



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

Poppies Red and Poppies White

Some Startling Facts and Figures.

Dr. Lillian Yeomans in Oak Park, Ill., Nov. 22, 1925.

The startling facts and experiences related below should be read by every father and mother. They little know the danger to which their child is subject as he leaves his home, and we are sending this out as a warning to those who do not know the subtle workings of demon power today.



WILL speak this afternoon about the most hopeless disease in the world, and as I am a medical graduate, a physician and surgeon of about twenty years' experience in private and hospital practice, and above all, as I personally suffered for years from the disease in its most advanced stages, I think you will all agree that I am competent for the task. This most hopeless disease is not cancer, not tumor, not leprosy even, but Drug Addiction in its advanced and hopeless stage. I have called this address "Poppies Red and Poppies White" because I want you to remember the title. I am convinced that from the law of association, if you remember the title, many, perhaps all of the facts I will relate, the incidents and the illustrations I may use will group themselves about this title in more or less orderly sequence upon it like beads on a chain, and then you will be able to retain and recall them. My motive is strictly practical. You will surmise the World War is symbolized by the Red Poppies, and the narcotic evil by the White Poppies. Many of you have read the poem beginning,

"In Flanders field the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row."

In Flanders field the poppies are scarlet, as they dyed with the heart's blood of the men who laid down their lives in the cause of freedom. War is an awful thing, an unspeakable, awful thing, where men become reconciled to the thought of man destroying his fellow-man, to being blinded, mutilated by shot and shell, liquid fire, and worst of all, the diabolical poisonous gas. Some of us even in a small group like this have wounds in our hearts because of those poppy-covered graves in Flanders field. In the silence of the night many a tear is shed for those who lie 'neath poppies red.

But this great sorrow has legitimate consolations that properly belong to it. The tragedy of the red poppy has the consolation that men died nobly, unselfishly; they met death in the performance of what they deemed to be their duty to God and to their fellow-man. They fill honored graves. Then there is another consolation, an eternal con-

solation which far surpasses this I mention: Many of those men, on the strength of their own testimony, were undoubtedly saved. Many who were strangers to God, who knew nothing of the blood of the Christ of Calvary, were saved, some at the cannon's mouth. How do I know? Would laying down their lives for their country save them? No, never. "There is no other name given under heaven whereby men shall be saved" but the Name of Jesus, thru whom is preached unto us the forgiveness of our sins, but we know from our own heart experience that a tremendous volume of agonized intercession ascended continually to God for those men in Flanders, and we know that God hears and answers prayer. I do believe that Christ walked those blood-stained fields of Flanders and saw of the travail of His soul and was satisfied in the salvation of thousands. So this tragedy of red poppies has its consolation, but there is something worse, and there are other poppy fields besides the red poppy fields of Flanders.

I am to speak now of the vast fields of ghastly, grizzly, grayish white poppies of China, India, Turkey,—the deadly poppy, the poppy of sleep. Well-named! Well-named, for by its fatal power it lulls to sleep everything in a man that constitutes manhood, truth, and honor, all sense of responsibility to God and man, and from that fatal slumber there is no waking until those that are in their graves hear the voice of the Son of Man, some to everlasting life, and some to everlasting shame. Oh what a mute testimony those millions and millions of white poppies bear to the depraved of mankind as they lift their pallid petals heavenward, for they are sown and cultivated and watered and dried and marketed by human hands for greed of gain! Even great nations are not guiltless of complicity in the iniquitous traffic, for their protection necessarily involves the destruction and the eternal destruction of countless individuals, many of them yet unborn.

Yes, there is a deeper tragedy than the tragedy of the red poppy; there is the tragedy of the white poppy. There is something worse than war and that is the narcotic evil. I saw a cartoon illustrating this. There were two figures in it, one a gigantic figure, a colossal man, armoured from

head to foot and equipped with every possible weapon, offensive and defensive. He was taking off his plume and bowed almost to the ground in front of a slimy blear-eyed creature with the awful word "DOPE" scrawled across his breast. The cartoon was headed, "WAR TAKES OFF ITS HAT TO DOPE." Ah there is something worse than war, the narcotic evil!

Now I must give you a few facts and figures or the address would have no skeleton to it. I will give you one or two salient facts that I think you will be able to carry away with you. They are these:

Every year thousands of deadly narcotics are produced and consumed by the human race, of which perhaps not one per cent, according to the statements of leading scientists, has any legitimate use at all, in medical practice, in the arts or in the sciences.

There are four great drugs, many others, but four great ones that menace the existence of civilization. I am not speaking in an exaggerated way but this is a quotation of leading authorities. These four drugs are opium, morphine, heroin, and cocaine. Of these four, the first three are the product of the white poppy-fields. Cocaine comes from South America, of a different family altogether. Opium is the gum of the unripe seed of the poppy, morphine is the son, so to speak, an extremely complicated substance, and most deadly. Morphine is twenty-five times stronger, more deadly, more noxious than its parent opium. It is much more easily administered. It can be introduced by the hypodermic needle, or put on the back of the tongue. Heroin is *seventy-five times stronger than its grandfather, opium*. It may be called the grandson of opium. It is so readily administered that it doesn't even have to be introduced into the mouth. It may be simply sniffed up in the nostrils, and almost instantaneously you have the "heroin jag" on. It is called heroin because of the psychological effect that it produces on those who take it, a most tremendous exaltation of the *ego*; it makes them think themselves heroines, super-men, capable of almost any exploit. As a matter of fact it has served as inspiration for the most daring daylight crimes that have ever been committed in the history of mankind. Such a thing as a child addict was unknown until heroin was introduced to the world, and now we have many of them. Cocaine is something like heroin although it is of different origin.

Now for a few figures:

The annual production of opium, given from

the very best source, is about 3,000 tons. Some very good authorities say that five tons of opium would meet all legitimate needs. I have been on the inside and I believe we would be better if all the opium in the world could be hurled into the depths of the ocean and never a white poppy planted. Others place the quantity needed at 250 tons to meet all possible demands in medicine and in the arts. Subtracting 250 from 3,000, leaves 2,750 tons of opium produced annually for the exploitation of addicts and the creation of new opium addicts.

Perhaps somebody says, "What is an addict?" I am glad to answer that question because I am in a position to give you a definition of an addict that you will not find in the dictionary nor in an encyclopedia. I went down into the deepest depths and I know. An addict is the most abject slave on God's earth. There is one thing that is dearer to the human heart than anything else, and rightly so, and that is freedom. God wants us free. Jesus Christ came to set the captives free, forever and ever; to preach deliverance to them that are bound, and He has called us to do the same thing. That longing for freedom that we find in the human heart is God given, yet the addicts are the most abject slaves in existence. It is a dreadful thing to be a slave to a man or woman; it is an awful thing to be a slave to your own passions, your whims, your caprices, but the morphine or heroin addict is a slave to a drug and to the demon power that lies back of the drug. I tell you I never met a morphine addict yet who didn't know there was a personal devil. You will get acquainted with him as he pulls the fetters that bind you until they tear into your flesh. An opium addict is absolutely unable to do without the drug. He has to have the drug in the advanced stages. There are stages of initiation, when you appear to be able to dispense with the drug for a time, but when you start playing with it, it has you fast. I gave it up fifty-seven times. I threw away fortunes, bought it in wholesale quantities. I was determined to get it, but it is a very expensive luxury. I took fourteen grains every twenty-four hours. One-eighth of a grain is a dose for an adult, so you can see how much more I took than the regular amount. Fourteen grains I had to have. Sometimes I took twenty grains. If I went without it more than twenty-four hours I could not stand up, could not articulate, could not write, could not retain so much as a drop of water or a crumb of bread on my stomach. I lay one quivering mass of in-

tolerable agony impossible to describe. I hope none of you will ever know the agonies of the "yenn." The agony is more psychical than physical, but it is awful.

There is a woman in Los Angeles now who goes by the name of Mary Elizabeth. She was a very notorious character, and a dope addict. She had heard how marvelously I was delivered of that demon over twenty years ago, never to return. The Lord sent it back to the pit where it come from. That is the kind of deliverance Jesus gives. You don't have to fight it; He fought it once and for all and you have to enter into His victory. I have never wanted it since I was delivered any more than I wanted "rough on rats." This woman heard I was at Angelus Temple, and it seemed almost too good to be true. She came running, "Oh Dr. Yeomans, you know what the 'yenn' is." "Yes, I do," I said, "and I know what deliverance through the Lord Jesus Christ is too. I know He takes the *yenn* away and it never comes back." She told me all of her experience, of the terms she served at San Quinten, etc. I asked her how she got the drug there. "I got it," she said. It gets in the prisons, gets through stone walls, "somehow I would always have the drug." She said, "but occasionally when a few hours without it, I would have the awful torture of the yenn." She was delivered through the power there is in the Name of Jesus.

Now the question is, Where are these addicts? You do not know them when you see them. Some have an idea they are in the Orient. They are! God have mercy on them! Of course the Orient has led the van in the production of opium. I read that the revenue Great Britain derived from the sale of opium was \$20,000,000. I think it was a misprint, and should have been £20,000,000. China is what she is today, an incoherent amalgamation of incapable ingredients as the result of the opium. China, thoroughly aroused, took desperate steps to crush the illegal traffic but she had the opium forced back on her by the English gun-boats. I shuddered during the recent World War when I remembered what Great Britain did to China. God is not mocked. What nations sow they shall also reap, and I believe that thousands and thousands of the flower of the British nation lie in their graves today as a retribution for what Great Britain did when she forced opium upon China. In 1906, I think, China awoke to find that 27% of her male population were addicts and that there

was no hope of any progress or any national organization under those conditions. She passed most stringent measures prohibiting the importation and manufacture of it—let the addicts who could not get along without it, die; she would not have the drug within her borders, but I do not know whether those measures have been repealed or not.

But it is not alone in the Orient that we find addicts. Do you know it is to the United States, the richest nation on earth today, that the leaders of a great criminal organization, the most secret and most powerful in existence, look to market their wares? It is not narrow-eyed Orientals, but wide-eyed American children that are their objective. The Postmaster General Harry S. New, writes alarmingly to the local and county service councils:

"Narcotic addiction is a disease whose spread is systematically promoted for profit by the most secretive criminal organization ever known. The profit is enormous and the disease is so great that it is estimated that one billion, eight hundred and twenty-five million dollars is spent each year for narcotic drugs in the United States alone. The 'average citizen doesn't know the addicts' yet they are all around him, each addict a potential spreader of the disease of addiction.

"The growth of narcotic addiction in the United States is the most alarming social symptom of the New Century. The great expansion of narcotic addiction in America giving impetus to heroin continues almost unchecked in spite of local restraint and efforts at salvage of victims. American addicts numbering in millions crowd the criminal courts, prisons, hospitals and sanitariums, and all over the country new institutions—both penal and medical—are being built to accommodate this 'human wreckage.' Heroin added a new and most serious phase to the problem of narcotic addiction. Before the coming of heroin a child addict was almost unknown. Heroin reaches for the youth of the nation, going directly into the schools for recruits and making addicts, not as a result of medical treatment, but as a social pastime. The final solution of the narcotic addiction is the education of all children of all nations of the world on the effects of opium, morphine, cocaine and heroin on the human system. When these children control the world the problem will be solved and not before."

The *Los Angeles Examiner* recently printed an article saying that the narcotic war was on; that a great campaign was being launched against dope-addicts and peddlars, because of the reopening of the schools. The peddlars stand outside the school-yards and entice the children.

Now for personal experiences: I will tell you a true story of a widow with four children. She

took her children to a university not a thousand miles from here. Some were in the high school, and some had matriculated for the university. One Sunday afternoon I was in the home of this lady and her children, with other guests, and she had called the children to sing some sacred music. The youngest child then in high school, didn't appear, and the mother sent the other daughter after her. After considerable delay they came; my interest was aroused by the delay and so I watched them as they came in, the older girl almost dragging the younger one. I fixed my eyes on this younger one, and the moment I looked at her I knew instantly that she was tremendously under the influence of a narcotic drug. I saw the way she staggered in that she was under some dope, so I did not stand on ceremony, but dashed over and took possession of the child and emptied her stomach in a trice. I didn't make any apologies; I seized the child and washed out her stomach; then I said to the mother that she had taken some narcotic poison.

She summoned some of the professors of the Medical Department of the university, the very best men they had. They agreed she was fully narcotized, but could find no trace of hypodermics. They at once started in to treat that poison, and I will never forget that scene. We spent the whole night with that child. They never took her out of that drawing-room. The first stage was that of intoxication. She became wildly intoxicated, commenced to sing, recite long poems and some of the lectures she had listened to in school. We walked her up and down, opened her eyes, shook her; she was totally unconscious of us. However, before long the narcotic effects had been spent and she began to succumb. In spite of all we could do, she fell a shapeless mass on the floor. She was a beautiful child with golden hair, and as those white lids closed on her blue eyes, there wasn't a man on earth could say they would ever again open. They used artificial restoration, worked over her for hours, but she sank deeper and deeper into *coma*, and it appeared absolutely hopeless to revive her. I shall never forget the expression of that mother's face. Oh God! help us to be in earnest to protect our young people from such dreadful fates. That mother sat there in white-faced anguish, watching that mechanical breathing, seeing her sink lower and lower, and as the night wore on and the dawn drew near, the leading doctor, looking at the anxious face of the mother said in a very low voice to relieve her of the tension, "I think you

might go now and make some very strong beef juice. I hope she may be able to take it before long." The mother took a searching glance at the child's face and left, and just as the rays of the sun shone on that face, she opened her blue eyes and looked around in perfect amazement to see those distinguished people squatting on the floor of her mother's drawing-room. Thank God she was saved.

I was speaking in San Diego, giving this address before a large audience, and a young married woman, very sweet and attractive-looking, came and spoke to me. The next morning I had an S. O. S. call from her and I went to her home, where I found the most abject picture of despair. As soon as she saw me she fell into my arms and wept, saying she was a morphine addict and that her husband didn't know the awful truth. He was away from home most of the time, his work taking him to the opposite side of the city. "How did you ever get into this?" I asked. She told me that her husband had taken her to Tijuama, that infamously notorious town across the national border. While there two men of this dope ring noticed their car. They tracked that auto home, took the number (all these facts were vouched for) followed her home, found out that her husband was away during the day, got into her home, and one of these men gave to this timid little shrinking woman, not much larger than a child, a hypodermic of morphine in her arm, and she was gone. Then he plied her with morphine for days and days and she was a victim. She was afraid to tell her husband, but this morning in her home she told me. I want to tell you that that woman was delivered. We told her husband all about it. I assembled the two of them, and I told him that she was not to blame. She was gloriously saved and completely delivered through prayer, and he also accepted salvation.

You see how active these representatives of this awful organization are? A friend of mine has told me that his children have been personally approached by these drug peddlars. People ask, How is it done? I heard a story of a boy thirteen years of age. His father was a builder, a plain, conscientious, capable man. Donald showed a great deal of aptitude for his father's trade which pleased the old man, and he made up his mind he would make an architect of Donald. One day this little boy saw a group of boys on the playground. They were whispering, "Let's let Don in on this. Come on Don." When he got in the group he found the big boy was inviting

all to a Snow Party that night. The drug is administered by putting one-thirty-fifth of a grain, an almost imperceptible amount, on the wrist. You sniff up the drug and get the full effect of it. It produces an indescribable sensation that often has a fatal effect. You will get a kick and a thrill unlike anything else. They pointed to an old house, "It is over at that house," the big boy said, and Donald decided he would go. He went, and a man was there. They never paid a cent for the first dose, perhaps not for the first two. It costs many a morphine addict ten dollars a day for his dope. Donald took a sniff, and felt so strange he didn't know what to think. They told him he would study better. He went home, but felt a curiosity to experience that extraordinary sensation again. He went again and again until he had taken it at least six or seven times. It is impossible to say how many doses they can take before they are addicts; it depends upon their susceptibility. There may be some who are even immune. After six or seven times Donald had to have the drug. He couldn't get the money so he resorted to stealing and ran away from home. He knew his parents would never let him have the drug. An addict can do without home, without friends, without husband or wife; without child, without heaven, without Jesus, but he cannot do without his drug of addiction. So Donald left home, and to this day they do not know where he is. He became submerged in the underworld and they have no hope of ever seeing him again.

Now for a few facts:

Stephen G. Porter, the Chairman of Foreign Affairs told his committee there were at that time one million heroin addicts, mostly young people, and it is spread by means of snow-parties.

As heroin only became known as a drug of addiction in the year 1914, this army of one million was recorded in ten years. I can remember when the medical profession did not know of its existence. A noted Doctor stated that while 59 ounces were legitimately prescribed by physicians, 76,000 ounces were sold during the same period. Two thousand addicts can be made by one ounce. The penalty for selling it is \$2,000 fine, or five years' imprisonment, or both, but owing to the nature of the drug it is almost impossible to convict them. It comes in such small particles. One aeroplane can bring enough heroin to supply several states for several months, and the profit in bootlegging drugs is tremendous.

This Mary Elizabeth, of whom I have told you,

was wealthy. She said, "I never had to do anything. I always had my bank account." I asked her, "Mary Elizabeth, can you go out and get morphine?" "Fifty thousand dollars' worth," she replied. "I can buy it as easily as I can buy a loaf of bread." Some wardens of prisons state that 90% of their inmates have been bootleggers and addicts. Those nations which derive large revenues from the sale of opium are no more ready to surrender than Illinois is ready to give up raising corn. Then too, morphine and heroin are now being manufactured synthetically; that is, they are artificially produced in the laboratories from the elements that compose them. So if the opium poppy were no longer cultivated there is no doubt the market would be flooded with artificial reproductions of heroin. Here are some startling facts:

Italy consumes one grain per capita per annum; Germany two grains, (each person annually), England three grains, France four grains, and the United States *thirty-six grains per capita, per annum*. Is it not time that we get rid of this awful menace? "Well," you say, "What can we do?"

First of all we can pray the effectual prayer, "Oh," you say, "that is not much of a weapon." I think it is the greatest weapon we have in our hands today. My father was a surgeon in the U. S. Army. He was stationed in Kentucky opposite Cincinnati, at the time of the Women's Crusade against the saloon. My mother went over to Cincinnati with Mrs. Smith. They were both church women although absolute strangers to saving grace. They got over there and all of a sudden the coachman stopped in the middle of the street. Mrs. Smith, a dignified lady called out, "Why do you stop?" "Traffic is held up," the coachman replied. She waited awhile and then she said, "S— what has blocked the traffic?" And he said, "Madam, the streets are full of women on their knees, with tears streaming down their faces." She told her coachman to go home, and said to my mother, "Mrs. Yeomans, would you ever think that women could so forget themselves?" My mother was unsaved, but she said she didn't know whether they forget themselves or remembered themselves. Something started working in her heart from that moment and she never rested until she was saved. She always remembered the sight of those women in Cincinnati and the day God closed the saloons.

Another way we can stem the awful tide of the narcotic evil is by putting our household under

the protection of the blood of Jesus. Then too, we can teach our children; not terrify them. Never introduce fear, but warn them like we warn children about rattle snakes. When we were little my father was stationed on the frontier of Texas, and when we heard the "rattle" "rattle" we made tracks for home. So we can teach the little ones that when a stranger approaches them, even to have them smell a flower or perfume,

they are to run away quickly.

Someone asks, "Is there any help for an addict in the very last stages?" Yes, there is. Here I am a living proof of the fact that Jesus saves not only from all sin, but also from that awful bondage of drug addiction. If I could show you the wreck I was, and make you to realize my wonderful deliverance, you would believe there was hope for every living soul.

The Lord an Adversary to His Children

Fatal Results of Partial Obedience.

Pastor Philip Wittich in The Stone Church Nov. 15, 1925.

Numbers 22:22-34



WE have in this chapter (verse 22) the truth presented to us that the Lord declares Himself an *Adversary to His disobedient children*. In our shallowness we often think that God is an Adversary to the sinner, but how could God be an Adversary to an ignorant sinner! He is an Adversary to disobedient children. The 22nd verse of this chapter leaves no room to doubt this statement, and in the 32nd verse the Lord Himself addresses the disobedient prophet by saying, "Behold I am come forth for an adversary because thy way is perverse before me." That word "perverse" in the Hebrew occurs here for the first time in the Bible, and has the meaning of throwing one's self headlong into danger. We will therefore, for a brief time consider the down-grade of the disobedient prophet.

When God favors man with His grace and His gifts it naturally arouses the jealousy of the devil, who in his own time had met with greater favor and more gifts than any creature under heaven, for he was once "the anointed cherub that covereth" the whole creation, (Ezek. 28:11-17) the cherub that was to link all creation to a divinely pleasing worship. But Satan's disobedience caused a rupture between him and God, and the divine glory left him. He is no longer "Lucifer" as Isaiah calls him, the "angel of light." He is now "the prince of darkness," because he is in bitter enmity against God who is Light.

Satan knows the weak points of every man, be he sinner or saint, and he knows exactly how to work on the weakness of each creature. He is a good fisherman who has a bait in his hook for every fish. He knows exactly what bait will catch each one. I know little about fishing, but have been told that to be a good fisherman you

must know the nature of the fish and the kind of food they like. Now Satan knows exactly what kind of bait to throw out to catch men and women.

But what I wish to stress particularly, is the thought that we as God's people must be free from *every weak point* which forms a bait for the evil one. Our nature is at enmity with God and is too weak to do His will. If we acknowledge this old nature in us we will give the enemy an opportunity to use the weakest spot in it. Some people are easily overcome by a quick temper and anger; others are tempted by jealousy; again another class is tempted by money, etc. I need not tell you of the many weaknesses to which the natural man is subject, but I will say that there is but *one* remedy, and that remedy is to no more acknowledge the old creation in you, but to enter by faith in the word and work of our Master, that *He has effectually and forever dealt with it on the cross*, and that the believer is free from the old self. Col. 2:11, Rom. 6:10.

Man is between two worlds; one is the unseen world which is real, and the other is the world we see, which is not real. II Cor. 4:18. "For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." The world which is not seen by mortal eye, is the world of glory in heaven; the world which we see is the world which the Bible pronounces the world of vanity, of which we were a part when we were sinners. Rom. 8:20. "For the creation was subject to vanity." Man is ever between these two worlds, and while the saint realizes by faith that Christ's death has delivered him from the dominion of the flesh, he must ever be aware of the fact that he is still living in a world which wants to drag him down again into its very center, and to take him away from the center of the world of glory. Who is the center of the world of glory? It is *Jesus Christ*, the center of God's

love and the center of our faith. If we acknowledge the great power of this perishable world, we will be turned into its ways, but if we acknowledge the superior power of the unseen world, the world of which Christ is the blessed living center and the Spirit its active power, we will be lifted from the Satanic forces which ever attempt to drag us into the very atmosphere of hell.

Balaam was between those two worlds just as we are. What was Balaam's weakest point? The Bible tells us it was his hankering after the "reward of unrighteousness"; in other words he was a lover of the things of this world, a lover of money, which the natural man so greatly covets and prizes. His eager expectancy of the reward of King Balak, towards whose country he was traveling, made him absolutely blind to the appearance of the angel of Jehovah. You may wonder that the donkey he was riding could see Jehovah, for the Bible says three times that it saw the Angel of the Lord, while Balaam who was a prophet and had seen visions of the Almighty (24:2-9) could not see Him now. It is the same reason which will disable us to see Him when our hearts are centered on the things of this world. That very obstacle will be just like a cloud hiding the presence of God, and making us blind to the things that are of God.

So many of God's saints are living lives that are too superficial, playing like little children with God's grace which is able to perfect them. Satan wants them to trifle away their golden opportunities until he has them so firmly baited that they cannot get rid of his hook. But God would have us to be full grown men and women who learn to know the devices of the devil, the power of the world and the temptations of the flesh. Praise God, we can know the superior power of our Lord Jesus Christ, His cleansing and redeeming blood, and the power of the Holy Ghost who will keep us free from any entanglement of sin and Satan!

It has been claimed by some that Balaam was not a child of God. How could he have the gift of prophecy without being a child of God? In the second chapter of Second Peter, the Apostle speaks not of unbelievers, but of hypocritical believers, and in the 15th verse he compares them to Balaam, "who loved the wages of unrighteousness; but was rebuked for his iniquity: the dumb ass speaking with man's voice forbade the madness of the prophet." He was a prophet who loved the wages of unrighteousness more than

he loved the favor and blessing of God.

Now let us see the severity with which God dealt with this down-grade prophet. The deeper our knowledge of the Word of God and of God Himself, the greater our responsibility toward Him. He who has received little light will be called to account for that little, but he who has received much light will have to answer to God for the much he has received. For instance, notice how God dealt with Hagar when she was disobedient to her mistress, Sarah, and ran away. The Angel of the Lord said to her: "Return to thy mistress and submit thyself under her hands." Gen. 16:9. There was no sharp reprimand given to her. Why? Because she was more or less ignorant of the ways of God. She surely did not know God as well as Sarah and Abraham. On the other hand let us see the severity with which God dealt with Moses. In the fourth chapter of Exodus we read how God sent him down to Egypt with the message to Pharaoh "Let My people go." On the way down, as we read in verse 24, Jehovah met Moses and "*sought to kill him.*" Why did God want to kill Moses? Because he rendered only *partial* obedience. Partial obedience will blind our eyes. God wants us to obey His Word *in every known detail.* Where did Moses fail? He had two sons, the older was circumcized but the younger was not. God's command was that every male descendant of Abraham was to be circumcized when eight days old (Gen. 17:12). The failure of Moses to circumcize one of his sons was no doubt due to the influence of his Cushite wife. Circumcision seemed to that heathen woman a cruelty perpetrated on her child, and Moses gave in to her desire. But how could Moses be used as an instrument of authority against Pharaoh when he himself was disobedient to the divine command? Oh, it is so easy for saints to tell sinners how to come to Jesus and to accept Him, but it is another thing for saints to obey God in all the details He requires of them! The command to the sinner is simply to repent of his sins and to be baptized in order to receive the gift of the Holy Spirit (Acts 2:38). But after he has obeyed God on that line, he becomes subject to much teaching and instruction which God expects him to obey. A man with a sinful heart cannot keep the commandments of God, but after he has received Christ into his heart he is required to yield to the indwelling Christ who is able to keep the law in the believer as He kept it while on earth. God has given us the Spirit of Truth,

the Comforter, who will tell us when to speak and when to keep silent. He will direct our thoughts and our steps; but if we close our hearts to His promptings how can we be used to bring sinners to Christ? It is one thing to receive the Holy Spirit, but quite another thing to *abide under His instruction and guidance*, and there it is where we can slip away if we are not on the alert.

When Moses was met by the Lord in the inn, the mother who objected to the child's circumcision had to circumcize her boy, and as she did so she exclaimed to Moses, "Surely a bridegroom of blood thou art to me!" After this sacrifice of obedience on the part of Moses and Zipporah the Lord was with them in power. Obedience gives power. Jesus Christ was obedient unto death, therefore "God has highly exalted Him and given Him a Name which is above every name." Jesus has received absolute authority because He practiced absolute obedience. Our own power over this world is proportionately as great as our obedience to God. If you obey God as far as you know, His power will be with you whether you live among sinners, saints or hypocrites.

So the Angel of the Lord, which is Jesus in His pre-incarnate existence, met Balaam and said, "Behold, I am come forth for an Adversary because thy way is perverse before me." We see here the prophet on his beast coming to a place where the donkey is stopped by the Angel of the Lord. The beast turns aside into a field and receives a severe beating. You, perhaps, have been riding along on the donkey of your circumstance very smoothly until you struck some unexpected hindrance; however you were too blind to see that it was God who stopped you. You turned aside to evade God, but you cannot shirk your responsibility that way. Stop and consider why and where you have turned aside! The road becomes more narrow and you become hedged in, but still you continue to go on. You are taken sick and cannot get healing and you are tempted to blame it on God or those who pray for you, saying that they have no power. Perhaps you have trouble in the family and of course you are inclined to consider yourself the innocent one; other troubles continue to pile up and you know not which way to turn. If, however, you will come back to the place where you failed to obey God and submit everything to Him, He will tide you over difficulties in a way you never dreamed of. But if you do not heed the warnings of God you will get into tight places like Balaam. The

road became so narrow and the Angel of the Lord hedged in the donkey that it fell on its knees; then God opened the eyes of the prophet. It does not say that God opened the mouth of the prophet; but the mouth of the donkey. The dumb brute could not express itself, so God gave it language to reprimand a disobedient child of God. Of the prophet we read, "God opened *his eyes* and he saw the Lord." I am sure that if we obey God in every detail of our lives we will be fully and safely guided by Him. I have tested and tried God in the long years of my ministry. Wherever I obeyed God, He made my life to flow as smooth as a river, but when, consciously or unconsciously, I missed God in what I considered a very small matter, there was jarring and friction, and unhappiness in my soul. There was a time in my life when I was more intent on being healed of a certain disease than to be in the will of God. He kept me sick for five weeks, and I felt I was on my death-bed. I could not live; I could not die, but when I said to the Lord that I was willing either to die or to be a cripple, whatever was to His glory, that very Sunday morning I was instantly healed. In all things *submit yourselves to God*. Deny your own reason, deny any outside suggestion, but ask God to make you obedient to His will even unto death.

Let me point out something that seems strange to the human thought. The first time an animal spoke was in Paradise. It was said of the serpent, "It was more subtle than any beast of the field," Gen. 3:1. The serpent therefore was used by the devil. And what was his advice? It was to make man disobedient to God and thru the first man's disobedience we are in our present fallen state, separated from God. The second time an animal spoke, according to Bible record, was in the life of Balaam. God spoke thru the donkey, which is a proverbial type of stupidity, a message of reprimand to the intelligent but disobedient prophet. God always chooses the foolish things of the world that He might put to shame them that are wise, (I Cor. 1:27). Sometimes He can use a sinner, who in His word is likened to a donkey, (Ex. 13:13), ignorant of God, to reprimand His wayward children. God has no trouble in opening an animal's mouth, but He has a hard time to open the spiritual ears and hearts of His own people; a hard time to make them listen to and obey Him.

I know that Satan talks to you as he talks to me. He will persuade you that to live a Christian life is a very hard thing, but the Bible says,

"the way of the transgressor," the disobedient one, "is hard." At first it looks hard when God asks us to take a step of obedience, with every power of darkness against us, but if we take the first step, the way will open up, as it opened to the priests as they carried the ark to the River Jordan. When they put their feet into the swollen waters of that stream, the waters above were piled up like a wall, while the waters to

their left ebbed away into the Dead Sea, and all *Israel was able to walk over dry shod.* Rom. 6:16, "Know ye not that to whom ye present yourselves as servants unto obedience, his servants ye are whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness."

Sometimes I falter, filled with fear,

I cannot see at all,

His voice I cannot fail to hear—

"I will not let thee fall."

Voices

Edgar M. Scurrah, Cape Town, South Africa.



THIS is a day when voices fill the world. Voices of mirth and debauchery, of sorrow and joy, of victory and defeat, of praise and blame, of good and ill. Voices from the height and from the depth. Voices familiar and unfamiliar. Some beloved and others despised. Human and inhuman, Divine and devilish, sought and unsought—but they are here. Some we welcome; others we dread. Voices from the unknown and the well-known, over the wires and the wireless, the air-ways and the sub-ways, the highways and the byways. Out of the explored and the unexplored, visible and invisible come voices clamouring to be heard.

What shall we do with them? Shall we give them all a hearing? If we do our poor overwrought systems will not contain and we shall be left high and dry upon the sands of lunacy. Fain would we isolate ourselves from many sounds that we might have rest, but we know not how. Isolation is not insulation. Though the natural sounds are shut out, how shall we escape the prying, insidious, sneaking demons of the underworld that are so persistently preying upon our steps these days? Our beings are complex. We are both flesh and spirit and are unconsciously able receivers of the sounds of two worlds. Awakened hearts easily discern the one from the other, but there are those who are asleep in the spirit, and these attribute spiritual sound and sense to the natural, which is a great mistake. In this last hour of the day of grace, Satan is crawling up out of every hole and clothing himself with every sort of disguise to deceive the children of God. We, therefore, need our faculties quickened that we may always recognize the foe no matter in what form he may appear. His "familiar spirits" fill the world, speaking temptations into human ears, imitating the dead, scattering evil sug-

gestions and unholy promptings. This motley mob of imitators, fashion-mongers, nude devils, money seekers, lust gratifiers crowd the air around us watching their opportunity to gain entrance to the body. Succeeding in this they work until they completely overcome that soul, and his last state is worse than the first. What is the remedy?

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST

The devil hates the blood, because it was his undoing and will be his destruction. Plead the blood against his demons when they draw near in the night or in the day and they will scatter like hoar frost after sunrise. When sudden fear rushes over your spirit without reason, it is the devil. Plead the blood of Christ and he will flee. When impulse seizes you to do wrong or meditate upon wrong—it is a seducing spirit—plead the blood. The blood is the standard of the Spirit and when the enemy comes in like a flood the Spirit of the Lord shall raise up this standard against him. When you feel tempted to doubt the Lord, His Word, His promises, or His love—it is a seducing spirit at work. Plead the blood. Hell is tapping at the foundations of your faith. If you agree with him he is getting hold. When conquered habits knock at your heart to get back again into your life they are not the habits themselves, but wicked spirits endeavoring to work your ruin. They will tell you you had a better time in the old life. Listen not to the voice of the destroyer. Plead the blood against him and his temptations and they will go.

Sin is food for the fallen. And it is as sweet to the believer's "flesh" as to a sinner's. The natural is fallen and craves gratification. Sweet child of God plead the blood! That's the cure. Storms will abate and peace profound and deep will settle down upon you if you plead the blood against the hordes of hell around you. Soon the temptations will pass away and a holy calm possess you. You will then be able to sleep tranquilly. You will

walk abroad and never feel old fear tugging at your nerves.

HOW TO KEEP IT

Make no covenant with hell. Spiritism and all its varied assumptions is the work of the devil to overthrow. Give it a wide berth. If you are caught by its slimy fingers, repent and ask God to rid you of the devil's "familiar spirits." He (God) will give you His Spirit to dwell in you, which will be to you a Comforter, Instructor, and Keeper. He will guide, bless and heal you, and fill your days and nights with holy peace and rest. These rough experiences with Satan usually come to those young in the faith which are his special diet. His demons harrass the new converts and do their best to turn them back to the world from whence they have come. But if the heart is steadfast in seeking God, He will deliver, though He may allow you to have many combats with these invisible foes. When I was young in the faith I had a bitter experience with demon powers so that life was becoming a continual fear. My nights were a dread to me, because as quickly as I entered my room to retire, the battle started with these demons. I was not young in years, but I had come out of great darkness and the devil hated to give up his hold upon me. Fear was my special temptation. This demon hounded my steps and would throw about me such a horror that I feared to walk across my room. My hair would stand up and my eyes dilate. I knew not what to do, for I was ignorant and knew not how to resist the enemy. I rebuked the best I knew how, because I realized that it was the work of demons and that I had to meet them by God's power. In those days I knew nothing about Pentecostal work, but one day a hand bill was put into our home advertising meetings where they spoke in tongues and had many gifts of the Holy Ghost as in the days of the apostles. I went to investigate and as an honest and hungry soul I sat in the audience. After the meeting started I felt as much at home as if I had always been there. I knew God was there and that was what I wanted. I had had enough of form. I wanted reality. The minister in his short, pointed address, told us that in the blood of Jesus we had a weapon against demons and every form of Satanic attack; that if we raised this standard against the foe everywhere we met him, he must flee. My heart swelled almost to bursting point in gratitude for this beautiful light. Little did this dear saint know what battle I was in at that very time

with the demon of fear, and how I had sought every way to rid my life of that messenger of the pit, but had failed. The meeting over, I struck off for home a wiser man, and full of joy. I was burning to put in practice what I heard. Satan had made life unbearable for me and my nights a terror. I was aching to use my new weapon upon him, so sure was I that I had heard the truth that makes free. And I was not mistaken. Satan was already on the run—I knew it. Night drew on and I went to my room with a certain dread in my heart on account of the encounters I had suffered there, but my foe did not make a frontal attack this time, but skulked in the shadows for a suitable time. When I was not expecting him he rushed at me with the savagery of a wounded panther and the battle was fierce, but with confidence I stood up in that empty room and I used my weapon upon his unholy head with sickening blows. We will cut the story short right here by saying that he has never returned after the conflict that night nineteen years ago. The blood of Jesus did it. Hell could not face the blood of Christ. He beat a disorderly retreat and I had rest and deliverance from his hated presence on that score. Since that day I have been a firm believer in the power of the blood of Christ. It is my defense in every hour of temptation, my confidence when I walk in the path of peril.

* * *

One of the striking contrasts between Christianity and heathenism is the regard for human life. If a man falls overboard in a Christian land, every effort is made to save him. The heathen looks on unmoved, reasoning it were better for one to drown than two.

Once a fire occurred in Mrs. Bovyer's Orphanage and a mob gathered outside with the hope of plundering. Mrs. Bovyer begged them to carry water to put out the fire and save the lives of the children, but they would not. Only by paying them for a bucket of water at a time was she able to get them to work.

A government official speaking of the city of Foochow as being overcrowded, suggested that "a massacre might help. There has been no massacre for a long time." When trouble occurred a few miles away they sent out soldiers and killed 2,000 women and children. It is only when the heathen become Christians and their hearts are made tender by the love of God, that they show any sympathy or concern for others.

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Notes

The Babe of Bethlehem

Babe of weakness, can it be
That earth's last great victory
Is to be achieved by Thee?

Babe of weakness, can it be
That the proud rebellious knee
Of this world shall bend to Thee?

Child of poverty, art Thou
He to whom all heaven shall bow?
And all earth shall pay the vow?

Can that feeble head alone
Bear the weight of such a crown
As belongs to David's Son?

Can these helpless hands of Thine
Wield a sceptre so divine
As belongs to Jesse's line?

Thou o'er whom the sword and rod
Wave in haste to drink Thy blood,
Art the very Son of God!

Horatius Bonar.

* * *

THERE were strange scenes in Old Judea
nineteen hundred years ago. Jerusalem
was roused from its lethargy by the visit of the
Magi. Caravans entering the city were not un-
common, for since the days of Solomon men
came to Jerusalem with their treasure, but this
caravan had a different mission. They were the
harbingers of the birth of a King, and Herod
trembled. "Where is He that is born King of
the Jews?" was the startling question that stirred
all Jerusalem as they marched up and down that
sacred city.

"Gather together the chief priests and the
scribes, the readers of your sacred Book, and tell
me where He is to be born," demanded the
usurper Herod. Filled with wonder they
searched the prophecies and their hearts burned
as they read:

*"And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah,
art not the least among the princes of Judah;
for out of thee shall come a Governor, that
shall rule my people Israel."*

* * *

Simultaneous with the visit of the wise men
came a heavenly delegation, the angelic host, to
announce to the Judean shepherds that a Savior
had come to the world:

*"Fear not; for behold I bring you good tid-
ings of great joy, which shall be to all people.
For unto you is born this day, in the city of
David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord."*

It was heralded in the king's palace and among
the mighty. It was announced to the humble
country folk, and all Judea knew and wondered
that after four hundred years God had broken
the silence. What meant these strange happen-
ings? A King? A Deliverer? Yea, more than
that. It was the coming of the "Counselor of the
Mighty God," the "Prince of Peace." A De-
liverer indeed, to give to the human race a
freedom she had never known before. This One
who was born would break shackles far more
galling than those of earthly rulers, the shackles
of disease, the shackles of despair. Thru Him
the souls enslaved by passion and greed would
be set free.

A King? Yea, this One who was "born King
of the Jews" was destined to reign in the hearts
of millions yet unborn. Abraham rejoiced in the
hope of His coming. Job, with a prophetic
vision, gave his testimony, *"I know that my Re-
deemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter
day upon the earth."*

Isaiah, "the Prophet of Redemption," bursts
out with that striking prophecy, a stumbling-
block to the Jew, *"Behold, a virgin shall conceive,
and bear a Son, and shall call His name Im-
manuel."*

Simeon, with the anointing of the Spirit of
God upon him, cried out of this infant Savior:
"Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation!"

And to the aged prophetess, Anna, was given
the knowledge that this Babe of Bethlehem was
the World's Redeemer.

Peter, the mighty fisher of men, spoke by
Divine revelation, *"Thou art the Christ, the Son
of the Living God!"*

Paul, the great Apostle to the Gentiles, writing
to his children in the faith, recalls thru the Holy
Spirit that scene in the Bethlehem stable thru
the words, *"When the fulness of the time was
come, God sent forth His Son, made of a*

woman," as the World's Redeemer.

Countless saints and martyrs of all the ages kept the faith. Neither the burning faggots nor the wild beasts of the arena daunted their courage, for their gaze was fixed on Him who went from Bethlehem to Calvary. With Him they shrank not from the blood-stained way. He had left heaven, the Bosom of the Father. They, too, left all to "follow in His train." They kept the faith.

* * *

Today the deepening shadows are settling down on Palestinian Syria. The fear and dread of men, of war, racial hatred and petty strife are abroad in that land. Antichristian forces are gathering. War clouds are thundering. 'Tis the "Armageddon onset." As the darkness deepens will the "little flock" be found faithful? When the smoke of the last battle will have rolled away and the Prince of Peace ushers in His Millennial Reign, will you and I be in that company who have kept the faith?

This same Jesus who came as the Babe of Bethlehem, will come again; not in humiliation, but in the glory of His Father.

"Even so, come Lord Jesus."

From the Missionaries' Viewpoint

"How is the Missionary Rest Home in Chicago?" asked a missionary returned from China of one who had been in the Home. "Is it formal and stiff with rules? I do not like those places that are loaded down with rules. I like to feel free." "Oh the Home is wonderful," replied the missionary from Brazil who had been there on several visits. The Missionary from China came to stay a day or two to see how she would like it, and her stay was prolonged into several weeks. "I like it better all the time," she said. Another missionary said in a recent meeting at the Home: "If I never got anymore out of my stay in the Home than the blessing I received this morning in our prayer hour, I would feel amply repaid for coming here."

"How are you getting along?" we often ask the Matron over the 'phone. "Oh splendid!" is the invariable reply. During the month of October there were about fifteen missionaries (including their children) in the Home. These, with a few other guests, filled every available space, and some that was scarcely available, but

they were a happy crowd. A new assistant to the matron who was initiated when the place was packed from top to bottom, said, "My! What have I gotten into?" But she is happy in filling the place for which God has been preparing her. Both Miss Droegmiller and her assistant, Miss Gaumer, have made and are making sacrifices equal to those made by the missionary on the field. The sacrifices may be of a different character, but call for just as much consecration and devotion as is required in the front line of the battle. They are happy to see God working for the Home in such a steady way. God continues to lay the needs on the hearts of those who love the missionaries and are interested in their comforts. One of the recent big gifts, a mangler, from a number of friends in Michigan and the Chicago Prayer League, is a real treasure and greatly lightens their labors. When Pastor Branch of Battle Creek, visited the Home and saw the spotless linens, he knew the labor it meant to the care-takers, and interested others in getting a mangler, which the Matron says is a "treasure." They can now iron in a half day what took them two days before. Not a month passes without the receipt of substantial gifts from friends, both in the city and at a distance. It is the blessing of God. The Home is located at 1848 Berenice Avenue.

Let the Good Work Go on

IT IS a great joy to see the hearty response to our Special Club Offer. The kind friends who have sent us good lists of subscriptions have made us feel a debt of gratitude that God alone can repay. It is encouraging amidst the many duties that press and the grind of office work, to see the interest in the paper by those who have been blest.

At times we were almost tempted to give up, not having an organization back of us and the support that comes from it, but whenever tempted to discouragement God has put it on someone's heart to give us some tangible help. Appreciative letters encourage us, but they do not pay printers' bills. A club of ten or twenty names has a three-fold return: It helps to keep the paper going to the ends of the earth; it brings blessing spiritual and physical to the readers, and there are treasures laid up in heaven for those who unselfishly give their time and effort to getting up a club subscription, for they will share in the reward of

A card from us to your friend announcing a yearly subscription to The Latter Rain Evangel is a good "last minute" gift. Send the subscription and we will send the card.

the souls that are quickened and brought to God thru the monthly visits of this little paper.

One sister sent us about thirty names, another twenty-four, and two or three others lists of ten and twelve. A pastor sent us twenty-one names and another fifteen. May God bless all who have shown this deep interest in sending out the good news of an uttermost salvation. If you cannot preach or be a missionary, you can get up a club

of subscriptions to *The Latter Rain Evangel* and let it preach to those who would not read it but for your effort.

If you speak to a soul about Jesus and he gives his heart to the Savior, what joy fills your heart that you are an instrument of salvation. You can speak to many thru the pages of *The Evangel*. Club Offer: Ten or more subscriptions at \$1.00 each.

From the Lands of the Rising Sun

JUST as our last issue was coming out we received word that some of our women missionaries had returned to their stations in South China, Miss Anderson and Miss Adolphson to Sai Nam, and Miss Militscher and Miss Clause to LoPau. Three of these missionaries had expected to come home, their furlough being due shortly and the money in hand, but they felt strangely held. With the coming of the cold season they longed to go back and put in a few months of good hard work before leaving the field, and prayed that God would open the way, which He did. Miss Anderson writes:

It seems too wonderful to be true that we are writing you from Sai Nam again. It is two weeks ago today (Oct. 17) we returned and how happy we have been to be back. It seems to us grace upon grace that God opened up the door for our entrance again. We also received a warm welcome from those who are true Christians walking in the light.

Before leaving Hong Kong for several weeks I felt that God had heard prayer and would send us back to Sai Nam. In the natural it looked dark and discouraging, but when God speaks He is also able to perform. The brethren were up sometime before to get their trunks and bedding preparatory to spending the winter in Hong Kong. They had some very trying experiences, and did not feel we ought to go, but we felt that God had put a "go" in our hearts. Our fleece had been put out, and we had sure evidence that God's approval was on our going, so we started out, and all the way the presence of the Lord was so real, peace and joy flooded our hearts. Although the American Consul had refused permission for us to go many times before, he said he had looked into the situation and saw no reason why Americans could not return, and if we were brave enough to be among the first numbers, all right. The boycott against the British has not yet been lifted, so our Canadian missionaries still have to remain in Hong Kong, which is a great trial and hindrance to the work. The sam pan women and the coolies made sure that we were Americans before they dared move us or our baggage, but we had no trouble at all. It was not long after we reached Sai Nam ere the room was

full of people giving us a hearty welcome, some bringing gifts of lovely fruit. The heathen neighbors, the Christians and the coolies were all glad to see us. But sad to say, some of the professing Christians are anti-Christian as well as anti-foreign, and things are not in a healthy state. Miss Adolphson has resumed her work for the women, and we are having a ministry in prayer and personal work, and God is blessing.

Sowing and Reaping

Mr. and Mrs. Leader, working in the Congo (Gombari) are rejoicing to see the power of the Gospel upon the lives of native Africans:

This has been a glorious day for Him. This morning in the service God especially anointed us to speak from I Tim. 1:15, and as the message went forth we could see a real earnestness on the faces of the people, and a hush of the Holy Spirit. It was evident that hearts were being enlightened and hunger increased. When the invitation was given for all those who wanted to know God better, there was no hesitancy but some thirty quickly kneeled and sought God. No loud praying, but the brooding presence of the Spirit was there.

But missionary work is not merely preaching and forgetting about it, if conducted rightly. From 5:30 a. m. until 8 or 9 at night one is confronted with the native. The school, work, morning services, their petty cases, helping them to stand true, and the strain on one that some may fall, take the best there is in one. There are missionaries doing two persons' work, pouring out their lives for the native, but never a word of complaint does one hear.

The past few months have seen a real change in the hearts of some of the people. We remember what poor, weak followers of Christ they were, but as we have worked with them, helped and encouraged them, seen them desire to pray and read the Word, we have felt that it was worth while. They pray more one for the other. If the native can go so far as to forget himself, he is climbing upward. We have our boys in for evening prayers, a half hour every evening when we read over the Word together, sing and pray. Difficulties are explained, advice asked, encouragement given and sins and mistakes checked and dealt with. Incidentally they are teachers in the

school, and of course this helps in their training. We are reading the Bible through together, asking one of them to explain what is read. One chap is a marvel at it; he can explain correctly and doesn't omit any of the details. It is inspiring to hear him. One of the lads has been with us fifteen months and has proven himself a good example of a saved life. He has been a real gift from God to us.

The rainy season will soon end and then our hot spell begins. It will put your Chicago heat to shame. Then is when one realizes one is tired and that one has nerves. The life seems to drain right out of the body. We are glad it does not exceed a matter of four months.

The Gospel's Progress in Japan

Miss Marie Juergensen, Tokyo, Japan, gives us a graphic picture of their tent meetings in Japan, under date of Nov. 4th:

A tent meeting in Japan is quite different from one in the homeland. It has meant to be out in a very dark district, with one or two native workers and just two native Christians, who with joy look to you but scarcely realize the battle that is on.

To arouse these idol-worshippers, so indifferent to their condition, to interest them sufficiently to move them from their homes to the meeting, means something more than human effort. Then imagine a tent filled with three hundred people and only five or six doing the singing. They look on in wonder, for they never heard such singing. When we kneel to pray the whole audience comes forward or stands on the benches to see what we are doing to the ground or where we have our God. Then imagine that you are the missionary talking for about an hour to a very attentive audience, but one that comprehends very little. How easy to become discouraged, but thus saith the Lord. "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit." and so with our eyes on our Captain we press the battle on.

"Go ye into the highways and hedges, and as many as ye shall find, bid." This we actually do, when with our lanterns, instruments and tracts before every service we march the streets, singing and playing, while our workers through the megaphone call out to those sitting in darkness an invitation to hear the glad tidings of joy. Oh, will you not come and march up and down with us in the darkness of heathenism, sending out the blessed message that means so much to you! Marching, singing, preaching, instructing, inviting, conducting children's meetings, adult meetings, etc., etc., keep us ever busy in the service of the King.

"The results of our feeble efforts were very encouraging. Souls were saved in nearly every meeting by the twos and threes. At one time five were saved, and at another blessed meeting seven came forward to accept our Jesus. How much

this means in a heathen land! Altogether thirty-two precious souls were saved during the twenty nights of service.

"Now we have gathered these dear ones in a temporary place on our building lot. The place is very small and we are much hampered, but we hope it will not be long before we shall see a real Saving Station here, so we shall be able to continually cast out our nets in this dark district.

"Words fail to express our gratitude to the dear ones at home for their interest and prayers for this First Mission Station Building in Japan. I cannot describe to you the scene in 320 Nishi Sugamo Machi, when your kind letter with enclosed drafts for the building (\$370) arrived. You will rejoice to know that we received altogether \$1,264.00. Then the Lord also did a wonderful thing which completely surprised us. At the little Conference we had here in September among our missionaries they decided to give for the building of the First Church in Japan \$1,167.00, which was in the District Council treasury. It was sent for Earthquake relief, but as plenty of relief work was being done, they held it and decided to use it for this purpose. Now we have \$2,431.00 toward our Building, and only a little over \$4500.00 is needed altogether. It still seems a big sum, but we must not faint, for He has in so many ways answered prayer, so in faith we seal our eyes upon Him."

* * *

A band of Young Gospel Crusaders of the Full Gospel Assembly at Washington, D. C. conducted a three weeks' revival campaign at Cedarville, Md., about twenty-five miles out. A Methodist Church which has been closed for some time was the scene of this revival. Pastor Collier who assisted when not otherwise engaged, writes: "It was wonderful to see the great hunger of the people for the real Gospel. They came night after night from ten to fifteen miles to the meetings. Every foot of seating space even on the platform was taken and many were standing, some outside at the windows. Marvelous scenes were witnessed around the altar, as the power of God swept the seekers down until it was difficult to find room for them. The sick were healed, a goodly number saved, and about twenty-five baptized in the Spirit "as at the beginning." Catholics, Seventh Day Adventists and church members along with sinners were swept into the rivers of salvation."

* * *

THE STORY OF THE MIAO

By Sam Pollard

For 29 years one of the church's most gifted and daring missionaries. His description of work among the Tribes of S. W. China, when 1,000 traveled over the snow-clad mountains in one day to learn of Jesus, is the most marvelous of modern missions. Cloth, \$1.10

The Compensation of Humble Service

The Many Phases of Missionary Activities.

Frank Nicodem in The Stone Church Nov. 1, 1925.



LIFE is measured by the sacrifice one is willing to make. Life is measured by what we are willing to do for one another. God so loved that He gave the best He had. I am sure that when we love, our love will find expression in service for our fellowman.

In July 1917 I passed through Chicago on my way to India, and sailed the following fall. My heart was bounding with something which made me go forth. Paul called it *love*. He said, "The love of Christ constrains me," which is just like getting high test gasoline in a motor car. The old motor is constrained to go because of something back of it. We need more of the love of God shed abroad by the Holy Ghost.

After I had been in India four months I was sent up north on the border of Nepal to man a station that was being abandoned by missionaries, some of whom were sick and had to return home; others had other doors open to them. This was the oldest Pentecostal Station in North India, opened by Pandita Ramabai and Albert Norton. It was being abandoned for lack of workers in that district of 1,200,000 people. When I heard of this station being abandoned and crushing the heart of the missionary into whose hands the property fell, I began to pray about it. I prayed that God would send forth laborers into His harvest field, and it took such hold upon me that I thought I would die if I didn't go. I heard a voice saying in unmistakable tones, "Why do you not go?" I didn't feel at all equipped to go and man a station alone, with no other missionaries there, for I was only four months old, as far as India was concerned, and I had just gotten to the place where I could barely make myself understood. But the more I prayed, the more I felt it would be the heroic thing for me to do, having the interest of the people at stake and not my own. So I offered my services and a brother missionary took me there, staying two days to initiate me and then taking the train to his station.

I will never forget the first morning that I was alone. I arose quickly and looked around. "Here is for a real plunge," I thought. I had no missionaries to depend upon to help me with the language. I had to make myself understood and I had to understand the people. I had scarcely

dressed when someone came and knocked at the door. Here was a man who had come from a long distance, hearing that a missionary had come. The poor man stood there telling me all that was on his heart, and I understood scarcely a word—moving two hundred miles made a great difference in the dialect. I knew two words which meant, "Say it again," so at my request he said it again. I really believe he repeated it eight or ten times, and I caught a word now and then. By the way he exercised himself I understood a little. I cannot tell you what it meant for me to be alone there. Sometimes I would not see a white face for three or four months at a time. I wish you might get a mental vision of one missionary alone on a station; then the Lord will help you to pray for the missionary, that he will feel perfectly at home though a stranger in a foreign land. The Lord in a marvelous way kept me from becoming homesick.

When I arrived at this station I found the district of Bahaich in the throes of a famine. The failure of crops for one or two seasons means famine, the people are so poor that they have nothing to tide them over. They grow rice one season and wheat the next. The rice season had failed and now it looked as though the wheat season would fail also. Following famine in India come black cholera and small-pox, and other terrible diseases.

One morning I was standing on the veranda. I had been studying hard all morning and stepped out for a breathing spell. I saw one of the native workers who had been in the custom of going out early in the morning and returning at sundown, come down the driveway. It was at the end of the rainy season when the Indians feel the cold most. When I say "cold" I do not mean to misrepresent. We never have the thermometer below 45 degrees, but during the rainy season the weather is penetrating. I said to this native worker, "R—, why have you come home?" He looked rather sheepish and threw back his cloak, and revealed in his arms a little Indian baby, eight months old. He said, "Sahib, I have brought this home to you." I never was more astonished, and could not imagine why he brought that child to me. So I said, "What do you mean? What will I do with it?" Then he opened his heart. "Sahib," he said, "for three days I have gone out

here to R.— (four and a half miles away). The first morning I noticed this little babe in the market place. Nobody seemed to pay any attention to it; the women were busy with their work. It was crying but I attended to my work and went on. Yesterday I was impressed to go again, and I saw this baby still there, covered with filth, its eyes filled with dirt, groping on the ground. I wanted to speak to a woman, but it is impolite for an Indian man to speak to a strange woman, but last night as I was asking God where I should go to preach, all I could see was that little baby, and I had to go back. I saw him lying there all on a heap. I turned to the women, 'Why is this child in that awful condition?' They said, 'What can we do? Its father and mother are gone, and it has no relatives. More than that, it is a child of low caste, so what can we do? We would break our caste to take it.'" The native worker knew all too well what that meant. He himself was a caste victim at one time. Some missionary rescued him and trained him in an Orphanage, and he now had the love of God in his heart which made him compassionate. So he reached down and gathered the little thing in his arms and brought it home to me. He knew he could not take care of the child, but they have an idea that a missionary can do anything, that he is never financially embarrassed, and never gets in a tight place.

I heard the story and my heart was touched. I always loved children, having been brought up in a big family and having to take care of little ones, but as I took this little fellow in my arms I never felt so helpless. I scarcely knew the first thing to do for it. It was covered with itch from head to foot, its head full of scabs, its eyes were full of dirt, its arms emaciated, cheeks sunken; it looked like an old man ready to die. As I started for the bungalow I said, "Lord, if You ever helped me, You must help me now."

When I first arrived at the station, being curious, I ransacked everything that had been left there by the other missionaries, and among other things there were a few old books on the book shelf (a hole built in the mud wall and a curtain hung over it). One book I remembered was a red book that treated of medicine. I was not interested for I knew the Lord as the Healer, but looking through the book I noticed someone had cut the inside out, with the exception of a chapter in the back which dealt on the care of children. Many, many times in the evenings I had poured over those pages. I do not believe that things

"just happen." I really believe that God in His great wisdom preserved those few pages telling about the care of children and their food. It told me how I should dilute cows' milk in order to bring it to the place where a babe could take it, about the acid in it, and how to add just a pinch of sugar. I almost memorized it, never thinking that I would need it.

Now I went and got the book and did the most common-place thing there was to do, sent one off for milk and another to heat some water, and I started into business. I wish that I might be able to give you a picture of that babe. I could not wash him all at one time, the scabs would break and bleed. When I tried to feed him a few drops of milk at a time he would grab the spoon. I worked with him for two weeks, night and day, and my nerves were getting unstrung, but one morning there was a great change. His skin was cleansed and his eyes clear. As I was stirring around I awakened him, and as he looked into my face a smile for the first time lit up his face. I felt he was trying to thank me for the little bit of love and care he was receiving. I cared for him two months and I can say that he was the fattest baby on the compound. He didn't have to be very fat for that, but he was a record-breaker and I was encouraged.

There was an old widow living on the compound. The missionaries had left her; she had a great big goiter and was ready to die. Her life had been one of suffering. The missionaries had made provision for the others but they thought "Old Boodie" would soon die, so left her to stay. Miss Personcus said to me as she left, "Now Brother Frank, you do not need to worry about Old Boodie. She will die in a few days." Well, Old Boodie didn't die, and more than that she got better. "Now," I thought, "I will give this little fellow to this old woman to take care of, and it will encourage her. When I went to see her I saw she felt grouchy, but I persuaded her to take this little boy as her very own, promising to pay her for caring for him. The old woman never knew what it meant to have anybody love her, and when about two weeks later I had the opportunity of putting this little fellow with a capable woman, Boodie wasn't willing to part with Samuel. He had gotten into her heart, and instead of wanting to die and feeling she wasn't needed, she began to live. She straightened up and said, "No indeed, you won't take him. I can care for him." She cared for him four years, and it was wonderful how well she succeeded.

When I woke up the first morning without being disturbed it felt so good I thought I'd never get another baby. I reasoned, "I didn't come to India to take care of babies." I was getting the language fast. In fact after I had been in India eight months I preached my first sermon, though I would not have you think it was very elaborate. I don't think I would have attempted it if there had been other missionaries there. The Indians were courteous enough to tell me they understood me, so I was encouraged. I determined I would get the language and thought I would then go out with a native worker into the villages and spend my life gathering in souls. That was my idea, but our ideas do not always work out.

After every rainy season it is necessary for a missionary to go along and fix up all the buildings. Our buildings are made of mud, and the roofs are not very well constructed. The water seeps through and softens the mud. So we have to build the walls again. It doesn't take much money; we take the same mud and mend the walls and they are as good as new when it dries. I was going over these old buildings that had been used in former days as a Girls' Orphanage, and as I was walking through I said, "Oh God, how wonderful it would be if I had all these places filled with Christian people!" It seemed I was crying out to see Christians on the compound. I was aware that there was room for at least 125 people.

While I was praying and meditating one of the native workers came and said that there was an old man outside sitting with his feet crossed. I said, "Old man, what do you want?" He looked up to me reverently, "Sahib, your fame has gone abroad." I certainly did not feel famous and I was a little suspicious. An Indian never gives you anything that he doesn't expect something in return. He said he heard how I had come from a far country and taken care of a little Indian baby and how it thrived; and how his wife died with plague after going through a long strain of famine. "I have a little boy," he said, "and he is dying too. I am an old man, being sick since my wife died, am not able to work, and because of some misfortune I have become an outcaste." I was exercised: "Where is your boy?" I asked. He threw his cloak back, and there was a little fellow, about ten months old, starving to death. I could count every rib in his body. He was covered with dirt and filth. I felt so bad I almost cried when I looked at him and his father, slowly dying of starvation. And when he told me he

had brought the little fellow for me to take care of I forgot all about my former resolution. After all, God maps out a path for everyone of us, and He wants everyone of us to be workers in His vineyard. Some of us think the way to do something for God is to have the privilege of leading a song service or taking charge of a prayer meeting or being an assistant pastor, but God calls us to do what our hands find to do, whatever it is. So I turned to the old man, "All right, *Budda*, if you will sign an agreement that you won't claim your boy after he gets well, I will take care of him." The tears streamed down his face, "I am an old man, I will die in a short time, but I am so happy that I have someone to care for my boy." I wrote out the agreement and the old man put his thumb impression on it, for he could not write, and hobbled off the compound.

There I was left with another little charge. I started with him to the bungalow much more confident than with my first charge. We called him Abraham for the Mohammedans often name their children Abraham. His father was a Mohammedan. After I had taken in that second baby something definite happened. I believe God, in a sense had me on probation, and wanted to see whether I was willing to take care of babies or do anything He sent along. Two or three days after, I saw a little boy in front of the bungalow, naked, aimless, didn't seem to know which way to turn. I sent one of the men out to see, and found he was a famine subject, his father and mother had died and he had been wandering through the highways in search of food. His legs were thin and spindly, his stomach stuck out from eating all kinds of rubbish. We decided to feed him a week. Later an old man hobbled into the compound bringing two other little boys, one four and the other six. After a long deliberation we decided to keep them. Native workers brought others, missionaries sent some, and in a year's time we had taken in 38 boys. So we found ourselves with a big family, most of which were famine subjects, boys full of diseases of the most horrible kind.

To illustrate: One morning one of the native workers came with a little boy and called for me. He was stooped over, the hair had fallen off his head and he was covered with a rash. The native said he had brought him to me that I might care for him. I found the little fellow quite willing to break his caste and partake of food. I took him into the bath room and never saw such an object in my life. From his waist-line to his

knees there wasn't a place that pus wasn't oozing out, from that awful disease which affects 80 per cent in India, syphilis. My flesh shrank, for by this time I had gotten married and had a little boy of my own. As I shrank, thinking of my wife and little baby, I heard someone saying, "Jesus went about the villages, teaching, preaching and healing every disease among the people." He never turned any away. He touched the leper--lepers are untouchable, but Jesus touched them. I said, "Lord, forgive me for this feeling and cover me with the precious blood of Jesus so I will be protected." It was just a matter of a few weeks until this little fellow straightened up and I found him out playing with the rest of the boys. When a boy in India plays he is well. It is one of the sad features of Indian life that the children do not know how to play. I have actually had more trouble getting my boys to play than to work.

All the boys filed into the mud chapel one morning for prayer, this little fellow in the front row. When our boys pray in India they all pray in unison. I have heard my boys pray more than half a mile away. They storm heaven and get answers too. Above all the rest of the voices I could hear one of the little fellows in the front row. I went over and put my face down beside his; the tears were streaming down his face, and such conviction I never saw on a little boy as was on his face. I had never said a word to him about his life, he was only eight. I heard him say, "Oh God, for Jesus' sake, save my soul!" and suddenly he threw up his hands and looked up, and I saw the light and glory of God upon his face. He was so completely changed that the missionary who sent the boy to me after two months' time didn't recognize him at all.

Now I cannot give you the history of all our boys, but this is practically the material with which we had to work. I must tell you about bringing these boys up because back of it all there is a purpose. We have found as Pentecostal missionaries in India that almost all of the native workers, evangelists and pastors are boys and girls that have been brought up in orphan homes. Albert Norton's work was one of sacrifice, and I can take you to almost every mission station today and show you one or more of the old Albert Norton boys. Somebody was willing to work and toil and bring these boys up, but somebody will get the reward. We have found by experience that the most of our workers have been trained this way. In five years we took in ninety boys. When

we assembled for prayer on Sunday morning we had an audience of 200 people, a good Christian audience. As the boys got saved we went with them to the villages. They were the product of our labors, and as we spoke of this great salvation we said, "Samuel, you tell them," and out of the simplicity of his heart, he told what God did for him.

The last year I spent much of the time in bed. I had gone through three long sieges of sickness and wasn't able to go into the villages, and one Saturday as I was lying on a cot in my office I was looking up to God, and said, "Here I am disabled, and here is this whole district of Bahraich, and more than half the villages never had a missionary enter them." As I was praying about it, someone knocked at my door and one of my oldest boys stepped in. His name was Daniel. Noticing he had his song book and his testament, I said, "What do you want, Daniel?" He said, "Sahib, you know we haven't been out to preach for a long time." "I have been thinking about that," I said, "but I couldn't possibly venture out today." "It doesn't mean that we cannot go," he said. "Who wants to go?" He pushed the door open and there all of my older boys stepped in, Peter, Daniel, Matthew, Andrew, etc., etc. They said, "We do not care about playing today, but if you will give us permission we will go out to a village and give a testimony." They could quote every parable and every miracle in the four Gospels, chapter after chapter of the Epistles, and by their lives they could convince anybody they really were changed. My heart rejoiced that they were able to go out and preach. The missionary has a hard time at best explaining the Gospel; our knowledge of the language is about 500 words, but the boys know the dialect and they can tell the story in a simple way.

Before we left the station there was a large heathen festival in the district, and our boys sold at this festival 5,000 Gospels in two weeks' time. As those pilgrims went back into their villages and the mountains, we realized that the Word of God would go into the remote parts of India and I am sure some of this word has fallen in good ground. We have our faces set toward an untouched district near the Himalaya mountains where you can go hundreds of miles and not find any mission or workers of any kind. It will be pioneer work, we will be isolated, but I am sure that God will get glory out of it. It is our purpose as we go back to yield wholly to God as we did before.

How God Brings Good out of Evil

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

Mrs. Nellie Lincoln in The Stone Church Aug. 24, 1925.



WONDER if you have ever meditated upon the trouble and to what pains the Lord went, in order to get you saved. Let us meditate on this as we look into the fifth chapter of II Kings, which tells the story, so familiar to us all, of Naaman, the Captain

of Syria's host. I see in this chapter, a wonderful revelation of the love of God, how desirous He is to get everybody saved, and what trouble and expense He incurs, in order to meet men and women, and draw them to Himself.

If you will look back over your own life, you will see that the many sudden events and unexpected circumstances, as well as afflictions and sorrows that came to you, were really "God sent" and "heaven ordered." These things and various human instrumentalities were the means of bringing you to God. As it were, each was a link in the chain God was making, whereby He could reveal Himself to you. Oh the wonder of it all! Viewed in this light, our own coming into the light and knowledge of God is nothing short of a miracle. Truly we have been the objects of His love and compassion all the days of our lives.

This narrative of Naaman coming to the knowledge of the true and living God reads like a story. I can readily see the different chapters: First, the man himself; second, the sudden affliction; third, the little maiden and her testimony; fourth, the departure, and so on.

Let us look into these various chapters, as it were, and see for ourselves the marvelous workings of God who,

"moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

We read in the first verse that Naaman was "a great man." That is good. It says also that he was "an honorable man." I would not be surprised, if in the midst of Syria, they pointed out Naaman, as a great "success" in life. He was useful in the nation, not only in government service, but also in the Army. He was "a mighty man in valour," one whom men looked up to as their country's "deliverer." He was a wonderful man and *his* is a splendid record, but of what value are earthly greatness and power if the soul

lives in darkness and ignorance as to its Creator and God? Well, hath Jeremiah said, "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and *knoweth me.*" Ah, that is it! To KNOW HIM! Yea, that is life eternal.

Therefore, there is no darkness so dark as spiritual darkness. There is no ignorance so deplorable as spiritual ignorance; there is no loss that can come to any man or woman so sad, as to go through life without knowing God. Such a loss can never be estimated in dollars and cents. Finite mind can never fathom the dire consequences of earthly greatness plus eternal loss. "The whole world" is no gain with eternal profits lacking. Thus we get a glimpse of Naaman, an earthly "winner" but Eternity's beggar. Brilliant and luminous in the natural, but engulfed in idolatrous darkness in the spiritual.

We read that "of one blood made He all nations," and all are alike precious. "He is not willing that any should perish." He loves every one for whom His Only Begotten laid down His life. He is continually seeking to "meet" the children of men and reveal Himself to them. He wants them to KNOW HIM. So it seems to me I can hear God say, "I love Naaman. I want to save him. I will use circumstances and people in such a way that he will be reached."

And so, suddenly amid all of his earthly hopes, Naaman finds himself confronted by a great calamity. As it were, I can hear that erstwhile strong and secure man confiding in his friends, his fears and feelings, with a strange concern. The days go on and he greets the household with the same "I do not feel so well today." Something dark and heavy seems to settle down over the palatial home, and at last, the terrible truth dawns upon all—their beloved Naaman is a leper. What an awakening this must have been! If it had only been "small pox," he might have gotten over it—but leprosy! Never!

Let us now look into the third chapter of this life history. It is an event that concerns the children of Israel. They have again turned their backs upon Jehovah and forgotten His precepts. Judgment is about to overtake them. They are swept out of their country and scattered. It is

an hour of agony for Israel but even this shall redound to God's glory.

Looking at this unfinished narrative thus far, isn't one prone to question, "Now what have war and leprosy to do with the salvation of a soul?" "How can any good come of all this?"

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

Isn't it marvelous how God can make the wrath of man to praise Him? How He can take the broken threads of life and bring to pass beautiful things! Curses often prove to be blessings in disguise.

Among the captives taken by the Syrian army is a little maiden. Her heart beats wildly, as soldiers carry her far away and eventually we find her in Naaman's house. Was it chance that brought her there? No, God was back of it.

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
God treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will."

Yes, the little maiden is the next link in the chain. She is really necessary in order that the plan of God may be carried out. Now isn't it amazing how dependent God is upon human instrumentalities? Just as in olden times, God is appealingly calling—"whom shall I send? Who will go for us?" But alas how few are consecrated for the task? How few can sing

"Come joy or come pain,
Come loss or come gain
I'll go every step of the way."

Just recently I read the following words: "There is no living man *through whom* the Most High does not desire to deliver some message to men. *God's revelation filters through humanity* yet retains its divine power. But the man through whom God speaks must have clean hands and a pure heart. He does not need to be an orator, a poet, a scholar, not even a man of genius, but he needs and must have, a soul which faces the skies."

Ah, beloved, do you not see your glorious privilege and holy responsibility? You and I are chosen to be links in some chain God is forging to reach another immortal. Are we (you and I) going to fail God or can He depend on us? Just as sure as the little Jewish maiden was called to go through heart rending sorrow, live amid unholy surroundings and bear a heavy cross *for a purpose*, just so sure, you and I are in the midst of our own peculiar trials, disappointments and

afflictions for a purpose. If the God of all grace could enable this little maiden to do His will, in the Old Testament, I'm sure He can help us in these days, to do the same.

Our little maiden, here in this strange land, does not forget father's and mother's teachings. As she looks around at all the idolatrous sights and scenes she remembers "home" and how joyfully she went to the morning worship and the evening sacrifice with her own people. Oh how agonizing the whole situation must have been for one so young! It was enough to crush her faith in God and to silence her testimony. I wonder, if you and I, would have been as true as she was and have given such a positive, assuring and comforting testimony to our *enemies*?

Poor little captive! Yet, what a precious treasure, she must have been in the sight of all heaven, as she so simply and humbly seems to adjust herself to the new surroundings, in spite of the heart-break, the separation and unpleasantness in such a way that the Almighty can "*unhindered*," carry through His plan. "For such a time as this" she came to the kingdom, but how can she know this? Neither can you and I know that we are being made links in a chain, "when sorrows like sea billows roll." We cannot *see* anything hopeful at all, but oh we can trust that He who used a yielded, submitted soul in olden times, can do so now!

No doubt the sorrowful wife of Naaman was startled to see the little maid so agitated one morning when the master passed by. "Would God, my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria. For he would recover him of his leprosy," she says. What hopes this must have stirred! How precious to hear of the Balm in Gilead, when so sorely in need of it!

It isn't long until everybody is talking about it. They cannot understand it, but they know it means to go over into the land of Israel to receive help for their master. The king gets an inkling of it. "I'll use my influence and power to help you, Naaman," he says. "You go. I'll write a letter myself to the King of Israel. I'll give you a passport." And so with great enthusiasm everybody sets about to get Naaman off. It's quite an undertaking, but soon all is in readiness and they depart amid tearful hopes and anxious farewells. What an imposing sight this procession must have been, for everything that went along with Naaman's military position and official standing was of course visible. Naaman was, I suppose, arrayed in his finest uniform;

gold braid shining; linen spotless and war decorations all in place.

Methinks it must have had some of the same aspects as it did when the wise men set out across the Eastern plains to seek the new-born King. And just as they sought for Christ in Herod's palace hall, so Naaman seeks for help at King Ahab's stately mansion. 'Tis true, Naaman had the letter from his king to Ahab, by way of introduction, but Ahab is backslidden and can help nobody to find God. It seems as though he ought to have known a little of the old record, but when people deliberately turn their backs on God, things become dark, and how great is that darkness.

It is sad indeed, when men and women are seeking help and know not where to go. Poor Naaman has gone to the wrong place and it causes trouble and commotion. King Ahab seems to misunderstand the whole situation; finds fault and makes hard accusations, while all the time it is only a poor leprous man seeking God!

There was a man in our city who got under real Holy Ghost conviction. He was in great distress and went to the minister's home seeking help. After listening to the man's tearful explanation and longings, the preacher seemed both startled and puzzled but finally said, "Maybe I have a book in my library that might help you." Disappointed and brokenhearted, he left the minister's house and walked down the street a ways, to where old Grandma M—— lived. He went in and told her how he felt. "Bless your soul," she said, "you need the blood cure. We'll pray." And before the preacher had found the book, the man had found God and his salvation.

Now can you imagine how Naaman felt, when he so innocently and sincerely presents his letter and credentials, to see Ahab rend his garments and falsely accuse Syria's king? Naturally his dignity and pride are both hurt. There is intense feeling on both sides. It didn't take them long to separate. As Naaman goes, he is, no doubt, discouraged. Did you ever see a soul try to seek God, that the devil didn't try and spoil things for both God and that soul?

Well, God is still on the throne and He doesn't miss anything. He is never before His time and never is behind. He comes on the scene just at the critical time. The prophet Elisha sends word to Ahab, saying, "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

Somehow everything is patched up, and we

find Naaman on the road to the prophet's house. He recovers from the shock he got at the king's palace and is ready to meet the prophet, but lo! he doesn't even come to the door, and poor Naaman gets another blow. Elisha has seen him coming; sized up the whole magnificent display and realized that the proud Syrian general needs to come "down," so he simply sends the message, "Go, wash in Jordan seven times."

Now this is about the limit. Naaman's hurt pride expresses itself freely in wrath at the way he is received. "I thought," he said, "he will surely come out to me (look who I am), and strike his hand over the place." No, brother, God never works in our way. The more he thinks of it, the angrier he becomes. "Wash in that dirty stream?" "Are not Abana and Parpar rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" No, Naaman, salvation is of the Jews. "There's no other way but this way."

By this time the people who lived up and down the road must have been coming to look at that magnificent foreign procession that had stopped at the prophet's house. Curiosity has surely aroused them to see the *why* and *what* and *wherefore* of it all and they are following. Now this does not make it any easier for Naaman. The whole affair is humbling in the extreme for him. His sensible servants are saying as they near the river, "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather than when he saith to thee, Wash and be clean?" How simple it seems and so reasonable. Yes, Naaman, you did need a "washing." You do want to be clean. That is really what you came for. "Your country needs you; your wife needs you; the children need you," they continue persuading, as their master hesitates on the shore of Jordan's cleansing tide. It is hard to bend the knees; to humble ourselves and go God's way, but there comes a moment when there is given to us the privilege of saying within ourselves: I will seek God. I'll meet His requirements. And Naaman is settling it.

The water is cold and dark and muddy, but he steps in and down he goes. Oh, the sensation of cold trickling water! Oh, the tumult of pride within! Oh the ruined beauty of the outer man! Naaman really feels worse than he did before. Oh, the humiliation! Oh, the coming down! Oh, the getting to the end of one's self! How long it takes us sometimes. But down he goes a second time and comes up a pitiful sight. He

goes down a third time—a spectacle to men and angels—and it seems I can hear the heavenly choir rejoicing—"a man is on the way, getting acquainted with God."

As he goes down the fourth time something comes over him and he says, "I will finish this job." He is determined to do as he was told. Down he goes the seven times, and as he comes up, the miracle is performed. There is a change. He feels it all through him. A supernatural power has taken hold of him that he has never felt before. Somehow the chain is now completed, and Naaman has become linked up with God. And while he stands there trembling and overcome with deep emotion he realizes that his leprous flesh has become like unto the flesh of a little child. The glorious revelation of God bursts in upon him. How sweet it is! There's nothing like it! Hear his testimony. "Behold now I know." Of course he does! Forgotten now is the struggle, the humiliation and the toils of the road! I'm positive he felt the same as Paul felt when he suffered the loss of all things, "for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." Have you ever felt that way? Have you realized the sweetness of it all?

Just one more thought. You remember how perfectly disgusted and angry Naaman was at the thought of washing in muddy Jordan, but after his healing and the precious revelation that came to him there, do you know what he wanted? He wanted two loads of that mud to take with him home. Hallelujah!

There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale and mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Tho' that is almost heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee;
And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more
Where I was first forgiven.

I'm sure these were the very sentiments of Naaman's heart, as well as of all those here who have been born of the Spirit.

May our hearts bow in worship and adoration of Him who worketh wonders and doeth all things well.

For Death or Life

"Rev. Hunter Corbett, one of the most devoted and saintly of God's missionaries, gave a testimony which was used of God to save me from giving up service in China and returning home to Canada.

"Dr. Corbett said that for fifteen years he had been laid aside every year with that terrible scourge of the East—dysentery, and the doctors at last gave a definite decision that he must return at once to the homeland and forsake China. 'But,' said the grand old man, 'I knew that God had called me to China, and I also knew that God didn't change. So what could I do? I dared not go back on my call; so I determined that if I could not live in China I could die there, and from that time the disease lost its hold on me.'

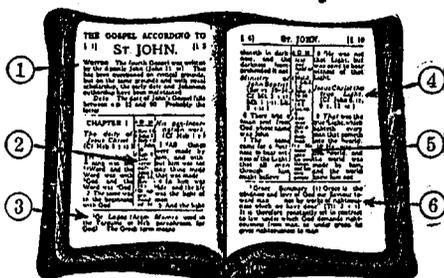
"This testimony was given over twenty-five years ago when he was almost thirty years in China. In January, 1920, when well-nigh ninety years of age, this beloved and honored saint of God passed to higher service. For several years I had been affected just as Dr. Corbett had been, and each year the disease seemed to be getting a firmer hold upon me. At last one day my husband gave me the decision of the doctors that I should return home. As I lay there, ill and weak, the temptation came to yield, but as I remembered Dr. Corbett's testimony and my own clear call, I felt that to go back would be to go against my own conscience. I, therefore, determined to do as he had done—leave myself in the Lord's hands, whether for life or for death. This happened more than twenty years ago and since then I have had very little trouble from that dread disease. The deeper the need and the more bitter the extremity, the greater the opportunity for God to show forth His mighty power in our lives if we but give him a chance by unswerving obedience at any cost." Mrs. Goforth in *"How I Know God Answers Prayer"*. Price \$1.25.

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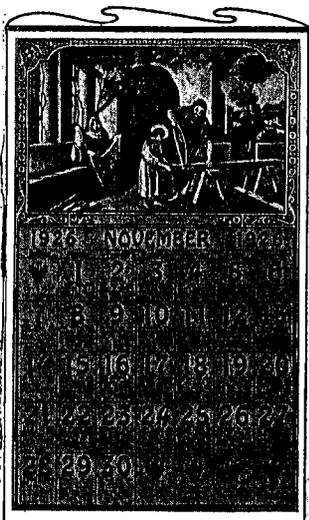
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