



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

The Christian's Debt to the Moslem World

A Marvelous Work Sustained by the Lord.

Miss Marie Ericsson in The Missionary Rest Home Feb. 3, 1926



BEHOLD, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for me?" And the believing prophet answered, "There is nothing too hard for Thee." How we long to be among the believing prophets!

When I went out as a missionary to the Mohammedans in 1888, people said to me, "Oh the Mohammedans will not be converted! It is too hard to get them saved." I praise the Lord that there is nothing too hard for God.

That was in 1888, thirty-seven years ago, but since I came to America I have met real Christians who believe in Jesus Christ and they have asked me, "Is it really true that the Mohammedans can be saved?" Praise the Lord that He saves the Mohammedans the same way He saves us.

I will tell something of the Lord's work among the Mohammedans. I will speak especially of His working since 1911. Then it was there came a great change in my missionary activities. He revealed Himself to me in a new way and led me forth to trust Him in a way I had never done before. He led me and a friend of mine to Port Said, Egypt, a city of 75 to 80,000 inhabitants. I had many years of experience among the Mohammedans by this time, but I did not dare for one single moment to rely on any experience. There we were facing thousands of Mohammedans, and we knew how very difficult they were to reach, but we felt we were in the will of the Lord, and we didn't look at the hard things. The Mohammedans worship the false prophet Mohammed who has given them the Koran. In that book there is much written about Jesus but it is told in his own way. It says that Jesus is the Son of Mary and that is true, but it also says that God has no Son, that Jesus did not die on the cross but went up alive into heaven and has come back again. If you read the story you will see that it is a real anti-Christian story. Islam is not an invention of man; it is an invention of Satan himself against the Son of God and against human souls. It is one of the real antichristian religions of earth and there are about two hundred and fifty million people who have been caught in this terrible snare. As I plead on my knees for those millions

of Mohammedans and think of how few have heard the Gospel, there comes a fear over my heart as I think of the day of reckoning for the Christian church when we stand at the judgment seat of Christ. We have not given the Gospel to the Mohammedans as we should have done. We praise God for all the work done among the heathen in China and India and other parts of the world, but the millions of Mohammedans have not had the Gospel. They have been neglected because, perhaps, God's people have found it too hard. Since I came to America I have had meetings in many Scandinavian churches, Baptist, Lutheran, and Mission churches, Free churches, Salvation Army and Pentecostal Missions, and in not one, with the exception of the Pentecostal churches, has there been a missionary before me direct from the Mohammedan field. When I heard that I could scarcely believe it was possible. Isn't this a proof of our great debt? We are all one Body, and we are debtors to the Mohammedans.

They hate our Christ; they hate Christianity; they hate the Bible, and it is a burning hatred they have, such as you will find in no other people. When we hold meetings amongst them, we cannot say Christ is the Son of God at first, we have to make a way; when we speak about Christ we hear a great murmuring going thru the congregation. They will not have it that Christ is the Son of God. Yet I praise God that in spite of all the hatred, in spite of the tremendous opposition to the Gospel, Jesus saves Mohammedans.

When we came to Port Said in 1911 we knew that no human power could open the doors and give us an entrance into the homes, and that no human power could bring Mohammedans to us, but we got on our knees before the Lord and prayed. We have the promise in Eph. 2:10 that there are prepared works that God will lead us into if we wait upon Him, and so we prayed for a whole week, day after day; then we looked to see if anything was moving. We cried unto the Lord to do something to make a way for us to tell the wonderful story. After about two weeks of continuous prayer, things began to move. The Holy Spirit was moving, and a wonderful thing happened: The Mohammedans came to us. The fathers brought their daughters to us and asked us to teach them. Tears of joy

filled my eyes. Who could have dreamed of such a thing? God did it. God had sent us there and in His mighty love had decreed to save them. His Holy Spirit drove them to come, and they came.

We never expected them to come in large numbers, but they came and came, and we soon had 100 girls, then 200 and 250 whom they brought for us to teach. It seemed I was in a dream and that it could not be true to have that crowd of Mohammedan girls and the liberty we had to tell of the Gospel from the first and read to them the Bible, because that was why we were there. God founded that school, which now consists of ten classes. Every morning we have prayer, and we teach them verses of the Bible. The Eastern people have special aptitude for learning by heart, and we encouraged this, for we little know how long we can help these girls; they marry very early, but many of them while with us can repeat whole chapters of the Bible. We have Bible study every day, and as soon as the girls can read, we give each girl a Bible, altho some girls cannot take their Bibles home, their fathers are so bigoted, but they read them daily in the school.

It is wonderful to see how the Holy Spirit makes those simple, commonplace little stories in the Bible so preciously sweet and wonderful. You remember how Jesus told about the farmer who went forth to sow the seed; nothing could be more simple, but the power of the Spirit gave them life. In the same way the Holy Spirit makes those simple stories wondrously glorious. I will never forget the face of a girl as the light of Jesus came into her heart. It was like the lightning. Her face was illuminated thru one of these simple stories. Ah, we do not need all the machinery that is being used in these days! The Holy Spirit is the power and makes the Word illuminating to the hearts of the people.

Now the girls have their own meeting once a week, the older girls conduct it; the little girls also have a meeting once a week. All the work of the school is in Arabic, but we teach English as a foreign language, and they learn it quickly. The Arabs are very intelligent; they are the step-brothers of the Jews, the children of Abraham, and they are very proud about that. There are just a few who really believe in Jesus, but for those few it is worth while having a mission, and when God's people begin to pray, I feel there will be much more victory amongst them. God's people have not been praying for the Mohammedans. I have been in many prayer meetings since coming

to America and in not one have I heard them pray for the Mohammedans, even when I have asked them to do so.

The Lord has been wonderfully good in providing for our needs. We have a Home for destitute girls, and two out-stations. We have a large household of fourteen missionaries, fourteen native workers, of which seven are our own girls who have been taken into our home and now help in the work. The Lord has been a real Father to us. We have no society, no Board and no circle of friends behind us who are responsible for us in any way, so we do not look to any human being for help. God has been our Board, and He has never failed us in all these years. He has tested us and tried us many times and sometimes has allowed us to get down to almost the last cent, but He has always given us our daily bread.

When there is a great need we take our native workers in prayer with us and it has been a great blessing to them to see that our God is a living God and that He cares for His own. It has helped the girls to see how He answers prayer and that He can do the impossible, and that we can hope when in the natural there is no hope, because He is the God of hope. One day when we were in great need we were having a prayer meeting. A stranger, an Englishman, came to the prayer meeting. He was very simply dressed, and when we began to sing his face shone with joy. We prayed and he prayed, and it was when he prayed that we got to know him. It is wonderful how you get to know people thru their prayers. As he prayed we knew he was a man of God. When the meeting was over he said "Good Bye" and laid \$50 in our hands. It was a great surprise to me, I almost hesitated to receive it; he looked rather poor, but I afterward heard that this man makes great sacrifices that he may give to the Lord's work.

I received a very wonderful letter recently which explained to me something that happened even before 1908. We were renting a house and our landlord was a Mohammedan. He came and asked us six months' rent at once. Of course we could not pay it. We asked him to wait ten days; at first he refused, then he promised to wait ten days. He was sure in his heart that we could not get it. The amount was \$240, a very large sum for us. We had no human hope to get it in that time; it was just as impossible for us to get it in ten days as it would have been in one day, but God assured us He would give it to us and we told the landlord he should have

it in ten days. We gave ourselves to prayer and the money began to come. We received Twenty-three Pounds from an unknown lady in Norway. It made us wonder that an unknown friend should send us so large an amount, \$115.00. We wrote and told her how wonderfully the Lord had used her to supply that great need, and now after all these years, I received a letter from her telling me the story of her sending me the \$115.00. She had for a long time been interested in missions in China, but she had heard of us thru a Norwegian gentleman who had been in Egypt, and she thot she would send just a little gift to our mission and send \$115 to China. She sent to the bank for the checks, one for Egypt and one for China, and the man who drew up the checks made a mistake and made the big check out for Egypt and the little one for China. The Lord took the hand of the man and wrote the big check for Egypt. The woman wrote to me that it greatly strengthened her faith, to see that the money came in time to prevent us from being turned out of the house. She saw God's hand in the mistake that was made at the bank. That is what our God can do; He can turn things clear around.

God has enlarged the work and increased it. He has pushed us forward and we have to follow in His steps. He has supplied clothing for the destitute girls. For instance, we needed sweaters for the girls. We have no winter but in the rainy season the weather is cold and penetrating, and our natives feel the cold very much. We felt we could not buy sweaters for so many, it would be too expensive, but we laid it before the Lord and what did He do? Parcels began to come in. In the first parcel there were three, in the next, two, and so on, and the fine thing about it, they were different sizes. How did these sweaters come? you may ask. We have many millionaires from Europe and America who come to Egypt to spend the winter. They use their clothes just a little while and then want something new. They send parcels of clothes to the Y. W. C. A., and they, knowing of our Home for destitute girls, sent these parcels to us. Another time when we needed blankets, we received a large box from Sweden. As we opened it we took out one blanket after another, beautiful, woolen blankets.

Sometimes He has allowed sickness, and then He has revealed Himself as the Great Healer. We have now two missionaries who are ill in the homeland; they are not yet able to return. He doesn't always do the things at once that we

ask of Him, and there are still some lessons to be learned in connection with these two sisters. But God has wonderfully kept us when cholera was raging and people died in the streets, one just outside our house. The epidemic was so terrible they carried them on carts to bury them. One day we got a message that an Arab woman was dying. We went to see her, but it was terrible in that hut; we could hardly remain because of the offensive odor. She was really dying, but we cried unto the Lord to restore her, for she was the mother of children. We went home after praying for her and the next morning we received a message saying she was healed. During the night after I left I had a real attack of cholera. It was just as if an evil spirit had clutched me, but I refused in the Name of Jesus to have it. After battling for a time I dropped into the arms of Jesus saying, "Jesus, I can do nothing more," and He saved me from it. In the same way He saved me from small-pox. For three weeks I was going almost daily among people who had small-pox; many died from the epidemic, it was so severe. We saw some running thru the streets with their faces in awful condition. One day I was in a home where a little girl was very ill, black with small-pox. A woman came in and swept the room while I was there, and a fear came over me. I thot, "Now I am inhaling that dust and the sores are scaling off that child's hands," and I got afraid of my fear. I cried, "Lord Jesus, save me from my fear!" I felt that if I feared I would get the disease, but Jesus heard my cry and saved me.

We had one girl who was possessed of evil spirits, and her case seemed almost hopeless. Naturally, she was a sweet, quiet girl, but when these evil spirits took possession of her, she became violent. Sometimes the evil spirits would not permit her to eat. Other times she would throw herself on the floor and curse everybody; then again she would stay in bed. Sometimes we thot we had the victory, and then the hosts of evil spirits would take possession of her again. Finally when she became broken and humbled, and confessed her sins, then we got the victory in the Name of Jesus. It was a great deliverance, and oh what a joy it was to us! Now she is very sweet and precious and is housekeeper at one of our out-stations. So there is nothing too hard for Jesus.

Pray for the Mohammedans. Mention them by name. Do not class them with the heathen.

They are not heathen, but they are worse than the heathen and harder to reach. Let us earnestly

pray for them that we may not be ashamed at His Coming.

Answering the Objections in the Book of Jonah

The Disobedient Prophet a Type of Israel.

Sermon by Pastor Philip Wittich, Jan. 31, 1926



INVITE you to a study of the Second chapter of Jonah, which is one of the most remarkable chapters of the whole Bible. It has been ridiculed by scoffers and doubted by those who profess to be Christians, yet it gives a most remarkable incident in the life of this disobedient prophet.

There are three objections to this chapter being authentic, and I wish to prove that these objections are not warranted. The first objection is to the statement that God prepared a big fish to swallow Jonah. That word "prepared" is not a good translation. The word used in Hebrew is "*Manah*" which means "to allot" "to appoint or single out." That very word is used in the handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's court, where it says, "Thou has been numbered," "singled out." So the truth is, that this word doesn't speak of God creating a fish for that occasion, altho He could have done it without consulting some of our "higher" or lower critics, but it says that God appointed, or allotted a fish to swallow Jonah, for God has creatures in the sea that we have never yet seen. The next point is this: Our King James version brings in the word "whale," but the Hebrew word is "Dag" which means "a big fish." When our Lord Jesus refers to this incident in Matt. 12:39, 40 the Greek word "*Kelos*" is used, which means "a sea monster." The word "whale" has been put there by the translators. The third statement held up for ridicule is that Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of a big fish. Scoffers say that no man could live under such conditions for three days, but here it is where the "divine," the "supernatural," comes in. God can do things that we cannot do. If He were not a supernatural God there would be no salvation for us, and this preservation of the prophet in the belly of the big fish is a divine miracle. It is a miracle used as a type of Israel, but chiefly a type of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose Spirit was for three days in Sheol, in the very heart of the earth. Our Lord Himself uses this experience of Jonah as a type of His Spirit's descent into Sheol and His subsequent resurrection. Matt. 12:39-41.

Now, having removed the objections of the super-critics, we will go on with the Word. This chapter brings us a record of the flight of Jonah and of his fate in the ship; of his expulsion into the sea; his seizure by a fish that God had sent for this very purpose, and of his final deliverance from the interior of the monster by the command of God.

Jonah in his whole life, as it is recorded in that prophetic book, is a type of the people of Israel, first in their apostasy; then in their rejection, and finally in their restoration. Their whole history is typified by this one man. Let us see in what way Jonah is a type of his people. First of all, God had called him to go to a heathen land and city to the north of Israel to proclaim its destruction and thus to invite the inhabitants to repentance, for "God is a gracious God, and merciful and slow to anger, and abundant in loving kindness." He does not desire that any sinner should be lost. So altho the message which Jonah was to bring was a message of judgment, it was also a message which would bring about salvation to the penitent, for whenever God's judgments fall on a repenting sinner they redound to his salvation. God does not punish for the sake of punishing; the ultimate end of God's plan is not punishment of the sinner, but his salvation. Whenever His Word is not heeded and His Spirit not obeyed He will send punishment and judgment such as He sees needful to bring the individual or nation into a condition of repentance. Praise God that He has a way of bringing us to time; but is it not much better for us to heed the Word of God at once instead of invoking divine punishment like Jonah? We surely must get deeper into His Word if we would get deeper into God's will.

God sent Jonah to give a message but the messenger failed, and in that respect, he is a type of Israel. God didn't call Israel simply to enjoy His grace as a small family among the millions of unsaved Gentiles. The promise was given unto Abraham that in *his seed*, not only the Jews, but "*all nations*" should be blest. So the ultimate aim and object of God in selecting Abraham was not solely to bless the Jews; but thru them the whole world. The Jews were to be a *missionary*

people, to bring the message of God's grace to the uttermost parts of the world. You will find this that brot out even as early as Ex. 19:6, "And ye shall be unto Me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation." The entire nation was to be a kingdom of priests, a whole nation of intercessors, a holy people pleading between the lost Gentiles and God. God cannot have mercy on the sinner without a mediator. Jesus Christ is the great divine-human Mediator between God and man. However, God in using human beings, chose first of all the Jews to be a nation of priests and intercessors; but they, like Jonah, failed God. It did not appeal to Jonah to preach to the Gentiles, for the Jews have more or less of a dislike for the Gentiles. It was not to his liking to see the Gentiles saved. He considered it somewhat of a prerogative of the Jew to be God's chosen people and to consider all the rest as lost. You will find this same attitude among not a few Christians of today. They think salvation to be only for themselves, and fail to have a burden for the lost around them. God, who numbers the hairs on our head and who sees the sparrow falling from the roof, loves every soul on earth. As Jonah failed his God and went his own way, so all Israel failed and became a nation of money-makers instead of a nation of priests. That has been the curse in Israel. In the latter part of their history, God warned them thru His prophets against the love for the things of this world. Their calling was to be a holy nation whose heart was not to be occupied with the things of this world, but with their Covenant God, and with things Divine.

Beloved, we cannot enter into the sphere of divine priesthood unless we have the *love of God* in our hearts. God loves man, but unless He is able to put His love in man's heart, he cannot be used of God as a priest or intercessor for the lost.

There is another similarity between the life of Jonah and the Jews. When Jonah went into the ship he fell asleep tho a great storm arose while the mariners who were Gentiles, were praying. The sailors used what little knowledge they had of God and prayed, while the disobedient prophet who knew God as these mariners never did, could not pray. We have in this a picture of the Israel of the present day. The Jews are no more a praying people. They mostly say their prayers in a mechanical way. You will find the Jews of Jerusalem today with their prayer-books weeping and wailing at the walls of the

holy city, but God cannot answer because of a lack of a real Holy Spirit repentance in their hearts. A veil is over their eyes because they have rejected their Messiah Savior. A sinner or backslider must manifest *repentance* if God would answer his prayer. He hears the prayer of the penitent, but a mechanical making of words He will not heed. Israel today, like Jonah in the ship, cannot pray the effectual prayer. It is real heart-breaking to see how the Jews who were once a praying people have lost that wonderful power with God. Go to their synagogues and listen to their expositions; there is nothing in them about salvation for the Jew; some will discuss politics, or problems of the day, or give lectures on other popular subjects. The Jews have lost out on effectual prayer because they have lost God. We can only pray as we are in touch with God and God is in touch with us. Paul tells us who have received the Spirit that even tho we cannot pray as we ought, the Holy Ghost undertakes for us with unspeakable groanings; so if we are at a loss to know how to pray we have an Advocate in us who enables us to pray the effectual prayer which God will answer. The Jews, because they have lost God, are now wholly bent on pleasure and money-making. They are actually leading the so-called Christian nations on that line. Nearly all the pleasure resorts, theatres, and dance-halls are in the hands of the Jews.

Then again, Jonah is a type of his people in that he was cast into the sea. The Bible uses the sea as a type of the nations. Revelation 17:1 and 15. "The waters which thou sawest where the harlot sitteth, are peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues." I refer also to Isa. 8:6-8 and Jer. 47:2 where you find a comparison made between the heathen nations and the waters of the sea. The Jews have been cast into the waters of the nations; in other words, they have been scattered among all the nations of the earth. Many are wondering today what has become of the Ten Tribes of Israel, and some have been speculating about this question, claiming that the Anglo-Saxon race is a portion of the lost Ten Tribes. That is unscriptural and unhistorical. There is scarcely any Jewish blood among the Anglo-Saxons, who are descendants of Japheth, while the Jews come from Shem. You will find the children of the Ten Tribes of Israel scattered all over the world. You will find them in India, and China; you will find them in Russia to the extent of several millions; you will find them in Egypt and other parts of Africa, in Aus-

tralia, the Western Hemisphere, and the Isles of the Sea. Just like Jonah was cast into the sea, so the Jews were scattered all over the nations. They are now a *godless* nation and, therefore, a *homeless* nation. However, just as Jonah was not cast into the sea except for his own disobedience, so the Jews were not cast away and dispersed among the nations without their own volition.

That statement may strike you as rather bold, but in Num. 35:30-34 you have the judgment of death pronounced upon the murderer. Now let me take you to Pilate's court. What did the Jews do there to Jesus? They knew that He was innocent and that Barabbas was a murderer and a robber, and yet they cried out, "Away with Christ! Give us Barabbas!" And when Pilate interceded for Him, they said, "His blood be upon us and upon our children." So the punishment which fell upon the Jews is a punishment *according to their own law*. And just as Jonah prophesied to the mariners that if they would throw him overboard the sea would be calm and the ship be saved, so the Jews, themselves, from their own law, have prophesied their own fate. They have shed the innocent blood of Jesus Christ, and even in their blindness invoked the curse of His holy, innocent blood upon themselves. Therefore, they are punished by their own prophecies and presumption, while the Gentiles, typified by the mariners, enjoy the peace of the Gospel.

Again, we read that Jonah was swallowed up by a sea monster. The "sea monster" is a Bible type of such nations that take a very hateful attitude toward the Jews. We have nations which bitterly hate the Jew. Such nations are compared with wild beasts and monsters. In the visions of Daniel (Chap. 7) he saw four beasts coming up out of the sea, or out of the multitude of nations; one like a lion, another like a bear, the third like a leopard, and the fourth a horrible beast of which Daniel could find no comparison in nature. Then, again, in Revelation, 13th chapter, there arises out of the sea (out of the nations), the personality of the Beast, the Antichrist. Jesus is compared with a lamb that has no will of its own, but the Antichrist is compared with a *Therion* as the Greek calls it, a wild and ferocious beast. God turned the Jews over to the worst of the nations. The Assyrians and the Persians have always been special enemies of the Jews; and later the Roman nation. God permitted His people to fall into their hands as

a punishment for shedding the blood of Jesus, the Lamb of God.

There is also another passage, Isa. 27:1, that will throw light on this truth. God turned the Jews over to the monsters of the nations just like He turned Jonah over to the sea monster. And is it not remarkable, that the Jews to this very day are still held by these monster nations? We read that in the World War the Jews were liberated from the yoke of Turkey; nevertheless, we find that the Jews are now under the jurisdiction of England; and England, because of her treaties with France and other nations of the League, cannot give full freedom to the Jews. They are still under bondage to the nations. What the Jews want and what they have been promised by God is to *possess their own land*. But they will not possess it, they will still be in the hands of the horrible monsters of the nations; they will still, so to speak, be in the interior of the big fish until they accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Messiah Redeemer and shout, "Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord." That will be at the Great Battle of Armageddon when Jesus will come from heaven and stand on Mt. Olivet. Then these nations headed by the Antichrist shall be destroyed, and Israel, repentant Israel, crying out to Christ their Messiah Savior and God, will see Him with His five bleeding wounds and be saved. It will be Israel's great Day of Atonement when they shall afflict their souls. (Lev. 23:17-32.)

There is one more resemblance between the experiences of Jonah and the Jews. Jonah was in the interior of the fish just three days, showing that in this punishment there is also a blessing. God has forecast the day when the Jewish nation shall be set free, and that day will come, but as with Jonah, so with them. They will have to go thru a terrific punishment before they will be released from the power of the nations. In Jer. 30:3, we read, "For lo, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will bring again the captivity of my people, Israel and Judah, saith the Lord: and I will cause them to return to the land that I gave their fathers, and they shall possess it." And then in the 7th verse, "And it is even the time of Jacob's trouble; but he shall be saved out of it." As in the experience of Jonah there was a crisis before the fish would vomit him out, so, in the history of Israel, there will be a national crisis. Israel has been punished by the nations for 1900 years; it will finally be in the hands of the horrible sea monster; this crisis is called the

"time of Jacob's trouble." As we read in another prophecy, they shall go thru fire and only one-third shall be saved; and that remnant purified thru the fires of affliction shall cry, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

It is a remarkable fact that Jonah in the interior of the fish was able to praise the Lord. We have to look for the Jews to go into the hands of the Sea Monster, the Antichrist, who is an incarnation of the devil. As the devil is a liar and a murderer, full of pride, putting himself up as a counter-God against the God of heaven, so this Antichrist will be his fitting son. After making his covenant with the Jews he will break it in the middle of the week and will set himself up as God, demanding worship of them. They will be compelled to give up their belief in the *Elohim* of the Jews, for it says in Daniel, that he (the Antichrist) shall have no regard for the *Elohim* of his fathers, which refers to the Triune God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

In closing, I wish to sound a note of warning to the saints. This Jewish history in type is very instructive. However, remember that, coincident with Jacob's trouble, the Great Tribulation will fall upon the whole world including the lukewarm church. The only escape for us is to be filled with the oil of the Holy Spirit. The Jews must go thru the tribulation on earth and at the end Jesus will come down to meet the faithful remnant. The tribulation is the only means which God will employ to bring them and many of the world and of the nominal Christians to repentance. If we would escape the coming Tribulation we must be filled and keep filled with the Holy Ghost. In this last Laodicean age, Jesus stands and knocks at the door of the individual heart and says, "If any man hear my voice and open

the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me." Rev. 3:20.

Take warning. Things are shaping themselves rapidly. When the late war broke out, many declared that the Kaiser was the Beast. But he has lost his crown and is now an exile while Germany is a Republic and is ready to be received into the League of Nations; it looks as tho we are also being drawn in. Our nation is fast getting into the European trouble, and we will soon feel the effect.

The world is now beginning to enter into some hitherto unfulfilled prophecies. We cannot reform things, nor stem the tide; we can only learn thru current events compared with divine prophecy what will soon take place.

It is not for us to attempt what the angels in heaven dare not do. We cannot stop the flood-gates of wickedness, nor prevent the chariots of God's wrath from striking our sinning and blood-soaked earth; but we must be fully yielded to God and keep filled with His Holy Ghost, so that when Jesus comes He may lift us up and lead us as a Bride to our heavenly Bridegroom. Then we shall hear the shout of our Captain, and the Spirit within having attuned us to spiritual hearing, will respond, and we will cry out, "Even so, come Lord Jesus." "So shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words:"

"His chosen Bride, ordained with Him
To reign o'er all the earth;
Must be formed, ere Israel know
Her Savior's matchless worth.

Hark to the trump! behold it breaks
The sleep of ages now,
And lo! the light of glory shines
On many an aching brow.

The scattered sons of Israel's race,
That trumpet's sound shall bring
Back to their land; to know and own
MESSIAH AS THEIR KING!"

Emptied from Vessel to Vessel

Miss Alice B. Garrigus



MOAB hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity; therefore his taste remaineth in him, and his scent is not changed," Jer. 48:11.

Moab was the offspring of worldly Lot and gives us a perfect photograph of the fleshly heart for all ages—loved and especially protected by God yet having no knowledge of God's ways or character. "At ease," "settled on his lees," un-

moved by the needs of others or the call of God; like Job of old, who said, "I shall die in my nest and I shall multiply my days as the sand." How the human heart loves to build its little nest and gather around it the persons and things that please it most and settle down. But our heavenly Father loves us too well to leave us to ourselves and sooner or later begins to stir up the nest.

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the

Lord alone did lead him." As you may know, the eagle builds her nest of thorns and lines it with down. Here the tiny eaglets nestle together and are tenderly cared for. But there comes a day when the old mother bird realizes that her little ones are not fulfilling the purpose for which they were formed. They were meant to travel the blue sky and mount above the storm clouds so she pulls out the down much to the dismay of the little eaglets who climb upon the edge of the nest to get away from those ugly thorns. However, the worst is yet to come, for with a little blow she pushes them off from their perch and they go tumbling and shrieking through the air, lighting on mother bird's strong outspread wings and are brought safely back to the nest. Again they are pushed off and again brought back. This is continued until the eaglets lose their fear. A new joy takes possession of them, new life and power thrill their little bodies and, flapping their wings, they mount the heavens and soar away.

How little the eaglets understood that the same love and wisdom that had lined the nest with down, took it away. So with the human, thorns are often a greater blessing than down. "Emptied from vessel to vessel," has always been God's way for those He has chosen to share with Him His throne and His glory.

In the beautiful vale of Hebron dwelt a lad seventeen years of age, the idol of his old father who lavished upon him gifts which stirred jealousy in the hearts of his brethren. Perhaps his father excused his partiality because Joseph was the son of his old age, and of his beloved Rachel. But God had His hand on the lad and had destined he should occupy the throne of the greatest kingdom of the world so the nest is stirred up and the emptying begins.

At the request of his father, Joseph leaves his home to visit his brethren in Shechem to take them a little present and inquire of their welfare. At the sight of him the hatred of the brethren broke forth afresh and they determined to make away with him, throwing him into a pit and leaving him there to die.

Who can realize the agony of that soul as his cries for pity fail to move the hard hearts of his brethren, and he finds himself shut in by insurmountable walls? Only those who have been suddenly removed from those who have loved and cherished them and are left alone in the cold world. But God's purpose for His child was not to be thwarted and Joseph is drawn up and sold to some Midianites going to Egypt.

Jesus said to Peter, "When thou wast young, thou girdest thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldst, but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands and another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldest not."

Girding one's self and walking whither we will, can only result in spiritual babyhood, and not until our hands are stretched out to that other One, the blessed Holy Ghost, and He girds and leads can we ever become fullgrown sons and daughters; hence captivity is the only road to growth. So Joseph's captivity begins. Day by day they travel on over the sandy desert. Each night finds him farther away from all he holds dear.

Arriving in Egypt he is sold to Potiphar, an officer of high rank, who makes him steward of all he possesses. The tests of prosperity are often greater than those of adversity and so it was with Joseph. But God was with him enabling him to rather suffer wrong than to do wrong, and an Egyptian prison was the next vessel into which Joseph was to be emptied.

It was written of this lad that he was to "inherit the precious fruits brought forth by the sun and the precious things put forth by the moon." We often see "Sunkist" fruit advertised, but God's most precious fruit is "Moonkist," or the treasures of darkness.

Many years after, the Holy Ghost writing of Joseph's imprisonment records these words, "Whose feet they hurt with fetters: he was laid in iron." What a comfort to know there is always One who pities.

"Never a heartache and never a groan,
Never a teardrop and never a moan,
Never a danger, but there on the throne
Moment by moment, He thinks of His own."

Oh, the precious lessons of faith and patience of those ten or twelve years shut in with God! How his "taste" was changed and his "scent" became as sweet spices—"Myrrh, aloes and cassia" like unto our blessed Lord of whom Joseph was a type.

When the photographer wishes to develop his pictures, he puts them in the dark and I have heard that the best way to teach the little canaries to sing is to cover their cage, shutting out all light. So our Father often develops His image in the dark.

I have just read of a missionary to India who prayed earnestly to be more for God and His service. He contracted leprosy and for fifteen years was shut away in a hospital. A friend, inquiring how it was with him, received this reply, "I

have lost my eyesight and my voice, I have no feet or ankles, and no arms, but my heart is far from dead; if I had my voice I would be singing all the day, I am so happy."

One of the precious fruits of suffering is the power to feel for others in affliction, or as the Word tells us, "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." Joseph could feel for every prisoner, for he had passed through the experience.

Many years ago when passing through a great sorrow, friends gathered to speak words of comfort but nothing seemed to bring relief. At last a dear one threw her arms around me and said, "I know just how it feels," and somehow new strength and courage seemed to take possession of my being and peace came. Years after, at my home a precious young woman, crushed by the death of a loved one, was in awful agony. Many sought to comfort, but to no avail. Remembering how I myself had been strengthened in former years, I went to her and, putting my arms around her, whispered, "I know just how it feels." The moaning ceased, and looking up she said, "Oh, but it hurts so!" "Yes, dear, I know it hurts, for I have been through it." The sobbing ceased, quietness took possession of that young heart and she went forth bravely to bear her sorrow.

God's emptyings are not always pain and sorrow. One day the king's messenger appears at the prison door and calls for Joseph. His prison garb is quickly exchanged for court apparel, and the prison cell for the palace of the king.

"Many shall be purified, made white and tried," said the inspired prophet, speaking of these latter days, and on every hand we see the fulfillment.

Truly God's chosen ones are being emptied from vessel to vessel by the new and trying experiences they are passing through, but dear heart, take courage, look up, your prison door will soon fly open and you will hear the voice of the Bridegroom saying, "Rise up my love, my fair one and come away"; for all those who have suffered with Him here will soon be emptied into the palace of the King of kings, then we will praise Him for every trial and sorrow that helped to take away our own 'scent' and made us a fragrance unto Christ. Hallelujah!—*Full Gospel Missionary Herald.*

Marvelous Deliverance from Bandits

This remarkable story of God's Deliverance out of the hands of Chinese robbers is told by Thomas Hindle, of Gashatay, North China, working among the Mongolians:

On Wednesday, Jan. 13th, 1926, we were returning from Hsong Da Hsien, a Chinese town about 40 miles to the west of our home at Gashatay. We were unable to finish our return journey that day and put up at a farm house that night when we had gone about half way home.

Our party consisted of a Chinese evangelist, a Mongol cart driver and myself. The next morning we resumed our journey early, hoping to reach home early in the day. We were on a missionary journey which occupied about a week of January weather, and so were weary and tired.

The second day's journey led us into a wild rugged country abounding with rocky hills and valleys. When we had gone about seven miles, our road turned into a valley with rugged high hills to north and to south. I was riding a bicycle at a considerable distance ahead of the cart, which carried the two natives and our supplies. I had passed a small Chinese village and the cart was just abreast of it when I was hailed by a rough voice from the north hills, and, looking around, I saw a wild-looking Chinaman with a rifle. I was not slow at taking in the situation; he was a robber and we were trapped by bandits. I stopped and waited for my captor to come up to me, when I spoke to him in a friendly manner and wished him a good day. He replied in a gruff voice, ordering me back to the village. I turned around to obey when he ordered me to give him my mitts. These I gave, then he demanded my muffler, and when I had given it, he asked if I had brot any silver dollars with me. I replied that I had brought three, but that they were with the cart. In the meantime the cart had been stopped by other armed robbers of the gang and turned into the village. My captor then put a cartridge into the breech of his rifle and ordered me to accompany him to the village. Of course I could do nothing but obey. On the way he put his hand into my coat pocket, but, to his disappointment, he brot forth nothing but Scripture portions. He escorted me (and I never had such an escort before) to the far end of the village and ushered me into a house where several of the gang were assembled. The chief, a big, burly, good-natured-looking chap, was lying full length on the kang, smoking opium.

"In the center of the circle
Of the will of God I stand;
There can be no second causes,
All must come from His own hand."

He looked me through and through, then good-naturedly invited me to sit on the kang (bed), saying, "Wait awhile and we will all go together." By this remark I thought he intended to take me prisoner and hold me for a ransom; but I was mistaken. While seated on the kang, I prayed aloud in Chinese and the power of God's Holy Spirit came over me. I shook under the power and prayed in tongues. My captors were visibly affected. Let those who have no use for "manifestations" consider this case. The chief (or the one who seemed to be the chief) ordered me to stop, but though willing to do so, I could not seem to stop. Presently one of them said to me, "You can go now." I thanked him and went to the door. There a guard took me in charge and escorted me to the other end of the village where were my two companions, and the other bandits. He took me to our cart and told me to examine it and see if anything was missing, saying, "You are not to lose anything. We take nothing from you." And, sure enough, nothing was missing. I thanked him, then he asked if anything had been taken from my person. I told what had been taken, as above. Then he said, "You will get them back; who took them?" I told him it was the man who captured me, but that I did not know who he was. He said, "I'll find out." And in about fifteen minutes he returned with my mitts and muffler and said we could all go.

Should we not praise God for this great deliverance?

Miracles of Healing

ONE of our correspondents from Portland, Oregon, who attended Dr. Price's meetings held in that city, writes interestingly:

"A short time before Christmas a woman and a little girl came up the elevator of the building in which I am employed. The little girl had a slight droop to her head, and her feet did not seem to be very strong. I steered her into my office with the thought of telling her to go to the tabernacle where Dr. Price was conducting meetings. I said something about the child and the mother said, 'Oh she has her healing!' Then she told me about it.

"It seems the child, who was now six years old, had *never* walked or talked, and her head was turned around. The mother had had her in different hospitals, and had finally taken her to the Shriners' Hospital, but they refused to take her in as they said they could not cure her. Just at that time a friend told her to take her to a certain Pentecostal Mission down town here

where they pray for the sick. She did so and they prayed for the little girl and told the mother to bring her back the next day. She hesitated about doing this as the girl was just recovering from the measles and she didn't want her to take cold. So they said they would continue to pray for her anyway.

"The next morning while the mother was in the kitchen washing the dishes, all of a sudden the little girl got up and walked across the floor and said 'Mamma!' The mother said she acted as if she were resting in Somebody's arms, and put up her little hands. She also said that light streamed down into that kitchen, which was rather dingy, and flooded the room. She claimed that the child was healed, and she certainly could talk well when she was in my office. It has been eight months since she had been prayed for, and she had to learn to talk and walk, as she had never done either until the Lord healed her.

"Dr. Price prayed for the children on a Saturday afternoon, and there were some remarkable healings. Among them, a little girl who had a goiter which hid the cords of her neck; the goiter softened up under his fingers, and, in a few minutes it entirely disappeared. A little boy came with both legs in braces; could not walk. He was brought in and laid down on the bench. He was prayed for and the next day he was out riding a bicycle.

"One night a woman who came on crutches, suddenly threw up her hands and said as she sat in the audience before the meeting began, 'The Lord is in this place!' Presently she exclaimed, 'I am healed!' and threw down her crutches and started to walk up and down the aisle. The woman sitting next to her was frightened and screamed.

"A man sitting behind me told of his healing the night before. He said he had been ruptured for twenty years, and during all that time he had not been able to walk across the floor without his support. He had gone up for prayer the night before and had been going all day without any support. He said he was perfectly healed; felt the Lord touch him before he reached the platform where he was going for prayer. His face was lit up with heavenly glory while he was telling it."

* * *

L. L. H.

HANDY REFERENCE EDITION OF CRUDEN'S CONCORDANCE, Edited by John Eadie. This contains over 30,000 references, over 1,200 subjects, and nearly 600 pages. Also a Chronological Index to the Bible, the Connected history, and a Synopsis of Robinson's harmony of the Gospels. It is a complete concordance. Price only \$1.50. Why pay \$2.50 when this is just as good for \$1.50.

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Notes

The Place of the Sea

Have you come to the Red Sea place in your life,
Where in spite of all you can do
There is no way out, there is no way back,
There is no other way but—through?
Then wait on the Lord with a trust serene
Till the night of your fear is gone;
He will send the wind, He will heap the floods,
When He says to your soul, "Go on."

And his hand will lead you through, clear through,
Ere the watery walls roll down,
No foe can reach you, no wave can touch,
No mightiest sea can drown.
The tossing billows may rear their crests,
Their foam at your feet may break,
But over their bed you shall walk dry shod,
In the path that your Lord will make.

In the morning watch, 'neath the lifted cloud,
You shall see but the Lord alone,
When He leads you on from the place of the sea
To a land that you have not known.
And your fears shall pass as your foes have passed,
When your faith on the Lord is stayed;
You shall sing his praise in a better place—
A place that his hand has made.

—British Weekly.

Disbursements to Missionaries

(Jan. and Feb.)

Paul J. Aenis, for South America	\$ 20.00
Miss Carrie P. Anderson, South China	65.00
L. M. Anglin, North China	79.50
G. F. Bender, for South America	18.75
Arthur F. Berg, Congo, Africa	10.00
J. W. Bovyer, for China	10.50
J. H. Boyce, India	20.00
C. W. Doney, Egypt	20.00
Miss Marguerite Flint, India	35.00
Miss C. B. Heron, India	50.00
Arthur G. Johnson, China	20.00
C. F. Juergenson, Japan	105.00
Ivan S. Kauffman, China	20.00
Otto Keller, B. E., Africa (for roof on Boys' Home)	283.00
George M. Kelley, South China	55.00
Miss Ethel King, India	25.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India	55.00
Alex. Lindsay, India	10.00
Missionary Rest Home, Chicago	62.50

Mrs. Vernon Morrison, W. Africa	5.00
J. J. Mueller, India	139.00
Mrs. Mattie Neeley, W. Africa	58.75
John Norton, India	41.06
Jack Perdue, South China	10.75
C. C. Personeus, Alaska	10.00
V. G. Plymire, W. China	60.00
Miss Mary Rasmussen, South China	10.00
Mrs. Anna Sanders, Mexico	33.00
E. M. Scurrah, Africa	33.00
Wm. E. Simpson, China	35.00
Ernest Smith, India	83.20
Thomas Stoddart, India	77.00
F. A. Sunderman, India	5.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt	70.00
Harry Waggoner, India (\$370.00 for Leper Homes)	400.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan	10.00
W. R. Williamson, South China	57.40
Dr. R. M. Wilson, Korea	7.00
Miss Alice Wood, South America	10.00

Total\$2,119.41

With the Lord

THE missionaries have suffered a great loss in the home-going of Mrs. S. A. Jamieson, wife of Pastor Jamieson of the Sunnyside Assembly, this city, who went to be with the Lord Feb. 11, after an illness of over two weeks from Flu-pneumonia. During her recent illness her thoughts were continually on heaven and her Savior. She asked her husband not to pray for her healing as she longed to go home.

There are few in the homeland who have made sacrifices for the mission field that she has made. She spent hours on her knees in prayer for the missionaries, and even on her death-bed she interceded for the laborers in heathen lands. Her last audible prayer was "Lord bless the missionaries." A large correspondence kept the needs of the heathen fields on her heart. We never met her that she didn't have some needy field or some missionary's problem to lay before us.

Her life was one of self-denial for this purpose, that she might give to others. Often when her husband would say to her, "Now dear, you must have a new hat," or "You need a new dress," she would answer, "No, I can wear my old one and give the money to the mission field." She went out of the way to provide for the missionaries' comfort. Once she supplied a number with fireless cookers. At another time she gave thermos bottles, which they found invaluable on the field. "That thermos bottle she gave us," said Olga Aston, "has supplied hot water for our babies all these years. We dilute the milk with hot water, and simply could not run a nursery without a thermos bottle."

There are many missionaries who could recall instances of her unselfish devotion, but we give

just one: When Almyra Aston was on her last furlough she stopped at the Missionary Rest Home. One day she laid out on the bed a dress skirt with an ugly rent in it, which she was about to mend. Leaving the room for a moment, when she came back she found ten one dollar bills covering the rent, left there by Mrs. Jamieson for a new skirt. Little acts like this were a constant joy to her.

At one time her husband carried a \$2,000 life insurance, which she asked him to cancel. He received back from the company \$1,400, the entire amount of which was sent to the mission field at her request. She sowed that others might reap.

"The tears of the sower and the song of the reaper
Will mingle together with joy by and by."

* * *

A cable has just come bearing the crushing news that Mrs. Margaret Cantel of the London Missionary Home, England, died on Friday, March 5th. Full particulars of this heavy loss to the work of God will be given next month.

* * *

From our Letters

Our mail is filled with appreciation of blessing thru the paper, which is a great encouragement. The purpose of *The Evangel* is to stir up missionary interest, to carry the message of salvation to the sin-sick, the message of healing to the afflicted in body, to point the broken-hearted and the burdened to the compassionate Savior, and to inspire Christians to greater service for God. If it succeeds in this, its mission is accomplished.

Just a few quotations from our mail which are an inspiration to us.

"Many thanks to you for the splendid paper. It has been a source of wonderful inspiration to me. I am deaf and cannot hear preaching, and the sermons in the paper are soul-food of the finest kind to me."

* * *

"I would go without many a meal to earn the money to pay for this splendid book if it were necessary, before I would be without it. I expect to enjoy a whole year of helpful, uplifting reading."

* * *

"I do not feel I could do without your paper as I get a blessing out of every copy. I am physically blind, but when my wife reads to me *The Latter Rain Evangel* I can see the glory land thru the spiritual eye."

* * *

"I want to express my deep gratitude to God for what this magazine means to me. I look forward to the new number each month as eagerly as I would to the best meeting God could give.

Maybe that sounds a little stretched but I mean it for we are only able to receive so much at a time from the Lord's table, and in the pages of *The Evangel* I truly find just what my soul seems to need. I am always careful to pass the paper on to someone who is able to receive it."

We praise God for His Spirit on the printed page, which carries life and light to the needy.

A Holy Ghost Revival

PASTOR Alvin L. Branch, Battle Creek, Mich., sends us the following blessed report of God working in their midst:

For weeks the Assembly in Battle Creek had been praying, and keeping one day in the week as a day of fasting and prayer. On the 18th of January God gave us a sprinkle of the "latter rain" by baptizing one of our young men in the Holy Spirit. This intensified the hunger that had been in the hearts of many of our people, and for five weeks we continued the tarrying meetings just among ourselves and thirty-nine received the Baptism, speaking in a clear language. We never allowed them to stop seeking and consider that they had the Baptism until they spoke fluently. One night there were seven, another night five, and another ten. As the workers were busy here and there praying with the seekers, a shout would go up first in one part of the room and then in another, and the word was quickly passed around that "so-and-so" had received the Baptism. Among them were three stalwart engineers on the Grand Trunk Railway and their wives. One man who received the Baptism had been a spiritualist medium and healer for twelve years before he was saved, and now he and his wife are ardent and devoted workers for our blessed Lord.

There was a mighty shout of victory when one sister received the Baptism and a Bulgarian sister ran up to her and said, "Oh, she is speaking in my language." A few nights later the power of God fell on the Bulgarian sister as she was anointed by the elders for healing, and she was baptized in the Holy Spirit. What rejoicing! What praise! What divine love shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost! Each one going through at once became a worker to help others. It was precious to see the children who had received the Baptism begin at once to pray earnestly for other children. The glory still abides, and the Assembly is earnestly pressing on in one accord to attain to that fruit bearing for which the blessed Lord baptized them. We are working now to have a family altar established in every home. We have outgrown the little chapel we have been meeting in for four years and have sold it and are expecting to build a convenient and commodious church home this next summer, the Lord willing, in a better location, with conveniences for revival meetings and conventions should the Lord tarry. We covet and need your prayers.

Light in the Lands of Darkness

“**W**HAT! Are you still preaching?” asked an Anti-Christian agitator of one of our native workers who stood true during the testing days at Lu Pau, South China, when terror filled the hearts of many. “Yes, and I expect to continue until Jesus comes,” answered the faithful evangelist. Praise God for those who remained true to Him during a time when sorely tried.

* * *

Brother Kelley writes: “It was a precious sight to see old Sainam mission filled to its capacity again. To walk down the streets and have the heathen and many of the people whom I had forgotten, call out my name and express themselves glad to see me back, was gratifying. The church was filled with men and women to its utmost capacity. The church here at Sainam has called a very spiritual man for its pastor, one who is a firm believer in prayer. He is very earnestly praying for a revival, which is needed.

“The fires are falling in Canton and elsewhere—seventeen young men and a company of girls from the High School went to the mission last Sunday for the tarrying services. It seems to me that this marks a forward step for this company of young people to be seeking the baptism of the Spirit at this time. People are receiving this experience and getting healed almost every week. At other stations some are receiving their sight and cripples are being made to walk after years of confinement.”

* * *

Bro. and Sister Anderson of Shanghai, write that they can look back on a blessed year in spite of perils on every hand. In the beginning of the past year they had the joy of opening up another mission, which now makes three under their care. Forty-five converts have followed their Lord in baptism during the year; the demon-possessed have been set free, and a number have received the Holy Spirit. They rejoice that they have been kept during the uprising in Shanghai. One of their missions was looted, but their lives were preserved. They write, “The trouble made the Christians take a stronger hold on God. The Lord has spoken to us to do all we can while it is yet time, and we feel led to open more missions. So we have now rented a house in a village, and we are trying to get another one in another place. It is a step of faith, but we are trusting the Lord to supply.”

Back Under the Burden

Mrs. Frank Nicodem writes that as they landed in India for their second term, they were deeply impressed with India's need for laborers, and they are determined to make every minute of their time count for God. She writes, “When we got off the boat in Bombay and were standing down on the wharf getting our luggage thru customs and everything was hustle and bustle, our little Jackie came and got me by the hand and said, ‘Mother, is this India right here where we are standing?’ When I assured him that it was, he said, ‘Then why don't we begin to preach the Gospel?’ Yesterday I found him out on the back steps preaching to a little Indian boy, telling him that our God made us, the houses and the trees, and everything. We are asking God to make us a real missionary family, and we want you and the dear readers of *The Evangel* to pray to this end.

“Since our return to India we have found a great need for a work among the boys of India such as we had when here before. Many of the missionaries are praying that we may be led into a work of this kind again. Everywhere we go we see the streets thronging with little unkempt, uncared-for boys who need a home and care, and, most of all, the love of Jesus. This is not the easiest kind of work, nor one that we in the natural would desire, for when India casts off her little boys and girls to the missionary, they are dirty and diseased, and many of them dying of starvation, but when we set our faces India-ward a second time we promised God that we would gladly do what our hands found to do. He seemed to set His seal on a work of this kind by having five different people in different parts of the States come to us shortly before sailing, and say that they would like to support individually different boys when we returned to the field. At the time we could not understand it, for we did not know that we would be going into this kind of work again, but now it seems it was just a leading of the Lord for the work that God was taking us into. In the natural it would seem impossible, as we landed in India with hardly enough money to buy postage stamps, but we know that with God all things are possible, and altho it would mean a lot to get buildings and food and clothing for these boys, still we realize that we have a great God and nothing is too hard for Him. And there is a sweetness in knowing

that He loves, even more than we do, these little Indian children. Sometimes our own hearts seem almost crushed as we see them literally dying of disease and starvation, just a little huddled bundle beside the wayside in some dirty village street, and yet we realize that because He loved, He gave His best, and we are determined to love in that way, too."

Midst Scenes of War

Bro. L. M. Anglin, writing from his Orphanage at Taianfu, Shantung Province, China, says:

"If it were not for the hope we have in God, we would certainly be like a ship wrecked at sea. This has been such a hard year (1925). Difficulties and disappointments on every hand. At the close of the year, when we trusted there would be peace, we have had to witness a long, fierce battle and listen to the roar of cannons that were killing and wounding scores of poor men every day. Often at night we would be awakened out of sleep by the roaring of cannons and firing of rifles. It has been very trying on our tired, strained nerves. Our Compound has often been filled with poor women and children, so frightened they knew not what to do. One evening when the soldiers were looting in our part of the city, strong men came over our walls and begged us to let them stay here to save their lives. The poor people have had their horses, cows, food, and fuel taken from them. Only God knows how we will be able to meet the suffering that we will face this winter and next Spring. Strong, earnest prayer on the part of His people will help. I earnestly request that the readers of *The Evangel* will set aside a day of prayer for us here. When the aeroplanes were flying over the city and dropping bombs, not a particle came into our Compound. One day a bomb fell in the open field south of our mill-house and blew a large hole in the ground. There was quite a shaking from the explosion, but no harm done."

Within the Home there has been a blessed revival spirit among the children.

Lepers Baptized

"On Christmas Day," writes Miss Lee, "we had the joy of baptizing five of our dear lepers; also two others. In the morning we went to the Leper Home and gave out warm jackets, coats, and other clothing, and distributed some native sweets of which all Indians are very fond. In the afternoon we gathered for the Christmas

service, and had the quiet, heart-to-heart talk with the lepers about following the Lord in baptism. My heart was full as I thought how God had led, step by step, and brought us to this time. Little did I dream that the fruit for which we have prayed and labored these many years would be gleaned from among the despised lepers. The following Sunday we had the first communion service with those who had been baptized, and it, too, was a time of real but quiet joy and sacredness. Communion service with the lepers of India! What a privilege! Some day they, too, will be all washed from every trace of their foul disease and we shall together stand before Him faultless."

* * *

A very interesting story is also told by Miss Lee of two young missionaries who came a thousand miles to attend the special holiday meetings of the Church missionaries held in Lahore. There were thirty who came to meet God, and He met them. The story told by the wife is one that has its counterpart in many lives today. It is a tremendous undertaking to go to a heathen land. Who can stand without the mighty equipment of the Holy Ghost? Without Him little can be accomplished in the lands of darkness, and none realizes this more than the missionary. At this gathering in Lahore, the young wife tremblingly told her story and the longing of her heart: "She had known the Lord as a child—had felt His love filling her heart, and down in the depths of her being felt that some day she would find her way to India to serve Him there. His love continued to fill her life until her college days, and *then*, thru the subtlety of evolution, her faith was *shattered*. Continuing in this awful error, she finally planned to go to China to teach evolution.

"In the early days of her sweet, pure faith, Dr. Forman, founder of the Forman Christian College for Boys in the city of Lahore, had paid a visit to her home town, and altho he knew nothing that was in the mind of the child, he laid his hand upon her head one day, saying, 'My child, some day God will use you in India.' How marvelously the Lord keeps His hand upon a life which He has separated unto Himself!

"One day, with her faith shattered, her love and joy gone, she went to God in great agony of heart, and cried to Him to give her something from the Bible if there were truth in it. John 3:16 was given, and with it a revival of faith, and she did *not* go to China to teach evolution.

Instead she married and came with her husband to India. But the sweet, old-time faith had gone and she found herself in a land of need with nothing to give the needy. On she went for several years, feeling the absolute uselessness of being in India, and that unless God did something for her she might as well go home. By a series of wonderful leadings she and her husband were brought into touch with Pentecost and the Lord made them to know this was the pathway for them. For this they had traveled a thousand miles to meet God.

"About five o'clock in the afternoon of that very day, as all were sitting quietly waiting before the Lord, as suddenly as a bolt of lightning from the skies, the fire struck her and she fairly leaped to her feet shouting the praises of God in the most extraordinary manner. Oh, how she went around that room, this quiet little sister who found it difficult to open her mouth in conversation! She shouted and clapped her hands as a happy child exhorting us all to praise the Lord with her. For five hours she never opened her eyes, but shouted and praised the Lord, saying she knew now what 'my cup runneth over' meant. She went home confident that He would finish the work that He has begun in her. Her life is completely changed."

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson have now arrived in Kotchiu (pronounced Gojue) Yunnan Province. They write that the good hand of the Lord has been with them all the way. Their own plans failed, but God had better plans. They are expecting to start in at once with the study of the language. Four converts were baptized in water on Christmas Day. The Bakers who are in charge at Kotchiu, are much in need of rest.

* * *

"Good words have reached our ears today: our fathers never heard the like," said an old African chief to Brother Leader while on a trip in new territory. "The Word of God as given forth gave these heathen tribes something to think about but sin and the devil," writes Bro. Leader. "We are glad the work is gradually climbing heavenward. Other children are coming in to the school. I have thirty-five and with the number promised by the official they will total around sixty. It is the children who make the work worth while."

Mrs. Leader is greatly worn in body and is in need of prayer. They are returning home as soon as the funds reach them.

How God Undertook

Our missionaries in China are feeling they must buy up every opportunity as the conditions on every hand seem to be alarming and the night when no man can work is coming on apace. Bro. Ivan Kaufman writes from Tsingtao, Shantung Province, that for a long time they have been praying the Lord to open the way for them to enlarge the work. Doors were opening up to them continually, but funds were lacking for a forward move. Instead of going forward they were facing retrenchment, but in answer to prayer God worked in an unexpected way. "When we least thot," he writes, "the Lord sent a stranger into our midst. He had heard of the blessing of the Lord upon us, saw the work, and how utterly cramped we were, offered to help for a few months. Just at this time rooms became vacant next to us, and we felt sure it was the Lord pushing us out. We started to work at once and now have a chapel large enough to hold 200, prayer room and quarters large enough for our evangelist, and that in the business section of the city." Since then the brother has left for America, but they feel he was truly an angel in disguise, sent at a time of great need. The need now is just as great but their eyes are on the Lord.

Sometime ago they passed through a very trying experience. The American Consul ordered them out of bed at 2:30 in the morning with instructions to fly to a place of safety. The Chinese warships in the harbor were in open rebellion and were planning on shelling the city at daybreak. Through the intervention of the different Consuls the catastrophe was averted, but the threatening condition of things keeps our missionaries and native Christians in a continual strain. Pray for these faithful ones in this city of 100,000. Souls are continually being saved, others healed, and there is little other evangelistic work in the city.

* * *

Bro. Boyce, Siswa Bazar, India, writes that there are two hundred raw heathen children coming regularly to their Sunday School from the surrounding villages. The adults because of persecution and because of their caste system are despising the message of the cross, but the children receive the truth, and they are the hope of India. "We must not despise the day of small things."

* * *

Miss Eva K. Beach, Sultanpur, India, has been

passing through deep waters of suffering. She writes: "I went to bed Nov. 1, for only a few days' rest. On Nov. 8, I got up to take the Sunday services only to find myself near death's door. I could force my worn and sick body no longer. Later Jesus began to speak to me of the deep and black waters through which He was going to lead me, telling me not to fear, but to trust my Guide, adding, "Thou shalt not die but live and declare the works of the Lord!" Have been having most acute suffering often since, and another attack of malaria at Christmas time. Some one has said, 'It is true of His followers still, that in order to save others we cannot save ourselves.' But I am so in need of the Great Physician; my active soul grows only too restless at times. At present plague and small-pox are raging. The people have deserted Sultanpur and fled here and there. The disease got into the school and one of my girls has it.

"My last little girl has given her heart to Jesus and desires baptism. The woman whose sore finger was healed told my preacher that she believed in Jesus because of His love shown her. Nearly 7,000 Scripture portions were sold during the past year, 5,330 by my sister alone. The seed has been sown with tears and by the Spirit more effectively than ever, convincing men but enraging Satan. The Lord of the harvest will triumph in all."

* * *

With deep sorrow we record the death of little David, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith, Poona, India, who passed away after a severe illness of dysentery and toxin poisoning, on Dec. 19th. Their little daughter Jean was also ill from the same disease, but recovered. Brother Smith writes, "The Lord showed us that He was going to take little David from the first, but in the natural we hoped for the best until the end. Then we could say, 'Take him Lord if You want him.'" May God comfort the hearts of the parents.

Building for the Kru People

Mrs. Ira D. Shakeley writes from Sierra Leone under date of Feb. 2nd about their building for the Kru people. Our readers will remember the appeal in the paper several years ago for funds for this building. She says "We tried several times to buy a building already constructed, but each time we were hindered and the way absolutely closed, we believe now by God. So we came back to our first conviction, viz., to build a mission here for the Kru people, and we praise

God for His patience with us when we are so slow to get His plan. When Jonah went to Tarsus instead of to Nineveh, God didn't put someone else in his place; he just waited until Jonah got straightened out.

"On Dec. 29th the first stone was broken for the concrete walls, and on Jan. 21st the mason started to lay the foundation. Today they are making the forms for the walls. After a long search we got a lot just across the street from where we live, about a mile from the business section of the city at a cost of £50 (a little over \$200). Our Kru people are paying for the lot, tho it has meant sacrifice for some. For several years we have been laying aside their small offerings which we collected every Sabbath for this purpose, and now they have almost enough.

"Building is slow work in Africa. All the stone has to be broken by hand, but again our people rallied to our help and are breaking all the stone which would have been a big item if we had hired it done. They are carrying the sand from the bay, a distance of about a mile on a very rough road. It is hard work and the outside people are wondering, for it was never known for a woman to break stone, but we teach them that no honest work is a disgrace. We give them one meal of rice and soup a day; feed from 20 to 30 persons who work for four days in the week. It takes 25 cups of rice for one meal, fish and palm oil for soup.

"We have about ninety members who belong to this church alone and others who attend regularly but belong to another church.

"We need constant prayer; the responsibility of building in Africa is a real strain, as everything has to be watched. God is helping us, and we believe the walls will be built because the people have a mind to work."

* * *

Pastor Adolph Peterson asks us to announce their Evangelistic Campaign at the Full Gospel Assembly, Cor. Mozart and Wabansia, from March 7th to 21st. William E. Booth-Clibborn, of St. Paul, Minn., will be the evangelist. Services each night at 7:45, Sundays 11, 3 and 7:30.

Brother Clibborn's sister, Mrs. Demarest, held meetings in Bethel Temple, in January with very blessed results.

* * *

Summer Session of Immanuel Bible School, Rumney, N. H., will begin June 21st. A short course in Bible Training, combining rest, spiritual and physical refreshing and practical Biblical study among the beautiful mountains of New Hampshire. Modelled on the summer camp school plan and adapted to the needs of those who expect to engage in Christian work. Special tutoring in High School subjects. Term, eight weeks. For further information address, Miss E. M. Evans, Registrar, First Fruit Harvesters' Association.

The Joy of Salvation Makes Soul Winners

A Plea for Whole-hearted Service.

Evangelist P. C. Nelson in the Stone Church, Dec. 22, 1926



I HAVE been thinking about a text which I believe is very familiar to you. It is found in the 12th verse of the fifty-first Psalm, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways and sinners shall be converted unto thee." I shall not undertake to tell you all I know about Divine Healing or the Baptism of the Spirit or the Coming of the Lord or of the doctrine of salvation but I wish that we might together get something out of this verse that will help us to do the real work which He has left for us to do. Wonderful as the Baptism of the Spirit is, blessed though our fellowship with Christ may be, the real purpose of these blessings is not in order that we may enjoy ourselves, but that we may be able to bear effective witness for God. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you." For what purpose is the power? To speak in tongues? Yes. To prophesy? Yes. To interpret? Yes. But these are not the main objects of the "power." That is found in the words, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me." We need to keep close to the original purpose of our experiences with Christ.

The Psalmist prayed, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation." I believe that many who are saved and even those who have received the Baptism of the Spirit can lose the joy of their salvation, and have lost it. I have seen people who seemed to have lost the power for witnessing. There are people who have had wonderful experiences in God, yet they are not full of joy. Jesus said that He wanted His joy to be fulfilled in us.

Many people who have lost this joy are wondering what has become of it. Now if you lose some money you would most probably think something like this, "Where have I been? What road did I travel and what was I doing before I lost the money?" Would this not be a good way to do when we have lost the joy of salvation? Ask yourself, "Where have I been? Wherein have I failed, to have lost my joy, and how did I lose it?" I believe that the person who is really full of joy can win more souls to Jesus Christ than one who may be very skillful with the Word and even have wonderful experiences with God but who has lost the joy of salvation. The Chris-

tian's joy is a great evangelizing power but this is a truth which many people have not yet discovered. There are churches which do not have one soul saved from one end of the year to the other and you will find that these are churches without real joy. They couldn't say "Amen" unless it was set to music, or "Hallelujah" unless it came in an anthem, and they would have to sing a Christmas hymn to get in the words, "Glory to God!" I was asked to speak in a church whose pastor is an old acquaintance of mine, and while the congregation were singing I suddenly said, "Praise the Lord!" The pastor stepped up to me and asked, "What did you say?"

Thank God for the joy of our salvation. It is wonderful to speak in tongues, to interpret and to prophesy when God so leads but I believe that I would just a little rather have the joy of salvation stay with me day and night, seven days in the week and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year for that would wonderfully help me to bring souls to Jesus Christ. You can remember how happy you were when you first found the Lord and how you could hardly keep your feet on the ground. I remember in my own experience that the trees looked different as well as the people I met, and it seemed I could love everybody. I was so eager to win souls for Christ that I would rather do that than eat or sleep. Everything seemed small in comparison to the joy there was in winning souls to Christ. Oh that we today would have at least as much joy as we did when we were first saved! Then you can well remember how joyful you were when you received the Baptism. Some people get the idea that they have to do a great deal of moaning and groaning to receive this gift but you will never get it until you get clear out of the wilderness of grief and behold Christ in all His beauty. Then the joy of the Lord will so fill you that you won't be able to tell it all in one language and you will just have to borrow another for a while.

The Psalmist had lost his "joy." Some people say that he had lost his salvation, but I will leave that for theologians to settle. One time I wanted to settle all the questions myself but now I have learned to leave them for others. I have met many people who were saved yet had lost their joy. Several years ago I had a singer help me

in a meeting in Iowa and when he got off the train a speck of dust got into his eye and caused him much suffering until a physician managed to get it out. The doctor showed the tiny speck to the fellow but he insisted that something big had been there to which the doctor replied, "No, it only felt that way to you." Now you don't have to have a very big sin unconfessed and unforgiven in your life, in order to lose your joy and power for service. I like that verse in the 1st Epistle of John, "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The eye is a very delicate object and the Lord knew it could not be left exposed so He put a little fountain over that eye to keep washing it all the time; and then nature makes you blink and that helps the washing process to keep the eye clean and bright. It acts as a much better protector to the eye than glasses would be. That is a picture of the soul. Jesus puts the fountain of the blood of Jesus right over our souls to keep us clean and if we will just stay under the fountain He will keep cleansing us, and thus wash away every defilement. Remember that God demands more of you who have received much light than those who have had less. Just a little division, just a little failure somewhere, just a little wrong doing, just a little yielding to the flesh may take away your joy. There is no doubt that if every member of this church had the "fullness of joy" there would be a mighty spontaneous revival here. But you say, "What have I done? I am not aware that I have done anything to displease the Lord." Praise the Lord for that, but remember that the sin sometimes is not what we have done but that which we have failed to do. My mother used to tell us the story of a boy who had been hired out for a year's work. The man who hired him sometimes resorted to severe punishment and one day he laid the whip to this boy's back and thrashed him good. The boy cried out, "Oh what have I done? I haven't done anything." The man laid it on harder than ever and said, "That is just why I am whipping you. You haven't done anything." There are many people who have lost out because of failing to do. If we were checked up I wonder how many there would be who have neglected to read God's Word; how many have neglected to witness either in public or private. How many have failed to show the Christian spirit under provocation? how many have failed to live a Christian life before loved

ones? You know it isn't so much what we say in church but the life we live in the home, that counts with people. In a recent baptismal service we had the joy of seeing two young men coming to the Lord. They were young men who lived in a home where we had once been guests. I believe I know why those men were eager for salvation. It was not so much a result of what they heard in the meeting but because of the life of the sister in the home; her testimony had weight with them and I doubt if anyone could live in that home very long without turning to the Lord.

I trust that most of you have this joy of salvation but I suspect there are a few people who would like to have more of it and we read of such a one in the Bible. Note the promise which follows this prayer, "Then will I teach transgressors Thy way." If I have the joy of the Lord in its fulness I will go to my groceryman, to my friends and to my business companions and tell them what the Lord has done for me. I will teach transgressors the way to get peace and joy and forgiveness through our Lord Jesus Christ. I had the pleasure of being the guest in the home of a master mechanic of a division of the Northwestern Railway and there I learned some lessons about soul-winning. This man's father had been a railroad engineer and had left a blessed testimony among his fellow-workmen. The son told me that a great crowd of railroad men attended the funeral of his father and more than one old engineer who had known him came up and spoke of his life. One after another said, "I wish you'd let me have that little Testament that your father had, and always carried with him at the engine. When the train was standing on the siding we could see him take the Testament and read it, and he loved it too. I would like to have that Testament in memory of your father." The father lived the life and now the son is walking in his footsteps for he too is bearing witness to engineers. He is a master mechanic and when anything goes wrong on the road, or a fireman fails in some duty, the matter is brought to this man's attention. Many a time he has talked things over with a fireman or an engineer and then he would add, "Say Bill, I'll tell you what you need to give you victory over this drink and keep you from trouble. It was only through Jesus Christ that I was able to get victory in my life and He is the One who can help you in your business, or your family troubles." And he would kneel down right there in that office and give his

heart to the Lord, because this man knew how to teach transgressors the ways of God. I would love to hear of the Stone Church, not only that you are skillful in the Word of God and that you are well instructed therein, but that you are real soul-winners, every member of the assembly eager to win souls for Christ.

"Then will I teach transgressors my way and sinners shall be converted unto Me." If we have this joy and get down to business, the first thing you know, souls will turn to God. It is wonderful how easy it is to win souls when we get just where God wants us. I have found this true in all of my experiences covering nearly thirty-six years. Every time the people get on fire for God and full of the joy of the Lord souls will come flocking home. All they need is the right atmosphere. I don't claim to know a great deal about hatching chickens but I have had a little experience with an incubator and I learned this, that I wouldn't have any chicks if I kept the temperature down to sixty or even to eighty or ninety, it has to be at one hundred degrees and then the eggs will pop alright, when the hatching time comes around. I found they had real system about it for they just cut a little circle in the shell. When you get the temperature of this church just right, your unsaved loved ones will be on hand right away. Some of them have been incubated long enough but you haven't gotten the temperature just right.

"Then will I teach transgressors my way and sinners shall be converted unto me." A famous evangelist who died recently, experienced the grace of God in a wonderful way. It was an experience at least something like that which we call the Baptism. He taught others also how they might come into a life of victory. One time this evangelist was in a meeting, after which a lawyer invited him home to dine. After the meal the evangelist and the lawyer went into the parlor to talk while the wife was clearing off the dinner dishes. The minister soon began to talk to the man about his soul and the lawyer said, "If you had spoken to me like this three days ago you would have had a very insulting answer for I have used some pretty strong language in talking to people who called themselves Christians." The minister asked, "What change has come over you in these three days?" The man replied, "It is not a change in myself but it is in my wife. During the last three days my wife has been a changed woman; I have seen her tried beyond human endurance, and instead of becoming angry

or discouraged I have seen her quietly slip away to be alone with God and when she came out her face just beamed with the glory of God. She has walked about in the home like a ministering angel from heaven and now I know there is something in religion. I would give my right arm to have the kind of religion my wife has." And the evangelist said, "And what she has received from God, you may have for the asking." Without further pleading they knelt in that parlor and the man surrendered to God. Oh if we could be in such vital touch with God, Christianity would not need any further evidence! Living out the Spirit of Jesus is all the evidence that is needed. The world cannot counterfeit it or imitate it; it is the Spirit of Christ that will prevail in this world to turn souls to God.

Perhaps you promised the Lord to teach transgressors the ways of God and then failed to do it. One day a wife came to an evangelist and said, "Brother, I wish you would speak to my husband. He is a good moral man but he is not a Christian and I believe he would make a good Christian." The evangelist asked, "Have you talked to him about the Lord?" And she answered, "Oh no, I never could speak to him about that." "Yes, but it is your duty as his wife to speak to him and I will say nothing to him until you have done your part." She said, "I don't know how in the world I could do it." He told her to speak to him about the Lord when he came home to dinner and that he would go and see him at his office in the afternoon. It weighed very heavily upon her heart and she prayed much about it. When he came home to dinner she met him with the words, "I have a confession to make to you. I haven't been the wife I should have been, I have failed as a Christian and I want you to forgive me." He said, "I never thought you failed." But she said, "I know I failed because if I had been a true Christian you would have been saved before this." And right there in the home they knelt together and the husband gave his heart to God. I believe if you would determine to speak to your loved ones about coming to Jesus, some of you would find it necessary to pray more than you have in the past; there would be a burden on your heart and then when you take advantage of the first opportunity, they would turn to God without much effort on your part.

A school teacher in South Dakota was so burdened for the salvation of her scholars that she was unable to rest until she had won them all to Jesus Christ. The last one to be saved was John

and one night she felt impelled to speak to him so she arose and went out in spite of the miserable weather, and walked to the edge of the town where the lad lived. As she knocked on the door the father came down to answer. She asked, "Is John here?" "Yes, he is here but he is in bed asleep. Hadn't you better come in the morning? What brought you out here this time of the night?" She said, "Oh I have to see John tonight!" John was called and she began to talk to him. Her heart was so full that she just overflowed and his heart was touched and so was the father's. It wasn't long till father and son knelt with her and in that early morning hour, between one and two o'clock, the two yielded to God and they had a regular campmeeting there. I am sure it wouldn't be hard to win souls in Chicago if we got down to business like that. We are too half-hearted over this important work. We have just touched the fringe, as it were.

I have spoken about the condition and about the promise and now I want to speak about the prophecy, "And sinners shall be converted unto thee." It is just as certain that souls will come to God when we are right with Him and full of joy, as it is that you get a crop of corn if you plant corn and take care of it. It is God's law of increase. God doesn't want you to sow and not reap; He doesn't want you to labor and toil in vain; He doesn't want His own precious blood-bought people to waste their time and energy. Jesus took some raw recruits and dedicated them to the ministry. He called them disciples and they finally acquired the name of "apostle" though they were very much like ourselves in the beginning. It took a long time to train them to be real disciples of Jesus but finally, after the Holy Ghost had come upon them the people thought that they resembled Jesus, for we read, "They took note that they had been with Jesus." I wish that could be said of us.

One day while Jesus was still on earth, He and His disciples came to Jacob's well. The disciples went off for some provisions, but Jesus sat down

by the well for He was weary. Soon a woman came along with a pitcher; she had a reputation but Jesus began to talk with her. You know, she became so enthusiastic that she just left her pitcher right there. She went down the mountain side and hailed everyone she saw, went into this house and that until the whole town became stirred. That one woman, without money, without fame or good standing, but a woman on fire for God, captured the entire town. The disciples had gone off to buy food but they didn't get any souls. The woman didn't care anything about eating. She had never heard but one little sermon in all her life but won more souls in one hour's time than those disciples did in one day. If we get fired up like that even this big city would be stirred and sinners would be converted unto God.

Do you know anything better than to have sinners saved? Is there anything that glorifies God more, or anything that is more needy, than to get sinners saved? I am told there are a few people who claim to have the Baptism of the Holy Spirit who say, "It is too late now to get anybody converted. Now is the time to get the Bride ready." My impression is that the bride will get ready just as fast if she is busy winning souls for Jesus, as she will if she sits down to wait for Him to come. Personally I want more sheaves to bring to Jesus, and I would rather be able to say, "Lord, I haven't been able to make as much progress myself as I wanted to make but here I have a few souls, a few hundred or a few thousand to give You," than to say, "I have had so many manifestations in the Holy Ghost"; or that "I have learned this and that." Didn't Jesus mean it when He said, "Likewise, there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than ninety-nine just persons who need no repentance?" May God grant that we may have this real burning longing to see souls saved which will bring to us that joy that comes from a conscious communion with Him, and then this prophecy shall be fulfilled.

Belgium and Protestantism

A Remarkable and Enlightening Address



Y chief reason for standing here today is my nationality. Dr. Anet in his book writes that it was quite a surprise to the natives to learn that there were Belgians belonging to the Reformed faith. For years in this country Roman Catholicism has identified itself with the Colony, so that

the natives thought that the Reformed faith not only was alien but even hostile to the Belgian government. It is time for us as Belgians who are Protestants to stand up for our faith and to ask for our place in the sun.

There was a time when the Reformation was accepted by the majority in Flanders. It was

smashed by the Spanish Inquisition. Without freedom of conscience the nation for centuries lost its independence. When Spain had won back the rebellious provinces a decree went forth that Protestants must become Romanists or leave the country within a month. Those who did not obey were compelled to hide themselves. During my recent furlough I had occasion to preach in Maria Hoonebeke, a village in Flanders, where part of the inhabitants are the children of men who kept to the Evangelical faith. The history of that country is wonderful. It would be difficult to describe the sufferings of these men; they lived hidden away in forests, hunted down like beasts, without any political rights, and were not allowed to have ministers. Even the possession of a Bible was made a crime. Only in 1780 did the Austrian Emperor, Joseph I, grant them permission to meet together in a farm house. Even now, altho with religious freedom they have become prosperous, they are looked upon as foreigners by their R. C. neighbors. In spite of these disadvantages the Reformed faith is making headway in Belgium. This is one of the results of the war. Before the war Belgium was like a closed house. People did not travel much, did not take any special interest in what was going on beyond their borders. You all know how little Belgium, on the whole, cared for her African Colony. There were not many Protestants in Belgium, and even they did not undertake any active propaganda, owing to lack of means. They were practically unknown and, for the mass of the people, Protestantism was a foreign religion, and Protestants little better than heathen or Buddhists. Hatred of the Reformed faith still exists, but there is light in the darkness. The war brot many Belgians in contact with the other nations. There were those who went with the army; others fled to England, Scotland, and Holland, whilst the remainder stayed and became acquainted with the Germans. In every instance they met Protestants and had to admit that a lot of things they had heard and believed about them were lies. The strength of the Protestant churches, the intensity of spiritual life of many of their members, astonished them. Many times I heard people say, "They are much better than we are." I do not believe that many actually became converted while abroad, but all the same they dropped their prejudices, and now have decided ideas about Protestants, and are able to enlighten other people.

They welcome evangelical preachers and are often the first members of the congregations that

are springing up in many towns. The Gospel finds a more ready welcome in Flanders than in the districts inhabited by Walloons, for the simple reason that the bulk of the Flemish people still care for religion, while the Walloons are more indifferent. I was present at the opening of churches at Malines and at Auschoot, when 200 men gave their names as members; at Eccloo with 300 men; I preached in many other places, and everywhere, if the welcome was not always cordial, at least the interest was lively. Belgium will never be a Protestant country, but Protestants will increase in numbers and power and ere long they will be able to exert influence all over the land.

Here in this country, too, we must get together. I am far from preaching hatred or animosity. This is a thing of the past. God is Love, and it is not by slandering our fellow-men that we can please God. What God asks from any man is sincerity and honest conviction in his form of worship, and I have too many good friends left amongst the Roman Catholics to want to hurt their feelings.

What we want is equal rights; freedom for ourselves and for the natives to live out the Gospel as we preach it to them; to follow what we firmly believe is the faith taught by Christ and the apostles unadulterated by later human accretions. Just as we respect the convictions of others, so do we demand respect for ours. Too long in this country the Reformed faith has been looked upon as an alien form of religion. It is still stated verbally and in print that Protestantism is anti-national, anti-Belgian. This we deny. We, Protestants, Belgians, English, and Americans, who live here are as loyal to the Government of the Colony as anyone else. If we do not agree with everything the Government does, that is no proof of disloyalty. We only exercise our right of citizenship, a right recognized by the laws of every country. I am sorry that no more Belgians are members of Protestant missionary societies, but this is not the fault of the missionary societies that are ready to welcome any Belgian who has the necessary qualification. The fact is, no Belgians are forthcoming and presenting themselves; Belgium does not send enough doctors, magistrates or Protestant missionaries. Altho since the war the attitude of the Government toward Protestant missions has greatly changed for the better, the general public has still many prejudices against us and remains suspicious; suspicions fed by the press

here and in Belgium; suspicions often begotten of ignorance. It is up to us Protestants to fight against this, and to do everything within our power to turn the tide of public opinion. Know and study your religion. Find out why you believe; then you will be able to answer those who inquire and those who attack. I myself was brought to the gospel partly by the study of history. A German Roman Catholic some few years ago began to write a history of the Popes, and he is still at it. He is more truthful than any of the historians who wrote about this subject before. Until then I had believed that the Popes with one exception had been holy men, and was not a little astonished to learn on the authority of a Catholic historian that a good many of them had been elected not with the assistance of the Holy Spirit but by means of bribery, promises of presents of money and position. Not a few amongst them had been unscrupulous politicians, murdering their adversaries, and caring much more for the increase of their temporal power and money bags than for the salvation of souls. I thought it was ridiculous for such men to claim that they were the Vicars of Christ, who died naked on the cross. I read the original edition of a work by an R. C. bishop, Mgr. Duchesne, who died a year ago. He is a splendid writer, a great historian because he is truthful. His work was promptly placed on the list of forbidden books. One sentence struck me. He wrote, "We cannot be sure that the apostle Peter had ever been in Rome at all. It may be that he was there for one, or, at the most, for two years."

Well, as you know the whole Papacy rests on the assertion that Peter has been bishop of Rome. According to the latest Roman Catholic historian, Peter's residence in Rome is very questionable. The whole power of the Popes, therefore, rests upon a mere probability. History shows us how much needed the Reformation was. The Church, high and low, was corrupt, and all attempts to reform from within had failed. Since the river was polluted and not to be cleansed, nothing remained but to leave the river and go up to the spring. That is what Luther, Calvin, John Knox, and others did. They were men; with all their gifts and faults they claimed no divine power or special mission. They simply took up the Bible and told the people what Christ preached and the apostles taught. A common saying amongst those who do not know evangelical religion is that Protestantism is an easy religion; if only one believes, one can sin and not be the worse for it. This is,

of course, nonsense, because sincere honest faith can no more permanently associate with sin than water can with fire. Sincere faith is productive of good works, and a Christian life like a healthy tree of necessity produces good fruit. Don't let people say that we take our religion easy but let our lives be clean, straightforward and honest, that all with whom we have to deal may know we mean to keep the faith and God's law, even at the price of sacrifice. Some weeks ago I was passing through Vilvonde a few miles north of Brussels, and there with bared head stood at the foot of a small monument erected on the spot where a great Englishman paid with his life the price of loyalty to his faith and conscience. William Tyndale having embraced the principles of the Reformation was obliged to leave England. In Worms and Cologne he completed the version of the New Testament, copies of which found their way to England, only to be burnt wherever found. Later in 1529, he went to Antwerp there to exercise the functions of chaplain to the British residents. He started his translation of the Old Testament, and kept on working at it till he was arrested through the treachery of a spy. For two years he was kept in prison at Vilvonde till he was sentenced by the Inquisition to be strangled and burnt. This happened on Oct. 6, 1536. His last words were "Lord, open the eyes of the King of England." One year later by royal command the Bible was placed in all the churches of England for the use of the people. May we not think that the man who did so much that England might gain spiritual freedom in his last hour also thought of the country that was to witness his last fight for the Lord, and that he also prayed God to open the eyes of the people of Belgium?

There are those who say that Christianity is a failure and on the wane. There are most certainly weak spots and alarming conditions. Round about us there is much unrest and trouble; the world has been sick, very sick, and convalescence seems to last a long time. But let us not despair. There have been darker periods still in the world's history. When Augustine wrote his famous book, "The City of God," he was witnessing the disruption, the tearing to pieces of the Roman empire, the passing away of a world, and he, too, thought that it was the end of all things, but out of the chaos God's Providence brought forth a new order. You all remember proudly Nelson's famous signal at Trafalgar, "England expects that every man this day will do his duty."

That is what God expects from every one of you, that you will do your duty, your duty to Him, your duty toward your fellow-men, white and black alike.—*Address delivered at Kinshasa, Belgium, Congo, by Rev. Joseph Savels.*

We are very glad to report that the money has come in for the roof over the Boys' Home at Kisumu, Kenya Colony, where the work is in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Keller. Praise God for this ready response.

Some Good Books

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