

The Latter Rain Kvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

The Rich Man and the Beggar Lazarus



Will We Give Them the Crumbs? See Page 6.

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

Raven Rule or Dove Dominion See Page 3

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Send out the Silent Messenger

IF OUR subscribers who are in arrears knew how important their renewing was to the maintenance of the paper, we do not doubt they would send us their subscriptions promptly. We always experience a slump in the summer time, and this year is no exception; but if those who are back in their subscriptions will remit promptly, we will have no difficulty in meeting our obligations. \$1.25 per year is a small amount for each individual, but in the aggregate it helps us to carry on for God.

We are encouraged by the kind words that come to us from time to time. A sister writes: "I cannot find words to express how much the dear paper is to me. And not myself alone, but to many. I have a rooming house and many of my roomers also look for its coming. We visit the jail, and how they do want us to bring them good reading matter. So our dear paper, THE EVANGEL, must go to the jail."

If you have a friend whom you would like to know the Lord, send him THE EVANGEL for a year. Its silent message will speak more loudly to his soul than anything you might say.

We send the paper free to our missionaries on the field. From many letters we gather that we have no more appreciative readers than those who are isolated in the dark lands of the earth.

In the past our readers have contributed to this fund for sending the paper to our co-workers on the mission field; if any feel they can help along this line it will be gratefully accepted.

Remember, we give a special club rate of ten subscriptions for \$10, in the United States. Reader, interest your friends in the paper and have them each give you a dollar for a year's subscription. You will not only be helping us but providing them with reading which will tell for eternity. Perhaps you have ten dollars you would like to use in this way for the Lord. You can make no better spiritual investment.

* * *

With the Lord

Many of our readers have learned of the home-going of our dear friend, Mrs. Alice Frodsham, beloved wife of Stanley Frodsham, Editor of Work and Work, Framingham Mass., who went to be with the Lord on June 27, 1929. Though she suffered intensely during the last few months of her illness, she was always triumphant, and bore her suffering with marked fortitude, passing away with the praises of her Lord upon her lips.

Her going is a crushing blow to her husband and daughter, and a large circle of friends mourn in sympathy with them. May the God of all

(Continued on page 23)

Raven-Rule

The Typical Meaning of the First Bird Mentioned in Scripture

Evangelist Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn in the Municipal Auditorium, Stockholm, Sweden



LET US reach a conclusion at the beginning of this message: There are but two Spirits that contend for mastery over the human race! And that is the one and only conflict worth a thought here beneath. You see, but two birds flew from the ark over that unspeakable inundation, the deluge waters. The Raven was let out first, then the Dove. It is for us to choose *which shall govern our lives here and hereafter*, for, choose we must! It must be either Raven-Rule or Dove-Dominion!

With inspired intention *the Raven is the first bird mentioned in Scripture!* For God who molded and shaped the earliest history could not allow any event to happen by chance or haphazard. It was God who directed Noah to first permit that raven to depart from the ark that He might typify the spirit of evil darkness that He allowed to enter Eden's Peace and mislead the human family. The despatch of the Dove pictures the gentle brooding Holy Spirit that He thereafter sent to woo us all back to the Heart of God.

Haphazard? Indeed! Nothing could have been haphazard in a cataclysm of such vast proportions as had just extinguished in one universal sweep all living. It had been God's determined counsel, He had done all His pleasure, the words of His prophets were vindicated. All natural laws had converged to the obedience of the Divine Sovereign Will. Wind, tide, currents and clouds had combined in hastening one Sacred Word. The oceans had left their fixed abysses, the turbulent rivers their determined beds, the mounting lakes had broken their boundaries at God's behest. The marshalled clouds had melted their dense masses outpouring a million torrential showers in answer to His commandment. The fury of the hurricanes, the ravage of the whirlwinds, the blinding flash of the lightnings, all the convulsions of the forces of nature were directed in their appointed tasks culminating in this unequalled catastrophe.

Oh! would the hungry waters never weary of swallowing, would the waves never cease to want, the endless maelstroms never stop swelling and urging. No, not till the last breath had been stifled in the heaping floods, not until all the

green of vegetation had paled in the brine, not till every jagged, rocky pinnacle, every defiant lofty summit had been topped by the upstanding seas!

Then—when the darkness dispersed and the billows subsided—days of purest light and sunshine o'erspread those judgment depths and a great eternal calm settled down upon the boundless expanse. "The waters returned from off the earth continually." All that stillness and rest bespoke a new world with its promise of new life and new hope! What a thrilling sight must the distant tops of the mountains have made one bright morning, as cleansed, as it were, they loomed up boldly and faced the bright rays of the sun unashamed.

Hark! A sound disturbs the stillness, the solemn tranquility is rudely broken. It is a large black bird that flies by, with a jarring rancorous cry: "Caw! caw! caw!" He aimlessly wanders flitting about from wreckage to corpse; "Caw! caw! caw!" In sporadic flights he roams about *never to return again to the hand that let him go..* And God allowed all this to happen to throw into the picture that likeness of the spirit of Satan—the raven. The statement in the text is very simple "And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made: And he sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth." But what a terrible reign of terror and sin was implied by the setting at liberty of this fearful typical bird. All over Scripture, especially prophecy, birds are types of spirits. Christ was speaking of the parable of the sower to His disciples in private, and He interprets His own figure of the birds of heaven that came to eat the seed that fell on the wayside, "(as) Satan (who) cometh immediately, and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts." Now watch the raven carefully as he hops about here and there, feeding on the carcass bloated and rotting, whilst floating on the deluge waters. Study his habits and ways, and see if he is not the very expression in miniature of the spirit of the Prince of the Power of the air!

Practically everywhere you go the world over, you will find members of this detestable black-winged family. As a group of birds, the crow

is absolutely distinct from all others and there is no mistaking these feathered rogues in every clime. All over North America, in the thickly populated valleys of Europe, on the tundras of Siberia, in the deserts of Asia and Africa, in India, China and Australia this cosmopolitan wanderer is legion. What a picture of the universal rule and dominion of the spirits of darkness owing allegiance only to their Raven-head Satan! Even in the Holy City, missionaries write, that the raven is the most conspicuous bird present everywhere. I have just come from England, and I never saw so many crows as roamed the country side there this winter.

I never realized the importance of this scriptural type of the spirit of evil till my attention was drawn to it by an incident in South Dakota. Alfred Olson owns an extensive farm near Clark, and with a preacher friend, I went duck hunting on his grounds one day in the fall. All day we trudged the stinking swamp and sank to our thighs in the slimy slough, no ducks came our way. Desperate, I asked my friend to drive around the lake over yonder in low gear, blowing his horn, whilst I would hide in the neck of land and the rushes which separated it from the lower lake. Well, he scared every duck up with the racket he made, and in ever widening circles they rose and headed straight for the lake behind me. I forgot the drizzling mist, my chattering teeth, and everything. Pop, pop, pop! went my gun. I completely lost my head, filled the atmosphere with lead and never got a duck! I never was quite so disgusted with myself. We got into the car and were driving home when along came a great many crows. I felt like taking it out on them, and the first shot brought one tumbling down to my feet. I picked him up and looked him over and casually remarked, "Say, I never realized a crow was that black, not a white spot on him!" "Well he is kin to the raven of Scripture," said my friend. Right there, I understood the simplest reason, no doubt, why God has singled that bird as the type of the spirit of *Darkness*. And did any of you ever find a white spot on the devil or anything he does? I never did! What's more, the Hebrew for raven is "*oreb*" coming from a root word meaning *black*. And the eternal blackness of darkness is reserved for those who remain under Raven-Rule. Ah! what an appalling, gross darkness of ignorance and unbelief reigns wherever the old rook Satan has it all his way. In Christ is no darkness at all. Oh! come into the marvelous light of the Gospel

of Grace. Let the Sun of Righteousness arise in your heart and drive out with His beams of Light the lurking, dungeon blackness of sin. You can, today, break the yoke of Raven-Rule, and become a child of light, for Jesus came "to give light to them that sit in darkness."

Now the World lies in spiritual darkness and that is why they turn out the lights on the modern dance floors; they even love natural darkness. Ten thousands of picture shows dim their lights for it is the spirit of the Raven that preaches his gospel on the screen. Saith the Scripture in vain, "They that sleep, sleep in the night; they that be drunken are drunken in the night"? And Christ says "This is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men loved *darkness rather than light*, because their deeds were evil. For everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd." Everything about the world is in darkness and how great is that darkness. "The way of the wicked is darkness," Prov. 4:19. Their works are "the unfruitful works of darkness," Eph. 5:11. Their rulers "the rulers of the darkness of this world," Eph. 6:12. Listen! though all the land of Egypt was in a thick darkness, yet, the children of Israel had light, they lived under Another's Wings, and so may you, if you awake and let Christ give you light and deliver you from this universal thralldom of raven-darkness.

Every other bird has a pleasant call or a beautiful song, but the crow has naught but a coarse monotonous cry, "Caw, caw! caw!" And who enjoys hearing the uproarious tumult of a pack of ravens in conclave in the trees? So the voice of the evil one, the noise of this clamoring world, the merry-making of the godless, the laughter of the wicked, there is something so crude, so uncouth, so vulgar and loud about it all that one is reminded of the rude cry of the crow. While visiting on an English estate as a boy, I remember how they made the night hideous and the mornings intolerable with their babel of contemptible, corvine jargon on top of those huge elm trees. Time and again our host brought them down with buckshot with no effect but a louder din! Oh, weary soul, too long, have you heard the "caw" of the raven! Oh that tonight, you might hear the gentle invitation call, the tender beautiful "coo" of the Dove of the Holy Spirit of God!

That first biblical description is vivid and characteristic and betrays the manner and pursuit of the bird. Look! he but wanders to and fro. That

was the language Satan used as God asked him in the first chapter of Job what he had been up to. Satan is a restless, discontented wandering spirit. To the question of Jehovah, "Whence comest thou?" he confessed his true character, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it," the very words describing the Raven. And there's no statement more incorrect in English speech than the expression, "Straight as the crow flies," because that is what a crow does not do; his nature is too crooked to go straight, except perhaps when going to his winter roosts, and I reckon Satan flies straight when he goes to his councils in Hell. Watch a moment, and you'll be convinced that it is the spirit of unrest, discontentment and roaming that controls the myriad tripping human feet that crowd our cities' sidewalks. Oh! what a rover is the raven and how he can torture the human heart with vain searching after the things that satisfy not, the bread that perisheth, the fleeting joys that pass away! To be under Raven-Rule is to have no goal in life and no end in peace.

Why was it the Raven never returned to the ark? The Dove returned. The Raven had no need to come back. Being a voracious, inordinate devourer of carrion, he found plenty to sate his filthy appetite in the decomposing carcasses drifting on the waters. An unclean bird, forbidden as food to the children of Israel in all their generations, (Lev. 11:15) he again, serves to portray the impure defiling influences that contaminate and demoralize everywhere everything with which the god of this world, the devil, has to do. Whence the flood of lewd literature, the nasty novels, the dirty talk, the sexy plays with their suggestive titles? How is it that the lure of the lustful, modern dance can hardly be resisted by the youth of the land? Oh! once we acquire the taste for the rotten meat, the putrid carrion of lasciviousness and loose morals, we cease to appreciate that which is clean and wholesome in life; our tastes are perverted, our souls utterly sensualized! Well says Paul, "But unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled." The Raven rottenness rules and ruins the young with immoralities early. Witness in my hotel room in Los Angeles a young man almost tearing the hair from his head with grief, crying out, "Oh, I'm bound hand and foot with this vile chain!" Witness the devastation of the homes of the United States of America, the nude cults of Germany, the legalized adultery of Russia, the licentiousness of France. Oh! Raven-Rule will make

the filthy become filthier still. Come out! Out, into the pure influence of the Holy Ghost, let Him cleanse your hearts, and purify your minds; and "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." (II Cor. 7:1) God only can sever the fearful fetters of uncleanness which the Raven wraps about our struggling souls.

Rightly has more been written about crows and ravens than any other group of birds. Literature ancient and modern, is replete with allusions to them. Rightly is the raven regarded from earliest time, as a bird of ill omen—its shrewd and ill visage, its mourning hue, its solitary haunts and harsh croak, its instant scenting and sharp distant-detection of an animal dead or dying, rivals that of the vulture, for, with them, it has commonly descended upon the slain after battle or stood guard in a black ring about the dying camel and rider in the desert. It is a wild bird, best at home in the solitary wilderness, an enemy of man and cultivation. Isaiah says of the desert, "The raven shall dwell in it." How truly all this signifies the desolate life of the sinner, Raven Rule.

But above all, crows are notorious thieves and hoarders, marauding free booters whose undue familiarity with crops have made them a pest and a plague to every faithful farmer. Hence the scare-crow, a familiar object in every land. But these for the most part, are utterly useless as the *corvus corvax* is much too cunning to be deceived by such make-believe, any length of time. It soon learns to hold all such, in supreme contempt as well as scores of traps and snares of great ingenuity. The sly old bird is one of the hardest to catch. No wonder many states offer a bounty, so much a head, to get this growing scourge in hand. When a flock of ten thousand settle in a grove of fruit trees, we may well imagine the desperation of the owner. As monster black clouds with a deafening "caw" they tramp about the air, likely to descend on some ripe field of grain to strip it in a few hours. No wonder every farmer rushes to arms in hot pursuit. The crow and the corn are inseparable. His depredations do not end here, but extend also to the chicken yard, and the forest where he forever steals other birds' nests and eggs.

Satan is a despoiler, a thief that only God's power can check and confine. He has no right to our souls, our homes, our children, but as a robber he takes all he can get. Oh! You are not his! You are God's, purchased with His Son's precious blood. Satan wreaks his wrath on every

soul. He is the enemy of every human spirit without reason and without cause, so, the crow is against every bird in the heavens. You may recall, once having stood on the outskirts of a wood and noticing a whole flock of birds excitedly chasing a clumsy crow, awkwardly flopping his wings, dodging to get away from their attacks above and below. What was up? Oh! The wretched rook has been up to some devilment in that wood. He is the enemy of every bird that flies and they'll all forget their quarrels when he is around and unite against their common enemy. Even the proud American eagle is not immune. Their vigil must be intense. They watch over their rare eggs unending, lest the crow come in some unguarded moment and gorge the contents. There is nothing too precious for Satan to ravage and spoil. Ah! this thief has stolen many a life, many a promising youth from the service of God. This Arch-Usurper, this "thief cometh not but for to steal and to kill, and to destroy." "I am come," said Jesus, "that they might have life." (John 10:10) Satan is a thieving spirit, but his doom is near, his final overthrow imminent.

But the worst indictment we have against the whole corvine breed is its unnatural, its horrible cruelty. And what a cruel hard taskmaster is the devil. Sin pays in trouble and death. Its wages the blackness of darkness forever. Oh! what a fierce fiendish tormentor is the enemy of our souls. How many tonight are broken-hearted, dispirited, despairing probably contemplating suicide. Not only does the crow deliberately kill other birds, taking a terrible toll, especially attacking the crippled and weaklings, but he always goes for the fledglings, the young defense-

less birds in the nest. How characteristic of Satan, a veritable cradle-robber. Again! Many hunters and trappers in the rigours of a Canadian winter have wondered how it was that so many of the minks, ermines and other little fur folk they caught in their traps had their eyes put out. Could it be that in their terror they so banged about to get loose as to put out their eyes? What could be the cause? One fellow more observing than the others, wished to solve the mystery once and for all. So he built himself a little snow shelter and watched all night. As soon as a squeal betrayed a little animal caught, the crows seemed to appear from nowhere and deliberately started to pick out the eyes of the screaming creatures. How diabolical! Yet how spiritually correct! Is it not the eyes that Satan attacks? In II Corinthians 4:4 we read, "In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." In all this despicable crow tribe, the habit of picking at the eye is inherent. If the animal allows it, it is dead; if it still possesses life it would be blinded for the moment allowing its assailant to escape. How remarkable the Scripture would take note of this trait of the ravens in Proverbs 30:17. "The eye that mocketh at his father and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall peck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

How we may thank God that the Raven was not the only bird that was sent from the ark, else the picture would be too gloomy to contemplate.

(To be continued)

The Rich Man and the Beggar Lazarus

AS one looks over the nations of the earth for the rich man clothed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day, it is impossible to pick China, knowing that before the coming harvest thousands upon thousands of Chinese will perish with hunger, China whose standing wheat crop was mortgaged last winter to ward off starvation. We could not choose India, knowing the poverty of her millions—India who is always suffering from famine in some of her provinces. Neither would one choose Africa, the habitation of cruelty, destitution and darkness.

But think with me of a nation that does not know her wealth! America, with all her millions, her beautiful homes, her high-priced cars! America with her costly merchandise, her stocks and bonds and unlimited resources! Picture

with me the beggar that sits at our gates with sores. That beggar that sits at our gate today is the perishing millions of India, of Africa, of China, of South and Central America. He is not calling for your fine cars, your luxuries, your magnificent homes and sumptuous fare, but he is begging for the crumbs that fall from America's table. Today, the black hands of Africa, the yellow hands of China, the brown hands of India are reaching out for the crumbs.

Reader, there is a beggar sitting at our gate today. We are the rich man; We may not have thousands of dollars, we may not have unlimited resources, but we are rich in the Gospel which God has given to us. If we withhold this priceless blessing from the poor man at our gates, the heathen, God will require them at our hands.

—B. HARDIN.

The Assiout Orphanage in God's Plan

A Marvelous Record of His Sustaining and Providing Power

Miss Lillian Trasher, Assiout, Egypt, in the Stone Church, June 23, 1929



HERE never was any building erected, any institution built, or any invention devised but there was first the thought in the mind of the man who had the idea of building or the invention. I want to read a verse of Scripture found in Isaiah 14:24, "The Lord of hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought, so shall it come to pass; and as I have purposed, so shall it stand." When God has a thought and a purpose He will see it through. We do not have to worry or carry the load. The other day I was in the Subway in New York City and there was a young man riding in the same train and he held in his hand a heavy suit-case. I wanted to tell him to set it down, but didn't feel quite at liberty to speak to him. He had just come from Texas, and was quite nervous, being a stranger. He asked me where Times Square was, and I told him I was going there and would show him. Finally it dawned on him that he could put his suit-case down. I thought how much that was like us; we carry burdens that the Lord does not ask us to. The only thing we need to be sure of is that we are in the will of God and working according to His purpose, for "Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." He will carry the burdens.

There came a time in the mind of God for an Orphanage to be established in Assiout, Egypt, hence there is one there today. If I had not been willing to be used, someone else would have been called and I would have lost my crown. I remember one day before I left Assiout I went up on the housetop—our houses have flat roofs, and as I stood up there and looked down on the fields, looked down on the Boys' Building and on the Widows' Building and saw them busying around like ants, I thought, How will I ever feed them all! How will I ever clothe them all! But immediately came this thought, "I do not have to do it at all; the Lord does it."

We have today 565 little babies, boys, girls and widows. It is a Home for those who have no home, and is called in Arabic, The Orphanage of the Orphans. One prayer I always utter is, "Oh God, keep the gates always open that we may never have to turn away a single one You would have here." And we never have turned away

anyone who needed a home, whether we had money or not. God has always supplied.

It has been nineteen years in October since I first went out to Egypt. As most of you know I didn't have even \$5, but the Lord provided and He is providing today. He will continue to supply as long as there is to be an Orphanage. We haven't a bank account but we have an account up in heaven from which we can draw. The babies grow up under an atmosphere of trust and it is perfectly natural to them to believe that God will supply our needs. Now isn't it wonderful to be able to feel you are absolutely fed by God? If we have supplies for a week ahead we think it is wonderful, for our expenses average \$73 a day. Last year we spent \$23,000 in the Orphanage. I can say I have tested and tried God's promises and I know they are true.

Sometimes He meets the needs in a most unexpected way. I will show you how the Lord took care of us last fall, I think it was November. We were \$600 behind, and that was a terrible strain. It was the last of the month and the next day we were to pay \$300 in salaries to our teachers and workers. I didn't have even a half dollar, and the American mail brought in \$4. I was burdened greatly, and the children said, "I guess we haven't any money, mama; you look like it." The man from whom we had been buying our bread said that he would not let us have bread for tomorrow as we owed him \$150 and he was a poor man and needed the money.

Over three weeks before this time God put it in the heart of one of His children that he should send an offering to us. So, faithful to the "still small voice" a dear brother away down in Texas mailed us a check. But as often happens, this dear brother made the mistake of addressing the letter to me at Assiout, India, instead of Egypt. So when the thousands of letters were being placed in the mail bags ready to be put on the ships, our loving Father knew that this letter must not go to India as directed, but must be sent to Egypt, or our babies would have to go without bread. So He took care of it, and it was not delayed a single day.

On the afternoon of the day of our great need one of our little boys went to the post office and found the letter which God had taken care of. When I opened it I found it contained a check

for \$1,000. I cannot describe the joy we had as we saw how God supplied. We paid the \$600 we owed, paid the \$300 salaries, and had \$100 left. Did you ever read that verse, "Before they call I will answer"? Living off in Egypt if the Lord waited to start money off from America until we didn't have any, it would be too late, so He starts it off ahead.

There was another time when I didn't have a cent, and I went to my English teacher and asked her to lend me \$25 for a few days. She said, "Why certainly, but do sit down for a moment and let me make you a cup of tea." While she was making the tea (she had not yet given me the money) one of my little boys came up to the room and said, "Mama, there is an Egyptian gentleman waiting to see you." I went down and invited him in. He had been all ready to take the train to his village, he said, but had such a strong feeling that he must come to the Orphanage and help us before he went home. He handed me \$50. I told him that it was surely God who had laid the needs of the Orphanage on his heart as we were without anything and I had just been trying to get some money from one of the teachers. The Lord uses people to help us who do not know Him. He just puts it upon their hearts. He says of us, "Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." That "wall"—no possible way to get thru it, and no way to get around it, but our God sees and understands. Our greatest joy is that our God sees and knows. We are not just a flock of sheep herded together, not even named, but we are individuals, bought by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, and our names *engraved* on the palms of His hands. When I want to remember a thing I tie a string around my finger because my hands are always before me. I love to think that our names are engraved on His hands which are ever before Him.

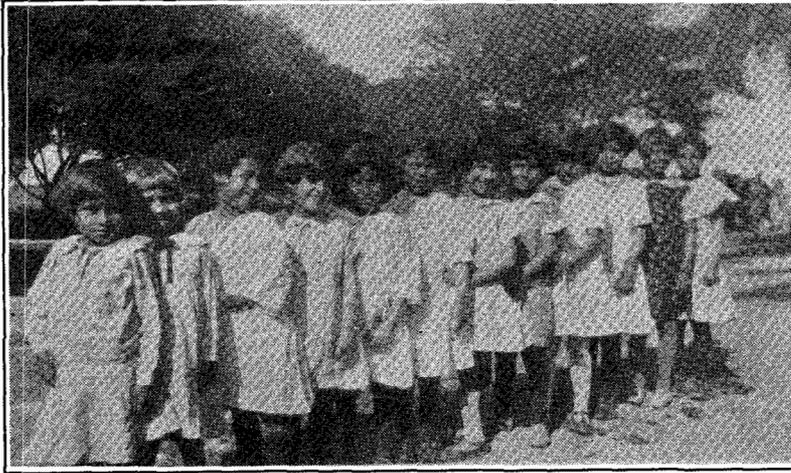
About a year and a half ago God gave us a wonderful revival. I never heard of one more

wonderful. We had gone on for years so very dry. A dear lady came to me and said, "What is the good of all this? How many have turned out to be preachers? How many have been baptized in the Spirit?" I said, "Well sister, the Lord has called me, tho I do feel bad to think there are no more spiritual results," but when the time came for God to work it was wonderful. A little girl was sitting in the front row—we had gathered together for prayer, and the leader said, "We are not going to do much preaching. We are going to talk to God." The little girl got up and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she held up her little hands and said, "I am finished, I am going to give my heart to God." That was the sermon, and we went to prayer. Such praying! It was like the roar of many waters. They prayed and cried, and when they arose the floor was wet with their tears; they were in puddles. We went into the night meeting and the power of God fell in a marvelous manner. One afternoon I thought the children had better not have a night meeting as they had been praying and crying for hours. So I said that everyone was to go to bed early. I also went to my room early, but soon I heard a noise coming from all sides. I sent a girl to see if there was a funeral passing by, but she returned and said it was the children who were praying everywhere. I went over to the Widows' and Blind Girls' Department and found them all crying and praying. I went to the kitchen, where they were praying, clapping their hands, crying and talking in tongues. I went to the big girls' room and they were all on their faces crying to God or shouting. But the most wonderful sight I ever saw in my life was when



Miss Trasher and Some of Her Little Orphans

I followed the noise up to the house-top. There were dozens and dozens of little girls, shouting, crying, talking in tongues, rejoicing, preaching and singing. Some were wringing their hands and screaming to God to have mercy on their souls. There wasn't much sleep for awhile. The children kept this up for weeks and weeks, on into the night. No words can describe it. At first there was an awfulness about it, like people calling for the rocks and the mountains to fall



On the Way to Church

upon them, but after awhile they began to get saved and they were filled with joy and power. All school was stopped. They prayed in the fields, on the banks of the canal, on the housetop and everywhere.

When I saw the Lord working so wonderfully we sent for our big boys who had left the Orphanage, those who lived near enough to come. The most of them came and we had a special altar call for the big boys. It was almost too wonderful for words, but God saved everyone of them.

Then we had a dedication service and they all came up on the platform and dedicated their lives to God. There were twenty-five of them, some in college, some married, and others about to be married. Can you imagine my joy? Seventeen years (and very dry years too) of planting the seed; then all at once to have such a wonderful harvest as this! I feared I'd never live to see the results, but I'd try to keep my mind off what people said and just go on from day to day in the work God gave me to do. If I never saw the real results I comforted myself that the Word of God was being given to them day after day and year after year, and knew that it would spring up sometime, somewhere. But I never dreamed of such a revival being given us.

When I saw all of my big boys saved my joy was past explaining. The only thing I could do was weep and hold up my hands and cry out, "O people look! God has saved my boys." There was

not one holding back but each was trying to speak first, too full to wait until the other had finished. They begged for a chance to speak again, all telling how they wanted to be lights in that dark land of Egypt. They are now used in going out and preaching in the villages. We are in great need of a Bible School for these boys. Our pastor, who is a very fine man, has his hands full taking care of the mission and the children, but the boys need a Bible School where they can be taught and trained for the ministry.

Brought Back from Death to Repent

THE REGIONS BEYOND print a very remarkable story from the Congo Bololo field as related by a Mr. W. D. Armstrong, one of the senior missionaries. He wrote: that "a man named Bayolo, quite a pronounced heathen, became ill on Nov. 21, and died the following day. On the 23rd, when they were about to bury him, a movement was noticed and it was evident that he was alive. The natives are never deceived as to death. Their diagnosis of decease is remarkably correct. On Saturday, the 24th, Bayolo asked the people to carry him into the church, and there he told an enormous crowd what had

happened to him. He said he went up to the gate of heaven, and two men standing by the door asked him for his road book (passport). He hadn't one, so they said, 'Return and get your road book, confess your sins, remove your camwood powder, and make yourself quite clean.' So he confessed his sins before all the people and became enrolled as an inquirer. He told them that he would die that night, and he did so. Thus he came back from the dead for two whole days to prepare himself to enter heaven.

"The Lomo church building, although very
(Continued on page 18)

How Satan's Deceptions Trap the Unwary

Transformed as an Angel of Light

Evangelist Ben Hardin in the Stone Church, July 14, 1929



IN Second Corinthians, eleventh chapter fourteenth verse, we read that "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." I do not know where we get our idea of Satan, but he is generally pictured as a hideous monster with horns and a tail and cloven hoofs, that one's common sense and natural instinct would compel him to abhor and flee from in mortal terror. There is no authority for saying that he in any way resembles this description, but the Scripture speaks of the devil as being transformed into an *angel of light*. I believe his deception is more far-reaching and his influence so much greater because of being near the throne of God before his fall. As Lucifer, son of the morning, he tried to exalt himself and become equal with God (Isa. 14:12-14) and knowing the power and the majesty of God, he is able to deceive, as the Scripture tells us, even the very elect if possible.

Looking at the various religious systems of the day, while many of them use the name of Jesus, they have no part nor lot with Him; they are wholly sponsored by the devil. One time I boarded at a place, and the people underneath held spiritualistic meetings. They were mediums, and one could tell by looking at the faces of those who congregated there that they were controlled by demon power. You cannot live a sinful life and look like a saint. Marks of godliness are found only on God's people. Go to the barbarian countries and look at the demon worshippers. Their faces are hideous to behold. The devil will get them to cut their faces, file their teeth and paint their bodies to make them look demoniacal. These people I spoke of used to meet in this apartment, and as soon as they were ready for the services they would turn out the lights and sing "Nearer my God to Thee," and when we heard them singing we knew they were ready for a seance.

Now it is hard to reconcile "Nearer my God to Thee" with a spiritualistic meeting, but that is where the deception comes in. If they sang one of the popular airs of the day people would know just what they were. It would frighten them away. Satan is too clever to do anything like that. If they sang rag-time music people would

say, "I am afraid of that," but he opens a spiritualistic meeting with "Nearer my God to Thee," and some unsuspecting souls say, "It must be all right; they are singing a religious song." It is one of Satan's deceptions.

Today many of God's so-called ministers are deceived, and if the blind lead the blind they will both fall into the ditch. The Word says that "The husbandman must first be partaker of the fruit," and you cannot recommend what you yourself have never experienced. Many of the pastors are deceived by the enemy of their souls, and they in turn are giving out what they suppose is Christian teaching, but in reality it is very deadly. It benumbs the conscience and deadens faith. You would be surprised at the number of preachers who for five or ten thousand dollars a year will stand in the pulpit and say smooth things, things that will tickle the ear. If they came out and preached the truth, told the people that sin was sin and unless they repent they will go to hell, they would be out of a job in twenty-four hours. I used to belong to a church where the Board used to come to the preacher and say, "We want you to preach So- and so." And he would say, "Yes." And when they would say, "Do not preach so-and-so," he would agree.

Now turn with me to the Word of God, I Kings the thirteenth chapter. Here God sent a prophet down to prophesy against Jeroboam's altar. He was a man of God—that is what the Scripture calls him. As he prophesied against the altar, it was rent in twain, and Jeroboam put forth his hand in displeasure, but his hand was withered. Then he asked the man of God to pray for him that his hand might be restored, and it was. Then the king said to him, "Come home with me and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward." But the man of God could not go. He said, "If thou wilt give me half thy house I will not go, neither will eat bread nor drink water in this place. For so was it charged me by the Lord saying, Eat no bread nor drink water, nor turn again by the same way that thou camest." He saw at once that the invitation was of the devil to get him to disobey God. He saw the very fangs of this wolf. Then what happened?

There dwelt an old prophet in Bethel, and he heard of all that had happened at Jeroboam's

altar, and how this man had refused to eat at the king's table, and he said, "I know how to get him. I will just put on a sheep-skin." And he said to the man of God, "I too am a prophet. And an angel of the Lord came to me and said, 'You bring that man of God home with you and give him something to eat.'" And the man of God said, "Oh! I didn't know that you were a prophet. That is different. If an angel of God told you to take me home I will go." Does God tell you at the start not to go and then meet you on the way and tell you to go? Does God change His mind? The scripture says that this old prophet lied to him. A lying prophet can do more damage to the cause of Christ than the man who openly lives in sin. You all know the dangers of the dance hall; none can justify it with its rottenness. You know exactly what a gambling den is doing. You would not try to uphold the cabaret; you know exactly what that is, but when the devil comes in a religious guise, quoting Scripture, it is hard not to slip into that pitfall.

I was walking along the street last night and someone gave me a tract. As soon as it fell into my hands I knew it was spurious. In these days one is besieged with tracts and papers, and from all appearances they seem orthodox, but on close reading they do not coincide with the Word of God. They quote a Scripture here and there to justify their beliefs, but these lies coated over with scripture do more harm than open pitfalls. When the devil presents sin to you in its proper cloak it looks like a hideous monster; you are ashamed even to think of the thing, but when he changes its dress, puts a religious garb on it, a religious veneer, you embrace it.

Ben-hadad, the king of Syria was sick and when he heard that Elisha the prophet had come to Damascus he sent his servant Hazeal to meet him with gifts to ask him if he should recover. Elisha told the servant that he would die, and then as he looked at Hazeal he wept. Hazeal asked him why he wept, and Elisha said: "Because I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel: their strongholds wilt thou set on fire, and their young men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child." And Hazeal said, But what! Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" He drew back in horror. "Do you believe he was sincere?" you ask. Yes, I believe he never for a moment thought he would be guilty of such a thing, but Elisha had told him

he would be king over Syria, and he went back home and took a thick cloth and dipped it in water and lay it on Ben-hadad's face and smothered him, took advantage of his sick condition. Then did he begin to do all those terrible things? No, he just began by lying, and before he was thru he did exactly what the prophet said he would do, the things he had recoiled from in horror.

When we read of the abominations that have been committed in the name of religion, when we read Foxe's Book of Martyrs of how Christians were tortured and burned at the stake, we are amazed that any religious system on earth could commit such atrocities. Listen! Only God in heaven knows what man will do when he is inspired by the powers of hell.

Satan disguises himself now but I believe the time is not far off when he will unmask, take off his cloak and come right out in the open. Revelation 13:13,14, says, "And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men. And deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the beast, etc." Thru these miracles and this supernatural power he deceives the earth, and the people run to him and receive his mark. And when you receive his mark he doesn't any longer cloak himself, but he says, "I am the devil. I do not need to fool anymore with religious quotations." He does not deceive by Scripture any longer but comes right out in the open. Today, Satan is transformed into an angel of light. When he attacks you he does it in a very subtle way, in the weakest place. Jesus said to Peter, "All the world will be offended because of me this day." And Peter said, "Tho everybody on earth is offended I will never be offended at Thee." Do you think Peter meant that? He surely did. Peter saw that monster glaring at him, and he said, "There is no devil on earth can make me deny my Lord. I would shed my blood before I would do that." And the devil said, "I will have to go home and get a new suit if I would fool Peter, but before I am thru with him he will deny Jesus." And Satan went back to the pit to lay his plans. They led Jesus away and "Peter followed Him afar off." And you remember how he followed into the palace of the high priest, and when a damsel said to him, "Art not thou also one of this Man's disciples?" he said, "I am not." And he denied again to a maid saying, "I know not, neither understand what thou sayest."

And the third time he cursed and swore that he did not know Him. And when the cock crew twice he called to mind the prophecy of Jesus that he would deny Him thrice, and he went out and wept.

The devil attacked his pride, that something within that wants to rise up and defend oneself. The devil attacked him when he was away from his crowd, like he does us. He comes and says, "Don't you worship in that church where they speak in tongues?" Today he says something slurring about our church before unbelievers and gets us off our guard, and we are no better than Peter. Beloved, when the devil attacks you he will not go out in the middle of the road and make a hideous face, but he will come with a smooth, religious guise, trying to appeal to your reason or intellect; or to your pride, "Why do you not go to church where the fashionable people go? If you want any social standing and get invitations you will have to mix with that class of people." Satan transforming himself into an angel of light.

I think of the day when the powers of hell will be let loose, and I often quote this Scripture, "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" If in this day and age, when everything is peaceful and you can worship God according to the dictates of your conscience — if you cannot serve Him now, what will you do in the tribulation? If you cannot live for God now, there is no hope for you this side of eternity. Some of you are

not serving God, and if you will not give your heart to Him today there will never be a time in the history of the world when it will be easier. Tomorrow it will be harder to serve God than it is today. Folks laugh at you today; next week they will scoff. By the time these great corporations have all gotten together, all the organizations and unions have all amalgamated, the Antichrist will be here. Now you cannot work unless you have a union card, no matter how proficient you are. The wealthy companies buy up all the little, independent firms, the steel mills are all organizing; it is amalgamation on every hand, all leading up to the Antichrist. And one of these days you will not be able to buy or sell unless you have the mark. The devil will say, "I do not need to hide myself any longer; I can show myself in my true light. I am nothing but the devil and you will dance to my music." No longer transformed, he is just the devil. "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, how canst thou contend with horses? And if in this land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" Thank God for the Bible and for the blessed Holy Ghost that keeps us from the snare of the devil. The Holy Ghost is faithful and warns us of Satan's pitfalls. We would surely be deceived in these evil days were it not for the Holy Ghost who leads us and guides us into all truth. We do not need to fear the delusions of the devil if we put our trust in Jesus Christ, who said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

A Phenomenal Revival through an Untutored African



DURING the last ten years astonishing and almost incredible stories have been circulating on the west coast of Africa. There were rumours of scores of churches, and thousands of Christian people, away in the bush of the Ivory Coast hinterland,—reputed to be the result of the preaching of one man. The World War was on, and nothing could be done by way of investigation. When the war ended, however, the rumors still continued to circulate, and occasionally messages came down the coast pleading for teachers and preachers. So in 1924 Rev. W. J. Platt, a Wesleyan missionary, determined to inquire into the matter. When he arrived at Grand Basan, where the Wesleyans had a church until 1922,

he was amazed at what he heard.

William Wade Harris, an untutored black man from Liberia, had stirred up the whole country around, and after ten years the work still remained. Even the Roman Catholic priests were impressed. "This man Harris," said they, "did more in three months in French West Africa than a host of missionaries could do in a hundred years." An English trader who cared little about missions said:—"I was in Fresco in 1912, and I saw Harris come; and from a debased fetishism that man changed this town into one of nominal Christianity in three days."

Mr. Platt says:—"I arrived at Abijeau in 1924, ten years after the passage of the 'prophet' Harris (they had not seen him since) and I

found three hundred people waiting for me. I passed on from there and went up country, and I found one hundred people who had walked ten miles to come and salute me. All along the railway line, wherever the train stopped—and African trains stop often,—there were little crowds of people just hoping they could get a glimpse of the missionary who had at last come. Then from there we went along to Dabu, the great centre of our Ivory Coast work. I cannot describe the scene of enthusiasm that greeted the messenger of Christ. Flags were draped across the streets, and there was bunting of all descriptions. There were people singing, singing. From there we went to another town, thirteen hours by canoe. We did not expect, at midnight, to find any of the people *en fête*. We discovered a huge procession waiting for us with torches and hymn singing. They took us into a long church—I shall never forget it—lighted by a few hurricane lamps. Then the catechist said to me:—‘Please, Sir, I ask you to take over this church (it was crowded with people) and nine other churches around us, numbering two thousand people. Give us light. These Bibles—we see them, but we cannot understand them. Open them to us.’

With deep emotion I tried to pray. These poor folk had done everything humanly possible, yet they had waited for ten long years. In the fifty thousand square miles of forest land there, Christianity had been practically unknown. It was enough to make strong men weep to see those people.”

It was in 1913 that the ‘prophet’ Harris, who belongs to the Grebo tribe, and had been converted at the age of twenty-one, suddenly appeared—a simple, old black man, well beyond middle age, of little education and no special training, except that greatest of all training,—a thorough knowledge of the Bible. Here was a man whom no missionary society would have accepted and no church would have ordained or commissioned. He went alone, with no body of praying people behind him, no funds to finance him; yet in three months he won more people for Christ than probably any missionary who ever lived. Certainly more than one hundred thousand people were brought into the fold of Christ through his brief ministry.

He preached with tremendous earnestness and with deep conviction. His powerful voice proclaimed the holiness, and jealousy, and love of God. His message was that there was one God

and one Saviour, Jesus Christ, our Lord. He called upon the people, not to think over his message, but to act upon it. “Break up your devil-houses and shrines, drive out the priests from your midst; burn your ju-jus and your fetishes; do away with your heathen dances, ceremonies, and feasts, and turn to the living God.” He sometimes threatened to call down fire from heaven on those who disobeyed. He knew his Bible, and impressed upon all its great value.

His fame spread like wildfire. People tramped long distances through the forest to hear him. He would accept no money, but he lived in their houses and ate what food was necessary. On he went from village to village, and from town to town. He seemed to have but one sermon which—like Paul Kanamori—he preached everywhere. It was a sermon so simple, so direct, so sincere, so convincing that it stirred the hearts, and changed the lives of tens of thousands. Probably no missionary ever met with such sudden and striking success. His intense earnestness, and his love for his Saviour, made his message well-nigh irresistible.

Whole villages renounced their heathenism, and destroyed everything connected with it. They repented of their sins, looked in faith to Christ, and were immediately baptized. Then the “prophet” Harris went on his way. The reality of these conversions is seen in the fact that they are enduring. For ten years the people have stood fast. The “prophet” said to them: “Build a house of God. Buy a Bible to put in it. Sing hymns. And wait for the coming of the white man.” It is computed that hundreds of churches were built and over one hundred thousand people were baptized by William Harris. And this the work of three months of preaching. Think of it—an untutored, poorly equipped old man of God, penniless and homeless, tramping through the forests with nothing to call his own except his Bible and staff—yet a man filled with the Spirit of God! During the first twelve months following Mr. Platt’s visit 160 churches were handed over to his society with the names of thirty-two thousand converts.

Harris laid good foundations. In each village twelve disciples, or apostles, were chosen, and they selected a preacher. In every church a Bible was to be placed. He told them that wherever they found a Bible, there was sacred ground. He defined a church as a place where the Bible rested. “The church where there is no Bible,”

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When a Soul Is in Touch with God

The Word of God Made Life

Miss Bernice C. Lee, Uska Bazar, India (on furlough)



IT WAS toward evening at the close of one of those wonderful days in dear India. The sun was nearing the Western horizon and the short twilight which lends its glory to us but a brief space of time, was just settling down over the land of "lights and shadows."

A missionary, passing at that time through a heavy trial and looking to God for deliverance and comfort, stood gazing out of the window of a Missionary Rest Home in Southern India. Suddenly at the gateway appeared the tall form of a gentleman unknown to her. Another standing by said, "Why, there comes Brother ——," mentioning the name of a brother missionary. Not being clad to meet a guest, the tested missionary slipped away to her room.

Darkness soon took the place of the short but beautiful twilight and there fell upon the ears of the burdened sister the sound of footsteps as the guest, who had been given the room next to hers, moved quietly about. Then softly, reverently, but in tones which indicated a soul in touch with Him, came the words, "Jesus! Jesus!"

All unconscious was the visitor that anyone was listening, but at every little interval came the sacred utterance, pouring out of a heart full of adoring love, "Jesus! Jesus!"

Sitting with wrapt attention, her eyes widening with the wonder and beauty of Him who had so often been her solace in by-gone days, a new light began to dawn, for "Jesus Himself, drew near."

Just then the stranger slipped out into the drawing-room and sitting down at the organ he began to pour forth in mellow, tender tones, God's own message to the burdened heart of the missionary, for as she bent her ear to listen she heard:

Let me come closer to Thee, Jesus,
Yes, closer day by day,
Let me lean harder on Thee, Jesus,
Yes, harder all the way.

In all my heart and will, O Jesus,
Be altogether King,
Make me a loyal subject, Jesus,
To Thee in everything.

Yea, like a fountain, precious Jesus,
Make me and let me be;

Keep me and use me daily Jesus,
For Thee, for only Thee.

Let me show forth Thy beauty, Jesus,
Like sunshine on the hills,
O, let my lips pour forth Thy sweetness,
In joyous, sparkling rills.

Thirsting and hungering for Thee, Jesus,
With blessed hunger here,
Looking for home on Zion's mountain,
No thirst, no hunger there.

At an early hour the next morning the visiting missionary brother was up and gone. The two never met, but peace and rest and victory had come to the heart and life of the needy one.

Years passed and one day in telling the story to a friend the missionary said, "It was just as though a Presence had come and gone!" God had accomplished His purpose and the fragrance and sweetness of the Lord Jesus had been dispensed because of A SOUL BEING IN TOUCH WITH GOD.

* * *

Many years ago I came one day, to a crisis time in my life. Service for Him had been very sweet; the consciousness of His tender presence had been most manifest, and the communion we had held together—my Lord and I—had been unspeakably blessed.

Then suddenly I found myself spiritually alone; stretching out before me lay a pathway that looked dark and forboding. Others I saw about me, who had their co-workers, their prayer helpers and oh, I felt the gruesomeness of the lonely shadows which seemed to be gathering in around me.

Then a terrible fear gripped my heart, "What if I should backslide!" The thought was agonizing and I clung to my Lord. Deeper and deeper grew the shadows and returning one night from a meeting, the burden of my heart seemed overwhelming, and the cry that He would hold me fast, a passionate one, came from the very depths of my being.

The hour was already late, but closing the door of my room, the household all being wrapped in slumber, I took my precious Bible and sinking upon the floor, my face pressed against the carpet, I cried out in an agony, "O God, give me something definite from Thy Word,—a promise

that Thou wilt keep me from backsliding. I will never get up from the floor Lord, till Thou give it me!"

With bated breath I waited; my spirit began to be stilled and in the deep silence which swept my soul, I heard God reminding me of the verse He had given only a few days before,—“Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.” “Yes,” I answered, “and is this death?” As He assured me it was even so, I cried out to Him for strength, for grace to *die*. And lo, as I waited, like the song of an angel, I heard in the depths of my being these words,—“I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.”

My answer had come. God had spoken and He would “make it good.” Rising from the floor my soul was filled with melody. I laughed and cried, but all very quietly in the sacredness of that hour, and went to rest with the deep, holy joy of a soul who has met God by the way.

The years have passed since then, but the sacredness of that hour has never been forgotten, and I have found that His faithfulness faileth never and “am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day,” being conscious however, that we need to watch unto prayer and live and walk in the Spirit.

* * *

How invaluable the lessons learned in the midnight experiences of our lives! How exquisite the touch of His hand upon a broken heart! Not until we meet Him face to face shall we be able to fully appreciate all that He has done for us as again and again He has graciously permitted us to come to the waters of Marah!

While asking God for a real spiritual deepening in my life, be the cost what it might, He took me at my word—blessed be His Name—and let come what seemed at the time, a supreme sorrow. I felt to say with the Psalmist, “All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.” Still, as He led me through the “fire” and the “water”—when as yet I had not come out into the promised “wealthy place,” His love was so tender, His grace so abounding, His power so unailing, that I praise Him still at the remembrance of it all.

One day the sorrow seemed more engulfing than usual and throwing myself upon my bed I cried out to Him for victory and deliverance. In-

stantly He was there and with what soothing tenderness did I hear the words, spoken distinctly into my soul, “Blessed is the man . . . who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools. They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.” Then as I listened, my whole being stilled by that mighty Presence, I heard Him say, “A well exists not for itself, but for the refreshment and sustenance of others. *If you will let Me* I will make you a well, from whence the cooling, refreshing draughts may be given to others. And the pools are the low places in your life—the scooped-out places, the places where something has been taken out; *if you will let Me* I will fill them with water and thus as you give out, I will cause you to go from strength to strength and you shall finally appear in the presence of God.” Then, as if to encourage me in the way He said, “WHAT A JOURNEY FROM THE VALLEY OF BACA INTO THE PRESENCE OF GOD!”

Out into victory He led and how I have praised Him again and again for His precious Word, the entrance of which, surely giveth light on the pathway and comfort in times of distress and sorrow. If we could but remember that we are “pilgrims and strangers” here, and that the lessons He is teaching are but to enable us to become better citizens of that heavenly country toward which we are travelling, how much more quickly we might learn and how much more joy we might be the means of bringing into the lives of others!

* * * * *

How hard we try sometimes to bring God to our way of thinking! I one day received a letter from a friend asking if I would not pray about coming to a certain city to assist in the work of the Lord in that place. Day after day went by and as yet no word had come from God regarding the matter. Other letters followed and finally the friend sent a draft to cover travelling expenses. I *wanted* to go, but as I continued to pray, it was as though God was silent. Finally one day in desperation, I shut myself up to God, pleading again with Him for permission to go. Then I sought to get still in His presence, and as I did so, I heard that voice which had spoken in times gone by,—this time in the words of Eli to the child Samuel, “I called not . . . lie down again,” or in other words, “be restful and quiet.” It was not long after that when His will was definitely revealed to me and the “open door”

proved to be one of a very different service, but how precious to await the moving of the "cloud."

* * * * *

We had been out in the village all day, in a certain district in North India, preaching the everlasting gospel to the groups of dark-skinned people. At every place they had gathered about us, and how one discerned the wistfulness of the faces, the hunger of the hearts. The evening was coming on and we had come to what we knew must be the last meeting of the day. The simple folk gathered about us once more; we watched intently the faces of one and another,—some seemed to be trying to take in what was being said, some seemed utterly unable to do so and some there were who were curious as to our dress, our white faces and our foreign accent.

Just as the meeting was about to close there arose a deep cry from my heart, "O, God, have these people HEARD?" It seemed to me that only had the sound of our voices reached their ears, that they had not really heard with the heart or understanding.

We turned to go. The sun was fast sinking out of sight. The evening air was growing chill. The people gazed after us with mute appeal written upon their faces, and just then came, what I believe was the answer to my heart cry, for softly, and as though sung by some heavenly choir, I heard the words we had so often sung, but now with a new light and meaning in them,—

Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light,

Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,

Gathered in time or eternity

SURE, AH SURE WILL THE HARVEST BE."

Giving the Gospel above the Clouds

A LETTER was sent to us from Leif Erickson, Caras, Ancash, Peru, who, with his wife and brother, is preaching the Gospel above the clouds. Caras is a little mountain town of about 7,000, where they found a little band of believers who had been meeting among themselves. At Christmas time they rented a large store building on the main square, and the place was filled, with many on the outside not able to get in.

They tell of some of their itinerating trips in the surrounding towns, which make it plain that a missionary's life is something more than standing under a palm tree with a Bible in his hand. We give just an insight into one of their trips:

"The road was steep and rugged. We spent the larger part of the day in hard climbing to go ten miles. Part of the road was zig-zag, up a nearly perpendicular mountain side, and at a dizzy height until we were on the ridge which is only a few yards wide. It seemed that the mountain would almost topple over. A misstep would plunge man and beast into the canyon hundreds of feet below. A mine owner overtook us on the way and asked us to come to his house, so the Lord had a door opened for us. The town was large and boasted much of its culture and progress. They have, almost as a whole, exchanged their popery and atheism for bolshevism, for which two university students are largely responsible. However, the people received us well and invited us to different houses where we sang hymns. As we sang in the stores

the people gathered and we told them the story of Jesus. One young man took a great interest and went with us from place to place, introducing us and opening the way for us. A worldly man who heard the Gospel was wonderfully saved and used all his influence to help us establish the Gospel in a new town, but shortly after died in the Lord. The authorities offered us the school house for a meeting, and a good crowd gathered. For the first time the Gospel was preached in that isolated town.

"After a few hours' ride over a high plateau through the clouds, we came down out of the mists into a red-roofed town lying on the mountainside and stopped at the home of a silversmith. When he heard the Gospel a great struggle began in his heart as he has a son who is studying for the Romish priesthood. The people had received word by some traveler that the evangelists were coming, and thronged about us to get Bibles and portions, seeming not to fear the wrath of the priest. In the evening we went down a dark street to a house where the people gathered for a meeting. We sang hymns, and as we sang a duet 'Saved', the Lord melted the heart of a woman who was organist in the Catholic cathedral. She was moved to tears and has taken up her cross to follow Jesus.

"We were invited by a traveler to go on to another town farther north, from whence we would cross the snow-capped mountains and return by another route, taking in many towns, but the long delayed rains are just beginning to come with force, which would make it almost impos-

sible to cross the great, high plateaus on strange trails, and we turned homeward crossing the green valley to another town lying among the clouds on the mountain side. As we looked over the whitened harvest fields I wondered who would carry the Gospel to these dying thousands. Who will go and live in these mountain towns among the natives and teach them the way of Life? What man will take a horse and ride a circuit, counting not his life dear? What woman will leave home, friends and all to enter these homes and take the Gospel to the most pitiable wretches in the world? if I were free I would go and plant the Gospel there, but there are so many needy towns around us that we cannot do justice to them all. Pray that God will raise up native evangelists to go and be spent for the salvation of these multitudes. And that there will be native congregations to stand back of the evangelists so that the saving truth may enter these towns and prove to the lost that God cares."

Miss C. S. Eady, writing from Hebron Home, Yercaud, So. India, narates in an interesting way of the sowing and reaping of the precious Seed:

"One Sunday about nine a little boy came asking to see me. I went out and found the little laddie who had listened so intently to the Gospel message as we gave it in the Bazar two Sundays before. He was a small, slight Tamil boy of twelve, with a big, white puggarree on his head, which they wear, and a cloth coat tightly buttoned round his thin, little body. He said to me, "Please can you give me any paper about God?" I gave him a simple little Tamil tract and told him to come and see me the next time he came up from his Indian town, which was nineteen miles away. The next Sunday he came again, and I told him of our wonderful Book called the Bible, where we learn how God made the world, us, and of how sin entered the world. He told me he had heard of that Book and I promised him a New Testament. Do claim this little Hindu lad for Jesus. I feel he is not far from the Kingdom.

The Lord had given us a Tamil evangelist named Paul; a man baptized in the Holy Ghost and on fire for God. His wife is our Bible woman, well-educated and earnestly seeking the baptism. About a fortnight ago Paul came in touch with a Brahmin man and began talking with him about Jesus. Finding he knew a good deal of the Gospel, he begged him to give his heart to Jesus. The man said he would come to see him

that night, but failed to do so. The next morning while at work he had a bad accident. He is an electrical engineer and fell twelve feet into a pit, badly cutting his right wrist, dislocating his thumb, and hurting his hand and his back. Paul went to see him and prayed for him. The Lord healed him and the next day he came to Paul and said, "Oh! I must know that my soul is saved!" Shortly after he gave his heart to Jesus.

He came to see me in the evening so happy, and told me that some years ago when he was studying for examinations he heard of Christ and Christianity, but that he had a rich father and if he became a Christian he would be cast out. But he no longer worshipped idols and used to pray to God in heaven. Now we praise God for bringing this Brahmin Hindu to Himself."

* * * *

Bro. Gustav Anderson and family, Shanghai, China, write of the Lord working in their five Gospel halls:

"We praise the Lord for working here. We never get so blessed as when we see the Lord working. Last Saturday thirty-two dear Chinese were baptized in water, those that had been saved last winter. One was at death's door when we were called to pray for him. They had the coffin ready, but Jesus healed him when he turned to the Lord.

"Another was one that had been smoking opium for thirty years, Jesus set him free. A family of nine was saved when their little girl was healed. Eleven little children were dedicated to the Lord the same day we had the baptismal service. A good number have received the baptism in the Spirit, some having wonderful visions of heaven, of Jesus on the cross, and standing on our platform. One new convert's spirit was taken away from her body and taken up to heaven where she saw wonderful things. Some times the meetings have lasted for five hours at a time. The hall in the Old City Mission is too small, we are planning to connect another small house to the hall.

"We have good crowds at the new mission and some have been saved. God has given us another evangelist to help in the work. This brother has felt the call of God for years but having a large family to support he was afraid to leave a good job. Recently he had a vision of some one coming to him and telling him that Jesus was coming soon and he must go out and preach. So he is helping us in the work, also his precious

wife. They are just such workers as China needs, of which there are few. May the day come when we can say of China, 'Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.'

* * * *

The Juergensen family, Tokyo-Fu, Japan, write of some precious trophies obtained through some special meetings held at their Takinogawa Station.

"Among about twenty, the conversion of a fine, stately woman of about forty will interest you the most. She had been hearing about the "Jesus" church for some months from the lips of her business manager, a fine young man who was definitely saved this spring. She being greatly burdened and sad, sought peace through "*Ten ri kyo*," a religion which is really demon worship, though they have no idols. They pray for the sick, and hold services in large temples of which there are many in Japan. But these services failed to satisfy her aching heart, and after hearing the blessed story of the cross she gave her heart to the man of Calvary. Hers was a sad story, but she is only one of many in Dark Japan.

"Sunday night (June 1st) an elderly woman in her fifties wept and prayed, her first time at the altar. Last Thursday night three men took a definite stand for the Lord after a blessed service. On Friday night we had a wonderful street meeting lasting for two hours. At the close four men stepped into the ring in response to an invitation to come to Jesus. We have been encouraged to see God work in our midst."

These dear workers have been greatly tested financially. They have two mission Stations and two native workers with families to support; they are wanting to open up another station as they see the opportunity and the great need, but their present mission expenses are \$100 a month, outside of their personal support. During the month of May they did not receive a penny until May 30th when they received \$20; a few hours later \$5 from a widow who works every day to support herself and two children. In April they received only \$17 for their stations. They say, "It is five years since we were home and only a few of our friends remember us." If we had the leading of the Lord in our giving they would not be forgotten when on the field for some time. They are now in the midst of a tent campaign which they say will cost \$60 extra. May God supply.

"We are so grateful for the famine relief money," writes Bro. Bovyer who has an Industrial Home at Chinkiang, China. "We are perplexed and distressed over the suffering, especially among the little, helpless children who cannot be blamed for the famine. It seems to me in the providence of God that this is an opportunity to bring them away from their heathen relatives and teach them the way of salvation. When we believe it will be for the best interests of the children and God's Kingdom we allow them to return to relatives when growing up. I have just returned from a trip to the North with eighteen girls who are returning to relatives. In most cases the relatives have become Christians, some in Miss Brann's mission.

"One little incident of the journey touched me greatly. At one of the stations a Buddhist nun and two old country women came aboard and sat on the floor as the train was crowded. Our girls also sat on their bundles on the floor. One of our girls who in our last revival had a vision of Jesus with a crown for her, very sweetly got into conversation with the Buddhist nun, and very tactfully led to the all-important question. In a lull in the conversation one of the girls gave her testimony. Oh, that we might have prayer for these girls as they go back to their village that instead of being absorbed in heathenism they will be flames for God!

"While in the North I was asked if we could receive some little girls whose parents had been killed by bandits. As our condition is now, we cannot take any. To save these lives for God would mean blessing. To leave them will mean, what? It seems to me that world conditions are changing for the worse. Years ago the whole world would have rushed to save these lives. Now there is indifference. I cannot understand and it distresses me."

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(Continued from page 9)

large, was quite unable to contain the enormous number of people who assembled. The impression created has been very great, and hundreds have enrolled themselves as inquirers. Some would be inclined to believe that it was true and that this was God's way of speaking to people who could not otherwise be attracted in this, the most difficult center of the Congo field."

The Physical Aspect of the Baptism of the Spirit

The Dual Nature of Man

Sermon by William E. Booth-Clibborn, Eden Rest, Clackamas, Oregon



WE are dual in nature; the outward and the inner man. Paul brings this out in 2 Cor. 4:16, in these words, "Though our outward man perish yet the inward man is renewed day by day." Our Lord makes the distinction also in these words, "Did not He that made that which is without make that which is within also?" Luke 11:40. In salvation God always tackles the man of the heart first, not the outward man for it is "from within, out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murder, etc. etc., all these evil things come from within." (Mk. 7:21-23). God always goes after the source of the trouble. He first attacks the cause knowing the effect will be altered as a consequence.

The farmer who is forever burning, cutting and tending his trees that refuse to bear fruit — is wasting his time unless he deals with their roots; the branches and the fruit are merely the effect; the cause of the trouble is the root. The root of man is his heart; what is *there* is bound to *come out*. It makes no difference whether the hand, the foot, the eye, the ear or any other member is utilized in committing sin, that member is not responsible for it. Christ drove those who argued this way to the limit of their logical conclusion by saying, "If thy right eye offend thee pluck it out and cast it from thee; and if thy right hand offend thee cut it off and cast it from thee." He did not exactly mean that we should do this but here is the gist of His teaching; if it is the hand that is guilty the hand ought to be punished, if it is the foot let the foot be amputated, if it is the eye let it be plucked out. But at that rate there would be very little of us left. The Old Testament covenant punished the man for the deed, whereas the New Testament condemns his evil heart, calls it to repentance and makes provision for a new heart, a new spirit, a new birth. In the Old Testament God did not undertake to change people's natures in the sense in which we know that change today. He did not invite them to become partakers of His divine nature. They were forever plucking at the branches of the tree, cutting the twigs and pruning the boughs, whereas the whole trouble was in the root.

Now when John the Baptist came, and this is significant, he stood as it were in the interlap time between the law and the New Testament. Interlap, did I say? If you wish a better word, the overlap time, for the law did not end when Christ died but the Scripture says *the law was until John*. Please note that. John was the introducer not only of the Person of Christ but of the Christian program of dealing with humanity. And is it not to be expected that he should give us a clue as to just where the change would be? just where the contrast between God's former method and God's Gospel method would be found? Yes! and this is just what John the Baptist did! The first thing He aimed at was the foundation belief of the Jew, the basis of all their hope of being the chosen people and of finally entering heaven. What was that? Their natural birth! They believed that all that was necessary was to be a descendant of Abraham and the rest would take care of itself, more or less. Here is the Baptist's first shot, undermining all their hopes at one blow: "And think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." Matt. 3:9. With one blast he downed all Jewish hopes.

His second shot notice still more closely: "And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the tree." Do you feel the import of that "*and now*"? Why *now*, in contrast with the past? A new method was being inaugurated. *Now* God was about to act in a different way; a greater way, the New Testament way. "*The ax*" can stand for only one thing—The Word of God. "*Is laid*" simply means, is applied. "*Unto the root of the tree,*" can mean nothing else but the heart of man. In the Old Testament, the ax, or the Word of God directed itself only at the branches of the tree, *but now* the Word of God goes straight to the root, the source, the basis of all trouble, *the human heart*.

Now John the Baptist herein enunciates the need of the new birth, a new heart, a new creation. If he downs the natural birth with the sentence, "Think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father" he removes only one thing to give place to a superior. Hence salvation is a matter of the heart. It is the *within* that God alters first, and reasonably, logically so.

What is the use of trying to purify the dirty water that runs from the tap when there is a break in the main, or the flow is being defiled at its source? It is a sheer waste of time. When we are converted and we turn to God, receiving the assurance that our sins are forgiven and that our names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life, that is wholly the experience of the inner man, the man of the heart. It has nothing to do with the body or the outward man. However, John the Baptist does not leave us here. He not only shows the futility of Abrahamic birth and points out how the Word of God in the age of grace is to be applied to the heart, but he leads us one step further. He practically says, "Just as I take your bodies into these Jordan waters, after you have repented and confessed your sins, and as I baptize you, even so there cometh one after me who is mightier than I, He will take your bodies and baptize you in the Holy Ghost and with fire." (Matt. 3:11). What was John baptizing with water? Their bodies. *John the Baptist's baptism was a physical baptism and he puts in juxtaposition with this immersion in water, the immersion in the Holy Ghost.*

It is also most suggestive to me that Christ after His ascension, when speaking to His disciples, of the Promise of the Father, should again speak of His baptizing with the Holy Ghost in relation to John the Baptist's baptism in water, for in Acts 1:5 we read, "For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." The continual placing of the two baptisms in opposition to each other was to draw attention not only to the fact that they contrasted each other in that one was in water and the other in the Holy Ghost but also to the fact that they were parallel in that both were baptisms for the body. The element in each baptism was different but that which was baptized in the element was the same. of the Holy Ghost; both the inward and the outward man He claims as His purchased possession. The inference may be further drawn in that both are Baptists in a titular sense. Though we believe in Christian baptism and all the apostles baptized, yet they were not called Baptists for they had other titles such as evangelists, apostles, teachers; and even Paul refutes the opinion that some might have held of him as being a baptizer. He says plainly, "I was not called to baptize. But John, the bright and shining light, John the herald of the Messiah is called by the Holy Ghost *the* (definite article) Baptist. So Christ is *The*

Baptist of the New Testament. No one else can baptize the physical man with the Holy Ghost and fire.

I repeat, man is dual; the inward and the outward. He is two-partite, the inside and the outside and when God prepared this wonderful plan of salvation He provided that we as Christians should not only have a new heart but His provision covered the body also. His will for the mortal frame was that it should become the temple of the Holy Ghost; both the inward and the outward man He claims as His purchased possession.

Now, very many Christians wholly misunderstand the matter of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Volumes have been written about this experience and the misunderstanding is still acute. And it all more or less arises from the fact that we have been negligent in bringing out this aspect of God's precious truth. We have failed to distinguish between having the Holy Spirit in one's heart and having it in the body. How many of us still say to the inquirer, "If you have not received your Baptism you do not have the Holy Spirit." Now it naturally follows that he will consider us exceedingly narrow in judging of his spiritual condition; his prejudices will only be increased and instead of being made to desire more of God he turns away in disgust which has been the case a thousand times. I believe that every Christian, truly born again, has the Holy Spirit in his heart. Personally I know that when I passed from death unto life and made my peace with God, my heart was flooded with the presence and joy of Christ; the Holy Spirit indwelt my heart and guided me, comforted me, led me from day to day and witnessed with *my* spirit that I was a child of God. But to have the Holy Spirit in your heart does not necessarily mean that He has made of your body His temple. When I received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost I knew God's anointing on the flesh and felt the chrism of His divine power sweep through my whole physical being. That was different.

When God saved me He not only provided that my spirit should be renewed, that my heart should be changed and that I should become a new creation through the new birth but He also knew that this wretched body of mine, this carcass of humiliation, this frame of limitation, this mortal flesh and all of its members would forever drag me down and would be to my spirit and to my soul a medium through which Satan would tempt and test, would besiege and worry. The eye gate, the ear gate, the gates of taste and sense—

how Satan seeks to attack us through these! God must have a special provision for the possession and control of the body with all its propensities and abilities, by the actual indwelling power of His Spirit. See how in the hygenic and physical culture world, the emphasis is laid upon a healthy and strong body. How the natural man treasures a perfect form! a body healthy and fit! Can it be possible that since the emphasis is so overdone on the outward by the carnal world, the Christian has altogether lost sight of it and has gotten to think that the body is of not much importance? It is true that flesh and blood shall not inherit the kingdom of God, but it is also true that Joel prophesied that in the last days God would pour out His Spirit upon all flesh. This promise seemed to the Jewish translators inconceivable. What! Upon boys and girls! Slaves and hired maids would God pour out His Spirit? That Samson temporarily had the power of God in remarkable measure they well knew. That David was possessed of the Spirit of God to perform the mighty exploits which he did they could well believe. But these were exceptional characters; such were chosen instruments who received this abundant, stimulating anointing to perform certain miracles as Elijah and his successor, Elisha; as Samuel, the prophet, and as Moses to fulfill a great ministry. But that God should pour His Spirit upon *all flesh*, this was beyond every rabbi, every teacher and student of prophecy.

The New Testament brings out this truth very pointedly that through the Baptism of the Holy Spirit our bodies become temples of God. "What! Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have from God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." I. Cor. 6:19, 20. The sentence in this text, "*which ye have from God*" is the revised reading and refers to their having received the fulness of the Holy Ghost. The injunction, "Glorify God in your body" is much neglected today. If we believed to the full extent of this statement that our very hands, our very feet and our very limbs and every minor member as well as the more prominent such as the eyes and ears, the tongue and the brain, are actually possessed of the Holy Spirit, what manner of men ought we to be? in all manner of holy conversation, walk, conduct, behaviour and action? Ah, then only may we fully comprehend the yearning of the Apostle

Paul as he beseeches the Romans by the mercies of God to present their bodies a living sacrifice. (Rom. 12:1.) The time is soon to come when humanity will be possessed either by the Spirit of God or possessed of demons, but possessed one way or the other we must be; baptized from above or baptized from below. There are but two fires. Choose which you will have to baptize you. There are but two powers contending for absolute possession of the human creature; the power of God and the power of Satan. The Scriptures teach that we are a possessed people. Just as those who yield and surrender themselves to the powers of darkness may be finally possessed by demons so the real Christians, fully yielded to the Holy Spirit will be possessed physically by God.

The early disciples had virtue in their bodies. When they laid hands on the sick they were healed; the chrism of the anointing abode in the tabernacle of humiliation; the Spirit that raised Jesus from the dead quickened their mortal bodies by the power which indwelt them. (Rom. 8:11). Hence the defiling of the body which God has so owned and claimed as His possession brings an immediate retribution and judgment. And the judgment is greater and more severe upon those who have been filled with the Holy Spirit than upon those who have not been filled. Do not marvel; the Scripture solves it; there is no guess work about this. In I. Cor. 3:16 the Apostle writes, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you. If any man defile the temple of God him shall God destroy. For the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." What a great responsibility rests upon us all to glorify God in our bodies, in every physical function of natural life? in walking, running, sleeping and eating? "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." (Col. 3:17.) God expects us to fulfill His will in an absolute consecration. Failing in this, Satan gets his chance to buffet our bodies with aches and pains; hence sickness and infirmities come upon us and we who have been guilty of defiling the temple of God, are destroyed.

We have submitted sufficient proof already that the Baptism of the Holy Ghost is primarily a chrism of power on the physical man, but there are others. The scripture teaches in relation to the reception of the Holy Spirit, the laying on of hands. Why, if the Pentecostal experience is

not on the outward man? Among those first principles of the doctrine of Christ mentioned in Hebrews six is the doctrine of "laying on of hands." In the Acts of the Apostles we see it extensively practised. When Samaria received the Word under Philip's preaching, Jerusalem heard the news and sent Peter and John to the city, who when they were come down, prayed for them and laid their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost. (Acts 8:15-17). When Paul dealt with the Ephesians in Acts nineteen, we read that when he "laid hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues and prophesied." The laying of hands upon the sick is clearly taught in the Scripture. And why? Because the bodily contact gives access for the virtue and power of God to flow from one to another. When a person is sick the negative forces of disease are in the physical frame and the divine touch of God's power must be exercised against these usurping forces of evil in order for healing to be accomplished. But I do not necessarily insist that only thus are the sick healed. Nevertheless, laying on of hands is taught in relation to the healing of the sick, evidently because Divine Healing has to do with the physical frame.

For the same reason, laying on of hands is taught in relation to the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Not that many do not receive without ever having hands laid on them; that goes without saying, but simply because the virtue, power and glory of God may so indwell one receptive body as to flow from that body into another through the laying on of hands. "And Jesus, perceiving that virtue had gone from his body" was stated in connection with the woman who touched Him in the throng. Were we who have been possessed of the Spirit of God to live as close to God as we should, we would be able to experience with Apostle Paul far more frequently the tangible, present, sensible working of the power of God with us, as he witnesses in Col. 1:29, II. Cor. 4:10 and Gal. 6:17.

I have had occasion to prove that the power of the Holy Spirit may flow from one body into the bodies of others. I recall certain meetings where this was made a special matter of prayer and time and again the people received the Holy Spirit at once. Especially in the Seattle campaign a few years ago was this the case. As I sought God daily in private prayer that I might have more virtue and be more possessed of His Holy Spirit, I found that although restricted to pray

for certain individuals, when I did they received at once.

Another clue to this subject is the peculiar use that the Holy Spirit makes of words in describing the descent of the Holy Spirit. Why the word "fell" in Acts 10:44? We do not speak of the Holy Spirit falling on those who have received only the assurance of sins forgiven. Why not? Because that transaction is inward, unseen and a matter of the heart. But it is perfectly appropriate for the Holy Spirit to use the word "fell" when speaking of the chrism of divine power on the body. Much more could be said concerning the use of words, such as "pour" "outpour" and "shed" but let this be sufficient.

We turn to the greatest proof of all that the Baptism of the Holy Spirit is primarily a physical experience. At new birth each heart receives its own conscious assurance of peace with God. Regeneration, being the kingdom of God *within* you, does not require an outward sign or proof of its consummation, since the only proof given us in the Scripture is that the Spirit of God witnesses with your Spirit that you are a child of God. And since the world cannot see this inward, mutual witness, this hidden conviction, God demands at once, following your experience of the new birth, the outward sign of water baptism, so that an outward witness may be given to all men of the inward spiritual transaction which has occurred. But the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, being a physical experience, the sign of its consummation must be physical too. If it is upon the flesh, the corporeal man that God pours of His own Spirit,—if God in His great mercy requires to possess our bodies and make them the veritable temples of His divine power, then the sign of the transaction must be a sign placed upon that body, a seal physical and tangible.

Now the body has many members. Which member has God chosen to place His mark upon? Would it be a proof that we are filled with the Holy Spirit if we danced with our feet? David danced and was no doubt blessed of the Lord but it does not necessarily follow that his body was an actual temple of the Holy Ghost because he was thus moved of the Spirit to dance. True, the foot has been a pretty mean member and has wandered into many an evil path; and it has gone out of God's way repeatedly. But it is not the meanest member in the body. What about the hand? Ah, never look your hand too straight in the face. That palm might witness against you.

If those fingers could relate all the mischief they have done, all the pilfering, all the grasping and clutching, they would have some tale to recite, and I am afraid you would be exceedingly ashamed. And if God were to manipulate the hands in an extraordinary way that would not necessarily mean that the whole body is under His control. What of the eyes? What of the ears? Every member has been guilty and has stooped to contemptible and wicked things, inspired by an evil heart. But why beg at the question any longer?

There is a slippery, slimy serpent laying in that body of yours that is meaner than all the other members put together; a deceitful, dirty, devilish instrument of the devil. The ships have their rudders and can be controlled and manned by the mariners; the horses have their harness with bits in their mouths by which they may be turned this way and that. Every kind of beast and bird has been tamed and is now being tamed by mankind, *but the tongue can no man tame*. It is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. It curses man and blesses God. It is a world of iniquity with burning, scorching, blistering fire. It changes the whole course of nature; yes, the tongue is the meanest member of all. No wonder when God fills people with the Holy Spirit and baptizes their bodies in His divine Spirit, He chooses the tongue as the instrument of His seal. Speaking in tongues is the sign and seal of the consummation of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. And rightly and reasonably so, since the Pentecostal experience is a physical experience as well as a spiritual.

Here I have spoken of only one aspect: the neglected side of the truth of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I do not deny that it has many spiritual aspects and in every respect may be called a spiritual experience. It is spiritual because it is of the Spirit of God. God claims man's body as well as his heart and spirit. He is pouring out the Holy Ghost to prepare His people for rapture, for in the twinkling of an eye their bodies are to be changed into the final manifestation of the sons of God. Oh we should live fully charged, saturated, dynamited, motivated and actuated by the Spirit of God! As the rapture draws near the physical baptism, the Pentecostal experience assumes a far greater importance. Do not fight against the Scriptures. Be careful. This experience is for you and you need it all the more since God wishes to utilize

those very members of your body in His service. Were we not called upon to witness, to testify and sing and in a hundred other ways engage in outward forms of spiritual conflict in which our physical members are used as instruments, then conviction and a change of heart would be sufficient in the plan of salvation. But we are all called to witness and God wishes to utilize our bodies in militant, active, aggressive service for Him.

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said he, "is not worthy of the name." So after Harris had gone, the people met Sunday by Sunday to worship God and to gaze upon the Bible which was placed on a table in the centre of every church. To them it was like a mighty charm, a locked treasure. There was no man to declare it unto them. When over-zealous Government officials pulled down some of the churches after the "prophet" was sent out of the country, the people promptly rebuilt them. Some of the churches are in solid granite. One is worth £2,000. The Rev. F. Deaville Walker, who was sent out from England to see something of this wonderful work, said on his return:—"Can it be called a mass movement? It was rather an avalanche! Never before has a missionary society had such a task thrown upon it. These multitudes literally threw themselves into our arms. And their one cry was, 'Teach us about God—the God we have for ten years been trying to serve!' Never have I seen places of worship so crowded. The reverence and earnestness amazed me. All their eagerness flowed out in song. I shall always think of them as a singing people."

Harris is now about seventy years of age, and, wearing his long white gown and stole-like ribbon, with the familiar cross-shaped staff, still preaches. His home is a half-ruined cottage, with a big hole in the wall, almost destitute of furniture. "*The time is short,*" he repeated again and again to a visiting missionary; and lest M. Benoit had any doubt about it, he turned over the leaves of his well-worn Bible and made him read the very words:—"THE TIME IS SHORT."—*The Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia.

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(Continued from page 2)

comfort solace their hearts in this time of deep sorrow. Mrs. Frodsham was one who lived in constant touch with God, and her personal contact with Him made her a rare spiritual helpmate. Just a little while and He that shall come will come, and those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

Some Good Books

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