

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

Fear Not Thou Worm

NEVER seek to get up, dear Christian worm. Worms cannot stand up! Hence they never fear a fall because they are always down. Worms stay under cover—if they are wise. Worms that come to the surface get into trouble—too many birds looking for breakfast! Run no risks, God-chosen worm! Keep underground at your appointed task of traesing the mountains and sifting the hills. You have nothing to fear if you remain a worm. Alas! so many worms once used to remove enormous difficulties become elephants of self-importance and pride!

Like the worm—God's people are held in universal contempt and loathing, trodden under foot and despised, yet they are unashamed since their Lord said, "I am a worm." (Ps. 22:6.) God, who hath chosen the base, the foolish things, the things that are not, glories in the weakness of His worms, the hardest thing to kill. You cut them through and there are two—each piece grows on a head. How they multiply! Kill one Christian and you have twenty-two!

Bore! Bore away, you Pentecostal worm! Bore one hole, bore two, bore night and day—they are alike to you. Bore with prayer! Bore with song, with testimony and praise. Bore your channels on! When the rain falls the thirsty plant roots will drink, and thank God for His army of wily worms. What good is rain without the countless little tunnels that honeycomb the sod? On with the work, you plodding ploughman. Perforate the earth, best friends of the Heavenly Husbandman! But—when revival rains flood the soil do not make the mistake that most worms make—Stay Down! Don't wriggle up and lazily lay around and take the credit for the showers as if to say, "See what I have done!" You foolish worms, the ravens will get you.

"Fear not, thou worm Jacob. . . . I will help thee, saith the Lord. . . . Behold, I will make thee a new, sharp threshing instrument having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and thou shalt make the hills as chaff. Thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away. And the whirlwind shall scatter them; and thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shall glory in the Holy One of Israel." (Isa. 41:14.)

W. E. B.-C.

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

The Lowest in China Receive God's Highest—See Page 3

The Latter Rain Evangel

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The Morning Cometh!

EARTH'S night is here—'tis dark and lone,
 The stars from out the sky have gone—
 And all creation groans in pain,
 Life's fairest dreams are vain,—all vain.

O Watchman, who on Zion's towers
 Art marking out the lonely hours,
 Canst see from out the dark and gloom
 The coming of the morning, soon?

O Watchman, can one faintest gleam
 From out the chaos yet be seen?
 Canst thou discern midst toil and pain
 The coming of the morn again?

O Watchman, let thy voice be heard,
 Proclaim abroad the thrilling word,—
 The night that now enshrouds with gloom
 Will burst into the morning soon!

—Bernice C. Lee.

One Convention Day

THE Stone Church is a church that is rich in memories of the working power of God, and we love to recount His blessings of former years. Often it stirs us up to prayer and we long to have the scenes when God came down and kissed the earth, repeated.

On the Keystone Sunday of our Twenty-first Annual Convention, we again saw God come forth as in days of old, as He has done many times since. One who had witnessed the mighty outpouring of the Spirit of 1913, spoke with great feeling at the close of the precious missionary service, and with tears in her eyes said, "Tell your pastor that we never had a better day in 1913 than today has been."

The day was one never to be forgotten. In the afternoon the great Missionary Service of the Convention was sandwiched in between a blessed morning and evening service. Dear Bernice Lee told of the great joy of laboring among the despised lepers of India, the lowest of the outcasts, and how the spirit of sacrifice was completely overshadowed by the joy of seeing them give their lives to Jesus. Bro. W. R. Williamson of South China followed, with a stirring appeal for the church of Christ to advance and quickly carry the Gospel message to the uttermost parts ere the night when no man can work falls upon the sleeping world. He has resigned from the pastorate in Zion, Ill., and he and Mrs. Williamson are again setting their faces to the land of China, They were driven out by mobs, but they still have the vision and after an extended furlough the Lord is again

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An Amazing Pentecostal Outpouring in Western China

Beggar Boys Preach the Gospel with Authority



FOR weeks and months and years the dear missionaries in Yunnan Province have worked and prayed for God to enlighten the darkened hearts of the Chinese. They taught and prayed, and prayed and taught the little company that gathered in Adullam Mission, and when they thought the seed was bearing fruit, interest waned. The tribe's village that had seemed so friendly to the Gospel suddenly turned and took on a repellant attitude. The zeal of the boys in Adullam Home who had started out to preach the gospel turned into stolid indifference without any apparent cause, and the spirits of the missionaries were at low ebb. "Unless the Lord undertakes in a new way," said Mr. Baker to his wife, "we are done for." But this little expressed the cry of his soul. Was it for this they had toiled and suffered—only to meet with indifference and scorn? Was it for this they left the comforts of life, friends and home, only to be defeated? It was a bitter hour, common to all missionaries who face a heathen world, but they found their consolation in prayer, "the Christian's vital breath."

The story of how the Lord broke the drought and swept away the stolid indifference is well described by Brother and Sister Baker in *The Adullam News*, recently published. We give an abridged account to encourage other missionaries:

"One morning one of the smaller boys began to weep and confess his sins to the Lord. He wept so bitterly for an hour or two that I thought he might weep himself sick, so I stopped him and asked him why he wept so profusely. He said his sins were so terrible, and he wanted a change of heart. He preferred to pray rather than eat breakfast, so I went out and left him there alone. A day or two later a larger boy of nine or ten had the same experience of weeping over his sins, of which he had plenty, for he quarreled a good deal and was rather tricky.

"While Mrs. Baker was talking to the younger children in one of the evening meetings the power of God fell on one of the boys and he fell off his seat a number of times. One of the older girls who had anointings of the Spirit at various times now began to weep in almost every meeting. As

soon as she began to pray she would weep, sometimes for her own sins and sometimes for the lost condition of some of the old women in the neighborhood. This continued for days and the night before the mighty outpouring it lasted until one o'clock. While the newer children received some blessing, the older ones seemed entirely bound. Completely at the end of our own plans we waited for God to work. If ever God heard and answered the prayers of our prayer helpers and answered speedily, it was at this time.

"The day the outpouring came, morning prayer meeting was lasting longer than usual. The older children left one by one to begin their studies in the school room, but the younger boys remained on their knees and prayed with an earnestness and a passion which we never before had heard from them. We all felt the presence of the Holy Spirit in our midst, and one by one the others returned.

"A mighty conviction of sin, for which we had prayed so long, came to each soul, and with tears streaming from their eyes and arms uplifted they cried unto the Lord for the forgiveness of their sins which now seemed so black. One after another went down under the mighty power of the Holy Spirit until more than twenty were prostrated. When I saw that the Lord was doing a most unusual thing I slipped over to the school-room and told the boys that if they felt led to come and pray they might be excused from their school work. In a short time the Chinese teacher was left sitting alone. All his pupils had returned to the prayer room and were whole-heartedly praying and praising the Lord. When he realized there was nothing for him to do he started for his home. I had not invited him in with the children, for although he has been with us for a long time, he seemed utterly dead, or rather not yet alive to any spiritual conception of the Gospel. He went but a short distance from the house when he turned and came back. He entered the prayer room unnoticed, as each one was wholly occupied with the Lord. The teacher went to the farthest corner of the room and there, for the first time in his life, knelt down and tried to pray. As the Lord's power was so very manifest, I felt it best to leave the young man by himself and not intrude on the work of the Spirit. In a little while I noticed he had his arms uplifted and with

tears on his face he was pleading with the Lord for forgiveness of his sins, which he said were very, very many. I knew how proud he was, as are all Chinese teachers, and for him thus to humble himself in the presence of his pupils meant a real Holy Spirit conviction of sin.

"The meeting continued hour after hour, the children showing no desire to leave. As in vision they saw the awfulness of hell, the anguish of lost souls, the indescribable hellish power of the devil and his angels, their agonized crying was beyond anything I had ever heard or imagined. It was all so real to them. Many saw themselves bound and gagged to the very brink of hell, which to them was no myth but an awful reality. Condemnation for sin and the power of the devil over them was terrorizing in its reality, but freedom from this evil power thru the grace of the Lord Jesus was just as real, and when they experienced this loosening from the power of the evil one their salvation was as real as had been their condemnation.

"Some left the prayer-room for a short time, for their late afternoon meal was something decidedly new to us, for previously an hour service was too long for some of them. . . . Not a child went to sleep until a late hour that night, and not until six o'clock the next morning were the last voices stilled in the prayer and praise service that had lasted over twenty hours almost without a pause.

CONTINUOUS WEEKS OF LATTER RAIN

"After a few days the power of the Spirit lifted somewhat and we went back to our regular order. The boys went to their school work and I went to call on some people to talk about the Gospel. . . . When I returned at twelve o'clock I heard some one praying in the prayer-room. I found our quietest and most timid boy, Wang Gai Swen, about eight years of age, hidden in behind the organ praying in a loud voice, weeping and confessing his sins. He had been praying continuously since early morning and had not stopped for breakfast. Just then the boys came from their school. Some of them wanted to know if they could stay and pray instead of going to the garden or to other industrial work. They were told they could do as they wished. Almost at once there was another mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit. It was so continuous that for over a week no attempt was made to do regular work. We did only the necessary things.

"In the first days no one paid much attention to eating and sleeping. Whenever the young

folks began to pray the power of God fell, prostrating many to the floor. It was impossible to have meals at regular hours without interfering with the work of the Holy Spirit, so each one was free to come and go. When things became quieter at nine or ten P. M., we would suggest that all go to bed and rest until the next morning, but as a rule some would want to pray. Some nights nearly all who had gone to bed would get up and return to pray. During those nights there was not much sleeping. Some of the boys never left the prayer-room all night. This continued for about two weeks, while at the time of this writing in the seventh week the Lord is still pouring forth the Spirit day by day in our meetings.

"One thing is certain. This is a Holy Spirit outpouring that demanded nothing on the part of us missionaries except that we take care not to interfere with His wonderful working, but open up our hearts that we too might be taken deeper into the heavenly blessings that were falling in such mighty showers. Our presence or absence in the meetings made no difference. One of the first mornings we were delayed in getting down stairs. Without any call, one after another of the children had gone into the prayer-room and began to pray and praise the Lord.

PRACTICAL RESULTS

"The Adullam Rescue Home is made up almost entirely of children and young folks; mostly boys who were begging on the street or of others whose parents are dead. We have always marvelled how quickly they responded to the Gospel and at the change that came into their lives after they understood and began to pray. But the first striking result of this outpouring of the Holy Spirit was to change the 'I hope' into an 'I know' experience of salvation. . . . As the boys were at their work in opening ground for a garden they praised the Lord so much that some of the boys in the neighborhood say 'Praise the Lord' when they see our boys coming along. One boy went into a store to buy nails and before he realized it he said, 'Hallelujah! I want some nails.' The tribe's boy has had a wonderful experience from the start. One day on his way to work he danced down the street in the joy of the Holy Spirit, praising the Lord in something of the style of Billy Bray. Being cleansed from sin and born again, over twenty of the Adullam people spoke in other tongues as on the day of Pentecost. . . . No one who heard has ever doubted that the Lord spoke to us by direct inspiration in the first days of the outpouring, when

He spoke thru one of the smallest and humblest of the children. There was something about the voice, the penetrating power of those words, a heart-gripping power that cannot be described. We had never heard such a gripping voice from God in any sermon in all our days. We all knew we were hearing direct from God as we were told of things pertaining to us, and also about things soon to come to pass upon the earth. . . . We marvelled at the miracles that were taking place as the Lord revealed His plans and purposes in taking the outcast 'nothings' of the earth who were recent beggar boys and made them the mouthpieces of the living God and speaking thru them, edifying and building up this little group of simple, blood-washed believers, so recently like themselves saved out of hopeless physical and spiritual despair.

VISIONS OF UNSEEN WORLDS

"Many visions were given to different ones at the same time and nearly all of the visions were seen by quite a number of different persons. In many cases the children would come and ask if the Bible said anything about certain things they had seen in vision. These visions were often clearer than things in life as seen under the noon-day sun. They were seen by even some of the smallest children, six years of age, as well as by the older boys, were seen while under the power of the Holy Spirit and not as a dream but as real life; so real that the children supposed that their souls had left their bodies and that they had actually gone to the places and been eye-witnesses of the events in question. The visions seen were:

Christ tied to a beam and scourged; Christ on the cross and bleeding while scoffers were looking on; the body of Christ taken from the cross, carried and placed in the tomb and the tomb closed; an angel opening the tomb and Christ resurrected; His appearance to the women, to the disciples by the sea and to those in the upper room; the ascension of Christ and the descent of the two angels; heaven; detail vision inside the New Jerusalem in heaven; angels; the redeemed; the condition of the lost in hell; the Great Tribulation; the Battle of Armageddon; the binding and imprisonment of Satan; the coming of Christ with His angels, etc., etc.

The work of the Holy Spirit created a great interest in Bible study so that even the smaller children wanted to know if they could not stop studying "earthly books" and just study the Bible.

PROPHETIC PREACHING

After two or three weeks of the Lord's dealing with them nearly all wanted to preach, even the younger children. There has been some real preaching in the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit. Some of them have hardly seemed like our boys as they preached under the real unction of the Holy Spirit, not timid or apologetically as before, but as having authority. Hell and heaven, the devil and his power, Christ, His blood and salvation is no myth to these boys. . . . At the Chinese New Year, when the streets were filled with all classes of people out for a holiday, we Adullam people circulated thousands of tracts and then formed a circle on the street to preach the Gospel. One of the older boys had prepared a sermon on a New Year theme, and when preaching began the power of God fell and this boy stepped into the circle and began speaking in other tongues while another person interpreted. One boy after another preached in interpretation. As soon as the Lord was through with one interpreter he would step back and another felt the unction to preach. As soon as he stepped into the circle he would get the interpretation. This continued for an hour or two and as many people listened as could see and hear. Some who will seldom listen to the Gospel now listened most attentively as these boys spoke with an earnestness most unusual. As we came away from that service conducted by the Holy Spirit in such order and beauty, each preacher of His appointment and each one speaking the message from the Lord under direct inspiration, we could not but ponder in our hearts at these wonders of God. We seemed to see something of what the preaching of the church was in the beginning and what it seemed so clear the Lord wanted it to be in the end.

"As Chen E. Djong, a boy in his teens, was preaching with real power his eyes suddenly closed and he began to preach like an Old Testament prophet under direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit in pure prophecy. The manner of the preacher suddenly changed. The form of the Chinese sentences became rhythmic and perfect. The address changed to the first person, such as 'I am the Lord God Almighty, the one true God who made all things, who now speaks to you through this boy. Against me have you sinned.' Such penetrating words! Such a sense of having been ushered into the presence of God, I cannot describe. The seats of our little chapel were soon

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God's Favorite Color

The Only True Cure for Modern Red Propaganda

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My text tonight is one word. You will find it in Exodus 26:14. It is the word "RED." Of all colors in the world of nature, red is the most important, and that is because it is symbolic of that which is most important in the spiritual world. Red is the color of true religion;

only blood-red religion can cure a humanity red with the blood of guilt. The old-fashioned Gospel, red with the Blood of Jesus Christ, is the only answer to a red propaganda.

Red is the foundation color. Red is the hue of that part of the solar spectrum, farthest from violet. It is the most important of the three primary colors, from which we obtain others. For instance, red and yellow make orange. Red and green combined result in a sort of brown. Red and blue mixed, produce purple. So, just as red is the foundation color, and no true understanding of hues can be gained except in relation to red—even so, the obtaining of true spiritual values is impossible without first understanding the meaning and the efficacy of the message of the shed Blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the foundation truth of all!

No wonder God ordered red dye for the great enveloping covers of the tent in the wilderness! He commanded Moses, "And thou shalt make a covering for the tent of ram's skins, dyed red." Ex. 26:14. Thus these immense curtains by their glaring scarlet color spoke most eloquently of the Atonement of Christ. In Isaiah 63:2 the question is asked, "Wherefore art Thou *Red in Thine apparel?*" There the prophet speaks of Him that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, that is glorious in His apparel, traveling in the greatness of His strength. Then the prophet makes this mysterious Person exclaim, "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." No other one could be meant but our Lord and Saviour, who on the Cross was painted with His own blood, RED.

Pink means nothing. Pink is merely red white-washed by human goodness and compromise. Red means Stop! Danger! Disaster if you don't. Red is eloquent for the mark of blood, the tell-tale stain speaks of murder, of foul play. Red

can be seen a long distance, farther than any other color.

You cannot stop a speeding train thundering to its doom with a pink flag; neither can you arrest the attention of the godless thousands that are plunging into destruction with a pink gospel. There are but two colors that speak to the railroad engineer, the language of "stop and go"—*Red and Green*. Green is the color of safety, the color of nature, the color of life, of spring. Red is the color of blood, death, and danger. That is why no man who is color-blind can obtain an automobile driver's license in England, for he could not tell red from green. Alas! our congregations are full of people who cannot tell a green from a red gospel. They are easily deceived into a false security, into a condition of contentment and comfort when there should be great alarm, when their danger should be manifest, when the warning note should be sounded. Now the *flesh* thrives under a green gospel. How the old man and the old creation survives and enjoys it! But, under the preaching of a red gospel, our carnal life is put to death. How soon it is crucified to give place to the divine nature of a new creation!

So much for the pew, but what of the pulpit? We are infested with color-blind preachers: they have deserted the gospel of the shed Blood, and are waving a green flag. Others are trying to fill their churches and get converts, to get men and women transformed, turned around and born again, by the preaching of a pink gospel. That is an impossibility! The engineer will not stop at a pink flag. Blood-red, scarlet-red alone will make him clamp the powerful air-brakes on and bring the swift colossus, with many a shake and many a jolt, to a screeching standstill. No other color will stop him. So with the thousands of pulpits, troubled today with a legion of woes, with empty pews, with unattended services, with a religious, servile drudgery that sickens and staggers along, decrepid and helpless. They are doomed! Nothing can help them; they are destined to utter destruction. They will be swamped by a greater inundation of modern unbelief. They are caught and swept into the ebbing tide of a fast falling away. They will finally sink into the maelstrom of apostasy and embrace the lie of Antichrist, for they have trampled under foot the Blood of the Son of God.

You ask why? *They are playing with religion.* No one takes their ministers seriously. The out-and-out sinner sees clean through such pretence and make-believe. Just as some people are thin, emaciated, anaemic, sallow-skinned, pale-faced, bloodless creatures, so religion can soon lose its blood—and that with a double meaning! No blood preaching means no death to the carnal life, and therefore no chance for spiritual life. You cannot have two kinds of LIFE! Two opposite kinds of life cannot be entertained at the same time; it is either the one or the other! The only way that I know to finish the one is to preach the Blood, to preach the Cross, for the spiritual life of God is yours on condition of your death to the carnal life, since *you died when Christ died.* That was your finish. His death was your death. You must reckon it so, and the more you reckon yourself to have died with Him, the more you will have His life. True religion is not only red-blooded, but blood-red, and red is God's chosen color. No one pays second attention to a bloodless gospel; a white-washed, diluted, dehydrated, and dried up creed! but put the *red* in the Gospel, preach the Blood of the Cross, and you will have the God-given answer to the modern red propaganda. As my father has well said, opposite ends of the circle meet, and only absolute red can cure absolute red. The *Red Gospel* proclaims that the Blood of God has been shed. Red propaganda waves a red flag, and thus acclaims the shedding of human blood as the only cure for mortal woes.

Shall I ever forget it? Up in the skies in a speedy Ryan motorplane over the Rockies we flew straight for the Pacific coast. We were in the "sister ship" of the "Spirit of St. Louis," with which Colonel Lindberg crossed in single flight from New York to Paris. Oh! the deafening roar of that air-cooled whirlwind engine, driving us as a bolt through the sky at 190 miles an hour. Four thousand feet below we discerned, in the scarlet light of the setting sun, sinking in one grand riot of red, the red-silver ribbon of the Columbia river. To the right, to the left, in sombre hues loomed the tops of the rolling Cascade mountains, touched with carmine. What a gorgeous scene! That winding, broad, majestic river clearly outlined the path to be taken, and we were looking forward gladly to the end of the nine-hundred-mile journey, when, all of a sudden, seeming to come from nowhere in particular, enormous banks of mist appeared on every side, and in no time we were enveloped in a mass of dense clouds. The varying thicknesses of the

banks that flitted by made us realize both how fast we were going and how real our predicament. Suspense and apprehension filled our anxious hearts! The minutes passed and there was no break in the thick oblivion! We peered vainly into the same dark, grey sea, growing darker and darker every moment, wondering how the pilot would ever find the landing field in this impenetrable fog.

Let me break a minute from my story! *Fog*, did I say, *fog*? Yes, FOG! That is what the mariner on the high seas dreads most; not treacherous shoals, not powerful currents and tides, not hidden rocks and reefs, but fog! Hear it again, FOG! And it is the dread fear of fog that haunts every pilot of the airways of the United States. Thus today we have entered into the period of fog, THE FOG OF THE FALLING AWAY! Ten thousand contradictory human opinions swarm about the Person of Christ. The mists of human sense and reasoning multiply clouds upon clouds, rise from the motions of the modern carnal mind. The world is becoming filled with an ever denser, ever thicker fog of unbelief and doubt. Thousands of churches are befogged with it, till well nigh all professing Christendom is enveloped in this treacherous, this satanic shroud. You ask me the cure for it, then listen to the end of my story. What will take you through that fog? What will land you safe in Heaven? LISTEN!

There had not been the minutest change for many a minute. I shouted in the pilot's ear, "How will you ever land?" He shouted back, "It looks pretty bad, doesn't it? But I am bound to get some signals." I wondered what he meant. The port was more than an hour's flight! Dead reckoning is not always reliable. That dashboard with all its delicate instruments seemed to become so important and interesting. There was the altimeter telling us how high we were. Here was the speedometer, registering our speed—two, four, six, seven instruments that never told lies. They all told their little tales about the gas, the oil, and this and that about the engine. Over there was the latest invention, the earth inductor, functioning all but too accurately. But all that complicated dashboard with its sensitive needles, could not reveal the man-made cities below, or point us to landing fields. Meanwhile the darkness had deepened and friendly night seemed a terrible monster, an inevitable fearful enemy, paralyzing heart and mind with fear, as some wild beast crouching before the deadly spring to devour its prey. FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! All ex-

citement we bent forward. "What's that?" we yelled in the pilot's ear." "It's the NEON gas flash signals from the Longview Aerial lighthouse. We are safe as long as we can see them." We peered forward into the inky black, all expectancy. FLASH! FLASH! This came a little fainter. He leaned back and shouted, "And that one is from Portland; they all have a different signal; each town along the Pacific aerial highways, every city has its own signal." "But," we asked, thrilled with joy, "why are the flashes red?" Came the answer, "Because red is the only color that successfully pierces fog, and the 'NEON' gas flash-light signals have made fog-flying possible." At once we saw the point and its marvellous, spiritual significance dawned upon us. "You see, there it is again! Now I can find my way all right to the landing field. We must head straight for the two flashes, and as they get stronger and stronger we shall discern others." It was the color that did the work. I understand that Neon gas red light-houses are going up all along the aerial highways of the United States. The discovery of the powerful NEON gas flash, as well as the choice of the inevitable red-blood color, have solved an immense problem, for infra-red rays have sixteen times the fog penetrating power of the ordinary rays of the spectrum.

And cannot the re-assertion of the shed Blood of Calvary solve the greater, the supreme problem? In this day of increasing fog and doubt, in this age of deception and delusion, in this perilous time, when the great falling away beclouds and mystifies every issue and every religious question, oh! turn on the great flashlight of the Blood-red Cross of Calvary, so that teeming multitudes may finally wing their way up to the great Heavenly landing field.

All the delicate instruments on the theological dashboard won't answer the purpose. Oratory, eloquence, pastoral theology, hermeneutics, exegesis, homiletics, church history—all fall short and are useless in the modern fog of unbelief! Oh! I never saw it so plainly as up in that airplane! Every needle lost its value; every tiny, intricate instrument its point—everything was useless in that ocean of mist!

It is the virile, forceful, invincible, and never failing Gospel of the Atonement that can stay the progress of the threatening antichristian dogmas. Red religion is the only definite answer to Red Russia's propaganda. Only red can cure red. Back then to Calvary and all that it speaks and teaches. Back to the preaching of the stripped,

beaten, bowed and blood-covered Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!

Just as they have discovered that the red ray of the Neon searchlights have made fog flying feasible, so we may re-discover the value and efficacy, the piercing power and distance-carrying qualities of the message of the Blood. It is the Beacon of the Blood that must beckon the millions of today through the modern mists to the Port of Peace, God's Paradise.

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thrusting them forth; they are expecting to return in the Fall.

Following these the pastor gave a vivid picture of the need of the heathen world. Speaking of the rich man and the beggar Lazarus, he said:

"I thought as I looked over the nations of the earth for the rich man clothed in purple and faring sumptuously, that I could not pick China, knowing that before the next harvest thousands upon thousands of Chinese will perish with hunger. I could not think it was India, knowing the poverty of the millions of India; neither could I choose Africa. Then I thought of a nation that does not know her wealth; I thought of America with all her millions, with her beautiful homes and high-priced cars; America with her costly merchandise and her unlimited resources. Then I thought of the beggar that sits at our gate, covered with sores. Surely that beggar which is sitting at our gate today is the perishing millions of India, of Africa, of China and South America. He is not calling for your fine home, not begging for your fine car, your luxuries, but he is begging for the crumbs that fall from America's table. Today the black hands of Africa, the yellow hands of China, the brown hands of India, are reaching out for the crumbs. Beloved, there is a beggar sitting at our gate this afternoon. We are the rich man; not that we have thousands of dollars, but we are rich in the Gospel which God has given to us. Now if we withhold the blessing from the poor man at our gates, the heathen, God will require them at our hands."

Pledges and a cash offering were then taken up for our band of missionaries who are now in active service.

In the evening service that followed God sealed the day with His blessings by saving souls. The Lord is using Bro. Brown and Bro. Tunmore, and souls are getting thru to God. We cannot give a full report, as these notes are written in the middle of the Convention, but the latter rain is falling.

Why Jesus Took our Humanity

The Infinite God Needs Men to Carry out His Purpose

Sermon by Joseph Tunmore, in The Stone Church



IT IS a good thing for us to get a kind of bird's-eye view of God's plan, of His purpose in creating this earth and in making you and me—why He has created us and what the outcome will be. There is nothing that encourages our hearts more than to get a clear vision of the truth. It inspires us, strengthens our faith, and lifts us above conditions and circumstances that arise to hinder us. God has a plan and a purpose; He started to carry out that plan, and thank God, He will finish it. It is not any "hit or miss" business with Him. He has a clear, distinct plan that He is working out, and when He made and created you and me He created us for a purpose—the purpose of revealing Himself to us; that we might know who He is and what He is, and that we might know who we are and what we are, and also that He might reveal Himself through us.

Now in the first place, when God made man he was not God's finished product, because the very first temptation he met, and it was only a small one, down he went. The Lord Jesus Himself is God's finished product. You remember, God said to Adam, "Thou shalt not eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," but the enemy came along and told them if they ate thereof they would be as gods, and intimated that God was not telling the truth. Eve ate of the tree and then offered it to Adam, and Adam's sin consisted simply in putting his wife before God. Down he went and plunged the whole human race into misery and woe. But the Lord knew all about it before it happened. God knew that man would fall. Some people think it is a kind of an accident that man fell and that God had to fix up the accident, but that is not the case. God knew man would fall. Somebody asks, "If God knew man would fall why did He create him?" We know that God in His wisdom does the very best that can be done under the circumstances, so with all man's failures and all his short-comings God created him that He might reveal Himself to man and through man, so here we are.

God not only knew man would fall, but He made provision for his fall. We read in His Word, that the Lamb was slain from the founda-

tion of the world—yes, even *before* the foundation of the world, before there was anything made at all. Jesus, away back in eternity, before anything was created, promised the Father that when man fell He would come down to the earth and take upon Himself our humanity; that He would take man's place and do what man had failed to do. He told His Father He would give Himself a ransom for the whole human race. The Scripture says He counted the things which were not as though they were, so God knew when Jesus said He would give His life, it was as good as done. He could not say that about you and me, but He could say it about Jesus; He could say prophetically, "The Lamb slain before the foundation of the world," for He knew that Jesus would not back out.

Now after man fell, God did not throw him the reins and let him go. No, indeed. He still has hold of the reins and has never let go of them. He knows how the whole thing is coming out. We hear folks say, "Oh the world is going to pieces!" Well, God will save the pieces that are worth saving. Not until man has turned absolutely away from God and refused every overture that God in His infinite love and mercy has made, will He let him go. There are many instances on record that show the great love of God. I read of a man who crossed the ocean on one of our liners. He was intoxicated and the waves swept over the deck and swept him overboard. When he came up the first time he cursed and swore at the people who were on the boat because they did not throw him a line. They had, but his state of intoxication was such that he did not see it. The second time he went down and came up cursing and swearing again. The third and last time he went down still cursing and swearing. When he went down for the last time somebody jumped off the vessel and grabbed him by the hair of the head. They landed him and when his feet struck the deck he was saved. His own testimony was, "When I went down that third time, God in a moment of time flashed, like a panorama, my whole life before me. I cried out to Him for mercy and He saved me." John Wesley said that a man could be saved between the saddle and the ground—that is, he can be thrown off a horse

and between the saddle and the ground God can save him. God did not create you and me to be lost, and He will not let the devil get you unless you absolutely refuse every overture that His Holy Spirit will make.

When man fell, Jesus came down and took his place. He put His feet right in the paths that man trod, and when all the powers of darkness were arrayed against Him, He fought and won. We have no such battles as Jesus had. Sometimes I have heard people complain about their hard battles, but Jesus has fought our battles for us; through Him Satan is a conquered foe. Jesus went forth single-handed, He trod the wine-press alone, conquering the flesh and conquering the devil. Not only that, but He went right down to hell itself and loosening the captives took them up with Him. He led captivity captive, leaving us to go on the battlefield and gather up the spoils. It is under the precious blood of Jesus that we find refuge from the devil. True, he goes about like a roaring lion, but if we keep off his territory we are safe. Once I thought I'd like to see Coney Island; I was laboring in New York City, and I got on the train and went down to Coney Island. Just as soon as I stepped on the ground, the Lord said to me, "You are on the devil's territory," and I stepped right back and got on the train again. You will get a whack from the devil just as soon as you get on his territory.

Jesus won the victory for us, and His name through faith in His name will bring victory. It is faith that brings salvation, it is faith that brings healing. We walk by faith, we live by faith. It is blessed to walk by faith. One time, the place where I am living was infested with rats. Half of the cellar was not dug out, and that half was just full of holes made by rats. They were enormous. One day I was reading the 91st Psalm and the Lord drew my attention to that verse, "There shall no plague come nigh thy dwelling." Those rats were a plague, there was no doubt about that, and I looked to the Lord there and then and said, "Lord, please take those rats away," and from that day there has never been a rat in the house. There are rats next door and in the neighborhood, but there have never been any in our house in the last twenty-five years.

Jesus Christ came down and manifested to the world and to believers the glory of the Father. All that we know of the Father is what we learned through Jesus. When God made and created this earth He never intended it to be ruled

by a disembodied spirit, so when Jesus came, He came as a man, took upon Himself our humanity. He redeemed the world as a Man, He conquered the devil as a man, and when He went back to glory He was different than when He came. He was always the Eternal Son of God, but when He took upon Himself our flesh and went back again He was not only the Eternal Son of God, but was a glorified human being, and He is sitting on the throne of the Father this afternoon a glorified Man. When He comes back, He will come as a Man. The disciples thought that He was a kind of a spook, a spirit, but He said to them, "Bring me some bread and fish. I will show you I have a body." He ate the food to disabuse their minds.

When man gets away from God he becomes spooky, puts out the lights and candles, but when God gets hold of a man He puts him right out in the light. Many people are afraid of the light, because their works are evil. When Jesus rose from the dead He still had some work to do. He had to go to glory and sprinkle the mercy seat, and now He is our High Priest ministering until He comes back again. The Scripture says that when He rose again all power was given unto Him. He said to His disciples, "It is expedient that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come." He still had a work to do, and did not intend that work to stop with His going to heaven. You never could know the love of God if Jesus hadn't come.

You could not know the love of God through Moses nor any of the old prophets, because every one of them failed in some measure. The law says, "Thou shalt not," "Thou shalt not." That is what I got in the Episcopal Church. How could I keep what I didn't have? "The law was given by Moses but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." God said to Moses, "Go speak to the rock and bring forth water," but Moses lost his patience like you and I. He took a rod and struck it. The rock, a type of our stricken Rock, had been struck, and could not be smitten again. Moses could not bring a manifestation of the love of God to us. Moses lost his temper. I never ask a man whether he is sanctified. I ask his wife, and sometimes she will say that he is "crankified." Brother LeLacheur used to say, "Be sure you do not shout any louder than you live. If you do you will be found out." Your wife knows whether or not you have salvation. This religion works in the home. It is a practical salvation.

So when Jesus conquered and overcame He went to glory and He poured out the Blessed Holy Spirit that we might be able to overcome. He inaugurated His Church on the Day of Pentecost, poured out His Spirit upon the one hundred and twenty, and He is still pouring it out and baptizing men and women in the Holy Spirit. You see He never intended this world to be moved upon by the Holy Spirit alone. He works in human bodies, and the Scripture distinctly tells us that Christ is the Head of the Church, which is His body. Now Jesus said, "All power is given unto me," and God intends that that power should be in operation from the time Jesus went to heaven until He comes back again. In Ephesians 1:13-14, we read that the Holy Spirit is an earnest, a foretaste of our inheritance.

Now we might ask ourselves the question, How much power did God intend we should have in operation? If we had "all power" we would bind the devil and he could never move again. We have only an earnest, a portion. He sends His ministers forth giving them power to cast out devils. Here is the "earnest." The Lord Jesus tells us that He is coming back and He will cast the devil and all his angels into the lake of fire and brimstone; also the wicked and all nations that forget God. In the last chapter of Mark we read of those that believe "In My Name they shall cast out devils." If a minister of Jesus Christ, in the Name of Jesus casts out an evil spirit, it is proof that Jesus Christ is Lord over every evil spirit. That is the earnest of the "all power" that Jesus has.

We also read in Mark 16:17, "They shall speak with new tongues." Some years ago I was speaking on this subject and I said I believed that everybody who was baptized in the Holy Spirit would speak in tongues, and that if the Spirit of God came into a deaf and dumb man he would speak in tongues, and a brother who heard me said, "I saw that very thing happen at a camp-meeting in the West. There was a man there born deaf and dumb, and when God baptized him in the Holy Spirit he burst out speaking in tongues, and has been speaking ever since." "Tongues" is a reproach; there is always a reproach connected with the cross, but God gave the Pattern on the Day of Pentecost, and He has never changed His Pattern. God has given you and me a will, a choice, and He recognizes

that will and choice. My speaking this afternoon is proof there is a spirit inside this body that is expressing itself through these words and by this tongue. When a person receives the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and something takes hold of his tongue and speaks through him in a language he has never acquired, what stronger proof can you have that there is another Spirit possessing him? It is self-evident. Some one will ask, "What spirit is it?" That is a very important question, and God does not blame a man for asking an honest question. The Lord knew two thousand years ago that that question would be asked, because of the many spirits that are in the world, and He tells us to try the spirits. We read in the Word that every spirit that confesses that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, and every spirit that acknowledges Jesus as Lord, is of God. When you see a person praising the Lord Jesus and magnifying His blood, you will know that is the Spirit of God.

Then we read, "They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." This promise of protection in face of danger is for every believer. When Paul gathered sticks on the island of Melita a serpent fastened itself on his hand, but he shook it off in the Name of the Lord. You take Elisha, when the sons of the prophets detected poison in the pot, Elisha threw in a little meal and God wrought a miracle. God gives us an earnest of these things today. There are many cases on record when God delivered from the poisonous serpent and the deadly poison. "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." Bring your diseases to Jesus, the deadly cancer, the life-destroying tumor. Oh, brother, sister, would a redemption be complete that did not go as far as sin had gone? It would not. The salvation of Jesus covers all that sin has marred. Yet Paul says, "We groan within ourselves." What for, Paul? Are you not saved? "Yes, I am saved." Are you not baptized in the Holy Ghost? "Yes, but many times I am pressed above measure." What for? "Waiting for the full redemption of our body." God wants us to enter into our inheritance here, and like Paul, groan for the full redemption. Not only do we groan, but "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth." Oh the tears which are shed upon this old earth! But some day God will wipe them all away.

How the Lord Satisfied the Hunger for Himself

Winning Souls Among the British Troops

Miss Mary Ayres, Oakland, Calif., in the Stone Church



ESUS said in the first chapter of The Acts, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem"—that is in the workshop and in the office. Some people are ashamed to witness to the power of the Holy Ghost. When they are asked, "What church do you belong to?" they hang their heads and say, "I used to be a Methodist," or "a Baptist." Do not be ashamed. You have the greatest thing in the world. There is a bond of fellowship in the Pentecostal movement that no other denomination has. It is because it has cost us something to be in it. Jesus never asked us to give up anything but He gave us something far better, something that money cannot buy.

Once when I was on board a steamer there were a number of missionaries on the same boat and we went off by ourselves and had family prayers. After about a week a lady came to me and said, "Do you know you Christians have some wonderful power over us." I asked what she meant. "Well," she said, "you know we cannot play cards as we used to do; all you missionaries make us feel condemned." I was glad to hear it. "He that is in you is greater than he that is in the world." Christian people have no apologies to make. I never apologize because I belong to the Pentecostal movement.

When I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost in India it was so wonderful to me I thought they would be delighted when I got back to Australia, but they began to shun me, and the minister said to me, "You have been a member of this church all these years and I would like to take you on the platform and have you pray, but now I cannot because you belong to those people." I saw they didn't want me in the churches, and I asked God to give me another field. Now they are writing, "Oh come back. We did not understand you, Miss Ayres. We did not know what kind of a cult you had gotten into in India, but now the people are coming from England and telling of this mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost, and we believe you have gotten the real thing." The mighty power of the Holy Ghost transforms our lives and gives us power to witness to the saving

grace of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A few weeks ago in Oakland, where we have a Rescue Mission, a young man came up to the altar intoxicated; you would wonder if he understood the message, he was so drunk; he almost fell at the altar. He heard the singing of hymns as he wandered up and down the streets of Oakland, and the hymn that reached his heart was, "There is power in the blood." The next night he came again and then he gave his life to Jesus. He said, "I have a wife and three lovely boys, but I have left them; I left my home. I had a good position, but I ruined my reputation because of drink. Will you call up my wife and tell her I am saved? And ask her to come down to the mission." I wish you could have seen him. He was clothed and in his right mind. When Jesus comes in, oh, what a change! The light of the Gospel shone into his darkened heart. His wife came and after the altar call she got saved. She gave her heart to Jesus and they wept together. The next night he brought his three lovely boys, and they came up and gave their hearts to Jesus. What a reunion!

Then he said, "What is this baptism of the Holy Ghost?" We told him and he came to the altar and cried unto the Lord, and the Lord quickened his heart and life and filled him with the Holy Ghost and fire. The whole family were all baptized in water, and they are happy in the Lord.

When in India I was asked to be an evangelist to the British troops. It was during the World War. I traveled with them from military station to military station, up to the Afghan border, and God wonderfully saved those boys, several hundred of them. Some got the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was an opportunity of a life time to get the Gospel to the soldiers. When I saw these boys getting the baptism of the Holy Spirit, singing and speaking in tongues, I became very hungry for this same experience. It was so wonderful to see them so in earnest. Then orders came for us to leave, the Afghans were coming down through the Kyber Pass, all the ladies were going away and we were obliged to go also. Miss Davis-Colley, who was with me, asked me where I was going. I said, "I am going to Ramabai's to get the baptism of the Holy Spirit." Off

we went. I made up my mind I would pray day and night until I received the baptism. I set myself to prayer and the Lord told me to go to Supa, an out-station some distance away. At first I did not know it was the Lord and refused to go, but He spoke to me again, and I got up early in the morning. The first person I met was Pandita Ramabai, who said, "What are you doing up so early?" I said, "I am so hungry for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, the Lord said I must arise and go to Supa." She said, "There is the bullock and a driver. You can use them." I got into the cart, all by myself, with the Hindu driver. I held on to the cart with my back to the Hindu and prayed aloud, "Oh Lord, I cannot preach unless I have this baptism! I am so hungry!" The old Indian said, "Hold your peace, lady." But I could not hold my peace. When you are hungry you cannot hold your peace. That morning early the Lord spoke to Mrs. Stroberg, saying I was coming for the baptism, so she hurried the Bible women out to the villages. It took me all day to get there, and as we drove up she called out, "Is that you, Sister Ayres?" I jumped out of the old cart and told her I had come for the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

We began to pray and prayed for five days. I slept very little; I wanted that baptism so badly. After praying awhile I said, "Oh, I believe I have the baptism! When I was seventeen a man from America laid hands on me and said, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost' and I was filled with the glory of the Lord and began to preach right away." But I was not satisfied and I cried again to the Lord and said, "Lord, if I haven't the Pentecostal baptism give it to me. Surely I need the floods." I tell you the floods came, filling and thrilling me and I was prostrated with the glory of God. When I was so overcome I saw a vision of my Redeemer on the cross of Calvary, with His arms outstretched, the blood trickling down, sorrow and anguish depicted on His face. "Oh my Redeemer!" I cried, "Did You suffer like that for me?" He said, "Not only for you but for the whole world. And I want you to go to the whole world and tell them I suffered for them." "Yes, Jesus," I said. "I will go anywhere and tell them about You." Then the Spirit caught me up to heaven. I went right up to glory. I did not seem to be on earth, and when I got there I looked around and said, "Where is my Redeemer?" Around me were thousands and tens of thousands of angels and they were all singing. Something began to sing in me, and I sang and

sang in other tongues. I looked again for my Redeemer, but He was no more on the cross. He was at the right hand of the throne of God. The angels were singing, "Blessing and honor be unto Him that sitteth on the throne. Forever and ever!" And we all sang in unison, "Forever and ever; forever and ever!"

While the Spirit was singing through me, the power of God fell on a little girl whom Mrs. Stroberg had adopted and the Spirit of the Lord led her to the veranda. There were some Mohammedans and some Hindus nearby and hearing me they came to the veranda, and Little Jaira walked up and down saying, "Glory to Jesus!" The Spirit of God spoke to Mrs. Stroberg and she went out on the veranda. They said to her, "Listen to that lady singing to her God." Tongues are a sign to the unbeliever. She said, "For nineteen years I have been laboring here, and you people have heard about this wonderful Jesus, and you haven't accepted Him," and God began to work upon their darkened hearts. The next morning a lot of them came and we had a blessed time.

Then a telegram came to me from an officer in command of the army, saying that there was a battalion of soldiers coming from France and asked would I come. I was glad to go now. There were floods flowing through me, rivers of living water, and I longed to preach the Gospel. When I reached Ramabai's I said, "Praise the Lord! The Comforter has come!" I went back to the soldiers with Miss Davis-Colley and they took us to the Flag-Staff House. I no longer felt like a poor missionary to the aborigines. I was endowed with power from on high. Paul said he knew how to abound and to be abased, and I felt I had the same experience. The general's wife came out and the moment she looked at me she felt convicted of being a sinner. She said to me, "Miss Ayres, what have you got that I haven't?" I said, "Oh, I have been in heaven all week. I am so happy I cannot contain myself." That convicted her more than ever. We began to have special meetings with the boys and the Lord saved them by the hundreds. One night after the general's wife had been in the meeting she said to me, "Dear Miss Ayres, I am in great distress." I thought the general must be killed. She said, "After you preached last night I could not sleep." I said, "I thought you were saved." She said, "I thought so, too, but you preached as though I were not." We talked it over, and it wasn't

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Will You Go the Second Mile?

Evangelist Ben Hardin in the Stone Church, April 5, 1929



I WANT to call your attention to the 41st verse of the fifth chapter of Matthew and speak for a few moments on "The Second Mile". I will not take any time explaining about *the first mile*, for I have discovered long ago that it is not very difficult to get people to go the first mile; but I have learned through experience that it is exceedingly hard to get them to go the second mile.

But it is "the second mile" that brings results; it is the second mile that breaks down resistance and reveals Jesus Christ to those who are in need of Him. If you run through the Word of God you will find mentioned some who were willing to go the second mile, and others who refused.

Take an instance in the life of Rebekah. When Eliezer went in search of a wife for Isaac he sat at the well and said, "As the damsels come to draw water I will say, 'Give me to drink and the one who shall say, 'Yes I will give you a drink (that is the first mile) and I will also (the second mile) draw water for your camels,' she is the one on whom God has His hand." It wouldn't be very hard to get some of God's people to give Eliezer a drink, but to draw water for a lot of thirsty camels that could empty reservoirs—well they would say, "We are not called to draw water for camels; our calling is much higher than that." So many are looking for some opportunity to do something for God and they are stumbling over opportunities close at hand. It was *the second mile* that proved to Eliezer that Rebekah was the one chosen of God. There may have been hundreds of damsels who were willing to go the one mile but there was only one who would go the second mile and thereby Eliezer knew that she it was upon whom God had His hand. Unless God has His hand upon you, you will not go the other mile; unless God has His hand upon you this morning you will not go all the way with Him. You look at some one on whom God has wrought a work of grace and you credit it to her natural disposition and say, "I wish I had a disposition like she has. It must be wonderful to be like Sister so-and-so." Beloved, saints are not born; they are made, through the grace of God, and

it takes the work of God in the heart to bring us where He would have us to be. And when you see a life that is rich in Christ you may know that it is one that is simply more yielded to God and one whose heart is more pliable than others. Rebekah said, "I will give you to drink and draw water for your camels also," and as she went that *second mile* Eliezer took his jewels of gold and put them on her. And you remember how she in turn became the bride of Isaac. I believe that is the one crucial test of the bride of Christ, the one supreme test—Will she go the second mile?

Other religious people do not understand why we spend so much time in church. They believe that their obligation is fulfilled when they attend church one morning in the week; some go only once a month and still others go only on Easter Sunday; but when the blessing of God comes and God creates a hunger and thirst within you for the things of God, it is similar to satisfying physical thirst. I have never yet been able to quench my thirst for tomorrow. I have been thirsty and drank until I could not contain another drop of water, but in an hour or two I had to go to the faucet and drink again. Some people amaze me how they can drink a spiritual draft, enough at one time to last them a week or even a month. They do not realize the need of a prayer life. In seeking God they fail to get the experience they are after because they lack the patience to wait upon Him. They are willing to pray the first mile and if they were only willing to stay on their knees the second mile, the blessing would come. If you are going through with Jesus in this day and age it is impossible to do it on the first mile. It is when you feel like quitting and giving up, when you feel you cannot hold on another moment, after everything has given way and snapped within you—it is that *second mile* that holds the glory and the power.

You remember how the vine-dresser prayed when the owner of the vineyard came to the fig tree seeking fruit and finding none. The owner said, "Cut this tree down. Why cumber the ground with so miserable a failure?" But the vine-dresser interceded for the life of the barren fig tree saying, "Lord let it alone this year also. It has failed in its first years, but give it an-

other. Let it alone till I dig around it and nourish it, and then if it doesn't bear fruit you may cut it down." And in that *second mile* the old barren fig tree began to bud and bear fruit. What if that vine-dresser had not gone another mile with the tree? What if his patience had given out like the owner's? Had it not been for Jesus going the second mile you and I would be eternally lost today. It was the second mile that saved us. "*Being in agony*", the Scripture says, "He prayed the more." He had prayed before but being in agony He prayed the more until He sweat great drops of blood. It was not the first mile that brought the bloody sweat but the *second mile*—that caused Him to sweat great drops of blood.

The Scripture says, "Whosoever compels thee to go one mile, go with him twain." I see the folk gathering into the temple and as they come they bring their gifts. Some of the wealthy brought their large checks; all they had to do was to fill out the check, sign it, and then drop it into the temple treasury. Jesus sat over against the treasury and watched without a comment until the widow come with her two mites. If she had dropped in only the one mite, I doubt if Jesus would have said very much about it but she dropped in *all* that she had and it was that second mite that brought the widow more publicity than a million dollars could have purchased for her. The first mite would not have brought the commendation from the Son of God but giving that second mite, put her sacrifice into the pages of God's Book, to be spoken of wherever the Gospel is preached. That widow's generosity is mentioned all over the world because on that Sabbath day, she gave her all.

Take the record given of the man journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho who fell among thieves; they stripped him of his raiment, wounded him and left him half dead. Three men came by as he lay there. The first was "a certain priest" who, when he saw the wounded man, passed by on the other side. Garrett says of him, that he was no doubt hurrying to a conference at Jerusalem, a Ministerial Conference where they were to discuss the subject of How to Reach the Masses. If he had taken time to help this man he might have missed this lecture. And likewise a Levite when he passed along, came and looked on him—willing to go one mile and take a look at this needy case, but like Cain of old in reply to God's question, "Where is thy brother?" replied, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

"But a *certain Samaritan* as he journeyed came where he was." If this Samaritan had stopped here he would have gone as far as the Levite—one mile. But he came not merely to look at him, to see the need of that wounded man, but to meet that need. "When he saw him he had compassion on him. He bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him upon his own beast and brought him to an inn, and took care of him." This is the "second mile", the distance that the priest and the Levite felt was too far to go. While he had gone farther than the others he did not stop there, but "On the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee." I like those words, "*Take care of him.*" Our Good Samaritan, Jesus Christ, not only obligates Himself to rescue us from sin, but goes the second mile and obligates Himself to take care of us.

The Word of God is filled with records of men of God who have been willing to go "the second mile"; men like Caleb and Joshua who said, "We are well able to possess the land"; like Job, who cried, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"; the three Hebrew children who said to Nebuchadnezzar, "Our God will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up"; like Peter and John who answered the chief priests, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

While these have stood out boldly for God and gone the second mile, others have not been willing, as the rich young ruler who came running to Jesus asking, "Master, what must I do to inherit eternal life?" He went the *first mile*. When Jesus said, "Keep the commandments" he answered, "All these have I kept from my youth up." Then we read, that Jesus beholding him, loved him, and said, "One thing thou lackest!" "Rich young ruler, there is one thing lacking in your life. You have never come to the place where you were willing to go 'the second mile'. You ran the first mile well, but refused to go the second." When Jesus said to him, "Go, sell what thou hast and give to the poor"—"Come and start on the second mile, take up thy cross and follow me," he went away exceeding sor-

rowful, for he had great possessions. No doubt he, like many of us, had said time after time, "I'm going through," but when he reached the second mile and saw what it cost, he was sorrowful. The second mile has a cross in it and so

few are willing to take the way of the cross. "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." It is going the way of the *second mile* that will win a lost world to Jesus Christ.

God in the Farming Business

"He Shall not Fail nor Be Discouraged"

Sermon by Evangelist William E. Booth-Clibborn, Clackamas, Oregon



IF YOU will turn with me to the Epistle of James, 5:7, you will find the verse whereon I shall pivot my message: "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receives the early and the latter rain."

The first word that strikes us is "*husbandman*." This is another word for "farmer." This text tells us that God is the Farmer who waits for the precious fruit of the earth. One might ask, Why is God running this world? And the answer is, *that He might get the precious fruit*. I have had many ask me if it is a paying proposition; it seems to them as if the whole world is given over to wickedness, and they imagine that God may not be able to make ends meet—that it will not be a successful business, but let me tell you that God is on the throne and He knows what He is doing. ~~THE DEVIL HAS NEVER SLIPPED ONE OVER ON HIM YET.~~

God is after fruit, and just as the farmer finds the soil unwilling to produce so God finds the human race. The Heavenly Farmer finds unwillingness, rebellion and hindrances. Nevertheless, He goes at it with a will. There is sin, degradation, sorrow and misery evident on every side. Not many are surrendering their hearts to God and living for His glory on His farm, but He looks at it the way all farmers do. Ask them and they will tell you that there is a great deal that is unpleasant, wearisome and very trying. There are many weeds to be dug out, stones that come up to the surface and are constantly strewn about; old stumps and roots that have to be dug up, gathered into piles and burned; great rocks underneath the surface crop out here and there.

Then, what about the *tares* which the enemy has sown so liberally and universally? Then, too, there are some parts of the ground that are not fertile, yet the farmer works the field and sows the seed, hoping in spite of poor ground that he

will get some fruit. So in God's field, tares and weeds of every description have spread in every direction; people have grown up to curse God, to waste their days, spend their lives in sin, degradation and positive wickedness; yet God is making this world-farm successful.

I was in Saskatchewan, Canada, one day, visiting a friend, and I saw something I had never noticed before. Sitting by the window I looked out on the field and I saw something peculiar going around and around and around. "What is that?" I asked my friend. He answered, "Don't you know? That is what we call the Tumbling weed. It is the greatest curse that we have in this country." Then he explained that this weed spreads all over, has a short little root that does not go far into the ground, but it becomes quite a little bush. In the autumn it withers quickly, and its seeds hang all over it, dried up, ready to be sown. Then a puff of wind comes along and the little root loosens from the ground; shaped like a ball it goes tumbling around all along the fields, sowing its cursed seed as it travels. The strong winds of the plain drive millions of these wretched tumbling weeds before them across the land. The Canadian farmers heap them up and set fire to them.

I thought of the sinner. How many go about this world like tumbling weeds! Blown by an evil wind they sow their wicked deeds and actions to the cursing of God's ground. Yet with all this, as the farmer keeps on raising his crops, so God goes ahead with a glorious work on His farm, in spite of hindrances. Oh Satan has the *tares* growing all around! Then there is the *rocky ground* that will not produce; the *thorns*, the *briars*. Then the *stumps*. No doubt God sometimes gets irritated, like the Arkansas farmer, with some old stumps around which His plow has gone quite awhile. He puts a few sticks of dynamite under that stubborn, unrelenting stump and up it goes. So the work continues and God calls us who are His children to lend a reaping hand. The fields stand ripe to harvest, but the laborers are few, and whatever the work He bids

you to do, do it with your might.

This farming business has something in common with the miner's job. A surveyor has asayed the ground. The mining magnet overlooks the land from a high spot. You stand beside him dumbfounded at his proposition. "What?" you say. "Surely you are not about to remove that mountain? It will change the looks of this beautiful country. Besides, what is the sense in moving all that dirt, tons of debris, rock and earth? Why it is foolish!" "No," says the surveyor, "you are the foolish one. We understand our business. We have the report that there is so much gold in every ton of dirt in that hill and we will level it to the ground." So in a few days everything is on the move. The pick and shovel army are at work, the shafts are being driven in the ground, derricks erected, and great masses of matter handled. Great rocks are blasted and all that dust and commotion for just a little gold in that big mountain.

Jesus sees the gold in this world and He is running the great concern just to get out a few nuggets here and there. He is digging them out and getting them polished for heaven. Hallelujah! So the whole world runs and the million wheels of industry turn and all the commerce and transit of this modern civilization continues, to fulfill but one purpose, that God might get His gold. I suppose when He can get no more gold He will close up the business. This world will come to an end, and that time is drawing very near.

And so, as the farmers till the soil and plant the grain, our great Husbandman toils and tills His field, removes the weeds, throws away the rocks, and runs a successful business in spite of all the pests, the ground-hog, the moles and all the crawling and creeping nuisances that tunnel and uproot the ground of our lives and damage the crops. He knows that He will reap in the coming great harvest time, for "The Lord, Himself, shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: so shall we ever be with the Lord." Hallelujah!

One day a big sinner, a brazen-faced fellow, came up to me and said, "What is God running this world for, anyhow? Looks to me like He is in a losing business; seems like hell will win out." And he smiled. Well, I did not have to

wait a minute to answer him. I had it on the tip of my tongue. "Listen, friend," I said. "God will have more people in heaven than the devil has in hell, by far. I am here to tell you that you are wrong. God is in a thriving business." "Well, I don't see how you make that out," he said. "You don't see a lot of things the way you will see them," I replied. "Don't you know that of all the babies born to the human race, one-half have died before they reach the age of accountability, say six to ten years old? All those babies went straight to heaven. They already comprise half the human race. You see they have never had the Gospel preached to them, have never heard the truth, therefore will not be damned. So at the beginning God gets half of humanity. Besides, Jesus said, speaking of the children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Then of the other half which live and form the population of the earth, God gets a great many more of the grown folks than you imagine He does. There have been hundreds of millions of Christians who belonged to the live baby half of humanity, who died victorious and have gone to glory. So the dead baby half is already in heaven and a good part of the live baby half. Do you see?" Well, I had him cornered. "Does the Bible teach that?" he asked. "Why of course. God is not in a losing business."

So, my dear friends, let us rejoice that we are on the winning side. Let sinners put on their big a-i-r-s. Let them look as if they knew it all, brazenly endeavoring to make us think that we are in the minority. Don't let them intimidate you. If they become over-bearing and proud just ask them if they knew they were in the minority and Christians in the majority. It will bring them down more quickly than anything else. No, God is not running a losing business nor a bankrupt farming concern either. God is coming out on top. Let the devil and all his imps hear it. Hallelujah! It fills my soul with gladness. Let hell open its mouth wide to swallow its trophies; heaven has prepared for the bigger majority. Sinner, you are in the minority.

The next thing that strikes me about this text is the word "rain." Ask the farmers if they can run their business without rain. Great regions which have been prosperous are now uninhabited and forsaken, burning deserts, because the climate changed and the heavens refused their rain. Many is the deserted farm across the country that for lack of rain has been dropped. Noth-

ing can be raised without rain; no wheat, nor corn, nor oats nor the beautiful barley, for in order to accomplish anything in farming, we must have plenty of sunshine and rain. To have no rain means a curse, and we would have to give up. Away out in the center of North Africa the great Sahara desert spreads unendingly for hundreds of miles; nothing but sand hills, ever-changing, driven by the winds. To cross this desert is to face death. Great caravans prepare along the coasts for the journey southward. Some have never reached their destination. Others, with ranks depleted, have arrived more dead than alive. Often they meet with the great sirocco, a violent wind. They see it coming afar; the skies are darkened with great clouds of sand. The camels kneel, the men put cloths on their faces and lay down flat on the ground. After lasting sometimes more than two hours, the terror passes over. Then they count up the damage the storm has done. Some camels have died of suffocation, some of the men have choked to death in the blistering, hot winds. Thus all over the world great expanses of ground are cursed for lack of rain. And so with the work of God, where once there was a flourishing, fruitful, blessed, perpetual revival, now all is withered, parched, and burned. It has dried up *for lack of rain*.

What a difference rain makes! How it transforms the ground and turns the wilderness into a paradise! When the sun cooks and bakes the earth as an oven, the farmer watches the sky for clouds of rain, and when it doesn't come he is a ruined man. One hot, blistering day I was in South Dakota, and as I stood beside a farmer who was a Pentecostal brother, overlooking a great wheat field worth thousands of dollars, he burst into tears and wept. "See!" he said, "it is turning to rust." Right there before his eyes the field was ruined within a few hours and all his hopes for a great crop were dashed to pieces. I will never forget the sight nor what he said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" I wept with him.

Oh, for the sound of a little shower! Oh, for the sound of a blessed, God-sent down-pour! How many a field in the work of our God has been lost for lack of rain! We need to pray for "rain" above everything else in the world. When the heavenly showers come no more then souls are not getting saved nor filled with the Holy Ghost. Beautiful, young lives are destroyed. On every hand boys and girls are wandering away,

crowding the picture shows and the abominable dance-halls. Worldliness and backsliding set in, in spite of our best efforts, all for lack of rain upon the parched ground. Brother, it is useless to work without rain. Oh we must have it!

The farmer can plow, he can harrow the ground, but his labor is all in vain without rain. It is the same in the spiritual realm. We can preach, we can pray, we can testify and witness night and day, but if the rain doesn't come all our work is in vain. God is the Farmer. He Himself waits patiently for the rain. We are co-workers with Him and must pray that He send the rain. "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every-one grass in the field." Here is the promise, "*for every one grass in his field.*" Oh God, give us a people who will pray for rain!

Fine sermons will not bring a revival, nor great campaigns. What is a wonderful organization, a big choir, an orchestra, without rain? WE NEED RAIN! We need rain on the preachers, rain on the platform, rain on the prayer-meetings.

If it is sin that has caused the rain to be withheld from us, as in Bible times; if it is because of our worldliness, foolishness, insincerity, hardness of heart, that the heavens have become as brass above our heads, then let us confess, let us repent, so that every hindrance be removed and the copious floods of rain come down upon us from above.

The next words that strike us in our text are, "early and latter." What do they mean? Well, God runs His farm by a certain method. To make this more clearly understood turn to Deut. 11:10-15, where we will find that God promised the children of Israel rain in due season—at the beginning when they were planting their fields, and at the end when they were reaching maturity. Everything found in the Old Testament is a picture of the spiritual truths in the New. That is, in the Old Testament things are portrayed on a natural scale while in the New Testament they assume a spiritual meaning. In the Old, God had a natural people; in the New, He has a spiritual people. They had a natural kingdom in the Old; we belong to a spiritual kingdom. They came into God's family by natural birth; we by spiritual birth. They had natural promises; we spiritual. They inherited a natural land, Canaan; we are on our way to a heavenly land. They went through a natural wilderness; we are walking through a spiritual wilderness, the world about

us. They crossed a natural Red Sea; we have spiritual Red Seas. The natural cloud overshadowed them; we are baptized in a spiritual cloud, the Holy Spirit baptism, and so we could go on indefinitely.

So the manner in which they did their farming in the Old Testament and received the early and the latter rain in one season, is a perfect picture of the way in which God today is watering the earth with spiritual rain from the day of Pentecost until the rapture. The "early rain" fell upon the early church with all its consequent revival and power, and resultant conversions of millions to God, while Christianity still kept its primitive and pristine purity; whereas the "latter rain" is falling in these last days, since the time of the Reformation and is now being out-poured in generous showers, restoring the faith delivered unto the saints and bringing back to us all the things which the church had lost and which characterized its beginning.

In between the early and the latter rain is the arid, dry time when the ground was parched and vegetation tried to the limit with the heat and dearth. This, spiritually, is the season of decline that came from 300 A. D. to 1500 A. D., in which the true faith almost disappeared from the earth and every false, unscriptural and idolatrous practice was indulged in; when the Roman hierarchy reigned supreme over the nations of the world; when a man could not call his soul his own and the reading of the scriptures was unknown among the common people.

It was no wonder that in the days of the Children of Israel they became the richest nation on earth. *All their farmers had their rain guaranteed.* Providing they would obey God, keep His statutes, and harken to His voice, He promised them rain. Why, any one with God as a partner in his farming business might become a millionaire in a short time, and so they became rich, with the commerce of the whole world passing through their country. Their ships reached the ends of the earth, and silver and gold in the central city became as common as stones in the pavement. So Christian work today, with God as our Partner, should be a phenomenal success. He is the Husbandman and we are tilling the fields for Him. He has promised the rain and what is best of all, we are living in the time of the latter rain. The rain is falling as never before over the whole earth. In the last twenty years well above three million have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It is easier to get saved today than it

ever was before because God is cutting His work short in righteousness and promises to do a quick work in the earth at the end. God is pouring out His rain. The farming business is easy when there is rain and so revivals are easy when God's rain falls upon them.

(Continued from page 13)

long until she fully accepted Jesus Christ as her Savior. She went around and told others about Jesus, and God wonderfully began to work. When Miss Quitsch and I were in England some time ago, I happened to have the general's address and he invited me to bring my co-worker to their hotel, and I again met his wife, still saved.

When the Lord baptizes us in the Holy Ghost, rivers of living water flow out from our innermost being upon the thirsty and the needy all around us.

(Continued from page 5)

filled and as many as could see gathered about the door, listening in awe and wonder. For half an hour or more we verily were in the presence of a prophet, as the Lord rebuked the people for idolatry, ungodliness, and all their vices until there was no ground for hope left anywhere. The Lord continued to talk through the boy, 'I, the Lord God, have all authority in heaven and on earth. To Me every man and every demon must give account. I know all about every one of you. I know all your sins. There are fifty-six of you living in sin here tonight. Repent tonight and I'll forgive you.' When the prophecy was finished and the boy sat down there was not a move or a whisper. It seemed to me that every person must know that God had spoken. When the Lord spoke saying that there were fifty-six there bound by the devil and sin, one of the boys carefully counted those outside our own Christian boys and there were just fifty-six there. Nearly all had come in while the boy's eyes were closed.

"Many held up their hands saying they would repent and accept the Lord. Some were unmistakably touched, yet so thoroughly are these people bound by Satan that scarcely any of the same people came back the next night. We know that while some will believe and be saved, the multitude will not believe, even if the Gospel is preached in power or though one rose from the dead. We are more than ever face to face with mighty powers of darkness, and we need prayer day and night that we may possess all the land into which we have entered."

Saved through a Song

E. M. Scurrah, Box 2925, Cape Town, So. Africa

In a recent issue of The Evangel there was an invitation given to anyone who had been helped heavenward by the Ministry of Song, to write to The Evangel about it. So I am praying that the following words may be useful to Him and the souls that He has made.



ONE beautiful quiet summer evening many years ago I was walking down State Street, St. Ignace, Michigan, to seek my sinful pals. I was deep in the clutches of the enemy, yet I was conscious that the Angel of His Presence was oh so gently trying to open the Ivy-covered door! I had, however, not up to that time taken the slightest step toward God and good things. In fact I seemed to be getting harder. The evening was particularly quiet and few were on the street. This was strange to me at the time, but after considering what followed I found an explanation for the hush that rested upon the main street that night in the fact that the angels were fishing for a never dying soul—and hush was timely!

Suddenly the strains of a beautiful melody fell upon my ear and it being most unusual for sacred music to be heard on State Street, I halted and looked here and there to locate it. Not finding it I continued on around the bend, when to my delight the full volume of the sweet song, carried by a gentle breeze along the water's edge, burst afresh upon my poor sinful heart like a voice from above. In stately solemnity the words poured forth

"One Sweetly solemn thought, comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer home today than I have been before.
Nearer my Father's House, where many mansions
be,
Nearer the Great White Throne, nearer the crystal
sea!
I'm nearer home today than I have been before!"

But I cannot participate in that song, I argued with myself. I cannot address God as my Father, I cannot call heaven my home. I have no part in this for I am a sinner on the way to hell and I know it; yet how inexpressibly sweet those words sound to me tonight! What is the meaning of it! I will follow on and find where this song is coming from; and the second verse of the song began—

"Nearer the bound of life, where burdens are laid down,
Nearer to leave the cross, and nearer to the crown!
I'm nearer home tonight than I have been before."

The tempter was walking close at my side,

and in my heart raged a battle of right against wrong, when HARK once again ran the words of the song:

"Be near me when my feet, are slipping o'er the brink,
For I am nearer home today, perhaps than now I think!
I'm nearer home today, than I have been before."

The deep rich bass voice died away into silence, and the swish of the shore was all that was left. I finally reached the place from whence had come the song that had so stirred my soul as nothing had ever done before in my life, only to find that it had been a new record on a giant gramophone, played in front of a new cafe by way of advertisement. It seemed all the more remarkable that the man who was the manager of the place was about as godless as any in the city, and that he had chosen a sacred record for his advertising scheme. Receiving me with a glad hand he asked me if he could have another record put on the gramophone for my entertainment, to which I replied quickly "Yes, please put that sacred record on again!" "One sweetly solemn?" he queried, with a significant twinkle in his eye. Little did he realize the storm that was raging in my breast at that moment, and how deeply stirred my conscience was with regard to the question of sin and its remedy. I stood listening to the solemn record with profoundest attention, and it would have taken little to make the tears to start, but I was shut-in with my thoughts. A movie film was passing before my mind's eye, screening the picture of the prodigal before my deeply contrite heart.

When the record was run I thanked him and stepped out into the night and made my way down State Street, there to endeavor to forget it, or bury it in a sea of liquid fire. But life never was the same again. He who had sung his solo Sunday after Sunday in the churches of that city had been arrested by the Heavenly Police, and in the desperate struggle of those days suicide was suggested as the only way out, by the captain of my ruin. Here the sweet Spirit of the Lord saved me by His grace and informed me that He had something far better than that for me. I did not surrender to the Lord at that time, but conviction seized upon me with a desperate clutch and from bad to worse I went. Becoming almost irresponsible

for my conduct I went up into the Marquette country to get away from evil companions and booze, but conditions being against me I raced in the opposite direction and took apartments in Detroit. Again by a wild orgy of pleasure and profligacy I tried to stamp the voice that haunted my steps, out of hearing, but

"Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?

If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there! If I make my bed in hell behold thou art there! If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea—even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.

"If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me—even the night shall be light about me—the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee!"

Marriage was then contemplated with a daughter of Tyre—but He who knew that my goal would soon be God, did not permit it to come off, and in the midst of strange happenings the angel of the Lord stood beside my bed and drew a picture of my wrecked condition in such awful realism that when I awoke I heaved a frightful

sigh of relief that it was "only a dream."

But God was in the dream, and do what I would day and night that terrible picture stood before me. Frightened, baffled and discouraged, and hunted like a hare I fled Detroit in wild despair, but I was nearing Home. Finding myself in the City of Toronto just before the great outpouring of the Holy Spirit in April, 1906, I was cornered by the Secret Service Men of my Father's Kingdom and there brought to justice. I made a clean breast of the sin question. My heart broke, and the fountains of the great deep broke up and the tears began to flow, first in penitence, then in joy. My wanderings were over. I was justified, sanctified, and satisfied! My chains fell off. The booze devil moved out, the sinner was vanquished and I was free!

And I am still free, and all because of a song that warbled its Heavenly Message into my hungry soul, AWAY UP ON THE STRAITS OF MACKINAW!

What if They Had Quit?

C. K. Ober



BEHELD in my dream, and five men—Peter, Andrew, Matthew, John and Paul—sat on a hillside, looking out over the Sea of Galilee.

It was twenty years after the "Day of Pentecost," and they had met by appointment to talk over a crisis in the lives and programs of three of their number.

The work was going hard with them. Paul had suffered the loss of all things; Peter had left all to follow Christ and was finding it hard to support his family; and Matthew had just had an attractive proposition at a large income to return to his old place in the custom house.

Peter, as usual, opened the discussion. He said, "Simon, the tanner has inherited the estate of his brother who was a fisherman and an old friend of mine in Bethsaida, and he has offered to give me a complete fishing outfit, boats, nets and tackle, with an established trade in Capernaum. It looks like a providential leading, especially as my wife's mother has opened a boarding house in Capernaum and it will cost us almost nothing to live with her while we are getting started again. I can make a good living and a little more, by fishing five days in the week and I will have all my Sundays for evangelistic work in the cities around the lake. I am getting along in years and am afraid I can't stand the pace at which I have been working. And then too, I need the money."

Paul said, "Aquila and Priscilla have been greatly prospered in the tent-making business in Ephesus and have offered me a position at a good salary, to open a branch in Philippi and from there to develop and supervise their interests in the principal cities of Macedonia. I can do this work; it will not be any harder for me than the care of all the churches and I will have abundant opportunity for Christian work and can lay by a little something for the rainy day which I can see is coming."

Matthew said, "My story of the life of Christ is having a large sale and is bringing me in enough to pay my expenses, but my business experience tells me that I ought to have a larger margin. Persecution may come and sales would fall off. I have a chance now to take my old position and I know that I can make enough out of it not only to support myself and family but to take care of the rest of you if you should get into trouble. And then too, I will have more leisure for writing and can probably help the cause more in this way than by traveling about the country."

Andrew said, "Peter, do you remember the day when you thought that you had lost your wife's mother? Do you see that sand beach over there? That is where we beached our boat after the miraculous haul of fish and where we quit the fishing business, and where the Master said,

'Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men.' How long a time is 'henceforth'? Do you see that hillside over there? That is where the Master fed the five thousand and I can see the very spot where the lad stood when I asked him to give up his lunch for the Lord to multiply. Don't you remember the look of compassion and longing on the Master's face when He looked out over the multitude and asked us to pray that laborers might be thrust forth into His harvest? If we are going to continue to pray that other men rise up, leave all and follow Him, can we do less?"

John, who was leaning against Peter, felt a big tear fall on his hand, and looking over to Paul, he saw his jaw set, the old fire come back into his eye and the old war-horse look into his face, and he quietly said, "Men, I don't think we need to talk about this anymore; let us pray." And as they prayed the things of time and sense receded; a light breeze rustled in the nearby treetop, reminding them of that "rushing mighty wind" of the day of Pentecost, and of the marvelous power with which Peter had preached the Gospel on that day; they seemed also to see the Master Himself standing on the shore, just a few rods away, and to hear Him saying to them again, "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught," and "Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

They looked, and the evening caravan for Tyre was just swinging into sight. "Good-bye" said Paul. "I must catch the next boat for Ephesus and I will get Aquila to put up the money for a campaign in that old city that will shake the whole of Asia."

"Good-bye" said Peter. "Andrew and I will just say good-bye to the folks and we will have time to join the midnight caravan for Babylon, and may keep on East as far as the land of Sinim."

"Good-bye," said Matthew. "There is a group of publicans down in Jerusalem who were going in with me on this tax-gathering proposition, but I will get them to join me in financing a five years' campaign to Egypt and up the Nile as far as Ethiopia. I have heard from the Ethiopian Treasurer that practically the whole country is open to us and he believes that all Ethiopia will soon stretch out its hands unto God."

"Good-bye," said John, and he sat there alone till the stars came out and the waves on the

beach, impelled by the rising wind, sounded like the voice of many waters, and he said to Him that stood by, "Lord, do not charge this thing against them. I have felt that way myself at times, as Thou knowest, and I would have left this work but for the fact that Thou didst prevent and strengthen me. They too are ready to live and die for Thee, as I am."

"I thank Thee for Andrew, for his deep life and steady faith. If it please Thee, let him stay and work with Peter and then the one who can chase a thousand shall put ten thousand to flight."

"And now, Lord, let us see Thee ever before us, ever hear Thy voice and walk and work with Thee and we will not fear what man can do unto us."

A sudden storm broke over the lake and I awoke, and as I thought upon the dream I heard the voice of a modern John calling to me out of his rich experience:

"Go labor on, spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?"

"Go labor on, 'tis not for naught,
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises, what are men?"

"Go labor on while yet 'tis day,
The world's dark night is hastening on,
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won."

"In Breaths Off"

JUST a little glimpse into the hardships in West China is given by one of our young missionaries, William E. Simpson, who has left all to give the Gospel to the Tibetans. He writes from his station, Labrang, on the Tibetan border, under date of April 2nd:

"In November last I went down to Minchow, which is five stages southeast of Labrang, to lay in a supply of flour and other things which were practically unobtainable here in Labrang. I expected to be gone only a month, but the remnants of the defeated Mohammedan rebels who have laid waste half of this province arrived in Minchow while I was there. The people were panic-stricken but we trusted in God and He protected us and all on our compound. Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property was looted, but we were not touched."

"When things had somewhat quieted down we started out on the return journey. But we had come only half way when the Moslems again overtook us at Taochow Old City, where we were held up on account of them for a month. They massacred several hundred innocent people,

burned about half a hundred villages and looted whatever was of value in the homes of Tibetans and Chinese before they had to retreat before the advancing armies of the government. Their only road lay towards Labrang and so I greatly feared for this place.

"Before they left Old City their commander-in-chief promised me that he would protect our people and property here, but his word went the way of many another for Moslem promise. When I was finally able to return I found that the rebels had occupied the compound during their stay here. They had smashed quite a number of doors and windows, taking whatever was of value to them and broken many things that they did not think worth taking. They had threatened with death my two workers who remained here, but God spared their lives. We lost several hundred dollars worth of personal property, most of which was a real necessity. But we could still praise God that He had spared our lives and kept us. We still had the flour I brought up from Minchow and the clothes on our backs. It was a lesson to us to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods. And compared to what some of the people have suffered and are yet suffering, our losses were indeed small. When we think of the thousands and perhaps millions who have nothing to eat, no home and next to nothing to wear, and are gradually starving, truly we have an abundance for which to be thankful.

"In another month, D. V., I hope to be able to start out again to itinerate among the nomads to the west and southwest. It is not God's will that we should stop to consider our losses but that we should go forward in the short time remaining before He comes. Pray much for us as there are many seeming impossibilities, and the robbers on every highway are worse than ever.

From Our Letters

"DO you love only girls?" asked a little boy of Mrs. Vetter, in El Tocuyo, Venezuela. They had taken in little girl orphans, and others are asking to come, but lack of funds prevent them from doing as much as is in their hearts to do. "How long must we wait?" they ask, and tho it is heart-breaking to refuse, until help comes for the enlargement of the work, they cannot take in more. The little boy asked if he might come and live in the Children's Home, and they are hoping that God will open the way for them to take in boys.

* * *

From the famine stricken area in China Miss Brann writes of days filled in service for the

needy: "Today has been filled as usual, women bringing their children for miles saying, 'Can you not take in this one?' The last woman came with a charming baby girl of two years, not yet weaned, but we could not take her in for it would take almost the last straw which comforts the mother's heart. 'We used to be well off' went on the sad voice. 'My husband has been taking opium until he has sold our houses and land, our first little girl married off too young. I have some one to take the 10-year-old boy and I beg of you to take my baby so I can find a home. 'How glad I was to be able to give her some money to go back to the old grandmother's home and all would be able to eat a little longer.

"I wish you could see the dear little girls we have taken in—little underfed bony things! Many of them have had their first bath in all their lives! They run up to me and show me their white hands and clean faces. When we first take them in they sit and watch the other girls play and we see they have no strength to enter into the games. I was passing thru their play yard the other day and saw a few sitting like old women and I asked one, 'Why do you not enter the game?' The little wrinkled face looked at me thru eyes so sad and said, 'It makes me tired.' How thankful to the Lord we are for the gifts which you have sent enabling us to feed them. We wish that you could see them develop . . . These little ones have found what is heaven to them because your gifts have reached us in time to save them from being sold as babes to lives of hardship or perhaps lives of sin.

"I took in seven more today (Feb. 21st); simply could not refuse one boy who led three little ones twelve miles (or carried one most of the way). We had to double up as we did not have enough bedding prepared. One of the tiny tots here less than a week, was asked, 'Don't you want to go back to your home?' 'Me!' she said. 'No, I'll never leave here. Do you think I want to eat any more chaff?' We had to put two to bed today while the women patched their clothing. We simple cannot get cloth and cotton together fast enough."

* * *

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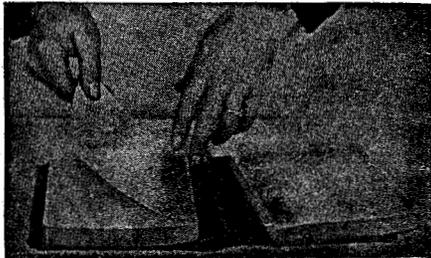
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