

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

The Continuing Christ

IF AR, far away is Bethlehem,
 And years are long and dim
 Since Mary held the holy Child
 And angels sang of Him:
 But still to hearts where love and faith
 Make room for Christ in them,
 He comes again, the Child from God,
 To find His Bethlehem.

Beyond the sea is Galilee,
 And ways which Jesus trod,
 And hidden there are those high hills
 Where He communed with God;
 Yet on the plains of common life
 Through all the world of men,
 The voice that once said, "Follow Me,"
 Speaks to our hearts again.

Gethsemane and Calvary,
 And death and bitter loss,
 Are these but echoes drifting down
 From a forgotten cross?
 Nay, Lord, for all our living sins
 Thy cross is lifted up,
 And as of old we hear Thee say,
 "Can ye, too, drink the cup?"

O Life that seems so long ago,
 And yet is ever new,
 The fellowship of love with Thee
 Through all the years is true.
 O Master over death and time.
 Reveal Thyself, we pray,
 And as before amongst Thine own,
 So dwell with us today!

R. R. Bowie.

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

Cliff Dwellers - - - - - See Page 6

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Incognito

IT WAS Armistice Night in France. The bloody, cruel War was over. Peace was proclaimed. All Paris was mad with excitement such as only a nation could understand whose fields were bathed in blood, whose cities were laid waste and whose sons had lain down their lives.

Almost the whole city was out of doors, cheering wildly, laughing hysterically, and weeping for joy and sorrow. Suddenly among the jostling crowd came *incognito* the then "most powerful man in the world," one who had been in control of all the allied forces, the one who had saved France. Had the excited throng known who was in their midst they would have borne him along as a king, but they little knew that the feeble, old man who trudged along, weeping for joy, was he who had directed the destinies of Europe.

Suddenly, from out the darkness came a voice, "*Clemenceau! Clemenceau!! Vive Clemenceau!!!*" and a few recognized the benefactor of the nation.



It was another night, Nineteen Centuries ago, when One who had directed the universe, hung the planets and stars into space, came *Incognito* into this dark world. Had the great throngs who crowded Bethlehem's streets known the King

who was in their midst they would have given Him the homage due One of such royal birth. But they knew Him not. Only to a few humble shepherds on the hill-side was brought the message of "Peace on earth," the coming of the King of heaven, and out into the solemn night rang the cry, "*Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord.*"



There is another Night coming! The great world rushes on unconscious of the coming of One who is about to appear. The seething, feverish masses are recklessly unaware of the cataclysmic judgments that are just ahead. But the "little flock" know. They know their Savior-King will soon appear.

The Night has no terrors for them, because they know the dawn is just ahead!

Reader, will He be *Incognito* to you? Or will He be your Lord and King?

* * *

Have you remembered the missionary in your giving? Let your first gift be to some one who is lifting up the Gospel torch in heathen lands. We will be glad to forward your offering promptly so that it will reach its destination by the holidays.

Peace? And at Such a Time?

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace"

Irene Piper Bartholomee

PEACE? When the night shades are gathering thick and fast, and settling like so many vultures all around? When the whole earth is buried beneath a pall of suffocating stillness broken now and then by ominous rumblings and foreboding tremors? When the stench from putrifying morasses of sin arise to the nostrils of men, and cess-pools of iniquity abound in unparalleled blackness? When sinister shapes sit astride even the fairest spots of our land, their fiendish laughter sounding forth as they contend for squatters' rights — yea — their unholy glee mingling with the joyous carols of song-birds and the caressing rustlings of winds thru trees?

What? Can there be Peace, and at such a time? Ah—I hear an unbroken chord of triumphant harmony stealing across this distorted thing we call the world. It is the Chord of all-conquering Love which dominates and brings into tune with itself every discordant bit—the prelude to the Song of Victory with its grand refrain, "And the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." . . . And there is Peace, perfect Peace.

* * *

Peace? When nations fly at each others' throats, and kings are set up and deposed as so many puppets? When cataclysmic waves of crime threaten to engulf the world, and degeneracy begets its own kind in prolific awfulness? When men stab each other with a smile of diabolical satisfaction, and loot and plunder with cold cunning complacency? When light is but seen as fragmentary elusive gleams, and truth is almost hidden 'neath the debris of material calculation? When purity of purpose is displaced by scheming machinations, and men sell their souls for baubles of tawdry tinsel? When lurid headlines proclaiming blatant sin supersede the extolling of virtue and character? When Misery stalks throughout the land with her boon companions, Famine and Pestilence, leaving in their wake slain bodies and broken hearts? When God is being dethroned and man enthroned? When

Reason soars like a fierce bird of prey, polluting the air thru which she flies, and deadening with her strident screams the few feeble notes which Faith, limping about with clipped wings, tries to sing? When from myriads of aching hearts, come the continual anguished cries of "Oh Lord! How long? How long?" When those who bear His Cross in their hearts try to pierce the heavens with eyes blinded by scalding tears, straining to catch a glimpse of the One who is soon to come —The One for whom they have so long yearned?

What? Can there be Peace, and at such a time? Ah—I hear the angels singing with clarion voices the Song of Hope: "Yet a little while and He that is to come, will come." Then hearts are rejoiced, festering wounds healed, bruised shattered things made to leap . . . And there is Peace, perfect Peace.

* * *

Peace? When aspirations, ambitions, hopes lie like maimed, crushed and bleeding butterflies at our feet? When the portals to all that is best in Life seem to open and then shut,

with sickening finality as we are about to cross their threshold? When Disappointment comes and cuts with its keen razor edge to the marrow of our bones? When Sorrow, like forked lightning, strikes and burns at our very vitals? When Sickness hurls us into its Chambers of Tortures, and we come out nothing but chunks of battered flesh, unrecognizable even to ourselves? When ferocious, growling dogs of Gossip and Slander, snarl at our heels and bare their teeth with venomous hate? When all around is murky blackness, and no path but the Path of Despair seems open to us? When human limitations would bind us to the hard earth with heavy shackles, when we would cleave the sky?

What? Can there be Peace, and at such a time? Ah—again I hear most exquisite music,—it is the Song of Ineffable Calm, and the words are these, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect Peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." It is ours—this Peace, which garrisons, which is all-embracing.

Hear on Earth

And in despair I bowed my head,
 "There is no peace on earth, I said,
 For hate is strong,
 And mocks the song
 Of "peace on earth, good-will to men!"
 Then peal'd the bells more loud and deep,
 God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
 The wrong shall fail,
 The right prevail,
 With "peace on earth, good-will to men!"
 —Longfellow.

which is healing, and which bears us up, up close—oh, very close—to the great loving heart

of God . . . And there is Peace, perfect Peace, and at such a time.

Substituting Santa Claus for Christ

A Christian Woman's Protest



AT THE close of Christmas night last year I solemnly promised myself that another Christmas would not pass without a protest from me to the parents and teachers—the grown-ups—of our land against the substitution of Santa Claus for Christ at Christmas time, both in the home and the Sunday-school.

May I say a word or two with regard to my own childhood in this connection? I was brought up in a home where I believe all the adults were church members. I never recall any talk of Christmas as the birthday of our Lord. I do recall many times being asked what I wanted Santa Claus to bring me, and long stories about his wonderful workshop somewhere back of the North Pole. Had it not been for Sunday-school I might not even have known that it was His Day, or that any save that genial looking, red-faced gentleman had anything to do with it, that genial old man who would, if I were good, bring me a Christmas tree and fill my short stocking to over-flowing.

When I was seven, a little girl of nine (and there is always a little boy or girl of nine somewhere in the neighborhood) told me she had seen our Christmas tree come up our front stoop. Rank heresy! My tree came down the chimney! She insisted, and I protested. Finally I went into the house and asked one of the big people there about it.

"Is there not a Santa Claus?" I queried.

Back came the answer, immediate and convincing: "Certainly there is a Santa Claus, and any little girl who says there is none is a naughty little girl."

I was triumphant, and with all the exultation of the I-told-you-so I started down the stairs to tell that little girl, but my feet slipped, and when I looked for the cause, there, under my small shoes lay pine tree needles where the Christmas tree had been dragged upstairs!

No number of exclamation marks can express my emotions. Some one had lied. A lie was one of the seven things God hated. I was not allowed to tell even a teeny weeny bit of a lie,—like saying I had eaten only one candy when I had eaten two,—without being punished or at least reproved for it. My feet lagged. I cannot remember what I said to my neighbor.

Nearly forty years have slipped by since then, but I can still feel the sickening sensation of that moment, and the distrust of the certainties of grown people. Today I realize those grown people thought it was a harmless delusion calculated to make a little child have a merrier Christmas than without the delusion. They meant well, these precious big people, and never dreamed that the discovery of their deception would create in my mind something which it would take years to undo.

Time passed. I was a teacher in the Sunday-school, the place of all places where truth should be taught, and here I had to fight the other teachers who insisted that Santa Claus was necessary to the full enjoyment of a Christmas festival. When I served on the Christmas Entertainment Committee and examined programs prepared by leading denominations, I found the picture of the patron saint on one-third of the programs I handled. A shack at the back of the North Pole was substituted for the inn and the manger of Bethlehem, the noise of the prancing of reindeer for the music of the angels' song, and a big, fat, mythical Santa Claus for the One whose coming gave us Christmas Day, "Very God of Very God, begotten not created."

As superintendent of the Beginners Department in the Sunday-school I found that the thoughts of my little people were so full of Santa Claus they could not but talk about him. History was repeating itself, and their big people were substituting him for the Christ of Bethlehem.

As soon as my niece was old enough she was told about Santa Claus, a real man with a real house amid ice and snow. If she were not a good little girl, there would be no presents for her. If she were good,—well, there was very little she might not expect from this jolly old man. The many representatives on street corners with their keep-the-pot-a-boiling were, she explained to me, assistants to Santa Claus; but the real one always went to her house, slid down the two-by-two-six chimney, and brought with him a six to ten foot tree.

Oh yes, she knows about the Babe of Bethlehem. She sings "Away in a manger," while she puts on her shoes and stockings these cold winter mornings, and loves what she used to call the "Sadorum" song: "Oh, come, let us adore Him";

but Santa is more imminent, and if one is good, really awfully good, one may have pretty nearly everything one wants when Christmas morning comes.

My little nephew wanted an ice cream cone one Sunday. His mother was trying to make him understand why we didn't buy on Sunday, and one thing we told him was that God gave us six days and took just one for Himself. Little Bill was perfectly quiet for about five minutes and then came out with: "But Mother, Santa Claus has just one day in the whole year, and yet he lets us do what we want and buy anything we want on *his* day."

Last year, in Christmas week I had dinner in a home where we were discussing this and a guest there whose veracity cannot be questioned told me that a friend of hers had two children who had been brought up to believe in Santa Claus. One Christmas Eve they were sent up to bed a bit earlier than was customary in order to give the big people time to trim the tree. These grown people got laughing a bit too loudly over some mechanical toy and the children crept about a quarter of the way downstairs to learn what it was all about. There through half-open doors they beheld a sea of tissue paper, tinsel, balls, bells, pop-corn strings, peppermint canes, and—their parents trimming the tree.

In their little pajamas they watched in silence, shivering; then as some one approached the half-open door, they fled upstairs.

"Let us say our prayers quickly and get in bed, I'm 'bout frozen," said the little girl, the younger of the two.

"Nothing doing," said the boy, "THERE ISN'T ANY SANTA CLAUS AND THERE ISN'T ANY GOD."

Oh, you big people who have enjoyed the fun of having the children believe in Santa Claus and who have laughed at their innocent remarks about him—I know you have meant well, I know you have meant to add to their merriment, but I do beg of you this Christmas-tide to restore Christ to His rightful place. Suppose He had never come! But He has. Let us tell them so, these little people He has entrusted to our care and teaching.

This is a day when every woman's magazine and some others are waging war on substitutes. The label of the can, jar, box, container—whatever it is,—must declare the contents of each package. If Santa Claus were analyzed what would he read? SANTA CLAUS, SUBSTITUTE FOR THE CHRIST OF BETHLEHEM. ARTIFICIAL THROUGHOUT.

I come to you with the word of the Greeks of old: "We would see Jesus"; and in every home where tiny hands hold little toys, and little girls rock their newborn dollies to sleep, may they know that, because "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," we remember Him on this His Day and give gifts one to the other.—S. S. Times.

A Christmas Meditation

UNTO you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

The heavens rang with angelic voices as they brought to the lowly shepherds the glorious news of the birth of a Savior, yet the earth gave no royal welcome to the King of glory. Heaven recognized the priceless Gift of God, and saw in the little animate Form the world's Redeemer, but Earth saw only a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in the corn-crib of a stable. Heaven gave with great joy; Earth received reluctantly the infant Son of God. No royal apparel decked the holy child; no comforts or luxuries were bestowed upon Him. He left all these behind when He exchanged His throne and crown for a manger and a cross. Oh what condescension! What sacrifice! What wondrous love! Past comprehension! Beyond our human ken! Redeemed man can never know what His salvation cost. Little wonder that the angelic host swung low and carolled in the midnight air, "Glory to God in the highest," as they heralded the advent of the Prince of Peace!

* * *

A missionary walking down one of the by-paths of a village in Palestine, saw a young mother sitting outside a stable with a little babe. A voice within him said, "Aren't you glad your children were not born in a stable?" He drew himself up with a feeling of satisfaction as he thought of the happy home where his children first saw the light of day. Then he was smitten with contrition as he thought of the Creator of the Universe divesting Himself of His glory, laying aside His power and majesty and becoming a helpless Babe. He, the King of Heaven, leaving the ineffable splendor of His home, to be born in a stable! God becoming a Babe! Never has been known greater condescension.

The missionary wept as he sauntered on

(Continued on page 23)

Cliff Dwellers

Psalm 91

Pastor Bert Edw. Williams in the Stone Church Nov. 1, 1931

THE PSALM MADE PRECIOUS



WISH to speak this afternoon on the 91st Psalm, and first of all I want to tell you how this Psalm became so very precious to me. I have a friend who was called some years ago to go to India as a missionary. He had a very limited school training and no means to pay for an extended trip. And although he felt keenly the call of God to go to India as a missionary, he began to plead his financial inability, his lack of education, etc. But as the call of the Spirit pressed more heavily upon his heart he used to go to the basement of his home after the evening meal and there agonize and struggle, and remind the Lord of the possibility of His having made a mistake. He would tell the Lord that probably there could be found somewhere in the United States another person who would much better qualify for missionary work in India. One evening however, as he was there in his basement trying to extricate himself from this call, all at once, the basement which was totally dark became as light as the brightest day. And presently he heard the voice of God saying, "If you will go to India for Me I will wrap you up in the 91st Psalm." He hurried upstairs, seized the Bible and read the 91st Psalm to see what God had promised him. He was conquered and said, "All right Lord, if You will do all that for me, unworthy mortal that I am, I will go to India for You." With such money as he had he paid his way to San Francisco, where two days before his boat sailed, he received from a party wholly unknown to him, a check for \$500 to pay his transportation. He reached India safely and labored successfully for seven years before his first furlough. During this time he had many opportunities to prove the truth of God's promise, some of which will be mentioned later.

THE PSALM

This Psalm has twenty-four separate and distinct promises in it. Someone has remarked that this Psalm is as full of promises as the heavens are full of stars. Now these promises are made upon a condition, that condition being definitely stated in the 1st verse of the Psalm—"He that

dwelleth in the secret place of the most high." The person who goes into the secret place of the Most High and stays in that secret place and doesn't come running out at the call of worldly attractions, the appeals of the flesh or the temptations of Satan, but really stays in the secret place—to that person these twenty-four promises will be fulfilled. If I were to give this sermon a title it would be this: "Cliff Dwellers." I refer to those who dwell in the cleft of the rock which was broken in order that we might have a place of safety—a place of retreat from the storm and the tempest.

Perhaps you know the story of the preacher who had the faculty of moving from one church to another, staying but a little while in each place. Two ministers were talking about him one day, one of whom knew him well but the other not so well. The latter said, "I hear Rev. so and so has just settled on a certain field." Whereupon the other man remarked, "No, he has not settled, he has just lit." Now these promises are made, not to those who have just "lit" and abide temporarily, but to those who settle down and stay in the "secret place of the Most High."

A COOL PLACE

"He shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Here is a safe lodging-place. It is also a cool place, for a shadow is always a cool place and God wants His children to keep cool when everyone else is getting hot. The Church of God has many times suffered violence at the hands of sinners because God's children have not always kept cool and because they have run out from under the shadow of the Almighty, into the scorching heat of temptation, the heat of malice, of envy and of backbiting. If we stay in the cleft of the rock the tempter cannot easily get at us, for the world, the flesh and the devil will have a hard time reaching us in that cool place under the shadow of the Almighty.

When I was a boy at home on the farm there used to be some very large trees scattered about the fields. And how glad we always were when the labor of the hot summer's day brought us near one of those big trees where we could rest a while in its cooling shadow. There is such a cooling place "under the shadow of the Almighty." It matters not how scorching hot may

be the surrounding conditions, in the cooling presence of the Almighty there is calm and repose without torment.

The eminent John Bradford who was burned at the stake by Queen Mary in the year 1555 found this "shadow of the Almighty" sufficient for his fiery ordeal; for as the flames were consuming his flesh he cried to a fellow martyr, lest he should recant: "Be of good cheer my brother for we shall have a merry supper with the Lord this night; if there be any way to heaven on horseback, or in fiery chariots, this is it."

Many others have found this cooling place "under the shadow of the Almighty." May it be our experience and our joy to find it and remain forever in it; refusing to leave it for any advantage whatsoever that may be deceptively offered by the enemy of our souls.

A NESTLING PLACE

In verse four we have a safe covering: "He shall cover thee with his feathers and under his wings shalt thou trust." Here is a nestling place. We need not only a cool place under His shadow but we need a nestling place under the feathers of the Almighty. Notice the extravagant figures He uses here in order to tell us what He wants to do for us—the *feathers of the wings of God*. That is indeed a nestling place. What a comfort it is after a hard day's work, a day of perplexity, or perhaps a day filled with severe temptations to hide away in a quiet place with the Lord, and just nestle down under His wings,—under the feathers of the Almighty—there to receive the soothing, quieting effect of the Spirit of God upon your heart.

I was talking sometime ago to a woman who had a bad boy and an ungodly husband and she said to me, "I don't know what I would do if it were not for the time of quiet evening prayer. After all the cares of the day are over and the children are tucked into bed and husband has retired, the work of the day all over and my body so weary. I get alone with the Lord and nestle down and look up into His face and know that He loves me and knows all about me. He knows if I have been hasty or careless or have made mistakes. As I nestle down, oh that soothing, quieting, inspiring and encouraging help that I get to press on into another day which perhaps will be the same kind of a day that has just passed!" Yes beloved, we need this nestling place under the wings of the Almighty.

This makes me think of something I heard some years ago, of a farmer who had the misfortune to lose his barn by fire. The next day he

went out to look over the debris to see what might be left that he could use. And as he was looking over the remains he noticed an old hen setting by a clump of scorched grass. He remembered having seen her a day or two before going about the barnyard feeding her baby chicks. As he looked he noticed that her feathers were scorched and her head was hanging limp. He walked over to her and touched her with the toe of his boot and as he did so she fell over. She had been dead for a long time. And as she fell over, her brood of little chicks ran out from under her and scampered in every direction. She had remained there over that brood of chicks and endured the intense heat of the burning barn in order to protect it.

THE JUDGMENT OF CALVARY

For my own heart this had a very deep lesson for it took me back to Calvary. I saw that it was no happenstance that Jesus died on the Cross just when He did; He died not a moment too soon, not a moment too late. For the day had arrived; the hour had come; the very moment had arrived when God purposed that He would pour out the cup of His wrath upon accursed humanity. But beloved, the Jews and the Gentiles, very unwittingly to be sure, prepared for themselves a sacrifice. And the very day, the very hour, the very moment that the fire came down the sacrifice was there upon the altar. Oh beloved! What if they had failed? What if their sacrifice had been an hour too late, or a moment too late? But it was not. In the providence of God they were permitted to prepare the sacrifice in order that their own souls might be saved from the fire of God's judgment upon a depraved and sinful humanity. Some believe that the fire which consumed Abel's sacrifice was not the fire of his own kindling, but that it came down from the throne of God. Abel prepared himself a sacrifice and the sacrifice drew off the fire of judgment from himself, and the offering was consumed upon the altar instead. This much we know: The day that Jesus Christ cried out of His heart, "It is finished", that day and that hour and that moment, the fire of God's judgment was aimed at every man, woman and child on the face of the earth. And if Jesus Christ had not been on the Cross that day, that hour and that moment, there would not be left today a single person to tell the story. The fire of God's judgment would have consumed every sinner. But thank God! Sinners though we were, God in His providence permitted us to have an altar and a sacrifice, even the Son of God Himself, to take the

fire of God's judgment from our heads. Praise God for the offering that was upon the Cross on that eventful day! By that offering we go free. That is what the Holy Spirit means when it says, "His own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." (I Peter 2:24).

So we have here a place of rest—a place of relief, of deliverance and protection from all the subtle powers of the world, under the shadow of the Almighty, and under the protection of His precious wings. Let us rest here. Let us not run out into the world to see what is going by. When they call us and say, "Come out of that hiding place in the cleft of the rock, come out where we can have a good time," we will be so hidden away that we cannot even hear them and the world cannot get at us when we are in the cleft of the rock. Here is the place where His promises are fulfilled. Did I tell you what the colored woman said about leaning on Jesus? The folk were blessed by her sweet testimony when she said, "I's leanin' on Jesus; I's leanin' on Jesus." Then she went away but when she came back she said, "I's all through leanin' on Jesus." They thought she had backslidden, but presently she explained, "Yes, I's all through leanin' on Jesus for I's done made my bed on Him." He covers us with His feathers and makes us a restful bed under the protection of His great wings. Just let the world go by. We are hidden away and if we do not venture out to respond to the call of the world, the flesh and the devil, they cannot harm us.

THE TREE OF LIFE

But in this hiding place we have access to Him upon whom we may feast and there maintain life. In connection with the experience set forth in the first chapter of Genesis, we are told that God placed at the east of the Garden of Eden Cherubims and a flaming sword "to keep the way of the tree of life." We have often interpreted this to mean that He placed the sword there lest Adam and Eve should return. But somewhere the thought came to me that by that sword God is keeping open the way to the tree of life so that sinners might get to it. He is keeping it open lest Satan block the way. Where is this tree of life? It is in the midst of the Paradise of God and they that overcome the world, shall eat of it (Rev. 2:7). So it may well appear that the way to it must be kept open so that we may come and partake of its delicious fruit.

A minister was traveling in China some years ago and while there he was taken seriously ill.

The doctors gave him up and for a time he also thought that he would surely die. But one night in the midst of the raging disease which was eating out his very life, God gave him a vision. It was as follows: He was walking across a wide field and had his arms around a great log at which he was tugging and pulling in his efforts to drag it along. Presently he came to a river and the Spirit of the Lord said, "Roll the log down the bank and after it gets out into the water you climb on to it." So he just gave the log a push and it went out into the water and he got on it and rode along so easily, without any effort whatever. When he awoke the Lord spoke to him again and said, "If you will just trust Me I will see you through. The doctors have said you will die and you think so yourself but if you will trust Me and just roll yourself over on Me as you rolled yourself on the log, it will be all right." He did that very thing and is still alive.

God wants us to be in that place of rest and let the world go by with all her cheap attractions. He wants us where the call of the world will never reach us. I will never forget what my youngest son said one night as he was just ready to retire. He had played hard all day and as his mother drew down the covers he looked up and said, "Mama, I am so tired I just feel like putting my whole weight to the bed." Did you ever feel so tired that you felt just like putting your whole weight on Jesus? That is what He wants us to do and what the poet meant when he said,

"Just lean upon the arms of Jesus
He'll help you along, help you along.
If you will trust His love unailing
He'll fill your heart with song."

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

It is wonderful to see how He helps those who are under the shadow of His wings, and are hiding in the cleft of the rock that was given that we might have a place of security and protection. A minister who has traveled a great deal abroad and was coming to America some years ago has told me of an incident which took place on the steamer. Dr. F. B. Meyer was coming to America on the same boat and it was announced that Dr. Meyer would preach to the First Class passengers. A little later on he was to preach again to the passengers in the steerage. There was on the boat an infidel who had heard the Doctor the first time and while he did not believe what he had said, he was so pleased with him that when he heard he was to preach again he decided to go down and hear him. As he started he purchased several oranges to munch along the way

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The Three Criers

The Last Call of the Book to Seek the Holy Spirit

Nathan Cohen Beskin in Chicago, April 25, 1931



I want to call your attention to the very last word of prophecy given in the Bible as found in the 17th verse of the 22nd chapter of the Book of Revelation. The Bible concludes with the 17th verse; the remaining verses are the postlude. "And the Spirit and the bride say Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst say, Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Jesus is telling us in this wonderful Book of Revelation of the things that were, the things that are and the things that are to come. Chronologically you cannot follow the Book of Revelation, for He tells us, way up in the middle portion of it, what took place way back before the foundation of the world when the devil fell. Then He gives us, though not in condensed form, a complete account of the things that were as far as they concern us; the things that are and the things which are to come. Then as He comes to the close of the Bible He changes His whole theme. Changing His entire tone He cries out: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come." The following may seem a digression from the subject but it is not, for reference is made to the ancient custom they had of closing the gates of a city. During the day time these gates would be wide open, but in the evening they would be closed. Before they closed the gates they had criers on the top of the wall. They had no megaphones as in these days, but the crier would put his hand to his mouth and cry out in one long sound, "Come" meaning, "You traveller, if you want to enter the city, come at once! There are thieves and robbers and wild beasts; night is coming on and you are in danger. If you want to get into the city before the gates close, come right now."

Let us imagine that here is a man travelling towards the city; as he hears faintly the cry "Come!" it is his duty to turn back on the city and with his face turned up the road, cry out, "Come!" Why? Because there may be another traveler who is farther away and cannot hear the crier on the top of the wall. So this first traveler repeats the cry of the man on the top of the wall, calling others to come for the gates are to be closed. This is the *first traveler* but the second *crier*. Then here is a third man who is trav-

eling towards the city. He cannot hear the man on the wall but he hears the *first* traveler and this man in turn, faces about and he, too, cries out "Come!" because there may be a traveler still farther away who can neither hear the first crier on the wall nor the second crier but he can hear the second traveler who is the third crier. They had it measured out to the minutest detail so that the gates would be kept open until the third traveler could enter; then the gates would be closed. Now The Revelator has come to the end of the Bible, and before he closes up the Book he tells us that in the last days when the gates of mercy are about to close; when men and women will have to hurry to enter the city of refuge, before the Holy Spirit is removed and before the church is taken away; before the awful night of Tribulation comes upon the earth, there will be three criers. The Spirit on the top of the wall will cry out, "Come!" the bride or the church triumphant will cry out, "Come!" and then the church militant will also cry out "Come!" Come to what? To get saved? No. That will not be the predominant cry then. That is the message that you and I will have preached as long as there was a drop of blood in our bodies—for we must cry out and tell men and women to repent of their sins; that is our duty. But the last warning for salvation is about to be ended and the the last cry will be to come and take of the water of life freely. What is the water? We are told that on the last great day of the Feast Jesus stood and cried, with a loud voice, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." And then He continues by saying, "He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his innermost part shall flow rivers of living water. This spake He of the Spirit which they that believe on Him should receive; for the Holy Spirit was not yet given." So we do not need to speculate as to what the water is a type of, for Jesus said that water is a type of the Holy Ghost.

What is happening on this occasion? Why is He crying so loudly? It is the Feast of Tabernacles and for six days the Jews, with a citron in one hand and a palm branch in the other, march around the temple once each day. When they come to the altar of sacrifice they wave the palm and the citron before the altar and cry "Hosanna!" On the seventh day they march around

seven times and as they come to the altar they shake the palm branch and cry, "Hosanna!" and there is a great Hallelujah! Then on the eighth day, the last day of the great Feast, the citron and the palm are laid to one side. The people have assembled from all parts of Palestine. The priests are to the right holding their golden trumpets or rams'-horn trumpets; the Levites are to the left holding their golden harps and in front are thousands upon thousands of Jews, standing just outside, waiting. Way over yonder are the women with their tambourines. Everyone is expecting something. It is still. You can hear a pin drop. Then the high priest takes a cup and going out to the Pool of Siloam there fills it with water. He stands before the altar with that cup of water in a solemn stillness such as comes just before a storm. Six times he raises the cup and lowers it again; then as he raises it for the seventh time, though there is not a sound to be heard you feel that something is about to burst. The Levites hold their harps just a little tighter; the priests get their horns just a little closer and the women grasp their tambourines more tensely. The men have put their hands to their mouth and as the high priest raises the cup for the seventh time he takes that water and pours it upon the burning coals on the altar. The steam goes up—you know how water would steam on hot coals—and then he cries out with a loud voice, "Hosanna! Hallelujah!" The priests blow their trumpets, the Levites play their harps and the scores of women beat their tambourines. Thousands of men cry and jump and shout "Hosanna! Hallelujah! Hosanna! Hallelujah!" It is a time of great rejoicing; hence the proverb, "He who has never seen the rejoicing at the pourings out of the water of Siloam has never seen joy in his life."

In the midst of all this Jesus stands up. I like to think of Him getting up on some elevated place, and there He cries out with a voice loud enough to be heard above all the turmoil. It was not an earthly voice, for no earthly voice could ever be heard above all that din. It is the voice of Sinai, and He says, "Hold! You are having a time of great rejoicing and weeping over the pouring of a cup of water. When the steam goes up you shout and clap your hands; you blow your trumpets and play your harps; then in a few minutes the water is evaporated and your joy evaporates with it, and for three hundred and sixty days after you go around sad and forlorn. Your joy lasts for just a few minutes; the trouble is, you do not have the right kind of water. If

you come to me I will give you water that will flow, not only for ten or fifteen minutes, but every day of the year and every year of your life. I will give you something worth shouting over." This He spake of the Holy Ghost.

David, speaking of that last great day of the Feast says, "I will take the cup of salvation." The cup of salvation is very good but God has wells of water for us. When Jesus was on earth He said to the woman at the well, "If you knew who I was you would ask of Me and I would give you a well of living water." You know a cup can in no wise be compared to a well. The only trouble with a well is that you must have the right kind of temperature if it is to be of use for if it is too hot it will dry up and if it becomes too cold it will freeze. That is the kind of religion people have who are just religious enough to squeeze into heaven. They are fine if you strike them right but half the time they are frozen and the other half they are dried up. But Jesus said that when the Holy Spirit came we should have rivers of water. A river never dries up and never freezes over but is always flowing. There is a saying, "Still water runs deep," but still water doesn't run at all; it becomes stagnant. It takes running water to reach any depth and keep flowing.

Down in Texas they make their living mostly by raising cattle, and the stock-raiser who has the most water has the richest farm. So the farmers built a tank at the edge of a mountain and in the Spring as the snow melted, the water flowed into this tank and they had plenty of water and were prosperous. When they testify there about being blessed they talk about having the tank full. In a testimony meeting on one occasion a farmer said, "The Lord filled my tank three years ago but thank God, He has been refilling it this week." An elderly lady said, "My tank was first filled ten years ago," and then a man arose and said, "Well my tank was filled about forty-three years ago and the Lord never did refill it. It always stays full. The same water is still there." A half-witted fellow in front of him said, "Yes, and I know it must be all full of wiggle tails!" You will need something more than what you had forty-three years ago. If you get nothing fresh from God it will become stagnant.

Why is water a type of the Holy Ghost? First, because water cleanses. You may get all these fancy cleaners you like but the best thing to use for cleaning is water. Even so the Holy Ghost cleanses and purifies our hearts. Then, water

satisfies. People ask, Brother Beskin, how does it feel to have the Baptism? Well, I cannot explain. I see a farmer working in the field; it is hot and sultry and he sees it will be raining soon. He knows if he doesn't gather in his harvest the rain will ruin it. But he has been working hard all day in the heat and is parched for a drink; he hesitates, and then finally says, "I must get a drink even though the harvest is ruined, I cannot wait." So he runs to the pool and drinks. "Farmer, is that water sweet?" "No." "Is it sour?" "No." "What does it taste like?" And the farmer says, "I cannot tell, but if you have been in the hot sun, working and perspiring until your tongue is parched and then get a cool drink from the spring you too will say you do not know what it tastes like but it just satisfies." After you have tried hard and failed to live a victorious life, after many up and down experiences, to have the Holy Ghost come in and burn out the carnality, to bless and thrill you, how He satisfies!

Then water overcomes obstacles. Last fall I went through the Arrow Dam in Idaho and to my amazement I saw that instead of having a solid mass of concrete they had left a little space every few feet for the water to seep through. I asked, "Will that water not break through and break the dam?" And they answered, "Did you never hear of the St. Francis dam catastrophe in California? Hundreds of people were drowned and it was all because they didn't give any vent for the water; there was no place for the water to seep through and water will work its way through any obstacle. We have remedied that by giving it just enough space to seep through so that the water will not break our concrete." Yes, water will work through any obstacle and find an outlet. So since water is a type of the Holy Spirit if you are filled with the Holy Spirit He will enable you to overcome otherwise insurmountable obstacles in your life.

Now let us take up the three criers. The first Crier is the Holy Spirit who is calling "Come!" Never in the history of the world, from the day of Pentecost until the present time, has the Holy Spirit so loudly been calling to the hearts and the consciences of men, as He is today, warning them that they must have Him in order to be ready either for life or death. The Spirit is saying, "Come!" Why have you left your churches to find places where the Full Gospel is being preached? Because the Holy Spirit has been speaking to your heart. Never was there a time when there was such a hunger for Him as now! I was preaching in a certain city and at the close of one of

the services when I had spoken on the Holy Spirit, the pastor arose and asked for an opportunity to say something. I was rather taken back but he said, "I want to say something to my own people. What this Jew has been preaching to us is the truth. I haven't this experience and I need it. We all need it. I cannot help what you say or think but I will have to take the step," and with that he walked off the platform and dropping down on his knees, cried to the Lord for the Holy Spirit. This is just one of thousands of cases where men and women who have been serving the Lord for years, feel that in order to cope with Satan in these last days they must have the Holy Ghost. The Spirit says, "Come!"

And not only is the Spirit saying, "Come!" but also the bride or the church triumphant. I am opposed to spiritualism one hundred per cent. Spiritualism is a fraud and is of the devil. The man under whom Conan Doyle was converted to spiritualism, according to his own writings, came out the other week saying that it was all a fake and that he had never spoken to a spirit. But I shall not stop preaching the Gospel because of spiritualism; I shall not stop preaching Divine Healing because of Christian Science, for truth is truth. I believe the rich man knew what was going on here on the earth and tried his very best to warn his brethren; and if the rich man, who had not been saved, was concerned about his ungodly brethren, do you not think that your loved ones who have gone before, are interested in your spiritual welfare?

Let me tell you about an experience that a friend of mine had in Portland, Oregon. He had been blessed with a saintly wife who always made it a habit to sit in front while he was preaching and as he preached she would say, "Amen!" to encourage him. But the Lord came and took her away. The next Sunday when he went to preach that front seat was vacant and there was no "Amen!" His heart was fairly breaking, and after speaking for about twenty minutes he dismissed the congregation and went home. As he began to prepare his little meal he thought of the good times he and his wife used to have together and again his heart was heavy; he could not eat. He went to the barn to try to forget it all. There was a cow there which his wife had raised from just a calf and even this old cow reminded him of his wife. He couldn't stand the sorrow any longer and he started to pray, "Oh Lord, just give me one evidence that she is hearing!" He said as he prayed he heard audibly the word "Amen!" and he knew all was well. Just then

he looked up and saw in the doorway of the barn the Sunday School superintendent who had come to ask him to his home for dinner. He said, "I should have asked you at the church but forgot, and so my wife sent me here to get you. I looked for you at the house but not finding you there, I came out here and heard you praying. Who is with you in here?" He went on to say, "As you were praying, right above your head somewhere I heard a voice say 'Amen' and actually if I didn't know your wife had passed away, I would have thought it was she." Yes, they are interested in our spiritual welfare and are saying, "Come! Come!! Come!!!"

I was preaching in another place and as I gave the altar call I noticed a woman with the tears coursing down her cheeks but she wouldn't move. The pastor pointed his finger at the woman and said, "Do you remember what you promised your little girl?" She broke down and ran to the altar. After praying for some time she arose to testify and said, "I suppose you think Brother B— was pretty hard on me but he wasn't. When my little girl was alive I tried to keep her from the church and urged her to go to dances, but the Lord took her. Just before she died she said, 'Mama, I am going away. I love you. Will you promise me you will come too? You will have to become a Christian just as Brother B— has told us.'" Then holding my hand in hers she looked into my face and there as she was slipping away I promised I would become a Christian. Six years have gone by and I was not true to my promise but last night, just before dawn I saw my little girl and she said, 'Mama, mama, aren't you going to keep your promise?' They are calling "Come, take of the water of life freely; come and be filled with the Holy Ghost."

The church militant is saying "Come." Preachers of the Full Gospel are sounding forth that message as never before. About a year ago I went to the Mayo Brothers and they examined me from head to foot; they took me from one floor to another and from one specialist to another and finally said to me, "Beskin, there is nothing wrong with you excepting that you are mentally overtaxed and you will have to stop preaching. If you go back into the evangelistic field it will be the end of you." A friend in Mt. Vernon, Washington heard of my condition and wrote, "Beskin, I need you. You have given your life to the Gospel and to Christ and now that you cannot preach anymore I have an opening for you." He offered me five thousand a year and I tell

you it was tempting. I have a little boy six years old and a wife and as I had nothing laid away this offer was a great temptation. But I felt like Paul of old, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." I took a pastorate in a small place where they haven't been able to pay me even \$10.00 a week. I could go out and do something else but I feel the Lord has given me a message in these last days and God has been blessing and giving converts. I am not eloquent; I have listened to big men who almost swept you off your feet with their eloquence, and I have heard preachers give such stirring altar calls that the entire congregation moved to seek the Lord. I don't know how to make an appeal like that, but with all my ransomed powers and everything that is in me I want to appeal to the Christians in these last days. Do not be satisfied with a meagre Christian experience, one that will barely take you through; do not be satisfied to serve the Lord in a weak way; there is power and glory and unction if you will only come and take of the water of life freely and be filled with the Holy Ghost. **This is the message for these last days.**

What Others Say

"Only God knows how much good THE EVANGEL does in our home; it seems almost a household necessity. I have always put good reading before my children, and yours is the best magazine I know of."—Mrs. E. P. Jackson, Oregon.

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"I feel that this paper is a real necessity in my spiritual life." A reader from Tennessee.

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"I have taken THE EVANGEL for years and years and have often felt I could not afford it but have always decided that I could not afford to be without it." A California subscriber.

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"I just love the paper. It is like real honey to my soul, and I cannot bear to miss a single issue."

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"Let me give a word of sincere appreciation for the work you continue to do in so satisfactory a manner. Year after year *The Evangel* seems to fill its place in our home. Other papers and magazines serve a temporary need and pass into the limbo of things forgotten or useless, *but we must have The Evangel.*"—An Oklahoma reader.

Flowers and Funerals

"Beware When All Men Speak Well of You"



THE kindest compliments come when we are corpses, cold in our coffins! It is the biers that obtain the biggest, the most beautiful bouquets. Flowers and funerals are fast friends! There is nothing bitter in the obituary. We are all committed to the tomb without criticism. To find fault with the deceased would be bad form for loving lullabies are never so much in order as when we fall into our final sleep. Grievances and grudges may aggravate life but all is agreement around the grave. Much fault may have formerly been found with the departed, but this is forgotten at his interment.

If this be true, generally speaking, of dying mankind it must be a great deal more so of those forms of faith and belief, those religions and churches in particular which have lost their life and power. It is natural that *all men should speak only good* of that profession of Godliness which is so decadent that it has ceased to challenge their mode of life and to call in question their conduct. A Christianity that has lost its first love and *lowered* itself to the level of the world, conforming to its ways and ideas, can offer no real resistance to its wickedness and therefore receives no opposition. For the time has already come "when they will not endure sound doctrine" but have heaped unto themselves teachers, having itching ears. They have closed their ears to the truth, and turned unto fables (2 Tim. 4:3). Such are looked up to, lauded and eulogized, for they preach for prestige and prophesy for profit. These are "twice dead", mysterious mounds, graves so well disguised they are rarely recognized, of whom Christ said, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for *ye are as graves which appear not*, and the men that walk over them *are not aware of them* (Lu. 11:44). This dreadful indictment was well deserved, for the residue of Jerusalem's religion had of old already degenerated into a mere mimic of its original, glorious worship. And these garlanded human graves dressed their doctrines to deceive and did their best to beguile the people into believing they were approved of God. *Even so today!* Impotent 20th Century Christianity receives laurels and wreaths from the world whilst early apostolic Christianity was made wretched by its persecution. Satan only attacks that which hinders his kingdom. How can any-

thing dead hurt or harm? We would have very much to fear if everyone thought good of us since Christ, speaking of healthy discipleship, said, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets" (Lu. 6:26). Therefore there is much to rejoice in when we are being viciously attacked. Universal praise can come only to a profession of piety which has long lost its purity and power.

All this agitation for a great union of faiths is no doubt to bear fruit, but the child will be dead-born, for a Christianity that is approved, applauded and pampered by the public is condemned already, being without reproach. It has nothing in common with that godliness which was Enoch's and Noah's—they could stand *alone*, rebuke and call to repentance a world doomed to deluge. In their day they were certainly evil spoken of, yet *their names alone*, survived the catastrophe that overwhelmed the antediluvian world. Across the will of nature lies the will of God; a call to conversion is contrary to the carnal mind. The preaching that cries repentance remains unpopular. A stagnant belief never gets stoned! Nobody wastes stones on a carcass! The Hebrew children repeatedly took up stones against Moses, and it was that very nation that sought to cast Christ down as a criminal head-long from the cliff. They were always ready to pick up stones against Him, and reviled and rejected Him even as He hung impaled upon the cross. Whether it be the cruel rocks that rained upon Stephen or the calculated calumnies that cynical critics will heap upon today's devoted, uncompromising Christian—it is all the same! In that age or this, let the spiritually dead and defunct have the flowers, the favors and the friendship of the world. Such systems have their reward here but outspoken, aggressive, virile Christianity must stand *alone* in its militant conflict against all the powers of darkness. Sufficient for its encouragement the comfort of the Holy Ghost! It will take the kicks, the cuts and the knocks as part of its bargain; it will glory in infirmities; *it refuses the flowers to wear the crown of thorns* and looks for its reward in the life to come.

Between the world and original Christianity no pretense of peace should exist; therefore there is no exception, "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus SHALL suffer persecution" (2 Tim. 3:12).

(Continued on page 23)

Obeying the Heavenly Vision

Witnessing in Wicked Villages in the South Seas

Cecil M. Jackson in Bethel Temple, Chicago, Ill.



I WANT to quote a very familiar passage found in the Book of Proverbs, 29:8, "Where there is no vision the people perish." That is to say when one's plan or objective in life has been dimmed by circumstances or entirely lost through neglect, then life becomes void; a lost vision will cause a person to become a derelict, floating aimlessly through life. We wonder at the rapidity with which civilization is progressing, and the way science is reaching into the great unknown and bringing forth priceless treasures. We see buildings eighty, ninety and one hundred stories high, airships that cross the Atlantic Ocean in just a few hours; stars and planets that have been in existence since the world began though hidden and unknown, have recently been brought to light, but behind our progressing civilization, behind the discoveries, behind the airships and everything else is—vision. First of all someone got the vision and then persevered until it became a reality. It is difficult to believe that all these were created without the loss of life, without suffering and without disappointment, yet man through sheer determination and faithfully keeping the vision before him, has succeeded in turning a once primitive world into one that is highly civilized. That is what vision will do.

Do you see the possibility of keeping the heavenly vision? David Livingstone stamped a mark upon Africa deeper than any empire-builder has ever done. It was a vision that gave David Livingstone the power to traverse that vast continent whose interior had previously been unknown. God had given Livingstone a vision and for this vision he suffered and endured hardship for the greater part of his whole life; and for this in the end, he died.

God had to make the Apostle Paul blind before he got a vision of the Christ, and I say, if it takes blindness to give us a vision of a dying world then let us pray for blindness. Paul's vision meant something to him. It enabled him to endure and suffer hardship as few have done. Listen to his testimony:

"Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one, Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I have suffered shipwreck; a night and a day have I been in the deep; in journeys often, in perils of water, in perils of rob-

bers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness"; and yet at the end of all this Paul testifies, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." Would to God that each one of us here could say that we have not been disobedient to the heavenly vision.

But how well we know that many times it takes just a little cloud to come between us and God to dim the heavenly vision. I feel sure that almost every Christian has received some vision of the Christ and His love, of His character and compassion for a lost world, and with that vision has come a desire to be like Him. No one can meet Jesus for the first time and turn away without a new aspect on life, without new ideas and plans for the future and without a world-wide vision. Now the question before us is not, Have we been tried? or Have we been tested? for well we know that we meet with disappointments and trials in every phase of life, in the home, in the church and on the mission field. But the question is, Have we allowed these things to dim our heavenly vision? Is our vision of the Christ and of lost souls as clear and as keen as it was on the day when we first bowed at His feet? If it is not, then let us come back to Christ and in humility cry to God to wipe the dimness away from our eyes and give us a world-wide vision.

Many denominations are withdrawing funds and forces from the mission field but let me say that this is no time to withdraw; this is a time to advance with this glorious Gospel, this life-giving Word. May God help us to advance, to go forward! When I was in California, walking along, I saw in the distance the steeple of a church, and musing to myself, I wondered about that church; and as we drew close up to it I saw the yard was filled with partly wrecked automobiles and there was a sign across the door, "Continental Junk Company." Some body of people had lost the vision. And then I thought of how many of God's children have the sign "Junk Company" written across their hearts because they have lost the heavenly vision.

At another time we were asked to speak in a Southern State and after the pastor had announced the missionary service a brother came

to him and said, "You don't mean to tell me you are about to have a missionary service!" The pastor answered in the affirmative, to which the brother replied, "I will not attend," and he didn't. We struggled through that evening service doing the best we could under the circumstances, and at the close I noticed a sister coming down the aisle, headed for me. She pointed her finger at me and said, "Brother I want you to understand that my Singapore is right here in this town and never forget that Jesus said to begin at Jerusalem." I backed up a few steps and then took about five steps forward and said, "Sister, how long have you been in Jerusalem? Jesus did say to begin at Jerusalem but never forget that He also said, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every Creature.'

God is not satisfied with a vision which is confined within the four walls of our church or the borders of our own land, but He wants us to look away and get a glimpse of every remote corner of the world where souls are without hope and without God. I can tell you the reason many pastors are losing out with God and why scores of God's people are falling away—it is because they are content to live and die in Jerusalem. May God help us to get the world-wide vision and have our sympathies and interests reach out into the uttermost parts of the earth.

I praise God that we have a missionary Gospel. Every book in the New Testament was written by a foreign missionary; every letter was written to a convert of a foreign missionary and every epistle was written to a foreign missionary church; the one book of prophecy was written to seven foreign missionary churches; of the twelve apostles, all but one became a missionary and the only one who did not, became a traitor. According to the apostles missionary service is the highest expression of Christian living.

I thank God that it was a vision that sent us to Singapore and I am glad to testify that we were not disobedient to that vision. Singapore is an island in the South Seas, 140 miles due south from Hong Kong. We pass French Indo-China, the Gulf of Siam, and down thru the South China

Sea until we come to that great neck of land known as the Malay Peninsula. Just off the southernmost tip is an island twenty-seven miles long and fourteen miles wide, with a population of over 600,000, ninety-nine per cent of which are heathen. But thank God they are not all heathen. There is a little band down there who worship God just as you do here.

I shall never forget the first time we went into the interior of those South Sea Islands; we were standing in the little mission overlooking a vast area. On the left was a crowded village of twenty-five thousand souls living in a swamp, living in bitter poverty, a stricken, destitute people without God. We noticed that on the upper door posts and upon the side posts of every home there



A Christmas Gathering in Singapore

were red strips of paper and upon these papers were large Chinese characters. The Chinese believe that by putting these posters over the door and on the side posts they will frighten away the evil spirits when they come up and read what is on these posters. In other words the posters are there for a protection. As we saw the red upon the door-posts do you know what came to our mind? The Passover. And right there we prayed and said, "Father may the time come when the blood of Jesus Christ will be applied to the hearts and lives of these people for protection instead of this mass of worthless paper."

God distinctly led us to go into this village and preach the Gospel, and as far as I know we were the first missionaries ever to enter and take up work in that wicked place. We applied to the government for permission to enter and they gave it but this is the warning we received, "If you go, it is at your own risk." We were in-

formed that this village was the most notoriously wicked village in the South Sea Islands and you know that Singapore is known as the cesspool of the world. Some of the most notorious criminals of China live there, and whenever there was a theft or a low-down crime committed, if the criminals could escape the clutches of the law they fled into this village; once inside it was almost impossible to find them. When you remember that there were twenty-five thousand people living like flies in this swamp it helps you to understand why it was impossible to find them. Oh the filth and degradation that we found as we entered this wicked place for the first time! As we walked in and out through those narrow streets a spirit of fear came over me as I thought of my dear wife walking just a few steps ahead, and remembered all the things we had heard about this wicked place. But as I lifted my heart to the Lord and communed with Him I felt His presence and was certain that He was walking just ahead. It is wonderful to feel the presence of the Son of God and I am so glad that He never calls us to do anything or to go any place unless He goes before. The spirit of fear left us and there came that divine joy that only God Himself can give as we thought within ourselves that this might be the last village where the Gospel was to be carried and then we would soon gather around that great marriage supper of the Lamb.

As we walked on we saw faces peering through the little square openings and soon they were crying, "Foreigners coming! Foreigners coming!" and then they closed the windows and we afterwards learned that they even stopped the gambling, trying in this way to cover up their sin—just as many do in this country. We realized that they were trying to hide from us because they were suspicious and thought we were government officials spying about. We realized that if they got that idea our ministry among them wouldn't last long, for they would see to it that our lives would be cut off. In those early days we were robbed many times and you know there is a feeling about being robbed that is not very pleasant and then it is hard financially too. But we felt that if we ran to the authorities and reported these criminals our bones would soon be bleaching on that island; so instead of running to the authorities there we went to the just Judge, our heavenly Father and said, "Oh God, we have been robbed three times now and we don't like it. Do something for us." And He did. I believe He arrested the whole crowd of them for they never troubled us again. I thought then

of what a wonderful thing human endurance is—if we had reported this to God after the first robbery probably we would have been spared the other two but because of our endurance we suffered three times.

The time came when we met the village chief and we thought somehow that if we could win this man for God a great deal would be accomplished and so we were happy when Mr. Wong invited us to his hut for tea. It is a Chinese custom to offer every visitor tea and if you refuse to drink it they are insulted. Incidentally, in a little over a week we visited over four hundred homes; we drank so much tea, green, black, yellow, thick, thin and all kinds of tea that I thought I would almost feel it oozing out of my skin. When we entered this hut Mr. Wong went over to the shelf and got two cups of tea. I am sure these cups had not seen water since they were made; then he got a rag to clean out the cups and rubbed in the dirt; when he had it thoroughly rubbed in he poured the tea and asked us to drink it. There was also a pathetic side for directly across from us was a heathen altar upon which was the most hideous thing I have ever seen, which they called a god. Before the altar were great sticks of incense burning unto the idol; to the left were men smoking; on the right was a gambling den and in the rear men were drinking and cursing. On every hand there was sin and shame and as we sat there with that chief telling him the old, old story, how I thanked God that we had kept the vision! As we told him the story of Jesus and His love the seed fell into fertile soil and as a result, today, instead of that heathen altar there is a picture of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ; in place of those sticks of incense there ascends the true incense from that man's heart to the living God. Does it pay to keep the vision? Yes, a thousand times.

I could stand here for hours and tell you of the wonderful things that God has done in that remote island. The time passed and God had given us many souls, a great number of whom were lifted from a veritable cess-pool of iniquity into the heights of His grace. The Chinese out of their own purses, built a chapel which cost \$1600 in Singapore money, not one cent coming from America. They too had caught the vision.

When we first went to Singapore it was with the intention and purpose of exalting Christ, and we knew if we did this God would give us souls. After our chapel was built we had great crowds. They filled the chapel, standing out on the veranda and on the road-side. They didn't come

because they were hungry for the Gospel, but they came out of curiosity. There is only one other man we know of in that country who can speak the Cantonese dialect and he is the head of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Whenever I met this dear man I invited him out to our chapel, and I always told him about our crowds. Being a busy man he kept putting it off, but finally he promised to come. As we walked down the road to the village and neared the church I noticed there wasn't anyone standing outside. And when we went inside how surprised we were to find only about ten persons there. You can imagine how embarrassed I was after talking about our crowds. I asked my wife to take charge of the preliminary service while I went out to look for my crowd. I came to the largest gambling den in the village and I did something that I suppose very few would dare to do. I pushed open the door and walked inside. There were men gambling their lives away, standing about high tables, and just for something to say I said to one man, "What are you doing tonight?" He replied, "You have eyes. Can't you see?" I replied, "Yes, I see you are gambling; but why are you doing it?" He said, "Because we have nothing else to do." I informed him that we had something for him to do. I told him that we had an Englishman coming who could speak Chinese better than I could. I then said, "Truly tonight we have a great opportunity," and when you tell a Chinaman there is a great opportunity around the corner, he is after it, and every man walked out of that gambling den with me. The chief put his arms around my neck and I put my arm around his waist and we walked down through the village street to the chapel. Those men came because they saw Jesus in us. And in the days that followed many of them gave their hearts to Christ.

But we were not satisfied, and I have long ago found that as long as we are satisfied God can do no more for us but when we get real hungry and thirsty after righteousness He will fill us. We said, "Father, we are not satisfied." You see we are Pentecostal missionaries and I am not ashamed of it. So we prayed that before we had to leave that island we might see Pentecost come there. We wanted our Christians to have the Baptism of the Holy Spirit because we realized they needed something more than salvation but long experience had taught us that if they got their hearts and minds fixed upon the sign of the baptism that might be all that they would get and we wanted our native people to have the power

back of the sign. We in Pentecostal circles know that our great need is the power of God. So in those early days of the work in Singapore we didn't say anything about speaking in tongues. Weeks passed and so did the months but Pentecost did not come. One morning I got alone with God; it was difficult to break through and at first I could not hear His voice. But I did hear the voice of another and remembered that way back in the years I had listened to that voice and had served that voice. It had sort of an uncanny sound as it said to me, "The reason Pentecost has not come to Singapore is because you are ashamed of the speaking in tongues." I recognized the enemy and said, "You old fox, don't you worry about that because when the blessing comes from heaven God will give it all." He didn't bother me much after that.

Then one time just two days before Christmas we were walking through the village and on that trip we were given the greatest Christmas present we had ever received. After we had walked a while through the narrow streets which are so dear to us, we saw in the distance a hut, the best in the village. We thought of the young man who lived there, an ex-murderer, a man who had stooped as low as it is possible for a man to go, but God had saved him and cleaned him up. When we thought of it all something inside began to respond and we felt very happy. As we neared his hut this young man ran out, put up his hands and cried out, "Oh sir, I have received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit!" and there he stood in the village street as a great crowd gathered, giving his testimony. You couldn't have stopped him with dynamite. As he told of what God had done in his life someone cried out, "Oh you have only had a dream." Mr. Wong replied, "This is no dream; this is God." Then he went on, "Last night I was so hungry for God! I wanted to pray but didn't know how; I wanted to pray intelligently but couldn't. Then I thought of the Lord's prayer which you had taught me at the mission so I just leaned back my head and prayed, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come"—and then he said, "And it came!" That is as far as he got in his prayer for His kingdom came right then and I am sure God thought an intelligent prayer. He said, "You know, I heard the sound of rushing wind in my room, I felt God's power take hold of my body until I had no control over it, and do you know I spoke in a language which I couldn't understand!" God gave him the evi-

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The Man who Ran away from a Revival

Are You Gathering or Scattering

M. J. Hagli in the Stone Church Aug. 23, 1931



AM about to speak to you on a man who ran away from a revival. Oh that we might have a revival sweep the city of Chicago! I do not mean in just one church but over the whole city. I was in one community where a revival broke out. It was just before the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in 1908, and in the whole community for miles around there were only two young men among the young people who could withstand the Holy Spirit. All the others were thoroughly saved. I saw men and women weeping as though their hearts would break. There were children's meetings and you saw little nine and ten-year old tots going around and witnessing for Jesus. They teach us something when it comes to soul-winning. I saw them put their arms around their friends and with tears running down their cheeks plead with them to be saved. In school those who were saved would get together during recess and walk up and down the road talking about the Lord. There was a revival atmosphere so when you inhaled the atmosphere you got a certain per cent of the revival spirit in the very air. I am longing for that kind again.

Here in the Book of Jonah we read about a preacher who ran away from that kind of a revival. In the first chapter we read of how the word of the Lord came to Jonah saying, "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me." I have always been of the opinion that there are not enough imps in hell to hinder a revival. And sinners cannot do anymore than demons can. Then there are only two classes left; the one is the hosts of heaven and the other the saints of God upon earth. I will leave you to judge which one of these companies, the heavenly or the earthly, is hindering a revival.

The Word of the Lord came: God has always been desirous to save souls. He has always longed to save souls. When we study the Word of God we cannot but see how He has favored the human race. When an angel sinned against God He rose up in justice without mercy and arrested him and in shackles committed him in a dungeon until the day of judgment. When the angels fell there was no mercy, no saving grace; only the justice of God facing them. And today they are kept prisoners until the day of judgment.

How different is the picture when man fell! The moment God stepped into the Garden of Eden He cried, "Adam, where art thou?" That was the first time God had to call for Adam, and the reason of it was that Adam had separated himself from God. Before this time, whenever God drew near, Adam was always there. I believe Adam knew the time when God would come down and walk and talk with him; he no doubt was anxiously waiting for Him to come. But when Adam sinned he ran away from God. God put something called "conscience" within men, and when he sinned he hid himself; ran away from the presence of God. Though man had sinned against God, yet God wanted to save him.

Here in the book of Jonah we find that God looks upon the wicked city of Nineveh and proclaims a sentence of judgment upon it; yet down in the depths of the heart of God is a longing for the souls therein, and when He sent His prophet with a message of judgment into the city it was because He trusted when they heard the message they would repent. I believe the sweetest music in the ears of God is the cry of a penitent soul. You may sing like a canary-bird and bring forth the most beautiful music upon an instrument, but the sweetest music that reaches heaven is the cry from a repentant soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

When Jonah received the message from God and with his own understanding began to reason out what would take place, he said, "If I go to Nineveh and cry against that powerful city, they will stone me; they will torture me to death; or perhaps if I go they may humble themselves and God will be merciful." There was a little controversy like that in Jonah's heart. He said to God afterwards, "I was afraid you would be merciful and then I would be a false prophet." Who would not be willing to be called a false prophet to see souls saved?

Jonah, instead of obeying, instead of rushing over and having this wonderful revival, rose up and fled to Tarshish. The Word does not tell us he succeeded in getting away from the presence of the Lord. He attempted to get away but he did not succeed. God let him go just so far, and then arrested him. Oh how unnatural for a child of God to flee from the presence of the Lord! The most natural thing in the world is for a little child to flee to the presence of its mother.

When I was a little boy and hurt myself and came to mother, she would blow on the hurt place and the pain would go. Is it not a fact that when we are hurt, when we are discouraged and feel sad, and flee to the presence of our Father God, and He puts His loving arms around us, the pain and the grief vanish? Then we feel light-hearted and so joyous.

Jonah went down to Joppa and took a ship to Tarshish, paid his fare, and when he was outside the harbor God began to stir up the elements. The wind howled, the waves rolled over the top of the ship, but Jonah was fast asleep. We, as children of God will either bring a blessing or a curse to the people with whom we mingle. The Lord said, "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." In other words the Lord tells us by simply doing nothing we are scattering. What is the Lord gathering? He is gathering souls, is He not? And if we are not gathering souls for Jesus we are scattering them from Him. Let us examine ourselves and see whether we are actually gathering souls for the Lord or scattering them away from Him. Are we gathering souls into the church or driving them away? The Lord says if we are not gathering we are scattering.

Here we find the backslider and a company of men in great need. What has he to offer? The storm is howling and the waves are rolling high, and those ungodly men on that ship began to call loudly upon their own god. Finally they came down to the bottom of the ship and there they found Jonah. The officer of the ship goes down and awakens him, and he was perfectly ignorant of what was going on. Do you know when men and women run away from God they are ignorant of the fact that we are living in the last days. Just think of a man whom God wanted to use in the greatest revival ever held, being asleep! Never in the history of the world has there ever been a greater revival than that of Nineveh. If God has laid His hand on you He wants to use you. Do not run away. I believe there were souls in the city of Nineveh who passed away who would have been saved if Jonah had been true to God. If God calls you to His work and you try to run away or dally around, scores of souls will go down into their grave without a knowledge of salvation.

Jonah says to the shipmaster, "You might as well throw me out as I am to blame." Even here we see the love of God. He was merciful and made a vessel unto honor. He created a big fish to take care of Jonah. Oh what a wonderful

God we have! Scientists tell us that a whale could not swallow Jonah. When God makes a fish for that purpose He will make it big enough to swallow a man. I believe God knew how big Jonah was and how large a space he needed. They cast Jonah overboard and right there was a fish to take care of him. God sent the fish there in order to get Jonah to land.

There are men and women who have felt the hand of God upon their lives and have heard the call to service, but instead of leaving all to follow Jesus they are feverishly working and adding one building to another, piling up bank accounts, and building up a tremendous business, but their hearts are heavy and God is striving with them. And because God wants the best He permits the bottom to fall out of everything, and when they get down into the sea of God's purpose, they come to an end of themselves and He can use them. Isn't it strange that God should have to take men and women that way? Down in the depths with nothing to which to cling, like Jonah they cry out, "When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord: and my prayer came in unto Thee." You wonder why God has stripped you. It is because He loves you and wants to save you from yourself.

Jonah, down in the whale's belly, sent up to God an S. O. S. call. What does he say? "I will pay that that I have vowed. I will go to Nineveh if Thou wilt let me." God keeps us in a tight place until we have learned our lesson, and when Jonah was thoroughly penitent over his backsliding God sent the whale to shore. Then Jonah was willing to cry, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." Some people say you shouldn't preach about the judgments of God, but that you should just tell people how loving God is, but the Book warns of hell fire and judgment and every true minister is faithful to the Book. Jonah went up and down the streets of Nineveh with the warning cry of the destruction that would befall the city, and from the king on the throne to the beasts of the field, they were clothed in sackcloth and ate no food. They repented at the preaching of Jonah, and cried mightily unto God, and God saw their contrition and saved the city. It was the preaching of judgment that brought a revival to the city of Nineveh.

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SPECIAL OFFER ON CHRISTMAS CARDS

- Offer No. 1—Assorted cards, \$1 worth for 75c.
 Offer No. 2—75c worth of cards for 50c.
 Offer No. 3—50c worth of cards for 35c.
 Offer No. 6—Boxed \$1.25 worth for \$1.

A Christmas Gift in Prison



OME years ago, while conducting a series of meetings in Michigan City, I was asked to preach to the convicts in the State prison. I sat on the platform with the governor and watched the prisoners march in—700 men, young and old. They marched in lockstep, every man's hand on the shoulder of the man before him. At the word of command they sat down. Among that number there were seventy-six "lifers," men who had been committed to prison for life for the crime of murder.

After the singing I arose to preach, but could hardly speak for weeping. Disregarding all the rules of the prison, in my earnestness to help the poor fallen men, I left the platform and walked down the aisle among them, taking one, and then another by the hand and praying for him. At the end of the row of men who were committed for murder, sat a man who, more than his fellows, seemed marked by sin's blighting curse. His face was seamed and rigid with scars and marks of vice and sin. He looked as though he might be a demon incarnate if once aroused to anger. I placed my hand upon his shoulder and wept and prayed with and for him.

When the service was over, the governor said to me, "Well, Kain, do you know you have broken the rules of the prison by leaving the platform?" "Yes, governor, but I never can keep any rule while preaching. And I did want to get up close to the poor, despairing fellows, and pray for them, and tell them of the love of Jesus the Saviour. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. 'This man (Jesus) receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.'" (Luke 19: 10: 15: 2).

"Do you remember," said the governor, "the man at the end of the line in the lifers row, whom you prayed with? Would you like to hear his history?" "Yes," I answered gladly. "Well, here it is in brief:

"Tom Galson was sent here about eight years ago for the crime of murder. He was, without doubt, one of the most desperate and vicious characters we had ever received, and, as was expected gave us a great deal of trouble.

"One Christmas eve, about six years ago, duty compelled me to spend the night at the prison, instead of at home, as I had anticipated. Early in the morning, while it was yet dark, I left the prison for my home, my pockets full of presents for my little girl. It was a bitter cold morning and I buttoned my overcoat up to protect myself

from the cutting wind that swept in from the lake. As I hurried along, I thought I saw somebody skulking in the shadow of the prison wall. I stopped and looked a little more closely, and then I saw a little girl, wretchedly clothed in a thin dress; her bare feet thrust into a pair of shoes much the worse for wear. In her hand she held tightly clasped, a small paper parcel. Wondering who she was and why she was out so early in the morning, and yet too weary to be interested, I hurried on. But I soon heard that I was being followed. I stopped, and turned round and there before me stood the same wretched-looking child.

"'What do you want?' I asked sharply. 'Are you the governor of the prison, sir?' 'Yes, who are you, and why are you not at home?' 'Please, sir, I have no home; mamma died in the poor-house two weeks ago, and she told me just before she died that papa (that Tom Galson) was in prison; an' she thought maybe he would like to see his little girl, now that mamma is dead. Please, can't you let me see my papa? Today is Christmas, and I want to give him a present.'

"'No,' I replied gruffly, 'You will have to wait until visitor's day,' and started on. I had not gone many steps when I felt a pull at my coat, and a pleading voice said, 'Please, don't go.' I stopped once more, and looked into the pinched, beseeching face before me. Great tears were in her eyes, while her little chin quivered with emotion.

"'Mister,' she said, 'if your little girl was me, and your little girl's mamma had died in the poor-house and her papa was in the prison, an' she had no place to go an' no one to love her, don't you think she would like to see her papa? If it was Christmas and your little girl came to see me, if I was governor of the prison, an' asked me to please let her see her papa to give him a Christmas present, don't you—don't you think I would say yes?'

"By this time a great lump was in my throat, and my eyes were swimming in tears. I answered, 'Yes, my little girl, I think you would, and you shall see your papa; and taking her hand, I hurried back to the prison, thinking of my own fair-haired little girl at home. Arriving in my office, I bade her to come near the warm stove, while I sent a guard to bring No. 37 from his cell. As soon as he came into the office and saw the little girl, his face clouded with an angry frown, and in a gruff, savage tone he snapped out:

"'Nellie, what are you doing here; what do

you want? Go back to your mother.' 'Please, papa,' sobbed the little girl, 'mamma's dead. She died two weeks ago in the poor-house, an' before she died she told me to take care of little Jimmie, 'cause you loved him so; an' told me to tell you she loved you, too—but, papa,'—and her voice broke in sobs and tears—'Jimmie died, too, last week, and now I am alone, papa, an' to-day's Christmas, papa, an'—an' I thought maybe as you loved Jimmie, you would like a little Christmas present from him.'

"Here she unrolled the little package she held in her hand, until she came to a little package of tissue paper, from which she took out a little fair curl, and put it in her father's hand, saying as she did so: 'I cut it from dear little Jimmie's head, papa, just afore they buried him.'

"No. 37 by this time was sobbing like a child, and so was I. Stooping down, 37 picked up the little girl, pressed her convulsively to his breast, while his great frame shook with suppressed emotion.

"The scene was too sacred for me to look upon, so I softly opened the door and left them alone. In about an hour I returned. No. 37 sat near the stove with his little daughter on his knee. He looked at me sheepishly for a moment, and then said, 'Governor, I haven't any money', then suddenly stripping off his prison jacket, he said, 'Don't let my little girl go out this bitter cold day with that thin dress. Let me give her this coat. I'll work early and late; I'll do anything. I'll be a man. Please, Governor, let me cover her with this coat.' Tears were streaming down the face of the hardened man.

"'No, Galson,' I said, 'keep your coat; your little girl shall not suffer. I'll take her to my home and see what my wife can do for her.' 'God bless you,' sobbed Galson. I took the girl to my home. She remained with us a number of years, and became a true Christian by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. God's Book shows man's need and God's remedy. (Romans 3:9-24; John 3:1-16).

"Tom Galson also became a Christian, and then he gave us no more trouble." (Luke 8:35.) A year ago, when I visited the prison again, the governor said to me, "Kain, would you like to see Tom Galson, whose story I told you a few years ago?" "Yes, I would," I answered. The governor took me down a quiet street, and stopping at a neat home, knocked at the door. The door was opened by a cheerful young woman, who greeted the governor with the utmost cordiality.

We went in, and then the governor introduced me to Nellie and her father, who because of his

reformation, had received pardon, and was now living an upright Christian life with his daughter, whose little Christmas gift had broken his hard heart: Christ died for the ungodly. (Rom. 4:5; 5:6.)—*Author Unknown.*

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and as he was walking along he saw sitting on a camp chair an old woman with her head bent back, her mouth open and her hands extended on her knees, palms upwards. She was sound asleep and looked so worn and tired that the infidel thought he would play a helpful joke on her and so he dropped the oranges into her palms. When he came back she was sitting up, eating one of the oranges and her face was radiant with smiles. He stopped and said, "You seem to be very happy and enjoying that orange very much." "Oh yes, Mister, I am enjoying it so much. My Father is so good to me." "Your Father!" said the infidel, "You are an old lady yourself; you don't mean to tell me that your father is living." "Oh yes, indeed, my Father is very much alive," said she, "and has sent me these lovely oranges." "Is that so? Tell me more about it." "Well" she replied, "we have been at sea four days now and I have been very sick. I have been scarcely able to eat anything at all and it seemed to me that if I only had an orange I would feel so much better. So I sat down here to ask my Heavenly Father to somehow send me an orange, and then I must have fallen asleep. But when I awoke Father had sent me two oranges. Oh Mister! He is very much alive and is so good to me." The infidel, with an earnest look upon his face, walked away.

Oh this blessed hiding place where the world cannot get at us! It cannot reach in to pull us out; it can only cry to us. It may cause its tinsel to glisten before us but it cannot force us out of this hiding place in the Lord. There we can talk with Him face to face and know that He is our Protector and the Supplier of every need of our hearts.

(To be continued)

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Send *The Evangel* to your friends for a Christmas gift. We will send a greeting card to them, notifying them of your gift, if you so desire. This gift will remind them of your love twelve times a year, and be of great spiritual benefit.

Holy Ghost Revival in North China

MRS. Margaret Kelley writes from Shantung Province, North China, where Bro. Kelley has been holding special meetings, as follows:

"I believe you will be interested in the marvelous way God is working in Shantung Province. Mr. Kelley came up in June in response to a telegram from Bro. Ivan Kauffman, and preached for five weeks to the Chinese. As Tsingtao is a port city the Lutheran Church, also the Southern Baptist, had their conventions in this city and their workers attended our services. Many became hungry for the Holy Spirit. Later a tent was erected and he preached for four weeks to the missionaries at the coast on their vacation. God opened many hearts to receive the message and invitations were given to go to their centers in the country and preach the Pentecostal message. Mr. Kelley asked me to come up and I joined him early in September.

"We went at once to Pingtu, the Southern Baptist Mission, where they have a hospital, two schools and a church, and there are 6,000 communicants in the District. We had a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit there. Never have I witnessed such a hunger for God and His Word, and the Lord poured out His Spirit like on Cornelius' household. The whole congregation stood with uplifted hands, either weeping over their sins or praising and magnifying God. Two Baptist missionaries received the Holy Ghost baptism, and also Chinese pastors, evangelists, teachers and Bible women.

"A lady evangelist was sick in the hospital and could not attend the meetings. She had never seen anyone receive the baptism, but God baptized her on her bed. She won fifteen souls to the Lord and nine of the hospital staff were filled. The Lord raised up the evangelist, and she came out of the hospital. She had T. B. but is gaining strength and putting on flesh. More than fifty have received the Holy Ghost there. Acts 2:4.

"There is a great spiritual awakening all over this Province. The Chinese meet in the churches every morning at the break of day, for a surprise prayer meeting. Thousands of church members have been born again; even missionaries realized they were not saved and have wept over their sins and confessed their need of Christ right along with the Chinese. A large number of native workers have been born again, and a great revival is on. They make restitution, pay back stolen money, and are seeking God with all their hearts.

"The missionaries say: The Chinese will re-

ceive the Holy Spirit and if we do not receive it too we will not be able to teach them; already they want to listen to those only who can give them spiritual food.

"We are now in a Swedish Baptist Church and the missionary in charge has received the baptism. This church started ten years ago; it now has 1200 believers and twenty-six outstations. God is giving a Holy Ghost revival here. The glory of the Lord is coming down and such singing I have never heard! Numbers here have received the Holy Ghost. There are two Baptist missionaries, also two Presbyterians waiting on the Lord for the infilling of the Holy Ghost. They came from their stations a day's journey for this purpose.

"Many doors are open to us; hungry ones beg us to come and preach the Pentecostal message. Last week we were at Tsinan for three days with the Baptists, where we had at least five services a day, beginning at six o'clock in the morning and preaching to a full house. One received the baptism and others will follow as they are hungry for God. A Swedish Baptist missionary who was born out here is interpreting for us. The Presbyterian leader (American) came for two days to investigate the meeting as some of the Presbyterian churches are asking for the message.

"This is the time of the latter rain; the Lord is searching out hungry hearts everywhere, and the church is being prepared for the coming of the Lord. Hallelujah! I can truly say, we have seen a Holy Ghost revival in China. It is wonderful, and to think it is coming in the churches! We are having marvelous healings. God is confirming His word with signs following. Pray for us. There is no limit to what God will do for us providing we do not touch the glory. Surely His coming draweth nigh!"

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dence but best of all He gave him the power; he was endued with dynamic power from on high. Think of the wonderful love of God that He should reach down into the very depths of iniquity, into the heart of one who had murdered another, and then lift him up and fill him with the blessed Holy Spirit. That is what the love of God will do.

Friends, if I realized that this moment would be my last with you and then I would be ushered into the presence of God, and if God would just grant me three words to say to you, do you know

what they would be? "Keep the vision." First of all keep the heavenly vision—go forward, onward, and upward with God.

Pentecost in Finland

From Helsingfors, Finland, Mr. Donald Gee writes under date of October 26th, of blessed meetings:

"You will rejoice to know that night after night we have crowded meetings, with many hundreds attending. Last night even the large vestibule had many standing in it. Souls are saved at almost every meeting. Finland presents a great opportunity for the Gospel just now, as religious life seems very strong and Modernism does not seem to have penetrated even the denominational churches to any great extent. It is the most Protestant country (95%) in the world. There is not the prejudice here against the Pentecostal Movement, which unhappily exists in so many places. Two of the leading Baptist ministers were in the front row the other day, and quite cordial. In the whole of Finland there are about 15,000 Pentecostal people.

"I am here for a month's Bible school, and about one hundred of our Pentecostal preachers have gathered from all over Finland, some even from far northern Lapland. Each morning we have lectures for two hours and then a great public meeting at night. It is glorious work. The Estonian brethren have given an urgent invitation for a similar Bible school in their country.

"On my way here I saw the great new church of the "Filadelfia" Assembly in Stockholm, seating 3,000 people easily, and replete with all the latest improvements for public halls. It is an amazing building, and our honored brethren in Sweden certainly have a great testimony for God in that country."

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(Continued from page 5)

through the streets once trod by that Blessed One and pictured the love that brought a God down to a stable that he might live in a heavenly mansion. He has long since gone to his heavenly home, but as long as he lived the lesson of God's unfathomable love thrilled and warmed his being.

(Continued from page 13)

We may have peace in Paradise but "in the world ye shall have tribulation" (Jn. 16:33). Why should the disciple expect to fare better than his Lord? "It is enough for the disciple," said our

Lord, "that he be as his master, and the servant as his Lord for if they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?" (Matt. 10:25) Christ said also, "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, etc." This is settled then—The dead will be dirged—Hearses must be honored—Graves should be respected. But "let the dead bury their dead, and follow me," said Jesus. And the spiritually dead bury their dead religions properly, for these great hierarchies and pretentious systems have covered the earth with immense edifices as so many monuments and mausoleums that, like stones in a cemetery, are erected in memory to a worship wasted and worthless. And monuments are necessary when the highest thing among mortals—religion has died! Whilst the body lies buried in the grave the monument loudly lies above the ground. LET BOTH LIE, the corpse and the crypt. Flowers to the Funeral! Bouquets to the burial! Let us learn the lesson: "BEWARE WHEN ALL MEN SPEAK WELL OF YOU!"

Evangelist William Booth-Clibborn.

An Old Song Re-Sung

I SAW three ships a-sailing;
A-sailing on the sea.
The first her masts were silver,
Her hull was ivory.
The snows came drifting softly,
And lined her white as wool;
Oh, Jesus, Son of Mary
Thy cradle beautiful!

I saw three ships a-sailing,
The next was red as blood.
Her decks shone like a ruby,
Encrimsoned all her wood.
Her ma'n-mast stood up lonely,
A lonely Cross and stark,
Oh, Jesus, Son of Mary,
Bring all men to that ark!

I saw three ships a-sailing,
The third for cargo bore
The sons of men redeemed,
That shall be slaves no more.
The lost beloved faces,
I saw them glad and free.
Oh, Jesus, Son of Mary
When wilt Thou come for me?

—Chas. Robinson in the Christian Herald

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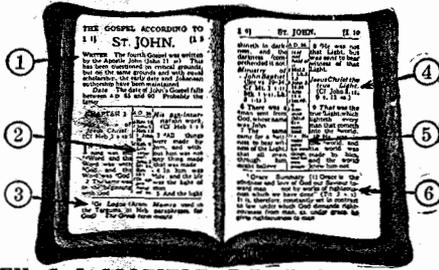
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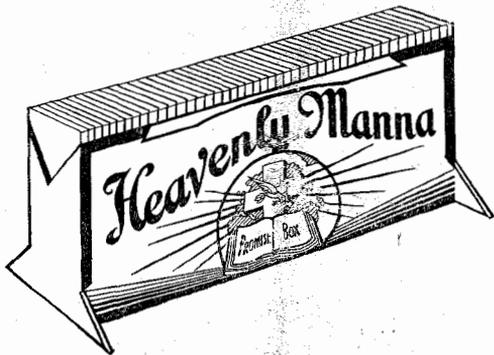
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