



The Latter Rain Hoangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

In Deaths Of

"IF THE actual happenings of all that is taking place in China daily were printed and scattered over the world, the whole world would rise up horrified," said a well informed missionary at a recent summer conference.

These are not idle words. The scenes and experiences that our missionaries of the cross have recently encountered would cause the stoutest heart to fail, but for the grace of God.

When gaunt famine stalked the Province of Kansu, the Simpsons took in 500 children to save from starvation and from being sold into sin or eaten by frenzied parents. But a plague swept that little orphanage, scarcely begun, and their hearts were wrung as they saw a little stack of coffins carried to the cemetery every morning—till the number reached 150. They found comfort in that they had ministered to them in their affliction.

A Convention was in progress, when suddenly 1500 bandits took possession of the town, seizing men and torturing them for money and valuables. As our missionary went to the door, one said, "This is my man. I'll take him!" Another cried, "No, I claim him. Have him mount this horse and come along with us." He paid little heed; his heart was lifted to God in behalf of that company of Christians, the wife and little ones. Then an officer came and seeing he was an American planted his flag at the door and assured protection. Their ears were filled with groans and screams of hundreds who were burned, killed with the sword and tortured. Young women bound on horseback and carried away. Stores looted and burned. "Your God is the true and living God," said the astonished neighbors who had been robbed, as they saw the Christians undisturbed.

A new peril awaited them. Thirty thousand fanatical Mohammedan rebels encamped around Minchow, the leader making the mission compound his headquarters. They looted, burned, killed and raped for 16 days, and while our missionaries were in hourly peril God marvelously preserved them and kept them from fear.

On Christmas Day they vainly attempted to hold a service. One who was more fiend than man seated himself on the platform behind the speaker, and as the missionary, unconscious of the maneuvers behind him, was speaking on the coming of the Saviour to this earth the brutal soldier swung his sword back and forth, making as though he would cut off his head. The audience, looking on, prayed in silent horror, and God restrained him. God blessedly preserved the lives of not only Mr. Simpson and his family, but of the native church as well. After the Mohammedans left the city their strength was well nigh spent and they are now entering on a well-earned furlough.

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

Healed After Seventeen Years' Suffering - See Page 8

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The Latter Rain Evangel

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"Give Ye Them to Eat"

Holy Ghost Power Will Satisfy Humanity's Cry

Mrs. Adele Carmichael at the Christ's Ambassador's Rally, Chicago, Sept. 2, 1930



FROM the time we receive the Baptism of the Holy Ghost there is a spiritual development, if we keep step with God. I have had the Baptism of the Spirit for twenty years and I thank God He has helped me to grow. He doesn't want any dwarfs or invalids in the spirit realm. I was only eight years old when the Lord baptized me, and He called me to preach at that time. That precious Holy Spirit that the Lord put within my heart—I searched my entire vocabulary to find some way of expressing the wonders and the glory of that wonderful baptism which I received, and I could find no words to express it—the glory and the joy of it all was inexpressible. I remember one time we were asked to write our testimony at Bible School, and after the matron read my testimony she asked, "Did the Holy Ghost stay with you all the time?" I said, "Yes, and the best part of it was that He grew in my heart as I grew." When I was eight years old I just sought the Lord ten minutes and He filled me as full as I could hold. In fact it ran over and I shouted and shouted for joy. And I shall never forget the vision I had that night. I saw little clusters of angels around my head, and I was lost to all the world. It seemed as if I was in mid-air. I remember my father and mother leading me home, I was so under the power of the Spirit I talked in tongues all the way. The lady evangelist who was with me and who had the gift of interpretation, understood that I was preaching, and marked it in her heart, but said nothing about it. About ten years ago I met her again and she said, "I have been waiting all these years to see if you obeyed the call of the Lord. Thank God that you did." I said to her, "I had to. He would not let me go."

My father was a preacher and my brother next to me is a preacher. He was saved in Quincy, Ill., and now he is preaching too. When my father's admonition was not sufficient the grip of the Holy Ghost held me fast, and when the world sought to lure me this way and that, the blessed Holy Ghost held me tight.

Young People, we are a Pentecostal Band; we believe in the Baptism in the Holy Ghost, but I have some things to say to you. There is a lit-

tle verse of Scripture comes to my mind, "Jesus said unto them, They need not depart. Give ye them to eat."

Beloved, the world is a hungry multitude, and we are the disciples of Christ. People are hungry for spiritual things and we send them away. But Jesus is saying, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat." Many of us are content to be filled ourselves and have no compassion for the needy around us. Like the disciples we say, "Let them go and buy if they are hungry." But the Lord is baptizing us individually with the Holy Ghost and fire that we might feed the hungry and not turn them away. We see today the world being turned away from the door of the church, but Jesus is saying, "They need not depart. Feed them." Oh that we might know what that means! We have small congregations in our great cities, little mission buildings when we ought to be the greatest and most active movement in all the world. We have been quite content to enjoy our blessings in a little way, have our little meeting and let the multitude tramp by because some have said to us, "The world doesn't want the Gospel." I do not believe this.

The country is filled with churches but the pews are empty because the people are not being fed. That is why the young people have left the church. A prominent minister said to me, "We are changing our methods. We have been preaching salvation, Divine Healing and the Baptism in the Holy Ghost; now we are about to change and preach just salvation. I think we will have bigger crowds and more converts." God doesn't want us to compromise in order to get the crowds. He has given us this precious ministry; it is the ministry that the apostles preached; they did not lack for crowds or converts. If we preach this old time Gospel with the old time power there will be no lack for crowds. Dear young people, the opportunities that lie before us are priceless. It is the time of the latter rain and the Husbandman has waited patiently that the earth might receive the latter rain and that the precious harvest might be gathered in. God is pouring out His Holy Spirit; we enjoy this great blessing in our closets but when we move among other people we do not mention it for fear they will think us fanatical. In the

early days of the outpouring we published it everywhere. 'Tis true, we brought some persecution on ourselves, largely because we gave way to the flesh instead of yielding up to the Holy Spirit. Of course people who have not been saved do not want spiritual things; the flesh doesn't want the spiritual, but you must remember that man is a tripart being, spirit, soul and body, and while this body doesn't want spiritual things my spirit does, and although the body and its fleshly desires predominate there is a spiritual nature hidden away that is waiting to be fed.

The reason spiritualism, Christian Science and all these false religions have gotten such a hold on the people is because they are seeking to have their spiritual nature satisfied. There is that in man which longs for the supernatural; his spiritual nature cries out to be satisfied. He says, "I want to see a miracle," and the enemy leads him off to a spiritualistic seance. His body is sick and he goes off to Christian Science. But God has made provision for the craving of our spiritual natures. Those who want spiritual food need not be sent away into the enemy's country. Jesus says to us, "Give ye them to eat."

You say, "I haven't the power. The Lord has to give me more power." The disciples made the same complaint, "Lord, we have only five loaves and two fishes. That is not enough." But Jesus took what they had, and as He brake and gave it to them and they gave it out, it multiplied in their hands. You say, "Lord, we believe You heal the sick, but we haven't enough power. Send us more power." You spend a great deal of time praying for more power, but you do not use that which you have. The bread was multiplied when they used what they had, and the only way to get more power is to use the little you have. A salesman will come to your door and misrepresent in order to sell you a product, but we need never fear of exaggerating the blessings of the Gospel. We can never be too enthusiastic about the Gospel and the possibilities that are therein, and we need never be afraid of misrepresenting it. You can witness to God's power to perform miracles and you will tell the truth. Use the knowledge and the faith you have at hand and God will multiply it.

You say, "Lord, here is a very wicked sinner. I haven't the faith to pray him through into salvation." Let me ask you, "Do you believe God can save a little sinner?" Then suppose you pray that man through as far as you can and

when you get to the end of your faith see what God can do. We preach the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, but here comes one who has been seeking this experience for five years. The pastor says, "We will pray these new seekers through, that fellow has been seeking five years," admitting that he hasn't faith to get him through, but let us pray and use the faith that we have, and as we use it, the Lord will multiply it like He did the bread. We pray for the sick, and have no trouble in exercising faith for a headache, but here comes a cripple, and we draw back, feeling our lack of faith. But let us reach out for these and if we use what faith we have the Lord will come to our aid and increase it.

How surprised the disciples of Christ were when they saw the miracle of feeding the 5,000 men beside the women and children! They had said, "Lord, send them away." The Lord does not want us to send away the cripple and the afflicted. There is no case too hard for Him. When you come before them with this blessed Gospel remember it is not in your own name but in the Name of the Lord, and you can be sure of one thing, the storehouse of heaven is the source of supply. It never has been exhausted and never will be.

Dear Pentecostal people, the world needs the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. If you think it has no spiritual cravings you are wrong. I thought it myself in times past. I decided people were earthly and carnal and could not receive spiritual things, and that if I told them of this precious experience I would be casting pearls before swine. I hid the precious truth and needy people never knew what Jesus wanted them to have. But He came to redeem the world, and He gave His life that multitudes might be washed in His precious blood and be saved. It is not the will of God that any should perish. He has no pleasure in seeing just a handful in our churches and the multitudes going by unfed. Just as long as our vision is small that is as far as our efforts will extend, but when our vision is world-wide then we will be able to reach God for greater results. Do not turn them away. Feed them. They need not depart.

A few weeks ago in Decatur we were praying for a company who were seeking healing. We had asked folks to come for salvation but nobody came. They said, "We are saved," but when the Spirit of God began to work and they felt His power in their midst they knew they were sinners,

and cried, "I want my sins forgiven." Four had that very experience. Our only hope in saving this lost world is that the power of the Holy Ghost will work in us and through us. We cannot accomplish what God intended us to do without the mighty enduement of power. We are moving fast toward the time when without a mighty enduement of power we will not be able to stem the tide of infidelity and demon power that is coming upon the world. A minister who attended our meetings in Decatur this summer said to me, "I have always heard the devil's side of this thing, I have heard about the false, but not the truth about this baptism of the Holy Ghost, but since I have been attending these meetings I am convinced it is of God, and I want my whole church to have it." Oh if we carried this Gospel to the needy in its beauty and in its power it would attract. There is nothing I love more than the manifestation of the Spirit of the Lord, but there is nothing more distressing than to palm off the workings of the flesh for the Spirit of God. As we carry the message of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit to those who do not have it we must do it in a way that will create a hunger in their hearts and not repulse them. You know the "manifestation of the Spirit is given to profit withal," and if we do not take this truth to people in the way that God wants us to, we will be held responsible. The Holy Ghost does not cause us to behave unseemly, and if we act in such a way that people will run from us because they think we are full of demons, we do not make this precious gift attractive. When the Holy Spirit comes upon you do not let it go off in manifestations of the flesh which profit nothing, but ask God to help you so to yield to Him that it will be profitable to others.

This baptism of the Holy Spirit has meant so much in my life. He has been my Guide, my Teacher these twenty years. He has guided me out of the world into straight paths. I have been so thankful for His blessed Presence when I was discouraged, when I was down-hearted and oh such strength and courage filled me! Jesus knew we could not go on, that the task would be too hard, and that is why He said, "It is expedient for you that I go away. If I go not away the Comforter will not come, but if I go away I will send the Comforter, that He may abide with you forever." Think of the ministers today who do not even know this Holy Ghost baptism is for them! Think of the professing Christians who do not know there is such a person as the Holy

Ghost! "Give ye them to eat!" Some person will say, "I received the Holy Ghost but have never had the experience such as you folks claim." You can have just as much of the Holy Ghost as you can hold. There is only one who was given the Holy Ghost without measure and that is Jesus. How big is your cup? Some one asks, "If the Holy Ghost is a Person how can you receive a little of Him? Well you can. When I was sixteen I had a bigger cup than when I was eight, and I went to the altar and prayed, "Lord, I must have more of the Holy Ghost. I am just at the age when the devil is trying to make me doubt my salvation." I sought Him earnestly and the Lord came down in such a mighty way that I had to cry, "Lord, it is all I can stand." He made me to realize beyond the shadow of a doubt that I was His child and in His hands. As I walked with Him my capacity grew bigger. As we give out, He will pour in His blessing and His blessed Holy Spirit, and we can continue to be a channel for him. "Give ye them to eat."

* * *

A blind Bobo from the East walked all the way to Bamako, French West Africa, a distance of 330 miles, to seek work in that city. Something seemed to tell him that he should wait, that a message would come which would satisfy his heart. One day, passing a market place he heard a strange message proclaimed. It was a message of the Saviour, who had come to save men and who would return again to this earth. He had waited a long time to hear this message and was thrilled by it. He decided to go home at once so that he would be there when the Lord came. After traveling a long time, again traversing those 330 miles, he reached his home. Four days later a missionary arrived in that vicinity, and as he proclaimed the message of the cross the blind man recognized it at once as the same message he had heard in Bamako. He became the first Bobo convert and began to help the missionaries in the study of the difficult Bobo language. He studied the Braille system of reading for the blind and after long and patient effort he was able to read the Gospel.

* * *

The Poet after having tasted of the empty applause of men said, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." To the Christian who has turned his back on the world, the grave-route leads to glory.

Only the Calebs Will Possess the "Land"

Does Your Life Witness to Faith or Unbelief?

Mr. Ben Hardin in the Stone Church Sept. 14, 1930



IN THE fourteenth chapter of Joshua, the 8th verse, we have the words of Caleb, one of the twelve spies that went up into Canaan, "Nevertheless my brethren that went up with me made the heart of the people melt;" and then he makes a statement which is one of the most outstanding testimonies of any character in the Word of God, "*But I wholly followed the Lord my God.*"

What a wonderful testimony in comparison to the evil report which the ten spies brought back, and that caused the heart of the people to faint! What a contrast to the discouraging report of the cowardly ones who failed and were unwilling to put God to the test and trust Him! Every one of the spies was forced to put some truth in the report; they had to admit the bounties of the land; the fruit was there and they couldn't deny that. If the two faithful spies had not insisted on bringing back some of the fruit, no doubt the others would not have admitted the good things which were in the land, but they were forced to testify to a few of the benefits.

Every coward must admit that New Testament Christianity is the right way and that Jesus is real. Even backsliders admit that there is a reality in the religion of Jesus Christ, but so many say they cannot live the life. They discourage the folk from going forward by emphasizing the fact that there are giants in the land—they say very little about the fruit and put the emphasis on the wrong side; instead of emphasizing the blessings, the milk and the honey they speak mostly about the giants, which they can describe in detail. They know every problem that will face them in the land and speak of the hardships until it makes people faint-hearted. After a sinner has listened to their tale of woe he says, "Well, if that is all there is in the Christian life I do not believe I want it. If that is the outcome of serving the Lord I would just as soon not bother with Him." But Caleb said, "I wholly followed the Lord." I would be perfectly satisfied if that could be said about me. If, after I have lived my Christian life, folded up my tent and slipped away to be with the Lord, I can leave a testimony like this behind, I shall ask nothing better. I do not care to have a lengthy life story; that one line that "I wholly followed the Lord my God" will

be sufficient. And how wonderful it was that Caleb could set such a brilliant gem in such a dark mounting!

I am confident that every one of us are bringing in some kind of a report. We must declare ourselves in regard to the "land" and I am afraid that many of us are carrying an evil report. Some people are saying by their lives and by their example, "It cannot be lived." They are telling their neighbors that it is all a farce and a pretense. They say, "There is no use for you to start because I started and could not live it. I lose my temper and do little, mean things, and thus reflect upon the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. I boldly testify to the world that God cannot keep a man. It is impossible not to fail," and thus they minimize the power of God and go down in defeat. They bring an "evil report," testifying that there is nothing in our religion because of our failures and inconsistencies.

You tell the world by your life that Divine healing is a failure; God doesn't heal you and therefore it is all just imagination and you do not even attempt to trust the Lord. You have long since brought back an evil report and said by your actions, "The land is there, the promises of Divine Healing are all in the Word, but there are too many giants; it is hard to have the faith and so I have just given up and resorted to other means." When it comes to the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, you also bring back an evil report. You say, "It is not for us and there is no use to try. It takes hours of prayer and a deep consecration and rather than devote the time to hours of fervent prayer I will forego the blessing of the experience and give it up. Occasionally I will pretend that I want it but I will not let myself get too serious because there are too many giants in the way. It takes so much fighting to take possession of the 'land' and I refuse to fight so I will just say that there are grapes in the land but we cannot get them." And so we bring our evil report. We say, "Brother Moses, I won't say anything against it; there are wonderful grapes and there is milk and honey, but it is useless even to think of it; it is an experience so deep and so rich that we will never attain unto it and so we might as well give up at the very beginning."

Beloved, I am convinced that if we were bringing in a better report many of our friends and

the members of our families would be Christians today; but the reason they do not serve the Lord is because of our evil report. They have watched our lives and have seen us do things contrary to God's Word and they say, "If he cannot live it there is no use in my trying. If the Christian life doesn't bring him anymore joy than that, I do not want it."

What a difference there is between the testimony of faith and the testimony of unbelief! When God was about to destroy the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah He said, "Can I hide this from My *friend*, Abraham?" "How did you become a friend of God, Abraham?" "By wholly following the Lord my God." In strong contrast we have Lot's wife. She wouldn't believe the command of God and refused to follow the Lord wholly. On leaving Sodom, she turned around and looked back and there she stands, a monument to her unbelief, a testimony to everyone that she was one who would not wholly follow the Lord her God.

Caleb said, "But I wholly followed the Lord my God." You and I are either *wholly* following the Lord or we are not following Him at all. There is only one way by which we can enjoy the grapes and the pomegranates, only one way to get the blessing God has for us and have the victory, the joy and peace in the Christ life, and that is by wholly following the Lord, our God. Unless you work at it twenty-four hours a day you will not get anything out of it; you will bring back an evil report and say, "There are too many hindrances." The spies said, "The giants of Anak are there." You say, "I never complain about the giants but with me, it is my wife, or my husband who is keeping me from victory." Or, "If I had some other position and different surroundings I could be a better Christian, but my work makes it so hard." I have had men come to me and say, "Brother Hardin, it must be easy for you to live the christian life, but I have such a temper. I have a terrible disposition." I doubt if any of us can have any room to talk; we all have our weaknesses, but some people give way to temper more frequently than others; they fail to live a victorious life and then hide behind the excuse that their disposition is so much worse than anyone else's. That is a false idea. Your failure to live the Christ life is not because God gave someone else a better disposition than you but it is simply because you fail to get victory over your weaknesses, while the other person goes through with God and becomes victorious.

He is keeping his body under and the Spirit of God, the spirit of Isaac, the free son, has the right of way in the home, while Ishmael, the bond-son is cast out. Some say, "Now Isaac, if you live here you will have to live in a small corner; you cannot have the run of this house. Ishmael, you take the living room, the dining room, and the whole house," and consequently they are weak. The spirit of Isaac is kept under and Ishmael runs the house and then they glory in the fact that they are plain-spoken and boast in the flesh. When you give Isaac the house and put Ishmael out you will have a tender spirit and will not pride yourself in speaking your mind when offences come.

"But I wholly followed the Lord, my God." It meant something for Caleb and Joshua to bring to Moses and Israel a good report of the land; it means something for us to stand out before our friends and the world and say, "I have investigated this thing and have found it real. It is the only way." Isn't that a far better report to bring, than to tell your neighbor that it cannot be lived? Better than say, "It may be all right but you will never make it." Everyone is bringing in a report of some kind and your report hinges on the way you follow God. If you follow Him wholly your report will be that of Caleb — "*We can possess the land.*"

But if you do not follow the Lord wholly your report will be weak and watery and you will say, "Well, I have the victory one day and the next I lose out." I believe the Scripture which says, "I would that you were either hot or cold." I believe God would rather you made no profession at all because then the world will not expect anything of you. But if you profess and are neither hot nor cold God says He will spew you out of His mouth. Let us either follow the Lord wholly or not follow Him at all.

I've been thinking of another character who wholly followed the Lord, and that is Enoch. The record just says, "*And Enoch walked with God.*" That is a very short sentence. It doesn't say how many hardships he went through, and whether his burdens were heavy or light. It simply says he walked with God. Morning, noon and night he walked with God. We do not read that he stepped aside for a single second. The Lord didn't write an Epistle about him but simply made this statement, "Enoch walked with God." Let us be faithful in our Christian life, determined that we too will walk with God every

(Continued on page 16)

Faithful Is He that Promised

Healed by the Lord After Seventeen Agonizing Years

Miss Harriet Lehr, Ada, Ohio

The rehearsal of this double miracle of healing after long years of agony in each instance, will bring hope to the most hopeless. In these days when faith is wavering it will be an incentive to the chronic sick and dying to take fresh hold and trust with new courage. It was first printed in *Triumphs of Faith*.

I am writing my testimony in the hope that it may be a blessing to someone in need. In the days of my great trial, testimonies of healing were a balm to my weary soul and as water poured on thirsty ground.

In 1895 I suffered a serious illness. My bowels became entirely paralyzed and I had a tubercular abscess. After spending

six months in a hospital under the care of a distinguished specialist, and undergoing eight operations, I still continued in a serious condition. My mother who had accompanied me to the hospital to be near me, had been urged while there to have a slight operation, which she was assured, would make her entirely well. She consented, but the operation was not a success, and a serious major operation became imperative, which left her almost wrecked in mind and body. My sister too, was in poor health.

When we were in this condition a friend came from a neighboring town to tell us that, when in Chicago recently he had attended meetings where the minister prayed with the sick and that many were healed. It seemed a strange thing to us that God would heal disease, although we had often had answers to prayer for other things. I thank God for the priceless gift of godly parents. We always had a family altar in our home.

After this friend left, we all began to search the Word of God to see if it were scriptural to ask God to heal us of our diseases. We were surprised to find that the Bible abounded with precious promises of healing. Faith sprang up in our hearts as we read such passages as, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, and forever" (Heb. 13:8). "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven," (Matt. 18:19). "By whose stripes ye were healed" (1 Peter 2:24), and others of like import. Within two weeks from the time we first heard the message of healing we were all healed of our hitherto incurable sicknesses and were rejoicing in God's mighty provision for His people.

Three weeks passed during which the Word of God was our necessary food. A small group of friends gathered about us who joined us regularly in prayer and praise meetings. Although we were a busy household and were by necessity obliged to mingle daily with a diversity of people, yet we seemed to dwell in another world apart from our surroundings.

Then came severe physical testing. In the stress of suffering and delayed answer to prayer, we felt the need of fellowship with those who trusted God for the body and so we associated ourselves with a company of believers who stood for the truth of Divine Healing. We were later to find however that the leaders in this movement were not charitable towards others who did not think exactly as they did. Circumstances occurred which made us feel that we should withdraw from this group of believers. My own healing and that of my mother and sister had been so wonderful that nothing could shake my faith that God had included the body in the Atonement. God's written Word, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," had sunk deep into my heart and I had no desire to go back to earthly doctors. Daily I read my Bible diligently, and prayed for strength and courage, but my disapproval of the methods of the leaders of this movement, to which I have referred, finally ripened into such dislike and resentment toward them, that naturally I began to backslide. I had no spiritual fellowship, as the little group that formerly met with us for prayer had scattered, and I had no helpful literature on healing other than the Bible.

About this time, when riding on the train, the wind blew on my neck from an open window and I took a severe cold which settled in my spine. For about two weeks I suffered greatly. I prayed, and supposed the cold would soon leave me, as heretofore prayer had always been answered in my behalf. However, as time went on I realized that this was no ordinary cold. Instead of abating, the suffering became more intense. The spinal cord seemed to become inflamed and the nerves in my neck knotted, and were tightly drawn. There were six great knots, one of them being at the intersection of the jaws. My tongue became stiff and my jaws were held as in a vise, so that I could not get

my teeth to meet. The base of my brain seemed like a deep, bleeding sore with all the flesh torn away. My stomach would retain only liquid.

I prayed almost constantly, and so did the other members of my family, and though occasionally the pain was lessened, there was no permanent relief. After a year and a half of terrible suffering, through the prayers of dear Spirit-filled friends in another city, who met daily for two weeks to intercede for my recovery, the jaws loosened and I could make my teeth meet. This brought me appreciative relief but I was still unable to chew, and for seven long years this condition continued, and I subsisted all that time on liquids only. My whole body was stiff and my sufferings were indescribable. Every nerve in my brain pulled and drew as though steel wires were tearing the flesh from my face.

During these first seven years of my sickness, even in such pain, I could stand on my feet, and could walk a little, but after that, though the suffering in my head and neck began gradually to abate, the inflammation became more acute in other parts of my body and I was unable to rest any weight on my feet. There were times when I was better and could be helped to a wheel chair. Sometimes I could sit in a rocking chair, but any attempt to straighten my limbs brought on hemorrhage and other serious results.

For ten years following I was in bed nearly all the time. At one time for a whole year I was unable to lift my head from the pillow and could scarcely turn over. My heart became weakened from continuous pain, and I sometimes had sinking spells during which I all but passed away. On one such occasion, as my family stood by me, not praying for my recovery but waiting for me to be released from my sufferings, a friend in a distant city who knew nothing of my present crisis, was called to mighty intercession in the Spirit, not only for me, but for other members of my family, who were ready to stop battling for my healing. He continued in intercession until assured of victory. All this time my trust was in God, and I had no thought of turning from God's declared way of healing. I well knew that my condition was beyond all human help. My parents, however, desired to have my case diagnosed, and sent to Chicago for a skilled physician who was a man of prayer. He came three times to see me and examined me carefully but gave no treatment nor

medicine. He pronounced my sickness inflammation of the spinal cord and marveled that I lived.

I will pass over the long years of pain and suffering. Time did not bring relief nor healing. Several times ministers and other faithful Christian workers came to see me and prayed faithfully and earnestly for me, and all felt assured of my healing, but I seemed unable to accept the deliverance I knew was mine. After I had been sick fourteen years, my father died. On his dying bed he said that I would walk again, but the months and years still passed and I was again so ill that for months I could scarcely lift my hands to my head and I was about ready to give up the fight.

For several years I had felt a desire to have Dr. Lillian Yeomans come to see me, so, when I heard that she was in Chicago in 1925, I asked my sister to write and ask her to come. I had been unable all these years to hold a pen or attempt to write without sinking away. Dr. Yeomans replied that she could not come. A painful year elapsed during which I lay almost helpless most of the time. Then I heard that she was again to be in Chicago, and again I tried to arrange for her to come, but she felt that she could not take the time to come to Ohio and started back to Los Angeles. When she got as far as St. Louis, the Lord dealt with her, and affairs beyond her control necessitated her return to Chicago. While she was there, my sister arranged for her to come to me.

During the three days she was at my home, not a person came to the house and we were alone with God. She sat quietly beside my bed and read the Bible to me and talked to me of God's plan of salvation for spirit, soul and body. She was "strong in faith, giving glory to God," and doubted not in her heart that God was able and willing to do for me, and for all believers, all that He had promised through His Son.

The day after she came, July 2, 1926, she and my mother and I each repeated the Ninety-first Psalm and each of us offered prayer, then she told me to arise in the Name of the Lord. For many years I had been unable to straighten my limbs as my whole body was stiff. Humanly speaking, it was impossible for me to arise and stand on my feet. I hesitated when she spoke, but only for a moment, as I felt I dare not miss this opportunity to prove my trust.

Relying on One who is mighty to save and to deliver, and sustained by the courageous faith of the prayer-helper God had sent to me, I attempted to arise. Strength came to my limbs

and I was enabled to stand on my feet. Supported on one side by Dr. Yeomans and on the other side by my mother, I took a few steps. The next day I again stood in His Name, and by His power, and walked. After a time I became able to balance myself and walk alone, and I have been walking ever since. Thanks be unto God for His marvelous plan of salvation! Every aspect, every result of the Fall of Eden was met at Calvary! Blessed be the Name of the Lord, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases" (Psalm 103:3).

I realize as I walk about that I am a living miracle by the grace of God. No tongue can ever tell the depth of my suffering during those seventeen years of invalidism. I am as one raised

from the dead. How I enjoy walking in the sunshine on the green grass! How fair and beautiful are the flowers and the trees! I thank God for the privilege He has given me of again enjoying the common things of life. Truly His mercy endureth forever.

During those long bedridden years, I learned to know God and to walk softly before Him. Often during that period there were mighty and miraculous answers to prayer for various needs and I knew that my Father in heaven knew and cared. With the Apostle Paul, I can say, "Nevertheless I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (11 Tim. 2:12).

Wanted--Harvest Hands

Who Will Follow China's Trekking Millions?



FOR some years China has been marked by two great migratory movements—one from Fukien and Kwangtung Provinces to the Philippines, Straits Settlement and Siam; the other from the provinces of Honan, Hopei (Chihli) and Shantung to Manchuria. The latter has been perhaps the most stupendous migration known in Oriental history.

Famine, banditry, civil war and unjust taxation are the causes for this vast army of peasants swarming out of their native land into the fertile plains of Manchuria. In 1923 300,000 migrated, and by 1926 the number doubled. In 1927 at least one million Chinese entered Manchuria, and in 1928 no less than two million. Because of this great inrush of China's starving millions, the population of Manchuria which was only three million before the Russo-Japanese War, is now twenty-seven million.

A very graphic picture of this vast army which moved from the famine smitten, war-scourged land to the unoccupied plains of the North, was given in Harper's Magazine of September, 1928. We quote it in part. It is called—

China's Covered Wagon

It is the end of a long day. In the train sheds, so far as the eye can reach, the dusk is blotted with heads, cheek-bones, bundled bodies, eyes. Thousands of pairs of eyes: they scan the wickets, the tracks, the gates, the guards. They scan everything with animal curiosity, but particularly the guards and the gates. Almost any multitude staggers the individual mind; unable to bear the reckless fertility of nature it seeks to escape. But there is no escaping this

horde; its unknowing, uncaring mass paralyzes the imagination.

At last a glare lights up the long sheds. From behind comes a blind urge forward. The train is obscured, submerged. The police and the soldiers do their best but they are helpless; they can only gather up the wreckage afterwards. The place is Harbin, the time any day and every day of 1928. It is China's Covered Wagon moving to the North.

What giant source can possibly keep supplied this mammoth tide? From all over North China come streams, all flowing to the sea. Along a dusty road in Shantung plods a man in tattered and faded blue. He is girt about the head, the middle, the ankles, against the wind. Behind him, with tortured feet pegs a woman. On her back she carries a heavy parcel. Children trudge in the rear, the smallest one last; the eldest—a boy of nine—bends under a burden of bedding and kettles. The elder little girl carries an urchin almost as big as herself. The man bears a burden too. Astride his back sits a wizened figure—his aged father. It is cold, the wind blows, they do not talk. They travel slowly against the wind, but they travel. Day after day, all winter long, all spring long, these lines of gray-blue beetles move over the hills.

Whither bound? For any exit by which the starving may escape China. Through the ancient break in the Great Wall at Shanhaikuan in open box cars, by junk and steam from Tsingtao and Tientsin at Darien and Newchwang, by Shank's mare all the way—the greatest migration of the world is taking place. Two million people are on the move into Manchuria.

Migration into Manchuria is no phenomenon in China. Every spring hundreds of coolies go as seasonal laborers, returning in the autumn. But these processions are different. Instead of lines of single men, they include whole families. And yet not whole families. There is something peculiar about them.

Here are the aged, the middle-aged, very young children. But where are the girls and the youths? A ticket to the Promised Land costs seven dollars and thirty-five cents. The girls have been sold to transport the family. The boys have been seized by military orders.

These ragged trekkers have turned their backs on the graves of their fathers and the memory of their

children, stuck the title deeds of their farm on the doors. They are not coming back. Slowly they travel but they move with the persistency of nature.

North China has two main exits, Tsingtao and Tientsin. Tsingtao, as the nearer, receives the greater flood. Rude sheds have been erected and soldiers de-tailed to herd them into shelter, but the soldiers are helpless against that mass. These locusts are swarming toward the boats lying in the harbor.

For the Japanese steamship companies this migration is a bonanza. They have stretched their capacities to the utmost, but no carrying power could be sufficient, short of equipping the locusts with wings. Within 15 minutes after the boat has docked, 1700 shoving bodies are aboard. They can be packed as tightly as cocoanuts and, in addition, they have the enormous advantage of moving off and on by their own feet. No complaints about rooms or food. In fact, there are no rooms and there is no food. On deck and below deck they are packed in tiers like sardines. There is no room to lie down, barely room for each to squat. If they tried to move, one sardine would have to walk on top of the others. When the boat is emptied, it is cleaned by Japanese sailors wearing gas-masks, using hose, shovels and scrapers. The steamship company supplies water. Food? A hand goes into a padded garment and brings out a mud and grass cake. That suffices for the 28 hours. If you would see life reduced to the minimum and courage pushed to the maximum, sail on a boat for Dairen. If the homesteaders feel anxiety, they do not show it. Their lean copper bodies and nerves undegenerated by soft living and steadied, perhaps, by the common-sense teachings of Confucius, make for pioneering. Doggedly their eyes are set to the North.

Arrived at Dairen, "Move on—step lively" is the law of the Japanese who wish to keep the port cleared. Seventy percent of those who arrive by boat and forty percent of the total make the journey by rail. The others trudge on foot. When the whistle blows and the masked policemen open the gates, battle is joined, in which the lesser go down—the aged, the sick, the children. The single coolies climb in first, women and children last. They fight—fight and smile. An urchin is knocked out of the way by a big coolie who takes his place. There is a howl, but his mother drags him to his feet, gives him a cuff, and shoves him through the window. This is no place for pity. A huge coolie entering by the window route plants his feet in an old man's face. The blood comes, but the battered old philosopher only smiles and moves his place.

The battle over, the train moves out and the police collect the debris: the dead and maimed, the children lost, the babies wrapped in paper and left behind—froth on the surface of this vast torrent of life. Some have been born at the station, others will be born in the trucks or by the side of the road. They will be stuffed naked inside ragged garments or, if there is nothing for them, dropped from the railway bridges as the train crosses a river. The Chinese in normal life love and cherish their children, but this is not life; it is migration.

A ticket to Harbin from Dairen costs about six dollars and a half gold, more money than many Chinese peasants have ever seen. Even for those who can find the money it is not a journey de luxe. There are no conveniences; modesty is again a mannerism. There is no food, and long delays at junction stations mean so much more starvation. Others must starve on foot, straggling along the tracks—an amazing wave of humanity, which the average Chinese in his preoccupation with wars, kidnappings, and confiscations passes by without comment, but which, while his gaze is distracted by other matters, may be changing the face of the North, building up

a powerful kingdom there beyond the Great Wall.

If it were not for the incredible vitality of the Chinese peasants, many more would fail to reach the goal. In spite of no sanitation, foot-binding, and a very inadequate handling of disease, they are one of the physical wonders of the world. Centuries of war-life have developed in them a magnificent physique, a natural resistance to infection, and the recuperative power of an animal. A wounded peasant will heal like a healthy dog.

Harbin is the last stopping place and the lines have now thinned. Yet legions encamped about its station, huddled in bleak sheds, waiting silently to be sorted, shuffled, and re-ticketed like merchandise for their final destination. Is it possible that they can put forth another effort? An official gives a sharp command. An attendant prods the lagging ones with a stick. Hobbling, staggering, the mob is off for the last time. The train pulls out. In 48 hours, or less, the homesteaders will see the fertile brown plains for which they have risked all. Within a week these incredibly persistent folk will have built a mud-and-wattle hut, they will have borrowed a donkey and seed, and they will be patiently and happily plowing the ground from dawn until night-fall, or scratching it with their hands and a stick. Quickly and pluckily the old volume of China is closed, and the new one of Manchuria is opened.

Why have we told this story of these millions which famine and war have driven from the land of their forefathers? Because we want to get the eyes of God's people upon the tremendous opportunities now at the door of the Church of Jesus Christ to carry the Gospel to these twenty-seven millions of Chinese. Civil war and banditry have well-nigh closed China's interior, but what about this great land to the north which has been populated by this great exodus from China?

Doubtless the simple farmers who have been loosed from their homes will also find themselves divested of their traditions, their idols, their superstitions. What then more fertile field for the Gospel seed than this?

Manchuria lies in the same latitude as the land from Cincinnati to Hudson Bay. "On the plains its summers may be as hot as those of Kansas, yet the winters may see the thermometer from 20 to 60 below zero." Mukden is now a Chinese city; the Mongolians have been absorbed by the Chinese and they also speak the Chinese language. Dairen is the third most important seaport on the China coast.

Have we not some strong-hearted men and women in our Pentecostal ranks who have the spirit of the pioneer and will follow up this great multitude with the Bread of Life? They have gone hitherward for the bread that perishes. Can we not for the Gospel's sake, for the sake of Him who died for these millions, tell them of

the Bread which came down from heaven? Who will catch the vision of their need of a Saviour? If one door closes God will open another, and if our missionaries are cut off from the interior of China why not enter this door of opportunity? The Coast towns have had the Gospel. Oh that some of our missionaries who are held at the Coast because of civil war would tune their ears to hear the Macedonian call from the twenty-seven millions in Manchuria, "Come over and help us!"

We have already referred to a similar movement of Chinese from the Southern provinces to the Philippines, Straits Settlement and Siam. Many have also gone to the different islands that are off the southeast coast of China; missionaries itinerating have found thousands of Chinese on islands without a single witness to the Gospel. We are glad to record that about two years ago the first Pentecostal work was opened in Singapore. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil M. Jackson, while in South China, felt a very definite call to carry the Gospel to the 50,000 Cantonese in Singapore, but there were many obstacles. Lack of sufficient funds to live in that expensive city, high rents for inadequate quarters were two of the problems that faced them. But they went forward, trusting in the God of Elijah. Bro. Jackson tells how God helped them start the work:

"One morning in February when we were alone with God we heard the sound of a-going in the tops of the mulberry trees. Again we faced the challenge as we had done before: *'Fifty thousand Cantonese and no one to tell them.'* At first we wavered and complained, 'Lord, they are so many and we so few.' But who could refuse those eyes of love, the pierced, outstretched hands of the Saviour pointing the way and saying, 'I will go before thee?' All day I searched for a suitable building for a school and chapel, only to have discouragement flaunted in my face in such a degree that I was fairly staggered. Two and three hundred dollars were asked for filthy, dilapidated buildings.

"The day was hot and I was tired. I wanted to quit and go home, but the hand of the Pathfinder led me on. At an hour when the sun was nearing the horizon I came to a beautiful, new concrete building on the main thoroughfare. I approached the landlord and he offered me two large rooms for \$150 per month, but after talking price he agreed on \$120. I told him that I would give him my answer by noon the next day. Little did he know that I had less than 50c in my pocket, and not another penny in the world that I could call my own. But I knew that I was in alliance with Omnipotence and failure was impossible.

"I spent the next morning visiting with various merchants who contributed \$100. I went back to the landlord at noon and offered him that amount. He said, 'I will give you the first month's rent for \$100 and help you in this way.' In less than two months we had a thriving school of 76 students."

This was the beginning of the work which has prospered in their hands. Bro. Jackson established two stations which are self-supporting. He has recently had a severe physical breakdown, and has been obliged to leave Singapore. He and Mrs. Jackson and their little babe expect to sail from Hong Kong on a much needed furlough on Nov. 20th if God provides the means. We trust the Lord will lay this needy and fruitful field on someone's heart so that the labor of these precious missionaries will be conserved.

The Brook not Dried Up

Our missionaries on the field are feeling the financial stringency at home. Brother Stoddart writes from Poona, India: "Truly these are anxious days. When I saw the funds from America dropping off I wondered if the streams were drying up, but an unexpected letter came from New Zealand, son of an old school friend of mine, with an offering which made up one deficiency. Just like the dear Lord who never fails. Then the other needed help came from India, from a lady who through our ministry was led out of the High Church to the feet of Jesus, baptized in the Holy Ghost and wonderfully healed. She is the wife of an officer and was sent to the hospital, but they stopped for prayer on the way and God touched her. The doctor was confounded, he could not understand the change, but she told the women that she had come to us for prayer and had been healed. When she left the hospital she called and gave us a bit of encouragement, saying, "All these Irish women know about your place and know how prayer is answered." They told her how I went to the hospital every other day when they were stricken with small-pox, went into the ward and prayed for them and encouraged them to hold on against all hope, and they were delivered from that dread disease. She rejoiced with them and left her offering. The brook had not dried up.

"In spite of all the unrest our village work is going on, only cholera is raging in our villages. I have told them to be careful but when you see them lying on the roadside you have to pack fears

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The Price We Pay for "All Things"

Mrs. Ben Hardin in the Stone Church Sept. 9, 1930



WANT to draw your attention for a short time to just four words found in I Corinthians, 3:21—"All things are yours."

This life is quite paradoxical. For instance, in the Word of God it tells us that we are dead while we still live; dead unto sin and alive unto Christ. We are dead and alive at the same time. We are full and yet are empty—full of God and empty of self. When we are weak, Paul says, then we are strong and when we feel strong in ourselves then we are weak. We are rich and yet we are poor. We are poor and yet all things are ours; poor, yet possessing all things. The poet says:

"Riches of earth I may not see. God may prevent.
Riches of Grace are offered me. I am content."

We may be very poor this morning and yet we are heir to all things. I want you to notice to whom these words were written. Paul, writing to the saints of his day, says to them, "Ye are Christ's." In the first place we do not believe in the great Fatherhood of God and the great Brotherhood of man; we are children of God and heirs of all things only through Jesus Christ. Paul says, "Ye are Christ's," you are children of God, born again and made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and because ye are Christ's today, *all things are yours*. When we take this wonderful salvation offered to us we take in the whole of God if we only dare to take possession.

Another thing I noticed about these people Paul was writing to was that they were *called to be saints*, separated from the world. There are many today who are children of God and yet have never found the real secret of being separated from the things of the world. They are missing the riches found in Christ as a result of a full separation. But to the saints at Corinth, Paul says they are saints, separated from the world.

Another fact that was true of these people at Corinth was that they were temples of the Holy Ghost; He dwelt within them. They were children of God, called and separated, and temples of the Holy Ghost and because of this, Paul could say to them, "*All things are yours*." There was still something else about them that I consider significant. While all the foregoing points were

true of them, still they were a very imperfect people.

Paul tells them whereas there were strifes and divisions among them, they were carnal. He was grieved at the division, one saying he was of Paul, another of Apollos, another of Cephas. But like so many other characters in the Word of God, we are given not only the noble attributes of individuals but also the imperfections, that we might not become discouraged when we see our own failures, but become watchful and diligent to overcome them. How beautifully Paul dealt with their divisions, telling them to "let no man glory in men," for whether of Paul or Cephas or Apollos, all things are yours. The carnal man loves to dwell on man's imperfections but I am sure that if we saw less of man's failures and more of Jesus and His wonderful grace to cover those failures, He would pour out upon us more of His wonderful blessings.

Now let us notice some of the things that are ours through Christ Jesus. There is that wonderful verse in the 8th chapter of Romans which we have all heard quoted so many times, "All things work together for good to them that love God." There is no promise of God working out everything for good to everyone, but only to *those who love God*. And in order to make all things work together for good, God will, if necessary, even stop the elements. As I read this verse I thought of the Israelites and how as they travelled through that great wilderness God made the elements to work contrary to nature in order to feed them. He sent water out of a flinty rock and rained clouds of manna upon the earth, all contrary to nature, in order to take care of His children. Think of the three Hebrew children who were thrown into the fiery furnace; they were not even touched and that was truly a case where God worked all things out for their good. If you want to see the power of God in your life, be willing to measure up to His standard and He will make all things work together for your good. When Joshua led the children of Israel in battle against the Amorites and when the sun was beginning to set with the enemy not yet conquered, God in His omnipotent power ordered the sun and moon to stand still in the heavens until the battle was won. Science tells us that there is record of one day missing since the beginning of the world. God commanded the

sun and the moon to go contrary to nature that day. He delights to do the impossible for the children of God. Many today can testify to the fact that God worked for them what was impossible in the natural.

One of the great blessings which is ours because of Jesus Christ, is the wonderful grace of God. Oh if we could but for a moment comprehend the grace of God! That which, while we were far away from God brought us nigh. Paul tells us that where sin abounded grace did much more abound; it overbalanced the sin, and you and I are children of God today because of the grace of God. While sin was abounding and growing rampant on every hand, yonder on Calvary's mountain was poured forth a stream of grace that sin has never yet been able to check. The grace of God is as boundless as the ocean and while millions have drunk of the fountain of life it is still just as deep and wide and just as abounding as when it first began to flow.

Then the promises of God are ours. Think of those times in the small hours of the night when you couldn't sleep! Your brow was fevered and within your breast was a veritable tumult; there seemed to be no rest. And then out of a clear sky God spoke to you; perhaps just whispered the name of Jesus, or dropped some promise from His Book, or a verse of Scripture, and with it such a peace! It just seemed that the cooling hand of God was laid upon your brow and the fever left; instead of the tumult there was peace and calm as you silently lay there and found yourself saying, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Every word of the precious promises is ours because we are children of God. Paul says in the 22nd verse of this chapter, "Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; *all are yours.*" He is telling the church at Corinth that even the ministers of God are theirs. Today His ministers are your servants. God has given them to minister to your needs.

Then Paul says that *life* with all its possibilities is yours today. Physical life, Spiritual life, and all that both of these mean. But I am thinking particularly of that life that is *more abundant*. Not only life, but death is yours. You say you do not want death. But listen, what is death to the child of God? It is but the great gateway into the life beyond. You need not fear, for you can say with David, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, Thou art with me." Death is but the porter that opens the door

and lets the tired sheep go into the fold. You need not worry about it for it has been conquered by Jesus Christ, and death, to the child of God, need not be that terrible thing which so many dread. It is ours to bring us into the great life beyond.

Then Paul says that "the things to come" are yours. Heaven! Paul when he was caught up in the Spirit saw things that were unutterable; and yet after that great revelation he said, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God has prepared for them that love Him." But they will all be ours through Jesus Christ. This morning we are poor, we are of low estate, but we are heirs to all things. "Ye are Christ's and Christ is God's." We may be very poor, yet we are heirs to the manifold grace of God. There is not one need that He cannot supply and if we live in the right attitude toward God, there is no need that He will not meet in our lives.

Now in one sense we have all things, and this is the way they are obtained. In Matt. 19:27 Peter said to the Lord, "Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed Thee; what shall we have therefor?" And Jesus said, "Everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children, or lands for my Name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." Are you wondering why the "all things" are not yours? Have you left all? Perhaps the secret of so many failing to receive the "all things" is found in the fact that they have failed to leave all for Jesus.

The Lord said, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." You say, does that mean that a man must hate his family? Absolutely not. I understand that in the original, this means that you relinquish all claim upon them, love them less than you love the Lord. The reason there is so much domestic difficulty is that husband and wife have never been left upon the altar. The husband wants the wife to come his way and the wife wants the husband to see things from her standpoint, but God has asked them time after time to lay each other upon the altar and let Him work in them. But you say, "God is so slow about it." If you would learn the secret of putting all upon the altar and leaving it there, He could work faster.

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The Great Unoccupied Fields



IN CONSIDERING the work of Missions it would seem that the church of Jesus Christ has been largely taken up with what *has been* accomplished on the mission field, and has, to a large extent, lost sight of the vast lands to which the Gospel is a stranger.

There is an enormous responsibility upon us to give the Gospel to the lands that lie in darkness. Before Jesus went away He said, "And this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached *in all the world* for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Are we keeping back His Coming because we have failed to carry the Gospel to all the world? These *unoccupied fields* are a tremendous challenge to the church of Jesus Christ. All Christianity knows there is no salvation outside of Jesus Christ, and yet we must face the fact that *not one-half the world* today knows of this blessed salvation. This article is a clarion call to the church of Christ to awake out of the lethargy and make a determined effort to send forth the Gospel "to every creature." If this were an impossible task Jesus Christ would not have commanded it, but since He has commanded us to go forth with the Gospel it is our duty to obey.

In "Our Unfinished Task" by Dr. Glover the author gives some startling figures of the unoccupied fields. The statistics which follow have largely been taken from that book.

The unoccupied fields comprise two classes: First, the great solid areas which still remain practically untouched and are still outside the present missionary operations; second, the smaller areas and constituencies within fields already entered but not yet wholly occupied. In the first class the solid areas are three in number, and lie **at the heart of Asia, Africa and South America.** In the Heart of Asia is *Mongolia*, which has an area equal to almost eighteen provinces of China. The population is from two to six million. The only mission work being done is in the Southeast corner. Outer Mongolia had mission work in Urga. Several years ago the Bolsheviks drove out the missionaries, and they are practically without the Gospel.

Chinese Turkestan is inhabited by various races. It has a population of 1,200,000. It has the highest trade route in the world. Several years ago one of the Brethren missionaries scat-

tered tracts and Gospels in five or six different languages.

Tibet, the roof of the world, has a population which is variously estimated from two to six million. The altitude varies from ten thousand to eighteen thousand feet high. Recently missionaries have entered Lhasa but are prohibited from living there. Heroic attempts have been made by the Moravians to enter; they have four mission stations on the outer edge. The Pentecostal work has two stations in N. W. China and these missionaries take trips into Tibet.

The *Himalayan* slope, *Nepal* and *Bhutang* altogether aggregate a population of six million; some are Mongolian but the majority are Hindus. Christianity is prohibited for political reasons.

Afghanistan is perhaps the most exclusive and most closed state in the world. The government is a monarchy. The population is six million. The religion is Mohammedan. Christianity is punishable with death. It stands the greatest unsolved problem to missionary effort in the world. Yet resistance is weakening. Several years ago the king tried to introduce western ideas and modes of dress, but it resulted in a revolution. He was dethroned and fled to France where he now resides.

Baluchistan is another closed country, with independent government, British oversight. It is called "the rubbish heap of the world." It has a population of 800,000. Quetta is occupied by the Wesleyan mission of England.

Russian Turkestan formerly a part of the Russian Empire is now under Soviet regime. The population is fifteen million. It comprises one and a half million square miles, and Islam holds sway. At the capital there are 10,000 students of the Koran. Eighty-five per cent of the people are illiterate. The Mennonites, the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Brethren are laboring there.

This makes a total of 3,000,000 square miles, and a population of about 35,000,000 in the heart of Asia out of touch of the Gospel.

* * *

In *Africa* we have a second solid block that is unevangelized. In the Sahara Desert and south near Central Africa is the Ironstone Plateau consisting of six or eight states, of which are Wadai, Darfu and Korwovan. South of these a con-

glomeration of tribes, forty-seven of which have been identified. In Portuguese East and West Africa very little mission work is being done. From the easternmost station in Liberia to the westernmost station in Nigeria is 1500 miles, with only a mission station or two between.

The Sudan is a solid block, larger than any in Asia. The population from twenty-five to fifty million. The population of the Barbary States, which is fourteen million, is entirely out of reach of the Gospel, making a total of from fifty to seventy million.

* * *

South America, lying close to North America, furnishes great resources for evangelization. Several years ago the Latin American Congress compiled facts of the unoccupied territory. They named it "a continent within a continent,"—a shrunken map of South America. Two-thirds of *Ecquador* is altogether unoccupied, as is also the southern part of *Colombia*. Four-fifths of *Venezuela* is unoccupied. *British* and *Dutch Guiana* are unoccupied within forty miles of the coast. At least three-fourths of *Brazil* (which is slightly smaller than the United States) is totally unoccupied, as is also the larger part of *Uruguay*. *Argentina*, the second largest state, is unoccupied between the rivers. *Chili*, which is called the shoe-string republic, is unoccupied in its southern half. The great northern part of *Peru* is unoccupied. *Bolivia* and *Paraguay*, with the exception of a few states, are unoccupied. In Africa there are *five million* square miles of unoccupied territory, while in South America there are *six million*. *South America has the greatest topographical expanse of unoccupied territory in the world*. There are eighty-four mission stations in South America, (according to statistics several years ago) twenty-five of which are in Argentine, Paraguay and Bolivia. Subtract the areas said to be reached by eighty-four stations, and we have an area of five million, nine hundred thousand square miles, an area almost *twice* the size of the United States, with no mission station, a population between twenty-five and twenty-six million totally unreached. There are between six and eight million Indians along the Amazon which are totally unreached.

Summing up the three areas in the three continents we have between thirteen and fourteen million square miles of unoccupied territory and between *one hundred and one hundred and twenty million souls* that have never had the Gospel.

In the lesser areas, within lands that are occupied, the total population of the unreached souls is greater than in the three areas. In *Siberia* there are eleven million Greek Church and Pagans. (This is not taking into account the work of evangelical missions during the last two years.)

India has at least 37% of the area unworked. There are 710,000 villages without the Gospel. Of the three hundred and twenty million it is estimated that only one-third have been evangelized.

China—40% of the eighteen provinces is unworked by any missionary society. In four provinces there are four million people, two thousand walled cities. Barely one-half of China has been evangelized.

Japan has forty million or two-thirds of the population still unevangelized.

Siam, which has a population of nine million, —the whole southern half is unworked.

French Indo-China—until thirteen years ago this was locked to missionary effort. There are twenty million people there and about twenty-five missionaries—a little more than one to a million.

Malaysia, which is under British control, has a population of two million without any Gospel light.

Persia has one million living a nomadic life who are without the Gospel. There are 500 miles between Presbyterian mission stations.

In *Mongolia* in the Caucasian states there are six million and not a single missionary.

Arabia has at least three or four million people and is totally unevangelized.

What a stupendous task has been given the Christian Church! But not too great for the Church that has apostolic power.

(Continued from page 7)

step of the way and that we will not carry to the world an evil or a compromising report, but may it be said of us as of Caleb of old, that we wholly followed the Lord. Let us stand boldly before the world and tell them there is a reality in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ; that He can keep us and take us right into the promised land where we can feast on His blessings and live a victorious life.

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From the Lands of Darkness and Death



WE HAVE been waiting for a number of months for tidings from Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Simpson, Minchow, West China; in the midst of the bandit-infested country and Minchow invaded by Mohammedan hordes, the lives of our missionaries have often been in peril, but God has kept them, and miraculously preserved their lives. We have now received a letter from Mrs. Simpson in which she writes that the strain of living amidst war and plunder has so unnerved them that they have not been able to write. Our readers will be interested in her letter of Aug. 12th, written from Chungking, Szechwan Province:

"The horrors we passed through in Kansu and the responsibilities weighing upon us have been almost too much for us both, and it is a wonder that we did not go under. But God has kept us and now we find ourselves here somewhat rested but still so weary that it is difficult to do much.

"It would require volumes to tell you all that we have passed through. The long wearisome journey from Minchow to Chungking, eleven days by horseback and fourteen days by Chinese junk, with twelve days' delay here and there in dirty Chinese homes or inns and sometimes on the junk—thirty-seven days in all—was a great strain upon us. Our little Alberta, just four, rode a colt all of those eleven days, and wee Lorena, not yet three, rode a donkey, sometimes thirty miles in one day. We had to carry baby Gladys. The roads were well-nigh impassable—just the narrowest, rockiest footpaths along the sides of great, high mountains above a rushing river! But we reached here safely without an accident; it was only God who brought us through.

"But even when we reached Chungking and were nicely settled in our bungalow in the hills we found that our troubles were not yet over. One night about 2 a. m. we were rudely awakened by armed robbers who broke into our house and robbed us of all that was valuable, and then bound my husband and led him away. I wonder if you can imagine my feelings as I sat in bed and watched it all. When they bound Mr. Simpson I could stand it no longer. I rushed to his side and fell on my knees before them, begging them to have mercy upon him for the sake of the children who were then all screaming with fright. Here God intervened, for they tied him to a tree near the house and then left without further harming him. How happy we all were when he

returned to us safely and uninjured, except for a nasty bruise on the arm from a heavy blow by one of the men.

"As soon as the robbery became known, the foreign community immediately came to our help (unknown to us) and gave us a large offering which fully covered all our losses, including those of the Chinese. At least two of the robbers have been caught and are in jail.

"Another ordeal came a few days later when Mr. Simpson got his teeth extracted. While he was under the chloroform one of the teeth broke completely off and the shock was so great that his heart stopped beating and he ceased to breathe. The doctors immediately lowered his head to the floor and used artificial respiration so that he was restored to life. It was not God's time yet that he should go. But he was so weak and weary that it is taking him a long time to recuperate and he weighs only 125 lbs. now. But we are rejoicing for word has just been received that we can go on furlough, which we feel is God's will for us. We hope to sail from Shanghai about Oct. 1st. A letter will be mailed in Shanghai telling of all that we passed through in Minchow. Pray for our little famine children during our absence, that God will protect them and supply their needs. Just think! at the present rate of exchange \$1 U. S. currency will support a child a whole month, both food and clothing. It sounds impossible but it is true, and we hope those who can will take advantage of this opportunity to invest in little lives for God in China."

When the Enemy Invaded

Since receiving the above a long letter has come from Bro. Simpson giving a story of pillage and bloodshed, and how they were kept during sixteen awful days. "At the close of November, 1929, at a Convention in Chingsan, the Spirit of God spoke through two persons in separate rooms warning of grave danger soon to come to Minchow, and stating that because Minchow was as wicked as Sodom it would be destroyed on the 7th of the First Month by armies approaching by three different roads, Tibetans among them, and because of unrepented sin among them our famine children would be in the destruction. Mohammedans were coming, General Wang would be bound, led out and killed. Our buildings would be burned and the grain we had stored would be food for the armies.

"Those who heard the message were heart-broken and wept before the Lord, interceding with Him to spare the Homes and the children.

Many prayed all night for mercy to be shown us, and the next morning they got the word that God had heard and would mitigate the danger. Some days later an old woman serving in one of the Homes said by the Spirit that it was only 26 days more till the time of the gravest danger. We found it would bring us exactly to Jan. 7th. The Chinese pastor and I decided it would be impossible to move our store of food to another place and then remove 300 people, mostly helpless children, in zero weather. We recalled Abraham's prayer for Sodom and that God would have spared that wicked city if only ten righteous people were found in it, and also how He spared Nineveh. So we arranged to have special daily meetings for confessing sin and crying to God for mercy. These continued until Dec. 23rd, when the Mohammedans came and took possession of our buildings and all meetings ceased. It was beautiful to see 300 children with streaming eyes crying for mercy. When sins had been confessed and cleansed away the Spirit fell in Pentecostal power.

"On Dec. 23rd long lines of well-armed, splendidly mounted cavalry came riding through the snow, taking possession of every house outside the city, for Gen. Wang, the Chinese commander, had ordered the gates closed. They struck terror to every individual who saw them, 30,000 cruel, conscienceless, haughty Mohammedans, hardened in crime and rebellion and embittered against the Chinese. The second in command came into our court and told our Chinese pastor to receive the commander-in-chief. I tried to reason with him but he insultingly said he had already killed many foreigners who had resisted him, so there was nothing to do but welcome the General, who came with bodyguard, servants, family and secretaries. A brutal bunch of fiends! From that moment we were virtually their slaves.

"On New Year's Day they invited the Chinese Gen. Wang to a dinner at our house, and afterwards seized and bound him. They and he asked me to go into the city and persuade the Chinese army to surrender their arms and open the gates, which I did, taking my life in my own hands as I stood alone between the two armies. But I had not the slightest fear at the time. The Chinese army surrendered, the Mohammedans looted the city, and Gen. Wang was later killed, according to that prophecy. As Jan. 7th drew nigh we were apprehensive. Rumors of the approach of two Chinese armies were floating around. On the eve of Jan. 6th Gen. Ma told me he was going out to fight an army coming from the Northeast. Leaving at daylight they furiously attacked the advancing column about 15 miles away. At noon we heard guns to the west throwing shells into the city which was defended by 5,000 men under Ma Chuen-pao. At 1:30 Gen. Li Sung-Kuen's army appeared on the hills south of the city, and the Mohammedans evacuated and retreated to the east, where they were joined by

the main body. Thus the city was spared. God had heard.

"When Gen. Li arrived I learned that he had been in touch by wireless with Gen. Gao, commander of the army to the northeast, and their plan was to reach the city at the same moment and surround the Mohammedans and exterminate them to a man. The Tibetans from the west joined him as he marched down. Thus the three armies came from three directions moving simultaneously, plans carefully laid to surround the Mohammedans right in Minchow and kill them all. This would have involved the destruction of the city, and as our place was their headquarters it would have been completely destroyed. But God heard our prayer, saw our true repentance and put it into the minds of the Mohammedans to attack the army coming from the Northeast, delay them for a few hours and thus make a way for the entire rebel army to escape from the trap spread for them. And so the city was spared.

"It is now impossible for us to return to Kansu for fighting is still going on there. The Mohammedans captured Tsinchow in May, looted three days, killed 2,700 natives and no one knows how many others, took 1,000 young women captive, turned the C. I. M. Girls' School into horse stalls, and acted the part of fiends generally. They later captured several other cities. The constant wars, banditry, lawlessness in interior China with consequent dangers to foreigners have caused the American consular officials to refuse passports except to places easily evacuated or where the government can give adequate protection. The outlook could hardly be darker, but we trust the Lord to preserve His own."

An Altar Scene in Japan

Miss Marie Juergensen, writing from Tokio, Japan, says they are much encouraged because of what God is doing in their midst. She describes an altar scene in Japan:

"Oh that I could picture to you an altar scene in far away Japan! Here, is a man praying very definitely that he may be loosed from the chains of sin—it is a cry from the very depths of his soul. There, is a dear young mother with a boy of two in her arms; she has lost her husband and has come to Tokio to work so that she might keep her boy with her. At the place where she found work she found herself next to one of our Christian girls and through her came to the service. Now at the altar she is earnestly seeking the Lord. Yonder, is another young woman kneeling at the altar, with two little boys at her side. Her husband is insane and she is scarcely able to get enough rice for them to eat. She is still young but one can see she has been through much. Her husband's people refuse to give her

any help whatever, and with tears she told us how an only younger brother who had been so kind to her, suddenly committed suicide. 'Oh,' she said, 'if only he could have heard the story of Jesus. I am sure he would not have done so. How I wish I had known of Jesus sooner, I could have told him.' Yes, at the feet of Jesus is the only place where they can find rest and peace."

Famine Brings Spiritual Harvest

Miss Mattie Brann writes from Wei Hsien, North China of what God is doing in their field. It is a time of ingathering. Her letter is dated Aug. 16:

"During the spring and summer we had wonderful opportunities to give the Gospel to the farmers. The long drought caused them to be idle, and having no work in the field they would sit or stand hour after hour listening to the Word as our evangelists and Bible women tried to enter all the open doors possible. Mrs. Cole helped the men buy bicycles, and from three to eight of them would go in bands. In any town where we had an inquirer or Christian family who would loan us their courtyard we would stretch an awning (homespun cloth made by our boys in the Industrial weaving department), thus breaking some of the intense heat. They borrowed benches and tables, and preaching would begin at 9 a. m., and with only an hour intermission at noon, they would preach in relays, keeping it up until nearly midnight. Many, many hundreds sat hour after hour listening in the yard, then would go into the side-rooms and inquire more fully about 'The Way.' Women would invite the Bible women into their homes and sit for hours learning of Him who alone can give them peace, the peace they had sought for in vain as they worshipped their idols. Many demon-possessed were set free. Only a few days ago in one of our largest country churches a man was set free from Satan's clutches who had suffered for months, bound by demons. They kept him perfectly dumb, but when prayer was made, our Lord cast out the dumb spirit and he could talk freely. The people often say, 'Your God has greater power than our gods.' Oh that all China would come to know that!

"Rains did not come until June 30th and crops will be late again this fall. Locusts are devouring hundreds of acres; war trenches and fighting are ruining miles and miles of standing crops. Taxes must come to carry on war. We wonder when the end will come. People's hearts are fail-

ing them for fear, but if they have a little grain left to mix with their food substitutes they know how to make it go farther than any people I know. Bandits have committed terrible crimes in some villages where we had missions. One family (the whole village by one name) was wiped out all but three helpless women. How we do hope this man and his large household were saved, and even if brutally murdered, what joy if they went to Jesus! Please pray for the 131 who have been baptized this year, in all our stations. We are not quick to baptize them. Only after converts have shown by their lives for some months that they are changed men and women, do we consent to baptize them."

* * *

Bro. Post writes that they have an excellent work in Alexandria, Egypt, under a native pastor who has been there for twelve years. He is thoroughly consecrated and the mission is self-supporting. Mrs. Post has been very ill, but is now recovering. Bro. Post writes of having visited Sister Dean's work at Minia, and that he was greatly impressed with the good work being done by her band of six consecrated girls. They have meetings and carry the Gospel from village to village. Five of her girls were trained in Miss Trasher's Orphanage, and are now working for God.

* * *

One of our Missionaries writes: "Your welcome letter with \$20 draft came straight from heaven. We were living on dry bread and a few vegetables at the time and only had enough coppers to take us around to our meetings when we received it on Sunday. We had nothing for the next day and we do not go into debt. Praise God we shouted 'Hallelujah!' when we got it. Our daughter said it was well worth doing without butter to get such a taste for it."

A Tibetan Forsakes All

Win. E. Simpson, the brave young pioneer who has lived practically alone on the Tibetan border for a number of years, writes from Labrang, Kansu, China, on June 9th:

"God in His mercy has kept the bandits from coming to Labrang during this past year. Several times they have been near and the people have been panic-stricken, many fleeing for their lives, but they always passed on. My father in Minchow has not been so fortunate. Repeatedly the bandits visited that district and stayed 17

days right on the compound. It was a most nerve-racking time and only the power of God kept them through it all.

"We praise God that after ten years in Labrang, after all this time of travail of spirit, of labors and watchings, of intercession and witnessing for the Lord, of testing and discouragement, finally the first Tibetan from all this district has turned to the Lord. It is true that at Taochow, at Kweite and at Tangar there have been Tibetans living in Chinese surroundings and influence, and some half-castes that have accepted Jesus, but I believe this is the first from a totally Tibetan district. So it is a tremendous cause for encouragement to us. You who have so faithfully stood by in prayer and help through all these long, hard years will rejoice also. It is in answer to prayer that this man is saved.

"He is by trade a painter of idols and idol pictures; made his living by selling these representations of various gods and demons to the credulous and superstitious nomads. He first came in contact with the Gospel through tracts and Scripture portions which we distributed years ago. He read these over and over and was deeply impressed by the story of salvation. When he heard we were among the Golokh nomads two years ago he came expressly to find out more about the Savior of whom he had read. He spent two days at our camp and we talked with him until late at night; he has inquired at every opportunity he had. This spring we lacked a Tibetan teacher and while traveling in his district asked him to come to Labrang to teach us the language and he gladly accepted the position. He attended all our meetings and read the Bible continuously. All this time conviction was upon him, and one day in April at our Sunday meeting he definitely accepted Jesus as his Savior and turned to him with all his heart. He is growing in grace, spends a great deal of time in prayer and study of the Word. He is seeking for the Spirit and witnessing to other Tibetans. There are several others who are 'almost persuaded'; two in particular who seem to have a desire to follow the Lord. In a few days we hope to start out on our summer's itinerary among the nomads of the southwest. Do pray that God will cause many to hear of His love and turn to Him."

Advertising the Gospel

The Gospel is getting some free advertising in Japan. A newspaper with a daily circulation of over 1,000,000 is printing religious reading matter, as the public have asked for it. A mission-

ary of whom they have requested articles has suggested they have a certain column set aside for this purpose. While they sometimes insert Buddhist articles, they look to the missionaries to furnish them with Christian material, and have offered to turn over to the missionary any letters of inquiry that would come in regarding Christianity.

When God Came in Healing

TODAY as I was meditating I thought about something that happened in this city, I think it was in 1926, when I was holding meetings for Pastor Jamieson on the North Side. There came a telephone call from one of the workers from the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle, asking me if I would come and see a very, very sick man, a member of their congregation. I said I would and went to the home of the sick man with this worker. My heart was touched as I saw the distress in that home. They were a young couple, not long married, a mere boy and girl, and they took a wee apartment, and everything was very pretty and sweet. But oh what a sad thing had happened! The young man who worked in one of the branch post offices had been smitten with a stone in the kidneys and was suffering profusely with hemorrhages. He had been examined by several doctors and they diagnosed the case beyond the shadow of a doubt. Here was this man with a stone in the kidneys, his life-blood flowing freely away and the doctor said that nothing but an operation would avail and it would be a serious one. They did not know the Lord as their Healer, and they thought there was nothing to do but to have the operation.

It was early in the morning when we reached there; the husband was biting his lips to keep the tears back, the little wife at his feet, and the ambulance was to come and take him away. We felt it was such a very serious occasion we didn't dare to do anything more than just to read the Word. We felt we didn't want to give our own words at all. God said He sent His Word and healed them, and I realized that my words were futile, but Jesus said, "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." So we did not say a word but what was in the Bible. We sat there and read very slowly the eighth chapter of Matthew, from the first verse to the end of the 17th. It is all healing, healing; healing of the hopeless leper, healing of the centurion's servant of paralysis, healing of Peter's wife's mother of an acute fever—Luke tells us it

was a great fever from which she suffered—and healing all manner of sick folk who were laid at Jesus' feet when the Sabbath was over and the evening star appeared, according to the prophecy of Isaiah. After we had read we just said, "This Word stands today, it must be forever; stone in the kidney and any other disease melts before this Word." We sat there and sometimes sat in silence before Him who had borne our sickness. Then presently I commenced to smile. You could not smile in the natural when you saw that young man lying there, his life-blood ebbing away; when you saw that little bride holding to his feet. But we took life for them, and urged them to join us. We took it and as time passed our smiles became broader and broader. The young man smiled and didn't bite his lips anymore. And then later he and we commenced to laugh for joy because we knew that God was true. We knew He could not break His Word. It had to be forever, a conqueror of stone in the kidneys, locomotor ataxia, arthritis, gastritis, and every other disease of mankind. Isn't it wonderful when by the power of the Holy Ghost, the absolute immutability and eternal, prevailing, conquering authority of the Word of God dawns upon you? Sometimes in the face of the most hopeless circumstances, in the face of demon possession, deadly sickness, the Holy Ghost makes us to know that God's Word is conqueror, and we can, by faith in His Word, leap on to omnipotence, and we can order the spirits out and banish disease and bring people into submission through faith in the Word.

I had never met these people before; they were absolute strangers, but they at once became nearer and dearer than if they had been my own son and daughter. We got close together in Jesus. You can see I felt very much at home for we sat there until the shades of night commenced to fall. We had no conversation but the Word gripped faith, and as we smiled and laughed the little wife relaxed her hold. She knew no ambulance was ever coming to take her husband from her side, for she knew God's Word was true. And we knew it, and the young man knew it, and I learned that the next Sunday the young wife and her husband were in their places at church. You ask, "What became of the stone in the kidney?" I do not know, and I am not very much interested. I know it went away, and the young man was able to go to work. He had the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Miss Lillian Yeomans in The Stone Church.*

A New Revelation of Healing

It has been a source of real grief to many of God's children who love the truths of Divine Healing to see so many who have trusted the Lord in times past, failing to appropriate healing for their bodies; some have died apparently trusting the Lord and others have gone to doctors and found relief. It is very obvious that God has a different standard for the mature Christian than for the one who has just come into the light of Divine Healing. In the latter instance faith is quickly rewarded, but the mature Christian has another path to travel. The following letter from one who has learned the secret, will be a help to those who have a similar need:

My dear Friend:

As you know I came into the light of Divine Healing in 1905, along with many others. Since that time I have committed my body to God alone and have known for a truth that the Lord raises up the sick in answer to the prayer of faith according to James 5:15.

Several years ago, however, I passed through a period of physical trial. I prayed and attempted to rest on the same promises that had brought deliverance heretofore, but the illness persisted. I then besought God to show me why healing was delayed, and always there came into my heart these same words, "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit." So I knew that God was attempting to show me that in some way I was not relying on the work of the Spirit, but was trusting in my own efforts. But how to correct my failure I knew not.

My illness continued and became so alarming that, in order to know the nature of it, I consulted a physician for the first and only time in thirty-two years. I left her office thoroughly frightened. The issue now was, would I trust God or the doctors? After seven hours of continuous waiting on God the decision was made: I would trust God as heretofore and leave the outcome in His hands.

There was a desperation in me. I seemed unable to get help even from the Bible. About this time a little tract entitled "Reckon" was handed to me. I read and re-read it, over and over, and knew as I read that it contained God's message to me, but I seemed unable to accept and receive into my being the mighty truth contained therein. The first lines of the tract read as follows: "It is often harder to get the older children of God to reckon than those only a few days old" . . . "God asks you to believe a fact. The first mighty fact

is God's love." Farther on the writer said, "Now if you will *believe* and *believe* and *believe* what God says, some of these days the mighty Spirit of God will take something out of God's heart and put it into you and you will have faith. So sure as God is, that faith will come."

The tract continued in a discussion of Romans 6, emphasizing especially the sixth verse, "Knowing this that our old man is crucified with Christ." Looking into the Greek I found the translation in the authorized version to be correct, "Knowing this, that our old man *has been* crucified with Christ."

Day after day, on my knees with the Bible before me, I prayed over the sixth, seventh and eighth chapters of Romans, that the eyes of my understanding might be enlightened, and that I might know the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints (Eph. 1:18, 19); for I realized the futility of any person attempting to appropriate the truth of the believer's death with Christ without the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit. I knew that I couldn't by any might or power of my own believe that such a person as I had been crucified with Christ. Deep and deeper conviction came upon me that "in my flesh dwelt no good thing," and that by no works or deeds of mine could I ever attain to death with Christ, "For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God. Not by works lest any man should boast."

Gradually the light dawned on me that at Calvary Jesus died not only as our Substitute—not only did He become sin for us—but that there at Calvary He took with Him all who would afterward believe *on* Him and accept the message of salvation, and that when He arose, they too arose with Him (Col. 1:1), and passed into a *new life* alive unto God (II Cor. 5:17).

You will ask, "What has this to do with Divine Healing?" I reply by referring you to Romans 6:7, "For he that is dead is freed from sin"; and Romans 6:14, "For sin shall not have dominion over you." Sickness is the result of the Fall. The Cross is the *complete* answer to the Fall. As believers apprehend this mighty truth the life of Jesus is made manifest in their mortal flesh. It was so with me. I say it to God's glory.

Let me close by quoting a few lines from another: "Ye are complete in Him," writes the Apostle Paul. "The more the believer *grasps the fact of the completed work of his death with Christ as accomplished*, the more effectually does the Holy Spirit work in him to bring that com-

pleted work into actual being; conditional, of course, upon his consenting unflinchingly to separation from all the works of the flesh; and conditional also upon his active co-operation with the Holy Spirit in *refusing* to let sin reign in his mortal body."

I trust this makes the *position in Christ* of all believers clear to you.

Mrs. E. B. Kennedy.

(Continued from page 14)

Perhaps God is asking you to give Him your son or your daughter. In the enthusiasm of the moment in some wonderful consecration service, you lay them upon the altar, but when God begins to work and takes you at your word, unless your consecration is real and you meant what you said, you will begin to draw back and say, "Oh I didn't mean You to send my son to the foreign field!" That is the reason you do not have the "all things." There are many who have laid loved ones upon the altar and then taken them away again. We lay our money upon the altar of God, and our talents, and the moment He begins to lay claim upon them we take them off and lose the blessing He has in store for us. Peter said, "We have left all to follow thee." In his mind's eye he saw his poor old fishing nets and his boat; they seemed big to him, and Jesus to encourage him, said, "Yes Peter, there hath no man left all to follow Me but will receive a hundredfold in return." It takes the "leaving all" to get the "all things."

(Continued from page 12)

overboard and take them home, some to die and others to get well. They are coming to Sunday morning service. Last week about twenty came. We are getting the news to the simple farming community."

Man and God

*Man makes a Taj Mahal or Pyramid,
And obelisks or spires that pierce the sky;
But only God can make a mountain peak,
And halo it with rainbow hues of dye.*

*Man paints and chisels wondrous works of art,
Dead images of life held in repose;
But only God can mold a baby's face,
• And paint an orchid or a fragrant rose.*

*Man never yet has made a living thing,
Nor has he found the secret, hidden soul,
God only holds the mystic springs of life,
And for our life He sets the bounds and goal.*

—E. Guy Talbott.

Healed of a Broken Back

THE greatest miracle that was ever performed in my life was when God saved me, for I was a vile sinner. You heard about the man who was so low down he had to reach up to touch bottom. That man could stand on my shoulders. A Savior who could save a sinner like me can do anything.

I had an outstanding miracle performed in my body, and of this I wish to tell. God healed me of a broken back. Everyone knows that it is very rarely one is healed of a broken back, but God wrought this miracle in my body. I was very badly injured in September 1928. I fell thirty-five feet and was picked up a shapeless mass and taken to a hospital. When the doctor examined me, he shook his head and declared there was no hope. I had my back broken in two places; it was a multiple, compound fracture in the first and second lumbar vertebrae. All the future the doctors pictured to me, should I live, was as black as night. If I did outlive it I would be a cripple always; if I did not die I would be a hunchback or else be in a wheelchair. But I had a Savior and a Healer and He wrought His healing power in my poor, broken body in a wonderful way. Thirty-six days after I broke my back I walked out of that hospital, and the thirty-ninth day I walked without a crutch, just as straight as I am now. I never thereafter used a crutch or a walking cane, but from that time on was as you see me tonight. That was two years ago that God healed me.

The best part of this story of healing is yet to be told. A man who worked with me in the plant came to the hospital twice a week to shave me. He was a sinner but he did this out of the goodness of his heart. Sometimes I would smell booze on him but I never said a word, only prayed for him. He knew nothing about this healing power; he had heard about it but didn't believe in it, but after I got up and came back to the church that man came one night to hear my testimony. One night I went down to the church and a brother met me at the foot of the stairs and said, "There is a man up in the prayer-tower who wants to see you." I went up, and there was the man who had shaved me in the hospital. He threw his arms around my neck and said, Brother Willis, you are the man I want to see. I want to give my heart to God tonight." That brother is now Vice President of the Christ

Ambassadors in the city of Alton. Praise God I can say,

"I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I'll sail the wild seas no more,
The tempest may beat o'er the wild, stormy deep,
In Jesus I'm safe evermore."

—Robt. Willis at Christ's Ambassador's Rally.

A Christian Community in Africa

The Rev. J. A. Clark has a remarkable record of service. He first sailed for the Belgian Congo in 1888 and after a short term of service in another district, he joined the staff at Bolobo, the station founded among the cannibals by George Grenfell, the missionary explorer. When Mr. Clark arrived at this place the mission had scarcely begun to affect the district. Evidences of heathen customs, of slavery, polygamy, infanticide and much else abounded. The small chapel and school were in use and a handful of converts had been gathered.

From the first Mr. Clark set himself to pioneering in the swampy hinterland and his journeys were invariably attended with danger to health. Long itineraries had been maintained every year until now, over the Bolobo area, the influence of the Gospel has overcome the former heathenism. At Bolobo itself groups of Christian villages have been built. The station activities include industrial training in carpentry, basket work, printing, brick making and building. Scores of lads are now engaged as teacher-evangelists in the villages and are maintained by the church.

The Christian community numbers 4,000 and the church membership 1,800. Nearly two thousand boys and girls are enrolled in the schools. Their full story would make a thrilling chapter in the record of the power of the Gospel to overcome the powers of darkness.

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CHAPTER 3.

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

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

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

5 shall. Ps. 25, 14. John 15, 15.

a Heb. 5, 13. 1 Pet. 2, 2. 1 Or, factions according to man. b Rom. 12, 3. c Acts 18, 4. d Isa. 55, 10. e Ps. 62, 12. Rom. 2, 6.

19 Foolish ten, craftin

20 Ar the th are va

21 T. men. 22 W Ce'phæ Jeath come,

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