



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

The Hidden Ministry

I DO not know who opened wide the door
 And made the stable rude a welcome place.
 I do not know who gave the humble meal,
 Nor can I in the Scripture find a trace
 Of those who laid the straw which made His bed.
 But this I know, that those who served that night
 In hidden ministry so simply sweet,
 Were amply blest, and in fair heaven's sight
 They really served, for God the Father saw
 And He was pleased. And they so little knew
 That in their tasks the highest service gave,
 Because their hearts were right and motives true.

I do not know who opened wide the door
 The night the Wise Men came to seek the Child,
 But someone flung it wide and stood behind
 To hold it, while a light so soft and mild
 Could flood the darkened way to guide them in.
 He only stood behind nor shadow made
 To blur the radiance he sheltered there—
 In holding wide the door he gave them aid.
 I do not know the stable's size or shape;
 There was no earthly minstrelsy to sing;
 The stable rude, because it held the Christ,
 Was turned into the throne-room of a King.

—J. W. F.

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

The Three Foolish Things God Used - - See Page 11

The Latter Rain Evangel

Published Monthly by
The Evangel Publishing House
18 W. 74th St., Chicago
Anna C. Reiff, Managing Editor
W. E. Booth-Clibborn, Field Editor
Miss Rose Meyer, Assistant Editor

Entered as second-class matter, April 8, 1909, at the Post-office, Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price

**TO ANY PART \$1.25 (5/6s) per year in advance
OF THE WORLD 65c (3s) six months in advance**

Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. Send drafts, express money orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. Foreign Countries send international money orders. Do not send personal checks unless 10 cents added for exchange.

Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly get permission from the Editors.

A red cross on your wrapper signifies that your renewal has been received.

A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

Table of Contents

THE HIDDEN MINISTRY.....FRONTISPIECE
FATHER MARTIN'S CHRISTMAS..... 2
WRAPPED 3
NO ROOM IN THE INN..... 4
CHRISTMAS IN INDIA..... 7
WHEN A DEVIL DOCTOR BECAME CONVERTED 9
SALVATION IN THREE FOOLISH THINGS..... 11
TROPHIES WORTH WHILE..... 13
A VISION OF HEAVEN AND HELL..... 15
KARP 19
KIDNAPPED BOYS RETURNED..... 22
WHEN GOD HALTED GAMES..... 23
FROM OUR LETTERS..... 23

Father Martin's Christmas

NOT long ago there lived in the city of Marseilles an old shoemaker, loved and honored by all his neighbors, who called him "Father Martin." One Christmas Eve, Father Martin, who had been reading the story of the three Wise Men who brought their gifts to the Infant Jesus, said to himself:

"If only tomorrow were the first Christmas Day and the Saviour were coming to this world tonight! how I would serve and adore Him! I know very well what I would give Him."

He arose and took from a shelf two little shoes. "Here is what I would give Him; my finest work! How pleased His mother would be! But what am I thinking of," he continued, smiling, "does the Saviour need my poor shop and my shoes?"

But that night Father Martin had a dream. He thought that the voice of Jesus, Himself, said to him, "Martin, you have wished to see Me. Watch the street tomorrow from morning until evening, for I shall pass your window. But you must try your best to recognize Me, for I shall not make Myself known to you."

When he awoke the next morning, Father Martin, convinced that what he had dreamed would surely take place, hastened to put his shop in order, lighted his fire, drank his coffee, and then seated himself at the window to watch the

passersby. He had often seen the picture of Jesus in the churches, so he felt sure he would know Him when He went by.

The first person was a poor street sweeper who was trying to warm himself—for it was bitter cold.

"Poor man!" said Martin to himself. "He must be very cold. Suppose I offer him a cup of coffee."

He tapped on the window and called to the man, who did not have to be urged to accept the steaming coffee.

After watching in vain for an hour Martin saw a young woman, miserably clothed, carrying a baby. She was so pale and thin that the heart of the poor cobbler was touched and he called to her. "You don't look very well," he said.

"I am going to the hospital," replied the woman. "I hope they will take me in with my child. My husband is at sea, and I've been expecting him home for three months. I am sick and haven't a cent."

"Poor thing!" said the old man. "You must eat some bread while you are getting warm. No? Well, take a cup of milk for the little one. Come, warm yourself and let me take the baby. Why! You haven't put his shoes on!"

(Continued on page 21)

Wrapped!

Mrs. N. E. Lincoln



EARLY two thousand years ago Bethlehem's Chanters with heaven's perfect harmony in their song, heralded the birth of the Babe, whose coming changed everything. His Coming met the longing and needs of humanity.

Few among men were conscious of the mighty happening, but all heaven looked reverently on as God sent His Son—His Gift to the human race—"wrapped" in flesh. Deity born of a virgin! Divinity enclosed in a casket of clay! Crowded into narrow quarters He who had previously inhabited Eternity! One of the Godhead Three, cramped, confined and hindered by the limitations of a human body, He who was the Creator of all things.

No wonder it is written of Him that He humbled Himself; that He *emptied* Himself and made Himself of no reputation! Yea, at Bethlehem, Deity descended into humanity, when the Babe fashioned in Jewish garb was born of the virgin, for "He took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham."

While wide-eyed animals, housed under the same roof, looked silently on, Mary "wrapped" the Babe in swaddling clothes and gently laid Him on the straw in the manger.

O Bethlehem, in thy lowly midst the Word became flesh to dwell among men! The impassible gulf between God and man was spanned when the Great Creator came to be our Savior.

The Shepherds, with the first Christmas Anthem still ringing in their ears, said one to another, "Let us now go, even to Bethlehem and *see*." Perhaps they expected to see a similar display of glory and the supernatural as they had seen in the heavens while out in the fields, but the Godhead was "wrapped" out of sight—completely disguised—and all that they saw within the rude enclosure was Mary and Joseph and the Babe. *But* as they testified of what they had seen and heard, God opened their eyes and they beheld in the wee infant in the manger, "the fulfillment of prophecy, the charm of Eternity, the Dignity of Deity, and the needed Revelation for Humanity."

Come, let us go to Bethlehem and "see" the humility, sacrifice and love there portrayed. Then our human pride will have to lay its head in the dust and our human ideas of honor and pre-eminence will have to be reversed.

Behold the simplicity that surrounds the Babe! Said A. B. Simpson, "Surely if God had wanted to equip His Son on His long and distant journey with all the luxuries and comforts with which we provide ourselves, He might easily have done so; but a village stable and a manger bed were sufficient for Him who made all worlds and owns the wealth of the universe. May God teach us at this time to empty ourselves of needless things; to leave some of our baggage behind and to transform it into food for the hungry and missionaries for the heathen." Amen!

In Luke 23:53 we read that Joseph of Arimathea "wrapped" the body of Jesus in linen, and Nicodemus sprinkled the spices. With their broken hearts and tear-bedimmed eyes they perhaps could not then see in Him

the Resurrection and the Life, nor the Conqueror of death and the grave. Nevertheless He was! It was Deity in disguise again! God "wrapped" up in that bloody, mutilated body, just waiting the hour to burst forth in Resurrection Glory.

The supreme lesson of Christmas is the indwelling Christ. He that was born into our nature that first Christmas night must be born into our hearts and lives by a personal incarnation.

"Tho Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If He is not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn."

In other words, God waits to be "wrapped" up in us, for "The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands," but "Ye are the temples of the Living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them."

What marvelous words are these! What radiant prospects—indwelt with God! "Life throbs with powerful possibilities when Christ comes in to reign."

"Christmas Day repeated daily in human lives; Christ reborn—reincarnated in lowly hearts and yielded bodies!" Deity "wrapped" in mortal man, living, working, walking, glorifying Himself and accomplishing holy purposes. Deity in disguise again! What a miracle! What a sublime mystery! Beyond comprehension and beyond all human ken!

No Room for Him in the Inn

Nations, Hearts and Homes Crowd Jesus Out Today

A Christmas Sermon by Pastor Ben Hardin



OUR lesson this afternoon is found in the first fourteen verses of the second chapter of Luke. You have heard this story so many times but I trust it is just as precious now as the first time you ever heard it. I want to call your attention to the seventh verse, "And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."

This seems so strange. The Jews had been looking for the promised Messiah for four thousand years and when He came there was no room for Him excepting in a stable, down among the cattle in the stall. I do not know who occupied the inn that night, crowded out the Son of God and forced Mary to retreat into the stable and lay her first-born child in the hay, but I know that all down through the years of time Jesus has been crowded out of lives on this earth. They call England and America Christian nations but I wonder, were Jesus to come tonight, if He would find anymore room under existing conditions, than He found when He came as a Babe to Bethlehem 1900 years ago. There is less

space for Jesus on the earth today than for anyone else. If you pick up the newspapers you will find they have space to write about everybody but the Son of God. Do we read much about the things of God in the daily papers? Very little. In all the Christmas rush is there very much room for Jesus? Little indeed. How many in their busy hours have taken time to stop and think much about the things of God?

"No room for Him in the inn." It is a sad picture but it is still true today and we seem helpless to change it. No room for Him in the stores; no room for Jesus in the home and alas, no room in the church. Some of the churches are so busy with cantatas and socials that even *there* there is little room for Jesus. There is so little that warms the heart and brings the tear to the eyes; so little that makes one determined to live closer to Him; there are things that appeal to the intellect but little that touches the heart. Jesus has been crowded out.

I once read of a religious conference to be held in one of the Western cities and they had announced that a very noted speaker would be present to address the Christian workers. With great expectation they were looking forward to this man coming and everyone wanted the honor

of entertaining Him. Several volunteered but the members of the church decided that their homes were not just suitable and they said, "We must not take a man with the reputation he has to any ordinary home with meagrely furnished rooms and just common everyday things." So it was arranged that Sister So-and-so should take him into her home since she had plenty of money and a beautifully furnished home, and the other members of the church would entertain the less popular Christian workers. The night before the conference came and early in the evening a little old-looking man went up to one of the member's houses and rang the bell. He said to the lady, "I am one of the delegates to this conference and I wonder if I could have a room here." She said, "I am sorry but we have very little spare room and I have made arrangements to take someone else. Perhaps my neighbor across the street will have a room." So he went over there to ask if he could have a room, but she replied, "Our rooms are all spoken for." And she directed him to another home. When the lady answered his ring he said, "I understand you are a member of the church which is having a conference. I am one of the Christian workers and I wondered if I could have a room here." She answered, "I am sorry but I do not have any room." So finally he went to the railway station and slept there all night. The next day, to their amazement, they found that the most noted speaker had arrived the night before but he had been turned away. They had all been preparing to entertain celebrities and had no room for common-looking folk. The one who had made every possible preparation to receive this noted man had turned him away and finally he had to spend the night in the station. This is a true instance and it is exactly what they did to Jesus.

For hundreds of years they had been making preparations for the Messiah; a great company were watching for Him. He came of lowly birth, ate with publicans and sinners; was crucified among criminals; He was buried and rose again and ascended into heaven and His own people, the Jews, are still looking for Him to come. They didn't recognize the King in the lowly Nazarene. They turned their backs on One who had been born in a stable. I can imagine poor Mary's feelings when the critical time came and she needed a room so badly; the only reply she got, was, "We are sorry, but this is the big day and everything is crowded." And finally Mary had to find refuge in a stable; and there among the

friendly cattle she brought forth her first-born child. How that stable must have shone with the light of heaven as she laid the baby Jesus in the manger! As she brought forth that child the heavens opened and the angelic chorus rang out, "*Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.*"

Oh how the world has crowded out the Lord Jesus Christ in all her celebrations! God wants us to throw open the doors of our hearts and welcome Him there. He said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." All the nations have had their notables and are proud of them. Italy had her Garibaldi and they speak of him today in great pride. France had her Napoleon and she doesn't fail to boast of him; Germany had her Bismarck and she glories as she remembers his statesmanship. America had her George Washington and she boasts with pride of the father of her country. These countries all have their heroes as individuals but the message at the birth of Jesus was not, good will to America, or to France or to England, but *good will toward men.*

They tell us that in Madras, India, there is a little chapel with the upper outline of a cross, and in the transverse ends of this cross there are two nail-pierced hands; the skin of one hand is brown, representing the brown people of India, and the other hand is white, representing the white race. The thought is that Jesus died for all nations, and that is made known by the inscription which was written over Jesus Christ on the cross, which was in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. He didn't die just for the United States of America or for England or France but God so loved that He gave His Son for the whole world. This Good Tidings which we preach is for all nations; the red, the yellow, the black and the white are all precious in His sight. He came to save the world.

"For there was no room for them in the inn." The antichristian spirit is at work today just as in the First Century. The antichrist of the Jesus Christ of Christmas is Santa Claus. Children are being trained to believe in the myth of Santa Claus and many of them would have the surprise of their lives if they heard that it was the birthday of Jesus which was being celebrated. The antichrist of Easter is the Easter egg and the bunny and the majority do not know that on Easter we celebrate the resurrection of Jesus. And in our Christmas rush everything is done

to push Jesus back and bring everything but Him to the front. Many churches today are celebrating Christmas and speaking about the Babe of Bethlehem but many of the singers and the speakers have never known this Jesus; there are ministers who preach about Jesus and they too have never known this One of whom they speak. They may know a great deal *about* Him but oh what a difference it makes to *know* Him! I know considerable about President Hoover; I read about him in the papers and have seen his picture but I do not know him. But I can tell you many things about Jesus which I have never read in the Bible, for I have an intimate relationship with Him as with no other person.

"He speaks, and the sound of His voice,
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing.
And the melody which he gave to me
Within my heart is ringing."

Let us push everything out and make room for Jesus. Let us throw open the windows of our lives and bid Him come in.

When Colonel Lindbergh came back from his flight across the Atlantic, I was in Washington, D. C. the day of his arrival and I remember well how the entire city was decorated. Thousands upon thousands of dollars were spent for the celebration. When General Pershing returned from France great sums were spent in his honor. When a nation's hero returns to his own country the entire nation comes out in holiday attire; people are crowding every space to see him; the cities are beautifully decorated and there are parades and public demonstrations and speeches. When Queen Marie of Roumania visited America she was entertained in every city with parades and celebrations; and the same is true of the Prince of Wales, but when the Son of God, Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world, came to earth there was no welcome for Him. He was just a humble carpenter's Son, not clad in purple or ermine robes but He walked up and down those streets and roads with sandalled feet and the commonest kind of apparel. He Himself said, "They that wear soft raiment are in king's houses." He moved up and down through Jerusalem longing for someone to throw open the door for Him and say, "Spend the night with us," but the night came on and He slept out in the open unnoticed and unmissed. One evening He walked out on the mountain side and as the lights of the city began to glitter through the night He looked down over Jerusalem and said, "I know I am not wanted. I know I have not been missed. O Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are

sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, and ye would not." She knew not the time of her visitation.

And this is true of us today. How many of us do not know when Jesus comes our way: We fail to recognize Him. We read that when Mary brought Him to the temple Simeon gathered Him into his arms. He was a man of God and had been waiting for Him and prayed again and again, "Lord, don't let me die till I see Him," and when Mary brought that little bundle of life in her arms Simeon was satisfied and he said, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." But while Simeon and Anna rejoiced over this advent there was a certain man, Herod, who was very much troubled, and the question he asked himself over and over again was, "What will He do?" This same Jesus who came to earth with a message of peace also brought trouble to some hearts. And today houses are divided against each other because of His coming; husbands are divided against their wives, and children against parents. He has come to set a household at variance one with another. Why was Herod troubled? A man who lives like Herod lived always becomes troubled. When Jesus begins to work many people get disturbed; they are not living right and if they get too near where Jesus is, it causes them much discomfort. Old Herod became very nervous and troubled and finally he said subtly, "I would like to worship Him also. Where is He?" And he bade the wise men to inform him of His whereabouts.

These wise men brought their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, to Jesus. Truly they were wise men for any man who seeks Jesus is wise. Some attributed their knowledge of the birth of Jesus to the fact that they were astrologers but we know that they were students of astronomy and they had observed a peculiar star in the heavens. They were called wise men because they had a higher education than the average. So these wise men came bringing their gold and other gifts as thank offerings from the different nations. Is it not strange that these nations which sent their gifts are the very nations we are now trying to Christianize? the very people to whom we are telling the Gospel? What happened to them? What brought about the change? They crowded Jesus out and when He went out they drifted into paganism, heathenism and darkness. When Jesus is crowded out there is nothing but darkness, but thank God, we

can make room for Him. Some one has said that the roomiest place on earth is a man's head. Carnegie's skull was large enough to accommodate a square mile of steel mills. Think of a man getting a square mile of steel into his brain. Columbus had sufficient room in his brain for a new world. Wilbur Wright took the sky into his brain. Isaac Newton had room for the universe, for he discovered the law of gravitation. We have some brilliant men today; men who have studied and are masters at their arts and yet with all their roomy minds they do not have even a little corner for Jesus. God said, "Not many high or mighty after the flesh are called" because He knew they would have no room for Jesus but He said, "I will take the weak things" and so you and I have made room for Jesus. The world cannot understand us but God is confounding the wisdom of this world and the truly wise man today is the man who starts out to find Jesus.

The story is told of how during the great World War a heavy fog had settled down on the battle field in France. The allied forces and the German army were in a deadly combat. They had been fighting very heavily when suddenly a little child toddled out from one of the isolated houses on the battle-field. One of the soldiers leaped from the trenches and gathered the little one into his arms and as he did so the firing ceased. Not one of the soldiers fired a gun;

not one of them wanted to be responsible for killing that babe and so in the midst of a deadly struggle, the appearance of that little babe brought peace for a brief space of time. Sin occasioned a rupture between us and God but when Mary brought forth her first-born and laid Him in the manger that Babe of Bethlehem was a Peace Bringer, and thank God, we are not in a warfare against Him tonight. We are no longer enemies but are reconciled through the blood. The Old Testament closes with the word, "curse" and for four hundred years there was silence between God and man until the message came from the angels, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace." The silence was broken when the Christ was born. No longer curse but peace.

Today we do not have to go to Bethlehem to worship Him and give Him our gifts. So many times I have said, I wish that I might have gone to Bethlehem and brought Him some expensive gift; I would liked to have brought Him a costly alabaster box and poured the precious ointment over His feet, but such a privilege is not ours. Today He is anointing us, pouring out the Holy Ghost who will abide with us forever. This same Jesus is coming again. No need then to bring Him your frankincense and myrrh, for He is not coming to be cradled in a manger. When He comes again He will come as King and will reign upon the earth.

"Tho Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If not born in thee, thy heart is still forlorn."

Christmas in India

Miss Bernice C. Lee



CHRISTMAS! How the very word thrills us and our hearts are warmed and kindled as we dwell upon all this sacred season has meant to us from our earliest remembrance. But did you ever stop to think that where there is no Christ there is no Christmas? Can you picture a land where, instead of the chiming of Christmas bells, the singing of Christmas carols and the voices of happy little children telling the Christmas Story, there are only the sights and sounds of heathenism,—grim poverty, unhappy, loveless lives and where, instead of adoring worship of the Christ Child, there is a bowing down to gods of wood and earth and stone? Ah, how diverse the pictures: Christmas!—Heathenism!

Yet, listen! Long, long ago, upon the ears of a little group in Galilee, there fell the gracious words from the lips of One who was born in a manger, who had lived and loved and suffered

and died, and who was now, after His awe-inspiring resurrection about to ascend to the Father, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations . . . and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." And from that time on they have gone,—these and other children of His and they are telling, telling everywhere the Story of Him who was born on Christmas Day and that Story has been lessening the darkness in heathen homes and today, and at this Season, in China, in Africa, and in Japan as well as in dark India, the Star of Bethlehem has arisen, and to those who sat in darkness and in the region and shadow of death, light has sprung up.

Let us together go for a visit to one of these lands and get a little insight into what it *has* meant where the Story has been told. Come with us to India and let us touch a little of the life there at this Christmas season.

Nestling down amongst the graceful bamboos

and the beautiful, old mango trees with their friendly shade, are the little villages,—oh, so many of them, dotted here and there throughout the vast district. In plain sight of many of them, standing in the midst of wheat and rice and dal fields, is the Mission House. What a wonder has this always been to the simple-hearted folk around! And now there is something unusual on hand, for the Christian's "*barra din*" or Big Day has come and there has vaguely entered the minds of the people that today there will be giving and receiving—how significant the truth! And so from the very early morning hours the Mission compound is crowded with the old, the young, the blind, the lame, and the missionaries have much to do to meet the demands. Into the little chapel crowd the people,—screaming, pushing, fighting and it is a long time before the semblance of order can be secured. Yes, this is a day of giving and first of all the gospel songs are sung and the Christmas message proclaimed. Then follows a scene such as those in the homeland know nothing about. At the doorway are placed great bags of rice, dal and salt. With the most strenuous effort the crowds are kept in line and as each individual passes through the door a portion of the grain is placed into a bit of clothing held out for the purpose. Oh these poor, suffering, soul and body-starved people! How they tug at one's heart strings and one understands just a little, the meaning of the words, "And He had compassion on the multitudes!" Thus all day long the missionaries minister and when night falls, although there are weary bodies, there are glad, restful hearts, and all is committed to Him who knows and loves and cares.

But there is another glimpse into this interesting life which we would like you to have, so come with us to the Leper Home, at Uska Bazar, North India. Here is gathered a company of people who have been redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus. They have come from various parts of the country; some have travelled far, and for what purpose? They have heard that there is to be found love, comfort, care. There are lepers with great, gaping ulcers, and how they have suffered! but God has been at work and they are finding relief for body, soul and spirit, and now many of them are singing the praises of Him who has called them out of darkness into light. Then there are happy care-free children, dancing and playing about with the joys of childhood. These have been God-given treas-

ures and are dear to the hearts of the missionaries. At one time they too, lived in heathen homes and knew nothing of the joys that now are theirs at this happy Season. Others there are, dear Indian families who have come to know the power of His redeeming love and are today Christians, walking in the light of His Word.

For many days and even weeks before Christmas the Mission compound is the scene of much activity, for Christmas with us has gotten to mean a very great deal and there is much to do. To the market place we go and there purchase cotton which must be fluffed in readiness for the warm comforters that will be given out as gifts. Oh, the busy days that follow as every individual works away at the appointed tasks, for to make seventy and eighty comforters, when all is so crude in that land, is no small task, and all the while this is only a part of the many preparations which must be made. There are shirts for the men, jackets for the women, dresses and little garments for the little ones, and besides all this, the cooking and the planning of just how the day shall be spent. The people in all the surrounding villages will be looking for some kindness from us, and we look to Him to help us make the Day all it should be.

Christmas eve has come and we all retire, weary with the tasks, but happy in the love of Jesus whose Birthday we are to celebrate on the morrow. Just as the midnight hour arrives, we are suddenly awakened by the sound of singing and lo, as we listen we hear the voices of our dear lepers, and what is it they are singing? "Glory to God in the highest,"—all of course, in their own native tongue, but oh, how sweetly it falls upon our listening ears, for there comes to us, not only the sound of their voices in this beautiful Christmas hymn, but the glorious realization that they have caught the thought of Christmas; that all our teaching of the previous months and years has not been in vain; they too, have learned to GIVE and are demonstrating it by rising from their sleep in the chill of the midnight hour to give us of their love in the singing of Christmas carols! Our hearts are thrilled and we rise from our beds and throwing on some wraps, go out to extend our Christmas greetings and thank them from the depths of our souls for their love. Our eyes are wet with tears and we look up and humbly thank Him for His goodness to us in giving us these precious souls.

What a joy it is, as the day comes on and the activities begin, to see the change which is so

manifest in the faces of many! Oh the stories that could be told of how they have come to know HIM and we feel no one was ever so privileged as the missionary! It is a Christmas indeed for us all!

Then there are the children,—these not lepers, but glad, happy little ones who are from babyhood, learning to lisp His Name and now that Christmas has come they also are ready with their hymns of gladness and praise. All day long there is so much for all to enjoy and as night comes we gather in the chapel where a tree has been decorated with gifts of our own making as well as toys from kind friends in the homeland, and it is just not possible to describe the happiness on these bright, brown faces as they clasp one after another of the simple gifts, simple but useful, and when the wee tots drop off to sleep, holding tightly in the tiny brown hands some loved treasure, there isn't a single doubt in the minds of one that this has been a good Christmas Day and that it has all been worth while!

It was at Christmas time that a few of our dear lepers took their stand for the Lord Jesus and while there had been no hesitancy in the hearts of a number there still remained one dear woman who was a bit undecided. Prayer was being offered on her behalf and we could only await the working of the Holy Spirit. When the morning dawned, bright and clear and we walked to the little chapel, what a joyful sight met our eyes! There, seated with the other

candidates who were to be baptized, was this one and as she sat beside her husband, ready to go with him into the life that was so new, we could but breathe our loving gratitude to Him who had wrought so wondrously, and trust Him to do yet more marvelous miracles of grace. Not long afterwards this same woman said, with a smile upon her face, "Since Jesus lives in our hearts we do not quarrel as we used to do," and it is indeed manifest that He has wrought the change.

Yes, the Story of the Star and the Cross is assuredly being felt in the midst of heathen darkness; little by little "the gospel is winning its way." The Christmas seasons as they come and go, bring us proofs of His divine working and within our hearts there arises a glow of hope and faith—a light like unto the shining of the Star so long ago—and the daily tasks are glorified and the glow of His presence spurs us on to more faithful, consecrated effort, for "the night cometh when no man can work." We feel, and by the eye of faith, seem to pierce into and beyond the present darkness to the day of His appearing. The mists, the clouds, the shadows shall soon all flee away and we shall be in the presence of Jesus, King of Glory. What joy then to present unto Him some from every tribe and nation to lay as trophies at His blessed feet! What ecstasy it will be to stand before Him with all of His redeemed and "Crown Him Lord of all!"

When a Devil Doctor Became Converted



TONIGHT my soul rejoices in the Lord because He has called me into His service. There is no place on earth I would rather be than telling the story to the dear African people. When I left America the last time I received a call to the Hooyah tribe. In these tribes each village has a population of from twenty-five to several hundred. So we have a parish of several thousands. Before my first furlough I visited this tribe, and it was then the Lord laid a real burden on my heart for them. God gave us a blessed time on that visit of a few weeks, and I shall never forget the day the chiefs, the king, the women and children followed me and begged me to come and work in that tribe. They wept and wept and said, "Won't you come back to us in six months?" That was impossible, but I promised them to come to them when I returned.

I came to America not knowing that I should ever return to Africa, but such a burden was laid upon me for these people. I saw these villages day and night and the darkness in their lives. The word "Hooyah!" "Hooyah!" kept coming to me over and over again, and as the Lord increased the burden I said, "Yes, Lord, I will go."

I was so happy the day I landed at Cape Palmas, Liberia. When the Hooyah people heard I had arrived they sent a delegation down to meet me. They said, "We have been praying all these years that you would come back." No wonder God spoke to my heart. The chief had gathered the people in day after day, and they prayed, "Lord, give us a teacher. Give us someone who will teach us God's Word."

It was in November that I arrived and that year the Chief asked the other missionaries to

come to Hooyah to have the Annual Convention. I remember how Miss Nygard lived in a little hut, Mr. Perkins in another little hut. We had three services in a bamboo hut, and that night a woman named Rebecca who was afterwards saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit, had a dream. She saw herself being led into the water (though she had no light on water baptism), felt herself being immersed and came out of the water rejoicing." So she said to me, "Cannot I be baptized. God showed me how I come out of my old life and into a new life." I shall never forget when she came out of the water. Right there on the rocks she was prostrated under the mighty power of God. She goes everywhere preaching the Gospel, but especially is she a prayer-warrior. Her husband was a very wicked man and when he saw that she was saved he said, "I cannot let you live with me. I be a devil man and you a good woman. The devil man and good woman cannot live together." She came to us and we took her in. We have redeemed her. Her husband has two other wives.

They built me a little mud hut and I settled down there to be their missionary. The town people built a church to accommodate about three hundred people. While we were building that chapel the old chief would come in and say, "Miss Erickson, I have great joy. I believe God will work. Every time we put a stick in that building I pray God will save plenty people and fill plenty people with the Holy Spirit." It was just a rude structure but the Lord met with us in a wonderful way. Thank God the power of God is the same all over. It doesn't take fine buildings. Many precious souls were saved in that building including the chief himself. We have now sixty boys and girls and a large mission town. Among those saved recently was a devil doctor. A devil doctor is one who is a mediator between the people and the devil. He makes ju-jus and they are supposed to be endued with power from the devil. The people believe if they wear them they will be protected from sickness and delivered, or have power to be a good hunter, and many other things. This devil doctor had deceived the people for many years. One morning he said, "This time you must come to my town; come and burn up that medicine." We went that afternoon. The boys went into his house and carried out all his idols, pieces of monkey skin, and an innumerable number of things that were nothing, but to them they meant a great deal; the heathen knew no better than to worship these things until

we told them of the true God. The whole village turned out and the man stood forth and gave his testimony fearlessly. He said, "All this time I deceived you people, but now I know God is the true God and I give myself to Him." We went outside the town to burn the things and there was a great fire. The power of God has been on this man several times and we believe he will soon be filled with the Spirit.

We prayed that God would save people in the heathen village, and one night we heard strange sounds. It wasn't the tom-toms; it was something altogether different. It sounded so sweet. It doesn't take long to distinguish heathen sounds from godly. They were having a prayer-meeting. The revival started there. Two boys had learned the songs and began to sing them, and as they sang conviction started among the women. They joined these boys in song. They called on God, and cried "God save us," until the house was filled and many got saved. The following night the meeting began again and many were saved, among them a chief who also received the baptism of the spirit. We heard their testimonies as they came to the church on Sunday. The day after the first meeting Chief Tablur said, "I got good news for you. Last night God held meeting for town. Nobody do something but God. He do something for our town and He hold meeting there."

Tablur knows what it is to trust in God. He was called by several chiefs and kings and punished. He was not guilty but he spent the night in prison and in prayer. When he came to us later he said, "God have power." Then he told us how God delivered him from wicked men. I praise God for the simplicity of the Gospel. It works wonders in the lands of darkness. *Miss Ruth Erickson at the Chicago Missionary Rest Home.*

* * *

On Sept. 25th John Juergensen was married to Miss Nettie Grimes. He writes of two remarkable conversions in their work at Nagoya City, Japan. One man who had heard the sermon on Sunday and read the tracts handed to him came and said, "Teacher, what must I do to be saved? I've been so wicked, disgraced my family and relatives. What must I do?" The way of life was pointed out and he went away rejoicing. A week later another man was convicted as he listened to the message. He said he belonged to a prominent church but had never been saved. He found Jesus in the little mission.

God's Plan of Salvation in Three Foolish Things

The Manger, the Cross, the Empty Tomb

Harry Lindblom in the Swedish Gospel Tent, Aug. 21, 1929



UT GOD hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things which are mighty; And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence." I Cor. 1:27-29.

I wish to speak tonight on three foolish things; first, the manger, second, the cross, and third, the empty tomb—Bethlehem, Calvary, and the cemetery near Calvary. The first place we visit tonight is the manger at Bethlehem. If you would understand the *wisdom* of God I would call your attention to the manger; if you would understand the *love* of God, I would point you to the *cross*, and if you would learn of the *power* of God, I would direct you to the empty tomb.

Ever since the fall of man angels have been looking into the plan of salvation, wondering how God could redeem man. They saw the beautiful creation untouched by sin; they saw fallen creation, man in darkness; man in sin and the forces of death at work in his being, and they wondered how God could fulfil the promise made in the Garden. Peter says the angels throughout the past ages have been endeavoring to inquire into the mysteries of salvation. The angels with their holy minds could not understand how God would redeem fallen humanity and bring the universe back to the place it was in the beginning. However, very soon God sent the law into the world, and angels looked on as God Himself stepped down in person on the smoking summit of Sinai and wrote upon tables of stone, four commandments regarding Himself and six regarding humanity, establishing a perfect relationship between man and God and between man and his fellow-man. The angels thought, "Here is the remedy. If they obey the law they will escape eternal torment." And they rejoiced as Moses walked down to the waiting congregation. But he found that congregation dancing around the golden calf, and enraged he threw down the tables of stone and they have been broken ever since.

In the fullness of time a couple came to the little stable in Bethlehem. They had come up to be registered for taxation, for Augustus Caesar was taxing the whole civilized world.

Here was the birth of Jesus, and the angels seemed to catch the meaning of the birth, for they sang a song they had never sung before, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will to men." And one of their number spoke to the frightened shepherds, saying, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you 'is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." The *sign* was that He should be lying in a manger. That was God's method of bringing the Redeemer to this earth. He wrapped Himself in human form, that is God in the flesh. So I want to direct your attention to the manger. Let us walk very reverently to that manger. You will find a very chubby, red-faced babe, but in that little form of life are all of the riches of the Godhead in bodily form. You will find wrapped up in that form of life God's Word, God's message, God's love, God's power—in that little new-born infant in the manger is all of God's redemption plan. That is God's way of helping suffering humanity, of bringing the earth out of bondage of sin and shame. So I step up to the manger and I see peace, I see joy, I see pardon, I see lost life brought back to this earth, for when Adam sinned he lost spiritual life. But now, in the fullness of time One came through whom we might have life, and life more abundantly. So in that manger I see restored life, I see God's power, God's favor. I see God in the flesh. That is His way.

So Jesus came, and you and I had better do what the wise men did and acknowledge Him King, for He is coming to be King. And before Him every knee shall bend and break and bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord of lords. That day is coming, and I'd rather confess Him now. You and I from the day we are born begin to die, so God sent down divine life, and when we let His life come into us we have eternal life. "He that hath the Son, hath life."

Jesus lived here for thirty years. God did that to show the world, to show the devil, to show the angels that He could redeem man. I am glad that little Babe was not born in a palace but in a manger. Who could despise a new-born infant? I know there are unnatural

conditions today when mothers give birth to children and leave them on doorsteps, but that is unnatural. While you and I are standing at the manger will you not wrap your arms of faith and love around that infant Child Jesus, who came to destroy sin, and thank God that He stooped so low as to leave none out?

The second foolish thing is *the cross*, which is a stumbling block. Thinking people say that the cross cannot help anything, that it is foolishness; the Christian says it gives us a crown. The cross is an emblem of suffering and shame. The perpendicular means God's will and the horizontal, the cross piece, our will against God's. That brings suffering and sorrow every time. The cross has suffering and shame and sorrow with it.

Nations lie in ashes that one time were at the pinnacle of prosperity. We will find a Babylon in ruins; we will find a Nineveh in ruins. I can take you to the grave-yard of many nations that are in ashes and ruins, but above all God's cross towers high. The manger tells me there is life in a little package ready for delivery, suitable for your heart and mine. I tarry at Calvary for awhile. One side is as black as can be, the sin side of the cross. It tells me of the horribleness of sin, the wickedness of sin, when men can go so far. They can take the holiest thing that ever touched this earth, God's own Son, and they can nail Him to the place of a cursing. That tells me that mankind is deep in sin. His feet always went on errands of mercy, His hands lifted up in blessing. He sought nobody's wealth or money, nobody's honor or place. When the carpenter's Son walked down through the carpenter shop at Nazareth you could hear His walk all over the world.

There is a white side to the cross. It shows me God's love. The cross reveals not only man's sin but God's love, for where sin abounded, grace abounded yet more. I believe we should have it fixed that God hates sin. We have lost our fear of God, thinking we can do anything and get by with it, but God hates sin so much that He gave His Son to destroy it, and if you will not separate yourself from sin the heavy hammer of judgment will fall. God says, "Confess your sin." Put it away. Let the blood cover.

A young man committed a crime and was sentenced to be hanged. Because his mother was a Christian the folks got together to try and save the boy for her sake. They got up a big petition and took it to the governor, and when he

saw that roll he said, "That old lady has some friends. I will make inquiry and see what kind of a boy he is." He dressed himself up like a merchant and went to the penitentiary, and as he entered the cell of the boy he said, "Young man, I would like to talk to you." "I do not care to talk to preachers," said the boy. "All right," said the governor, "I will go." After he had left, one of the keepers said, "What did the governor say?" "Governor?" said the boy in amazement, "I thought that was a preacher." "Did he give you the pardon papers?" asked the keeper. "Pardon papers? Why man, did he have pardon papers?" He sent word to the governor, and begged to see him; the governor said that a young man who spoke like that to one who came to help him was not worthy of a pardon.

Jesus died on the cross for our sins. He offers us pardon, and all you and I have to do is to accept it. Calvary tells me that God loves me. Calvary tells me that God has pardon for me, and if I do not spurn His overtures it will be mine for time and eternity.

The third foolish thing I wish to speak about is the empty tomb. Someone said, "Christianity is based on an empty grave," with the emphasis on the empty. That is more than any other religion can boast of, for the grave could not hold our Lord. It means a resurrected Savior. The greatest power in the world sent her soldiers to watch the tomb upon which she put her seal, but no power on earth nor in hell could keep our Lord in the grave. Some of our higher critics are looking at the napkin. When Mary came and they showed her the napkin, she said, "I do not want the napkin. I want Jesus." The higher critics are concerning themselves about the principles of Jesus, the mannerisms of Jesus, the sayings of Jesus, but they will not believe in the Diety of Jesus.

The manger tells me of new life in this world, the cross tells of life taken away, of tested life. Jesus was tested in everything at Calvary. He stood the test and the empty tomb tells me that the life in the manger was God's life. The greatest proof of the incarnation is the resurrection. The crucifixion means nothing if we do not have a resurrection. These foolish things represent the wisdom of God, the love of God and the power of God.

Jesus is out of the grave. That tells me that after the world had done all it could to destroy Him—they had put their spears through His side, they had driven the nails through His hands

and feet, they had pressed the thorns on His brow, and after they had murdered Him, after the devil had tortured Him to the last degree, and they had sealed His body in the tomb, then God brought Him forth from the tomb. That speaks to me a lesson: When sin has done all it can to wound your conscience, weaken you physically, and deaden your hopes, and the devil chases you around like a dog chases a cat, and tries to destroy you, God will bring you out of the tomb. If you are here thinking "I am nothing" that is the person whom God wants to help. If you are in the tomb, I want to recommend the power of Jesus. He will take you out and put you on the other side of the grave. Come to Bethlehem and you will have life. Come to the Calvary of life, and though wounded and torn and consigned to the tomb, if you have the Christ-life within you, you will rise again.

A mother sent her boy to the Civil War when Lincoln issued his famous call for soldiers. The lad enlisted and during one of the battles was wounded and taken to the enemy's hospital. The mother said to the father, "I think I will go and try to find our son. He is wounded." The father said, "It is a hopeless task. You cannot get to him as he is in the enemy's hospital." But she went to Washington and going to see that kind-hearted man, the President, she said, "They won't respect my authority, Mr. Lincoln, but couldn't you give me a pass as far as your authority goes?" He said, "We will secret you through, but there is a place out there called No Man's Land. We have our sentinels; they have theirs. No man dares to cross that line." "I will cross it," she says, and goes into No Man's Land. She hears the sentinel call out, "Friend or foe?" She says, "I am a mother from the North seeking her son on the other side." He said, "Halt, or I will shoot." Then mother

moves on. "Halt! or I will shoot," again he calls out. The third time he cries to her to halt, but she moves on. He raises his gun to fire but God paralyzes the trigger. She goes on and reaches the hospital. She goes to the room where is a form covered by a white sheet. She kneels by the side of that bed, and ere many minutes have gone the young man turns and says to himself, "Seems to me I hear mother's voice." He falls off half unconscious. The mother goes on praying. Again he thought he heard his mother's voice, and seeing the kneeling form he said, "Mother, are you here?" "Yes, I am here, my son," she said. "How did you come?" he asked. "Didn't they shoot at you?" "I think they did." They said they would. "How long can you stay?" "Until you are well and I can take you back home." The mother nursed that boy until he was discharged from the army. And when the first troops of that broken army were swinging down Pennsylvania Avenue, Lincoln, who with his cabinet were viewing them, said to one, "There is the woman who came to me. She has her boy. When the parade is over have her come to me." He had her tell her story of how for love of her boy she had dared to enter the enemy's ranks.

Jesus Christ, for love of humanity, dared to enter the enemy's ranks on this earth that He might bring us, wounded and torn in the battle of life, to Himself. Satan aimed his deadly shots at the Lord of glory as He trod the perilous road from Bethlehem to Calvary, but God's wisdom and love carried Him through from the manger to the cross, and the exultant cry "It is finished!" told that salvation for man had been accomplished. God's power burst the tomb, and our Lord having finished His work went back to glory. And "because He lives we shall live also."

Trophies Worth While in Western China

Mrs. Mary B. Lewer, Wei Hsi, Yunnan Province, in the Stone Church



WAS brought up in a very quiet church and never knew what it was to give a testimony, yet after I surrendered to the Lord and was baptized in the Holy Spirit I was never able to keep from witnessing for God. After I received the Baptism of the Spirit the Lord opened up the way for me to go to China and I went, the Lord supplying my need. After studying the language in the city of Yunnan the Lord gave me a companion and we went into the far interior. Mr.

Lewer and I heard there were places which had never heard the name of Jesus, and though it meant hardship and trials, we went forth and the Lord was with us. We went along the borders of Tibet, and had the privilege of going out into the street and preaching to the Tibetans, telling them the blessed story of Jesus. We were there covering a period of nearly two years, and while there a precious baby boy was given to us; but after nine months the Lord saw fit to take him.

I praised God for the one soul, a Tibetan girl that the Lord gave us at that time, even though it meant great hardship and sorrow. She had wandered over the mountains and had gone without food many times, bowing down before idols and praying to them, going to the priest and spending her money in search of peace. But she was not satisfied and when she heard the Gospel she quickly accepted Jesus. We thought at first that it was too quick, but God had truly saved her and she is our Bible woman today, preaching the Gospel and being wonderfully used by God. One day she said to me, "Did your mother know about Jesus?" "Yes," I said. "And your grandmother and grandfather?" "Yes," I answered. "Then why did they not come and tell us?" she asked. "When my mother died she said, 'The way is so dark. I am going into utter darkness. I know not where I am going.'" Then she told me that when her father died he said, "My little girl, I commit you to my Heavenly Father." There is a possibility of his having heard a little about the Gospel, but she knew nothing more. With a hungry heart she started out to find the true God and in her search she found us.

Then the Lord led us to Wei Hsi, Yunnan Province, and there we found many hungry souls. One teacher as he was reading the Word of God over and over again, felt it gripping his soul. There is nothing like the Word of God to get hold of the heart. One day he informed me that he read all through the night until the roosters crowed in the morning. Then we knew that God was speaking to him. Later on, on a day when we were having special services he came and knelt at the altar, giving himself to the Lord. Another old man who was strong in the religion of Confucius, accepted the Lord in his old age, but he was rather slow in consenting to be baptized. We asked him if he saw water baptism in the Word, and he said he did, but still he hesitated. Finally the day came and he decided he would be baptized. When we were at the river and others were being baptized he was standing on the bank, and as it came his turn he gave a leap into the river. The pastor got hold of him and baptized him, but later we learned that he understood water baptism was to jump into the water and when he was nearly gone the pastor would rescue him—that to him was dying, being dead to the world, and that is why he hesitated so long.

Not only has the Lord worked in Wei Hsi, but also in the mountains, among the humble

tribal people, the Lisu tribe. One man about forty was eager to learn about the true way. He had heard there was a possibility of learning of the true God across the mountains and he started out, but when he came to a certain village they discouraged him and he turned back. The second time he started and again someone discouraged him. The third time he thought he would go across the trail so that he would not meet anyone by the way. He came to the house of a woman who was a Christian and said, "Do you know the true way?" "Oh yes," she said, "we know about Jesus," and she told him the story of the Gospel as best she could, and told him how happy they were. So he went back to his village accepting the truths of the Gospel. We praise the Lord for the tribal people. When they hear the truth they are so eager to tell one another, and so it was spread over the mountains. This man sent for my husband and they held meetings in the barn. His father turned to the Lord in his old age and said, "Now I am not afraid to die because I have found Jesus as my Savior."

Two years ago my Bible woman and I traveled over the mountains. We do not have trains or automobiles in those isolated places, but we have horses and mules, and when we go up and down the mountains the only thing you can do is hold on. If you *hold on* tightly the horse will take you over the mountains no matter how steep they are, or how high. We held services in the little log cabins; we have no beautiful churches but the people build log cabins and there we worship the Lord. When we arrived at one of these log cabins we heard them singing the praises of the Lord. The cabin is built in a place where, eight years ago, they were dancing to the devil and knew nothing about Jesus. In this very grove they had idols and worshipped the devil, but now they worship the Lord. It seems as if the very trees praise the Lord and clap their hands because the praises of God are sung in these mountains. This man of whom I spoke, who read the word all night, was the means of the gospel coming to that place. As my Bible woman and I went down the mountain side we came to a little log cabin where we retired for the night. We carry our own bedding on these trips. The next morning we were awakened by the prayers of the people and singing the praises of the Lord before they had arisen. They do not have comfortable beds but sleep on boards by the fire.

(Continued on page 21)

A Vision of Heaven and Hell

Rev. Robt. Young



WHILST residing in a British colony, as a Wesleyan minister, I was called one evening to visit Miss D., who was said to be dying. Mrs. Young, by whom she was met weekly for religious instruction, feeling a deep interest in her spiritual welfare, accompanied me to her residence. We found her in the chamber of a neat little cottage, exceedingly ill, but confiding in the merits of Jesus; and after spending some time with her in conversation and prayer, we commended her to God, and took our departure without the least hope of seeing her again in this life.

Soon after we left, she seemed to die; but as the usual signs of death, which so rapidly develop themselves in that country, did not appear, her friends concluded that she was in a trance (Acts 22: 17; 2 Cor. 12 2-4) and anxiously waited to see the end. She remained in that state for several days, during which period we repeatedly visited her, and the only indications we could perceive that life was not extinct were a slight foaming at the mouth and a little warmth about the region of the heart. She was watched with great interest both day and night; and after having been in this state for nearly a week, she opened her eyes, and said:

"MR. C. IS DEAD"

Her attendants, thinking that she was under the influence of delirium, replied that she was mistaken, as he was not only alive, but well. "Oh, no," said she, "he is dead; for a short time ago, as I passed the gates of hell, I saw him descend into the pit, and the blue flame cover him. Mr. B. is also dead; for he arrived at heaven just as I was leaving that happy place, and I saw its beautiful gates thrown wide open to receive him, and heard the host of heaven shout, 'Welcome, weary pilgrim!'" (Luke 16: 19-26).

Mr. C. was a neighbor and a very wicked person; and Mr. B., who lived at no great distance, was a good old man, for many years had been a consistent and useful member of the church of God. The persons who heard Miss D.'s startling and confident statement immediately sent to make inquiries about the two individuals alluded to, and found, to their utter astonishment, that the former had dropped dead about

half an hour before, whilst in the act of tying his shoe; and that about the same time the latter had suddenly passed into the eternal world. For the truth of these facts I do solemnly vouch. She went on to tell where she had been, and what she had seen and heard.

After being sufficiently recovered to leave the house, she paid us a visit; and Mrs. Young, as well as myself, heard from her own lips the following account of what she had passed through. She informed us that at the time she was supposed to die, a celestial being conducted her into the invisible world, and mysteriously unveiled to her the realities of eternity. He took her first to heaven; but she was told that as she yet belonged to time she could not be permitted to enter into that glorious place, but only to behold it, which she represented as infinitely exceeding in beauty and splendor the most elevated conceptions of mortals, and whose glories no language could describe. (1 Cor. 2:9; Isa. 65:4; Psa. 31:19.)

She beheld the Savior upon a throne of light and glory, surrounded by the four and twenty elders and a great multitude which no man could number, among whom she recognized patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs, and missionaries who had died in that colony, besides many others whom she mentioned; and although those parties were not named by the angel that attended her, yet she said, that seeing them was to know them. She described these celestial spirits as being variously employed, and although she felt herself inadequate to convey any definite idea of the nature of that employment, yet it appeared to be adapted to their respective mental tastes and spiritual attainments. She also informed us that she heard sweet and most enrapturing music, such as she had never heard before; and made several attempts to give us some idea of its melodious character, but found her notes too earthly for that purpose. Whilst thus favored, the missionaries already referred to, and other happy spirits, as they glided past her, sweetly smiled, and said they knew whence she came, and, if faithful to the grace of God, she would in a short time be admitted into their delightful society. All the orders of heaven were in perfect and blessed harmony and appeared to be directed in all their movements by a mysterious influence, proceeding from the throne of God.

She was next conducted to a place where she had a view of hell, which she described in the most terrific language, and declared that the horrid shrieks of lost spirits still seemed to sound in her ears. As she approached the burning pit a tremendous effort was made to draw her into it; but she felt herself safe under the protection of her guardian angel. She recognized many in the place of torment whom she had known on earth, and even some who had been thought to be Christians. There were princes and peasants, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, writhing together in a dreadful and unquenchable fire, where all earthly distinctions and titles were forever at an end. Amongst them she beheld a Miss W., who had occupied a prominent station in society, but had died during the trance of this young woman. She said that when Miss W. saw her approach, her shrieks were appalling beyond the power of language to describe, and that she made a desperate, but unsuccessful, effort to escape.

The punishment of lost souls she represented as symbolizing the respective sins which had occasioned their condemnation. (Gal. 6:7, 8; Rom. 2:6.) Miss W., for instance, was condemned for the love of money (1 Tim. 6:9, 10; Jer. 17:10, 11), which I had every reason to believe was her besetting sin; and she seemed robed in a garment of gold, all on fire. Mr. O., whom she saw, was lost through intemperance; and he appeared to be punished by devils administering to him some boiling liquid. She said there was no sympathy among these unhappy spirits, but that unmixed hatred, in all its frightful forms, prevailed in every part of the fiery regions.

She beheld parents and children, husbands and wives, and those who had been companions in sin, exhibiting every mark of deep hatred to each other's society, and heard them in fiendish accents upbraiding and bitterly cursing one another. She saw nothing in hell but misery and despair; and heard nothing there but the most discordant sounds, accompanied with weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. (Matt. 13:41, 42; Mark. 9:43, 48; Rev. 14:9, 11; Rev. 20:10-15; Rev. 21:8.) Whilst she gazed upon this revolting scene, many souls arrived from earth, and were greedily seized by innumerable devils of monstrous shape, amidst horrid shouts of hellish triumphs, and tortured according to their sins.

This fearful view of the state of the lost agrees with the testimony of S. T., whose case

is on record in Mr. Wesley's Journal (vol. II., pp. 22-26.) She tells us that whilst in her trance, the place of the condemned was unveiled, and she "saw a vast number who stood up cursing and blaspheming God, and spitting at each other, and many were making balls of fire, and throwing them at one another." She also "saw many others who had cups of fire, out of which they were drinking down flames; and others who held cards of fire in their hands, and seemed to be playing with them," proving that the sins they delighted in once, now torment them.

From the gates of hell Miss D. was conducted to another position, whence she had a view of heaven, and hell, and earth; and she described the earth as appearing like a vast stage crowded with human beings, and full of confusion and blood. From this stage persons were continually stepping off; and others were rapidly approaching its edge, and would very soon disappear; amongst whom was Mrs. L., an intimate friend of ours, who died a fortnight afterwards. Other persons, whom she named, were represented as near the edge of the stage; and although quite well when she made this communication, did in every case shortly afterwards leave this probationary state.

One of the days in which Miss D. lay entranced was the holy Sabbath; and she told us that she knew where I and my colleague preached on that day; and from each chapel she perceived holy incense rise, which she described as mingling together and coming up before the throne; then taken by the Savior and presented to the Father, whilst angels and all the company of heaven rejoiced together. She also stated that during one of Mrs. Young's visits to the house where she lay entranced, she saw her sitting by her bedside, reading to the family out of St. John's Gospel, and then saw her kneel down and pray with them. She likewise gave us to understand, that matter, under none of its forms or modifications, is any interruption to the vision or movements of spiritual beings.

She was next taken to a place whence she was permitted to see the moral state of the world. A lady, holding a prominent situation in the church, was represented as sitting under a tree of most luxuriant and beautiful foliage, with a long tube in her mouth, by which she was drawing people to her; and the conducting angel informed Miss D. that the tube indicated the power of this woman's persuasive language, the foliage of the tree her religious profession, and its trunk the state of her heart. On looking

at the trunk, she beheld that its core was rotten, and full of venomous reptiles. Miss D. told this afterwards to the lady in question; and from her unchristian temper on the occasion, and her subsequent conduct, she fully proved the correctness of the representation. (Matt. 23:27.)

Another lady, a professor of religion, highly respected for her apparent piety, was represented to her as having yielded to temptation, and withdrawn her heart from God; and when her backsliding was announced in the world of spirits, Miss D. looked towards the Savior, and thought she perceived the appearance of blood trickling from His wounds, as if "crucified afresh." (Heb. 6:6.) When Miss D. was at our house, she sent for this person, and, in the presence of Mrs. Young and myself, told her the above; and, according to her penitential acknowledgment, but to our utter astonishment, it was a correct view of her state. Miss D. had likewise the moral condition and perilous circumstances of a young man brought to her view. He was in possession of religion, was represented as assailed by a very plausible temptation, and would make shipwreck of faith if he did not resist it. She made this disclosure to him also in our presence; and after some evasion on the subject, he appeared greatly agitated, and declared that such was his temptation, although he had not mentioned it to anyone. For some time he resisted, but finally fell into the snare, and his sad experience proved the correctness of Miss D.'s communication.

A lady was represented to her as attired in the purest white, and surrounded by a number of little children, whom she was striving to wash in pure water, that they too might be white and clean; and the angel told her that the lady's robe was indicative of her purity of heart, and her holiness of life, and that her employment symbolized the nature and effects of her exertions in the church of God. I was well acquainted with this lady, and could bear witness to the correctness of this picture; for she was in my opinion one of the holiest of women, and exceedingly useful to children and young people; indeed, the honored instrument of bringing many of them to God. (Dan. 12:3.)

Another lady she described as standing at the entrance of the path leading to eternal life, with a book in her hand, and crying to the giddy multitude:

"Come back, this is the way;
Come back, and walk therein."

This lady, who was well known to the writer,

had made many sacrifices for the cause of Christ, and was doing what she could to bring any poor wanderer back to God.

According to the testimony of Miss D., she knew, without being informed, the various beings she met with in the world of spirits. It appears to be a region of knowledge intuitively obtained, without any laborious effort or inquiry. This view of the subject is calculated to strike terror into the hearts of those who, by their neglect or influence, destroy souls, as it supposes they will know their victims when they shall meet them in the world lying beyond the tomb; but it is a view well adapted to excite pleasurable emotions in the breast of those who "turn many to righteousness," as it encourages the hope of their recognizing their "spiritual children."

The opinion seems correct that the inhabitants of eternity know what is taking place in this world. The temptations presented by wicked spirits (1 Pet. 5:8,) the guardianship of angelic beings (Psa. 34:7 and 71:11,) the cloud of witnesses represented by the apostle as looking from their place of rest upon Christians running the race set before them (Heb. 12:1; Heb. 11:1-40,) and the joy felt in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth (Luke 15:10,) certainly very strongly countenance the opinion. This also agrees with Miss D.'s statement; for she told us most distinctly that the state and circumstances of the population of our globe were fully known to the inhabitants of the other world. How startling is the thought! If earth is without a covering to eternity, how circumspectly ought we to walk! "Not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil." (Eph. 5:15, 16.)

One of the persons that Miss D. saw in torment had been in the habit of violating the Christian Sabbath by matters of worldly business. I more than once reproved her for it, warned her of her danger, and exhorted her to flee from the wrath to come. She acknowledged the propriety of my remarks, but, like many, pleaded her secular engagements, and expressed a hope that at no very distant period she would be able to retire from business and attend to her soul. Unhappy woman!

Procrastination has ruined many a soul, and it ruined hers; for whilst she was about to realize all that her earthly mind had long and ardently desired, the messenger of death suddenly and unexpectedly blighted all her hopes, abruptly put

(Continued on page 21)

Human or Divine

Which Shall It Be?

By Albert Weaver



IN 1906 it was the privilege of the writer to be present at the Jewish Zionist conference held in Basle, Switzerland. Dr. Hertz, the founder of Zionism, had just passed away, and Dr. Max Nordau was appointed his successor. Many prominent Jews from different parts of the world were present representing, I believe, three factions in Zionism. England had just made the Zionists an offer to go to South Africa for a future National home, and some Jews favored this. Others, representing another faction were willing to go anywhere that was suitable and available. The Orthodox Jews however said, "We will wait God's time and go back to Palestine, the land of our fathers." They won out. Why? Because God was with them in the stand which they took. They stood on Old Testament ground—"Thus saith the Lord." For had not God spoken centuries previous saying, "I will scatter them among the nations and again return them into their own land"? Amos 9:15, Ezek. 34:12-15.

This stand taken by the Orthodox Jews has always impressed me greatly and is quite commendable. It is a lesson to Christians in this critical hour when so many are departing from the Scriptures, to be true to God's Word, which is our only anchorage and safe guide, come what may. I said not long ago to an American Jew, who was in business in Tiberius on the Sea of Galilee, "How do you like it here in Palestine?" "Oh," said he, "I can make more money in America, but this is my homeland. Tell all the Jews in America when you return to come to Palestine."

The Jew, and especially the Orthodox Jew, outside of Palestine is out of his God-given element. Palestine, or more properly Canaan, is his long promised home, his earthly possession; and he instinctively looks that way. This is not only from Dan to Beersheba and from the Mediterranean Sea to the Jordan River, one hundred and fifty miles long and eighty miles wide (which was pre-war Palestine), but from the River in Egypt to the Euphrates River in Mesopotamia, a country which is over one thousand miles in extent. This is the land Scripturally called Canaan which was promised to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob ages ago by the Lord for an

everlasting possession. Since this territory was recovered out of the hands of the Turks through the late war, the Jews have been returning in great numbers. No one who is honest can doubt any longer that the fulfillment of this marvelous prophecy, Israel's return, is rapidly going on. As much as we all hate war, God uses it, nevertheless, as a means to an end; and the late war did not cease until this territory which was promised to the Patriarchs was wrenched out of the hands of the Turks. Literal Israel then is seeking and returning to her long-promised possessions.

Is not all this quite significant; and should it not inspire in God's people or Spiritual Israel, courage in these very last and trying days of the age to press forward to their full inheritance which is in Christ? Not temporal but spiritual; and that too in the power of God, for the end draweth nigh.

It is quite noticeable everywhere that wickedness is in the ascendancy and that the Great Tribulation is almost upon us. Therefore Christ's return in person must be nigh at hand.

Is not then the conflict referred to in Jewish Zionism, analogous to the present spiritual situation? There are many in the ranks of the Lord who want to follow the human as the modern Jews, irrespective of what God has already said in His Word. Notwithstanding this there are those left, and not a few, who are hungry to know God in His fullness; to know His will, and to do it irrespective of the consequences, and who still believe God and trust Him. They are willing to wait His time and to follow whatsoever He leads and in the old time way. Hallelujah! These are orthodox Christians who believe in a "Thus saith the Lord."

The temptation of Jesus in the wilderness by the devil, was to induce Him to lower the Bible standard, and to doubt His deity and the written Word. The old fight is still on, and thousands of God's people are turning aside, following men's opinions and listening to the devil's questions and lies; and as a result are falling by the way. A number of theological students one day in class were listening to their leading professor commenting on the temptation of Jesus in the wilderness: Said he, "Young men you must give elasticity to the Scriptures; Jesus did not fast forty days and nights; He lived on berries." This occurred some years ago, and as we well

know the condition has not improved. Indeed we have gone on in that direction by leaps and bounds. We are now without a doubt in the Great Apostasy and the words of Christ are quite applicable for the hour, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" I believe that this means the faith once delivered to the saints. No one can doubt but that the human is fast usurping the place of the divine, and is being exalted and even deified. This is easily understood by those who read their Bibles and who walk and live in the Spirit. The devil is well aware of the fact that his time is quickly drawing to a close and that Jesus is soon to return in person, and therefore he is losing no time. He is putting forth every effort to deceive and mislead, especially God's people; and many are blind concerning the whole situation. They really think that the world is growing better when both Scripture and present conditions prove the contrary.

Satan is only too pleased to have the human honored and exalted and God set at naught; for this strengthens his position and prepares the way for the Antichrist, who will be permitted before he is through with the race to rule them with a rod of iron. Then woe to the inhabitants of earth and especially to those who will not submit absolutely to this fiend in human form and his diabolical reign. (Thes. 2nd Chap.)

God's people are confronted with the same question as were the orthodox Jews, and with the same temptation, to follow a human proposition and to turn to the human for guidance instead of consulting the Scriptures and standing on a "Thus saith the Lord."

Shall we be orthodox and Scriptural in our decisions, views and methods of working? Or

shall we be Liberalists and turn with the crowd to the human and employ human machinery for what they term success, as so many are doing for the sake of appearance? Shall we too let down, lower our standard, and expect from the flesh that which we should expect from God alone in order to bring about spiritual results? Even the mighty demonstration of the Spirit which has always been the basis of all Spiritual movements? We are so apt to sell out to the flesh to make a display, or to save our reputation with the world and a worldly church. This ought not and cannot be if we are true to God. Therefore we are more in need than ever of taking heed to the Bible injunction, "Not by might nor by power but by my spirit saith the Lord."

We have been highly favored with Gospel light, and we ought to stand firm on the Word of God and wait His time for another awakening of the Spirit, one beyond anything we have had heretofore. We believe that this will usher in Christ's coming. God is still looking for a people who will wholly follow Him, who will trust Him to the extent of believing in Him and appropriating all His promises. Only those who are willing to be yielded absolutely to His will, and hidden, and who will follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth can do this, and be eligible for all that He has to give. Therefore shall we His people continue to trust in our only and established guide, the Scriptures, and in our great and all wise Leader? May we turn to God in Christ, seek His face in all humility, and let Him, the Almighty One, come forth, in all His fullness, before the Coming of Christ which great event without a doubt, is imminent. God grant it!

Karp the Pioneer

A Story of Suffering in Eastern Poland, formerly Russian Territory

By G. H. Schmidt



ARP is here!, "Karp is here!" These words I heard whispered when the Sunday morning service was in progress on my visit to Baranowice, a city in Eastern Poland.

A middle-aged, thin-faced, pale looking little man made his way towards the front and amid many a friendly nod took his seat among the workers.

Karp, his given name, by which the Russians call each other when acquainted, is a pioneer preacher. He was one of the first ones to preach the Baptism of the Holy Spirit in the district

of Polesia years ago. Not because he was a missionary, appointed by a Board; no, he is just a simple worker by the grace of God. He was saved and baptized with the Holy Spirit and, because the Pentecostal fire was burning in his heart he could not help but testify of that which he had experienced. As there were many who wanted to know the truth, he grew into preaching by telling again and again what the Lord had done for Him.

Hundreds of those who heard him followed suit, crying to God as he did and experiencing the same salvation and baptism of the Holy Spirit. Today he and another brother, Mas-

lanczuk, are the recognized leaders over a vast district of several thousand Spirit-filled believers. There is a deep respect in my heart for all the Russian workers, because they have gained their place of influence and leadership through suffering, deprivation and persecution. Therefore the new oncomer, Karp Leonowitz, interested me very greatly.

He was asked to speak that same morning and as I set behind him while he took his stand behind the pulpit and with a clearly ringing and seasoned voice began to speak, I could not help but be impressed by his appearance. This is Summer and what struck my eye first were his high boots which ordinarily the Russians wear only in the Winter months. As I looked him over I saw a long rift in his coat back of one of his shoulders. Coat and trousers were of entirely different material. The impression that forced itself upon me, was that here again was a case of extreme poverty and suffering and as often before, I was overwhelmed and could have thrown my arms around him and kissed him. But I just prayed to the loving Saviour who knows and understands the need, to help him.

As his voice rang out in the meeting it was like the pleading of a father for his wayward children to come back home. It was my privilege to get more acquainted with this dear brother, Karp Leonowicz, and the facts which have been disclosed to me are amazing.

The first impression I had while speaking with him was that he seemed utterly unconscious that his experiences of suffering were anything but of the ordinary. I had to ask some careful questions in order to get at the facts; otherwise he would never mention some things. This is genuine humbleness indeed. I found that those clothes which he wore, were not his own at all but he had *borrowed* them in order to undertake this journey. Coat, trousers and boots were borrowed for this visit. This brother is the father of several children and his farm consists of several acres only of very poor land, from which they have to exist. The wife and children take care of this little piece of land and he walks from place to place to minister to the several hundreds of groups of children of God.

Does he get anything from these assemblies whom he serves? Very little, if any, for they are all very poor, having hardly enough bread for themselves. His service is entirely free, giving his time and energy unspairingly. And he performs this real, pioneer work without being conscious that he is doing anything out of the ordinary.

As we walked side by side through the streets of Baranowice and spoke of these things, the thought forced itself upon me: This is a real ministry, a service for God of which we, in the advanced countries, know nothing about; a sacrifice which we would hardly think it possible to make.

It is very commendable that our precious friends in America and England give of their abundance for the support of these precious workers, though some, sorry to say, cannot even lay a mite of their luxury at the feet of Jesus, but here I walked beside one of God's true laborers who laid on the altar of service the most valuable gift of life—himself—a living sacrifice, which I am sure is acceptable unto God. I also learned that a few weeks ago he laid to rest his daughter, eight years of age, and for the first time I saw tears welling into his eyes, as he spoke of his loss and how he missed his little girl.

When I said good-bye to this precious servant of God, there was a feeling indescribable in my heart, and as he had walked away a few steps it flashed through my mind, "He needs help!" I ran to him and pressed into his hand Zloty 25 (\$3), and I shall never forget the look of gratitude in his eyes. I can still see that look now and I wish I could describe it to you. Could you but see this worker in his torn and borrowed clothes; could you follow him in his wearisome journeys; could you see his tears of sorrow when he kneels somewhere at the wayside, hungry and tired, not knowing where to lay his head and rest his weary body; could you see his tears which are welling up from his heart, your interest and feeling towards the field of the *Russian and Eastern European Mission* would be a tender love, and compassion would grip your whole being as it overwhelmed our Jesus when he saw the multitudes without a shepherd, helplessly drifting down the dark path toward destruction.

I left this brother as he went towards the station to return home, but I felt I wanted to go somewhere to fall on my face and weep and weep before the Lord in behalf of this dear laborer.

Karp Leonowicz is now on our list of candidates and I know that soon someone will volunteer to support him adequately and his suffering will be less keen. He will be very useful in the ministry for he will not have to waste so many precious hours in walking from place to place but with the help of support will be able to use the train and other conveyances and

thus many more souls will be reached.

I trust and pray that many may be stirred to more and greater action in order that the other twenty-five candidates taken up recently, will be soon supplied with the proper support which will enable them to pursue their work of the ministry unhindered.

When I came home to Danzig and described the suffering and need of Karp Leonowicz to my assembly, the Lord stirred them to action and, without my having made any appeal, to my great astonishment, they gave about \$30 for this brother's immediate relief. What a joy it will be to him when he receives this money!

Nearly seventy of such faithful workers are being supported through *The Russian and Eastern European Mission*, thanks to the kind assistance of our many thousands of friends in America and Britain, but when I look over the vast field of Eastern Europe with the teeming millions, I am overwhelmed with the tremendous need, and the sound of the cry of her millions almost stuns me.

Jesus views these suffering multitudes. He hears their cries for help but He can only help them through us.

What a tremendous responsibility! Will He find us faithful or will these pleading multitudes go down into dark eternity without the light of the Gospel?

The *Russian and Eastern European Mission* is founded solely for the purpose of bringing the full Gospel—the whole Counsel of God—to these nations of Eastern Europe and through the great army of noble friends, great things have already been accomplished but the need is pressing and I appeal to all who have a love for the souls in Eastern Europe, to pray fervently, believing, that the needs may be supplied and greater forward steps be taken, for *the Lord is at hand*.

(Continued from page 2)

"He hasn't any," sighed the poor woman.

"Wait a minute. I have a pair that will just suit."

And the old man brought the shoes which he had looked at the evening before, and put them on the child's feet. They fitted perfectly. The young woman went away full of gratitude and Father Martin went back to his post.

Hour after hour went by, and although many people passed the window, the Master did not come. When it grew dark, the man sadly began to prepare his humble supper. "It was a dream,"

he murmured. "Well, I did hope. But He has not come." After supper he fell asleep in his chair. Suddenly the room seemed full of people whom he had aided during the day, and each one asked of him in turn, "Have you not seen Me?"

"But Who are You?" cried the shoemaker to all these visions.

Then the little Child pointed to the Bible on the table, and His rosy finger showed the old man this passage:

"Whosoever shall receive one of these little ones receiveth Me." "I was an hungered and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink; I was a Stranger and ye took Me in. . . . Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren ye have done it unto Me."—*From the French of De Coppet.*

(Continued from page 14)

The man went to the pig-pen and caught a little pig and was about to kill it, I remonstrated with him not to go to so much trouble for breakfast, but he said, "Mrs. you never were here before and I want to have this pig for breakfast." So he killed it and then sat down by the fire and told me how he first found the Lord. As we sat by the fire and ate from a wooden bowl my heart was full of praise because of His great love to us and for giving us an entrance into these people's hearts. It was among these people that my dear husband laid down his life. I praise God He ever called me to that work. I would not exchange with anyone, for I have proved that it pays to follow Jesus. I thought when my husband was taken from me I would never be happy again, but as I said, "Not my will but Thine be done," He comforted me and made me very happy among that simple-hearted people. I am on my way back to the work I love. There are yet many villages to be evangelized. You can travel miles and miles and find not one ray of Gospel light. But as we give out the Word many receive it with glad hearts.

(Continued from page 17)

an end to her mortal life, and Miss D. saw her in hell lift up her eyes, being in torment! (See Deut. 32.29.)

Miss D. lived about three years after this trance, and died happy in the Lord.

Published in 1841

How God Returned the Kidnapped Boys

Miss Grace Brown, Giridih, India

OUR Bible woman, Raju, was on the train returning from her vacation. In the same coach were two boys who claimed to be orphans and were begging their way down to Calcutta. The ticket-checker, known as "the crew" finding the boys without tickets was about to put them off the train when our Bible woman pleaded for them, saying that she would take the homeless boys to the mission at Giridih. That is how they came to us.

They were Brahmin boys, with their sacred lock in the middle of their heads very much in evidence. The sacred cord indicated that the elder boy had reached the age of twelve, when, with all due ceremony he had been invested with the cord in token of the rights of the heaven-born, or twice born. The princely Brahmin alone has this right by birth, the Hindus think.

The little fellows were very lively and amusing and by their antics attracted the attention of people and easily won their coppers. But would such boys ever settle down in a mission, we wondered? Especially when they declared there was one thing they could not give up, and that was their smoking habit which had been formed earlier than they could remember. "When the desire seizes you, let me know," said the missionary. "I shall give you something much better." "*Talap lagi*" or "The craving is on," was often heard those first days, and the lemon drops were substituted for smokes, and gradually "*Talap lagi*" was heard less often. The evening Bible stories were a delight to them, and the rehearsal of the same by Red-bird to us the following night in his own country *patois* always charmed us by his own comments and reflections interspersed.

We were arranging to place them in a Boys' Pentecostal Orphanage, but while on the journey the Arya Somaj, a Hindu sect bitterly opposed to Christianity, got to hear of them and demanded the boys of Raju who escorted them. "Let us just see them," they said. But the boys hid themselves, knowing better than their unsuspecting "ma" the crafty intentions of the men. Finally she persuaded the boys to come forward and say what they might wish regarding going. Then the bold men just picked up the struggling boys and ran off with them, to the astonishment of the by-standers, the boys yelling "Let me say good-bye to ma! Just once!" But in vain. She returned to Giridih with the news of their being kidnapped.

Later we heard how their shirt of English cloth had been torn off their backs by this anti-British sect, and exchanged for coarse khaddar. With much ceremony and expense they were taken back into caste, re-invested with a sacred cord, their heads shaved to leave a tuft in the center to mark them as Hindus. Once again they look Brahmin. And now the Arya Somaj try to embitter their minds against the One they say died the felon's death He deserved. "How can you want to be a follower of one who died so shamelessly?" they asked. "But it was for you and me, and all sinners," said young Red-Bird. "But do you know whose son he was?" they asked. "He was the Son of God, and His mother's name was Mary, a virgin." And these men who refuse to hear the Gospel story from missionaries were now obliged to hear it "out of the mouth of babes."

Very carefully were these two guarded even when they went to bathe in the Ganges. But once they, on such an occasion, met their "ma's" brother and whispered, "We want to come back to you." After this they were immediately transferred to the Arya Somaj Orphanage miles away. They had not been here twenty-four hours when they planned somehow to escape. At dead of night they scaled the high boundary wall, Joy, the younger, standing on the shoulders of his elder brother. Both having effected the high jump successfully they ran and walked for miles, from Dinapore to Patna, the nearest railway station, praying as they went that Jesus Christ would let them find a train standing which would take them towards Giridih. And He heard. Bless His Name. Though they were three times put off by "the crew" at different stations for travelling without tickets, they eventually arrived at Giridih.

Now they have safely and without further adventure been placed in Mrs. Harvey's Orphanage at Nawabganj. We have no supporter yet for Joy. It is \$2 per month. If God puts the need in any one's heart, the Secretary, Maranatha Mission, Giridih, East India Rwy, India, will be pleased to hear.

The last postal from Red-bird to his "ma" said that they were going forward in the Lord and at the coming Convention they hoped that they too might receive the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

When God Halted Games

IT WAS Christmas Day in England. The Bolton family were celebrating it in true Christmas fashion, as a family of ten can. Suddenly, in the midst of a game one of the boys looked up at his father whose face wore a troubled look. The mother too noticed the look of distress and asked, "What is the matter?" "Someone is in need somewhere and I feel burdened," said the father. "Boys and girls, put your games aside and let us pray." There was a halt in the Christmas festivities and for an hour and a half prayer and supplication poured forth from their lips, the parents agonizing under the Spirit's burden. Then prayer lifted and the children went back to their games.

The result of that prayer-meeting was learned nine months later, when a missionary from Egypt told at a meeting in their church of the great peril in the city where she was laboring, on Christmas Day. There had been an uprising among the Arabs, and an incensed mob went from street to street destroying homes and taking the women captive. This missionary had charge of 300 girls at that time and her heart failed her as she heard the mob rattle at her door. She looked to God as only a man who stands face to face with death, and the Holy Spirit laid prayer for this desperate need upon this godly family in England. All at once the leader of the mob gave orders for them to pass on, and the missionary and her 300 girls were unmolested. Their home was the only one that was unharmed during that riot. The children in England, now grown up, have often thought, "What would have happened to those 300 girls if we had not been willing to stop our games and pray? They might have been murdered."

From Our Letters

BRO. BENDER, Barquisimeto, Venezuela, writes of some of the missionaries' victories and problems:

"One of our native workers has had some real results lately. As he was preaching the Word in the mountains near Limonsito, a man and his concubine were truly converted, the proof of it being that they wanted to be married. Now the wife has received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. She was filled with the power of God for two days, and oh the revelations she received! And how she glorified God in tongues! Through this many more have become interested and some have already given their lives to the Lord.

"We had another real victory. Bro. and

Sister Beuno felt called to start a new work in a town called Carora, about sixty miles from here. It is the most fanatical town in the state of Lara. They visited there three times trying to rent a house, but all in vain. Then as we drove up to bring them home, a man rented them a house, centrally located and just what they desired. We returned home with joy but our faith was tested. Two days later we received a wire that the man repented of the deal and refused to let us have the house. We stood still and prayed. Twice Sister Beuno dreamed that the man would return the house to them, and so it was. And three days later another wire came saying, 'I will let you have the house.' What joy it brought! It was God and not man who caused that man to change his mind and return the house to us. Corora is a town where the Gospel has never been preached. Brother Blattner with a native brother visited this town openly about a year ago, but now for the first time we are to hold public services."

* * *

A letter from Mrs. V. G. Plymire praises God for His goodness to them and the poor people to whom they are ministering through the people at home. She writes:

"The crops have been quite good this year; plenty of rain. Just at present though it has rained more than is needed, we fear. The wheat is likely to sprout and it is probable that we shall have to go elsewhere for wheat.

"There are still quite a number of poor people to be provided for. Yesterday we gave three felt mats to three poor women. Tears came into the eyes of one and she said, "This is the Lord's grace." How it gladdens our hearts to hear such words as so many just see the goodness of people.

"The services are well attended. While we know some come for what they receive for their bodies, we are often reminded of the words regarding Jesus, 'The common people heard Him gladly.' If you could take a peep into some of their homes you would understand a little better just what it is to be poor in this world's goods."

* * *

A woman, after several blighting sorrows from which, humanly speaking there was no abatement, received a copy of a religious paper. God used the paper to lift her into a place of triumphant victory. Have you a definite experience of how The Latter Rain Evangel fell into your hands? If so, tell us about it. We will publish the replies that are most interesting.

THE MARKED BIBLE PRINTED IN FIVE COLORS

Self-Pronouncing

Containing the King James or Authorized Version of the Old and New Testaments, marked by the best system of Bible marking on subjects connected with the Themes of SALVATION with all markings printed in Red
THE HOLY SPIRIT with all markings printed in Green
TEMPORAL BLESSINGS with all markings printed in Brown
PROPHETIC SUBJECTS with all markings printed in Purple



so as to enable any person to tell at a glance the meaning of any passage marked; to turn rapidly to verses on any subject marked; or to give Bible readings at a moment's notice on any subject marked.

The Text of the Bible Has Not Been Changed—No attempt is made to influence the reader's opinion concerning the meaning of the verses or passages marked.

The Most Practical Bible Published—The Marked Bible has been submitted to some of the most eminent Bible scholars and has received the assurance that it will be "The world's greatest masterpiece" as a help in Bible study.

A Complete Teachers' Bible containing helps to Bible Study, including a full Encyclopedia Concordance, a Subject Dictionary, etc., etc., prepared in simple language, printed from bold face type, profusely illustrated. Self-Pronouncing.

CHAPTER 3.

2 Milk is fit for children. 11 Christ the only foundation. 16 Men are the temples of God.

AND I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ.

2 I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able.

5 shall. 19 F
7 Ps. 25. 14. foolish
John 15. 15. ten, of
craftin
a Heb. 5. 13. 20 Ar
1 Pet. 2. 2. the th
Or, fac- are va
tions. 21 T.
2 according men.
to man. 22 W
Rom. 12. 3. Ceph
Acts 18. 4. death
Acts 19. 1. come,
1 Cor. 5. 10.
1 Ps. 62. 12.
Rom. 2. 6.

STYLES AND PRICES

Size 5 x 7³/₄ inches

83 M Cloth, round corners, red edges \$4.50

87 M French Morocco, divinity circuit (overlapping covers), round corners red under gold edges, linen lined to edge 7.90

89 M Genuine Imported Morocco, divinity circuit (overlapping covers), round corners, red under gold edges, leather lined 10.00

QUIET TALKS ON THE CRISIS AND AFTER

S. D. Gordon

There is a crisis heading us—a world crisis. This crisis is predicted in God's Book. Eleven years of study have been given by Mr. Gordon to European history and present conditions, and fitting it into prophecy has brought forth this book. The outlook of the Book and the Present outlook of the world. \$1.25
Quiet Talks on Prayer, Service, on Home Ideals, The Tempter, on The Crowned Christ, on Simple Essentials. All \$1.25 each

THE CHRISTIAN SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE

By Hannah Whithall Smith

"A wholesome generation has felt the power and been stimulated by its wholesome faith." The author when writing this was so empowered by the Spirit that she could not write as fast as the words came to her. A Christian classic.

250 pages, Cloth, \$1.25 Postage 9c

FAR ABOVE RUBIES—HEART STORIES OF BIBLE WOMEN

By Agnes Sligh Turnbull

The author vividly portrays the motives, joys and heart-breaks of noted characters of the Bible. She has used her imagination somewhat, but it vividly portrays the inner heart-throbs of women who passed through great crisis. Some of the most striking chapters are, "The Heart of Bathsheba," "The Vow of Hannah," "The Bride of Cana," etc., etc. Beautifully bound and illustrated. Suitable for a gift to women.

230 pages, \$1.50

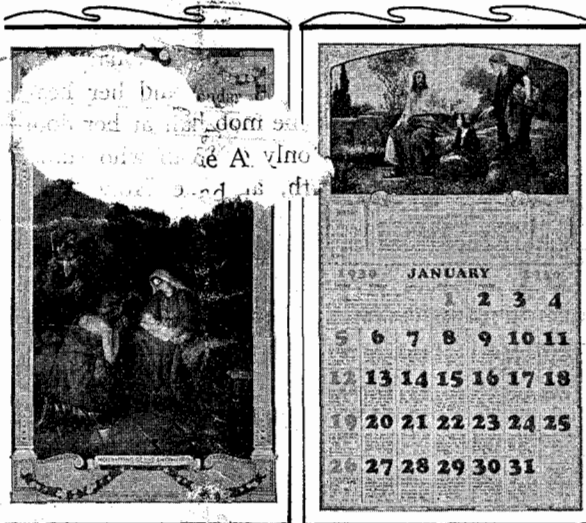
SPECIAL OFFER ON CHRISTMAS CARDS

Offer No. 1—Assorted cards, \$1 worth for 75c.

Offer No. 2—75c worth of cards for 50c.

Offer No. 3—50c worth of cards for 35c.

Offer No. 58—\$1.20 worth for \$1.



THE 1930 SCRIPTURE TEXT CALENDAR

PRICES: Single Copies, 30c, 5 for \$1.25, 12 for \$3.00, 25 for \$5.75, 50 for \$9, 100 for \$17.

Send in your orders early

THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE

18 W. 74th St.

Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

The Stone Church, 70th Street and Stewart Avenue, Sundays 11:00, 3 and 7:45; Tues., Prayer Service, 7:45; Thurs., Divine Healing, 2:30; Evening Service, 7:45; Young People's, Friday, 8:00
Phone: Spaulding 3943
Evangelist Ben Hardin, Pastor
1511 N. Monticello Ave.