



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

Happy New Year!

"I do not know, I cannot see
What God's kind hand prepares for me.
Nor can my glance pierce thru the haze
Which covers all my future ways;
But yet I know that o'er it all,
Rules He who notes the sparrow's
fall.

Farewell, Old Year, with goodness
crowned,
A Hand Divine hath set thy bound.
Welcome the New Year, which shall
bring
First blessings from my God and King.
The Old we leave without a tear,
The New we hail without a fear."

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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1931

TO THE world, 1931 opens portentously. The financial depression, paralyzing every phase of business life, the great unemployment problem, the unprecedented crime wave, the distant rumbling of on-coming war clouds—these staggering realities that impose themselves on all classes are causing the masses to look forward to the year we are now entering with fear. But the true child of God embarks on the New Year unafraid. The signs of “distress of nations,” “perplexities,” only direct his thoughts to the “sure word of prophecy,” and cause him to see in these upheavals, sign posts pointing to the end. The Word of God is plain, “evil men shall wax worse and worse,” the “perilous times” of the end are upon us, then why should we stagger at the Word being fulfilled? Nineteen hundred years ago holy men foretold just such events as are now transpiring, to be fulfilled in the “end” time. Are we surprised that the prophecies are coming to pass? God alone knows what 1931 has in store for us, but this we know that every event, whether of great world interest or momentous only to the “little flock,” brings us nearer to the coming of Him who “shall come and will not tarry.” “Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things,” let us “be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless.”

Special Meetings

As *The January Evangel* goes to press the Stone Church is in a series of special meetings (Dec. 28-Jan. 11). Pastor A. L. Branch, formerly of Battle Creek, Mich., is bringing blessed messages from the Word and the saints are rejoicing in a feast at the Lord’s table.

A very precious Watch Night Service was held at the close of the old year in which different ministers participated. Bro. Hardin brought us a timely message on the New Year which we give elsewhere in this issue. Bro. Roy Smuland is Acting Pastor of the Church and God is blessing his ministry among us.

* * *

Our dear sister, Mrs. Lulu Leader, has recently returned from the Congo, with her little boy, Donald. It seemed to be the leading of the Lord that she return to the States, and the missionaries at Gombari felt with her that God was guiding in this step. It was not easy to leave the land which held the most precious of earth to her, and where she and her husband had labored so faithfully, but laying down every natural desire she believed it to be God’s will for her to return. Will our readers not pray that God will give grace and strength as she faces new duties?

Misses Marie and Agnes Juergensen are now in this country, having a much-needed rest. God

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The Tragedy of Sinning Against Light

Snares That Make Men Traitors of Conscience

Mr. Donald Gee in the Stone Church, Nov. 2, 1930



TONIGHT my message must be a pointed one, for I feel I must send to someone in this meeting a very pointed and direct shot from the Word of God. My message must be a polished dart in the hands of the Holy Spirit, for I believe I must speak to someone who knows the will of God but is not doing it; to someone who is opposing and resisting the will of God, fighting the Holy Ghost.

I shall therefore take you to the story of a man in the Bible who did that very thing. A great man, a man who was a leader amongst men, a man of fine character in many ways, so much so that when he was murdered the king said, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" I want to speak about the man who knew God's will but opposed it, and that man is Abner, the captain of Saul's host, one of the tragedies of history. Perhaps the counterpart of Abner is in this audience, and may God grant that his end may not be Abner's end. The high lights of the story we shall consider are found in the following references: II Samuel 2:4, 8-12, 3:8-12, 17-22, 26-28, and 38. You are familiar with the delightful romance of how God brought David to the throne. How we love that story of God coming and anointing the shepherd lad before his brethren, to be king over Israel, and then in the events that followed it seemed he could never be king. For years David was being chased over the mountains until he himself said he was hunted like a partridge. It seemed impossible in the natural that David, twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, could ever come to the throne, but when God promises a thing He keeps His Word. God had said that David should reign over Israel and neither Saul nor anyone else could keep him off the throne. The time came when David was on the verge of ascending the promised throne, and Abner provides the last incident before that happens. Abner's part is sordid. When Saul committed suicide David was immediately hailed as king by the tribe of Judah, and he sets up his throne. Abner refuses allegiance to David, but takes one of Saul's sons and puts him on the throne of Israel and keeps him there by sheer force of arms. But after one

or two years a little difference comes up between them concerning a woman and the result is, Abner goes off in a furious temper and says, "All right. I shall teach you not to talk to me like that. I will turn the kingdom over to David." So he goes down to David, who receives him courteously, and I want you to notice the significant words of Abner, "For the Lord hath spoken of David, saying, By the hand of my servant David will I save my people Israel." The thing seems all settled, but David has a faithful old watch dog and Joab thinks he will settle this thing out of court; he gets him in a corner and treacherously murders him. Then David, who shines high with nobility of character, refuses to be dragged into the miserable affair and says, "Your sins are too great for me. I do not approve of what you have done. Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

That is the gist of the story, but the heart of it and the message tonight is in this thought, that all the while Abner had put Ishbosheth on the throne, and all the while he was keeping him there, Abner knew in his heart he was not God's man; from the confession of his own lips Abner knew all the time that David was God's choice. Let us be very clear about this for this is the central point of the whole matter. He knew God had sworn to put David upon the throne, but knowing God's will, he deliberately opposes.

I want you to notice two things, and the first is this: that although a man may set himself to fight God, God always wins. Abner tried to fight against the Almighty; he said, "I know You want David, but I will put Ishbosheth there." But God won. If you have a battle on with the Almighty, let me tell you that God will win and not you. Even in regard to Soviet Russia, who thinks she can go up to heaven and drag the Almighty down, God will win out. We need never think we can lift our puny minds against the Lord of hosts. I am glad that God has said, He will set His Kingdom upon His holy hill of Zion, and however the world may rage and the kings take counsel together, I know God is marching on to victory. Let the spirit of Antichrist appear, as it truly is appearing, God hath declared that His King shall reign and He will

turn and over-turn until He comes whose right it is to reign.

Now coming back to our story, I want you to notice two things. Although it is true that we cannot legitimately frustrate God's plan, yet there are two things that will happen if we know God's will and oppose it. The first is that you will bring a great deal of unnecessary suffering into other people's lives. Have you ever thought of that? For two years Abner plunged the whole nation into civil war and only God knows the suffering and agony of war. You know something of it in the United States. Just think of a whole country being plunged into the tragedies of war because there was one man who knew God's will and was not walking in it! And I want to look you straight in the eye and tell you that while you fear not the trouble you may bring into your own life, if you are not doing God's will you are bringing a lot of unnecessary trouble into other people's lives. Oh the wives whose hearts are broken because their husbands will not line up with what they know is God's will for them! Oh the parents whose hearts are heavy because their children know God's will but are refusing to obey it! Oh the trouble that comes everywhere when men and women know God's will and do not do it! Remember, I am not speaking about those who do not know God's will; they are not in this picture.

Abner knew God's will and sinned against light. He knew, as clear as a bell, what God's will was, but he deliberately set himself against it. May God save us from sinning against light. Oh the trouble that comes when we get out of God's will and what trouble we bring to others! And if I might drop a word from the aspect of a minister, what trouble we often suffer in the Christian ministry because of brethren who get out of God's will! The result is the same as comes from throwing a monkey-wrench into the machinery. Oh the trouble that comes on the mission field, on the evangelistic field and in the assembly when those of us in the work of the Lord get out of God's will! I do trust that however wilful I may be, by His infinite grace I shall be always kept in the center of His will.

We have given the first aspect, but the second is personal. Abner not only made trouble for countless numbers, but he himself lost all the glory of the kingdom. Oh the tragedy of it! Just when David was coming to the throne and when the most glorious day of all history in connection with Israel was beginning to dawn,

and when Abner might have shared in it, he missed it all. He was cruelly murdered, and was never even privileged to see the dawning of it. That is a solemn alternative for the man or the woman who knows God's will and is refusing to accept it. You will never share in the glories of the kingdom, never know anything of the joy, the happiness and the blessing when the Lord reigns. I want to be there to share in the triumph. I want to see Him and look upon His face. I want to join in that choir and sing, "Who is the king of glory? The Lord of hosts! He is the King of Glory!" I want to be able to travel around the world when you do not need passports and visas, and when there are no unemployment problems. And far beyond all that, I want to share in the glories of my eternal home. It is hardly necessary for me to press the obligation much farther. You can see it for yourself, and if the counterpart of Abner is present tonight, remember that Abner's story may be reproduced in your case. It is being repeated all too often. Somebody is making trouble for everyone around him because that one person is not doing what God wants him to do. Somebody here may be bringing sorrow because he is resisting the call of God and refusing to walk in the light, trifling with his own possibility of receiving a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

Let us make an examination of Abner's heart. I wonder what it was that made such a fine man do such a short-sighted thing. I often marvel at the short-sighted things fine people do. I often marvel at the stupidity of splendid folk. In dealing with the unsaved I have often said, "Why is it that you are not a Christian? I cannot understand it." And then there are fine Christians whom I have looked in the face and asked, "Why do you not seek the Baptism of the Holy Ghost?" They mystify me. And of others I often wonder why they do not do certain things that God wants them to do. Our hearts are very peculiar, are they not? I want to examine the story of Abner and see if we can find some of the reasons that made him play traitor to his own conscience. That is the greatest tragedy of all, that he was a traitor to himself. There is no hope for such a man.

What made Abner oppose God's will when he knew it so well? The first thing I shall suggest is his purely *natural love*. Abner was a cousin to Saul. There is an old proverb that says, "Blood is thicker than water," and since Abner was a relative I have an idea that one of the

causes was purely natural love. He doubtless said, "Well Saul is a relative of mine and Ishbosheth is also one, and why should he not be on the throne?" But natural love can often-times lead us very far astray. You will remember what the Lord Jesus said, "If any man would come after me, he must put Me before husband or wife, before father or mother, brother or sister, or children, or houses and lands." Oh the danger there is in being swayed by natural love! We often find when dealing with young people that this is one of their chief problems. Young people love to go in crowds and usually there is a ring-leader and the others do whatever the leader does; get the ring-leader and you get them all. But I pray that our Pentecostal young people may have better material in them than that and have the determination to follow God's call regardless of what their friends do or fail to do. May the Lord save us from the snare of natural love. It can be a very beautiful thing, but if it gets me out of God's will it is very dangerous. I praise God for the spiritual friendships He has enabled me to make, and I have always found that when we give up the natural we get the spiritual; I have brothers and sisters all over the world. How wonderful it is to give up for the Lord and then get back the hundred-fold! There is really no giving up when we let God have His way; it is all rolling in. The story is told of a man who came to Mr. Moody and was converted. He said, "Now that I am saved, I suppose I will have to give up the world." Mr. Moody said, "No, you be true to the Lord and the world will give you up." Some people say, "If I seek the Baptism and God fills me with the Spirit I will have to give up my church," but I always say, "No. No. No. Never fear such a thing. You get the Baptism and go back to your church. Tell them what God has done for you. You will not have to give up the church, but something else will happen which I need not mention." May the Lord save us from getting out of the will of God because of our natural love.

Now the next thing I detect in Abner's heart is *natural pride*. Abner was the captain of Saul's army; he was commander-in-chief. I can imagine him having a little conversation in his own heart and saying, "You know I am commander-in-chief of Saul's army; David's army is already filled, and if I get in with David I will have to play 'second fiddle' when I have been playing first." It is so hard to play second

fiddle when you have been playing first. Natural pride got the better of Abner's heart when he said to himself, "I can be commander-in-chief no longer if I throw my lot in with David. I will lose my position if I go there, so I'll just kept that at all costs. I want to be next to the King." And so he said, "No," to the will of God. I wonder how many times *natural pride* has kept God's people out of the center of His will—the refusal to take second place for a little while—what havoc it has wrought! You wanted to be at the top at any cost, and because of that you have gotten out of God's will. I travel around the world, and I do not travel with my eyes closed. I find, time and time again, that assemblies have been split by persons who, instead of being willing to fill useful places in the local assembly, wanted to be "boss," and so started other missions of their own. There was really no need of another place of worship. Perhaps some of you may be tempted to do likewise, and I hope you will remember this and refrain from falling into the snare of getting out of God's will through pride.

Some people are afraid of losing their prestige if they do the will of God. Preachers have come to me and said, "But, Brother Gee, if I become Pentecostal I will lose my prestige." Well I would be glad to lose that to get the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Then other preachers say, "Brother Gee, if I identify myself with the Pentecostal people I will not get any openings to preach." I know many today who are traitors to all that God has given them because they will not pay the price of the reproach of Pentecost. They are traitors to what they know is the truth; traitors to their own conscience. Never will I forget when that temptation came to me about ten or eleven years ago, when I was longing to get out into the work of God and wanted openings. An influential and wealthy man came to me and said, "Mr. Gee, I shall be happy to get you openings all over England. I believe I can use you and give you openings everywhere, if you will only give up those tongues." But how could I give up tongues! As far as I am concerned I thank God that my experience in speaking in tongues is from God; it came to me when God baptized me in the Holy Ghost nearly eighteen years ago and after testing it out for eighteen years I know the experience is from God. Well, they wanted me to compromise, and when I refused I failed in getting openings in England, but now I have them all over the world.

If God has permitted anyone to be tempted along this line I want to say, there is a tremendous field open today to those who are loyal to all the light God has given them. Oh how we could go on talking about the danger of natural pride! I remember a friend who constantly refused to be baptized in water and when my mother asked her the reason, she said, "Because, when they come out they look so frightful." Nothing more than *that* kept her out of the will of God. When I was in the camp-meeting in Canada a preacher came up to me at the close of nearly every service; he assured me that he was hungry for the Baptism, but just because he was a preacher he never would come up to seek the Lord for the experience. He is not likely to get it, and the reason is, *natural pride*. May the Lord save us from this.

Then my last word as I make the examination of Abner's heart is that I believe the supreme reason why Abner refused to put David on the throne, though he knew him to be God's man, was because in his heart there was *natural resentment*. Some years before this there had been a time when Saul and Abner were chasing David and his men, and there came a never-to-be forgotten night when Saul and his army went to sleep. The sentries were posted, but they all went to sleep. David and his men were watching from the hill-top, and then David crept down notch by notch. I can see him creeping down and getting nearer and nearer, but the sentries still slept. Finally they get very close; David and his nephew get inside the line, and still their foes are sleeping. They creep nearer still, until at last they are right in the center of the company. One blow from David would have finished Saul, but David said, "No, I will not touch the Lord's anointed. I will let the Lord deal with him." But David took Saul's spear and water bottle which was by his head and then left for the hill tops. They crept away until they were again safe on the hill-side and then in the morning the cry rang down the mountain side, "Abner! Abner!" Abner woke up and said, "Who is that?" As he looked around he finally saw David, who called down, "Whose is this spear and whose water bottle is this? Saul, where is your water bottle?" Why Saul had had it under his pillow, but now it was gone!

And then David indulges in some sarcasm. Always be careful how you indulge in sarcasm, for there are more enemies made through sarcasm than by anything else. David said, "Arise

now thou valiant man! There is none like thee in all the host of Israel," and down in the valley Abner was writhing, for all the soldiers were hearing this. I do not wonder that the general felt badly. "Abner, art thou not a valiant man? Why do you not take better care of your master? Why Abner, someone came there and could have murdered Saul. Why I am surprised at you." I have always been a little sorry that David indulged in that sarcasm for it made an enemy of Abner, and he never forgave David for his action that night. And when the time came that he could have handed the kingdom over to David he said, "I will not do it," *Natural resentment*. Let me plead with you that you allow no natural resentment to come between you and the will of God. Possibly someone is saying, "Yes, I would be a Christian, but I remember how unjustly I was treated by one who professed religion." And another may say, "I would come back to your church, but just think how they treated me while I was there!" Let me say that I have no excuse to offer for our mistakes; I have made them too, but I know that many of us have bitterly repented of the errors made. Our Lord said, "Go and tell your brother his faults," and perhaps if you would go to that offending brother who has wounded and hurt you, you would find that he has repented, or perhaps there was no intention of hurting you. And even if there was, it is certainly very small to allow natural resentment to keep you out of the kingdom of God. May God grant that none of us shall deliberately oppose God's will just because of any of these sins that were so fatal to Abner, and kept him out of the kingdom.

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(Continued from page 2)

worked in Japan by bringing to them a very capable Japanese pastor, so that they could be relieved. Pray for Father and Mother Juergenson, who have the entire responsibility of that large and growing work. Those writing to the Juergensen Sisters while in this country, can address them at 18 W. 74th Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Waggoner are expecting to return to their work at Uska Bazar, North India, sailing D. V., on February 4th.

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The Mission Books of The Evangel Publishing House have been audited by the Missionary Secretary of the Stone Church, Mr. H. E. Bruce Armstrong, showing receipts and disbursements for the year 1930 to be \$3,825.86.

Is Scriptural Healing Fanaticism?

Healed of Peritonitis When Dying

J. N. Hoover, Santa Cruz, Calif., in the Stone Church, May, 1930



Tonight I am speaking on the subject of Divine Healing, or Is Scriptural Healing Fanaticism? Healing, like salvation, comes through faith in obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ. If a man wants to be a Christian, let him test the promises of God.

Taking Christ at His word brings positive healing, but the opinions of men are trifling when compared with the Word of God.

I have no fellowship with that person who poses as a "divine healer," and I say to the people everywhere, "Stay a million miles away from that individual." There is only one Healer, and His name is the Lord Jesus Christ. We who are willing to trust the Lord Jesus Christ are only instruments in His hands for the furtherance of His wonderful Gospel. When Mrs. Hoover and I were in Washington, D. C., just a year ago, a certain man came to the altar where I was praying for the sick and said, "I have power to heal the sick." I said, "You are mistaken. There is only One who has power to heal the sick, and His name is Jesus Christ. There is just one of two things for you to do, get down on your knees and ask God to forgive your sins, or get out of this building." Friends, do not be afraid to rebuke Satan in the Name of Jesus. Do not be easily carried away; you had better be a little stubborn than to be carried into fanaticism. Ask the Holy Spirit for the power of discernment, and then be obedient, for He is our Teacher, our Guide, and where He leads it is safe to follow.

Divine healing has always accompanied the preaching of the Gospel of Christ, even to this present time. The prayer of faith for the sick through all the ages has been heard in Heaven, and God has raised them from their beds of suffering.

Many people are not in sympathy with Divine Healing because it has been omitted from their Christian training. Yet healing, like salvation, is obtained under certain conditions which are clearly presented in the fifth chapter of James.

We find many people who are active in church work know practically nothing of the doctrine of Divine Healing, the doctrine of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost or the doctrine of the Second Coming of Christ. And only those who have complied with the Divine requirement, searched the Scriptures in the light of the Holy Spirit, are able to grasp the promises of God and make them a part of their daily life. Too much of our religion is a matter of works without faith, a matter of theory and not facts. Faith and works go hand in hand and are inseparable. Where you find faith you will find works. Faith precedes knowledge and is not weakened by difficulties. To have faith in the promises of God is to prove them, and faith does not prove itself by foolishness. Unwavering faith in the promises of God will bring showers of divine blessing on both soul and body. Exhibit your faith in Christ, get a vision of your possibilities in Him and learn to walk by faith.

Divine healing is not a part of the Law, but a part of the Gospel of Christ. According to the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, healing is a part of the Christian program, for it is written, "He hath born our griefs and carried our sorrows and *with His stripes we are healed.*" But some who have not come into the full light of this Scripture will say it refers to the soul and not the healing of the body. Is this true? Let us see. If you will turn to Matt. 8:16, 17, you will find what I believe is a correct interpretation of Isaiah's prophecy: "When the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils: and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bear our sicknesses." To the reasonable mind this is final proof that provision was made in the Divine Atonement for every need of man.

Healing of the sick was not only a test, but a proof of Christ's Messiahship. When John the Baptist heard in prison of the works of Christ he sent two of his disciples to inquire of Christ, "Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" And Jesus said unto them, "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their

sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." Matthew 11:2-5. This was to John an unquestionable proof of His Messiahship. Jesus said to the ten lepers, "Go and show yourselves unto the priest," and AS THEY WENT they were healed. He said to the man upon whose eyes he placed the clay, "Go to the pool of Siloam and wash," and AS HE WASHED his eyes were opened and he could see. The woman who touched the hem of his garment was made every whit whole. Can you not see in all of these miracles Jesus demanding an evidence of faith?

The apostles and Christian workers in general associated Healing with the preaching of the Gospel. We find in the time of great persecution they prayed: "And now, Lord, behold their threatenings: and grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak Thy word, by stretching forth Thine hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done by the Name of Thy Holy Child Jesus." Acts 4: 29-30. The "believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both men and women; insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them. There came also a multitude out of the cities round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits; and they were healed every one of them." Acts 5:14, 15. Oh what faith! What works! What consecration! And did not Jesus say to His followers, "Greater works than these shall ye do because I go to the Father"?

Many years after the day of Pentecost we find James giving the Church instructions about praying for the sick, "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord will raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." James 5:14, 15. The elders of the church are those who are filled with the Holy Ghost and are able by faith to lay hold on the promises of God.

For several reasons which are still in evidence, the church became formal and worldly in her manner of worship, and because of this the Holy Ghost could no longer have His way, and she was left without the old-time power. Oh, friend,

be careful lest you grieve the Holy Spirit and lose your power and testimony!

We have now found that in the life of the Lord Jesus and the Early Church healing of the body was a part of the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and the whole Gospel is not preached where the healing of the body is omitted. Because Divine Healing is not taught in the average pulpit of today is no evidence that it is not scriptural. The enemies of the doctrine of Divine Healing are not found in the host of the unsaved, but in the camp of the professing Christians. Oh the tragedy of unbelief! Unbelief is sin, Satan gave his master-stroke when he fastened a disease upon God's masterpiece!

Sickness is the work of Satan and as long as he is in the world there will be disease, suffering and death. Your sickness may be the evidence of your own sin or it may be the evidence of the iniquity of your fathers, back as far as the fourth generation; or, as in the case of the blind man, it may be for the glory of God—not that sickness is for the glory of God, but the healing that follows is for His glory.

Sickness is the cause of much distress, and sin is the cause of sickness. Sickness is not imaginary. Man is not sick because he thinks he is sick, nor is a man well because he thinks he is well. A man's condition is not always what he thinks it is.

One evening during my school days my friend, Albert Andrews, and I sat in the moonlight on the college step in pleasant conversation. He was handsome, noble and good, and has since gone to his heavenly home. As we parted he went to his home and I went to my room in the dormitory. We were in usual health and full of ambition. When I entered my room I was seized with a sudden sickness, and remained unconscious for several hours. When I recovered, by my bed was a doctor, several teachers and scholars. Now do you think this was a dream, and that I was sick because I thought I was sick? I was no fool then, and I am not as wise as Solomon now, but one thing I do know, sickness is not a dream, nor is it unreal.

Much of our sickness is due to our eating, and to the improper mixing of foods. Our digestive organs are able to take care of a certain amount of food and an oversupply will bring on stagnation, complications and sickness. We can help keep these bodies in good condition by observing the laws of health and the proper mixing of food.

If we know what to do in order to obtain and retain good health and do it not, we must suffer the inevitable consequence, for the scripture declares, "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." We must remember that in divine healing as well as in divine salvation there is the God side and the man side.

Divine Healing is not a theory, but a fact. You will find fanatics in every walk of life, but a Christian is not a fanatic. To be a Christian is to be sane, and to be sane is to take God at His Word. We vary in our manner of expression, but because one is more demonstrative than another is no evidence that he is a fanatic. The blind man was loud and enthusiastic in his cry to Jesus, but he was not a fanatic. You will never get the evidence of Salvation, the evidence of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit or the evidence of Healing until you demonstrate your faith in the promises of God.

Are the people who throng the churches and missions where the Gospel of Healing is proclaimed fanatical? Are the thousands of people who testify to the healing of their bodies fanatics? If it be so, then Jesus was a Fanatic, the people who claim healing are fanatics, and the Bible is an array of fanatical impossibilities. Oh, friend, let us be sane and permit the Holy Spirit to explain the Divine Plan which is so clearly stated in the Divine Book!

MY TESTIMONY

It was late in April in the year 1920 and at the close of my Sunday morning sermon that I was stricken with a severe pain in my left side which later developed into peritonitis. For five days I suffered unspeakable agony. The best physicians were called but conditions remained the same. In the afternoon of the fifth day a company of Christians who believed in praying for the sick met in one of the rooms of my Church and began to pray God to raise me up for His glory. About five o'clock they came across the street to the parsonage and told Mrs. Hoover that they had prayed through and I would be healed. Mrs. Hoover did not understand what it meant to "pray through," and felt sure I was about to die, for the doctors said I could not live. Late that evening she and our boy Donald, with other relatives, were gathered around my bed expecting me to die any moment, but to their great surprise I opened my eyes. The terrible pain was gone, I felt easy, and immediately my strength began to return. The

Lord heard the prayer of faith that afternoon, and on the following day I was up and walking around.

If I had known then how to trust the Lord Jesus for full healing as I have since learned to do, I might have been perfectly healed, but I did not understand, and I was too proud and selfish in my religious profession to let anyone think for a minute I lacked any Biblical knowledge. This leads me to say right here that however scholarly or polished the man in the pulpit may be, he does not know it all. I am now making an open confession and thousands of ministers ought to do the same thing. This thing of preaching what we have not experienced, is hypocrisy. What we need in all our pulpits today are men with a positive Christian experience, men who will step out on the promises of God and demonstrate faith. If our ministers will launch out and away from the curse of formalism and get down to the plain gospel preaching, their churches will be filled with worshippers and souls will be saved.

Because of lack of faith in the promises of healing I was obliged to give up the pastorate of the First Baptist Church at Lindsay, California, where I had served for twelve years, and go to the delightful climate down by the sea, in the beautiful city of Santa Cruz, California. Upon reaching this city I found the pulpit of the First Baptist Church vacant and an unanimous call awaiting me. I told them I was not physically able to serve as a pastor but I would fill the pulpit each Sunday and conduct the Wednesday evening services. This I did, and Mrs. Hoover took care of the pastoral duties, of which she was thoroughly capable. For about seven years I struggled on, though many times while preaching I was obliged to hold to the desk to keep from falling. During these years I was unable to eat anything without distress, and much of the time I was confined to my room with what physicians said was an incurable stomach and intestinal trouble, the results of peritonitis. Many thought I should stop preaching, but I told them I never put myself into the ministry and I would not take myself out. That was God's business, not mine. It was while attending special meetings conducted by Dr. Chas. A. Shreve of Washington, D. C., in the First Baptist Church at San Jose, California, of which church the late Dr. W. K. Towner was pastor, that I was instantly healed of this long-standing stomach and intestinal trouble, and since that time I have been able

to eat anything I want to eat without any distress. To Jesus Christ be all praise! He does not only forgive sins, but He heals the sick.

I was not seeking healing, nor was I seeking the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, which baptism I believed I had received at the hour of my conversion. Dr. Shreve, in his invitation on Thursday night, November 12th, 1925, said "All of our needs were taken into account on the Cross of Calvary, draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you." "*All of our needs!*" This to me was a new thought. Great were my needs—I was broken in body and cast down in spirit, and felt the need of a closer touch with God, and a greater evidence of the Holy Spirit in my ministry. Immediately I left my seat and went forward to pray. All available space around the altar was filled with people praying and praising God. Dr. Shreve took me by the hand and directed me to the pulpit chair. This did not

bother me, as I had preached in that pulpit many times. Several times I heard my name called to lead in prayer, but I could not pray for anyone, I was the one in need of prayer. The power of God was upon me, and I shook from head to foot like a leaf in the wind. Such an experience I had never before known. A light more glorious than the noonday sun fell upon me, and a power went through me like a consuming fire, while from my lips went forth the heavenly language as the Spirit gave utterance. Oh the power, the joy and the glory of the baptism in the Holy Ghost! In that glad moment I was not only given the Baptism in the Holy Ghost, but instantly healed of what seemed to be an incurable stomach and intestinal trouble, and it has never returned. Oh, yes, I know the Lord Jesus heals the sick! I have seen Him heal the sick. He has healed me, and to His Precious Name be all the praise.

Healed for Service Among the Mexicans

H. C. Ball, Supt. of Mexican Work on the Border, San Antonio, Texas



I WAS saved at the age of fourteen in a little school house in South Texas, and from that time I felt the Lord was calling me to preach the Gospel. I was interested in the Mexicans and began to work up a Sunday School among them in connection with the Methodist Church, which soon grew to sixty in attendance. In the year 1914 I was attending high school in Kingsville and used to sit under some trees to eat my lunch. One day I found a tent going up under those very trees and some Pentecostal evangelists began to hold meetings there. From the age of nine I had suffered from tuberculosis, but in those meetings I was prayed for and the Lord completely healed me, so that from that day to this I have never had any return of the symptoms. The Lord also baptized me with His Holy Spirit and set me more on fire than ever for the salvation of souls among the Mexicans.

From that time the work has been growing by leaps and bounds on both sides of the Mexican border, until we now have a large number of assemblies in Mexico itself, two of which (Mexico City and Monterey) have a membership of over eight hundred each. On this side of the border we have 125 Mexican ministers and some 120 assemblies, 30 of which own their own church buildings.

In the assembly in Mexico City is a noted

criminal who spent several years on the famous Marie Islands where Mexico sends her criminals. I have in my possession a dagger that he used in killing several men just before his conversion. He is now living a godly life and is much respected in the assembly where he worships.

One very interesting conversion in the early days of the work in San Antonio was that of Samuel Moreno, a well known manufacturer of that city. He attended our tent campaign out of curiosity and at the time had two revolvers on his person. He was considered a desperate character in every way, and was suffering from a disease brought on by his evil life. One of his sons had lost an arm in a pistol duel with another man. He was touched by the message of the Full Gospel, and came back again the second time leaving his revolvers at home. The testimonies of those who had been saved and healed were used to break him down, and finally he came to the altar and gave his heart to God. He was healed in his body and is now a faithful member of the San Antonio assembly.

Most of our pastors formerly came from the cotton fields and the grubbing hoe, and their need of Bible training was very great. To supply this need our first Bible Schools were opened in 1926 in San Diego and San Antonio, and the Lord has used our graduates wherever they have gone. In the San Antonio Bible School last year

we had twenty-six students, one of our early graduates being a teacher in the School, another a very successful evangelist in Mexico, and several of them hold pastorates on this side of the border.


When the Mexican government took energetic steps to enforce constitutional laws regarding religion, the Catholic church closed her doors and held no services for several years, hoping there would be a reaction by the Mexican people in favor of their church; but the effect was just the opposite. The church of Rome rapidly lost ground and the government and people both discovered that they could get along very well without the Romish church. So then the Romish authorities took steps to become reconciled to the government and reopen their buildings; but the ground they lost has never been recovered and may never be. It changed the attitude of the people to the Protestant faith. During the time the Romish churches were all closed the Protestant churches were going full blast, and while the laws were somewhat adverse yet the Protestants did their best to keep things going, careful to obey the laws and yet able to reach the people with their message. Many of the statesmen of Mexico and the leaders are either Protestant or favor the Protestant religion; the majority of the men are indifferent to the Romish church and either look with favor or have lost their prejudice against Protestant Missions. The moral condition of Mexico remains practically the same: sin and vice abound on every hand; the women are often fanatical Romanists,

but comparatively few *men* are interested in the Catholic religion.

The Lord has used the healings of the sick to be the means of the salvation of many souls. One woman was healed of cancer of the stomach and also of a rattlesnake bite in the early days of this work, and today she is one of the strongest and most earnest workers in the church at San Antonio. We have what is known as the Women's Missionary Councils in most of our assemblies, and this organization has been the means of banding the sisters together to work and pray for the salvation of souls as well as for the relief of the poor, and sick visitation. Thousands of tracts and Gospels have been distributed by the sisters, many sick ones healed and revival prayed down upon quite a number of our assemblies. In one of the Los Angeles assemblies the women meet every morning to pray, and in most of the other places they hold weekly meetings for Bible study and prayer.

Dear ones, will you take this Mexican work upon your hearts for very special prayer? These people are so needy, so dark, so sad and hopeless without Christ; and yet they are so receptive and so faithful when they are won to Him, with such an earnest spirit of evangelism and passion for other souls, that it is well worth making every effort to take them the Full Gospel. Pray for our Bible schools that many more people may be able to take the full course of training and be sent forth as laborers into the whitened harvest of this great Latin-American field.

God Using the Despised in India

 ANY today are telling of the dark side of the life of the women of India, but tonight I would like to present the bright side. We have cause for rejoicing that out from the women of India, out from the despised caste of widows, the Lord gave us that wonderful woman, Pandita Ramabai, and surely she "being dead yet speaketh." I am here tonight with quite a good knowledge of her work, having been in that work for sixteen years. Before Ramabai went to be with the Lord she finished the translation of the Marathi Bible. Think of that, a widow translating the whole Bible into the Marathi tongue! You will say to me, "There are many men on those Bible translations, why did that woman want to translate the Bible into Marathi?" I will tell you. Those men in the Bible Societies

were so brainy that by the time they got out the latest revision they put so many high-sounding Sanscrit words into it that the poor people in the villages could not understand it; but Ramabai translated the Bible into such simple language that even the poor men in the village could understand the Word of God. Isn't it wonderful to think that a woman, and a widow, has given this Bible to the Marathi-speaking people of India?

And now who are printing these Bibles? Christian women. When the great outpouring of the Spirit came to Ramabai's Institution it fell upon a large number of Indian women, and from that time the doors of Ramabai's Institutions were open for those women to go and preach the Gospel. You will find these women all over North and Western India.

The Indian girls are printing the Bible at Mukti, and these girls take the Bible and the "Life of the Lord Jesus" into the villages and put them into the hands of the Hindus; and we take the girls who have been baptized in the Spirit into the villages and the places of pilgrimages where the people go to look upon the faces of their gods and bathe in the sacred river. There you will find four or five different bands of Ramabai's girls giving out the tracts and scripture portions and preaching about the Lord Jesus Christ. You people in America do not know the significance of this. These women who do not go outside of their doors, as a rule, and do not look upon the face of any man but their husbands, yet here they are carrying the Bible to the pilgrims. I myself was baptized in the Holy Ghost and fire by having a band of these women pray for me. And how they could pray! They are real prayer warriors. I do not mean to say we are now having a revival in India like those days, any more than you have it in this country, but we have girls who are mightily anointed with the Holy Spirit and who know how to pray and preach.

Praise God He is confirming the Word in the villages with the signs following. The work in my district is really an offshoot of Mukti. No real connection, but Ramabai took over a property vacated by the church of England. There are several missionaries there with the Indian women. One day as I was praying I said, "Lord, how is it that You do not confirm the Gospel that I preach with signs following?" We had healings, but I found that in my own heart I was relying upon somebody else's faith. I had prayed with others and we had seen people healed, but personally I hesitated to launch out in faith, though I longed to see the Lord work. So I said, "Lord, how is it that You do not confirm the Gospel I preach with signs following?" And the Lord said, "How can I confirm what you do not preach? You preach me as Savior, but you do not preach me as Healer." So from that time on I began to tell the people that Jesus healed. We can have a passive faith that doesn't get us anywhere, but unless our faith is *active* nothing happens. I work with a Miss Harvey, a Scotch woman who is sixty-four years of age and still going strong, walking down in the valleys and up the mountains, and carrying the Gospel into the villages. On this particular day we said that the Lord could heal, and it seemed that all in the village came out to hear, poor old

rheumatic women, cripples, and woman with various diseases. I looked at the crowd and then at Miss Harvey and said, "What will we do?" At any rate we prayed for them and went on. I did not really know whether they were healed or not as we never went back to that village. On we went as we were out on one of those itineraries, but in one village a woman called Anasabai, came in to see us and she told us her condition. I cannot label these diseases, but I think it was chronic dysentery. She was a low caste woman; they are quite free and she came in and told me of her trouble. Up to this time I had always stood in the background, but now it seemed the Lord put me in the front, and what surprised me was that in praying I didn't make much noise. It didn't come that way. I simply said that if she did not doubt in her heart God would heal just as He saves, for He must be true to His Word. Then I said, "Anasabai, Jesus Christ will make you whole." She said, "Oh, I cannot eat a bit." Then I remembered Mr. Wigglesworth saying to a man, "Go home and eat a beefsteak." I did not tell her that, but I thought of a hard kind of native food which needed a good digestion, and told her to eat that. "Oh, I cannot!" she said. "Yes," I said. "You can. Go home and eat it in the Name of the Lord." She went and came back the next morning with her face all lit up, and said, "I did just as you told me. I went home and ate hard bread and I am perfectly whole." That was trouble in the stomach.

There was another case while on that trip, a case of a man who was a cripple, a poor man named Babu. I knew for Babu to be healed he would have to walk, and it would be something that people could see and God would be glorified. A young farm lad brought him on his back, and this time again I went forward and said, "Babu, Jesus will make you whole." Then they took him home on the young man's back. The next morning we started out and were going along at eight o'clock. I hadn't the courage to ask how Babu was, but that night in the prayer-meeting they told me he could not sleep all night because of the pain, so I prayed that he should sleep and have no more pain that next night. I never went to inquire the next day, but that night my Bible woman prayed, "We do thank You, Lord, that Babu has no more pain." I asked her how she knew, and she said she had gone around to inquire. "Well," I said, "he has to walk. Is he

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Results of Sowing the Word

Miss Adah Winger



THE last six months in Venezuela, and even the last year, has put on record blessed victories. In January a colporteur came to the state of Lara which the Pentecostal workers are occupying, and he began to visit the different towns and villages which he visited years ago. He took with him two of our native Christians. This colporteur who had visited this district before our missionaries had settled there, was amazed as he saw the new interest and the great awakening in the state of Lara. In one town where he had previously received great persecution, he now found open hearts. He and another worker sold some sixty Testaments and thirty Bibles; also many tracts, and were able to hold a meeting both in that town and in an adjoining village.

A week later they went to El Tocuyo, where Brother and Sister Feuerstein are stationed, and here they had a similar experience. About sixty Bibles and Testaments were sold and the young man who accompanied this colporteur, being raised in that district, was filled with joy at being privileged to witness in his own town. In one street he sold five Bibles and eight New Testaments. There were blessed opportunities to sow the precious seed as they sold the scriptures.

A little later these workers, accompanied by Brother Adolph Blattner, visited a neighboring state—the state of Falcon, which is without the Gospel—no missionary in all that state. Here they found open doors, a people receptive to the Gospel, and again many Bibles and Testaments were sold. The President of the state encouraged them and expressed his pleasure at their success. He has a Bible of his own and seemed favorable to the Gospel. They also had several interviews with a judge of the town who inquired about the Gospel. In one district especially they found people indifferent to the church of Rome. Some were indignant at the priest because he refused to bless them at the Easter time when they could not give him all the money he required.

The workers returned to the state of Lara with the "woe" upon their hearts for this new state of Falcon. Especially did Brother Blattner feel it was the Macedonian call to them to go in and possess the land. In August he and Mrs. Blattner went again to this state and remained

for about a month. About ninety Bibles and Testaments were sold and to many they witnessed, preparing the way for a permanent work. They now feel the call to locate in that district, doubtless residing in the capital city of Falcon.

The work in El Tocuyo, where the Feuersteins are located, has experienced phenomenal blessing in the past year. A number have been saved, and in the last few months there has been a remarkable revival spirit. While they were away to a Missionary Conference in August they left in charge the same young man who had worked with the colporteur several months previously. They had been encouraging the people to self-support, although a small church, and entreated them to stand by the native worker left in charge. Upon returning to El Tocuyo they found to their great delight that the offerings had just about doubled of anything that had previously been done. The native worker said he had been well taken care of. They found the believers in a healthy spiritual state and happy with the progress they had made toward self-support. Two were gloriously saved, one a young man who had worked in the same business with this native worker. Months ago in Barquisimeto this same young man had given him a New Testament, and here in El Tocuyo he found him again and witnessed to him. The result was he came to the meetings and was wonderfully saved. He had been quite a vile man before; now he is witnessing to the saving power of Jesus wherever he goes, and feels the call to preach the Gospel. He recently went to Quibor and took part in the Gospel meetings there. Another man publicly confessed Christ. One night while at home the glory of God came down upon him and he shouted in his room until the neighbors rushed in to see what was the matter. He told them what the Lord had done.

For some months the Feuersteins felt that two of the men of the church who were most precious in the Lord, were eligible to be elders, but their wives did not come up to the Bible standard. One of them manifested an unsubdued spirit. But God! One morning her husband came to the mission and said he had a new wife. He had gone home from the meeting and his wife asked to have prayer before they retired. He was tired and not disposed to pray long, but his wife prayed on and on and soon fell prostrate on the

floor and began to glorify God in other tongues. The husband could scarcely believe it for she had been so rebellious, but for some time the Spirit of God had been working on her heart and she had asked him to forgive her for her misdemeanors. He could not believe she was prepared for the baptism of the Spirit, but when he saw the glory of God surging through her and heard her glorify God in other tongues he could not doubt her experience. Her mother, who was ill with heart trouble, was present, and she too began to praise the Lord and was touched in her body. It was a wonderful night. The wife was burdened for her husband that he too might receive. The next morning she awoke with a similar experience, magnifying and praising God. She asked that the pastors might come so she could ask their forgiveness, and when they arrived she wept like a child, and told them of her great joy. It has brought a revival spirit in their midst.

The wife of the other brother also had a wonderful touch from the Lord when she received assurance of sins forgiven—fell over under the power of God. Her brother-in-law, who, a few months previously, had refused to let his wife attend the meetings, after noting his sister's wonderful experience, came out and yielded to God the first night he came. A girl who had been very rebellious, cried out to God for mercy, and so God works on.

From the adjoining republic of Columbia comes the Macedonian call. Just recently some of our missionaries visited a town called Cucuta, which has a population of about 35,000. They had been attending a Missionary Conference in the western part of Venezuela, and were invited to hold special meeting in Cucuta. This work was opened seven years ago by a missionary and shortly afterwards put into the hands of a native worker. Today they have their own church building costing \$6,000, \$4,000 of which is being taken care of by the native church. They pay their native pastor as well, and have a membership of some eighty. During the special meetings the church was revived and the last night about twenty-five came forward seeking salvation. God has honored the work of these seven years, but the regions round about are practically untouched. A few hours' ride from Cucuta is a town still larger and not a single worker. From another town nearby a letter signed by sixteen interested souls begged for a worker. Columbia, which a few years ago was very fanatical, is today opening its doors. It has a president who at least tolerates the Gospel, and a new day is dawning for that country. It is said there are fifteen towns with a population of 20,000 without a single worker of the cross. One town of 50,000 souls without a worker. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth laborers." It is God's time to work.

Twentieth Anniversary of Pentecost in Stockholm

Fred Pfeifer



WITH gladdened hearts and songs of praise the Pentecostal hosts of Stockholm and Sweden in general gathered to dedicate the newly constructed "*Filadelfia Forsamlingen*" house of worship, and to celebrate the Twentieth Anniversary of the founding of the Assembly. Just twenty years ago Pastor Lewi Pethrus gathered a handful of precious baptized saints about him in a small location close to the present new building and organized the first Pentecostal assembly of Stockholm and Europe. It has been two decades of strenuous work, saturated with prayer and mighty intercession by day and by night to Him who said, "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." And truly these dear saints have wrought and wept and given freely of themselves and their substance, of which this miracle in reinforced concrete is substantial and

glorious evidence that their labors in the Lord have not been in vain.

This accomplishment is notable in itself for this house of prayer and praise is the largest church building in all Scandanavia, if not in Europe in point of seating capacity, with acoustic properties said by critics to be as fine as those of any auditorium in all Europe. Aside from the main assembly room there are basement halls and rooms, some of which seat five hundred or more, and which are used for Bible School work, a session of which is now in progress with some five hundred or more evangelists from Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Germany in attendance, and with instructors who are giving forth pure Pentecostal messages which are being eagerly absorbed by these hungry students of the Word, who will soon scatter "to the four winds" as it were, and impart the precious truths they have imbibed to hungry hearts elsewhere.

The building enterprise, of which pictures of the exterior and interior accompany this article, begun and carried on in faith to so notable a conclusion, would, however, be greatly minimized were it not for the fact that from its inception the work has been signally blessed of God and truly honored of Him in broadcasting the full

twenty-two missionaries from Sweden, twenty native evangelists and a host of exhorters and workers; seventeen churches in Rio de Janeiro alone, praise God who has made such results possible. It is largely because of the missionary spirit that the Lord has placed His seal of approval upon this work in Stockholm and throughout Norway, Denmark and Sweden. Especially is this true of the Stockholm Assembly with its spirit-filled membership that has grown from its beginning even as a "mustard seed" to be the largest and most active body of blood-washed saints in Europe, if not in the world, in which the Christian graces are continually being manifested, and of whom it may consistently be said, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

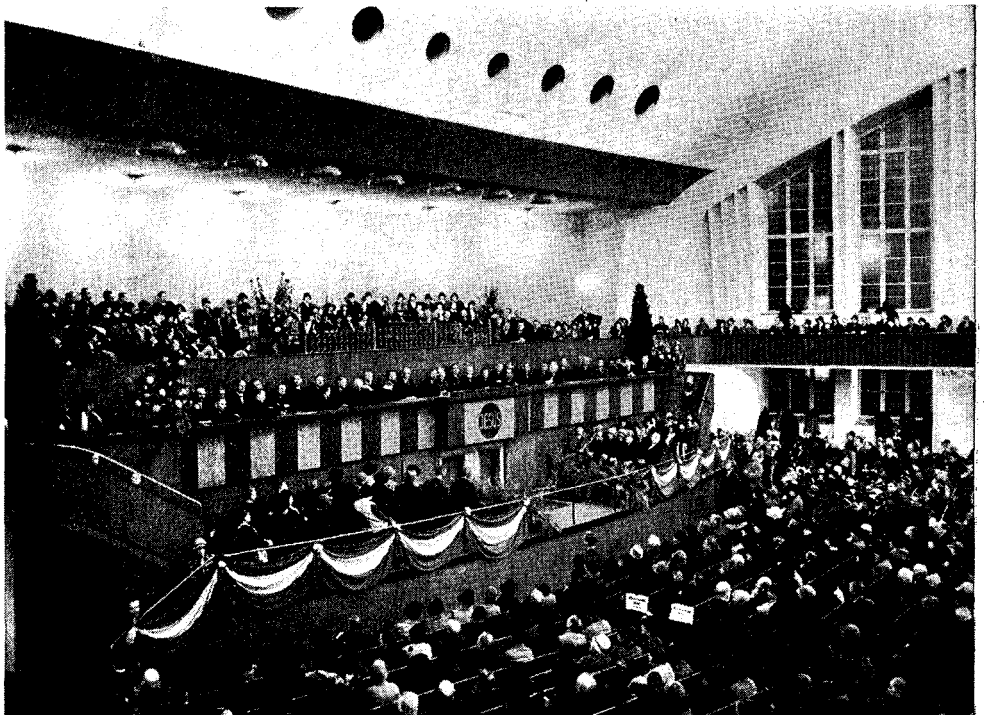


Newly Constructed Pentecostal Church in Stockholm, Sweden.

The commodious edifice with its seating capacity of over 3,000 is purely a monument to God's grace and love and also to the faith and love of God's saints who exercised untiring energy and perseverance in building a house where His glory shines forth, and where the Name of His precious Son is constantly magnified.

Gospel message of His Precious Son, not only throughout all Scandanavia and different parts of Europe, but even unto the very ends of the earth. In many heathen countries there are missionaries and valiant workers who have gone from this assembly bearing His precious truth which through their ministry has proved to be the power of God unto salvation to hosts of redeemed souls, many of whom are preaching the same precious truths to their fellowmen. Especially is this true of *Filadelphia Forsamlingen's* missionary enterprises in South America, where in Brazil alone there are 160 assemblies with a total membership of over 16,000 Spirit-filled believers,

The saints of the Stockholm Assembly send love and Christian greeting to the saints and assemblies in America and wherever these lines may be read, and give thanks to God and His children everywhere whose helpful prayers have ascended for the work in this country for the
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Interior View of Pentecostal Church in Stockholm, Sweden.

The Greatest Curse and the Greatest Blessing in India

When Pentecost Came to a Methodist Missionary

Miss Grace Perley at Young People's Rally, Chicago



WANT to bring you a message tonight from India about The Greatest Curse and The Greatest Blessing in the land. The Curse is caste and the blessing is Pentecost.

Caste in India is the very breath of the Hindu's nostrils, and it has a backing of six thousand years. India has a population of three hundred and thirty million. It has one-fifth of the world's population, and is three times that of the United States and Canada combined. Out of this great number *only one hundred million* have heard the Gospel, but our God is still on the throne. He still hears and answers prayer and He tells us in His Word that the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. He so loved the world that He gave His only Son that ALL, which includes the Indians, might be saved. Caste has so saturated the daily life of the Indians that only one man in ten can read and write and only one woman in a hundred. Boys are husbands before they have shed their baby teeth and brides are very often married in their cradle. All marriages are arranged and there is no courting done. The wives wear nose rings as a token of subjection. There is great sorrow over the birth of a baby girl, and exceeding sorrow over the birth of a second baby girl, but great rejoicing over the death of a widow. A man may have four legal wives and a woman may have four legal husbands. All this, because two hundred million do not know that Jesus saves, do not know that God *so* loved the world, *including India*, that He gave His only Son for them.

In India there are no Sunday observances, and no standards of righteousness and morality. The beggar on the street who is covered with disease is accounted as holy, and the girls with loose morals are accounted as having wisdom. The Hindu priests live off the proceeds of prostitution. It is their religion that breeds hatred. They have never heard the story of the Good Samaritan nor of the Prodigal Son and in all their two hundred various languages and dialects there is not one word that means *home*. The back yards are walled in, sometimes ten feet high and these walled-in places are the prisons, so to speak, of women who are never allowed outside. It is nothing unusual for a woman to enter the

husband's house and never come out until she is a grandmother. I remember a missionary telling me of one time visiting an old Indian woman who pointed to a large tree and said, "Do you see the top of this old tree outside of this wall? How does it look where it goes into the ground?" She had been inside of that wall so long that she had forgotten what the bottom part of a tree looked like. For a woman not to bear a son is an unpardonable sin. And all this because two hundred million have never heard that our God is Love.

This caste that binds the people of India is as strict and as binding as royalty. There is no intermarriage in caste. A caste man may eat only with a man of like caste; his food must be prepared by a man of his caste, and for a man of the lower caste to cross the door of a superior is a terrible crime, oftentimes punishable by death. When the Brahmin, who is the *intelligencia* of the Hindu, passes down the highway and sees a man of the lower caste, he frequently will signal to him to get out of the way. Caste is respected in the jails. If a prisoner is a high caste man he is provided with his own cook and water girl, for food and water are considered very susceptible to contamination. There are some things that a Hindu can do that will deprive him of his caste and when this is done he is completely ostracised. It means as much to him as for a priest to be unfrocked; in fact, it means everything. There are always great punishments attached to being an outcast; he is refused hospitality everywhere he goes and *his* hospitality is also refused; if there is a death in the family he has no one to help him with the funeral, he must bear it all alone. He has no one to eat or drink with him; the village priest, the village washer-woman and everyone refuses to serve him. Three things must be done in order to be re-instated into caste. The first thing he must do is to provide a feast for all his kinsmen. He may be exceedingly poor, but that makes no difference. If he has no money he must borrow and pay 24 or 36 per cent interest to the money-lenders. Then he must have a Brahmin priest, and he is obliged to swallow a mixture compounded from the cow, too unspeakable to mention. It is possible to be saved by grasping a cow's tail when you are dying. The story is told of the king of Kashmir how he was so near

dead that it was impossible for him to get down stairs to get near a cow, so they brought the cow upstairs in order for him to grasp the tail. He died happily. A tea-planter told of a cow which had saved one hundred coolies. They had grasped the cow's tail and received an abundant entrance. All this because two hundred million have never heard that there is a Savior who came into the world.

But we praise God that there is a new light dawning upon our beloved India, and that is Pentecost. Pentecost is spreading throughout the length and breadth of the land. There is hardly a mission station on the field that doesn't have Pentecost represented in it; it may be a worker among the Indians themselves, or it may be a missionary. I do praise the Lord that Pentecost fell on me while in India. I worked for six years out there—three years without it and three years with it, and I want to say from experience that it is a tragedy to be a missionary without the Pentecostal experience. It is a tragedy that Pentecost, for the most part, does not exist outside of the Book of Acts, and it must be a great disappointment to the Lord to have missionaries who are satisfied with the crumbs when He has provided a most bountiful feast; to go forth without the power of God on their lives to witness to a heathen world.

I can remember the day when I thought noisy Christians were an abomination and that it was disrespectful to say "Praise the Lord!" or "Hallelujah!" but when I was baptized He gave me a praise tongue. I am ashamed to confess that the word "Hallelujah" was so foreign to my vocabulary that when I went to write my first letter in which I used it, I had to resort to the dictionary; I didn't even know how to spell it. How kind and condescending the Lord was! I was so unhappy in my work, and I believed I had just as much as anyone else. There is a saying in India, and I suppose it is true in every foreign country, that no missionary ever stays at a stand-still; he either goes backwards or forwards. I know that I was retrograding. But the Lord showed me that all may call upon Him, and that He is no Respector of persons.

Now a missionary's days are certainly very full and in my work it was quite necessary to work hard all day long, but I could tarry all night. I look back on those days now and wonder how I ever spent those nights in prayer, but the Lord provided special strength. It might have been very easy and very simple, but I made

awfully hard work of it for fifteen months. Those were tense days. I thought I was ready on several different occasions and that the Lord would surely baptize me, but time and again I found I was not ready. When I was on my hot season holiday I had no work to do and was free from all responsibility and care, so that I had plenty of time to wait on the Lord, and I thought surely that was the time when the Lord would meet me. But strange to say, He didn't. I came back to my station without being baptized but hungrier than ever. A few days after I returned to my mission station I was sent to North India on some business, and while there I heard about the Missionary Home in Landour, where Miss Barber and Miss King are, and that the fire was falling there. I took four days off and, telling no one, I went to Landour. I went six hundred feet up the mountains, and I thought I would receive in that place where the fire was falling. But the first day passed and I was not baptized; also the second day and the third day. The fourth day came and I knew I could not possibly stay any longer. I was desperate. And do you know that I had to wait until the last hour of the last day until I received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit? I had my suit case all packed and when my time was up they picked me up, drenched with the power of God, put me in a dandy and called the coolie and sent me down the hill. I had to go, but I went down that hill filled with new wine, and I am sure the coolies never knew what I was saying, but my heart overflowed all the way down. My joy was complete. It is wonderful when the Holy Ghost comes into His temple.

On my way home I found I had to change trains, and I waited four hours at Delhi. I went into one of the women's waiting rooms and sat down thinking I would write a letter, but the power of the Lord came upon me and I fell to the floor. People came rushing to me, jabbering in their language. But I had seen the Lord, and when I saw Him I saw both His pierced hands and my name written on them. I went back to my station, and I shall never forget how I read my Bible through on my knees. It read like a new book to me and one of the most precious finds I had was Divine Healing.

I have been a trained nurse and have poured gallons of medicine down people's throats, but I never knew Divine Healing was in the Bible. I found it then and experienced that it still works. I remember how I was invited to be bride's maid

at a wedding a few weeks after I was baptized, and just two days before the wedding I was taken with acute appendicitis. I was more fit for the operating table than for a wedding, but the Lord proved to me then that He could and would heal, for He healed me and I went to the wedding.

The next year I was treating a patient, and while I have never been able to understand how it happened, I contracted the eye disease of that patient. I asked the Lord to prove to me if my service in India was not finished that He would heal me. In five days I was healed and when in Bombay I went to see a doctor, who pronounced a miraculous cure. It was not by anything that I or anyone else could have done.

There are many obstacles to these great blessings. You do not always stay on the mountain top. I very soon found that it was hard to preach the full counsel of God. The teachers didn't understand it, and I found there was a great deal of misunderstanding and hard feelings. One of the missionaries began asking me what I was preaching and then she wrote home to the Board saying that I was a great hindrance to them; that they couldn't work and teach like I was teaching and that by their request I should not be sent back. So within forty-eight hours of my arrival at home I was turned out, but I praise the Lord that He took me in. He has opened up new doors in India in the Pentecostal faith. One word He gave me which I want to leave with you is, "I will work and who can turn it back?" I praise God for this wonderful promise which He gave to me with many others.

* * *

(Continued from page 12)

walking?" No, she said he was not. So I prayed, "Lord, Babu has to walk. He must walk to be perfectly healed." We went home and two or three days after we were flying along in a motor car and I saw Anasabai, and I called to her and said, "Anasabai, are you keeping well?" "Yes," she said, "I am perfectly well." "And how about Babu?" I asked. "He is perfectly well, too, and out walking behind the cattle in the fields." So God confirmed His Word when we preached healing.—Miss Louise Boes at the Missionary Rest Home Meeting.

* * *

(Continued from page 15)

success of this building enterprise, with the prayerful hope that God will also bless and help every other assembly launching a building campaign to the glory of His Holy Name.

Signs Following in Nepali Village

Miss Hilda Wagenknecht of Bettiah, India, writes: "The Lord continues to bless in our work. We have about one hundred girls in the school this year, the greatest number we have ever had. We are glad for the privilege of training them for our blessed Jesus; they will be the future Bible women of India if Jesus tarries, so our work will not be in vain. We had a Mohammedan girl of seventeen here for several months, and now she too has given her heart to the Lord and last week was baptized in water. These girls are never with us very long before they find Jesus in a real way and then want to be workers for Him.

"Several months ago one of our missionaries with the Bible woman went to a certain village in a real Nepali settlement. The people were very much interested in the Gospel message and several bought Gospels to read. Our workers prayed for a little child who was sick and then an old man came along who had never before heard of Jesus. He was much interested in the Gospel message and asked them if they would not come along with him to pray for his little boy who was very sick. This boy was ten or twelve but for two years his legs had not grown and he was not able to walk. He would drag himself along on the ground with the help of a stick. His father who was listening to the Gospel message for the first time had such faith in what they were telling him he said he knew the child would be healed if they only prayed for him. Of course they prayed and taught him about this new Way. They left that village and as is the case so many times have not been able to go back since there are so many places to go and so many homes to visit. But about a week ago when our Bible Woman was coming home on the train she met a Nepali woman who recognized her immediately. She asked if she did not remember the day when she came out to visit that Nepalese village when they prayed for the little boy. Of course she remembered, and then the woman told her that the boy was perfectly healed and running about. They gave God the glory for it and she begged us to come back and tell more about this wonderful Jesus. So as soon as the rains are over and the roads dry enough our workers will again go to that village.

"We find people all over very much open to the Gospel. Many who were not interested before are now showing an interest and beginning to question whether these things are true or not.

(Continued on page 21)

Taking the Place of the Worst

A True Incident

W. Humphrey, London, England

The following touching incident was published some time ago by one of our missionary societies, and the example being so necessary in these days in which we live, it will not have been without its salutary lesson, if we repeat it for our own general edification and goal in life, to which all may attain by patient effort and trust in our blessed Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. We will therefore give the details in almost the exact words in which it came to our notice so that it will lose none of its fire in the telling. Here it is:



IT WAS during my Indian service—stirring times they were—which were rife with hunting and murder. At that time I had in my regiment a little bugler boy. I had often noticed the laddie as being too frail and delicate for the hard life he had to lead; but he was born in the regiment and we were bound to make the best of him. His father, as brave a man as ever lived, had been killed in action and his mother had just drooped and died six months later.

She was the daughter of a Scripture Reader, a very delicate, refined-looking creature, and she had brought up the little boy strictly according to her light. In spite of her chapel-going propensities, she was generally liked and much respected, and the boy was her image, but as he liked going to prayer-meetings with her better than joining in the house play of the other boys, he was not popular and suffered from many a coarse taunt and mocking gibe in consequence. After his mother died—I heard this afterwards—his life was made a perfect misery to him by the scoffing sneers and ribald jokes of the men whose butt he was.

About two years later, when Willie was fourteen years old, the regiment was bivouacing some miles from camp for rifle practice. I had intended leaving the little laddie behind, thinking him too delicate for such work—the ground being swampy and very unhealthy—but my sergeant major begged hard to take him along with us. “There is mischief in the air, Colonel,” said he, “and rough as they treat the laddie—and they do lead him a life—his pluck and his patience tell on him, for the boy is a little saint, sir, he is indeed.” “I don’t believe in saints and their influence,” I answered shortly, “but let him go.” We had a very rough lot of recruits just then, and before we had been out a fortnight, several acts of insubordination had been brought to my

notice—those were indeed ticklish times, and I had determined to make an example of the very next offense by having the culprit well flogged.

One morning it was reported to me that during the night the butts or targets had been thrown down and otherwise mutilated and therefore the usual practice could not take place. This was serious indeed, and on investigation the rascally act was traced to a man or men in the very tent where Willie H—— was billeted, two of them being the very worst characters in the regiment. The whole lot were instantly put under arrest, to be tried by court-marshal, when enough evidence was produced to prove conclusively that one or more of the prisoners were guilty of the crime. In vain were they appealed to, to produce the men, and at last I spoke: “We have all heard the evidence that proves the perpetrator of last night’s dastardly act to be one of the men before us”; then, turning to the prisoners, I added, “If any one of you who slept in No. 4 tent last night will come forward and take his punishment like a man, the rest will get off free; but if not there remains no alternative than to punish you all—each man in turn to receive ten strokes of the cat.”

For the space of a couple of minutes dead silence prevailed; then, from the midst of the prisoners, where his little slight delicate form had been hidden completely, Willie H—— came forward. He advanced to within a few yards from where I sat, his face very pale, a fixed intensity of purpose stamped on every line of it, and his steadfast, shining eyes met mine clear and full. “Colonel,” said he, “you have passed your word that if any one of those who slept in No. 4 tent last night comes forward to take his punishment, the rest shall get off scot-free. I am ready, sir, and please may I take it now?” For a moment I was speechless, so utterly was I taken by surprise, then, in a fury of anger and disgust, turned upon the prisoners. “Is there no man among you worthy of the name? Are you all arrant cowards enough to let this poor lad suffer for your sins? For that he is guiltless you know as well as I.” But sullen and silent they all stood, with never a word. Then I turned to the boy, whose patient, pleading eyes were fixed full on my face, and never in all my life had I found myself so painfully situated. I

knew my word must stand, and the lad knew it, too, as he repeated once more, "I am ready, sir."

Sick at heart, I gave the order, and he was led away for punishment. Bravely he stood, with back bared, as one—two—three—strokes descended. At the fourth a faint moan escaped his little white lips, and ere the fifth fell a hoarse, deep long cry burst from the group of prisoners who had been forced to witness the scene, and with one bound, Jim Sykes, the black sheep of the regiment, seized the cat, as with choking, sobbing, gasping utterance, he shouted, "Stop it, Colonel, stop it, and tie me up instead. He didn't do it, I did," and with convulsed, agonized and anguished face he flung his arms all around the dear little boy. Fainting and almost speechless, little Willie lifted his eyes to the man's face and smiled—oh, such a heavenly smile—"No, Jim," he whispered, "you are safe now; the Colonel's word will stand." His head fell forward—he had fainted. The next day I was making for the hospital tent where the boy lay, and met the doctor. "How is the lad?" I asked. "What!" I ejaculated, horrified beyond words. "Yes, the terrible shock of yesterday was too much for his feeble strength; I have known for some time that it was only a question of time," he added; "this affair has only hastened matters." Then gruffly, "He is much more fitted for heaven than for earth," and with a suspicious moisture in his kind old eyes, he stood aside while I passed on into the tent. A subdued murmur came from the farther corner of it and the sight that met my eyes I shall never forget. The dying lad lay propped up on the pillows, and half kneeling, half crouching at his side, was Jim Sykes. The change in the boy's face startled me: it was deathly white, but his great eyes were shining with a wonderful light and strangely sweet.

He was talking earnestly, but neither of them saw me. At that moment the kneeling man lifted his head and I saw the drops of sweat standing on his brow as he muttered brokenly, "Why did ye do it, lad? Why, oh why did ye do it?" "Because I wanted to take it for you, Jim." Willie's weak voice answered very tenderly. "I thought if I did, it might help you to understand a little bit why Jesus, our precious Jesus, died for you." "Why Jesus died for me?" the man repeated slowly. "Yes, He died for you because He loved you, as I do, Jim; only our sweet precious Jesus loves you so much more. I only suffered for one sin, but Jesus took the punishment of all the sins you have ever committed. The punishment of all your sins was death, dear Jim, and Jesus died

for you." "Oh how dearly He loves you, dear Jim; my own precious Jesus." "Jesus has naught to do with such as me, laddie. I'm one of the bad ones, you ought to know that." "Oh, dear Jim, but He died to save all bad ones—just them. He says, 'I came not to call the righteous but sinners,' and 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Dear Jim"—the sweet little earnest voice pleaded so gently and patiently—"shall my dear, sweet, loving, tender and gentle Jesus have died in vain? Listen, He is calling you. He is now knocking at the door of your heart. Won't you let Him in, dear Jim? Oh, you must, Jim, and then we shall both meet again in heaven above, where all is love."

The little laddie's voice here failed him, the effort seemed too much for his poor, wasted little frame, but he laid his hand gently, very tenderly and lovingly on the man's head. A deep choking sob was the only answer, and for a few moments there was silence.

Standing there in the shadow—states the original narrator of this story—I felt my own heart strangely stirred. I had heard such things once—long, long ago. Thoughts of the mother I had once idolized came floating through my mind back out of the dead past, of the times when I knelt at that precious loved one's knees in simple, child-like prayer, and the words seemed to me just a faint echo of her own. How long I stood there I know not, but I was roused by a hoarse cry of agony from the man, and then I saw that poor little Willie had fallen back on his pillow fainting. I thought he was gone, but a few drops of cordial from the table at his side revived him. He opened his eyes, but they were dim and sightless now. "Sing to me, mother," he whispered. "The Gates of Pearl—I am so tired." In a flash the words came back to me, I had heard them so often in that dim, shadowy past, and I found myself repeating them softly and tenderly to the little dying laddie:

"Though the day be ever so long,
It ringeth at length to even-song.
And the weary worker goes to his rest
With words of peace and pardon blest.
Though the path be ever so steep
And rough to walk on, and hard to keep,
It will lead when the weary road is trod,
To the Gates of Pearl—the City of God."

As the last words fell from my lips his eyes brightened and met mine gratefully. "Thank you, Colonel," he whispered, "I shall soon be there." His tone of glad confidence seemed so

strange to me. I said involuntarily, "Where?" With a smile he answered, "Why in heaven, Colonel, with my own precious, lovely Jesus. The roll call has sounded for me; the gates are open, the price is paid. Jesus paid it all." Then softly and dreamily he repeated in tender tones:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

Then once more he lifted his eyes to mine, "You will help him, sir!" he breathed, laying his hand feebly and gently on the man still crouching at his side, "You will show him the way to—the—Gates—of—Pearl." As each word fell haltingly, fainter and yet fainter came the breath from between his parted lips. Suddenly a glorious light flashed into his dying eyes, and with a radiant happy cry, he flung out his arms as if in welcome, "Mother! O, dear, sweet mother!" His voice rang out, thrilling the heart of every man who heard it. Then gradually the weak little arms drooped, the light faded from the shining eyes and the brave spirit of the dear martyred laddie had fled home to its God.

And shall not we who are left to tread life's weary way shout the glad refrain,

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
'Till all the ransomed Church of God
Is saved to sin no more"?

May the above choice experience tend to cause us all to emulate the spirit of this noble little laddie, who gladly sacrificed his life for his precious Lord.

The Far-Reaching Work Among the Soldiers

"We have been just two years in Emmanuel Hall," writes Bro. Stoddart of Poona, India, "and how our hearts sing for joy at the results God has given us. A Calcutta Church of Scotland missionary is staying next door to us for a holiday and comes into the services. She has seen Pentecost at work and is greatly impressed. She just remarked, 'I have never seen such a lovely band of young men, and how they pray!' The Presbyterian Padre remarked to one of our missionaries that I had the pick of the boys. I have made them that, under God, but it is comforting to know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord. All of them can preach. We have so trained them so that when the regiment moves on they carry on as a local church.

"I just heard of some good news of seed sown last year. At that time a soldier came from Karachi to visit and to root out Pentecost. I did not know his object and happened to preach on the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. He went out a different man, and one of the lads knowing the Word clinched it, helping him to see the truth. He went back to Karachi and started tarrying services; a number of the men received the baptism. He himself, a wireless man, was sent to the frontier. He tarried for eleven weeks, and became discouraged. Then God baptized him in the Holy Ghost. Last year a boy on the air force came here and went back to Quetta to preach Pentecost. The result was an American missionary there received the Pentecostal baptism. The lad moves on preaching wherever he goes. Last week I received a letter from one of my boys in Bombay. He has gathered a band around him and is giving them the Word. So I praise God for all He has wrought in this place—a net-work all over India leading out from Poona, thru the soldiers as they are moved from place to place; and its influence has spread around the globe. How I thank God for calling me. It has been years of sorrow, hidden away, but what a splendid family of young men He has given me. I feel unworthy but yet He thinketh upon the solitary. I need new friends to stand by me; so many old friends have died. And yet God has cared for us; we have lacked for nothing, tho I sometimes envied the missionaries their annual hill holiday. Mine are spent on the plains thru heat and all. But I have been blessed in being a blessing."

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(Continued from page 18)

They find no peace in their own religion and are eager to know the truth. In a low caste village not far from here is a dear Hindu woman who has accepted the Lord as her Savior. She has experienced real salvation and is a changed woman. She often reads her Bible until late at night, and one night while reading she fell asleep, then felt convicted about it. She witnesses for the Lord to all around and gives her New Testament to others to read. The other day she loaned it to one of the neighbor men who read it until three o'clock in the morning. The Lord is using her in a wonderful way in that village. We praise Him for the way He is working in India these days.

Through Sorrow to Service

SEVERAL decades ago a Chinese merchant left his native land to make his fortune in Australia. His purpose was to amass a large sum of money and return home to enjoy it, but before this was accomplished he passed away, leaving a widow with a daughter and several sons.

In due time the daughter married a Mr. Wong Yen, son of another Australian Chinese. The marriage was a happy one; they settled in Melbourne and devoted their time and energy to making money. Six children were born into their home and with a prosperous business, congenial friends and a happy home, it would seem there was no lack. But God saw in these two material that would be useful in the building of His Kingdom and they found in their hearts a longing for that which money could not buy. In their search for peace they joined the Christian Church and walked in all the light they had. When the Pentecostal outpouring came to Australia they opened their hearts wide and received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. With the joy and ecstasy of that experience they also had a burden for their own race.

Joys are not unmixed with sorrow and the family had its cup of suffering. One of the little girls became very ill with a lingering disease. She was a saved child and they had many precious seasons at her bed-side when God was very near. But they could not keep her and one day with her hand upraised to heaven she burst forth in an ecstatic utterance and her spirit went to God. This sorrow was used to bring the family closer to God. The grandmother received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Her step-daughter ran to the church, confessed her sins and also received the Spirit.

With a new interest beyond the pearly gates Mr. and Mrs. Wong Yen felt a great burden for the salvation of lost souls in China. The district from which their parents had migrated was especially on their hearts and they wrote to Brother George Kelley asking him to search that district and ascertain the need. He sent a messenger to investigate and she came back with the news that *twenty-six villages* were without a Gospel witness, without one ray of Gospel light. When Bro. Kelley informed them of this need they immediately agreed to support a worker for that district. But these plans did not mature though God had something better for the district. Another sorrow entered their home. Mr. Wong

was taken ill, and though much prayer was offered for him, he did not recover. He had a triumphant death, the glory of God filling the room and assuaging the sorrow.

In her new loss and the burden for her race still upon her, it wasn't difficult for Mrs. Wong to say "good-bye" to friends in Australia, take her five small children and journey to China. She herself entered that district where she had planned to support a Christian worker.

With the courage of her race she has made great strides in giving the Gospel to those needy villages, established a school for girls and has an enrollment of sixty pupils. Her brother gave a house for the holding of Christian services and fitted it up with the necessary furniture. Bro. Kelley went down and held a three or four days'



Mrs. Wong Yen

meeting, at which time God blessedly worked in the hearts of those people who had never been in a Pentecostal meeting before. Some of the meetings continued all night until four in the morning. Eighteen were at the altar seeking the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and at least twelve received, singing and speaking in tongues. Some spoke in English, though they did not know the language. "Tongues are for a sign." Demons have been cast out and a number of sick have been healed.

Mrs. Wong is untiring in her God-appointed

field of labor, and sometimes walks from five to fifteen miles a day, going to the different villages. She has an urge to win souls for Jesus, and does not shrink at sacrifice. Because of age-long superstition there are tremendous difficulties strewn across her pathway, but her indomitable courage buoys her up. Bro. Kelley writes, "I am glad to call her 'My Co-worker.'"

Thoughts on the New Year

TONIGHT I want to speak on another New Year's Eve, when the Lord said to the children of Israel through Moses, "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months. It shall be the first month of the year to you." They were to leave Egyptian bondage and start a new calendar. God told them to take a bunch of hyssop and sprinkle the door-posts with the blood of a lamb so as to have protection from the death-angel. Darkness and death were on the outside, but inside the houses which were sprinkled with the blood, what a different scene. There was the lamb roasted with bitter herbs on which they were to feast. This was for physical strength as they went forth into the unknown wilderness. They did not know what was before them. To them it was a new beginning, a new day, a new year. They partook of the lamb roasted with bitter herbs and stepped out in the strength God gave.

You and I do not know what is before us this coming year, but I am confident there is divine strength for the journey. The Lamb of God will lead us and feed us with the Bread that came down from heaven. But do not think you will get through the year without bitter experiences. The children of Israel had no sooner crossed the Red Sea when they came to the bitter waters of Marah. If you are a child of God you will weep over a lost world. You will weep as God lays the pressure of lost souls upon you. You will weep because of misunderstandings, because of bitter disappointments. You will have days of blessing, days of joy, but you will also know what it is to have days of sorrow, heartache and distress. But there is a compensation for the bitter experience. When the Israelites tasted of the bitter waters of Marah and cried to Moses, he cast a tree into the bitter waters and they were sweetened. I want to assure you that every bitter experience God calls upon us to go through is sweetened by the cross of Calvary. Jesus Christ takes the bitter drafts of suffering and gives to us the sweet. He "took our infirmities and bore

our diseases. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him and with His stripes we are healed."

What a wonderful New Year's Day this would be if we realized that Jesus had taken all the bitterness out of our lives, leaving only the sweetness that comes from a surrendered will! The tree which Moses threw into the water made the bitter waters sweet, and the cross does take the bitterness out of the waters of suffering. Your problems are on Jesus—those financial difficulties, those distresses and perplexities, those hardships that you will face during the coming year, every bitter experience that will confront you, Jesus will go through with you.

Now we have a clean slate, the New Year before us, let us not worry about the past with its failures and omissions, but let the blood cover our shortcomings. Let us eat our lamb, and with our staff in our hand, our shoes upon our feet, our loins girt about with truth, let us get ready for the march, for Jesus is coming. By the grace of God we will step inside the New Year with a greater determination than ever to be true. Let us rejoice that we have a beautiful New Year before us with its glorious possibilities of service for our God, knowing that Jesus will sweeten every trial and give grace and strength for the journey.—*Evangelist Ben Hardin at Watch Night Service.*

Four Months' Report

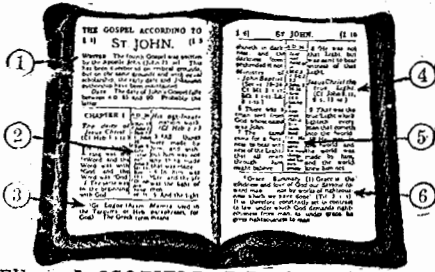
(September to December, 1930)

Miss Carrie Anderson, Singapore	
(For the work)	\$ 200.00
L. M. Anglin, China	35.00
G. Bender, Venezuela	7.00
J. W. Boyer, Orphanage, China	31.48
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