



# The Latter Rain Khvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

## Isaac and Ishmael.

THE sympathies of the world have been turned towards Palestine, where the Jew is seeking to establish a national home.

For two weeks, beginning Aug. 17, Jerusalem was the scene of terror, due to massacres and riots instigated by the Grand Mufti, President of the Supreme Moslem Council of Jerusalem. This rebellion on the part of the Arabs has been brewing for some years; ever since the British government pledged itself to aid in the establishment of a Jewish nation. The Arab regards the Jew as a usurper, and more than once in recent years, since the Balfour Declaration, has Arab bitterness broken out in murder and bloodshed.

There are today 150,000 Jews in Palestine, while the Arab population numbers 809,000, about six times as many. "Why," they reason, "annihilate the Arab nation in its own country to revive a non-existent nation?" The answer is found in God's prophetic Word concerning Israel. Isa. 11:11, Ezek. 34:12-15, Amos 9:15.

Since the days of Ishmael the Arab has been the enemy of Israel. And when Mohammed came with his teaching of conquering by the sword, he found the Arab in his love of revenge and unbridled lawlessness, a ready prey to the spurious. "The Arab conquerors have won a hundred thrones and established their Mohammedanism from the Senegal River to the Indus, from the Euphrates to the Indian Ocean." They are a strong people, fierce and warlike, but they are engaged in a losing cause when they fight against God.

Prophetically, the Jew is fulfilling his mission in returning to his land and establishing a national life, but with the great Moslem world smoldering in hatred and sympathizing with the Arab, ready to proclaim a "holy war", the prospect is dark and foreboding. The Indestructible Jew, in the melting pot for centuries, will find the fires becoming hotter and hotter, until, in the Great Tribulation he finds his deliverance in "Him whom they have pierced."

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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The Secret

"I met God in the morning when my day was at its best, And His presence came like sunrise, like a glory in my breast; All day long His presence lingered, all day long He stayed with me, And we sailed in perfect calmness o'er a very troubled sea.

Other ships were torn and battered, other ships were sore distressed, But the winds that seemed to drive them brought to us a peace and rest. Then I thought of other mornings with a keen remorse of mind, When I too had loosed the moorings with His presence left behind. So I think the secret learned from many a troubled way— You must seek Him in the morning if you want Him thru the day."

\* \* \*

OUR readers have already shown their appreciation of the new feature of The Latter Rain Evangel, the religious cartoons, of which a striking one appears in this number on page 11.

Mr. Shoemaker, who furnishes us these cartoons gratuitously, is cartoonist for one of the

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leading daily papers of the city. He is an earnest Christian and takes pleasure in using his talent for God. We believe the Lord will use these cartoons in illustrating the truths of His Word, and to drive home lessons of eternal import.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mueller who have been home from India for some months wrote that they were sailing for the land of their calling on the S. S. Harvard, Sept. 8th. They are very happy to again set their faces toward India. Not being able to write to all of their friends they use this means of expressing their gratitude for the love and fellowship while in the homeland, and solicit prayers for them and their work in Laheria Sarai, Bihar, India.

\* \* \*

Miss Lillian Trasher, who made a flying trip of just four months, is sailing for Assiout, Egypt, and her "beloved babies" on the S. S. Exilonia, which leaves Brooklyn, N. Y. (D.V.) on Oct. 10th. She is expecting to take with her four new missionaries, Miss Grace Smith, who took a course at the Bethel Bible School, Newark, N J.; Miss Margaret Woolsey and Miss Bernice Meade, both from the Southern California Bible School, Pasadena, Calif.; also a Miss Ida Westpatat, a trained nurse, who is laying down a lucrative position that she may work for God in Egypt.

## God--Fingered Dust

"From the Dust He Raises His Armies, His Warriors, His Revivals"

Evangelist Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn, Edenrest, Clackamas, Oregon



HY despise dust? In a handful of it most basic chemicals known to man are found. Yet dust, dirty, dry and drab—flying everywhere about! What can it be that should interest God in such unstable, irrational matter. To man it is a nuisance in the house and on the street; an affliction to the traveller and may mean death to the caravan in the desert. We chase it all day; with exacting effort the maid removes it from the shelf and the sill, beats it from the carpets and whips it from the upholstery. It is the advance guard of the threatening summer storm. The wind wafts it upwards, helpless and high, and so diligently sweeps the ground that it powders the air—the atmosphere gets thick, the skies murky grey, the roadway harder as a thousand and myriad particles whirl in great abandoned maelstroms or eddy in tiny merry-go-rounds. Pff!—we detest the gritty tasteless grains that slip through tightened lips, and welcome the rain that soon allays the panic outside. The grand parade of confusion is over and settled, but the hurricane sent us its compliments with heavy deposits inside, the chase starts all over again. No wonder man hates the dust; but for some reason God loves it!

God made man out of the dust of the ground. The resourceful and Almighty Creator could well have chosen some other material, some other means in producing the masterpiece of all His labors. But He stooped to the Dust and shaped it into a beautiful form; a shape that quickened by the touch of His miracle hand stood compact till He breathed into it the Breath of Life.

Were there not trees in Eden's garden? The elm, the cassia, the oak, the cedar; perfect, pleasing, beautiful trees? And what of the luxuriant voluptuous tropical plants—the thousand elegant shrubs. The Eternal One need not have stooped so low, could He not have changed one of them into a man—transformed its limbs to arms, its trunk to legs? Here was life already. A certain form from which to improve, a medium that could be evolved. To say the least, it would have been more reasonable and appealing and less humbling to the pride of man to later learn that he was the finished product of a series of progressive evolutions. In his blindness, man today cannot appreciate what a supreme miracle, what

a marvel of immediate, spontaneous, creation this God-fingered, God-blown dust must have been.

Was there not a great variety of animals in Paradise? Some most advanced in intelligence and so many of superb and delicate structure. Could not the subject of God's solicitude have been composed of the material at hand? Why go back to the dust? To modern man it seems but a step from the animal world to human kind. But this was not Adam's conclusion after that God had caused the whole animal world to pass in review before him. The divine gesture was most eloquent in its simplicity. Adam was convinced that it was not a step, but much rather a chasm—an impassable gulf separating him from all the lower creations. When woman was finally brought to him, he sang her praises as superior and excelling in endowments to all the creatures of the earth—a fit help meet.

Dust so weak, so wanton! Dust! that can boast no form nor beauty! Dust! that defies description and defeats definition. Dust! without life, without color, without honor. Dust! The toy of the winds, the vanguard of the storm, the blight of summer! Ah! He whose power knew no limit, whose wisdom was infinite could not have chosen anything more foolish, irresponsible, or vacillating, deliberately overlooking that which was more superior and noble in His handiwork. In electing to handle the dirt, He selected the substance most despised,—the powdered ground *forever under foot!* Behold! How the soft warm earth responds to His wondrous touch as He gathers the material for His Masterpiece—the climax of all His labors, Man. He stamps His Image and imparts His Breath to the sod, and the wonder-work still confounds all the wise of this world! The only explanation **JEHOVAH**, the self-sufficient One, gives, is: "That no flesh should glory in His presence." No wonder that modern man bends all the resources of his intellect in an absurd and futile endeavor to disprove his humble yet miraculous origin by evolution. He refuses God that glory which is His and takes vain glory to himself. But the grave is deep and the ground is cold as his body slowly descends in its coffin—and the Word is immutable as it resounds from heaven, "*Thou shalt return into the ground: for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.*"

But the man that knows God, to whom has been granted a revelation of His majesty and glory, he is the first to affirm his house to be clay, his foundation to have been the dust. The confession is generally the same, the effect always beneficial! Listen to Job: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." (Job 42). Abraham, whilst conversing with God suddenly realizes he is nothing and cries: "Behold now I have taken upon me to speak to the Lord which am but dust and ashes." (Gen. 18:27). And so with many more, and with all of us who have ever heard or seen God—we bow in the dust! That is the place to repent, that is the place to weep; from that starting point God resumes His work in us. Even though in affliction and oppression, like David, we are made to cry, "Our soul is bowed down to the dust; our belly cleaveth unto the earth"; (Ps. 44:25). And when it seems to us that He hides His face and forgets, we may remember that even Christ exclaimed, "Thou hast brought me unto the dust of death:" yet He arose, and it is from the dust that He raises those that put their trust in Him. "Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high, Who humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth! He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that He may set him with princes, with the princes of His people." (Ps. 113:6-8).

The principle will be ever the same. It is only from the dust of broken human hopes that God can create spiritually. What He did then, to give us natural being, is a symbol of what He performs now midst the wreckage of man's aspirations, ambitions and glory. God's thoughts are ever and only for the dust. God loves the dust! He never loses glory in blessing dust. From the dust He raises His armies, His warriors and His revivals. For His highest spiritual creations He always stoops lowest. His tools—the things which are not: His laboratory—the scrap heap, the dump is His work shop! There is none broken He cannot mend, none dead He cannot revive, blessed be His Name! What is refused and rejected, what is held in contempt and ridiculed, what is thought too feeble to be of any use—that, is God's Dust! Weary, burdened, wayward hearts—broken, ruined, wasted lives; the poor, the dependent and the ignorant, the forsaken, the aged and the infants—the rubbish, the ashes (all that the fires of sin have left) the sweepings of the earth, with here and there thrown in for con-

trast, one that was wise, one that was noble,—all this God has fashioned into His terrific battle-axes and smashing through all the resistance of demons and opposition of carnal man, by ceaseless victorious conquest, has crowned His cause with triumph throughout the centuries. The mighty hosts of the redeemed have swept everything before them. The weak things still continue to bring to naught the things that are. He who "knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust" naturally wishes us to remain in that place of unassuming lowliness, spiritually. Only there can He undertake for us what we would never be able to accomplish for ourselves. It is in the attitude in which we continually sense our inability and insufficiency that our hearts are made to know Him in all the power of His resurrection.

Moses the meekest man that ever lived accomplished the most of all men of history. His favorite attitude in prayer was *on his face*, full length upon the ground, *in the dust before the Lord!* It was on a dunghill that Job saw God dejected and downcast, Jacob made a stone his pillow and lay down to sleep in the field to have God open the heavens and establish His covenant with him. In the dust of the desert, both Moses and John the Baptist received their call. Whereas Paul was knocked to the dust on the Road to Damascus before Jesus could say, "I have chosen thee a vessel!"

Dissoluble, disorganized, flowing dust, how God delights to work it! To make something of it! It is in the days of their most unpresentable aspect that religious movements have manifested most power with God. There may have been much that was extreme and dogmatic, but there was a childlikeness and humility that far out-balanced in its sweet effects that which was injudicious. A little crude, unpolished, yes, even awkward and blundering, yet, the beginnings of many a marvelous spiritual awakening because of its very simplicity and rough-readiness, and saved the hundred curses that blight the elegant, imposing, sterile church bodies that surround us.

Inflexibly established, in stolid solidity inured to change, proud of their humanitarian achievements, sophisticated through the knowledge of this world, running as precisely as machinery and like it, without heart or feeling, these religious bodies have for the most part long lost *the qualities of dust!* Dust yields!—it is pliable. Dust is light, not stiff and heavy. Dust adapts itself.

being supremely supple and most sensitive to the touch. But there is no breaking the fallow hardened ground of these institutions, they are crystalized in self-importance, and God passes them all by *to start all over again* with some offscourings of the earth. Some sod that is as the farmer loves it, soft and mulchy; he knows that sort of ground *retains moisture* and will produce almost anything. He has God's instinct for our God is the Farmer of farmers. Oh! give Him the dust and He will make the clay.

"As Jesus passed by, He saw a man which was blind from his birth . . . He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle. And He anointed

the eyes of the blind man with the clay! (John 9:1-7). Again, He who was God made manifest in the flesh, works with the dust of the earth. Again He stoops low to the ground. Again, with His fingers and His sacred spittle He makes clay. Spreading it on the blinded eyes He speaks and the light of day returns to that man who stands a type of all humanity. Ah! how shall mankind see "The Light of the World"? Just as we, His chosen dust of the ground, permit Him to take us wholly into His service. Oh! then let not the dust ever boast of itself, nor even of its qualities, since that without God's Finger, God's Spittle and God's Breath, it is utterly naught.

### Preaching in Peru

JUST before Jesus left this world and ascended to the Father, He gave the Great Commission to the church, to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He had two faithful servants in California whom He sent to the bald prairies of Canada, preaching salvation through the blood of Christ as the only and all-sufficient atonement for sin. I listened. I believed. I found something in the message that gave peace to my troubled soul. I threw away my pipe and cigarettes, and accepted of the salvation which comes down from God out of heaven. God put such a hunger for spiritual things into my heart that I used to ride twenty-one miles on horseback through the snow and cold of a Canadian winter to meet with God's children, and learn more about Him who so loved us that He gave His only begotten Son that we might not perish but have everlasting life. Such a love was almost unbelievable, unfathomable to us who had been so accustomed to the hard, cheerless life on the lonesome prairies. But He dealt with our hearts and softened them by love divine, and called us to publish the story of Him who had called us out of darkness into His marvelous light.

We left Canada and the home and friends we loved so well, to publish the story, and have been publishing it ever since. The Lord has never once left us nor forsaken us. We went into a new country and among strange people, but God had gone before us and prepared the way. When I was still on the prairies of Canada, God called me to South America, and during the time I was in Bible School He renewed my call again and again. He kindled a fire within my soul—a passion for lost souls in this dark land which gripped me like a fever, and I spent

long hours, often in the wee hours of the morning, wrestling with God that He might send me speedily with the message of light and love to those who sit in darkness. When the fullness of time came—when God had prepared me to go, He supplied my needs and sent me. Many people would like to put God in a small cage, keep Him there and limit His power to human possibilities, but God is infinite. He wonderfully supplied the money to send me to the field, and just as wonderfully supplies that which I need to carry on the work in this dark land. I came to Peru without a cent of support promised me, and God has never once let me suffer want.

How to reach the masses, has been the question in our minds for a long time. All up and down through the Andes, in the valleys and on the steep mountain slopes, there are scores of towns without the Gospel. Truly it is a rare thing to find anyone who knows the story of salvation in the towns where we have not yet visited . . . It is necessary that some sacrifice their lives to go out into these barren places and help the souls who are in darkness, struggling against superstition, vices and false teachings. Such trips are generally accompanied with cold and hunger, as well as other discomforts and many dangers to life, but those who will count all things but dross for the glory of Christ, will find a field where they can lay up treasures in heaven and reap eternal rewards, for this short life of suffering. There is a scripture in Ezekiel 22:30 which strongly appeals to me, "And I sought for a man among them that should make up the hedge and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it, but I found none."

(Continued on page 19)

## Faith--the Christian's Star in the Night

### The Subtle Power of the Unseen Foe

Mr. Donald Gee, Edinburgh, Scotland, in the Stone Church, Sept. 6, 1929



VER since an early hour this morning there has been a message on my heart for this meeting tonight. In Luke 22:31, 32 we read, "And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

You will see at once there are three outstanding characters in this message. You first of all have Simon; then you have Satan; then you have the Savior. We will first have a brief glance at Simon. The Lord said, "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat." The first thing that strikes me in this passage is the fact that Simon was so utterly and absolutely ignorant of the danger and the storm which was just about to break over his head. Our Lord, with His divine knowledge, saw what was coming, but Simon was entirely ignorant of the temptation which was about to come upon him, and of the force of the spiritual cyclone which would sweep over him. Not only was he ignorant of what was coming, but in a dangerous state of self-confidence, for a moment afterwards he said, "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison and to death." Oh how self-confident he was, little knowing the danger! And tonight as I look into your faces, the thought that grips my soul and drives me to my knees in prayer, is the realization that there is not one sitting in these seats just now who knows how near to him terrific temptation is. There is One who does know, thank God! He is in our midst. But none of us know the cyclone of spiritual temptation which may come before tomorrow's sunset; even before tomorrow's sun has risen.

Think of the privilege of Simon with his wonderful years of fellowship with the Lord! That very day he had proven his faithfulness as the Lord had told him to find the place where the supper was to be held. And yet, with it all he was unconscious of the danger hanging over his head. How subtly temptation comes! We may be subject to temptation as sudden and as fierce as Simon's, but let us remember that Jesus is praying for us.

The next outstanding character is Satan. We are all impressed, I believe, with the reality of Satan. It is not popular today to believe in a personal devil, but people who are baptized in the Holy Ghost know that he has not gone out of business. The most of us here know very well there is a real, personal devil, and we know his power to tempt. He was very real to our Lord, and however much we may sneer at such an idea today, to the Lord Jesus, Satan was a terrible reality. I am glad that he has also become a reality to us. I can fight the foe better when I know he is there. Have you not noticed that all really great souls have to have a real devil to fight? We may laugh, as we turn the pages of history, at Martin Luther throwing the ink-bottle at the devil, but it shows the greatness of the man and not his weakness. It shows his conflict with the powers of darkness. He was up against a tangible foe. How real he was!

We have here, "Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat." These attacks of Satan against God's anointed are very striking. We all know that dramatic story in the Book of Job, how Satan is introduced before the heavenly throng and wanting power to sift Job. We know that other incident in Zechariah where he is contending with Joshua the high priest on his entrance into the very court of heaven. Do not ask me to explain it. I am just giving the Word of God. But I know that in our holiest moments in the place of prayer Satan can intrude. Do we not know it in personal experience? I have been amazed when I have been locked in sweet communion with my Lord, to have temptation come even there with its poisoned arrow. I have been astonished at times when one is lifted up in spiritual communion, even there suggestions can be dropped into the heart and mind which come directly from the enemy. Oh how solemn is the revelation of Scripture! Satan can come in the very presence of God. But thank God we look for the day when he will be cast out forever.

We find in this study that Satan desires the best. He wants to get the choicest, the *wheat*. If he can get a David, that man after God's own heart, to fall into grievous sin, how glad he is over such a prey as that! One of the greatest dangers is that people play with sin and tempta-

tion because they are children of God. Some because they are Pentecostal think they can get nearer sin than other folk and not succumb to it, but I should think they ought to get further away. Sometimes when I have warned young people because I have thought their behavior was unwise, they have said, "Oh that is all right, Pastor, we are baptized in the Holy Ghost. We shall not fall." Satan directs\* his fiercest attacks against those who are filled with the Holy Ghost. And those of us who are preachers are just as subject to temptation as others. Only God knows the subtle temptations that beset the preachers. We need to walk very carefully and humbly, and this glorious baptism of the Holy Ghost gives us no cause for presumption, but rather should cause us to walk still more humbly and prayerfully. I am impressed over and over by the fact that it was after my blessed Lord was filled with the Holy Ghost that He went into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. After He was filled with the Spirit He had temptations fierce and hot and subtle, such as He never had before. I believe there are temptations that come to those filled with the Holy Ghost that other Christians do not have. God help us that this word may stir us up to watch and pray lest we also enter into temptation.

I notice, and I am compelled to notice, that Satan had permission for this testing. It says in our authorized version, "Behold Satan hath desired to have you." Moffatt translates it, "Satan hath claimed the right to have you," and Weymouth, "Satan hath obtained permission to have you." And for reasons which perhaps we may get a glimpse of before we can finish our study tonight, for different reasons the Lord does permit Satan to come and test His people—He lifted the fence around Job and Satan tempted him sore. He allowed David to be tempted and to fall. Some of us in our weaker moments wish that God would protect us from all temptation, and others of us would wish we might be tucked up in a package for heaven and marked, "This side up with care."

God doesn't give us this protection, but when all is said and done, Satan's power to tempt people is always by permission. Satan had to ask permission before he could take Peter and sift him as wheat. And if there is one thing I thank God for, in the midst of temptation, it is that the Lord does keep His people. We are kept by the power of God, and even when Satan launches his devilish attacks against my soul, I

realize it is permitted. God is Almighty. He will not suffer one of us to be tempted above that which we are able to bear.

The third character in our study is our blessed Savior Himself. Tonight my heart is full of comfort and joy as I have a vision of our Lord as our great, interceding High Priest. Oh to see Him in the glory interceding for the weakest of us! We have been praying for one another, but I thank God for the One who prays continually for us. It would be impossible for any man to pray individually and personally for all the hundreds of cases that come to his attention. And I suppose every true servant of God has the same feeling of limitation, but oh how we thank God that when we cannot pray as we should, there is One who knows us all and intercedes for us continually, our blessed High Priest! And this blessed thought comforts me for He has an individual interest in everyone of us. These great cities make us feel so small. We feel like a little speck in cities like Chicago, and New York; like London and Sydney, and yet our Savior knows and prays for everyone of us personally.

Jesus said to Peter, "I have prayed for thee." There is a wonderful little touch here in the Greek, I understand. In verse 31 He says, Satan hath desired to have *you*." The word "*you*" is in the plural, and the thought is that he wanted not only Simon, but the whole of the apostolic band. But in verse 32 the Lord says, "I have prayed for *thee*"—in the singular. What a picture of the two rival prayers, if we may put it that way, before the throne of God. On the one hand here is Satan, begging and pleading and demanding permission to attack this beloved leader of the band, Simon Peter, and sift him as you would wheat, until perchance he could bring him to destruction. Here is the desire of hatred. Then how wonderful is the picture on the other hand. You have the intercession of the great Son of God, our High Priest. "*Simon, I have prayed for thee.*" However much Satan may demand and receive, the prayers of our Lord are mighty and powerful. Jesus is stronger than Satan, although Satan is the accuser of the brethren and will continue at that until he is cast out. Our great High Priest is speaking tonight. Let us rest in this glorious comfort, that He thinks of us individually. I have stood beneath the Southern sky and marveled at its galaxy of stars. While our Northern sky is wonderful, the Southern is more so, and as I stood beneath the Southern Cross and looked at the

countless stars I was deeply moved at the thought that He who made them all is my Father. There is comfort for someone that the Lord is praying for you. Take it home with you and let it be a pillow for your head to rest upon.

Then the whole incident reveals the fore-knowledge of our Lord. He knew beforehand that Satan had desired and obtained permission to sift Peter as wheat. In a few words afterwards He tells Peter how the temptation will come, that before the cock crow he should deny him thrice. How wonderful is the fore-knowledge of God! It doesn't mean that we will be saved from the sifting, but that He will pray for us that our faith may not fail. How different our prayers! If I prayed for myself I would probably say, "O Lord! Never let me have any trouble at all." Would you not pray the same? Of course you would. If you were praying for your children you would pray, "Oh Lord, never let them have any trouble." What a "cushy" time we would have. I dare say if our Lord had prayed for Peter not to be tempted, His prayers would have been answered, but He knew best how to pray. He said, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not"; not that His servant should miss the testing, but should go through victoriously. That is how He is praying for you and me, that our faith may not fail. Oh how invaluable the sifting process is!

As I go around people come with their requests and prayers for the gifts of the Spirit. Many people are longing for the gift of healing. One Saturday night we had a very wonderful meeting at Framingham, Mass., and I felt deeply moved at the requests that were presented to the Lord. We are told to covet earnestly the best gifts, and yet sometimes one sees the wisdom of God in withholding, for if we had these gifts before we have been thoroughly tested what havoc we would make! I tremble for some of us if we had the gifts of healing. And I tremble still more if we had the gift of discernment. If you have the gift of discernment you must have a good supply of the love of God. Though I have all these gifts and have not love I am as nothing. When we have one or two meetings in which the Lord blesses us, the most of us begin to lose our heads completely, and then the Lord has to give us a dry time for a few weeks to humble us and bring us down. "Simon, I have not asked that you be delivered, but I have asked that your faith may not fail." One of the incidents in our English history gives the attitude of King Edward the Third, I think it was at the battle of Crecy. His son, The Black Prince, flung himself into the

hot of the fight. An urgent appeal was sent to the father that he was in danger, but the father took no notice of his son. When some of the nobles wondered why it was he seemed so indifferent, he said, "Let my son win his stars in the heat of the battle." God's people gain strength by being tested. Do you realize that all we really know of God has come from our experiences in the heat of the battle? I am amazed at the faith we have for Divine Healing when we are well. It is wonderful the faith we have for money when we have a nice little sum in the bank. I do not have any patriotism at all in England, but when I am out of the country how different. There has been a humbling and a contrition when I thought I had little faith, but next to that there has been a deep thankfulness in my heart when I found that after all there was a real faith there, and faith that I knew had gone thru the fire. I'd rather have a little bit of the real thing than deceive myself that I had something when I had not.

The greatest thing of all is that Simon's faith did not fail. A faith that is radiant after each trial is the greatest asset we have. I do not know what you consider is your most precious asset, but I believe it is your faith in God. You may lose everything but if you keep your faith in God you are rich. Let me lose my money or my health and strength, but give me faith in God and my life is full of hope. If I become bitter and unbelieving, then darkness has settled upon me in a night which has no stars. May God keep us in whatever test may come with our faith unailing. I was crossing the Atlantic three weeks ago with a heart that was longing to see a dear friend of mine who a few months ago was called to go thru one of the severest testings a man of God could go thru. When I left him last November little did I dream of the test that awaited him; then came the tragic news of the death of his loved one, and I was longing to meet him. Comfort him, I did not feel I could, but I was longing to meet him that I might see how his soul had stood the strain. That which I was most anxious about was to see whether his faith had failed. You can judge of the thankfulness of my heart when in a few talks we had together I found his faith had gloriously stood the test. The benefit of going thru these deep waters of bitter experience, is that we find that even then God can sustain us, and when the world expects us to turn against God and says, "Where now is thy God?" "Now curse God and die." "Is there a God in heaven? Why hasn't He answered prayer?" the child of

God goes gloriously on, with an overcoming, never-dying faith. I have marvelled at the glorious reality of faith in God, and after the storms have broken over the heads of God's children they have still remained steadfast. I am not talking now to those who have never had storms, for one does not meet a congregation like this that hasn't experienced the words of the Psalmist, "All thy billows have gone over me." "Though He slay me," he says, "yet will I trust Him."

Jesus said to Peter, "When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren." The end of God teaching me to trust Him in trial is that I may be able to strengthen my brethren when they get there. "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." There is something suggestive in the idea of an apostle being converted, and yet some of us know what it is to be converted after we *are* converted. I do not mean that one can be born again two or three times but we can have such crises times in our lives that we feel we are converted again. For instance, when we were baptized in the Holy Spirit our experience was so marvelous we wondered if we had ever been converted before. Thank God for the conversions that come even after we have become the Lord's own. Sometimes these conversions and crises come to us, even as they came to Peter, for the purpose of helping us to strengthen our brethren. I hear someone say, "Lord, is that why Thou hast permitted me to go through some of the past experiences?" Yes, I believe it is. I used to wonder why I had such tremendous trials in the early days of the work. In Edinburgh there were times when I felt I stood alone and my dear wife the only one to whom I could pour out my heart. I sometimes wondered why I had such experiences but I am finding the reason now. God is sending me to other pastors and as they open their hearts to me I am so glad that I have been through the same experiences and can talk with them and sympathize with them; I make use of my little trials in my messages and usually a pastor comes to me afterwards and says, "I have just been going thru that myself," and I say, "Yes, nearly all pastors do." How much we are able to help others when we have been through ourselves! Oh the value of the testings which God gives us!

I have five unmarried sisters-in-law; my wife is the only married girl of the six. If we want any advice on bringing up our three children my five unmarried sisters-in-law will give it. What they do not know about bringing up children is

not worth talking about, but I have often thought what a different story it would be if they had some children. I used to know everything about bringing up children before I had any, but now I think I do not know anything. I sometimes smile when I hear some people laying down the law about Divine Healing when they have never had so much as a tooth-ache. And these people who ride around in high-priced cars and have plenty of money, how they can show you just how to live by faith. But when you have had the experience, what a different story it is. I can see now that that is why the Lord allows us to be tested and sifted as wheat and when our brethren are tested we can point to the Scripture that was a blessing under similar circumstances and tell how God brought us through. And as we bring out of the riches of our own experiences, the loving kindness and tender mercies of our Lord Jesus we are used to bring a word in season to our brother. Oh we do not regret the storms then, when we are able to strengthen our brethren. This very week I was stopping for a brief time in a city and a dear young pastor took me for a little ride in his car; he took me to a strange place, the cemetery. On the way I asked him how many children he had and he said, "We had five, but one, our little John, has gone to be with the Lord." I stood with him over the grave and looking up at me with that expressive look of one who suffered, he said, "You know I used to think I knew about these things. I have conducted hundreds of funerals, but since the Lord took our little one I know something that I never knew before and it has brought me into an entirely new place." As I looked at him I knew what he meant. These are the only ways by which God can bring us into the place where we can strengthen our brethren.

If Satan is to be permitted to sift some of us as wheat, let us praise God for the High Priest in the glory who is interceding for everyone of us and praying for us; not that we may be saved from temptation, but rather that our faith may not fail. And when we have come through the testing, purified as fine gold we will be in that blessed position where we can strengthen our brethren.

"Enemies may seek to harm thee,  
Satan all his arts employ.  
God will turn what seems to harm thee  
Into everlasting joy."

\* \* \*

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## Lions that Beset the Path of the Pilgrim

The God of Daniel Is the Christian's Refuge

Pastor Ben Hardin in the Stone Church, Sept. 15, 1929



THE portion of scripture I wish to call your attention to is found in the 23rd verse of the sixth chapter of Daniel, "So Daniel was taken up out of the den and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God." And yet the same lions that absolutely could not harm Daniel, devoured his enemies.

I believe that God had prepared Daniel for the lions' den long before this decree was signed by the king. Daniel had already proven himself in the test. He grew up as a captive Hebrew in Babylon for he had been taken a captive from the land of Israel, but as a young man he had taken a firm, decided stand for God. When they wanted him to partake of the luxuries and the bounties of Babylon and set before him a sumptuous table he refused to eat of the king's meat because it had been sacrificed before idols, and right there he took his stand. He said to the keeper, Melzar, "Prove us for ten days. Give us nothing but pulse and water; feed all the other men on the king's meat and after ten days examine us and see if our God fails." And after ten days they examined Daniel and his companions and found them fairer and fatter in flesh than all the other young men of the kingdom. God can make you fat on pulse and water if you are in His will.

Then you remember how Belshazzar had that feast with a thousand of his lords and when no one in the kingdom could interpret the handwriting on the wall they called in Daniel who gave the interpretation of the writing. "*Mene*: God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. *Tekel*: Thou are weighed in the balance and art found wanting. *Peres*: Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians." And that very night after that prophecy had been uttered, Belshazzar was slain and Darius took the kingdom.

Now this same Darius that took the kingdom after such a terrible tragedy as that which had befallen Belshazzar, knew what God could do; he had some idea of the God whom Daniel served because he knew that it was the finger of God that wrote the fate of Belshazzar upon the wall. "And it came to pass even as it had

been written, that Belshazzar the king was slain and Darius took the kingdom, being about threescore and two years of age."

Darius gave Daniel a prominent position, in fact made him prime minister of the kingdom, and because of that the other princes sought occasion against him. "All the presidents of the kingdom, the governors, and the princes, the counsellors, and the captains, have consulted together to establish a royal statute, and to make a firm decree, that whosoever shall make a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions." In order to make trouble for Daniel they tried to persuade the king to set himself up as lord and have every prayer or petition made to him, as if Darius were able to answer prayer. And he was foolish enough to issue the decree and sign it; foolish enough to believe that he could grant the petitions of all his subjects. I will admit that it was in the power of Darius to grant the petitions of most of his subjects for the natural man craves nothing but natural things, and natural things can be given by a natural king. But the spiritual man reaches out for something that none of the kings of this world can give; only the King of heaven can satisfy the longings of the spiritual man. The more spiritual you are the more you long for things spiritual and no earthly king can ever grant your petitions. Now Daniel longed for something which Darius could not give and he said, "I will not send my order to Darius; he wouldn't even understand what I wanted much less be able to fill the order so I will send mine where they have the goods in stock." It is always good to buy where you know they carry the goods. So Daniel sent his petition heavenward.

He had a window which opened towards the temple and even though he knew this decree had been established and signed he went right to his house, fell on his knees and prayed thru the open window. He faced the lions and conquered them right there. He said, "If prayer got me into trouble prayer will get me out of it." You have to pray thru to be brought out of trouble and Daniel had a great many things to pray thru. He had to pray thru the king's decree; he had to pray thru the opposition and he had

to pray thru that den of lions.

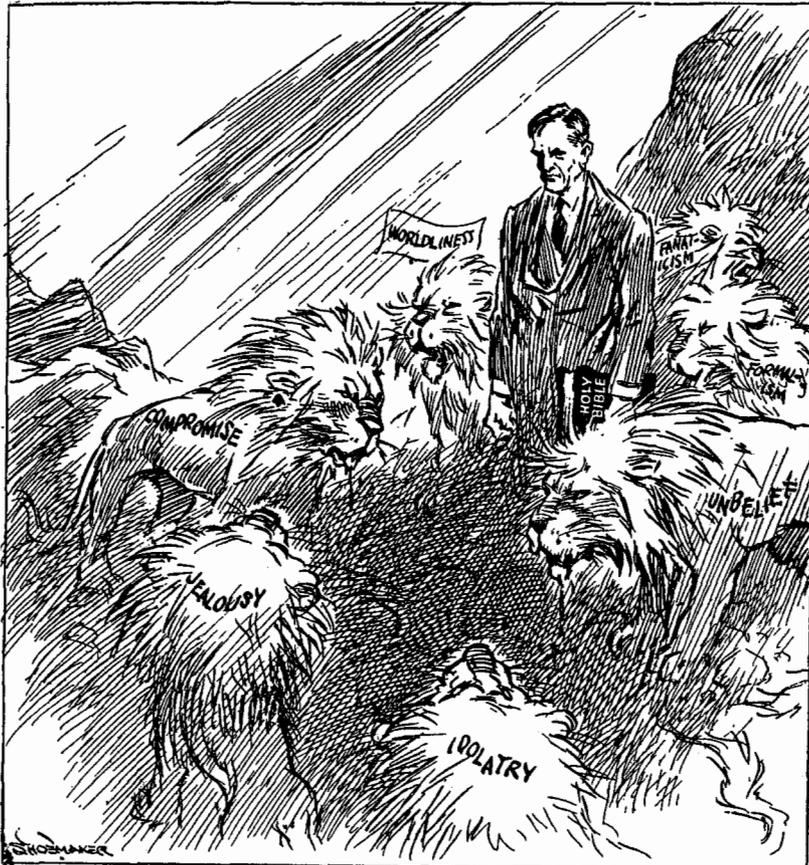
The first lion that opposed him, that which lay at the root of all this trouble was the lion of *Jealousy*; jealousy, the mother of a hateful brood. Oh the brood that jealousy can hatch! These princes and presidents of the land were determined to get Daniel out of their way so they said, "Let us get the king to sign this decree because only in this way can we trap him." And the same lion of jealousy is going around today trying to devour. It is a throw-back from the very beginning when God came down in search of Abel who had offered the lamb as his sacrifice, the

only one for whom God had respect. He said, "Cain, where is Abel thy brother?" And Cain said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Why had Cain slain Abel, that righteous man who loved God? Because he was jealous. Like begets like, and Cain is the father of this whole outfit. Look with me at the story of Haman. We read in the Scripture in the book of Esther how Haman came home highly elated over his position; he called his family together and bade them rejoice as he recounted his riches and the multitude of his children; he told how the king had promoted him above all the servants and the princes and gloried in his wealth. But the glory of it all was dimmed and he said, "All these riches and all this glory and my position avail me nothing as long as I see Mordecai sitting at the gate." Why does Mordecai seem to be the fly in the ointment? "Why would Mordecai obliterate or lessen your popularity and position, Haman?" "Mordecai is a Jew and I hate

him," and Haman was nothing but a throw-back from Cain.

We find this all down thru the Word of God; and Jesus Christ said, "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. . . . The servant is not greater than his lord." The same persecution that is following the Jew today is following us as Christians. The Jew has been persecuted by every nation on the face of the earth and he is now being persecuted by the Arabs who are trying to drive him out of the land of Palestine. The Jew with the natural promise of Jacob resting upon him, the

Jew who has prospered despite the persecution is typical of spiritual Israel. The same persecution follows spiritual Israel for she is a race without a country, without an abiding place; without a city for she seeks a city whose builder and maker is God. Just as the nations of the earth despise the Jew today so does the world despise the man who is true to God. If we were more faithful to Jesus we would have more per-



Courtesy of Chicago Daily News

**Today's Christian in the Den of Lions**

secution. We are without a country and there is no use in our trying to build anything permanent around ourselves for we have no citizenship here. And if we are true to God this world will never grant us even our first naturalization papers. When a man makes application for citizenship he swears allegiance to this country, and if he said, "I want to become a citizen and live in this country but if my own country enters into war with the United States I will join forces with my country against the United States," he would certainly not be granted any papers. If

you tell this old world, "World, I love Jesus and I love the things of God; I am disinterested in every phase and form of things that are earthly and I swear allegiance, my life and everything I have to another King," would you get papers of citizenship? No indeed. They would say, "If you love that country that is where you belong." It runs down thru all the ages. Jesus said, "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you." The jeers they hurled at His followers were, "You are one of His disciples." They attacked Daniel's allegiance to God but he kept his soul unspotted.

There was another lion that roared against this servant of God and that was that great crouching lion of *Idolatry*. They were trying to make a man who knew God and knew the power of God bow down in supplication to an earthly king, a mere man. But Daniel said, "Idolatry, you will never devour me for I shall never make a petition to anyone but the living God." Daniel had studied Exodus 20 and he had the truth right down in his soul. "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."

In my experience in the ministry I have looked into the dens and I have seen the torn victims of those who have fallen prey to this very lion. People worshipping homes and bank accounts, worshipping fine cars and the luxuries of temporal things; Dives building a wall about himself so thick that the cry of the beggar Lazarus cannot penetrate. Oh you do not need to bow down, as the heathen do, before a god of wood or stone, to be an idolator! Daniel said, "That lion will not devour me for when I pray I will pray to the living God." And he faced that lion right there in his room, and closed his mouth.

There were other lions. I could not begin to name them all, but underneath many a temptation is one which does a great deal of harm to the children of God. *Unbelief*. The king came to Daniel and said, "Thy God, whom thou servest continually, He will deliver thee." But as Daniel entered the lions' den and the stone sealed it, unbelief crept into the heart of the king and we find him coming to the den and calling in a lamentable voice, "Is thy God, whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee from the lions?" Unbelief cries, "Is thy God able?" And faith responds, "He is able." What do you think would have happened to Daniel if he had entered

the lion's den with, "I wonder *if* God is able to deliver me." Never face these ravenous beasts with an "if." Daniel went in saying, "*I know* He is able to deliver." "What are you standing on, Daniel?" "I am standing on the Word of God." Joshua said, "Lord I must have something to stand upon in order to take this people thru," and God said, "Joshua I will give you something that will take you right thru. As I was with Moses so will I be with thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." That was sufficient to take Joshua thru anything on the face of the earth. And Daniel stood on the promises from that same Book and went in the den of lions; and when the lions came roaring and baring their fangs Daniel was firmly planted on the promises of God.

Another lion that roared at him was *Compromise*. "Why face those ravenous beasts?" "Why go thru all this? Just close your window or at least, if you will pray, go into a corner. That will not make any difference." Had Daniel listened to this voice the old *lion of compromise* would have sprung on him right there. There is a lion of compromise today that is tearing thousands to shreds; they let down a little here and a little there. Pharaoh said, "You can go and worship your God if you must but do not go very far." Pharaoh refused to let the Israelites go until God visited judgments upon him and then he dropped down a notch from, "You cannot go" to "You can go but don't go very far." Many Christians have lost their testimony thru compromise but Daniel refused to stoop to anything like this. I believe the first thing he did when he went to his room was to examine the window to be sure it was open. And he didn't go back into a corner where they couldn't see or hear him but knelt right by the window and called on God. His enemies were watching and as soon as they heard him they went to the king and said, "We want you to come down there to 'Hallelujah Street.' Just stay there a while and listen." "What is wrong?" As they near the place where Daniel lived they heard someone praying, "Oh Thou God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—!" And as they listened they said, "He is asking a petition from someone besides the king. That fellow refuses to be subject to the king's command," and they brought him down and cast him into the lions' den but the lions just stood and looked at him. The song says, "The lions had lockjaw, And could not move a paw." No doubt they thought, "We cannot eat a fellow like that, he is too hard to

devour." They love the compromising kind that is flabby and soft, but a man who would stand up with a backbone like Daniel's—they wouldn't even touch; they just winked at each other and said, "We are not hungry anyway." I am certain that Daniel did not stand there and shake like an aspen leaf because of fear but I believe he did there just what he had done in his room—he prayed, "Oh God, Thou art able."

The next morning the king who had been unable to sleep all night, came and looked into the den and cried, "Oh Daniel, is thy God whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee?" And from the lions' den floated back the answer, "O king, live forever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me. I am as safe here as I was in my home. God can keep me anywhere." You say, "But if you worked where I work with the kind of men I deal with, you would compromise too." "If you had a family like my family, or neighbors like my neighbors, God couldn't keep you." Yes God can keep us anywhere. Then the king ordered Daniel to be taken out of the den and his accusers cast into it. And before they touched the floor they were torn to pieces by the lions. There is only one thing that can keep the child of God from these raging beasts and that is his faith in God.

There are other lions that are besetting the Christian; the lions of *worldliness* and of *self-righteousness* that are tearing thousands to shreds, but I can say this morning, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful who will not suffer

you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape." Daniel did not plead his own righteousness while he was in that den; he did not say, "Lord, You know what a good man I am and how I prayed with my window open so that everyone could hear." He simply stood firm on the promises of God knowing that He who had promised would also perform. And standing on His promise we can say with the prophet of old, "My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lion's mouth."

What can we say more, of the crouching lions of *Formalism* and *Higher Criticism* that are entering the church on the right hand and on the left; but if, like Daniel of old we are firm in our convictions and true to our trust, others can see the power of Christ manifest in our lives. Daniel's deliverance compelled Darius the king to write "all people, nations and languages that dwell in all the earth; Peace be multiplied unto you. I make a decree, That in every dominion of my kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel; for He is the living God, and stedfast forever, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and His dominion shall be even unto the end. He delivereth and rescueth, and He worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth, who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions." Even so, if we are bold and courageous in our testimony and not ashamed to let the world know we are servants of the Living God, He will use us in delivering many from the dens of iniquity.

## Go Ye!

Mrs. Trina M. Slagle, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa



HE above title is the command of Jesus. Let us call to mind what drew these precious words from His sacred lips. Were I preaching a sermon I would call my subject The Two Crosses, for naturally my mind goes back to the Son of God in glory, preparing to take up His cross, to leave His native country where there is no sin, no sorrow, pain nor death; where all is joy, peace, love and glory; where He constantly had the exquisite bliss of dwelling in the bosom of the Father's faultless love, with sinless angels and archangels as servants in love doing Him homage! Oh that I had words to picture the home of Jesus! His country, His Father, the associations that He left for us as they come be-

fore my spiritual vision! Even then how faint would be our realization of His cross as He said, "Father, 'the fulness of time' has come." Methinks I can see Him *willingly* laying aside the royal robes. The kingly crown is placed upon the royal robes; a long farewell to all the glorious surroundings, and He descends to earth to be clothed with the form (only) of sinful, degraded, fallen humanity, as a helpless babe in His mother's arms. For He must start at the beginning and go all the way if He would be the Savior of our wretched, fallen race.

"And He bearing His cross went forth" (Jno. 19:17). First, to another world, with which He had nothing in common. Yea, more than that, to behold the awful destruction of His pure

and holy creation. No wonder Paul said in Heb. 3:1, "Consider (to think or deliberate upon with care) the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." If we would only consider what the Captain of our Salvation suffered to bring to us eternal life, we might be more willing to obey His command "Go." All thru His earthly life He knew the literal cross was ahead, and that the hour would come when He must submit His sacred body to the powers of darkness, and that all the sins of the world from the creation until its end must be laid upon His sinless heart. And as God is too pure to behold iniquity, He must withdraw Himself from Him and let Him die as a sinner—taste the banishment from God, the death that never dies and "bear *our* sins in His *own* body on the tree." Did He shrink from His cross? The record says, "*He went forth bearing His cross.*" When He was in great agony sweating, as it were, great drops of blood, which fell to the ground, His soul exceeding sorrowful even unto death, and seeing His faithful disciples asleep, did He say it was no use, and plead for the cross to be removed? Nay, verily. He prayed that the cup of death might pass until He came to the cross, that prophecies might be fulfilled and that the world might believe. When they spit in the face of the Son of God and smote Him on the mouth did He exert the power of His Godhead and "slay them with the breath of His nostrils" as He could have done? "He opened not His mouth."

Shall we write of how He bore His heavy cross thru the burning sand to the place of execution amid the jeering throng? How He willingly laid His sacred, sinless body upon the cross of rugged wood and permitted them to drive the nails thru hands and feet that had done naught but bring blessing to all? "He, bearing His cross, went forth." Where to? To the bitter end, until He cried from that cruel cross, "It is finished!" What was finished? The redemption of fallen man, yea a sinful world!

As He rises triumphantly from the tomb, He cries, "Go ye!" Where? "Into all the world." What for? To "preach the Gospel." To whom? "To every creature." "Go" tell the world what ye have seen and heard. Go tell them that "God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son that *whosoever*"—all nations, every race in every clime—"believeth shall have everlasting life." Tell them I have finished their redemption on Calvary's cross.

Luke 9:23, "And He said to them all, 'If any many come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me.'" He finished the work that was given Him to do. Now it is left for you and me to take up our cross, leave our homes and *go* tell the joyful news to all the fallen race.

It has been nineteen hundred years since He gave this command that makes us co-workers with Him. Sweet, blessed privilege, and yet mankind has been so loath to obey that there are millions more living today that have never heard than when the command was first given. May God wake up the churches and the people who do not belong to any church. May He stir those who have the gift of the Holy Ghost as on the Day of Pentecost. Oh that He might wake up every class of believers to a sense of their obligation to those who have never heard!

What were the signs that followed those baptized with the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost? The greatest sign, as I see, was the marvelous power they had to draw the multitudes together and win them to the Christ of Calvary—to the One who just fifty days previous had been put to death because of the hatred they bore Him. Why did Jesus tell them to tarry in Jerusalem? That they be endued with power from on high. (Luke 24:49).

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." *Power* to take up our cross and follow Him amid the scoffs and jeers of the world, as He bore His cross. *Power* to "count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations, rejoicing that ye are accounted worthy to suffer shame for His Name." *Power* to leave home, friends, position, and go into any part of the world with the glad tidings of salvation, and power to win their souls to Jesus Christ. *Power* to hear multitudes crying out, "What shall we do to be saved?"—not satisfied with one revival with five or six souls making a profession and soon slipping back into the world. It is the *power of the Holy Ghost* that the church needs today. "What shall we do to draw the crowds and fill the empty churches?" is the cry of the pastors. Get the old time, Holy Ghost power. How? Pray! Pray! PRAY!! And when God begins to answer do not try to "steady the ark," for that will surely bring spiritual death. Get the power that will take out the pride, until you are willing for God to work as He wills thru whom He wills.

No one needs to tell me he has the gift of the Holy Ghost as on the Day of Pentecost that has

not an all-consuming passion for souls, and is not willing by the power of God to surmount every difficulty to reach them. People taking their ease at their own luxuriant fireside, pleasure-riding in their high-priced cars with millions of souls going down to an endless hell for lack of workers and means to carry them the Gospel and then claim to have the Gift of the Holy Ghost? It is a mockery! a travesty upon the promise of the Father! Could we see them being sent forth in scores and hundreds, surmounting every obstacle to carry the precious Gospel one might be convinced of the reality of their profession. Thank God there are a few who deprive themselves of even the permissible joys that would hinder the spread of the Gospel. I have in mind a precious brother and his wife who labored several years in Japan. Coming home, the wife invalidated, the husband left her and the baby in good care and went back alone—no one would go in his stead.

Since God has been good enough to forgive our sins, how shall we answer to Him in the judgment if we have not taken up our cross and followed Him as He commanded. We sing,

"Tell it out among the nations," but are anxious to tell everything but the Gospel. The blood of the lost heathen as well as the lost at home will be found upon some one's soul.

All cannot go. God does not require it of them. To such we would ask, "Are you fulfilling His command, 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest'?" Why then are they not going? "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Oh America! We have too much love of ease! of pleasure! There are obligations to meet and there is a judgment just ahead. He "whose eyes are like a flame of fire" will be our Judge. How shall we stand before Him in that day unless we have, as He commanded, taken up our cross and followed Him? How those eyes will burn into the soul that is found with the blood of souls upon his garment. Let us cry mightily to God to fill us with the Spirit that caused Him to go all the way. Amen! Do it now!

"And He said unto them all, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." "Go Ye!"

## Raised from the Dead

By P. Duke

*Pastor Harry Bowley of Dallas, Texas, who was one of the Evangelistic Band at Thayer, Mo., at this time, was an eye-witness to this remarkable death and resurrection, and corroborates the story. He writes that Joe afterwards gave a vivid account of his terrible experience in hell for a few hours, which made an indelible impression upon him and no doubt led to his salvation.*



IN THE month of June, 1908, I was in charge of the Railroad Hotel in Thayer, Missouri, on the Frisco Line. One evening about five o'clock while sitting on the veranda, a little Irishman walked up to me and asked to see the Manager. I replied that I was he. He then asked me if we were in need of a cook, and on being told that we were, he at once presented himself for the job. He said that he had been chief cook on ocean steamers, and had been around the world about five times. I was surprised at this as he had the appearance of a mere boy. However, this is typical of the Irish as they generally carry their age well. I hired the young man, whose name was Joe French.

This was just prior to the great revival that broke out in Thayer. When God began to work

the whole country side became mightily stirred. The band of saints who came from St. Louis to hold the meetings were entertained at my hotel. They were five in number, Mother Barnes and her daughter, Sister Flint, who conducted a charity hospital in St. Louis, Bennet Lawrence and Harry Bowley. They all enjoyed Joe's cooking and inquired especially as to who made the delicious biscuits. I informed Mother Barnes about my Irish cook and she being Irish also was eager to see Joe. She found her way to the kitchen, introduced herself to him and at once began to praise his good cooking.

Joe was not accustomed to hearing people praise the Lord and as everyone in the hotel did this he thought us a most peculiar crowd of people. He was soon prevailed on to attend the meetings, and one Sunday evening when he was present the speaker referred to the different churches (Catholic included) as being below the Apostolic standard. Joe, being a Catholic, instantly became stirred up, and the next morning when I entered the kitchen, to my surprise I found him breathing out threatening slaughter against that preacher for daring to say anything against the Catholic Church.

After some little explanation the matter was adjusted. I assured Joe that the preacher loved him and that we all were very fond of him and would do anything in our power to make him happy.

The following day, after the train dinner had been served, Joe was suddenly stricken down while in the kitchen. When the two ministering brethren entered they found him in a state of utter collapse and looking as pale as death. They summoned me and I at once ordered him taken to the main part of the hotel, these men carrying him upstairs to one of the best rooms of the house. Joe asked me to get him the very best doctor we had in town so I called Dr. Culp. After a thorough examination he pronounced the case to be malignant typhoid fever which he said was so fatal that very few ever recovered from it.

Sister Flint on being told of Joe's condition felt condemned because she was the only one in the band that had failed to speak to him concerning his soul's salvation. Being a professional nurse she at once volunteered to nurse him. For eighteen days she faithfully ministered to Joe's wants. On account of her profession she was not strong on Divine Healing and administered faithfully all the drugs that the doctor's prescription called for, which were many. About five days after Joe was taken sick, the marshall of the town came into my office and said, "Mr. Duke, I understand that you have a sick man in this hotel, and that you are letting him die for the want of a doctor." I told him that his informant had not told the truth, that I had called a doctor at the very outset, and not only that, but that I also had a trained nurse in Joe's room from the beginning. I insisted that he come up and see for himself, which he did, and was dumbfounded when he saw that he had been sent on a fool's errand.

As time went on Joe became worse. By this time God was working mightily in the meetings. Great crowds looked on from night to night as sinners were saved, devils cast out, the sick healed and numbers baptized in the Holy Ghost, speaking in other tongues. One morning while in prayer about Joe's condition I took my Bible and asked God to give me a passage of Scripture regarding his almost hopeless case. It came in a flash, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, tho he were dead, yet shall he live." Jno. 11:25. I seemed to be able to draw only one meaning from this, as the doctors in a special consultation had pronounced Joe's case utterly hopeless and told me to notify his people

to that effect. Try as I would to believe otherwise there was no alternative but the solid conviction that Joe would surely die but that God would raise him from the dead. The three doctors had emphatically declared that Joe would die before morning, but I informed them that I knew that several days ago, as God had clearly shown me this from His Word.

That same evening we had one of the most remarkable meetings in the tent I have ever seen. People were slain everywhere under the power of God. My wife and I returned to the hotel about eleven o'clock and retired for the night. At about half past one in the morning I was suddenly awakened by the nurse who was weeping and saying that Joe was dead. I arose and quickly dressed, and on going to Joe's room found that he was already washed and laid out for burial. I was quite composed in spirit and walking close by the dead man's side I felt his hand and put my ear close to his heart. There was no sign of life. I turned to Sister Flint and asked her was she sure that Joe was dead. "Dead?" she replied. "Have not I seen one hundred fifty of them die? And don't I know when a man is dead?" The Spirit instantly took my tongue and repeated the promise of Scripture God had given me, "Though he were dead yet shall he live again." She instantly became so agitated that she derided me and turning to Mother Barnes, who I had not noticed, she said, "What do you think of this man?" Mother Barnes said, "I believe that he believes God." At this the mighty power of God came upon me and before I knew what was happening I was on my knees at the dead man's head, holding him by the hair and rebuking in tongues, the interpretation of which was, "I rebuke this death demon in the name of Jesus, and command the spirit to return to this body." Instantly life re-entered the body and Joe's frame shuddered. He opened his eyes and looked straight at Sister Flint. In a short time Joe became very hungry, and as I had already told the nurse to give him anything he asked for, she was ready, and when Joe said, "I am so hungry," she asked, "Joey, what can I get for you?" He called for two poached eggs on toast and a glass of milk. This order was quickly brought and he devoured it heartily.

Sister Flint read the Bible to him during the remainder of the night and talked to him about his soul, which resulted in his conversion.

In the morning while we were all rejoicing over the good news, the doctor stepped in. He

*(Continued on page 19)*

## The Olive Leaf Company

### An Incident of Happy Childhood Days

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



GOD never sends His Word but what it returns to Him with fruit, and if this be true of the Word, how much more of the Spirit of God. We read, "And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth." (Gen. 8:11). The second time the dove returned to Noah it had something beautiful to show for its patient labor. The first time it returned empty handed. Even so in the Old Testament the Spirit of God could only accomplish what would really come to fruition in the New. Twice has the Holy Spirit been sent from God's heaven as the dove departed from Noah's Ark. At first the dove could find no place to rest its foot; even so, the Holy Spirit found no permanent abiding place under the old covenant. Oh! how we can praise God that the dove was sent forth the second time! Thank God for the church, God's true house, built by His divine power and hand, an eternal habitation to Himself. Hallelujah for the day of Pentecost, when the Dove descended again suffusing its graces and imparting its glories so broadly, so universally to the human race! Noah must have anxiously watched for its return the second time. Yes, as patiently as our Heavenly Father is awaiting the accomplishment of His divine plan in this day and age of grace. What a thrilling joy it was to the patriarch's heart to notice the precious token of the waters' abatement in the beak of the bird! And with what exceeding joy will not Christ receive unto Himself, His Bride, His Church! And in that final union receive the greatest token of assurance that the universal Reign of Righteousness is at hand.

I cannot help but think that the dove returned far faster the second time than the first; it had somewhat to show for its journey. It was more than the homing instinct that drove it as a plummet of light through the skies. It was the warrant of its whole existence! The happy outcome of all its mission! The Holy Spirit's flight is ever Godward. Isaiah pointed out that characteristic in these words, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?" Has not the Spirit of God put the longing for home in our hearts and is it not true that at every men-

tion of heaven, our souls go out to God in prayer and joyful hope?

But look! how marvelously the Scriptures are dictated of God. It is written, "And the dove came to him *In The Evening.*" And *we* are living *In The Evening* of the day of grace. The Holy Spirit which DESCENDED on the day of Pentecost to create and to purify a people called out, in the language of our text, "plucked off," is finally to ASCEND back to heaven with them. He is being outpoured all over the earth so as to hasten that great, that final event of His mission. They shall rise from the graves, and the living be caught up, *a great olive leaf company.* The olive leaf also typifies peace, and these are souls that have made their peace with God through the blood of the cross. *It is evening,* you have no time to waste. Oh! my heart's desire is that you may be in that overcoming company that must soon ascend, whose shout will ring through the skies the whole world around. As soon as the influence of this great Christian host will be removed from the earth, the world will enter into its worst tribulation and trouble. Can you afford to allow a darling sin, the dearest human friendship or the best social advantage to stand in your way so that you will fail to figure in the great manifestation of the sons of God? Oh by no means hesitate to cast every weight aside! Take care, lest self-indulgence, excess, or the cares of this life or any other detrimental influences deprive you of the greatest prize and privilege of Christian history.

You cannot afford to miss anything that God sees fit to give His people these days. It will take all that you can possibly acquire of God "to make the grade." Don't refuse anything He has for you, don't militate with a biased and prejudiced mind against the Pentecostal message for the day. To be Spirit-baptized and Spirit-filled, is God's standard; accept no lower!

How well I remember when we were all little girls and boys living in St. Cloud near Paris! What love and blessing was lavished upon the ten of us by our wonderful parents! We were great lovers of animals as most children are, and father noticed this. Once he thought he would get us a big indoor aviary, a great many wicker cages in one, and we could each choose our own bird. So down to the bird store we all trotted. Augustine

got a gentleman bird. Herbert chose the Australian finch, Eric had a poppingay and I had a parrot, I suppose because it made lots of noise, and it was interesting to watch. Of course the girls chose birds like canaries, but Evelyne couldn't make up her mind. So one morning father looked over his glasses at the breakfast table and said, "Evelyne have you not chosen your bird yet?" "No Papa." "Why not?" "Because I wish first to pray over my choice." A few days passed and again at the breakfast table father asked her if she had chosen her bird. Now Evelyne was very spiritual, and she had been asking the dear Savior which bird He would like her to have. And she said that morning, "*Une Colombe.*" (A Dove). Father wanted to know why, and I have never forgotten her answer. "Because it was a Dove that descended upon the head of our Lord and Saviour!" Father was perfectly charmed and promised her two instead of one, male and female. He hoped that they might have little ones, and got a special cage for them. He would not put them among all those uncircumcized Phillistines that were forever scratching and tearing at one another and fighting through the bars of their cages. The new cage was soon installed and became the center of interest. Evelyne had uttered a great truth. It was the Dove that descended on Jesus' head at Jordan when the heavens opened and a voice was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son." And Oh! tonight the Dove hovers over you. Let Him descend into your heart and dwell with you forever.

Have you ever heard the coo of the dove? There is no sound like it in all the bird world. In the Song of Solomon the bridegroom wakes the bride with a sweet song, "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land; the fig tree puteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one and come away." No more beautiful picture than this. And there never was a time in which God's Turtledove was so plainly calling and wooing humanity back to the heart of God as just before the Rapture.

Every morning as we gathered about the breakfast table and stood at attention before our chairs, "Coo-croo" — "Coo-croo" — "Coo-croo" — they would sing in soft tender notes as they would bow on their perches and greet us good morning. We also noticed that they saluted us the last thing at night before we went up the stairs to

bed. Those two birds were always loving one another. In the other cage there were racket and unrest but here there were peace and love; they would twine their necks about each other, and what rest and quiet! You know some things do not get into us through our heads but through our hearts, and I confess to you, that in spite of ourselves, we all soon admitted that the two doves were the choice of the birds we had. Yes, they laid eggs and you can well understand how excited we were, expecting every morning to see the little young hatched out. My parrot flew away. I climbed the highest elm tree in the back yard in a vain attempt to re-capture him. Father shouted from below, "Oh! please William don't go any higher," and I stretched out my arm till it was stiff, trying to tempt him with some little goodies, but he only sat on the topmost branch and squeaked and squawked! Other birds got away, and the cats got some of them, but the doves became a part of our family circle. Just as they had endeared themselves to us all, something happened. One morning we noticed that the male dove would not eat. This continued a few days, Evelyne taking it out and coaxing it with different foods and grain, but it was all of no use, and, it finally died. In those gentle days of your childhood, do you remember how tender your heart was, and what an event such a little thing could be in your simple life? Well, it broke us all up. How Evelyne did cry! Of course we had a funeral! The finest candy box in the house we fixed into a lovely pillowed coffin with trimmings and everything. It was a solemn occasion. Augustine preached the funeral or attempted to. We stood around as the little coffin was placed down into the earth, and a little cross erected to mark the spot. Ah! we hardly realized how much we loved that sweet little dove!

Back to the house we went with the hope that the eggs would soon hatch. But that evening we missed the cooing, the little goodnight they so fondly gave us. The dove that was left was lonesome for her mate and she had no greetings for us, no, not even the next morning. Oh! there is something so tender, so appealing in the cooing of the Dove of the Spirit of God! How many of you have heard it tonight inviting you to come to the Saviour? Oh! do not forget that the dove is more timid than any other bird, and the most easily frightened away. How tragic the condition of many despairing hearts because somewhere, sometime, they grieved the Holy Spirit of God, and no longer does it strive with them. For

there is such a thing as turning it away from your heart forever.

The dove strictly adheres to one mate all its life and its attachment to its companion is quite remarkable. Do you think that our bereaved dove could eat? Oh no! It would not touch anything, but remained perched there for days pining for its loved one. Then too weak, it lay down at the bottom of the cage, its head drooping, and how my dear sister did cry! All her little hopes had been blasted, for her darling bird was dying of a broken heart. We cried with her too, we could not help it. In her arms it quivered a little and gasped its last, and then we had another funeral. We dug another grave next to that one, and fixed a box as elaborately as we could; and when father offered to preach the funeral sermon, we all thought that would just put the finishing touch to the occasion. Seating ourselves about the little grave, he just turned the example of that dove's love and loyalty and gentleness to good account. Opening his Bible to where it says, "There descended upon Him a Dove," he preached to us about the Holy Ghost. How well I remember his words, "Maybe children, the good Lord arranged it so that these two little doves should come into our home to be a living example before you all of how sweet and gentle, how affectionate you could be if the Holy Spirit reigned in your hearts. How often you quarrel, sometimes strike each other, oh, the little doves do not do that!" And many more things did father say that humbled us before the Lord. Oh, we felt it so true, the Spirit of God is a Spirit of Love! He never forces Himself. Is never rough nor rude, but so patient and good.

Do not resist the Spirit of God tonight, do not grieve Him, do not drive Him away! As your hearts are bowed in prayer, He hovers over you now! He wants you to belong to that Olive Leaf Company. It isn't long till He'll catch Jesus' Bride away. Bid Him come to your heart and come to stay. Amen and Amen!

\* \* \* \*

(Continued from page 5)

There is a very large territory here, but no one to stand in the gap. We can ride for several days in any direction on horseback without coming in contact with any other Gospel work except that of Bro. Cragin in Huaras. To the West we could ride clear to the coast, and to the east across the great White Range and down into the forest regions and the rise of the Amazon, without finding anyone else who is telling the Gospel story except the natives in some of

the towns who have found Christ, but who are not established in the Word of God. There is a great need of consecrated workers but they must be willing to suffer the loss of all things for Christ's sake.

—Walter Erickson, Caras, Ancash, Peru, South America.

\* \* \*

(Continued on page 16)

had no medicine case this time but instead a death certificate. Joe was sitting up in bed with a heavenly smile on his face, and when the doctor saw him he was speechless. We all looked at him and Sister Flint said, "What will we do now, doctor?" He gulped at the lump in his throat, and backing toward the door muttered, "Keep on praying." He then went out. This was on Friday and on Sunday Joe was at the meeting seeking the Holy Ghost. The Lord subsequently filled him with His Spirit. He went back to Ireland and gave himself up to the authorities, confessing a crime of murder and giving the details, but they would not take any action, so Joe was clear. He preached the Gospel there and his father, mother and two sisters were saved and filled with the Spirit. He is now in this country still happy in the Lord. We heard from him recently. It is useless to state that this miracle stirred the town of Thayer and surrounding country. It put a living faith in my heart that remains to this day. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

### How God Multiplied Money

MISS MARTHA MOENICH of The Door of Hope, Shanghai, China, writes in their recent report of a very remarkable experience of how the Lord supplied:

"The end of the month had about come, and I had no money to pay my board. I had only a handful of coppers and a few 20-cent pieces. I told the Lord about it and my heart was filled with assurance that He would supply. How He would do it I left with Him.

"The day I discovered my need I had an appointment to go out for a Bible Class. I knew just what I had in my case—my Bible, notes, purse, etc. As the rickshaw was about to reach the gate I opened up my case to get out the coppers to pay my fare, when to my surprise I saw two silver dollars lying flat on my Bible. Had any person put in these dollars they would have dropped to the bottom of the case while carrying it, but these were right on the top.

"After my Bible Class, as I put back my Bible, I again was amazed to see another dollar-piece. These two incidents raised my hope and faith in God. When I arrived home that evening I had occasion to put something into the pocket of my bag, which I needed shortly after. As I put my hand into the bag to get it, I felt a piece of paper, and when I had taken it out, I found it to be a five-dollar bill with a one dollar bill folded inside. My bag had been with me all the time; as far as I know no other human hand had touched it. Now I had nine dollars altogether, but that was not enough to pay my board. Suddenly I was reminded that about three months before I had received a letter which said that the writer had received five dollars for me and promised to send it in the next mail, but it had not arrived. I was tempted to sit down and write to the person and gently remind him, for I felt that I needed the money then. The Spirit restrained me saying, 'The Lord's hand is not shortened. Leave your need with Him. He will provide.' I obeyed and left it with Him. Two days later a letter arrived from this gentleman, enclosing a check for \$50, with the words, 'I did not forget the \$5. I thought I would wait and trust God to increase the sum, and since your birthday is the first of March I thought I would surprise you.' This enabled me to pay my board and also purchase my new winter bedding.

"Full of joy I related the marvelous story to one of my fellow-missionaries. She rejoiced with me saying, 'I believe that God created that money you found in the bag, for did Jesus not once command the disciples to get the needed tribute money out of the fish's mouth?' Ever since I hear the still small voice within me saying, 'Is there anything too hard for the Lord?'"

(An even more marvelous recital of the Lord multiplying money is "The Finnish Gold Story" told by S. D. Gordon, in his little booklet by that title. Thrilling and true. Board cover 60c.)

### A Miracle of Faith

Another story from this same Door of Hope Report is equally remarkable though of a different order:

"His face was sad and hopeless for he knew nothing of Jesus' love and power to save, but he *did* know the terrible demon power which haunted and tormented him so. He had wandered from place to place in hope of evading this evil presence, but each time, after a few days, it found him out and started again to torment him. Com-

ing to the Love School as a servant was the last resort, but truly it was God who led him, unknown to himself. His mind was dull and ignorant but he was eager to hear more about this Jesus who, we told him, could save from sin and cast out demons.

"One Sunday we sent him to a mission in the city where there was a fine young native evangelist whom we knew, who would deal with him regarding his personal life. The Holy Spirit brought conviction of sin to him and he confessed that the woman he had was not *his* wife and consented to give her up. He accepted the pardon so freely offered thru the price paid at Calvary, and his sins were washed in the blood of the Lamb. Prayer was made that the demon power might be broken.

"One night as he lay asleep, the evil presence again attacked him and it seemed as if he was being throttled. 'Then,' he said, 'came a Man in white and attacking the one who was strangling me, bade him leave and I was set free.' In the morning he came to the Chapel and told of his wonderful deliverance thru Christ his Savior and Lord.

"We praise God that this man is still delivered. He is a faithful lover and servant of Jesus in the Love-School. Often he rises in the middle of the night to pray for himself, his family and many others."

### An All-night Meeting

It was a memorable day in March and the hearts of the teachers were filled with great joy, as forty-five of the Lord's own in The Love School were baptized in water, in a baptistry out under the beautiful trees. In the month of June came a very blessed revival which, Miss Dieterle writes, was very much needed, especially among the older girls. "A Chinese evangelist spoke several times giving the Word of God in great earnestness, and with it fell the softening rain on hardened hearts. With every meeting the interest deepened. It was the last night of the meetings. At 7 P. M. after the message some one rose and with tears confessed sins; then another and another. We sent the younger children to bed and all went on our knees. Confession after confession followed. Sins long hidden were brought to light. The power of the Spirit was present. Again and again one thought of closing the meeting because of the lateness of the hour, but no one seemed ready to leave, all wide awake to the working of the Spirit in our midst. We

thought of this girl and that, wondering if she also would rise and yield to the inner working of the Spirit in her heart. Yes, one by one, each arose from her knees, stood, confessed her sins and then knelt again.

"A new day was beginning to dawn on the horizon, and a holy stillness filled our hearts as we realized the marvelous working of God in our midst. Still the meeting went on. Now the rising bell rang and the last girl stood weeping confessing her backslidings and lukewarmness.

### From the Mission Fields

OUR readers will remember an appeal for prayer published some months ago in *The Evangel* that a Pentecostal work be started in Madras, that city of South India with over half a million population. Miss C. S. Eady of Yercaud, Shevaroy Hills, who has long been burdened about this need, writes praising God for the opening God has given, and for the manifest power of God. At one of the very first meetings a man came forward and asked for prayer for his body; for a long time he had suffered much pain in his back. After prayer he left the hall. The next morning he returned full of joy that he was free from pain. He is telling others of the wonderful Savior. A few days later a father and mother brought in a little girl, six years of age, who was crippled with infantile paralysis. The parents said they believed God would heal the child, and after prayer she was able to walk across the hall to her mother. Day by day she is improving and the mother tells with joy how instead of hearing the little voice say, "Please lift me out of my cot," they see the little one climbing over the side, running about the room, clambering over chairs, and improving daily.

One Sunday evening a young nurse from one of the big government hospitals was saved, and the following Sunday a young Indian student who had been saved a short time before was baptized in water at the close of a little service on the sand, witnessed by crowds of fisher folk.

Miss Eady asks prayer that the Lord will continue to bless and supply the needs of this new work. They need funds for rent and lights, for a Tamil evangelist and a Bible woman.

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Bro. and Sister Schoeneich, who left Matagalpa in Central America in charge of Mrs. Radley and her co-worker, have taken up work in Leon, where they are building a church and a

After that we rose and sang the last song. The little girls awakening from their night's sleep heard the singing and wondered if what they surmised could be true . . . 'Why could not we stay all night?' was what their wistful eyes asked, and some said, 'We also would like a special meeting to confess our sins,' which privilege was granted them that afternoon. Now it is a joy to go in and out among our older girls and see their happy, peaceful faces, aglow with the love and liberty of God."

mission station. He writes the work in Leon is most encouraging, meetings getting larger and improving spiritually. But he is much concerned over Mrs. Schoeneich's health. She has not been home for seventeen years and the constant strain is telling upon her very severely. He feels that three months in the North would build her up. Let us pray for dear Sister Schoeneich who has labored so faithfully in that land, that God will undertake that she may have a furlough and be built up.

\* \* \*

From Gashatay, North China, on the Mongolian border, Mrs. C. J. Wynn, writes that she is now in her tenth year in Mongolia, and while she cannot report great things, God is working with the people. "We are in close contact with hundreds of Chinese, two large villages are within a few minutes walk from this station; every day they have the opportunity of hearing the Gospel. We have a day school for Chinese boys; also have a few Mongols. One girl (Mongol) I have in my care has grown up a beautiful Christian, a living epistle. Also a young Mongol man and a Chinese who have now become our evangelists. So the sound is heard among 'the mulberry trees' and we praise God we believe every earnest prayer that has gone up on behalf of the people among whom we dwell, will be answered."

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Mrs. C. C. Personeus, Juneau, Alaska, writes their assembly has been built up and strengthened by a six weeks' campaign this summer, conducted by Evangelist R. S. Peterson, of Pelican, Minn. While the meetings were blessed and a few were saved their hearts are heavy at the awful indifference of the people of Juneau. "People talk about 'cold Alaska,' she writes, 'Its greatest coldness is not physical but spiritual—coldness toward God—eager for everything of a worldly nature,

but no time for the things of God. They shun a place where the full Gospel is preached.

"Two weeks ago we were given notice that we had to move our Mission, but on going to prayer the Lord assured us He had another place for us. He led us to one which is larger, lighter and better ventilated. It was formerly a dance hall and in bad condition; will give us some extra expense to fix up, and also cost more to heat. Please remember us in prayer that the Lord will make this new place a real soul-saving station."

### One Hundred Saved in Four Months

A very interesting letter comes from Mr. and Mrs. Paul K. Derr, Tukuyu, Tanganyika Territory, East Africa, dated April 21st. With their two children they arrived there last June, and camped for four months in the forest, during which time lumber was prepared for the mission and school. "The day the work was finished a messenger came to the forest to tell us that the mission home and all our belongings had burned. At first we felt sick at heart, but by the time we reached the ruins God had given wonderful peace. Two weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Spiess who with Miss Brown had preceded us six months, left for America, leaving us, with Miss Brown, in charge of the work.

"Mr. Derr added two rooms to the workshop and we were able to occupy our new five-room house the last of December. It is rather small for a family of five, but we are thankful to be settled. Altho we have had a severe test the Lord has been gracious in giving souls. Since January over a hundred have been saved and the congregation is rapidly increasing; we now have an attendance of over two hundred. . . . The people here show a real desire to know God and have filled our chapel to overflowing. We have found it necessary to make it twice as large. We have a good start on the new part which will make it possible to seat four hundred. God answered prayer and sent us a good mason and as the people want to do their share they carry the bricks free.

"Two chiefs have asked us to open missions in their villages. One has already started to build a chapel. Please join in prayer for teachers and money to support them as this is a faith work. We have a fine school of forty boys, nearly all of whom have given their hearts to God. You would enjoy our evening class on the Life of Christ and to hear how well they an-

swer the questions and sing the Gospel songs. We are four hundred miles from the railroad and nineteen miles from the nearest post office, so we seldom see a white face. We thank God that this place is still untouched by civilization, and hundreds seem to be white to the harvest."

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Miss Mattie Perry recently paid a visit to the Assiout Orphanage, Egypt, and writes that it is a miracle and a wonder to all who see it.

"It is practically a village of 523 people, besides missionaries, teachers, helpers in the work, nestled down on the bank of the Nile River. Miss Trasher now owns seven acres of this fertile land, and they raise several crops each year. They are constantly building to make room for the homeless and needy ones who come to her for a home and help, and make their own brick for the buildings.

"Miss Trasher now has seventy widows and their children, sixty-five babies, and the rest of the five hundred are boys and girls. There is not a better known and more loved missionary in all Egypt than Miss Trasher and her Institution is gratefully recognized by the Egyptian government and its officials. Many Egyptians contribute to the work. Last year she received about \$8,000 from America for the work, and about \$19,000 from Egypt, and it required it all for the support of the work. One Egyptian lady recently gave her her deceased daughter's jewelry for the work, for which she received \$537.

"Besides the regular school branches that are taught, the girls get dress-making and housework, the boys get trades such as shoemaking, carpentering, cabinet-making, etc. An Egyptian pastor takes charge of morning prayers, teaches the Bible in the higher grades and conducts religious services for the several divisions of the Institution. I consider this to be one of the most wonderful missionary works that I have seen in any country. Some of the boys preach in the near-by villages."

\* \* \*

*"Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;  
Think of yourself as 'he' instead of 'I';  
Pick flaws, find fault, forget the man is you,  
And strive to make your estimate ring true.*

*The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink;  
Love's chain grows stronger by one mighty link  
When you, with 'he' as substitute for 'I',  
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by!"*

### Seeking the White Man's Book

IN THE year 1831 four Nez Perce chiefs made their way over the Rockies and were found on the street in St. Louis, asking, "Where is the white man's Book of Heaven?" General Clark befriended them and showed them everything of interest in the town. Two of the four fell ill and died. Before the remaining Indians departed, General Clark gave a feast to them, and in a farewell address at this feast one of the two poured forth his burden of sorrow in words of pathetic eloquence as follows: "I came to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly open for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blinded people? I made my way to you with strong arms thru many enemies and strange lands that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty! Two fathers came with us; they were braves of many snows and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great water and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me teepees. They were tired in many moons and to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me to where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You showed me images of the Great Spirit and pictures of the Good Land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell me the way. I am going back the long trail to my people in the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts and my moccasins will grow old carrying them, and yet the Book is not among them! When I tell my poor, blind people after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on a long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words."—The Dawn.

### A Successful Tent Meeting

The Juergensens in Tokio, Japan, held a very successful tent meeting during the summer months. In launching these tent meetings they usually march up and down crowded streets, singing and giving out the invitation, but this summer the crowds came of themselves, night after night, large numbers remaining at the close to learn about our Jesus. During the eleven

days eighty definitely expressed the desire to follow the Lord. But the chains of custom and fear are holding some from becoming real Christians, chains which only prayer can break.

Three and four hundred children attended the afternoon meetings. Two and three members of families found the Savior: a mother, her daughter, and son; several promising young men, a stately middle-aged man and his wife. A young woman who sweetly gave her heart to God told how one day she was hurrying home from an errand, and heard the song, "Jesus loves me," coming from the throats of three hundred or more children in the tent. The time when she had sung that same song in a Sunday School in her home village flashed before her, and she came at once to the meetings, weeping for her sins and attending every service.

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Names, left to right, commencing at the top: Ricardo L. Mercado, Edith E. Zader, May H. Thompson, Delbert E. Gribbling, Norma M. Sides, Juna V. White, Muriel Miner, Ella A. Kiser, Elizabeth Day, Faith L. Stacey, Hilton D. Coaplen, Hilton T. Park, Bertha Ekhoﬀ, Effie H. West, Solon W. Welch.

Nearly half of these have received definite calls to mission fields. Pray that they may be guided and strengthened and that all needs may be met.

The time has now come for young people to assemble in Bible Schools, to study the Word of God and train for the work of the ministry. Those who wish to enter the Berean Bible Institute should write at once to the Dean, W. R. G. Phair, 590 Fir St., San Diego, Calif.

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