

The Latter Rain Kvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

The World's Only Saviour

I HAVE looked the whole planet over, and I see no man but Jesus only who is able to take away the sin of the world. I have sat at the feet of the world's crowned religious leaders, and I have seen all the great religions in their homes, and I now know that it is Christ or nobody. He has no competitor in the field. No one else has the slightest chance of winning the homage of the entire human race.

More and more He is to me what He was to Saul of Tarsus—"the image of the Invisible God." More and more He is to me what He was to John the Beloved—"God made manifest in the flesh." More and more He is to me what He himself claimed to be, the Eternal Son of the Living God. To know Him is indeed Life Eternal. To work with Him in establishing on this earth the Kingdom of Righteousness and Peace and Joy—this is what makes my life more like living.

Chas. E. Jefferson, D. D.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Influence of Religious Publications

PETER CARTWRIGHT, the great pioneer Methodist preacher, says in his Autobiography, "It has often been a question that I shall never be able to answer on earth, whether I have done the most good by preaching or distribution of religious books. For more than fifty years I firmly believed it was a part and parcel of a Methodist preacher's most sacred duty to circulate good books. I have spread thousands of dollars' worth among the people; sometimes a thousand dollars' worth a year. The religious press is destined, under the order of Providence, to give moral freedom to the perishing millions of earth."

The influence of religious books and papers in the community and the family life can never be estimated. While a godless world and a faithless church are busy tearing down and undermining truth and godliness, let us redouble our energies in building for God and eternity. The world does not hesitate to send out its atheistic propaganda — are we as zealous to spread the truth of God? Perhaps today your neighbors and friends are reading that which is subtly undermining the little faith they had because you have not given them that which would build it up.

Send them a subscription to *The Latter Rain Evangel* and have a part in their spiritual development. Put them on your prayer-list and the

silent messenger backed by your prayers will surely mean their spiritual awakening. You can make no better investment than this. Five subscriptions for \$5. Send for a roll of *Evangels* to give to your friends. Sample rolls for 25c.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hooper and three children, after a short furlough, are returning to their field in South Africa, on the S. S. Mauretania, sailing March 6th. Their South African address is Benoni, Box 328, Transvaal.

Entering the State of Falcon

Mrs. Adolph Blattner sends us the following good report from Venezuela, under date of Jan. 30th:

"God gave us many answers to prayer in the last weeks we were in Siquisique, and we had the joy of seeing a number of souls long on our prayer list, getting through to God. In the last two or three weeks four or five women who have lived unclean lives, were moved upon by God and showed signs of real repentance and faith. In two of the homes where four of the women live, they burned up their idols. Our boy Segundo (whom we brought with us) saw one of them one morning reading the New Testament we had given her, and with tears in her eyes, she lamented the fact that we had been here three years and she

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The Mark of the Beast

Some Startling Signs of the End

Sermon by Nathan Cohen Beskin, in Evanston, Ill., Feb. 8, 1931



AM calling your attention tonight to the thought found in the thirteenth chapter of Revelation beginning with the 16th verse. I shall speak some on Mussolini but first of all I want to show what the number of the beast is and then the mark of the beast.

If I can find the mark I will have no trouble finding the man; if I give you a description of the uniform of a man you will have no trouble in recognizing the man.

I should like to correct a mistake which is quite general; it seems to be a general conception that the number of the Antichrist is 666 but this is not so. The number 666 is a number belonging to another man and the Antichrist appropriates it; he takes away another man's possession and uses it himself.

Now first I want to give you the mark or the emblem of the beast. The beast, you will notice, is not a man but an institution, ruled by the man who has charge of the kingdom which has incorporated into it all other empires of the world. In the seventh chapter of Daniel the prophet gives his vision of the four empires of the Gentile world. He saw a lion with two wings, then he saw a bear and a leopard; then he saw a terrible beast with ten horns and here another feature is added. A little horn comes up out of the fourth beast (the Roman Empire) "before whom there were three of the first horns plucked up by the roots." In the 13th chapter of Revelation we are given another picture of the Antichrist and what do we find there? We find that his head is the head of a lion, his feet are the feet of a bear and the body is the body of a leopard; we find he has ten horns and seven heads; in other words we have the same panorama given in the 7th of Daniel repeated here in the 13th chapter of Revelation, with the exception that in the 7th of Daniel the Lord makes it very plain that these beasts represent four distinct kingdoms, the first, Babylon, the second, Medo-Persia, the third, Greece, and the fourth Rome. In the 13th chapter there is one man who controls all these kingdoms; in other words he has charge of all the powers that the Gentile world ever possessed. In another place

we are told that there are seven mountains, and Rome is the only city in the world which is built on seven mountains. Then too, Rome at her height was called the mistress of the world. Neither Babylon nor Persia nor Greece ever achieved the height which Rome had gained, for she controlled all the powers of all these kingdoms. Now if Rome is the beast, which it is, all I have to do is to find the emblem of Rome. You would have no trouble at all to tell me what the emblem of the United States of America is, for it can be only one of two things, either the Stars and Stripes or the American Bald Eagle. What is the emblem of Rome? Webster tells us it was the *fasces* and the definition he gives of *fasces* is a bundle of seven rods tied together with leather straps and through the center of these seven sticks is a battle-axe. This *fasces* was carried before a Roman magistrate when he sat in execution of judgment; that is, when a Roman emperor or magistrate appeared in public there would always walk ahead of him a man carrying this *fasces*. Remember that it is a bundle of seven sticks or rods, tied together with leather straps with an axe in the center of it.

In the year 1914 the world was at peace; our good friend William Jennings Bryan, then Secretary of State, was making peace treaties and our college professors were telling us that the world had progressed too far to ever have any more wars. Prince Henry of England was having dinner on a British Man of War and while that took place an anarchist killed the rich Duke of Austria and immediately the World War broke out. Italy was in the central *entente*. The world allied! When the war broke out Germany declared war on Russia, France on Germany, Belgium on Germany and Austria declared war on Serbia and Turkey on Russia. Italy stood alone—would not fight. There was an important man looming above the political horizon, an Italian but not in Italy at that time; the son of a blacksmith but he became a radical socialist for which he had been exiled. After the World War started he came back to Italy and said that Italy should not unite with Germany but with France, England and Russia, and declare war on Austria. For this advocacy he was put out of the Socialist Party and immediately after that he came

out with a new newspaper, on the heading of which he had a *fasces*, a bundle of seven rods and the axe in the center. His enemies, making fun of him, called him a Fascisti, the man who is trying to put the fasces back in Italy, the man who is trying to rebuild the Roman Empire. He adopted that emblem and organized the Fascisti Party, which at first was a very small nucleus but finally it became very large.

On the very self same day that Mussolini came out with the fasces on his newspaper, the United States of America came out with a new dime and on that dime, instead of the eagle, they put on the *fasces*, that bundle of seven sticks tied together with leather straps and with an axe in the center. If you have a new dime, look at it carefully and you will see that you have the emblem of Rome, the mark of Rome, the emblem of the Fascisti party on your United States dime. You ask me, did Mussolini have anything to do with that? No. How did it get there? Fulfillment of prophecy. There is no question that this is the mark of the beast and this mark appeared simultaneously in a dozen or more places. Let me ask you to look at your new dime again and investigate the other side. You may think that is the Statue of Liberty at first, but it is not. You will notice it has two wings and the statue of liberty has no wings. It is not a woman; it is a man. It is Mercury, the Roman God of commerce. On one side we have the emblem of Rome and on the other side we have the god of Rome.

At the very self-same time that Mussolini came out with his newspaper and the United States came out with the new dime, Mr. Giannini, an Italian banker in California came out with his letter heads and on this appeared the fasces, the mark of Mussolini, the mark of Rome. Mr. Giannini is an Italian, born in San Francisco. He first became a fruit merchant and then opened up a bank. When the great earthquake took place in San Francisco, Mr. Giannini had money because his Federal Reserve System consisted of a hole in his basement which was covered with a trap door. The result was that the earthquake wrecked practically every bank but his. He took advantage of his opportunity, put a sign on his house and called it *The Bank of Italy*. He made fairly good progress among the Italian people. In 1915 Mr. Giannini had a hearing before the Banking Commission of California. He wanted to branch out but the Banking Commission refused to give permission. The Lehman Brothers,

who had banks in Los Angeles ever since the United States occupied California, protested against Mr. Giannini opening up a branch in their city, whereupon Mr. Giannini turned to them and said, "I will buy you out." Then turning to the other bankers he said, "In just a little while there will be no other bank in California excepting my bank." They laughed at him but they gave him permission to branch out and it was then that he came out with his new letter-head. I shall not deal further with Mr. Giannini excepting to say this: Mr. Giannini today controls the greatest combination of banks with the greatest amount of money, not only in the United States, but in the whole world. But the banks now go under three names—the Bank of Italy, The Bank of Italy in California, and The Bank of America, and all are controlled by a holding corporation which is called *Bancitaly*. The three largest banks in the world are, The City National of New York, The Chase National of New York, and The Bank of Italy. Some time ago I was speaking about this in Portland, Oregon, and they laughed at me and said, "He has never come here." The very next morning the newspaper came out with the statement that The Bank of Italy had bought out every State Bank in the State of Oregon. Today there is not a bank in Oregon which is not controlled by The Bank of Italy.

Andrew Mellon, the third richest man in the world, is shivering in his boots and trying to get a combination of banks because he knows the Bank of Italy will swallow every bank unless they combine. The Lehman Brothers Bank which was the greatest bank in Los Angeles has scratched out the word, Lehman, and over it is written, The Bank of Italy. Wife and I had our money in a bank in Long Beach and one day when I went to get a new filler I found the words, Morris Trust Bank, scratched out and in place was written, The Bank of Italy. I went home and said to my wife, "Never will I hold money in a Bank of Italy," and we drew it out.

The Bank of Italy controls most of the chain stores in America. A man in Phoenix, Arizona, whom I know, owned a grocery store and the Piggly Wiggly firm came along and bought out his business and his name. Who was behind that? The Bank of Italy. I know of a man who borrowed money from The Bank of Italy, and when the time came he was unable to pay back the loan. He went to the farm and labored in his grape vineyard, hoping to sell the fruit

and thus be able to pay the loan. He put the fruit on the train, but in the course of shipment they side-tracked his car-load and instead of getting anything for the grapes he got his bill in red—he had to pay the freight and his property, worth a quarter of a million dollars, went into The Bank of Italy for a song. Who made them side-track that fruit? The Bank of Italy. It is the largest holding, the largest banking and the largest financial institution in the world.

Look at your Hupmobile car, if you have the latest model, and you will find the Fasces mark on it. Look at your Federal Milk and you will find the same fasces mark on that. Now comes the startling statement that the American Society of Engineers have adopted the *fasces* as their emblem. I have a list of several hundred commodities in America which bear the Fasces mark. You ask, Do you think Mussolini is the beast? Do you think he is the Antichrist? I say, No. Who is he then? I believe he is the John the Baptist of the Antichrist. There is a holy Trinity, God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. There is also an unholy trinity; the devil, the Antichrist and the false prophet. Before the Son of God came in His power there came a man before Him who prepared the way for the Christ. Mussolini having the mark of the beast, the mark of the Antichrist, is preparing the way for the Antichrist. Mussolini not only controls Italy, as you will notice, but other countries also. He took a Mohammedan king, Zog, from a Mohammedan country, made a Catholic out of him, and made him king of Albania. Is Mussolini such a good Catholic? No. He was arrested in Italy at one time for making speeches against the Pope. Then why is he so strong for the Catholics? To accomplish his own end. He has appropriated the emblem of Rome. What for? Preparing the way for the Antichrist.

Now let us turn to the number of the beast; his number is 666. On the Pope's crown is found this inscription, *Vicarius filii Dei*,—the Substitute of the Son of God. Add together the Roman numerals in this inscription, and you have the number of the beast, 666.

In Hebrew the name of the Pope of the Roman church is the name which means a Roman and that spells in Hebrew 666. In Greek it means the Latin kingdom and it is 666. Now the Pope is not the Antichrist but he has the number 666 and the Antichrist will take the Pope's number; he will claim to be a follower

of the Pope. What for? To gain his own ends. So you find that while Mussolini is using the Catholic church for his own end, he does not answer to the description. The Pope is not the Antichrist. It couldn't be Emil Pasha of Turkey for he is not using the Pope for his benefits; it couldn't be Stahlin of Russia for he is fighting the Pope. Who is it then? It is someone who claims to be the friend of the Pope, someone who claims to use his influence to further the cause of Catholicism; one who is using the Catholic church as well as any other church possible, for his own means and powers. Who is that man? He must be a great statesman, he must be a man of great eloquence, a great scientist, a great religionist and a great dictator. Who is he?

I believe it is the Black Pope. Who is the Black Pope? He is the man who dresses in black. Whenever you find a picture of the Pope of Rome sitting in his sacred conclave, you find that all of his associates, including the Pope himself, are dressed in white but there is one man beside him who is always dressed in black. He holds greater authority, has greater power and controls more kings and nations than any other man in the world. His name is Ledochowski. Perhaps you have never heard of him, but if you will go to your encyclopedia you will find out who Ledochowski is. He is the General of the Society of Jesus. I will give you a different name which you will recognize—the Jesuits. They are not Catholics. As a matter of fact they were excommunicated by the church of Rome but they came back three times until today they have stronger power than ever before. They were organized in the time of Martin Luther. What for? To combat Protestantism, as a side issue, but the main issue, to keep intact the whole Roman Empire which is after all, only a political movement. The encyclopedia tells us that there are five thousand Jesuit priests in America and about sixty thousand laymen. These laymen are the secret police for the Jesuits. They control everything. They get their men into the Protestant ministry and everywhere to gain their ends. The head of this people now is Ledochowski. You will notice he has a Polish name but he is a mixture of races and creeds, and answers the description of the 13th chapter of Revelation.

When I was a boy I read in my First Reader the fable of a certain man who was standing beside a tree and as he looked at it he just laughed and laughed. They asked him what he was

laughing about and he said, "I have been thinking that if all the trees became one tree and all the woodsmen became one woodsman and all the axes one axe and all the rivers one river, and then if the great big woodsman should come to the great big tree and it should fall into that great big river, wouldn't it make a great big splash!" And this is exactly what will happen today. All the grocery stores are becoming one grocery store; all the banks are becoming one big bank and all the governments are rapidly becoming one government. All the kingdoms are becoming one kingdom; all churches are becoming one church. The Church of England has already adopted the confessional in their new prayer book. I know Parliament protested against it but they are using it in spite of the protest. They are already worshipping relics. I have a picture of an Episcopal minister holding a silken pillow and on the pillow is a gold box. As he walks by, the faithful are kneeling and worshipping something in that box and what do you think it is? Two hairs of St. Alban's whiskers. Think of that, in a Protestant church!

What did Bishop Stewart say at a coronation service? He said, "Protestantism is on the verge of bankruptcy and unless we come to the fountain head we will be bankrupt." Do you know what he meant by the fountain head? The Pope. How about the Federal Council of Churches? I do not know how it is in this city but I know of some places where you cannot build a church unless you have permission from the Federal Council of Churches. A Quaker minister friend of mine in Portland, Oregon, told me that they were crowded out of their former church; they got the money together and decided to build. He had purchased the lot and then went to the Building Committee to get the permit. The Building Inspector said, "You go to the Council of Churches." "But what have I to do with them? I do not belong to them nor do I need their help," the minister said. But he was told to go so he went. They asked him where he wanted to build and when he told them they said, "No, you cannot build on that corner. There are three churches near there now," and they proceeded to designate a location where they would grant him permission to build his church. He said, "But I don't own any property there and I have no members there. It is not suitable." They said, "Build there or you don't build at all." And he didn't build. Yes, all churches are becoming one church. We will all be united and then there will appear

one great big woodsman who will swallow up all the churches, all the banks, all the grocery stores and all the manufactories. He will be a great man—the Antichrist, and when he is revealed there will be trouble. We shall have tribulation such as the world has never seen. I shiver at the thought of it. I read of the Spanish Inquisition, of a man who refused to accept the eucharist. They forced it upon him but he pushed it away and knocked it down. The first thing they did then was to cut off his right arm; then they put a chain around his neck and built a fire; they burned some pinchers to red heat and with these pinchers they plucked his flesh. We are told that in the tribulation we will have trouble such as the world has never known. I read how they put a person into a box with the lid screwed on tightly and through a little hole they would let the water drip, drop by drop, until the victim would go mad. But the tribulation days will bring worse trouble than that. I understand there are ten thousand Baptist ministers languishing in the jails of Russia today. Fourteen Jewish rabbis were arrested and condemned to be shot but because of strong protest they changed the sentence to life imprisonment, just for daring to pray. In Russia today, it is a crime to say prayers in the presence of your children. I have a clipping from a Russian newspaper, offering prizes to any boy who will report his parents for eating unleavened bread or praying in the presence of the children; the boys will get prizes and the fathers will go to jail.

You people here think you are having a hard time when you are sneered at for your religious convictions. Brother, Sister, you haven't seen anything yet. You know nothing about persecution or hardships. But it is coming. Listen in over your radio. I know there are some good programs but you listen to your representatives of the Federal Council of Churches. Who are they? Dr. Cadman and Mr. Fosdick, and men of that type. I listened to Mr. Fosdick's speech two years ago on Christmas day and he said, "I don't care whether Christ was born or not." He said, "I want the people to fall in love with goodness, honesty, purity, kindness, etc. And so I call this Christ but you can call it anything you want. I simply call it Christ to give it a name." I was in Toledo some time ago at the invitation of the Toledo Council of Churches. A prominent Divine got up and said, "We do not believe in angels anymore. You know we did away with the devil and now to keep the

angels and chase out the devils wouldn't be fair so we don't believe in angels either and what we need to do now is to do away with the magic of the Cross." I said, "What do you mean?" "Well," he said, "Pagans used to sacrifice to the sun and the Jews sacrificed to a lamb. Then came St. Paul and made Jesus the Son of God to please the pagans, and the Lamb of God to please the Jews, and they used to teach that when you kneel at the Cross your desires and your life are magically changed. But we will get rid of that magic for we do not believe in it anymore." I faced him right on that platform and said I would answer him the following Sunday afternoon, adding, "I am glad there are still some who believe in the magic of the Cross." We walked out of that church and rented a large Coliseum and widely advertised the coming meeting and there I preached to them on the faith of our fathers, living still. Praise God for those who still believe in the magic of the Cross. How about the others? Bishop McConnell says that to believe in the virgin birth is paganism and not Christianity. Let me tell you the time is coming

when you will be persecuted for trying to be a Christian. Will we give in and let them have their way? They will have their way for that is scriptural but as for me I will not compromise; I will not bow down to the Antichrist nor to his image.

You ask, "When will all this take place?" I believe it will be soon but I want to tell you something; I have some good news for you. Before the Antichrist gets too strong, before the persecutions become too severe, before the enemy gets complete control of this earth I believe the trumpet will sound, a shout will be heard from heaven and the dead in Christ shall be raised and we will be changed and be caught up to meet the Lord in the air; and so we will escape these horrible tribulations. Oh I want to be ready when the trumpet sounds! God destroyed the earth once by water and the next time it will be by fire, but just as Noah was above the waters, we will escape the destruction also. What shall we do about it? I want to be ready. What must we do to be ready? "Blessed and holy are they which have part in the first resurrection."

"Cast Thy Bread"

By Zelma Argue



THIS is a great universe.

Its wonder lies in the amazing accuracy of its laws.

The morning stars sing in their courses, each obeying the law of its own cycle.

The four seasons know their time. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, day and night, cease not.

This accuracy of law extends to us. There are laws sure in their action, as to cause and result. One of these is, whatsoever a man sows, that he also reaps. Such a law is stated, perhaps not so much arbitrarily, but rather with a desire on the part of the Lord to impart the understanding of universal laws, often unrecognized, to those who will have wisdom to receive them.

Such a law, or we might call it a secret, is found in the words, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." Plainly, and on the contrary, unless we do cast some bread out upon the waters, it cannot later return to surprise and delight us. It is a very satisfying experience to test a law like this, and

to find that it really works. For it does work, in matters both temporal and spiritual.

TEMPORAL

When I was quite new in the work, I had a convincing experience. My father was conducting campmeeting services in Findlay, Ohio, and my brother and I were assisting him. There were other workers present. We had ahead of us a very long journey, and I naturally figured that if we younger members of the party made out with our expenses, we would do well. Then came the day for pledges for the campmeeting missionary offering. I had a real desire to pledge twelve dollars, and, in spite of thinking about the expense question, did so. I did wonder a little just how I would make out. Then I saw that my step taken in faith, had not been unnoticed by the Lord. Very much to my surprise, different amounts were placed quietly in my hand, until the amount totaled twelve dollars. However, one dollar bill was Canadian, which I could scarcely use just then. I attempted to hand it in for street car fare, but the conductor refused it, as just then there was a slight discount on it. A gentlemen standing near the door on the

street car said, "Let me have it, as I am leaving for Canada tonight," taking it, and giving me another in its stead. As I thanked the man, my fellowpassengers on the crowded car could not see what I saw, the notice that the Lord takes of details concerning those who desire to please Him, refunding before my long journey, the pledged twelve dollars, to the exact penny.

More recently, I was holding a meeting in a certain city, and closed on a mid-week night. The work was young, just struggling for a start. The closing offering was not a large one, and I knew the pastor's wife needed a winter dress, so I handed it to her, suggesting she use it for that purpose. There was to be just one more campaign, then half a continent to cross to get home, and I knew I personally needed a winter dress for platform use. At the next meeting, general expenses were satisfactorily cared for, and I was thankful for that. However, the Lord gave good measure. Just before the meetings closed, a sister said to me, "Sister, do you need a new dress?" She and her husband had both received their baptism in the Spirit during the services, and were very happy and grateful. I admitted I did need a winter dress for the platform, and she said she desired to supply it.

A suitable garment was found, that proved entirely satisfactory, and which I have always regarded as specially from the Lord. "Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure." The good measure in this case was a platform wrap, which the same sister said the Lord had told her to give to me, entirely to my surprise. God does repay! I recall another time I was prompted to give a newly purchased dress away, but did not do so, and never found any satisfaction in it for myself.

A few nights ago, in my present campaign, I read the verses "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that," "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty," and recommended investments for heaven. Next day one of the congregation said to the pastor, "I have one hundred dollars to invest in the work." Praise the Lord!

SPIRITUAL

In spiritual things I have found God to be as faithful as in temporal. Some years ago I

stayed with a sick person a night or two to relieve a trained nurse. I took the occasion to speak to the nurse very earnestly about Christ. She said she had never been saved. Time passed on and I almost forgot the incident. Recently I was speaking to a woman who said to me, "You will not remember me, but I am the nurse you relieved. I want you to know your words were never forgotten. Since then, I have been saved myself, and have had the privilege of leading my own mother to Christ."

Recently we left a certain place where we had conducted meetings, where two daughters of a certain family found Christ. I pleaded with their father to be saved also, but he refused. He said it was what he wanted for his family, but he felt himself a rough fellow, and said it was not for him. A few days ago I received a letter saying that the father could stand the conviction no longer, and he had gone out into the barn, for they lived in the country, and there had prayed through to victory. Coming into the house, he threw his arms around his wife's neck, saying, "I am saved now! Saved at last!" Praise the Lord. He is faithful.

A few months ago a young missionary, a personal friend of mine, returned from Africa for her first furlough. I had the privilege of meeting her in Winnipeg. She mentioned something which I had not recalled, but which made me very thankful: "When I was tarrying for the baptism, and finding it hard to yield to the Lord, you helped pray me through to surrender and victory." So, if we are faithful, we can have a share in a ministry to lands which we ourselves may never be privileged to visit. All praise be to our gracious Lord!

Cast thy bread upon the waters! Time! Strength! Youth! Earthly good! It shall be found again.

These are days when some of the finest and most promising of earthly investments are bitterly disappointing those who have held them.

Only recently my attention was called to an article in a current magazine, stating that in 1930 over 1300 banks in the United States had failed, involving a loss to depositors of nine hundred million dollars. Is not the Lord speaking through these events, that we invest our treasure in banks that will not fail, in eternal property that cannot be confiscated, and where robbers cannot

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"He Careth for You"

Faith the Secret of Our Victory

Sermon by J. N. Hoover, in the Stone Church



ASTING all your care on Him, for He careth for you." 1 Peter 5:7.

These words were written by the most wonderful man that ever fished in the blue sea of Galilee or preached the soul thrilling gospel of the Son of God.

The morning sun was filling all Palestine with light and heat; the waters of deep Galilee were beating softly against her gigantic banks; the birds in the trees were filling the sweet air with songs of glee, when suddenly two fishermen in a boat out upon the deep, saw a Stranger walking on the seashore clothed in majestic beauty. The light of His peaceful countenance filled the hearts of the fishermen with fascinating love and tranquil safety. He spoke, but the force of His words were more than human effort. Deep into the hearts of the fishermen sank the essence of the visitor's message. Never before had they heard the language of man so tremendously powerful. Dropping the net which they were mending, they listened, as the gentle breeze carried the words of the Stranger across the rolling waves to their waiting ears: "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."

What a shocking assertion, what a bold undertaking! To reject such an invitation was seemingly impossible; to accept it, was an inevitable conclusion, and leaving the boat they followed the heavenly Stranger with all confidence in His ability and supernatural majesty.

One of the two men, who heard the voice of Jesus that beautiful morning, was Simon Peter. Little did Simon Peter think when he left the boat at Galilee that beautiful morning that he should tread the hot sands of persecution, that he should wade the streams of excruciating fear, that he should stand before kings and rulers of nations to give a reason for his faith in Jesus Christ. But the longer Simon Peter followed his congenial, sympathetic and all-sufficient Saviour, the higher the mountain of divine knowledge he ascended, until the influence of his life even to this day fills the hearts of millions with faith, courage and songs of praise.

Simon Peter is not alone in this divine experience, for we too have heard the same heavenly

voice calling us out of a life of selfishness and sin into a loving service for others, in the blessed name of the Man of Galilee.

How many years Simon Peter spent in the service of the Lord Jesus, we do not know, but, in the closing year of his marvelous life of consecration and sacrifice, we find him sending a message of love and cheer to the Christians scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia and Bythinia, saying: "*Cast all your care on Him (the Lord Jesus) for He careth for you.*" In all of his messages, Simon Peter never wrote a more truthful statement. Out of his own heart he was speaking of the loving friendship of Jesus, whose word was and ever will be the final authority. We may have friends we think are friends, but Jesus is "the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother", and the only Friend who is able to help in every time of need. He has power to deliver, to love and to cheer. He is not only our present Friend, but the One who will never say good-bye. You may say good bye to Him, but He will never say good-bye to you. Thank God, Jesus will never leave us. Can you not hear Him saying: "Lo, I am with you alway"? "Come unto Me and I will give you rest"? Then let us come to Him, believe His word, depend upon Him, for He cannot fail. Let not discouragements destroy your confidence in Him, nor clouds of doubt shut heaven's sunlight out of your soul. God lives and He will care for you.

"Be not dismayed whate'er betide,
God will take care of you;
Beneath His wings of love abide,
God WILL take care of you."

Not one of the twelve disciples could have more fully comprehended or appreciated the truthfulness of this statement than Simon Peter. He had experienced the joy which comes through Christian service, and he knew the sorrow that comes with disloyalty. He knew what it was to walk in the heavenly sunlight with the Saviour of sinners, and he knew what it was to leave the judgment hall with an aching heart and a guilty conscience. He knew what it was to fall into the hands of Satan and he knew what it was to be protected by the power of a living Christ. He knew what it was to be broken in heart and he knew what it was to have the joy-bells of

salvation ringing in his soul. Out of his heart he could say to the Christians scattered throughout the world, "Cast all your care upon Jesus for He careth for you." The truth of the whole matter is, we are

NOT ABLE TO CARE FOR OURSELVES

for when we think we are strong, then we are weak. When we think we have plenty, then misfortune comes our way: then, and perhaps not until then, do we realize how frail we are. We may build up a big business or a beautiful home, but we have it only a few days and we are gone; into the sleep of physical death, we are slowly but surely passing. Awake and call upon God, for He is not willing that any should perish! He will care for you. We are unable to care for ourselves because we are surrounded by overwhelming difficulties. The evidence of Satan is on every hand. Oh, how easy it is to do wrong! None of us are righteous, no not one, for all have sinned; we have all gone astray, and the penalty of our sin became the burden of Him in whose honor and praise we are here assembled today. Thank God, in the hour of man's extremity, Jesus came with the glad tidings of salvation!

When there was no eye to pity, no arm to save, Jesus came from heaven to bear our burdens, carry our sorrows, die for our sins, and with the sacrifice of His own blood, on the Cross of Calvary, has made possible our redemption. Now in Him we may not only find a hiding place from the storms of life, but joy unspeakable. Oh yes, Jesus will care for you! He will comfort you, if you will do what He has told you to do. Delight to do His will and the sunlight of heaven will come into your heart.

"Though His wise and loving purpose,
Clearly now thou canst not see,
Still believe, with faith unshaken,
All shall work for good to thee.

Therefore when thy way seems darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim;
Straight to God thy Father hastening
Tell thy sorrows unto Him."

When the children of Israel were facing the Red Sea, with mountains on either side of them and Pharaoh coming with his army to capture and return them to captivity, they were filled with fear and began to doubt the hand that had led them out of slavery; but Moses said unto them "Stand still and see the salvation of God." Now this was a hard thing to do, but they did it, and soon found themselves in a "hallelujah

meeting" on the other side of the Red Sea. God will take care of us in a marvelous way when we demonstrate faith in His word.

When Queen Esther learned of the plan of wicked Haman to kill the Jews, she and her people went to prayer and God not only saved them but removed the cause of their trouble. When persecution came upon the church in Jerusalem and Simon Peter was cast into jail, the church went to prayer, and God not only delivered Him out of jail but used him to lead them into greater fields of Christian service.

God knows how to solve your problems, carry your burdens and fill your soul with the sunshine of His heavenly throne. Bring Him your burdens, your cares, and your responsibilities, for "He careth for you." Leave it all with Him, believe His Word and be calm in your soul, for, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to His purpose." Even though the worst is happening, despair not, He will care for you. You ask how do I know? I know because HE said so. Here lies the secret of our victory, the secret of our happiness, even our faith. We may not be able to understand why sickness has come, why loved ones die; we may not be able to understand why money and position and home and friends are gone, but God understands, and all things work out for our good, if not here and now, then a little later, for God is able to fulfill His promise. Put your trust in God, for He will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able to bear, but will with the temptation make a way of escape.

We can well afford to suffer misfortune here for a while, if need be, for after all, it will not be long until we will find ourselves in "the house not made with hands," where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest, where they hunger no more and where God wipes away all tears. Thank God, the sorrows will soon be past! Already the clouds flame with the light of God's eternal day.

Since Jesus has conquered sin, death and the grave, He has become the joy of heaven and the Saviour of all who put their trust in Him. I ask you to believe His word, bring to Him your burdens, your troubles, your griefs, and then leave them there, "for He careth for you."

"O yes He cares, I know He cares,
His heart is touched with our grief;
When the days are weary
The long nights dreary,
I know, my Saviour cares."

But some one will say, "Mr. Hoover, you do not know what heavy burdens I am carrying." No I do not, and I could not help you very much if I did know, but I know One who can help you and if you go to Him with a contrite heart confessing your sins, your burdens will grow lighter and you will find sufficient strength to stand in the hour of temptation.

God is just as able to help the merchant sell his goods as he is willing to help the lawyer tell the truth. He is just as able to help the farmer sow the seed and gather the harvest, as He is willing to help the student in the school room or the preacher in the pulpit. There is nothing that God withholds. The reason we grope around beneath the burden of our many cares, is because we have not learned how to leave them with Him. We must

HAVE FAITH IN HIM

before we can commit ourselves to His care or before He can give us the evidence of sins forgiven. There was a certain nobleman whose son was sick at Capernaum, and when he heard that Jesus was come out of Galilee, he went and besought him to come down and heal his son, for he was at the point of death. Jesus said unto him, "Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe;" but the nobleman cried, "Come down ere my child die." Then said Jesus unto him, "Go thy way, thy son liveth," and the man believed the words Jesus had spoken unto him and went his way. Here is faith. He brought his burden to Jesus and left it with Him. He believed his son would be healed because Jesus said so, and on his way home his servant met him saying, "Thy son liveth." "Then enquired he of the hour he began to mend, and they told him yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him, and the father remembered it was the hour Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth."

Christ came to fight our battles and the gospel which we preach is the glad tidings of His own victory. He came as a humble Servant with our pardon from the King and the gift is His own. He is the sinner's Friend, and the Christian's Saviour. Bring your cares to Him, for He careth for you. If this is true and we know it is, then let us come to Him without doubting and we shall find that for which we have long been waiting.

Let the hot wind of persecution come, the angry clouds with thunder roar and lightning fill all space, the soul who can honestly sing, "My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood

and righteousness," shall not suffer for divine protection.

David said, "Once I was young, but now I am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."

"Have faith in God, the sun will shine,
Tho' dark the path may be at times.
His heart hath planned your path and mine,
Have faith in God, have faith alway."

It may be your sorrow is the evidence of your sin; if so, then come to Him confessing your sins, for "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Do the first thing first. Get right with God. There is nothing more essential than the knowledge of sins forgiven, and there is no greater joy than to feel the presence of the divine Burden Bearer.

Can't you hear Jesus saying, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest"? Come, come, for He meant just what He said. Come you who have burdens heavy to bear; come, you who have lost confidence in those whom you trusted; come, you who have lost home and friends; come, you who have laid the precious form of a loved one in the cold, cold grave; come, come to Jesus, for He will comfort, strengthen and care for you. The Spirit and the Bride are saying "Come" and let him that heareth say, "Come," and whosoever will, Come! Come! Come!

Missionary Disbursements
(Jan. and Feb.)

G. A. Anderson, China	\$ 30.00
L. M. Anglin, China (Orphanage)	25.00
Miss Ethel Bingeman, Liberia	15.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. Blattner, Venezuela.....	50.00
Miss Louise Boés, (Fare to India \$200).....	220.00
Miss Mattie F. Brann, China	47.40
Chicago Missionary Rest Home	25.55
Miss Mabel Dean, Egypt	25.00
Miss Ruth Erickson, Liberia	25.00
Miss Bessie V. Gager, India	5.00
Mrs. Esther Harvey, India	50.00
Miss Cuba Hill, Enroute French Soudan.....	10.00
C. F. Juergensen, Japan	30.00
Miss Thel King, India	20.00
Miss Bernice C. Lee, India	75.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mueller, India (Native work)	50.00
Miss Sophia Nygard, Liberia	30.00
Miss L. H. Parker, India	10.00
Miss Grace Perley, on furlough	7.50
Mr. and Mrs. E. Pettenger, South Africa	50.00
Thos. Stoddart, India	55.00
Miss Lillian Thrasher, Egypt (Orphanage)....	100.00
Harry T. Waggoner, India (Leper Work)	350.00
Miss Hilda Wagenknecht, India	22.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan (Native work)....	50.00
Total	\$1,377.45

God's Evergreen Pastures

Roy Smuland in the Stone Church, Feb. 8, 1931



Ezekiel 34, Psalms 23

IF I WERE to give this afternoon's message a topic I would call it, "God's Evergreen Pastures." When we take a glimpse at God's creative work in nature we see that all life has to be sustained; if it is plant-life He has made a way whereby the plants can be sustained; if in animal-life He has provided food for the animals. It is not enough for anything to have a beginning. Life must be sustained. And so in the spiritual. There are many people today who think that you can begin a life in God but you do not need to do a thing to sustain it. But just as your natural life must be nourished, after you have been born into the family, so must your spiritual life be continually fed and built up. And God has made a way whereby it can be sustained.

In Ezekiel 34 we have God addressing the shepherds of His flock. We are likened unto sheep. There are many characteristics of sheep that are likened to God's children. Sheep are very dependent on someone to lead and guide them. They are helpless and inclined to go astray, never able to defend themselves, always at the mercy of the shepherds, or at the mercy of the enemy. So God likens His people to sheep who in themselves are defenceless.

But the Lord also comes to the front and introduces Himself to you and to me as the Shepherd. David said, "The Lord is my Shepherd." He had had experience in tending sheep and no doubt realized it was quite a task, but when God had anointed him king, and he was hunted on every side by his enemies, driven into the mountain fastnesses, yet he could say with confidence, "*The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.*" It was a personal matter with him. I am glad that Salvation is a personal matter, that trusting the Lord is a personal matter. You and I as individuals can have the Lord's personal care over us day by day. A little boy started to go to Sunday School, and was not much acquainted with the Bible, but was taught the first verse of this Psalm and told to memorize it. The next time he came he said, "The Lord is my Shepherd"—and then he forgot the rest and said—"I should worry!" That is the way I feel, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I should worry!"

In the plan of God He has ordained men upon whom He lays His hand to certain ministries, some to be pastors, some teachers, evangelists, etc., but I do not know of a greater ministry than the shepherd ministry. Personally I know of no part of God's service that I love more than the pastoral part. I love it with all my heart. There are others who are at their best as evangelists, and some as teachers, but there is the class whom God calls to look after the flock. I used to be quite worried when I started out to preach. I realized that I didn't have enough stored in my heart and mind to last me a month; in fact not enough to last one sermon, and said, "Lord, I do not want to make a fool of myself," and one day the Lord talked to me and said, "You are not to have all the food in your pocket. I have the food." So I felt greatly relieved. He is the Supply.

But God thru Ezekiel sends out a woe to the shepherds who became self-centered and thought the people were theirs and began to feed themselves off the flock instead of feeding the flock. Notice the statement: "Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool, ye kill them that are fed: but ye feed not the flock. The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost; but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them."

When Jesus came to this old world He went after the lost sheep of the house of Israel, those who had gone astray, those who were wounded and helpless. And He gave His disciples the same commission. Friends, the ministry today, for the most part, stands about in the same class as when God spoke to the shepherds of Israel thru Ezekiel. They are helping themselves instead of helping the people. You well know that there would be many today who would believe this Gospel as we preach it were it not for the fact that they are afraid their bread and butter is at stake. But when we think just of ourselves and our needs we fail miserably.

Friends, God is concerned about His own sheep. He loves them. The Good Shepherd gave His life for His sheep, and He has called men and women who are to lead the flock of God into

His green pasture. Whenever ministers stand before the people and deny the truths which are written in His Word, they are false shepherds. God has put in His Word the ministry of healing, but He says to His shepherds, "The diseased have ye not strengthened." How can we strengthen the diseased sheep of God unless we believe that Jesus has atoned for our sickness as well as our sin? God had from the beginning put it in His Word that the diseased should have the healing stream of Calvary applied to their broken bodies.

And then the prophet says of the sheep, "They are scattered and they became meat to all the beasts of the field; they wandered thru all the mountains, and upon every high hill: yea, my flock scattered upon all the face of the earth, and none did search or seek after them." Because the shepherds fail to guard the sheep they become a prey. You tell me why so many people are in spiritualism and other false religions that have no life in them. There is only one reason and that is found right here. If the shepherds would have preached the old time Gospel with its power to heal, with its power to bind and restore, with its power to save, the sheep would not have become a prey to doctrines of demons. Take Christian Science that is making such strides today. The thousands who are taken up with it are not of the class that is running the streets, out and out sinners. You will find they are people who once belonged to the denominations which once believed in the miraculous, but have now come to the place where they deny it, and for that reason the sheep are scattered and become a prey to every beast of the field. Jesus not only brought the church into being, but He gave her sustaining power by which she might be fed and kept. We are to become like the fatted calves in the stall, kick up our heels once in awhile. I have watched the calves on the farm; when they get a lot of good milk they become very frisky. Thank God we can be fed from the sincere milk of the Word and be strengthened.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." God has green pastures for us, and He will lead us into them if we will but follow. I remember quite well when the pasture in the church to which I belonged began to dry up. At first it was fairly good, I had a real experience of being born again, but by and by it became very dry, and I used to ask my pastor, "Cannot we have the experience they had in the Early Church?"

No, that was all dried up, he assured me. The Lord didn't have that for us today. I became worried about it and wondered if I would have to go all my days with not enough enthusiasm even to testify. I hid my Christianity; was too much of a coward even to testify that I was afraid of hell and tried to make the best of it. But I shall never forget the day when I heard about God's Evergreen pasture. I opened my mouth wide and wondered how I could jump the fence. I was all fenced in, and when I went to the preacher he put barbed-wires all around to keep me there. He said, "You know your father and mother were Baptists all their lives, and the Baptists are next to the Lutherans in being long established. The Baptist Church has a record of being hundreds of years old, and we have fought for the faith," and so he went on, intimating that the Baptists were almost the only people who would get to heaven. They put more wire around, and I wondered how I would ever get out. I was like a pony that was in a pasture with wheat and oats growing on either side. The pasture was getting poor, but the fence was so high and the wires so close together, the pony could not break thru, but there was a little space underneath, and that pony lay down flat on his side and wriggled thru at a time when nobody was looking. But he filled himself so with oats that he would hardly be able to get back. I did that same thing. Altho the pastor had put many wires around I managed to get thru and get away into God's green pasture when he was not looking. When I came back the Lord had restored me to full fellowship filled me with the Holy Ghost and my tired, sick body was healed. When I reached the little town where my pastor was he called me into his office and asked me where I had been. I couldn't help but shout right in his study. I told him my heart was satisfied. He told me I was mistaken in my move and that it would break my mother's heart if she were alive; made attractive offers to me to divert me from this way, but the Lord had become my Shepherd from that time on and I have chosen to pasture where He feeds. God's pastures will ever be green. They do not know any drought from lack of rain.

This afternoon God has provided pasture for His children, and He will break down the fences and opposition so that they can feast on what He has provided. Do not be satisfied with theology alone. If your soul has not been fed

and you have an unsatisfied longing in your heart, get into God's green pastures.

There is another thing about God's provision for His children. It is not enough that you eat, but that you drink. "He leadeth me beside the still waters." Shall I ever forget when I got the first drink of the Water of Life? I put my head as low as I could and drank, and drank, and drank. We need to drink continually beside the still waters. They are ever flowing for the thirsty, the withered, the lifeless. He not only feeds us and gives us drink, but He protects our lives if we walk thru dangerous places. He is always there and He provides a table before us in the presence of our enemies. When we get wounded

He anoints us. Have you made the Lord your Shepherd? Are you listening to Him? He says, "My sheep hear my voice and they follow me."

I do not know much about theology. I knew very little about the Bible when I came in contact with the Full Gospel Movement, but I knew my own need, and I knew that God was leading me. I heard His voice and I determined to follow Him regardless of what anyone said. There is something about His voice that can be distinguished above all the other voices in the world. I want to keep close to the heels of my Shepherd until He leads me thru this life into the haven of rest. May God help us to pasture where He feeds.

Chicago's Opportunity



IT IS a far cry from the daring crimes and deeds of darkness committed daily in Chicago to the noon-day Gospel meetings now being held in the very center of this vast city.

Reports of Chicago's crime wave have gone to the ends of the earth so that people have wondered if there were any godly men and women in this city, but thousands of righteous souls have cried to God to send a Holy Ghost revival, that the workings of the Spirit of God might be carried as far as the story of Chicago's crimes have gone.

For over a year Christian business men of this city have gathered weekly to pray for a revival and discuss the possibility of having noon-day Gospel meetings in the loop, strictly evangelistic and non-sectarian. In order to get a larger circle of Christian leaders interested it was suggested that they have a banquet, followed by an informal meeting, and invite leading ministers and their wives.

As one of the humbler ones looked over the stiff and formal crowd that gathered she cried in her soul, "If anything is done in this meeting it will surely be God!" And so it was. The meal finished, the Spirit of God came into the song service at the very beginning and as they went to prayer, heaven opened. Formality and stiffness took wings as men and women who knew God pressed thru to the very throne. The entire company was humbled and melted before the Lord. A speaker for the evening had been announced but the chairman felt that in such an atmosphere there might be some who would like to praise the Lord.

The first to respond was a business man from the loop who had been very seriously ill just two weeks previous. When given up to die by the physicians he had sent a request for prayer to the Thursday night meeting of the business men's group. God heard and answered. Besides the healing, he received a new touch and revelation of God. As he praised God for restoring him from his death-bed and making him a well man, able to attend to business as usual, his face shone with the glory of God and his joy spread like a contagion. Another man arose and told how in a very straitened financial crisis he had claimed the promise in the verse, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." He had told God that this was his "day of trouble" and that he claimed help—and then he added, "And now I stand before you tonight with everything paid to date."

Then the very atmosphere was saturated with heaven; the dignified forgot their dignity and wept. The stiffness had vanished and all were melted. In the sweetness of His presence, a very dignified Presbyterian elder arose and with tears running down his face, said, "This is the nearest to heaven I have ever been." His wife, a distinguished woman, bowed her head on the table and wept. A young woman arose and said, "I feel I ought to make a public confession right here. When my husband told me I was to attend this dinner with him, my first thought was, 'Which dress shall I wear?' I had quite a time deciding on this. *Little did I think that I would meet God here tonight.*"

A slogan for the meetings was suggested, the first line of an old chorus, "*We are after our*

thousands for Jesus." One of the most aristocratic ladies present arose and said, "We attend church where they never have an altar call, but I want to be among that number who will bring their thousands to Jesus. There shall be no more wasted days in my life," and then she said she would like to invite the ladies to her home for a prayer meeting.

In this atmosphere and backed by a year of prayer, were launched the noon day meetings, now being held in the Grand Opera House, 121 N. Clark St., with a seating capacity of 1200. The building is crowded at every meeting; 200 have on some occasions been standing outside. The Business Men's Committee chose the speakers on their knees, aiming to get the most spiritual men they could find. One of the speakers from a distant city, when asked to come, hesitated, saying that his messages were more to back-

sliders than to sinners. "You will find plenty of them there," said the Christian layman. In the altar calls church members took their places along side of outright sinners and wept their way to God. Sometimes the Spirit of God so moved upon the audience that the entire opera house seemed like one big altar, as men and women all over arose and with tears streaming down their faces, surrendered their lives to God.

One day the speaker at the very beginning, asked men and women all over the house to rise and promise to pray while he was giving the message that God would send the Word to hearts

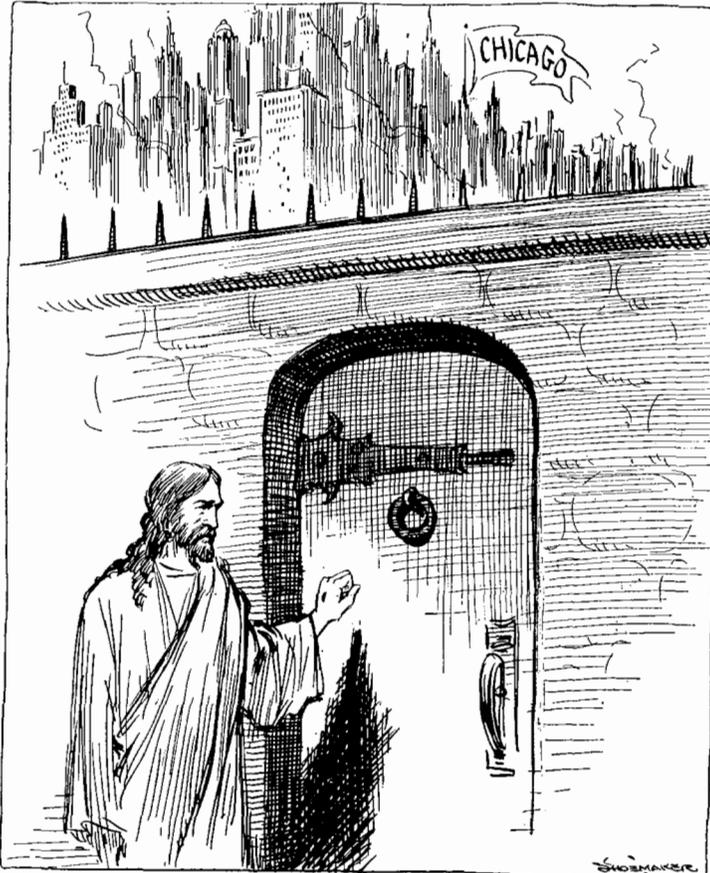
with convincing power. That was the banner day for results.

A man from Canada dropped into the meeting; he had been a dissolute man, but had a godly wife. When the song leader sang, "Will the Circle Be Unbroken," he got up and left the building, under deep conviction. After walking around a half hour he returned to the scene of the service and gave his heart to God.

One day the speaker spoke on the subject of Broken Altars and pleaded that they might be restored. The next morning he was deluged with letters simply dripping with tears, from broken hearts of those who had listened in from Michigan, Ohio, Wisconsin and the city of Chicago. One came from the wife of a physician, another heart-wrung note from a doctor, still another from a young woman who had contemplated suicide and a fourth from a busi-

ness man who was in a sanitorium because of drink, saying that when he left he had no prospect but to go again on the road and rather than do that he would end his life a suicide, and he went on begging prayer for a way out.

The meetings are broadcasted daily over radio station WMBI and thousands of indifferent, godless church-members are hearing the Gospel in all its simplicity. A woman listening in over the radio from Wisconsin, heard that the speaker would be in Rockford, Ill., in the evening. She had been a professing Christian for thirty-five years but knew when she heard the message over



The Knock of the Nail-Pierced Hand

the air that she wasn't saved. She went to Rockford to attend the service and happened to sit right next to the minister's wife. She told her she had come to find God and at the close of the service the minister's wife took her to the prayer room, and calling her husband, said, "Here is a woman who wants to find Jesus." On his knees he pointed her to the Lamb of God. A man called one of the speakers over the telephone. He had heard the message of the noon-day meeting and was under deep conviction of sin. Right over the 'phone the minister led him to God.

One of the banks in the city installed a loud speaker in the basement so that the employees could listen in. A restaurant has done the same thing thus making it possible for their patrons to partake not only of the material bread but also of that which cometh down from heaven. In Rockford a loud speaker was put in the jail so that prisoners could listen to the Gospel services.

One of the remarkable features of the campaign is the way the meetings are being financed. Very little is said about money, no collections are taken but an opportunity is given to contribute as one passes out of the door, and the daily expenses are met without stress or strain. Speakers and song directors have given freely of their services and have considered it a privilege to

use their talent that Chicago might see a revival. Christian business men over the country are writing and asking how they can start meetings in their town and sending, in some cases, for someone to show them. The answer to them all, is to get together, first of all for prayer as that has ever been and will always be the opening wedge to hearts, to buildings, to workers, to means and to souls.

This is just a meagre picture of the far-reaching results of these meetings which have now been in progress for eight weeks and will continue for a number of weeks longer. Oh that God would lay a burden of intercessory prayer upon the hearts of His people, that revival fires might burn brightly and cause a mighty conflagration not only in this wicked city but all over our needy land.

Roger Babson, the great statistician, says that a revival of religion is the only solution to the world's great problems. Only the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ will help Chicago's sorrows. The nail-pierced hand of the Son of God is knocking loudly at her door, and through the medium of these Noon-Day Services, backed by the prayers of a great company, hearts stained by sin and crime have learned to know of the Savior of the world.

A. C. R.

How the Great Physician Healed our Family

Mrs. William Coxe, Zion, Illinois



IF THAT men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." Ps. 107:8.

When my husband and I were married we had both learned to trust God for our bodies as well as our souls. We were married in Bible School in New York City, by that remarkable man of God, Rev. A. B. Simpson, Founder of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and at once we were given charge of a mission.

Prior to our marriage, my husband, on what was thought to be his dying bed, was saved and then raised up in answer to believing prayer. Thank God, we learned not only to preach, but to practise our belief in Divine Healing and our Great Physician has travelled with us throughout the years,—in New York, Florida, Nevada, Massachusetts, etc.—ever ready for a call on His services.

When our first child, Mary, was a little over a year old, in the trying Florida climate she took

sick with cholera infantum. We looked to the Lord alone for help. For six weeks she lay, growing steadily weaker and no one expected to see her recover. We praised and prayed and trusted God. Then He told me to step out in faith and move her out of the corner of the room, trusting Him. At once she began to mend. Two weeks later a son was born. When he was a month old Mary took what proved to be small-pox. She was covered with it but God healed her and Baby William did not take it, praise the Lord!

During this same year, in an Alliance meeting, on the platform behind the organ, God baptized me in the Holy Spirit. It was just before Mary took sick. How I needed Him at that time to indwell and pray through me! Our third child, Esther, when nearly two years of age, contracted infantile consumption from a young girl who had tuberculosis of the bone and who persisted in kissing Baby Esther. She grew rapidly worse until she became very low. On being anointed

at a Young People's Rally, she was healed, and immediately regained her strength. She is now travelling with her father in evangelistic work.

After a number of years in the ministry my husband began to have a deepening hunger for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. But to him it meant leaving the people with whom he had been affiliated for over twelve years, for while they had the light on full salvation, healing and the Second Coming of Jesus, they would not accept speaking in tongues as the sign of the sealing of the Spirit. So, while he hesitated, God allowed his eyes to be affected and he became practically blind with trachoma. At the request of the church he was examined by a prominent eye-specialist, who, with his assistant, diagnosed the case. My husband's sister, Sara Coxe of Chapra, India, now with the Lord, also recognized the disease as she had seen it in India. He was obliged to go to church with a shade over his eyes, have someone read the Scripture and then he would preach. He grew worse until it was necessary for him to be in a darkened room. Blood and mucous streamed from his eyes. Sister Sara, then on furlough, came to preach for us and stand by in prayer. The oculist said that a good angel had certainly watched over all of us, as it was the most virulent, contagious eye-disease known and not one of us had contracted it. But in answer to the prayer of faith my husband was healed. Praise the Lord! We have been in Pentecost ever since!

Our fourth child, Elizabeth, was never very strong though not sick. However, at the age of six years, while in the school yard, she was struck in the back, between the shoulder blades, by an injurious snowball which was made by freezing snow around a good-sized stone! As a result her spine curved so that from the back it looked like a large S. The school physician pronounced it scoliosis. Her father took the child to a Convention which was in progress in New York City, and before hundreds of people, when Brother R. A. Brown anointed her with oil in Jesus' name, the spine instantly straightened and has been straight ever since. Eight years later a physician asked to examine her and pronounced the spine perfectly straight. The school authorities urged hospital treatment to prevent her being crippled for life, but I refused, telling them I had the same Doctor I had known for all my other children. He had never lost a case and I expected to continue to trust Him. Hallelujah!

When Paul, our sixth child was four months

old I was taken sick. My husband having recently gone to Brooklyn to take a pastorate, I was alone with the six children. But my Physician was prepared for just such an emergency; He had two trained nurses living next door to me, neither one of whom was then engaged on a case. They saw that I was quite ill, came over and took charge of things, saying I had pneumonia. One nurse was Pentecostal, the other was saved and eager to witness a healing from God. My temperature was 103½. They telegraphed my husband and after he came and anointed me with oil in the name of the Lord, it immediately went back to normal. My husband went back to his charge as special meetings were in progress. One day the nurse who was unacquainted with Pentecostal teaching fell on the floor of my room under the power of God, and I was shaken in my bed. When my husband came home again, I was anointed once more, wherewith both of my lungs emptied out and I was healed. During the following week this nurse received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The other nurse moved with us to our charge in Brooklyn and is now one of our missionaries in China—Mrs. Olaf Ferm.

Shortly after this healing the young baby developed eczema all over his head. It went from one cheek to the other, would leave when prayed for and then return. After a year's severe test, during which time Elizabeth's spine was straightened, God rebuked the eczema and the baby was delivered. It has never returned, praise the Lord!

As a result of an attack of influenza my husband was left with a bronchial weakness and finally took sick with double pneumonia and pleurisy on both sides, also weakening his heart. One night while I slept a relative summoned a physician who said there was no hope, that nothing could be done for him. When none believed he would recover I sent a prayer request to the Browns of New York City, and also telephoned Pastor Ernest S. Williams, then in Philadelphia. Once more God answered prayer and raised my husband from the brink of the grave. A physician of Camden, N. J. asked to be allowed to examine him and after an exhaustive examination he said a miracle had been performed and that he had perfect lungs.

For a time my husband went into evangelistic work. During his very first campaign my son, at the age of sixteen years, while in the house of a friend, shot himself in the hand with a blank cartridge. After two weeks two pieces of poi-

soned wadding came out of the hand and the swelling disappeared. The next day however, feeling himself stiffening, he exercised vigorously and misplaced a vertebrae in his spine. The day after this his jaw set and became locked! Imagine my feelings as I watched my splendid boy stiffen from his neck down until he walked like a paralytic. When his father came home the boy was in bed, his color a greenish yellow, and his tongue thickened. He could scarcely turn his head or raise his arm and gave evidence of having had a convulsion. When the father laid his hands on the spine and prayed the vertebrae snapped back into place, making the boy cry out in pain. God raised him up and healed him. The following Fourth of July four boys in the same city of Wilmington died from lockjaw and tetanus poisoning from similar accidents.

When John, our fifth child, was ten years of age, he took scarlet fever. As his father was away I called the acting pastor to pray. The terrible fever abated in a short time and the next morning he was broken out. That night he had a dreadful spasm. I have never seen a child's face look like that. But I was not alone. The Strong One upon whom I had leaned all the years was there to help. On laying my hand on

his brow the fever was rebuked and the child was healed.

When my oldest son, William, received the fulness of his baptism he had to consecrate that he would be willing even to be a preacher. This late summer and fall he was travelling with his father in evangelistic work, leading the singing, playing the cornet, etc. He took sick but owing to his splendid physical condition, resisted the sickness for two weeks. Then he succumbed and they brought him home, his father leaving at once for another campaign. Such terrible delirium! At the urgent request of the landlady and a neighbor, he was thoroughly examined and it was proved that he had typhoid-pneumonia with brain fever. The doctor could not understand how he was still alive but the Lord brought him through and now He has opened the way for him to be in Bible School in San Francisco, training for a life of service for the Saviour he loves.

The half has not been told. We could never tell of all His goodness, but we trust this account will be a blessing to some one. "Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever, Amen."

From the Mission Fields

IN SPITE of the turmoil and political confusion in China the Holy Spirit is working in the hearts of men and women. The following from Miss Mattie Brann dated Dec. 30th, will give us a glimpse of the way revival fires are burning in Chihli Province:

"On the night of Dec. 20, I returned from one of our largest outstations where we held a short term Bible School. Praise the Lord for the marvelous way He worked in that city. Satan had tried his best to ruin the work there but prayer and the Word so changed things that we stand in awe and praise our God. I doubt if I ever saw deeper conviction and tears flow more copiously as one after another wept before the Lord confessing their sins and crimes. A number of women were in such agony as they poured out their crimes in killing their girl babies. It had been such a natural thing to put them out of the way when they wanted a boy. One, the wife of an official, was shaking with agony as she told how she let one girl baby slowly starve to death. Another said, 'Oh Lord, I put two out of the way for I wanted my little son to have the milk

from my breast so he would grow big and healthy, and then the boy died too! I felt the gods were angry then but I did not know Him.' What joy came into their hearts as the Word was given and as they took the Lord at His word.

"The dear Lord sent His servant, Miss Monsen, to us in November, and gave us a real revival here at Wei Hsien, and the native workers are on fire for souls. Four different bands have been holding Bible Study classes in different outstations, and many souls have come to Christ during these last six weeks. As China keeps in such chaos all Missions are seeing how much more the work of Evangelism should be thrust on the hearts of the Native Christians. We are planning to make an extra effort to scatter the Word by tracts and preaching on the streets during the next few weeks. Then the workers come in for two or more weeks of prayer and Bible study at the end of January and first of Feb. How I covet your prayers for me at that time. Pray that my much-used throat will hold out as well as my body. Am feeling somewhat tired as the weeks roll by but oh the joy of seeing souls saved

is wonderful. Again the Lord has spared this city from bloodshed. For several days the Mohammadans and some soldiers had trouble which threatened to be serious but as we prayed the Lord gave wisdom to our officials, and we are looking to our God for complete victory.

"Jan. 7: How I wish you could see this wonderful Bible class now in session. One after another gets up with weeping confessing their sins, asking forgiveness and making restitution if they are near enough the ones they have wronged. Today the wife of Dr. Wang, one of our Spirit-filled deacons, just had to get up and 'lose face'. She said she had been brought up in the Mission School (American Board Mission) but they had never heard the Gospel preached as it is here, and between her sobs she said, 'We school-girls all stole from the missionaries, from the teachers and from each other, but oh this agony! Pray that I will have strength to go to them now and tell what the Lord has done for me. I must cleanse my hands and heart.' The Dr. and she will drive the thirty long miles—a hard day's journey—in the cold tomorrow where she will go to her former missionary friends and tell them. She confessed she never liked me because I had always emphasized that nothing unclean can be in Christ. Pray for the missionaries to whom she goes to make confession and restitution, and that she may go all the way."

* * *

Miss Jessie Wengler, Hachioji, Japan, writes "Did I ever write you about the young man from Hachioji who felt called to the ministry? He had worked for years in a bank here, and four years ago became a Christian. He has so faithfully helped us in the meetings, and then he said that God was calling him to study and prepare for the ministry. He gave up his position and really stepped out in faith, and is now studying with Yumeyamasan in Tokyo. I have taken on his support, which means a good deal on top of the obligations I already have. Recently he received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and how he has grown! You should hear him preach under the anointing of the Spirit. I am expecting to take him on as a worker here in Hachioji this spring, D. V. I have prayed so long for such a worker. Pray that he will be kept humble and used of the Lord. I feel so happy because Hachioji has produced two splendid workers for our Pentecostal work in Japan. The Lord has answered prayers of dear ones in America for

this work. I always feel I have very little to do with what has been done."

A Fruitful Revival

Mrs. W. R. Williamson writes from South China:

"We have had special meetings at Ngau Piu Leng and we had a wonderful time. There was a real break. The power fell and we heard them praising God in other tongues. A girl we help in the school there told me how she had coughed especially at night since she had a serious sickness last summer. One night during the special meetings God was dealing with her. She felt impressed to pray aloud but was too timid. When she finally yielded the Spirit of the Lord came upon her and she prayed in other tongues. From that time she has been delivered from the cough. She will be a real worker for the Lord, and we consider it a privilege to help her. She had quite an experience last Fall. She couldn't stand the hard work in the rice fields and was sick unto death. They had moved her to a relative's home and when they felt she would die they wanted to bring her back home, but she would not let them, believing that God would heal her, and He did.

"Miss Appleby and I had children's meetings which were greatly blessed. Many came to the altar. Five young boys gave their hearts to God and were baptized with others in water, about thirteen altogether. I had the privilege of leading one of the young women to Christ personally. She was the last of the Chue family to believe, one of the daughters-in-law. The grandmother who had resisted the Gospel for twenty years finally yielded her heart to God while we were there. She was over eighty and was on what she believed was her death-bed, but when we went up the next time she was at church.

"I had the joy of leading a dear old grandmother to the foot of the cross on Saturday. After I had prayed with her I asked her if anyone would oppose her believing the Gospel. She declared there wasn't anyone who would oppose her even if she wanted to beg. I was so glad to help her get to God."

* * *

Mrs. G. A. Anderson, Shanghai, writes that Bro. Anderson has been very ill for six weeks. They praise God for healing him in answer to prayer. They had a revival beginning last Spring and all thru the summer, and the work was unusually heavy. He was not able to take a rest

and took sick because of overwork. Their oldest evangelist also broke down because of overwork, but he too is getting better. She says:

"At Christmas one of our young girls received the baptism of the Spirit and is now in Bible School training for the Lord's work; also another of our young women. The Lord has worked many miracles. Last week a young girl came to our mission crying, saying her mother was dying. We went to see her and prayed for her and the Lord healed her. In the large jail there are many who want Jesus. Our evangelist goes there every Sunday morning, was recently given 500 prisoners to speak to. They all put up their hand when asked if they wanted Christ. The next Sunday he spoke to thirty-five who were condemned to be shot and pointed them to Jesus. At Christmas we were able to help the poor and gave out 800 bags of 'good things' to the children in four Sunday Schools."

Mrs. C. F. Juergensen, Tokyo, Japan, writes that "Sunday night, Dec. 20th, will never be forgotten because of the power of God. The windows of heaven were open, and the place was filled with the glory of God. Our Native Pastor tried several times to give forth the message, but was unable to preach because of the presence of the Holy Spirit. Everyone was on his knees in confession and praise and prayer to God. The altar was filled and eight consecrated their lives to the service of our blessed Lord. The next night, Monday, we arranged for the Christians to come and fill the bags for the S. S. children. We filled 200 bags, then the power of the Lord came down and we had a wonderful time. One young man especially had a most blessed time and was mightily under the power. Every one felt he was in God's presence. Since then our meetings have been greatly blessed of God. He has made Himself so real to the dear Christians."

"Every Man According to his Eating"

The Bitter Herbs an Appetizer

Ben Hardin in the Stone Church, March 16, 1930



I WANT to call your attention to Exodus 12:4, which reads, "And if the household be too small for the lamb, let him and his neighbor next unto his house take it according to the number of the souls: every man according to his eating shall make your count for the lamb." I wish to emphasize those few words, "Every man according to his eating." This was given in connection with the passover.

I am positive that we have never exhausted God's supply. When I first came to the Lord I had a very strange idea of Him and I find many others are of the same opinion. When I sought the Baptism of the Holy Spirit I got interested in a man who had been seeking for three years; one night as I came to the meeting and saw this brother there I said, "Oh Lord, here is this poor brother who has been seeking for three years. Lord, do not bother to baptize me but baptize Brother Wilson and I will wait." I had an idea that God could not baptize two people in one night. I remember a sister saying to me one night, "Brother Hardin, I wanted to get saved tonight but another lady got ahead of me and so I had to wait." Just as if the Lord had such a limited supply of salvation that she could not have gotten saved the same night! Praise God,

this text alters the entire outlook for it says, "Every man according to his eating." God didn't give instructions as to the size of the lamb but it was to be a lamb of the first flock and He knew there would be more lamb than people. He never said, "If you have more people than you have lamb, then take two lambs"; instead of that He said, "If the household be too small for the lamb, call in the neighbors." God has made every provision in one Lamb for the whole world and you need not worry about your children for they are all included in the atonement.

God knew from the beginning that there would be more lamb than people so He said, "If your family is too small, call in your neighbors." How often we fail in getting the person right next door to us! There is no limit on what you can get from God. I fear many of us limit ourselves simply because we have watched others fail to grasp the privileges God has for them and we say, "If Brother So-and-so is not living in the place of victory, how could I expect to live there?" And simply because another has failed, we never go in and possess the land God has given to us.

I don't know what your capacity is for lamb today. God wanted them not only to have enough to eat but He instructed them to put the blood over the door posts, which blood gave them deliv-

erance from the death angel. The blood signified that the family had taken the lamb as deliverance, and then they were to eat the lamb roast with fire, and with bitter herbs. The bitter herbs were simply an appetizer and gave them a greater zest for the lamb. Today when we serve meat, we often serve something tart to go with it to whet up the appetite. Friends, there is nothing in all the world like persecution to give you an appetite for the Lamb. You can always pick out the person who has gone through hard places; he has a broken spirit, he weeps and weeps and has such a glorious time with the Lord. Had it not been for trouble he might not have come to God, but necessity drove him there. And God meets the hungry heart every time and gives him not only bitter herbs but also the Lamb.

I was thinking how marvelously God planned in connection with the manna. The lamb had been provided in a very opportune time, but the manna came after they had been wandering in the wilderness for a long while. They awakened one morning to find the ground covered with a little white substance, so they stooped down and gathered it up; and he that gathered little had no lack and he that gathered much just had enough. "Every man according to his eating." I remember when I first went to a street meeting; there never was anything harder for me to do than to speak on the street because I had grown up right in that town and I knew everyone there; all the fellows who passed knew me for I had run around to all the entertainments with them. But one night I went out and stood in the circle and sang. As I stood there I turned to my brother-in-law and said, "I thought God always provided the needed grace in a hard place." He said, "He does." "But" I said, "I want to step out and testify but I don't find the grace for it. I am just weak with fright and I thought surely if I came here God would give me grace. But I am too frightened, I can not make it." Then he said to me, "There is all the grace you need but you will find that God doesn't send the grace until you need it. Why should God give you grace now? You step out and you will find the grace will be there to help." So I decided to test that out; I stepped out, oh so tremblingly, and I found that as I opened my mouth to speak there was grace and plenty of it. God never wastes anything but just supplies your need, and the more you need the more grace He will give.

As I was reading about the provision of the

lamb I thought, "What a wonderful change of diet that must have been?" It was a feast after the years they had spent in eating the leeks and the garlicks, and the flesh pots of Egypt. This lamb was to be eaten for the purpose of giving them physical strength and life, and we today can get life from our Lamb. "I have come" said He, "that they might have life"—physical life, spiritual life and eternal life through Jesus Christ. If you partake of this Lamb you will never hunger but it is still true as it was in the days of old, "Every man according to his eating." I wonder sometimes why it is that some people get saved and yet linger so near the edge. One could not say they are not Christians and yet you can hardly be sure that they are. Even the pastor is not certain; he doesn't see many evidences of a Christian life for they live so near the edge and stay there year after year. Others come in and get saved and they will tarry day and night until they receive the Baptism of the Spirit; and they are always ready with a testimony for Christ. You may wonder why one lives such a shallow life and is content to eke out a meager existence, spiritually speaking, while the other plunges in and develops in God, when He has made ample provision for everyone. "Every man according to his eating." Let me tell you, God doesn't compel you to come to the table and He doesn't force the food down your throat; He doesn't force you to eat of the Lamb, but it is according to your appetite. A lady said to me one time, "Brother Hardin, I have no desire for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Why is that?" I told her I believed it was for several reasons and said, "In the first place you do not come out to the meetings to let God get hold of you." If you put yourself in a spiritual atmosphere you will acquire a spiritual appetite. If you begin to exercise you will get hungry and the more you exercise the hungrier you will become. You find if you go out in the brisk fresh air of a morning you can go home and eat a hearty breakfast; the walk in the fresh air gave you an appetite. I believe a spiritual atmosphere has just the same effect as natural air has.

If your appetite for the Lamb is not as great as you would like it to be, then take some bitter herbs; take part in the prayer-meeting, get into active service for the Lord and live close to the cross. Take a few bitter herbs for a tonic and I will assure you that your appetite will increase.

When I meditate upon the things of God I am

astonished at His program. Think of the plan of redemption! When I think of Jesus Christ, who laid aside His glory, disrobed Himself of every vestige of glory and came down to take upon Himself the form of a Babe, how He put Himself into the hands of Mary to be fondled and held—when I think how God could confine His glory and power in that little bundle that lay in the manger among the cattle, and how the shepherds and wise men knelt and handled God, I wonder, oh I wonder how that little Babe

could bring life, physical life and spiritual life to a dying world! I do not understand it but I know it is true, "Every man according to his eating." That Lamb of God was sufficient for a lost world. What is hidden away in the Infinite mind of God cannot be explained by man's finite mind but we are assured of this that there is a Lamb today for a lost world, and it is "Every man according to his eating." Whatever you need this day God will give through Jesus Christ, His Lamb.

Delivered from Demon Possession and Death



HE following remarkable experience, occurring in June, 1929, had been reported by Miss Margaret B. Duncan, located at Ningpo, China. Happenings of a similar character are being reported from various parts of the mission field, particularly China and West Africa. Such miraculous occurrences are granted as signs to the heathen world where the gospel is being heard for the first time, as was the case in the Roman world of the first century.

For years Mrs. Wu had been an ardent Buddhist and had worshiped in all the larger temples in Chekiang, China, even at Ling-Fong by the sea. In fact she was in charge of all incense offerings. But after all those years of idol worship did she find peace? No! She became demon possessed; and was so violent that her family had to chain her. One day on the street of her village one of our inquirers heard a group of people discussing Mrs. Wu. They feared that she would kill herself or some one else, and did not know what to do with her. The inquirer suggested that they call Pastor Loh or some of our Christians to come and pray to Jesus, the Son of God, who has power to cast out demons. They were glad to hear of any plan to help the woman, and asked the inquirer please to call someone to pray. It was two miles to the manse, so the inquirer called Mrs. King, an earnest Christian, who lived not far away. Mrs. King first prayed, and prayed over the case that evening at home, and then feeling that the Lord wanted to help the woman through her, the next morning she went to Mrs. Wu's home to work and pray with her. After some time of earnest prayer there was suddenly unmistakable evidence that the demons had left Mrs. Wu's body.

"I am a new creature," she declared, and feel so free, only a bit tired."

THE SLEEP OF DEATH

"Lie down and go to sleep," said Mrs. King, "I must go to prepare dinner for my family but will come back to see you as soon as possible and teach you how to pray for yourself."

Mrs. Wu lay down and fell peacefully to sleep.

Toward evening of the second day the inquirers in great distress again came to Mrs. King, saying, "At market this afternoon I heard the people in angry tones discussing you—yes, even cursing you and the church."

"Why cursing me?"

"Don't you know that Mrs. Wu with whom you prayed never woke up again after you told her to go to sleep? Her family called her to dinner, but she didn't respond and they thought she must be sleeping. They were so relieved that she was quiet for a while that they let her alone. But when she still did not move to come to supper they went to her bed to wake her up. Alas, they couldn't awaken her! She was dead, already cold and getting stiff!"

"Dead, really dead?" cried Mrs. King in horrified tones.

"Yes, for I myself went to her house and found her stiff. Moreover the family are calling their relatives and friends and are preparing the mourning garments and the feast. All who come are being told that you 'prayed Mrs. Wu dead,' and the whole village is astir and discussing what they will do to you."

When Mrs. King heard this, her one concern was about the dishonor she had brought to the name of Christ and His Church; so in tears she again went to prayer. She prayed earnestly that the Lord would bring Mrs. Wu back to life, and let her live for a while longer to retrieve the honor Mrs. King believed she had been the cause of losing to Christ's name. "Grant, O Lord, to prove Thy wonderful power a second time to

this non-Christian family and their neighbors, that some may believe in Christ and be saved," was the burden of her prayer.

Then she heard a voice behind her saying, "Go back and pray with her and she will live." She found her as they said, cold and stiff, not a sign of life. But she leaned in faith on the promise given her in prayer and knelt down beside the body. I wish I might have heard that prayer, don't you? Mrs. King actually expected to see signs of returning life, and such faith was soon rewarded, for Mrs. Wu's eyelids were seen to quiver. Again Mrs. King prayed and saw another slight movement. She then arose from her knees and preached Christ. "Now do you believe in the Lord Jesus?" Mrs. King cried, "and do you intend henceforth to obey and follow Him? You may not be able to speak but you can nod your head 'Yes' or 'No'." And to the Christian's great joy she nodded her head "Yes." So Mrs. King knelt beside her again and burst forth in prayer and praise; and in a few moments the prostrate woman sat up, called for her clothes, dressed and got up! All this time she was praising God and thanking Mrs. King. Mrs. Wu asked that the pastor and some Christians come the next morning to hear her testimony. The pastor and two elders went out to see her and hear her story.

RESCUED FROM HELL

And this is the story she told them:

"After I went to sleep the Devil came to me, and angrily insisted that I had served him so many years that he would not give me up. He seized me by the throat and choked me to death. Then he dragged my spirit away. He went on and on, I can't tell how far or for how long. Finally he came to a bridge across a river and beyond it all was darkness. He stepped up one step on to the bridge, when suddenly a Figure-in-White came and stood in the way, and with authority ordered the Devil, 'Release her, for she is mine.' Immediately Satan handed me over to Him and left us. Then gently, oh so gently, the Figure-in-White bore me back towards home. As I neared home I heard a voice faint and far away; but as I came nearer the voice became distinct and I recognized it as the same voice that had prayed for me two days before. Just as my spirit entered my body I heard, 'Do you believe in the Lord Jesus?' And I nodded my head 'Yes', didn't I? Then the Figure-in-White made me fully alive."

The pastor and elders were impressed that all she said was true, and when she begged them to bring other Christians out to her home as soon as possible and hold a thanksgiving and praise service, they consented. Some days later when ten delegates from the church reached her home at the time appointed they found that her house was full of relatives and friends waiting for them and that she had the guest hall filled with benches all ready for a service. She asked Pastor Loh to take charge and particularly requested that he tell her guests about God's Son, Jesus, and His power to save. She herself gave her testimony to all He had done for her, and announced her intention henceforth to follow and serve Him. She never misses worship and is most earnest and faithful in testifying to God's power, for the risen Christ is now the Master of her life and service.—*Moody Monthly*.

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(Continued from page 8)

break in and steal. Christ was able to say, looking forward to the coming man of sin, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me."

* * *

(Continued from page 2)

had only just woke up to the beauty of the Gospel when we were about to leave. One of the believers is in charge of the meetings there now. Our outstation, Aguada Grande, promised to support their own worker and in answer to prayer God provided a native worker for them who will also visit Siquisique as often as possible.

Now here we are established in our new home and are very happy. We left Siquisique a week ago today in the afternoon. We arrived at a place called "Paradise" some time in the evening around ten o'clock. Paradise consisted of one house which would not let us in, and in front of it the broken walls of another house—no doors, no windows, some parts of the wall standing and others not, one piece of the roof on and the rest open to heaven. There we spent a few hours—I on our folding bed and my husband in a hammock tied to some poles in the broken walls. Some paradise! We set off again about 2:30 A. M. in the truck and I had a very miserable journey, quite sick, until we reached here about 9 A. M.

We are very pleased with our new location. The temperature seems to be a few degrees less than in Siquisique and the food is more varied,

though dearer. We have both developed appetites and believe that our prayer that God would quicken our bodies as though we had been home on furlough, will be answered. We are greatly rejoicing in an abundance of water in the back yard. How wonderful it is to be able to use all you want to after buying it for three years in small barrels on the backs of donkeys or on the heads of women! We used to take a bath in from half a pail to a pail of water—the heat was intense and we needed a bath every day, so a good soaping and the use of a washcloth, and

then a bucket of water (or less) thrown over over us! My! you have to live for three years under these conditions to appreciate water. We are making a small garden so as to have a few vegetables.

Do please stand with us in prayer. This town is reported to be without faith in anything—hard—many masons and infidels. But we know God sent us and so we know He has a people. We are trusting Him to make us to know “the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe.”

Some Good Books

MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF PROPHECY AND SACRED HISTORY

By W. H. Cossum, M. A.

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