

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

The Coming One

THERE'S a light upon the mountains and the day is on the spring,

When our eyes shall see the beauty and the glory of the King.

Weary were our hearts with waiting, and the night watch seemed so long,

But the Triumph-Day is breaking, and we hail it with a song.

In the fading of the starlight we can see the coming morn;
And the lights of men are paling in the splendors of the dawn;

For the Eastern skies are glowing as with light of hidden fire,
And the hearts of men are stirring with the throbs of deep desire.

There's a hush of expectation and a quiet in the air,
And the breath of God is moving in the fervent breath of prayer;

For the suffering, dying Jesus is the Christ upon the throne,
And the travail of His Spirit is the travail of His own.

He is breaking down the barriers, He is casting up the way,
He is calling for His angels to build up the Gates of Day;
But His angels here are human, not the shining hosts above,
For the drum-beats of His army are the heart-beats of our love.

Hark! We hear the distant music, and it comes with fuller swell;

'Tis the triumph song of Jesus, of our King Emmanuel!
Christians, go ye forth to meet Him! And my soul be swift to bring

All thy sweetest and thy dearest for the Triumph of our King!

Henry Burton, D.D.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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A Long Prayer Meeting

In Salem, Kentucky, a prayer meeting lasted 153 hours, and those who took part in it could not adjourn for they could not move. They were entombed miners caught by falling rocks. They had nothing to eat; a little water dripping down they caught in a cup; carbide lanterns furnished a little light by using one at a time, and finally—utter darkness!

One of the men could have saved himself had he not run back to warn the others. These men were from twenty-five to thirty-seven years of age, all married but one. When they found that they could not escape, they spent the time in prayer and song and—after they were rescued—one of them testified as follows: "We lay there till Friday morning, I guess, and all got the victory except James. He failed. We prayed on then till Sunday morning. Then I said, 'I am going to do some writing,' and, turning to James, I said, 'Boy, are you right or wrong? I'm going to put down what you say.' 'I don't know what to say.' Then, turning his face toward heaven he said, 'Put it down, I'm saved!'"

When the rescuers found the men they were still praying. One of the rescuing party bade them keep quiet, but they kept on praying until they were all taken out. The wives of the men had been gathered around the mine-opening for a

week, their eyes red with weeping. When the men appeared on their caps was pencilled this message: "If we are dead when you find us—we are saved!"

A Church from One Gospel

Several years ago an American missionary, Mr. L. L. Legters, was making a tour of exploration in Mexico, for the purpose of discovering how to bring the Gospel to Indian tribes that had never been reached by a missionary. Away in the interior he came to an Indian town and was amazed to find a church of nearly three hundred believers.

As he was the first missionary to visit the town he was curious to know how this group of believers came into existence. How could they hear without a preacher? He learned that nine years before an old Indian had heard the Gospel while away from home, and had been given a Spanish Gospel. When he returned home he found his nephew had learned a little Spanish and the uncle pressed him into service. As the Gospel was read the old man would hurry with the lad to a neighbor, to share it with him; then to another neighbor, and then to a group. As a result of reading that one Gospel there were nearly three hundred believers in this one Indian town—more than half of the village were real Christians.

Calvary's Tree a Shelter in the Desert of Sin

The Burning Rays of Persecution Test the False and the True

Ben Hardin in the Stone Church May 18, 1930



There is a clause in the 21ST verse of the forty-eighth chapter of Isaiah which is very wonderful and I want to bring it to your attention this morning. "And they thirsted not when He led them through the deserts."

There are no words wasted in the Bible; every word is important and has a deep meaning. If it had said, "They thirsted not when He led them through the mountains," there would have been nothing unusual about that because we could have pointed to the fact that issuing from the heights of those peaks are mountain torrents which dash over the rocks and run down to form the crystal streams; and they could have stopped to quench their thirst at one of these sparkling brooks. I noticed when I was in the Rocky Mountains that it was almost impossible to tell the direction of the flow of the water. Friends with me asked, "Which way is that water going?" and we all disagreed in regard to the direction. As I looked at those mountains I could not help but think of them as monuments to the power of God; only God could create such masterpieces which stand in absolute defiance to man. In this age of knowledge and invention man feels he is conqueror almost everywhere he goes; he is even master of the air, but when he stands and looks at those giant mountains he feels as though he were whipped. He has come up against something that is too much for him and he cannot but realize that this is the handiwork of God.

If He had said, "They thirsted not when He led them through the mountains," everyone would have said, "Well, they stopped at one of those cool streams." The streams from the mountains are always so clear and cool; the mountain casts a shade over the brook and keeps the hot sun from beating down upon it.

If He had said, "They thirsted not when He led them through the valleys," that would have been only natural. I lived in a valley one time and I found in that hill country beautiful streams which were as clear as crystal; on a hot day you could kneel down by the brook, lean over and have your thirst satisfied. But when you deal with God you face the supernatural. God is not confined to natural laws; He created the universe and He

has absolute sway over it. When the man of God stood before Him and pleaded for the sun to stand still, God just put on the brakes and the sun didn't move. Man with all his ingenuity and devices can never say, "Sun stand still," and have it obey, unless he is linked up vitally with God.

God did more than just take these people through the mountains without thirsting, through the hills and the valleys or through the plains. When I was out on the plains of North Dakota I held a baptismal service out of doors. There the country is all level—prairies for miles and miles, as far as the eye can see, but here and there you find an oasis, a sort of hole in the ground which is filled with water and around which are trees to cast their shade on the water. We picked out a spot like that for our baptismal service. So, even on the plains it would have been natural for these travelers to find water. But God stepped out of the natural into the supernatural, and He gave them water in the wilderness.

I remember traveling through the desert on a train going at a tremendous speed. For days I sat and looked out of the window hearing nothing hour after hour but the steady, measured click of the wheels as they rumbled over the rails. All day long the scorching sun beat down, not a house to be seen, nothing but a desert waste and cactus. I could not but thank God that I was on a train and not wandering through that trackless desert, for it seemed it would mean certain death to be lost in such a place. And the arid stretch through which I was travelling did not compare with some other deserts which stretched out for hundreds of miles. You couldn't walk very many miles without perishing in that hot sun. A young lady from one of the Bible schools was travelling across the desert in a Ford and just out from Needles, California, she noticed that the car had a flat tire. She got out, jacked up the car and began to take the casing off. The hot sun beat down on her head and in a short time she was overcome and died right there in the desert, because of the intense heat. Unprotected from the burning heat of that noon-day sun, out in that trackless waste with no shrubbery anywhere for shelter, no friendly tree to cast a protecting shadow over her, she died. The only shade in the great deserts is an occasional palm that grows in the oasis to cast its friendly shadow over the sun-burned traveller. Upon earth's desert with its burning heat of

worldliness, atheism and sin, stands a rugged tree that looms up from Calvary's hill—that tree has cast a shadow down through these hundreds of years. The weather-beaten traveler can find protection in its shade by creeping close to the cross, and in its shadow the weary find rest and comfort, protection and deliverance.

You and I who have been sheltered and protected from the winds and the sun could never walk very far in a desert, and it is impossible to picture the sufferings of those who find themselves without water while travelling in the desert. And yet God took these Israelites hundreds of miles, and the Scripture tells us that "they thirsted not as He led them through the deserts." Not once were they thirsty while God led them through the barren, hot wilderness. How do you account for this miracle? It was God. When He is in your midst you need never thirst. I Cor. 10:4, tells how they "did all drink the same spiritual drink: for they drank of that Spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ."

Notice that God didn't commission Michael or the Angel Gabriel to be their guide, but He Himself came and led them and they thirsted not from the time they stepped into the desert until they left its burning sands, because God satisfied them. I believe we are in a spiritual desert now. If there ever was a time when the burning sun of persecution and affliction beat down on people it is now. And oh the barrenness! Surely we are travelling in dry places. Think of 60,000 churches in the United States without a convert last year! And 6,000 churches closed their doors and went out of business! The moving picture shows do not close down; they have a steady increase. The pool rooms and the speakeasies do not go on the rocks. Iniquity is abounding and spiritually there is a famine. We are in the desert, but thank God, there is no premium on the things of God and you can draw from Him today just as easily as you could have done 1900 years ago if you stay beneath the cross. The blood is just as efficacious for you today in spite of sin, iniquity and unbelief, as it would have been had you been sitting 'neath the cross and seen the blood of the Son of God trickle from His body. You can be filled with the blessed Holy Spirit today just as easily as if you had been one of the hundred and twenty in the Upper Room. The more sin reigns the more grace we can draw. It will be thus throughout all time. Some people believe it will become so hard that it will be impossible to go through; that God will go out of business and allow the

devil to take possession of things. Don't you believe it. When the children of Israel were bitten by the fiery serpents they did not all suffer equally, but anyone who looked on the brazen serpent on the pole could be delivered. Some may have just received a sting that wasn't very serious, while others must have been writhing in pain because of the serpent's bite. Some died. But it made no difference what the degree of suffering was; all they had to do was to lift their eyes to the brazen serpent and healing was theirs.

"They thirsted not when He led them through the deserts." *Deserts* here is plural because they crossed more than one. In God's great wisdom He will see that we go through as many deserts as are necessary to bring us to a place of yield- edness and surrender. Some seem to have more desert experiences than others; this is because they are harder to subdue. In Ex. 13:17 we read, "And it came to pass, when Pharaoh had let the people go, that God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was *near*: for God said, Lest peradventure the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt." It is not always the one who gets through the quickest that stands the test, but the one who goes God's way. There was to be a sifting, a weeding out of this great army that could be done only by wilderness wanderings—days and days of trudging through the deserts which, while so hard for them to understand, was the only way they could reach their desired haven. Yet in this round about way there was provision enough for all, for the Scripture says, "They did all drink the same spiritual drink." There is only one spiritual drink and that is Christ. There may be varied forms of service but only Jesus satisfies. He is the Water of Life, and He says, "He that believeth in Me shall never thirst." We will not thirst because He will satisfy every longing of our heart.

As I read that clause, "They thirsted not when He led them through the deserts," I thought that He would surely have to lead. One of the things about a desert is that there are no roads or paths, and every bush looks exactly alike; the country for hundreds of miles all looks the same. It just seems impossible to find your way out. If you get lost in the woods there is usually a path and on the plains there are roads to help you. The prairies all have roads but in the desert every path is covered with shifting sand. When you are right in the desert and look around it is almost impossi-

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The Baptism and Ministry of the Holy Spirit

Personal Testimony of a Former Baptist Minister

J. N. Hoover, Santa Cruz, in the Stone Church April 30, 1930



I am to speak to you tonight on the subject of the Baptism and Ministry of the Holy Spirit. What a wonderful subject! Thank God for the gift of the Holy Ghost, for His Presence and for His Leadership. He is real, so faithful and true.

In studying this subject we need to keep sane. I am afraid of extremes. Fanaticism is like a house on fire. You will find fanatics in every walk of life, but a Christian is not a fanatic. To be a Christian is to be sane, and to be sane is to take God at His word. We vary in our manner of expression, but because one is more demonstrative than another is no evidence that he is a fanatic. The blind man was loud and enthusiastic in his cry to Jesus, but he was not a fanatic. You will never get the evidence of salvation, the evidence of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, or the evidence of healing until you demonstrate your faith in the promises of God. I like folks to have all the liberty in the congregation that the Holy Spirit wants them to have. It does not disturb me at all when the saints of the Lord shout "Amen!" or "Hallelujah!" It used to embarrass me a little, but things have changed, for which I praise the Lord.

I wish to say, first of all, that the Holy Ghost is the Third Person

IN THE GODHEAD

In I. John 5:7 you will find these words, "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit: and these three are one." Here we locate the Holy Ghost. In Gen. 1:2 we find the Holy Spirit is present in the creation of the world. Hence we find that the Spirit of God is not only with God and the Son in heaven, but with them in the creation of all that is created. The Holy Spirit has been in the world from the very beginning of creation to the present time. He is God's Ambassador. In II. Peter 1:21 you will find that the Holy Spirit has had considerable to do with the Bible: "For prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." We find the Holy Spirit, not only in the Godhead, but

IN PROPHECY

In Joel 2:28 we find there is to be a special visitation of the Holy Spirit. "And it shall come to pass afterwards"—after what? After the crucifixion of Christ, after the resurrection and ascension of Christ—"Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." This is a future event of which Joel is speaking.

John the Baptist in Matt. 3:11 says, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." Here we have another prophecy closely connected with that of Joel concerning the special manifestation of the power of the Holy Ghost. In Acts 1:5 the Lord Jesus, speaking of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost said, "John truly baptized with water, but ye (speaking to His disciples) shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." Now if the disciples had received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit why is Jesus referring to the baptism as a future event? Again, in Luke 24:49, Jesus said, "Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." Here the Master is speaking of a future event and future power which is to become a part of the experience of His disciples. Notice that word "tarry." I remember hearing a distinguished preacher say this word "tarry" just means "hang around." Not for a moment were those disciples hanging around in the streets of the city of Jerusalem. There was murder in the air. Their Master and Leader had been crucified. Public sentiment was against Jesus and His followers and there was only one safe place for them, the Upper Room. The place of prayer is always the place of protection. Jesus told His followers to tarry in the Upper Room until the Holy Ghost should come and endue them for service.

The disciples did not know the manner in which the Holy Ghost would appear, but they believed the Lord Jesus and tarried. They had spent three years in special theological training, associated with the Master-teacher of earth and heaven, but they didn't know it all. The man who has finished his course of studies in the university and Theological Seminary does not know it all. It is one thing to obtain a good education but

quite another experience to have spiritual power for service.

Get all the knowledge from every source you can, but book knowledge will not make you a preacher. You must have power from above, power the world does not know or understand, even the Holy Ghost.

The Trinity was gloriously represented when the Holy Ghost came upon the disciples

IN POWER

and heavenly glory at Pentecost. The Holy Ghost comes with the grace of forgiveness, with the power of salvation to break the bands of sin, and to fill the heart of the believer with divine power. According to Acts 2, "When the Day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." No wonder sinners were rushing to the front, crying, "Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved?" Here we find the fulfilment of the prophecy of Joel, of the prophecy of John, and of the prophecy of Jesus Christ. Notice, the room in which they were tarrying was filled with the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. I have gone into churches where the presence of the Holy Spirit filled the room. Oh it is wonderful to get into such an atmosphere! And then, sad to say, I have gone into some churches in the middle of July and felt the need of an overcoat before I got out. What we need is an atmosphere thoroughly charged with the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. Notice, the *room* was first filled with His Presence, and then, the *disciples*. Oh what power! What glory! Results are abundant when the Holy Spirit has His way. It is one thing to be in the presence of the Holy Ghost, but quite another thing to have Him fill your soul with power and glory.

Again, there should be spiritual power

IN THE CHURCH

The Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost started the church out in great power and glory. Oh that man had not interfered with the Holy Spirit's system of operation! In Acts 11:15 we find a continuation of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Here we find Simon Peter in the house of Cornelius, a Gentile, a centurion. Up to this time the disciples had no dealing, religiously, with the Gen-

tiles, so a miracle was necessary to open the eyes of the Jews, that they might see the Gospel of Christ included all people. But the First Church in the city of Jerusalem brought accusations against Simon Peter and demanded of Him a statement concerning his association with Gentiles. And as Simon Peter stood before the Official Board of the First Church in Jerusalem, he said, "As I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them as on us at the beginning." We see here that the Holy Ghost came upon the household of Cornelius several years after the Day of Pentecost, and in the same manner as in the Upper Room. Note the widening of the influence of the Church through the operation of the Holy Spirit.

In Acts 19:6 we read, "And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came upon them and they spoke with tongues and prophesied." Those who are in doubt about the continuation of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit which began on the Day of Pentecost should carefully study the Book of The Acts. It might also be helpful to read what Bishop Irenaeus of Lyons said in A. D. 177; also Chrysostom, in the Fourth Century. They should become acquainted with the History of the Huguenots of the Sixteenth Century, and the History of the Christian Church by Philip Schaff. It might be helpful to observe the Quakers, the Methodists and other religious bodies in their early days; also conditions in Sweden in 1841 and in Ireland in 1859. No one is wise when he condemns what he does not understand. Dr. Newton W. Riddell in his book on "Vital Christianity" says, "Since the beginning of the latter rain there has been increasing manifestation of the Lord similar to that of apostolic times. The time is at hand for a fuller revelation and manifestation of God in man. We are choosing and being chosen for the culminating crisis."

There is a new awakening and a new experience for those that heed the instruction of the prophet: "Ask ye of Jehovah rain in the time of the latter rain." Zech. 10:1. Those who wilfully reject the outpouring of the Spirit will for a time be cut off from their inheritance and so related to the world's wickedness as to suffer with it.

Regardless of your theological training, your petty notions and religious theories, I call upon you in the Name of the Father, and the Son and the Holy Ghost to come up and out of the foul air of doubt and fear. Demonstrate faith in the promises of God and your soul will be filled with the light and peace and power of the Holy Ghost.

We should never cease to honor and magnify the Holy Ghost.

IN TESTIMONY

Many active church people, ministers included, know practically nothing of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. They have been told it was a gift to the church, and while this is true it must also be remembered that every member in the church in Jerusalem received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I am not talking about growing in grace, or the work of sanctification, but the Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

In my theological training I was taught to believe I received the Holy Ghost baptism in the hour of my conversion, and I verily believed it was so; but to explain Jno. 14:17 was seemingly an impossibility. I came up against this problem time and again. As an ordained minister of many years I was too proud to admit my lack of any biblical knowledge or ask advice of those who claimed to have the baptism.

I have preached many sermons on the Holy Ghost Baptism, written many articles on the Spirit-filled life, and was sure the Comforter from heaven was with me; my soul rejoiced in His presence as I tried to walk in the heavenly way. I was a proud and haughty Baptist preacher, well-known in many parts of the United States, but had no fellowship with the Holiness or Pentecostal interpretation of Sanctification or the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I was never antagonistic toward these people or their doctrine; I just let them alone.

It was in the early spring of 1920 I suffered a severe attack of peritonitis, following the "flu," and though delivered from this affliction through the prayers of others, my health was broken and I was forced to resign the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Lindsay, Calif., which position I had held for twelve years.

Leaving the San Joaquin Valley we came to the cool and delightful climate of Santa Cruz, which is located about eighty miles south of San Francisco on the Monterey Bay. Here I served as pastor of the First Baptist Church for six years, during which time I suffered continually with what physicians declared to be an incurable stomach and intestinal trouble, the result of peritonitis. It seemed, as I think of it now, that I came to the end of the road, a nervous wreck, broken in body and cast down in spirit. During these years I was unable to eat anything without distress. The church, because of my failing health, asked me to go to the Hot Springs and rest for several weeks. Many of them, I learned later, never expected me

to return alive. They gave me a splendid check, told me my salary would continue, and while we were away would do the necessary repairing and re-paint the home.

I did not want to go away but told Mrs. Hoover it was a chance to get our house painted and we had better go. But where to go we did not know. We engaged room and board at several places but these were finally cancelled. The time had come for us to go, so we packed our grips, got into the car, and like Abraham, went out not knowing whither we went.

You remember the Lord Jesus on one occasion said, "I must needs go thru Samaria;" so crossing the beautiful Santa Cruz mountains we soon found ourselves in the city of San Jose, settled in a hotel one-half block from the First Baptist Church where Dr. Shreve and party were conducting special meetings for the pastor, Dr. Towner. I had heard much of Dr. Shreve and was glad for the opportunity to hear him on the subject of The Baptism of the Holy Spirit. A Methodist, Pentecostal evangelist, preaching in a Baptist church was something new to us. However, we became interested in the meetings and being in a Baptist Church felt free to attend. Indeed, we became so interested we forgot all about the Hot Springs.

In his invitation, on the evening of Nov. 12, 1925, Dr. Shreve made a statement which attracted my attention, and which proved to be the turning point in my religious activities. He said, "All of man's needs were taken into account on the cross of Calvary." Needs! Oh how great were my needs! Though a preacher for twenty-eight years I was in great need, both of physical strength and spiritual power. As I meditated upon his statement I left my seat and went forward to pray, but all available space around the altar was taken. Dr. Shreve met me at the aisle, took me by the hand and directed me to the pulpit chair. This did not embarrass me at all for I had been in that pulpit many times. As I knelt there in prayer my hands went up without any premeditated thought or effort on my part. Several times I heard my name called to lead in prayer, but I could not pray for anyone. I was the one in need of prayer. Soon Dr. Shreve, Dr. Towner, Fred. Hart and others knelt around me in prayer. The power of God was upon me and I shook from head to foot like a leaf in the wind. Such an experience I had never known. A light more glorious than the noon-day sun fell upon me, and a power went thru me like a consuming fire.

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The Triumphs of the Cross in Venezuela

A Survey of the Pentecostal Work in the State of Lara

Miss Adah Winger in the Stone Church June 15, 1930



IF THERE is one thing above all others that has impressed me since I have returned to the States after being on the field fourteen years, it is the faithfulness of God. Fourteen years ago I stepped on Venezuelan shores, and I can say that during all those years I have found God faithful. As I return after these years of service on the mission field and meditate on how the Gospel light has shone in that dark land I am led to exclaim in the words recorded in Numbers 23:23, Behold, What hath God wrought! Not what the missionaries in all their frailty have wrought, but what *God* hath wrought through prayer and through human instrumentality.

The first personal work in Venezuela was done in 1876, when a man from a Bible Society sent out a worker to that land, who spread the Word of God. Ten years later in 1886, two missionaries were sent out and they visited thirteen of the cities in Venezuela. A few years later another Bible agent was sent out. It is wonderful how God is using these Bible agencies in South America, this land which is practically closed to the Bible. In spite of all opposition people read the Word and are impressed by it.

Venezuela has a population of three million people. Caracas is the capital of the country with now a population of 100,000. About thirty-five years ago the C. & M. A. sent the first permanent missionaries there. A little later the Presbyterians established a work in that city. My first two terms in Venezuela I spent in Caracas and the adjoining country. There were several near-by towns opened to the Gospel when I first reached Venezuela. Then in a city called La Victoria another missionary society had a work in an adjoining state. And over in the extreme West a work had been opened in the state of Zulila, in the town of Maracaibo, about twenty-five years ago. Outside of this there was scarcely anything done on missionary lines except what the colporteurs had done in preparing the way for the establishing of missionary work.

Nothing has stirred my heart as the triumphs of the cross during the last fifteen years in that dark land. To see how God has silently worked, one missionary here and another there, but God in His infinite love and mercy has given fruit for their labors. When I first reached the field it

seemed to take years for people to accept the Gospel, and there was little spiritual life, but prayer and faithful sowing of the seed has brought results. I remember one of the first places we were interested in was the Island of Margarita. A dear missionary and his wife spent six months there without seeing any results; then God wonderfully worked, and at the present time there are ten or fifteen missionaries in that district which includes towns on the mainland in the Eastern part of Venezuela. The Bible Ins. of Los Angeles have sent out their missionaries to this part of Venezuela.

A Spanish paper called, "La Estrella de la Manana" (The Morning Star), published by these missionaries, has done much towards promulgating the Gospel in Venezuela. This paper reached a man way down in the southern part, in a town called Guasualito. He was of the better class, a dentist, and in this paper he saw the announcement of a Bible for sale. He purchased it and as he began reading it, was convinced of the truth of the Gospel, and told everybody around that the Word of God was true, and that Catholicism was not the true religion. Soon a number were vitally interested until there were about fifty who believed and accepted the Bible. This man said to the people, "I am not ready to leave my life of sin, but you folks accept it." Still he continued to preach the Gospel, and through reading the Word he became so convinced of the truth and the Holy Spirit wrought such a work in his heart that he gave up his sins and also accepted Jesus as his own personal Savior. That man today has a congregation of one hundred or more who have really been born again. Recently he came to Barquisimeto and told of how God had led and blessed. The missionaries and the workers were delighted to hear how this man had been instrumental in the saving of so many. This district from which he comes is a fever-infested district but missionaries have been able to find one place that is comparatively healthy.

Some six years ago four Scandinavian missionaries went into the district of Guarico where the Lord wonderfully blessed their efforts. One man, a saddle maker, and his family were converted. This man immediately began to publish the Gospel to his relatives and friends, and in one year's time some fifty people were converted, among them one who was a murderer. A grand-

son of the murdered man was also saved, and you know the enmity that would naturally exist between the children of the murdered man and the murderer. People said they would believe the power of the Gospel if through it these two men would become friends. A year ago in a conference of Christians these two men met, and praise God, they who had been enemies were made friends through the blood of Jesus. It was a wonderful witness to the transforming power of the Gospel. Many Christians find it hard to forgive their friends for just a little offense, but these two had such a work wrought in their lives that all enmity was gone, even though the crime was so great. One hundred attended that conference, just five years after the work had been started, which meant that they were practically all saved and workers for God. Today in that land which has been marked by fanaticism, even the government and the commercial men are seeing the fruits of the Gospel and that our Christians do not steal or lie. Some find the way too narrow and will not surrender, yet praise God, others are counting the cost and as we stand faithful in prayer the religion of Jesus Christ is becoming real to them.

A few years ago as Mrs. Blattner (then Elsie Fearey) and I were spending a few days in the mountains there came upon us a burden of the Spirit that God would do something definite for South America, and for Venezuela in particular. We were on the mount of God and everything spoke to us of God. I remember one evening how the Spirit of God put intercession upon one of our dear girls, just an ignorant native who had been in the Home in Caracas only two years, but whom God had wonderfully met and filled with His Holy Spirit, and as God poured out His Spirit He seemed to give these words, "*Ten thousand souls for Venezuela!*" Within this last few years God has started to very definitely fulfil that promise and answer prayer. Many have laid down their lives and never have seen the result of their prayers but today others are reaping what they have sown by their prayers and their tears. About two years ago while in prayer in the early morning hour the Lord laid upon me such a burden for Venezuela, and in vision I saw a great harvest field, and the Lord spoke to me the words, "*A big crop of souls for Venezuela!*" God has enabled the missionaries to do some reaping, for last January there was a conference of twenty-five missionaries in Caracas, and they reported that while seven years ago there were only 775 converts, according to statistics, yet today there are

almost 2,000. And I believe as God's intercessors plead for souls in benighted lands we will see still greater returns from scattering the Gospel.

It was just a little over four years ago that the Lord permitted me to go to the State of Lara. I had never expected to spend my life anywhere but in Caracas, but while in the homeland the Lord kept giving me the Scripture, "*I will send thee far hence to the Gentiles,*" and my going into the interior to Barquisimeto was all of His leading and ordering. You have heard of the work in Barquisimeto which was opened by dear Bro. Bender. Fifteen years ago Bro. Bullen, traveling into the interior, came to that city which had never had a missionary, but becoming ill with fever, he laid down his life there. Bro. Bender was then in Caracas and as he heard the telegram read telling of Bro. Bullen's death, God spoke to his heart and he felt that he was to go in and take his place. He waited for five years wanting to be sure that the call was really of God. The State of Lara has the largest population of any of the states of Venezuela, and it is a ripe field.

When Mr. Bender opened a work in Barquisimeto he prayed that God would get the Gospel into the hearts of some of the better class; in the city of Caracas it was the poorer class who heard the Word; so he took the scripture, "*Not many mighty, not many noble are called*"—and he said, "*Lord, if there are not many, give us the few.*" And God gave him the desire of his heart. The very first convert was a Criminal Judge—he and all his family, about eighteen in all. Then there was the tailor, and one of the telegraph operators, and others of the better class. These men really know God. After three years they dedicated the chapel. When it was built Mr. Bender put above the entrance, "*The First Church of the State of Lara.*" A Jesuit priest in passing said, "*It is the first and it shall be the last.*" That only inspired Bro. Bender and he said, "*The first! That means there will be more to follow.*" Two years later God met them with a mighty Pentecost. It was said that the people were so emotional you couldn't have Pentecost as in the homeland, but praise God we have the Pentecostal baptism just as you have it in the homeland. One night seventeen were baptized in the Spirit and in a week there were forty-two.

That was just the beginning. God has sent out the natives into outlying districts to spread the Gospel. One man who was a druggist had been living a life of sin. The woman who lived with him had been converted and baptized in water, and she separated from a sinful life. When he

saw her baptized in water he cried out, "I am lost! I am lost!" That man was saved that day, threw away his cigarettes and gave his heart to God, and before night he received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. He was just overflowing with the mighty power of God. He went to another town to carry the good news, and as they were praying in a home neighbors heard and came in to learn of the Gospel. A short distance away, about four miles, a station agent of the railroad, also gloriously saved, began preaching the Gospel at once and as a result twenty or twenty-five were saved. Mr. Bender was in the homeland at the time, but the work went right on. This man is today one of our native workers, and he has been ministering in different towns.

When I reached Barquisimeto there were just Mr. Blattner, my brother-in-law and sister helping the Benders. Now we have some sixteen missionaries and three native workers and their families, all working in the state of Lara. This last year God gave a mighty revival in El Tocuyo, where my brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Fuerstein are stationed. The place seemed just like a desert, spiritually, but much prayer went up for that place, and the Lord gave the word, "The desert shall blossom as a rose." That encouraged us to pray on, and last year God gave a remarkable revival, with over thirty converts.

Then we have entered just recently one of the most fanatical towns in the state of Lara. A few months ago God laid the burden of this town on Mr. and Mrs. Buenos, who just recently came to the field. They had some difficulty in securing a house, but through prayer God gave them a place and the Gospel is finding open hearts in the town of Carova.

In the city of Barquisimeto we have been able to establish a day school, where besides the necessary studies we give them the scripture every day. Miss Myrick and Miss Minnie Madsen have charge of this school. Our young people have had a special course of Bible Study the last four years and four of our young men preach the Gospel; just recently they have opened work in a nearby town and feel their responsibility of giving the Gospel to their own people. One young married man has recently been out on colportage work with another dear brother who has had great success in distributing the Scriptures for the last twenty years. This young man returned to Barquisimeto with glowing reports of how God had blessed them. He was able to sell many Bibles and Testaments.

There are also other towns that have been

opened to the Gospel. About three years ago the town of Quibor, between Barquisimeto and El Tocuyo was opened by Brother and Sister Vetter. And now for several years Bro. and Sister Castaneira have been holding the fort there. One family of about fifteen have been blessedly saved, the first fruits of the Gospel there.

A little later Brother and Sister Blattner located in Siquisque, about one hundred miles from Barquisimeto. Despite the hardships and trials God has used them in scattering the precious seed of the Gospel in all that district—another town being visited by them about once a month. Last January they had their first baptismal service.

Just recently Brother and Sister Vetter have opened the work in a town beyond El Tocuyo where souls have been saved, and in still another town a native worker and his wife have begun work. This brother used his own money to pay the first five months' rent and they are looking to the Lord to supply their needs. Oh beloved friends! God is moving on to certain victory and is answering your prayer.

Just lately we received word that revival fires have been kindled in a mountain region in a work begun about a year ago; the Spirit Himself came upon these poor mountaineers in Pentecostal outpouring, and some twenty-one received the baptism in one week. They sent for Bro. Bender to visit them. They were having prophetic messages and visions and the latter rain was falling. Now he has just visited them again and says it is like when Pentecost first fell in Barquisimeto. Praise God!

About two years ago God laid upon my heart anew the need of a Home for poor and needy girls, and He has permitted us to open such a Home in the city of Barquisimeto. Miss Roth is taking charge in my absence. We now have seventeen girls in the home and God has brought them from the different stations and even from distant towns. Two girls are in the home who came from a very needy district where there are a number of converts but a great lack of workers and teachers; some fifty children without school opportunities. These girls are being trained to return to their district to teach and they are very promising.

The most remarkable case has been the coming of a dear girl of refinement from another state in the plains. The brother of this girl knew of the Gospel and makes yearly visits to Barquisimeto. This year he brought his sister of about twenty-one to put in the home. She knew scarce-

ly anything of the Gospel, was determined not to accept the new faith, even refused a Sunday school paper the first Sunday—but we began to pray for her conversion. We taught the book of Matthew, chapter by chapter, and the Life of Christ, asking God to let the light dawn upon her soul. We saw that conviction was upon her but she still continued to pray for the dead and kept her special saint in sight as she prayed. One night she seemed to see a ghostly appearance enter her room, which frightened her greatly. The girls of the Home told her it was because she was praying for the dead. She said she would cease to pray in that way but would learn to pray as they did. God continued to work in her life and she was convinced of the truth of the Gospel.

One day, during the week that I left, I found at the dinner table a card from this girl with these words written upon it: "We will see each other in Heaven for by the help of God I will take the path that God has mapped out for the salvation of souls." We were filled with praise to know that she had made her choice. However the end was not yet for a day or two after I felt impressed to go to her room one morning and found her quite sad. I put my arms around her and began praying. No sooner had I done this when she burst forth in strong crying and prayer, pleading with God to forgive her sins and to help her live for Him. It was wonderful to see her surrender! Prayer had prevailed and this girl who a little over two months before had known nothing of the Bible was now rejoicing in the salvation of her soul. You may know our joy. We are encouraged to gather in the needy ones—and covet your prayers. The dear missionaries on the Field need your prayers—opposition is on every hand but the Gospel is triumphing in Venezuela.

Praying God Faithful

THE Lord laid it on my heart to visit my sister and her husband in Brandon, Manitoba. Just before leaving Calgary, accompanied by my two little daughters, Emily and Annie, my husband after procuring our tickets handed me a roll of bills. I said I didn't need the money as I would have no expenses, but he insisted on my taking it, saying that I did not know what might happen. I took out a few bills and put them in my purse, and folding the balance placed them in my stocking.

One day my brother-in-law, Jack, was wanting to go to a neighbor's but was afraid to leave a

large wheat-field unguarded until he came back, as the cows were in the habit of trying to break in at the gaps. I volunteered to watch them for him, which I did carefully, but to my amazement I saw the cattle get in on the opposite side of the field. I rushed into the field to try and drive them out but it seemed the more I tried the further in they went. Presently my brother-in-law drove up and together we got them out. I was nearly exhausted running in the hot sun and thru the tall wheat, sometimes falling over on my face and tripping over the bumps and hollows. My stockings slipped down over my slippers, but I thought nothing of this at the time.

After resting and getting refreshed, supper over, I went out on the lawn, when snatches of the hymn, "Sweeter as the days go by," kept running thru my mind, filling me with great joy and ecstasy. It was harvest time and they usually retired early in order to be up early, but just as Jack took the lamp to go upstairs from the cozy kitchen where we had been having lunch, I said to him, "Oh Jack, will you come into the parlor and allow me to run over a little hymn that has been dancing like sunbeams in my heart all evening, but I cannot recall the words." We went in the other room and began to sing and play, when all of a sudden the Lord laid something on my heart which I related to them. I took out of the storehouse "things new and old," ending up by all of us getting down before the Lord in prayer.

When I began to take off my stockings I discovered to my dismay that the bills my husband had given me were gone. I exclaimed, "Lord, are You in the losing of those bills? You said, 'In all thy ways acknowledge Me and I will direct thy paths.' I have been acknowledging You tonight." The horror of losing that money swept over me, not so much because of the money but the thought that I couldn't be trusted with it. I cried to the Lord about it.

The next morning I arose early and came down to get Jack's breakfast. I said to him, "It is one thing to talk about the Lord's dealing with us and His wonderful provision and care as I did last night, but now I have to prove it." Then I told him about the bills. He seemed dumbfounded at my negligence, but did not upbraid me. I also told his sister.

He was to start cutting that field in two days, and almost every spare moment they had they could be seen searching for the lost bills. I too

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Feathered Arrows

"Consider the Lilies"

D. H. McDowell



IN DAYS of old when men fought with arrows they discovered that by properly adjusting a feather to the arrow it would steer it on its course true to the aim of the archer. What the feather is to the arrow, a well chosen illustration is to the gospel sermon. It aids the arrow of truth more readily to find its mark. In these days of hurry and speed when men have so little time for personal meditation on things religious, it seems more necessary that the word of the Gospel should be helped to find its mark and make its way down into the heart of a busy and needy world.

The Gospel Message is the most versatile of all religions the world has ever known. It may be cluttered and darkened by words without knowledge; it may be made heavy with overloaded discussions on so-called important ideals; it may be misconstrued by men who are adepts at "handling the word of God deceitfully." Nothing pleases the devil better than to create the impression that the Bible is too deep to be understood and too mystical to be practical. The opposite however is true. By those desiring to know the truth, no book is more readily understood than the Bible. Jesus says, "If any man will do my will he shall know of the doctrine;" "Thou shalt know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Yes the Bible is a revelation from God to man. The application of truth where it is most needed—in the daily life.

Among all the preachers who ever preached the word of life to a dying world none were more profoundly simple in message and style than our Lord and Master. He meets men where men live. He talks to the common folk on the things that the common folk can comprehend. At the same time he could wade out into the deep where the wise of His day dare not venture.

The simplicity with which the Master lays down some of the most profound principles of the Christian life are well illustrated in the Sermon on the Mount. Matt. 6:28 reads, "And why take ye thought (anxious thought) for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Here we are directed to the consideration of something in every day life that was within the reach and comprehension of even the humblest peasant: "Consider the lilies of the field." The lily referred to by the Master is considered by authorities to be the one known as the "Huleh-lily." It is very large, and "the three inner petals meet above and form a gorgeous canopy, such as art never approached, and king never sat under, even in his utmost glory." This flower grows profusely in the valleys, but is also found growing on the mountain sides.

The Master's teaching should impel us to a more serious consideration of these objects that we might the more rest in that simple faith in Him and His bounty. That faith that Jesus is so anxious to see developed in every day life.

In reviewing the text I find that the Lord is pointing out the fullness and grandeur of His provision for His people in this great salvation. Nothing has been left out. There is plenty of provision without stint or measure. The lavish Hand that so decked the fields and mountains with unrivaled splendor and beauty has also provided an abundance of all that His children could possibly need in this world or that which is to come.

A few characteristics of the lily are worthy of our best effort in obeying the instruction to "consider." The original thought of this word "consider" is, to learn from. First of all God has provided a wonderful protection for the lily as it pushes its way up through the dark soil so that it is neither marred nor injured in its tender stage of growth. Growing as it often does among thorns, its luxuriant, velvety softness is in sharp contrast to the crabbed tangled hedge of thorns about it. Thus we see at once that in the Christian faith God has provided a protection for His children while they grow up in a world of darkness, sin and shame, as well as to deck them with a beauty and tenderness, a mellowness, so to speak, as suggested by the velvety softness of these wonderful flowers, living, growing, smiling, beautifying and otherwise making a somber and thorn-ridden world a better place in which to live. If Christianity is not different as manifested in the lives of God's true, born-again children then there is no beauty in a lily and there is no difference between them and the horny, thorn-tangled fields in which they grow.

The next thing noticeable about the lily is its protection against defilement. There is something that God has provided for the lily which automatically cleanses itself. As the defiling elements fall upon it they are just naturally cleansed away. Elements foreign to its nature do not adhere, so that it has become a common expression among us, "pure as a lily." So likewise the life that is in the cleansing blood of Jesus keeps us clean as we walk and abide in Him. As the stream washes over the pebbles in the mountain brook keeping them constantly cleansed, so the blood of Christ protects the abiding child of God from the besmirching power of sin on every hand.

Then again the lily keeps looking toward heaven. No matter what the weather conditions may be—dark and cloudy, boisterous and stormy, sunshine or showers, peace and calm, night and day the lily keeps its face looking toward heaven from whence comes all its help. The Psalmist says, "I will look unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." This passage is considered by the best authorities of the Hebrew language to be a mistranslation. A better rendering, closer to the thought of the context, is: "Shall I look unto the hills? From whence cometh my help?" And then comes the answer to the question. "My help cometh from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth." Yes, in considering the lily, the example is set before us—keep looking up to Him who is above the hills, in fair weather or foul—no matter what comes, "we know that all things work together for good to those who love God."

I further observe that the beauty with which the lily is decked may suggest the beauty of Christian character, the unsullied holiness of Christ Himself imparted to those who are joined to Him. If the color be pure white or a variety of colors blended together by His own, unmatched skill the thought is the same. All color comes from the light and is made manifest to our vision by being passed through a prism. That is, the speed with which light travels is slowed down to various speeds as it passes through a prism, and quite often a harmonious blending of color results. The Lord finds in the lily a wonderful medium to display the hidden beauties of light. "God is light and in Him is no darkness at all." The glory of that light burst forth in all its might to a lost world as it shone forth through that wonderful prism, the human body of the Lord Jesus. In like manner it is the purpose of God that the glory of the divine light should be constantly reflected through His children. For that reason the Holy Spirit

has been sent to make manifest the life of Christ in our mortal bodies. "Ye are the light of the world." Not only to show the way in the darkness, to reveal secrets or to guide our feet in the way of truth; but to brighten up the sinful world by the glorious contrast of reflecting the beauty of the Lord wherever we go. Oh the need of that true love and mercy! of compassion and long-suffering that marked the character of Him who was ever ready to say, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

Contrasted with the sin and shame, the greed and avarice, the loathing and hate of a fallen world as it staggers its dizzy dance to a devil's hell, are the purity of life, the self-sacrificing lives, the love and devotion of God's true children whom He has placed here among the thorns and briars, on the highways of life where men pass, that they may see and hear and pause and consider. The world is sick of ritual, of ceremony and the paraphernalia of religious cults and systems; and God has no use for them in the midst of a dying world. Let us give Him our lives in whole-hearted surrender. Let the Holy Spirit have full possession of our whole being and He will manifest the realities of the Gospel of Christ by a demonstration of its virtues in practical living. Anything else is a sham and mockery. The gospel of Christ is just as full of beauty and fragrance, of help and encouragement, of precept and example as is found in considering the lily that grows among the thorns on Palestine's hillsides. What God needs today is surrendered, prayerful lives through which He can manifest the character of the One who is the Lily of the Valley, the Rose of Sharon and the Bright and Morning Star. The call is for a closer walk. A walk with God that takes us away from the carnal, selfish, backbiting, faith-blighting practices of a life of profession. A walk that takes us into the depths of the Living Word of God, into the secret chambers of hours of prayer and communion with Him, the Saviour of men. A walk that breathes the the breath of heaven as one moves about the marts of life. A walk that has transformed the gaze from earth to heaven. "*Looking unto Jesus,*" the life motto of every believer.

Away up in the north of Scotland a scientist was spending a little time wandering through the hills, delighting his soul in feasting on the rich things of the Creator. Among the objects of his search he took time to examine the lowly hether bell and while examining the tiny flower through his powerful lense he was observed by an old

Scot. The old fellow somewhat curious to know what the scientist was doing ventured the question and was invited to look at the hether bell through the magnifying-glass. Long he gazed as though he was held in a trance and when he lifted his face from the glass his eyes were moist and the tears were coursing down his weathered cheeks. The scentist asked, "Why do you weep, Scot? What is there to make a man like you weep?" In the dialect characteristic of the northern Scot, he replied, "Mon ah been a trampling ma heavy boots over them flowers aw ma life and I never kent (knew) they were so beautiful." Oh that we might pause and consider! That we might take up the lense of God's Word and see the beauty of the Gospel of Christ! Then we would remove our shoes from our feet and walk softly all our days.

"Now thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour (ozone) of His knowledge by us in every place." 2 Co. 2:14.

If the glory of Solomon pales to insignificance before the grandeur of God's lilies, it is to tell us that nothing on earth, no matter how grand or resplendent it may be, can compare in any respect to the glorious gospel of the Son of God. Do not go hobnailing around all your life, trampling under foot the crowning achievement of the Creator. Pick up the lense and examine this Lily of the Valley. Bow before Him the Author of all life and grandeur. Open your closed heart to the light of heaven. Breathe out that prayer that has been pent up in there for years. Let the fountain of your deep break up before the Lord. Weep in humble penitence before Him, that you have been so long trampling the grace of God beneath your feet. What will happen? Friend, God will reveal Himself to you and in that revelation your whole being will change. Your outlook on life will change. The future will brighten with a living hope and you will step forth into the same world with a new light in the eye; a new note in your song; a new fragrance in your life; a new love and praise and adoration unto Him who died that you might live. The Christ who made the lily and clothed the grass of the field with such wondrous beauty, which today is and tomorrow is but to perish, has spared nothing to make you the crown and marvel of all His dazzling wonders and that throughout the ages you will reflect through every atom of your being the magnificence of His Infinite power and glory. Pause! consider! learn! yield! receive! go forth! The world needs a practical Christianity. "Ye are

the light of the world, a city that is set on a hill that cannot be hid."

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The above is the first in a series by a spiritual naturalist. Do not miss the coming unique articles on the Ants, the Bees, and others of God's little teachers.

(Continued from page 4)

ble to find your way out; it takes someone who can look down from above, someone who is higher, to help you out. Psalm 78:14 says, "In the day-time He led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire."

When the Israelites reached the desert God didn't say, "Now go in any direction that suits you;" He led them and said, "This is the way." The devil has shoveled the paths in our desert over with unbelief, worldliness, compromise and sin, but if we follow our Leader we will get through. Take the old way of the cross. He led the Israelites through and "they thirsted not." They got out of one desert only to get into another, no doubt the last one seemed more trying than the first. Did you ever have that experience, when the second trial seemed greater than the first? As He led Israel of old He will lead you through and you will not thirst because He satisfies. Thank God, He is leading on. When everything is dark and you cannot see your way it is just an opportunity for God to show His power for when we are cut off from every natural resource then He undertakes.

When God sent the plague of darkness over all the land of Egypt, the children of Israel had light. How do you suppose light could be confined to certain homes when darkness was over all the land? Can the scientists who know so much, tell us how one house can be full of light and the house next door be plunged in dense darkness? God is not confined to natural laws at all. Darkness covered all the land of Egypt but the children of Israel had light in their dwelling. They had God and God is Light. And when these same children of Israel were in the desert He was their Water, and so "they thirsted not when He led them through the deserts." He is streams in the desert.

* * *

"A man may go to heaven without health, without riches, without honor, without learning, without friends, but he can never go there without Christ."

* * *

Sample rolls of old Evangels sent free for distribution.

Saved thru a Song for Service in Japan

A Marvelous Work for God in the Orient

Mrs. Chas. Cowman in The Chicago Gospel Tabernacle June 2, 1930

On June 2-8 the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle held their Eighth Annual Missionary Rally. About twenty-five missionaries participated, and it was an onward step in the march of missions. The annual pledge offering was taken which amounted to over One Hundred Thousand Dollars, an increase of \$33,000 over last year. The following address by Mrs. Cowman, the head of The Oriental Missionary Society, was given at this time.



MY HEART has been very full today as I came back to my own home city. I thought of that word, "Go home to thy friends and tell them what great things the Lord hath done for you." It was in Chicago that the Lord found me. I had not been to church for a number of years, but one night a woman came to my doorway, wearing a deaconess bonnet, and she asked me to go to a Children's meeting. That didn't interest me, but she said, "We are having a converted opera singer to sing for us. Perhaps you would like to hear her." I felt I would. I had spent many of my nights in the opera in Chicago, and I went to hear that dear woman sing that old hymn, "The Ninety and Nine." And when she sang, "But one was out on the hills away," I knew I was that one, and I gave my heart to Jesus that night.

I told my husband about it, but he didn't like it. He was an official in the Western Union Telegraph office, a young man climbing up the ladder, and he said, "I will be ruined if you become a Christian." In just another month Charles Cowman gave his heart to God, my first convert. In six months he had led seventy-five of his men to the Lord.

Shortly after that a Japanese came to our city. He was a young Japanese Methodist preacher; he ran out of methods and came to America to seek some new methods. He found the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and when God filled him he said, "I have my methods," and went back to Japan. Charles Cowman and those Christians down at the telegraph office stood back of him, and that was the beginning of the work of the Oriental Missionary Society. Great things come out of small beginnings. We went to the Moody Bible Institute for six years at night, not thinking

of being foreign missionaries; we wanted to win souls at home, and while we were studying God gave us a vision of the great heathen world out yonder in the darkness.

We went forth at the call of God, and the plan that He gave us was that we should go out and begin a Bible Training School for native preachers. For twenty-nine years that has been our work in the Orient. We have had the joy in those years of sending 1700 native preachers through our Training School. We began our work in Tokio in a little, rented building, right down in the heart of that great heathen city, and for ten years we were in that one hall, and then it became too small. As the carpenters were dismantling it and taking away the old altar rail at which thousands had knelt, I said, "I must have a piece of that old altar rail," and on it my husband wrote, "A part of the discontinued altar rail at which fifteen thousand souls found Christ during ten years."

My husband, as you know, went home to glory, and last year I went back to see the work, and I found a chain of 575 mission stations dotted over Japan, Korea and China, every one of them manned by trained natives from our schools. We have a wonderful work in Korea, and we are beginning to do the same work in China, training natives to preach the Gospel. In Korea we have seventy-five stations and over three hundred Korean preachers.

We had been in Japan about ten years when one day a Korean came up to our school; he had a card on which the name of our school was written. He could not speak a word to my husband and they just looked at each other. Finally the Korean said, "Amen!" and my husband responded. Then he said, "Hallelujah!" and my husband shouted "Hallelujah! He knew then he was a Christian. He had heard there was a training school in Tokio and had come over to investigate. Then they came by the dozens to our Tokio School, and we were pressed into opening a school in Korea.

I want to tell you about two of our evangelists, Bro. Kim and Bro. Lim. Bro. Kim is deaf and Bro. Lim is blind. Bro. Kim leads Bro. Lim all over Korea and they walk thousands of miles. Last year they walked 150 miles to come to a Convention. I had a little talk with them, and they said to me, "We started out at the beginning of

the year praying God to help us win two thousand souls," and they bowed their heads low and said, "We have done our best, but our faith has shrunk. We have only 1989." Those two dear men are out tonight going to the market places, giving out the Word of God and speaking to the crowds. They are poverty poor, live in wretched mud-huts we would hardly give to our dogs, but out of these huts come some glorious Christians. At this convention they came at 5:30 every morning for their first meeting, more than 700 of them. The Koreans do not have clocks. They go to bed and sleep awhile and when they wake up they say it is time to go to church. They come as early as two and three o'clock in the morning and they will sit in the services all day. We are putting the Gospel into every home in Korea. We were five years, with one hundred men, putting the Gospel into 10,300,000 homes of the Japanese Empire. It took five years of hard work, every day. They travelled 161,000 square miles, and at the end every home in Japan had been reached with the Gospel story. This resulted in thousands of converts and native churches sprung up here and there. We are doing the same in Korea; there are four million homes in Korea, and we have already reached two million. Tonight we have fourteen village workers going from house to house, giving the Word.

Last year when I was at our Japanese conference we had about 2,000 Christian workers attend. They were my husband's converts, the work of twenty-nine years. It was the first time I had been out among them since the home-going of my husband.

You have heard of the Island of Formosa. The inhabitants are barbarous and live in the jungles. They say they are such fine marksmen they can take a bow and arrow and hit the highest branch of a tree. About twelve years ago an official came to us from this island and asked us to give the Gospel to the head-hunters. So a little band of our workers went down to Formosa and preached the Gospel in the jungles. One of the first converts was one of the head-hunters. Several years ago another delegation came to us asking us to work more vigorously and carry the Gospel faster. These were Japanese missionaries we were sending in there, and one of the first men to be saved was the son of the old head-hunter, the chief of the tribe. The young man was gloriously saved and he followed our workers around for about two weeks. When they came away he said to one of the workers, "Now I can never get married. I have become a Christian."

When they want to get married they have to go out and kill a number of people and take their heads to the prospective father-in-law. This young man knew he could not kill anyone now, and the bishop said to him, "You trust to God to send you a girl."

We shall never forget when they returned that morning bringing those converts from Formosa to study in the training school. One of the workers arose and in an off-hand way told the story of this young head-hunter who was saved, and in an off-hand way said, "Maybe God will call one of our young women here to go down and become the wife of the son of that tribal chief." It was just a passing word, but the next morning a splendid young woman, one whom I was training for work among the high class people, a very superior girl, said, "I have something to say. Last night I prayed all night. God has called me to go down to Formosa and become the wife of that young man, to work in the jungles among the tribes." It just about broke my heart to have her go. I said, "Lord, why did You not lay Your hand upon someone else." We said to her, "They are liable to kill you with their poisoned arrows." She prayed again, and came to the class-room with a radiant face and said, "God has truly called me. Last night when I was thinking of those arrows the Scripture was brought to my mind in the 91st Psalm where it says, 'Thou shall not be afraid of the arrow that flieth by day'." In six weeks a little party left for Formosa's shores. When they landed they had a sixty mile walk in the jungle. Within ten miles of the tribe, the old chief came out to meet them, bringing with him 100 of his armed men. They determined if they did not like her they would kill her on the spot. The old chief looked at her, his men standing by waiting for a word from him. At once he was touched by her appearance and he said to his men, "Down with your arrows." Every arrow dropped, and he said to her, "Come home, my daughter." They walked ten miles to his home and she became the wife of his son. She has been there three years, and last year that little woman came as a delegate from the Formosa jungles, bringing with her some of the converts. She told us that 117 head-hunters have been led to the Lord Jesus Christ. She was just a little closer to me than the other workers. As I was leaving she came and put her little brown hand in mine, and as that great company of workers were singing, "We'll work till Jesus comes," we said "Good-bye," I to take a beautiful steamer to America, and she to go back to the jungles of Formosa, to live and die for Jesus.

Answering to Heaven's Roll Call

Stone Church Loses a Faithful Warrior



DURING the World War a Christian soldier at the battle front was mortally wounded. In the hospital those standing by heard him say, "Here!" When they asked him what he wanted he answered, "Hush! They are calling the roll of heaven and I am answering to my name." Again he whispered, "Here!" and his soul took its flight.

On June 14th Fred. Leader, our beloved missionary to the Congo answered to heaven's roll call. Not with pomp or marshall music of earth was he ushered in, but were our ears attuned to heaven's melodies we might have heard the stirring strains of heaven's artillery, and with spiritual vision seen a concourse of angels welcoming their hero home.

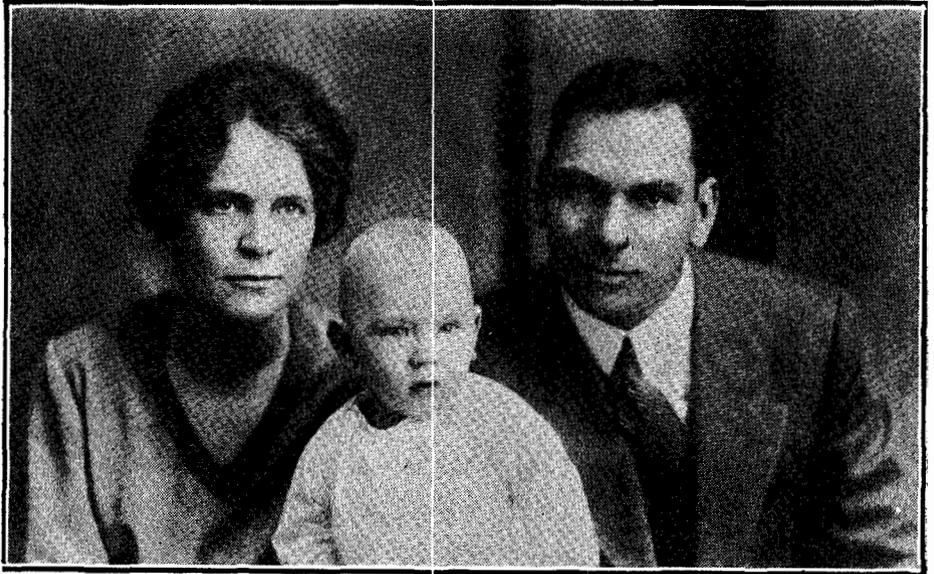
Thirteen years ago God put His hand on an orphan boy trudging behind the plough in the great Canadian prairies, and said, "I want you for Africa." When God wants material for His missionaries He does not go to king's palaces but generally chooses from among the humbler class those He sends forth as emissaries of the Gospel. The farmer boy has been inured

to hardship and does not shrink from African jungles and the privations of missionary life. Such was Fred Leader. He loved African life. After his call his one cry was, "Lord, train me for Africa."

And God began. Winter was coming on and He sent him up north to work in a lumber camp. He found himself among men who never mentioned the name of God except to blaspheme—scoffers, robbers, men fleeing from justice and who had little regard for the law—not one Christian among them. This was the training school he entered. He realized it would be far from easy to live a Christian life in that environment but he set his face to be true to God and witnessed to the

power of the Gospel in his life, refusing to be dishonest or untruthful because he was a Christian. Three times a day, without fail, he poured out his heart to God in his little office in the Canadian forest that God would prepare him for Africa and give him grace to witness to the "heathen" in the lumber camp. Later, God opened the way for him to enter Elim Bible School, Rochester, N. Y. for Bible study. Here he met Lulu Townsend, who afterwards became Mrs. Leader.

Brother and Sister Leader first went to the Congo, with Mrs. Julia Richardson, whose husband laid down his life in the Congo forests nearly ten years before. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Berg were also in the company. This was in July, 1922. After about a year at Machumbi, Kivu District,



Mr. and Mrs. Leader and Little Donald

the mountainous region and rainy climate seemed to affect Mrs. Leader's health and they left for Gombari, where they have since labored.

On his second term, Bro. Leader was appointed Superintendent of the work at Gombari, and labored unceasingly in the multifarious duties connected with a mission station—building houses, school work, building a chapel, settling differences among natives, pulling teeth, making brick and concrete blocks, conducting Bible classes, superintending the building of roads, taking evangelistic trips, and many other duties which are incumbent upon our missionaries. Sometimes we forget that "this treasure is in earthen vessels" and because of the pressure of

the work and the joy in His service we go beyond our natural strength. We have not heard the details of our brother's death, but only God can give strength for aggressive work in a tropical climate. In His all-wise Providence He has said "It is enough!" and He will raise up others to complete the unfinished tasks. "He buries His workers, but His work goes on."

When home on furlough Bro. Leader talked constantly of his "boys." How he loved them! He refused to talk about the hardships of missionary life, and said he loved to talk about its privileges. A group of black boys in Gombari are heavy with grief because their "Leader" has gone. One of his last duties was to go to Stanleyville to see the governor about another mission



Mr. Leader Conducting a Baptismal Service

site. Only God can comfort the heart of dear Mrs. Leader and little Donald. The Stone Church feel they have lost one of their best missionaries, but looking beyond the sorrow and the loss we see our missionary among a noble company who laid down their lives for Africa,—and are now on Heaven's honor roll. To the names of Livingston, Moffatt, Arnot, Mackay, Hannington, The Coillards, and an innumerable company who have laid aside the helmet for the victor's wreath, the recording angel has added—Fred Leader.

"Rest, brother, rest:
God called and we're resigned.
Thou art more blest
Than we who're left behind.
But we shall meet thee soon
At that great Harvest Home.

Rest, worker, rest!
Forget thy thankless toil.
God deemed it best
On Afric's sunny soil

To have thy grave appear,
'Midst those to thee most dear.

Rest, reaper, rest!
The sweat that damped thy brow,
When harvest pressed,
Is changed to glory now.
From darkest fields of sin
Thy sheaves are coming in.

Rest, warrior, rest!
Thine armor thrown aside.
The victor's crest,
By hands once crucified,
Is laid upon thy brow—
No need of armor now.

Rest, martyr, rest!
Where shines eternal day
For souls oppressed
Thy life was worn away;
Though some may say, 'Twas wrong,
The Master says, 'Well done!'

(Continued from page 11)

searched and prayed but it was like looking for a needle in a haystack. The next night a terrific wind arose and I remember praying, "Lord, You know where that wind is blowing those bills."

I felt it weakened my testimony if I could not prove my God was faithful to me. I searched my Bible for help, and felt condemned for my carelessness in not removing the bills when I reached my sister's home. I confessed the mistake to God and sought His pardon. Then I was reminded of I Sam. the thirtieth chapter. I saw how the Lord pardoned David for seeking shelter in the land of the enemy, and how by His great grace David recovered all. Romans 8:37 was a comfort to me, "In all these things we are more than conquerors, thru Him that loved us." I saw too from the Word of God that anything of any great consequence was wrought thru faith in the promises of God, and like David I encouraged myself in the Lord.

The next day Jack was cutting the field. I only now told about my loss to my sister as she had not been well and I feared it might worry her. She said, "Don't worry, Jessie. Jack's mother lost her pocket-book with \$25 right here in the station." But I felt she wasn't trusting God and I was. The sense that God's honor was at stake seemed to burden me.

Jack and his sister were already out in the wheat field, Jack watching with all the eyes he had if perchance he might sight the bills. My sister and little Emily also went out but I stayed in the house and prayed.

Presently I heard a shout, and as I went out I heard, "Oh here it is!" Sure enough, there was the wad of bills packed solid. My little girl had picked it up after the binder had passed over it. Jack who was on the opposite side of the field, stopped his horses and came over. He and his sister declared it was the most wonderful thing they had ever seen.

Away down in my heart I felt that David got the spoil of the battle. Before I left that locality I told this experience to others, and when I was saying good-bye one of the friends slipped a bill into my hand. I remonstrated, but she said, "The Lord wants you to take it; it's the spoil." Rom. 9:16.

Blackie, Alta

Jessie B. Jackson.

Turning Arid Wastes to Gardens of the Lord



GOOD news comes from the Pettengers laboring in the Transvaal, South Africa. Mrs. Pettenger writes from Springs:

"Our work is moving forward in a marvelous way. Every Sunday new faces are seen in the audience and people are coming and inquiring about God in a most marked manner. Not a Sunday passes but what our altar is filled with people seeking God—Christians and sinners. And what volume of prayer ascends to God! These seasons of prayer are very precious to our own souls for God seems so near and real in our midst.

"The Children's Work is most blessed. Our church is crowded to the utmost with children in the day school until some have to sit along the platform. We have about 170 now enrolled. Some of these children come to Sunday School and also attend our class meetings in preparation for water baptism, so that at our next baptismal service we will have the joy of not only baptizing adults but children who are saved, which is something new in our work. The other Sunday three strange women came to our service and when we inquired where they were from they said their children came here to school and they also wanted to come to our services. This is the way the Lord is working through the children.

"Several Sundays ago Edgar cycled out to the Hiedelburg District about twelve miles from here, and there found twelve or fifteen native villages and about fifty people gathered in a little hut for service. The chief invited us to come and hold services. We praise God for this opening. We also anticipate holding Sunday School and women's meetings in the Brakpan location every week, besides our own services. Mr. Pettenger is holding open air meetings in the compounds, and showing stereopticon pictures of the Life of Christ where hundreds of men gather to see and listen. We have never experienced such wide open doors for the Gospel as we have now."

"Inasmuch"

Those who sacrifice to send money to the mission field will feel well repaid when they learn of the big returns. Miss Mattie Brann, Wei Hsien, North China, in a recent letter tells of the way the little money sent her is used.

"How much we do appreciate your loving prayers and continued interest. Without your faithful help we could not go on. The rate of exchange is so low we get nearly \$3 to \$1, and this enables us to help many poor. People were coming continually asking for 'road money' to help them follow the harvesters and glean, others coming for 'bread,' and one of the workers said, 'Have you any more relief money?' I needed more, and lo! your letter came and how my heart rejoiced to have this \$10 from the brother in New York and some friends in California, so I sent fifteen or twenty away happy.

"One of our evangelists said, 'Your giving me relief in 1920 brought me to Christ, and I hate to turn anyone away and yet dislike to be coming all the time, but what can I do when I meet these sufferers on the road and in the villages? I had \$6 and went to a village where they were suffering, and many wanted to go to districts where wheat can be gleaned. I knew \$6 would go farther if I bought meal for them, which I did, and weighed it out, and you should have seen their grateful faces.' Yes, a handful or two of meal to mix with their leaves and roots and made into bread, and a drink of water, will save many lives. He helped twelve people with his \$6.

"My heart wells with praise for the 106 already baptized this year. To the west in one city 10 were baptized in April. In the beginning of May special meetings were held in the north-east section of our field where 27 were baptized. This field has only been opened for about three years, altho the evangelists have preached there for some years with only a convert now and then. Now we have six assemblies and regular

services weekly where several hundred attend. How I wish you could have been with us the day 54 women and 15 men were baptized! Among the women was the one who had come to us last February to be delivered from demon power. She was with us two weeks and had a wonderful deliverance. How different she looks now! Among the men was a Mr. Djang who was brought here in June, 1929, a raving maniac, bound in iron bands and chains. Was here three months and the Lord set him free. Now he witnesses in his village and is bringing others to Christ. His town has been a Boxer nest for years and scores of men are under this demon cult. He is so grateful and says, 'Oh, what would have become of us all if you good missionaries had not left your homes and brought us the Gospel! I know I would have been in hell long ago, for many times I tried to kill myself only to be hindered by my son or wife. Tell the praying friends to pray for me and many others like me in this dark land.' "

* * *

Bro. Stoddart writes that all the missionaries have evacuated the outposts in his district in India and have come to Poona because it is a military station. Because of the riots in a number of cities the authorities are taking every precaution to protect the missionaries. Let us not forget to pray for our missionaries in India, and the native Christians, that God will protect them in this time of riot and bloodshed.

* * *

Mrs. Otto Keller, Kisumu, East Africa, writes under date of March 27th that the anti-foreign spirit that is so manifesting itself in heathen lands is quite pronounced in East Africa, in some parts almost breaking out in open rebellion. We need to pray for our missionaries more than ever before as the powers of darkness are becoming more intense, and the spirit of hatred against Christianity is growing more deadly. Only God can keep the doors open to the Gospel. Yet in spite of Satanic opposition, the Gospel is bearing fruit. She writes:

"The Girls' and Women's School is constantly increasing, and God's blessing is resting upon it in a special way. There are over 200 attending this year. It is indeed inspiring to go down to school early in the morning just as the sun is peeping over the hills and see the crowds gather into their classes after their half-hour prayer from 5:30 to 6, when school begins. Often we get up and hear some of the dear saints praying in the church at three and four o'clock in the morning when the earth is wrapped in slumber.

"Next Sunday we are to have a baptismal service when 25 candidates will be immersed. These have received special instruction for about two years and have proved by their lives that they have been born again. We follow the standard given to us by our Lord, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' We do not baptize speedily, and are not moved by confession of mouth, (for natives can talk plenty, pray elaborately and live disgracefully) nor the raising of the hand policy of those who want to be saved. We daily preach and teach the Word and little by little it takes root and the Holy Spirit convicts of sin, and they are changed. It is plainly seen that they have passed from darkness into light. There were 42 in the Baptismal class, but only 25 proved by their lives that they were born again."

The Lonely Star of Asia

In his article on Russian Martyrs in "The Dawn," Mr. D. M. Panton refers to the Letter to Pergamos: "There suddenly bursts on our vision a radiant star. One man alone, in all our Lord's Seven Letters to the Churches in Asia, is named for praise—not one, even of the Angels, is ever named, but this man shines out the lonely Star of Asia:

"Antipas, My witness, My faithful one, who was killed among you, where Satan dwelleth."—Rev. 2:13.

The name—as usual in Scripture, charged with significance—means "against all," a man utterly separated to God, he stood alone, and he stood to death. Earth tells us nothing of Antipas; the world never heard of him and even early Christian tradition is silent.

"He was a simple, private Christian, living in a huge and godless city, fulfilling the common round, the trivial task, but when the trial hour came, and the great crisis, he passed through it all—the arrest, the trial, the public scorn, the iron image of a bull heated red hot, according to later tradition, like the splendid hero that he was; hidden and unknown among the thousands of Pergamos, with no grave even to mark his ash, the Son of God draws out his name in an intimacy of love, and a blaze of glory, unique even in the records of the Apocalypse."

THE LONELY STAR OF ASIA

As such, this man shines out, "who held aloft Heaven's blood-bought charter, 'mong those who deemed the faith of Christ a crime: those thrilling, tender words—"My faithful martyr"—tell of a life that death has made sublime." But the marvel is that the lonely star of Asia is not alone.

The unknown martyr of the first century has companions in death in the twentieth. One is Katar Singh, a Tibetan, who was sentenced to death by torture by the Lama at Tshingham, Tibet, for accepting Jesus Christ as his Saviour. Sewn up in a heavy wet Yak skin, he was exposed to the heat of the sun and the slow process of contraction in this death trap is the most cruel means of torture which Hell has invented to hurl its hatred against the followers of the Son of God. At the close of the day the dying man asked to be allowed to write a parting message and these are his words:—

"I give to Him, who gave to me my life, my all,
His all to be .
"My debt to Him, how can I pay, though I may
live to endless day?
"I ask not one, but thousand lives for Him and
His own sacrifice
"Oh, will I then not gladly die for Jesus sake
and ask not why?"

Katar Singh, My witness, My faithful one, who was killed among you, where Satan dwelleth. What a memorial! A memorial not written on earth but in heaven. Praise God, the gates of Hell shall not prevail against the Church of Christ. On the very day when Katar Singh laid down his life one of the highest officials in the Lama's Palace was gripped by the martyr's testimony of triumph and confessed Christ that same night.

I have seen the inscription of thousands of martyrs who in the first centuries were laid to rest in the 600 miles of galleries of the catacombs in Rome. I have looked upon the blood drenched soil of the Colosseum where ten thousand martyrs were killed in the arena, a spectacle to the blood lust of depraved Roman nobles and citizens, but I had to come to India to hear that faithful Antipas, who in the first century was the lonely Star of Asia, has followers in the twentieth century who shine in the white light of Christ's testimony and who are an earnest of the Triumph Day whose glorious dawn the eye of faith can see in heathen countries that have remained closed to the messengers of light and life.

The Romance of missionary enterprise in countries and continents that are open has thrilled many a heart, and has been the means of a fuller consecration for many a life, but what shall we say of a disciple of Christ like Katar Singh who in a closed country like Tibet has lived a lonely life and died a martyr's death? Does it not give

a new and irresistible impetus to us to pray more earnestly that closed countries may at last be opened to the gospel, so that the Church of Christ may be enriched by the testimony of disciples gathered in from fields where Satan has entrenched himself for 19 centuries since the Day of Calvary? "*If ye shall ask anything in My Name, I will do it that the Father may be glorified in the Son.*" John 14:13, 14. Oh for the holy boldness, so to ask (Greek: crave) as to prevail.
7, LOWER CALCUTTA ROAD,
Calcutta, January 18th, 1926. F. KEHL.

(Continued from page 7)

while from my lips went forth the heavenly language as the Spirit gave utterance. All of this happened on the platform before a great audience, while hundreds were shouting and singing praises to Jesus Christ our Lord.

This was an experience never to be forgotten, for the Holy Spirit revealed Himself to me in a most miraculous way. The Baptism came to me as a surprise for I believed I had received the Baptism and was not seeking such an experience. But in my earnest desire for greater power in Christian service God gave to me a like experience to that which flooded the souls of those in the Upper Room at Pentecost. To me the Baptism of the Spirit was an experience as definite and glorious as my conversion at the age of sixteen. I could as easily doubt my conversion as I could doubt my baptism in the Holy Ghost. Thank God, it is real! I know it is real!

The Holy Ghost is present and assists in the work of regeneration, but regeneration is not the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost is present and assists in the work of sanctification, but sanctification is not the baptism. In the language of the Apostle I ask, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

I believe the Baptism of the Holy Ghost is for every child of God, according to Acts 2:38, for He is no respecter of persons. God is not so anxious to have us do something for Jesus, as He is to receive what Jesus has for us. Salvation, Divine Healing, the Baptism of the Holy Ghost are for all, but no one can obtain these divine blessings until they have complied with the divine requirement. I urge you to go to your knees in prayer, make the supreme sacrifice, pay the cost, and you will know something of the power and the wisdom, the influence and the joy that filled and thrilled the hearts of the disciples when the Holy Ghost came upon them at Pentecost.

The Mirage Shall Become a Pool

J. Rutherford Spence, Hong Kong



THE marginal reading of Isaiah 35:7 reads thus, "The mirage shall become a pool." The picture is that of a traveller weary and thirsty crossing the desert. There appears a beautiful pool full of fresh water with date palms (food) and trees (shade) growing all around it. The traveller hurries on but alas the mirage only mocks him and he gets no nearer to it.

But the Word says "the mirage shall become a pool." Let us look at it experimentally and individually. All of us have our mirage and as we journey through life we aim to make it a reality. It is said of the late Earl of Roseberry that he wanted three things—to be Prime Minister of Great Britain, to be a millionaire, and to own the winner of the Derby, a classical horse race in England. In all of these he was successful.

But to come to close grips, every born-again Christian has his mirage—his ideal of what he should be in the Christian life. "Yes," you say, "if only I could live my ideal, but how far short we come, how many confessions have to be made, how many tears are shed at our failure to realize our ideal." Sometimes we feel so discouraged that we would feign give up, and we begin to drift along; then to make a start again and it is the same old story year in, year out, until perhaps despair comes and we just live scarcely saved—certainly a long way from our mirage.

God does not give us spiritual ideals—aspirations only to mock us but what He gives He is able to perform—the mirage shall become a pool. Yes, praise God! He has made provision that our mirage shall become a pool—that we shall live in a place of plenty with some to spare.

Let us look at Peter. He was of that passionate nature whose ideals are high. "Yes, Lord, though all men run away yet will not I," but how far Peter was from his ideal when he denied all knowledge of the Christ! Not long after he stands in Jerusalem with power, preaching fearlessly the Gospel, and glad to give public prominence to the fact that he belongs to the Christ. Peter's mirage had become a pool. How and what had happened?

Peter was one of a band of one hundred and twenty, who waited in the upper room and when

the day of Pentecost was fully come they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.

Here is the secret Christian friend. Are you living as you desire? Is your Christian experience up to your ideal? Are you realizing these God-given aspirations in your Christian life or have you to confess failure?—your mirage is not yet a pool. Take courage. The Pentecostal Baptism can be yours. Wait for the promise of the Father. He shall fill you and as you yield to the Spirit, lo, your mirage shall become a pool with water, food and shade as you journey through life.

Again let us look at another phase. Most of us at sometime or another have had visions. Who has not closed his eyes and seen a mirage of successful work done for the Master, a prosperous church maybe, a minister in the evangelistic field, a native self-supporting church in the foreign field—some sphere of labor for Jesus. Yet today how far away it seems. The mirage has not yet become a pool. The enemy has hindered, or we have grown weary, or we have been turned aside by some Christian friends from pursuing our mirage and now in our better moments our hearts are sad. What shall we do?

Does God give us these only to mock us? A thousand times no. Be filled with the Holy Ghost—abandon yourself to Him—let Him lead and perhaps ere you know it your vision will have begun to be realized—your mirage to become a pool.

Every great work accomplished for the Lord has first of all been a mirage. General Booth had a vision—the mirage became a pool and we have the Salvation Army, its colors flying in every land. Hudson Taylor had a vision—pioneer missionaries in every province in China and today we have the China Inland Mission, its missionaries carrying the Gospel to far inland China where no others are working. The mirage has become a pool.

Take courage, your vision, your mirage can become a pool, through the power of the Holy Ghost. Let us grip the promise in our individual lives that experimentally the mirage shall become a pool—our lives shall glorify the Lord Jesus and that in fields of service our vision, our mirage shall become a pool for the glory of God.



The Serpent Among the Books

RECENTLY a gentleman in the Far East drew out of his library case a book to read, and as he did so he felt a sharp pain in his index finger. Thinking some careless reader had stuck a pin in the binding of the book, he tried to banish the thing from his mind, but the pain increased and spread and the finger began to swell and death claimed him in a few hours' time. It was however, not a pin prick that sent this man into Eternity, but the sting of a small but deadly serpent concealed among the books. And no where is the Great Serpent more diabolically at work than in the literature of these awful days. Concealing himself in the rich foliage of fascinating fiction and glazed falsehood, false creeds, and subtle reasonings of mischievous theologians and knights and knaves, and in the deeper shadows of spiritism with its bungling spookology and daring presumption, and sensuous appeal to the baser instincts of man—there coils the Serpent ready for attack! Undermining one's sense of resistance by fair speech, the danger is not always recognized till the fangs of the Serpent have gone deep, poisoning the pure springs of the soul. Faith and Trust and the Love of God are thus ousted from the heart and the weeds of the Underworld begin again to grow! Beware! Keep to the Old Paths! Look out for the little serpents among the books! For souls are built up or torn down, wasted or increased, blest or cursed by the choices they make, the paths they take, and the books they read. How necessary then that we should feel our pure souls upon the pure, and every word of God is pure.

In Arabia is a small fish called "Onycha" which feeds on nard and fragrant plants, and its little being is so filled with fragrance that God commanded its bones to be ground up for perfume, to be a constituent of the Incense, to be offered unto Himself. Exodus 30:34.

May the lesson hit home!

It is this. What we feed on, WE ARE! It enters into the warp and woof of our being, filling the bones with sweetness or rotteness — truth or error—peace or unrest. Let the little fish of Arabia instruct us to feed upon the nard of good things and though it should cost us all that is creaturely and natural and "be ground to powder," we shall lose nothing but our dross, and still be a sweet savor unto Christ, of Life unto better Life.

Edgar M. Scurrah.

P. O. Box 2925—Cape Town, South Africa.

Mission or Omission

The following people are excused from giving to missioners:

The man who believes that the world is not lost and does not need a Savior.

The man who believes that Jesus Christ made a mistake when He said: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

The man who believes the Gospel is not the power of God unto salvation, and cannot save the heathen.

The man who wishes that missionaries had never come to our ancestors, and that we ourselves were still heathen.

The man who believes that it is every man for himself in this world, and who with Cain asks, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The man who wants no share in the final victory.

The man who believes that he is not accountable to God for the money entrusted to him.

The man who is prepared to accept the final sentence, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Do you belong to the Mission Band, or to the Omission Band?—Horace Bushnell.

* * *

"In the range of hill-tops of our Lord's career, Calvary stands out biggest of all, clear overtopping all the others."

* * *

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CHAPTER 3.
2 Milk is fit for children. 11 Christ the only foundation. 16 Men are the temples of God.
5 shall. 1 Pet. 2, 2. John 15, 15.
a Heb. 5, 13. 1 Or, factions. 2 according to man. 3 Rom. 12, 3. 4 Acts 13, 4. 5 Acts 19, 1. 6 Isa. 55, 10. 7 Ps. 62, 12. Rom. 2, 6.
19 Foolish ten, craftmen. 20 And there are various things. 21 T men. 22 With death come.

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