched those who receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and invariably while under the anointing, they speak of the Coming of Jesus. I have never heard a message in tongues that enlightened me or gave me food for thought intellectually, but every message that has been in-

the Spirit has warmed my heart and made me resolve in my soul to walk more circumspectly and carefully before God, because it invariably pointed to the Coming of the Lord. "Behold, I come quickly and my reward is with Me." I love the Full Gospel. There is nothing that will move this old world in this materialistic age but the

full Gospel of Salvation through the precious blood of Jesus, Divine Healing for the physical body, drawing from Jesus Divine Life, that life to be in us as supernatural strength for our physical bodies, the Baptism of the Holy Spirit for the believer, and the imminent coming of Christ our King.

How the Latter Rain Fell in our Home

Days of Heaven on Earth at Westcliff-on-Sea

Concluding Article by William E. Booth-Clibborn



It was long past midnight that Mrs. Bristow had made ready a little refreshment, but after such a prodigal lavish Spiritual Banquet I had no desire to eat anything. I could but close my eyes and add praise to praise and glory to glory. My mouth was filled with the laughter of a transport too wonderful to comprehend. I laughed and laughed and this rapturous joy was mingled with tears. My whole body was saturated with Divine Power that coursed through me as a quickening fire whose every flame and whose entertaining heat seemed to subdue me into a repose, a rest, a confidence, a relaxation, most exquisite and refreshing. Not for a moment could I remove my gaze from the Altogether Lovely One, the Darling of Mankind, the Light of the World. The Lord Jesus in ineffable beauty, in an excellence of majesty indescribable stood there before me and I knew He now possessed me body, spirit and soul. Yes, He was the Baptizer with the Holy Ghost and Fire, and He had given me the Promise of the Father and poured out upon my thirsty soul and into my mortal body the fulness of the Gift of the Holy Ghost. I was so occupied with Him that I had no time for any introspection. He had ravished all my heart, He had captivated every sense and I was His and His alone for time and for all eternity!

I sat there at the table talking in tongues. Some one asked me if I desired anything to eat. I made an effort to answer, but it seemed sacrilege to speak of ought but of my Treasure, my Love, my Majestic Saviour—I could but talk in tongues and laugh and weep some more.

There was a scarcity of room. I was asked to share my bed that night with Missionary Charles Leonard who had so faithfully preached to us the Good News of Pentecost that day. I do not know whether he got any sleep that night. I sim-

ply could not sleep, no, not for hours. I remember how once he nudged me in the side, but it was useless, there flowed from my mouth a ceaseless stream of language and as I lay there I noticed the canary bird in the room. In English homes they often burn what they call a night-candle so that in case a storm blows up during the night they can see to close the windows instead of fumbling about for matches. Some one had forgotten to put the cover on the canary's cage, and I could see he was wide awake, strutting up and down his perches and singing for all he was worth, while I was talking in tongues and praising and magnifying God. Oh that canary and I had a grand Pentecostal Meeting all to ourselves! It seemed as if that little bird understood all that had happened to me. Oh! Glory to God for His wondrous mercy to us poor dying mortals. Towards morning I slept a little.

My dear father rejoiced with me the next day. The question was raised, what about going home? Those exams I must study for, loomed up big and foreboding. "Oh, please, father," I said, "let us go to some more Pentecostal Meetings!" He agreed that I was too hopelessly blessed to be of any use as a student, at least for a while.

In talking to Brother Greenstreet about that great day when in Hull three weeks ago, he told me that the first I said in English was, "Oh, isn't it easy! Isn't it wonderful!" Satan had made me think it would be hard to get to God after such backsliding as of the last year. But no! He is a liar and the father of lies! My tender compassionate Saviour had been waiting and longing for me to return to His arms, to His fold, to His forgiving kiss and it was easy, oh, so easy, because through His shed blood I could have at any time obtained a full and abundant pardon. Oh, how long I had hesitated and grieved His Holy Spirit! This was the one thing that was pressed so cuttingly to my heart till I had no more tears to shed, till my head was rivers and my eyes fountains of water. "For thou, Lord, art

good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee." (Ps. 86:5).

As the others sat about the table and rejoiced with me I was overwhelmed with the sense of the reality of Christ. I cannot account for such an actual, revolutionizing awakening to the realities of the Kingdom except from this text, "Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all truth; for He shall not speak of Himself;" and again, "He shall glorify Me; for He shall receive of Mine, and shall shew it unto you." And since that time I have seen it re-occur in the thousands that have received the Holy Spirit Fulness in our campaigns throughout the land. With each one it is the same; they are only baptized as the Holy Spirit is able to seize and captivate every sense and capacity to the adoration of Christ. And then, what an Anointing! What a Refreshing! What a Chrism! So down the street we went together and into London in a hunt after some more of this glorious blessing and power of God.

I remember how my spirit was vexed at the noise of the traffic and the confusion about me. "The Rest and the Refreshing" had at last come to my heart and I feign would be disquited by anything. The Lord was so precious to me, so present, His Spirit just pouring through my body and soul, my eyes single to Him the Fairest of all! I told father about it, and he said so wisely, so sympathetically, "Well, Willie, just shut your eyes, like a blindman, and I'll lead you along and tell you when the pavement drops and when it rises a step." Thereupon I shut myself in with God and went down the street with eyes closed, though streaming with tears of joy, adoring God to my heart's content. Not many fathers would be willing to lead their sons through the streets of London talking in tongues and praising God audibly, completely drunk with the New Wine of the Kingdom of God. But father had been marvelously led, step by step, into deeper, fuller consecration to Himself so that God used him now as a channel to bring Pentecost to us all.

From meeting to meeting we went. Oh how the power fell! What an inundation! The fire was spreading on every side, and such humbling, such tears of repentance, such crying out to God! We knew no time, we cared less for food; away into the night the tarrying services would continue. Then it was decided we must go home to Westcliff-on-Sea. So we boarded a rapid train for home and days of Heaven on Earth.

I shall never forget opening the front door and Adele's greeting. Adele was a former Salvation Army officer who became attached to our family in France, saw most of us children born into the world and has continued as a second mother to us all, cooking our meals, washing our clothes, etc. She had been sweeping the corridor and the moment we entered she stood there, broom in hand, and started to praise God in French. Of course we were full of the great news and told one and all the marvelous things God had wrought! "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" (Ps. 107:31).

At night we gathered together in father's office for prayer and such a spirit of weeping came upon me as nigh to break my heart. I just groaned and groaned as clouds passed upon my sky until the whole darkened, and I could but sob and groan irrepressibly. God was placing the burden of our home, my brothers and sisters upon me. At first I did not understand! How great is darkness after one has lived perpetually in the sun rays of Jesus' countenance. Life seems not worth while without the Saviour's glorious smile! But in about an hour liberty and joy, deeper, fuller than before, came sweeping, glowing, singing over my heart. Adele had wept, too, and as I rejoiced God's Spirit filled my mouth with laughter and praise, and comforted all our hearts in the assurance He would do great things.

The next evening we met again in prayer and the same thing happened; such a crushing heaviness settled on my spirit at first, but the Lord was sweetly teaching me how to *pray through*. Adele was much under the power and I laid my hands upon her that she might receive the Latter Rain. Alice Moser, was a splendid Swiss governess at the time looking after and teaching the younger children at home. She was a linguist, well educated, and a good piano teacher. She looked askance at these meetings but father asked her to come in and she did the next evening.

That third night God started to work among us rapidly. I was drenched in a delirium of tears. For two days now I had been waiting on God upstairs unable to do anything but pray. Into the still hours of the morning I sought the face of Him who was my Beloved. It seems as if He was momentarily at times drawn away. "Verily Thou art a God that hideth Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour." (Isa. 45:15). But it was only to reappear in greater glory, in a finer splendor than before. I would think, "Will the

burden ever lift?" It is then that we value the ability to speak in the Spirit in tongues. When the heart is full of the deepest, compassionate sentiments, full of God-given irrepressible emotions utterly beyond the range of common English or any other language—then it is we find the unknown tongue, the new language God has given us of such special, delicate use. Dear father kept quietly singing with his accordzither, chorus after chorus, and the very glory of heaven enveloped as the Shekinah, the tabernacle of old. Suddenly Miss Moser could restrain her conviction no longer, and she cried out in great anguish of soul, time and again, for God to have mercy upon her. In a few moments she had found peace and was thanking God in a simple child-like way for saving her soul and making her His possession. At this we all greatly rejoiced. The power of God fell, also, upon Adele, who for about two hours lay prostrate, weeping and laughing in turn as the streams of glory filled her to overflowing.

The next evening some of the younger children joined us and from eight till long past midnight the Spirit of God in copious showers drenched our parched hearts with refreshing, spiritual showers. Adele, who had been articulating syllables and words with stammering lips for a long season finally began to speak in tongues with a clear, powerful language most convincing to hear. I had been singing in unknown tongues all alone every evening, but that night we had a duet, neither of us knowing the tune, the rythm, nor the accent, but by the Spirit knowing perfectly the unraveling of the melody as it came, and our voices blending in remarkable unison and reaching such cadence and height as would have been impossible in the natural. And the more we praised God the more the power of God descended. Then we laid hands on Alice Moser and she received a wonderful filling of glory. Frieda, Evelyne, and Theodore began off and on to attend the meetings and God dealt with their hearts without our saying or doing much.

The next night we had a trio, Adele, Alice Moser and myself, singing in the Spirit and many of the messages in tongues began to be interpreted; some were exhortations, some prophecies and many for our comfort and cheer, encouraging us to believe God. Oh, the holy hush that fell upon us when God would thus converse with us face to face! The tenderness and appealing sweetness of the voice of the Saviour, whose very footsteps it seemed could be heard in the room. Dear

father took down many of these prophecies as the days went by. I recall a number to have been perfect descriptions of the confusion and destruction of the World War.

The meeting would start with a hymn or two, father playing on his German harp; then he would read a portion from the Word of God with a few comments. As soon as we were upon our knees almost invariably the reading of the Word of God would be confirmed and sustained by a message in tongues and interpreted. Father's prayer was answered for Adele; he had asked God to give her the gift of Interpretation and she has had it ever since, clear, deliberate, and intoned with joy or sadness according to the character of the message. It strengthened us so to hear the Word of God—it was a living power, a very fire in our midst. The Fellowship of His sufferings came upon us frequently in power at the beginning of the service; the spirit of weeping and heart-searching, breaking us up before God insomuch that we lay on our faces and with broken and contrite hearts cried out to God for the conversion of the lost. After the meeting I would steal into my bedroom for a little rest only to find that the burden had returned to my heart with greater weight. I wrestled with God and nothing but His great Divine Strength could ever have sustained me as great onslaughts of the enemy beat upon my heart as I persevered in prayer for Evangeline and Victoria, for Augustine, Herbert, and Eric; I laid them all before the Lord, He giving me no rest or peace till a work was wrought for them in this terrific conflict of intercession which was totally apart from myself in the natural. I would not have been willing thus to plead without surcease or let up. Thank God I can say they have all received their Pentecost except one.

About this time a little incident occurred that I remember still vividly. It illustrates so clearly what it means to walk in the Spirit, to have every step of our path ordered of the Lord. We had all been up to London for a week-end or so, attending some more meetings and enjoying with hundreds of others this great visitation of the Spirit of God. We were returning back home with my sister Frieda and Adele and a friend, Mr. Goodwin. When in the train the Spirit of God impressed me that we should sing. Now in British trains we sit facing each other and the doors open on both sides of the little compartment, but in this case there was a semi-wall facing us over which if one stood on the opposite bench one could

see into the neighboring compartment. Because other passengers were in our compartment I felt shy and tried to quiet the "still small voice" that was urging me to praise God within my heart. Finally I could stand it no longer, so I proposed to father that we should sing and started right off:

"Oh! 'Twas Love, 'twas wondrous Love,
The Love of Christ to me,
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary."

We sang the chorus heartily over and over again, when we heard a voice joining in the refrain from beyond the partition. Father got up on the opposite seat and looked over and saw a girl standing alone, her face beaming with the joy of the Lord.

"Have you got your ticket for the Great Journey?" asked father.

"Yes," she answered and added, "I have just lately been converted and for three days I have been in London without meeting any of God's people. So I prayed to God that some children of His might be in the train on this trip that I might be encouraged, and oh! praise the Lord He has answered my prayer." So we all rejoiced and praised the Lord all the more and all the louder.

At home the meetings were carried on nightly, many friends, callers and often neighbors being blessed. The noise was such that father feared it would disturb the neighbors for we continued in prayer till 1 or 2 a. m. So he took the quilts off the beds and certain covers we could find and nailed them to the doors and windows and praise God we had a sound-proof room from which very little of that heavenly noise could get through. But Satan was raging. The news had spread that strange meetings were being held in our home. You can imagine with what consternation the report that we were speaking in tongues must have made among our friends, and among father's and mother's converts and co-workers. But father stood as a rock refusing to be moved; if it had not been for him standing in the breach at the critical time I doubt if we would have been able to break through to victory.

Mother came home from her extensive Evangelistic Campaigns. What would she say? I will never forget that first meeting with mother. What a privilege to have parents that discern the mind of God! She came into the first meeting and listened to the "heavenly choir" and to the singing and praises of God,

"Oh! Hallelujah yes 'tis Heaven,
'Tis Heaven to know my sins forgiven,
On land or sea, what matters where
Where Jesus is, 'tis Heaven there."

We had another favorite chorus that we would sing ten and fifteen times over,

"I Love Jesus, Hallelujah!
I Love Jesus, yes I do.
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour
Jesus smiles and loves me too!"

Mother saw and heard, and was much moved; she knelt down beside me and said, "Amen," and exclaimed, "This is the work of the Holy Ghost."

I am persuaded that if my dear father had not boldly permitted me to be absent from school so that I might night after night receive more and more of this precious Pentecostal filling of the Spirit it would not have proved such an overwhelming experience, such an initiation into the realm and sphere of the power of the Kingdom of God. Many make a grievous mistake here; they seek God, receive the fullness and speak a little in unknown tongues and then cease their praying and following hard after the Lord. This defeats the Holy Spirit's purpose. Every night, as I have said, the Spirit would break my heart all over again, and the anointings were fresh and wonderful; they swept through me more and more till I was wholly surrendered and possessed of God! When the Holy Spirit first possesses our bodies there is much within us that is stiff and unyielding that must be made to give way. As we wait and continue in prayer this work is accomplished and the Baptism is a succession of remarkable blessings and fillings till our cup runs over.

The Christmas season had come but the meetings continued unabated. Josephine and Theodore received the Baptism, which proved a great joy to me. Later on father took Eric and Herbert to Sunderland where they both received. In 1910 Augustine experienced his Pentecost and when we were attending the Convention at Mulheim, Germany, I saw Victoria receive a wonderful Baptism in the Holy Ghost.

It is twenty years since I was baptized and that super-blessing stands out vivid, clear and beautiful. I have never doubted what God did for me at that time, no, not for a split second. The experience has been confirmed by continued study of the Word of God and I am as certain as any creature could be that I have received what they did at the beginning; or more correctly speaking, Him whom they received at the beginning, the Blessed Comforter. I close with the words of the Apostle Peter in Acts 2:39 which sounded on

the day of Pentecost as clear as the call of a trumpet: "For the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

God's Blessing in the South African Missions

Ernest Hooper, Benoni, Transvaal



HE eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year" (Deut. 11. 12.)

So spake Moses of the constant care and daily mindfulness of Jehovah for the land of Canaan, the inheritance which he bade His people "be strong" to "go in and possess." As we look back on the past year, our hearts are full of gratitude to God, and we would offer that praise which glorifies Him (Psa. 50: 23), as we testify to His daily care and provision for the workers and the work.

But while we praise Him for His goodness in the supply of temporal needs, still more do we rejoice and "give thanks unto the Lord" for the spiritual blessing given in the work during the year. In many sections of the field there has been abundant blessing and I think I had better quote from some splendid reports before me so that you may have first hand information.

During the absence of Brother Burke, who is on furlough, our Brother Daniel Wilcox has been caring for the work in the Zoutpansberg and he reports as follows:

"The year was begun as the one before ended, with the usual ministry of God's Word. In due course and in answer to prayer God brought many hidden things to light. Confessions were made which really surprised us because of their character, but it was evident that the Spirit of God was working in a remarkable manner at NJEIEIE. One, two, three, four were brushed down as reeds in the wind by the Holy Spirit's power and we had a wonderful time in the presence of the Lord as these dear ones were mightily filled with the Holy Ghost. A great desire for prayer came into the hearts of many and we started a prayer chain which has been used by the Lord to the blessing of the entire work here. The message has been carried from kraal to kraal. Women's meetings have been carried on weekly by the evangelist's wife. Progress has been made in the school and in spite of the opposition from those who have refused to accept the Truth, God has been working in our midst in a remarkable manner and, together with my faithful native helpers, Elijah and Ruth Gewabe, I want to give praise to our Lord for definite advance made right throughout the year at NJEIEIE. At TONONDO the work is going forward steadily. Sunday after Sunday the church is packed. There is good attendance

in the school and already some have yielded their lives to the Lord and come out of heathenism. At MULABONI there is good progress in every way—the attendance is splendid and the interest in the Word of God is wonderful indeed when it is remembered that this is a new work and the people have long lived in the deepest heathenism. An abundant reaping is sure to follow in this thickly populated needy field. There is much cause for rejoicing because of the decided growth of the work at HAPPY REST. It has grown spiritually as well as in numbers and concerning this section we are feeling greatly encouraged."

MESSINA is proving to be one of our most fruitful fields of labor. The ministry of our native evangelist has been wonderfully owned by God. I rejoice to report that there have been many who have stepped out on the Lord's side here and there have been some remarkable cases of healing. From this place of blessing many are taking the Word into the interior and we are constantly hearing of definite results from their territory.

Concerning the work on THE RAND, I rejoice to report that we have had more real satisfaction in this field during 1928 than in any previous year. The Lord has gathered in the people from many of the surrounding districts as well as from the compounds and locations. We have recently closed the meetings of the most blessed conference I have ever known in these parts. The presence of the Lord was manifested from the opening services, and day after day the spiritual tide rose until our souls were filled with unspeakable joy as the people pressed through to God. Eleven were baptized in water and the altar services were wonderful as many got into living touch with the Lord and for the first time in their lives really felt the power of the Holy Ghost and were mightily anointed.

Brother Gaute has had uphill work at SPRINGS, but he is rejoicing in the way the presence of the Lord is manifested in the work there now. Seventeen have been added to the church and there are 30 young men candidates for baptism. There is good interest in the day school which has grown until there is not room to seat another pupil and we are at a loss to know how to provide extra accommodation. The Sunday School

is giving much joy. There is very real desire in the hearts of a number of the children for the things of God.

It is refreshing to read the latest epistle from Brother Guthrie and I am sure you will be glad to know that the interest in the Lord's work at Enkweme Mission Station continues unabated. During an all-night meeting held recently the power of God surged through the place for hours. Six backsliders came back to God and two others were saved. The dear people from CEZA joined with them in these meetings and God met with them also in a mighty way. The school teacher was filled with the Spirit and another was so filled with the joy of the Lord that she laughed in the Spirit for hours. Several were baptized in water and among them were their own dear son and daughter, John and Lois. These were days of wondrous fellowship in the Spirit, times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Miss van Korcken has been untiring in service and the day school has come up wonderfully in attendance and God is working amongst the children. The work in the Sunday School still goes forward; many of these dear little ones have been filled with the Holy Spirit. The school work at CEZA as well as the assembly are making rapid progress. The church is much too small to accommodate the children or the adults there and something must soon be done to secure our own ground in this section so that the urgent needs of this flock may be cared for. They are taking the message right into the heart of Zululand—from far and near the people are coming to learn the Truth and to seek the Lord, but it is sad to see them so packed together that there is not room to seat them and they must needs lean through the windows and pack into the door so that it is impossible to change the air in the room all through the long meetings.

There have been showers of blessing in the SOUTH COAST section of the NATAL work. It has now extended from Durban right on into Pondoland and although I have appointed several other competent native workers to assist Job Ciliza I find that he is utterly unable to meet the needs of the many people who are constantly calling for his presence and ministry. There have been many remarkable cases of deliverance from demon power—a number of Witch Doctors having given up their evil ways and stepped over on the Lord's side. To hear them testify is a real inspiration. Their deliverance is real and their

joy knows no bounds as they tell of freedom through the Lord Jesus.

Although there has not been such marked growth in the work in the ORANGE FREE STATE, nor in the CAPE PROVINCE, yet there is a steady advance being made. Wherever we have been able to hold special meetings throughout the year we have had the joy of seeing a good number of *souls* respond to the Word. Our membership in these parts is large and there is need of closer supervision to keep the work in order and to encourage the hearts of the weak ones. We trust to meet this need as soon as workers are forthcoming, and in the meantime, together with my faithful native assistant, Jonathan Tandakubona, I must endeavor to keep the hearts of the native workers from growing faint and the people pressing forward.

Many needs confront us as we look ahead into this new year of opportunity and see souls for whom Christ died still lying in darkness and in the shadow of death. And while workers, white and black, are needed, together with funds for present needs and prospective extensions, yet the greatest need of all is MORE PRAYER, for this includes all other needs. It was when the first missionaries PRAYED that "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost," witnessed with great power, and gave with great liberality. It was when they gave themselves continually to prayer that the "number of disciples multiplied . . . greatly." Through PRAYER closed doors were opened, laborers were sent forth, opposition overcome and "much people added unto the Lord;" for prayer releases the power of God, with whom "all things are possible."

Word has just reached us telling of the death of our faithful native evangelist Enos Nitsianda in Southern Rhodesia. For many years he has labored in the district of Mtetengwe and he will be greatly missed by many to whom he has brought the Word of Life. It will be very difficult to fill his place for he was a faithful untiring worker who was greatly beloved by his entire assembly and we would ask your prayers that we may be guided by the Lord in appointing another to fill his place in the work in Southern Rhodesia.

* * *

We are glad for the ready response to the famine appeal. We believe it will be a time when many precious souls will be gathered into the kingdom. We trust that the cry of the famine-stricken of China will cause our readers to make a *special sacrifice*, and that they will not use their regular missionary money for this purpose. If they do, the current needs of our missionaries will not be met.

The Transcendent Ministry of Song

When Night Seasons Produced Rarest Attar

Miss Rose Meyer



THE world's supply of rarest perfumes is the product of night's darkest hours for that fragrance which makes its choice can be imparted to the flower only by the atmosphere which prevails in dense darkness. A traveler in the East discovered with surprise that the petals used in the making of attar of roses were gathered by the pickers between one and two o'clock in the morning, the very darkest hours, due to the fact that at least forty per cent of the fragrance of the flower was lost with the breaking of day. And not only are the petals gathered in these dark hours but they are then exposed to the chilly night air which imparts the essence so necessary to this costly perfume. Innumerable cheaper varieties of perfume flood our markets, but that which demands the highest price, the attar of roses, is exclusively a product of the night.

In the world of music we have innumerable hymns, but there is an attar of song which, like the attar of roses, is the product of night's darkest hours, for somehow the dense blackness of life's most bitter experiences has a way of exuding a fragrance which bright hours never can store within the petals of life's diaries. The hymns which have scented entire generations with choicest perfume are those which were written in the author's darkest night experience for it was then that the Master walked through that garden of life to pick the crushed petals from which He could extract the rarest fragrance.

A hymn whose choice aroma has permeated every part of the globe for nearly a half century was written by George Matheson in an hour of physical and mental darkness. At an early age this ambitious student showed remarkable talent as an orator and writer, but the cloud of impaired eye-sight hung over him even from boyhood days and this cloud grew steadily darker as his vision gradually failed, without any hope of recovery in view. To him this handicap was a blow which at times threw him into despair for he knew that under the circumstances it would be impossible for him ever to follow the profession of his choosing, that of a lawyer, and he was crushed to see his plans thwarted as he seemed particularly fitted for such a course. But in the

midst of his anguish God chose for him a far higher profession and George Matheson soon became known as Scotland's most brilliant and beloved pastor. Doubtless he had felt the call of God even when planning his own program for life, but it was not till the crushing blow of almost total blindness made his own choice of career impossible that he yielded in humble submission to that *love* which would not let him go. And then, in an hour of deepest mental suffering, when all the petals of his life seemed crushed and withered, as he thought of that love which had finally conquered and that light which never could be extinguished even though his own was flickering, he penned the words which have been so rich in fragrance:

"O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be."

Not only was it written in a night experience, but its perfume has been wafted down into many a life when passing through dark waters and the very valley of the shadow of death has lost its bitterness through the singing of this hymn. The story is told of a highly cultured and talented young girl whose life was transformed through this beautiful song, and when in the prime of life, she was smitten with a horrible disease, it was this hymn that helped her to relinquish her cherished ambitions and be resigned to God's will. When the end came and her own voice had gone, the mother saw that she wished to speak—and, bending over her, heard her whisper, "Mother, sing 'O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go'." With a breaking heart the mother fulfilled her last request and with the singing of the last verse:

"O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be."

her spirit took its flight and she was made partaker of that life that shall endless be. In heaven's annals alone are kept the complete records of other young men and women who have been influenced by this one hymn, to yield their flickering torch to Him who is the Light of the World and of those who, in the shadow of an insur-

mountable cross have lifted up their heads to find the blossoms of hope of which George Matheson wrote.

* * *

There was never a darker hour in the life of Horatio G. Spafford than the one which gave to the church one of its choicest hymns, "*It Is Well With My Soul.*" While Spafford was professor in a medical institution in the city of Chicago, the first great sorrow swept over him when his fortune was lost in the great Chicago fire. But doubtless the Heavenly Perfumer saw that a still darker hour was needed to produce the fragrance necessary in this attar of song and we see this already tested life exposed to further darkness, too dense to be described. The first disaster was quickly followed by a greater tragedy when he lost his children with the sinking of the *S. S. Villa de Havre*. Wealth, home and family had all been swept away, but in that midnight hour of his life he caught a glimpse of heaven's realities and as he meditated there on the one possession still his, the redemption of his soul, he wrote, "It Is Well." What a balm this hymn has been to hundreds of others tossed on the ocean of life as they saw every anchorage torn away excepting the one, the anchorage of the soul and they, too, could say, "It Is Well With My Soul."

* * *

A similar incident is that in connection with the hymn, "*What a Friend We Have in Jesus.*" The author, Joseph Scriven, had found a friend on whom he lavished all the love of his heart and the two eventually became engaged. The date for the wedding was at hand and all was in readiness for the great occasion, but on the eve of their wedding day his intended bride accidentally lost her life by drowning and Joseph Scriven was bereft of the one "friend" for whom he would have been willing to give his life. But in that dark hour of bereavement he fell in love with another Friend and to the lowly Nazarene he consecrated his life, his talent and his fortune. And there in the hallowed stillness of that consecration hour he wrote the words of the hymn through which many others have become acquainted with the Friend who is a never-failing Refuge.

* * *

It is said that no other human being endured so much physical pain in a few short years as did Charlotte Elliott, but those years of extreme suffering stored into her life a rich fragrance,

and one day He, who is ever watching for a bit of rare perfume, came along and produced through her pen another attar of song, "*Just As I Am Without One Plea.*" A noted minister once said, "I would rather have been the writer of that hymn than of all the sermons I ever preached," for he realized that through that one little minister of song more souls had been won to Christ than many a minister can claim in a lifetime of preaching.

And so many a hymn has brought its own exclusive fragrance in a time of greatest need, for God knows just when to sweeten the bitter waters and many a tried and tested heart has suddenly found that from his galling experience is arising a fragrance which he never before noticed when the heavenly Atomizer had dropped a bit of the attar of song into his life. It was out of a most bitter experience of an accomplished young vocalist that the rarest perfume rose until her own life and the lives of others were enriched beyond all recognition. Her only son had run away from home and no word had reached her for five long years. The talented voice which had thrilled former listeners was stilled under the crushing blow, for she felt that never again could she raise her voice in song while her heart was torn and bleeding. But while spending a week-end with friends in a distant city her hidden talent was betrayed by her friends to the pastor of their church and after much persuasion, which rather put a fear of disobeying God upon her, she consented to sing a solo. The following Sunday, with bleeding heart she rose before a crowded church and out of the fullness of her crushing experience, she sang with greatest feeling, "*Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?*" Having finished the first stanza she began the second:

"Once he was pure as morning dew
As he knelt at his mother's knee"
and as the congregation joined in the chorus:
"Oh! where is my boy tonight?
Oh! where is my boy tonight?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows,
Oh! where is my boy tonight?"

a young man made his way up the aisle and when he reached the platform he threw his arms about the singer and cried, "Mother, I am here." That night that church had more sinners kneeling at the mercy seat than had knelt there for years past and one of the new names written in the Lamb's book of Life, was that of the wayward son who had returned home through the message of that song. Another incident in connection

with the same hymn took place when Mr. Sankey sang this song in one of Mr. Moody's meetings in California. He told the story of a mother in the East who had commissioned him to search for her missing son. That very night this wandering son was in that congregation and the singing of the hymn followed by the story sent him home a repentant boy to his Father's house.

The aroma of this one hymn has permeated earth's darkest corners and heaven itself is being enriched as one wandering boy after another enters its pearly gates, brought home to his Father's house through the singing of that inspired hymn.

* * *

Another incident where a song was as a bit of heaven's incense dropped into the soul, took place in the life of one of our missionaries, Miss Ethel King, now laboring in India. Shortly after the Lord called her into the ministry He opened a door of service in Binghamton, New York, where Miss Edith Baugh, of sainted memory, was then in charge of the work. Upon being asked to speak at the Sunday evening service her heart almost failed her and the thought of bringing a message to that great congregation nearly paralyzed her with fear. True it was that God had wonderfully met her in days gone by in the quiet of her room when He opened up the Scriptures and gave her choice messages from His Word, but it was all so different now. In every available moment she waited on God for a message but the heavens were as brass and not even a text came to her mind. In the afternoon service God wonderfully poured out His Spirit and for a time it seemed that the tarrying service which followed would emerge right into the evening service. But just a short time before the night meeting the Spirit lifted and the meeting was closed. While others were having a hasty lunch this newly-recruited minister of the Cross agonized before God, but His Word seemed as a closed Book from which no light shone out. While kneeling there in that room, feeling most desperate because it was almost time for the meeting to open and she was still without a message, suddenly, as though a great angelic choir were singing in that darkened chamber for her special benefit, she heard the words:

"I will not forget thee nor leave thee.
In My hands I'll hold thee. In My arms I'll fold thee.
I will not forget thee, nor leave thee.
I am thy Redeemer, I will care for thee."

Every word fell distinctly on her ear, but not until three verses of that assuring hymn had been

sung, did she discover that God had caused the evening breezes to carry the words which were being sung by a group holding a street meeting at some distance, right to her heart. She felt the aroma of His never-failing presence and with a perfect trust in Him, she took the single verse which had come to her mind, and when the time came for her to speak God the Holy Spirit took possession and the message which came forth in great blessing was His own. "All nervousness and fear fled from me like a garment," she writes of this experience, "and never again have I been troubled along this line."

* * *

Perhaps no other couplet is quoted as frequently as those first two lines of the beautiful piece written by William Cowper: "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." And how many times, when life seemed naught but a web of tangled threads, has the aroma of this bit of verse seeped through into the knotted fabric of the heart and made it realize anew that God's wonders were being performed even in the mysterious ways which were so little understood. Little wonder that so much blessing could come from this one hymn when we trace the history of its authorship and find that it was born out of years of affliction and sorrow. For William Cowper's life was one prolonged midnight, giving ample time to store within the leaves of his diary a perfume of greatest value. The first crushing experience came when his father prevented the termination by marriage of a misguided love affair, and this bitter disappointment so weighed upon young Cowper's mind that ever after he was subject to "brain storms" of a very serious nature. These attacks together with other physical weaknesses often caused such a heavy depression that he was tempted to take his own life. On one occasion, when he felt a brain attack coming on, he attempted to end all. At first he ordered the driver of his carriage to take him to a certain spot on the Ouse River where he had planned to leap into the water, but when they arrived there they noticed several people nearby and Cowper felt his plans were thwarted. After reaching home he made a second attempt at suicide by hanging himself to the ceiling, but this also failed when the rope broke. He then threw himself on a dagger, but when this attempt also proved futile through the breaking of the blade, he felt it was useless and sat down disappointed and bewildered at these strange dealings in his

life. Wondering what God's purposes were in frustrating his every attempt and in dense darkness as to the outcome of his seemingly blasted life, he, in a moment of inspiration, wrote those classical verses which have never lost their charm through all the years. From the network of his life's tangled threads he was able to say in that hour of communion with his Lord,

"God's purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour.
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

This sweet "hymn of providence" has been a "song in the night" to millions of tried and troubled souls all around the globe. During the terrible famine in Lancashire, England, the work ran very low at one of the cotton mills. Occupation and wages grew less day by day and at length the overseer met the half-starved operatives and announced the fatal tidings, "There is no more work." As their glimmering hopes went out in the darkness of despair, a delicate girl, herself pale and worn with insufficient food, stood up in the midst of that depressed company and be-

gan to sing the trustful words from Cowper's hymn,

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take.
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessing on your head."

The hymn brought hope to the hearts of both employer and employees and proved to be a prophecy for the proprietors determined to struggle on a while longer. It was not long before the mill was running again on full time and there was work and plenty for all.

Only out of an experimental knowledge could such a rare message be born and the same is true of each of the above mentioned hymns. Little did the authors know that the songs which were born in their midnight hours would result in such blessing. But the Master Perfumer had taken the crushed leaves of their experiences and from His hand the perfume has trickled down all through the years to sweeten the bitter waters for countless lives, who might never have known the rich aromatic odors of a life in Christ had the writers not been exposed to the dense darkness of a midnight experience.

This Is the Rest and This Is the Refreshing

With Isaiah 28:12 through the Missions of the British Isles

TO EVERY member of the Latter Rain Evangel Family, Greetings!

I have but a few hours left before the American Mail leaves to tell you the blessed News of how the Milk, the Honey, and the Wine of Canaan taste over here!

Again at home after sixteen years, dear Adele greeted us with her French "Alleluia!" (read how she received her Pentecost in this issue) Here is Theodore my youngest brother who organizes my Mother's Evangelistic Campaigns; his charming wife, nee Miss Lucille Leonard, (the daughter of Missionary Leonard of whom I spoke in my testimony in the last Evangel) and their three beautiful children. Then Augustine whom God wonderfully preserved in ambulance work throughout the Great War. Then let me introduce you to one of God's hidden diamonds, Mrs. Lewellyn Price, whose home proved so often a Spiritual Refuge and whose Christian fellowship and sympathy meant so much to me as we knelt and wept together at the time when a schoolboy in London I sought a little surcease from all the persecutions and railing of my tempestuous fellow students. Mrs. Price was the first to receive the Latter Rain in London now more than twenty-

two years ago. My dear mother was absent in Switzerland.

A thousand precious memories of childhood were awakened by another Christmas at home. Father led us in the prayer of thanksgiving around the united family circle. Annie and Rita, two servant girls, were both moved upon by the Spirit of God; we prayed for them and this led to further inquiries on their part. Next day we took them aside and expounded the Scriptures on the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Once on their knees in full surrender, the Spirit of God immediately fell upon them both. My father has written since, "Annie has been helpless all afternoon in the kitchen under God's Power and speaking in tongues, a wonderful Baptism." Whereas Rita writes, "All day I have been trembling all over just like Annie did. When my Mistress" (in another home) "first saw me, she said, 'Whatever has happened to you, you look so joyful!' Oh! I never was so happy in all my life." Pray for Rita, her experience is shrouded in sorrow. Her father is in prison, her mother an incurable drunkard, her sister insane; but God can undertake for all three!

Kingsway Hall, London, was filled with a great

host of God's people for the Christmas Convention. Brother Howard introduced us, and we enjoyed three splendid meetings. What an afternoon service of liberty and life! It was indeed as the title of the message, "a Honey Bath!" In Zion College again; what reminiscences of by-gone days! The hall was packed out, not even standing room and for an hour and a half we were made to visualize the work of Universal Preparation that the Holy Spirit in and through the Latter Rain is accomplishing in the hearts of God's people in view of the imminent coming of Christ.

In the fast express we are carried through sunlit landscapes into the dark misty vales of the Cotton District for the Blackburn New Year Convention. Pastor Frederick Watson stands there with a warm-hearted welcome surrounded by his great band of intensely spiritual children in the Gospel. Here was a people one did not have to exhort to praise the Lord; tier upon tier of beaming happy faces, and singing as is rarely heard! I cannot describe it. Oh! 'Tis always the most simple, the most humble hearts, 'tis "babes and sucklings" in whose mouths praise reaches perfection. No sophistication, no pose, no "airs" here—eyes closed, hands uplifted, what a volume of sound! And the quality is not in the tone—their very heartfulness pouring through their mouth the rapturous exultations due to Christ our Lord! Such abandoned rejoicing, such a riot of harmony, such sweet violence in glorifying God—made it very, very easy to preach. Delegations from a dozen towns around crowded the hall. Sinners were saved, believers baptized with the Holy Ghost, for the whole four days we sat in heavenly places.

Next came the Preston Campaign with dear Brother T. Myerscough, the trainer of many of the young men that stand out in present Pentecostal work in the British Isles, including the Jeffrey Brothers. What a privilege to be able to just feel the spiritual pulse of these British assemblies! Here they revel in Charles Wesley's Hymns; how carefully and magnificently they sing, loath to miss any of those glorious extravagant Wesleyan expressions! The Fire of God began to fall early, the hall became crowded to suffocation; we rented the large Lancaster Road Chapel in the centre of town and immediately the sphere of the effort enlarged. The Pentecostal Message was new to the great majority, nevertheless they were completely captivated, the

break came and about thirty surrendered to Christ; many were filled with the Holy Spirit, the power of God falling upon them, three and four a night, before everybody, as they made their way to the altar rails. Many were "amazed" as at first in Jerusalem of old. The speaking in tongues, sweet and clear, proved a blessed "sign." The last night attested that we had only begun to reap but we said farewell to the strains of the chorus God had so blessed and owned throughout the eight days of continued victory.

"I know a fount where sins are washed away,
I know a place where night is turned to day,
Burdens are lifted, blind eyes made to see,
There's a wonder-working power in the blood of Calvary."

There is no joy such as meeting a long lost friend again. We heard that Brother W. T. Greenstreet, who was present when the fire fell in that little Plumstead London Meeting twenty years ago, was in Hull on the East Coast of England. So "nothing doubting" to Hull we went and God graciously blessed the meetings from the first Sunday morning. There are little spiritual intimacies and mutual confidences interchanged between souls who in God's work have been welded together by the fire of persecution, difficulty and cross-bearing, that are most sacred. Oh! what a reunion! what El-Bethel prayers! what peals of glory! what exquisite fellowship! The crowds increased steadily, many precious hearts God opened to the truth and a great blaze was started which we hear is burning yet; many entering into the promise of Isaiah 28:14, and whole families brought into the light of Pentecost.

Then came a flying visit to Louth, a quaint little old-fashioned town in Lincolnshire. A happy band of the saints crowded on to the boat with us and crossed the Humber to bid us a great farewell. E. W. Davies and family greeted us at Westgate House. There were only three meetings, in their large Wesleyan Chapel which they purchased, and the fire fell both days. Several were instantly healed, one of an awful cancer. When we can be only a very brief space in a city God can again cut His work short in righteousness as He did in those two thrilling days at Louth.

In the capital of Scotland, the city of Edinburgh, the Campaign in spite of hindrances was owned of God from the first. It was the foolishness and weakness of God that confounded our natural wisdom, that turned the expected

into the unexpected, the usual into the unusual. The first night seven were gloriously filled with the Holy Ghost and from that meeting the power of God was greatly present every time we met. As a bolt of lightning the fire of God struck a young man sitting at the back of the hall and in a moment he was standing praising God in tongues. We moved twice to larger and more central halls and the last night was specially effective. A large audience listened attentively to the message on John 4—"The Living Waters," and as we made the call to repentance they came from all sides. Sinners were converted and that night four more received the Chrism of power—in all about twenty-two having received the Latter Rain. Oh were it possible we would love to convey to you the picture of those bright young Scotch lassies and laddies filled to overflowing with the Spirit! What a cloud of glory rested upon them! Many saw visions of the Lord and of His angels, others prostrate for hours wept and mourned as the burden for the careless and lost came upon them. Our favorite choruses, the Negro spirituals which we brought them, "I know the Lord laid His hands on me," "Nothing now to lose, my reputation went long ago," and the one I loved to hear them sing, "Once more Lord, Once more Lord, as in the days of yore; Upon this dead land Thy Spirit pour, set Scotland now on Fire!" Pastor Gee and Missionary J. C. Beruldsen of China accompanied us to the station.

On to Glasgow for only one night! Pastor Joe Smith had insisted we must call at Glasgow.

Shall we ever forget that meeting? The multitude of expectant smiling faces that crowded the building? As they sang in their inimitable way, we sensed the atmosphere pregnant with showers of blessing. How avidly they drank the message, "This is the Rest and the Refreshing." There was a tense movement as we called for faith. Would they believe God! He is given! The Holy Spirit is given! It is useless to beg for the Baptism. No one hints for a gift; it's rude! And we cannot work for the experience! Nothing is left but to praise God! Would they as children praise God? They came from every spot; it seemed the whole place was moving *and within one hour eighteen had received the Promise of the Father* and were happily talking in tongues. Such scenes of joy and such shouts of praise! Now the fire has fallen on many more and Brother Smith writes since, "Four more received the Baptism Saturday night and the Power of God resting on many more." We had to visit Kilsyth, if only for two hours before sailing for Belfast, Ireland. Here the Latter Rain first fell in Scotland more than twenty years ago. Here again altars were crowded, the power of God falling liberally upon all and precious hearts rejoicing in the fullness and joy of the experience of Pentecost.

In my next I will tell you of Belfast, Ireland, and our visit to Bishop Auckland and Sunderland. Pray for me as I turn my face towards the mission fields of Poland and Russia.

Yours in this Rest and Refreshing,

William E. Booth-Clibborn.

The Reward of Unbroken Fellowship

Edgar A. Pettenger in the Stone Church, Jan. 27, 1929



I WANT to call your attention this morning to a very familiar passage found in Proverbs 29:18, "Where there is no vision the people perish." My thought is the Possibility of Unbroken Fellowship through a Vision of God.

There is nothing sweeter in this world than fellowship. When one has been away from friends and loved ones, away from the fellowship of those who are near and dear, not only in the flesh but also in the spirit, how sweet it is to return and have communion and to have it unbroken. In the natural it is wonderful, but how much more in the spiritual to have a fellowship with God that is unbroken. "Where there is no vision the people perish." I believe the

wise man here refers not so much to visions in their primary sense, or prophetic revelation, but rather in the sense of looking into the future and doing exploits for God; a vision of the world's need, of those who still sit in darkness, who are bound by chains of sin and superstition.

The world today is looking for men of vision. Just recently I read of Henry Ford's desire to build a highway in China and the condition upon which he will build it is that the Chinese government will permit him to import Ford cars into China free of custom duties for a period of five years. Henry Ford has a vision, the vision of a business man. That is a wonderful offer, but he knows that if he can get his cars into China without duty it will be a matter of only a few months when he will have thousands there, and

he will soon be repaid for the building of the highway. We look with wonder at the men of vision in the world of business, but there is a different vision that the follower of Jesus Christ needs today.

We need not only a vision of our needs, of our weakness and insufficiency, but also a vision of those around about us dying without the Savior, without hope and without God in the world. A vision means unbroken fellowship with God. I know of no sadder picture of broken fellowship than that which is given in the third chapter of Genesis. We read there of how Adam and Eve heard the voice of the Lord God as He walked in the garden. How marvelous it must have been to have had the Presence of God with them, to walk and talk with their Creator and to know the reality of fellowship! God had created them in His own image, in true character and holiness that He might commune with them, but because of sin Adam lost his vision and broke the fellowship.

Sin has brought lost vision and broken fellowship to men and women throughout the world ever since, but I thank God that He has provided a Way whereby our fellowship may be restored. What a wonderful picture when God clothed our first parents with coats of skin! Blood was shed and fellowship was restored. And because of the shed blood, which typified the slain Lamb of Calvary, men of old have met God face to face; and because of their vision and fellowship many have turned to God. I am glad for the altars of the Old Testament. The prophets of old built their altars, the fire came down and consumed the sacrifice and God met with His people. I praise God for the altars in Pentecost today. Many people do not believe in having them and they are considered a thing of the past. I once heard a minister ridicule the thought of an altar, adding that we had a more modern method today, but I thank God for the altar where we can bow with a broken and a contrite heart and through the shed blood of Calvary have our fellowship restored.

You remember when Jacob camped at Bethel and the wonderful time he had there. He had been sent from his father's house to take to himself a wife as his parents did not desire him to take a wife from the people among whom they dwelt. So Jacob went away and you know of the vision he had as he slept there on the stones, how he saw a ladder that reached to heaven with angels ascending and descending. When he awoke

he called the name of the place "Bethel," for it was there that fellowship with God was restored to him; there he had met God face to face. And as God manifested Himself to Jacob he made a vow saying, "If God will be with me and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on . . . of all that Thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." I often wonder what God would do in Pentecost today if we would all get a vision where we would give, as a united people, a tenth to the Lord. He would open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing such as we would not be able to contain. In going up and down the country we find many places where God's people do not have this vision of giving to God, and their fellowship is broken; they fail to see the needs of the perishing, both at home and abroad.

We visited a certain assembly in the States and I was surprised, after learning the size of the assembly, to find that their pastor was compelled to work three days during the week in order to make expenses. He had a congregation of over a hundred and worse still, one of the members, a big contractor, confided to me that in that year he had done business to the extent of \$250,000. Yet the pastor was working because the assembly could not support him. Oh, that men and women might see the great privilege of giving and the blessing received through sacrifice.

Moses is a striking example of one who had unbroken fellowship for he met God face to face. You will remember when God called Moses, how he stood at the burning bush and wondered that it was not consumed. As he drew near the voice of the Lord spoke to him saying, "Moses, put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Some one has said that Moses graduated from two schools and that he had two visions. He graduated from the court of Egypt and from the backside of the desert. He had a horizontal vision and a perpendicular vision. First he was grieved when he saw his people being mistreated and he went out and slew an Egyptian. Then after spending forty years in the backside of the desert he got the perpendicular vision for it was then that he met God face to face. And then follows the record of God's wonderful manifestation in the life of Moses as he led the children of Israel; how He parted the waters of the Red Sea so that they could march through on dry land and later on rained manna from heaven that they might not

have to go hungry. Then we read of the cloud which stood over the door from whence God spoke to Moses; and again when he was on the mountain receiving the law written upon tables of stone we find that the mountain quaked and the presence of God was again manifested in the cloud. You remember how, when the cloud rested over the tabernacle that the children of Israel remained in the camp and as the cloud moved on they gathered up their tents and always moved with the cloud. What a marvelous experience to have that vision of God continually with us and always keep under the cloud of God's presence! It is then that we keep the fellowship unbroken and the communion fresh and sweet in our lives.

Wherever men have met face to face with God, wherever men have come in touch with the *Great I Am*, sinners have been saved and God has manifested Himself in a miraculous way. I sometimes wonder what keeps a pastor in a church year after year giving forth the messages under the power of the Holy Spirit day after day. It must be because he lives in unbroken fellowship with God and keeps ever before him that vision of God's Word not returning void. People come to church Sunday after Sunday to listen to the Word; perhaps they do not always get the blessing they anticipated, but they have the vision and desire to keep that fellowship unbroken. It is the same with the missionary on the field; he will labor month after month, preaching every day with perhaps not one visible result. But he has caught the vision that comes from unbroken fellowship with God, and that enables him to plod along.

As we look into the story of David Livingstone we find how he literally gave his life for the black-skinned people of Africa; while he was kneeling in prayer for them his soul went to be with Jesus, and apparently he had few results, but today we find Africa wide open to the Gospel and mission stations scattered all through that section of the country; all because one man saw the possibilities of the power of God in the lives of His people through unbroken fellowship.

I know of no better illustration than the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. You remember the day when He was transfigured before His disciples and how His face shone as the sun, His raiment white, and Moses and Elias appeared talking with Him. Is it any wonder that the disciples of Jesus wanted to stay there? I am sure I would have desired to build a tabernacle there, too; I would have liked to have told Him how much I loved

Him and what He meant to me. But Jesus was a Man with a vision. He knew that His work was not yet finished; that there were millions sitting in darkness who knew not the Christ of God, so we find Him coming down into the valley of service. Jesus had a world vision because His fellowship with God remained unbroken. He wept over Jerusalem and He had compassion for the multitudes because He saw them as sheep without a shepherd. On the Mount of Transfiguration we have the greatest renunciation the world has ever known. We have been reading a great deal in the last few months about the prince who renounced his throne because of a girl whom he loved. Beloved, Jesus Christ, the Crown Prince of glory renounced His throne for a bride. Had Jesus stepped off into glory from the Mount of Transfiguration there would have been no bride, no church; there would have been no Calvary, and no resurrection from the grave. But He relinquished His glory and came down to minister to the needy. Through His entire ministry He held the vision before Him.

When He was twelve years of age He was lost by His parents in Jerusalem, and when they inquired why He was missing, He replied, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Again, as He sat by the well in Samaria and talked with the women—when His disciples came with food He said, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of . . . My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work . . . Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

He always had that vision of the lost world. He saw you and me down here in this twentieth century without hope and without God and He returned from the glory on the mountain to labor amongst men.

We do not find Jesus during His life, speculating as to why temptation was in the world, but He met with temptation in the wilderness and after a struggle of forty days, conquered the enemy and came forth in the power of the Spirit into Galilee. We do not find Him discoursing on letting our light shine, but Jesus just let His light shine and even His closest friends wondered at His gracious works. He did not argue whether or not God answered prayer, but we read that He prayed all night and in the morning the power of the Lord was present to heal. He did not paint in glowing terms the necessity of love and human sympathy, but we read that He wept at the grave of His friend. He did not argue

about the proper place of womanhood, but He gave to them His most sublime teaching and when He rose from the dead He appeared first of all to a woman. He did not lecture with His disciples on the subject of reformation and making over human material so that it could be made a blessing to the world, but He called to Himself a set of weak men, just Galilean fishermen and He transformed them by His power divine, sending them out to all the world to begin a mighty movement such as the world had never known. He wrote no books, but He has written on the consciences of men and women which have become the world's most precious writings. John, when he was in prison, sent word, "Art thou the Christ or do we look for another?" Jesus did not argue with the disciples of John, but He said, "Go and tell John that deaf ears are unstopped, the lame walk and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." He told us that the human soul was worth more than the whole universe and after He crossed the storm-tossed lake He did not hesitate to sacrifice a herd of two thousand swine to save the soul of one man.

Jesus had the world vision and lived in unbroken fellowship with the Father. Many teachers in the world have explained everything, but they have accomplished little or nothing; Jesus explained very little, but He wrought marvels. Many philosophers speculate on how evil came into the world, but Jesus presented Himself as the Way in which man could walk without evil. He did not merely ask His disciples to turn the other cheek when smitten on one. He did not simply ask them to pray for their enemies and to bless those who cursed them, but Jesus Himself set the example. When the servant struck Him on the cheek He turned the other and the soldiers smote Him on that. And in the agony of the cruel torture of the cross He prayed for His enemies. He did not merely say that "death hath no terrors" for us, but He rose from the dead and the tomb now glows with life; He has given us a most glorious hope.

The conditions of the human race at the time of the Lord Jesus were anything but hopeful, and yet "for the joy (vision) that was set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." In the Garden of Gethsemane He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, and as He knelt there the power of the enemy swept down and would have crushed out His very life, thereby thwarting God's plan for the cross and the re-

demption of mankind, had he been able to do so. Even in that the Son was yielded to the will of the Father, and prayed, "Nevertheless not my will but Thine be done." Then as He hangs on that cruel cross we see that head that had recently been crowned with thorns, bowed, and hear the final cry of the Son of Man, "It is finished." The veil of the temple is rent in twain from top to bottom, and the fellowship and communion with God that had been lost by the first Adam is now restored by the second Adam, and you and I have access into the presence of God through the shed blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Is that fellowship sweet to you this morning? Have you the vision of a lost world He wants you to have? Fellowship and communion will remain unbroken only as we keep this vision, for "Where there is no vision the people perish."

A Pressing Need

The Chicago Missionary Rest Home is badly in need of a coat of paint. We have had the interior of the Home cleaned and decorated, and a good dress on the outside will put it in first-class condition.

We shall be glad to have our readers take this need upon their hearts, and if they can send us an offering for this purpose it will be greatly appreciated by the Committee in charge.

We praise God for the nine years that He has maintained the Home and for the blessing that it has been to the large number of missionaries who have passed thru from time to time. God has always met us when the Home had a special need, and we believe He will do so now. The Monthly meetings conducted by the different assemblies in the city are times of precious fellowship. We invite the friends who can, to be with us at the Ninth Anniversary of the Home, 1848 Berenice Ave., on the first Wednesday night in May, which will be a special meeting.

(Continued from page 2)

the burden? Yes! by God's Grace. Let us all do our part and make the missionary department of this paper hum. Send in your offerings to us addressed to Miss Anna Reiff, 18 West 74th Street, Chicago, and send at once. We are believing for more than \$12,000 in 1929. We are in direct touch with fifty and more missionaries in every field of work. May we count on your active immediate response?

W.E.B.-C.

Jeannette, Pa. Campaign

The Shearer Evangelistic Party just concluded a very fruitful evangelistic campaign which is among the best in the history of the local church, during which many knelt at the altar for salvation. The healing ministry was much blessed of the Lord, many testifying to being healed of long standing ailments. Mrs. Mary Jane Pagel of 1213 Penn Ave., Jeannette, Penna., is among those who received instant healing when prayed for. Sister Pagel had suffered for twelve years, having passed through four hospitals and undergone two operations. Our sister testifies that she felt her afflicted organs moving and adjusting themselves in place.

She had never attended our church, but, since her healing, her husband has given his heart to the Lord, and they both now express their desire to come into Pentecostal fellowship.

A man with a fractured knee was also instantly healed. This brother had not worked since October (six months ago).

The illustrated sermons used by Brother Shearer were much blessed by the Lord. So large were the crowds and so regular was the attendance that capacity congregations became a feature of the revival. On Sunday nights, scores were turned away from the building. It is estimated that up to nine thousand people heard the message given by our Brother Shearer.

The Children's Bible Class was another feature of the campaign. Up to one hundred and twenty-five children attended the class from 4:15 to 4:45 p. m. Each Friday night they appeared on the platform. They were put through their paces, singing snappy choruses and reciting important facts regarding the Bible. Miss Myers and Brother Joe directed the children's program.

Our hearts are indeed grateful to God for the spirit of revival and for the many souls saved. We feel that we can heartily recommend Brother Shearer and party to those who want a revival of old-time religion.

B. E. MAHAN, Pastor.

* * *

Mrs. Susie M. Scott, 3066 W. Ave. 35, Los Angeles, Calif., is an invalid and unable to walk. She makes Satin Bookmarks for a living, printing poems and Bible verses on choice, colored ribbon, 7 1/2 x 2 in., price 20c each. Order of Mrs. Scott.

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International Pentecostal Campmeeting, June 30-July 14, 1929. Located on the most delightful Camp Grounds on the banks of the St. Lawrence River, at Mille Roches, Ontario, almost opposite Messena, N. Y. Convenient crossing at Ogdensburg, N. Y. by ferry; at Cornwall, Ont., by rail. Pastor A. G. Ward and a host of other workers and missionaries will be present. Plan to spend your vacation here. For full information write to,

Pastor V. R. Morrison, Mille Roches, Ont.
Pastor A. E. Adams, Gananoque, Ont.

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