



# The Latter Rain Kvangael

The days of Heaven on Earth

## Thanksgiving

Gazing backward thru the portals  
Of the year that's passed away,  
How we thank Him for the blessings  
He has given day by day.  
There have been glad hours of sunshine,  
With His conscious presence blest,  
Days of holy, heart-communion—  
Wondrous hours of peace and rest.

How He's come and walked beside us,  
Thrilling with His presence rare,  
Till our ways seemed all illumined,  
None save Jesus saw we there,  
And with eager, childish longing,  
Like the ones of long ago  
We have prayed to tabernacle—  
We have plead to have it so.

But our Savior in His Wisdom  
Led us downward from the height,  
Bade us seek the poor and needy,  
Bade us bring to them the light.  
And as thus we labored with Him,  
Seeking pearls amidst the slime,  
We've exclaimed with deep thanksgiving,  
"HE is with us all the time!"

So we'll take our journey onward  
In the year that lies ahead;  
Filled with eager expectation,  
Not forboding, fear and dread.  
But forgetting all behind us,  
We'll press forward to the prize,  
For the very next Thanksgiving  
May be with HIM in the skies.  
—Bernice C. Lee.

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

Judah Buys Armageddon - - See Page 20

**The Latter Rain Evangel**

Published Monthly by  
The Evangel Publishing House  
18 W. 74th St., Chicago  
Anna C. Reiff, Managing Editor  
W. E. Booth-Clibborn, Field Editor  
Miss Rose Meyer, Assistant Editor

Entered as second-class matter, April 8, 1909, at the Post-office, Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

**Subscription Price**

**TO ANY PART \$1.25 (5/6s) per year in advance  
OF THE WORLD 65c (3s) six months in advance**

Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. Send drafts, express money orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. Foreign Countries send International money orders. Do not send personal checks unless 10 cents added for exchange.

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**A red cross on your wrapper signifies that your renewal has been received.**

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**Thanksgiving Day in the 17th Century**

**T**HAT First Thanksgiving Day in Plymouth Colony! Can we visualize it? They had just passed thru the darkest of all days. The winter of 1620-21 had gone, and with it half of their number were laid away on the hillside. A plague had swept over the little heroic band of undernourished Pilgrims and they had passed thru the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Of the one hundred who had landed on Plymouth Rock scarcely fifty remained. In the dead of night they carried those who died up on the hillside, leveling the ground where they were buried so that the Indians might not know how their ranks had been depleted. Among those who had gone were the first governor, John Carver, and his wife, Katherine.

But the summer that followed was abundant in grains and vegetation. Friendly Indians had shown them how to grow corn and vegetables, and how to procure game. When autumn came the men gathered the barley, the wheat and the corn, and said, "Let us thank God for it, for He gave us the sunshine and the rain, and caused the grains to grow," and Governor Bradford proclaimed a feast. Then the Pilgrims said, "Let us invite the friendly Indians and have a Thanksgiving feast." The men went hunting and brought back wild geese and duck, and the Indians came bringing with them five deer. For three days Chief Mas-

sasoit and his Indian braves stayed at the little colony. What a strange gathering it was! The Indians with painted faces, dressed in deer-skins, trimmed in feathers and fox-tails, sitting down to eat with these Puritans who had braved terrific storms on the Atlantic that they might worship their God! They never had heard men pray to the great God of heaven until those ninety men, women and children gathered on that festive occasion and William Brewster thanked God for His goodness to them during the year. Among them were the backbone of the Massachusetts Colony, Governor Bradford, the historian; William Brewster, the leading elder; Edward Winslow, the scholar and writer, who negotiated the treaties with the Indians, and Capt. Miles Standish, the strong, rough soldier.

They felt very jubilant over the harvest, thinking they would have enough to carry them thru the winter, but in November the Fortune came from England, bringing thirty-five new colonists and no supplies. Among this new company were some who were undesirable—came for the love of adventure and hated control, and added to the burdens of the colony.

In the years that followed the governor appointed fast days instead of feast days—not days so much to abstain from food, for they were get-

*(Continued on page 19)*

## When He Was Thirty Years of Age

True Heroism Born in Humble Surroundings

Donald Gee at the Chicago Young People's Rally, Lake View Assembly, Sept. 7, 1929



THE message I want to bring to you tonight is about being Thirty Years of Age, and I want to take you to three outstanding characters in the Bible where it definitely states that they were exactly thirty years of age.

The first character I want you to study with me, who the Word of God says was thirty years of age, is in Genesis 41:46, "And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh king of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt." The thought that grips me is this, that at thirty years of age Joseph was ready to enter upon his life work. By the time he was thirty, school was out; his preparation was finished. I am not now speaking of that schooling which we have in our schools and colleges but that deeper schooling which comes from God. By the time Joseph was thirty he had so wonderfully and perfectly mastered the divine lessons put to him by the great Teacher that he was ready to enter upon his greatest life's work. Let us take that thought to heart so that those who are not yet thirty may determine, by the grace of God, to master the lessons which the Lord gives them to learn. We have a delightful glimpse of Joseph when he was about the age of seventeen, just passing from youth into manhood. At seventeen Joseph is a dreamer and seventeen is the age for dreaming. Didn't you dream when you were seventeen? But mark you there are dreams which come true and they were the sort which Joseph had. Let us not be too hard on the young man or woman of seventeen if he or she is dreaming, for some of them may come true. Dream away, but let your dreams be dreams that are born of fellowship with God and of an ever-enlarging vision of the field which is the world. Joseph was dreaming at the age of seventeen, but he little guessed the path that lay before him in the fulfillment of those dreams. I thank God that when we dream we do not always know the events that lie between the dream and its fulfillment. Tonight it is my joy to stand here with some of my dreams fulfilled; I dreamed when I was seventeen and the fulfillment of some of those dreams are mine tonight. Yes, God has fulfilled the word, but little did I know the pathway by which He would lead

to their fulfillment; if I had I might have shrunk back.

Two or three years rolled by in Joseph's life and at the age of twenty we find him thrust into prison. It is a tragedy, from one point of view, which should move the heart of every young person, to think that this young man passed ten of the most golden years of his life in the prison cell; and not only that, but eating into his soul was the fact that he was there unjustly. From twenty to thirty! Think of it! Those years when youth is running at high tide and when we enjoy everything with a supreme zest. But Joseph spent those very years in prison and yet God's hand was on his life and he was on the way to the fulfillment of those dreams.

We have just one little touch when he was twenty-eight. Pharaoh's butler and baker who had been in prison each had a dream and Joseph interpreted these dreams and there is a very human touch where Joseph says to the one who is about to be released, "When it shall be well with thee, remember me." He had been there eight long years and tho his faith had not failed, yet he was sorely tried and did want to get out. How natural is the touch there and how equally natural is the way that the man forgot all about it. May the Lord make us grateful. As I go around I get to appreciate gratitude more and more; one of the hardest things to bear is the ingratitude of people for whom we have done all in our power. And Joseph is forgotten by the one to whom he had shown a favor.

But at the age of thirty the lessons are learned and school is finished and out he comes into the limelight to be at God's best. Having seen these glimpses we come now out into the sunlight and get a picture of two glorious victories. The first we well know. It was the very thing that had taken him into the prison at the age of twenty and that was a glorious victory—the victory over fleshly lusts. I do praise God for a Savior that can give us victory over these things that attack us. As one who is a pastor and has had to mix into the intimate relationship of life, I want to say that the downfall of so many is because they never get victory over the grosser passions of life. We have a Savior who can keep young men and women pure and holy. One of the greatest secrets I know is feeding my soul on that which is pure,

for how can I have pure thoughts if I do not feed my mind on that which is pure? Thank God for the blessed Spirit that gives us that which is pure and holy. Yes, Joseph had victory over the lusts of the flesh, but what is more wonderful to me is the victory which Joseph had over bitterness.

One of the loveliest pictures given us later on is where he has not a single trace of bitterness towards his brothers. You know the story how they came to Egypt wanting bread; how their brother, unknown to them, is the prime minister of the land and how Joseph plans to put the money back into his brothers' sacks and then the special piece of silver and all the rest of it, and how he delights in their confusion. And then we have the picture of them being gathered together, talking in their Hebrew tongue and having no idea that Joseph understands. And as they talk Joseph is overcome and breaks down and is having to hide his tears, and then they tremble when they find out who he is. What an opportunity for revenge! What an opportunity to pay them for the way they had treated him, but how glorious is the victory; and there is not a trace of bitterness or revenge. Thank God for a salvation from bitterness. Is anyone here bitter? The Lord is able to deliver. Bitterness nearly cost me my life on one occasion. I had been blessed with glorious victory until a time when I was treated very unjustly in my business days. So unjustly that if I had gone to law I could have received remuneration. The bitterness came into my soul and I fell sick. I do not know what you believe on the relation of sickness and sin, but I know they are close brothers; and as bitterness came into my soul, sickness came into my body. Prayer was offered but nothing availed. And as a young man of thirty I had whooping cough. If you have whooping cough at thirty it is no joke. And on top of that I had bronchitis, and my life was really in danger. And all the while at the back of my heart was that bitter feeling and it was not until I found the grace of God for victory that deliverance and healing came. "Lest any root of bitterness spring up and trouble you." If there are any here with bitterness in their hearts you get it taken out, for God is able to take bitterness out and bring sweetness in. I do not want to go thru the world wearing green spectacles. Joseph is lovely tonight as he stands before us at the age of thirty in one of the highest positions in history and his heart washed white from any root of bitterness. No wonder that God could trust him with power.

Then at the age of thirty he was full of the Holy Ghost. In Gen. 41:38 we read, "And

Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom *the Spirit of God is?*" If you want a testimony which rings convincingly, be filled with the Spirit of God. It is easy to be wonderful in the assembly, but may God help us so to live that the friends we mix with in the home may know that we are filled with the Spirit of God. Pharaoh said, "Can we find such a one as this, in whom the Spirit of God is?" And thus we have the picture of Joseph when he is thirty years of age, with his divine training finished and ready for his life work. A dreamer at seventeen and at twenty years of age he is put into the hardest school of all! Then going thru ten years of grinding hardship he comes out purified and without a single trace of bitterness, and is filled with the Holy Ghost! There is a curriculum for you before you are thirty. Who will go in for it?

The next picture is in II. Samuel 5:4, "David was thirty years old when he began to reign; and he reigned forty years." Here is another young man thirty years of age ready to commence his life work in the glorious reign which has been the most illustrious in the pages of history. David was only thirty when he began to reign, but how much had happened before he was thirty! There is an early glimpse of David which is delightful; that wonderful scene in the old cottage of Jesse when Samuel has come to find another king for Israel. Jesse's sons are called together and they come marching in, confident that they are able for the post, but there is not a single witness in the heart of Samuel that God had chosen any of these boys. When they have all passed by there is a puzzled look which they cannot make out and then Samuel says, "Are these all your sons?" And Jesse replies, "Well, there is one out in the field keeping the sheep." So Samuel says, "Bring him in." And as the lad of fifteen comes in, ruddy and of a fair countenance, instantly Samuel feels a wonderful leaping of the Spirit and hears a voice, "Arise, anoint him!" and amid the astonished gaze of the family David kneels before the prophet and the anointing oil is poured upon him. And then it says, "And the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward." Filled with the Holy Ghost at fifteen! God loves the young people and I hope that we shall get a bigger vision of what He can do with them. We have such a strange idea that one ought to be so old and ripe before God can use us, but history does not bear out that idea. I suppose it was about the time when David was around fifteen, that he had that memorable experience of killing the lion. And

then in the long years between twenty and thirty, about the same ten years which Joseph spent in prison, David spent in homeless wanderings. Think of it, from twenty to thirty without a home! Wandering around in the mountains and in the caves, homeless and hunted until he said, "My life is like that of a partridge; verily there is but a step between me and death." We are apt to forget his youth during this time. Of all the touching scenes, the most striking is that given us of David one day when he was homesick, and he said, "Oh that one would give me a drink of the water from Bethlehem." Exiled from home and chased here and there by a relentless foe, within an inch of death and longing for home! Oh for a drink from the well at Bethlehem! Tonight we can find victories in the life of David which are beautiful. This time of which we are studying was the age of forming friendships, and what a wonderful boy David was for friendships! He formed one which has been a model friendship thru all the years and today one never meets young men who are extremely friendly but what we call them "David and Jonathan." Friendships have a wonderful place in young lives; God didn't intend young people to go off alone. But let me say this—I speak to Christian young men and women—"Watch your friendships," because in your early years you are most easily influenced. When you get older you are better able to stand the contact of other lives without being influenced, but between the ages of twenty and thirty our friendships can mar or they can make us. Some of the saddest wrecks I know of have come thru mistaken friendships. Above all, watch that friendship with one of the other sex that possibly is intended to form a union of husband and wife, and let that step be taken drenched in prayer. I get rather angry when I see a titter come over a congregation when a preacher dares to speak about courtship and marriage. We ought to be able to speak about these things plainly. When we see the wreckage that has come into lives thru marriage we ought to speak of it more and warn others. Hold all friendships in the fear of God and with prayer, and always remember that we are commanded not to be unequally yoked together with unbelievers. I could tell you of things that would make your heart break, but I am now reminded of a young girl who was saved at the age of fifteen. She was the picture of health and was full of life and before the Lord saved her she gave us much trouble in the meetings, but thank God, He got hold of her life and saved her. I remember kneeling beside her the night the Lord just

reached down from heaven and baptized that girl in the Holy Ghost and never will I forget the light of heaven that filled her eyes. And then the Spirit of God spoke thru her in other tongues. Oh what a wonderful baptism God gave her! I saw God use her in a wonderful way; I have seen her stand on the street and plead with souls; I have seen her there with men and women around her, some of them drunk, and she would get right down on her knees and plead with them to come to Christ. Then she received a call to China and was making plans to go to the mission field. How glad I was! She taught a Sunday school class—and the first intimation I had that things were not going right was when she wanted to give up her class. She had formed a friendship for a young man who was utterly worthless. I talked to them both and prayed with them, but he said, "I want her," and she, "I want him," and so they were married. Today she is right back in the world. A life saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit, a life that could have been a flame for God, wasted because of a wrong friendship. May the Lord help us to be separated unto Him, and may He give us sanctified friendships. A holy friendship is the greatest boon we can have, and I am sure the Lord can give us more Davids and Jonathans.

Then there is another point about David. Joseph got victory over bitterness and David got victory over revenge. One of the most thrilling incidents in the life of David was when he went into the cave one night thinking to hide, and Saul with three thousand picked men came and encamped for the night around the very entrance of the cave where David was hidden. Little knowing their danger they settled down for the night and Saul retires for some sleep. Then you know the story of how David's men gathered around him and said, "Now David, here is your chance." And to make the temptation doubly intense, they said, "God Himself has given him to you. God has delivered your enemy into your hands," and they urged David to rise up, take his revenge and slay Saul. One of the most glorious victories I know of is where David says, "God forbid that I should touch the Lord's anointed." Have you ever gotten a measure of the moral influence of David? David had such moral influence that he held that great army in leash and not one touched Saul that night.

And then if I see the Holy Spirit in the life of Joseph how much more wonderfully do I see Him in the life of David. Have you realized that many of those Psalms which have been such a blessing

to us were written by David before he was thirty? They have been the heritage of God's people all down the ages. "David was thirty years of age when he began to reign."

Then the last character we look at tonight is mentioned in Luke 3:23, "And Jesus Himself began to be about thirty years of age, being the son of Joseph." Here is the greatest picture of all for Jesus was about thirty years of age when He entered upon His life work, and as we very hastily glance at some of the pictures of His life beforehand there is one thing in particular that I want you to see this evening. Joseph and David seemed to take heroic measures for their training, but Jesus—how did He come to the place of His life ministry? He came there by years of humdrum life in the home and in the shop in Nazareth. Is it not the hardest thing of all to let God have His way with us in the humdrum of things? We all want that which is exciting. It is so fine to be an evangelist and go around to different places, but how different it is to be a pastor! We can see God preparing Joseph in prison and David in the wilderness, but the blessed Lord lived His years of preparation in the humdrum of the shop and the home, in his little village. We have a little picture of the monotony of this life when it says, "He went into the synagogue as His custom was." As I go around and see the young people I realize that there are many who are living a very ordinary sort of life. You go to work and do your day's duties and then come home and you keep this up year after year and month after month with only a short vacation in the summer. You started when you were twenty perhaps and now you are nearly thirty. You say, "There is nothing heroic about me. I am exceedingly ordinary." Shall I say something, reverently? So was Jesus. Until He was thirty He was very ordinary as far as the routine of His life was concerned. He was extraordinary in that He was tempted in all points as we are and yet without sin, but He was ordinary in His daily walk and yet He allowed God to have His way. And at thirty years of age God says from heaven, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." May God give us grace to stick it out and be faithful in the humdrum things of life. Of course in Scotland we stick it out so much that sometimes we get stuck in the mud, but when I think of David Livingstone sticking it out there in the swamps of Africa and Mary Slessor with her arduous duties, sticking thru thick and thin, I praise God for their ability to go thru and stick to it. "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved." May God save us from continual

sensationalism. There are people in our Pentecostal assemblies who are never satisfied unless you are dishing up the latest sensation all the time. Many people can fly in the Spirit and some are like frogs, they hop in the Spirit, but the Lord says, "Walk in the Spirit." May God give us grace to walk.

And once again I want to put in the Pentecostal touch, for I am a Pentecostal preacher 100 per cent and am not ashamed of it. We saw how Joseph was so full of the Holy Ghost that a heathen king took notice of it, and we saw how David had been so filled with the Spirit that before he was thirty some of these marvelous prophetic Psalms came from his lips and his pen. But Jesus is the most wonderful of all from one point of view because He is the Son of God and tho for thirty years He has been living a life spotless and perfect, yet now something more is needed to launch Him upon His life work. At the age of thirty I see Him coming humbly with the crowd and asking John to baptize Him. As He comes up from the water the heavens open and a voice speaks, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," and the Holy Ghost descending in bodily form upon Him, baptizes Him in the Holy Spirit. As I think of Jesus Christ at the age of thirty entering into His life work and then at the age of thirty-three gloriously rising from the tomb, I think of another Scripture which says, "We shall be like Him for we see Him as He is," and I am looking forward to being thirty-three forever. Some of us will have the clock put back on the resurrection morning—some of us are forty-three or sixty-three or seventy-three, but *then*, thirty-three forever.

Young people, may God help you to see that God can cram so much into the few years that are left that as you put your life into His hand, He will so work and move that you too can be ready for your greatest life work at thirty. And for us who are older, may God help us not to despise any man's youth, for I believe that He still has some Timothys to use.

The Twenty-Second Annual Convention at Glad Tidings Tabernacle, 325-329 W. 33rd St., New York City (Robt. A. Brown, Pastor), will be held Nov. 15-29.

Pastor Donald Gee of Edinburgh, Scotland, whose ministry in this country has been greatly blessed, will be the principal speaker during these fourteen days.

Services will be held each day at 7:45 p. m., except Monday. Afternoon services from Tuesday to Friday, inclusive, at 3 p. m. Nov. 24th will be Missionary Day, at which time missionaries from different parts of the world will speak.

## God's Furnace Turns Our Brown to Gold

The First Creation Marred, the Last a Perfect Vessel

Ben Hardin in the Stone Church Sept. 29, 1929



OUR lesson this morning is on the first six verses of the eighteenth chapter of Jeremiah. God here spoke to Jeremiah and said, "Go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words." He was not to speak to Jeremiah thru His Word only, but He was about to teach him thru an object lesson. You remember how often Jesus used the ordinary things about Him to teach great spiritual truths.

After God had spoken, Jeremiah went down to the potter's house and watched the potter as he wrought a work on the wheels, and the scripture says, "The vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hands of the potter." We do not know whether it was the clay that was faulty or if the trouble was in the making. Sometimes in some batches of clay there is not the proper mixture and sometimes it is tempered too much in the burning when it becomes brittle and hard and is likely to crack of its own accord. Now Jeremiah watched the potter as he made the vessel and shaped it. You will notice the clay was perfectly pliable in the hands of the potter; he fashioned it according to his design and purpose.

In the great potteries they do not make all the vessels of the same design and shape; they make themselves acquainted with what the public needs and wants and manufacture those that are easily marketed. For instance, the large glass factories do not confine themselves to making glass tumblers for if they did the world would be flooded with tumblers and there would be **no market for** them. And so the same factory that makes glass tumblers will also manufacture many other kinds of glassware of various shapes and designs. In a great house there are many vessels, some to honor and some to dishonor. It is a good thing that your house does not have only the beautiful vases because if it did, it would not be properly equipped. It also needs the frying-pan and many other useful vessels. The vase cannot stand the fire but the frying-pan feels at home on it. There are no hand-painted roses or elaborate decorations on the frying-pan, but it is a very useful and necessary article in the home. Some vases are painted with beautiful designs, but are delicate and fragile and require careful handling. Just so some vessels in the church are beautifully

decorated but very fragile and you have to handle them with great care or they will leave the church; but there are pans that are strong enough to weather any storm and they are the life and back-bone of an assembly. They are dependable and you can place them anywhere.

The potter had in mind a perfect vessel, an object of beauty and of his own creation. Just as the sculptor sees the statue complete before he touches the clay, and just as the artist sees the picture complete before the brush touches the bare canvas, back in the mind of the potter was the perfect vessel. In the great mind of God was the image of a perfect creation, so God takes imperfect man, marred by sin, and out of the mingled clay and Divinity makes the God-Man, Christ Jesus, the perfect Vessel. Faulty at the beginning, marred in the making, He brake the vessel and out of the same clay He molded another vessel; He didn't discard it, but He used the same material to make another Vessel. I believe that sometimes we are not shapened exactly as God would have us to be, because we refuse to be clay and allow God to work out His plan for our lives. He is saying to us as He said to Israel of old, "Cannot I do with you as this potter?"

While coming to church this morning our elevated train was held up at the draw-bridge while a large lake steamer was being towed up the river. A little bit of a tug came up that river pulling a great big lake vessel. It seemed incredible! That huge lake boat had its arms folded, so to speak, and the little tug, which had a lot of fire in it chugged up the river and pulled that boat to the exact place it was to go. I have noticed that every once in a while God sends a tug, with fire in it, after us. I have seen him send, II. Corinthians 4;17, right down after a person, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Listen! God never puts us into the fire and leaves us there to be consumed. He has put us into the furnace of affliction but for a *moment*, and this "light affliction" which God permits to come upon us will work for us. It is God's little tug which will pull the Christian into the channel of God's will.

As the potter watches his pottery very carefully and does not permit the furnace to have

more heat than the vessel can stand, so God watches over His children with great care, and does not permit the fire to become too hot. When I was a boy I had a friend whose mother was a painter of china, and had large classes which she taught in this art. It was quite popular then. On Saturdays this boy was scarcely ever allowed to play as were other boys because his mother had him help her. I used to watch him as he carried large baskets of painted chinaware to the furnace where they were fired. I saw baskets filled with vessels which were daubed with every imaginable color, and around the edges were big, brown blotches which looked very ugly to me. I said in surprise, "Is that what your mother does?" "Yes" he said. "And your mother is a teacher?" "Well!" I thought to myself, "Your mother needs to be taught. Those blotches look like nothing but daubs." But my chum said, "You just look at these things when they come out of the fire. These brown daubs will turn out gold, and these seemingly dead colors will come out a beautiful lustre." And sure enough, the very designs she had expected and had prepared on them were worked out in the fire and there was certainly a transformation wrought. The fire had accomplished what nothing else could have done. Some of you wonder why you are such a dull brown, but you will turn out gold if you will allow God to put you in the fire. If you remain dull brown and ugly it is because you refuse to be put in the furnace. These *afflictions* work for us and bring us into the center of God's will.



Courtesy of Chicago Daily News

#### God's Word Piloting Us

Do you know that when you come under the blood of Jesus nothing can touch you but that which God permits? Do not get the idea that the devil is running things. When you put yourself in God's hands all hell cannot touch you unless He permits. When people criticize you and revile you it is all for a purpose. Perhaps God is turning some of that dull brown into gold. All of these things work for us "*a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*" Sometimes God sends the little tug of II. Cor. 4:17 to pull

a big lake steamer, a rebellious Christian, into His Divine will, but he refuses to go. He says, "Why should I always have to suffer when other people get along so well. I will shape my own destiny." Affliction never works for anyone but the person who submits to it.

Then I have seen God use another little tug for some Christians, the little tug of Romans 8:28, "And we know

that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." God has a purpose for each one and He sends Romans 8:28, the little tug, to pull you into His will and channel. Job cries out, "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him," and he adds, "But He knoweth the way that I take. When He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." His wife said, "Curse God and die. You are just a misery to yourself and everyone else." But Job said, "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him." "How can a just, holy and merciful God afflict you with boils when you are His child?" said his wife. But Job knew the source of his boils.



God permitted Satan to turn dull, drab, brown Job into beautiful gold. Job said, "I will let this affliction pull me right out of my misery into a wonderful place in God." Oh that we might be truly clay in the hands of the Potter to shape and fashion us according to His will!

The lake steamer, the *Kayuga*, had not a thing to do but to hold still. If the vessel could talk it might have said, "I wonder if this little tug will ever pull me thru these dangers?" It is wonderful what power a little tug has when the big vessel holds steady, but if it had attempted to steam and plunge ahead it would have made it very much harder to pull. If the lake steamer had gone up the river in its own power it would have become damaged by the piling and the obstructions in the stream. This was the place where it was necessary to relax and be towed or propelled by another power. So the Christian must go, not in his own might and power, but guided by His Spirit, as we read in Zech. 4:6, "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." May God help us to be yielded to the master touch of the Potter, worked by His power, His might and His Spirit.

The first vessel the potter made was marred, but from the same clay he molded another vessel, one that was perfect. God's first creation fell. He made man out of the dust of the earth, but man sinned. He was faulty, he was marred. Then God said, "I will make another vessel of the same material, and I will permit Him to be tempted in all points as man. They called Him not Adam but Jesus. He was born of a virgin and was made of flesh and blood. He was God and Man because He was conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary. "He was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory of the Only Begotten of the Father." When Pilate examined Him so carefully—that wishy-washy Pilate who would have given much to find something by which to accuse Him in order to ease his conscience—he had to stand up before the world and say, "I find no fault in Him." If he had examined the first Adam he could have said, "He has failed God and brought sin upon the human race." If he had examined some of us he could have brought all sorts of accusations against us, but in Jesus he could find no fault. After God had broken the first Adam who became marred thru sin, then He made the last Adam, Jesus Christ, a perfect Being, a Lamb without blemish.

If you are molded after the first Adam you

are molded a sinner and doomed to die because God brake that vessel. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." The new creature is not molded after the old natural Adam but after Jesus Christ, and because He lives we shall live also. He imparts divine life unto us, and being made in the image of Jesus we have life eternal.

God is continually molding us. We are yet far from being like Jesus but He is working with us. One time I visited a zoo and beside me stood a lady who had a lump of clay and a little stick in her hand. We were watching some beautiful birds called egrets, one of which was perched on a little twig. This lady beside me began to work with her clay, smooth it down here and touch it up there. I supposed that she was trying to copy that bird because she was looking at it all the time, but when she first began I could see no likeness at all in the clay. Long before she was finished, however, I was certain that she was making that bird because it took on its shape. The longer she worked at it, the greater likeness there was, and when she was thru putting on the fine details, I stood amazed and said, "Is it possible that a human being can mold anything so perfectly?" Today many of us are being molded into the image of Christ. The Master Potter is shaping us here and fashioning us there, and if we will always be clay in the hands of the great Potter, He will perfect us thru Christ, a perfect bride for a Perfect Bridegroom.

"Have thine own way, Lord, have Thine own way, Thou art the Potter, I am the clay.

Mold me and make me after Thy will.

While I am waiting, yielded and still."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Anna Sanders writes from Mexico City of large crowds who come to hear the Gospel. She says, "We just closed a District Conference and from eight to nine hundred were present every evening, tho we were in the midst of all kinds of trouble. My heart rejoices at what the Lord has done, as I see the young men and women sing the praises of God with eyes closed and uplifted hands. Great things the Lord has done for us during the last eight years; thousands have heard the Gospel, and tho not all believe yet God has saved many from awful lives of sin."

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Our Field Editor has been holding campaigns in Southern California. As we go to press he is at Bethel Temple, Los Angeles.

## The Last Adam's Drink

Let God Fill Your Water Pots with Wine

Evangelist Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn at the United Kingdom Witsuntide Convention, London, England



It is not my purpose to deliberately shock such a splendid christian audience as faces me this afternoon, with the title "*The Last Adam's Drink*," but I make no defense, for such I choose to call this message, though in an immense crowd such as this there cannot fail among my hearers to be some who are proverbially British in their conservatism.

First let me say that Christ was not called the Second Adam, else we might now be expecting a third. He is properly called by Scripture "The Last Adam"; for the Bible speaks of but two races—the natural and the spiritual. The first Adam was the federal head of the natural race; the Last Adam, Christ, is the federal head of a spiritual race, the race of the born-again sons of the Living God! And these are they who have been made to partake of the Last Adam's drink.

The secular world calls water "Adam's Ale," and *with good reason*. I do not think Adam had anything else to drink but water. Alas! Noah was not quite so simple. Water, however fresh and pure, is generally tasteless, insipid and flat! It has no complexion, no color, vigor or life. This is why when in the Scriptures it is made to serve as a type of divine life, it is qualified and called "Living Water" or "The Water of Life." Now wine holds a unique position in symbolism. Wine is the type of divine life, divine joy and blessing. Wine has color, flavor and effect. Wine is the Last Adam's Drink—the wine of the Holy Ghost which He shed upon them who believed and awaited the fulfillment of His Promise on the Day of Pentecost. We are a spiritual people, beloved of God, and enlightened by His Spirit to understand that all natural things have a spiritual significance and meaning. I do not believe that anyone here will be so narrow as to find fault with my taking wine as an illustration of the Spirit of God.

Before I point to my text let me tell you that one fact has always seemed to me of the greatest importance concerning this subject and that is that Moses' *first miracle* was to turn water into *blood*; whereas Christ's *first miracle* was to turn water into *wine*. We read that none of the Egyptians "could drink of the water of the river" and that it "stank" for "there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt." But when

Christ turned the water into wine, it was a different story; everyone drank and enjoyed it, so much so that the Governor of the feast called the bridegroom and said, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." The lesson is plain and yet I have rarely seen it interpreted; the marriage of Cana is so seldom preached upon and when it is, impossible and conflicting views are so often given that its great lesson has been lost to most of God's people.

The clew is found in the contrast between Moses' and Christ's first miracles. Water stands for *human natural life* as we see it on every side. Moses made natural life unbearable, almost unliveable, with the law and the ten thousand ordinances and ceremonies the Old Covenant instituted. Every day life to the Hebrew became an intolerable burden. Peter said that it was a "yoke upon the neck, which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear" (Acts 15:10). Natural life without the law was bad enough and dead as insipid water but the law turned it into blood so that none could drink of it without disappointment and depression. It was abhorrent and repulsive at best. Praise God, Jesus came and took the water of natural life and through the grace, the truth and divine life He imparted to it, turned it into wine.

Now you will notice that in the second chapter of John Jesus and His disciples were invited to the **marriage** at Cana of Galilee. We do not read of His preaching there, nor of His being a prominent person in the festivities; the whole force and emphasis of the story surrounds the fact of the transformation of water into wine by His Divine Hand. And that we might not underestimate the occurrence, the Holy Spirit says, "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory." And what should further arouse our interest is the fact that only the Gospel of John records this "first miracle." Then again, only once in His whole ministry did Jesus' mother approach Him or inform Him in the way here related. She is brought forward with evident intent to better frame the significance of the wonder. Most of Christ's great miracles in John's Gospel were followed by a sermon the theme of which was founded on the nature of the wonder just performed. For instance when He fed the multitude, multiplying the loaves and fishes, He spoke

on His being "The Bread of Life." When He had opened the blind man's eyes, He delivered His address on "I am the Light of the World." When Lazarus was raised from the dead He proclaimed Himself as "The Resurrection and the Life." But when He turned the water into wine He preached no sermon about it nor gave us a lead as to the spiritual meaning of the marvelous deed. It was eloquent enough!

It was a marriage—hence Jesus our Lord saw fit without sermon or comment to touch natural life at its most sacred and important time. The fact that He lent His Presence there and was one in the joy and the festivity of the occasion, sanctifies the married state and the mated life forever. But marriage is the very foundation of life in the natural; birth, death and all human experiences are consequent to it. Matrimony is the very ground and inception of all human existence. When our Lord intimately touched the marriage at Cana so as even to provide the most important food, He touched all of natural life at its root and no other deduction can be given to the marvelous miracle but that He had come to transform the whole range of human life for the Christian, the believer, from water to wine!

Is it not true that without Christ, life is nothing but tasteless, insipid, sterile water? Nothing savory, palatable or refreshing about it! No wonder worldlings spend millions entertaining themselves and will go to the limit to forget their troubles and their bore. Look at the business man! Do you mean to tell me that his daily grind of work does not get tiresome and monotonous? What a slavery the industrial routine can become to those that must toil for wife and children! Life is a wretched humdrum, a miserable servile drudgery to most of us. The maid with her endless round of duties must often hate the very monotony of her work. How tedious it must become to be eternally scribbling figures in a bank, or forever pounding a typewriter in an office! or washing stacks of dishes in a restaurant for a living! Our much-boasted modern civilization has multiplied us a hundred such dull and numbing occupations which in their very enervating commonplace repetition sap all the vigor and vitality from us. And they will go to any extreme to get away from it all, just to have a little relief, a little change. Who would blame them? "Oh!" but someone objects, "All are not automatons, mere cogs in the huge modern world-machinery. Many people have better

chances in life. Some are masters of their time and not forced by circumstances to earn a living, but are well-to-do and independent." Yes! that may be so! But I have seen and moved among this, sort too and known them at their best; and they also are sick at heart with the ceaseless round of social functions and parties. The richest of the rich are as the French say "*blase*" and wear away in a wasting high-life of disillusionment and emptiness. Hunt where you will—go where you please, mere natural life may have many different phases, but everywhere it is nothing but water of which the more you drink the more you will thirst. Solomon seemed to know all about it, and he had of all men the best opportunity to prove his conclusion: "*All is vanity and vexation of spirit!*" This was no hurried declaration, no hasty word. He said "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun"; "Whatever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy"; "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity." And it is surprising how the very smallest trivialities irritate and exasperate us. When we who are Christians get tired of dressing and undressing, catching trains, or writing letters, or hunting for a lost key—I hate keys! That's one reason I'll enjoy Heaven—no keys to hunt for all through your pockets. Hallelujah! No electric push-buttons, no rents to pay, no bills to bother you! Nevertheless, we who have had the miracle of Cana in our lives know well how that Christ can meet us in the very smallest things and so bless us that we are made to sit in heavenly places with Him, above and beyond all of the limitations, conformities and infirmities of human existence.

Have mercy therefore with the millions that know nothing of *the stimulation of the Divine Wine!* Do not blame them if they vainly seek some diversion, some excitement to break the relentless grind of their vapid lives. You gain nothing in condemning them. Supposing they gorge the picture shows; supposing they crowd the ballrooms and fill the grandstands of the race courses—they are but seeking a little temporary surcease. Their lives are so drab and uneventful, they crave a little mental opiate, and they care not particularly where they obtain it and how, as long as they can be delivered from their *uninteresting selves and unchanging environment.* That explains the popularity of the novel through whose pages they envisage themselves in another's shoes; allow their imagination every flight of fancy only to wake up with a thump when the book is done, more tormented than before. It is

the same with theatricals, with the plays and what not! It is all just a form of intellectual drugging. Christ did not come to condemn the world; He came to turn the water of natural life into stimulating, invigorating, sparkling wine—Hallelujah! Oh! let us give them this wine that has no after ill effects, no sorrow, no disillusionment! Let us tell them of the powers of the Kingdom of God, of its continual pleasures and of its exquisite glories. Once they have tasted to the full of this effervescing Heavenly Wine they will be cured forever!

Now no one could be more sympathetic and compassionate of our peculiar and restricted state than the Christ of God. He who was acquainted with our very dust, must have fully appreciated the shackles of our bondage. Ah! who could better comprehend what a miserable confinement human existence was than the Eternal Deity whose Holy Person knew no limitations, no, not even by the bounds of His created universe. Blessed be His name! "For as much then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same"; "He took on Him the seed of Abraham. Wherefore in all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren". (Heb. 2:14-17.) You see He took our nature that later He might make us partakers of His. Oh, it is beautiful! It is wonderful! To me the great wonder is not alone that He was very God; not how much, how lofty, how great Christ was, but how low He stooped! He felt the weight of our fetters, the drain of physical fatigue and weariness; the obstinate demands of our animal instincts continually calling for food and for sleep, etc. He must have appreciated to what an extent our senses seek to dominate us. Not only did He touch life in all its varied forms and experiences, but in that fearful conflict in the Wilderness He was tempted in all points like as we are, without succumbing to sin.

Now, since He was God, He must have been *most delicately sensitive* to all the trials, habits and ventualities that go to make up living on the natural plane; and I believe that every one He touched made an *intense impression* upon Him. With us impressions are so easily forgotten, our memories are so faulty, but with Him it must have been otherwise because the Spirit of God indwelling Him without measure, marked, photographed, as it were, in His sacred memory, in His heart of hearts every single incident of His life, from His childhood days in Nazareth right up to maturity. This is why the scriptures say He can be such a "mindful and faithful High Priest" to

us; easily touched and affected by our infirmities, seeing He so fully sensed, when clothed in our humiliation, the full extent of our poor humanity! God be praised!

Now back to the wedding. He is there, sitting among the guests and taking it all in. Remember that this is the Christ, the "Emmanuel"—"God with us" and that already for thirty years He has endured this incarceration in mortal flesh. He is one in spirit and in mood with all the rejoicing company. How beautiful! how lovely! Everybody loves a wedding. My little girl Catherine is forever dressing in bride's clothes and if she has been married to my Billy once she has been married in play to him a hundred times, I am sure. There isn't a human being that doesn't respond to the call of a wedding. It is the zenith, the very mountain top of natural life. All is hope, all is expectancy and anticipation! Here the plans and the dreams for the future capture the imagination. Everyone is the bride and groom's well-wisher and admiration is at its sincerest. How opportune for our Lord to fix this occasion intentionally for His first miracle! His own brothers were there, His own mother a guest, and it seems I discern in her words, "They have no wine," the explanation for all of this world's sorrows and tears. Oh, don't begrudge the little fun, the little frivolities they are running after! Brother, sister, they have no wine! Don't be hard on them! Restrain from your bitter criticisms. I know it is a fearful sight to see a hundred thousand going to the boxing bout. It is pitiful to see the glitter and hear the clamor of the dance halls at night, but sister they have no wine. *The more they drink of water the more they thirst.* Our mission, my mission, the mission of these brethren assembled on the platform with me this afternoon is to be the dispensers of the divine wine of the Kingdom. Oh! with what design the divine Hand staged the background of this story! How wonderfully God ordained it was to be the mother of Jesus that should take the prominent part and should tell Him of their lack. His mother! the very one from whom He had obtained the natural life—through her He was destined to transform the tasteless liquid into the very elixir of life.

We read, "And there were set there six water pots." These were supposed to contain nothing but water, after the custom in vogue among the Jews for purifying. They had never had wine in them before and do not forget there were six of them *and the number of six in spiritual arithmetic is the number of man.* Man in his natural

human estate falls just short of seven, God's perfect number. That is just another hint from which we may derive the hidden meaning back of this miracle. Alas! alas! the Christian world today is full of *water pots*, but what God wants is *wine pots*. Water Christians are legion; so few are spirit-filled, spirit-energized and spirit-guided. You can not make a success of the Christian life without the peculiar stimulation, inspiration and intoxication of this Heavenly Wine. Oh, there is no wine like the wine of the Holy Ghost! It is good wine, it is the best wine. The ruler of the feast "knew not whence it was," but the servants knew; and we know that this Divine wine comes to us straight from the hand of the Wine Giver. The remark of the ruler shows you the quality of this divine beverage. He said, "Thou has kept the good wine until now." Think of it! Christ transformed that water into wine, comparable in taste and flavor to that of the oldest vintage which had had an opportunity to mellow and age through the years. There is nothing cheap about this drink. God has been preparing it from the beginning of the world. If you let God turn your miserable water pot into a wine pot, you will live a different life! There will be a lilt in your step, a smile on your face, a vision in your heart, a rapture in your soul, a sparkle in your eyes, a vigor in your spirit, and strength in your hand that you have never had before.

Since the United States went prohibition drug fiends have multiplied approximately from one million to four million. Government statistics report dope addicts on the increase in every great metropolis, and that to an alarming degree. All the police and federal forces cannot cope with this evil. Poor, benighted human race! The pace of modern life is such a strain, they crave something that will make them rise above the wear and the tear that will animate and quicken them to be equal to every situation, but they land by the droves, with wrecked and ruined lives, as so much driftwood cast aside by the fury of the elements, sick and dying covered with confusion and despair. Oh, it is the same old cry! **THEY HAVE NO WINE!** On the day of Pentecost, Jesus, with the one hundred and twenty, drank the new wine, the divine wine, infinitely superior to all that had been known hitherto, *as the power of the Holy Spirit swept upon them*. He made them all "to drink into one Spirit." (I Cor. 12:13.)

It is to be deplored that very many of us who

have tasted of this glorious *wine have gone back to the water level*. No wonder to us every day's existence is one trial and vexation, one prolonged provocation. Oh, God calls us all to live the wine life! the life in which you may sense the emotions and the feelings of God! the life that through inspiration and overwhelming spiritual intoxication sets you on the right hand of God; makes you climb up Jacob's ladder and view the glories of Heaven ahead of time; the life that hides you away "in the secret place of the Most High and under the shadow of the Almighty."

But for the intoxication of the spiritual new wine the compassionate heart of God would be strange to us. We would not be constrained beyond ourselves, our eyes would be dimmed and the vision would not be constant. Nor would we have power to grapple with all the stubborn circumstances of human existence, with all the distempers of our wretched bodies to bring them under the control of the Spirit of God. It is stimulation that puts the thrill and the throb in our testimony, the burning fire of passion for the lost in our souls, and the very pulsation of God's Heart into our hearts! Yes, to this spiritual stimulation we owe the force, the impulse, the incentive and the motivate of all our enduring "gold" works throughout the course of our pilgrim journey here below. Where is the spark? Where is the creative force? Where is the spiritual genius? Where the zeal that eats us up? Where the abandonment supreme that in this Christian Warfare gives us the zest, the boldness, the irresistible impact that makes for sweeping victory if it is not in the wine of the Holy Ghost? They say in the last war to make the soldiers furious, reckless and fearless they'd give them rum before they went over the top. Oh! soldiers of the Cross you need the Wine of the Holy Ghost to make you furious and fearless for Christ! Every great creation, invention or masterpiece, every stupendous accomplishment of engineering, the laws of nature notwithstanding, is the work of genius impassioned by some sort of stimulation. What is it in the singer's voice that sways and melts his audience to tears? Ask him and he will tell you, *a broken heart*. What is the secret of that violin *virtuoso*? A consuming passion for music that almost blinds him to everything else in life. Oh, what could the Christian Church not do in this present modern world if it could be restimulated and re-intoxicated with the new Wine of the Holy Ghost!

Send your Christmas orders early. They will receive prompt attention

## 'Tis Always Harvest Time

The Little Sickle which Gleans the Grain

Rose Meyer



ARVEST time has come! The time for the ingathering of ripened grain! All summer long the sun's rays have painted red the cheeks of the apple and the refreshing rains have given drink to growing things until now all is ready for harvest. With what eagerness the farmer has watched his crops lest at the last moment a blight might ruin them, and now he views with merited satisfaction the filling of his barns with the fruitage of the land. Harvest hands are busy and throughout the land may be heard the hum of harvest machinery mingled together with the song of the reaper. While our advanced civilization is using more modern methods, in Eastern countries the scythe and the sickle are still the chief implements of harvest, and day after day the Oriental farmer will wield his sickle and gather in the golden grain.. All the world rejoices in the glorious time of harvest.

But important as is the ingathering of the fruitage of our land, there is another harvest of far greater importance—the harvest of never-dying souls. With what tender compassion our great Husbandman has watched the ripening of His grain so that at just the critical moment the sickle might be thrust in. He has His own chosen harvest implements and while the scythe of preaching has undoubtedly turned the “many to righteousness” history is replete with incidents of the ones and twos and threes, yea and the hundreds also, who have been harvested by means of the little sickle of song. Of all the varied ministries of song perhaps this is the most marked, for many a time when all other means have failed to gather in some precious sheaf, God has thrust in the sickle of song with most precious results.

One striking illustration of this is given in the life of Ira D. Sankey whom God so blessedly used to gather in a harvest of souls through the

wielding of this sickle. In the course of a special revival service in Chicago a hardened drunkard, half intoxicated, stumbled into the tabernacle and found a seat in the gallery. A wretched creature he was and given up as hopeless by all his friends and even by himself, for he expected naught else but to die in abject misery and meet a drunkard's awful doom. He hardly knew what was going on about him and could remember nothing of the sermon or the text. But in the course of the service Mr. Sankey sang that searching hymn, “*What Shall the Harvest Be?*” and when he came to the verse,

“Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,  
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,  
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,  
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;  
O, what shall the harvest be?”

the words rang through this man like “a trumpet of judgment” and fairly sobered him. The conscience, so long dead, was awakened and began to lash him with the words of the song. His wasted, wretched life passed before him in painful review. Every word of the song pictured his past life and he realized that he was reaping the harvest which his misdeeds had brought him and as he

viewed the future and thought of the harvest of hopeless despair before him, he could endure the torment no longer so rushed out of the tabernacle and sought to drown the song in drink. But it was of no use; the sickle of song had performed its God-appointed mission and the ringing of those words drove him again and again to the tabernacle. Finally he could endure the burden of sin no longer and with others he went into the inquiry room where he made a full surrender. Another sheaf was garnered in and for many years after he devoted his time as a harvest hand for the Lord, to gather in others from the fields of sin.

A primitive method used in harvesting was

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that the gleaner went over the field to pick up the heads of grain overlooked by the reapers. Ira D. Sankey may well be called the "gleaner" for in the great revivals held by Moody and Sankey in America and Great Britain he very often picked up the stray sheaves of grain which had not been harvested by the sermons. Someone has said that "God raised up the singing evangelists such as Sankey to save men by singing the Gospel just as surely as He raised up the great evangelists such as Moody, and herein lies the guarantee of a mighty harvest of souls in the days to come." We need but turn to the records of the great visitation of God in Great Britain for ample testimony to this statement. "It was a few evenings ago," said a youth, "when Mr. Sankey was singing in Free Trades Hall 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by' that I was made to feel my need of a Savior and when he came to the words, 'Too late, too late' I said to myself, 'It must not be too late for me,' and I took the Savior to my heart there and then." Another testifies, "I was in great darkness and trouble for some days and just a little time ago when Mr. Sankey was singing the words, 'And Jesus bids me come,' my bonds were broken and now I am safe in His arms."

At the close of another service a young man who had been deeply impressed but was stubbornly refusing to yield his life to Christ, was leaving the church with a rebellious heart. But just as he was closing the door behind him the entreating words, "Yet there is room" reached him. Those four words were God's sickle to his heart and they cut him loose from his former rebellion; he re-entered the chapel, surrendered his heart and life to Christ and took advantage of the room which God had reserved for him.

Sometimes God Himself is the Gleaner, using the sickle of song in a most direct manner as is evidenced in the singular story which came under the observation of a London home missionary. A Jewess had ordered some butter from her grocer and when it was delivered she chanced to see some printing on the outside wrapper. With ever increasing interest she read the words of Isaac Watts' hymn,

"Not all the blood of beasts on Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace, or wash  
away the stain."

By the time she had finished reading the story of the slain Lamb as contained in the second verse, the sickle had cut her away from all Jew-

ish prejudice and from her heart she sang her personal testimony in the words of the third stanza,

"My faith would lay her hand on that dear head of  
Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand, and there confess my  
sin."

Who would deny that God had thrust that sickle into her pathway! No other hymn could have met the need of this Jewess as this particular song which referred to the sacrificial rites of her own church. She became a most earnest Christian and upon her confession of faith in Christ was forsaken by her husband; thereafter she lived in great poverty but with it all she remained faithful to her Savior.

One hymn alone has been God's chosen implement to harvest a rich crop of precious souls. Little did William Cowper anticipate the results of his song which he wrote in moments of great despondency, and even as he himself found refuge in "the fountain filled with blood" so many others have also found their ray of hope through those inspired words. The story is told of a dejected sinner who longed to become a Christian but feared his sins too great ever to receive forgiveness. The worker who was dealing with him talked and prayed and finally to encourage him, he sang the first verse of the song, "There is a Fountain filled with Blood." But hopelessly shaking his head, the man said, "There is nothing in that for me. My sins are too great to be washed away." The worker then went on to sing,

"The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, tho vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away."

"That means me!" exclaimed the sinner, and feeling that he could take his place beside the thief, he then and there received pardon from God.

A man in the Fulton Street prayer meeting, in New York, gave the following testimony, "I thank God for the 'fountain' hymn. Fourteen months ago I was a poor sinner, a very profane man and a miserable prodigal. I was invited into a meeting where God's people were praying for poor outcasts like me. As I entered I heard them singing of the 'fountain filled with blood' and that song went to my heart. I felt that if ever a man needed cleansing I did, and so I sought the prayers of Christians and I was soon rejoicing in Christ." Methinks that up yonder innumerable sheaves will trace their entrance into the

graineries of heaven to the time when they first heard the "fountain song."

Another hymn which has served as a very sharp-edged sickle is one written by the late P. P. Bliss, "*Jesus loves me.*" In connection with the origin of this song Mr. Bliss stated that he had long been singing the song, the chorus of which runs, "*Oh how I love Jesus!*" but finally grew tired of singing so much of his weak love to Christ and thereupon wrote this hymn in which he magnifies the love of Christ to us. The simple and beautiful hymn has gone 'round the world, having been translated into practically every language and wherever it has gone it has reaped a harvest. At one of the revival services in Edinburgh a gay, giddy girl attended. Having gone late she was unable to get a seat so she wandered about in the hall outside. Inside they were singing, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." The words pierced her heart and conscience and brokenly she said, "I cannot sing that." With a heart longing to be assured of Christ's love for her, she entered the inquiry room where she accepted of His free salvation and with others she rejoiced in His great love for her.

During a Sunday School session the leader sang this simple song to the scholars. He had hardly finished when a young man rushed up to him, threw his arms about the leader's neck, sobbing, "Oh sir you must not leave here till I am a Christian." Prayer was offered for him and he was blessedly saved and with great joyfulness of heart exclaimed, "O that song! I could not get away from it and it has saved me."

How often the all-wise Reaper has sent a sickle into our pathway in such a way that we could not well escape it. A Catholic woman had succeeded in resisting the dealings of a home missionary in his house-to-house visitation. She constantly refused his tracts and would not allow him to speak, but finally she consented to let him sing and he responded with the verse,

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay,  
The debt of love I owe.  
Here Lord I give myself away—  
'Tis all that I can do."

At its close she was completely subdued and became a true Christian. In giving her testimony later she said, "Ah, those drops of grief! those drops of grief! I could not get over them."

Many a time God uses the children as gleaners for Him, thus fulfilling the promise, "And a little child shall lead them." Years ago a com-

mercial traveler received hurried instructions to proceed on to a certain point in his travels. In his rush to make the train he took a short cut to the station by going through one of the filthy alleys of the city and there he saw a great number of half-clad children whose only home was a wretched basement or an ill ventilated tenement. As he passed, one little waif was singing at the top of her voice, "There'll be no sorrow there." Puzzled, the salesman asked, "Where?" to which she quickly replied with the concluding words of the chorus,

"In heaven above, where all is love,  
There'll be no sorrow there."

The answer, the singer, the far away heaven with no sorrow there—all these thoughts lodged in his heart as he quickened his steps to the station and even the wheels of the train as they rolled over the tracks seemed to sing the words over and over to him. The sickle which God had so strangely sent into his pathway finally succeeded in gathering in this stray sheaf for he was unable to get any rest or peace until he cried for mercy at the Cross.

Throughout the whole world this ministry of song has been marked, and this God-appointed sickle has gathered in an abundant harvest wherever it has been wielded. A Mr. Cranswick, for many years a missionary in the West Indies, relates that the hymn, "*Arise, My Soul, Arise*" written by Chas. Wesley, has been a mighty instrument in bringing men and women to the foot of the Cross. He states that over two hundred were garnered in from those islands through that one hymn alone. Frequently he would ask the inquirers to join in singing it as far as they could conscientiously make it their personal testimony. Many times they would hesitate at the various verses and then they would start from the beginning again. Usually they faltered at the last stanza but as they continued to sing the Gospel as contained in this hymn, souls were garnered in, until at last they could all join in with joyful hearts in singing their testimony in the words:

"My God is reconciled, His pardoning voice I hear.  
He owns me for His child, I can no longer fear.  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba Father, cry."

From China comes the pathetic story of a woman who put forth a desperate struggle for salvation from sin and did everything in her power to gain merit with the gods. Being poor,



she was unable to lavish any wealth on these gods whose anger she sought to appease but she could work. Incredible though it seems, she went to work and with her own feeble hands she scooped out dirt till she had dug a well twenty-five feet deep and fifteen feet across. But all in vain, her sins were as great as before. Shortly after this she found Christ as her Savior and in meeting a missionary later on she held out those crippled hands and aged fingers and voiced her testimony in the words of the hymn,

"Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

What pathos here and yet how unspeakably happy this Chinese woman must have been to find

that Jesus, the Savior of the world would accept her without any efforts of her own!

And so, from the Orient and from the Occident, from the North and from the South, a harvest is being gathered in and the graineries of heaven are being enriched thru the little sickle of song. Surely the Reaper of the harvest views with great satisfaction the sheaves—the result of His agony and death and He bids other gleaners faithfully toil on with scythe and sickle to gather in those who are still standing in the fields of sin, till

"The tears of the sower,  
And the song of the reaper,  
Shall mingle together  
In joy by and by."

### God's Cut and Polished Diamonds

Mrs. Edgar D. Pettenger, to the Stone Church Young People, March, 1928



**S**OUTH Africa is a country wherein lies buried treasure. It is said to be enriched with minerals of every description. During the past fifty years or so the most valuable minerals and gems, such as gold, platinum and diamonds, are being sought for and mined out of the earth.

The majority of diamonds of the world come from South Africa. There are not only the Kimberley and Premier Diamond Mines, which are of world-wide renown, but also what are known as the diamond fields situated at Welverdiend, Grasfontein, Ventersdorp, and Bloemhof. These districts, which were formerly an untamed veld with only a few bushes of stunted growth, are today bee-hives of industry. Row after row of ill-assorted, ramshackle iron shanties raise their unsightly forms; mound after mound of red, barren earth like ant-heaps dot the landscape. The air resounds with the clangs of thousands of picks and shovels, the creaking of the washing machines, the straining squeal of horse-drawn wagons, the hooting of motor cars, and the shouts of men.

At the discovery of these diamond fields they were thrown open to the public. Men of every profession, business and trade left their respective employment, most of them sacrificing their all, to run in the race and to stake their claims. They grope and grovel in the dust. For what? A tiny lustreful stone, maybe no bigger than a pinhead, probably no bigger than an orange pip, for the lust for diamonds seems to enter their very soul.

Christ left the glories of heaven, took off His royal robe, laid aside His sceptre, sacrificed His dignified, glorified and royal position; "made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." He made the supreme and complete sacrifice, enduring the suffering, ignominy and shame, even to the death upon the cross to stake His claim—*a lost and dying world wherein lay hidden lost gems*. Who can fathom His infinite love for us? He sought us, He bought us, He washed us clean through His precious blood and brought us into His fold. We are no longer the world's. He has digged us out of the mire and the clay and we are in His precious keeping. Praise His Name!

The diamonds pass from the diamond fields to the diamond cutting industry of Johannesburg, Amsterdam and Antwerp. The man who buys a diamond engagement ring and the girl who engages to wear it, little think of the many processes through which that little sparkling jewel nestling so coyly in its setting of gold has gone since it first lay in the grimy palm of some elated digger. They know, vaguely perhaps, that a diamond has to be cut and polished, but how it is done is possibly a question which has never occurred to them for the diamond in the rough is only an unseemly, white, milky, irregular stone. So God's diamonds are of little value or use until they are willing to be cut and polished by the expert Diamond-Cutter. We are willing for the joy of a full and free salvation, but how we

squirm, shrink, and complain when we are caused to pass through the refining process.

I once worked in the office of an electrical engineer. Although he had been to college and had his degrees; yet in order to fulfill his position for the large steel industry he had to put aside his clean collar, adorn himself in overalls, work in a grimy, dirty shop, handle, repair, and study greasy motors and the different apparatus and machinery that needed electrical power, etc. In other words, he had to start from the bottom of the ladder and climb each rung in order to attain his high position and have charge of his department. If this is true in the natural, it equally applies to the spiritual. It was not until Paul had been in perils, in prisons, beaten with many stripes, suffered persecution and tribulation for the sake of the Gospel, that he could write to the Galatians, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

Diamond-cutting is more a matter of expert skill than of complicated machine working. More depends upon the nicety of judgment of the cutter than upon anything else. A cut and polished diamond has 58 facets or sides and each facet is nicely proportioned in correlation with the 57 others. When one considers the size of the gem and that each gem has had to be made on what was formerly a stone of irregular contour, one gets some inkling of the difficulties under which a diamond cutter labors. The men who are engaged in diamond cutting receive a very thorough training so that they become used to the handling of the smallest diamonds, and by experience their judgment has been sharpened so as to know just how far a facet must be cut. Sometimes we question the workings of God, but He is the Expert Cutter and would He make a mistake? He has promised when we pass through the water, He will be with us; and through the fire, we shall not be burned; and that we shall not be tempted above that which we are able to bear. It was only the cords that bound the three Hebrew children that were burnt when they were in the white-heated, fiery furnace. It is only the irregularities of the diamond which are cut away, so God refines, purifies, cuts and removes everything that prevents His children from being perfect and shining gems for Him. Tribulation comes from the Latin word "*tribulum*," a threshing instrument with iron teeth which separated the wheat from the chaff; so we are only caused to pass through tribulation

to rid us of the chaff. Oh, the chaff in the churches of today that needs to be blown away by the winds of persecution! Our greatest need today is tribulation, for it is only the tried and proven church that gets rid of the chaff and has pure food for the hungry souls.

If it is true that expert judgment and experience are needed for the proper treatment of diamonds, it is equally true that instruments of a special sensitive kind are also required. Many of the most important ones are made of a substance the composition of which is a secret. Dear tried heart, do you question the instrument God takes pleasure in using to cut and polish you? How often the way He leads seems puzzling and mysterious. Perhaps we will not understand some things He has permitted us to go through until that day when all things shall be made plain.

It is peculiar that, notwithstanding the inventiveness of the human race, no better way of cutting a diamond has been found than by using another diamond. What holds true in the diamond cutting industry, often proves true in our Christian experience. We are quite willing to be persecuted by our enemies and by those who do not understand or are not particularly interested in us; but how unreasonable it seems and how it cuts to be persecuted in the house of our friends! Nevertheless, the Lord knows what is the very best tool to use and what tool accomplishes and perfects His children the most. A short time ago I was being much tried by a child of God, and how I did cry to the Lord to reveal unto him his wrong doings. When I got silent enough before the Lord so He could speak to me He showed me that it was not the brother He was dealing with, *but me*. There were irregularities in my life that needed cutting away and He was only using this diamond to do it. How often we see only the tool and not the Hand that uses it. When we criticise and gossip about the tool, we lose the blessing the Lord intended for us in the trial.

The powder resulting from the application of diamond to diamond is carefully caught and sifted and later used for diamond paste. This diamond paste is probably the most valuable portion of the cutter's equipment; without it he can do nothing, and every precaution is taken to conserve it. For instance, so valuable is the paste to the cutter that the tunic which he wears and on which he often smears paste in the course of his work is specially analyzed so that every atom of dried diamond powder can be recovered and used in the form of paste. To produce the diamond

paste, twenty-five drops of olive oil are mixed with the diamond powder produced from a carat. This diamond paste is used for polishing diamonds. When we are caused to be tested and tried, is it for naught? No, there is that fragrance from a tried and experienced soul that reaches other lives, like the *onycha*, one of the ingredients used in the sweet incense that the priests burned each morning on the golden altar in the tabernacle. Onycha was secured from a perfumed shellfish that lived in the depth of the Red Sea and that fed on fragrant plants; but it had to be ground and burned to become fragrant. "Wherefore in all things it behooved Him to be made like his brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that He himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." It is only as we suffer that we can succor those who are suffering; only when we sorrow can we sympathize with the mourner, etc. Little did John, in his banishment to that lonely, barren Isle of Patmos for the Gospel's sake, where God gave him those glorious visions of things which were, which are, and which shall come to pass, and caused him to write them, deem that they would be an inspiration and revelation to the church for all time. Nor did John Bunyan ever dream that his imprisonment, giving him time to meditate and write "Pilgrim's Progress," would be of such great blessing to millions who have read his book.

Sometimes there is not enough diamond paste from just the cutting of diamonds and so a diamond must be sacrificed. Usually the diamond to be chosen is known as a "*boort*"; it is either not a clear brilliant or one in which there are dark specks spoiling the lustre. There was a certain old colored woman attending a certain assembly. She was a little homely body and was quite unnoticed by the majority of people who attended this church. They would much prefer that she keep silent in church for she prayed with a loud, squeaky voice which was very embarrassing and disagreeable to many. Finally, I missed her and after making several inquiries I learned of her whereabouts. I was told that she had moved out to a remote place and was giving her entire time to real prevailing, intercessory prayer. She was willing to be a "*boort*" in order to make others shine. Oh, what far-reaching, unselfish sacrifice! Would that the Church of God had more "*boorts*," then God could work in mighty Holy Ghost power.

When we passed through England we had occa-

sion to visit the Tower of London and were privileged to see the crown jewels of England. There were the numerous crowns and jewels for the royalty studded with hundreds of diamonds, as well as other gems. How dazzling, brilliant and beautiful they were! Ah! they were the finished and perfected gems; they had once been the rough stones in the earth, but because of the process of cutting and polishing they were used to crown the heads of kings, queens, princes and princesses. Oh! tried Christians, rejoice in tribulation for the Master is only cutting and polishing you to make you shine for Him in this dark age!

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(Continued from page 2)

ting just enough to keep alive, but days of prayer. In 1622 a drought set in and threatened to destroy all their crops. A day of special prayer was proclaimed and after nine hours of praying the rain came and revived the drooping corn.

In 1631 the crops failed again and the heroic little band were reduced to want. The women made flour from acorns; the children dug for clams and mussels, but the ground was hard and frozen and it was difficult to get the shellfish. The *Lyon*, which lay in the harbor, was hired by the governor to go back to England for supplies, but winter was on and the boat had not returned. Then the snow hid the nuts and acorns, and the game was scarce because of the severe weather. On the very verge of starvation, five kernels of corn were given to each colonist as a daily ration. Again the governor called for a day of prayer, and in one of the darkest hours in the history of the colony the *Lyon*, filled with provision, sailed into the harbor. The day appointed for prayer was turned into Thanksgiving, and on Feb. 22, 1631, occurred in Boston the first Thanksgiving Day recorded in the Colonial records of Massachusetts. Thereafter during the autumn season the governor of that State yearly appointed a day for the giving of thanks. The governors of other States issued similar proclamations at the close of the harvests.

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Living today in a land where there is no lack, where vineyards and orchards are weighted with fruit, where the sower and the reaper overtake each other, and where vegetation is so luxuriant and prolific that hunger is unknown, we cannot appreciate the hardships and the privations endured, and what it cost our forefathers to establish freedom and religious liberty. For over three hundred years this land has had the blessing of God upon it, and as we again celebrate the day

(Continued on page 23)

## Judah Buys Armageddon

E. A. Watkins in The Bible Today



AT LAST, after a most determined struggle covering a period of forty years, Jews, in the name of Zionism, have completed the purchase of 290,000 dunam on the Plain of Acco, and in the Emek Jezreel, at a cost of \$4,500,000.00. The land was owned by Moslems, and permission had to be secured from the Grand Mufti at Jerusalem and the Moslem Council before a foot of this land could be sold to Jews or Christians. Finally, permission was given for the sale, but the owners insisted that spot cash must be paid *in toto* for this valuable and historic land or the sale would be off forever. The money was quickly raised and paid to the Islamic owners, so that the title deeds for the Emek Israel are now in the hands of a people to whom God in His covenant with Abraham gave the original title deed "forever," nearly four thousand years ago. This

is the most important purchase that has been made in the name of Zionism since that historic day in 1917 when the late Theodore Hertzl brought organized Zion into existence. The construction of the Port of Haifa at a cost of \$5,250,000.00, loaned by the British government, with the railroad running over Esdraelon and through the Valley of Jezreel on its way to

Semakh and its connection with the Hedjaz railroad running to Medina, makes the purchase of the Emek something more than a human move towards the final and complete rehabilitation of Judah in the Land of Promise. In it, we must see, unless hopeless blindness makes vision impossible, another grand and glorious step towards the consummation of the sublime prophetic program of the Old and New Testament.

This Emek land purchase involves the greatest battle field of human history. Here the Canaanites (Lowlanders) in the pre-Hebrew occupation of the land fought their greatest battles. This was the old stamping-ground of Jabin, King of Hazor, whom Joshua crushed after a swift march into the Jordan Valley. It was here that Allenby and the Egyptian Expeditionary Force

broke, beyond repair, the last remnant of the Turkish army struggling to maintain themselves in the land of sacred story, and in a dying effort to keep the Star and Crescent on its field of blood flying over the sacred soil of Jehovah's special choice. Here the Crusaders dyed the soil of the Emek scarlet with the blood of Christian knights. Here Napoleon, the little Corsican of inordinate political ambition, drunken with the copious draughts of marvelous victories, and obsessed with a desire to conquer and rule the world, was compelled to order his bugler to sound the "retreat" following ignominious defeat. If the precious Word is to be accepted, and our interpretation of prophecy accurate, here, on this recently purchased piece of land, will occur the last great struggle of human armies and bloody conflict, after which swords will be beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks, and

nations shall teach war no more. Over this Valley, baptized with blood and tears, will shine the glory of Him who shall make Israel glad, and cause Judah to be filled with wonderful joy. From Megiddo, in the midst of Jezreel, shall go forth the declaration of world peace from the lips of our coming King, and peace like a mantle of heavenly glory, exceeding the brightness of the Shekinah, shall cover the earth, and the trumpet-call to arms.

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*"Over this Valley, baptized with blood and tears, will shine the glory of Him who shall make Israel glad, and cause Judah to be filled with wonderful joy. From Megiddo, in the midst of Jezreel, shall go forth the declaration of world peace from the lips of our coming King, and peace like a mantle of heavenly glory, exceeding the brightness of the Shekinah, shall cover the earth, and the trumpet-call to arms."*

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—E. A. WATKINS

ceeding the brightness of the Shekinah, shall cover the earth, and the trumpet-call to praise shall take the place of the bugle-call to arms. This land is in the territory of the tribe of Issachar, but this Emek Valley and eastern Plain was never occupied by this tribe, because it failed to drive out the Canaanites. Issachar became satisfied with the mountain section of his division. It is crowded with sacred and profane history too lengthy to detail in any magazine article. Its future is pregnant with mighty events. Great armies will again shake its fertile soil, and out of it will come the divine solution to every human problem. It is destined to become the birthplace of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Jezreel will indeed be the cradle of a new world

and a new people, for there shall be "a new heaven and a new earth."

From Haifa, the railroad runs into the Valley eastward towards the river Jordan, and then turns at an angle northward, about thirteen miles south of the Sea of Galilee. Coming out of the city of Nazareth, nestled among the charming hills of Galilee, the Christ, nineteen hundred years ago, made His way to the Jordan to be baptized by the herald from the desert beyond the river who was telling the people of the coming of Him who should save Israel, probably through this same Vale of Jezreel to Bethabara (Bethshan-Beisan). It looks more reasonable than the Jericho Ford or El Maghtas. How easy it would be to reach over the hill south, or more easily out of Nazareth from the north right into the battle-stained valley to the river, which in winding, foaming cascades precipitated its headlong course towards Bahr Lut. If twenty-seven years of life of the Christ were spent in preparation in Galilee for His great ministry; if the first sermon was preached in Galilee by the Great-

est of preachers; if the first miracle was performed there; if the Christian Church was organized there by Him who said, "I will build my church," perhaps He was baptized in Galilee too. Galilee, the land of the prophets, "Galilee, sweet Galilee, where Jesus loved so much to be."

What an edenic garden spot is Jezreel today! Jewish colonies are flourishing everywhere. Farms and gardens dot the Valley and climb the enveloping hills. The people of the "weary feet" are crowding into the Emek. The courage and determination of the Chalutzim have prepared the way. The thorn and the bramble have almost entirely disappeared. The desert ground, watered so copiously with blood and tears flowing over it for centuries, is now giving food to the hungry, hope to the depressed, and rest to the wandering child of Judah. Our brethren are gathering home. We can see the end mirrored in the eternal, unfailing promises of God's Word. A few more years, and a few more tears, and then shall the King come in His glory.

## A Day of Terror in Jerusalem

Miss Laura Radford, Jerusalem, Palestine

*Luke 21:24, Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the gentiles until the time of the gentiles be fulfilled.*

*Isaiah 31:5, As birds flying so will Jehovah of Hosts protect Jerusalem. He will protect and deliver it. He will pass over and preserve it.*



HAVING read these words in St. Luke's Gospel many times, we ought not to have been surprised at the sudden outbreak of the Arab hordes on the 23rd of August. But it is so easy to think of Scripture having been fulfilled, or yet awaiting some future time instead of having a present-day fulfilment. Though for some days before the outbreak came, the general talk had been that the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem was calling the Moslems of all the villages in Palestine to come into Jerusalem on that Friday to massacre all the Jews, yet no one believed that such an outrageous act could possibly be committed, and Government and people were alike taken unawares. Then, too, it was a day the Orthodox Jews were taken up with the "preparation for the Sabbath" and so were both unprepared and unable to defend themselves.

We have been told that most of the Moslems in Jerusalem as well as in some of the other large

cities had refused to comply with the order of the Mufti to partake in the uprising, but the ignorant village youths fell easy prey to the promise of all the spoil they could gather, and in the days following, the possession of a kodak, piano stool, silver sugar bowl, or some other such article, has been the cause of arrest of many men in the villages from which the rioters came. But all who came into Jerusalem with the hope of such gain were not satisfied with the result of their raid. As an instance of this, on Saturday evening, rather late, a weary youth walked down our street and near the end of the road sat down in a dejected way on the edge of the pavement. Some one passing by asked him what was the matter, and he replied, "I am going to my village, for I have been two whole days here in Jerusalem and have gotten nothing for my trouble." We smiled when we heard this story, but the smile was only to cover the heartache beneath and was just another effort to try to blot out from our minds the cruel sights of the day before and to take from our ears the echoes yet there of the cries of the men, women and children who were being beaten and cruelly tortured all over the land, as well as within a few yards of our house.

We will probably never know the exact number

of Jews killed during that week of terror all over Palestine before the British troops could arrive in sufficient numbers to overpower the insurgents; nor the number of Christians killed by the Jews taking them to be Moslems, or by the Moslems for protecting the Jews; nor how many Moslems were killed while making the raids.

The success of the uprising in Jerusalem was the signal for a general attack upon the Jews all over the land, and in many places entire families, including even the little children, were cut to pieces by the rioters with fiendish delight. A large number of rioters were mere youths who had been stirred to this mad frenzy by their religious and political leaders, leaders who stayed in places of security while these hordes of ignorant youths rushed heedlessly into death itself; but as they fell they were hurriedly carried away so that no one can really estimate how many were killed. The official report fixes the total deaths at 250, but many of us believe it was more than double that number.

In the midst of the riot on Friday we saw an old Moslem woman finding her way through the crowd of rioters to one youth whom she vainly entreated to return home with her. At length she threw herself at his feet repeatedly, kissing his feet, but he roughly pushed her from him and was soon lost sight of in the crowd.

As night fell on that fatal day an aeroplane arrived from Egypt with fifty British soldiers, but what were they in the midst of such hordes of rioters?

But it was the beginning of a fresh fulfilment of Is. 31:5, "As birds hovering so will Jehovah of Hosts protect Jerusalem." But He had not only promised to "protect Jerusalem," but also to "deliver it," and so during the following hours other aeroplanes arrived, some from Trans Jordan and some from the boats hurriedly sent from Cyprus to Jaffa, and by Sunday there were many of these welcome messengers flying above Jerusalem according to His promise "to protect it and to deliver it." During the next few days several marauding bands of Bedouins were located in the wadis, evidently with Jerusalem as their objective, but all were dispersed with a short bombardment.

The entire land is now under the control of British troops; this is reckoned as the greatest disaster that has happened within the realm of the British flag since the Indian mutiny in 1857. Very few of the Jewish shops within the old city have been reopened, and none of the people have yet been allowed to return to their wrecked homes in

the outlying districts. Most of the Arab papers have taken a defiant attitude towards the Government and have declared there can be no peace until the Balfour declaration has been annulled. Unfortunately, many of the Palestinian Christians have been drawn into the controversy by the flattery and intrigue of the Arab (Moslem) leaders. The Christians are but a small part of the population of Palestine, and confess they are too weak to stand alone, but they are afraid to side with the Government against the Moslems.

All parties are now waiting the report of the Committee of Inquiry that will arrive in Jerusalem early in October. Is it not significant that the "abomination of desolation," as spoken of by Christ, has at last been recognized as such by the world? And now the world powers are forced to consider how to control, if not to eliminate from Palestine, this power of "systematized deviltry" that has suddenly burst forth with the same atrocities that accompanied all the Moslem invasions of the early centuries.

### From Our Letters

FROM the Pentecostal Girls' School at Bettiah, Bihar Province, India, Miss Margaret Flint, the superintendent, writes under date of Sept. 18th:

"We have just closed a time of special meetings during which God graciously baptized two of our dear people in the Spirit, one a woman convert from Hinduism and the other a man, saved from among the Mohammedans.

"Speaking of Mohammedans, I must tell you right here about the dear old couple who came to the morning service on Sunday, he a typical old Moslem with his sharp, black eyes and flowing, white beard, and his wife such a good soul! How I wish you could have seen them and heard their testimonies! In January of this year our Bible teachers were passing thru a certain Mohammedan section of the city and hearing the cry of a woman in pain they entered a certain home and found this old woman. She had been suffering for more than a year, evidently from a very serious attack of rheumatism, and was quite a helpless cripple, all bowed together and suffering greatly. She could not open either hand, could do nothing to help herself; had spent much money on many physicians and was nothing bettered but worse. Sitting down beside her on the mud-floor our dear women told her the old, old story of the love of Jesus, and His power to save and heal. Then they prayed for her and she was healed.

With relief for her tortured body came peace for the weary soul; she believed and Jesus met her. The teachers have been visiting her regularly ever since and she and her husband now confess their faith in Jesus. The old man was not at home when the teachers paid that first visit, and when he learned of it he remonstrated faintly, since good Mohammedans are not supposed to have 'Jesus' teachers visit their homes. But the woman gave him a withering rebuke, 'What do you know about it, old man? Has He healed you? He has healed me and I know He is the Son of God!' A sweet echo, coming down thru the years, 'Why herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence He is, and yet He hath opened mine eyes!' Now these two have together begun to attend our public services and we pray they may soon be baptized.

"The Lord brought in such a fine Hajput family this week, the man and wife, two boys and a little girl of six. The Hindus in town are much stirred about it, but the man said, 'Others have broken caste and found peace in Jesus, why not I?'

"I am booked to sail for the homeland April 14th, D. V., and am anticipating some happy days of sweet fellowship with the dear ones there."

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Brother and Sister Pettenger are now back in their work in Springs, the Transvaal, So. Africa, where God gave them such a blessed outpouring during their first term. They are rejoicing in again being back among their spiritual children. Mrs. Pettenger writes that their Sunday services are increasing in number, seventy-five and eighty being in attendance. The natives in appreciation of their return took up an offering among themselves and presented them with \$5.25. God's Spirit was blessedly upon the meeting and in the altar service that followed the natives wept before the Lord.

The financial responsibility of the day school which the Pettengers started to get the Gospel to the children, has been assumed by the government, which supports the teachers. There are about 150 children in this school. It is under Bro. Pettenger's supervision and he gives regular Bible study to the children besides what they get in the school and Sunday School.

The secret of God's blessing upon the work lies in these lines from Mrs. Pettenger's letter, tho not written for publication: "We are out here in God's will. Oh how He does bless our souls among the dear natives! How we do love them and get blessed in weeping over them! A meet-

ing like today (Sunday) spurs us on to greater sacrifice for God."

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Bro. Nicolas Vetter has gone into the State of Portuguesa, Venezuela. The Lord spoke to them about the town of Guarico, situated in the mountains. An attack of fever from bad water, and lack of money for pioneering made it seem impossible to go, but one of the brethren from Guarico offered them his home in the mountains, and they accepted it as God's open door. While it is a native house, no windows, a dirt floor and other discomforts, they are thankful and feel it is a beginning.

One of their converts, dying, asked the Vettters to take care of his six children so they would be brought up in the Christian faith. Other children have sought refuge at their doors and they feel they cannot turn them away. Bro. Vetter has been making trips to various towns, in all of which he finds different Christians have been sowing the seed. In one town there are seven families interested in the Gospel. In several of these towns the natives are building chapels. One man, a farmer, tho not converted, has offered his house for services, from which center they are able to reach about thirty families who work on his land.

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(Continued from page 19)

that is set apart by the nation as a religious festival, let us not forget to be grateful for the freedom which was obtained for us at so great a sacrifice.

\* \* \*

The harvests of the earth have been garnered, the granaries are filled with grain, the fruits have been gathered into shorehouses and warehouses, and the Christian nations have the great privilege of sending portions to them that have not. The great heathen world lies under a curse because she knows not our God; the greater portion of the heathen do not know what it means to be well fed. The famine lands are reaching out to the Church of God, asking to be kept from starvation, and the pioneers of the church of God are carrying the Bread of Life. Will we help them also to feed the famished bodies, so that the Gospel may find an entrance into their hearts? India, China and Russia are in the throes of famine. Your Thanksgiving offering will reach the mission field by Christmas if you send it to us now. Remember the lonely pioneer who will be thinking of the friends at home during this holiday season. America will "eat the fat and drink the sweet," but let us not fail to "send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared."

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29 And o'phir, and Hav'i-lah, and Jō'bāb: all these were the sons of Jōk'tan. | B. C. 2347 | from thence did the LORD scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth. | 11 Chr. 1. 4.

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

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