



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 Fatality of Trifling with God's Gifts

Love of the World Cripples Spiritual Life.

Pastor Philip Wittich, December 12, 1926



OUR lesson today is found in Judges 16:4-9. There is always a feeling of sadness that comes over me when I read the life of Samson, for he is one of the clearest and strongest Old Testament types of baptized saints in these last days. In this chapter we are approaching the close of Samson's ministry as a judge of Israel, and we also come to the close of his life as a Nazarite. I cannot but see more in this story than most saints. Samson is the last judge that God gave to Israel; after that came the terrible experience with Saul, the king chosen by the people. Saul surely is a type of the Anti-christ of whom Jesus says, "I came in my Father's name and ye received me not, but another shall come in his own name, him ye shall receive."

The closing history of Israel is a very sad one, and let me say, it is a prefiguration of the closing of the Christian era. We know from the letters of our Lord Jesus Christ to the seven churches, dictated to John, that the church which is founded upon the precious blood of Jesus Christ, started out with Ephesus, which meant a burning love and zeal for God, and that it will end in Laodicea which means the people's government. I often call it mob rule. Of this church the Lord says, "It is neither hot nor cold" and therefore, the Lord will spew it out of his mouth. There is no other church age coming, and if we deny that we are living in the Laodicean stage of the church, we are simply confessing that we are absolutely blind to the Word of God.

Just as at the time of Israel God filled men with His own Spirit to a very special degree, so in these last days when Christians are falling away and losing their first love for Jesus and their brethren, God has seen fit to start this last movement, the despised Pentecostal Movement. Say what you please about it, this Movement was never started by any great man or woman. The Pentecostal Movement denounces any greatness of man and lifts up the greatness of Christ. Whenever you say that which glorifies man or woman, you take the glory from God who says, "I will not give my glory to another." But just as poor Samson was expending his surplus energy in the pursuits of his fleshly desires, always forgetful that he received this anointing not for

himself, but for the deliverance of Israel, his brethren, so we can see the Samson spirit and characteristics in Pentecost; men and women seeking for themselves. They come to meetings to get some blessing for self, never caring whether the sheep are fed or sinners saved. As it was with Samson so it is with us today. God never sent that man to Gaza to the house of the harlot. God never sent him to Sorek to have anything to do with Delilah. That love he had was the love of the flesh and that man with all the power of God upon him, was simply following fleshly motives. When people boast about the Baptism or the gifts, the Samson spirit or desire to gratify the old flesh is back of it all. They try to get honor for self instead of honor for Jesus Christ. I was thinking this morning about this and as my mind went back to the past fifteen or twenty years when this Movement started, I recalled that when the Spirit first fell upon people with no regard to age or sex, or social or religious standing, those that received the blessing were just like innocent little children, humble, meek and lowly, one preferring the other in Christ Jesus; their only object was that Christ might be glorified; their only desire that they might be made ready for His coming; their only hope His soon coming. If all who received the anointing of the Holy Ghost in the city of Chicago alone, would still be in this movement, we would need at least twenty large churches to accommodate the people, but where are they now? Going the way of Samson. Are you better? Are you stronger? Do you know that the devil who has caused these saints to drift away is after you and me?

A Nazarite must be one, as the name implies, who is totally separated from this world and all that this world stands for, absolutely separated unto God. We see Samson go to Sorek after he had gained an apparent victory by carrying off the gates of Gaza, but that apparent victory was a wretched defeat. He was to leave Gaza and go to Hebron, one of the cities of refuge standing for our Lord, but he stopped less than half way; he only looked to Hebron but never reached the place. We have many saints who seem to have a wonderful victory because of the anointing still resting upon them but they are more concerned about themselves than they are about reaching their Hebron, Jesus Christ, and hiding in Him. Saul had become self-secure because of the an-

nointing resting upon him and he felt the blessing would always be his. Is it not the same in Pentecost today? People have gifts and wonderful anointings and then they follow their fleshly desires and say, "When I get in a pinch the Holy Ghost will help me out." You will say that once too often and then find yourself in the same state as Samson was when his locks were shorn. Do not trifle with the Holy Ghost. I remember when the Spirit first fell how simple saints were, how they would pray for one another, and how the sick were healed of the most incurable diseases; saints would band together for prayer and revivals would break forth. Show me that same spirit now. Point out to me an assembly where the people are still as simple as they used to be.

Samson went to Sorek with that spirit of self-security that the Spirit would help him out in a pinch. He went into the valley of Sorek and loved a woman there whose name was Delilah. What was the nature of that woman? The Hebrew calls her *Zonah* which is "an adulteress." She was also a weaver by trade. Her name was very significant. The word "Delilah" comes from the word *Dalal* which means *to be feeble* or *languid* and in the translated form it has the meaning of putting someone to sleep. Delilah in the Hebrew has the same meaning as our English, to lull someone to sleep. If the devil cannot frighten you away he will lull you to sleep so as to shear the locks of your Nazarite vow. Samson went to Sorek which is the Hebrew name for the best grapes; the red or purple grapes are called Sorek in Hebrew because they are the finest in the Holy Land.

What is the lesson we get out of the life of Samson at this stage? That the valley of Sorek and Delilah the weaver woman, are types of the world, with all its lust of the eye and the flesh and the pride of life. The world has its wine and its pleasures; wine in Bible language stands for the joy and pleasures of this world. The world has its attractions and if the devil, who is the head of this world, cannot frighten the saints away from God he will throw out worldly inducements and amusements until they lose sight of their separation and they lose the presence and control of the Holy Spirit over them. I can clearly see in our midst the spirit that will question, "Is this really a sin? Is this forbidden by the Lord? Can I not do this or can I not do that?" Whenever we begin to ask such questions we are on the very verge of Samson's foot-path to the vineyard of Sorek. When the Spirit of

God came upon you to make you a Nazarite, separated from the world the flesh and the devil, you never thot of asking such questions. If you are a real Nazarite you will say, "The joy of the Lord is my strength." You will want Him as your Judge and your Knowledge; you will want Him as your Righteousness and your Holiness, your Redemption and your Eternal life. When you have lost that wonderful consciousness and constant thirst for Him, you are fast going to Sorek.

We have things creeping into our Pentecostal Movement that we never would have thot of twenty years ago. Our saints are behaving themselves like the world more and more. The vineyards of Sorek are drawing many Samson souls, and Delilah the weaver woman knows how to interweave the locks of the Nazarite with the work of her own malicious teaching and life. The world knows how to throw out her charms. The start is made by your getting interested in just one little thing that belongs to the world, in itself no sin or wrong, but you become that less interested in the Lord Jesus. Whatever interest you pay to the world, that much interest you lose in Christ. Jesus knew that and He also knew that the saints of all ages were in great danger of going back to the world so He gave several warnings as found in I John 2:15, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in Him." As soon as you allow the love of the world to come into your heart, the love of the Father will vanish, for you cannot harbor both at the same time. The love of the world is centered in self and the love of the Father is centered in the Son. Let me just raise my hand in warning to my fellow pilgrims to the New Jerusalem; I would admonish you to search your hearts by the Spirit within you, to see whether that love for the world and the things of the world have found an entrance into your hearts, or whether the love of God is still reigning supreme. And if you find there is a letting down, that your footsteps have been going towards Sorek, and you are on the verge of going into the home of Delilah, I beg of you to go on your knees and ask God to take that love out of your heart.

We know that Samson's temptations came from the woman, but the lust came from Samson's heart. If Samson's heart had been free from lust the temptations of the woman would never have had any effect upon him. People blame others for their backsliding but there is no

man or woman in this world who can cause you to backslide if your heart is right with God. See to it that there is no lust in your heart. Has the love of money gripped you? Has the desire to hoard up things of the world taken possession of you again? All we can do is to let God search our hearts.

When the Philistines heard that their enemy, Samson, was in one of their houses they sent to Delilah and offered her silver. There were five chief princes among the Philistines and each one gave to Delilah 1100 pieces of silver. That number is given because God wants to bring out a certain truth. Eleven speaks of disintegration; of rupture or failure. When Jesus chose apostles He chose the twelve, and twelve is the number of governmental perfection. There is no government on earth that is perfect without the government of Jesus Christ. As the High Priest had the names of the twelve tribes of Israel on His breast plate, so Jesus as High Priest and King, bears us on His heart and carries us on His shoulder. Jesus appointed twelve apostles but one became a child of the devil, and after the resurrection of Jesus that one left the little company a broken company, an imperfect company, a disorganized company. Therefore Peter said another had to be appointed to take the place of him that had gone to his reward, which was Judas. Eleven hundred pieces of silver speak of decay, disorganization and weakness. The Philistine princes each gave to Delilah 1100 pieces of silver; the Philistines are a type of the evil powers and Delilah is a type of the world and all its allurements; something that is imperfect, doomed to judgement. The best forms of churches and governments led by the spirit of man are imperfect and the death seal is upon each government of this kind whether it is religious or not. There is only one government that will stand and that is the government of our Lord Jesus Christ.

And Pentecost was to be a body of believers who would remain under the blessed life-giving government of our Lord Jesus Christ. Has it failed as a Movement? Let us pray for a revival in Pentecost.

What are the three means which Delilah used to bind Samson? She did exactly what he told her. You know when Samson was giving directions to Delilah he was teasing and tantalizing her. You cannot fellowship the world and the world cannot fellowship you. If you are a backslider you are a misfit in the world and a misfit in the kingdom of God. Seek to be filled

again with the Spirit and His abiding presence will be yours. Samson said, "If I am bound with seven green withes then shall I become weak and be as another man." The three directions he gave to this woman spoke of that which was upon him; the accent on the first is all upon the seven, the second speaks of consecration and the third of locks—*seven consecrated locks*. What does the word withes mean? The Hebrew calls it something that is excellent. The world is trying to captivate us with the things that are excellent. There is an appeal in these days, not for faith in the Cross of Christ but the accent is laid upon the intellectual, upon the mind of man, upon his reason. Paul puts the emphasis on the Cross. Can you see the seven withes that are binding our churches? The men on the platform are ashamed to admit that Jesus is the Son of God. One woman told me that she asked her pastor in the Baptist Church whether he believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God and he still owes her the answer. The pre-eminence and "excellency" of man's mind are binding the men on the platform these days. The blood of Jesus and its wonderful efficacy are done away with; the appeal is made to the moral in man but the Bible says that there is no good thing in the natural man. The appeal is made that you must be your own savior and must develop those latent powers of good yourself. You can take a crocodile and put a canary bird in front of it and let the little fellow sing as much as possible, but that crocodile can never be made to imitate the voice of that little warbler. Its sounds will still be those of a crocodile. Paul said, "I know that in me there dwelleth no good thing," but that doesn't appeal to people today. These are some of the withes with which many of our believers are bound today.

Of course, the anointing was still on Samson when he escaped the first trap and also the second. Then the seven new ropes were used. The Hebrew word for "ropes" means to pervert. The world is trying to pervert the Scriptures today; just a little addition here and a little subtraction there and what is the consequence? The saints are deluded and led astray. Stick to the Word of God. Study it as it is given. One of the great delusions is Christian Science. They say there is no sin and that your mind is your God and if you have a mind you have God in you; that matter is not real; that you just imagine that you have a body and just imagine that you have pain. We have about twenty temples in Chicago where this teaching is being given and

there are thousands of people that believe it. It is so nice to sit there and have the "reader" tell you that you are not a sinner and do not have to confess your sins. Do you not see the spirit of Satan there? Satan is the one that exalts himself and it is the teaching of the Antichrist. But we do not have to go as far as Christian Science to find this for the same is true of Russellism. They have twisted the truth with lies and people get entrapped into error because it is mixed with truth. It is part truth and part lie but there is just enough truth to hide the lie. Russell tells us there is no hell, which is very comforting to the flesh to believe. If there is no punishment I can go on and do as I please. His teaching is an interlacing of truth with lies to deceive the people.

Let us get a little closer home. Many of us believed that infant sprinkling was baptism until the Lord showed us that infant sprinkling was never mentioned in the Bible. Baptism means to immerse and you cannot immerse an infant without drowning it. I, as a Lutheran pastor, had to get away from that, but it wasn't easy. That teaching is so interwoven with truth that people say, "You cannot make me believe anything else." It is a falsehood interwoven with truth. There are many other errors, and just as Samson was bound with the ropes so the devil today, through the world, is binding many Christians. What we need, is enough of the Holy Ghost in us to break the ropes.

I will never forget the time when I was still pastor of a large Lutheran church and God healed me of locomotor ataxia and gave me the new birth. I was resting in a home in the State of New York for three or four weeks when the truth was brot to me that I had to be born again and needed to obey God along all lines. The ropes that the devil had bound around me were very tight and he held me for some days with this fear, "If you drop that teaching you will lose your position in Pittsburgh. You can never preach on another Lutheran platform. You will bring your wife and children into poverty." But I was determined that these ropes should be snapped and when the time came for another baptismal service I stepped forward and gave my testimony as to what God had done for me and that I was now ready to testify to the truth of immersion. The ropes snapped all right and something snapped in my church too. When it snapped the church stayed and the preacher went and for a while I was left homeless and penniless but I wasn't God-less. Anyone who is obedient is always held by God.

Now comes the last thought. That woman was a weaver and the world is also a weaver. The woman had a loom and so has the world a loom. Samson said, "If you weave my long hair into that loom I will lose my strength." So his long hair was woven in; the woman furnished the warp and the Nazarite locks of that holy man furnished the woof; that made a fine garment. How ever can you mingle with the world and God's saints at the same time? That man had enough of the Spirit in him that when the Philistines came he was able to snap the ropes and pull his locks out of the loom. Then came the last. He trifled three times in succession with the gift God had given him, but now came the down-fall. That woman kept nagging him until he divulged the secret. Did you know that when you received the Baptism you were made partakers of a secret? What does Paul say to the Colossians? "This is the mystery."—That means a secret.—"Christ in you the hope of glory." The Pentecostal Movement has made the same mistake as Samson made—that of making common with the most sacred and holy secrets that God gave to us. The world cannot understand us; the natural man cannot understand the things of God. When the Holy Spirit came into me I received the Spirit of Christ—"Christ in you the hope of glory." Can you explain that to the sinner? No, you cannot. Samson told that woman that the secret of his strength was his Nazariteship, the outward evidence of which was his long hair. Long hair speaks of a covering and speaks of the woman's subjection to her husband. When you become a Nazarite you have another covering—the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ and you are no more your own. You become the most helpless person in the world for you realize that without Christ you cannot move.

Now Samson's locks were shorn and he had a bare head when the Philistines came. How many today have been shorn. When the anointing is on a man or woman he or she is hidden, but as soon as the anointing leaves them they are seen and become prominent. God never wants you to be prominent but to be hidden so that only the One that covers you, which is Jesus Christ, will be seen. Surely we can see that the locks have been cut off from many persons. They draw attention to themselves. Such people have lost their locks.

The Bible speaks of the Nazarite hair as the crown and in the New Testament we read, "Let no man take thy crown." Many people say this refers to the crown of heaven. What is that

crown? We have it when we are separated unto God from the world—power with God. But when the Philadelphia Church became prominent, drifting into the Laodicean stage, she lost her power with God. You are either prominent in your church circle and in the world and nothing in the sight of God or you stay hidden under the blood of Jesus and His righteousness and let Him have the pre-eminence. That will be your crown and that will be your glory. "Let no man take your crown." How we need that admonition in these days when we are about to lose our crown of Nazariteship. That crown that hides us away; that crown that doesn't seek its own but only seeks Christ and His glory. If we are seeking any glory for ourselves we are in danger of losing our Nazarite locks. In ourselves we are

weak, worthless and are hopeless, and as long as we stay in that place of hiddenness the Nazarite locks will ever remain on us. The spirit of God will never leave the one who is humble. Do not seek after glory or honor. Do not seek after prominence or the carrying out of your own will. If you do the locks will be shorn and you will lose your power. Stay hidden in Christ and He will use you. If any of you have drifted away from the true Nazariteship, go right back and ask God to bring you back to the place where your locks can grow again, where you can be hidden in Him who gave His life to you.

Can you tell the secret of the Nazarite?
 "The *Blood of the Lamb* keeps his garments *white*;
 The *Will of Jesus* is his only delight;
 Tho' weak and worthless—*Grace* keeps him *right*;
 God's *Word* and *Spirit* are his *sword* and *might*."
 This is the secret of the Nazarite! Amen.

Perilous Days in China

Wanted—Prayer Warriors to Stand in the Gap.

Miss Ella Rudy, South China, in the Stone Church, December 2, 1926



AM always glad to speak about China and especially so at this time. I do not know whether you realize the conditions over there or not, but I am glad to bring before you China's need in this her hour of warfare and strife. I want to read Ezekiel 22: 30 and 31, "And I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it; but I found none. Therefore have I poured out mine indignation upon them; I have consumed them with the fire of my wrath: their own way have I recompensed upon their heads, saith the Lord God." I know this does not refer primarily to China but I want to emphasize the thot that God is looking for men who will stand in the gap and make a hedge of prayer for the people over there.

I have been in China for fifteen years but never during all those years has there been as much trouble as there has been in the last five or six years. I could not tell you all the serious difficulties but there are three great outstanding menaces to China's growth and power. One is that she has maintained three standing armies which consist of robbers and bandits and these all have the privilege of going into homes and stealing and looting in order to get money for their wages or for fighting purposes. Another hindrance to united China is that there are many local clans and each local clan is loyal only to

that local clan. Again, the Central Government is divided into two heads, one in Peking and the other in Canton and the one is always fighting against the other. Yesterday's Tribune said there was a possibility of another Boxer uprising and today God is looking for men and women who know how to pray, to intercede for China.

Never have your missionaries been subjected to dangers as now. I could tell you many stories of how bullets have been fired around us and how soldiers crowded near our doors. At one time three troops came into our city. You know uncertainty is the worst kind of suspense and there were scores of times when we never knew what would happen next. The city would be guarded by soldiers and one time we were suddenly surprised after hearing rumours for many days, to find the city filled with soldiers and the gates closed; the soldiers went through the streets like demons; they were stripped to the waist and wore nothing but loin cloths, with towels wrapped around their heads. You could see them breaking down the doors with their long bayonets and knives, and the cries of the defenseless women and children whom they carried away with them rent your heart. Then you could see them coming out of the houses with blankets and all sorts of clothing. These wicked men were everywhere in the city.

I had charge of a school of two hundred girls and was in daily suspense that they would come into our compound and kidnap our girls. That day when the city was filled with these wicked soldiers we hadn't time to think of ourselves; all

our concern was of the great danger of the girls. We huddled the children together and they were much frightened although we had tried to prepare them for the worst. I used to go upstairs and look out upon the street from the third floor and I assure you, my heart was fearful a great many times. I would have been fearful for myself had I not had the responsibility of two hundred girls. Responsibility always means added strain and I was under such pressure I dared not think of my own danger. I had no time to wait upon the Lord and intercede for the protection of our school and for grace to go through, but I dropped upon my knees and prayed this way, "Lord raise up intercessors in the homeland to pray for me now. I cannot take time to pray. Raise up someone to pray. Give me courage to go back to the girls with a smile." Then I would go back and repeat to the girls the 91st Psalm. They watched my face as though it were an index finger, and if they saw it composed and relaxed they felt safer. Oh, it meant something to stand in those days and not go under! You may think of us missionaries as being very strong and courageous but we are not. We have no more strength and courage than you have; it is only as God comes and gives us that courage that we are enabled to go through times like that.

All that day bullets were flying around us, and we could hear the yells of these soldiers. One time I saw thirty men rush into a house with their long bayonets and then a man rushed out trying to escape but he was shot right in front of our building. He was left to die there for three days. There were scenes like that all over the city that day, and our hearts almost failed us, not knowing what horrors the night might bring. We knew not how to get thru. We didn't know whether to take the girls upstairs or leave them down, but finally decided to take them upstairs and hide them under the beds, etc. After they were all hidden away I went to my room but not to rest for there was a tremendous burden on my heart. I went to the door to look down the street but didn't realize I was placing myself in great danger by standing where the bullets could strike me. My dear Chinese woman came and said, "Will you not eat something? You haven't eaten since morning." She persuaded me and I sat down to eat and in a little while I heard a terrific noise. I wondered what had happened.

That whole school of girls came tumbling and falling all over each other, some were crying and others were hysterical. They said, "The soldiers have come and killed one of our girls." I said,

"It cannot be true." "Yes, it is true," they answered. Then I said, "Maybe you had better be downstairs if you are not safe upstairs." They took their blankets and went down, and I went to see where the girl was who had been shot. I cannot describe my feelings when I found her moaning and groaning. I felt as if I had rather been shot a thousand times than see her shot. I said, "What has happened?" "Oh, the soldier has killed me," she said. I saw a great pool of blood and knew something serious had happened and then as I made an examination I found the bullet had gone through her. It was a horrible fact. The bullet had gone through two inches of a board outside the window, then another two inches of wood on the shutter, through the girl's body and out into the hall. I hurriedly telephoned to a doctor friend and describing to him the location of the wound asked what I could do. He replied that according to my description there was no hope as it was a fatal wound. However he told me what to do to stop the blood and I went back to the girl with a great big sigh. The girl asked, "Will I live?" and I said, "I am afraid you will not." "Oh, pray that I may live!" she said. I told her that her soul's salvation was the most important and that she must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. She got just like a maniac and we had to literally sit on that girl to keep her quiet. The teachers said, "If you do not take her out of this school and have her die outside the building it will ruin the reputation of the school and endanger our lives." I said, "We cannot risk our lives by going out at night," and asked them to pray that she would live till morning. Between the task of watching that girl and listening to the shooting and the yelling of the mob outside, it was a most horrible night! Every time we heard the bullets we would duck our heads and we wondered what the night would bring forth. But, thank God, there is an end to everything and there was an end to that night of terror. I shall never be able to tell you how thankful we were to see the light of morning.

We knew something had to be done about the girl but the doctor said there was no use of taking her to the hospital because she was beyond hope. It is an awful thing to see men and women die outside of their homes in China but that is because they know not our Jesus and they think that a person who is sick is possessed with demons. No one goes near to comfort the sick as we do here; no tenderness is shown because they fear the evil spirits from the sick might enter into them. So you can well understand

why they wanted her taken out of the building; they feared that any heathen girl who would come to the school, would never pass this girl's room because of fear. Finally we got her into a hospital and every time we called to find how she was getting along, they would say, "She cannot live through the night." We held on in prayer and thank God, "Prayer changes things." Day after day when we asked, the report came back, "She is no better and she cannot live through the day," and yet she did live somehow until finally on the sixth day they said that she might recover. Thank God, she did recover, and at the end of the month when I went to take her away she said, "Oh, Miss Rudy, I want to be baptized, for Jesus has saved me and I want to live for Him." Out of that night of terror a soul was saved.

China is passing thru hours of turmoil and darkness. We long to return but we cannot. The doors of the Interior are closed and there is a strong anti-foreign feeling. Bolshevism has entered through the students of China; students who have been educated here and gone back with a feeling of independence. Their faith in God has been shaken, and just at a time when they needed guidance, the Russians came in and turned them against the missionaries. There are thousands of students all over China and they rule the land; they have organized themselves into companies to get Christianity out of China and they are saying, "Out with the missionaries and down with Christianity." They go around and brand our missions; they go into chapels and loot them. Two of our chapels have been destroyed; they came in and smashed the chairs and all the furniture, they broke up organs and typewriters, thus determined to drive out the missionaries. Two of my colleagues who were taking my place in my absence, were in that building at the time. They were let out through a window and were taken to a native home to hide there for several hours while the wicked mob was crying, "Where are the foreigners?" If they had been found in that home the Chinese would have been taken and the missionaries no doubt, would have met martyrdom.

I say again, the Lord is looking for men to stand in the gap, to make up a hedge of prayer for China. This is not a time for us to drop out. Some people say, "If they do not want the Gospel, stay away." But it is our responsibility to give them the Gospel whether they want it or not. If they have never had a chance to hear the Gospel it is our fault and not theirs, but if we give them at least a chance the responsibility is theirs.

You remember how in the early days when the church of God was scattered abroad, they went everywhere preaching the Word. I have been reminded of that as I thought of the Christians scattered abroad; perhaps God will use them to scatter the Gospel. I read the other day a story of a martyr during the Boxer Uprising. In the very city that this man laid down his life a church was founded which today has a membership of three thousand. I believe that the blood of the martyrs will avail for China. We do not know what the future holds; it is a dark hour; it may mean the driving out of the missionaries, but surely it cannot be that the night has come for China when no man can work! Since China was included in the Great Commission given by the Lord I do not believe He means to exclude her now. But it is a critical time. It is a challenge to prayer. The only cure for broken China is Christ. Pray that the doors will open so that we may return to give them Christ, the only Name that brings life and light and liberty to lost souls.

I want to tell you a little about the dear ones over there and how they need the Savior; how they are crying to God to send them the light. Perhaps not as you would think of them crying, but in their hearts they are longing and longing and He is the only One who can satisfy that longing. Mothers have their little girl babies taken away from them just as soon as they are born. The mother's heart is broken as she longs for a son; she goes to the temple and pleads with the goddess of mercy to give her a son. Then the second child is born and again it is a girl. The same fate comes to the second girl, the little babe is destroyed before her very eyes. Mothers, how would you feel? Can you put yourself in the place of those poor creatures? After having five babies destroyed one mother went out to end it all; there was nothing in life for her. The missionary came along and told her the story of Jesus. She listened. It appealed to her and the next day she saw the missionary again. She heard that a little girl of the missionary had died and she stepped up to the missionary to comfort her, saying, "Has your husband killed your little baby too?" The missionary said, "No, my sister," and drawing her aside, she told her of the home for little ones and said, "The same Jesus who took my little girl has also taken your five little girls to be with Him." The dear Chinese woman said, "Oh, if He has done all that for me what can I do for Him?" She felt so grateful that she always wanted to occupy the last seat in the chapel. She might have died without Christ

had not the Gospel been brought to her just in that critical moment.

You know in China when a little girl is taken away from her own home to become the bride of another home, she wails for several days. It is a custom of China and while it is mechanical in a way yet they have cause for wailing. Sometimes I awoke in the night to hear that awful wailing and during my first few years in China I used to be startled and would think, "What has happened now?" but I would soon realize that it was just another little girl bride going to her new home. The anguish of it all would go right through my being. One afternoon I heard some awful wailing in the school and as I went to see what the trouble was, I found a group of girls around one girl who had received a telegram that her mother had passed away. I tried to comfort the bereft girl but pretty soon I heard another wail farther down the hall and I thought, "Oh, dear, is the whole school going to take up this wailing in sympathy for this one? Going down the hall I found another girl wrapped up in a blanket and she was rolling back and forth in terrible agony. I said, "What is the trouble?" No response. I touched her and waited. Then, "Won't you tell me why you are crying? Please tell me." She said, "Oh, Miss Rudy!" and then rolled and wailed again. I shall never forget this girl in her agony. "Oh, Miss Rudy, that girl has no right to cry! Her mother died a Christian. My mother died and never heard of Jesus. Oh! Oh! Oh!" and she continued to wail. I cannot tell you how I felt. I thought of my own dear mother at home who had brought me up to love Jesus and I tried to put myself in her place and to feel as she felt. I quietly slipped out to my own room and dropped to my knees and said, "Lord raise up more people to come out here and tell the story to these dear souls and don't let so many people die without the knowledge of Jesus Christ."

Itinerating in Venezuela

A MOST interesting letter has come from Miss Elsie Fearey, who recently arrived in Barquisimeto, Venezuela, from which we quote:

There is a very precious work here in Barquisimeto and in surrounding towns. Several years ago, (seven or eight) the Benders came here to pioneer fields and in the midst of persecution witnessed for God. Two years or so ago the Lord gave them a blessed revival and outpouring of the Spirit and many received the baptism, and today there is a very blessed testimony and assembly. Some who received were scattered into

other places and the fire spread so that now there are groups of believers being gathered out in a number of different places some of whom have already received the baptism of the Spirit, and all without the aid of the missionary at all. God is able, and with faithful believers who are not afraid to testify He can and will do great things.

My first Sunday here I spent in Barquisimeto. The second Sunday I went to one of the out-stations with Brother and Sister Bender. There was a precious group of new born babes in Christ, so happy to have us with them. They came from long distances to get to the meeting. Some of them have received the baptism of the Spirit. We are looking to the Lord for light as to how we can best care for these different out-stations. It has not yet been decided where I shall permanently settle but we are looking to God for guidance.

The following Wednesday I went to El Tocuyo where Miss Winger has been spending a month helping to ground the "babes" in the Word of God. I stayed there three or four days and then we both took a trip further up into the mountains where the Gospel had recently been preached by a young man about eighteen years of age. From Barquisimeto to El Tocuyo is a distance of about 60 miles, which I travelled by auto over terrible roads. We planned on going on horseback to Humocaró Bajo but at the last could not get horses so had to go by auto over more bumpy roads. Travelling to these different places is very expensive, but we are trusting the Lord to make it possible from time to time for the sake of needy souls. We had a time getting through the river both going up and returning, as the rains had made it quite deep with a heavy current. Both times we had to be pushed through by men after taking out the baggage, organ, etc. The water came into the body of the car and we had to curl up on the seat.

We found a group of perhaps twenty people, all of whom had been interested through the testimony of this boy Tirso. Six of them seemed to be genuinely saved, and three others definitely accepted Christ while we were there. The rest seem very near the kingdom. But apart from these who are genuinely interested and accept the "Evangelio" as the truth, the whole town almost seemed to come out to hear us. The house was so small that we couldn't begin to have a meeting in it, but it was situated in a sort of garden with a low wall all around it, being on the corner of two streets. So we had the meeting in the yard and a great crowd of people stood in the street where they could hear every word, and gave us splendid attention. I have been much surprised over the good order we have had in these outside places, among the unbelievers who have come to listen. We were told that the priest himself, whose house was near by, stood on his back porch listening. We took the native preacher with us, and so had two messages each evening, he speaking both evenings, Miss Winger one night and I

the other. We were only there two days, but we seemed to be busy from morning till night, reading, praying, singing. The people were in and out all the time and every time they would come we would open the organ to have a little song with them. That would attract the people outside on the street (as we had the organ in the yard) and then we would read and talk to them about the Lord. On Tuesday afternoon a lot of children came into the yard as we were singing and so it occurred to me to tell them a Bible story, and before long I had quite an audience of grown folks who seemed to enjoy it just as much as the children did. The next morning we went and sat in the little Plaza before leaving, and a policeman who had listened the night before came and greeted us and said he liked the Truth—he didn't want to be deceived, and asked when we were coming back. But this is the question in all of these places—"When are you coming back?"

Mr. Blattner has also been working this past month in the places out in that part of the country, along with the native worker. At one place they had trouble, the meeting was disturbed by stones and such like, the Catholic priest got up a procession, etc., and they could do very little on that visit. However, imagine our surprise when the newspaper of El Tocuyo—a very liberal paper—took the matter up, without a word from us, and publicly denounced the priest and those who

had helped him, and made such a stir that the offenders were punished, and the priest himself was imprisoned for a day or two. They visited another town—Sanare, to see what the prospects were, but there seemed to be nothing opened to them that time in that place, but the next day or so a man came to our house in El Tocuyo, from Sanare. He had run a piece of wood or something into his foot and had quite a little pain from it, and the wound was full of dirt and sand. I administered first aid to him and he said "When would a Catholic priest wash my foot?" Then, later, he said, "When would a Catholic young lady wash my foot?" He was beginning to be interested in the gospel. He went to the meeting then and I told him after the meeting I would give his foot another soaking and try to get the rest of the dirt out—it was a hard job as the wound had gone so far in under the skin—and it was very painful to him. So, after meeting, I went at it again, and then our native worker came, and as he had been a druggist and accustomed to such cases he took hold of it and finished the operation. Next morning the man came back again bringing us some quinces to show his gratitude, and we gave him a final washing and sent him away grateful. We trust that this opportunity to show him kindness may mean a testimony for the Gospel in Sanare and make an entrance for another time.

In Memoriam



HERE is a newly-made grave in the cemetery of Mt. Olivet. It holds all that is earthly of the sweet singer of Zion, Elder F. A. Graves, who went to be with the Lord on Jan. 2, 1927, at the age of seventy-one.

The home-going of this warrior has made a deep gap in the hearts of the people he so loved to serve. The whole city of Zion feels the loss and weeps with the bereft family. The many homes that oft resounded with his voice as he ministered to the sick and afflicted, in prayer and in song, are sad because they will no more see his beloved form cross their threshold. He had ever been a welcome visitor for his mission was to sing songs of deliverance, and thru prayer break the fetters that bound souls in affliction. He sang and prayed with the same joy and willingness in the homes of the poor and neglected, as he did in the big Conventions he frequented. The Stone Church and many other Assemblies will miss his sweet voice which always raised the spiritual tide.

But not alone in his singing has his life been radiant. He has had a marvelous story to tell of the miraculous in his life, a story which never

grew old because of the touch of God upon it each time it was rehearsed. For twenty years he had been afflicted with that dread disease, epilepsy, a disease for which there is no earthly known remedy. The sorrow and despair which pierced his young heart as he saw he was doomed to a living death, cannot be put into words.

But an arrow of truth shot from the hand of a saint of God, pierced the darkness and faith and hope gleamed forth. It was the truth of Divine Healing which he grasped, timidly at first, then as God wooed him into a life of faith, he boldly stepped out on the eternal Word. And God proved Himself a God of deliverance.

With his healing came the gift to write Gospel songs, one of the first of which was, "Honey in the Rock," which has been printed in millions of copies. His songs have circled the globe and have been a stimulus and an inspiration to thousands. Who has not been melted before the Lord as he sung, "He Was Nailed to the Cross for Me?" And who of us have not felt that God came closer as we sang, "He'll never Forget to Keep Me?"

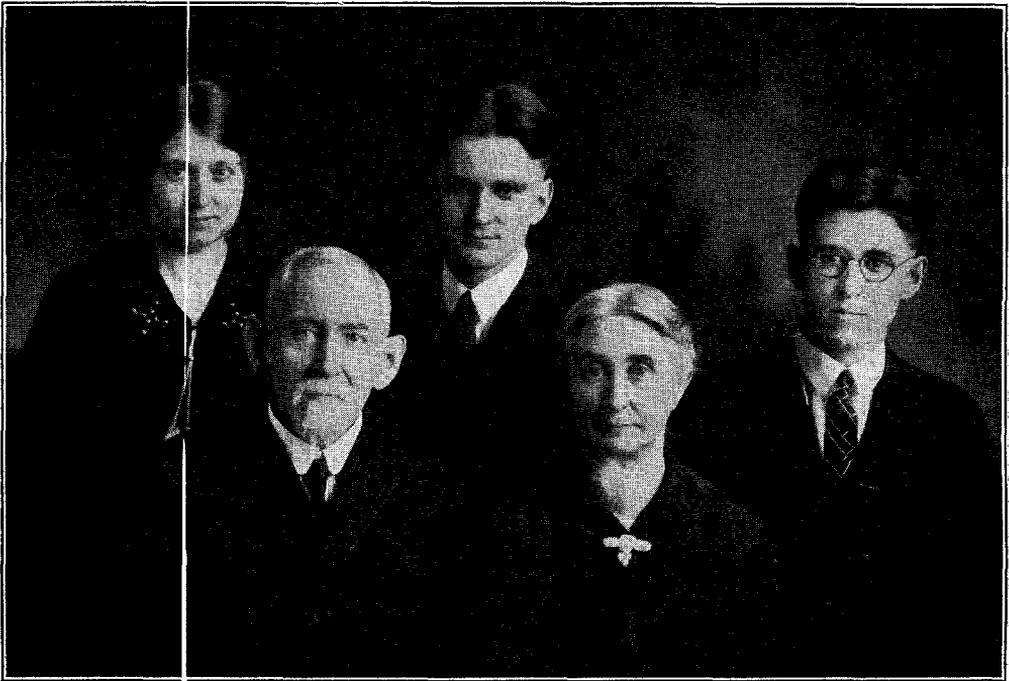
Equally miraculous was the healing of Mrs. Graves, who was an invalid almost from child-

hood. Spinal curvature, Bright's disease, convulsions, enlargement and hardening of the heart, were among her deadly afflictions. When all hope was gone and life was assured her for only three days at the most, God sent a messenger to tell her of the Great Physician who healed people today as of yore. In due course that broken, wasted body that knew naught but suffering and anguish, was made every whit whole, by the power of God.

In God's Providence these two who had been so miraculously healed were united in marriage, and were blessed with three children. To Elder Graves it never ceased to be a miracle that he

are attending the Central Bible Institute, at Springfield, Mo., and Arthur has recently been made manager of the Gospel Publishing House.

Elder Graves lived a blameless life. "Faithful unto death" might well be written on his monument. In his dying hours angelic hosts hovered near to lure him homeward. Conscious to the last he gave his loved ones glimpses of the welcome that awaited him yonder. "Do you hear the bells?" he repeatedly asked. They were ringing for him. Once, with great wonder in his eyes, he said, "Oh such shouting! Hosanna! Hosanna!" The day before he passed away he said, "Tomorrow! Tomorrow!" Yes, it was a blessed "tomor-



Elder F. A. Graves and Family

and Mrs. Graves, so marred and broken by disease and suffering, should be the father and mother of a family. He loved to read the story of the potter (Jeremiah 18), and ever praised God that the vessels which Satan had marred and broken had been fashioned anew by the Hand of the Great Potter. As a testimony to the marvelous power of God we send forth the picture of this precious family. Will not our readers pray for those who have been so sorely bereft?

The children of our sainted brother have always been associated with their father in his work for God, and are now being prepared for Christian work. Irene and the youngest son, Carl,

row" for him, for when it came, with a "Hallelujah!" on his lips he was in the presence of the Lord.

The funeral, held in Grace Missionary Church, was attended by at least a thousand people. Pastor Moody, his co-worker, spoke feelingly of their blessed fellowship, his consistent, Christian life, and his spiritual influence in the city. May God comfort the hearts of dear Mrs. Graves and her children. He who inspired the song, "He'll Never Forget to Keep Thee," will prove His faithfulness.

"Our Father remembers the sparrows,
Their value and fall He doth see,
But dearer to Him are His children
And He'll never forget to keep thee."

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Notes

A Watchword for 1927

"Give us a watchword for the hour,
A thrilling word, a word of power,
A battle-cry, a flaming breath
That calls to conquest or to death.

A word to rouse the church from rest
To heed her Master's high behest.
The call is given: Ye hosts arise,
Our watchword is, Evangelize!

The glad Evangel now proclaim
Thru all the earth in Jesus' name.
This word is ringing thru the skies—
Evangelize! Evangelize!

To dying men, a fallen race,
Make known the gift of Gospel grace.
The world that now in darkness lies,
Evangelize! Evangelize!"

New Year Meditations

AGAIN we stand on the threshold of another
New Year. What memories it awakens of
the past! What aspirations it stirs for the fu-
ture! What solemnity and seriousness for the
present moment are felt as bells toll the requiem
of the passing year and usher in the New!

To the worldling whose soul dwells amid
earthly things alone, the New Year opens up fond
hopes for greater achievements, greater posses-
sions, greater fame and prosperity as he views
the accomplishments and progress already made
in this old earth of ours. But to the Christian
whose eye scans the Eastern Horizon for His
appearing, the New Year is filled with the glad-
dest of hopes—perhaps 'tis the year of His re-

turning! How jubilantly our hearts have watched
as signs of His coming multiply!

Waited you ever for the coming of Spring?
Perhaps much was at stake. Anyway you looked
everywhere for harbingers of springtime when
cold, dreary winter would be ending. This is in-
deed the attitude, the privilege and joy of His
friends as they behold Time's prophetic fig tree
putting forth broad leaves. They know "the
winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the
flowers appear on the earth; the time of the sing-
ing of birds is come."

Oh Beloved, 'tis Springtime! Earth's dismal
winter with its hardships, its' snows and chilling
blast is about to end in the glorious Summertime
of His coming. Oh the wonder of it all! Trans-
lation, Immortality and Incorruption just ahead!
We're soon to touch Eternity's shores. We're
soon to dwell forever in that healthful clime

"Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
That are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers."

What a change from Earth's disease-laden
breezes!

We are soon to be shut in with the Lord and
His angels—away from all that is unholy, un-
righteous and defiling. Soon

"We shall walk through the streets of the City,
With our loved ones gone before."

Yes, "reunions that shall never end, await us
on that shore."

In the songs of the redeemed we shall soon
have a part. "Star-crowned we'll abide in His
presence" and never again know a sorrow or
care.

What bright dazzling splendors await us no
mortal can tell, but our souls have caught
glimpses thereof and the prospects are trans-
porting enough to fire the soul with eternal fidel-
ity to God, should one live to be as old as Me-
thuselah himself e'er its raptures are enjoyed.

Is everything in our lives such as we would
wish it to be if the "eye twinkle change" should
be the next on the program? Can we say as the
dying preacher who, when questioned if he were
ready to go replied, "I'm prayed up and packed
up for glory?"

How it ought to solemnize our hearts as we
realize that this may be our last year on earth!
How carefully, prayerfully, and with what a pure
motive we'd invest our time, our talents, and our
money for HIS GLORY alone, if we knew we
were closing our records shortly to have them
opened before angels and men!

"Only one life, it will soon be past,
Only what is done for Jesus will last."

In these wonderful days of such wonderful possibilities for God, let us make the coming year the best of our lives for Him and immortal souls. Let us make this year the greatest in sacrifice, love, devotion and labors for His cause. May our hearts "wake;" our eyes "look" and our ears "listen" for the coming of His feet.

"In the crimson light of morning
Or the brightness of the noon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight robed in darkness
Or the gleaming of the moon,
I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps
On the sands of Galilee,
On the temple's marble pavement on the street;
Worn with weight of sorrow falt'ring
Up the slopes of Calvary,
The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Sandaled not with shoes of silver,
Girdled not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems, and odors sweet,
But white winged and shod with glory
In the Tabor light of old,
The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming: Oh my spirit:
With His everlasting peace,
With His blessedness immortal and complete;
He is coming; Oh my spirit:
And his coming brings release,
I listen for the coming of His feet."

Mrs. J. S. Lincoln.

Two Months' Report

(November and December, 1926)

Miss Carrie Anderson, So. China.....	\$ 25.00
Paul Andreason, India	10.00
L. M. Anglin, China	40.00
Miss Olga J. Aston, for Baby Nursery, India	9.00
J. W. Bovyer's Orphanage, China.....	10.00
J. H. Boyce, India.....	65.00
Miss Mattie Brann, China.....	12.25
Robt. Cook, India.....	30.00
Miss Harriet Dithridge, Japan.....	20.00
C. W. Doney, Egypt (\$40 School work)....	50.00
Miss Ruth Erickson, Liberia.....	31.00
Miss Elsie Fearey, So. America.....	20.00
Miss Marguerite Flint, India.....	31.00
Mrs. Esther Harvey, India.....	30.00
Thos. Hindle, Mongolia.....	29.00
Cecil Jackson, China.....	5.00
C. F. Juergenson, Japan.....	10.00
Miss Ethel King, India.....	65.50
Miss Bernice Lee, India.....	75.00
Miss Y. G. Malick, Syria.....	10.00
Missionary Rest Home, Chicago.....	39.00
J. J. Mueller, India.....	35.00
Mrs. Mattie Neeley, Liberia.....	15.00
John E. Norton, India.....	10.00
Miss L. H. Parker, India.....	10.00
C. C. Personcus, Alaska.....	20.00
V. G. Plymire, Tibetan Border.....	48.53
Mrs. Annie Sanders, for Mexico.....	5.50
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America.....	20.00
Mrs. Violetta Schoonmaker, India.....	15.00
E. M. Scurrah, So. Africa.....	10.00
Wm. E. Simpson, Tibetan Border.....	31.00
W. W. Simpson, China.....	22.00
N. C. Sorenson, So. America.....	10.00
Miss A. F. Stewart, China (thru Gen. Coun)	20.00
Thos. Stoddart, India.....	55.00

B. F. Surtees, China	15.00
Walter Turner, China.....	20.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan.....	20.00
W. R. Williamson, China.....	20.25

Total\$1019.03

The Total Receipts and Disbursements of Missionary Funds for the year 1926, were \$8,832.17.

We give below the Report of Bro. Stutenroth who has kindly audited our Mission Books for the year :

This is to certify that an accounting has been made of all cash received and disbursed, representing monies received for missions, and same has been found to be correct.

Dec. 31, 1926

(Signed) R. C. Stutenroth.

The London Missionary Home

Evangelist John J. Ashcroft, writing from London, England, speaks in highest terms of the Missionary Home there. He says:

This Missionary Home of which Mrs. Margaret Cantel was the founder, is surely an oasis in London for the Missionaries passing through to and from the foreign field, and although the founder has gone to her reward, the Home is still serving its purpose, with the glory of the Lord ever upon it and the faithful workers who stepped forth to fill the vacancy.

Miss Grunberg and Miss Kingston, who are unceasing in their labors of love not only to the Missionaries, but to all who call at "Maranatha" for comfort, help, rest and advice, are consecrated workers who have the Lord's seal upon them for the work which they have been called to do. Taking the place of Mrs. Cantel they stand much in need of prayer at this time as the enemy would like to close the doors of this Rest Home, by selling the property; therefore, they desire the prayers of God's dear children everywhere that this oasis, at 73 Highbury New Park, may still be found in London for missionaries coming and going to the foreign field.

A Word of Thanks

THE Missionary Rest Home, Chicago, has been the recipient of loving gifts during the holidays. These have been greatly appreciated as the Home was crowded with guests. Some of the gifts were: Apples, honey, maple syrup and chickens from White Hall, Wis. Apples potatoes, honey and canned vegetables from the friends in Battle Creek, Mich.; chickens from Marshfield, Wis., a turkey from a friend in Chicago, and a box of linen from friends in Russellville, Ark. In behalf of the missionaries we extend hearty thanks.

It is a matter of deep gratitude that the interest in the Home continues. Our present need is competent help. The Matron is much in need of an assistant, and we ask our readers to pray that God will send the right one for this position.

Leaves from an Evangelist's Diary

Miracles of Grace



HAD answered the call to the harvest field. "Arise and thresh, oh daughter of Zion" had sounded thru my soul from heaven. I was to hold my first public meeting and be wholly responsible for it myself. It was New Year's Watch night. We turned on the lights in the old mission hall in one of our Western cities, and immediately the crowd began to come in until the place was soon filled. Timid, but determined to obey God the best I could, the meeting was begun.

My First Convert

I noticed by the stove, a great big, burly-looking young man. He had an ugly look about him, really dangerous in my estimation, and I could not tell whether he heard my little sermon or not; he seemed oblivious to everything around, but when I gave the call for people who desired prayer to raise their hands, he raised his. But it was in such a queer way I thot he was mocking, so in order to prove whether he was genuine or not, I pointed at him and said, "If you really mean business with God, and want Him, come to the altar." He immediately arose, much to the astonishment of the crowd who well knew him by his past record, and coming to the front stood before me. I said to myself, "He is pretty nervy and bold. I wonder if he is trying to bluff me." But I looked at him and said, "Get down on your knees." He took off his mittens, put them and his cap on the altar rail, removed his overcoat, folded it up and laid it on his other things, and stood in front of me like a statue. I was a little non-plussed by his actions, but I said, "Get down on your knees and begin to pray." He got down like an old rheumatic would, but he evidently didn't know one syllable of a prayer to utter. Still thinking, perhaps, he was mocking, I said, "Put up your hands to God and cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He immediately obeyed and the crowd gathered around to see what was going to happen to "Daffy" Johnson. Some Christian workers and I gathered around this prospective first convert of mine, and I determined in my soul he should be saved or I would die in the attempt. We simply bombarded heaven that night. I suppose if God were on the other side of the universe He could have heard me, I was so in earnest.

This young man said everything we told him to

say, just like a parrot. Finally, in answer to our petitions, the Holy Ghost Himself took hold of him with groanings and cryings and confessions, so we did not need to do anything further. God had come on the job. When he was crying and confessing he pulled from his pocket a revolver and a bottle of whiskey; he pulled out a pipe, tobacco and some cards, and laid them all on the altar, saying as he pounded the bench, "I am thru with them all!" After about a half hour or so of intense crying and praying, during which time he was pounding the wooden altar bench with both of his fists until one thot it would split, he let out a regular war-hoop, rising to his feet and jumping up and down. He had no words to express himself, but just yelled, "Wow! Wow! Wow!" A dear old brother who knew his mother, placed his hand on his shoulder and said, "How do you feel?" "I feel as if I was going up in a balloon," he said. God had taken away his burden of sin.

The crowd looking on said, "He's got it!" "He's got it!" With intense delight I looked at my first convert.

It was indeed a happy New Year for his dear old mother who had prayed for this youngest son of hers for so long. It was in answer to her prayers, but God allowed him to be saved in that first meeting of mine.

The next night when the mission opened for service, I saw a fine, nicely dressed clean-looking young man come down the aisle with a brisk step, a smile all over his face. I looked at him knowing I had not seen him before. He said, "Don't you know me?" "No sir," I said, "I do not believe I do." "Well," he said, "I am the guy that got saved here last night." He was indeed a new creature in Christ Jesus.

He felt such a joy in being saved and wanted to work for God immediately. He would give his testimony and attempt to preach to the crowd with whom he had been traveling, and they listened with rapt attention. But what seemed to impress them most was the way he followed them up into all their haunts of sin and made confessions to them, how he had cheated and lied to them; he paid his old saloon bills and straightened up where he had cheated them in gambling, making a clean sweep of everything. So he used to put into his testimony, "I can look God and man in the face. My life is clean, thanks to the blood and the grace of God."

They had dens down in the earth, and he knew all their secret passages. He would slip right in where they were gambling and say, "Now boys you know all about me. I cheated you Pete. I cheated you Jack. Here is the money." And before he left he prayed with them. While he was going the rounds, making restitution as the Spirit of God showed him, he was reminded of a time one Hallowe'en night when he and a lot of other boys were out doing mischief. There was an old lady living in a little house surrounded by a white picket fence, and he deliberately broke off every picket on the fence. When he was going to the mission one Sunday night he thot he would stop and see the old lady and tell her he was the one that did it and pay for the damage. When he reached there, he found a number of neighbor women sitting on her porch, visiting. He walked up and addressed the old lady and reminded her of the damage done to her picket fence, and said, "I am the guy that did it. I want you to forgive me for it and I want to pay for it." She said, "What is the matter with you?" "I just got saved down at the mission, and I am going around trying to make things right," he said. She was surprised as well as the others sitting there and just looked at him while he gave testimony of what salvation really meant to him. Finally she said, "Boy, I will forgive you. The picket fence is mended now. I guess you will not break it again. I hope you will stick to this new thing you got hold of." As a result of this visit, two of the women sitting on the porch said to each other, "Let's go down to that mission. That must be a real kind of religion." They came and were both afterwards saved.

An Experiment and the Result

A rough element had begun to attend the little mission services. What drew them they could not tell for God and religion were very foreign to them. This idea of a God who answered prayer they knew nothing about. They had never heard of such a thing as praying and getting a reply direct from heaven. They looked upon me, a young woman holding services, as a peculiar novelty. I was a revelation to them in many ways and they came out of curiosity to see and to hear. One night one of them was drunk, and as I passed down the aisle he beckoned to me, saying, "Come here, I want to tell you something." I rather hesitated, but finally went over to where he was. He said, "You are all right. You do not want us; you do not want our money. You only want our souls." They looked upon

me as being in a different class from those with whom they associated, but ridiculed this idea of praying and asking the Almighty up in heaven to do something for you and have Him answer.

They thot they would experiment and see if there was anything to this new religion that had sprung up like a mushroom in their midst. Up by the corner was a saloon and a pool room where they gathered after the services to talk over the happenings. They expressed themselves regarding those who got saved in this wise: "Well, she got them!" It seemed as tho they had an idea there was some mysterious power about me that got hold of folks in spite of themselves. So one evening as they gathered in the corner saloon they decided to concoct some scheme to find out the truth of the matter, whether it was I myself that had some mysterious power, or whether it was really God up in heaven who answered prayer. They decided to pick out one of the worst cases in their crowd and make him an object lesson. He was an entire stranger to me, but they had him write me a letter requesting prayer for his soul's salvation, explaining that he was a miserable sinner and needed prayer. They gave him a pencil and piece of paper and amid much amusement they helped him compose the letter. They chuckled and laughed as they had him write of how he was breaking his mother's heart and sending his father's gray hairs to the grave. After the letter was written they delegated two to go with him to the mail box to see that it was really mailed.

I received the letter the next day and was thoroughly frightened as well as astonished at its contents. I was very unsophisticated along these lines, but it came to me that there was some trick being played some way. Yet there was the letter confessing his awful condition and asking prayer. I spread the letter out before the Lord, like Hezekiah of old, and three times a day for two weeks I prayed and agonized for G—L—, knowing that God understood the whole situation, and begging Him to prove Himself in the midst of that wicked gang. I didn't as yet know who he was or whether he was old or young, but at the end of two weeks I found out who he was. He proved to be a boy about seventeen years of age, tho he looked older because of sin. There was a maturity about his face that contradicted his years. He would slip inside the door and sit down on the window ledge. I continued to pray, and the next time he came he sat in the second row of chairs from the back. As the meetings went on he kept moving up and began to show a real interest in

them. I was greatly encouraged to see him moving up toward the front. To me it was an evidence that God was on the case.

In the meantime the "gang" was watching the effects of prayer on him. Their interest was very keen. When they saw him sitting by the stove one night, half way up the aisle, they said to each other, "It looks as tho she were getting him." They came every night to see how our prayers were affecting him. Shortly afterwards, on a Sunday evening we found G. L. sitting in the second row from the front. His face was drawn and white because of the agony in his soul. The crowd came a little nearer so as to see what would happen. I felt that prayer was about to be answered. God was going to prove Himself. How easy to preach! How easy to pray when God's marvelous answer seemed so imminent! When the altar call was given he got right up and came straight to the altar. And the crowd, completely taken off their feet said audibly, "She's got him! She's got him!" They forgot all about their surroundings, their interest was so intense in seeing the outcome of their plotting. The young man's knees had no sooner touched the floor than a volume of cries and confessions came from him. He was perfectly oblivious to all around him, closed in with God, eternity and his own salvation. We gathered around to pray for him when all of a sudden the power of God struck him and he leaped right up into the air shouting excitedly, "I've got it!" His face fairly shone, and I thot he was the most beautiful being I had ever seen. Rockefeller's millions looked like an ash-heap to me compared to this immortal soul washed in the blood of Jesus.

The "gang" were all standing on their feet, some on chairs, looking on in dumb astonishment. Their faces were indeed a picture to behold. They looked at each other and said, "He has got it, all right." Then they began to file out, one after another, headed for the corner saloon to talk it all over. They were all back the next night to hear G. L. testify, and I assure you his testimony was worth hearing. He was indeed a diamond in the rough, his words were the phraseology of the street, language they so well understood, altho the subject was new to them. They trailed him everywhere as he went about making restitution and confessions and watched him continuously, attending the meetings regularly to hear his testimony, convinced that here was real proof that God answers prayers today. Suffice it to say, they didn't pick another one of their number to go thru the same ordeal.

God's Swift Judgments

How about the "gang" who heard the Gospel nightly, but hardened their hearts? The three ring leaders were suddenly cut off. One of them was one night in deep agony of spirits, he was so under conviction. I pleaded with him to give himself to God but he clinched both his fists and pounded the bench saying, "No sir, I will never get saved." A few nights after that he was in a saloon and got into a wrangle with some Italians. They shot him and carried his body to the Illinois Central Railroad tracks where the on-coming train took off his head.

Then I began to preach on "He that hardeneth his heart and stiffeneth his neck shall suddenly be cut off." The rest of the "gang" were scared stiff of the mission worker's prayers. We went to Eddie L's., funeral and the sight of us there filled them with fear. They had learned enough at the mission to know that they were up against the Almighty.

Buz O. was a Catholic, and very, very wicked. There was scarcely a week that he wasn't in jail. His folks were so accustomed to bailing him out of jail, it was like second nature to them. He said he believed, and seemed to understand a great deal, and we knew God was dealing with him. I said to him one day, "Buz, God Himself is dealing with you." "I know it," he said. One night he stood in the mission by the stove. It was an intensely cold night and the old stove would not burn like it should. The mission hall was cold but he was sweating. The perspiration simply ran down his face. The crowd was all there, but wanted to leave. They said, "Come on, Buz, let's go." But Buz couldn't move his feet from the floor. They seemed glued fast. He said, "I cannot move my feet." His teeth chattered, and he was under terrible conviction. They said, "Shall we help you?" But they could not move him. We prayed and begged him to yield to God, but all he would say was, "My mother and the priest." His mother was a staunch Roman Catholic. Finally in about an hour the power of God lifted, and they took him out. His coming to the mission had made a great commotion in his home, and his mother sent us word that we didn't need to do anything more for her son than we had done. He was good enough now. She hadn't been able to pull him out of the gutter, but now he was quite respectable. He wore clean clothes, a collar and tie, and we had done enough for him. God still dealt with him some, and the priest got an inkling of what had happened, and said if we didn't leave Buz alone he would blow up the mis-

sion. We kept praying for him, but he began to grow indifferent. He came to Chicago and one night while drunk fell out of a window and was seriously injured. The last I heard of him he was in an insane asylum.

Harry C. was another of the crowd whom God was desirous of saving. How the Spirit strove with him! It was indeed heart-rending. His past teaching and bringing up were so contrary to this "new religion" that he refused to yield. Times without number when people would pray for him, he would sit like an Indian statue but his face would be the picture of despair and agony. He finally got the last call, altho God seemed to be more patient with him than some of the rest. He went up to a little town about nine miles away for a night of drunken debauchery. In his drunken stupor he started back home along the railroad track, and was found the next morning run over by a Northwestern train. These calamities all happened within two years from the time they first heard the Gaspel message.

A man by the name of Green used to come regularly to the meeting every Sunday night. He was of finer caliber than the men who frequented the mission, seemed to grasp spiritual truths in a remarkable way. He had never been saved but for some reason or other would not yield. We pleaded with him one Sunday evening, but he just said, "No, not tonight." He went home and was found dead in bed the next morning.

The saloon-keeper's wife on the corner was a very happy, interested attendant at the services. She seemingly was never serious about anything, let alone to be serious about what she called a

"holy roller religion." She enjoyed seeing the people get blest, and was always making cute and clever remarks. How often I have seen her give a knowing wink or make some movement when she thot somebody was becoming serious or contemplated going to the altar, and thus dampen their purpose! She could just make some move or some comical remark so that they could not rise above it to come to the altar. We often prayed for her, but it seemed there was no response. The mission was finally closed. Some died, many moved away, some got cold and backslid, I moved elsewhere and the little lighthouse was gone. This same saloon-keeper's wife took seriously ill, very suddenly, was taken to the hospital and found she had only a few hours to live. When they asked her if there was anything she wanted, she said, "There is nothing I want only the prayers of the mission leader. Find her! Find her!" They hunted and hunted for me, but found I was gone. She said, "Then find some one else who was in that mission to pray for me so that I can get saved." She had turned down all the chances she had, and now nobody connected with the old mission could be found, so her dying request could not be granted. Her life went out in darkness. She put off the day of salvation too long. Truly the poet was right when he said,

"There is a time we know not when,
A place we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair."

A FELLOW PILGRIM.

Here a Little and There a Little

THE FRIEND OF MISSIONS gives an account of a Russian Prima Donna, Madam Maria Karenskaya, who was converted on her way to America to fill engagements on the stage. It was thru meeting Jonathan Goforth, China's well-known missionary, on board ship, that she learned of her Savior and gave Him her heart. When she met Jesus, she who had sung for the Czar and the nobility of Russia, was willing to give up fame, popularity and money, and lay aside her jewels that she might win an incorruptible crown. She has since been singing in England and Ireland to crowded houses.

* * *

Last year the pension fund for ministers of the Episcopal Church which was started ten years ago, was increased to \$17,000,000. The Presbyterian Church has a pension fund of \$15,000,000.

Ministers, missionaries and those engaged in educational work who have served the Church for thirty-five years are entitled to a pension when they reach sixty-five without regard to retirement.

While we do not covet the riches of others, we have often wished that there were some provision in Pentecost for our beloved missionaries and ministers in old age, so that they might be relieved of the anxiety of making a living when unable to do so. This could be made possible without any strain if God's stewards would bequeath a certain sum for this purpose. This fund could be added to from time to time by those whose lives had been enriched by God's servants.

* * *

At the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, 40,000 Irish Protestants and Catholics paraded together for the first time, on Nov. 7,

1926. This is an added sign of the apostasy and decline of the Protestant Church. When Protestants walk hand in hand with Rome, they are undoing the great Reformation for which our forefathers suffered and died.

Recently at the Second Annual Catholic Congress of the Episcopal church, which convened in Milwaukee, High Mass was celebrated. This, conservative Episcopalians say, is a trend back to Rome. The procession of prelates of the Episcopal Church *en route* to High Mass so closely resembled Rome in all her regalia that few would have been able to make any distinction.

It is a cause for alarm to see the encroachment which Rome is making upon Protestantism. If she again comes into temporal power, the days of the Spanish Inquisition and the French Revolution when more than a million souls were martyred for their faith, may be repeated. Rome, at heart, has not changed. Our missionaries in Latin America look upon the liberal spirit of Protestants toward Rome with growing apprehension, for they see Rome in all her hideousness. She blights every land which she controls.

* * *

The Christian world is wondering what will be the attitude of China's new man, Chiang Kai-Shek, toward missionary interests. Just now his one purpose is to unite China, North and South, and he has so far achieved marked success.

When questioned by a reporter regarding his relations with Russia, he said, "We can use people from any nation if they sympathize with and are ready to serve our nation. Russia, in general, has treated China better than the other nations, given up extraterritoriality and cancelled her unequal treaties." But some time later he "rounded up most of the Russians in Canton and deposited them on an outbound ship." They had been a little too active in stirring up extremism. He lives in Canton in great simplicity, in strong contrast with the magnificence of China's war lords of the North.

* * *

There are now over 21,000 Jews settled in Palestine, engaged in agricultural pursuits. They have introduced wines and the oranges of Palestine to European markets, and started the growing of citrus and other fruits.

The total Jewish immigration during the Jewish religious year, ending Sept. 8, 1926, was about 22,000.

* * *

The gifts of the Rockefellers are called "the golden millstones around the Church's neck" by a

writer in the *S. S. Times*. The elder Rockefeller gave \$600,000 to start the University of Chicago, and Baptists with great self-denial contributed \$400,000 more to insure his gift. "There is no more materialistic and antichristian center in the country than this University. The Baptists turned their western theological seminary into the University of Chicago. It was valued at a half million. It too has gone! For it now in no way differs from Unitarian seminaries save in name. But the divinity school of the University of Chicago has obviously been working for two decades to impregnate with its dechristianized opinions the entire educational plant of the Baptists. Rochester, Crozer, the Y.M.C.A. colleges, and scores of other institutions have become practically useless to evangelical Christianity thru the influence of this Rockefeller creation.

"Further, Rockefeller money seems to be at the beck and call of a Modernism which is essentially Unitarian. It is backing the scheme for establishing schools of religion at the state universities, which promise to be veritable schools of irreligion.

"Rockefeller money is backing Dr. Fosdick to the limit in his campaign for capturing the church youth for Modernism. The devotion and self-denial of millions of Christians have been largely neutralized by these gifts, and at times nullified altogether."

God will hold His stewards responsible for the disposition they make of their money. If they give it to an antichristian institution or a church that denies the Deity of Jesus Christ, sets aside His atoning blood, they are building up a work that will line up with the Antichrist.

* * *

"Better sell out your mission schools to money-making corporations, if you cannot win souls to Christ in your magnificent halls of brick and stone," is the advice of Prof. Takasugi of Japan, speaking in regard to Christian education. He regrets that missionaries have lost their old enthusiasm to win their students to Christianity, and says it does not speak well for spiritual influence in mission schools that there are many learned professors "without Christian heart or conviction," or worse still, with antipathy toward Christianity.

Is it not startling for the churches of America to be taken to task by a Japanese scholar for our failure to give the heathen world the Gospel? Christians at home suppose they are giving their money to evangelize the heathen, but if they investigate they will find that in many cases they

are simply educating them. It would be an eye-opener to the donors to find out the small percent of their gifts given thru the large denominations which actually go to evangelize the heathen. Be sure your money is being used to spread the Gospel. Christ gave the commission, not to *educate* the heathen, but to preach the Gospel to them. This command is for those who give as well as for those who go, and it is their duty to see that their gifts are used in evangelization.

* * *

The Christian churches of the world have sent to the foreign field one out of every 1,600 of our church members, which gives every missionary an average parish of 60,000 heathen to reach.

In striking contrast to the above, statistics show that the Moravian Church sends to the foreign field one member in every ninety-two. The Moravians have three times as many members in their foreign missions as in the home churches. How do they do it?

* * *

At the 127th Anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, they announced that 18,000 souls were added to the church in Uganda last year.

* * *

The population of the United States is 110,000,000; the population of the Moslem world is 240,000,000. This means that there are over twice as many Moslems in the world as the population of the United States. The largest Moslem University in the world, in Cairo, Egypt, is sending out 500 Moslem missionaries monthly to convert the world to Mohammedanism. Are the Protestants doing as much as this?

Yet it is said that the Moslem world is more open to Christianity today than ever before. Moslem students by the hundreds will crowd Gospel meetings to hear the truth presented. How important it is that the Word be accompanied by the power of the Holy Spirit.

* * *

"The Challenge of the Non-Christian World," by J. Campbell White, in *The Missionary Review*, is a plea for personal work in soul saving. He says: "Suppose that one million out of the twenty-six million Protestant Christians could be brought to work seriously to bring others to Christ, how many million would that one million win? It is inconceivable that any person working faithfully in the power of God would not win at least one person a year for Christ. I believe that the average Christian could do a great deal more than this.

"Suppose that one million out of twenty-six million would go to work to win one person a year for Christ, and these in turn would each win one each year, how long would it take to win the rest of this country? At the end of one year we would have two million; at the end of the second year, four million; at the end of the third year, eight million; at the end of the fourth year, sixteen million; at the end of the fifth year, thirty-two million; at the end of the sixth year sixty-four million souls, and in seven years the entire population would be Christians. How long would it take at this rate to finish the task in the world? In eleven years there would be two billion, forty-eight million real Christians, which, is several million more people than there are in the world today. By the power of God's Holy Spirit a consecrated band of vital Christians could win the world to Christ in a short time."

Reader, this is a challenge to you. How many souls have you won last year? May God help us all to be soul winners in 1927.

* * *

It is said that a building 1,208 feet high may be constructed on Forty-second Street, New York City, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, to accommodate one hundred and ten stories. If built, it will be 416 feet higher than the Woolworth Building, and will be 224 feet higher than the Eiffel tower which is the tallest structure in the world. "The need of tall structures does not exist," writes a contemporary, "but as an example of human endeavor it is awesome to contemplate."

This is the same spirit that prompted the men of old to build the tower of Babel. "Let us make us a name," they said, and from the cradle of time until the present, man has striven to exalt himself, to win glory by his own efforts, to make for himself a name, and God is no more pleased with man's exaltation of self today than he was then, and will in His own time place His restraining hand upon his efforts.

Three Hundred Baptized

MRS. GEORGE M. KELLEY, writes from South China of the Presence of the Lord with her and her children thru all that long journey of 10,000 miles. They soon realized that they were in China as they traveled up country on bed-boards with straw and filthy coverings, in strong contrast to the comforts of America. "But who would mind the journey," she writes "when the road leads home." It has been a great cross to Mrs. Kelley to have remained here as long as

she did when all her interests were in China.

She received a royal welcome from the Chinese, who deeply love her. Writing of special meetings being held, she says:

"It seemed almost marvelous to see all the workers, preachers and teachers with note books and pencils taking notes while a little Chinese woman brot the message. They used to just tolerate even the foreign women—now they are listening eagerly to a Chinese woman break to them the Bread of Life. This woman was a teacher in the Baptist school in Canton, received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit at our little Pentecostal Mission. Great persecution followed, but she has swung out for God and preaches without a salary. She has a burning Pentecostal message.

"At the mission in Canton around three hundred have been baptized in the Holy Ghost this year, *over eighty of these being students from the Presbyterian Theological School.* Truly God is in the midst of His people, and faith is growing in our hearts for a great revival. We do want to keep step with God and let Him press us out to help meet the need of China's misery and woe.

"There is a lot of propaganda against the Gospel, and the Christians are suffering persecution. Some of the weak ones have been swept from their moorings, feel their chief duty is to be patriotic, but the real church is triumphing gloriously.

"In the District Council meeting for the Chinese, one of the preachers was chosen to be ordained so that he can baptize converts and administer the Lord's Supper, thus saving much of the missionary's time from traveling.

"Mr. Kelley is much blessed in editing the Pentecostal paper. God is making it a blessing. He has recently had a precious ministry in the Presbyterian Church in Canton. There were some remarkable healings."

Persecution for the Gospel

DURING a student riot in Kweilin, a large educational center in South China, last March, the parading students cried out, "Down with Imperialism! Destroy the Christian Church!" The Christian girls were called by name, saying that they were the dogs of the foreigners. Some were even pelted with stones. The missionaries were cursed to their faces, but remembering "when He was reviled, He reviled

not again," they patiently bore the insult.

One Chinese Christian, however, seems to have been less patient and he was set on by the mob, who struck him with their fists and with stones and brick-bats, cutting an ugly gash from which the blood spurted profusely. The man was then bound with ropes, and with blood streaming down his face was led off to the city square where he was tied to a post, amid the hoots and jeers of the frenzied throng.

Meanwhile the authorities had been notified and were urged to rescue the unfortunate captive, but were either powerless or afraid to interfere. After hours of insult and suffering the mocking crowd began to disperse. When the throng had decreased, soldiers came and rescued the prisoner. He was taken to the Yamen where he was kept all night, but the crowd considered this was interfering with their rights and soon the rabble again assembled. Going to the Yamen they demanded the prisoner, which demand was complied with, and the unfortunate victim with face disfigured and hair disheveled, was once more given over to the mob.

He was bound, and with his accusation written on paper and fastened to his back he was led thru the streets by the howling mob, like a criminal being led to execution. As he was hustled along the streets his tormentors called out to the people *en route*. "Come see the way we treat the Christians, and the way we will deal with the others." When, because of his fatigue, he lagged in his gait, he was kicked and pounded and made to walk faster. He was again taken to the city square where he was once more tied to a post. Strings of fire-crackers were then secured and set off at his feet, the sparks flying in his face and burning his skin. Some of the crowd wanted to burn him, while others suggested burning irons. Finally it was decided to tattoo him on the cheeks with the words, "Foreign slave." This was done by the use of needles. After the tattooing was completed he was released as a marked man. Where he is now we do not know. The last we heard of him, he had called at one of our mission stations where one of our missionaries had dressed his swollen forehead. He also succeeded in scrubbing away the tattoo marks until they were hardly visible, and was hoping to reach some distant friends where he could find shelter.

W. H. Oldfield

In Missionary Review of the World.

Christ, the Only Hope for China

Nailing the Enemy's Lies.

J. R. Spence in the Stone Church, October 3, 1926



TONIGHT I feel the Lord would have me nail two of the devil's lies concerning the foreign mission field. I want to mention first of all what Paul said, "For the love of Christ constraineth me." Do you think I would go out to China this next month, considering the political condition there, if it were not for the love of Christ? That is the only motive that constrains me to go. "Because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead." The logic cannot be refuted. ALL includes the Chinese, the Hindus and the Africans. What am I getting at? Up in the Eastern district of Canada the brethren had an application from someone, to go to China as a missionary, with this amazing statement following, that he didn't believe that the heathen would be punished. I have been surprised since then, hearing men and women who claim to be Christians, express the same ideas. "God is too good. The Lord wouldn't send those poor heathen to hell." Do you think I would go to China if I believed that? Listen to what God has to say; you have a photograph in the first chapter of Romans 21-32. I wonder if anyone here is trying to excuse the heathen. We had a lady come to South China and oh how she loved the heathen! She cried and pitied them so when she first got there but after six months she got better acquainted with them—she saw them as they really are and then decided to come back home. Listen, the heathen knows as well as you do, that he is sinning. Always remember that Jesus Christ said, "Ye must be born again." He said something else also, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me." It is one of the devil's lies—this belief that God is too good to punish the heathen.

Then lie number 2: In my travels I picked up a magazine and in it was an article written by a woman; the gist of which was "Why do we not leave the heathen to their own religions?" I don't know how long the lady had been in a heathen land or how much she really knew about the heathen, but I want to talk to you a little about that lie. There are three great religions in China, Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism. Buddhism has, roughly speaking, five million adherents. This lady had visited a beautiful Buddhist temple

in North China. It is a wonderful building with beautiful architecture and carvings and is very clean and neat, but she doesn't say anything of the hideous pictures that are there. Obscene is a very poor word to describe them. Neither does she say anything of how the beautiful temple is kept up. You go and sit at one end of the temple and it will not be long till you hear voices laughing. There are a number of girls, "dancing girls" they call them in India and in China we call them "flower girls." They come right into the beautiful temple to sing their songs and to do their dancing and wreck their lives, and with the money they get for this kind of a life, the beautiful temple is kept up. I wondered if that woman who had written the article, had a daughter and if so, would she write an article on "Why Don't We Leave the Heathen to Their Own Religions?" Buddhism damns the soul of everyone who espouses it.

Taoism is rather hard to describe but it is a system of "doing." Most of the adherents are vegetarians; they eat no meat of any kind and have very little rice and just enough vegetables to keep them alive. Sometimes they go and sit on the top of a mountain and many travel hundreds of miles to gain some merit. They deny themselves all the time. I shall never forget when we were holding evangelistic services in Sz Tong and the Lord was wonderfully working. The majority of the crowd in the forenoons were women and we were preaching to them the "cross," taking the thot, Paul's words, "I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." And just as we were through preaching an old lady in the back of the mission got up and, extraordinary as it is for Chinese women, she said, "I have it!" "I have it!" I said, "What have you, *Apah?*" "Oh," she said, "I have salvation." And then we had a talk with her. She was a Taoist, and had travelled miles and miles in order to worship at certain shrines. For forty years she had never eaten any kind of meat; she had burned her incense sticks every day and every night for forty years. She had been *doing* and *doing* and *doing*, but when we came with that wonderful message that Jesus Christ bore all our sins on the cross, the light flashed into her soul, peace came into her heart and she was saved. How do I know? She had a bon-fire the next morning; the household

idols were put on it and burned up. She was baptized. Leave them to their own religions? Her own religion had brought her nowhere; she had been denying herself for forty years but in one moment when the light flashed into her soul she was wonderfully saved. Taoism is a hard taskmaster and gets them no farther on. Ten million Chinese are Taoists.

Then we have the great religion of China, Confucianism. Confucius was a good man; his writings are as near to the Sermon on the Mount as anything I know of; and therein lies the great danger. The thing that is keeping China back today is not Buddhism or Taoism but Confucianism. Confucius wrote a great many "don'ts." I used to say, "Now, if there is a man here who has never committed sin, please pass on for I have no message for that man," but I never saw anyone go. When I speak to a crowd in China I often say, "The writings of Confucius are fine, they are splendid. Is there anyone in this crowd that has kept the commandments of Confucius?" And I never saw anyone raise his hand. Confucianism has no message for the sinner; there is no peace in Confucianism. One of our Chinese preachers described it this way, "Here is a big hole with water in it. There is a poor fellow down there in the mud and water and he cannot get out. Along comes Confucius and he says, 'Why how did you get down there? I told you not to go so near the side. I told you you should go on the other road.' That is all true but it does not help the poor man out, he is still down there and helpless. But when Christ comes along and sees the poor man in the mire and water, He gets down there, right beside him and helps him out." That is the difference. Christ gets down as He did with the man who fell among thieves, He binds his wounds and lifts him up and puts him upon the rock and establishes his going. Confucius never saved a soul and never will.

My mind goes back tonight to a brilliant young man. He wrote books. Every school in China has the writings of Confucius and these are read by the students. This man had been well taught and now he had a nice farm two or three miles from the city, but he was a gambler. At first it didn't amount to much but he got worse and worse until he gambled away his clothes and his money and became a regular gambler. The gambling hall in China is not what you may think it is. They rent a store and outside they have a brilliant light that attracts everyone. Then there is a curtain drawn and if you will pull back the curtain and look, you will see a motley crowd;

every man has a revolver. One of the greatest curses of China today is that it is being flooded with rifles. This man got to be such a gambler that he would slip away to the farm and steal a chicken, come into town and sell it and then gamble away the money. But he got to the place where he had nothing more to gamble and there is an unwritten law that if you gamble away something that you do not have, it will mean death. Here he was gambling when he didn't have anything and his companions found it out. That man got out to the street before they got hold of him and he ran to the mission as fast as he could with about eight men after him. He got into the mission and there was the crowd outside thirsting for his life. They sent for the missionary. What would you have done? It was a problem. Well, the missionaries got together and instead of laying hold of him and saying, "You foolish man, you shouldn't have done that" (he knew that well enough) they got him down to the front. We sat beside him and took the good old Book. Turning to that verse in John's Gospel, we read to him, "To as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed on His Name." We got him down on his knees and we introduced him to Jesus Christ. I wish you could know that man today. Oh what a change! His house was once a hole but now it is nice and clean. "Leave that man to his own religion," do you say? If we had done that his soul would be in hell. But when he was introduced to Jesus Christ and accepted Him as his personal Savior, the change was marvellous.

Leave them to their own religions? Oh, no! I am glad tonight that I don't take a religion to China; she has all the religion she needs now. The world is sick of religion but let us take Christ to China. I was in Toronto not long ago talking to a young Chinese business man and I mentioned that I would soon be back in his own native land, but he didn't seem to express any joy over that. He said, "I came over to your country and I went into your churches but never got a 'God bless you' or a shake of the hand. I got politics and philosophy." He said, "I go to a certain church and see men coming around to take the offering. Later I see these same men in my store and I find I have to watch them because they take advantage of me if I do not. Do you call that Christianity? We don't want any of it. As for your civilization, it is rotten." I said, "Brother, I believe it. I am with you." He looked at me surprised. I said, "You can find fault with Chris-

tianity and with religion, and you can find fault with us but you cannot find any fault with Christ. I am going back to China determined in my own soul to know nothing among the Chinese save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." He took me by the hand and said, "That is what China needs. Christ." Religion can never save, it will damn people; it is Christ alone who can save.

Do you love Jesus? Paul didn't need to go around and tell people that he loved Jesus for his very life told. Just before coming away there was a wonderful revival on at Canton. It was time to leave and I went down to visit the mission. They were good to me and gave me a beautiful gift and then we came down to get the night boat for Hong Kong. When we got down to the wharf there were seventy-five or a hundred of the Cantonese Christians down there. At last the bell rang, the ropes were pulled in and the boat began slowly to pull away from the shore. Just as we pulled away, the crowd began to sing, "God be with you till we meet again." There was the blind man who was now able to see and there was the dumb man whose voice had been restored to him, and cripples who had been healed, for a wonderful revival had been in progress in that city, and God worked. The boat was moving out as they sang the second verse and as they finished our own evangelist put his hand to his mouth and shouted across the water, "We need help. Bring us help. Send us help." He kept shouting that as the boat was pulling out into the river and at the last, just before we got to the bend, I put my hands to my ear and all I heard was his big voice, "Help! Help! Help!" The boat moved out around the bend and we were gone. If you get down low enough at Jesus' feet you will hear that cry ringing over the Pacific, Help! Help! Help!

Andrew Murray's Advice

The sainted Andrew Murray adopted the following rules for his life, and also gave them to others in trouble:

In Times of Trouble Say:

First: He brought me here; it is by His will I am in this strait place: In that I will rest.

Next: He will keep me here in His love, and give me grace in this trial to behave as His child.

Then: He will make the trial a blessing, teaching me the lessons He intends me to learn, working in me the grace He means to bestow.

Last: In His good time He can bring me out again—how and when He knows.

Say: I am here—

- (1) By God's appointment.
- (2) In His keeping.
- (3) Under His training.
- (4) For His time.

This message for the day of adversity seemed to be so timely that interested friends had it printed on a colored card, and distributed in large numbers. They had the satisfaction of knowing it carried a rich blessing to many hearts and homes.

Spurgeon's Advice on Preaching

"VERY seldom," says Mr. Spurgeon, "do we hear any complaint as to the undue shortness of discourses; the tendency is all the other way. Why do ministers preach long sermons? Is it for their own pleasure, or is it for the pleasure of other people? If it is the latter they certainly are grievously mistaken; and if it is the former, they might practice a little self-denial.

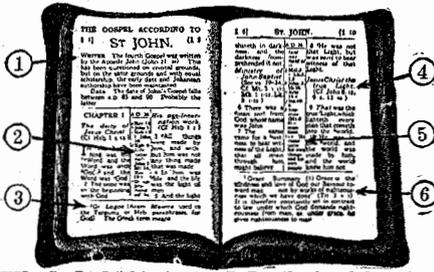
"Sermons ought never to be measured by the yardstick or by the clock; but they ought to be measured by this one simple rule, 'Have done when you have done.' Don't be particular about how you come to a close, but be a great deal more concerned not to keep on till your discourse dies like a candle which cannot give another flicker. If you multiply words you will spoil what you have done. Strike while the iron is hot, but do not keep on striking till the iron grows cold; though that is what many do. They hit the nail on the head and drive it in; and then go on hammering till they split the board and the nail drops out. They preach their people into a good frame of mind and then preach them out of it."

After enjoining his students not to attempt to say all they know every time they preach, but to reserve a potato for the next meal, Mr. Spurgeon goes on. "I would recommend, my young brethren, as much as possible, to compress and condense. When you have obtained a quantity of good thoughts, boil them down. Enough is as good as a feast, whether the diet be for the body or for the soul. It may tend to brevity if we carefully exclude every syllable which ministers to display.

"Once more let me hint to you that it is cruel to make your hearers think you are about to close, and then go on again. I have suffered this wrong at the prayer meeting. A certain divine, who is still in the body, is never very lively, but he had great gifts of holding on. When you think he has done, he issues a supplement, which is almost always headed, 'Another blessed thought!' But his hearers are apt to have thoughts which are not 'blessed.'—Selected.

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