



The days of Heaven on Earth

Martyrs of 1929

CHINA is in the throes of its most intensive political upheaval. In certain Provinces the devastation and desolation are appalling. The general holocaust is declared by the Red Cross as beyond any foreign relief generally. Three million have starved to death. The toll of epidemics, massacres and civil war amounts to hundreds of thousands of lives.

A host of missionaries may be martyred should the desperate masses be seized by an obsession as in the Boxer Rebellion days. At least ten missionaries were martyred last year and many more violently assaulted and kidnapped.

The rising, arrogant despotism of dictatorship is gradually stamping out civil and religious liberty. As liberty disappears, martyrdoms will increase. It will not be by the onslaught of the irresponsible, frenzied mob, but through efficient, secretive methods of autocratic governments that aggressive evangelism will be restrained and finally throttled. There are many neat, clever ways—a distant island, oblivion. But God has mysterious ways of bringing things to light. Worn to skeletons, eighteen Russian refugees stumbled across the Finnish frontier with a terrible tale of how sixty strong, they had at first battled and killed their prison guards in a dash for liberty through the ice-covered swamps of Russian Carelia. They had escaped from the Solovyetzky, the famous Russian prison where yearly three thousand miserables die amid most revolting scenes of squalor and barbarity. They spoke of the brutality of the OGPU guards which defied description, especially as meted out to one hundred evangelicals, whose joy nothing could dampen, whose calm spirit nothing could break. Their unspeakable persecutions but increased their boldness in testimony. Among the 45,000 inmates, priests, bourgeois, and criminals, many must have there first heard the Gospel of grace. The administration finally condemned them to death for "fomenting and uprising."

On a raw February day they were ordered to dig their graves; their arms and legs were then chopped off, and still breathing praises to God they were thrown in and spiked to death. We marvel at the extraneous means God used to allow their dying testimony to be proclaimed to the world. Said a speaker at a great Moscow Soviet Conference recently, "What shall we do with these Baptists?" .Cries answered him from all sides, "Burn them! Burn them!! Burn them!!!"—W. E. B.-C.

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

My Experience with Death - - - - - See Page 11

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Revival Campaigns

AS ANNOUNCED, Evangelist Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn held a five days' meeting at The Stone Church, Jan. 5-10, en-route to Toronto, Can. The first Sunday our brother spoke to a crowded house under the anointing of the Spirit, and every night the place was well-filled even tho we were in the midst of a snow-storm. Numbers expressed themselves as being much blessed and deeply regretted that the evangelist was obliged to go on to his next engagement. The altars were filled nightly and definite work for God was done.

At the close of the Thursday night discourse God poured out His Spirit upon people as they sat in their seats, and without any urging they rushed to the altar. One said afterward, "A heavy burden rolled from me that I had been carrying for a long time." Another, "Never have I had a vision of the Lord as I have had this night." A young man who was deluged with the glory and power of God, says that since that night he has been continually conscious of God walking with him. The Friday night meeting when the evangelist spoke on "The Fate of those who Miss the Rapture," will never be forgotten. "I was desperately in need of God and found Him," said one who had resisted a long time. She truly found Him for she shouted all the way home.

* * *

In the second week of the Revival Campaign at Evangel Temple, Toronto, Bro. W. C. Pierce sends the following report:

"We are now in the midst of a wonderful Campaign with Evangelist William Booth-Clibborn,

and the waves of God's power and blessing are sweeping over the large audiences nightly. The Temple is always filled on Sunday night, but it fairly groaned with the tremendous crowd which was packed in every nook and corner with probably one hundred or more standing. The deep spiritual atmosphere which characterizes the services has been enhanced by the bright, cheerful personality and spirit-filled ministry of our Bro. William Booth-Clibborn. My own spirit has been richly blest. Although only six sermons have been preached, yet I know I am voicing the opinion of the entire congregation when I say already the Temple has felt a remarkable spiritual impetus which for weeks we have been expecting through this Revival Campaign.

"On last Tuesday night Mr. Booth-Clibborn spoke on "PASSION, THE PANACEA," the transforming power of Divine Love. So vividly was the love of Christ made real to our hearts that before the altar call was given, the greater portion of the congregation was in tears, enraptured with the love of Jesus, and when opportunity was given the altar and chancel were quickly filled with sinners seeking forgiveness and Christians pressing in for a richer and closer relationship to Christ. 'Strong crying and tears'! While the hour was late no one wanted to go home and for fully an hour several hundred people poured out their souls to God. The main floor of the auditorium was a great altar. With such a beginning what will this Campaign prove to many lives in Toronto and especially in Evangel Temple?

(Continued on page 23)

The Light of His Countenance

When the Sun of Righteousness Shines What Matters the Night?

Evangelist Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn in The Stone Church, Jan. 5, 1930



NE scripture has been burning in my heart of late, and I doubt if there is another one like it in all the Bible; it is found in Psalm 44:3, but we shall read from the 1st verse: "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old. How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plant-est them; how thou didst afflict the people and cast them out. For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but thy right hand, and thine arm, and *the light of thy countenance*, because thou hadst a favour unto them." In the 3rd verse we find a beautiful phrase, and it is on this, "The light of Thy countenance," that I wish to speak this morning.

Light! We get so accustomed to think of it as something material, belonging to the natural creation only. It is true, we can do little without natural light. What an imprisonment the members of the Byrd Antarctic expedition must have suffered, as the polar night gripped "Little America" with its six-months' reign! All over the earth it is the sunny climates that are the most popular and threatening to become the most populous. Light is the essence of life to vegetation, from the most gorgeous flower down to the common grass. Do you blame the scientific world for lauding Edison so highly on the anniversary of his inventing the Incandescent Electric Light? 10,000 metropolitan centers, not to speak of the country sides, owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude. Without physical light every human endeavor is paralyzed, natural life is atrophied and stifled into death, and if this be true of the sunlight how much more of the Sun of Righteousness Himself. What must the *light* of His countenance be, when His countenance itself is "as the sun that shineth in his strength," Rev. 1:16. When on earth even "His countenance was as lightning on the Transfiguration Mount. Another scripture comes to mind in Psalm 42:5: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him *for the help of his countenance.*" I often think of certain of the incidents of the Napoleonic wars which so vividly illustrate how God can lift our hope and give us courage

and strength just by the help of His glorious countenance. No general in the annals of human history ever exercised such a magnetic influence upon his soldiers as Napoleon Bonaparte. On many a bleak, cold morning, regiment after regiment would stand in line prior to being thrown into the most terrible conflict, and would be thrilled to the highest pitch of enthusiasm as their beloved emperor would ride by. And how they cheered "Vive L'Empereur!" (Long live the emperor!) It was an immortal sight to see the hosts being reviewed the morning of the battle. Their bravery, their reckless fury was a marvel, the astonishment of all Europe. If only they could be sure that they were fighting under the gaze of their beloved emperor, what were danger, foes, hardships or suffering to them as long as on yonder hill seated upon his white charger their General looked down upon them. Napoleon reciprocated the affection of his warriors, and we hear his confidence of his power over them in the words, "Give me my veterans inured to pain and privation, reared in the camp, and trained in the fires of war, and I challenge any army that Europe can raise." Of course back of this cry of defiance was the assurance that he would be with them, personally appoint and attend the field of battle. How soon their spirit was broken and their golden-edged banners drooped, when they fought no longer under the eyes of their emperor. The power of the armies of France almost vanished in a day. Had he not first stepped upon the bridge at Lodi? Was it not he who single-handed faced the breaking ranks at Margengo and with naked sabre dared one more Frenchman to turn his back to the enemy, at the risk of being pierced through by his own sword, turning the tide of battle at the crucial moment from certain defeat to glorious victory? And when in Palestine his soldiers were dying by the hundreds, did he not go among the beds and bid them rise? and did they not get up as by magic, click their heels together, salute and swear that they would obey him though they fell dead at his feet? Oh, it was not so much what he said that healed them, that turned them from cowards into heroes! It was his presence, his indomitable will, his quiet confidence and faith in victory over all obstacles; they could see it in his countenance and one word of approval from their adored Napoleon was more than life itself.

How much more is not all this true concerning the Captain of our Salvation. It is only as we enjoy His eyes upon us, the light of His countenance, the smile of His approval, that we may become more than conquerors. In His countenance there is peace; "The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." Numbers 6:26. In His countenance we have joy, "For thou hast made him most blessed forever: thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance." Psalm 21:6. In His countenance there is help. "For I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." Psalm 42:5. In the light of His countenance there is life and blessing; listen to this wonderful scripture in Proverbs 16:15: "In the light of the king's countenance is life; and his favor is as a cloud of the latter rain."

But, back to our text: What proved to be such a startling discovery was the fact that God desired the children of Israel once and for all to understand by what means they had obtained the land of promise. It was not by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them. This statement brings to our mind, how that the key city of the whole country, Jericho, became theirs not by anything that they did, no! God was too careful to let them have the initiative in that matter; they might have taken the honor to themselves. He did not leave them to their own devices. You remember how Joshua rode about and around the high walled city, reconnoitering the field of battle; how he probably sat there planning, wondering how to attack the fortress, looking for a weak place in its battlements, a vulnerable spot. When all of a sudden, God Himself appeared on the scene. He appeared to him in the form of an Angel with drawn sword, and Joshua in ignorance and in the impulse of human zeal, jumps up and would clash swords with God Almighty. Oh! you and I have done the same thing time and again, so prone to lean on our own understanding, so liable to be led of the flesh, but Joshua taking another look, lays down his arms, removes his shoes, drops upon his knees and bows before the Light of God's countenance. It was by the light of that vision he took the city. It was the glory of the light of that countenance that made Joshua forget the humiliation and scorn he would receive in marching his army around and around about it. God never allowed him one stroke nor the provision to advance at all, until he could with sublime gesture present him Jericho as a gift, prostrated and stripped of its walls.

Yes, the Psalmist recounts what God had done in the times of old, and he asserts that it was by

"Thy right hand and Thy arm and the light of Thy countenance" that these things were accomplished. What led Israel forth from the land of bondage? *The light of His countenance*. Even Israel loved to talk about the early days and concerning what God really accomplished in the land of Ham. The Scripture asserts, "Tremble, Thou Earth at the presence of the Lord . . . the Sea saw it and fled, Jordan was driven back." Psalm 114. "The waters saw thee O God, the waters saw thee; they were afraid." Psalm 77:16. Hebrew poetry may be said to be given to imagery, nevertheless, God looked upon the sea and it fled. Blessed be His name! It stood up in heaps. He looked upon it again and its waters engulfed 246,000 of the flower of Egypt's manhood. He led them forth, 2,000,000 strong, into the wilderness, up to Sinai's Mount, through the waters of Jordan, into the midst of their foes, by *the light of His countenance*, and only under the inspiration and guidance of that light. What exploits did not Israel perform! All the wondrous tales that their fathers had related to them, of the wondrous works that God had wrought for them, how they pushed their enemies down, and how they trod under those that rose up against them, all, says the Psalmist, were wrought because they lived under the conscious enjoyment of God's favor, under the smile of His approval and pleasure. That smile was more than all the swords and lances, than all the stone-throwers and arquebuses, all the bows and arrows, yes, even more than all the chariots of war they could muster.

Think of it; The smile of Jehovah, the confidence, the assurance that His face was toward them, that His eyes were upon them, that the light of His face shone down upon that journey—this was the secret of the conquest of Canaan and of the driving out of the heathen. And so it is today; we either live in the light of the King's countenance, or we "Perish at the rebuke of his countenance" (Psalm 80:16); as a babe lives by the smile of its mother's face, or weeps when the frown of reproof looks down upon it. Not by education or training of the intellect, not by the songs that we sing nor the hundreds of means and methods that may be used, shall we ever overcome the powers of darkness against us. All these mere implements of war are as nothing compared to the vision of Jesus' face. Your heart must daily live in the full enjoyment of the glory and radiance of that light. When in the secret place of your innermost soul you feel yourself to be in the favor and approval of God, then you are blessed! then you are helped! And indeed you must *see* His face, *see* it in spite of every trouble

that besets your path. What matters the night! What matters, if like the Huguenots of old, you must wade through the bloody seas of persecution, privation and martyrdom, if only you see His face! Should the very gates of hell close down upon you, as long as you can see His face, what matters?

Here is the secret re-emphasized in Psalm 89:15, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; *they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance.*" In this dark world you have no other light! In this present age of fearful fog and unbelief, you have no other lamp! Intelligence is not a light, knowledge is not a light, even the storing of the mere letter of Scripture in your mind will not prove a light. The most eloquent sermon, the most blessed service, the most spiritual church, may fail to be a light. Short of *seeing His face*, you must walk in total darkness! Oh! but when His face appears, when it rises as the sun at dawn upon your waiting soul, that Light will beam with healing rays upon your every task throughout your day's duties in spite of its occupations, in all its eventualities, to light every burden, to soften sorrow and disappointment. Yes, you can only walk as Jesus' face gives you light. I have been made to cherish that! In my life I have been made to cry out, more than once, "Lord Jesus look at me! Lord Jesus how can I walk in this vale of tears, in the very shadow of death, except thou settest Thine eyes upon me, except Thou smilest upon me. O, Lord Jesus, when I cannot see Thy face, all I ever learned fails me! all my knowledge of scripture, all the truth I ever heard, all seems vain compared to the Sun of Thy face! Oh! let its rays transform and transfigure my soul, filling my body with light!

As I meditated on that scripture on the train, I began to shout. They asked me what was the matter, so I started to preach to the porter forthwith, and lo, I found that the conductor on the train was a saved man. So I claimed the train as my legitimate prey, and had a wonderful time witnessing for Christ. Of course there are always some who argue, but we were at it until two o'clock in the morning. The harder the fight, the stronger the light of His countenance shines down upon our path. We can walk only as we see His face. See? Yes, even you can walk only as you see! for the true faith brings the vision. Jesus said, "*Believe and thou shalt see.*" We shall see! We shall see the light of His countenance as HE IS NOW, in *all of His glory, in all of His power!* How wonderful when we can discover such passages in the Old Testament scriptures!

But we who live in the New Testament age, should know this to be doubly true, since we have the revelation of Jesus Christ given us by the Holy Spirit. Alas! there are too many people today who have never seen the light of His countenance, though they claim to be Christians. They are merely worshippers of the natural Christ who once walked the banks of Jordan; they can go no farther than picturing by imagination the historical Jesus of Galilee. Paul says: "Tho we knew Him in the flesh, henceforth know we Him no more." How then do we know Him? By the light of His countenance as revealed by the Holy Spirit.

And there are many who have seen that light and walked in it and have tasted the exhilaration, the anointing of a life lived in the secret of His presence, but, alas! it is with them now no more. Why? It has happened to them as in Psalm 90:8. "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." Did you ever step from the summer lawn, glowing with the noon-day sun, into a dark room? Then only can you know the dungeon darkness of a backslider's life. What is the cause? It is plain. The sun is bright, God's countenance is brighter. What is it that God has set in the light of his countenance? *Our iniquities, our secret sins.* Not self-evident sins, not the sins our neighbors detect, or the sins our friends accuse us of, nor those we find ourselves ready to confess in the moment of contrition. No, NOT THESE! BUT, OUR SECRET SINS. The sins that are difficult to discover, the hidden sins. The sins of motive, of imagination, of concealed pride, of envy, of malice, these sins He has set in the full blaze of the light of His countenance. And one more scripture, will prove to you that there is but one thing that can hide God's face from you: Isa. 59:2, "But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you, that He will not hear." In literal Hebrew it reads, "Your sins have hidden the glory of His face" or, "the light of His face" from you. Oh! beloved, turn to God again, repent of your sins, break before Him, cry out before God, confess and forsake sin. And remember that you have an Advocate with the Father and may be restored and gain again the life in the light of His countenance. Amen.

* * *

"It is not the place that hallows the man;
In heaven, angels fell,
In Eden Adam fell
In Christ's company was Judas."

The Reward of Confidence in the Crucial Hour

Has the Enemy Stripped You of Your Gold

Pastor Ben Hardin in the Stone Church, Sept. 29, 1929



IN Hebrews 10:35 we read, "Cast not away therefore your confidence which hath great recompense of reward." In this connection I wish to speak from the 18th chapter of II. Kings. In the 19th verse, Rabshakeh, who was sent by Sennacherib to interview Hezekiah, said to his officers, "What confidence is this wherein thou trustest?" It was a crucial time in the life of Hezekiah. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the floods leads on to victory." The king of Judah was at the place where he was either to utterly lose his confidence and be overcome in battle, or he would believe God and gain a mighty victory.

Some years before this, Sargon, the king of Assyria had taken captive the ten tribes of Israel and carried them away into the region of Central Asia. Now at this time, Sennacherib, who had succeeded Sargon as king of Assyria, came along, and he was determined to complete the conquest by subduing the whole southwestern part of Asia along the Mediterranean. The ten tribes had already been taken and Judah alone remained, under King Hezekiah. Sennacherib had conquered the fortified coast town of Lachish, and when Hezekiah saw it had fallen he was discouraged, not only at losing the fortified town but it cut off his retreat in the direction of Egypt. He had nothing to do but to face the enemy. I believe God sometimes permits us to get into a place where there is no retreat so that He can show His power. We sometimes find ourselves with the Red Sea in front of us, the Egyptians behind, and mountains on either side of us.

Hezekiah was one of the most spiritual descendants of David, and one of the best kings that had sat on the throne. He had proven his faith in God when he destroyed the high places where they worshipped idols. One of the first things he did was to destroy the brazen serpent that Moses had made. Do you know that we can take even religious things, those that have a spiritual significance and turn them to idolatry. They had been bowing down to this brazen serpent and worshipping it. I know people who have almost become spiritualists in their worship and search for the uncanny. A lady came to me once in real distress and said, "I wish someone would

give me a message in tongues and interpretation so I would know what to do." You open the door for the enemy when you continually seek such signs. I said to her, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." Sometimes we get our eyes on the gift that God gives and forget the Giver. It was not the brazen serpent that saved the Israelites, it was the merciful God. The serpent was a sign-post that pointed to Jesus Christ who alone can heal the bite of that deadly serpent, the devil. Calvary is the only antidote for the deadly poison of sin.

Sennacherib had invaded the land and taken the fortified town. We may lose the coast towns, but let us rally to the defense of Jerusalem and never give up. We may have failed in prayer and praise but He will forgive and rally to our defense. Instantly Hezekiah felt he was in the enemy's hands, and he said, "State your sum and I will pay it." He would buy his freedom. Sennacherib sent word saying he required 300 talents of silver and 30 talents of gold. And when Hezekiah went to the temple to get the money, the treasury was low. What did he do? In order to pay this debt he stripped the door-posts of their gold, and the gold that overlaid the temple and gave it to Sennacherib. He was forced to pay tribute. As I read this scripture I thought how the enemy makes demands upon us today. How many times have we robbed and stripped the temple of God in order to pay off the world, the flesh and the devil that make demands on us. The church of God has taken away the old-time mourner's bench and tried to pay the debt with it; she has done away with the old-fashioned prayer-meeting and substituted feasting. We strip the altar, we strip the gold from the door-posts.

The stones that comprised the temple were brought from the quarry and every stone was fitted in its place without the sound of a hammer. All the chiselling and shaping were done in the quarry, and they overlaid those stones with pure, beaten gold. The gold hid the chisel marks, it covered the imperfections. It was pure, beaten gold. Every one of us are stones that have been brought out from the quarry of sin. Each one is of different shape and size; some from homes of poverty and some from homes of wealth; some with limited knowledge, others educated, but all have been fitly joined together in the great temple of God. Then He covered us with the pure gold

of His divine love. Strip that love from us and we will bite and devour one another; we will be jealous and quarrel. We will become lukewarm and indifferent. Our creditors would like to strip us of our gold. They say to us, "You stop preaching the baptism of the Holy Spirit with the sign of tongues; stop preaching divine healing. Do not praise the Lord all the time, but just have a refined, formal service. Some, alas, have been paying the debt. They have come in and gotten another piece of gold and taken it to their creditors on the outside who are demanding that we pay. If we pay at the sacrifice of spirituality we are eternally lost. We had better move into an alley and worship in a garage and keep Jesus in our midst than be in a fine building and have a dead form without Him. That infant babe Pentecost that God planted but a short time ago, the babe that has been an outcast, misunderstood and unappreciated by its elder brethren who should have fostered it, has grown rapidly and developed to such an extent that in the twenty or twenty-five years since the latter rain outpouring of the Spirit it has become a recognized Movement. From the store fronts on the side streets we have elbowed our way to fine churches on the main thoroughfare. From obscurity we have crawled, hand over hand, to a place where we are recognized as a religious movement. Now we are recorded in the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, among the religious movements of the country. God forbid that in our march of progress and our battle for recognition we should strip the gold from the temple, that we should gain prestige or popularity at the sacrifice of spirituality; that we should barter away any of the pure gold, the genuine realities of true Pentecost, and receive a place among other religious bodies at the sacrifice of our distinctive testimony.

Hezekiah had sent down and paid the bill and Sennacherib was to vacate the city of Lachish and turn it back to Hezekiah, but he did not do it. As soon as Hezekiah paid the tribute Sennacherib laughed and said, "I will get more out of him." It doesn't pay to compromise. When the devil makes a demand the thing to do is to take your stand then and there. Years ago a brother went to a town in Pennsylvania and held some street meetings. After preaching on the street for a time he said, "God wants me to start a work here," and he rented a little store-room. Two children and an insane woman followed him in from the street, but he held a regular service as if the place were full. From that little beginning they now have the largest congregation in the

city. They bought the Presbyterian Church and enlarged it three times. Some of the best people in the city are members of his church, have the baptism of the Holy Spirit and are going on with God. In the beginning he had trouble to get someone to play the organ and prayed that God would send in someone. A woman from one of the large churches became interested and could play, though she wasn't a great musician. She was at every service and was deeply interested. One day she came to her pastor and said, "My husband has fought me bitterly about coming here and has told me if I would go to any other church he would go with me." He answered, "Do you believe that?" "Yes," she said, "I do. I am sorry to leave but I will quit, and go up to that large church on the hill." Her pastor pleaded with her and told her if she would hold up the standard by the grace of God, no matter how much she suffered, God would bring her husband up to that standard, but if she refused she would drop down to her husband's standard. She insisted on leaving, and her husband went with her one Sunday, then refused to go to another service. As a result of her compromise he never darkens the church door, and she has been a backslider for many years. Do not pay the devil. Do not strip the gold off the door-posts. Let us lift the standard high and hold it up.

Finally Sennacherib sent three of his officers from Lachish to King Hezekiah, who sent out three of his officers to interview them. The officers from Sennacherib tried to persuade Hezekiah's men to surrender. They said, "Do you think for a moment you can overpower this great king of Assyria? Do you believe that Egypt will come and help you? Are you leaning on that broken reed? That will pierce your hand. Or are you foolish enough to believe that your God will help you?" And so they taunted them. "If you are trusting in your God consider what He did for these other cities? Isn't your past experience enough to teach you that after you have put all your confidence in God, He will fail you? Will you go on trusting Him?" How many times the world has stood in seeming triumph at our gates and hurled in defiance that question, "Will God deliver you now that you are on the broad of your back?" "Will God help you now that you are in distress? Will He raise you up? Oh where now is thy God?" Listen! This God that we serve is the God who parted the Red Sea. He is a God that made a path through the wilderness for His people, the God that parted the Jordan. He is not the God of the dead but of the living.

Hezekiah's officers said to them, "Speak to us in the Syrian language so our people will not understand and become discouraged." But Rabshakeh cried out in Hebrew, "We want everybody to know. Let not Hezekiah deceive you, for he shall not be able to deliver you out of the hands of the king of Assyria. Make an agreement with him and then eat ye every man of his own vine and fig tree, and drink ye everyone the waters of his cistern." Satan said to Jesus, "All the kingdoms of this world will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me." But his promises were just as false as Sennacherib's. Oh how many have been beguiled into making a league with the enemy of their souls, by brilliant, alluring offers! Do not be deceived.

I was ordained to the ministry in 1917, and I have never earned a dollar since that time apart from what I received in the service of the Lord. And after having given this a thorough trial I wish to tell you that God is a good Paymaster. I have had young folks tell me, "If I go into God's service it will mean my giving up quite a little." Let me say you will receive far more than you have ever given up. I'd rather work for Jesus than anyone on the face of the earth. I'd rather be in the employ of my blessed Savior than be in your employ. The Word of God clearly states He will give "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified." Isa. 61:3.

Hezekiah went into the house of the Lord and prayed. He cried mightily unto God and sent to Isaiah the prophet to pray. And Isaiah sent word through the servants who came, "Thus saith the Lord, Be not afraid of the words which thou hast heard, with which the servants of the king of Assyria have blasphemed me. Behold I will send a blast upon him, and he shall hear a rumor, and shall return to his own land; and I will cause him to fall by the sword in his own land." From a

natural standpoint Assyria was stronger than Judah, and the defeat of the ten tribes was a discouragement to Hezekiah and his people, but again God assured Hezekiah that He would deliver: "Thus saith the Lord concerning the king of Assyria, He shall not come into the city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shield, nor cast a bank against it."

And do you know how the Lord answered prayer? "And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians, an hundred and eighty-five thousand." When the outlook is dark, try the uplook. Hezekiah could see no way out. Lachish had been taken, and they had threatened to come up against Jerusalem, but the way out was through prayer. There were more Assyrians slain through prayer than if Hezekiah had gone to battle. "What confidence is this wherein thou trustest?" said Rabshakeh, "You might as

**The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.**

**Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.**

**For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!**

**And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!**

Lord Byron.

w e l l surrender." God says, "Cast not away your confidence which hath recompense of reward." "Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God," said the Psalmist. David had this same confidence when he said to Goliath, "Thou comest to me with sword and spear, but I come in the name of the Lord of hosts."

Oh beloved, let us have confidence in the God that never fails. But you say, "I know a woman who trusted the Lord for healing and died." Yes, I know several of them. I have seen many defeated, but we will not hoist the white flag. Paul said in II. Tim. 1:12, "For the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

The messengers of Sennacherib had said, "What about these other cities that trusted God. They were taken." We are not to look at the failures of the past. Again the Apostle to the Gentiles cries in Philippians 3:13, 14, "Brethren

... this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." And we read in Heb. 12:2, "Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith." I have found some people who are catalogued as saints not so saintly as they appear, and others who do not seem very spiritual, if you prod deep into their lives you will find there an inner walk with God. You cannot tell by outward appearances the spiritual status of people. God knows. Some who have been supposed to have trusted God implicitly have failed, but we know that God makes no mistakes. We have His Word, in Prov. 29:25, "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe." We are not trusting in our own strength today, but in the Arm of Him who is strong to deliver. Sennacherib was trusting in his army. He no doubt said, "I have 32,000 men who will do the work." The Stoics

of old relied on their will power, their own sufficiency; they would meet death in a majestic way and never flinch.

But there comes a time when earthly power fails. When Sennacherib and his army are before you there is only one way out and that is through the arm of God. Have you ever reached the place where all human help was gone? When the doctor stands over you and says your disease is beyond human aid and death is just a little way ahead; that you cannot possibly live? Then you realize the power of God. I have seen Him reach right down to a death-bed and raise up someone whom doctors had given up as hopelessly incurable. He is not a God of the dead but of the living. "What confidence is this wherein thou trusteth?" Are you trusting in your own powers and ability? Are you trusting Egypt, that broken reed that cannot help you? Or are you trusting the Living God? Let us trust Him who is strong to deliver and mighty to save.

Behold He Cometh! Watch Ye! Stand Fast!

D. H. McDowell



HE burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? The Watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night; if ye will enquire, enquire ye; return come." Isaiah 21: 11, 12.

There is a stir throughout the world today concerning events that are transpiring so rapidly that in very truth "men's hearts are failing them for fear and after looking on the things that are coming on the earth." Some of the difficulties facing the men of affairs are of such a stupendous character that it is little wonder their hearts are failing them for fear. Here are a few of the statements quoted from the current press: "Peace is so eagerly sought after today, because rarely in world history has peace been so uncertain as today. This is natural because the post-war world is just beginning to shape itself. The many forces which the World War let loose are still far from being stabilized. The independence movement in the British dominions, the unrest in India, the incalculable power of the masses in China, *the still veiled future of Russia*, the instability of some of the newly created states, the economic and racial impossibilities of the Central European map, and the question of the colored races—these are some of the problems still in full development." And we might add further, the Moslem Jewish problem and the still further

uncertainty in the minds of diplomats as to the course of Mussolini.

From every quarter of the world today there is a cry going up in one way and another. What do these things mean and what will be the end and the outcome of it all? Oh that men would turn in their blindness to the "Sure word of prophecy" and get God's picture of the closing of this age! They would then be able to tell what time it is and understand the signs that are pointing with no uncertain authority to the greatest crisis of all ages.

In the text above the one making inquiry is answered by the Watchman whose duty it is to be on the alert for inquirers as to the time of the night. This great long night of sin and sorrow, thank God it will end. The sun is soon to rise. But I desire you to note two important things in the Watchman's answer to the inquirer: "The morning cometh, and also the night; if ye will inquire, inquire ye; return come." The Watchman sees a complex condition that has him puzzled for the moment. To put it in the language of today he would seem to say: "I see a peculiar condition that I scarcely understand. I see the morning surely coming, but I see the night coming also. It may be an unusual phenomenon that will pass away, so if ye will inquire later, return and do so and perhaps I will be able to give you a more definite report." But the Watchman was

not looking on some unusual phenomenon. He was looking at the true condition that you and I are seeing today. There are two things clearly showing on the horizon. The first, thank God, is the coming of the morning. That is just as certain as that we are here today. Nothing more sure than that the "Morning Star" will come for the Church, while the world is yet asleep and then be followed a little later by the coming of the "Sun of Righteousness," with healing in His wings.

But there is also coming "the night"—one of the darkest nights ever known to mankind. There is nothing ahead for a Christ-rejecting world but the terrors of Tribulation night. Yes its shadows are being cast over the world at this hour and just as certain as the Holy Ghost is getting the people of God ready for the coming of the Lord Jesus and the "morning" so God is getting the world ready for the Antichrist and the "night." The truth cannot be gainsaid or resisted. The prophetic program is being unfolded before our eyes in such rapid strides that we almost gasp when we think of the nearness of the end and the coming changes in every walk of life. The end hasteneth greatly, child of God, and it behooves us to take heed to the exhortation of the Master, that we "watch and be sober," for the "day cometh as a thief." "Be ye also ready!"

There are three dark days spoken of in Scripture. The first one was in Egypt when the first-born son of man was slain. That was a dark day for Egypt. The second dark day was when the "First-born Son of God" was slain. That was a day when heaven veiled its face in deepest mourning, the earth trembled and the mountains quaked. The third dark day is yet future and its shadows are being cast over the world today. That will be the day when the first-born son of Satan will be destroyed, the man of sin, the Antichrist. As I write, there is a pall of darkness hanging over Chicago, and it is just past noon. It seems to be the forboding of another storm. But as the dark shadows cast their gloom over the city and mingle with the white snow that covers the ground it lends a peculiar and impressive meaning to the thoughts expressed on this subject. The morning is coming and also the night. There is a blending of the darkness of unbelief and despair with the light of faith and hope, and it is casting its gloom over the earth and causing fear in the hearts of men. But Jesus has left us an encouraging word. "When ye see these things begin to come to pass, then lift up your heads for your redemption draweth nigh."

Dear reader, are you preparing for the "Morning" with all its glory and joy? or are you preparing for the "Night" with its sadness, suffering, and tribulation judgment leading into that eternal night of woe where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth? Remember that the Lord Jesus died for you and that He stands ready to forgive and cleanse you in His precious blood if only you will kneel before Him and ask Him to do so. God grant that you might yield to Him now and let Him prepare you for His glorious coming for "The Morning cometh and also the night."



Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Williamson and Robert

"Eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared," is one of the favorite texts of the Stone Church Assembly at her communion services. As we commemorate the death of our blessed Lord we pass the cup to China, to Africa, to India and South America. Thru our missionaries in these lands we give the Word of Life to the famishing.

We have pleasure in having a part in sending out Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Williamson, who are sailing for South China on the Empress of Canada, leaving Vancouver, B. C. on February 15, 1930. This is their third term out, their second having been shortened because of the anti-Christian spirit which was very intense in their locality. For several months before leaving their station they were besieged by mobs and were finally obliged to flee in order to escape death. Conditions in South China are far from settled, but

(Continued on page 20)

My Experience with Death

Pressing Through the Gates of Praise

Mrs. Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn, Clackamas, Oregon



IN THE second chapter of Mark we read of a man who was "sick of the palsy" and whose friends brought him on a bed to a house where our dear Lord was addressing all who could gather therein. Before they ever reached the house they saw great throngs of people on the outside, and the press was so great they could not even "come nigh unto Him." Ordinarily, one would expect them to turn back discouraged and disheartened after their long, dusty journey, only to fail in reaching the Christ, but they were full of faith, and after a consultation, decided to go up on the roof and break up some of the tiling in order to let the man down into the presence of Jesus. This they did, doubtless to the consternation of those who were assembled in the house, for those in front had to press back and give room for the descending bed. Our Master gazed on the dear suffering one while the hearts of his four friends were palpitating with joy as they looked down upon the scene.

However engrossed Christ had been that day, He took time to stop and heal this poor sick one, saying, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." The reward of faith had come. It had paid them to press through, to overcome that which stood between the Christ and their heart's desire. With determination they used every means that lay in their power to gain admission to the presence of Jesus.

Many of us pray and when we do not realize the answer to our request in a reasonable length of time, we give up, thinking it may not be the will of God to have that for which we have asked. We forget that our Lord said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." No "perhaps" or "maybe" about it, but an emphatic *shall*.

We are reminded also of the woman spoken of in the fifth chapter of Mark; how for twelve years she had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered but rather grew worse. We see her, a little forlorn, discouraged figure. One time life had meant so much to her; now it was a mere existence, and a miserable one at that. She had heard of the Christ, and now He is passing her way. And with His coming a great hope enters her soul. We realize how she felt as she

surveyed the great press of people that thronged the Master. How can one so weak as she ever get through that vast multitude and reach the Christ? But faith urges her on, and with her little remaining strength she makes one last effort to touch the Master, her only hope of deliverance.

And we read that she did press through; that she touched "the hem of His garment" and felt in her body that she was healed of that plague. Had she given up in despair when faced with the difficulty of getting to Christ, had she admitted that it was impossible to press through that throng that surged between her poor, weak body and the Healer Divine, she never would have acquired her heart's desire. First of all there was the goal. Then she determined to reach that goal and to touch the Great Physician in simple faith. No matter how she would be crushed and hurt and jolted in the press of the people, she steadfastly set her face and pressed through!

Now I know that in our day we shall never have to be worried about great throngs massing so close to Christ that we shall be crowded out. Christ is everywhere—wherever there is a need for Him. And we can always find Him, no matter where we are. But we also have our difficulties to overcome, our stumbling stones to surmount, just as they did in the days when He was on earth. Some of us must press through the opposition of our dearest and nearest in order to get to Christ. Some may feel all that they ever called their own, slipping from them, yet determined to reach Him and have His blessing. We should be importunate and gain His favor, His blessed smile at the cost of everything, if need be.

"Knock and it shall be opened!" How many knock just once, or twice and then give up, never to be admitted into the room of promises; never to cross the threshold of faith; never to prove for themselves that "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Many of us neglect to thank and praise God for the answer, when it is the thanksgiving and praise to God that bring results.

Some years ago I lay in bed over in Tennessee—very ill with typhoid and malarial fever, together with a nervous breakdown. I had been conducting large, evangelistic meetings, many had been healed of various diseases, and the whole town was astir over the services. On a Sunday morning I was suddenly taken ill. I went through

the service in great pain but thought that after I rested a little I would be able to preach in the afternoon and evening. When the afternoon came I was much worse and for days I lingered between life and death.

One night I went through an experience which I can never forget, and which taught me one of the most blessed lessons of my life. I was alone in the house for some hours. The people in whose home I was staying did not realize the seriousness of my sickness, and were not aware of the fact that I was sinking rapidly. When they returned and found me so low they called a nurse.

For more than two hours that night the very powers of darkness wrestled with my soul. The enemy came into my room and for the first time in my experience I battled him face to face. He was hideous to behold! Oh that grinning visage, so full of hatred as only Satan himself can display toward a child of God! In his first attack he appeared masked in black and attempted to shoot me with horrid-looking, black arrows. Though extremely weak in body I was able to whisper, "Surrounding me is a wall of fire which the enemy's darts cannot pierce."

His next attack was directed from underneath the bed, and I claimed the promise, "Underneath are the Everlasting Arms!" For a moment he was non-plussed and I had rest. Then suddenly Satan's form disappeared and intense darkness settled about me with a crushing weight. Though I struggled with it and tried to shake it off, it penetrated to my very heart, crushing and grinding like tons of rock piled upon my bosom. For some time I resisted and struggled; then I grew weaker as a numbness seized my limbs and I could move them no more. My ears lost their hearing and I was blind. Life was slipping away from me; my heart was beating weakly, breathing was becoming harder, and suddenly my lungs seemed to be crushed flat under that exceeding weight. Death had come—I realized it now! All was still in the room; my body lay motionless, my heart had ceased beating, and to all appearances I was dead. Yet the spirit within me was as alive as ever. I could think clearly. "So this is death!" I said inwardly. "If a doctor were here would he pronounce me dead while I am alive within?" I wondered.

My thoughts turned to a story grandmother used to tell about her uncle. When a young man he was taken sick with cholera, in the Central States, and died in two days. In a few hours they laid him out and two days later conducted the fun-

eral. From the time the doctor pronounced him dead he remained alive. He could hear everything that was said, and dreaded his approaching funeral. He struggled in vain to show some signs of life during those long hours of agony, and prayed the Almighty God to forgive his sins, promising if he were restored, to devote his life to the cause, determining that he would become a doctor so that those who were under his medical care would not be buried alive. The time came for the funeral. Knowing that only moments separated him from the grave, what else could he do but pray? while word by word, the funeral sermon fell upon his ears. At the invitation of the minister friends came to view the remains, and oh how he wished that someone might discern the spark of life that yet lingered in his apparently dead body. But alas no such thing happened! The last mourner passed by, the coffin was closed—no use now! He could only wonder how long it would be before his spirit would take its flight.

Then in the distance he heard a confusion of voices. Nearer and nearer they came, and above all he heard a woman shrieking, "I must! I will see him!" To please her, because she and the dead young man were very good friends, they lifted the coffin lid. "Oh," she said, "how could one die who has been so good as he? Why would God take him away and spare so many useless lives? Many is the time that he has brought to my doorway the winter's wood. Many is the time he has brought groceries to my children since my husband died. Oh, I cannot spare him!" And as she stood looking down upon him, she began to shriek, "I do not believe he is dead! I do not believe it!" While some tried to push her back, declaring that the young man had been dead two days and a half, relatives now began to hope and requested that the burial be postponed. Doctors came and one placed a white powder on his tongue saying, "If there is any life in him, this will bring him to." They waited, and after an hour and a half a little spot of steam or vapor was noticed on the glass lid of the coffin, and one of the doctors said, "There must be life in that cold, motionless body." The young man's hopes grew and he prayed all the harder. Finally a twitching of the eye was noticed, so they did all they could to bring him to life, and he was restored.

As my body lay motionless upon the bed, how vividly I remembered this story of my grandmother's uncle. I too began to wonder if not many who are pronounced dead by the doctor, are only seemingly so, their spirit being yet with-

in the mortal home and not having taken its flight to God. So I waited. I knew I was dead but I wondered how long my spirit would linger. Then a great anxiety seized me to go to be with Jesus, and to see heaven, about which I had so often preached. Soon all seemed a blank and I felt my spirit moving upward. I had a form of some kind and could see and hear and think more clearly than when in the natural body. I was extremely happy; such peace and rest had come to me. For me all Time had ceased and I was now in Eternity, yet it wasn't a drag as some people think of eternity. It was no effort to ascend heavenward; I merely floated. I was so light and enjoyed a freedom such as I had never known in the human body. My spirit felt as if it had escaped from prison. What a wonderful thing is the soul's flight heavenward—to Freedom, to Home, to God!

I had not a grief nor a care. No more oppression! Oh I was so glad that I had died! Beneath me the earth was receding. I wafted upward as it were on a huge searchlight, which was strong and powerful. It was no trouble to keep within its border, for I could see its source, it came from Jesus. Then I really understood how He was the Light of the World, and how He came to lighten every man's pathway to heaven, the abode of eternal light. I realized that it was only because He had been a Light to me on earth that I was in this great Light Way now, in Eternity.

To the right and to the left of me was darkness. The Light of Jesus had pierced that darkness, illuminating my way. I thought of the words of Jesus concerning the "outer darkness," where there is "weeping and gnashing of teeth." This was the "power of darkness" so often spoken of in the Bible. The ruler here was the "Prince of the power of the air." The darkness was not like any you have seen with the natural eyes, but it was a tangible, black, inky, clammy darkness that could be felt. It was like a thick fog, only jet black, a darkness that seemed so thick it could be cut. Not one ray of light was in that darkness—not even a glimmer. I peered into it wondering if I could see anyone in that region. In tenderness I pitied them. Oh, had they only when on earth accepted Him who is the Light of the world, how wonderful their pathway would be now!

Again looking upward I saw my blessed Savior beckoning me, His dear hands outstretched, His eyes looking love eternal in my soul. He knew me all my life; nothing had ever been hid-

den from His gaze, yet He who knew me best loved me most. Onward, upward I floated! Beyond, I could see the domes of that beautiful city, the gold and ivory pinnacles, and over it all, like so many humming birds, flitted angelic beings. It was too beautiful for words of mortal language to describe. Too sublime! And to think that only a few seconds more (though in eternity there is no more time) and I would be in that city.

Suddenly I saw old Mother Earth beneath me. I could see the place where my dead body lay, and further North, where my husband was preaching. Then I thought, "Poor William! What will he do? What will he say when they tell him that I am dead?" I longed to comfort his heart. Then as I looked upward again I realized that I was no longer moving. For an instant there was a wavering, and then I slowly descended back to the earth. I was sad, oh so sad as I neared this world of sorrow, and I hoped that my spirit would not return to my body, but that I would enter heaven and live there forever. Then again all was blank and a cramped, caged feeling came over me. I was cold, and wondered if I had again entered the body. Slowly the coldness became warm and I could feel an adjusting to the human form. My blood began to course through my veins, and I began to move my limbs. Breath and heart-beats came short and fast, but I could not yet believe that I was in the body. Surely I could not be alive unless I could see and hear and talk. Slowly my sight and hearing returned, and then I was afraid that I'd be disappointed to find myself alive. I began to move my tongue which had lain powerless all this time. Now I opened my mouth and uttered one word, "Hallelujah!"

For a long time I lay there thinking. Somehow, I felt that no matter how serious this sickness became, I would not die of it. My husband was preaching in Northern Minnesota, and could not come at first, but the two nurses who attended me kept him informed as to my condition, and he came as soon as he could. I was too weak to converse, and since my wonderful flight into Eternity my mind was much taken up with what I had seen there. The "Power of Darkness" was also very real to me. I had seen it for myself. As I lay there day after day, praying for the healing which I believed God would give me, I wondered why He delayed. And all these scriptures which I have enumerated, and others, came to my mind. We had telegraphed all over the country to those who we knew had faith in God

for healing, and day after day, ministers and Christian workers of the city gathered in my room to pray for my deliverance. Hour after hour my husband would beseech God to heal me, and the fever was noticeably lower in answer to prayer. But in spite of all this I grew thinner and looked more the shadow of death each day. Once the nurse left the room because she could not bear to see me pass away. I knew what she was thinking but was too weak to tell her I felt I would not die. When she returned and found me alive she told me her fears, and acknowledged that only God had kept me for my life seemed held by a slender thread.

One day a voice whispered to me, "Daniel prayed twenty-one days before he realized the answer to his prayer." Like a bolt it struck me. "Why, of course, all these days we've prayed and repeated our petition, when we were really heard the first time we prayed. God says He answers, so the reason I am not well is because the answer, like in Daniel's case (Dan. 10:13) has been delayed by the Prince of the Power of the Air."

This ruler of the "power of darkness" just waits to frustrate any blessing that God may dispatch to us, and if he sees we are doubting our God and disbelieving His promise to answer, he is delighted. If between us and the throne of God is stretched that great realm called "the power of darkness," then we must oftentimes expect to meet with that evil force, but with the faith that God grants, we must conquer this Satanic power and snatch by diligence and importunity the answers God has given us.

Some have prayed for months, perhaps years, for the selfsame thing, until their ears are tired of hearing it so oft repeated. Why not begin to thank God that when He first heard your prayer He immediately dispatched a messenger with the answer? I meditated on this lesson and asked for my Bible. Too weak to find it myself, my husband located the passage and we read it together. That afternoon when several came in to pray for me once more, I asked my husband to prop me up on pillows and bring me my Bible. I suppose I looked as pale as death itself, and trembled from weakness. A minister said, "Well, Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, you are not going to preach us a sermon, are you?" When I solemnly announced to our friends that I did not want them to pray for me anymore, they looked quite shocked. Then they wondered if I was going back on the teaching of Divine Healing. I explained to them the reality of the power of darkness, which I had

seen, and how we begged God over and over again to heal me until I had come to believe that we were almost doubting if God had heard our prayers; that by keeping on in this way, each prayer we uttered denied the one we prayed before.

Then I requested my husband to move the bed into the middle of the room, and said, "I want you all to march around my bed, and praise God that He heard and answered, and that I am healed." There was nothing for them to do but humor me, so they started the march around my bed. The praises at first were rather subdued and seemed to lack heart, but soon my husband, who knows how to shout, started in: "Glory to God! Praise the Lord! We thank Thee, Jesus!" One by one they joined in until all their voices blended in praise to Him, and faith began to rise. I lay still with my eyes closed, feeling that nothing could hold back the answer now. After some time I told them they could expect me at the meeting the next night.

After they had gone a dreadful convulsion seized me, which so frightened the lady of the house that she wanted a doctor, but I murmured between my convulsed lips, "Praise Him! Oh praise Him!" My husband again began to praise God in face of what seemed death. It was the last we saw of that raging fever. From that moment strength came. I began to walk and eat, and the next night I was in the service. The town had talked so much of my death that people were amazed to see me coming into the church. Men and women shouted and praised the Lord in their joy that He had answered prayer.

In a few days we took the trip to Chicago and I gained strength rapidly. I had learned the lesson that to praise God is just as important as to pray. Dear reader, you may see the answer to your prayer if you will be determined to surmount every difficulty and brush from your way every obstacle. "He is more willing to give than to receive." Since this is true, surely we should receive more than we do. Ask God for the thing you desire; then do not continually repeat the same request, but hold it up before Him, and tell Him you know He has sent the answer, and you are determined not to be cheated out of it by Satan.

Someone has said, "Prayer is not overcoming God's reluctance, but it is laying hold of His willingness." Just reach out and take the answer to that prayer you prayed last month. If the power of darkness tries to make a heaven of brass or a wall of stone, you just press through determined-

ly, and you will find that the diligent seeker will be rewarded.

Mother, father, you who have prayed so long and earnestly for your daughter, your wayward son, tell your God that you believe He has heard and has answered. Cause your faith to reach out. Thank God and count it done. When things seem

to grow darker, right in the face of that darkness praise God and as you believe it will be done.

The power of darkness is real. Many have found this so, only too late. Oh sinner! See your need of Jesus who is the Light of the World. He came to lighten your way to heaven. He alone can save you from the outer darkness.

A Miracle of Healing

How God Knit a Fractured Vertebrae

The following story of a miraculous healing which occurred in the Southern California Bible School, South Pasadena, was sent to us by Mrs. L. M. Piper, who is Dean of the Women's Department. A more recent letter from Mrs. Piper says that Miss Menger continues to improve in health, and there is much rejoicing over what God has done.



LESS Jehovah, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy Name." Then David in the 103rd Psalm lists the blessings he has received. As someone has said, "He selects a few of the choicest pearls from the casket of divine love and threading them on the cord of memory hangs it about the neck of gratitude."

When Samuel Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, flashed the first message over the wires, it contained these appropriate words, "What hath God wrought!" When we are eye-witnesses to the miraculous—bodies healed and lives transformed through prayer, we too can exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

I want to write about a marvelous demonstration of the power of God in our midst. One of the Freshman students, Irene Menger by name, came to us full of ambition and life, with the determination to take the full three year course. Before coming here she had suffered from a weak vertebrae, but was in good health to all appearances. One day while walking on the driveway with a large Bible Atlas open before her, she stumbled in a hole in the ground and fell. No one thought the accident at all serious, but because of the weakened condition of her spine the vertebrae was thrown out of place. She went to a chiropractor who tried his best to readjust the vertebrae but without success. Her head was thrown back over her shoulder and for an hour and a half she was paralyzed in her throat. During the middle of the night her tongue came down to her chin. Her eyes became set and death was right at the door. We held on to God through

the night and before morning her head was in proper position, but the vertebrae was still out of place. Finally she was taken to the osteopathic hospital where for six hours they strapped her up with a pulley, trying to adjust her spine, but without any success.

The only thing remaining was to put her in a plaster of Paris cast and while this was being put on she suffered greatly. As most people know she had to remain in an upright position while the cast was hardening on her body, during which time she nearly fainted several times. The doctors were overheard saying that there was very little hope, if any, of her recovery.

Finally she was brought back to the school in the cast. She was propped up in a hospital-bed hired for the occasion, but was unable to move either to the right or to the left; she could not feed herself or raise her hand to her face. After awhile a little of her strength came back and she was permitted to be moved in a wheel chair to the north porch. A number of us felt that unless a miracle was performed she would not be with us very long, as some doctors say that a fractured vertebrae never knits.

One day her physician came to see her and felt the cast should be removed and her back massaged. The doctor and her assistant sawed the cast off, and during the ordeal Miss Menger nearly died. Then the doctor said, "We will raise you up and allow you to balance your weight on your feet to get up the proper circulation." This Miss Menger tried to do but screamed with agony when her foot touched the floor, and the blood rushed to her brain. The doctor then refused to massage her back, feeling she was too ill, and put the cast back on, holding it by adhesive tape on the sides, and put her in bed, more dead than alive.

I went in to see her that same evening and found her in great agony. She looked up at me with despair in her eyes and said, "Mrs. Piper, I cannot stand this much longer." She could not

sit up in bed without being propped. She was crushed as she realized that her hopes were blasted and she would not be able to go on with her studies. That night we had special prayer for her in the dining-room, and all felt that only a miracle could save her life. We had prayed; we had believed the best we could, and the doctors said it was a miracle that she was alive at all—yet we were not satisfied, and longed to see our Heavenly Father do something miraculous.

She had not had any natural sleep for weeks, and the morning after this trying ordeal with the doctor, she was lying in bed alone, her companion having gone to the dining-room, when God spoke to her and said, "Stand on your feet." Remembering the awful agony of the day before, she hesitated, but the prompting came again. So she waited until her companion returned, and told her what she felt her Heavenly Father had whispered in her heart. Then she threw back the bed-clothes, got off the bed with difficulty because of the heavy cast and stood on her feet without the slightest pain or dizziness. In the face of her condition and how we almost despaired of her recovery, this was marvelous.

I was told by a student that I was wanted in Miss Menger's room, and knowing of her awful suffering the day before my heart sank. When I reached her room, which I did as quickly as possible, I knocked at the door, which she herself opened, reaching out her arms and clasping me in them, while tears of joy and gratitude coursed down her face. In my amazement I nearly fell over. She sent for the doctor to come and take off the cast, but she did not respond, having no sympathy with all that had occurred. The hospital bed was taken away, but Irene found it impossible to lie flat on an ordinary bed and sleep on account of the cast. The doctor and her assistant came three days later and insisted on taking her to the hospital for an X-ray. To show the awful condition of the fractured vertebrae eight plates had been taken, and the doctor did not feel free to do anything until she had another X-ray. The plate showed "clear"—yet the doctors having no sympathy with the miraculous, insisted on putting the cast back on again, tighter than ever, with the remark that it was for support, and adding, "since nature has done such wonderful work."

When I went to her room that night she was the picture of despair, the tears running down her cheeks, and she said, "Mrs. Piper, I will not keep this thing on because God has healed me." We hardly knew how to act, knowing that the school would be censured if we helped to take it off

against the doctor's orders. Finally, after much prayer, we decided that since she was a woman of mature age we would allow her to do as she wished. So she rose up, cut the adhesive tape and slipped the heavy thing from her body. Knowing that she could not sit up, stand alone or lie down without help before, I said, "Now Irene, lie down as you used to do," and she stretched out like a baby, which made us all fall on our knees in thanksgiving to God for what He had wrought. She has been walking around without the slightest pain or weakness, comes into the dining-room for her meals, goes out riding, and is perfectly healed; is as happy as a bird out of a cage.

"Prayer changes things." We sometimes think that we can reason many things away, but after all, God is sovereign, and we can say with Job, "I know that Thou canst do everything; who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not. I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

Dying from Starvation

THE daily press dispatches from Peiping (Pekin), China, tell of most heart-rending conditions in the provinces of Shensi and Kansu. A former newspaper editor from Peiping took a six weeks' inspection trip in the Wei River district, and on returning said that two million persons have already died from starvation during the last eight months and two million more are doomed to die within the next few months. There is absolutely no hope of saving them.

To add to the suffering from famine, a recent cold wave was the cause of thousands being frozen to death. The thermometer registered at 32 below zero, and their bodies being so depleted from starvation and unprepared for such weather, they had no resistance. The minimum temperature in Shensi Province is fifteen above. The stronger peasants have turned bandits which makes transportation of food and money very difficult. Literally thousands are begging for a piece of bread and are eating sawdust and bark from trees. This eye-witness says that even if the China Relief Commission at Peiping had plenty of grain to pour into the famine area, they could not get it there for months. The local authorities are helpless and are themselves on the

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The Pulse of a Dying World

THE LONDON DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE at this writing, sits in solemn session, seeking solutions that will solve carnal man's oldest problem. Delegates, Plenipotentiaries, Diplomats, and experts from the leading nations of the world knit their brows, look wise and play the fascinating game of word-fencing; mere pawns on the checker board obeying the master minds, concealed as it were behind a curtain, and who in turn are obedient serfs of the "Prince of the Power of the air". The babies are afraid of their own toys—Battleships, Cruisers, Destroyers, Submarines, Air Craft and Naval warfare in general, — and their fear but increases as each year new diabolical engines of destruction are invented. "Should we pray for the success of such conferences?" asks an inquirer. We have but one answer and it is final! It is in the Bible's last chapter, "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. He who testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." And as to this conference, God in heaven shall laugh at them, for there never will be a removing of war by trimming the "tiger's claws" nor playing with war's trinkets, bargaining over them, and giving up one in favor of the other. **The cause of war is sin.** Who ever heard of a conference of nations to remove sin, to declare its faith in Christ or turning to acclaim the Prince of Peace? Alas! that will not be! Nevertheless, when He comes, only then shall they learn war no more.

* * *

"THE VIRGIN MARY DID NOT DIE, BUT ASCENDED TO HEAVEN". This is the next doctrine to be imposed upon the Roman Catholic faithful, for all over the Roman Catholic world, feverish preparations are on for the great Ecumenical Council of 1930, at Rome, to which the whole Catholic world will send representatives; no doubt the largest gathering of the sort in the history of the Roman hierarchy. Shades of the last Papal Meeting seem to rise to influence the proposed gathering, to run a new extreme in imposing upon the world, one more monstrosity of belief. In 1870 the meeting adjourned just before the loss of papal temporal power occasioned by the rise of the United Italian State. This year it meets again and will no doubt, first ratify the new relations between the Holy See and Mussolini. Then its devotees must submit to the adoption of new doctrine; "the mother of God" is first to be proclaimed as having escaped natural death and ascended to heaven. This will place the Roman Catholic conception of Mary in a still higher contrast to its conception of Christ. In 1870 it was her immaculate conception that was decided upon as well as the infallibility of the Pope. How significant, that Jesus never called Mary, mother. Mariolatry, gets no encouragement from Christ's own words.

FIVE HUNDRED BISHOPS IN A GREAT EASTERN CHURCH COUNCIL, representing every section of the Eastern and Russian orthodox church in the world will also assemble in Grand Congress at Mount Athos in the late spring of this year. It seems everything is reaching the climax of its zenith, in this last time. The languishing Greek church also feels inspired to one grand gesture, before it sinks into the maelstrom of the final upheaval. Why such virility, such sudden and pronounced activity, on the part of these doomed systems of religion? Dying men have often shown the most surprising return to the full succession of their senses, the most astonishing clarity of mind and understanding, just before they have breathed their last in death. So we may expect all these false systems of faith to resuscitate in a deceiving stimulation, in a misleading revival of their declining powers, before their final lapse in the coming collapse.

Bishop Stephane of Sofia declares it will be the most important church congress since the famous Council of Nicea, 1,000 years ago. Others describe it as the launching of the greatest battle by the Eastern churches against the Church of Rome since the fall of the Holy Roman Empire. The Russian National Church and those of Ethiopia, Alexandria and Jerusalem will participate.

The delegates will discuss such vital questions as the union of all Eastern churches with the Anglican and other Protestant churches, adoption of the modern Gregorian calendar, revision of canon law concerning marriages, and adoption of Western ecclesiastical dress and the shaving of patriarchal beards and long hair. There is also to be considered reconciliation of the Bulgarian National Church with the Patriarch of Constantinople, who had excommunicated it, and the restoration to former prestige of the Patriarch as supreme chief of all Eastern orthodox churches. Another question will be granting bishops and widowed priests the right to marry.

* * *

MUSSOLINI REFERS TO 1935 AS A WAR YEAR. In spite of Disarmament Conferences the nations will continue to make plans for war. Mussolini says his plans for the militarization of Italy are "but a compromise between what we need and what we can accomplish. When our finances are better we shall increase the number of our divisions. We seek at the decisive moment to be able to mobilize and arm five million men. Our navy must be strengthened. Our air fleet should be so mighty that the wings of the flying machines will darken the sun above our coasts. Only then can we, when between 1935 and 1940 we face history's fateful hour, raise our voice with weight and force thru the unconditional recognition of our rights."

A New Feature

Coming Issues Will Contain
High Lights of World Events
through Spiritual Lenses
A running record of the
Pulsations of a Doomed Civilization
under
The Pulse of a Dying World
By the Field Editor

* * * * *

One more reason why you should secure ten new subscriptions for the pioneer Pentecostal paper, The Latter Rain Evangel. Ten subscriptions for \$10.

News from the Mission Fields

SINCE the bloody riot in and around Jerusalem last August, the land is being patrolled by British troops, and the Jewish people have begun the work of restoration of the colonies in Palestine, most of which had been burned. The young Nationalists who constitute a large number of immigrants from all parts of the world "have given themselves unreservedly to the stupendous task of recovering the land from its age-long desolation, and vast stretches of plains and hillsides, once a stony wilderness have been covered with blooming fruit trees. But it is said that at least 80,000 of these fruit trees were destroyed by the rioters in August. Miss Radford writes that "outside the city things are slowly swinging back to normalcy, but not so in Jerusalem. The anti-Jewish boycott continues, and fear and hatred have paralyzed every activity in the city. Acts of violence occur every day; shoppers, whether Christian or Moslem, if seen going into a Jewish shop will be beaten or stoned. Jews are yet frequently stabbed and that without provocation. On Nov. 2nd, which is known as Balfour Day, all Arab shops were closed and most of the houses draped in black as another protest against the Balfour declaration. The atmosphere around us is so charged with hatred and spiritual darkness that it seems hard to breathe in Jerusalem, and so I ask you again to pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and that the door be kept open for us to minister Christ to perplexed and troubled hearts.

"We thank God that Trans-Jordan has been kept quiet on the whole, notwithstanding the efforts of the agitators in Palestine. Both Mr. Whitman and Mr. Benjamin write most encouragingly of the meetings in Salt. The revival spirit is rising and the earnest prayers of many of the people, particularly of the women in their morning meeting, seem to bring heaven very near. We have had the help of a young Egyptian preacher for a month and God has blessed his message to many souls. We are expecting another who will remain in Trans-Jordan for some months, D. V.

"Over three years ago the people of Amman, the capital of Trans-Jordan, asked us to open a mission there, and after searching for a suitable house for two years, late in September the owner of a building came and offered to rent it to us. We are now getting it in shape for a mission house and Gospel Hall. Mr. Whitman will be stationed there for the present and Mr. Benjamin will continue in the work at Salt. A most earnest plea has come to open up work in a village between Salt and Amman. They courteously asked us to visit them four years ago, but we felt they were not very keen for a Protestant Mission. Now as they have watched the progress of the people in Salt they are deeply stirred. For nearly two years the men of Hussian have been asking for a missionary, but we have none to send. This summer they again sent one of their young men

to Jerusalem asking us to come and later wrote they would give us a house for the meetings, and another house where the missionary could live that could be rented for a small sum. Where are the workers to go to these people with the Gospel message? This is our day of opportunity for Trans-Jordan. Some of the preachers in Egypt are offering themselves to help in the work over there. Pray that the support for these new men may be provided."

Revival in Africa

Blessed news of the outpouring of the Spirit upon their work comes from Mr. and Mrs. Otto Keller, Kisumu, East Africa, who write under date of Oct. 26, 1929, that now God is permitting them to reap some of the harvest after their years of sowing the Gospel seed. "Recently about fifteen have received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, a number have been brought back to God who had grown cold and careless, many have been saved, and His healing power is manifested daily. Just to think that in this heathen darkness we are privileged to see such marvels of His grace! Men and women, girls and boys who a few short years ago were in the depths of sin, made new creatures in Christ Jesus.

We began these special meetings about four months ago in the face of much opposition, but like the small-pox it is "catching," and even in the outschool churches the folks are having extra prayer meetings. Yes, we are certain the Spirit of God is doing His utmost to draw men to God.

In some of our recent services we have hardly been able to preach, there is such a spirit of prayer, such heart-searching and confession upon the people. A good attendance and over 500 in the Sunday school. Two Sundays ago the power of God fell and the regular order could not be carried out. How touching to see the dear children on their faces crying to God for mercy. This was followed by shouts of praises and inspiring testimonies.

One woman who was married to a Catholic, backslid, but a few weeks ago she had a dream in which the Lord told her to read Luke 13, which she did and was much troubled. She came to the first service, confessed her sin and got right with God. Another who had married a wealthy man had also backslid. Two months ago she returned to the women's class and got right with God, and a month later took sick and died. But before she passed away she pleaded with her worldly husband to turn to God. Others who have never come to the church are smitten with such conviction that they send word for prayer.

"On the other hand, things look dark indeed for the people of Kenya Colony. Each steamer brings new recruits of Catholic priests, laymen and sisters, whose slogan is, 'Kenya for the

church of Rome.' Mohammedanism is also on the increase, and many poor, untaught natives are being ensnared. The heart of every man reaches out for God, and thru ignorance many are led into the bondage of false religions. May God put the burden of a lost world on his people in a new way. When Zion travailed she brought forth. Have we travailed in birth-pain until souls have been brought into the kingdom? God has put such prayer for the lost on some of our people that I wanted a place to hide away. A dear little mother of four children in a Sunday morning service for Christians only, in deepest agony of soul prayed for her lost friends and neighbors, 'Lord Jesus, I stand this man before you. Save him.' 'I stand this woman before You. Save her.' And so she continued until the spirit of prayer gripped every soul in the service. How we appreciate your prayers. We often think little indeed we could accomplish were it not for being upheld by His faithful children. We daily need His love and patience as ours becomes exhausted.

* * *

Bro. Leader writes from Gombari, Congo Belge, that six have just been baptized in water, Dec. 29th. Four have been added to their Christian class, and two Christians who have graduated from their school leave for a special course in evangelism at Aba, the headquarters of the A.I.M. At the out-school the work is prospering and the chief there has asked for baptism. Brother Leader explained it would mean the putting away of all wives but one and leaving all practices of witchcraft, etc., so only God knows if he will be willing to pay the price. Some are. One of the chiefs in Liberia has been in prison for some time for the sake of the Gospel, yet thru it all he has remained true to God.

The missionaries in the Congo are facing the same problems as those in other parts of Africa. Bro. Leader writes: "In an article published in Belgium the Roman Catholics have publicly stated that they will 'convert' every Protestant missionary and their adherents in the colony. Or they will drive us out from the Congo as they consider us a menace to their church."

Eating Leaves for Food

Miss Mattie Brann writes from Wei Hsien, Hopei Province, China, under date of Dec. 29th: "The Evangelistic Bands have now returned from the out-stations with blessed reports of souls set free. We still have the women here in a Bible Training Class which began in November, and will have them two weeks longer. When we know what a sacrifice it is for them to stay away from their homes we try to give them every moment of our time, to help them get all the Bible and songs they can take in. None of them could read a word before they were converted, and very few of their husbands can read, and many of the husbands not even converted feel it is utter folly for women to want to read. But the Christian women see the need of knowing what the Word teaches in order

to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Also many of them take the responsibility in their local assemblies and see they need to know more of their Bibles.

"Praise God, nearly all of the landowners had some harvest last fall. Even the many thousands who do not own land were able to follow the harvesters and glean a few hands full, which mixed with sweet potato vines and leaves they dried from trees, so they have had a little food up until recently. Many trees have had the leaves stripped as fast as they came out last spring, and when you realize that trees are very scarce, people were wild to get these leaves. The landowners who have a little will always give their own village poor a little hand-out each day and that keeps the hordes from drawing on the city people. The needs are still great and for the next few months will grow worse daily.

"One of our Christian women, nearly 25 miles north of this city, told me of how the Lord glorified His Name in her town. She said, 'After my village people had exhausted all their efforts to appease the rain-gods to get rain from heaven, I walked out in their midst and told them they were not calling on the true God who alone could give the rain and blessing.' Then the crowd asked her what they should do. 'Confess your sins,' she said: 'Then I raised my hands toward heaven and began to pray, telling the Lord they did not know Him and were great sinners like I had been. When I opened my eyes I saw them all standing with hands raised saying, 'We have been great sinners' and the very next night we had a big rainfall and since then they say, 'Your God sent the rain.' Please pray for my town people that the Lord will get many of them to follow Him.'"

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verge of starvation.

An American Relief Committee composed of business men and missionaries has been organized in Shanghai, but what can they do to save the starving millions? A British missionary, Rev. Mr. Andrews, who passed several months in dispensing relief in some sixty counties in Central Kansu, says that the people are dying faster than it is possible to bury them—200 persons daily in one town; and this is repeated in other towns. In some houses people are lying dead in their beds, providing food for the dogs. The practice of cannibalism is widespread. The missionary himself had seen flesh carved and eaten, and when Chinese officials had tried to prevent this the people replied, "Should we be refused what the dogs are eating?" It is a common thing for parents to sell their children for food. Mr. Andrews said that the overland route from Shensi Province to Kansu was lined with bodies of famine victims,

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Strong Crying and Tears

WHEN Paul Rader visited Manchuria he spoke to a gathering of three hundred workers in Yingkow. It was here under the ministry of Dr. Goforth that a great revival came, twenty years ago, the story of which came to Mr. Rader from Dr. Goforth's own lips:

"I started for Manchuria in February, 1908, with the conviction that God had given me a message for these people. I had no method to follow; really did not know how to conduct a revival. I could preach and let the people pray, but that was all. On my arrival I was shocked to find the missionary in charge not believing in revival and his wife had gone away on a holiday to get away from it. The missionary said, 'I heard one of your old wind-bag preachers down at Shanghai and his theology is as old as the hills.' I replied, 'Mine is as old as the Almighty. I think we had better stop here.'"

They had been asked by Dr. Goforth to hold extra prayer meetings in preparation for revival, but had not held one. He went to his knees saying to God, "These people do not seek after Thee. What is the use of my coming?" Then God gave him Jer. 33:3, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." So he preached and early the next morning the leading elder came to him saying, "In the Boxer year I was treasurer of the church. They destroyed everything. I kept some church funds which I swore I never received. Since then I have used the money in my business. Your sermon searched me like fire. I did not sleep last night. I can find no peace until I confess this to the church I have wronged, and restore it." After the next sermon the elder stood up before the people and laid bare his sin. Others followed. Hearts melted. One man said there were literally pools of tears on the floor through the awful days of confession and rejoicing that followed.

Dr. Phillips, the port doctor, wrote out his experience in this revival, in a book called "By My Spirit." He said, "I first came in contact with these revival meetings after they had been going on for a week. Hence I was ushered into the heart of things unprepared and, in candor I must add, with a strong temperamental prejudice against 'Revival hysterics' in every form, so that mine at least is an unbiased witness. At once on entering the church one was conscious of something unusual. The place was crowded to the door, and tense, reverent attention was on every face.

The very singing was vibrant with new joy and vigor. The people knelt for prayer. Silent at first, but soon one here and another there began to pray aloud. The voices grew and gathered in volume, and blended into a great wave of united supplication that swelled until it was almost a roar, and died down again into an undertone of weeping. Now I understood why the floor was so wet. It was wet with pools of tears! The very air seemed electric—I speak in all seriousness—and strange thrills coursed up and down one's body. Then above the sobbing in strange, choking tones a man began to make public confession. Words of mine will fail to describe the awe and terror and pity of these confessions. It was not so much the enormity of the sins disclosed or the depths of iniquity sounded, that shocked one. It was the agony of the penitent, his groans and cries, and voice shaken with sobs. It was the sight of men forced to their feet, and in spite of their struggle impelled as it seemed, to lay bare their hearts that moved one and brought the smarting tears to one's own eyes. Never have I experienced anything more heart-breaking, more nerve-racking, than the spectacle of those souls stripped naked before their fellows. So hour after hour it went on until the strain was more than the onlooker could bear. Now it was a big, strong farmer grovelling on the floor, smiting his head on the floor as he wailed unceasingly, 'Lord! Lord!' Now a shrinking woman in a voice scarce above a whisper; now a wee laddie from the school, with the tears streaking his pitiful, grimy, little face as he sobbed out, 'I cannot love my enemies. Last week I stole a farthing from my teacher. I am always fighting and cursing. I beseech the pastors, elders and deacons to pray for me.' Then again would swell that deep organ tone of united prayer. Ever as the prayer sank again the ear caught a dull undertone of quiet sobbing, of desperate entreaty from men and women who, lost to their surroundings, were wrestling for peace." *World-wide Christian Courier.*

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they feel it is God's time for them to return, believing He will open an effectual door of service for them. Bro. Williamson was pastor of the Christian Assembly in Zion, Ill., during his last furlough, and they with us have a warm appreciation of these faithful missionaries. Pray for Bro. and Sister Williamson and their son, Robert Samuel, that God will keep them in health and use them to the salvation of many in China.

The Budding Fig Tree

"There is no power on earth great enough to stop the march of Israel back to Palestine. There are other great Powers today who would be glad to receive and take over the Mandate," said Lord Melchett in a recent speech, urging Great Britain to retain the mandate but to execute it with greater vigor for the sake of the Jews who must be protected and helped as they perform "the work which we have done and intend to continue to do, reform the whole economic life of the desert by the energy and the enthusiasm of all of us.

"Hundreds of Jewish brains," he continued, "thousands, I might say—organizers, experts, financiers, are giving an amount of time to Palestine which is out of all proportion to the place. Tens of thousands of people who could have earned a safer and bigger living elsewhere have gone to till the soil and rebuild our land. I say that we will not have the work interfered with, that we will not have it stopped, and that we will continue it on a greater scale than ever.

"We are old in the history of the world. We are old in persecution. We have been dragged to many places in many centuries. We have sat and wept at Babylon under the pitiless sky of Mesopotamia; we have been progrommed under the snows of Russia; we have been persecuted in all countries and in all climes. But we have always gone on and we shall go on now! The great cause to which many of us have dedicated so much of our lives, and in which many of us are passionately interested, must go forward. To build up successfully and triumphantly a National Home in which we hope our people can live securely and happily—in a land which, after all, we possessed for thousands of years, where every stone speaks of our history, where every village recalls to you the Testament—that is all we have asked, that is all we are entitled to demand—that is what the fifteen million Jews of the world demand thru me tonight.

"And if we hear the fury of the Arab masses, I would venture to say that the indignation and hostility of the fifteen million Jews of the world is a great deal more important than that of 600,000 Arabs in Palestine. The blood of our martyrs once more waters the ground of Eretz Israel. Our hearts go out to them, our souls bleed with them. It is terrible to us, terrible to the world, but out of the martyrdom will yet arise a greater land, a greater race, a greater ideal than we have ever yet had in the long, weary history of our race."

Religion and Enthusiasm

The following article from the Chicago Evening Post of Jan. 18th is very remarkable, coming as it does from the secular press:

WE STILL have what we call enthusiastic crowds at football games, at political mass-meetings, at receptions to popular heroes, but enthusiasm in religion is less in evidence than it used to be.

Some may think that marks an advance in religious thought and feeling. We doubt it. We incline strongly to a contrary opinion. We believe that one of the needs of religion is more enthusiasm, not less.

As a matter of fact, enthusiasm is a word which properly used describes only a religious attitude or state. As we use it today we abuse it. We have torn it from its roots and cheapened it. We have attached it to types of emotional experience and expression to which it does not belong. Like many another word it has suffered in human handling a sad dilution and distortion.

It has a Greek origin. Its root is "entheos," which, in the days when the word was coined, meant "indwelt by a god." Enthusiasm, therefore, is the condition of being "God-possessed," and that is the very essence of religion—certainly the very essence of the Christian religion. A truly religious people should be enthusiastic, and no other people can be in the real sense of the word.

Enthusiasm as an aspect of Christian faith dates from Pentecost, the 1900th anniversary of which the churches are this year commemorating. It was then the great experience came to 120 believers in Jesus which led Paul later to write of Christians as "temples of God." The old thought had been that God manifested His presence in the temple which stood in Jerusalem, as He had in the ancient tent or tabernacle which Israel carried through the wilderness into the promised land. But now His presence was to be in the lives of men and women, without respect to rank, to education, to anything but the readiness of faith to receive Him. God, Who had been localized, was universalized by Pentecost. The experience of His indwelling was made possible to every human being.

The outstanding figure among the 120 who were gathered in a Jerusalem home when there came to them, after days of prayer, a realization of the presence of God in their lives, was Simon Peter. We recall that Peter was the friend of Jesus who lost his nerve on the night when his Master was arrested and taken to the palace of the high priest. He stood quaking among the

crowd in the palace courtyard. It was a chilly night, and a fire was burning on the pavement. But it was not alone the chilliness of the atmosphere which made Peter quake. He was afraid. When some one presently charged him with being a follower of this Jesus of Nazareth he stoutly and profanely denied that he so much as knew Him.

That was Peter before Pentecost. That was Peter before the upper room experience which brought to him an awareness of God entering his soul, of God possessing him—a Peter who believed in Jesus but did not dare confess his faith.

Now look at him. There he stands, perhaps at an open window, perhaps on a balcony overlooking the street. Below is a throng of curious people, of people come to Jerusalem for the feast of Pentecost, the feast of harvest and ingathering. In the throng are doctors of the law, eminent ecclesiasts, temple officials—men who a few weeks before had counseled together to bring about the arrest and crucifixion of Jesus, and who had pledged themselves to the work of stamping out this heresy associated with His name and leadership.

Peter is speaking. His voice is ringing out clearly so that every word reaches every ear. Hear him:

“Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God unto you by mighty works and wonders and signs which God did by him in the midst of you—even as ye yourselves know—this Jesus, ye by the hand of lawless men did crucify and slay. Him

hath God raised up! . . . Know assuredly that God hath made him both Lord and Christ, this Jesus whom ye crucified!”

And that is Peter the enthusiast; Peter the God-possessed man.

Whatever doubts you may have about some sorts of miracle, the type represented by this remarkable change in personality is not to be questioned. It has happened over and over again in the lives of men since Pentecost.

Peter never again denied his faith, never apologized for it, never remained silent when there was a chance to speak a word for his Master. Peter the enthusiast, by his life and conversation, convinced people that his religion was worth having. He was convinced of that himself. Not because it was a respectable thing to believe as he did—it was far from that in his day—but because this religion had made a man of him, had given life a significance it never had before, had brought into his experience a Great Companionship, and had opened the way to possibilities which as yet he only understood in part, but which, though dimly seen, were glorious to contemplate.

Religion must regain its enthusiasm—its sense of the divine indwelling—if it is to win the world to God. That is the message which comes to us from Pentecost. If there were more enthusiasts, more God-possessed men, there would be less questioning as to the reality of God.

God does not dwell in dogmas, in creeds, in philosophies. Men cannot find Him in formulae. He is greater than logic. God must be lived.

The Christian Experience of Abraham Lincoln



THIS is the month our nation celebrates the birth of her martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, who gave his life in the great struggle against slavery, we give the story of his conversion to Christ. Statesmen, poets and great writers sing his praises and laud him truly as the greatest man the nation ever knew, but the Christian world loves to think of him as a man of God.

He was born in the midst of great revival fervor—in the days when Peter Cartwright swayed the multitudes. His mother's last message to him he never forgot. She said, “I am going away from you and shall not return. I know you will be a good boy and be kind to your father. I want you to live as I have taught you; love your Heavenly Father and keep His commandments.” Many a time when some insidious temptation came before him, he thought of his mother's words.

A true story is told of an experience a minister had with Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, Ill. When the minister was assigned to Springfield, the State capital, he shrank from the appointment, partly because it was a literary city and also because the Legislature met there. But he had to go and the following incident occurred in the second year of his ministry there.

“One Sunday morning he was standing on his veranda, when a boy came running and said, ‘Abraham Lincoln sent me to find out if you were going to preach this morning.’ The preacher scarcely believed the boy and replied curtly, ‘You tell Mr. Lincoln if he wants to know if I am to preach to come and see.’ The little fellow's hand began to shake as he said excitedly, ‘But Mr. Lincoln said he would give me twenty-five cents if I found out.’ Then the preacher thought if he could help any one surely he would do so, and

gave this reply, 'Tell Mr. Lincoln I am going to preach this morning at eleven o'clock.'

"The church was unusually crowded that morning and when the President came he was accompanied by the Governor of the State and his wife. There was no place to seat them, only to give them chairs from the platform. The minister felt very much intimidated, but inwardly imploring Divine aid he read his text: "Ye must be born again," and preached a very earnest sermon, emphasizing the truth of his text. The next morning Mr. Lincoln called on the minister, saying, 'I heard your message yesterday morning with great interest, and have come to have a further interview with you on the subject.' Hour by hour the man of God talked and explained the Scriptures and the new birth to Mr. Lincoln who eagerly said, 'That is just what I want—the new birth.' They knelt in prayer and the pastor said he never before witnessed such a bright conversion."

He had had his years of unbelief and skepticism. Joshua A. Speed who was a very dear friend of Abraham Lincoln's and a confirmed skeptic, gives a testimony regarding the religious attitude of Mr. Lincoln. He says, "When I knew Abraham Lincoln in early life he was a skeptic. He had tried to be a believer but his reason could not grasp and solve the problem. He often said that the most ambitious man might live to see every hope fail but no Christian could live to see his hope fail because fulfilment could only come when life ended. In the summer before he was killed I was invited out to Soldiers' Home to spend the night. As I entered the room he was sitting at a window intently reading his Bible. Approaching him I said, 'I am glad to see you so profitably engaged.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I am profitably engaged. Have you ever recovered from your skepticism?' I answered, 'I am sorry to say that I have not.' Looking earnestly into my face Abraham Lincoln placed his hand on my shoulder and said to me, 'You are wrong, Speed. Take all of this Book, the Bible, and all of reason that you can and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a happier and better man'."

While he had that experience in Springfield, he did not really consecrate his life to God until later. He says of himself, "When I buried my son, the severest trial of my life, I was not a Christian, but when I went to Gettysburg and saw the graves of thousands of our soldiers, I there and then consecrated myself to Christ." From that time on he lived as a man who had been to the cross of Christ. Nothing gave him

greater joy than to tell his friends how the peace of God came into his heart. He often prayed all night long during the struggles of the war. A Roman Catholic priest said that Abraham Lincoln was the most perfect type of Christian that he had ever seen.

Facing the great problems of the nation he said, "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day."

On the last night of his life, when Abraham Lincoln was in Ford's Theatre at a celebration being held for the end of the war, he was discussing with his wife, in quiet tones, his prospects of taking a trip to the Holy Land. "Now that the war is over," he said, "I would like to take a trip to the Holy Land and see Calvary and Gethsemane, and walk the streets of Jerusalem." Barely had he said those words when the fatal shot was fired, and "the next morning he was walking the streets of the New Jerusalem."

(Continued from page 23)

and that his horse stepped over as many as fifty bodies in one day.

The China Famine Relief Organization estimates that the area of the intense suffering covers a population of thirty million in various stages of destitution and starvation, which means that about one-tenth of the population of China will have died by the time the famine is over.

Oh that God would raise up some Christian statesmen within her borders who would be able to show those in authority that the land is cursed because of idolatry and superstition! "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." The Christian nations of the earth could go in and establish industries, build factories and railroads, and mine the treasures stored in the earth, but poor China maintains her independence and is so taken up with factional feuds and internal chaos that she is unable to cope with the awful loss of life—thirty million dead and dying. If the leaders of the new government would turn to the living God He would come to their rescue. With man, the task is hopeless; with God nothing is impossible.

* * *

(Continued from page 2)

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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
Ps. 25. 14.
John 15. 15.
19 F
foolish
ten, of
craftin
20 Ar
the th
are va
21 T.
men.
22 W
Ce'pha
jeath
come,

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