

# The Latter Rain Kvangael

The days of Heaven on Earth

## Unfinished Temples

A FEW miles north of Chicago stands an unfinished temple erected to the worship of Bahaism.

It's a far cry from that brave, godly company that landed on Plymouth Rock three centuries ago with martyr-blood in their veins, to the Christ-rejecting, idol-loving cult-seekers who are openly and boldly erecting heathen temples to anti-christian votaries.

Baha is dead, and Christian travelers who have been shamed as they gazed on that unfinished heathen temple, groaned in spirit with the hope that it might crumble in the making. But alas! many devotees of a false Christ are more zealous than those who worship the true, and at the Twenty-fourth Annual Convention held recently under the unfinished dome, there was an attendance of fifty-five national delegates and one hundred members. Jewelry and money amounting to nearly \$30,000 were contributed towards finishing the dome of the temple. Some took rings from their fingers, and one delegate took a necklace valued at several thousand dollars from her neck and gave it.

This unfinished temple, rearing its great dome into God's sky, is a challenge to Christianity. If those who bore the name of Christ had proved faithful to their trust, this insidious foe of the Gospel would not have entered this fair land so dedicated to our Christ, and stealthily gained a foot-hold.

One thinks of God's unfinished temples in heathen lands—men and women created in His image, yet so marred by sin His handiwork can scarce be recognized—the unfinished task is ours, to cleanse these temples and clothe them with the righteousness of Him who died for all mankind. Shall we hesitate because of the sacrifice? Shall the devotees of Bahaism eclipse us in their enthusiastic response?

The supreme sacrifice of the Man of Calvary impels us to make our supreme sacrifice, that multitudes may follow in the only way—the blood-sprinkled way.

On, Christian, to our unfinished task!

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

Is the Baptism of the Spirit for Today? - - See Page 3

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**In the Midst of the Convention**

**A**ND the Lord said, Behold, there is a place by me." Ex. 33:21.

The Stone Church in this its Twenty-third Convention is proving to be a wondrous place by Him. And hungry hearts from all over are gathering together in this place tucked away in the cleft of the Rock.

From the strain of battling with conditions that exist today, from the luring call of the tempter, from the cloister of prayer, from the ranks of young and old, God is bringing those who need Him to this meeting. And how wonderfully the need is being supplied! The power of the Holy Spirit is very manifest in all the meetings—the power of God that is prayed down and not worked up.

The workers whom He has brought to minister are being preciousely used by Him. The keynote of their messages in the Word and in song is Christ: Christ the Savior, the Healer, the Baptizer, the Coming King. Mr. Ernest S. Williams, the General Superintendent of the Assemblies of God, Springfield, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael, of Quincy, Ill., and our venerable brother, Mr. D. Wesley Myland, and S. R. Fostekew have been some of the speakers. Mr. Donald Gee is expected on June 1 and will give a few days of his unique ministry of the Word.

God's presence was present from the very

beginning. Some of us will never forget the blessed anointing that rested upon our Sister Carmichael as she brought forth new lessons from the story of Elijah at Mt. Carmel.

The missionary spirit is mounting, and on Sunday, May 29, pledges were taken for the cause of missions amounting to \$5,600. How beautiful the sacrifice and faith of God's children in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties—but for Him!

Mr. and Mrs. John Burgess, of South India, brought inspiring messages. One of our own boys, Arthur Johnson, carried us over into China and showed us sights and scenes among the tribes of Yunnan Province. That which comes to us thru the eye-gate intensifies the missionary message and helps us to understand some of the privations our missionaries endure as they toil for the Master in the dark lands. Mrs. Lulu Leader told of the trials and triumphs of the work in the Congo, where her husband laid down his life for the Gospel. Mr. Arthur Thatcher came from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, to tell us of his burning call to the Philippines.

He went there as a soldier some years ago, but now God has called him back as a soldier of the Cross, to give the Gospel to millions who have never heard. No one could hear his burning

(Continued on page 21)

# Is the Baptism of the Holy Spirit for the Believer Today?

## Supernatural Outpourings of Other Days

Sermon by Bert Edward Williams, Pastor of the Stone Church, April 3, 1932



**T**HAT there was a Baptism of the Holy Spirit in the Early Church is a fact freely admitted by Christian believers everywhere today. The fact is clearly stated in the Word of God. In Acts 1:5 Jesus is recorded as saying to His followers that while John baptized with water, they should be baptized with the Holy Ghost "not many days hence." He also indicated, as recorded in Luke 24:49 that the coming of the Holy Spirit upon them would be the fulfillment of the promise that His Father had made through one of the prophets at an earlier period. This prophet was Joel and in 2:28 he says that in the latter times God would pour out His Spirit upon all flesh. Then he goes on to name the flesh: "Your sons," "your daughters," "your old men," "your young men," "the servants and the handmaids."

Jesus commanded the disciples and others to tarry in the city of Jerusalem and wait until this promise should be fulfilled (Acts 1:4). In Acts 1:8 is indicated what shall be the result of the fulfillment of the promise of the Father, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." In Acts 2:1-18 Peter very definitely identifies the coming of the Holy Spirit as they received Him on the Day of Pentecost as the fulfillment of the promise made in Joel. He says further in Acts 2:33 that Jesus, having ascended unto the Father, had received the promise and "hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear."

And Peter still further declares that this outpouring of the Holy Spirit should continue to be manifested as a fulfillment of the promise. That is made clear in Acts 2:38, 39, where after Peter had preached his memorable sermon on the Day of Pentecost and the people were convicted in their hearts and said to Peter and the rest of the apostles, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter answered them and said, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is *unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off*, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

So we see that Peter understood the promise that had been fulfilled on the Day of Pentecost, when 120 people received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, was to be passed on indiscriminately, if you please, to all believers in Jesus Christ who will receive this promise as for them. For he had before him there a great crowd, thousands of people, and he said to these thousands of people, if they would repent and be baptized (in water of course) they too should receive "the gift of the Holy Spirit."

### MANY OTHERS HAVE RECEIVED

That the apostles understood this promise was to be literally fulfilled in the lives of others besides those present on the Day of Pentecost, is very clearly shown in the Bible. In Acts 8:14-17 we have the first of several cases recorded. These Samaritans, of which the writer speaks in these verses, were believers—saved men and women, baptized in water, but they had not yet received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. However, when the apostles laid hands on them "they received the Holy Ghost." It seems that in a number of instances in the Early Church the Lord honored the laying on of hands as a means of receiving the Holy Ghost, but this was not the universal method.

In the 9th chapter of Acts we have the experience of the Apostle Paul. We recall how he was saved on the road to Damascus and how in the presence of a great light "above the brightness of the sun" the Lord appeared to him. Here was a man marvelously converted and yet at that time he did not receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I have often remarked about our Twentieth Century Christians in this respect: If they should meet with such an experience and then be told that they had not received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, they would be insulted. They would say, "Don't talk to me. I was overshadowed by the presence of the Holy Spirit. There was a light above the noon-day sun; I was literally thrown out of my automobile and I had conversation with Jesus. Don't tell me I did not receive the Baptism of the Spirit. I guess I know what I am talking about." That is just what happened to Paul only he was thrown from a horse instead of an automobile. God can work as He likes, but being thrown from a horse or an automobile is

not the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Paul recognized that fact, much to his credit. But we find God spoke to a little man and told him to go to the house of Judas on Straight Street and pray for Saul that he might receive his sight. In the 17th verse we read, "And Ananias went his way, and entered into the house; and putting his hands on him, said, Brother Saul (A change had come into Saul's life or he wouldn't have called him Brother) the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and *be filled with the Holy Ghost.*"

Now we come to the 10th chapter of Acts where a group of Gentiles, Cornelius and his household, were baptized in the Holy Ghost. Cornelius, a devout man, was seeking God and Peter had a great struggle to believe it was his duty to preach the Gospel to those so-called foreigners. But God gave him a vision and showed him that in every nation he that feareth God is accepted with Him. And while Peter preached to them Jesus "the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the Word" (vs. 44, 45). And when Peter went back to Jerusalem and the apostles asked him about his visit to Cesarea, he rehearsed everything that had happened in the house of Cornelius and how as he began to speak the Holy Ghost fell on them as at the beginning. Then in verse 16 he said, "Then remembered I the word of the Lord, how that he said, John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost," and so on. And when the disciples heard these words they glorified God because to the Gentiles also He had granted repentance unto life. If you look in the margin of your Bible you will find that this experience happened about ten years after Pentecost.

As we turn to the 19th chapter of the Acts we have an incident which happened about twenty-six years after the Day of Pentecost. It appears therefore that the Holy Spirit was still being poured out upon believers. Here we read where Paul came to Ephesus and said to "certain disciples" which he found there, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" And they said they had never heard about the Holy Ghost and knew only the baptism of John, but Paul instructed them and laid hands on them and they received the Holy Ghost. So it is very clear in the Scriptures that after the Day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit continued to be poured out upon the people and in every case it was the same

blessing as that received on the Day of Pentecost.

#### THE FRENCH HUGUENOTS

Coming down to a more recent period, we find that the French Huguenots were baptized by the Holy Spirit. V. P. Simmons, writing of spiritual manifestations among Christians, says: "The Protestant French Huguenots were a godly people who for long generations furnished many thousands for martyrdom and still more for banishment. It is estimated that before the repeal of the edict of Nantes A. D. 1685, fully 400,000 Huguenots fled from France for their faith and 600,000 after that date went into banishment—a full million banished from their native land, and many ten thousands sealing their faith by their blood. . . . It naturally speaks for itself that the Holy Spirit puts His sealing grace upon so steadfast and devoted a people. Upon this true people, for generations, the spiritual supernatural gifts seemed to rest. . . . As they fled to the mountains, to dens and caves of the earth, God was with them and the Holy Ghost fell on them in mighty and in supernatural manifestations."

#### THE MORAVIANS

The Moravians were another group of Christians who were favored of God with this wonderful Holy Ghost manifestation. They were a body of spiritual people who, like the Huguenots, suffered much persecution for their faith. But in answer to their very earnest prayer, God gave them a mighty outpouring of His Spirit, even as He did on the believers at Pentecost. Of this experience, Rev. John Greenfield, the Moravian evangelist, in his book, "*Power from On High*" says, "On both these small and weak congregations God poured out His Holy Spirit and endowed them with power from on high. At once these believers, naturally timid and fearful, were transformed into flaming evangelists. Supernatural knowledge and power seemed to possess them. Mouth and wisdom were given them which none of their adversaries were able to gainsay or resist. Opposition and persecution scattered the Jerusalem congregation but could not silence their testimony for we are told, 'Therefore, they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word.' Acts 8:4. Similar experiences were the lot of the Moravian brethren."

The sainted Bishop, Evelyn Hasse, writes as follows: "Just as the infant Church in Jerusalem in apostolic days had its Pentecost, from which

its members went forth to be Christ's witnesses 'both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth,' so had this church also its own experiences of the quickening power of the Holy Ghost, when in 1727 He came upon its members gathered at the table of the Lord and baptized them all into one body, filling them with a strong, unquenchable passion to execute the Saviour's great Commission and to let all mankind know of His Cross and of His salvation."

#### THE IRVING MOVEMENT

Another outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Pentecostal fashion occurred in the 19th Century under the leadership of Edward Irving of Hatten Garden, London, England, of which Mr. Simmons says: "Word about the blessed visitation of the Spirit in Scotland had reached them. Irving believed that this was the church's privilege. He preached it to his congregation. He gathered them together frequently to pray for the Pentecostal baptism and their prayers were answered. Thousands came together every Wednesday night. The Spirit fell on them in Pentecostal power. A mighty revival began and with it came persecutions from many sources. London papers were full of rehearsals of the strange revival. All London was stirred."

#### THE EARLY METHODISTS

We come next to the Early Methodists. No one can describe what took place in their meetings. John Wesley in his diary writes that "At Weavers' Hall a young man was suddenly seized with a violent trembling all over and in a few minutes sunk to the ground. But he ceased not calling upon God till He raised him up full of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Again he writes: "All Newgate rang with the cries of those whom the Word of God cut to the heart, two of whom were in a moment filled with joy to the astonishment of those who beheld them." As to the frequency of these strange spiritual manifestations, Mr. Wesley said, "These are matters of fact whereof I have been, and, almost daily, am an eye witness."

But let it not be supposed that these spiritual manifestations were confined to the Methodists. They were not. The Rev. Richard Watson, writing of the matter and comparing it with First Century Christianity said, "Great and rapid results were produced in the first ages of Christianity, but not without *outcries*, and strong corporeal as well as mental emotions. Like effects often accompanied the preaching of eminent men

at the Reformation; and many of the Puritan and non-conformist ministers had similar success in our own country. In Scotland, and also among the grave Presbyterians of New England, previous to the rise of Methodism, the ministry of faithful men had been attended by very similar circumstances."

Of the manifestation of the Holy Spirit in Scotland at that time, Rev. Ralph Erskine wrote, "Sometimes a whole congregation, in a flood of tears, would cry out at once so as to drown the voice of the minister."

#### OUTPOURINGS IN AMERICA

Rev. W. H. Daniels, in his History of Methodism, says,

"Nor were these marvels found among Methodists alone. The very same superhuman influences are mentioned in the history of the great revival which began about the same time at Northampton, Massachusetts, under the ministry of that famous Congregationalist divine, Dr. Jonathan Edwards." Of this work Dr. Edwards himself wrote, "In many instances conviction of sin and conversion were attended with intense physical excitement. Numbers fell prostrate on the ground, and cried aloud for mercy. The bodies of others were convulsed and benumbed. . . . Work was great and glorious, and was accompanied with noise and tumult."

Of the activities of those who were already saved, Dr. Edwards wrote, "Often times the people were wrought-up into the highest transport of love, joy and admiration, and had such views of the divine perfections and the excellencies of Christ, that *for five or six hours* together their souls reposed in a kind of sacred elysium, until the body seemed to sink beneath the weight of divine discoveries, and nature was deprived of all ability to stand or speak."

In addition to these outstanding examples of the falling of the Holy Spirit upon believers, there are many others. It is said that in Russia a little over a hundred years ago, the Holy Spirit baptized a group of earnest believers who suffered terrible persecutions because of the large number who were brought into the truth through their growing influence.

A similar revival broke out in Ireland in 1848, and there was also a mighty outpouring of the Spirit among the Presbyterians in the Cumberland Mountains about the middle of the last century. As I have prepared this message I have been impressed with the fact that every outpouring has been accompanied with persecution by

some branch of the so-called Christian church, and so we are not an exception to the rule.

Speaking further of the Early Methodists, Rev. Daniels says, "The same agonies and ecstasies are also mentioned in connection with other great historic revivals of religion, and it is to be regretted that so many good people who have felt themselves called upon to denounce these 'extravagancies' should have overlooked the book of the Acts of the Apostles, whose records, if carefully studied, would have given them a more intelligent, as well as a more orthodox view of the case."

#### FROM NINETEENTH CENTURY SAINTS

Now I want to bring you the testimony of some more recent authorities. I quote from that saintly man of God, A. J. Gordon, who stood up before the Baptist Conference and preached on the Second Coming of Christ but was received with such opposition that he went home broken-hearted. There was a spiritual halo about the life of that man which was rare. He called one day on a wealthy family and was met at the door by the house maid. She looked at him for a moment, then ran to the drawing-room exclaiming, "Oh Missus, come. There is an angel at the door."

Dr. Gordon in his remarkable book, "*The Ministry of the Spirit*," says: "The baptism in the Holy Spirit was given once for all on the day of Pentecost, when the Paraclete came in person to make His abode in the Church. It does not follow therefore that every believer has received this baptism. God's gift is one thing; our appropriation of that gift is quite another thing. Our relation to the second and to the third persons of the Godhead is exactly parallel in this respect. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" (Jno. 3:16). "But as many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become the children of God, even to them that believe on His name" (Jno. 1:12). Here are the two sides of salvation, the divine and the human, which are absolutely co-essential. . . . It seems clear from the Scriptures that it is still the duty and privilege of believers to receive the Holy Spirit by a conscious, definite act of appropriating faith, just as they received Jesus Christ."

Here is a statement from James E. Cumming, D. D., who in his book, "*Through the Eternal Spirit*" says: "It seems to me beyond question, as a matter of experience both of Christians in the present day and of the Early Church, as recorded

by inspiration, that in addition to the gift of the Spirit received at conversion, there is another blessing corresponding in its signs and effects to the blessing received by the Apostles at Pentecost—a blessing to be asked for and still expected by Christians, and to be described in language similar to that employed in the Book of Acts. Whatever that blessing may be, it is in immediate connection with the Holy Ghost. . . . It is only when He is consciously accepted in all His power that we can be said to be either 'baptized' or 'filled' with the Holy Ghost."

Charles G. Finney, that mighty modern symbol of one who has been baptized in the Holy Ghost, that brilliant young lawyer who one day went into the woods and there found Jesus Christ, that man who became founder of Oberlin College, tells of his experience along this line. He so emanated such mighty power of the Spirit of God that his very presence brought people under conviction. His biographer says that in the early years when he lived in Oberlin his power and influence were so great that there was not a man in the whole city that dared offer so much as a package of tobacco for sale, and no traveling show could get permission to act inside the city. Referring to his experience Finney said, "As I went into my office and shut the door after me, it seemed as if I met the Lord Jesus face to face. . . . He said nothing but looked at me in such a manner as to break me right down at His feet. I wept aloud like a child, and made such confessions as I could with my choked utterance. . . . As I turned and was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. . . . No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept with joy and love."

Speaking on this subject he says, "When Christ commissioned His apostles to go and preach, He told them to abide at Jerusalem till they were endued with power from on high. This power was the baptism of the Holy Ghost poured out upon them on the day of Pentecost. . . . This is an indispensable qualification for success in the ministry, and I have often been surprised and pained that to this day so little stress is laid upon this qualification for preaching Christ to a sinful world." (To be continued)

#### RETURN OF THE JEWS By Nathan Cohen Beskin

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## When God Opened the Floodgates of His Power

### Old Fashioned Revival in North India

Mrs. Esther Harvey, Nawabganj, India, at the German Pentecostal Assembly, Chicago, Ill.



ANY times when a new missionary goes to the field he has a strange and wonderful idea of what missionary work is. Well do I remember when I first went out, over eighteen years ago, what great plans I had. When I began my labors on the field I used to go out into the village and preach the Gospel; that was my aspiration, to preach the Gospel, but I found that there were various and many ways of doing that besides giving a message. Each one of us is preaching the Gospel day by day and we need to be very careful that we, by our lives, will rightly preach the Gospel so that souls may turn to God.

I used to go to the many villages with my Bible woman and have meetings especially for the women and children, for my heart went out particularly to them. I would have Sunday Schools in the villages nearly every day of the week and the children would gather in crowds. I loved this work, but the time came when my ministry was changed. There came a time of famine to India and people came to our doors for help; especially widows with their starving children, some just living skeletons dying of starvation. Now I am sure they would not have believed in the Gospel of love if we had simply preached it by word of mouth and then turned them away naked and hungry.

It was at that time that the Lord gave us the 58th chapter of Isaiah which tells us what fasting really means. As we waited before the Lord He plainly showed us what we were to do; as the needy people came we ministered to them and finally I had to take my Bible woman and put her in charge of the many women and children who had no other refuge. She loved that work; she had been rescued as a little child widow by Pandita Ramabai and her heart went out to the widows and orphans. If one day passed without anyone coming to our door for help she would pray and ask God to send along another widow and perhaps the very next day that prayer would be answered; some widow in rags and tatters, her hair a mass of snarls, her body covered with nasty sores, would appear at our door. The Bible

woman would come leading her to me, saying, "Last night I asked the Lord to send along another widow and here she is." Finally I said to her, "Don't pray like that. I don't want to have a lot of women and children around and be forced into institutional work; I want to go out and preach the Gospel in the villages." But she continued praying and the needy kept coming until we had quite a large family and I was unable to go to the villages any longer. While I rather resented it then, I am glad that I was willing to take God's choice for me. So many times we pray and expect God to fit into our plans but instead of that we should ask God to make the plans and help us to fit into them. I had mapped out my work to be so different from this but I am glad I yielded to His choice instead of mine. So today I am tied down to institutional work and we have a large family of boys and girls, widows and old people.

The path has not always been sunshiny; it never is for a missionary. When we come home we try to bring you the bright side but there are heartaches and tears on the mission field as well as in this country and that which causes a missionary's health to break more than any work that must be done, is to see the suffering all about and realize that one is unable to alleviate it. I praise God for every boy or girl, or widow, that has come to our door; even for those who have caused us sorrow and tears for some of these I have had the privilege of bringing to the Lord.

One of the first places I visited when I went to India was the home of an old widow. She was living with her married children but had grown old and being unable to work was being starved to death. A missionary took me to visit this widow who had heard the Gospel message and in whose heart it had taken root. She was in a pitiful condition, lying on the floor in a pile of filthy rags, but as soon as she heard the name of Jesus her face lit up with joy. Our hearts ached to see this woman who had accepted Jesus, in this horrible condition, so we asked permission to take her with us and care for her but they refused; it was no crime in their eyes to starve her to death, but it would be wicked for her to break her caste. However, we prayed and one day her people gave

their consent, so we took the old woman home with us. She was so frail that we could pick her up and carry her; when we got her home we gave her a bed and made her comfortable. I gave her an old sweater to keep her warm and she was overwhelmed with joy and wanted to do something in return. She had no money and the next best thing was to pronounce a blessing upon us, which she wanted to be the biggest thing she could think of. This is what she prayed for me, "May you ride on an elephant and have forty sons." I didn't appreciate that old woman's blessing but nevertheless, the Lord has granted it. I rode on an elephant though it was not so wonderful as some might think, and I have more than forty sons; there are over one hundred of them in the Industrial Home, and some are out preaching the Gospel. Perhaps it is because of that woman's prayers that we have more boys than girls.

We had a very good mission, one of the largest in India, and the work was prospering but I was not satisfied. Missionaries had labored hard and my husband had given his life for the work; he had prayed for years for a Holy Ghost revival but never lived to see it. Then God rolled the burden on my heart and I began pleading for a revival and finally He answered. I can remember one Sunday morning as I went to church how burdened my heart was; I could not speak so I urged the people to pray and all I could do was to weep before the Lord. I said, "Lord, I haven't come to India to give my time and strength just to build up a big mission; I am not satisfied unless I see souls saved and filled with the Holy Ghost," and a deep passion for lost souls took hold of me. I cried, desperately, "Lord, You can take the mission—anything, if You will just give me a few souls filled with the power of God and a burning passion for the lost!" I put everything on the altar and do you know, before long the Lord began to answer that prayer.

I didn't realize that He was answering prayer at first for there was nothing but trouble in every department; trouble with the teachers, trouble with the boys—it seemed as if a run-away spirit took hold of them—and then there was trouble among the women. Such quarreling with the native workers and such misunderstandings! I thought I would die under it and cried to God, "Lord, I do not understand; it looks like the whole work is doomed!"; and the Lord took me back to that prayer that I had prayed about a year previous and said, "Didn't you pray for a

revival? Didn't you say you were willing to give up all if you could just see the power of God in a few lives?" I said, "Yes, Lord, but this doesn't look like a revival; rather the opposite. It seems as if everyone is talking about me and I am misunderstood and misrepresented." The Lord said, "Didn't you put your reputation on the altar?" I said, "Yes, Lord, but I didn't know it would mean this." But He knows how much we can stand and He gives grace to bear every trial. In the midst of it all God sent along one of His handmaids to help in the work and I said, "Let us have a week of special meetings; we must have a revival. Let us ask God to move in our midst." As I was always very busy in the morning I asked her to take charge of the morning services which were to be devoted to prayer; then in the afternoon we planned to have a preaching service. I told her she could preach and I would interpret. I called on the workers to co-operate with us and wait upon God and the meetings were begun. In the morning the people brought their Bibles and read the Word of God together, sometimes reading an entire book. They read the Word so often in those days that it took root in their hearts. It is a good thing to read the Word over and over and get filled with it for it will show us many things which we do not know are in our hearts.

In the afternoon our lady missionary preached and I interpreted. It seemed all her messages were about sin and the remedy for sin. I think she must have given every reference on sin from Genesis to Revelation and urged them to look up the references between meetings. Some of our people got very weary of it and said, "All this woman can talk about is sin, sin. That is all we hear. If we meet her in the path that is all she talks about." She had learned to say just two or three sentences in Hindu and those were all about sin. When they complained to me I said, "The only thing I can advise is that you live up to that message and get all the sin cleaned out and then perhaps God will give us another message." The people began to search their hearts and after the first week or ten days such mighty conviction settled on all as I had never seen before. At the beginning of a service little boys here and there would burst out weeping, and then jump up and run to someone on the other side of the church to confess lies and beg forgiveness; things that were stolen were returned and there was such conviction among old and young that all we could do was to sit back and

let God work. Some things that had puzzled us for a long time were straightened out in those days and many things which had mysteriously disappeared were returned.

There was one boy about twelve years old who seemed unable to get victory; he felt that the thing the Lord was asking of him was too hard, but after battling with himself for several days he finally won the victory and that evening he jumped up and running over to the Boys' Home came back with a bundle tied up in a newspaper. As he opened it up, out dropped some toys and a pair of shoes. The year before a missionary and her little boy had been at our place and after she had gone she wrote that she had forgotten a pair of the boy's shoes—would I please find them and mail them to her? I hunted high and low for those shoes but failed to find them, so wrote back and said she must have left them some other place. But this night they turned up. The boy had found them and locked them away in his box. With the tears streaming down his face he said, "Every time I prayed all I could see was shoes." A pair of shoes is not very big but they hid God's face from him. When he got the shoes out of the way the Lord wonderfully blessed him; and he was sweetly saved and filled with the Holy Ghost. I have met some Christians in America who have gotten things between them and God—perhaps not a pair of shoes; they would not stoop to steal shoes, but I have found some who name the Name of Christ who stoop to steal their brother's reputation which is worse in the sight of God than stealing a pair of shoes. We do not need to commit some great sin such as murdering someone or plundering a house to get a cloud between us and our Lord; it is the little things that lead to the greater and in the light of the soon coming of Jesus it doesn't pay to let anything stand between us and God.

Now with the women, it wasn't shoes but safety pins. In India we have to keep everything locked up and nearly every missionary has a bunch of keys dangling from her waist. I was always losing my keys and had so much trouble finding them that I finally said, "I shall not carry keys any longer," so I put aside all but two, one for the cupboard where we kept the money, when there was any, and the other for the mail-bag as our mail comes in a locked bag. But I had a habit of laying the keys down so I began to pin them on my dress with a safety-pin. The women thought that was a new style from my country and they all took to wearing keys on a

safety-pin. They gathered up all the old rusty keys and even would come into the church on Sunday with these keys pinned to them; the more they had the better they liked it. We didn't care about the old keys but we needed the safety-pins. Perhaps we would be called to take care of a little sick child and often had a bunch of pins with us to use in pinning flannel to keep the child warm. Then when we would get down to pray the bunch of pins would slip from our lap and by the time we thought of them again they would all be divided up among the women. But when God worked even the safety-pins began to walk back; every little thing that was standing between them and God was brought back, and after everything was out of the way it seemed that their hearts melted and flowed together in love and unity. It was wonderful! They would pray day and night and the meetings which had been scheduled for a week kept going for an entire month.

When we were having so much trouble on the station the women often woke us up with their quarrels but now there was a mighty spirit of prayer instead; such conviction upon them that any time in the night we could hear the women weeping and crying to God for mercy. Everywhere on the compound people were praying. Boys would hide in the fields and others would steal off into the school rooms—anywhere to get alone with God.

And then when all sin seemed to be cleaned out God began to pour out His Spirit. The first to receive the Baptism was a woman. Now that would not seem so wonderful to you in America where the women have their rights, but in India, where a woman has no rights, it was quite different. When the Lord stooped down and baptized those poor despised women in the Holy Ghost the boys and men looked on in amazement. It seemed as if they were being left out, and they rather resented the women getting the baptism ahead of the men. But it called for a deeper death in them and much prayer.

One night after a service which had lasted from four in the afternoon till ten at night, with just a few boys and some of the men workers left in the church, suddenly one of our natives came running and said, "Come and listen to Gideon. He has the baptism and is talking *Telegu* and I can understand him." This native worker had come from South India and he could understand this boy who had never been out of our town and knew not one word of *Telegu*. I

went over and there he was praising God in other tongues. One rushed over to the Boys Home with the same message. They had almost decided that the blessing was just for the women but this gave them great encouragement.

When the boys came they found Gideon with his face all aglow and the tears came to their eyes as they lined up against the wall. Our church is too small to have benches so we just sit on the floor. With their faces to the wall they began a prayer-meeting all over again, and from that day the Lord poured out His Spirit upon our boys until one after the other was sweetly baptised in the Spirit. At first we were a bit anxious but God convinced us that He was able to take care of things. The boys had a fashion of wearing their hair quite long and we found when God was dealing with them, their hair would become like electric wires. This was true of practically every boy so whenever we noticed this we would say, "He is in the hands of God," and we didn't need to trouble about that one but went on to work with someone who was having a struggle. It was just little things like that which convinced us of His supernatural work.

We had a native who had been a Presbyterian, teaching in our school; he had never been in a Pentecostal meeting before and as he looked on he said, "I don't know about this. I have never seen meetings like this in my church. I don't know whether this is the Holy Ghost or not." But his heart was honest and he prayed like this, "Oh God, I don't understand this; I have never seen such things, but if You will let someone get the Baptism and speak a language that I know and which I am sure no one here knows, then I will be convinced that this is the work of the Holy Ghost." He had scarcely expressed his wish when God began to answer and soon he came running to me and said, "Oh Pakroz has the Baptism and is speaking in high Persian every word of which I can understand." That boy didn't know a word of that language but there he was speaking it fluently under the power of the Spirit. This teacher said that in all his life he had never heard such praises to God, and added that young men who studied the language in colleges for years were unable to get certain sounds perfectly but this young man was speaking as if he had been born into the language. So he was convinced and said, "Now I know that this is the work of the Holy Ghost."

God graciously gave to some the gifts of the Spirit. Gideon received a real gift of discernment and also the gift of prophecy. It seemed he could see right into the depths of the heart. We had a man who was Gideon's teacher; he made a profession but I was very anxious for him to receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit upon his life. So I sent Gideon to pray with him, but Gideon would come back and pray for someone else. Finally I said, "Gideon, why don't you pray with your teacher." He said, "When I try I can only weep." And finally he said, "Please don't ask me to pray for that man again. He doesn't want God. He is a hypocrite." I didn't know what to say to that so I made no comment. He had natural ability and talent and we coveted him for God but he didn't seem to get anywhere with the Lord. Finally Gideon could withhold no longer and one day he took his teacher out and told him all that the Lord had shown him—the sins he was covering up in his life. They were dreadful accusations and the teacher became very angry. He came to me and said, "You should put a stop to this. I would have you know that I am a Christian and have been one all my life. I was born a Christian. If you permit this boy to talk to me like that I shall leave this mission station." I told him I didn't know what Gideon had said and added, "Perhaps he made a mistake but you had better be sure that God is leading you away and it is not the devil chasing you and depriving you of God's blessing upon your life." He went out very angry but we went to prayer for him and a few days later he came to me bringing some money and said, "I am ashamed to admit it but I have taken a little money from the mission. When I was buying cloth for the boys I kept a few cents and here they are." And then he quickly said, "But I am not guilty of the other things," and off he went. Before those meetings were over he took Mr. Sugar aside and told him that he was guilty of everyone of those sins which Gideon had mentioned, and added, "I am undone before God."

Up to that time there had not been much of a move among the workers and teachers. They said, "It is all right for the boys to confess that they have stolen but if we did this, we would lose the respect of the people"; but when God dealt with this young teacher, His fear fell upon the rest; they began to tremble and said, "If we don't make the crooked places straight and get

right with one another God will put us to shame." They began to dig deep, the old grudges were put aside and cleansed by the precious blood and they got right with God and with one another. I believe in the old fashioned religion, the kind that gets us right, not only with God but with our neighbors and friends. The Holy Spirit began to move upon those teachers and workers and then was poured out upon them also.

The first series of meetings continued for a month and from time to time the Lord gave fresh outpourings. When missionaries on other stations heard of how God was working they sent some of their workers down. Among these was an old man who had been a preacher in the M. E. Church for a number of years. When he saw our boys being blessed he said, "I would like a blessing like that but I have lived my life and this is not for me." The boys heard this and assured him that God was no respecter of persons for didn't it say in Joel, "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon *all flesh*; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your *old men* shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." The boys determined to pray 'till he got the blessing and one evening they formed a circle around him and prayed incessantly. Before long the power of God struck that old man and he danced all over the church like a young school boy. You see he thought he was too old to get the Baptism so the Lord had to make him young again. When he got up later to testify, he said, with tears running down his cheeks, "I am ashamed to admit it, but I have been preaching the Gospel all these years without ever knowing the joy of sins forgiven. I have never met the Lord face to face before but now He has come into my life and has made me a new creature." Truly he was changed. When he went back to his mission station he didn't need to tell the missionary he had received the Baptism; she knew it when she saw him coming down the road, and when he went to the villages to preach they knew something had happened; he had a new message. When you and I meet God face to face we will not need to make any public announcement about it; people will know by the change in our lives.

We had one woman who was so wilful and stubborn that she had become our biggest problem. She was formerly in the Methodist Mission but they could do nothing with her. We prayed and tried to help her but every attempt seemed only a failure. During the special meetings I in-

sisted that everyone go to church, but usually, when I looked over the crowd, this woman would be missing; then I would go and get her and sometimes I had to drag her to the services. She tried our patience to the very limit and one day after I had dragged her to the church, she slipped out on the veranda when I wasn't looking. But she didn't dare to go far away so she got as near the edge as possible but the doors and windows being open she could hear the preaching. When we went to prayer conviction seized her heart and she crawled inside the church; the power of God came upon her and she was slain and for three hours God wonderfully dealt with that soul. At first she feared she was too vile to be saved, beyond the grace of God, but as she cried out for mercy the Lord graciously met her and she was sweetly saved. Then for three hours that woman had wonderful visions of the Lord Jesus, visions of His entire earthly ministry, His trial and crucifixion. It was late at night and only a few of us were left in the church but as we sat around this woman the presence of God was so real that we were afraid to speak. When she saw Calvary she pictured the entire scene speaking to us of the things she saw. She told of Jesus being nailed to the cross and it was so real that it seemed we, too, were beholding Him with our eyes. But she didn't stay at Calvary; she described the resurrection and then His ascension into heaven; this was followed by a vision of her Lord coming back to this earth to claim His own. I can never tell you how precious it was to see God dealing with this woman who had been kicked about and thrown out of her mission because of her wickedness. What a joy it was to me to see God do in a few minutes of time what I had been unable to do in years!

We had a lad who was so bad that no one wanted him; he was sent from mission to mission but seemed hopeless and it was finally decided he better return to his heathen parents. His mother was a harlot and his father a murderer so I hated so see him go back into such a home and pleaded that we be permitted to give him a six months' trial. I hoped we could get our boys under the burden and have them pray through for this lad. The first few services he attended, he wept all through the meetings, and as we prayed and wept our boys gathered about him and the Lord began to speak peace to his heart. He wanted to right the wrongs he had done so he went to his box and took out some books which he had stolen. He wrote letters all over the country tell-

ing of things which he had stolen and of evil reports that he had spread, and then one day the Lord baptised him and he consecrated his life to God.

Oh there is nothing like the power of God to meet the needs of our lives! We had a young woman in the mission who was a trained Bible woman, a very sweet Christian. Her heart was very tender and as she saw God work among the women she, too, wanted the blessing, so one day she asked us to pray with her. The Lord met her in a very sweet way; she had a vision of Calvary and it seemed as if she were the one nailed to the cross, as if the nails were driven into her hands and feet and she cried bitterly as she went thru the suffering of Calvary in the Spirit. It seemed as if the crown of thorns was pressed on her brow and the spear was thrust in-

to her side. She cried out and said, "Lord I have preached to the women of India about Calvary but I never before realized what it cost You. I never realized the suffering You went thru, all for me." I believe the Lord wants each one of us to get that vision, to see ourselves on the cross with Jesus. That is your place and mine. If the nails are driven through these hands of ours we will not be able to grasp the things of the world; if these feet have been nailed to the cross they will not lead us into places where Jesus would not have us go. As the crown of thorns was laid upon that woman's brow she realized that her own efforts counted for naught; only as she was clothed in the righteousness of Christ could she stand before God. We need to be nailed to the cross so that these hands and these feet will not be ours any longer but belong to Him who shall be in us and live His own life through us.

## The Suicide of Civilization

Evangelist Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn



HE World War altered war more than the world. Masters of Military Schools admit most of their technique and their teaching of tactics obsolete. All their rules must be revised because most of their accepted creeds of conflict have become contradictions. Battles are fought beneath and above the ground; hence not the tall but the small man is in demand. Cavalry units are useless. There is no difference between offense and defense. Fronts and frontiers are everywhere, and extend as far as the home and as high as the heavens. Present plans point to the potential mobilization of whole populations, every man, woman and child counted a combatant.

Neutral nations will hold their honor in name only, as in another universal holocaust non-belligerents will soon be caught in the maelstrom and forced by fear into the fray. The economic and commercial organization of civilization is so complex and intricate that it no longer permits of tampering without creating a crisis that affects all peoples.

When nations were half as large, self-sustaining and self contained, when both wants and weapons were simpler, and conflicts fought by professional armies could be localized, then gold and gain, annexation and possession compensated the conqueror, but of late we have learned other lessons—EVERYONE LOST THE LAST WAR. The vic-

tor can be the victim. Quarreling has become too costly; the fighting of the future is already proven unprofitable.

But there is also a significant and sinister aspect that has ever astonished a wicked world itself. There have been no glowing accounts of the glory and the glamour of the titanic struggle just passed. Out of all the mass of information, in a multitude of volumes written on the subject, certain conclusions are echoed on every side. If battle could ever be beautiful, that conception has gone by the board. Trench skirmishing, and all in relation to it, is frankly stated a *reductio ad absurdum*. After all the mental improvement of education and even religion, such a demoralizing method of settling a dispute as the sight, so painfully ridiculous, of regiments facing each other unendingly through two long slots in the earth; in the meantime living the lives of rats and rabbits, floundering in filth and offal, and the terrible tyranny of T.N.T. reducing soldiers to underground grave-diggers, creeping and crawling in mud and blood, shows war to have reached its *ne plus ultra*.

Note also that in the night is done most of the movement, maneuvering and fighting—a literal *nightmare!* And in all this modern, mechanical hell, men with gas-masks, making them seem as demons. The picture is so opposite to the paintings in the museums it makes one believe God has

purposefully stamped it in these days of the devil. Since the Armistice, subtle, satanic influences are secretly seducing the nations.

There are many striking analogies between the decline and fall of Roman civilization and the debacle of our present world order. Rome, however, was destroyed by outside invasion, but our civilization is clever enough to commit suicide. The superlative advances of science and research in every field of endeavor the last fourteen years have a negative as well as a positive side. Inventions with good intentions are full of evil possibilities. This is being demonstrated every day. The enormous growth and perfection of ordnance and armaments in land, sea and air since 1918, fill the governments with a paralyzing apprehension. "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things *which are coming on the earth*" (Luke 21:26). We do not *fear* what we cannot *foresee*, and it follows that it is the agencies and processes of extermination now preparing before their eyes that make men tremble.

Man's supreme enemy is Mars, speaking secularly. Except civilization extenuate war, war will extinguish civilization! Pacts, treaties, disarmament conferences, peace parleys, and all these purely platonic expressions of good will are pious platitudes. Let the people be chloroformed into the delusion that an international League can prevent war. The Times of the Gentiles will come to its close in a cataclysmic collapse as prophesied by Daniel. We have only had approximate peace, for since the Treaty of Versailles no less than fifty-two minor wars have raged in all parts of the world. While the Western powers have passed from one crisis to another, Russia and the people of the East have been crushed with calamity and chaos. In five years China has paid for war one million, for famine close to three million, and for inundations millions more. In nine months Latin America has experienced eighteen revolutions. Sin, of course, is the cause of the decay and decline of society, and is the root cause of war.

With the taming of natural forces, with the discovery of undreamed-of engines of destruction, with the increased trajectory of guns, with the evolution of the super-tank, the improvement of the aeroplane and the creation of chemical warfare, the next war will be a death struggle of such appalling proportions as to waste the whole earth with the scourges of the Apocalypse. We stand on the brink of that abyss today, and it be-

hooves us to do all in our power to proclaim the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ ere the storm breaks.

We are living in the shadow of Armageddon. Bolshevism, barbarism, paganism and every religious and moralism will be thrown into the balances and everything that can be shaken shall be shaken. But for God's restraining hand during that time of trouble and tribulation, no flesh could be saved. Poison gas will play a part so important as to overshadow every other means. Uncontrolled and unlimited are these mists whose deadly fumes must settle, not only to asphyxiate humans but to kill all beasts and insects, and strip the very leaves from the trees. With Diphenyl gas, or one yet more fearful, Cacodyl Isocyanide, two hundred aeroplanes carrying 1400 bombs could wipe out all the living in greater London in one-half hour. The race has reached such a pass that finding itself for the first time with such tools in its hands, it has so little grown in *virtue and wisdom*, it has so poorly profited from all its past, and so irretrievably rejected its Redeemer, that it will accomplish in one decade of unspeakable terror its wholesale destruction.

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Our Brother Booth-Clibborn, who has recently landed in San Francisco, writes of meetings held in Glad Tidings Temple:

"We have just concluded a very fine series of services in the Glad Tidings Temple, which lasted until the 1932 'Pioneers for Christ' students graduated—64 in number. Pastor Craig asked me to preach the baccalaureate sermon, and I chose my text from their title, 'Pioneers,' which in French means one who foots it—a foot soldier. Sixty-two young people consecrated themselves to take their places in the field.

"From the first week souls surrendered to Christ. The last Sunday afternoon I preached on 'How Holy is Heaven?' and at night 'How Hot Is Hell?' Twenty-seven stepped out for Christ, making about 100 decisions for the time of the campaign. The United States fleet was in. We sent Admiral Schofield an invitation for the fleet men to attend two sailor sermons, and it did me good to see the boys surrender to Christ.

"We will be at Bethel Temple, Los Angeles, until June 11, and then return to San Francisco for a short Summer Bible School, June 18-July 31, which will be combined with evangelistic services. Services every night during the six weeks."

THE WORLD DEPRESSION—Its Cause, Consequence and Cure

By Pastor B. E. Williams

Heavy paper cover, 25c each, 5 for \$1.

## He Took a Child—a Towel—Bread

Lowly Service and Knee-work, the Christian's Outfit

Irene Piper Bartholomee in the Stone Church May 12, 1932



SOMETIME ago in my reading I came across a very beautiful thought which gripped my heart. As I looked to the Lord He illuminated the words, and now leads me to pass them on to you. It was concerning the three things Jesus took. These are the words: First, "Jesus took a child"—Simplicity; Second, "Jesus took a towel"—Service; Third, "Jesus took bread"—Sacrament. Simplicity! Service! Sacrament!

"Taking" implies a touch, a holding, a keeping on the part of one, and a yielding, a pliability, a surrender on the part of the other. Whose touch is upon our lives? It does not just make a *world's* difference in whose hands we are but it makes a *heaven's* difference. Have we been taken by the *Ego* of our own desires? in the seizure of vain selfishness? Are we in the grasp of popularity and fame? Are we a tool in the hands of Satan, or are we in the Master's hands?

"He took a child" (Mark 9:36)—Simplicity. The simplicity, yes, and the profundity that comes from sitting at the feet of Jesus! John, the beloved disciple, who leaned on the bosom of the Savior, drank in like a child every word that dropped from the Master's lips, and so we find in the records of John a simplicity and a depth that perhaps no other of the Gospels show. John, the greatest in humility, love, and understanding, was closest to the Master. No wonder he could most reflect the heart of our Lord! The difference between his nature and that of Peter can be seen in just the change of a pronoun. Peter was always asking, "What shall *I* do?" "Shall I cut off Malchus' ear?" "Shall I build a tabernacle?" But John asks, "What does *He* say?" "What does He want?" We can remember when, in early childhood days, we almost lisped John 3:16, that greatest verse of all. His writings are so simple that the child-heart can understand them, and yet so deep that the wisest sage cannot comprehend their fullest meaning. Every miracle in the Gospel of John seems to show a higher degree of power than those of the synoptics. The discourses are also the most profound, the themes the greatest that our Lord uttered. There is no teaching

concerning the Godhead that scales such heights as that which John gives.

"He took a child"—our Master did. Oh the wide-eyed eagerness of a child! those leaping changes of thought and impulse that belong to a child! the reaching out after surprise packages! Does He find in us that simple childlikeness? We grow up; we become crystalized in thought and action; we work in set grooves. God wants to find in us that breathless eagerness for something new from Him, that glowing touch and outstretched hands that belong to youth and adolescence. When I think of experiences growing stale and visions becoming dim, I am reminded of a small boy who was very much elated by a little baby brother coming to town. This little boy tiptoed very carefully over to the crib and looked long and earnestly at the wee red mite who had just arrived from another globe. Then, bending down lower and lower, he whispered into the tiny ear, "Now Baby Brother, tell me all about God before you forget." That childlikeness! Jesus seems very near when we are *as a child*.

Jesus "took a child and set him in the midst of them." Can He set us "in the midst of them" and can we remain a child? How sad to think of the many who have had a heaven-born experience, a flaming passion for souls, but who have lost it all "in the midst of them"—in the midst of modern books, modern education, modern higher criticism. They have exchanged the simplicity and power of the old rugged Cross for high-sounding phrases, for worldly wisdom, for ornamental edifices, and the people perish! Oh that we could be in the midst of them and remain a child, fearing not the face of any man, but going ahead in the white heat that belonged to our first realization of the indwelling Christ!

May we preach Christ and Him crucified. It may be a stumbling block to some; it may be foolishness to others, but, praise God! to those of us who believe, it is the power of God. The Holy Spirit brings reality and a childlikeness. He strips us of our superficiality, our artificial phrases and helps us to give Christ in His simplicity.

How often the Lord literally takes a child and makes of that child a guide to heaven. In a schoolhouse out West there preaches a rough, un-

ministerial person known as "Preacher Jim." He has won hundreds of souls to Christ with the power of his simple message. Twenty years ago Preacher Jim was a very different man. Because of his great skill with cards he was known as "Gambler Jim." Near the schoolhouse is a carefully-tended mound, the object of the tenderest interest on the part of Preacher Jim. The story of this little mound is one that Preacher Jim never grows tired of telling for it all has to do with his conversion.

It was during a long, tiresome trip across the Rockies that a minister and his wife, having undressed their little boy and tucked him into his berth, went out to the Observation Car to watch the November heavens. An hour passed swiftly by, then suddenly a big rough fellow made his way thru the group, and demanded awkwardly, "Anybody here got a boy what is dressed in a red nightgown and sings like a bird?"

The father and mother sprang to their feet in fear. The man nodded reassuringly. "There ain't nothing the matter with him," he said, "the matter's with us. You are a parson, ain't you? The boy he's singin' to us—an' talkin'. We'd take it mighty good of you to come with me. Not you, ma'am. The boy's all safe, and the parson'll bring him back in a little while." The minister, after a good word to his wife, followed his guide thru car after car until they had gone thru thirteen of them. The two men opened the door of the smoking compartment and stopped to look and listen.

Upon one of the tables stood the tiny boy, his face flushed. "Is you ready?" he cried insistently. "My papa says the Bridegroom is Jesus, an' He wants everybody to be ready when He comes just 'cause He loves you." Then with childish sweetness he sang over and over the song, "Are you ready for the Bridegroom when He comes?" "He's sung it over and over," whispered the minister's companion, "and I couldn't stand no more. He said you'd pray, parson."

As the two approached, the child lifted his sweet eyes to his father's. "They want to get ready, Daddy," he said simply, and snuggled in his father's arms. With the child in his arms the minister prayed as he had never prayed before, for the men were all gathered about the wee boy. The father then carried his boy back to his anxious mother and went back to talk with the men. Four of them decided to "get ready," and among them was the man who found the father, Gambler Jim.

It remains a mystery to this day how the child succeeded in reaching the smoking-car unnoticed and unhindered. The little fellow's work, however, was soon done. On the return trip he was stricken with a swift and terrible disease and went to be with his Jesus. His parents tenderly laid the little form under the sod near the schoolhouse where Preacher Jim now tells the story, which never grows old.

*"Jesus took a towel"* (John 12:4)—Service. Does He find in us the "towel" He can take? That service that gets its impetus and reward in the serving—that humility of *power* and power of *humility*? That service that is not content to stay on the Mount of Transfiguration with all its ecstasy, but is propelled by Love itself to take down to those in the valley tidings of a Savior, mighty to save? We cannot comprehend the humility that is Jesus, the Servant of Mark's Gospel, of whom the Old Testament prophets spoke. Are we above our Master? We have taken the "towel" out of our Christian religion, and that is why so much of the preaching today is to deaf ears. Men, women, and children are dying for a little bit of love; not that which is just weak sentiment, but real love. The kind of love that finds its outlet in service; that preaches as the apostles of old with the same results: 3,000 believed—Acts 2:51; 5,000 men—Acts 4:4; Multitudes—Acts 5:14; Great company of priests—Acts 6:7; City of Samaria—Acts 8:8; All who heard—Acts 10:44; A great number—Acts 11:21; Much people—Acts 11:24; A household—Acts 16:34; Many—not a few—Acts 17:12; Many myriads (R. V.)—Acts 17:12. WHY NOT NOW? As God helps us to hear the cry of the lost, He will send us from the mountain-top down into the valley. How can we stay on the heights and build tabernacles just for us and for our friends with a lost world about us? Did you hear it? There is a lost world and a need so great that only the Lamb of God can meet it. Only Jesus, the Son of God, can touch hearts so cursed and rocked with sin. But He needs you, He needs me to go where there is no eye to pity, no one to save, and lift Him up.

*"He took a towel and girded Himself."* May He teach us to love, not only those who love us but all the world.

Teach me to love, not only those who first loved me,  
But all the world with that rare purity  
Of broad outreaching thought, that bears no trace of  
earthly taint,

But holds in its embrace humanity,  
 And only seems to see the good in all reflected, Lord,  
 in Thee.  
 Teach me to love the most those who most stand in  
 need of love,  
 That host of people who are poor and sick and bad,  
 Whose tired faces show their lives are sad,  
 Who toil along with footsteps slow and hearts  
 More heavy than the world can know.  
 People whom others pass discreetly by  
 Or fail to hear the pleading of their cry  
 For help amidst the tumult and the crowd;  
 Whose very anguish makes them cold and proud,  
 Resentful, bitter, stubborn in their grief.  
 I want to bring them comfort and relief,  
 To place my hands in theirs and side by side  
 Walk softly on, a fearless, faithful guide."

An Arabian missionary once journeyed to the West Indies to preach the Gospel Tidings to the poor, black-skinned slaves who toiled from dawn until dusk under the cruel whip of stern taskmasters. The missionary met unexpected difficulties and insurmountable obstacles, for when he tried to tell them of Jesus they turned their backs and would not listen. They said to him: "You? What do you know about our condition? You are a white man. You have never been a slave and felt the whiplash. You do not know what it is to be weary to the point of death. We are driven into the fields before the break of day. Beneath scorching suns we toil while whip and lash descend mercilessly on our quivering flesh. At night we stumble blindly into our beds. How can you preach to us when you know neither our hearts nor our woes?"

For many days the missionary wandered, heartbroken, among the miserable natives, powerless to help them although his heart was wrung with compassionate desire to reveal to them the love of God.

On his face before God he was given the secret as to how to win these slaves. He, too, would become a slave and feel the sting of the whip. He would work side by side with them that he might tell them of the Christ Servant who girded Himself with a towel and washed the feet of the humble fishermen. And this he did. As they saw him bearing the heavy end of their loads, sharing their woes, drying their tears, their hearts melted and they cried: "Now, O white man, you may tell us the story of Jesus, and He shall be our own." And hundreds were led to the feet of Christ.

"*He took bread*" (Mark 4:22)—Sacrament. Does He find in us the bread He can take? The Bread, the broken body of Jesus that hung on the Cross! A sacrament is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. If we are to be bread that He can take, our lives must

be a sign of the indwelling Christ—the crucified and risen Christ. We must be incased in Him, moved by His Spirit and filled with His Spirit.

I am reminded here of the prayer of one of the great saints in sacred history which has been a rich blessing to me. It was his morning prayer and goes as follows: Christ be with me, Christ within me, Christ behind me, Christ before me, Christ beside me, Christ to win me, Christ to comfort and restore me, Christ beneath me, Christ above me, Christ in the hearts of all that love me, Christ in the mouth of friend and stranger.

You say you could never be a loaf, or even a part of one. But we can be "a crumb." It took only a crumb to cast out a demon—a crumb of faith such as the Syrophenician woman had for her possessed daughter. Oh that God would give us faith as big as a crumb! Then demons would be cast out; the powers of darkness would be forced back; the hearts of men, women, and children would be liberated—and there would be signs and wonders.

"*He took bread and brake it.*" It takes a brokenness to be bread or a crumb in His hands. It takes a constant communion with Him; a moment by moment heart-searching; it takes prayer. We can not always be in the kneeling posture, but our spirits can continually be bent before God in prayer. Unless our lives are steeped in prayer, they are nothing. Not just to pray prayers but to be a prayer.

There is a very unique character called *The Watchman* who has been used in the lives of different ministers at just their crises times. One of these ministers, Dr. Scantlin, had been urgently asked to substitute for a friend of his at a speaking-engagement in Nebraska's capital city. His friend had sent on his address to Dr. Scantlin but it failed to reach him before his train left. In answer to Dr. Scantlin's wire a telegram reached him on board train saying, "Messenger missed you. Subject, Man's Highway to God."

"*Man's Highway to God!*" All night Dr. Scantlin tossed in his berth, trying to build Life's roads, bridge its gullies, mark its detours, in an effort to catch the seed thought of his friend. But it all seemed in vain. He might have chosen another subject, one of his own, but the thought, "Man's Highway to God" had taken possession of his whole being, and so he prayed for time.

He arrived at his destination in the early dawn and was devoutly thankful there were no delegates at the station to meet him. As he walked

around, his steps led him providentially to the place on which the state's new capitol building was stretching its single beam to the skies. Recalling that this structure had been chosen as an architectural triumph, he gazed at it with the appreciation of an artist. He climbed the steps and entered the door. There was a strange sacredness and beauty about the unfinished interior, the gray, filtering light, the vaulted ceilings, the bare walls, the great pillars gaunt and majestic.

Then his eyes were attracted to the floor, and he was filled with amazement. The great space was lined with bits of marble tile—millions of them—arranged in marvelous designs. It was not machine-made tile, but little chips cut, one by one, by the hand of a genius. He felt small and insignificant as he followed the beautiful design with light and reverent steps.

Suddenly, in the shadows, he saw the figure of an Italian artificer on his knees. He heard the sharp click of his chisel; he saw him chipping and matching tiny marble disks with the greatest care. Then he watched him as he laid each piece down tenderly, as though they were some animated things. The Italian was oblivious of all else. Dr. Scantlin leaned against a pillar, lost in thought, calculating on the hours, the days, the months this man had worked unseen and alone, to put a portion of his life where multitudes would walk! And some would hurry across that carved floor,

and some would shrug; some child would stamp his feet; some would pause to wonder, and some would stop to pray. There was sacrifice beneath his feet!

"Two years and a half!" the words were whispered close to him. Turning quickly the minister saw the glowing face of the *Watchman*. Gripping his hand, Dr. Scantlin whispered, "The terrifying beauty of it all! Would to God, that we in our ministry could spread such genius for the feet of men!" "You could," the *Watchman* said, pointing to the artist, "You could lay such a pathway if you would work as he." "As he?" the minister interjected. "Yes, as he," the *Watchman* answered, "*on your knees.*"

The Italian, unmindful of their presence, was whistling to himself. His chisel clicked. His trowel scraped across the ever-growing-wonder of the floor; Two years and a half! On your knees! Dr. Scantlin leaned against the pillar and lifted his eyes to the dome. Something in him whispered, "*Man's Highway to God.*"

On our knees is the secret of this Highway to God. On our knees, with a little chiseling here and a little chiseling there, and a pathway is made for men, women, and children to walk upon. Oh may we give ourselves over into His taking and become in His hands a child, a towel, bread or a crumb. May He find in us Simplicity—Service and Sacrament!

## A Village Day

Miss Bernice Meade, Associated with Miss Mable Dean, Minia, Egypt



LET me invite you to spend a day with us in the village of Upper Egypt. Do not be at all backward about coming, thinking you might be a burden, for you would not be in the least, and we would enjoy the privilege of introducing you to the village people.

"Ding, dong," the clock is striking. It is six o'clock on a Wednesday morning and time for us to be up and preparing for the work of the day. This is "Beni Ahméd day" as we call it, that being the main town to be visited, and a day of particular interest to us. We take care to eat a hearty breakfast for we may, and we may not get much to eat before our return in the evening. The house duties done we take our case of song books and Bibles and walk to the other end of Minia where we all crowd in some automobile going our direction. "The more the merrier" is the

principle of the Egyptian auto driver, and so do not be surprised if you are crowded in with eight or nine other people in a little Chevrolet, and that there are three or four more hanging on the sides—perhaps someone even sitting on the engine.

Although our work extends in all directions, we have been led this spring to put a great deal of our efforts in this region to the south of Minia. There are eleven villages within a radius of twenty miles where we go weekly.

A few minutes' ride through the pleasant morning air brings us to our village where we get out and make our way along the street. We have just passed a tailor shop within a stone's throw of the church where some of our friends are always to be found. The young tailor led a very wicked life until Jesus made his black heart white. Some of his companions turned to the Lord also, and the way of these young men has not been

easy. They have made the mistake of trying to solve all the mysteries of the Bible, and answer all the questions that are hurled at them, and Satan has used that to put doubts and fears in their own hearts, and now they are in great darkness. They may end in a worse condition than they were before they heard and accepted the simple Gospel message, unless God undertakes. Pray for them.

Before us at the end of the street is a plain wooden door set in a wall of mud bricks. This is the Apostolic Stone Church of Beni Ahmed, and it is the fifth and newest church now bearing that name. We had picked a better building to house the church, but our progress in this town has been a very stormy one, and we lost it because of the interference of the Coptic priests. Now we are more than happy with our mud building because the priests have no control over the Moslem owner. The interior is composed of several closely connected rooms. There are benches next to the walls and mats in the center. The people gather in, the women seating themselves on the mats and the men on both the mats and the benches.

The people listen very attentively and after the meeting is finished we go to another section of the town and hold another meeting. Then someone may invite us to their home and give us something to eat—usually boiled eggs, shelled and served in a soup dish partly full of melted fat; large sheets of thin, crisp, native bread; and white cheese. The families never eat with the company, but sit by and watch to see that the needs of the company are supplied.

One man who has helped us much in getting settled in our present building, is a rugged, old shepherd, I fancy not so much unlike, in clothes and appearance, those shepherds long ago who were keeping watch by night over their flocks near the little town of Bethlehem.

When we start for the next village some of the men come along with us for the meeting. The conversation along the road turns to difficult questions the Coptic priests are putting to them concerning the religious views taught them by the "lady preachers." The question of women preachers bothers them, but not seriously I judge, because they are always ready to attend our meetings and to suggest and lead us to new villages that "need the light," so they say, and sometimes get very hurt if we do not go. (If we could only be sure they themselves had "the light" who talk so much about others needing it, but alas, this is

a land where the tongue is ready to speak much of the Lord when the heart is still steeped in sin!)

The meeting in this second village is held in two large rooms, with one of the largest, most quiet indoor congregations that we have in any of the villages. About two hundred people quickly gather when we arrive on Wednesday afternoons. As I face such audiences, my heart grows heavy with the great responsibility upon me, and I pray I may be able to give forth the message with the greatest of earnestness and simplicity.

Another meeting in another village and we turn our steps homeward. If you could just stay with us a few days we would take you every day to a different group of villages. In some places we have much opposition from the priests, and when we start out in the morning we never know what experiences we will have before night. It keeps us in constant dependence upon the Lord for help.

Nor are the daily meetings in the nearby village of Ard-El-Masas to be overlooked. In the meeting room of this latter place the face of a little, old, bent woman, in the corner, takes our attention. It is full of a light that does not come from this world, and she clasps her hands and prays so devoutly to Him who died for her. She lives alone in a little dark room, but perhaps it will not be long ere her frail body will be caught away to a mansion fair, where all the rooms will be lighted by the sunshine of His presence.

If there was time I would like to take you to the humble abode of a blind man and his crippled wife. The wife has been crippled in both feet for over two years and cannot walk. They have one little child. This blind man faithfully attends the Ard-El-Masas meetings and always testifies of God's mercies to him day by day, and of the Saviour who died on Calvary. The Lord seems to have given this simple old man a vision of the sufferings of Christ on the cross, for he always tells about Calvary and what a price the Saviour paid to ransom us. Some people laugh at the queer way in which he gives his testimonies but he patiently goes on to the end and is always ready the next time there is an opportunity given to testify.

In all our village there is always an abundance of children both in the meetings and trailing after us down the streets. They never forsake us no matter what the grown-ups may do. We have

*(Continued on page 22)*

## The Price the Russian Christians Pay

One Hundred Massacred on Their Knees

*From an eye witness who has recently returned from Russia and whose knowledge of conditions there is based upon years of experience among her people.*



THE INDESCRIBABLE sufferings of the Russian people which have awakened some sympathy in Western lands, became known to the whole world through the innumerable cries of distress from the tormented and tortured victims of a brutal government, deluded with a Utopian idea of bettering conditions. Again and again have I heard from these unhappy people, the anxious question, "Is it possible that the Christian powers of the world, especially the League of Nations, and other protectors of order, can pay so little attention to the cries for help from innocent captives?" From the over-filled prisons, the ice fields of Siberia and the prison camps come these cries that shriek to heaven. Can we look on, unmoved, when a cruel government, experiments thus upon peaceful citizens and makes slaves out of them?

Shortly before leaving Siberia I witnessed one of these frightful "experiments." A Jenissei steamship was loaded with thousands of people, simple peasants, who with their wives and children, had been driven away from their homes and lands like a flock of sheep. Day after day these old men past seventy, and young children, had waited under the open sky, in the cold of Siberia, for the steamer. Finally it came, the

call "Quick" was sounded and the multitude crowded on; some who were unable to get on the small gangway, fell into the water. Their meagre possessions of beds and clothing were carried in bundles on their backs. Old men, trembling with weariness and extreme cold, often became the object of ridicule and mockery; there was a mother with meagre clothing and when I asked her where her husband was she answered that she did not know where they had

sent the father of her children. She, with many others did not know where they were being sent; many of them had never before seen a ship or a train, as they had never gone beyond the bounds of their own villages. Now they had suddenly been arrested, their property snatched from them, and they were being exiled to the ice fields of Siberia, there to settle the land. On the steamer they were treated in an unspeakably shameful way, no thought being taken towards the souls or bodies of the passengers. Packed in like her-

**THE CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE** for May 10, 1932, describes a most brutal action on the part of Soviet guards in the massacre of one hundred peasants—while on their knees in prayer they were mown down with machine gun and rifle fire.

It was the occasion of the Orthodox Ascension Day celebration and in the little village of Kriulany on the Rumanian side of the Dneister River, the bells were tolling for special services. But across the river, on Russian territory no bells tolled, no church doors were swung open, no public service was permitted—all these had long since been forbidden by the Soviet government. "But the peasants there heard the bells across the river and, attracted by them came to the riverside to hear better. They watched their brethren on the Rumanian side filing into church. And, as the bells rang out they knelt by the river and prayed." The news dispatch explains that while "hundreds of persons have been killed in the last few months by Russian patrols because of their effort to cially tragic; the Dneister River is no longer frozen and cially tragic; the Dneister River is no longer frozen and these peasants were not trying to escape from Russia; their mistake was in praying. This enraged the commander of the Soviet border guards; he ordered the cavalry to charge; the horsemen swept down on the peasants, firing at them, and machine gunners raked the river banks. The sound of the shots broke up the services at the church in Kriulany, the worshippers filing out just in time to see the massacre on the opposite bank." It was reported that the Soviet soldiers quickly removed the bodies of the dead.

poor people had to sit on the floor amidst the freight and having no protection from the rain they were often drenched to the skin. Added to this was the suffering caused by shortage of food and also the plague of lice and other vermin. As a result of the constant exposure the majority of the children suffered with diarrhoea and many died from diptheria.

The ship's crew had skinned a cow which had been slaughtered and one old man, in a desper-

ate effort to satisfy his intense hunger, cut off the tail and ears from the skin and ate them. For this he was put in solitary confinement in one of the ship's cells and deprived of anything to eat for a long time. Many of these poor creatures collapse from the frightful torment of being separated from their loved ones and the agonizing uncertainty as to their whereabouts. If one asks them where they are going they answer, "We do not know. We have no will of our own anymore."

After a long, painful journey the people are suddenly landed on the shore of some river and in that utterly barren country they must build some kind of barracks to shelter themselves. Thousands, yes millions of human lives are here tortured to death through the inhuman treatment they receive.

Not only are the native Russians treated in this horrible way but also the German Russians. I personally witnessed the sad fate of some Germans who, by their diligence and industry had helped to bring Russia into her present status, slowly put to death through misery, sickness and hunger. Some of the most capable men among them were suddenly arrested during the night and after being kept in a frightful prison, were sentenced to banishment in the ice fields of Siberia without having any trial whatever.

In Siberia I met a young man who had managed to escape from the horrible imprisonment he had been in with his parents and brothers and sisters. He told me that his father had been a simple, hard-working peasant and he himself was an earnest and deeply spiritual Christian working among the young people in his community, pointing them to God and teaching them to sing. In the middle of the winter he, with others, was sent to an island which lay in a great swamp 45 miles long. According to the last word he had received from those still in exile, they were getting so little to eat that they were reduced to mere skeletons and so this son was sending from his meagre earnings a box of dry bread. A Russian woman who had escaped from the same place told me that her husband who had been a farmer and also a preacher, had been banished to an unknown place and that her children had been torn from her and she was ignorant of their whereabouts. Thus the tenderest family ties are torn apart by rough and unmerciful hands.

In these swamps hundreds of children have perished. During the transport many of them

became numb and fell out of the sleds and were lost, because of the bitter cold. While I and my family were visiting in a city of Siberia I saw a young girl weeping in a corner and upon asking her why she was weeping she said, "Oh I envy your children for they still have their parents. My dear mother feared that I would perish with the others and begged me to try to escape." Now this poor girl is wandering about, frightened and alone, fearful of falling into the hands of her captors any moment.

The poor creatures living in the swamps have only green boughs with which to build themselves a house or they must find some other mode of shelter; I discovered one man who made his home in a hole in the ground; he told me that he could endure this misery and hunger imposed upon him but that which tortured him most was his anxiety concerning his loved ones. He said his wife had been sent some place, he knew not where and the same was true of his children.

This which I have pictured is but a tiny bit of the great sorrow through which Russia is passing at the present time; pages could be written of the terrible conditions and one is amazed that these living martyrs still retain a ray of hope for better times. Someone in Moscow told me that if the Russian government permitted the people to leave the country, fully ninety per cent would go. And yet many allow themselves to be influenced by the lying propaganda sent out by the strangely demonized powers which rule Russia; otherwise how could it be possible for the rest of the world to look calmly on and not lift a hand in protest when they see such violence manifested to thousands of industrious men, weak mothers and helpless children! Is Europe so deceived that she considers her own economic interests of greater importance than to protest against this frightful power which is threatening her from the East? Our Western politicians will some day realize that they have made a colossal error; it is to the best interests of the whole world to call a halt now, otherwise our capitalistic powers will find that they have brought on their own destruction. The main cause for their failure in this task is that they have lost Him who alone can give protection, freedom, unity, peace and safety. The foundation of our Western lands is their Christian teaching and practice. But this has, in a shockingly far-reaching measure, been given up, and in surrendering all that is highest and noblest, men have robbed themselves of the only thing

which would put them in a position to stand victoriously against the darkness of this demon-possessed power. Russia's most distinguished writer, Dostojewskij, has said, "The West has lost Christ, therefore it must perish."

Will Western Europe, in the face of this frightful danger, find its way back to the living Christ? Or will it hold on to its materialistic straining after wealth, honor and pleasure? That is the question which will decide the future of Europe. *Translated from Dein Reich Komme, Wernigrode, Harz, Germany, by J. Toews.*

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message and doubt his call. May God help him to get there soon.

One of the outstanding meetings so far was that of the Young People's Rally on a Saturday night. There were over six hundred in attendance and those young people almost lifted the roof with their ringing songs of praise. Mr. Ernest Williams gave a most heart-searching message that brought hundreds of young men and women to their knees in greater surrender and consecration of their King.

One of the most inspirational messages was given by our brother concerning the Sovereignty of God. In these days when so many of God's children are being placed in fiery furnaces of seven-fold heat, how comforting, how uplifting to be made to realize afresh that God is still on the throne! As the message brought out with startling clearness, God will literally feed His children out of His hand if need be: the white substance which has fallen recently in South Africa and used for food, resembling very closely the manna of the Israelites, is but a remarkable instance of this feeding from His hand. What need we to fear if we stay in the *place* by Him, for our God reigneth!

### From Our Letters

**N**OT the least to suffer from the great unemployment thruout the world is the mission field, and missionaries who have been supported by regular gifts from assemblies and individuals who have suffered reverses, are getting out their "faith" which has been lying dormant, polishing it and quickening it with knee work. They can testify that the God of Elijah still lives, that the brook has not dried up nor the cruise of oil failed, as they labor for Him where the soil of human hearts is hard and dry.

Mrs. Adolph Blattner, laboring with her husband in the State of Falcon, Venezuela, a new field for the Gospel, writes:

"We praise God indeed that in the midst of the depression, He has not let us suffer need—every need has been supplied. Every month's supply seems like a miracle fresh from His hand. Sometimes the poor, weak heart looks into the future with fear, but God has told us to look unto Him, and looking there, all is well.

"We have now finished our first year of public work in this new field, but the fight and the opposition are by no means over. The weekly propaganda of the priests against the Gospel has continued almost without abatement since the beginning, making a very difficult atmosphere in which to work. The number of those who have begun to attend the meetings, only to be turned aside thru fear, is many. But we praise the Lord for a little company whose hearts He has touched and who are already planted firmly in His ways. The Gospel has been given, in one way and another, to rich and poor, high and low, but so far only the lowly have judged themselves worthy of eternal life. Next Sunday (May 8th) D. V. we expect to baptize the first group of converts—six are men, one a boy, and one a woman. The woman is a young woman to whom God has manifested Himself in a precious way. She came to Coro at the close of last year, having suffered the loss by death of her husband, mother, niece and baby, all in her own house in the course of four or five months. She was left with two small children, penniless and almost friendless, and suffering from malaria. She heard the Gospel and soon believed it, and one Sunday morning accepted Christ as her Savior. We then prayed for her healing and with the fever even then coming upon her, God healed her. She has enjoyed health ever since and her sadness has taken wings and flown away.

"You will be happy to know of a trip made this month by my husband and a believer to the Peninsula of Paraguana. They visited a number of towns doing personal work from house to house, leaving tracts, testaments, etc. One of the chief objects of the visit was to get in touch with a believer with whom we have corresponded. He was converted thru reading the Bible and has been blessedly taught of the Lord in the Scriptures. A few weeks previous he had felt urged to gather together a few people to preach to them, and already there were several believers gathered around him. My husband was able to

have several meetings in different places with good attendance, and several professions of faith. One young man who had been saved in a distant city but had backslidden, returned to the Lord. These believers continue to hold their meetings and we believe God for a real harvest of souls, and trust it will extend to the whole Peninsula."

### Trekking with the Gospel

As we read of the vast thousands of Chinese trekking their way to Manchuria because of famine conditions in China, and because of the lure of fertile fields in the North, we longed to hear of our missionaries joining the march in order to sow the Gospel seed in the hearts of what we believed would be fertile soil for the Word of God. Now we have a letter from Adolph Wingard, who with his wife arrived in Mukden last June to join other missionaries who are pioneering in Manchuria. The missionaries now there, Bro. Wingard tells us, are Bro. M. Kvamme and Mrs. Kvamme, Inga Peterson, Ingeborg Edwards and Mrs. Cook. Bro. Wingard writes from Mukden under date of March 6th:

"We are fortifying ourselves here hoping to make this the main base for future operations. A station is opened at Yingko where the two sisters, Peterson and Larson are zealously guarding the work. Here in Mukden we have two places where the Gospel is being given forth regularly to both young and old. The poor are having the Gospel preached to them. I will describe the meeting we held this afternoon. At two I entered the hall and found our workers on their knees praying. We went out on a side street and gathered a crowd, inviting folk to the meeting. We next stopped outside our main entrance and gathered a good crowd by singing and beating a drum. We prayed and three of us preached. We then had an after service praying and dealing with seekers. A Korean elder visiting us dismissed the meeting. We felt greatly refreshed because of the presence of the Lord. Our main work here, as it has been in other parts of China, is to preach the Gospel to the heathen with the intent of waking them up to seek God."

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Miss Mary Rasmussen, who on her return to China went into the western boundary of Kwangtung Prov., the Hoi Kin District, writes under date of Feb. 14th:

"The last of next month it will be one year since I came to Hoi Kin. I feel that my coming to this district has not been in vain. We have one family now living in a small village a short

distance away who have accepted the Lord Jesus,—the father, mother, son and daughter. They come in to meeting every Sunday and are truly saved. We also have a young man who has accepted Jesus, and a friend of his is very much interested. There are others who are deeply interested, attend the meetings and kneel down and pray with us. I feel the Lord will give us many souls in this district. Altho I am alone I am very happy in the work here and believe that God will work."

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not had special meetings among them because our hands are already so full with the regular meetings, but they are on our hearts and we want to start Sunday Schools among them. Will you not join with us in prayer as we look forward to definite work among them in the fall? We will need more active workers, and more Sunday School equipment. Perhaps the Lord will lay it on the heart of some Sunday School to order a picture roll and two hundred cards (I dare not ask for more cards, although many more could be used) to be sent to us quarterly. If you could only see how the children respond to teaching, you would not regret making any sacrifice necessary to win them for Christ.

From your day in the villages you can see for yourself the great fields of grain, whitened unto the harvest, and the appalling lack of laborers. We hope that this glimpse will help you more intelligently to pray for us, holding up our hands that we grow not "weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

### Of Prophetic Import

IN "The Hour of Resurrection" (Ware) are some significant statements concerning recent developments in Italy and Russia.

The writer points out that the prophecies concerning latter day political developments have to do principally with certain parts of the old world. The prophecies do not include the United States or Britain's colonies or the nations of the Far East or Africa (south of the Sahara) or South America. All of these will be affected by the coming upheavals and in several places Scripture makes it clear that the whole inhabited earth will be involved in the trials that lie ahead.

Without doubt where any nation has made a profession of Christianity, it will have to meet the dire penalties set forth in the Scriptures as the just portion of those who try to take shelter behind a nominal acceptance of Christianity. The

nations are so involved in their financial structure, that it would be impossible for any nation not to feel the results of that which must come to pass in the lands primarily involved.

International strife, coupled with famine, pestilence, earthquakes will doubtless affect every nation, showing that their sins have reached up to heaven and that God is about to deal with iniquity.

Says Mr. Ware: "The Word of God takes account of two definite combinations of nations, which play an important part in the closing hours of this age. The most important, is the confederacy of Roman states; led no doubt by Italy. The other is led by Russia. Is it not singular that the two nations which are destined by God to play so great a part in the closing days before the second coming of Christ, have both experienced in the past few years, a revolution which has completely changed the course of events in each? Is it not also a singular thing that, as a direct result of these revolutions, each of these nations has become a subject to a form of governmental tyranny of the most advanced type? Surely there must be a meaning in this fact which calls for consideration. It is not without significance that each has arrived at the same point, that of instituting a governmental tyranny, by an entirely different route. In Italy the "iron" operates, but in Russia, "the potter's clay." See Daniel, second chapter.

"What we need to realize in what is taking place is that the affairs of the nations are now definitely forming themselves strictly along the lines laid down in Scripture, so that no nation can today act in a manner contrary to what is the declared purpose of God."

Many are wondering what part Germany will play in coming events. A record statement by Dr. Frank Bohn, foreign correspondent, is suggestive: "The greatest danger in Germany today is the middle-of-the-road government, which may succumb to Communism on the left or Fascism on the right. If Germany should turn to Communism she will be backed by Russia. If she turns to Fascism she will be backed by Italy. Both Fascism and Communism can result in nothing else than tyranny of state."—*From Prophecy.*

### Missionary Disbursements

(January to May inclusive)

Miss Carrie Anderson, Singapore .....	\$ 20.00
L. M. Anglin, China (Orphanage) .....	37.50
Herman Becker, China .....	50.00
Mrs. A. Blattner, Venezuela .....	36.55
Miss Mattie Brann, China .....	62.73
Chicago Missionary Rest Home .....	42.40
Robt. Cook, India .....	7.00
Paul K. Derr, East Africa .....	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Graves, Ceylon .....	80.00
Mrs. Esther Harvey (on furlough) .....	50.00
Miss C. B. Heron, India .....	15.00
Thos. Hindle, Mongolia .....	12.00
Miss Anna Hockelman, China .....	114.00
Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Jackson (fares) Singapore .....	224.84
G. M. Kelley, China .....	10.00
Miss Ethel King, India .....	10.00
Miss Bernice C. Lee, India .....	45.00
Mrs. Mary McKay, China .....	11.00
Mrs. J. C. Morrison, West China .....	20.00
Miss Hilda Myrick (for Orphanage) .....	100.00
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We are glad to inform our readers that we have two good articles by Brother Beskin for coming issues. One, which is especially timely, on "The Doom of Civilization," will appear in the July number, and the other later. Mr. Beskin has also promised us other articles.

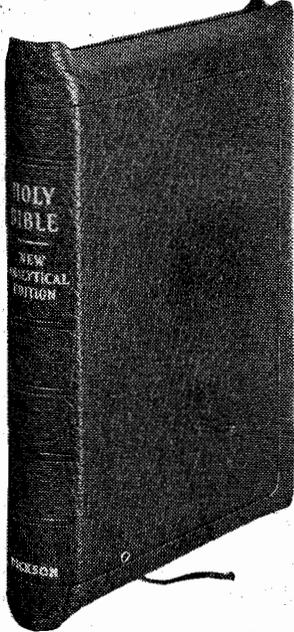
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6 That no man go beyond [transgress] and defraud [wrong] his brother in any matter: because that the Lord is the avenger of all such [in all these things], as we also have forewarned you and testified.

Le. 19.11,18; 1 Co. 6.8; 2 Th. 1.8.

ITHESSALONIANS  
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15 For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent [in no wise precede] them which are asleep.

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