



# The Latter Rain Evangel

*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

## Contents

Conditions for the "God of Peace".....	2
The Eight "Whatsoevers".....	2
<b>The Gift of Eternal Life</b> .....	5
Results of the Canton Revival.....	5
<b>The Pioneers</b> .....	9
<b>Notes</b> .....	12
The Unfailing Presence.....	12
Mary Reed.....	12
Tuning In With the Infinite.....	13
On to Venezuela.....	13
<b>From Our Pioneers</b> .....	13
What One Church Did.....	13
On the Tibetan Border.....	14
One Missionary's Duties.....	14
Step Toward Self-Support.....	15
United in Matrimony.....	15
At the Assiout Orphanage.....	15
<b>Great Results from Small Beginnings</b> .....	16
Transforming Power of the Gospel.....	16
<b>From Press to Pulpit</b> .....	20
Turning God's Way.....	20
<b>A Miraculous Deliverance</b> .....	23

**An International Monthly Magazine**

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

## Conditions for "the God of Peace" Indwelling

The Eight "Whatsoevers" for Meditation.

Pastor Philip Wittich in the Stone Church



FINALLY, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these. The things which ye have both learned and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you." Phil. 4:8, 9.

The Bible mentions a number of attributes of God. In this text He is called "the God of peace" because peace is His nature and character. There is nothing disturbing in God; there is no deviation in His nature. There are no contradictions in God. He is perfectly harmonious in His very character and nature, and therefore He is the God of Peace. Whenever a creature attempts to separate from his Creator, the God of Peace, that creature must fall into strife and contradiction and struggle, and I say lastly into discontent. The Divine Being is an Autocrat; by that we mean One who has strength in Himself, a Self-ruler. He exists of Himself and by Himself. In the Hebrew language we have a word which brings out this thought, somewhat destroyed by our translation. This word is "*Jah*" (pronounced *Yah*) which in the Hebrew language means, "*He is*," "He who is sufficient in Himself," One who does not depend on another. That is God. He doesn't depend on His creation whether angelic or human, but creation depends on Him. He being peace breathes out that very nature, character and condition of His into His creatures; therefore, all creatures who are in unity and union with God have peace.

Satan lost his peace because he aspired to a position impossible for any creature. He sought the dignity of autocracy, or, rather, theocracy, trying to take God's place in the universe; therefore the Bible calls him "the god of this world." Since Satan separated from God he has had no peace, no divine life, no light. He is "the prince of darkness." He is the one who has power over death, all due to the fact that he separated himself from our All-sufficient God, who alone is life, light and peace.

What Satan did himself, he induced our first parents to do. He told Eve that she should be

like God, and that caught her. No creature can be like the Creator. To be equal to God and to be like God means to be absolutely independent of anything or anyone outside of yourself. Eve, induced by the Evil One, aspired to the position that did not belong to her. She fell, and through this fall they became separated from this All-sufficient God. Peace left their hearts, and when God's voice was heard in the Garden they were ashamed of themselves; they made fig leaves and hid among the trees. The spirit of divine life and peace had taken its flight.

Paul says in Heb. 13:20, "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever." The Lord Jesus calls Himself the "Good Shepherd" in the Gospel of John in connection with laying down His life. There His goodness and His mercy are brought out, but *here* the greatness of His power, that neither grave nor hell could conquer. He went to the cross as the Good Shepherd; He arose out of the grave as the Great Shepherd. As the Good Shepherd He bore our sins away and delivered us from our sinful nature. But what of Him as the Great Shepherd? The devil through sin separated us from God and brought us into the clutches of death. Jesus arose as the Great Shepherd, having power over sin and death, for the wages of sin is death. The grave could not hold His body; neither could Hades hold His Spirit. Peter tells us plainly in Acts 2:31 that His body could not see corruption, for on Calvary He forever bore sin away therefore is the Conqueror of death and the grave. *He arose!* While His spirit had been in the place of departed sinful spirits, in *Sheol*, or as the Greek says, *Hades*, yet He could not remain there in His sinless Spirit. On the third day the Spirit of that Great Shepherd was united with His body by the Eternal Spirit of God, and *He arose* the Firstborn out from among the dead!

Now you see why the Father is called here "the God of Peace." If the believer enters into the plan of God and into the finished work of His

Son, Jesus Christ, he will have that wonderful peace that is in the heart of God. When Christ arose from the dead and was taken into heaven at the right hand of the Father, the Father's loving heart became perfectly at peace with the sinner. There is no account against the sinner since Christ's resurrection, but he cannot enjoy salvation until he believes. There is no curse on you, brother, however you will not enjoy the freedom from the curse unless by faith you enter into what Christ has done for you.

Why is God called the "God of Peace"? I want to make this message a little practical talk. When we were saved from our sins we had peace with God, (Rom. 5:1) but beloved, you well know that after we were saved from our sins there was still something there that caused us to sin over again, which robbed us of our peace. Every time you sinned after you were saved, you lost your peace, and every time you sin now, you lose your peace, whether you are baptized with the Holy Ghost or not. Sin separates you from God, and when you are separated from the God of peace you cannot have peace.

The resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ proves Him as the Great Shepherd, for He has put away the power that used to bind you, that sinful nature which has power over the believer. Christ has delivered you from this and the moment you believe God you will find the sweet rest of His peace distributed in your heart. Oh saints, we are far behind our privileges even in the Pentecostal Movement! We talk about the coming in of the Spirit, the manifestation of it, and the exercise of the gifts of the Spirit. These are all precious, for when Jesus went on high He gave gifts unto men, but there is something better than that; it is to know that when Christ arose you became free from your old nature and therefore should enjoy perfect peace.

Jesus was *good* to us in delivering us from sin and its power, but Jesus was *great* in His attitude toward sin. Death and the grave have all lost their power through Jesus, the *Great Shepherd*. Paul believed that; therefore he said, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O death (not grave) where is thy victory?" "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I. Cor. 15: 55-57. You will never have peace as long as you believe you still have that old nature in you.

There is another place where the "God of Peace" is mentioned. "And the God of Peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." Rom.

16:20. When Christ arose He bruised Satan under His feet, and being the Head, wants victory for the members of His body. How do you get it? By faith in Christ's victory you are able to bruise Satan under your feet.

Paul doesn't say that the "God of Peace" shall be with you unconditionally. Through the text we will notice the conditions that are laid down for the believer who wants to have the "God of Peace" with him. As long as Adam walked with God he had peace. The moment he separated from God he lost his peace. Enoch was a man who walked with God, and thus became lost to this world. The Enoch souls, the bride souls walking with God will some day suddenly disappear, and the papers will be full of news about the missing company.

How can we walk with God? This is the greatest privilege that could be accorded to us. If President Coolidge would meet you on the street and walk a block or two with you, you would feel highly honored. He is the Chief Executive of the United States and we respect him as such, although he is just a man. Yet what a privilege to have "the God of Peace" walk with you and impart to you His peace!

What are the conditions to this peace? There are eight requirements, pared off in twos. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable." What should we do about these? "Think on these things." Whatsoever things are just, pure, lovely, of good report, of virtue, of praise, *think* on these things. That word "think" in the Greek doesn't mean just to give them a little notice, but it means to meditate upon them, entertain them in your mind. The word in Greek means, to practise doing a thing. You may do a thing once and never do it again, but when you practise it, you do it over and over. If you would have God walk with you as the God of Peace you must meditate upon these things, entertain them in your heart and practise them daily. "*Whatsoever things are true:*" there is no truth outside of Jesus. No one ever dared to say what he said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." So when Paul said, "Whatsoever things are true," he wanted to say, "Whatsoever things are of Jesus," the things that concern and glorify Him. You are not simply to think of Jesus in your prayers, but you must entertain Him in your thoughts. The devil will try to persuade you that you deceived yourself regarding your conversion and that after all "You are not saved," but Jesus told you your sins were forgiven. What

will happen to you if you entertain the words of Jesus, "Thy sins are forgiven"? This sweet truth will so grip your soul that your heart will be filled with peace, and you will be able to rout the enemy.

Now take the next step: The devil will tell you that your "old man" is a pretty lively corpse, that no one can be dead to self and free from sin. If you believe that you will surely entertain a lie and never be free. Paul said of Jesus, "For in that He died, He died unto sin once: but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God. Therefore reckon yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God." Rom. 6:10, 11. Whatever thoughts you entertain finally slip into your heart. If you entertain the thoughts of Christ and boldly claim that His deliverance is your deliverance, and that you are as free as He is, then the divine truth will ultimately grip your whole being and the enemy will not be able to pierce you with his arrows of doubt. If you think on the things that are *pure* and *just* and *holy*, they will possess you. Take a man who is of a mechanical turn of mind, he will be so possessed of thoughts along that line that he can scarcely eat or sleep. The same is true of sin: A man who entertains sinful thoughts, will be finally possessed of them. But if God's Word fills his spirit and soul, he will get under its blessed control.

Paul said, "Christ in you the hope of glory." Entertain that thought in your heart; let it grip you, "*Christ in me!*" If you do, it will happen that even at night when you awake, the Spirit will remind you that Christ dwells within.

We all know the ravages of sickness and pain in this old world. If you listen to the devil he will make you believe that you have cancer or consumption, or some other deadly disease, but do not listen to his suggestions. Hear what the Apostle says if you would have *the God of Peace* walk beside you: He says to the disease-smitten one, "By His stripes ye were healed." I Pet. 2:24-25. Do not let the devil lodge his suggestions of doubt and unbelief in your heart and mind, but grip God and say, "Yes Father, by the Blood of Your Son I am healed." I had that very experience thirty-five years ago when I was a sufferer from *Locomotor ataxia*. When I saw that the Word of God was so unmistakably plain as to my healing, with no thought of my own worthiness, but that by His grace I was healed, I walked out of the chapel and the truth gripped me, "By His stripes I am healed." Many a time as I stepped out on the street (I was then pastor

of a church in Pittsburgh) I could hardly walk, and the enemy whispered, "You are not healed, you are a liar" but by God's grace I would step along all the more firmly saying, "By Your stripes, O Lord, I am healed." Thus the truth gripped me and the devil had to flee.

"*Whatsoever things are true*"—Do not listen to everything you hear, but entertain the things that are true, let them grip your heart. "*Whatsoever things are honorable*"—that is the same word that Paul uses in his advice to Timothy in I Tim. 3:8, translated "grave" and again in the 11th verse, "grave," "honorable," "dignified"—it refers to our character—not given to jesting or foolish talking.

"*Whatsoever things are just*," that word "*dika-**ios*" is an adjective, related to the noun *Dekiosunae* meaning "righteousness" You get your bearing toward God if you are full of His truth, if you have the gravity, serenity, and the character of Christ in you. Of course people will condemn you, you cannot escape slander; I have never been at any place where I have not been criticized, and I do not expect to escape it. Do not be disturbed if a brother or sister criticizes you. What does it matter? Sad to say, there are many saints whose tongues are not sanctified, proving the un sanctified condition of their *hearts*, but let us at all times walk to please God regardless of what is said of us.

"*Whatsoever things are pure*"—that means "clean" from every defilement of the flesh. Our flesh is defiled, polluted, and it will pollute the soul if the believer permits the flesh to rule. When a soul is baptized in the Holy Spirit, Satan comes with subtle temptations and thoughts such as were never known before. Through the blood we are clean, but the enemy comes like a nasty boy who throws mud at a white wall. He never throws mud at a mud-pile. In like manner the enemy tries to blacken a life that has been cleansed. Practise, entertain *pure* thoughts and reject those that are impure and unholy.

"*Whatsoever things are lovely*"—"dear"; that word is connected with "*philos*" a friend, and refers to your relation to your brother. Entertain the things that are lovely, of "*good report*." Some people think when they are Christians they can say mean things to each other. It is indeed a fact that many worldly people have more courtesy than some Christians. "*Whatsoever things are dear*" to your brother think on these things; practise, and do them. It would not be amiss if there were a little more courtesy among us; if

we had a little more regard for each other. Saints, cultivate that "lovely" spirit: Meditate on the things of "good report." You want the God of Peace to walk with you? He will not do it if you speak ill of your brother. You do not need to flatter your brother and sister, but encourage them whether you see Christ in them or not. If you praise a brother's Christian life and walk, you praise Him who has redeemed the brother.

"If there be any virtue"—that word often speaks of God's quality in men. It really means "superiority." If you see superior qualities in your brother or sister, do not get envious, but seek to attain to them. Time and again, as I have seen something superior in my brother, I have gone on my knees and asked the Lord to supply what was lacking in me.

The last thought here is, "If there be any praise," "approbation" let us meditate on this. If we are in the flesh, we are looking for the praise of men, but when we walk in the Spirit, we have only one desire and that is the praise of God. We are then concerned with the thought: Will my Lord be pleased with me? Will my Lord say, "Well done, good and faithful servant?" I have experienced His approval in my life whenever I have made a sacrifice, whenever I gave up something for Him that was dear to me. Then I was able to hear the voice of Jesus in commendation. If we entertain these divine virtues in our hearts and lives the "God of Peace" will be with us, and we can expect Him to walk with us when we fulfil these eight conditions given in Philippians 3.

## The Gift of Eternal Life for the "Other Sheep"

Results of the Canton Revival.

Miss Blanche Appleby at Zion, Ill., Dec. 27, 1925



IN looking to the Lord for a message for this morning He gave me the theme, The Gift of Eternal Life. This gift originated in the heart of God because in His holiness He provided a propitiation for our sins in the gift of His Son. What His righteousness demanded His love provided. I love to think that Jesus came to this world as a Man, clothed in flesh as we are and that He went about doing good, thus manifesting His love to all who came to Him. So many times the disciples said of the multitude, "Send them away," but His heart was moved with compassion and He not only ministered to them, but said, "Other sheep I have. . . . Them also must I bring." I want to tell you how this Gift of Eternal Life has been manifested to the "other sheep," of China. One of the great desires of the Chinese heart is for long life but we can go with this precious message of *Eternal Life* which extends from the eternity of the past to the eternity of the future.

First of all, I want to tell you about one who had the opportunity of obtaining this Eternal Life but refused it. We read in John, "He that hath the Son hath life and he that hath not the Son hath not life," and between the two there is a great gulf. This Mr. Maak was a Chinese jeweler, his boy attended our Precious Grace School. We were then living in "pig alley" where the odor was so terrible that many times before going down the street I would put per-

fume on my handkerchief and then hold that to my nose while walking through. We knew it was not just the place for us to live, but that was the only place we were able to rent, and we were willing to live there to get the Gospel into Lupau. Then, after I returned from my last furlough, we were able to rent a place on the second main street. The building we rented for our chapel was occupied in the back by Mr. and Mrs. Maak who lived there with their boy. There was only one entrance to this building and so every time they went out and came back they had to pass through the chapel. We weren't there very long when we learned that Mr. Maak was an opium-smoker and also an opium-dealer. If ever we needed the grace of God it was then. Just as sure as Sunday came and we were holding our service, the people in the rear would walk through the chapel interrupting our worship. They would go out with their long bamboo poles across their shoulders and return with buckets of water. In addition to that, the opium dealers would come thru the chapel. Every time Mr. Maak passed thru he would light his cigarette, for he knew we didn't like it. He was so near to the Gospel yet he spurned it! He refused the gift of eternal life, but God proved Himself faithful to us. On coming back from my summer's vacation I missed seeing him, and asked, "Where is Mr. Maak?" "Oh, he is dead!" "Where is Mrs. Maak?" "She is dead, too." One night he was taken very ill and to the friends standing around

him he said, "The soldiers have come to take me to the Judgment Hall, and I don't want to go." Then he cried out, "Bring the cross and lay it on my heart. I am afraid. I am afraid." With that he went out into the darkness. He had spurned God's gift of eternal life. His wife then lived in awful sin which brought with it its own punishment and she, too, died, a short time after her husband.

But I want to show you another picture, of one who heard about the gift of God and received it. She was a Chinese woman living across the river, but she had come to Lupau to work for a wealthy family. She could not read a single character but was receptive to the Gospel and interested in hearing how God answered the prayer of faith for the healing of the sick. She was taken very ill and her employer wanted her taken out of his building, for he feared she might die. She said to him, "You do not need to be afraid. Just send to the mission for the white lady and her helper to come and pray for me, and God will heal me." She wasn't even a Christian at this time. We went and prayed for her, right in that heathen home, and God wonderfully healed her. Through her healing she became a firm believer in the Gospel, and wherever she went she talked to others of God's saving grace. She came to the mission whenever she could. I remember the last Sunday I saw her there, I said to her, "I love you very much." And she said, "I also love you." Her face was just radiant as she told me how she had witnessed for the Lord. After that I didn't see her for some weeks and one day we heard that Saam Sham had gone to be with Jesus. She was taken very ill and sent two of her clan to come to us for prayer. She said, "If they come I know the Lord will heal me." The men came and tried to find us, but on asking the neighbors about us, they were told that we always went out on Saturdays, so they turned and went back. That night Saam Sham became very sick and said, "I know I am going to be with Jesus. I want to tell you before I go that you must not send for any heathen priests, or burn any incense for my dead body, but send for the Mission people and bury me according to their custom." The next morning they came to tell us of her death, and the following day, Monday, we crossed the river and there, in front of her little hut, was the crude coffin outside the door. The house was too small to get it inside. At the head was a spray of crape myrtle. We spoke with the women of the village and they said, "We wanted to burn incense, but

Saam Sham wouldn't let us. She said, 'If you want to show your love for me you can make a wreath and put it on my coffin.'" The next day we went back for the funeral which was held in the open, attended by three or four hundred people. The village women gathered about us to tell us more of Saam Sham. They said, "Her mind was so clear up to the time she died. She said, 'Don't weep for me. I am going to my eternal home. I want you to believe on Him, too.'" She was buried on the side of a hill. As the coffin was being lowered we sang, "Christ Arose" and I cannot tell you the joy and the peace that filled our hearts as we laid Saam Sham away. She had been poor in this world's goods; didn't have jewels as Mr. Maak had, but oh she was rich in faith. The people told us that they never saw Saam Sham out of sorts; whenever she went about her work she was always praying. The Gift of God is eternal life, and surely it was manifested to her. As we came back across the rice fields we witnessed to the people in the canoe and I said to one of the women, "Don't you want to be a believer like Saam Sham?" She replied, "You mean, to believe in Jesus and go to the Westerner's heaven?" I said, "Not only the Westerner's heaven but the place prepared for all those who believe in Jesus." It was precious to think of the hundreds of souls who had heard of this Gift thru Saam Sham's death. "She being dead, yet speaketh."

I want to take you to another scene and tell you about a blessed Thanksgiving service we had last year. The Chinese are not keen on giving and one of the hardest lessons we have to teach is tithing, but we felt led to call a Thanksgiving service and ask them to bring their gifts of the harvest. A table was placed in front of the platform in the Mission; some brought fruit, others rice and fowl, and some, money. When the gifts of money were counted they totaled about \$36.00, which was very good for the few who were there. Among those who brought money was a doctor's wife who had received her Baptism and is a real light in Lupau, for she witnesses wherever she goes. She is a mid-wife and so has many opportunities of telling about Jesus. She came to me after the service and said, "Oh, sister, I have such good things to tell you. You know last night I was called out on a case and this morning, before I came away, the father of the little son which had just been born, came to me bringing \$1 more than the regular fee, saying he wanted to give me an extra dollar. It is the first time in my work that I have ever had one

give me more than the regular price, but this man, in his joy for the son, gave me this, and I have brought it as an offering for the Lord." Another woman said, "Someone has been owing me money for a long time and today I wanted to bring not only rice but also some money, and as that person came and paid me back the money, I have brought it." It was wonderful to see how God put it into their hearts to give joyfully because of the manifestation of the gift of eternal life in their hearts.

I want to tell you about a revival in Canton where the Gift of God was outpoured most graciously. I have been in many revivals in the homeland, and a few in China, but this was the most wonderful I had ever attended. I stayed in a Chinese home which was beautifully furnished; it seemed just like a mansion, and yet those in the home were so humble and sweet and so filled with the Spirit, that it was just precious to be amongst them. The mother and the daughter-in-law had been baptized in the Holy Spirit, and I had most precious fellowship with them.

We went down to the little chapel where one of the evangelists was preaching on the Baptism of the Spirit, but the secret of that revival was not his preaching. The moving power behind that revival was a Bible woman whose name was Sz Sham. She was so ignorant that she could not read a single character, but she declares that after she was saved the Lord taught her to read and she can now read the Bible very well. Their poverty was so great that every one of their fourteen children was sold into slavery by the husband. She tried to make a living by selling vegetables but she was so ignorant that when the people would ask her how much her vegetables were, she would say something like this: "I paid 7c a catty for them but I am selling them to you for 10c." Of course, she never made anything. But God had His eye on her. She came to the Mission in Canton and thru Mrs. Bettex and the ministry of a Chinese colporteur she was saved and later baptized in the Spirit. She had a wonderful experience and would get up between three and five every morning to pray. Sometimes she prayed all night.

There were no missionaries living in the Mission, but thru the ministry of this Bible woman many people were healed as she laid hands on them. The news spread all over Canton until people flocked there for prayer. The Baptists have a very strong work in Canton, and have

more than four hundred boys and girls in their schools. Among their workers was one who was very well educated and he had visited eight different countries. But he was sick with tuberculosis, which he had had for eighteen years. His little girl happened to come to the mission and she went back and said to her father, "Why don't you go down to the Mission in Canton. There is a good woman there who prays for the sick and they get healed." Eighteen years of illness had made him desperate, so he sent for this woman. She came and as they knelt down she laid her hands on his back and prayed. As she did this he felt the cough loosen and he was healed then and there of that awful disease. It spread like wild-fire and everyone was speaking of this preacher's healing and of the Bible woman who was used.

When I went down there the revival was well under way and the little chapel was packed. There was a little room upstairs where the natives lived and the Mission got so crowded that people would crowd up there and listen to the message. One day when I was ready to go home, I thought I would go up there a minute and there on the floor was a Chinese girl about sixteen years old saying "My sins! Oh, my sins!" I have never seen conviction on anybody stronger than it was on this girl. She was rolling from one side to the other; her face was the picture of agony; her hands writhing. I said, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. You confess your sins and Jesus will be faithful to forgive." She began to confess her sins and then the joy of the Lord just flooded her soul and the joy was just as great as the conviction had been. She clapped her hands and praised the Lord. She was wonderfully saved. Just in back of her was her sister-in-law with the power of God so strong on her that although her baby was crying at the top of its voice, she didn't pay any attention to it but went right on seeking her Baptism. There were Bible women from other missions who came and said to me, "Miss Appleby, pray for us. We know we are saved. We have gone out and preached the Gospel but there is something lacking in our ministry and we need the power of the Holy Ghost." Among others who were seeking was a Mr. Ny who was a teacher in the Baptist Academy. He said to me, "Will you pray for me? My heart yearns to be filled with the Holy Spirit." I never saw anyone pray more earnestly than he did and he was

often slain under the power of God for hours at a time. His wife, too, was seeking. During the recent anti-foreign agitation that swept South China, it was he who befriended our missionaries at Sainam when all other help failed. He took care of their baggage when they changed boats at Canton and helped them in many ways.

How did he come in touch with Pentecost? How did he come to have this hunger for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit? It was thru Sz Sham's prayer life. It is the manifestation of the Gift of God that makes all the difference. "He that hath the Son hath life and he that hath not the Son hath not life." I cannot tell you all that was accomplished in those meetings, but many found Jesus and many were healed.

One wealthy woman who had a tumor for eight years was healed. I was in the room upstairs one day and she came to me, saying, "Miss Appleby, do you know that after eight years of illness I was healed? My husband tried doctor after doctor and spent hundreds of dollars trying to get me cured, but it was all in vain. I came here and Sz Sham laid hands on me and prayed, and God healed me. Today I can do anything I want to do."

I have had people ask me if Missions paid. I will grant you that some missionaries fail and some native Christians fail, just like workers and Christians fail in the homeland. Against the question, "Do Chinese Christians stand?" I would ask, "Do American Christians stand?" You say, "Some do." And I say for the Chinese, "Some do." I believe that the proportion is about even. When you think of the Chinese coming from heathen homes with all the superstition and heathenism around them, you must realize that it takes much of the grace of God to cause them to stand.

I want to speak about a little girl in whose life the gift of God was manifested. Her name, LinKam, meant "refined gold," which was almost prophetic. She lived in the village of Lung Taam and her father's name was Chan. He was a wealthy merchant and had many wives. The father had the little girl engaged while quite young and at sixteen she was married and later on had a little son. When this little boy was less than a year old her husband took another wife. Then later Lin Kam had another child. But by this time the husband had learned to smoke opium and all the property was being sold for the drug. Lin Kam tried to save the home and the family from ruin but one of his wives, in order to stand in with him, would slip opium to him and finally

they were left with practically nothing. She was broken-hearted and sick and the son left home and became a stranger to his father. In order to satisfy her heart's longing for "something," Lin Kam joined the "Vegetarians." They say that if you put all your money into their hands they will take care of you for the rest of your life. Lin Kam did this but she had to work just the same. After being a "Vegetarian" for ten years she found no comfort for her soul. One day she came to one of our little meetings and heard us preach the Gospel; a little later our Bible woman gave her a Scripture portion and she read of Jesus healing the sick and how He bound up the broken-hearted. One of her relatives assured her not to be afraid, that we were preaching the Gospel of Jesus which could satisfy the heart. She had tried idolatry and worshipped the God of the North and then she became a "Vegetarian," but still she was despondent and felt there was no joy in life for her. We were called upon to pray for a sick child who was healed. This strengthened her faith.

One night she came to our Mission and after hesitating a long time decided she would become a Christian. That night the Bible woman prepared some food, especially some meat, and this woman sat down to the table with us. Before we ate we sang, "Our soul shall overcome by the blood of the Lamb," and that night, she who had been trying to get to heaven by her own merit, broke her vow by eating meat, and Lin Kam came out of darkness into the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. When we had a Baptismal service we felt she knew enough of the Gospel to be baptized and so, altho she was sick she obeyed God. She came to me, afterward, and said, "You know the Lord healed me when I was baptized. I was very weak before, but I came out of the water healed." We saw that God had chosen her so we put her in a Pentecostal Bible School. One day she came to us and wanted her name changed from "Refined Gold" to "Born Again." A few years ago she was baptized in the Holy Spirit and now she is a Bible woman, used of God in saving others. She has gone from home to home and won the hearts of the women. There was one woman, the wife of a merchant, who was afraid to become a Christian. Mrs. "Born Again" seemed especially drawn to her and prayed for her, but the woman said, "Oh, no, I can never become a Christian. My husband opposes me so that I wouldn't dare to." The Bible woman said to me, "I will not persuade her to become bap-

tized altho I know she is saved." Her husband had said that if she were baptized he would give her one month until he would have to buy her coffin, her health was so delicate. For three years prayer was offered for this woman and after some special meetings she came with her bundle of clothes and said, "I am going to be baptized today." Her husband thought she would surely die if she went into the water, but she is becoming stronger all the time.

These are some of the manifestations of the Gift of Eternal Life in the lives of some who were once deep in heathenism. It means more than just long life which the Chinese so desire. I praise God that the Gift of God is Eternal Life, a continuation of the life begun down here. I rejoice that it has been my privilege to see some of the "other sheep" become partakers of Eternal Life thru the Great Shepherd who gave Himself for them.

### The Pioneer!



Is there a man or woman whom glory waits to crown? It is the Pioneer; not for gold or for love of adventure, but because of the constraining love of Christ.

The path of the Pioneer is stained by blood, marked by hunger, privation, suffering, and death, but he plods on intrepidly, with his eyes on his Lord. From the days of the dauntless Paul who carried the Gospel to the great Gentile world, and who bore a record of beatings, stoning, imprisonment, hunger and peril, such as has scarce been equalled, to the present time when our faithful Pioneers are facing the darkness of heathenism, its perils and its bandits, its fevers and deadly poisons, God has had a countless host of courageous warriors who have blazed the trail for the entrance of the Gospel.

Pioneers are not weak men; not vacillating, frivolous women; but men and women with purpose and faith; men and women who are dauntless, stalwart, heroic. Their names may never be written in the hall of fame, for they are humble folk, these pioneers for the Gospel, but yonder in the glory their sacrificial lives will shine with dazzling splendor.

Are you a Pioneer in India? or China? or in the jungles of Africa? Or are you holding high in hard Latin-America the banner of the cross? Then you are honored above all men. You are in the company with Livingstone and Carey; with Judson and Brainerd; with Fidelia Fiske and Mary Slessor, and a great company who are princely heirs to an incorruptible crown.

Have you, O Pioneer, been tempted to think that your lot is harder than that of most missionaries? that the privations you are enduring have no compensations? Let me remind you of the hardships the Pilgrim Fathers endured that you and I might have the Gospel.

It was winter when they landed on Plymouth

Rock, and such a rigorous winter as they had never known. The barbarous Red Indians gave them no welcome, but were ready to fill them with arrows. There was no covering for their heads, and when darkness came they crouched down thru the long December night, drenched and frozen by the "icy rain that stung like a whip-lash" as it swept down upon them. Christmas Day dawned! What a contrast from our warm firesides and our well-laden tables! "The threat of the Indians and the horror of the cold and rain in the tempestuous night told them that unless they wished to perish from the earth, they must at once have shelter from the winter, and protection from the savage Red Indians. At first they built one common house, and all lived together. This was afterward used as a place of worship. No Pioneer ever endured greater hardship than befell these heroic men and women in the dark days of January and February, 1621. Still suffering from the evil-smelling closeness of the under-deck—for they had spent sixty-five days in a leaky, unwholesome ship,—their bodies drained of vitality from exposure to the elements, a pestilence swept down upon them and took away half of their number. Picture them, if you can, in the darkness of the night, quietly stealing out to a hill-top with their dead and burying them; then leveling the earth that the Red Skins might not know their ranks had been thinned out from one hundred to fifty!

All honor to the Pilgrim Fathers! From these intrepid Pioneers who faced perils of sea and land, and braved the icy blasts of a New England winter, came a noble race, the forerunners of this great nation. From them came the noble Adoniram Judson, the Apostle to Burmah; the illustrious Jonathan Edwards and Cotton Mather; the saintly David Brainerd whose influence is greater today than when he laid down his life amid the Susquehanna Indians; Samuel Mills, the fa-

ther and founder of American Missions; Edward Everett, Charles G. Finney and a host of others have received their spiritual heritage from these valiant Pilgrims who planted the Word of God in America at such awful cost.

\* \* \*

Has your consecration, faithful missionary, been tested, and have you been made to doubt your call to those brutal, depraved Africans? or those stolid, indifferent Chinese? "These savages have no souls and you are burying your valuable life," whispers the tempter to the weary and discouraged missionary. Have you heard him, O Pioneer?

Let us turn to the pages of missionary annals and see the transforming power of the Gospel:

He was called "the Hottentot Terror" a notorious African Chief who carried on a cruel, relentless war with other natives. Feared by everybody, he stole cattle, burned kraals, and took captive those he did not kill. At one time in the service of a Dutch farmer, he shot his employer and his wife on a slight provocation. Henceforth an outlaw he hunted down whoever crossed his path.

Robert Moffat, tho "warned by his friends that this savage monster would make a drum-stick of his hide and a drinking-cup of his skull," started for Africaner's kraal, and thru the Gospel won this outlaw. When Moffat was ill it was Africaner who ministered to his needs, furnished him food and milk, and to the day of his death they were fast friends. When his fierce nature had been subdued and he appeared at Cape Town, the surprise of the officials who had put a price on his head, knew no bounds. Here he was in their midst, a changed man. When the nephew of the man whom he had murdered saw the change in his character, he cried out, "O God! What cannot Thy grace do!"

\* \* \*

There was great excitement in the Bamangwato tribe in South Africa when it was announced that a white man was on his way to their village. The head of the tribe, who was also a noted witch-doctor, accompanied by his little son, went to meet this white man, David Livingstone. Khama, the little boy, never forgot the visit of this white man, and how he read out of a Book. When he became a man he too would learn to read. Other missionaries followed Livingstone, and Khama became a Christian, tho greatly persecuted by his wicked father who often plotted his death. The father died in his wickedness and young Khama,

the Christian prince, became the head of his tribe. He put away the tyranny of the witch-doctor, the unclean dances and superstitious practices and the drinking of beer. At every sunrise he gathered his people together for morning prayers and together they pleaded for the salvation of Africa.

Sad to say, his greatest fight was with the white traders, who set up their stores and began to sell intoxicants. Khama called the traders together and said there was to be no drunkenness within the borders of his tribe, and they promised to abide by his decision. But it was not long until the white men had a drunken bout. Two days after, he summoned them to an official meeting and said sternly:

"You white men have insulted and despised me in my own town because I am a black man. If you despise us black men, what do you want here in the country that God has given us? Go back to your own country.

"I am trying to lead my people to act according to the Word of God which we have received from you white people, and yet *you* show them an example of wickedness, such as we never knew. You (and his voice rose in burning scorn), you, the people of the Word of God! You know that some of my own brothers have learned to like the drink, and you know that I do not want them to see it even, that they may forget the habit. Yet you not only bring it in and offer it to them, but you try to tempt *me* with it. I make an end of it today. Go! Take your cattle and leave my town and *never come back again.*"

Needless to say they all went. Would that we had men of such fearlessness and force of character in authority in America. This Christian chief ruled his tribe until he was eighty-five years old. He died just two years ago.

It was the Gospel carried by the faithful pioneer that transformed the lives of these two chiefs, so different and yet equally marvelous. Heathen lands today are abounding in just such trophies that can be won by "prayer and pains." The Gospel of Jesus Christ has still the transforming power as when it changed the scholar, Hsi, from an opium-smoking Confucian into a Christian pastor and teacher who was used to deliver hundreds from the accursed drug.

\* \* \*

Are you discouraged at your lack of results? Go with me, if you will to the Island of Erromanga where no missionary had set his foot since John Williams the Apostle of the South Seas had

been cruelly murdered. Twenty years later two new recruits, George Gordon and his noble young wife, offered their lives that Erromanga might be won to Christ. They bought the land from the chief who murdered Williams. He was friendly now, and even showed the new missionary the oven where the bodies of the martyrs were cooked for the cannibal feast. What an introduction to their young hearts!

Can you picture two white people on a cannibal island, alone? Not wanted by the inhabitants, eyed-suspiciously, no mails, no certainty of food, no earthly friend with whom to counsel, breathing daily a sweltering, poisonous atmosphere; the missionary ship called once a year with supplies which meant that their foods were frequently spoiled by the climate. But these obstacles were small indeed compared to the opposition to the Gospel and the danger to their lives, for chiefs and heads of families opposed the Word of God as soon as they understood it. Their lives were in daily jeopardy, and at night murderers surrounded their dwelling.

For four years, amid scenes that would cause the stoutest heart to fail, these two brave soldiers of the cross continued their God-given task. Then, when disease spread over that island like a prairie fire and hundreds upon hundreds died of the plague, these two heroic souls became the victims of hate and superstition of the savages. Both were cruelly murdered within a few minutes of each other, by those whom they came to save. Results? Sometimes there is a long period of time between the sowing and the reaping. Six missionaries laid down their lives to bring Erromanga to God, but they were not in vain.

In 1880 the Martyrs Memorial Church was erected. The son of the murderer of John Williams laid the corner stone. Another son was a preacher of the Gospel. At the dedication a native arose and prophesied: "Before this generation has passed none on Erromanga will know about the doings of heathenism." And it was even so. George Gordon and his brave wife saw very meagre results. His heroic brother, James, who caught the vision when the death of the martyrs reached his ears in Canada, and who too gave his life that the blood-stained Island might have the light, laid a strong foundation for the Gospel not only on Erromanga but on the neighboring Island of Santo, yet he too spilled his blood on that costly ground ere the curse of heathenism was lifted.

These martyr souls are waiting in the glory for

the harvests that have been reaped since they sowed in tears and in blood. Faint not, O Missionary Pioneer if your reaping is delayed. You are in a rare company!

It was the Gospel carried by the faithful pioneer that transformed Erromanga from a cannibal to a Christian Island. You, O weary Pioneer, have in your hands that same blessed Gospel with all its old-time power. Perhaps your converts are unlearned and ignorant, and you feel they will never make valuable evangelists. There is in your territory even now raw material like the Karen Evangelist, Kho-thah-byu (Burmah) who, tho a poor, degraded slave, a robber and murderer, became at fifty years of age a most zealous witness for Christ. One of his chroniclers writes, "He is a singular example of what *ordinary faculties* will accomplish when wholly consecrated. He aroused the whole nation to Christianity." Whole villages became Christian thru his influence, and by his unwearied labors. His preaching carried conviction and compelled others to say, "Truly this is the Word of God!" Yet in the natural "he was ignorant to the verge of stupidity. Once when in danger of losing his life by drowning his only solicitude was lest he might nevermore preach the Gospel to the Karens, such was his passion for preaching.

In his tours he sometimes waded streams to his arm-pits and sometimes thru mud and water, yet nothing dismayed him. Sometimes the Karens so thronged his house it was in danger of going down, and their eagerness for the Gospel left no chance for rest or food, but he was never so happy as to find hearers for his message.

Have you ordinary material among your converts? Perhaps God will make them extraordinary like the Karen Evangelist. There is often more useful material in the ordinary native than in the one who is considered brilliant. "Prayer and pains thru faith in Jesus Christ will do anything," said John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, and that is the secret that will transform the most unpromising savage, the most stupid Indian, into a Christian evangelist and use him in the conversion of thousands.

Go bravely on, thou faithful Pioneer!  
Thy labors shall be fitly crowned,  
When at His coming He rewards  
Those he has truly loved and owned.

Keep sharp the sickle for God's harvest,  
Earth's whitened fields are bending low  
With faith and courage never failing,  
Press on, till sunset's ruddy glow.

A. C. R.

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## Notes

### The Unfailing Presence

I dwell alone, and all I hold most dear  
Are far removed beyond the trackless sea.  
So very far they seem tonight from me,  
Yet for a moment brief methinks I hear  
The echo of loud voices in my ear;  
The dear home faces seem to shine again,  
Then swiftly vanish in a mist of pain.  
Yet it is but a moment that I turn  
And with heartlongings for my loved ones yearn.  
For hush! I'm not alone; a Presence blest  
Fills all my chamber with a sense of rest!  
A moment's darkness, then a flood of light;  
A moment's sadness, then a great delight;  
A well-known voice is whispering unto me:  
"Am I not better, O Beloved, unto thee—  
Am I not better far to thee than all?"  
Low at His feet I then adoring fall,  
Outbreathing there in speechless love and praise  
The song the heart is quite too full to raise.  
Thou art enough, my own Beloved One,  
And work with Thee is sweet till day is done.  
And when at eventime I close my door,  
Shut in with Jesus, what do I need more?  
—Mary Reed.

\* \* \*

The above poem written by Mary Reed, a missionary to the lepers, tells the story of a surrendered life. After five years as a missionary to India, her health broke. When home on furlough she awoke to find that the constant tingling pain in her finger and the strange spot on her cheek meant that she was a victim of that loathsome disease, leprosy. Scarce had she recovered from the horror of it than she saw her duty. When in India she had spent some little time in the Himalaya Mountains, and learned that within a small radius in that district there were five hundred lepers in utter misery. Now she saw that the Lord was calling her to be the shepherd of that hopeless people, and she took this affliction from Him that she might fulfil her ministry.

Without saying good-bye to her parents whom she kept in ignorance until she was out of the country, she went back to her God-chosen mission. Later she wrote to them, "Our loving Heavenly Father, who is too wise to err, has in His infinite love and wisdom, chosen, called, and prepared me to teach lessons of patience, endurance and submission, while I shall have the joy of ministering to a class of people who, but for the preparation which has been mine for this special work, would have no helper at all."

On returning to India, through friends she was appointed superintendent of the Asylum for Lepers at Chandag under the "Mission to Lepers in India and the East." When her story became known, Christians on both sides of the Atlantic prayed for her recovery, and her health so wonderfully improved that some physicians and missionaries in India said that she never had leprosy, though her case was so diagnosed by eminent physicians in New York and London. It was a grief to her that there were those even among the missionaries who preferred to doubt the existence of the dreaded disease than to believe that God had given her divine health. One physician who examined her after she felt that God had touched her body, said he considered her practically healed, but she herself wrote, "I know that the 'seal' to the work of my Master's appointing here at Chandag Heights becomes so plainly visible at times that no one could doubt that disease still lingers in my system, though my finger does not now burst open as it did more than twenty times before 1898. Who can fail to recognize the hand of God staying the malady in answer to the prayers of a multitude of Christian hearts bound by the blessed tie of Christian love?" Writing to her sister under date of March 15, 1920 she said, "I am very well indeed."

Through her efforts more than a hundred lepers became Christians. Besides she provides for the physical needs and ministers to large numbers in their affliction. She supervised the erection of what is now one of the finest leper asylums in the world. God permitted her to be afflicted because He had compassion upon the most unfortunate class of human beings, and she said with joyful consecration, "Not my will, but thine be done." The story of her sacrificial labors is told in a book entitled, "Mary Reed," by John Jackson, Deputation Secretary to the Mission to Lepers in India and the East." Price, \$1.25.

\* \* \*

Evangel Club rate, 10 subscriptions for \$10.

### Tuning in with the Infinite

IS THE TITLE of a very attractive booklet on Divine Healing by Pastor C. B. Fockler of Milwaukee, Wis. The booklet is beautifully bound in heavy art paper and contains seven addresses on the subject of Divine healing, seven remarkable testimonies of healing which occurred under his ministry, and seven scriptural reasons for believing this precious truth. These addresses are the result of many years of experience in praying for the sick. We can furnish this book. Price

45 cents by mail. Mr. Fockler is expecting to take a World Evangelistic tour, leaving sometime in the early Spring.

### On to Venezuela!

Miss Adah Winger is expecting to sail for Venezuela on Feb. 10th, on the S. S. Caracas. She has resigned from the Hebron Institute and Missionary Association, and is expecting to go farther into the interior, making Barquisimeto her headquarters.

### From Our Pioneers

MRS. Jennie Kirkland Mueller, Laheria Sarai, India, writes of their consecrated Indian workers at Jaynagar, on the border of Nepal. They have to arise at three o'clock in the morning to draw their drinking water, as the people consider them a defilement and will not permit them to draw it if they see them. These workers have passed thru much persecution to give the Gospel to their own people, but they have proved true to God under trial. Mr. and Mrs. Mueller, burdened for the three million souls in their district without another missionary, felt they would be willing to make any sacrifice in order to have Indian workers, even wanting to give up buying their mission property in order to use the money to evangelize, but this was not considered wise.

They write of a young Brahmin who came and took tea with them, thus breaking his caste. After tea they had prayer; he is an earnest inquirer, but his people are persecuting him. They have turned a small room on the veranda into a library for the educated Indians who come to read, and in this way Bro. Mueller has an opportunity to reach them with the Gospel. A later letter tells of the Brahmin's conversion and baptism.

\* \* \*

Brother Perkins writes from Liberia that missionaries are much in demand. When Brother and Sister Knoll arrived they had arranged to have them help with some extra work at Blebo, Newaka, and at Whooya before settling down on a station of their own, but the Nynaboo people were down for them as soon as they were landed. Not going at once, a crowd of hammock men came down again the sixty miles or more, with about forty women to carry loads, and insisted that they go to Nynaboo! The awful climate of Liberia, and the privations the missionaries endure, might seem sufficient grounds for the

church missionaries abandoning that field, but when we hear of the heads of tribes begging for a Mission Station to be opened among them and a missionary to minister to them, we say like that sainted man of old, "Tho a thousand fall, let not Africa be given up!"

### What one Native Church Did

Mrs. Otto Keller writes that they have a congregation of from four to five hundred in their services, and while they are not all saved, they are open to the Gospel. Every morning at 5:30 they call the people to prayer before the work on the compound is begun. At 6:30 the women and girls (over 100) gather for Bible study. "In the past year," she writes, "about sixty of these have learned to read the Bible, whereas a year ago they did not know one letter of the alphabet. Our work has so grown that I have found it necessary to hire a Bible woman, a good, faithful Christian, who helps to teach in the morning Bible class, and in the visitation work. I pay her \$1.25 per month. Once a week the women and girls are given lessons in sewing. In the past year, 125 women and girls have learned to sew quite nicely and to make their own clothes.

"About five months ago my husband started a stone building to be used as a Boys' Home. We do nearly all our building with stone, as it is cheaper here than other material. This building has been standing roofless for the past three months because we do not have the money to buy a galvanized roof to put on it. Mr. Keller also built a large cement cistern at the side of this building to catch the rain-water from the roof. This will be a great asset to the mission, as it holds about 4,000 gallons of water, and will save us carrying water from the valley three-fourths of a mile away. This is the first cistern made in this country. Will you please pray about this need of a roof, which will cost about \$250?"

The Boys' building is quite a large one to accommodate twenty-five or thirty boys, and the galvanized iron roof is the most satisfactory for this country.

"A Boys' Home is essential. Some of our best and most promising boys go off down country to seek a home because when they reach a certain age their parents send them away. Our hearts have been pained to see them go, when they would gladly stay with us if we could provide a home for them, keep them employed and under the influence of the Gospel. We have a number we are taking care of now who are orphans, but we are not able to take more until the building is completed. Pray that we may be able to go on unhindered, and that the Lord will give a new vision and inspire and burden hearts in the homeland who have the means, so that we will be able to continue His work.

"Our native church has done splendidly this year, considering what little they have to give. The new chapel, which seats about 1,000 persons, has been paid for by them almost entirely. They gave \$350, and we gave \$150. Some of these dear natives that give and sacrifice have not as much light as we have, yet the love of the Master prompts them to give out of their little. When the native Christians harvested their grain about six weeks ago, they remembered the Lord with their substance and, in all, brought in about two tons of grain as a "thank offering" to the Lord for the good harvest. This is stored in the mission and used to feed the poor and the needy. In the past year our Sunday School has increased about 200 in number. Please pray for these young hearts that the Spirit will reveal Jesus to them before they are steeped in superstition and heathenism."

Praise God for this lighthouse in East Africa. May its rays continue to spread to all the surrounding tribes. Who will help to put a roof on that Boys' Home, that the work of the Lord may go on? Many of these boys will, no doubt, make evangelists, and if we can save them for such a future, they will be our "joy and crown of rejoicing."

\* \* \*

### **Poverty on the Tibetan Border**

There is real poverty on the Tibetan border where the Plymires hold forth in their God-appointed place, owing to the failure of the Tangar crops. Brother Plymire writes that he has been trying for weeks to get some wheat, with little success. The prices are continually rising.

He says: "A few nights ago one of our next door neighbor women was heard crying and upon inquiry it was found that she was crying because she had had nothing to eat for some time. Mrs. Plymire has been visiting the homes of many and has found awful conditions; one poor woman with a little baby, was sitting on the kang (mud bed), not being able to go out to work or even beg, as she had no clothes. We gave her some of the worn clothes of John's for her baby. They were just thin overalls, but were appreciated these cold days. So many have no clothes.

"There is one young Tibetan here who is much interested in the Gospel, and we expect he will soon openly confess Christ as his Savior. Encouragements among the Tibetans are few and far between, but when we see one coming to Jesus it greatly encourages our hearts. Others will come, we are sure, but it will mean much persecution for them."

Brother Plymire has had his yak stolen, which is a great loss to the work. He is still praying that it may be returned; he cannot take the long trips into Tibet without them.

### **One Missionary's Duties**

Miss Ruth Erickson, working alone among the Hooyah tribe for almost a year, is now rejoicing that at last a co-worker has arrived to help on her station, a Miss Martha Ramsey of Duluth, Minnesota, who arrived at Cape Palmas with Miss Bingeman the beginning of December. She writes:

"I am overflowing with joy at the prospect, in the face of many trials thru which I have been passing. Just now the heathen people are wailing in the house of one of our mission women, an elderly woman, who died this afternoon (Dec. 8th). Another has been near death's door for a week, and I have spent much time and much of my strength caring for, and especially holding on to the Lord for their deliverance. Thank God, Rachael is recovering; it is only the Lord, for there was no earthly help for her.

"This afternoon a man was bitten by a poisonous snake while cutting bush. He was brought to the mission screaming with pain, his arm badly swollen. I gave some first-aid and then we all went down on our faces before God. Again, praise the Name of Jesus, victory and deliverance came.

"You will be glad to know that my house is well underway; in fact, I hope to move into it, tho unfinished, some time in January. I have had to be out supervising, much of the time, as

the boys know very little about carpentering. I do not know very much, but it is wonderful how the Lord helps us. Mr. Knoll was here three weeks, helping.

"God is working in our midst in a precious way. Several heathen women have been saved recently. The revival fires have been burning ever since our dedication service a month ago, when about three hundred people gathered in the new church. Truly, it was a day in the courts of the Lord!"

Reader, are you praying for this handmaiden, scarcely more than a mere girl, who superintends the building of houses and chapels, conducts funerals and public services of all kinds, acts as nurse, prays for the sick, and does a man's work, generally? Who will be Aaron and Hur to hold up her hands in prayer while she battles for souls in dark Africa?

### Step Toward Self-Support

In the District Council meeting in Sai Nam, South China, some very important steps were taken toward a final, self-supporting church. The missionaries have arranged a decrease of 20 per cent. each year for five years, at which time each station should be self-supporting. This is a step in the right direction and will loosen funds from the homeland to open up new stations and also lay a responsibility on the Chinese which will develop them and give them an interest and desire to build up a Chinese work. Bro. Williamson, writing of the recent Anti-Christian agitation, thinks it will be the means of purifying the native church and will draw the missionary and the Christian Chinese together.

The Williamsons have not yet been able to get up to Waitsap owing to the loss of their boat, "Glad Tidings." When they came down from Waitsap last June they left it in charge of the British gunboat. When this boat moved on into other waters, they took out the engine and fittings and put them in the custody of the Asiatic Petroleum Company. Since then this place has been looted and burned by thieves, and the engine stolen. To them the loss seems irreparable. Bro. Williamson says it will take one thousand dollars to fit up all that is left of the boat with another engine and the necessary fittings. He is expecting to walk to Waitsap (cir. 130 miles) as the work needs him, and the trip by junks is perilous. It is most necessary that he have a boat to take these trips, as all his supplies are brought up-country in this way. We shall be glad to forward any funds for the rehabilitation of "Glad Tidings"

and ask prayers of our readers that the means will come in for this purpose.

\* \* \*

Miss Mable Dean, Cairo, Egypt, writes that they feel a real revival is coming to Egypt. Mrs. Julia Richardson stopped with them on her way from the Congo, and had a blessed ministry in their midst. God is working in some of the villages, and already thirteen have received the baptism of the Spirit, and many have been saved. In the women's meetings, they come in crowds and sit upon the bare ground, eager to feast on the Bread of Life.

### United in Matrimony

We are pleased to announce the marriage of one of our dear missionaries, Miss Gertrude Johnson of South Africa, to Mr. Vernon Morrison, formerly of Alliston, Ontario. They were married in Mrs. Cantel's Home, 73 Highbury New Park, London, England, on January 1st, and together sailed for Liberia on the 9th of the same month. Miss Johnson went out from the Stone Church in the summer of 1922, to South Africa, and spent three years at Leeuwnek, Natal, South Africa, with Brother and Sister Guthrie. She had met Mr. Morrison at Bethel Bible School, Newark, N. J., and a warm friendship resulted, which ripened into something deeper, but at that time he had no call to Africa, — and to her, God's call was above every human tie. So, with a single eye and a purpose firm and true, she laid down that which is dear to every girl's heart, and walked in the way of God's choosing. In the course of time, God stirred the heart of the young Canadian and gave him a vision of heathen Africa. Offering himself to the most needy field, the call of Liberia seemed to him the strongest, and together they have consecrated their lives to that field. God gave back that which was surrendered for His sake. The missionaries working single-handed in Liberia are rejoicing in the advent of these new recruits, and they are expecting a great outpouring of His Spirit on this field. Of all mission fields, few are so responsive to the Gospel as Liberia. May God bless Mr. and Mrs. Morrison as they enter into this new field of labor, and keep them from the perils of that deadly climate.

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Thanksgiving for God's care for the Orphans of Egypt comes from Miss Lillian Trasher, Superintendent of the Assiout Orphanage: "We had a perfectly wonderful Christmas. The Lord sent in more than enough — toys for everyone,

and one of the wealthy Egyptians gave us a most wonderful Christmas dinner (the Egyptian Christmas is Jan. 7th). He sent two cart-loads of food, all cooked. The children never had such a meal in all their lives before — over 200 pounds of meat, rice, vegetables, and pudding.

“Someone sent us meat yesterday, and while we were cooking it, a man came in bringing us a calf. He said one of the ladies in Assiout had sent it that God might have mercy on one of her relatives who was very ill. We expect to kill the calf today (Jan. 10th). When I had 100 children

I had a much harder time to feed and clothe them than I now do the 400. The Orphanage is like the ‘widow’s oil and her meal barrel.’ Two weeks ago I ordered forty-two new beds for \$248.00. The next day \$330.00 came in the mail. That is the way God supplies all the time. We are now having the mattresses and quilts made, which, of course, is extra.

“One of the women received the baptism of the Holy Ghost just before Christmas. Pray that God may lead all the children deeper into Himself.”

## Great Results from Small Beginnings

Transforming Opium Addicts Into Evangelists

Miss Marie Stephany in the Stone Church



SEE a beautiful picture in the fourth chapter of John of Jesus the great missionary who denied Himself the food and rest He needed in order to talk to one woman. He was on His way to Galilee but must needs go by way of Samaria because there was a soul there to be saved. Jesus truly gave us a beautiful example in this chapter of sitting down to talk to one sinner. But this is just in keeping with what He did for you and me. He divested Himself of His glory and came from heaven to save you and me. Jesus looked out upon the broad harvest field of earth and said to His disciples those memorable words, “Say ye not, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.”

How we rejoice because there is power in the blood of Jesus to change the vilest sinner. I have seen Him change hearts in dark China and deliver souls bound in affliction and iron. It is marvelous to see the change wrought by the power of God. There was a millionaire who lived in our neighborhood. He had been worth thirty million dollars, but when I got there his money had gone. He had one of the most beautiful homes in that district, but when he was thirty-two or three years old he was a beggar through the curse of opium. In his beautiful home he had separate rooms for the men and women in which to smoke opium, and they were open day and night. Opium five years ago was \$20 an ounce and it has still

continued to rise. There was a time when it could be bought for 10 cents an ounce. This man became so low he mortgaged his wife for \$100, hoping to get her back some day, but he never got the \$100 again. He sold his six-year-old boy to the temple priest. The man had his mansion pulled down little by little, and sold a little of the material each day and bought opium. All the cures that America could invent were sent for. The different denominations had them at the hospitals. When he took them he would get over it for a few weeks, but the appetite would come back again. He heard of another cure and said he would try that. He dressed himself up in silk garments to go to Tianfu, Shansi; there they had something that would either kill or cure in three days. He spent his money on his way, bought opium as long as the money lasted, then took the silk garments off his back and bought some old ragged garments and put them on, tied some old shoes on his feet and was nothing but a common beggar. He went down to ninety-five pounds, tho a man six feet tall, and his body was full of disease. Besides, he became so discouraged that he jumped into the river. He was pulled out more dead than alive and one of my missionary friends holding a service near witnessed it. He told them where he was from, and they took him to his aunt who was a very wealthy woman. When she saw him in that condition, she was ashamed to own him, and said, “Give him a dollar and send him further on.”

Finally he asked someone to wheel him back to his brother in the wheel-barrow. He used to ride in his beautiful chariot, clad in the finest silk, but now he got down so low he had to be wheeled to his brother in a wheel-barrow. His brother put him into a dark, dirty room with not a thing

in it but a stone bed, and unless you heat them they are cold. They shut this man in a room and gave him a little food each day. When I heard about him I wanted to see him. His brother said nobody could do anything for him but the Spirit above. The Chinese believe there is a Spirit above, and through the many hundreds of idols they are trying to reach Him. "Yes," I said, "that is right. Jesus Christ came to save that which was lost." Before that I could not approach him, he was so proud. And because he came from a good family, even though he hadn't a cent, he was still proud. But as he lay in that dark room, he came to the end of himself and was ready for the Gospel. I sent a worker with a New Testament. He read it and at the end of the third day his heart was touched. He became so changed that he wanted to come to the services but his relatives would not let him, fearing he would run away. They were determined to keep him locked up and starve him to death. They finally let him come, sending a servant with him, but when he returned they locked him up again. Finally, I said, "You do not need to lock him up any more; Jesus has set him free." They said, "You must know." I said, "I do not know much but I see he is controlled by God and he cannot run away from God." He was so wonderfully delivered that in less than six months he put on eighty pounds. He was a living example to all around, and didn't need to open his mouth. They all said, "That is what Jesus did for that man." Now he is engaged by one of the missionaries as a teacher and evangelist.

"What about the woman he mortgaged?" some may ask. She lived the lowest kind of a life, smoked opium and morphine, but the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ reached her too. There is none so low that our Lord cannot reach. When she first came to the services she was so possessed by the enemy I was almost frightened. I prayed, "Lord, You know that woman's heart. If the enemy is sending her to do some crooked work, keep her away, but if she has a heart of repentance, let her come." And He did. She began to break, and it reminded me of Mary Magdalene how she wept at the feet of Jesus. The last Sunday before I left China she stood up with a shining face and the power of God came upon her as she said, "I know that my sins are washed away, and that my heart is clean. Dear ones, this precious soul was so wonderfully transformed, you could not doubt her conversion. She said, "What can I do? I do not know how to

work. I cannot go back to that life." She had lost the desire for sin, for opium and morphine. The Lord told me to take her and train her which I did, and she became a Bible woman for one of the other missionaries. This Fall, that man and this woman were re-married and are living happily in the Lord.

What about the little boy? The relatives said that he had been sold, I could not get him. I prayed, "Lord, I want that little boy." In two or three months I heard he was in the town; he had run away from the temple, but the keepers came after him twice. Finally they gave up. He had been there five or six years. Hearing he was walking around the street with no one to care for him, I asked the teacher to take him in to the school and soon he was preciousely saved. I named him Joseph. One day I asked him how he came to leave the temple, and he said, "I never knew about you or that my father was saved, but I had a dream and a big man (it was nothing but an angel of God) said to me, "Little boy, tomorrow morning you go to such-and-such a place." This proved to be the place where I had my mission. Early in the morning he took a little food and ran all the way there, about forty miles. They caught him and took him back, but he ran away each time. The husband, the wife and the child are now all redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus.

I find as you hold up the Gospel to the Chinese they watch you to see if you live it. If you do not live it, you may as well keep still.

When I went to North China, I opened up with the Lord's help five different stations. When I opened up my first station I had \$200 which I thought would be plenty, but it went and none came in. The enemy said, "You are not in the Lord's will, or you would not be out of money." I found by experience that you are not out of the Lord's will because things go wrong. You remember Paul and Silas down in prison. They might have been tempted to think they were not in the Lord's will, but the events that followed proved that they were. I went to the Lord about my need, and the Lord said, "There is money for you not far away." I thought, "How can that be? It must come from America." In two hours a missionary came to see me, "How are you getting along?" As he sat down he piled up his silver dollars. I said, "My, you have lots of money." He said, "\$25 is from me and \$25 from another missionary." So that was how the Lord answered the prayer at that time.

In the Province of Shansi all the boys and girls must go to school, and they have high schools too. They are working for a law to have the girls marry at eighteen and the boys at twenty-one, according to the American custom. The governor of Shansi is an unusual man and favors Christianity. He commands the schools to be taught like those in America. We have over 100 pupils in our mission school, to whom we give Bible instruction daily. The most of these children get saved, and it is through them we reach the parents.

When I opened my first station I was wonderfully encouraged. The Chinese came in and I talked to them. I told them that if they would repent and believe on the Lord Jesus, they could ask whatsoever they would and He would grant it. As it dawned on them the whole audience got down to pray. But after that the crowd kept decreasing until there was only one boy left. I asked what was the matter and the evangelist said, "You told them that 'whatsoever they would ask they would receive,' and they thought Jesus was from America, and that He was rich. Not getting what they asked for, they thought there was no use in coming." Later three little tots came to see me and through them I got into the homes, and this was an entering wedge for the Gospel. A young boy who was an uncle to these children became interested. He was a High School boy, and we taught him how to pray.

The custom in this province is that if one brother has two or three sons and the others do not have any, he will give one son to each of his other brothers to be their heirs. If the husband dies the wife doesn't get anything; she is left to the mercy of the sons. A daughter doesn't get anything either. They do not want to lose their name so they adopt boys. This boy was given to his uncle and after his uncle died, the aunt treated him very cruelly. He came down to visit his brother and while there he visited my station. At first he was afraid of me and was tempted to stay away, but he had a dream that he fell into a well and that I rescued him. After that he brought us fruit and vegetables. Finally this boy got under conviction.

His brother became angry and said, "If you get baptized I will put you out of this home." He didn't want to go back to his aunt because they couldn't get along. The brother threatened more than once to cripple him so that he would not be able to come to the meetings, but the Lord protected him. They wanted him to work in a store but he said he would not take a position where

he would have to lie. The other boy said, "I do not know what is the matter with my brother; the foreigners must have given him some powerful medicine; he says he cannot take a position because he cannot lie." He wouldn't go to questionable places where his friends invited him, but said, "Since I have given my heart to Jesus I do not care to go to such places."

One day he was tempted to want some of the money he had left when he ran away from his aunt. The money was his by law if he stayed there. He went back and asked his aunt to let him have two thousand dollars to start in business. Then he thought he could be independent and have better food and better clothing than I could give him. When he put the matter before his aunt, she called in his relatives, about twenty of them, to decide the matter. After two days' discussion they told him that if he would give up Jesus, he could not only have the \$2,000, but the entire estate valued at from six to seven thousand dollars, quite a fortune for the Chinese.

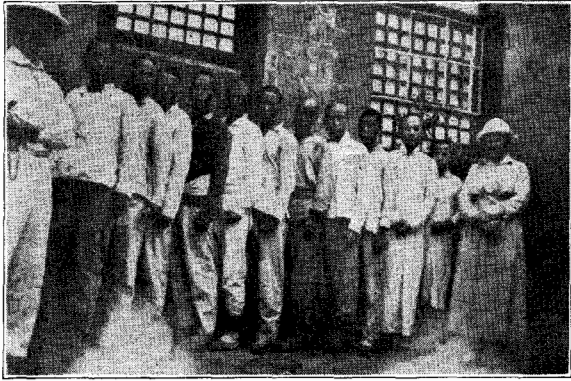


First Year's Converts in North China

Realizing that Jesus had left all for him, he rose up in the strength of the Lord and said, "I shall never give up Jesus. If I have to beg I will still follow Him. If you do not want to give me the money you can keep it all, and I will keep Jesus." With that he came back to our work and is with us to this day.

The brother who persecuted him got hold of a Bible and said, "I will read that Bible. I will not be a Christian, but I will read it, and when my little brother comes at me I will say, 'I know the Bible,' so I can argue." He came to the meetings but when the little brother testified he would run out of the door like lightning. One night I said, "Lord, You hold him." He got to the second seat but couldn't get any further. Taking out his handkerchief he wiped the perspiration from his face and sat down. He never tried to run out after that.

We came to the first Sunday of the month when we have the Lord's Supper. We have paper windows, and the Chinese on the outside wet their fingers and make holes in the paper large enough for their black eyes to peer through. I dismissed the audience and said we would have the Lord's Supper in our dining-room. They all left who were not Christians but this older brother. The Evangelist said, "I suppose you would like to come up and see what we do." "Yes," he said, "I would." He told us afterwards he thought he would like to see about the medicine; that the



A Group of Candidates for Baptism

bread and wine was a powerful medicine. And so it is. The body of Jesus of which the bread is typical, was broken for our bodies, and His blood was shed for our sins.

We are very careful to instruct the natives not to partake of the Lord's Supper if there is anything between them and the Lord, or their fellow men; we know it can become a habit. When I had finished talking, this young man of thirty-two, very dignified and refined, stood up, the tears running down his cheeks. It means something for the Chinese to weep, as they are not emotional. But when the power of God gets hold of them you see them deeply moved. This young man said, "I want to take that bread and wine and I believe it will drive this opium devil out of me." I said, "Brother, you must believe in Jesus. You must have the fruits in your life." He said, "I believe in Jesus. I repent now." The more we explained, the more determinedly he wanted the Lord's Supper. Finally I said, "Let us pray," and as we prayed he broke down and wept before God. While we were on our knees the heavens opened and I saw this young man already received in heaven, robed in a white robe. I heard the angels singing, and J joined in with them, and as we sang I thought to myself, "Here are the angels rejoicing over this one sinner repenting, who am I to hold to my rules and regulations."

The room was filled with the glory of God, and I gladly gave him the Lord's Supper.

That was four and a half years ago, and never again did he touch opium or morphine. He had gotten in this awful condition through grief. His wife had died and hoping to end his life too, he satiated himself with opium, morphine and imported wines. The very day he was saved he had taken 200 pills.

For a year and a half after he was saved he lived a victorious life and had the fruits of the new birth, but one day he became desperate for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He had had many anointings, but told the Lord he must have the baptism, as he wasn't satisfied. He went on top of the School building where we have a watch-tower and started to pray. The enemy tried to divert him, suggesting, "You had better go down, there is company down there." He said, "Company or no company, I shall stay here until the Lord baptizes me." Then the suggestion came, "If you receive your baptism up here nobody will know it," but he answered back, "I don't care if anybody knows it or not, just so I know it." He was immovable. Then the room was filled with a mighty rushing wind, as on the day of Pentecost. It sounded like a fire-whistle. The children ran out looking for the source of the noise. People came running together, and when he came down from the tower he asked what all these people were doing there. They said they heard the noise and ran to see from whence it came.

This young man Mr. Chang is now our most valuable evangelist. He refuses to work for wages, but trusts the Lord to supply his needs. I had been giving him eight dollars a month, and when I came home on furlough I raised him two dollars, as everything had risen in price. He wrote me that if I considered him "hired" he could not work that way; he wanted to feel that he was working for Jesus, and not for wages.

He can do far more than a missionary, and is most trustworthy. He was invaluable to my co-worker, Miss Grace Kenning, whom I left in charge, and now that she too has come home on furlough, Brother and Sister Bard have charge of the work. God sent them out in 1924 in answer to prayer. I am expecting D. V. to return to China sometime in the early fall.

I told my Christian workers that if they were working for money they could all go; that my station was no place to make money, but if they wanted to work hard and trust God with me, they might stay. I was willing to lose all who were

not willing to go thru and trust the Lord. Some left me at that time, but God gave me those who had real calls to the work. I cut down the wages of one, putting him to the test; I felt if he was to stay he would be satisfied, but if not he would go. He left me and I felt it was of the Lord.

The highest I pay a native is \$10 a month (Mex.) But as the Lord prospers me I help them with their clothes, although this help is not promised. When there is a shortage we all pray together for the need.

This native Evangelist, Mr. Chang had another brother who was wonderfully saved, and later the fourth brother also. A little sister would have been sold if this one had not become a Christian. She is now one of our best helpers.

The mother of this family was possessed of an evil spirit. Before this, when she was overcome, the people would burn incense to the devil to appease him. He would take possession of the woman and use her tongue, demanding of the people that they should go to the temple and worship him and make sacrifices to him. He would never leave her until they had promised to obey

him. When the two boys became Christians, the next time the mother was possessed, they cast out the spirit in the name of Jesus and she never was tormented again.

Then the mother had such a desire to know Jesus, because of what He had done for her family. She did not know Him as her personal Savior, but I had her come to the school to be a mother to the girls. While there she lost her sight entirely. She sat in total darkness for about three days, and these same two sons who had cast out the evil spirit, prayed for her and her eye-sight was restored. But best of all, her spiritual eyes were opened and she became acquainted with Jesus as her personal Savior. Her face shone with the glory of God. About three weeks after that in one of the morning services conducted by one of her sons, he heard someone in the back of the room getting wonderfully blest. He went back to see and it was none other than his mother receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit as on the day of Pentecost.

Through the faithfulness of the little High School boy, this entire family came to the Lord, and they are blessedly used of Him.

## From Press to Pulpit

### Turning God's Way at the Cross Roads.

Mrs. Mae Eleanor Frye in Sunnyside Chapel, Oct. 25, 1925



IN giving you the story of God's dealings with me, I can only touch on some of the marked leadings of His Spirit. As I look back, my life seems to be very ordinary, and yet I doubt if any life is ordinary. It is a wonderful thing to live. I am glad that I am living in this wonderful day and age of the world, and for the glorious opportunities everywhere to do service for Jesus-Christ.

I wish I might say that my father and mother were Christians, but I cannot. My mother made a profession but she seldom went to Church. She had eight children, four of whom died when quite young. They used to think that I would die also, for I was a delicate child but there was always something in me that would say, "No, you are not going to die." I remember when the last child died I was very ill with diphtheria and my mother wept. I said to her, "I am not going to die. There is something for me to live for." I am happy this afternoon that I found the place God had for me in His work. I want to say that what I am this afternoon under God, is due

to my mother's wise training. I was heady and wilful, and if mother had not been strong and wise I do not know what would have become of me.

As a child I remember a shadow in our home. I remember seeing mother cry when she was alone. Often at night I couldn't sleep and I'd slip out to where my mother was and find her with her face pressed against the window pane looking out into the night. "What is the matter mother?" I would ask as I saw her weeping face. "Has Daddy come home?" "No, Daddy is not home yet." I never think of my childhood days without seeing that shadow over my home. I believe it would never have been there if my father and mother had known and loved the Lord, tho I will say that mother prayed. I was only a little girl when I found out what that shadow was. My father drank, and would spend his money around the corner where there was a gay crowd. He was not the kind that rolled in the gutter; he was a gentleman that drank, had talent and ability, made lots of money but spent it freely, while mother turned our dresses and coats and made them over.

I thank God that before prohibition came the Lord let me give the whisky business a good many hard knocks. It robbed me of a good many things I should have had as a child, took the sunshine out of our lives, brought heavy sorrow into my mother's life and degraded father. But thank God, I lived to see the day when my father accepted Jesus. The Lord gave me that joy of leading him to Jesus. I remember how he asked me before he died to sing, "Throw out the life-line to danger-fraught men," adding, "I hope you will always throw it out. I am sorry for the way I neglected my children. It wasn't me but the whisky and that awful appetite that was born in me. But thank God I lived to see the day He took the appetite away."

My mother was bright and determined to give her children advantages so she became a writer, and I studied for the stage. I loved the brilliancy, the flowers, and the applause of the people. I began to study Shakespeare, but got sick and tired of it. My mother's stories were thrilling; I didn't mind them, but when it came to studying Julius Caesar and the like, I didn't care for it. I felt I'd rather get in touch with men and women who were living today than act out those who were dead. I felt I wanted to write; I loved the country, the woods, and the valleys and mountains and I wanted to write about them, but mother was determined that I study under a professor for the stage; she felt there was a great future before me. One day I had a fuss with the professor. He wanted me to do something and I threw down my book and refused. I told my mother I was through with that forever. Mother cried and I cried. She offered me everything if I would continue my studies, but against her wishes I said I was going to be a reporter on the newspaper.

One day something happened in the town between a prominent man and woman. I heard about it and sat down and wrote it up, never telling it to my mother. The city paper published it and sent me a letter saying they would like to engage me on the paper. When that article came out with my name to it I cannot tell you how my mother felt. She shut me up, but in the meantime I was dealing with the city editor and they engaged me. I loved the work. For three or four years I worked on the paper and became assistant editor. I loved to go to the big balls and the great weddings, interview the great people, the actors and actresses. The more exciting things were, the more I liked it. I made good in the

newspaper world and the editor told me that I had a nose for news. Oftentimes they sent me on special assignments to do detective work, which I enjoyed, but all the time mother had someone on my trail to see that I didn't get into anything bad. I went into many places which might have worked ill for me, but God kept me as pure and clean as a girl could be. Isn't it wonderful how the Lord has His hand upon our lives from the cradle to the grave? Though we do not know it, He is watching and leading us in ways that we know not of.

All these years I never thought about religion. No one ever asked me to be a Christian. Mother sent me to Sunday School and I loved to go, but I didn't hear much about Jesus. I heard ponderous sermons from the ministers, and oftentimes while they were preaching I was writing up stories for the newspapers. I am ashamed I did those things, but up to that time I never had any real conviction for sin. Sometimes mother and I would talk about things and she would say, "Mae, you are a Christian." She said I was a Christian before I was born; I could not quite figure it out, but I believed her. I remember my grandfather, the only religious person in our family, was a good old Methodist. When I was a little girl he used to take me in his arms and talk to me about Jesus and sing "Palms of victory, crowns of glory."

The Lord Jesus was looking after my soul and leading, though I knew it not. There was to be a great meeting in our town. They built a big tabernacle on a vacant lot, and never in the history of that town had there been such a religious awakening; never had the ministers become so interested in the salvation of souls. They called the speaker a "fiery evangelist"; he was a man with black hair and eyes, a strong voice, and filled with the Spirit. They told me at the office, to go down and report the meeting, and I went. It lasted three weeks, and everything that was funny in the meeting I used for copy. In a testimony a woman said, "I know my husband is saved. He came down stairs the other morning and kissed me the first time in twelve years." I wrote up everything that struck me and they put it on the front page. My heart was not touched. Then the minister preached on hell and I didn't like it. I had never heard of hell. Mother used to tell me there was no such a place. I had supposed everybody was going to heaven, if there was such a place, and that I was going too. Such straight preaching I had never heard before

and sometimes I forgot to write. I rather resented his preaching; you could fairly smell the brimstone. One night I went and a young man sitting with the rest of the crowd leaped to his feet and said, "Glory to God, I am saved! Praise the Lord! The fellows down town are betting a barrel of beer that I will not hold out until next Saturday night." Someone said to me, "That is a nice fellow, isn't he?" "What do you care? If I knew how to pray, I would pray that he would hold out," I said. The next night he was out again. I said to the minister, "Who is that young man?" "Oh yes," he said, "I want to introduce you to Mr. Frye." I fell in love with him at first sight; it was genuine and I have loved him from that day to this. It was a case of genuine, God-sent love. I have never loved any other woman's husband, and he has never loved any other man's wife. I will never forget the night he took me home, the longest way around. He said, "Aren't you saved?" I said no, but I thought I would be.

The next night I was convicted while I was taking notes. My mother said I was converted because Mr. Frye was converted, but that was not the case. I had a real, old-fashioned conversion. God convicted me of my sins. He gave me a glimpse of my heart, and showed me if I had my just deserts I would go to hell. Then He showed me a loving Savior who died upon the cross for me, and when I saw the love of Christ, my heart broke. There came a night as I sat at that table, the minister driving home the Scripture and pleading with men and women to be saved, that I could not write. Great big tears dropped down upon that paper and I gave it up. Then a precious woman of God came and put her arms around me, "Don't you want to come down to the altar?" she asked. "I believe I do." Then when I got near I thought of my mother and said, "No, not tonight," and made for the door. As I reached the door something stopped me. I believe it was God's voice that spoke. Some folks think that God deals always in gentleness and tenderness, but He thundered at me that night, "If you go out of this house as you are, you go out a lost soul forever." It was as tho a voice had thundered to me from the skies, and I knew I had to make my choice then and there. It was either for Jesus or it was to be lost eternally. I wheeled around and knelt down in a seat, but a voice said, "You will not get saved there; you had better go down to the altar." It took the cowardice out of me. I obeyed and God saved me thoroughly. Do you think I

could keep still? I ran home and told my mother. "Saved!" she said, "You have always been saved." I ran from one room to the other, "I am saved! I am saved!" Mother said, "You are crazy. Did you go to that altar?" "I did." "You are ruined for life. You always were an extremist," said my mother. Shortly after that, Mr. Frye came along and said, "Will you marry me?" I said, "Yes." I would not advise you girls to do what I did. I do not think it was right of me to do it when my mother forbade me, but I knew that God had called me and that I could not be the kind of Christian in my home that He wanted me to be.

I heard the voice of Jesus calling me out into the fields to work for Him, and immediately I left that big church where I had been singing and went down to work in the City Mission, and there I played the organ and helped to lead souls to the altar. When I would leave the mission there would be my mother, and Mr. Frye was there, too. She would say, "You have disgraced your family. It is a shame the way you are acting. Look at the people you have to associate with! You will be the death of me." And she wept and cried. At last she said, "If you are determined to go this way, I will wash my hands of you."

There came a time when there was a real decision and I had to go God's way. I went to the newspaper office and they told me to write up a story at which I balked. I found the young girl in question was from a prominent family, and I went back to the editor and said, "I cannot write those things any more. I am thru." He said, "Why, girl, you are climbing right up in the newspaper world." "I am going to give it up. God will not let me continue," I said. He said I was a fool, and I bade him good afternoon and went out. I never went back again.

I got married, and soon after, the Lord called us both into Christian work. We had been holding cottage meetings, and a letter came, asking us to come and hold a campaign. We had never held a campaign. I could not preach; my husband could not preach. "What in the world would we do?" we asked ourselves. I said, "You can tell them how you were saved from drinking and using tobacco, and I will work for souls at the altar." We went. All the churches united. The minister told my husband to preach, and every other night for four weeks my husband got up and told the story of his salvation and God blessed the people. I hadn't begun to preach

yet, didn't believe women should preach; in fact I had never heard a woman preach. Ministers came to me and asked me to take a night, but I preferred to work at the altar. Many doors opened for us. We were so simple-minded, all we knew was that we were saved. I got a little 20c Bible and just lived on the Word. We went down to a town in Pennsylvania where the Baptist churches united in a campaign. A minister wrote, "Mr. and Mrs. Frye can help you." One day the minister came to me, "The Dean of the Baptist School told me they were coming in a body; they wanted reservations, and I told them they could have the gallery. They are coming to hear a woman preach." "What woman?" I asked. "Why, you." "I cannot preach." I wasn't afraid of the audience. I had been used to audiences in the theatre, but to stand up and take a text; I shrank from that. We went to prayer, and the minister prayed for me.

We went to church. There was just a sea of faces before me. I got down back of the pulpit and cried a little, and then I stood up, trembling from head to foot. The Lord helped me; He always does. I shall never forget how He led me at that service, and when I gave the invitation, forty or fifty young people came down from that gallery and wept their way thru to Jesus. That was more than twenty-five years ago, and I have been preaching ever since.

When I was sick and dying of tuberculosis the Lord healed me. I said to Him, "Lord, if You will heal me, I will tell it wherever I go." He touched my body and put flesh on my bones. Then He filled me with His Holy Spirit, the greatest thing that ever came into my life.

Some time after our first campaigns, my husband took a course in school and was ordained. About twenty years ago I was also ordained in the Baptist denomination. I always declared I would not be, but the ministers got together and said, "Mrs. Frye, we want to confer this honor on you," and I didn't have anything to say. At that time I was a sick woman with tuberculosis; I knew I was going down hill. An old man put his hand on me, "Dear Lord Jesus, heal this woman from head to foot, and send her around the world to preach the Gospel."

I am not sorry I gave my heart to Jesus. In my early life I had to decide for my parents or Jesus; then it was for a prominent place in society or for Jesus; then it was whether I would go along in a leisurely way, or be out in the battle for souls. Thank God, He always helped

me to make a right choice. Before Him I can say, "If I had ten thousand lives to give, Lord, they should all be thine."

It was during my last pastorate in New Jersey that I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I went to Bethel, at Newark, to see what might happen to me, and something did happen. There was a hunger in my soul to see God work. I was sick and tired of the dead old prayer-meeting and was longing to see God work. He set that place on fire and did something for the pastor and people. The Holy Spirit swept me off my feet, and I was shut in with God. Then He gave me a vision of a wider ministry, and when I arose at a late hour I was speaking in other tongues as the Spirit gave me utterance. I have been preaching the full Gospel ever since.

### A Miraculous Deliverance

One of our correspondents, Mrs. B. E. Hurlbut, Colgate, Sask., Canada, sends us a remarkable testimony of God's deliverance:

"He is always a present help in time of trouble. I want to testify for the glory of God, to a miracle He performed on my little son six years ago, who was then ten months old. The baby swallowed a small safety-pin which was open. Naturally, we were worried about it, but we put the case in the hands of Jesus, knowing that nothing is too hard for Him. Several dear ones prayed, and the Lord heard. Six weeks and one day later the baby vomited up the pin. The nickel was all eaten off, and the pin was beginning to turn green, but, praise the Lord, the child never showed any ill-effects from the pin being in his stomach so long. He is a big, healthy boy now, and has never taken one drop of medicine in his life. Oh, we have a wonderful Savior and I do love Him. May He help me to be faithful each day."

\* \* \*

We lose spiritual blessing when we defend ourselves; in fact we lose every way, for as Dr. Pierson once said: "If we seek to defend ourselves, God will leave us to fight our own battles, but if we trustfully commit our wrongs to Him, leaving all in His hands, He will 'bring forth our righteousness as the light.'" Earthly parents often care for the reputation of son or daughter even more than they do themselves—"And how much more" does our heavenly Father care for our reputation? So shall we not henceforth trust Him with our name, our wrongs, yea even with all things.

H. G.

\* \* \*

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

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multitudes marvelled, saying, It was never so seen in Is'ra-el. The kingdom of heaven.

- 34 But the Phār'i-sees said, He 8 Heal the sick, clerk
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