

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

"For the Joy that Was Set Before Him"

Not the Joy of Resurrection Glory, not the Joy of returning to His Father, but all that is embodied in that cry, "It is finished!"

The Son of God drank the cup of suffering in Gethsemane looking, not at the present agony of His soul, "exceeding sorrowful unto death," but down thru the Centuries to the noble company of saints and martyrs "who followed in His train".

He silently bore the shameful mockings in Pilate's Hall, the crown of thorns that pierced His brow, because He looked down the ages and saw the multitudes "standing on the sea of glass," and with harps of God singing praises to the Lamb. On the very threshold of a shameful death He calmly bore the cruel scourgings with leaded, leather thongs that pierced His flesh, for looking down the vista of time He saw the blood-washed throngs awaiting His "Well done!"

Moving slowly up Golgotha's Hill, every footstep marked by blood from His bleeding back, the ribald shouts of the frenzied rabble moved Him not, for He heard in the distant aions the repentant cries of "those who pierced Him."

Nailed to the cruel cross, racked by the extremest pains, covered with every shame that was heaped on the worst of criminals, no cry of agony escaped the lips of the Lamb of God — in the midst of His agony He saw the multitudes of all the ages finding refuge in that cross, and heard the voice of "ten thousand times ten thousand" saying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain".

He could look beyond and see the Apostle Paul carrying the Gospel to the whole known world, and sealing his testimony with his blood; Peter, used in the salvation of ten thousand at one time, and at the end of a fruitful ministry glorifying God by being crucified, head downward,—not worthy to be as his Lord; He saw Polycarp and John Huss who for the testimony of Jesus burned at the stake, and the million of martyrs, "of whom the world was not worthy".

Scanning the centuries He saw Savonarola who stirred all Italy, Martin Luther, who shook the continent, and John Knox who caused all Scotland to tremble. He saw David Brainerd bringing in a company of American Indians, Carey, leading a host of Hindus; Robert Morrison, Hudson Taylor and others heading a great company of blood-washed Chinese. Seeing these, and an innumerable company "from every kindred and tribe and nation", was the Joy that enabled Him to "despise the shame".

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

Published Monthly by
The Evangel Publishing House
18 W. 74th St., Chicago
Anna C. Reiff, Managing Editor
W. E. Booth-Clibborn, Field Editor
Miss Rose Meyer, Assistant Editor

Entered as second-class matter, April 8, 1909, at the Post-office, Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price

**TO ANY PART \$1.25 (5/6s) per year in advance
OF THE WORLD 65c (3s) six months in advance**

Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. Send drafts, express money orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. Foreign Countries send International money orders. Do not send personal checks unless 10 cents added for exchange.

Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly add from LATTER RAIN EVANGEL.

A red cross on your wrapper signifies that your renewal has been received.

A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

Table of Contents

THE JOY THAT WAS SET BEFORE HIM Frontispiece

THE LORD IS RISEN..... 2

A FIRST STEP TO FAMINE..... 2

THE SOUL WINNER'S TOOL KIT..... 3

WHEN SALVATION BROUGHT HEALING..... 6

A POLICE JUDGE CALLED TO PREACH..... 7

FEATHERED ARROWS 8

CHILDREN'S FOOD GIVEN TO THE DOGS..... 11

ALONE IN BLEAK TIBET..... 13

WHERE TWO ROADS CROSS..... 15

HOW GOD DISPENSES HIS HONORS..... 17

A WARRIOR AT REST..... 20

FRUIT FOR GOD IN AFRICA..... 20

REVIVAL FIRES IN HOME FIELDS..... 21

The Lord Is Risen

"How calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom.

Ye mourning saints dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
'Behold the place, He is not here!
The tomb is all unbarred.

How tranquil now the rising day,
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears."

Announcements

The Stone Church will hold its Twenty-Second Annual Convention May 17-31, 1931. Further announcements will be given in the May issue.

* * *

We are glad to announce that there will be another important article in the May issue by Nathan Beskin Cohen, the author of "The Mark of the Beast." It will be on The Return of the Jews, and contains something new along this line. Being a converted Russian Jew he speaks with authority on this subject. We also have a very timely article by Donald Gee, and others of deep interest.

As we have had so many calls for "The Mark of the Beast" to be put in tract form we are complying with the request of our readers, and trust they will order this tract and circulate it widely. It is stirring for saint and sinner. Price, 25c per doz., \$1.60 per hundred.

A First Step to Famine

IT IS slowly dawning on the world that unemployment is more than a sudden economic problem fallen on all nations; it is a portent. An economic blizzard is raging over the earth, and business losses have been larger than at any time in the history of the world. The unemployed in England, Germany and America now number well over twelve millions—England 2,600,000, Germany, nearly 5,000,000, America between 4,500,000 and 7,000,000, according to the *Times*; with a world-total which was estimated even a year ago at not less than 30,000,000, and which must now be much greater. The Chinese assert that there are more than 100,000,000 of unemployed in China.

And the spiritual portent lies in this, that, since Eden's law is that man must earn bread in the sweat of his face, no labor means no food; and unemployment is therefore a first step to famine. None but great and wealthy nations in a high state of civilization, can, year after year, keep vast masses of unemployed fed; and even in these wealthiest nations on earth one more turn of the screw could bring sharply rationed supplies as in Russia, food riots as in America, or even death by the starvation of millions in China.

It crowns the portent of unemployment that its causes, defying analysis, are wrapt in com-

(Continued on page 22)

The Soul Winner's Tool Kit

What King Sits Enthroned Within?

H. M. Cadwalder, Alton, Ill., in the Stone Church Feb. 1, 1931



I WANT to speak to you on the subject of Winning Souls for Christ. I believe with all my heart that the Scriptures teach that the one purpose of the church is the salvation of souls. In other words, there is no excuse for the existence of an assembly or church outside of the one purpose of reaching men and women for God. When we lose that vision and purpose we are useless as far as God's eternal kingdom is concerned. Oh yes, we may retain a certain degree of our salvation, but to be effective, to extend the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, every church should have for its goal, for its chief aim, the salvation of men and women.

In Proverbs 11:33 we read, "He that winneth souls is wise," and I am certain that we all want to be wise. This morning it will be profitable to take a little walk through the sixth chapter of Isaiah, to take a few steps with that prophet and develop them on the line of this thought of soul winning. God has a program; He does not work haphazardly, and until we learn what His plan is for us we are a misfit and retard the cause of God instead of advancing it. In all our activities we ought to find God's plan and way of doing things, so let us take this little walk and see if we can find something helpful with regard to winning souls.

The first thing I want you to notice in this experience of Isaiah's is that the prophet had a vision. The people in the church today who are blessed and used of God in the salvation of souls are men and women of vision. But before the prophet could see God, the king had to be moved out of the way. The reason many people believe that God is not saving souls, baptizing believers in the Holy Spirit or healing the sick today is because they cannot see the Lord on the throne; they have another king there. Possibly they bow before a life of ease; they do not want to agonize for lost souls. You can easily get people to accept the doctrines of a church but to get them really saved takes soul travail. Paul says in Galatians 4:19, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." In other words, "I have prayed you into the kingdom of God once by travail and now you have lost Christ out of your lives and I will have to go through the same procedure to have Christ in your

lives again." It is not very comfortable to have the Spirit wake you up at five o'clock in the morning and tell you to pray for an hour or two that some mother's boy might be saved. Some people, I say, cannot see the Lord on the throne because the king of a *life of ease* is still in that place.

Then there is such a thing as the king of *self pity*. After studying the condition of the church in many parts of Europe, Africa, from Mexico to Canada and in this country, I believe that is one of the most successful weapons that the devil has used to retard the cause of Christ. The preacher says something that hurts you and you go home and sympathize with yourself. In passing I would say that the preacher who never hurts anyone is not worth five cents; but you pout and say, "I don't know why he had to take me for a text." Well possibly if you had not been the biggest thing in the church he would not have taken you for a text, but nine times out of ten, he may never have thought of you, but you put self pity on the throne and you cannot see God because of it.

Then there are people who have the king of a *life of pleasure* and the love of the world on the throne. It was not until King Uzziah died that Isaiah saw the Lord on the throne. Many people have not been privileged to catch the vision and see God on the throne, God ruling, God reigning, because they have their miserable self on the throne and that is all they can see. It is not till they get all these other kings off, that they can get the vision of God. You ask, "How can I do that?" I have heard people at the altar say, "Lord help me and take this thing away from me," but the Apostle Paul told us how to deal with such things. He said, "*Put off* the old man with his deeds." Put him off the throne; take him out and crucify him, he is no good. And Jesus tells us, "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure." As long as you hang around and hold on to your old self and the love of the world, that king will sit there. Some twenty years ago I was in a campmeeting in Ft. Worth, Texas, and a lady was giving her testimony of healing of blindness. Among other things, she said, "I have found that when the devil comes around, if I give him the best seat and the best bed he will stay, but if I put him in the kitchen to scrub the floor he will soon go." As long as you humor the devil he will stay on the

throne and rule your life but you must put him off with all his deeds, nail him to the cross and then let King Jesus rule and reign. The first necessity is to get the vision.

The next thing I want you to notice, for it is very important in winning souls, is worship. Did you notice that these angelic beings mentioned here, had six wings? With two they covered their faces, with two they covered their feet and with two they flew. Four for worship and two for service. In this day and age most people think if they get to morning service on Sunday they are doing very well. We are so busy that we must rush at tremendous speed; the street cars are too slow; the automobiles are too slow. And this is true, not alone of the world but the same spirit has crept into God's children. We are in such a rush that we haven't time to tell Jesus how we love Him. In 90% of our assemblies today you find no place on the program of the church for real worship. There are too many services; we are run to death, until preacher and congregation are just tired out from so many meetings. But how lacking we are in real worship! These seraphim had twice as much time for worship as they did for service.

You remember when Jesus spoke to the church at Ephesus He said, "I have somewhat against thee." It was not that they did not give Him service but because they had lost their first love. How many remember when they were first saved? There were such praises in your heart; and such worship! Is it there now? I believe God wants that retained in our lives. I am reminded of a young couple where the young man came to see the girl two or three times every week and many times he sat up till two in the morning; he loved to tell her how dear she was and how she was the idol of his heart. I said to her one day, "If you and Roy get married I wonder how he will ever get anything done; he will not have time to go out to the field and plow for he will be wanting to talk to you all the time." But she said, "Never mind, he will get over that." And he did. Oh this has been the cause of many a divorce, just because the husband got over telling his wife how he loved her! If it has been a long time since you told your wife, begin today and keep in good practise. I got after a man one day about this matter and he said, "But brother, I haven't time to put my arms around my wife now. I have to make the living." And that is the trouble with Christians today, they are too busy serving Jesus to worship Him. But if you watch them you will find their

service is practically valueless. They do very little for God, whereas the man who takes time to get alone to really worship God accomplishes more.

I had a friend who had two little girls aged eight and six. The older one was invited out to the country for a week so the younger one slept with her father. Every morning she would wake up and say, "Daddy, I love you," but one morning she turned over, looked at her daddy and then crawled out of bed on the other side. It rather hurt the father. The next morning she did the same and after doing it the third morning the father turned his face to the wall and prayed, "Lord, what are You trying to teach me?" The father's heart was yearning to hear his little girl tell him she loved him and his Father's heart was yearning for love also. Have you worshipped the Son of God? Worship has a wonderful place in the Christian's life. I believe it plays about the same part as does the switch for the electric light. The light is there, or rather the globe, but there is no light. Turn on the switch and the light will radiate throughout the place. Somehow, worship brings the glory and the power of God into our midst.

After you have the vision and then worship God, the next thing will be confession. Many people seem to think that confession should come first. Some years ago I was called upon to try to make some adjustments between leaders and their workers. I found that some very cruel things had been said against the leaders and I urged all concerned to get together for prayer as the only solution. But one of the brethren said, "Unless they confess first I refuse to have anything to do with them." I said, "Of course we can force them into confession by strenuous measures, but let us get together and pray and then confession will come of itself." There is too much pressure brought to bear to force confession but if we get people to worship God and get a vision of the Lord, confession will come automatically and spontaneously. After Isaiah had the vision and then worshipped God he said, "*Woe is me.*" He didn't go around and say to the people, "You are all guilty of sin and your lips are unclean," but when he began to worship God he saw that he himself was unclean. I have often been astonished and surprised to find that the more I worshipped God and the more He gave me of Himself, the more I saw and realized my own need.

I want you to notice Isaiah's confession. He was conscious of the fact that to win souls he

must first get rid of unclean lips. I shall not take the time to interpret "unclean lips," but suffice it to say that I believe every word which does not glorify God is unclean. Isaiah was conscious that if he wanted to be used of God he would have to use every word wisely and to His glory. And not only that, but he realized that his association was hindering him from winning souls. Have you ever considered whether or not your associations were affecting your work for Jesus? You associate with ungodly people for two or three days and partake of their amusements and see what effect it has on your winning souls for Christ. Just keep your mind all filled with the world and the material things and see how much of a passion you have for souls. But when you talk with God and walk with God you will find that He makes you see things in the Spirit, and oh what a passion He gives! You will see the youth of your city rushing to Christless graves and you will scarcely be able to wait to go to your room and pour out your heart to God in real intercession. One of the necessities in the lives of God's people is to be just a little more careful about their associations. In our Pentecostal ranks there is a tendency among our young men and women to let down on this line; yes, and it is true of the fathers and mothers also. Many will sit and let some gossip load them with all the filth of the community and then they wonder why they cannot pray in the Spirit. We need not only to keep a watch over our lips but we need to be more careful about the associations we keep.

The next thing that happens is that God honors the confession. Vision, worship, confession, and then came the angel with the live coal from the altar. We are living in a day and age when there is much mechanical work done in the church; much that is of human ability and the most of our achievements have been accomplished through the work of master personalities. Many are the preachers that go into the pulpit and wrap the people around their personality; the people seem very religious but as soon as the preacher goes they have nothing left. I want to whisper to you, the thing that makes a man and a woman real soul winners is the touch of the Spirit upon their lives. Jesus said, "After that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, ye shall be witnesses unto me." Another translation gives it, "The Holy Ghost coming upon you."

The next step is a real burden for others. After we have gotten the vision, learned to worship God, confessed our sins and received the touch of

the Spirit there comes a real burden for souls. Isaiah was concerned for the other person right away. I would like to ask you a simple question—Do you believe that God loves every man and woman in Chicago just as much as He loves you? Do you believe that God loves everyone in the world—in the dark places of the earth, in Africa, in Japan, in China, in the Islands of the sea, as much as He loves you? Why is it that more people do not hear the voice of God? God has chosen by the foolishness of preaching to save the world. "But how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" Why is it that people are not obeying God? They do not have a burden for souls. I believe that God is speaking today in unmistakable tones just as clearly as He spoke to the prophet Isaiah. That voice is still calling, "Whom shall I send and who will go for me?" Why is it that people do not go? They have lost the burden for souls.

Then the last step is consecration. Isaiah said, "Here am I." "I do not know what it means or where I will go; I don't know how I will live, but Lord, here I am, unreservedly, for time and eternity, to go, to be, to say whatever You may desire of me."

If you will follow these steps, first get the *vision*—see the Lord on the throne, then learn to keep up your *worship* and your love to Jesus Christ; then you're ready to make confession as God reveals to you the needs of your life. Friends I do not know anything that will make one confess, or consecrate himself to God as a desire to see souls saved. I like to preach and I love to have the anointing of the Spirit to preach, but there is nothing that will make me search my own heart as the desire to see souls saved.

Do you ever confess your short-comings? It may be you have not been as considerate of your wife as you should have been; or perhaps your husband. It may be you have not honored your father or mother; it may be you haven't treated your neighbor just right. I couldn't tell you what you might have to confess but if you get a vision of God He will show you what is hindering. Then the Spirit's fire will purge your lips; then you can hear the voice of God and there will follow your consecration—unreserved and yielded.

Let me give you one little instance of consecration. There was a precious young lady who was quite a favorite in the community; everyone respected her and they liked to associate with her. She was engaged to one of the leading young

men and one day as she was praying, an angel came and said, "Thou art chosen of the Lord to be highly exalted. God has a great program for you." About ninety per cent of the religious people of today would go out and tell everyone about the wonderful salutation they had received, but this young lady waited. The angel continued, "You are to become the mother of the Lord Jesus Christ." Mary's mind started to work at once and she said, "Lord, how can this thing be?" I believe as she knelt there in the presence of the Lord she saw in the Spirit what would happen. She saw as she went out on the street the next day her friends turning the other way as they said to one another, "There is that girl whom Joseph is expecting to marry." The climax comes as she is kneeling in her room and Joseph comes in. As she rises to her feet to greet him, he says, "Mary, this is too much. I have loved you, but this is too much. You will have to leave me." I believe Mary knew that all of this could happen and yet we hear her saying, "Be it unto thy handmaid as the Lord hath spoken."

Do you want to be a soul winner this morning? Are you willing to put yourself on the altar of sacrifice and consecrate your life to God if it takes you to the jungles of Africa or India? Will

you do as Mary did and say, "If it means the persecution of the whole world, Lord here is my life. Take it and make me a soul winner for Thee." I would that it required only our going to Bible School and learning homiletics and public speaking, etc., but souls do not come that way. You must be willing to follow the program that God has outlined for you and if you will do this He will surely make a soul winner out of you. You will be the happiest person in all the world. No one can touch God without others getting a share of it.

Just a few weeks ago I was in a little convention in the Rio Grande Valley and one night I specially noticed a man walking into the church. Years ago when we were pastoring a church this man's wife was a member there and I had the privilege of baptizing her in water. That man threatened all sorts of punishment but we just kept on praying and one day I had the privilege of leading him to Jesus. It had been several years since I had met him but as he walked into the meeting and I heard him praise the Lord from his heart, I said, "It pays! It pays!" Friends, the soul-saving work is the biggest, the grandest, the most glorious work in all the world. Let us be soul winners for Christ.

When Salvation Brought Healing

Mrs. Frieda Richardson



It was in December, 1908 that I first learned to know the Savior. Before that time I was a worldly girl, did not believe in Jesus and would laugh to scorn anyone who mentioned the name of Jesus. But I was suffering from tuberculosis, brought on by being undernourished as a child. My condition was serious and I was rapidly going into a decline.

One day an old man rapped at our door and told me there was a banquet to be held at a mission, and gave me the address. I went expecting a great feast, and was dressed for such an occasion, but imagine my surprise to find it was simply an old-time revival meeting in progress. The evangelist who spoke was the first man I ever heard preach under the anointing of the Holy Spirit, and the sermon touched my heart. I was so convicted of my need that before the altar-call was made I went forward and knelt at the altar, asking God to forgive my sins which weighed upon my heart like lead. I made a complete surrender to God. In my afflicted condition I did not know how long I should live, but long

or short I told the Lord that my remaining days should be spent in His service.

The Lord Jesus saw the intentions of my heart and healed, not only my soul but also my body. The physician had told me that I should not live longer than six months at the most, that my right lung was almost gone, and for six months I had not been able to talk above a whisper. I also had high fever continually.

I wept all night. My heart was melted before the Lord because He had taken away my sins, but toward morning I dozed off. The first words I uttered after I awoke in the morning were, "Praise the Lord!" They came out with such force and sounded so loud after my six months of silence that they fairly frightened me. I went to the meeting that night and found I was able to sing. When I told the evangelist what had happened he asked me if I didn't know that Jesus healed the body as well as the soul. I said, "No" for I had never heard that before. I hadn't even asked Him to heal me, but He did a complete work, restoring me to perfect health when He saved my soul.

About a year after my healing of Tuberculosis I was stricken with appendicitis. I had several attacks and the Lord had given relief, but there came a time when I was suffering very acutely, and a physician told me that unless I went to the hospital immediately and had an operation I would die. I had confidence that the Lord who had so wonderfully healed me of consumption would heal me at this time and I determined to trust Him. I went to my office in a stooped condition, was unable to straighten up. The girls with whom I worked scoffed at me because I dared to trust God in this dying condition, but I knew that in the end it would serve as a testimony for Him. One night in the service at the mission I gave my testimony to the honor and glory of God for what He had done for me in the past, and at that time something snapped in my side. From that day on I have never been troubled with appendicitis. That was twenty-two years ago.

About this time I received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, and God was very precious to me and led me in very definite ways. One time He gave us the name and address of a woman who was in great need and wanted someone to come and pray for her. We started out and found a woman living at that address. She was a Catholic and was paralyzed. She had sent for the priest but he said he could do nothing for her. So she borrowed a Bible from a neighbor and prayed that the Lord would send someone who could pray the prayer of faith for her. When she saw us entering her home she called out, "Are you the people I prayed God to send out to pray for me?" We told her we were, and when we prayed for her she was immediately healed. For seven years she had not been able to put her foot on the floor, but now that God had healed her she arose and did her housework. She was in splendid health for two years, as long as she kept close to God. Sometime after that she passed away.

About three years ago I became afflicted with a very large goiter. It was so large that my chin rested on it. As I worked around the house particularly in stooping over, it would almost choke me. Sometimes I got fainting spells and everything would get black before me. I felt sure the Lord who had been my Healer since 1908 would heal this affliction also. So I prayed but I didn't seem to get any better. In fact it grew larger. I was continually looking at myself to see if my prayer was being answered. One day when I was suffering intensely I cried to the

Lord in deep earnestness and asked Him why I did not receive healing. It seemed the answer came right back from heaven: "Why do you look in the mirror to see how much I have done? Why do you not trust Me fully?" Immediately I saw my mistake. I had been doubting by watching it all the time. For two weeks I never looked into a mirror but kept my eyes on Jesus. One evening I had company and a friend asked me if I had looked at myself lately. I said, "No, I have not." Then I was told that my goiter had completely disappeared. When I committed it fully to Him, He took it all away. Truly I have proved that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever." "I will bless the Lord at all times. His praise shall continually be in my mouth."

A Police Judge Called to Preach

IT WAS with much pleasure that I and Mrs. Schoeneich spent ten days with the church in Matagalpa, where we had labored so many years. The blessing of the Lord was upon us, and every service well attended by the local church and many outsiders, including a large crowd of Roman Catholics. On several occasions the chapel was crowded to the limit and many on the outside. They were days of the Holy Ghost in the midst of His people.

Among the special blessings was a wedding on the last night of the year, two young people, the fruit of the Gospel. It was one of those occasions that remain in the memory of the missionary. Following the marriage, the next morning (Jan. 1st) both were buried in baptism in the Matagalpa River, a precious sight in Latin America. At the same time the young man's father, mother, and two married sisters followed their Lord in baptism. There were eleven baptized altogether, each giving a testimony to the crowd that had assembled on the bank of the river.

One of the triumphs of the Cross in 1930 is the work of the Holy Spirit in the life of *Gumerindo Guterez*, Police Judge of *Muy Muy*, the last town before one turns into the trail to the mountain fastnesses of the Atlantic Coast. Years ago, before the Revolution, we visited *Muy Muy*, spent several days in giving out Scriptures and preached the Gospel every night in the Public Square. The brother who was in charge of what little Gospel work there was, was driven from his home during the Revolution. He fled to the mountains and after passing thru great suffer-

(Continued on page 16)

Feathered Arrows!

The Bee

David H. McDowell, Alton, Ill.

"I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey."
S.S. 5:1.



THE mystery and greatness of the Eternal God are stamped on the whole universe. God speaks to us through His works of creation and reveals His wisdom and power in the many acts and wonders of His creatures. Wherever the voice of God sounds forth it is for us to pause and consider. "Incline your ear and come unto Me, hear and your soul shall live," are words breathed through the Prophet Isaiah to a world of spiritually-famished and dying men.

The bee stands out as one of the leaders of insect life because of the many characteristics of wisdom and knowledge that seem to guide and direct him in his constant activities. Whether he directs his activities by perfect knowledge or whether by instinct is a subject long debated by scientists and will not enter into our present discourse. We are content here to study only his habits of life and to know that whatever the guiding power behind his strenuous career, one thing is certain, his daily accomplishments are miraculous. That he does things; that he is a producer; that he fills his world with worth-while achievements is sufficient evidence to warrant our turning aside and listening to his sermon on praise, peace, progress and plenty. So thoroughly has this little fellow intrenched himself in the industrial as well as social world that he is honored daily by such expressions as, "busy as a bee;" "a hive of industry;" "sweet as honey;" "the buzz and hum of contentment;" "make a bee line;" *etcetera*. But we must hasten in our study of his outstanding characteristics that we may apply the lessons taught, and go and do likewise.

First: The Bee is a Creature of Sunlight: He is particular about his atmosphere. He does not believe in living in the dank, foul-smelling ill-ventilated regions of darkness. He does not sit idly about giving his mind over to the morbid vapors of hate and retaliation, or grope about through the dens of lust and vice, or live depressed all his days under the clouds of fear and unbelief. No, he seeks the sunlight. He is a patron of God's great, open, fragrant fields where daisies and kindred flowers dip and nod, where health abounds, where the secret sweetness of the

Living God flows freely to those who in praise and thanksgiving seek Him.

There is a lot to be said about this sunlight life. Deadly germs do not breed in the sunlight. The true and false are revealed by its powerful, searching rays. Life and health are imparted to those who bask under its constant smile. The sun imparts energy. The sun cheers the despondent. The sun warms and comforts. Watch your household pet and you will observe that in his resting moments he keeps moving about with the sun. Christians should live more in God's sunlight where life and hope are animated. As we drink in its healing rays we are the better fitted to live as "lights in the world, as cities set on hills."

Jesus the great Sun of Righteousness is God's provision for this dark world. Men should come out of their dark, hiding places and seek His face and like the bees live in His presence. Troubles would disappear, sickness and disease would be dissipated and lives would be filled with praise and thanksgiving. Oh what a difference there would be in the world if it could be said that men love light rather than darkness! The bee loves the sunlight. That is one reason he is so happy, so strong and vigorous, and the main reason why he fills the world with a life-giving sweetness that men love to gather. Despondent saint, overburdened with the cares of this life, get out, through prayer and worship, through the help of the Holy Spirit, into God's sunlight of faith, hope and love.

Second: The Bee loves good, nourishing food: Catch him fooling around decay and corruption or feeding in garbage-cans. No he seeks the nectar and pollen that God has hidden in the sweet, fragrant flowers of the sunlit fields. The life and health that have been stored here from sun, air and earth are diligently sought by these little fellows as their daily diet. It is said that what we eat determines what we shall become. A person cannot develop a rugged, Christian character by living on a diet provided by the worldly-minded. The believer must feed on Christ, the Bread of Life. It is written of Him that "He feedeth among the lilies." He is the great "Rose of Sharon." "As the Living Father hath sent me and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me even He shall live by Me."

You feed on deeds of darkness, fill your soul

with murder trials, spend your hours with "snappy stories" and "true confessions;" feed your eyes with questionable pictures and the thousand and one things that the world offers that are filled with suggestions to stir and satisfy carnal desires; look and long, lust and desire; open your ears and feed on scandal and crane your neck to hear the latest about some unfortunate who has side-stepped and fallen, or sit in some home and revel as you are told of the faults and failings of a brother or sister in the Lord—do these things, I say, and you stamp yourself as one who loves to feed on the putrid carcass of a dead and dying world. You are wandering from the fields of God. You are headed for the abyss of darkness and despair. Stop now while it is time. Repent and put away worldly things that create and feed the carnal man. Let the blood of Christ cleanse your heart and then "Buy wine and milk, without money and without price and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

To those who love the Lord and desire to follow Him and become strong spiritually and a help to others, we read, "So the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him. He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the fields; and He made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock; butter of kine and milk of sheep, with the fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats, with the fat of the kidneys of wheat; and thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape." What a diet spread for the saint of God! God pity the professor who cannot find anything worth while or satisfying in the Christian faith! "He satisfieth thy mouth with good things so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles."

Third: The Bee works for others: Over the entrance to every hive, if you observe closely you will see the word "OTHERS." In the atmosphere that pervades his home it is "OTHERS;" the music that pours from his happy song is "OTHERS." His constant thought is others. And for these he prepares his best; in their behalf his toil is ceaseless and all the while his song is filled with praise and gladness.

"Bees work for man, and yet they never bruise
Their Master's flower, but leave it having done,
As fair as ever and as fit to use;
So both the flower doth stay and honey run."

The watchword of Christian service is "OTHERS." Jesus came to turn our attention away from self to the needs of others. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was

lost." "Doth He not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost, until He find it?" The Christian Church survives when it is serving for others. I do not mean that one obtains life and salvation by serving. These come by faith through Christ's finished work on Calvary. But our life is maintained and we become strong when we use what God has given us to reach out after others. The Church of Christ is a Missionary Church. It is a Church of "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The Church that lives to obey this commission will thrive and prosper. But turn your efforts on self alone and you wither and decay, and perish with dry rot. If you do not have the vision that brought Christ from heaven, that fired the Early Church, that was the constant yearning of the great Apostle Paul, to press out into the regions beyond with the glad tidings of the Gospel, then you should pray to the Lord that He would create within you a love for others. From that point your life begins to expand.

"All Nature seems at work, slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing".

If we as God's people would catch the vision of Christ and arouse ourselves from our stupor of indifference, and go to work with our prayers, our presence in the meetings, our giving to God the tithes and offerings that belong to Him, we would see a difference in every city. The hearts of missionaries would take on new courage and the "Coming of the Lord" would hasten greatly. A live bee-hive swarms to start new hives. So does a live church send forth missionaries with the glad word of life.

Fourth: The Bee loves companionship with his fellow workers:

"How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments. . . . There the Lord commanded the blessing, life forevermore." Unity and love among the saints of God are greatly needed in these days of declining faith and gathering gloom over the world. We need one another. We need the stimulus and courage that are passed from member to member. We need the warmth of love and fellowship that come by mutual desires and objectives. God's saints do not associate enough. Especially is this true

of the ministry. We live our lives too much alone in our individual shells, occupied with our own particular problems; we meet in conference once in a while and then the days are filled with business. What a change it would make in the Pentecostal ministry if the preachers could come together for prayer and fellowship and communion one with another and meet in unity about the Cross of Christ! Our lives would take on a far different aspect and we would return home heartened and encouraged in the thought that we are bound together by the ties of love and fellowship! These are days of the "clay and iron"; days when the tendency in the world of nations, politics and social life is to pull apart; days of motor cars and radios and every thing to develop the individual and selfish life. We fight our own battles and live our own lives and make our own reports of our own progress. Would to God we had a revival of fellowship among brethren where the keen love of honey-making would so possess each one of us until the Pentecostal hive would hum with a new song of praise to Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvelous light. But the yen for greatness and money-making has made great inroads into many lives until selfishness is manifested the world over. God save us and give us hearts of humility, a desire to seek His face and the fellowship of each other. Help us to put away distrust and jealousies and learn more perfectly the art of being "workers together with Him."

Fifth: The Bees have a well organized Government:

"For so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts,
Where some like magistrates, correct at home,
Others like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home.

* * *

"For where's the State beneath the Firmament,
That doth excell the Bees for Government?"

"God is not a God of confusion but a God of order," and there is much to be said in favor of a better form of spiritual government among the people of God. Every bee has a work to do and makes it his business to do that work. The great burden that is shifted over on the few in the churches and the independence and indifference of the many, make the work of soul-saving and missionary effort the hard up-hill work that it is.

The activities of the bees are so distributed that

the work of the hive is simplified tremendously. In making a new home they will cleanse the home, thoroughly removing every bit of decay and unsound material, as well as all uncleanness. Then by clinging to the roof and catching hold of each other they will swing down into the air and hang there for hours and sometimes days, until the honey with which they loaded themselves turns to wax. Then they work this wax and fasten it to the roof. This done other bees will come and form this wax into shape and mold the hexagons into which the future honey is to be stored. These are called the architects. When the hive is working at full force there are stationed guards at every entrance and each visitor is halted and inspected. Strange bees that do not come with honey are thrown out or killed. If they have honey they are allowed to enter. If insects of other varieties enter they at once put them to death and cast them out. Snails have been known to enter a hive and the guards unable to pierce their shells have started in to bury them and seal them up with wax in order to prevent any foul odors from entering the hive. On hot days when the wax is liable to melt and the security of the home is threatened the bees gather at entrances and fan with their wings, thus setting up a current of air that at times has been known to extinguish a lighted match or candle.

The drone who has been enjoying the ecstasies of the honeymoon life with the queen, and does not seem to care to work, is like those who are always looking for the pleasures without assuming the responsibilities of life. The church is filled with many such. But in the bee life these fellows are not tolerated in the hive; they are forcefully ejected. First, however, the guards will chew off one of his wings and then cast him out so that he cannot fly back. Thus he becomes a prey to other creatures or else perishes in the cold. What a lesson here for the child of God to find his work and then stay with it! To assist in keeping God's hive free from marauders and all decay and filth that would otherwise contaminate the whole atmosphere.

Sixth: The Bee has a keen sense of taste, smell and of direction:

This is likened unto the spiritual senses that God has provided for the child of God—the sense of discerning the right kind of foods to eat; the sense of discerning the right kind of atmosphere to live in; the sense of direction in getting back home. Some folks who seem to have had the blessing of God upon them at one time appear to

(Continued on page 22)

Where the Children's Food Is Given to the Dogs

"Without Natural Affection"

Rose Meyer

This article is a little departure from our usual order, but its striking fulfilment of prophecy of the last days is significant.



WHILE the pedigreed dog of New York's millionaire row partakes of his kingly breakfast of shredded top of round beef with rice, fresh vegetables and whole wheat biscuit, the Child of New York's tenement row makes his breakfast of weak coffee, or in hundreds of cases, must go without any breakfast at all.

While the sophisticated dog of today is the owner of a wardrobe suitable for all kinds of weather and (we quote from a leading magazine) actually designed in many instances, in the exclusive shops of Paris, the pathetic little forms of scantily dressed children shiver in the cold; at night they must cuddle together under one meager blanket, while the dog is favored with a snug, draftless bed, equipped with mattress and blanket.

While the select dog is taken out for strolls by a special attendant and given private exercise yards, the little tenement child must slave away in sweat-shop work or be "the little mother" to the baby brother or sister.

While the \$5000 canine dwells in a kennel which in one case cost nearly a half million dollars and in another a quarter of a million, there are today hundreds and thousands of waifs existing in hovels, drooping and dying in improperly ventilated tenement-rooms where families are herded together like cattle in one, two and three rooms.

Life's incongruities these, before which one stands in amazement and wonders how long a just God can look on and withhold punishment. But to the Christian it is but another finger on the hand of prophecy pointing to the soon coming of Christ, for one of the predictions of the last days is that men shall be "without natural affection." History is replete with fabulous expenditures for mansions, for the attire of the wealthy, for banquets and delicacies, but surely the height of *unnatural affection* is being reached today when the cry of the dog can be heard above every other cry, until literally fortunes are being spent for the comfort of the canine family.

*The cry of
the dog*

In culling facts and figures from *The American Magazine* for February, we learn that a group of twenty pedigreed dogs belonging to one owner, is pacified every morning by an appetizer of highly-vitaminized milk which is later followed by a scientifically-prepared breakfast of lamb or beef, with rice, fresh vegetables and fresh biscuits; that these dogs never need whimper because of inclement weather, a comfortable wardrobe is provided for each, said wardrobe having been designed and tailored in an exclusive shop in Paris. For warm weather the outfit consists of a silk-lined cape; for damp weather there is a waterproof coat with leather boots, while for colder climes the dog is attired in a fur trimmed, knit jacket over which is thrown a cape of camel's hair.

The fashionable dog of today must be up to the last minute in appearance and hence is given a marcel, a manicure, a shampoo in scented suds and in some cases they go so far as to give him a permanent wave. As a result the dog and all that fashion decrees for him, has given New York a new and thriving business; shops catering to this sort of trade carry a full line of outfits conducive to the comfort of the dog by day and by night. Basket-beds fully equipped with mattress and blankets range in price from \$20 to \$100 and one authority tells us that a complete outfit for the dog is estimated to cost about \$250. The fact that there are an increasing number of such shops proves that there must be an abundance of patronizers.

But the most stupendous expenditures are in connection with the homes provided for this dog aristocracy. The wealthy manufacturer or financier spares neither means nor time to provide the kennel of his dreams for his favored dogs and in one instance, it is said that the world was literally searched for the furnishings of the kennel. The workmen were nearly a year in building this "dog mansion," designed after a Chinese temple and it was finally completed at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars. The central part of this kennel is two stories high with a bal-

cony and vaulted ceiling; the floor of black and cream marble, walls paneled with elaborate Chinese paintings and some inlaid with pure gold. An open fireplace of hand-carved, rare wood adorns the main room; antique lanterns were brought from China to illuminate the central room. In this scientifically-planned kennel is a large dog hospital, a modern kitchen equipped with electric refrigeration and there is an individual exercise yard for each dog. *The annual cost of upkeep alone was \$49,000.*

Another financier, of Philadelphia, outdid the previous picture by spending nearly twice as much for his dog kennels and these were equipped with modern bathrooms with overhead showers. The private attendant of the kitchen informed a visitor that the food given to the dogs was as good as any he ever had on his own table.

The day has surely come when the cry of the dog is being satisfied and pampered to the extreme in the circles of the rich, but hush!—just from around the corner comes another cry—not from a blue-blooded dog, but from a little form created in the image of God—a child. To the ears attuned only to selfish pleasure, to the ears of those “without natural affection,” this cry may not even be heard for no doubt the barking of the dog shuts out this bitter wail, but to those whose ears are familiar with the call of the needy, the cry comes in ever increasing volume as the pathetic form of the one is multiplied by the tens, the hundreds and the thousands. And for what, think you, are they crying? For table delicacies? For wardrobes of silk and fur? For elaborately-designed homes and costly furnishings? No, they are crying for—shall we say it?—crying for the crumbs which fall from the dog’s table.

*The cry of
the child*

Visit New York’s tenement district and there you will hear the cry of countless little underfed waifs who have gone to school or to work, young as they are, after a breakfast of coffee and stale bread or no breakfast at all. No choice meat or wholesome vegetables (the dog’s diet) for these, not even for lunch or dinner. Think of the little boy whose teacher discovered a few scattered grains of oatmeal by his desk. He had been spending his allowance of two cents daily on oatmeal and eating it dry, no doubt because he found he could get more of this than of anything else for the small pittance. Someone has said, “The cry of the child

for food which its mother is powerless to give is the most awful cry the ages have known. Even the sound of battle, the mingled shrieks of wounded man and beast, and the roar of guns, cannot vie with it in horror. Yet that cry goes up incessantly: in the world’s richest cities the child’s hunger-cry rises above the din of the mart.” Death graciously relieves many of these little lives from a long struggle with poverty for it is said that under-nourishment is one of death’s busiest harvesters, and the death rate among the poorer class is three and a half times that of the death rate of the well-to-do. But countless other lives live on in the struggle, and weakened and impaired through bitter privations, they fill our hospitals, reformatories and prisons. But think of the lives that might have been spared from death and from a living death, properly nourished and trained with that \$49,000 spent in the upkeep of the dog kennel in one year.

Oh the bitter wail of the child who, through the cold, winter months, must endure a rigorous climate without proper clothing! While the favored dog is fitted out in his fur and fleeced-lined garments there are children who never know what it is to be warm and comfortable in the winter months. Listen to the pathetic wail wrung from the heart of one little child: Scantly clad, she was standing by the radiator of the school-room, trying to warm her little hands back to life. Suddenly she looked in her teacher’s face and asked, “Teacher, do you love God?” “Why yes, of course I love God”, answered the wondering teacher. “Well, I don’t—I hate Him!” was the fierce rejoinder. “He makes the wind blow and I haven’t any warm clothes—He makes it snow and my shoes have holes in them — He makes it cold and we haven’t any fire at home—He makes us hungry and mamma hadn’t any bread for our breakfast—Oh I hate Him!” A bit of practical Christianity or even humane effort, could have turned this hatred into a deep and undying love, but what matters the cry of a destitute child to those who are without natural affection! To them, the barking dog seems to be all important and shuts out every other appeal.

Years ago one could stand outside some factory wall, near some coal mine in operation, and the ear of one’s heart hear the anguished sobs of thousands of little lives. Pathetic indeed is the fact that necessity demands boys and girls in their tender years, to toil at hard labor, but when one considers that by means of their “cheap

labor" they are adding to the profits of the millionaire that he might spend the more on dogs, *it becomes nothing less than a tragedy*. Statistics tell the story of the mere pittance given for child labor; one of the essential industries followed by children is that of snapping fasteners on cards; for snapping twelve gross (1728) of fasteners on paper or cards, a child received 15c. Another line of sweat shop work is that of the veil industry. One family on Mullberry St., New York, received 75c for putting chenille dots on a gross (144) of veils, 27 dots on each veil, averaging a little more than 2c per hundred dots.

An afternoon visitor to a tenement district was puzzled at the strange quietness of the streets and the scene was conspicuous for its absence of children. But the secret of it all was disclosed in the evening, when the factory doors swung open and poured out children, big and little; children who should have been playing but instead, had been slaving at work all day. From one of the many hundreds of similar cases, the visitor learned a few of the details connected with their daily toil. All day long this little slip of a girl, aged ten or eleven, had stood bare-footed in pools of water in a room filled with clouds of steam, twisting coils of wet hemp. She was dripping wet and in this condition, she as well as all her work-mates must come out into the bitter cold night air. But what matters all this if she can but add to the hoard of the financier or manufacturer! The owner of the factory, the profiteer, never hears her cry for he is too busy providing luxuries for his great Danes or pedigreed Chow Chow family. The dogs must have their silk-lined capes and fur trimmed jackets while the child shivers in the cold after a hard day's work.

In the glass industry the lads in their tender years are employed as "carrying-in boys" who

must take the red-hot bottles from the benches on big asbestos shovels to the oven. The boys are kept on a constant run from the benches to these ovens and back again, a distance of about one hundred feet. The boys make an average of seventy-two trips per hour, thus totalling a distance of nearly twenty-two miles for every eight-hour day. No time for play or childhood fancies, but the blue-blooded dog in New York's suburban estate is having his every whim satisfied, so why bother about the whims of a little child!

And, while the champion dog is revelling in his kennel, worth a quarter of a million dollars, equipped with every modern luxury, and is given every advantage of exercise yards and strolls through wooded estates, our little tenement children are slowly drooping and dying in stuffy and cramped quarters where never a ray of God's sunshine finds an entrance. See the wan faces, the rickety bodies, the languid smiles, and if there is any natural affection you will hear the sobs of their pent up little hearts as they cry for a chance to live. But their cry never pierces the hearts of the man devoid of natural affection, the man who would rather spend his thousands, yea hundreds of thousands on a few champion dogs while his less fortunate brothers and sisters are crushed under poverty's load and the child, formed in God's image is dripping in tears of hopeless despair. Little wonder that God sounds the startling warning, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the *last days*."

Alone in Bleak Tibet

Wm. E. Simpson



HIS past year has been one of severe trials and testings in many ways. First, my father and the Plymires were both compelled by circumstances to leave the field last spring. This left me as the only Pentecostal missionary on the whole field, and I had to shoulder the added, tremendous burdens of both their works.

I had long been expecting Brother and Sister Halldorf to come out and join me on the Tibetan

border. They arrived at a station of the C. & M. A. three days' journey from here in July, but there he was suddenly stricken down with typhoid. I visited them at the beginning of August and while I was there he seemed much better and well on the way to recovery. So I left to get a caravan to bring them up the rest of the way as soon as he should be strong enough to travel. But not long after I came away there was a change for the worse, and on August 17th he

passed on to be with the Lord. This blow left me dazed and numb, and I was unable to think connectedly for sometime. The question ever uppermost in my mind was, Why, oh why should he be taken just when we needed him so? I escorted Sister Halldorf down to Lanchow and saw her start out on a raft in the Yellow River for Peking, as it was out of the question for her to stay on alone without any lady missionary as companion. *Then I returned to my work among the Tibetan nomads oppressed by a tremendous sense of desolation and loneliness.* Even now I do not attempt to understand it. I only know that He who has ever guided me, and stood with me thruout these long years of loneliness and isolation, still holds my hand and leads me on. Yea, and "He doeth all things well."

Another severe trial during the past year has been the great falling off in offerings that I have experienced. At times I was receiving only about half as much as I had been accustomed to and it necessitated our going into debt. Also I had to dismiss some of the workers on account of insufficient funds. But praise God that during the last two or three months the receipts have greatly improved and altho I am not yet out of debt, still I am not nearly in such a serious position as I was.

I have come also in a sense to know the practical meaning of Paul's statement when he speaks of "the care of all the churches". Without Divine assistance it would truly be an insupportable burden. The material side taxes strength, time and patience, and the spiritual side much more. To take care of my father's work at all calls for me to make the trip to Minchow five or six stages away, as often as I find time, while to oversee Bro. Plymire's work I ought to go to Tangar, eight stages in the opposite direction. Then my own work here and among the nomads demands quite a lot of traveling. From Labrang these places lie in the order named, southeast, northwest, and southwest. Then there is Brother Halldorf's work which is also to the northwest, but only two stages distant. To adequately supervise all this without even touching any of the numerous outstations, would be an absolute physical impossibility. I have to leave the far greater part of it in the hands of the natives. But there are many things that I simply have to attend to. Procuring money from the bank at the coast is a serious problem, and in this country where we have so few means of communication it is sometimes not easily accomplished. Still, so far the Lord has helped me much.

The continual traveling I have to do is rather wearing. Last year I rode a total of 3800 miles on horseback, and was on the road in all 185 days. To tell the truth I feel tired. If it were not for the strength which God gives according to our daily need I am afraid I should be about ready to give up. But as there is no one to take charge of the work while I am away I have given up all thought of a furlough for some time to come.

Still in spite of, and also because of these many testings and difficulties during the year, 1930 has been a year of great blessing. If there were no storms we should not be able to appreciate the staunch and seaworthy ship of God's grace in which we have embarked. If there were no darkness we would not feel our need of the Light that leads us on. If there were no crosses we would not look to Him upon whom we may cast our every care, for "He careth for us." If there were no battle there would be no victory. So I praise God for every trial, every difficulty, every obstacle that makes the smooth paths rough and causes us to rely more fully on Him who has promised to be with us even unto the end.

One thing that will always cause this year to stand out in my memory is the fact that it saw the first-fruits of God's work among the Tibetans in this district. We do praise God for this earnest of the glorious, victorious harvest that is to come, and pray that many more from among these people will soon follow. Whether the victory is soon or long in coming, I know that it is God's will for me to be here working for Him among the Tibetans, and in this confidence may He enable me to be faithful.

But is it really God's will for this work that I be left all alone here? Not able adequately to care for the already established work, let alone evangelizing the limitless, untouched regions beyond? I cannot believe that it is, and the conclusion to be drawn is that there are those in the homeland who are failing God, refusing to obey His call to go "unto the uttermost parts of the earth," afraid of enduring hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, careless that in the bleak lofty tablelands of Tibet there are multitudes of people who have never had a chance to be saved, unwilling to sacrifice a few superfluous luxuries that others may have a taste of the Bread of Life.

What will you say in that day of reckoning when all you have to offer is the single talent which was delivered to you by the Lord? The time is short! Oh heed the "Whom shall I send?"

(Continued on page 22)

Where Two Roads Cross

Evangelist Adele Carmichael, Quincy, Ill.



WO trains, going opposite directions, will leave the little town this evening; which one shall I take? Which way shall I go, Lord? One goes to my home where I will continue preaching; the other goes to a strange city, where I will seek employment. Thus I prayed and meditated one Monday morning, in the early days of my ministry. God had called and I had finally answered, after many a battle in prayer. I had reasoned, "Lord, if I go out to preach, who will buy my clothes?" The Lord had answered, "I'll take care of you better than you can take care of yourself".

'Twas my first charge after my first year of Bible School. Every two weeks I came on the train from my home, to the little church I was pastoring. The Sunday sermons had been preached, and Monday morning instead of taking the morning train as usual, I stayed in the little town to pray and decide which of the evening trains to take. "Oh Voice of God, speak Thou within my ear, make me to know which way to go, in this momentous hour!" How much really hinges on the way we chose, where two roads cross.

A legend of old has a traveler coming to cross roads, looking each way, not knowing which way to take. One is the right way; one is the wrong. Taking his hat from his head he throws it into the air. The way the hat falls he will go. Ah! thus, it seems, the young make their choice. Thank God for the Holy Spirit, "He will guide you."

With eyes red and swollen from earnest praying and crying, I went to answer a call at the door. "Here is a five dollar bill for you", said the elderly man at the door, "I understand yesterday was your birthday". "Yes, thank you, may the Lord bless you", I replied; seeking to get away and back to my room again. The old man lingered, saying, "What is the matter? Are you trying to play Jonah?" How could I answer? But he insisted upon knowing what my troubles were.

"Well, brother, you know just a short time ago my little sister passed away. Father was thrown in debt with funeral expenses. I am the eldest child, and I feel responsible for a part of the debt. I am praying for permission from God, to take the evening train to the nearest large city, to find employment. When God sent me to

preach, we made a contract. God promised He would supply my needs. I said, 'Lord, I'll pay my tithes and preach as long as You keep some money in my purse.' This was not a contract for money, but rather a fear in my heart of starvation, as I had passed through some very hard and trying circumstances with my father in the ministry, as a pioneer preacher of Pentecost. Now I had five dollars and you have given me five more. My purse isn't empty, and I'm afraid to break my contract; yet, I feel I must pay some on this debt." By this time we were both weeping. He went home, saying, "I'll pray for you". I went back to my room to continue my petition to God.

Soon the old man returned. I felt a bit impatient in being disturbed again. When I came down to the door, his face was shining and he said, "I went home and prayed. God said to me, 'You help her.' What shall I do, Lord? 'Give her one of those liberty bonds in your cupboard'". With this, He handed me a hundred dollar liberty bond. I stood there staring at him, having a hard time to realize that God had answered so quickly. He said, "Get your coat and we will go and cash the bond." That evening I took the train going to my home, praising God for His immutable Word. With over a hundred dollars in my purse, I renewed my covenant with God, paid my tithes, paid some on the debt, and had a little left over. There is nothing too hard for God, and it does not impoverish Him to supply the needs, and even the wants of His children, if we will only pray, trust, and give Him the glory when He does do something for us. Hallelujah!

I went into a School of Music in the city of Des Moines, to have my guitar restrung. The professor made quite a fuss about my hand. He said he could see music in it. He at once made me a proposition. He said with a few lessons he would place me in the city of my choice as a teacher of their method of music. I always loved music and also liked the idea of teaching. This seemed to me the chance of my life, but I felt I must think it over a bit. I went home and told my father about it. He objected, as he thought it a side line from preaching. I had longed for a musical career, yet every effort I made toward it seemed to be blocked. I had prayed for God to help me and He did help me so far as I used it for Him; when it was not for Him, then He didn't help me.

It was just the time of year when I was planning my second year of Bible School. Again two roads seemed to cross. Should I choose a musical career or go on preaching? Again the Holy Spirit spoke to my heart, "This is the way, walk ye in it". I had been preaching and had no money for Bible School. To go meant another step of faith. Mother looked sad when I left home, for she knew I hadn't enough money even for car fare, to say nothing of the school year's expense. She said, "When you can't go any farther, come home".

How well I knew, like Abraham of old, God was calling me out; out from my folks, out from my home, out, without knowing just where I was going. It seems we must be completely separated from every prop before God can use us or reveal Himself to us. God is a jealous God, and must be first and only in our lives.

I purchased a ticket in the direction of School, to a little town where I knew a few children of God. Here I preached a couple of nights, the anointing was heavy and I felt I was moving in God's order. Step by step, with my hand in His I walked, not knowing, but knowing He knew. Then came a call from a small town down the road a little farther. I went for a meeting of three nights. The people came from every direction and filled the church and altar too. The people asked if I would stay longer. I asked God to save a certain number on the Sunday night if He wanted me to do so. He did it and I stayed. Many souls were saved and hearts were moved toward God. Here I received three hundred dollars for my school expenses. I finally reached school three weeks late, but was able to make it up. When the secretary looked over my application, he said, "I see by your application you're entering *by faith*." I answered, "Yes, it was faith when I filed the application, but it is sight now".

How I thank God for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Each time we are brought into a trying place it gives us an opportunity to know God in a better and a different way. I tremble when I think of what my life might have been had I made my own choice as I came where two roads cross. I have often said, "If everything that I count dear were to be taken from me but one, I would chose Him, the Holy Spirit, to stay with me;" everything else might go, for what would life be without the Comforter? The dear Lord Jesus baptized me with the Holy Spirit twenty-one years ago, and He has been my constant Companion and Guide ever since. No wonder the Psalmist pleaded "Take not Thy Holy Spirit

from me." It would be like tearing the rudder from a ship and sending it out on the pathless ocean to reach a goal. It would only drift until danger overtook it and then go down. Such is a life that refuses the will and guidance of God.

(Continued from page 7)

ing with his family, became disgusted with the country and left Nicaragua, thus leaving Mui Mui without a standard-bearer. But the seed had been sown, and in the heart of Gumercindo Guterez it has found good soil and given fruit. God is making a preacher of the Gospel out of him. He gave a very convincing talk the morning he was baptized on the bank of the river, and returned to his town with Gospel material and a determination to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Gumercindo is not an educated man, but frank, fearless, and on fire for God and souls. In appearance he is six foot, a big, overgrown boy, but has a business way of presenting the Gospel that friends admire and foes fear.

The Parish priest of Mui Mui undertook to trim our brother, but with not the best results. After three battles it was decided that Gumercindo and the priest were to hold a public debate that only Christ can save from sin and give the soul an entrance to heaven, and further, that the doctrines and dogmas of the R. C. Church are not to be found in the Holy Scriptures. The date was set and all the town was invited. Sunday came and Bro. Gumercindo, with his Bible in hand, went to the appointed place in the "plaza" and waited, but no priest appeared. He went to the priest's house, but he sent word he was sick and would not be able to debate that day—our brother stood victor before the town of Mui Mui.

A few days later Bro. Gumercindo was led to visit the priest and ask after his health. During the visit a sharp but short battle of words took place, which again terminated in victory for the cross. He quoted the words of Jesus, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, and no man cometh to the Father *but by Me*." At this point the priest arose from his chair and laying his hand on Gumercindo said, "You are not an educated man, but you are eloquent. I cannot discuss with you. I confess I do not know the Scriptures. Those words you just quoted are beautiful." The result: The priest of Mui Mui has bought a Bible! Thank God!

B. A. Schoeneich.

How God Dispenses His Honors

To Mutilate the Body of Christ a Great Spiritual Crime

A. L. Branch, Gary, Ind., in the Stone Church Jan. 6, 1931



TONIGHT I wish to speak on the Body. The most difficult part in church life is to get people to understand their right relationship toward each other. We hear much about our relationship toward God, and even toward a lost world, but it seems that the adversary of our souls fights harder than anything else the getting together of God's people in real Christian life and fellowship. When we realize that every disturbance, everything that interferes with the most perfect fellowship among the children of God, is inspired by the devil, we will hate it. And when we see the first suggestion of it we will put our foot down and absolutely refuse to be a party, in any wise, to anything that would cause a separation among the people of God. The longer I live the more I believe that one of the greatest spiritual crimes that can be committed is to cause division among God's saints, to mutilate the body of Christ.

In I. Corinthians 12: 12-26, the Apostle Paul compares the church to the human body. In this lesson there are three outstanding points I want you to notice. First of all, that God has placed them in the body, next the relative importance of people in the body, and third, the honor that God gives to those in the body who function as they should. My mind travels back to the days when I was in an organization before coming into the light of Pentecost, of business meetings, of people being retained or dropped, and so forth. The deacons along with the pastor would sit in solemn session over those names and deliberate who should be retained and who should be dropped. I remember going down the list and musing. "Well, there is Mrs. So-and-So. She hasn't been to church lately but she subscribed \$5. I think we will leave her on." "Here is Mr. Smith. He doesn't even live a Christian life but he has an influence; his relatives come and it might cause trouble and dissatisfaction to take him off. Are they a financial asset, or liability? That is a pretty big question; how much they are giving." And then turning from that hectic situation to the Word of God we read that "God hath set the members in the body, even as it hath pleased Him;" that boards and deacons, elders and congregational votes cannot change the situation one

particle; that men and women cannot be voted into the church which is the body of Christ, and they cannot be voted out. God alone is able to place people in the body; and after He has placed us in the body I wish that there might sweep down into the depths of our hearts such a revelation of what that privilege is that we will esteem it higher than any honor bestowed by anybody on earth.

The real trouble at the present time is that multitudes, yea uncounted thousands of people have been taken into the organization called a church and God hasn't put them there. Hence what kind of a situation do we have? Some splendid trees that are alive, and then a conglomerate mass of dead limbs tied on with votes! What can the poor little tree do if there is no life there, loaded down with dead wood? Hence it is utterly impossible for the average denominational body to move forward in God and have a real Holy Ghost revival. And that is the reason every generation or so has moved out so that God can have a chance. He sets the people free for a little while until men begin to load down with dead timber again and then has to make a move and separate people again. Let us keep ourselves lightly attached to things so that we can quickly respond when God says move.

God places each person in the church because there is an individual need. Some people have an inferiority complex and think they do not count; and then sometimes there are people who feel their importance and think the church could not get along without them, and show disregard to the weaker ones. God says, "Say not, I have no need of thee," for the feeblest, or rather those members of the body which seem to be more feeble, are necessary. I wish we could just stop and think what that means. It is so difficult to dislodge ourselves from our traditional ideas. We feel there is Bro. So-and-so, very active in the work and so prominent, he is necessary; and Sister Brown is such a help in the various activities of the church, and gives largely; and the teachers in the Sunday School, the Superintendent, the elders and the deacons, how necessary they are! God doesn't say a thing about their being necessary, but He says that those which are *more feeble* are necessary. Let us get God's viewpoint in regard to these things and recognize who are the

necessary ones in the church. Look about you. We have no way of measuring people exactly, but we know of those who are not gifted, not talented, not great financial supporters, and perhaps haven't any special ability, but every time we think of the ones that, from a natural standpoint, seem to be the least important, let us remember that God says they are the necessary ones. When that gets hold of us it will absolutely destroy the last trace of the caste system which has found its way into the church. It destroys all possibility of cliques, all possibility of getting "chummy" and neglecting the poor and the untalented. It is the only truth in the world that will completely make the people of God recognize their oneness.

It is necessary to have the "feeble" in the church in order that those who are active, those who are strong, those who are leaders may, by the grace of God, show forth the real character and the disposition of the Lord Jesus Christ, and refuse to recognize social, financial or intellectual distinctions. When this truth gets hold of the church there will be such a melting and such a blending together, such a spirit of fellowship as has never before been known. So God would have us go thru the list and set it down as an unalterable principle that we will not say to anybody, "I have no need of thee."

God enlarges upon this about *the feeble ones* and says, "Those members of the body, which we think to be less honorable, upon these we bestow more abundant honor, . . . whereas our comely parts have no need: but God hath tempered the body together, having given more abundant honor to that part which lacketh." God, in handing out the honors doesn't dispense them to the richest, the strongest, and the most prominent. He gives the "more abundant honor" to those which lack. I have often wondered *why*, and I feared sometimes that it might come under that head, when He was taking the measurement of men, and said, "I say unto you, They have their reward." There is nothing more coming to them. But that part which lacks will get what is coming to it.

There is another great principle involved in this thought, and that is this: There is a trait in human nature that will be active in church work as long as it is being recognized, as long as it is being praised, as long as people seem to appreciate what is being done, but if they get no praise, no appreciation and no recognition, they stop right off. They say, "What is the use? Nobody appreciates me. I think I will quit." If people

are doing church work for recognition, for praise, it is a selfish purpose, and "*Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.*" There is nothing more coming to them.

And so God recognizes that, far above that, mountains high above that, is the quality of Christian character that is willing joyfully to serve, faithfully to minister without any praise, without any thanks or recognition; even being blamed or criticized; even being misjudged; without faltering, and without altering his course. A Christian who can do that compared to one who is being praised and applauded, is like a mountain to a mole-hill. People will pour out their very life's blood to get a little recognition. They will do the most foolhardy things to get their names on the front page of a paper. It is a trait of human selfishness, and, sad to say, it is not entirely lacking among Christians. And when they get recognition they are willing to work their lives out, almost, if they can be at the head, a chairman of some committee, or something of that sort. But the real evidence of Christian character, love toward God and for Jesus' sake and because His love is wrought out in us, is to plug along in the most obscure, most unseen service and yet go on just as steadfastly as if one were getting the applause of the whole church—that man will get recognition when Jesus comes that will startle some of the rest of us.

And if we are wise we will adjust ourselves to God's order and get into that place of unwavering and unflinching faithfulness to the place in the body in which God has placed us, regardless of whether we are praised or blamed. We will not be exalted by praise nor dejected by blame, but we will move out on that plane where we see no man except the Lord Jesus Christ. It is wonderful to catch God's viewpoint. Not only wonderful to catch it but still more wonderful as we adopt it by the grace of God. The soul that will resolve, "If God has put me in the most obscure, the most hidden place in the whole body of Christ, by His grace I will be a healthy member of that body, and will continue to function until Jesus comes," will get a recognition before God that great leaders, college presidents, prominent evangelists and teachers will never get.

God tempers the body together, giving more abundant honor—not just a little honor, but *more abundant honor* to that part which lacks, that there should be no schism, no division, in the body. You go thru the Word of God and you will find, over and over again, that it is the plan

of God that there should be no division in the body, but that the members should have the same care, one for another. Isn't it strange how solicitous we become when a rich member gets sick? or a prominent one gets into trouble? And how people pray and cry to God night and day, if necessary, to help them. But let somebody who is "little" and seemingly unimportant get into trouble, and we pass them by with a slight word. We pray for him because he asks us to do so, but we do not get a burden for him like we do for the "prominent" member. We are missing God's thought when we do that. He says we should have "the same care, one for another". And now we needn't go to the other extreme and ignore the prominent ones, the active and talented, and despise the gifts that God has given. In another place He says, "doing nothing by partiality". It is a difficult thing not to be partial.

"And when one member suffereth all the members suffer with it." That is the meaning of the word "compassion." Compassion is a Latin compound which means "to suffer together," and in this respect God would have us like a human body. Some of you have had the experience of having a boil on your body. Sometimes it comes on the finger and sometimes on the back of your neck, or your nose. You don't say, "*My neck* is suffering from a boil," but "*I* am suffering." Your whole body suffers. And the whole body, the church, will suffer when there is that vital union between them, and each one realizes that that brother or sister who is suffering is a part of his very self. And then when we suffer with them it is so much easier to help them. As the other members of our body we just spontaneously turn to help them.

"And if one member rejoice, all the members rejoice"—here is one member who is promoted, gets a bigger salary or is elected to some prominent office—real relationship of the body as it should be according to the Word of God, rejoices with the one who is honored. Is never jealous, never envious. Envy is a deadly, cancerous condition of the body. If somebody gets a better automobile than you have, later model, how do you feel? Just check up on it. Do you feel a twinge of jealousy? Somebody has better furniture, better clothes, better salary, smarter children than yours. Rejoice! That is God's order. If we do not get into God's order now, when will we? The thing that is a great burden

on my heart is that God has an order, and for Him to establish His Kingdom here on earth people must be brought into that order. The Bible is the revelation of that order, and if you do not square with the Word of God, how, when and where will you ever get into that order? It is important, it is eternally important, for us to dig into these things and find out what God says, and say, "By the grace of God that is what I will do."

The enemy has put an anaesthetic over the crowd. We listen and say, "That is right," and we roll over and go the sleep. "Yes, I know we ought to do it. The Bible says so," but we are just paralyzed and unable to put the thing into operation in life's service and testimony. I am not talking now of getting to heaven. We will get to heaven thru the blood of Jesus Christ, thru His Divine grace alone, but we get our place in the kingdom thru serving Him and measuring up to the Word. It is the Gospel of the Kingdom that we are to pay attention to now, and the Gospel of the Kingdom is here; and the church is that company of people who have the privilege of qualifying for relationship and position in that kingdom, and to rule and reign with Jesus Christ on this earth for a thousand years. That is the burden that is on my heart, vaster than the burden for sinners that people will awaken to their privileges. Sometimes people are shocked when I say that, but it is a heavy burden God has laid upon me. I realize that the church, heavenly called and heavenly equipped to glorify, and reign with Christ a thousand years, is sleeping, with that heavenly equipment right beside them, and not qualified. I feel there are just a few groups in the so-called church of Jesus Christ that are even making an attempt at all. I know whole congregations that would be horrified to listen to such a message as I have given you. I want you to be aroused to your privileges. I believe there ought to be such a response in our souls to the Word of God, the moving of the Spirit of God and the service of our God that we will count it the highest honor and the greatest privilege to do the most menial service in the whole church if God honors us with it. Would it not make a healthy body, a productive body, if we all functioned properly? Surely! and the church that does that will have a revival. Sinners will then be converted and the glory and the power of God will come down in showers of rain.

A Warrior at Rest

ANOTHER warrior has laid down his armour. India has sustained a serious loss in the death of one of her valuable missionaries, Mr. K. A. Timrud. Bro. Timrud recently returned to America on furlough and was living in Brooklyn, New York, when he passed away on March 15, 1931.

Our brother had spent two terms in India, this last term entering the large district of Partabgarh containing a population of nearly a million where the Gospel had never been preached. When he first entered the district he searched for weeks but could not find a single Christian. He and his workers faithfully sowed the seed in hundreds of villages. Of the joy of entering new territory he said, "I have been happy many times in my life, but never as happy as when I preached the Gospel where it had never been preached before." Bro. Timrud was a pioneer. Others will reap where he has sown but he will have a blessed share in the sheaves that will be gathered in. In that day "he that soweth and he that reapeth will rejoice together."

Mrs. Timrud sends us the following of his last days:

"After an illness of three weeks my beloved husband fell asleep in Jesus. While taking part in special services in our assembly I noticed he did not look well. It was during the evening service, and I suggested that he get home as soon as possible. He felt he would rather stay on to the end of the meeting as he was especially interested in the altar service. After praying with seekers and for the sick he left for home but when he reached there he was in great pain. For three weeks he suffered very much; nevertheless he praised the Lord and continually trusted Him who had never failed him. The Spirit of God would come upon him as he praised the Lord, and he would repeatedly say in Hindustani, 'Thy God is my God?' Then in English he would say, 'Have faith in God. Deliverance will soon come.' Deliverance came, but not in the way we had expected. We expected the Lord to raise him up, but ah! He had something far better. He took him to Himself. To be with the Lord is far better.

"Just a little over a month ago he was talking about our returning to India. Now that his service for India is over, I hope that God will lay her needs on another who will hear His call and go forth. We were told that the sickness from which my husband finally died was caused by the various fevers he had had in India. It was for needy India that he laid down his life.

We had come home for a furlough and rest,

but such a zeal for the Lord's cause so filled his heart that he was constantly on the go. He had said to me, 'As soon as these special meetings are over we shall go away and rest for a few days.' Truly he is at rest in the land where there is no more pain nor sorrow. Blessed rest! Our two little boys, David, aged ten, and Herbert, aged five, and I, miss him sorely but we rejoice that he is with Jesus whom he so joyfully served and left all to follow.

"The funeral services were held in our assembly in Brooklyn, N. Y. A number of ministers participated and five of our North India missionaries were able to be there.

"They have laid aside their armour for the robe of spotless white,
And with Jesus they are walking where the river sparkles bright.
We have labored here together—we have labored side by side,
Just a little while before me,' he 'has crossed the swelling tide.'"

May the God of all comfort be a Husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless, and graciously sustain them in this deep sorrow.

Fruit for God in Africa

Mrs. Paul K. Derr, writes from Mbeya, Tanganyika Ter., East Africa, a report of the work God has committed to them:

"We had a beautiful Christmas and one that glorified our Savior. About three hundred were present at the morning service. The oil of joy was poured out and many were touched and broken before the Lord. We gave 120 some peanuts and sweets and everyone salt. It is really pitiful to see how they rejoice over a little salt. The wee ones came and literally licked up a little that was spilled on the steps where the elders dished it out.

"In the afternoon we had a consecration service after the preaching, and about fifty consecrated themselves to the Lord. Again the Spirit came forth in mighty power. Such weeping and rejoicing. Several received the fulness of the Spirit and magnified the Lord in other tongues. How we praise Him! We have been so burdened with work that we have felt badly about not being able to give more time to the Gospel, but the seed has continually gone forth and now it is bringing forth fruit.

"We have had to build our house, church and school, as well as learn the language in these two and a half years. I also have our two children to teach and the many duties of a wife and mother, so that sometimes it seems too much, but when

we have such times of rejoicing I forget the burdens.

"Our evangelist and helper go out every day and now we hope to do village work ourselves. Often the boys go out on Sundays between services and hold meetings in the villages. I made banners with "Jesus our Savior" and "Pentecostal Mission" on them. They love to carry them and sing hymns as they march along. The Christians are building a chapel in a village near here, and we hope to teach the people to read the New Testament."

Saved to Serve

From Juneau, Alaska, Bro. C. C. Personous writes: "We praise the Lord for the way He has been working here in Juneau the last two or three months. Two sisters received their baptism in December and have been greatly used of the Lord in witnessing and in prayer since then. This last month two young married couples have been converted. The first couple that came to the Lord have been to nearly every meeting since and with shining faces testify to salvation. The other young man was a Pentecostal preacher's son; his wife was in the hospital for a major operation and he was out of work. After he was saved the Lord gave him a position in the mine and enabled him to find a place to live. The first night his wife came to the meeting after coming out of the hospital she was saved. They are now happy in the Lord.

"The Coastguard cutter that is stationed here has a converted sailor on board who is praying and working for the salvation of the other sailors. Several have been to the meetings and are under deep conviction. Please unite with us in prayer for them, and that we have a real revival.

Revival Fires in Home Fields

FROM our correspondence we quote a few items of interest regarding revival fires in different parts of the States:

Miss Zelma Argue recently held a campaign in Brainerd, Minn., of which she wrote: "The church is small but it is crowded out thruout the week, as well as Sundays. God is giving us souls every night, and the altar from one end to the other has been wet with tears of those seeking Christ. The pastor, Rev. Ivan O. Miller, is putting his whole soul into the meeting and is trusting that the outgrowth of the campaign will be a new tabernacle for this city."

* * *

Mrs. Adele Carmichael, Quincy, Ill., writes of

a meeting held in Springfield, Ill.: "The Lord gave a great meeting in Springfield. There were many cases of healing and one hundred and fifty-seven sought salvation. This is the first break Springfield has had for years. One night the altar was filled all with young men, and another night all women. The meeting was held in a board tabernacle seating about 2500. Many nights it was crowded to capacity. One old lady with a very large goitre was prayed for and the next week she testified to healing. Gathering up the loose skin she said, 'All I have left is the sack.' The following week even the sack was gone. Praise the dear Lord, He confirms His Word."

* * *

Mr. J. N. Hoover writes regarding a meeting in Jeanette, Pa. "Closed a splendid meeting in Jeanette, Pa., where Rev. B. E. Mahan is pastor. More than a hundred conversions, many baptized in the Holy Spirit, and sixty followed their Lord in water baptism. In all it was a very remarkable meeting."

* * *

From Toronto, Canada, Pastor W. C. Pierce writes: "We have just closed a very wonderful campaign with Evangelist Ronald Crozier. One hundred and sixty-five came to the altar for salvation or to be reclaimed. A number were filled with the Spirit and miracles of healing took place. The revival fires continue to burn."

* * *

Pastor Arthur F. Berg, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, writes:

"The opening of a Full Gospel work in Sioux Falls has truly been a real Home missionary venture. We built a tabernacle which is known as the Sioux Falls Gospel Tabernacle, and commenced services last October, not knowing anyone in the city. The Lord blessed and souls were saved from the first week, and since then it has been the scene of a continuous revival with services every night until recently when we dropped the Monday and Saturday night services.

"Evangelist Ben Hardin was with us for two weeks in January; a number of souls were saved, and we were richly blessed by his ministry. His messages on the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and the deeper life brought conviction on the hearts of believers and created a hunger in many for the infilling of the Holy Spirit.

"We are now rejoicing as the showers of 'latter rain' are falling and fourteen have been recently baptized in the Holy Spirit according to

Acts 2:4, and the number of those seeking is increasing daily while others are inquiring, "What meaneth this?" It is wonderful to see the hand of the Lord outstretched, and our faith is centered in Him whose call we have answered and who is leading on to victory."

(Continued from page 10)

get along eating most anything that fanatics bring along. They live in atmospheres of criticism, fault-finding and of unbelief until their spiritual lives are drained of all color. They have wandered from the secret place of prayer and do not seem to know the way back. They have lost their sense of direction. They know not how to return. But the bee does not hesitate. After loading his honey sacks and covering his legs with pollen he arises immediately and makes a "bee line" for home. He does not falter by the way. He does not dally along until other interests have absorbed his time, robbed him of his store of strength and he loses his way or has not strength to return.

We spend so much time in way-side gadding and investigating of nonessentials that we often lose our way and fail to return to that secret and sacred place of prayer and communion with God. In this we are greatly at fault. Let us learn lessons of diligence from the bee. Let us emulate him in turning neither to the right hand or to the left. Let us go out into God's sunshine, live on God's heaven-sent food. Let us gather and work for others, love and seek the fellowship of other saints of "like precious faith." Let us adhere to a system of God's government of cooperation in the church, beware of all unclean atmospheres and be sure of the kind of food we eat. And as we move about through the Christian duties of a day let us not forget the way back to God and to the feet of Christ where we may lay our burdens; and there, in joy and gladness, fellowship with Him and prepare for another day.

Could God's people turn from indifference and sloth, from joy-riding and other comforts that this age of invention has thrust upon us, and apply ourselves with proper self-denial and self control, be in our places at the house of God, in our places in the sacred home life, in our places when it comes to contributing our share in the finances so often needed—could we do these things there would be a different story of progress in God's work throughout the world. Modern inventions have their place in this life but let us not become their slaves. Radio sermons and cool

rides into the country have their place, but when the doors of God's house swing open and the hour for service arrives, lay these things aside; bring your honey and come to the Church and take your place in practical Christianity. The Lord is the Rewarder of all who are faithful. In faithfulness we shall reap the stored-up rewards of peace, praise, progress and plenty.

"The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover, any time, to him
Is aristocracy."
* * *

"His labor is a chant,
His idleness a tune;
Oh, for a bee's experience
Of clovers and of noon."

(Continued from page 14)

before it is too late! Jesus gave you His all. Are you not willing to give Him your life's service? Pardon me if this language sounds too strong but the burden of lost souls in Tibet lies heavy on my heart. Oh come over into Tibet and help us!

(Continued from page 2)

plete mystery; and the Apocalypse—which means an "unveiling"—uncovers its sources and reasons in facts and events unseen by the eye of man. For the sole prophecy in Scripture which foretells unemployment on a vast scale—"there was no hire for man, nor any hire for beast" (Zech. 8:10)—locates it in the epoch when famines are abroad in the earth (Matt. 24:7); and as the Black Horse follows the Red, so the Great War is being followed by great scarcity. "And I saw, and behold, a black horse; and I heard a voice saying, A measure of wheat for a penny; and three measures of barley for a penny; and the oil and the wine hurt thou not" (Rev. 6:6). Balances are in the Rider's hand, for food is rationed (Ezek. 4:10); some foods—oil and wine—are exempted, as the judgment is on the necessities of life, and not the luxuries, for it is universal judgment; the dearth fixed does not reach famine prices but denotes growing stringency; and the Voice controlling the prices is the Voice out of the midst of the Cherubim, for behind all economic causes is an economic Causer . . . God will sooner cut off the food from the mouth than allow a soul to cut itself off from Him.

* * *

Now it is wonderfully significant that the very first post-baptismal experience of our Lord solves this problem, when, plunged into circumstances of starvation thru no choice of His own—the

Spirit driveth him forth into the wilderness"—Jesus was tempted by Satan, not with Eve's temptation to luscious food, when unhungered, but, as in famine, in the dread agony of a forty days' fast. "Command that these stones become loaves" (Matt. 4:3). He who fed five thousand could have no difficulty in feeding Himself; and if once, He could do so always, thus making Himself completely independent of God. The Lord's answer discloses that the sole cause of famine is to recall a deeply sinning humanity to the God whom they totally ignore: "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Driven into a foodless desert; in a treeless waste where a carpenter's labor was utterly valueless; among wild beasts where money did not circulate, and had no purchasing power: the Lord Jesus, tempted by hell to create His own food, *and so to ignore God*, refuses.

So our Lord points back to a gigantic and miraculous feeding which was the intentional model for all time. A whole nation is taken out of a wealthy, well-fed country; isolated from all possible food supplies in a desert; . . . there, independently of every economic law, it is fed for forty years, to prove, as a shining example forever, that it is the Word of God which is the food of nations. "He suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knowest not, neither did thy fathers know: *that he might make thee know*"—here is the innermost secret of all scarcity, unemployment, famine—"that man doth not live by bread only, but by everything that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" God takes some two million souls, in circumstances where all labor, all coinage, all food production, all transport are totally non-existent; and He Himself spreads the ground every night with food of undisclosed origin, unperceived arrival, and unknown substance. The manna was given them when in hunger and despair; the sole guarantee of its continuance from day to day was the word of God; and yet it never failed them for one day in forty years. It is a lesson for all time. Thru economic causes, or in total independence of economic causes, God controls and distributes the food supply of the world; for (as with the manna) His resources are not limited to earth, and to feed us, if He chose, he could pillage a thousand worlds.

Thus we are thrown full length upon our Lord's commanded prayer: and here we put our

finger on the awful failure of the world; for it is the one prayer studiously avoided by all nations; and the one word never used among economists and in parliaments, either for explanation or solution, is the word *God*. Jesus says, "When ye pray say, Our Father, *give us this day our daily bread*". For nearly all humanity the prayer for bread is the prayer for employment . . . asking for bread, we obtain also, thru employment, raiment and home. God who can feed *thru* ravens, feeds *ravens*, with neither storehouse nor barn: "the young lions"—wiser than men—"seek their meat from God" (Ps. 104:21). As the Master of all resources, He can even feed us off the tables of our enemies. "You will be in prison," said his judge to a Christian, afterwards a martyr, "and I will stop your food allowance: how then can your God feed you?" "If He wills it," the prisoner replied, "He can feed me off your table." Extraordinarily enough, this is exactly what happened; for the judge's wife, touched with sympathy, secreted food from their own table and fed him till the day he was burnt. The strongest arm will fail of bread if God says No: the weakest widow or the fatherless, will win it if God says Yes.

Finally, there is one golden promise, tho strictly conditional, upon which if we are careful to fulfil its most righteous condition, we may set our feet as on a rock. Dealing with the very problem of food supply, the Lord says, "Seek ye *first*"—not second or third, much less last or not at all—"the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and *all* these things (the food and the raiment) shall be added unto you." He whose overmastering passion is the Age to Come, and who seeks to conform his conduct to God's, is as assured as the birds and the lilies, of the food and raiment after which "the Gentiles seek" in their unemployed millions.* Life is too short for anything but God's best; and if we take the burden of the Kingdom, God takes the burden of the bread. *D. M. Panton in The Dawn*.

*Over five thousand times George Mueller went to bed with no provision for himself, or the orphans under his care, for the morrow. "Did you sleep?" he was asked. "Every time," he replied.

* * *

Evangelistic Campaign, Washington, D. C., April 19-May 17, at the Full Gospel Tabernacle, No. Capitol and K. St. Edith Mae Pennington, converted actress, Evangelist; Harry L. Collier, Pastor.

EVERYDAY CARDS NO. 21.

Assorted cards with lined envelopes for Birthdays, Anniversaries, Comfort and Greeting. 21 cards for \$1.00.

STARTLING SIGNS OF GREAT WORLD CHANGES

Soon to take place. A book of the hour, includes, The Near Approach of the Coming World Dictator, The Time Measures of the Bible, The Sign of the World War, Why the British Failed at the Dardanelles, The Sign of Demon Teaching, The Sign of the League of Nations. Fully up-to-date. Heavy paper cover, 75c

THE ANGLO-SAXON NATION

Or is Great Britain Israel?

This booklet gives a clear scriptural answer to this much discussed question. Heavy Paper Cover, 22c by Mail.

SMITH'S BIBLE DICTIONARY

Two books are a necessity for every Christian worker, a concordance and a Bible Dictionary. One of the standards along this line is Smith's. It contains every name in the Bible, gives a description of people and places, also an account of each book, explains civil and religious institutions, manners and customs of the Jews, etc., etc. Maps and illustrations. 778 pages, \$2.15

MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF PROPHECY AND SACRED HISTORY

By W. H. Cossum, M. A.

Do you know what is meant by "The Prophetic Leap," "The Composite Picture" in prophecy? This book will make it plain. Prophecy regarding the Jew, Antichrist, Jerusalem, Babylon, etc., etc., unfolded. Understand the trend of events by studying prophecy. Cloth, 75c, postage 5c.

PROBABLE SONS

By Amy Le Fevre

A very touching and fascinating story of a little orphan child who was instrumental in leading prodigal sons back to the Father. Very interesting for children, young people and grown-ups. Price 75c. Postage 5c.

SONGS OF HIS COMING

Few Pentecostal song books have taken the place of this one, with its 243 hymns. Many songs of His Coming and others that ring with Pentecostal Power. Limp cloth only 35c each, \$20.00 per hundred. Carriage not paid.

PRAYING HYDE

By Francis McGaw

Glimpses of the amazing prayer-life of a missionary in India, whose intercession gave him four souls a day. Order these and give to your friends if you want a revival in your church. Price 25 cents.

THE LATTER RAIN PENTECOST

By D. Wesley Myland

A God-given exposition of the Latter Rain, showing it to be a fulfillment of prophecy. The most complete work on this subject. "In Deaths Out," a rehearsal of seven deliverances from death.

Heavy Paper Cover, 55c.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE

By Hannah Whithall Smith

"A whole generation has felt the power and been stimulated by its wholesome faith." The author when writing this was so empowered by the Spirit that she could not write as fast as the words came to her. A Christian classic.

250 pages, Cloth. \$1.00. Postage 9c

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MADAM GUYON

An Abridged edition of this classic on the deeper life. A marvelous recital of her complete submission to the will of God, which will help Christians today. Born and reared in the Seventeenth Century the lessons learned are just being appreciated. 270 Pages, 75c by Mail.

THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE

18 W. 74th St.

Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

**THE MARKED BIBLE
PRINTED IN FIVE COLORS**



Self-Pronouncing
Containing the King James or Authorized Version of the Old and New Testaments, marked by the best system of Bible marking on subjects connected with the Themes of SALVATION with all markings printed in Red
THE HOLY SPIRIT with all markings printed in Green
TEMPORAL BLESSINGS with all markings printed in Brown
PROPHETIC SUBJECTS with all markings printed in Purple

so as to enable any person to tell at a glance the meaning of any passage marked; to turn rapidly to verses on any subject marked; or to give Bible readings at a moment's notice on any subject marked.

The Text of the Bible Has Not Been Changed—No attempt is made to influence the reader's opinion concerning the meaning of the verses or passages marked.

The Most Practical Bible Published—The *Marked Bible* has been submitted to some of the most eminent Bible scholars and has received the assurance that it will be "The world's greatest masterpiece" as a help in Bible study.

A Complete Teachers' Bible containing Helps to Bible Study, including a full *Encyclopedia Concordance*, a Subject Dictionary, etc., etc., prepared in simple language, printed from bold face type, profusely illustrated. **Self-Pronouncing.**

CHAPTER 3.
2 Milk is fit for children. 11 Christ the only foundation. 16 Men are the temples of God.
AND I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ.
2 I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able.

5 shall.	19 F
6 Ps. 25. 14.	foolish
John 15. 15.	ten, of
	craftin
a Heb. 5. 13.	20 Ar
1 Pet. 2. 2.	the th
f Or, fac-	are va
tions.	21 T
2 according	men.
to man	22 W
b Rom. 12. 3.	Ce'pha
c Acts 18. 4.	death
d Acts 19. 1.	come,
e Isa. 55. 10.	
f Ps. 62. 12.	
g Rom. 2. 6.	

STYLES AND PRICES

Size 5 x 7 3/4 inches

- 83 M Cloth, round corners, red edges \$4.50
- 87 M French Morocco, divinity circuit (overlapping covers), round corners red under gold edges, linen lined to edge 7.90
- 89 M Genuine Imported Morocco, divinity circuit (overlapping covers), round corners, red under gold edges, leather lined 10.00

The Stone Church, 70th Street and Stewart Avenue, Sundays 11:00, 3 and 7:45; Tues., Prayer Service, 7:45; Thurs., Divine Healing, 2:30; Evening Service, 7:45; Young People's, Friday, 8:00