

The Latter Rain Kvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

Abraham Lincoln's Trust in God

IT WAS on the day when the road led to the Presidential chair—that path already marked by foreboding shadows—that Abraham Lincoln leaned over the railing of the train leaving Springfield for Washington, and said to friends and neighbors, "I am trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you. Let us confidently hope that all will be well."

While treading the blood-stained road of the Civil War he showed his faith and trust in God. The Battle of Gettysburg was pending. The Cabinet and many others were panic-stricken at thought of defeat, but Lincoln was without fear "Oppressed by the gravity of affairs," he said afterwards, "I went to my room, locked the door and got down on my knees before Almighty God and prayed to Him mightily for victory. I told Him that this was His war and our cause His cause, but we could not stand another defeat. Then and there I made a solemn vow to God that if He would stand by our boys at Gettysburg I would stand by Him. He did, and I will. And then a sweet comfort crept into my soul that God had taken all into His hands, and that is why I had no fear."

And then, as the road became more and more drenched with blood, a great crisis hour arrived in the nation's history. "I have made a solemn vow to God that I will break the chains of slavery," said the Chief Executive to his Cabinet, and on New Year's Day, 1863, came forth the great Emancipation Proclamation, which gave freedom to over three million slaves.

The road was marked by agonizing prayer. A Christian Lawyer from New York pressing the President for an interview succeeded in getting one at 5 A. M. Arriving at the White House somewhat earlier he walked around and heard sounds of apparent distress, and on listening found it was the voice of the President in an agony of prayer. The burden of his petition was, "Oh God! Give me light. I am ignorant, give me wisdom. Teach me what to do, and help me to do it. Our country is in peril! Oh God, it is Thy country! Save it for Christ's sake!" Later the usher informed him that the President spent the hour between four and five every morning in prayer.

At the end of this road, so stained with the blood of the nation's best, he laid down his life and entered the presence of Him, who, 1900 years before, had traveled the blood-sprinkled way.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Are You Feeding Your Soul ?

"HITHERTO hath the Lord helped us!" We take occasion at this time to thank the Lord and our good friends who are so faithfully standing by us in this time of world-wide financial depression. We know it means sacrifice on the part of many to continue to send in their subscriptions in these testing days. There are many places where the \$1.25 could be used to clothe and feed the natural man, but no one who fully realizes the necessity of feeding the soul will cut off the spiritual food in these times when it is so needed. There never was a time when it was easier to let the cares of this life, indifference, lukewarmness, crowd out our love for the Word and spiritual reading, but it means spiritual death to do that.

There is a great tendency in this age to care for the body. Our homes are filled with magazines on health culture, proper foods, how to keep fit, body-builders, what to eat, etc., etc. Oh that we were equally concerned about spiritual food, the food that builds for eternity! Let us put first things first. We believe that if our readers fully realized the necessity of spiritual food, ten cents a month for spiritual reading matter would seem infinitesimally small.

The following letter from one who has for many years sent the paper to others, is full of encouragement:

"I can never thank God enough for the first person who ever sent me your paper. Since the first day it was such a blessing to my soul, and I will do my best to give it to my friends. All my friends give the paper to others after they have read it. So with three copies I subscribe for, many souls are blessed. I being a nurse cannot go to church so this paper has been my sermon for many years. *I'd rather be without bread than this wonderful paper.*"

Do not starve your spiritual nature, which is the most important part of your tri-part being. Spend time, and money, and energy in fitting it for its eternal abode, beyond the pearly gates. Of all the investments the world has ever known this will bring the largest returns.

* * *

"An old caste woman in India was once asked the price of a temple in the process of building. She turned to the missionary in surprise and said, 'Why we do not know! It is for our god. We do not count the cost.'"

With the God of Elijah in South Africa

The Growth of a Work

Ernest Hooper of Benoni, South Africa, in the Stone Church, Dec. 7, 1930



AND it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near, and said, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word." I Kings 18:36.

The people of God have seen the failure of the prophets of Baal. In spite of their cries from morning until the time of the evening sacrifice, in spite of their frenzy as they leaped upon the altar and cut themselves with knives and lancets till the blood gushed out upon them there was no answer nor any that regarded. Now Elijah calls them to come near unto him. He is surrounded by a great multitude who have turned away from their Lord and the atmosphere is antagonistic to any manifestation of divine power, yet we see this man of God step forward before them all to prove that his confidence is in One who is able to meet the need of His servant as he lifts his voice in supplication.

Have you ever noticed the manner of his praying? (1) "Lord God of Abraham" or in other words, the God that is true to His own word. Abraham was simply a man who believed the word of his Lord. (2) "Lord God of Isaac" or, the God of the miraculous. The God that is able to bring things to pass when humanly speaking it is absolutely impossible. (3) "Lord God of Israel" or, the God of regenerating grace. I am glad that he does not say Jacob but Israel; the God that straightened out the crooked, scheming Jacob and made him a prince having power with God and with men. Elijah is there for one thing, that he may convince them that his trust in the living God is not in vain. He realizes fully that he is facing a tremendous need and that only a mighty manifestation of God's power will ever open the eyes of that people and turn their hearts back to God. But he is not afraid; he knows that He will not fail and as he lifts his voice in supplication before them all, there is the ring of a living faith as he presses his petition through to Jehovah.

I wish it were possible to take you all out to South Africa this afternoon so that with your own eyes you could see what the God of Elijah

has wrought during the past twenty years in that dark land. It is not generally known that within the Union of South Africa comprising the Cape Province, the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal there are one and a half million Europeans. In these provinces as well as in South West Africa we have many fine assemblies which are cared for by a splendid band of pastors and missionaries, under the manifest blessing of God. But I have been requested to speak about our Native work this afternoon and I welcome this opportunity of telling you briefly somewhat of God's blessing upon our labors amongst the various native tribes of South Africa. Our entire work over there is known as the Full Gospel Church and in the Native department thereof you will find twenty European missionaries and over one hundred native ministers, evangelists and local preachers. You no doubt would like first of all to call on Brother and Sister Pettenger who are laboring on the Rand. Just now they are located at Benoni, about seventeen miles from Johannesburg which is in the center of the gold fields. In these gold mines are employed over two hundred thousand natives, stalwart men, the pick of the tribes from all over South Africa. They are housed together in buildings called compounds, in numbers from three to seven thousand. This is a wonderful and unique field for missionary enterprise; it could be well termed the Jerusalem of South Africa. Diversities of languages are here spoken and there is a continual inflow and outflow of thousands of human souls; what they hear and learn is carried by them into the uttermost parts of the land. Here are the Ingo, the Tembu, the Xoxa, the Pondo, the Basuto, the Swazi, the Zulu, and representatives of other tribes as well. You will find a splendid company of believers at Apex and Springs where we have erected substantial churches, and here are held regular services as well as schools for the native children.

But come with me for a while and visit the large native hospitals and see another side of this work and tell me if you do not realize more than ever the great need of bringing the knowledge of salvation to these hundreds and thousands who are sick and dying. Think of the nature of the work in which these natives are employed and you will readily understand how high the death

rate is amongst them. Rock is continually falling and there is a dreadful disease similar to consumption which takes hold of so many of them. And I must not forget to mention here the work that is being done in the various locations wherein dwell many thousands of natives huddled together in these small areas under the most squalid conditions where sin abounds on every hand and where misery reigns supreme. In this great field God has given us many trophies of His grace and from this strategic point many have gone on carrying the good news of salvation into the far-off interior districts.

I shall never forget one of our church services held sometime ago. The presence of the Lord was remarkably manifested and they were telling one by one how God had completely delivered them from sin and superstition, from beer and smoke, from snuff and vice. One dear man arose and said, "We are a hard, sinful lot and slow to respond to the teaching of Jesus, but oh, we beseech you not to tire of coming to teach us for the God of Elijah has wrought miracles amongst us poor natives and we long to be led into His truth."

Let us journey on into the Northern Transvaal where you will find our N'Jelele and Tshivhodza Mission Stations in Vendaleland. Here you will find the most primitive tribe in the whole of South Africa. Their dwelling is a crudely built round hut about ten feet in diameter in which they cook their food, eat, sleep, brew their beer, house their goats, and live. The Venda child lives very much like an animal. He runs about with only a loin cloth and his days are spent herding the cattle on the mountains or in the bush. Early in youth he acquires the evil habits of his parents and becomes a slave to the beer pot, to the filthy habit of snuffing, and other habits even worse than these. Their demon dance is no function of gaiety but the observance of a very solemn rite. After consulting the witch doctor they are told that it is necessary in order to remove the spell cast over someone about whom they are concerned and thus they proceed to a large open space to engage in their evil practice. Men manipulate the drums. About one hundred young girls, sparsely clad, are gathered in a semi-circle around the drummers. In unison they give vent to agonizing cries at the instigation of an old woman who is directing affairs on this occasion. She stands within the open space and solemnly chants and from time to time is followed by the young girls with a mighty wail lasting about ten seconds. In the very center of the ring is the emaciated frame of a Venda woman.

She has been dancing and now, unsupported, is swaying from side to side. She lurches forward and then in a dazed manner sinks to the ground; her head droops forward as if too heavy to support, her eyes are sunken, carrying a piercing expression of extreme agony. But she is not defeated: she will rise again, with the encouragement of the old woman, to resume her dancing. Suddenly her lips begin to move. A demon is speaking through her in a language unknown to her. But this demon possessed old woman understands the language of the demon and tells to those around what is being revealed to her through this poor, deluded soul.

Amongst the people of this tribe our Brother and Sister Burke with Miss Dietrich are laboring at Tshivhodza and Miss Van Kerkin and Miss Dutz at N'Jelele and you will find on these Mission Stations as well as on the outstations connected therewith, many precious souls redeemed from all this terrible superstition and sin, some of whom have been mightily filled with the Holy Ghost. Our Brother and Sister Wilcox are now home on furlough, but they write of their deep desire to return to this field of labor just as soon as our brother has fully recovered from the effects of his long and severe physical testing. They realize fully that the workers are far too few to meet the increasing needs of the work in Vendaleland and desire your prayers that the Lord will completely heal our brother to the praise of Jesus' name.

I wish we had time to journey on to Messina where the blessing of the Lord is mightily resting upon Timothy Ngcobo who is a man of God indeed and filled with the Spirit's power. He is doing a splendid work on our Mission Station there as well as in the entire district round about and on into Southern Rhodesia.

But I want to tell you about Brother and Sister Guthrie who labor among the Zulus at the Enkweme Mission Station; I am delighted to say that the God of Elijah is still manifesting Himself in their midst in mighty Pentecostal power. Not only is the Spirit's power manifested in their regular meetings but upon their Sunday-School as well has God poured out the Holy Ghost in a remarkable manner. Oh that it were possible for you to see what God has wrought here as they come from the out-stations as well as from the villages nearby when we gather with them for special meetings! The atmosphere is filled with the glory of God. Day after day He seems to hold us in divine control. Days of Heaven on earth are these.

and as we hear these dear souls who have been redeemed from darkest heathenism tell of His keeping power, our hearts are filled with joy and praise unto God, for Elijah's great Lord has straightened out the crooked, filled them with His Spirit's power, and lives in them to the glory of His great name. God has honored the faithful ministry of our dear missionaries and the work has spread throughout the districts round about and on into Zululand where faithful Native assistants filled with the Holy Ghost are carrying the Word of life into every part.

About four years ago Job Ciliza came to me telling of his salvation and of his baptism in the Spirit, and asking that I go with him into Pondoland to see what God had done for his people there. I tried to convince him that our work was already too large and that we could not consider taking over another field, but Job was importunate and continued to entreat until at last we promised to go and see what truth there was to his report of great blessing everywhere. In the course of a few days I arrived at the appointed place and was surprised indeed to find that so many had gathered for the meetings. They had come from forty, fifty, seventy, and some from over a hundred miles away. Day after day they had walked and their feet were bruised and bleeding. Do you wonder that God blessed? Are you surprised to hear that in two days' time He baptised thirty-two of these dear souls in the Holy Spirit? The services were filled with the glory of God and I was amazed to hear their testimonies and to note their steadfastness and zeal. Job brought a true report of God's blessing in dark Pondoland and I am glad to tell you that we are now erecting the buildings of our Mission Station there and our Brother and Sister Gaute have taken up work in this field. God is still moving upon them in Pentecostal power.

Sister Maude Grose has charge of the Native work in the Durban area. This is a most promising field and God has greatly blessed in the salvation of many souls. There are many opportunities of spreading out in every direction; people are responsive to the Word and there have been many cases of healing and numbers have been filled with the power of the Holy Ghost. I know our sister greatly desires your prayers as she labors for God in this district where the multiplied needs of the work require so much wisdom and grace from day to day.

The work in the Orange Free State is now being cared for by Jonathon Tandakubona and his

wife. Loyal are they laboring at the various parts throughout the Province where our churches have been erected and the work has been established for a number of years. Their lot is no easy one, and they are on the go night and day encouraging the workers, laboring with them, holding baptismal services, preaching in season and out of season wherever they find hungry hearts. I rejoice for the presence of our Brother and Sister Moolman with them, who are located in Bloemfontein. Their whole-hearted devotion to the Native work is a constant inspiration and reports from their midst, which I have recently received, tell of constant growth in this corner of the great harvest field, which has many difficulties peculiar to this section. Into the Free State the Natives come from the surrounding Provinces bringing their vice and superstition, but the God of Elijah, the God of the miraculous, has wrought in the lives of many here and His work is moving forward in every direction to the praise of His glorious name.

Let me thank you for your interest in us and the work so dear to our hearts in South Africa. Some of our work is located in districts where the climate is difficult and fever abounds. We are constantly facing the powers of evil as we bring the Word of God to the people of the various tribes amongst whom we are laboring, and we realize today more than ever before the presence of the God of Elijah, for only the manifestation of His mighty power will turn their hearts away from their evil practices, their superstition and the gross darkness of their hearts and cause them to know the grace and blessing of His marvelous salvation.

A Stick Ablaze

Campbell Morgan tells of an old preacher who had lost the revival fire of his youthful ministry; becoming worldly in his spirit. They called him "The Old Stick." People would say, "Don't send him here." One day the superintendent told him he had no place for him—he must superannuate.

When "the old stick" fully realized that he had lost his power and his place in the pastorate, he fell upon his knees and surrendered himself afresh to God. He received a new filling with the Holy Ghost. The next time he preached, six people were converted; the fire spread to other charges everywhere he went and the people cried out, "The Old Stick's ablaze."

Christ in You--The Hope of Glory

The Output in the Daily Life, the Test

H. M. Cadwalder, Grand Prairie, Texas, in the Stone Church, Jan. 18, 1931



WILL bring you a word this morning from the last clause of Colossians 1:27, "*Which is Christ in you, the hope of glory.*" There is no question in my mind that the most of us are anticipating that glorious time when Jesus shall come for His own. I do not know of many Pentecostal folk who are not, for the great revelation of inspired and magnified truth that has been brought to us in this mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit is the fact that *Jesus is coming soon.* The hope has been flamed to a living fire and living reality. Many who have never known anything about the doctrine of the Second Coming of Jesus, have, when filled with the Holy Spirit, exclaimed with boldness and confidence, "Jesus is coming soon." There is in our hearts this hope, and every little while I like to check up on what this *hope* is based.

The world is anticipating some great change; the unemployment situation is becoming so critical that men of affairs are expecting some stupendous upheaval soon to take place that will help solve the situation. During my short stay on the mission field, laboring among the Mohammedans, I was advised that they too were anticipating the return of a great prophet, and almost every religion has in its sacred books the inference that sometime, somewhere, there is to appear on the earth a great personage who will revolutionize affairs and transform the world. But in *our* Book we are told what this anticipation is based upon.

Shall we not look at this clause in Colossians and let the Spirit of God magnify it to our hearts? The Apostle Paul says, "which is Christ," distinguishing Jesus, the Son of God from all other professing saviors or leaders. In II. Cor. 5:17, Paul says, "If any man be in *Christ Jesus* he is a new creature." There were a lot of professed redeemers in the world, but there was only *One* who had atoned for sin, and that was the Son of God, *Christ Jesus.* In this instance the apostle distinguishes Christ as being the only hope for eternity. The scriptures prove to us that the Lord Jesus Christ has made an atonement for sin and God has accepted that atonement.

The apostle brings to us the thought that is very precious and very essential. It is not, "Christ around you," not the influence of Christ, but

"*Christ in you.*" You remember the instance in the life of Mary and Joseph when Jesus was twelve years old. They went to Jerusalem to the Passover Feast, and when all was over they started home, and like many people today, they took it for granted that Jesus was with them. They loaded up the donkeys and started off over the hills of Judea, and down through the ravines. As long as the sun was shining, as long as it was day they never questioned whether Jesus was there or not, but when the evening shadows began to fall, when the sun had hid his face behind the Judean hills and night settled down, they became concerned. Where was Jesus? They found He was not in the company. As I travel over the country and visit the different assemblies I find there are other folk who are doing the same today. As long as everything moves smoothly and they are prosperous, they feel no real need and just take it for granted that Jesus is somewhere about. I can imagine about six or seven o'clock Mary said, "Joseph, where is Jesus? Have you seen Him today? Have you talked to Him?" "No," Joseph says, "I do not remember seeing Him." I wonder if there is someone here under the sound of my voice that takes it for granted that because the glory fell in the prayer-meeting last night that Christ is in your heart and the fulness of blessing is in your soul. Oh friends, it is not Christ around you! It is not Christ in your neighbor. It is *Christ in you!* One of the greatest blessings of the Gospel is the individual privileges it brings. Under the Law it was not so. It was the blessing to the people, to the nation as a whole, but now God's dealings are with you and with me individually.

And now, for a moment, let us take a little examination of our lives and see of a certainty that Christ is in us. We turn to the Gospel of Matthew and read that Jesus says, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." The evidence of Christ in you results in a pure heart. The blessing and cleansing power of Christ is not something that floats around in the atmosphere separate from His personality, but the work of God in the hearts of men and women today is done by the person of Jesus Christ coming into their lives. In Col. 3:4 Paul says, "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." When I became a Christian that which was stressed was

the experience of a new birth. And then by consecration I received a second, definite work called sanctification, and I was taught that in this wonderful, glorious work which we all need, there was to be wrought in my life that which would remove everything that had a tendency to hinder the development of Christian character. And I was taught that I must rest largely on that experience. I sought the experience and they named it, and I started out to depend on the experience. There wasn't anything wrong with the experience, but I was depending on the results of the blessing instead of the Blessor; I was depending on the *experience* instead of Christ, and I found it would not work. One day as I waited before God, troubled and confused and almost in despair, God broke into my soul that the work was not the achievement of my human nature but the very Son of God dwelling and abiding in me, and the result was the divine nature instead of mine. What a relief it was for me to find it out! Not my struggling, but *Christ in me*. It is the same with holiness. Holiness can only be manifested in your life when Christ is enthroned within. So we become pure in heart not by some sweet manifestation in our lives but by retaining the Son of God Himself in our hearts until His purity saturates our hearts.

You ask, "Well, brother, what evidence should I have of a pure heart?" The output. From the abundance of the heart come all the issues of life. That is the very center and foundation of all. If your heart is pure, your thoughts, your actions, your motives will be pure. I hear someone say, "Well, I used to be that way, but now I have evil thoughts, and I say such cruel, cutting words to my husband. And I become so impatient with the children. Oh if I could only get the experience I once had!" If you will keep Christ within, the outcome will be all right.

Let us turn to a very familiar text in Hebrews: 12:14, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Have you been bothered about living peaceably with folks? I know there are some people who are rather peculiar and antagonistic, and if we may be permitted to say it, there are some who are detestable. Some years ago I was reading this Scripture prayerfully, and I said, "Lord, how can I live with folks who will not live peaceably?" And God brought this Scripture to my mind, "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts," and it became clear to me, that it was not my business to bother about the other person living peaceably with me; it is a question of my living peaceably

with him, and I prayed, "Lord, by your grace I will never let anybody disturb my peace." There I found the secret of living peaceably with all men. Who is called "The Prince of Peace"? Isn't it Jesus, the Christ? Consequently it all reverts to the Scripture, "Christ in you," the Source of peace. Do you have any trouble with your neighbor who doesn't care when the chickens come into your yard and scratch up your garden? And so I could mention many things that in the natural disturb your peace and keep you worried and fretful, but if you will let the Prince of Peace dwell in your heart and mind, every day and every hour, you will be kept peaceful by the mighty power of God. Have you peace this morning? Purity of heart? Holiness? These are evidences that Christ is in you. Oh how I used to strive to live holy! And what a failure I made! But when I found out that holiness was the nature of Christ I realized that if I kept Christ there the output would be holy.

I want you to take a little retrospect of your life this week and see if there has been evidence of Christ within. Some years ago there was a family living in a community and next to them was a neighbor who was very careless. His back yard was always littered up, cluttered with trash. The fence was broken down, the yard was filled with broken machinery, old automobiles, and broken glass. The house was dilapidated, and its whole appearance was a reproach to the community. One day there was a truck backed up to the door, and they picked up the wrecks of autos and old furniture and moved away. One morning the husband looked out and said, "Wife, come here quickly, we have some new neighbors. Look at that back yard! What a transformation!"

Do you get the lesson? Is there evidence of a new neighbor in your heart and life, or do the people have to put up with the old trash that has accumulated for years? That husband for whom you have been praying, does he see the Christ within, or does the "old man" with all his deeds still live there? Those children whom you have been wanting to bring to Jesus so long—I wonder if when you sit down to the dinner table you speak of the blessings, or is there criticism of the pastor and the leaders of the church? Some years ago I was in a home and the mother said, "Bro. Cadwalder, I wish you would pray for my children. They are good children but none of them are saved. We cannot get them out to meeting." I said I would pray, but I watched too, for I have learned when I have been asked to pray, to watch and pray. So I began to watch to see how to

pray. We sat down to the supper table and a young man came in, a nice-appearing boy, and I thought I would approach him about going to church. I had known him for some time, and we were friendly, and I was interested in the salvation of his soul. To my astonishment the mother said, "Brother Cadwalder, did you ever see anybody in your life that makes the blunders our pastor does?" "Oh," I said, "I suppose so," and tried to turn the conversation to another channel, but she would not turn, and persisted in telling me all the faults of this pastor. At the close the boy said, "Excuse me, mother, I have a date." And the mother said, "Oh, aren't you going to church?" "No," he said, "I will not go down there." I said to myself, "I do not blame you, my boy. If the pastor of that church does what your mother says he does, I wouldn't go either."

"Christ in you," in the home, in your business, in the whole run of your life, is "the hope of glory." Oh how many people will miss heaven because professors fail to exhibit the Christ life! Is Christ in you? I will not press the question but when you look back over the week with the baby sick and crying, husband out of touch and everything going wrong, could you say, "Christ in me"? I am not talking to folks in China this morning. I am talking to people right in this room. I imagine one will say, "Brother, what are you talking about? I was saved twenty years ago, and I have the baptism of the Holy Spirit and speak in tongues. I pray for the sick and they are healed." That is glorious, but I want you to answer the question, Is Christ manifested in your daily life? That is the test. That is the hope of glory.

Now shall we not look for a moment at that wonderful thought: "Christ, the hope of glory!" We as spiritual people give very little consideration to the happenings in the world around us. Politicians do not concern us, and financiers do not give us much trouble, and when it comes to the great occasions of welcoming the President of the United States or some big man they do not share with us the privileges of the banquet. Some years ago the Prince of Wales visited Canada and tarried over night in the city of Calgary. I knew nothing about the visit but was going up from Lethbridge to Calgary and drove in about dusk to find the streets all decorated for the festive occasion. I drove up to a hotel and engaged a room and asked about all the excitement and they said the Prince of Wales had been there. I went up to my room and said, "I do not under-

stand this. There has been a boy in this city, heir to the British throne, and the people have gone wild over him. We are heirs of God and the eternal kingdom, and we are not entertained as we come in town; they even charge us for this old, cheap room." My wife said, "You put on your royal robes and they will recognize you."

Why is the Christian able to stand the tests and trials without going down under the strain? It is because Christ is within. I am anticipating the day when the Son of God will enter the presence of His Father with His bride upon His arm. John speaks of that day in this way, "It does not yet appear what we shall be. But we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Mortality will put on immortality, corruption will put on incorruption. Then tears, hardships, disappointments, suffering and death will all be past, and He will lead us to the celestial city through the gates of pearl to share eternal glory with Him forever and ever. That is our hope this morning, and that is why we are so happy—"Christ in you, the hope of glory." Isn't it worth living for? What if we are misunderstood, criticized, ostracized, looked at with a criticizing eye even by our brethren! It matters little in that day when we are led into His presence to share eternity with Him forever. I know of nothing that thrills my soul as this thought—the hope of seeing Jesus.

Some years ago at the close of a camp-meeting we had in Saskatoon a brother came to me and said, "Brother, you look very tired and worn, come and spend a week with me on the lake." I said I would. One morning we took his motor boat and fishing tackle and went out on the lake. The first thing something pulled on my line, and every once in a while I felt something tugging. He said, "Have you got a bite?" I said, "Yes, I feel the pull." Paul said, "This hope is an anchor." I believe He is coming soon. I feel the pull. Let us be ready for Him. "Christ in you"—in your thoughts, in your life, in your actions, your daily conversation—"the hope of glory."

The tenth is the key to the windows. Apply the key; bring the tenth into the storehouse. Take it out of your pocket and give it to the Lord. Then what will happen? Why, He says He will open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing. You cannot keep the key in your pocket and get the blessing.

How an Apparent Calamity Brought Revivals

China's President Witnesses a Miracle of Healing

Evangelist E. A. Carter, Shanghai, China

Mrs. B. F. Surtees, Shanghai, China, sends us the following remarkable testimony of how God blocked the way and closed His ear to prayer for healing in order to work out His purposes for evangelization in China.

IN AUGUST, 1927, I left India with my three children, bound for the United States. I had said before leaving that I would not allow anything to hinder me from reaching San Francisco. After staying a night and a day in Hong Kong we boarded the *S. S. Korea Maru* sailing for San Francisco. Just before leaving Hong Kong, however, my second son, William, became ill. I said to him, "William, do not get sick for if you do we shall not be able to proceed on our journey." But as we were steaming into Shanghai he grew decidedly worse and became unconscious. Oh how I wept and cried to God to heal my boy! The assistant surgeon on making his rounds discovered my boy and ordered him to be taken to the ship's hospital. He said that some one should stay with him and I offered to do so. I can never tell how I poured out my heart to God to heal him, and yet it seemed the more I prayed the worse he became.

When we arrived in Shanghai, Sept. 9th, he was still unconscious, with ice-packs on his head and in delirium, I pleading God's promises continuously. The captain summoned me to his cabin, and when I entered he said to me, "Mr. Carter, the doctor tells me you have a very sick son and that he is unable to bring down the fever. He thinks the symptoms are those of typhoid, and we are afraid if you continue on to the States you might lose your son. Will you please get off here? We wish to sail tomorrow morning, and if you refuse to leave you will prevent our sailing as scheduled." When I heard those words only God knows how my heart sank within me! He further said, "We cannot compel you to get off in a Chinese port, but if you do not disembark we shall be obliged to put you off at Nagasaki, but Shanghai is the best place for your son." I said to the captain, "Have his temperature taken again while I pray," and I prayed, "Now Lord, if the temperature has gone down I shall remain on the boat; if not I shall get off." After taking his temperature they reported that it had gone up one point. I told the captain I had

only nine Hong Kong dollars and did not know a soul in Shanghai. Dear friends, the Lord was working all the time, but I could not see it. I had heard of many of the missionaries fleeing and that some had given their lives, and I expected almost anything to happen when I left the boat. China was the last place I wanted to go, but God wanted me here and the sickness of my son was His way of getting me to land.

The captain helped me by refunding two hundred Shanghai dollars, saying, "This is food money. Your passage is paid and as soon as your son has recovered you may proceed to the States by any of our boats." He telephoned to the General Hospital for an ambulance and we were helped by the second officer and the assistant surgeon. When we arrived at the General Hospital we were told that it would cost me \$20 a day. With the assistance of these officers my position was explained, and I was told to leave a deposit of \$50 and call the next day when better arrangements could be made.

I was recommended to go with the other children to the Savoy Hotel. I thought it too expensive but would try it for the night. In our room that night I said to my children, "We will have to pray much for William, for you know I have not much money to stay on here." My son Edward said he did not think William would die, and we went to our knees and prayed for his recovery and that we soon might be on our way to the States. The next day the hospital authorities told me William would have to remain from forty to sixty days. God only knows how I felt about this news! We found a place in a private home where we could cut expenses, and one night while we were praying Edward said to me, "Daddy, maybe God wants you to stay in Shanghai. Would you stay if He wanted you to do so?" God was trying to speak to me but I had a hard fight to say "Yes." Yet William never began to get better until I said "Yes" to the Lord.

One day a young man called at the home where I was living and I was introduced to him. In talking to him I found he was a backslidden missionary and God used me in his restoration. Like the Samaritan woman of old he began to publish all that he had heard. The next time I went to the Beacon Mission which I had been attending, I met a Mr. McNair who invited me to dinner at a

Missionary Home the next evening. Through that little incident God opened the way for many souls to find the Lord in China. Quite a number of people had gathered at the Missionary Home, and God gave me liberty as I preached from His word and sang. I was invited to speak again the next evening and then it was arranged that I should begin evangelistic meetings at the Chinese Y.M.C.A. Truly God gave me an abundant entrance into Shanghai. For five weeks I labored at the Y.M.C.A. to a packed house; many times the people were unable to get into the auditorium. From there I held meetings in the London Mission Church and then with the Christian Alliance, and at each place the people flocked by the hundreds; standing room was always at a premium. I next went to Bethel where Dr. Stone and Miss Hughes were in charge. In this place especially the power of God was manifested in a remarkable way. In three meetings in this place two hundred souls found the Lord.

I then went into the interior to the cities of Nanking, Ningpo and Yuyao, where the people came to the meetings by the thousands, some walking from twenty to forty li. In Ningpo they stood in the snow to hear the Gospel and slept in covered boats in the bitter cold weather, so eager were they to hear the Gospel message. Truly God worked in a marvelous way. Through His grace many of the churches in and around Shanghai were opened to me for services, and all the time I was preaching through Chinese interpreters whom the Lord used in getting the Gospel message to the people. I was constantly busy, holding four and five meetings a day.

In the following year I was invited to hold evangelistic meetings for the Friends' Mission in Luho, which is a day's journey from Nanking by a small houseboat. Again the Lord blessed in a marvelous way and many souls found the Lord. It was touching to see how earnest these simple, country people were, and how they praised the Lord when they came to a knowledge that their sins had been forgiven. Since then I have again gone back to Luho for a twelve days' evangelistic campaign. Three times I have returned to Nanking for evangelistic meetings and twice to Ningpo, where each time the Lord worked in a wonderful way and got glory to Himself. At the time of the first meetings God specially opened the way for my children to enter a Christian American-school of which Mr. and Mrs. Surtees were in charge at that time.

This year the Lord gave me the glorious privilege of witnessing to some of the high officials

of China. I am sure the following incident will be of interest to those of you who have been praying for China and the salvation of her people. In the beginning of this year I was called to Nanking to pray for a very sick daughter of Dr. H. H. Kung, Minister of Industry, Commerce and Labor. She is the niece of General Chiang Kai-shek, the President of China. Eight of the best doctors of China attended this child, but there seemed to be no hope of her recovery. When I arrived there I knelt with the family in prayer for her, beseeching the Lord to heal her. While we were praying the doctors were holding a consultation in an adjoining room. They then came in to examine the child and found that the fever had vanished. She was able to talk and asked for food. The doctors were greatly astonished and this gave me an opportunity to testify to the saving, and healing power of our Lord Jesus Christ. They were not satisfied and the next day took an X-Ray, but could find no symptoms of the disease. While we were all rejoicing over the wonderful miracle that had just been performed, the President of China entered the room, though I did not know at the time who he was. They told him about the healing of his niece and that I had prayed for her. He came to me and shook hands, and then he and his wife went into the room where the child was and found it to be true.

The next day I had the wonderful opportunity of telling the President of China about Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God which takes away the sins of the world. As the President does not speak much English, his brother-in-law, Mr. T. A. Soong, interpreted for me. President Chiang accepted the truth as I expounded it to him, and he seemed to be very much impressed. The next day he sent me his autographed photo. A short time after he had the idols in his home destroyed, and a few days ago he accepted the Christian faith and was baptized in the home of his mother-in-law, Mrs. K. T. Soong. All glory be to Jesus! The Lord is doing business in the same old way, and regardless of the opposition of Satan precious souls are being saved in China. I covet an interest in your prayers as a missionary walking by faith here in this benighted heathen land of China.

Nowhere Else to Go

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

They all smiled for in their kingdom lying was a great compliment.

"To make ladies think that their servants need no Sunday privileges is good," suggested one. "Very true," said the superior, "as long as we can get Christian people to cause or allow men and women to work during church hours, we can keep many empty seats in the churches, and men and women away from God."

"I'm the weather imp," said one gloomy fellow. "I go around persuading people it is about to rain, or it is too cold, or too damp, or too hot, to venture out to church. It is enough to make even your gloomy majesty laugh to see these people start out the next day in wind and weather. One would think it a sin to carry an umbrella and wear rubber coats to church."

"Confidentially," said the king, "when I find a Christian who has no more concern about weather Sunday than Monday determined to make such an effort for spiritual gain as he would for worldly profit, I would just give him up. It's no use to try to drag back the man or woman who goes to church in all kinds of weather."

"I am able to do a good deal with some of the ladies of the congregation," spoke up the imp labeled "Fashions of the World." "I can make some people stay at home because the new hat did not come, or because their clothes are out of style, or they have not gotten a new cloak."

"I have a better scheme than that," said another. "These people you keep away are indifferent — generally good-for-nothing folks, who are hardly worth getting into the kingdom of his satanic majesty, but I have a plan that empties the seats of the workers in the church."

"That is just what I want," said the king.

"I make the people overwork on Saturdays. For instance, I induce some good man the preacher depends upon, or some devout Sunday School teacher, to make Saturday the busiest day of the week. I just keep him rushed with neglected things till late at night, and then he oversleeps or is sick the next day, and can't get out."

"Splendid plans," cried Satan.

"Yes, it works well with delicate women. If they clean house, or have Saturday company they can be kept at home without any trouble. A church party late Saturday night helps make empty seats."

"You are doing finely, my imps," his majesty said warmly—for his breath was a breath of fire! "Preachers may work and pray over their sermons all week but there will be no results in

preaching to empty seats. One of the most important things we have to consider is how to keep people away from church on Sunday. Your plans are excellent, but I may suggest another good point. All preachers have human imperfections—some fault of manner or speech. Get Christians to criticize their pastor, especially before their children. If you can stir up a spirit of fault-finding against the preacher, or among the members, it will help empty seats. People who get mad at each other do not care to go to church together. If the seats are empty, the preacher may be a saint, and preach like an angel, but to no purpose. See the result of your labor on High Street church today. Not only did the 200 people who stayed at home lose a blessing, but each empty seat did its work against the Lord's kingdom. The preacher made unusual preparation, and went with his heart on fire, but the empty seats chilled him, and he did poorly. There was a special collection, but the best givers were away, so it was a failure. It isn't a smart preacher, nor a rich congregation, nor a good location, that makes a church successful. It is the church members always being there that draws in the unconverted, and makes an eloquent preacher. As soon as a Christian begins to stay at home, from one excuse or another, I have a mortgage on his soul which if he does not shake off I will foreclose on the judgment day."

"You have none on mine," cried Mrs. Clark, who had been listening with bated breath, "I'll go to church if only to defeat you."

"What's the matter, dear?" asked the doctor. "Have you been dreaming?"

"Perhaps so, but I am going to church if I get there just in time for the benediction. I'll cheat Satan from this day out of one empty seat."

She has kept her word, and influenced many others to let nothing trifling keep them from God's house, and one 'down-town' church has begun to grow, and will soon be a great power for God, because of no "empty seats."—Exchange.

A certain Christian traveller was packing his suitcase when about to proceed on a journey, when he remarked to a friend: "There is still a little corner left open in which I desire to pack a guidebook, a lamp, a mirror, a telescope, a book of poems, a number of biographies, a bundle of old letters, a hymn book, a sharp sword, a small library containing thirty volumes, and all these articles must occupy a space of three by two inches." "How are you to manage that?" queried his friend, and the reply was, "Very easily, for the Bible contains all these."

Obedient to the Macedonian Call

Carrying the Gospel to India's Untouched Millions

K. A. Timrud, Partabgarh, India, in Lake View Assembly, Chicago, Jan. 16, 1931



ABOUT seven years ago I passed through Chicago on my way to India; it was to be my second term on the field and I wasn't anticipating a very easy time. I knew what was awaiting me on the other side, but the Lord had called me and because He called I obeyed. We read that Paul endured much persecution and opposition but nevertheless he obeyed God's call and preached the Gospel.

Jesus Christ, before He left this earth, had counseled His disciples to meet Him on the mountain; it was the last meeting and as He was gathered together with them He lifted up His hands and blessed them and said, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore"—not only into Jerusalem and Judea; not only to Samaria but to the uttermost parts of the earth. It is the greatest commission ever given to any people on the face of the earth. There was not a very large company present when He gave those orders; only a few disciples who had gone through terrible darkness. They had been with Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane; they had seen Him suffer and die on the Cross of Calvary and things looked dark to them, but they also knew that Jesus Christ arose from the grave and now He was about to ascend and take His place at the right hand of the Father. He was to leave this earth but the believers were to fulfill His mission. They went to Jerusalem and tarried according to His Word and we know what happened. The Holy Spirit came as a mighty rushing wind on the day of Pentecost, and then followed Peter's sermon which stirred the entire city and brought a wonderful revival when three thousand souls were saved. It was a glorious day and a glorious beginning of the church of Christ and God Himself was in it all. They must have had a wonderful time in Jerusalem; I believe they had all the gifts of the Spirit bestowed upon the assembly and doubtless forgot what Jesus had said just before He ascended to heaven, that they should go into all the world and preach the Gospel. Here they were staying in Jerusalem, but what happened? Persecution began and the people were scattered abroad. They went everywhere preaching and the Lord confirmed the Word by signs and wonders. In due time Paul was

saved and filled with the Holy Spirit and started on his first missionary journey. He received persecution but we find him turning to his fellow workers and saying, "Let us go again." He wasn't afraid of persecution and was willing to lay down his life that Israel might be saved. But when they refused to accept the message he turned to the Gentiles. He tried to enter Asia where he felt the need of the Gospel was great but the Spirit suffered him not and then he had that vision and heard the man in Macedonia calling, "Come over and help us!" How blessed it was that Paul heeded the call to preach the Gospel to those who had never heard of Jesus Christ before!

And in these last days God has been calling to missionary service as never before. He has filled men and women who were willing to consecrate their lives to God, with the Holy Ghost and sent them forth to heathen lands, many of them without any church or board behind them, counting alone on the promises of God. Has God failed them? No, never. I have been in Pentecost for twenty-three years. I was saved among the Pentecostal people and I often say that I was born in the fire. When the Lord filled me with His Holy Spirit He showed me that I was to go to India to preach the Gospel. I said, "Lord, why do You call me? There are many others far better fitted." But He said, "Go," and I went with His promise to go before me. It was during the World War and it was not easy, but in a week's time the Lord supplied all our needs and we crossed the Pacific to Japan and China and finally landed in India.

But I shall never forget how we were tested those first few months. We waited a month for letters from the homeland; two months, three months, and finally a check came for \$20.00. We had not received a cent from the middle of March till the middle of August but we lived somehow. Then again we had to wait for two months before any money came, but after that the Lord blessedly supplied our needs.

Just about that time the Spanish flu was raging in India and about six million people were swept into eternity in a short time, yet God wonderfully protected us. We studied the language and it was not long before we were able to tell the people of Jesus Christ. Then another great trial came in the form of famine when the country was

burned up with the heat because of no rain, and the people had nothing to eat. We started famine relief work and the people came in large numbers. I remember one poor old man. He had been starving for weeks and finally said he must go to the mission station to get some help. He managed to get near the mission ground but just about a fourth of a mile away from the station he became so weak he was unable to walk any further; he sat down and went to sleep and never woke up again. Another man came who was very, very weak and when I asked him what he wanted he replied, "I am dying of hunger but I want to become a Christian before I die." I told him the story of Jesus, told him of the blood that would save him. He confessed Christ and I took him to the water tank and baptized him. A little later when I visited him I asked him how he felt. His face lit up with a smile as he answered, "I am ready." He soon went home to be with the Lord.

As a result of working in the heat and the dampness it wasn't long till fever laid me low and for five long weeks I was down with malaria. Oh how I suffered! but the Lord raised me up. Later on I took chills and I had raging fever for weeks. When the doctor finally came he pronounced it typhoid fever. I suffered for twenty-two days and then it let up for a little but continued for twenty-two days. For more than forty days I had fever, day and night, and when the doctor came again he said, "You not only have typhoid fever but also peritonitis." I told the Lord I was standing upon His promises, and trusting in Him. One day I was so low the missionary who was with me did not expect me to live through the day, but when I felt myself passing away I lifted up my eyes and there I saw Jesus Himself. Just as plainly as I see you tonight, I saw Him walking over to my bedside and I began singing that hymn, "I fell in love with the Nazarene, the beautiful Nazarene." He put His hand upon me and immediately the fever and the sickness departed. That was nine years ago and the other day when I went to a doctor to have a physical examination he said to me, "You are as sound as a dollar." Since the time the Lord so wonderfully healed me I have never had a sick day until last winter.

When we were in India for our second term the Lord showed us a large district, a very needy field, wherein we felt we should labor. After praying much we went into the district of Partabgarh, which has a population of nearly a million. When we first went there I searched for weeks

and could not find a single Christian, man or woman. At first when I began preaching the people were afraid of us; there were all sorts of rumors out that we had come to steal their children and to take their young men. But we kept giving out the Word. We went far out into distant villages where the people had never heard the Gospel before. I have been happy many times in my life but never as happy as when I preached the Gospel where it had never been preached before. Oh that is a joy that the preachers in the homeland never have! We have gone from town to town and from village to village and everywhere they told us we were the first missionaries, the first preachers of the Gospel they had ever seen. Many times it has been hard and we have faced many difficulties, but we still went on. Thirty-six miles from us, at the farthest subdivision of the district, there are three hundred thousand people who have never heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Then we found another subdivision on the northwestern side of Partabgarh with nearly three hundred thousand souls who never heard of Jesus Christ. Jesus told us to go into all the world. I am glad I obeyed His call to India for I have found that if we keep in His will the blessing of the Lord will be upon us. God has been working in a marvelous way. Other missionaries have come into the district and now there is an Industrial School there and a fine company of Christians, all spreading the Gospel of Jesus throughout Partabgarh.

One day a man came to me with a letter addressed to "the God priest of the mission station." I opened the letter because I knew there was no one else there of that description and I found it was from a doctor, a Mohammedan gentleman, who wanted to be saved. He said, "I am afraid of my brethren so please come to me at night." I sent a native worker to him who was the son of a converted Mohammedan but I admonished him to be very careful and speak to him only as the opportunity offered. After a time the earnest seeker came to the mission station where we prayed and spoke with him and there he knelt and accepted Jesus Christ as his Savior. As he was praying he was shaking under the mighty power of the Holy Spirit. After a time we felt he was ready for water baptism so I took him in my Ford, fifteen miles away from his own town in order to get him away from his own people, and there I baptized him in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. When he came out of the water he was so happy. But he came up against many

trials. He had not told his wife or three children about his step so he didn't know what to do. I said, "Pack up all you have and take your family down to such-and-such a railway station and at twelve o'clock tonight I shall meet you there and take you away." He did as I advised and that night I sent him away to one of our Bible schools for boys. When they got there and the wife found out what had happened she just raved, but she got over it, and in three weeks' time she accepted the same Gospel her husband had received, and was baptized in water. After the man had been in school about twelve weeks, he received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. His boys had been sent to a Christian Training School and while there, a revival came to the school and the boys were saved and filled with the Spirit. When his two years of training were up the man went right back to his home town and he is there today preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is wonderful how the Gospel transforms.

"And a vision appeared to Paul in the night: There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us." Do you catch the vision? There are three hundred and thirty million people in India; they claim that one hundred million have never heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Fifty million in India are starving every day. There are high caste and low caste men and women struggling for freedom and liberty and peace but they find none excepting in Jesus Christ. I have seen them in the big Hindu festivals in large crowds of fifty thousand, sixty thousand; hundreds and hundreds of men, women and children falling down before stone gods, worshipping things that had no power. Last winter there was a tremendous festival just thirty-eight miles from our station where all India went to worship. I went several times for the purpose of giving the Gospel and I never in all my life saw such crowds. *Four and a half million* had gathered to bathe in the sacred river to wash their sins away, doing penance and everything you could think of, to obtain salvation. Had you been there you might have seen one man burning in the hot sun, or a man with his arms raised for years and years until he was unable to get them down anymore. You would find men on beds of spikes and others sitting in the hot sun between holy fires. You would find them suspended from a rope in a tree and others burning and torturing themselves in various ways. Why? Because they are trying to merit peace and forgiveness of sins. I

have been outside of the temples and seen men and women come and prostrate themselves on the ground, then rise and fall again and thus measure a distance of probably three or four miles trying to gain favor with their gods. Oh, how they strive to get salvation at any cost! But do they get it? No. But what a privilege it is, when you see a crowd like that seeking peace and salvation, to get upon a box or pile of wood and preach to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is the Gospel that India needs today. For centuries missionaries have been giving the Gospel and have been faced with the stone wall of caste. Thank God that wall is crumbling down, though slowly. There are not so many coming out and professing Christ but in the villages and railway stations and everywhere if you ask people, "Do you believe in Jesus Christ?" they will say, "Oh yes, we believe." They are afraid to step out, but I believe the day is coming when God will send a sweeping revival to that country and these secret believers will then come out and confess Christ as their personal Savior. The fields are white unto harvest but the reapers are few. Think of two or three missionaries in a district of a million souls who have never heard the Gospel! I have toured for weeks and months out in the district and preached the Gospel in as many villages as I could possibly reach, but there are hundreds that have never heard the story of Jesus more than once.

Pray for India. Pray for the missionaries. Whenever I go out into a district to preach I long to have a thousand lives to tell them the Gospel story and I say, "Lord I shall never thank You enough for sending me out here." There are so many waiting for our help and they are calling out, "Come over and help us." We cannot all go but we can all help in this great work and some day we will see a company coming from India, from Japan and China and the Islands of the Sea, as well as from the assemblies in the homeland and we will all meet together and be forever with the Lord. I am waiting and looking for His coming, and I believe that time is not far distant.

The spiritual tone of the paper is evidenced by the following often received: "I value THE EVANGEL next to my Bible." Reader, will you send us your renewal so that it may continue on its blessed mission? We have been sending the paper free to missionaries on the field. If any would care to have a part in this silent ministry it would be appreciated. They who are continually giving out tell us they find the soul-food in THE EVANGEL of untold blessing.

A Missionary's Qualifications



SOME months before Charles Cowman, Founder of the Oriental Missionary Society, was called home, a teacher of a missionary study class asked for a brief article from his pen on the subject, "A Missionary's Qualifications." In response to this request he wrote the following lines (taken from his life's story), which will be helpful to every young life who consecrates himself to the mission field:

"We have rated the scale of missionary qualifications too low. Instead of advancing the missionary character up to the fulness of the stature of the New Testament standards, we have been disposed to make it *subordinate* to the pastoral calling at home. We send forth to the heathen world young and inexperienced persons who have not been sufficiently tried at home to be trusted with any weighty responsibility. God forbid that we should discourage the ardor of youthful enthusiasm, but truth compels us to express our honest apprehension, that amid the blaze of popular excitement, and the splendor with which the distant and magnificent scenes of missionary enterprise are even invested, many young and ardent minds, suffering their imagination to overrule judgment, and their zeal to outrun their knowledge, have rushed upon a work for which they found, when it was too late, they were morally and spiritually unfit; thus disappointed in themselves, they have been a burden on the missionary cause, and a stumbling-block to the attempts of others.

"For this I know of no remedy but a general diffusion of correct views of the missionary office and the missionary work. We must *raise* the standard of the missionary character. A New Testament missionary! I hesitate not to say, that a heaven-called, heaven-inspired, and heaven-sent missionary of modern times, bears a close relation to the apostles of ancient days; or, to say the least, is fully equivalent to the evangelist of the primitive church; he stands preeminent in the first order of the Christian ministry; he towers above all bishops, elders and deacons; he is the chosen vessel to the *Gentiles*, the great spiritual pioneer in the wilderness of the heathen world. Can he be an ordinary, every-day minister, who is sent by the Lord of the church to the dark-skinned African, or to bear the message of mercy to the Oriental? He goes to lands 'unknown to song,' over which the foot of the prophet or apostle never trod; he goes to beard the lion in his

den, to grapple with the fierceness and obstinacy of paganism in all the primary elements of its native and gigantic strength. Can he be an ordinary character, who, as the chosen champion of the Lord, advances to the attack in the teeth of the heaviest fire of the enemies' strongest batteries, and when the victory is won, is appointed to lay the broad foundations of the Christian empire abroad?

"Shall the Christian church intrust this momentous enterprise to the raw conscripts of the camp, or demands it not the most experienced and determined veterans we can send forth? Else why did the Lord and Prince of all missionaries call the fishermen of Galilee, men in middle life, to this arduous work? Who can forget that Luther and Knox and Calvin and the Wesleys were not employed in the *morning*, but in the meridian of their age.

"The *spiritual* qualifications of such a missionary should be scarcely less than apostolic. If deep and genuine piety be indispensable to the pastoral office at home, how much more to the missionary abroad! Who can estimate the spiritual burden of the missionary alone amid the dreary solitudes of the pagan world? Who but himself knoweth the heart-rending trials, the soul-harassing temptations of such a life? Separated from friends, and home, and country, cut off from the consolations of Christian fellowship, a stranger in a strange land, begirt by an unknown tongue, surrounded by scenes of lust and blood, think you that the dwarfish piety of a modern religionist will sustain, or the ephemeral fervors of youthful enthusiasm will endure the wear and tear of such a Herculean undertaking as this?

"He who adventures forth to this dangerous and desperate post must aspire after the apostolic zeal and devotion which adorned the primitive champions of the church. Is he the messenger of God? Then he must be a man of God. Is he the trumpet of the Lord to the nations? Then he must be sanctified to the Master's use. Preaches he Christ crucified? Then he must himself be crucified with Christ, baptized not only into the faith, but *unto* the death. He must possess resources within himself sufficient to sustain him single-handed against the combined powers of earth and hell. Though heart and flesh may fail, he must feel that God is the strength of his heart and his portion forever. His must be a victorious faith that laughs at impossibilities; a love omnipotent, a zeal unquenchable, an industry un-

tiring, a disinterestedness unimpeachable. He must have a lion's heart and an eagle's wing; a serpent's wisdom and a dove-like charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." He must approve himself as a minister of God, 'in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned. By the Word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left. As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things.'

"As to the natural qualifications of a missionary: Let him be a practical man rather than a theorist. Let him have a body inured to labor, and a mind prompt to decide, for rest assured, his life will be a life of action rather than a life of contemplation. Not that we would exclude the aids of learning from the scale of missionary qualifications: they have their place and ought to have a place, but the *practical qualities* of the missionary are the primary qualities.

"The missionary must be a man of decision, a man of one purpose. He must keep his eyes singly fixed on the one great object, and all inferior things count but loss, so that he may win the missionary crown. He is separated, devoted, consecrated to the sublime and godlike work. In him the missionary spirit burns like fire, and the love of Christ is the master-passion. He is determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Forgetting the things behind, he presses toward the mark. He thirsts for souls. He pants for spiritual empire. He shuts his ears and steels his heart against the entreaties of friendship at home, or the anathemas of opposition abroad. His cry is 'Onward!' Though mountains rear their rugged heads, and oceans roll their tempestuous surges, and pestilence breathes its deadly poison, yet, in the name of that Divine Master whose he is, and whom he

serves, he embarks his health, his reputation, his hopes, his interests, his life, his all, and having landed on the enemy's opposite shore, he disdains a retreat. Like the great Athenian commander, he burns the ships behind him, he draws the sword and throws away the scabbard, inscribing on his banners, 'Victory or death!' He rushes to the imminent deadly breach, and victoriously scales the loftiest battlement of the enemy's strongest hold.

"This is not an imaginary character. We have the bold and graphic original embodied in the person of St. Paul and his apostolic coadjutors. 'These be the men that turn the world upside down'—I pray God that they may 'come hither also.'

"Cannot God raise up such men? I believe it. I expect it. What the great Head of the church has done before He can surely do again. I firmly believe ere appear the bursting glories of the coming of Jesus to take up His reign upon earth, the breath of the Eternal Spirit shall come from the four winds and breathe upon His own, and we shall behold 'an exceeding great army' of such heaven-inspired, and heaven-qualified men, marching forth to the conquest of the heathen world."

Mr. Cowman has set the standard very high, but is it higher than the Word of God? It is written at the end of a long and full experience on the mission field, dealing with men, and comparing the results of a superficial ministry with one that is well-rounded in all the requisites that characterized the apostles. Oh that the young men of the church would rise to their privileges, turn their backs on the luring of a business career and the comforts and ease of civilized lands and catch the vision of the millions in darkness who are waiting for the Gospel light! There is just as great need today as ever for a Hudson Taylor, a David Livingstone or a Robert Moffatt, and the same missionary timber that was in those men lies hidden in men today. It is incumbent upon the church to pray that the young men will catch the vision of a lost world and consecrate their splendid talents to the cause of Christ in heathen lands.

Good News from Far Countries



WE REJOICE and praise God," writes Mrs. Pettenger, "for although we are busy from early morning until late at night, we sense and experience God's blessings upon the work and that is the greatest comfort of all. Last month we held four

baptismal services. One in Vrededorp, Johannesburg, when four were baptized in water. Then Mr. Pettenger went to Middleburg and Hendrina districts, over a hundred miles from here, and held services, also baptizing fifteen. Several weeks ago we had a baptismal service on the

farms near our Springs church, when seven followed the Lord thru a watery grave. The services were held in the open, preceded by a preaching service and followed by the communion. There were four women and three men baptized, amongst them some of the first-fruits of our labor among the native squatters in that district.

"One of the native men baptized at Vrededorp is our kitchen boy, who has recently had a marvelous conversion. He comes from the Barosi tribe away up in Northern Rhodesia and came down to Kimberley to work. While there one night he dreamed that a white policeman was standing over him and asked where his Bible and hymn-book were. He answered that he left them in his kraal, and was told to send for them or he would get arrested. He was very much frightened and concerned over this dream and told it to his companions, but they only made sport and jeered about it. Nevertheless he sent for his books and began to read his Bible. He then came to Johannesburg to work and was led to our little mission at Vrededorp where he was saved. He said that although he attended school in his home district he had never been told the first thing about salvation through Jesus Christ. Now he seems so hungry and anxious to know, that he keeps the Bible on the kitchen table and every spare moment he has he is seen pouring over its pages. And he is always asking questions about God's Word. What an example to us, to be so absorbed and hungry for the things of God that every spare moment of ours would be utilized to peruse and study His Holy Word.

We praise God for His blessing upon the school and Sunday School, and for the children who are taking their stand for Christ. There is one outstanding case of a boy of fifteen who was baptized in water a while ago. On becoming a Christian, to which his family objected, he was greatly persecuted by them. They tried to make him denounce his faith in God but without success. Finally they called in a witch doctor who used his witchcraft upon the family but the boy resisted it and maintained his stand for Christ. He was then turned out of his home and nearly all his clothes were taken from him. He stayed for a time with our evangelist but his family came after him and sent him to a distant relative so he was unable to come to school or church. He has only managed once to get away and come to the service, but he continually writes that he is going on with the Lord. We praise God for the stand he has taken for God. Kindly bear him up in

prayer that God will keep him true and faithful.

"My husband is at present in the Orange Free State holding a Bible Conference with our native evangelists there. Sometimes on Sunday he goes to one place to hold a service and I go to another, to reach as many as possible. I wish that we had a dozen bodies for we could put them to good use, as the work is great but the laborers are so very few."

Divinely Healed of Cobra's Bite

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Elliott, Barsi, India, write that they are the only missionaries in a district of 8,000 square miles. They write of remarkable answers to prayer for healing. One of their first converts in the district, Bhewa, has stood true during much persecution because of caste. While the Elliotts were away from their station one of Bhewa's younger sons was taken very ill and suddenly died. They write, "At the beginning of last month an older boy was taken sick in the same way and poor Bhewa in despair carried him on his back all the six miles to Barsi. When he got here the lad was in a dying state, suffering from an acute attack of dysentery with high fever. He was so weak he could not lift his hand, and we knew that, humanly speaking, there was no hope. But we have a wonderful Savior in our midst, and our extremity is always His great opportunity. So we all united in prayer and Jesus laid His blessed, healing hand upon the boy and all trace of the disease left him. He was made well and strong again. The next day he walked back to his village with his father.

"Here is a still more wonderful proof of the power of that Name. We had just finished our mid-day meal when a woman came running to say that one of our Christian boys had been bitten by a cobra snake and was dying. We ran at once to his cottage and found him stretched upon the floor, already unconscious—a fine lad of seventeen. His sisters were weeping bitterly, surrounded by a crowd of women, and the heathen were running up from all directions. Amidst this confusion we knelt around the boy and pleaded for his life in the all-prevailing name of Jesus. The words, "He shook off the beast . . . and felt no harm," kept coming to my mind. The God who helped Paul was in our midst, and within an hour after he had been bitten he was healed and well. Such a thing has never been known in the natural. The cobra is one of the deadliest of India's snakes. Its victim generally dies in ten minutes. Praise God for manifesting His power to that heathen crowd!"

Gospel Spreading in Bulgaria

Brother and Sister Nikoloff writing from Bourgas, Bulgaria, tell of the blessings and trials of carrying the Gospel into new fields in that country. Traveling in Southern Bulgaria has its hardships. Many of the villages are far from a railroad, and are reached only by walking or wagon. "The villagers of this section are very primitive in their manner of living and working. They seldom have bedsteads, but spread a rough carpet on the mud floor over a straw mat, and cover themselves with rag carpets. There are many little annoyances in staying in these villages, but the blessed meetings and the deep hunger of the people can never be forgotten. If permitted they would listen all night regardless of their being tired from work in the fields.

"The beginning of September we welcomed Bro. and Sis. Zaplishny who arrived from the U. S. to help us. These missionaries were the pioneer Pentecostal workers in Bulgaria. They were deported in 1924 but God made it possible

for them to return. On their arrival we held our Annual Conference in the city of Varna, which was attended by a number of workers, delegates, etc., and at the close a baptismal service in which eighteen were baptized was held at the Black Sea. It was a great testimony to those who had never heard about salvation through Jesus Christ.

"During the month of September Brothers Rahneff, Zaplishny and Nickoloff conducted special meetings for the believers in three sections of Southern Bulgaria. Oh how the villagers drank in the Word! In one place they walked many miles through a hard, driving rain. The Pentecostal work in this country is growing and where formerly meetings were held in private homes, halls have now been rented. In Sofia and Bourgas the assemblies have outgrown their meeting halls and found it necessary to move into larger quarters. Recently the Bourgas assembly rented a new hall seating over 200, and when we dedicated it, though no advertising was done, it was packed with eager listeners. A number sought the Lord for salvation at the close of the service."

From our Book-Shelves

(We can supply any Book mentioned below)

Rainbow Missionary Stories, by Stella M. Rudy (Aunt Stella).

Miss Rudy, a missionary who spent two terms on the mission fields of South China, is familiar with the sorrows of children and possesses first-hand information of overworked, underfed and neglected children. They are all true stories, twenty-four of them, of little slave girls, blind girls, Hindu widows, little South American Indians, Japanese boys, children from Annam, China, Africa, etc. Who would not be thrilled to read how a little Japanese boy brought his father, mother, sisters and grandmother to Jesus, or how "Little Star, the Chinese girl baby thrown out to die, was used in the salvation of her parents; or saddened at the suffering of the "little black lamb" of Zululand! In nearly every case the children have been blessedly saved...A strong argument for work among the children.

190 pages, 8¼x5¼ inches, F. H. Revell & Co., New York. Fully illustrated, \$1.50.

* * *

The Personal Life of David Livingstone, by W. G. Blaikie.

Of all the Life Stories of this pioneer African missionary that have been written, this author alone has been permitted to use the unpublished Livingstone journals and correspondence. A glimpse at his personal letters shows the tender heart of this heroic character who spent his last penny and last drop of blood for Africa. In these days when there is so much exalting of man it is refreshing to read of one who was indifferent to worldly applause. "He turned his back on the praise of men and would not even read what was written in his honor." No library is complete without a biography of Africa's best friend. The Bookman says, "After all the years have intervened, Blaikie's Life of Livingstone still remains the most complete, authentic and inspired of all the biographies of Livingstone. That incomparable writer of missionary activities, Dr. Pierson, says of Africa's martyr, "His sacrifices were

noble, tho he declared he had never made any; yes, the man who had been soaked with drenching rains, had made his bed in damp grasses and his food out of roots, who had been forty times scorched in the furnace of fever, and buried his wife in Africa's bosom; even when on a sick bed, without human helper and in a horror of great darkness, neither talked of self-denial nor halted in his work for Christ."

508 pages, 7¾x5¼ inches, F. H. Revell, New York.

* * *

Junior Stewards of the Bible, by Helen Kingsbury Wallace.

The author has taken a group of boys and girls out of the Bible and told in a vivid and realistic way stories which are always fascinating to boys and girls of today. These stories are written in simple language any child can readily comprehend. There is a new setting to "The Boy Who Used His Dreams," "The Girl Who Used Her Life," "The Boy Who Used His Ears," "The Girl Who Used Her Voice," etc., etc. It will teach children how to use their words, their minds, their talents, their hands, their feet and their lives for God. The book is helpful for Sunday School teachers and leaders of Children's Meetings.

96 pages, 7¾x5¼ inches, F. H. Revell, N. Y., Board Cover, 65c.

* * *

Jungle Trails, by Mrs. Arthur F. Berg.

From which came a little girl without a country. The author gives the reader a picture of pioneer missionary life. The book opens with a dark picture. An unknown disease sweeps the mission station in the Congo and three of the missionaries laid down their lives within a few days' time. Mission life is anything but monotonous, and every chapter is filled with varied happenings. The hardships of giving the Gospel to a new people in a new district, by new missionaries, are touched on lightly, and

there is a happy vein running thru the whole book, showing that life in the Congo has its compensations..

228 pages 8x5¼ inches, Gospel Publishing House, \$1.50.

* * *

Through Central Africa for the Bible, by J. W. Roome.

Being a four thousand mile tour by the motor bus of the British & Foreign Bible Society. This is a story which gives the bright side of missionary life in East and Central Africa. Mr. Roome furnishes some unusual glimpses of the Pigmies in their native forests, the wild Azande in the North-western Congo, the redemption of the Soudan, sights and scenes in Gombari, Campala and Stanleyville, the capital of the Eastern Congo.

If you want an up-to-date account of the different missionary societies as Mr. Roome has touched them on his travels, and interesting facts of what the Gospel has done between the Nile and Zambesi, the Central Congo and Madagascar, this book will give it to you.

One of the marvelous stories told is that of "Apolo of the Pigmy Forest." It is the finest record of heroism of an African pastor that the Christian church contains. His life is an outstanding one of persecution in the early days of the Uganda Church, and in the thirty years he labored opening up Bunyoro for Christ, and in the dreaded Semliki Valley in to the Congo regions as the first messenger of Christ to the wild cannibal peoples inhabiting the mountains west of Lake Albert. We give a little of this marvellous story:

"Immediately he began his efforts to win these people, he was met with bitter hostility by the local chief inspired by the witch-doctor who persuaded the chief that the only hope of saving his country from ruin would be to drive Apolo away and never permit a teacher of any religion to enter his land. Soon after an attempt was made to take Apolo's life by firing the hut where he was living. Apolo describes this attempt at his life:

"It was night-time, and I was alone in my house. I was praying to God, for I knew that I was in great danger. I did not fear because I knew that God would keep me safe in the midst of all my enemies. Suddenly I heard whispering outside my hut; I could not hear what was being said, but I guessed that my enemies had come to do me harm. Very soon I smelt the smoke of a fire drifting thru the walls. Again I prayed with all my heart, and asked God to protect me. Once more I heard a voice, and this time it was God's voice saying: "Don't set fire to Apolo's house; he is my servant, he has come to do my commands." It was all very wonderful, because the men outside heard the voice, and I heard them say, "Who is that? Who tells us not to fire the house?" They were very frightened for the flames were now roaring in the thatch of the hut. Then one of the men shouted to me from the outside: "Apolo, Apolo, are you in the house?"

"By this time the flames had burst thru, and I should soon be surrounded. I shouted back that I was praying. Then the men broke down the door, burst into the house, and some of them seized me and dragged me into safety. The hut was a mass of flames and was bound to fall soon. I saw a great company of men with their spears poised and ready for use, and in the other hand many of them had firebrands; but no one touched me. They simply gazed at me in astonishment.

"Some of the men had dashed again into the burning house and had brought out some of my possessions which they tied together with cords. Then in great fright they told me to take my things and fly for my life out of the country, for they were sure

that the chief would be very angry when he knew that they had failed in their task. To which I replied, "If you wish to kill me, here I am, you may do so. Am I not alone before you all, and have you not got spears in your hands?" The hand of God protected me; they could do me no harm but told me to go with them to the chief.

"When we reached his house he was waiting to hear the news of my death; and here I was, standing before him. He shouted to his men in great wrath; "Why have you not done as I commanded you?" They could only reply, "We were afraid because we heard a voice saying, Apolo is My servant. We think it was the voice of Apolo's God, so we have brought him to you." The chief was still very angry and commanded me to sleep at Semliki that night and go to Toro the next day. I told him that God had sent me to Mboga and that I should not leave unless He sent me. I left the chief and went back to my burning hut which was nothing but smoking ashes. The next day I began to build another hut."

"Apolo struggled on for several months when the witch-doctor again stirred up the chief against him. A messenger was sent to Apolo and he was warned that if he did not go at once to the chief he would be killed. One day a bodyguard was sent to bring him forcibly before the chief. When he was seized Apolo said to his captors: 'Let us sit down for a little while, because I am sure God sent you to me to be taught. You do not know how good He is.' At last he was brought before the chief, who addressed the prisoner: "I have sent several of my men to you telling you to leave my country; you have refused to obey me. Now tell me the reason why you have not gone.' Apolo replied, 'I also have a Master, and His word is my law. He sent me here to teach your people, and until He tells me to leave I will not go willingly.' 'Well,' said the chief, 'if I allow you to stay here will you give me your promise not to teach my people to read that Book, and that you will not try to persuade them to disobey my orders when I send them to raid to Balega?' Apolo refused.

"He was thrown to the ground, stripped of his clothes and thrashed with a hippopotamus hide whip, one of the most cruel of punishments. Twenty lashes were given before the chief stopped his men. Weak and trembling he was driven back to his house. There he lay for days suffering frightful agonies, still trusting that God would deliver him. When he recovered he returned immediately to his church and for a time was not interfered with. But this was only a calm before the storm. Again he was seized and taken before the chief, and this time he was determined to kill him. Lash after lash fell upon the naked body until the victim became unconscious. Then the order was given to take up the body and throw it into the long grass. 'For,' said the chief with a sneer, 'if life still remains, it will not be long until he is carried off by the wild beasts.' So the poor, bleeding body was taken into the jungle to be food for the hyenas and wild cats."

The wonderful story of what was looked upon as a resurrection and the great work accomplished by Apolo fills pages of the book. If interest in missions is waning this would be a splendid book to pass around to my friends to show the great accomplishments of the Gospel.

208 pages, 8x5½ inches, F. H. Revell, N. Y. \$1.50.

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CHAPTER 3.

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

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

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

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

a Heb. 5. 13. 1 Pet. 2. 2. 1 Cor. 3. 1-3. 2 according to man.

b Rom. 12. 3. c Acts 18. 4. d Acts 19. 1. e Ps. 55. 10. f Ps. 62. 12. Rom. 2. 8.

19 Foolish men, craftin

20 Ar the tr are va

21 T men. 22 W Cēphs death come,

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