

# The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

### The Face That Conquered

DANNECKER, the German sculptor, spent eight years in producing a face of Christ, and at last wrought out one in which the emotions of love and sorrow were so perfectly blended that the holders wept as they looked upon it.

Then being asked to employ his great talent on a statue of Venus, he replied, "After gazing so long into the face of Christ, think you that I can now turn my attention to a heathen goddess?"

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

The Judgment Seat of Christ

See Page 6

# The Latter Rain Evangel

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## Phenomenal Growth in Sweden

"The work of God is mightily prospering in old Sweden," writes a member of the Filadelfia church in Stockholm. "On December 28th seventeen were immersed in water, and on Jan. 2nd we took into the Assembly twenty-seven new members, some of the newly baptized ones and others coming from the country towns and villages, moving into Stockholm. On New Year's eve the church was overcrowded. I fear a lot of people could not get in. They were standing in the four corridors between the large ranks of banks packed as herrings until the end of the meeting, a quarter past midnight. All the evening meetings are crowded and more than 3,000 people are listening to the Gospel.

We have a new evangelist, Bro. Allan Tornberg, who was studying theology at the University in order to become pastor of the State Church. He was not born again and went to some Pentecostal meetings to make fun of them, but there he met Jesus and got gloriously saved. Now he is preaching the Gospel in the old apostolic fashion and God is making him a blessing. It is grace abundantly poured upon me that I am allowed to belong to the Pentecostal people. When I meet other dear Christians of other congregations I always feel how much I have, and I try to make them to understand how much more they can get from the Lord. All who understand this are

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coming over; at first they come as visitors and guests, but when they have tasted of the power of the Lord and all His rich food in our assembly they want to have the same. If they cannot get it in their assemblies they make 'Filadelfia' their home."

\* \* \*

WE ARE running in this issue the first of a series of sermons on The Judgment Seat of Christ, which have been given in The Stone Church by Pastor Williams. These sermons have created a very deep interest. They are very enlightening and corrective, and will help God's people to realize the necessity of living in the light of the coming judgment. Send for rolls of these papers to give out to Christians who are living careless, indifferent lives. Three copies for 20c.

## When the Spirit Guided

NEW light on "Soul winning" comes to us from one of our correspondents in Sweden. When we are led by the Spirit of God He takes us out of the beaten paths into new avenues, and our work, guided by His Spirit, counts for eternity. This story, which we give in her own words, will be helpful to those who are longing for the salvation of their loved ones, and know not how to proceed:

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## An Instrument of Satan Used to Bring a Revival

The "Rushing Mighty Wind" in India

Niel Thompson in the Stone Church, Dec. 31, 1932



HERE are two verses of scripture that come to my mind on an occasion of this kind. The first one is found in the 1st book of the Prophet Samuel, 7:12. "Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

At seasons of this kind we are usually retrospective, looking back over the past year and wondering if we have done our best; looking forward to the future and determining to do better in 1933. As we set up our Ebenezer tonight, we can truly say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

As I look back over our last term in India I can say from the depths of my heart that the Lord has been very gracious to us. I will admit that I was greatly discouraged. I suppose we all get our times of discouragement when we feel we are not getting the results we should. We had results in the district work, but in the city of Cawnpore the work was very difficult. The city seemed impenetrable to the Gospel, and I began to question whether the Lord wanted us to remain there. We had worked hard through the winter months, held street meetings besides our other meetings, and while some came and inquired, yet there wasn't the interest and there was not the response we longed to see. Then the riots came; you may remember reading about the riots in Cawnpore. That put a stop to almost everything. We could not hold street meetings for they would not allow the people to congregate. It seemed to me that was the end of our work, as far as Cawnpore was concerned, but thank God He brings us to an end in order to teach us some lessons He has for us.

The situation drove us to prayer, which is the only weapon that is effective. We began to pray, and as we went to the hills for a little rest, Cawnpore was much on our hearts, and we laid the matter of our work there very definitely before the Lord. How He would work we did not know, but He was working although we knew it not.

There was a family in that city whom we had not the least idea God would use. We just knew them as people who were considered nominal Christians. The woman smoked cigarettes, and they moved with the class that did those things.

The first thing that happened when we came down from the hills we received an invitation to tea in their home. We had never had an invitation of that kind before, we always tried to steer clear of social invitations; didn't want them to divert us from the Lord's work. But we accepted this invitation and while there we heard the story of how God had definitely worked in their hearts. Back in 1910 the Lord had marvellously filled this woman with His Spirit in Allahabad, and she had been used in bringing the Pentecostal message to the children in the High School of which she was a teacher; but the mission board asked her either to stop this kind of teaching in the school or leave. She left. Shortly after she married this man, a college professor. They drifted; belonged to the Church of England and soon she drifted away from the Lord altogether. She began smoking and was reading spiritualistic literature. Finally she sent to America for some kind of a board; it wasn't a Ouija board or Planchette, but something along that line. After she had been playing with this thing for awhile she thought she would like to call up someone from the dead. One night she called up her dead brother and asked him a question, and this board that had been sent from America could answer in Hindustani, "Why are you asking us concerning your future life? Read your Bible. In it you will find all you need to know concerning the life that is to come." That stopped her for a while. Two or three nights after she thought that she would call up a dead sister. She did, asking the same question, and the answer came again, "Why do you ask us concerning the future? Read the Word of God." Then the thing wrote in Hindustani, "This is an instrument of Satan. Do not touch it anymore." And with that the board split from top to bottom. She wrote to Sister Luce in California asking her what it meant. Sister Luce wrote back and said that surely God intervened in her case.

The woman gave up her cigarettes and began to have a real desire for God. They decided they would have prayer in their home and continue to pray until God sent a revival to Cawnpore. So we gathered for prayer every Thursday evening in their bungalow to pray for a revival in Cawnpore. God finally sent a revival to the unimpressionable city of Cawnpore where we felt

nearly every avenue for work had been closed. It was a revival that did not confine itself to any denominational lines, or along any lines but the line that led to God. It was a revival that touched Methodists, Presbyterians, Church of England people and ourselves. Everyone felt the effects of that revival for it touched every community. On New Year's Day, at the end of our week of special meetings for Bible study and prayer, the husband, the head of the High School, received his baptism in our hall, and a few days later when we were having prayer, his wife suddenly burst out in tongues, praising God. Afterwards she laid her head on Mrs. Thompson's shoulder and said, "Praise God, the first time in eighteen years."

It pays to go thru in the prayer life, and God does meet hearts that will pray thru, as I said. We had special meetings between Christmas and New Year for Bible study and waiting upon God and the Lord mightily met with us. During the week three received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Then our worker from an outstation across the river said, "I am going across the river and will have a prayer-meeting every night. You pray that the Lord will meet with us in Unao." This is the outstation where we are building our Bible School. I had been going there every day, and one day just as I was turning the corner two new converts were waiting for me. One had been baptized in water two months before and one two weeks. They were converts from Islam. Their faces were all aglow as they stopped the car and both tried to tell me the same story at once. They were so excited; some wonderful thing had happened the night before. Finally I got the story—the Lord had marvelously met with them. They gathered together for prayer at eight o'clock in the evening, six Christians and two non-Christians, and at ten o'clock they thought it was time to go home, and they started to sing, "Hallelujah, Thine the glory, Hallelujah, amen!" They raised their hands and sang the chorus three or four times in Hindustani, and suddenly it was as tho a rushing, mighty wind filled the room. These two converts had known nothing about the Baptism of the Spirit. They had never been in our meetings and had not seen anyone receive the baptism, but this was like the sound of a rushing, mighty wind that filled all the room. These two young men stood up and put their arms around each other, and then sat down and began praising God in other tongues and singing in the Spirit. No wonder the next morning they met me and said, "Oh Sahib, wonderful things happened last night!" The two non-Christians testi-

fied that it was as tho five or six birds were in the room making the air rush with their wings. It truly was the "rushing, mighty wind." We thank God for the privilege of praying thru and touching God for this revival. People would cry out to God for mercy and weep their way to the foot of the cross. One man cried to God for three nights in succession.

I received a telegram from the Presbyterian mission, ninety miles away asking me to come quickly as one of their precious missionaries had just been pronounced tubercular; would I come and hold a healing service. A number had received the Baptism from among the Lutherans, the Baptists and the Presbyterians, and many others. I went and held some services and prayed for the afflicted one, then went back home. Four weeks later I received a letter from South India from a Sanitarium, from this missionary for whom I had prayed. She wrote, "I wanted to test God. Every day before you came to pray, the fever rose, but neither on the day you prayed nor on any day since then have I had a trace of fever. Since that day every test of the doctor has proved negative." She was quite worn and tired out and the Mission sent her home. She came on the same boat we did. When she reached New York her Mission sent her to three different specialists for examination, but none could find a single thing the matter, but only said she was tired and needed a rest.

Since coming home we received a letter from India saying that a young man who had been attending the prayer-meetings, was hit on the head by a heavy ceiling fan which fell down. He was knocked unconscious and taken to the hospital. This was nine o'clock in the morning. At seven that evening the doctor pronounced him dead, but it was just at seven o'clock that a little band over there had gathered for prayer. They prayed that God would send him back to them. They knew he was in the hospital and that he was unconscious but prayed, Would God in His mercy restore him? The next morning this young man walked home well. They said the Lord sent him back from the dead. We will not question it. Our God is able, and nothing is impossible with Him.

At a time like this, as we are thanking Him for past blessings, let us look also to the future. In Psalm 133 we read, "Let us hope in the Lord from henceforth and forever." The Lord who has done so much for us in the past, will He not be sufficient for the future? We have a tremendous amount of work before us, and in the nat-

ural we would cry out, "Who is sufficient for these things?" There are two hundred million souls who have not yet heard the message. Six hundred thousand villages as yet unoccupied. Oh the number of souls daily going into eternity who have never had a chance to hear! Think of the work that still remains to be done! On this last day of the year, instead of making resolutions concerning ourselves can we not make a resolution that will bring light to the great heathen world? Many of the missionaries have come to the conclusion that we must work along different lines if we would evangelize the heathen. We cannot send foreign missionaries fast enough, but there is a solution and it seems to lie right in the indigenous church. We are praying that the Lord will raise up from those He has saved and filled with His Spirit, men and women who will go out and give the Gospel to their fellow man. Friends, will you not pray with us that God will help us to that end? We are starting a Bible School, one for young men and another for young women. Miss Flint, who has charge of the school for women has a building started and has some women whom she is teaching. She herself is living in a tent. The roof is not on the building and there are tremendous needs. When we get back next year we hope to build the Men's Building. We need to send out these young men and women equipped, filled with the Spirit, to reach those whom you and I cannot reach. In the district of Cawnpore there are more than a thousand villages. In the district across the river there are eight hundred villages, and for the most part they are villages in which the Gospel has not been preached. We have done our best to reach many of them but the task is too tremendous for the foreign missionary. We must send out a trained native ministry. When I came home one of my friends asked me what I wanted to do at home. I told him I wanted to interest people in a Bible School that would mean great things for India. He said, "Brother, not in these days. These are days of depression." I haven't found any depression in the Book or in the Lord, and I have this confidence in the future that lies before us, if we trust in the Lord we may not have so much to squander, but we will have enough to do His will if we are willing to do it. Let us hope in the Lord and let Him be our sufficiency. Didn't He say, "When ye see these things come to pass lift up your heads and rejoice"? We have proved God in the hard places. When every avenue was closed, every door barred, then God proved His Word.

### The Lord Watching Between



HE following touching incident, giving a new glimpse of President Lincoln and his younger son, culled from a recent article by Wyne Whipple, carries a lesson for today:

One afternoon while Tad was waiting for the President in the executive office, to attend a public function under his escort, he heard his father talking in low tones to a sobbing mother who had come to implore the President to save her son's life.

"He used to be the best boy," she pleaded, "till he got to drinking."

The President had to tell the mother that he could not interfere in the case. After she had gone out, sobbing and broken-hearted, President Lincoln bowed his head upon the great table and wept in despair. It was some time before he was able to control his emotions. At last he sat erect, clasped his great hands, and quoted those words of Shakespeare: "O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains."

In deep emotion he appealed to his son: "Taddie, lad, promise me that you will never drink. I won't ask you to sign a pledge, but give me your word of honor."

Tad put his small hand in his father's and said, "Papa-day, I won't ever drink anything but cold water."

"From this time forth and forevermore," added Mr. Lincoln.

"Forever!" Tad added.

"Now instead of a written pledge, let us say the 'Mizpah'. Repeat this after me, Taddie: 'The Lord watch between me and thee, while we are absent one from another'."

Tad repeated the words, stumbling but once—instead of absent he said, "abhunt," for he had a defect in his speech; he could not pronounce the "s". A smile of content now covered the rugged features of the President as he and his son walked out to a carriage waiting for them. As they drove down Pennsylvania Avenue, Lincoln said solemnly to his son: "Keep that pledge and it will be the best act of your life."

Years later, after the world had wept because of the death of the martyr-president, Tad Lincoln, now a tall, young man, was staying with his mother in Germany. Abraham Lincoln's widow had never recovered from the terrible shock of her husband's assassination. With her younger son as her constant companion she had traveled in

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## The Judgment Seat of Christ

"The Fire Shall Try Every Man's Work"

Sermon by Pastor Bert Edward Williams, in the Stone Church Aug. 28, 1932



EVERY Christian ought to thoroughly understand the teaching of the Word concerning our standing before God in the light of two or three things—our Salvation, the Judgment Seat of Christ, where, as Christians, we will be judged, and the truth of the Second Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. And yet, in spite of the fact that we have already been taught along these lines, some seem to have forgotten the teaching and are still wondering what may be a Christian's standing before the Lord, in the light of his imperfect living. For in the strict sense of the word the Christian must still continue to regard himself as a sinner. Scripture declares that "all unrighteousness is sin," "whatsoever is not of faith is sin," and "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Having committed such sin, is the Christian saved or is he lost? Is there a provision made for him in God's salvation or must that person who has met with temptation and temporarily yielded to it, give up all hope?

First of all, let us observe that there is a *Judgment Seat of Christ*. This is entirely distinct from The Great White Throne Judgment which comes into view a thousand years later. The Judgment Seat of Christ is set up by our Lord at the time of His Second Appearing, at which time and place Christian people will be judged. Yes, we Christians are to be judged, and, according to God's Word, judged minutely and severely. I trust the Spirit of the Lord will help us to sense this fact very definitely. Although it is a judgment of those of us who have already inherited eternal life, and whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and who are accepted in the Beloved—I say, in spite of all that, and in spite of the fact that the judgment is to be pronounced by the loving Savior Himself, it will be a very severe and penetrating judgment, and we should live momentarily in the light of that judgment.

The Great White Throne Judgment occurs after the thousand years of millennial reign and is not a judgment of Christians at all. No Christian will appear at the Great White Throne Judgment; it is for sinners only, for those who do not appear at the Judgment Seat of Christ. And you

and I will not be at the Judgment Seat of Christ save as we are "accepted in the Beloved."

Now as to the severity of these judgments, the Word says that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of God." Whether we fall into the hands of God as impenitent sinners upon whom eternal destruction is to be pronounced, at the Great White Throne Judgment, or whether we fall into His hands as thoroughly and eternally saved men and women, it is a "fearful thing."

That we may establish a foundation for this truth, let us turn to five passages of Scripture. I would admonish you to make a careful study of these and go over them often. I find in my own life, there is nothing that helps me to be a better man—straightens me up—more than a review of the doctrine concerning the Judgment Seat of Christ. We ought to review the life of Christ at least six times a year, but the Scriptures concerning the Judgment Seat of Christ should be read every week. The first reference is found in Romans 14:10-12: "But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother? for we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God. So then every one of us shall give an account of himself to God."

And we must bear in mind in the study of this subject that the contents of the Epistles are generally addressed to the saved and so when we see the word "we" occurring in the Epistles we must remember that it refers to the Christians and we must not apply it to the unsaved except in the cases where the context shows that the writer is referring to such, or to the unsaved as well as saved. We have such an example in this first reference, "Why dost thou judge thy brother? Or why dost thou set at nought thy brother? for we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." That "we" refers to Christians, and *only* Christians because we know that only saved people shall appear at the Judgment Seat of Christ. However, as we go on we read further that "every knee shall bow" and it being true that every knee shall bow, there is included in that "every" not only the Christian but the unsaved as well.

The second reference is Rev. 2:23, "And I will

kill her children with death; and all the churches shall know that I am he which searcheth the reins and hearts: and I will give unto every one of you according to your works." This is the letter, as you recall, addressed to one of the Seven Churches of Asia. Turn to II Corinthians 5:10, and there we find another doctrinal statement: "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that everyone may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." The word "we" here refers only to Christians. Right away the atmosphere ought to begin to clear up in the mind of the person who is confused as to whether or not the Christian who commits a sin will ever appear before the Judgment Seat. Here it states emphatically that a person *shall* be taken to the Judgment Seat to be judged because of some bad work he has performed.

Then turn to another reference found in I. Corinthians 3:10-15: In the latter part of the tenth verse, Paul says, "let every man take heed how he buildeth." Verse 13, "Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire." "Every man" here, refers to every Christian, and is not concerned with the unsaved at all. People who are spoken of as building on a foundation must all be Christians in the very nature of the case, because unsaved people are not even standing on the foundation, not to speak of building on it. It is a very startling fact that it is possible for a Christian to be himself saved and yet be entirely void of any reward and the reason given is that the work which he has built on the foundation has been hay, wood and stubble, rather than gold, silver and precious stones. Now we see it is very necessary that the Lord shall judge His people before the millennial reign in order to determine the places they will have with Him in His kingdom. We are told that we shall reign with Him a thousand years on the earth and we must be judged in order to determine whether or not we shall be rulers over many cities, or a few, in His millennial reign.

Another reference is Revelation 20:11-15: "And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away; and there was found no place for

them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

This passage shows us clearly that when the Book of Life is opened all of those who are to appear at the Great White Throne Judgment will find their names absent. That is to say, using the figure given here, that God does not keep a book of the saved and a book of the lost. He has, in this sense, just one book and that is the book of the saved, the Book of Life. It appears automatically then, that whosoever is not saved, whosoever's name is not found in the Lamb's Book of Life is lost, and that helps us to see very clearly that the Bible teaches that we are either saved or lost. There is no book of those who are "pretty good" or "almost saved," those who have been philanthropic or kind. Now the Book of Life is opened at the Great White Throne Judgment but the fate of the unsaved is determined by the fact that their names are not found in the "Lamb's Book of Life" and they are automatically cast into outer darkness. The *books* that are to be opened are the Old and New Testaments—the Word of God, which is forever settled in the heavens and the Bible declares "they shall be judged out of the books." The impenitent, and in fact all of us, shall be judged according to the Word of God. The Word says, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God," and the unsaved will be judged according to the statements in the Bible which have to do with the means and power of salvation; if they have rejected Christ as their Savior the books will declare what their judgment will be.

Another thought I would have you observe is that we should seek to be wholly pleasing unto God. If we are to stand before Him in the judgment we certainly want to be well pleasing to Him. It is very sad that so many of God's children who profess to be saved, seem not to care whether they are well pleasing to Him, but the Lord will catch up with them some day, and if they are really saved, what a severe ordeal it will be when there, at the Judgment Seat of Christ, a public exposure will be made of all the secret things of life. What a shame it will be to stand at the Judgment Seat of Christ and have every-

thing we have done, brought out in the open and shown up! That is why I say we ought to live momentarily in the light and fear of the Judgment Seat of Christ.

Then let us notice II. Cor. 5:1-10, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. . . . Wherefore we labor, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of Him. For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that everyone may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." After we have put off this mortal and this corruptible, after the resurrection, and after the coming of Jesus, then we become clothed upon with "our house from heaven." It will be a wonderful thing to be clothed upon, providing we are not appearing as "naked," because we think of that as an expression of shame. If we are naked of works, naked of the things that please the Lord, then we will be found ashamed. Notice that in the 9th verse we are told to labor, to strive. We should be eager to be well-pleasing. The Revised Version gives it that we should "make it our aim" as Christians, to be well-pleasing in His sight. The margin gives this additional touch, that we would be "ambitious" as Christians to be well-pleasing in His sight, so that at the judgment seat we may find it favorable for ourselves.

This Tribunal has a "judgment seat" and not a throne. In this respect it is differentiated from the Great White Throne Judgment. The very thought of the Great White Throne Judgment immediately conveys a sense of terror to the heart. It is the time of God's judgment upon all the impenitent who have ever lived and it will be a "white" judgment; that is to say it will be carried on in the light of absolute holiness of a God "who cannot look upon sin with any degree of allowance." When we think of a throne we think of absolute monarchy; we think of a ruler who has absolute authority over the subjects of his kingdom, who can kill and make alive as it were, according to his desire. But notice now, this judgment of Christians is not a *Throne Judgment* but a *Seat Judgment*. It is a judgment where we stand before the judgment seat of Christ, at which we will not appear, as already shown, *unless we are saved*.

Romans 14:12 may help just a little in this respect: "So then everyone of us shall give account of himself to God." Notice here that everyone shall give an account of *himself*. This is not

true of the Great White Throne Judgment for it will be vastly different there. The sinner will not be asked to give an account of himself. Why? Because the books will be opened and whosoever is not found in the Lamb's book of life will automatically be cast out; the sinner has nothing to say about it. But here we see a touch of mercy in this judgment. Occasionally the courts put a condemned prisoner on the stand, so that he may witness in his own behalf, because sometimes the nature of the crime is such that only as the prisoner is given a chance to make some statements for himself, can he be properly judged at the court. Only as he can give the "whys" and the "wherefores" can the judge get all the facts and temper his judgment with mercy. The fact that we shall be given an opportunity to give an account of ourselves to God will help tremendously.

Now this judgment of the "Judgment Seat of Christ" is one of seven judgments which are spoken of in the Word of God. Three of them are Old Testament judgments and four are New Testament judgments. Judgment No. 1—Gen. 3:24, is the judgment of God upon Adam and Eve when they sinned against the command of Jehovah and were driven out of the garden of Eden.

Judgment No. 2—Gen. 6:5 is what we call the Antediluvian Judgment and there we find the judgment upon the nations which came into execution at the time of the flood, which judgment resulted in utter ruin of the whole human family with the exception of Noah and his family. No. 3 is the judgment upon Israel recorded in Romans 11:20 where we find Paul stating that the natural branch of Israel was broken off in order that the Gentile branch might be grafted in.

Then in Jno. 5:24 we have the first of the four New Testament Judgments, the judgment of the sinner at the time of the crucifixion of Christ, but made effective in the life of the individual at the moment of his regeneration. In I. Tim. 5:24 we read that "some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after." We have presented here another fact concerning the two judgments—the White Throne Judgment and the Judgment Seat of Christ. But further than that we have the statement that some men's sins go before them to the judgment; that is even before they appear at the Judgment Seat of Christ. As Christians their sins are taken care of in the atoning sacrifice of Jesus on the Cross. When Jesus died for your sins and mine, all our sins, past, present and fu-

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## "In Remembrance of Me"

### A Plea for the Unfinished Task

*We offer no apology for publishing this lengthy letter (slightly abridged) from Bro. W. W. Simpson regarding the martyrdom of his beloved son, as we know our readers will be deeply touched, as we have been, by reading of the life laid down for Jesus and for Tibet.*



THE fierce opposition of Satan and his determination to prevent if possible our return to the China-Tibetan Border was evident from the time we left the peaceful shores of America. Headwinds, storms, typhoons and raging seas prevailed the whole way across the Pacific, hindering our progress, endangering our lives and delaying our arrival in Shanghai till April 6th, over a week late. Then one thing after another held us in Shanghai and Hankow till April 30th when we took train for Chengchow and Tongkuan.

At Tongkuan we got our car and trailer into running order and started for Sian, but soon found that Chinese roads are very different from American highways. Our trailer caused much trouble and delay but we finally reached Sian and left it and some of our party there while some went on in our car to Pingliang, an important city in East Kansu. Leaving our children with Cousin Bertha Roberson, wife and I returned to Sian for the rest of the party and our baggage and supplies. About sunset, May 22nd, as our car was nearing a bank beside the road a volley of shots rang out and a band of some ten men arose from behind it, still firing as they came. Resistance was hopeless so we stopped and put up our hands. Searching us and the car they took everything of value and then led me away saying to Martha she must bring \$100,000 to ransom me. She got in the car and hurried to the next town four miles away to get help, while the bandits led me about a mile from the road. I had little hope of release but was strangely calm and entirely devoid of fear. I told my captors that it was useless to hold me for ransom as I was unknown in that region, my station being far way. Standing near a deep gorge we awaited the arrival of the rest of the band. I explained that I was only a poor missionary travelling to my station in Kansu, showing my worn, dusty garments as proof, and the leader ordered my release, even restoring my keys and important papers he had taken. Hurry-

ing back to the scene of the robbery I found the car gone but followed as fast as I could. Soon I met it coming back with a band of soldiers who went only a short distance in pursuit of the brigands, then returned with me to the town as it was already dark.

We left with the rest of the party, baggage, etc., May 30th and reached Pingliang next day. On June 2nd we left there, the entire party with hand baggage, beddings, etc., in our Plymouth Sedan and a Dodge truck I had bought in Sian. On June 3rd we reached Anting and found my son William who had been waiting for us many days. How glad I was to see him after more than two years since we parted, April 3, 1932. He had been sick for some time but had come on horseback 300 miles to welcome us back to our field and help us get the rest of our baggage from Pingliang.

William escorted us from Anting to Kongchang, June 4th to 6th, and stayed with us in Kongchang June 7th. Early in the morning of June 8th he left with Mr. Leonid Horvath, a Russian who had agreed to drive our truck in bringing the rest of our supplies from Pingliang. Since we had no trouble with bandits in Kansu it never entered my brain that I might be saying my last goodbye to William as he left me that morning. How well I remember him those last days we spent together! So tall, brave and noble he looked in his Tibetan costume! Who could be so heartless and cruel as to shoot him?

We came on to Minchow on Chinese carts, reaching here June 12th. Weary with the long, hard journey we rested and got things in order till June 21st. On June 19th I thought much about William and felt a great longing to go and meet him but since June 20th was a great fair here with big crowds of people from the country I decided to stay over and help the evangelists preach to them. But early on June 21st I started with two evangelists to meet William and repair the road so the truck could come to Minchow, not knowing his mangled, naked body was lying beside the looted, deserted, disabled truck far away to the northeast.

Though I suspected nothing I hurried toward my son. In three days we reached the motor road five miles from Anting, having travelled 140 miles. After working some hours on the road a man came from the city saying a truck had been

robbed and some foreigners shot on the road to the east. I hurried to the city but was unable to learn anything very definite. Next morning, however, a telephone message came saying a truck had been robbed and two foreigners shot east of Hueining. Taking William's adopted son with me I hurried to Hueining, forty miles east. The Magistrate showed me a report he had received from a tax officer who was on the truck at the time it was fired on by Moslem rebels lying in ambush beside the road. He told the story so graphically that my last hopes were blasted and I cried in my anguish, "It is my son!" The Magistrate tried to comfort me, saying, "Even if it is he, he has just gone home to God." This from a Chinese Magistrate was so unexpected that it soothed my broken heart.

Early next morning, Sunday, June 26th, escorted by an officer sent by the Magistrate, Chan-kuei (the adopted son) and I hurried the twenty miles to the scene of the murder. From a distance we saw the abandoned truck and the smashed trunks piled up on the road. Riding hard we reached the spot and dismounted. A glance told the whole story. The truck was mine, the broken trunks were mine, and two newly made mounds of earth, one on each side of the road were unmistakably the graves where the country people, persuaded by the tax officer, had buried the two bodies. Which was William's? Undoubtedly the one on the south for he sat on that side of the truck. With breaking heart I started towards it. Oh for one last word from my boy, just one word to remember him by! As I groped my way through blinding tears toward his grave I saw a piece of paper lying at my feet. I picked it up and read, "In Remembrance of Me." It was a copy of Bible Lesson Stories for May 24, 1931, but folded in such a way that only the above words could be seen. Unfolding it I found it blotched and spattered with my son's blood! So the Lord arranged for this paper stained with my beloved son's blood to convey his last word to me. His blood is my blood and was shed to help a party of missionaries locate on the Kansu-Tibetan Border to preach the Gospel to the unevangelized. God gave His Son to die on the Cross to save sinners and I have given mine with the same end in view. His Son left His Blood in the Sacrament of the Supper to remind us of His sacrifice and my son left me his blood on this piece of paper with the message to remember him and his fourteen years of sacrifice in giving the Gospel to the Tibetans, now sealed by the blood of his life laid down in helping others reach that field. As I looked on the lowly grave by the lone-

ly roadside, holding that paper in my hands, I thanked God for the privilege of giving my son in the same holy cause with His Son. But I also wondered who would take my son's place in the unfinished work to which he devoted nearly half of his short life of less than 31 years. He was fourteen when the Lord called him to labor in Tibet, spent two years in preparation, and fourteen years among those people so dear to his heart.

I finally succeeded in exhuming the body July 1st, and bringing it to Anting where it was temporarily buried till cold weather enabled me to bring it to Taochow where it now lies beside that of his dearly beloved sister Mary who went to be with Jesus in 1911. A great company attended the funeral on November 10th and listened to Bros. Moseley and Koenigswald of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, Pastors Meng and Chow of the Assemblies, Mr. Hsiong and Mr. Hsia, two Chinese evangelists to Tibet who had labored with William, and Wandetar, a Tibetan friend of his, who told of his intense love to the Tibetans, his faithfulness in preaching Christ to them and his lonely toil and sacrifices for fourteen years of constant dangerous travel even among distant tribes, bringing to thousands who had no other means of hearing it, the story of Jesus and Him crucified. At his grave as the last tribute to my darling boy I read with trembling voice and broken heart some verses I had written during those days of toil and anguish.

Though heavy laden with responsibility for the large Chinese work in over fifty Assemblies in Kansu and two in Honan Province I cannot let my son's lonely toils in sowing Gospel seed among the Tibetans become fruitless through neglect. Though Bro. James Vigna is wholly consecrated to that work, he has yet to learn the language and get accustomed to life among these strange wild tribes ere he can undertake full responsibility for it, and much of William's work would be lost if I did not do a man's part in keeping up contact with the hundreds who have become interested in the Gospel through my son's wide itineraries, and also encourage the evangelists he has trained through years of lonely toil to press on vigorously in evangelizing the whole region. I am, therefore, planning to devote about half my time to the Tibetan work, leaving the Chinese workers to carry on their work with a minimum of supervision from me. To this end we have already held two Conventions in which the Lord by the Spirit has confirmed this plan and largely revived several Chinese Assemblies. Two Chinese

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## The Lord Confirming the Word Healed Through a Radio Message



SCRIPTURAL church is a Training Camp, its main purpose being to gather in the lost, get them saved, train them for soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and send them out to win others, either in "Judea" or "the uttermost parts of the earth." A church that ceases to function in this way may have a name to live, but is dead. The only stimulus to a healthy growth is to get in new recruits to take the place of those who have left the "Training Camp."

Besides the eleven missionaries now on the field (one in India, four in Africa, one in Egypt, four in China and one in South America) The Stone Church has some stalwart young folk who are pioneering in home fields, which requires as much consecration and courage as on the mission fields. Fred Anderson and his wife are in North Dakota, and Clarence Goudie in Minnesota and Iowa, sowing the Gospel seed in virgin soil.

One of our first young men to launch out in the home field was John Bostrom who started to preach when a boy of sixteen. For a number of years he has been doing evangelistic and pastoral work, and occasionally comes back home to tell of what God is doing in the field. He recently passed thru Chicago and told us of how God had signally blessed his ministry during the past year. His recent campaigns have been most fruitful, particularly along the line of salvation and healing for the body. The Gospel of healing goes hand in hand with salvation. Jesus linked them together, why should not we?

Some of our brother's best campaigns have been in Canada, in Toronto, London, Hamilton, and other towns. Brother Pierce, then Pastor of Evangel Temple, Toronto, wrote of the revival there:

"During the four weeks' revival, one hundred and fifty professed conversion, and a number were baptized in the Holy Spirit. The closing altar call brought over sixty to the altar, with fifty-eight definite cases of conversion. What conviction! What confession of sin! What real old-fashioned repentance and sorrow for sin! All over the audience folks just dropped on their knees and cried out for mercy. It surely was a night long to be remembered."

\* \* \*

When Brother Bostrom was in Chicago he dropped into *The Evangel* office and we asked

him to tell us of what God had done in his recent campaigns, for the encouragement of our readers. "Faith cometh by hearing" and we trust the recital of these healings will put a living faith into the hearts of the sick and suffering.

### HEALED LISTENING TO THE RADIO

One evening during the Radio Broadcast in connection with Evangel Temple, a trained nurse who had been recently converted in a most marvelous way, was sitting listening to the service. For years she had suffered with hernia. At the age of 13 a rupture appeared which had been brought on by an unsuccessful operation for appendicitis. A few years ago temporary relief was given her by taking a ligament out of her leg and lacing up the rupture, but it continued to be very painful and tender, and necessitated wearing a support. During the Radio service she was listening in, and when she heard a message in tongues with interpretation she suddenly felt a strange feeling about her waist, as tho a chain was becoming tighter and tighter until suddenly it seemed to snap. For a moment she was startled, not knowing just what had happened; then she became conscious that her hernia, which had been the size of a grapefruit, was gone. The healing remains perfect and complete. "He sendeth His Word and healeth them."

Another was suffering from an unsuccessful operation for appendicitis, which took place five years ago. She was in the hospital for six months during which time she had seven operations and was left crippled and suffered much pain. Her weight was reduced from 180 to 89 lbs., and she was in terrible torture until Jan. 13, 1932, when she was prayed for during Bro. Bostrom's meeting at the Evangel Temple and instantly healed.

### MIRACLES OF HEALING

A Mr. Dale gave a remarkable testimony of an unusual healing during the Toronto campaign, which he received the third week in January, 1932. He said, "For the last eighteen years I have been bothered with growths in my nose, what the doctors call polyps. I was obliged to have them cut out about every three to nine months, as they would clog my nose so that I could scarcely breathe. The last bad attack I had was while I was in Russia a year before, when they cut out seventeen growths. My nose filled up again and was beginning to give me con-

siderable trouble when I started to attend your healing meetings and was anointed and prayed for, and praise God they all disappeared. My nose and head are perfectly clear."

\* \* \*

A woman who was born deaf, heard the music of a violin for the first time in her life, as she sat in the Temple. She has received a number of healings.

Another, terribly afflicted with arthritis and rheumatism, was helped to the front by two others, not being able to walk. Her hands were so crippled by the disease that she could not shake hands with anybody. One week later, after God touched her, she walked without difficulty, and had full use of her hands.

Another woman was healed of cancer, tumor of the stomach, and a growth on her right eye. She could see out of her right eye for the first time in nine years, the morning after prayer was offered for her.

A woman was healed of spinal injuries, the result of a motor car accident which happened three years before.

"I have had a chronic cold in my head, with considerable pain, for years," writes a woman to Bro. Bostrom. "I also had rheumatism in my hands; my fingers were becoming deformed, but praise the Lord it is only like a bad dream now. I feel healed spiritually and physically. God has drawn me close to Himself."

#### HEALED SITTING IN HER SEAT

A woman was sitting in her seat while a healing service was going on in Central Tabernacle, Hamilton, Ontario, meditating on the promises of God. A growth had formed in her ear, causing much soreness and affecting her hearing. Suddenly she felt a bursting in her ear like a bubble, and the pain and trouble vanished. The Lord had wrought a miracle in her body.

Another remarkable healing in the Hamilton Campaign happened on Feb. 8th, 1932, when a woman suffering from kidney trouble in an advanced stage, tumor and acid poisoning was healed. She had been confined to her bed a portion of each day before she was healed, but after the healing she was able to work all day, doing such strenuous work as papering her house, climbing up and down on the step-ladder all day long. She had been obliged to be very careful of her diet, but after her healing could eat any ordinary food.

#### AFTER FORTY YEARS' SUFFERING

An interesting testimony comes from Robert

L. Hiles who was healed when Bro. Bostrom held a campaign in Parry Sound, Ontario, in November, 1932. This brother, now fifty-two years of age, was struck with a scantling (2x4) when twelve years of age, and suffered for forty years with a weak spine; was unable to lift anything. When prayer was made for him, he was immediately healed, and says he was made every whit whole. He lifted a thirty foot log since he was healed without any serious results, and writes that he has not an ache or a pain. He wants everybody to know what God has done for him, so they will be encouraged to trust the Lord when in need.

\* \* \*

Another brother was healed in the Parry Sound campaign who had suffered with catarrh of the head and stomach for eighteen years.

A man whom Bro. Bostrom met in London, Ontario, six months after his campaign in the Spring, came to him and said, "Do you remember me? You prayed for me in the Spring when you were here. I had a cancer, so the doctor told my wife. The next morning after the prayer the cancer passed from me. A few days after I went to see the doctor and he pronounced me O. K."

A soldier who has been suffering from the effect of mustard gas, sat listening in over the radio from Evangel Temple. His soul was lifted up, and as they prayed for the sick he also lifted his heart to God for deliverance and the pain left his body.

A woman was completely healed of dropsy and rheumatism; another suffering from nerve and stomach trouble, healed by God after weeks of vomiting day and night; another healed of partial blindness from infancy.

A railroad man suffering from Bright's disease was anointed and prayed for in a healing service at Hamilton, Ontario. The Lord healed him.

\* \* \*

Brother Bostrom says he considers the salvation of souls the greatest miracle; to see a man who has all his life been in rebellion against God turn around and love the things he once hated—that is a transformation which far exceeds any physical deliverance. In one of his last campaigns held in a church seating only about two hundred, there were about twenty-five at the altar seeking salvation at one time, and during the entire campaign of three weeks, about seventy-

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## Under His Shadow Among the Heathen

Thousands Hear the Gospel in South India

John Burgess



**S**OUTH INDIA is today one vast open door for the Gospel, owing to the fact that the caste system which has bound India in a vise-like grip for centuries is being rapidly broken down in the Southern part.

The Hindu often puts the European and the American to shame in his search after eternal life. The white man, living in a land of the open Bible, has no excuse for not knowing the Way, but he is selfishly bent on amassing wealth and seeking pleasure, but the Hindu in his struggles to gain heaven endures great privations, mutilates and afflicts his body, and sometimes suffers death. In this great field there are millions who have never heard even the name of Jesus. Once in visiting a hill tribe people I spoke in the Tamil tongue and asked if they had ever heard of Jesus Christ. They looked at us blankly and said, "No," they had never heard. Christian missions have only touched the fringe of heathendom.

It has been my privilege to labor in South India, in the state of Travancore, which is called "the Paradise of India." While great portions of this land are parched and dry and vegetation is burned up, Travancore is green all the year round because of the monsoons. Being situated so near the equator the temperature varies little thruout the year, and the temperature is hot and steamy. It has no cool season and the climate is very trying. While the natural beauty of the land can hardly be excelled one is reminded of the words of Bishop Heber, "Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

In the month of June each year, we endeavor to visit the famous Hindu festival about eight miles away, in order to distribute Gospels and witness for our Lord. Thousands upon thousands of heathen worshippers gather from all parts of Travancore and Cochin, and as we move in and out of this countless multitude, our hearts are pierced with an anguish too deep for words, and we cry to God from the depths of our being that He will give us a new passion for these lost throngs.

There are also bright spots in Southern India where the Gospel light has pierced the heathen darkness. We have twelve stations for which we are responsible, and several more which cooperate

with us. Our annual conventions are always attended by large throngs of people, several thousand being present in our main meetings. Several years ago during one of these conventions a terrible plague of cholera was raging in the southern portion of our field. To our surprise the evangelist from the stricken area came to the convention with his son-in-law. They brought us fruit, etc., which was doubtless infested with cholera germs, but not wanting to offend them we accepted the gifts. On Sunday morning the young man who came with our evangelist fell sick with griping, abdominal pains, diarrhea and vomiting. A visiting missionary who was a trained nurse told us it was nothing else than cholera. We were naturally rather fearful, but several of us entered the room where the young man lay, so very ill, and called on our God to deliver him. We thought not only of ourselves but of the vast crowds of people coming to the services, and of the hundreds staying on the compound all the time. That evening the young man arose from his bed completely healed by the Lord, tho still very weak. A day or two later he left for his home in the cholera district, where many thousands had already perished by the plague.

Some walk great distances to these conventions. From one of the low-caste stations they walked 45 miles to Malelikara, and then walked back home. Many of the prominent men of the town, lawyers, doctors, and the head of the high school, attend these conventions. Hundreds come to have prayer. As the glory of the Lord fell in one of these conventions, one of the missionaries who is a Welshman, and who was present said to me, "Oh Brother Burgess, this is Wales! this is Wales!"

A little child was once brought to us from a low caste village. He looked as tho his days were numbered, but we prayed for him and rebuked his sickness. Several months later we were holding meetings in this station, and after one of the services a bright, happy boy was brought to us and we were asked if we knew him. We did not, and they said, "He is the child you prayed for and whom the Lord healed of cholera." When they mentioned "cholera" a cold chill ran down our backs, for we had laid hands on the boy when dying. The Lord had delivered him and protected us from the unseen danger.

Five years ago I went to a station where we

had a series of meetings and a goodly number added to our converts. During the meetings we were requested to go to the home of a demon-possessed woman and pray for her. I confess I trembled, but the evangelist and I went, a number of people following us into the compound. As the woman was brought out to us I asked her two questions: First, "Do you confess that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh?" A negative answer was thrown back at us in an inhuman voice. Again I asked, "Do you confess that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?" Again I received the same answer, and felt that we were to have a real conflict. After a time of prayer and rebuking the demons in the name of Jesus I repeated the questions to the poor woman, and the answer to both the questions was, "Yes." The onlookers were amazed, and so were we, but God was true to His Word.

We had been called to a distant village to administer the Lord's Supper to an aged Christian who expected soon to depart this life. When we arrived in his compound we heard him singing, and as we entered, he said, "So you have come to send me on my journey home. Well, there is no hindrance to my taking the journey now." After a time of fellowship we held a little meeting. I gave an exhortation regarding the Lord's Supper and our attitude toward it. I spoke on the passage where it says, "many are sick and many sleep because they discern not the Lord's body." I said I felt that if we rightly discerned the sacrament it would mean life to us; not only spiritual life but physical as well. We had a blessed communion service in that little mud hut, the presence of the Lord was so real to all of us. After the service we bade a final farewell to our aged brother, never expecting to see him again until we meet up yonder. The old man had been a blessing to us and we left the place filled with joy. A few days after that we received word that he had arisen from his bed and walked to the home of a son a short distance away. New life had entered his physical body by appropriating, as he partook of the Lord's Supper, the blessing that comes thru His death on the cross—"By His stripes we are healed." He lived for sometime after, tho we never saw him again.

A Hindu man who had listened to the Gospel for about two years, came into one of our meetings and said that he wanted to accept Christ as his Savior. We were greatly encouraged, and felt it was quite remarkable, but the Word had gotten into his heart. Our brethren prayed with

him and he had a wonderful experience. Then he went home and brought his brother. His mother, a woman about sixty, who had been brought up in Hinduism, was also saved and had a glorious experience. She is whole-heartedly serving the Lord. Then he prayed for his sister, a girl of about nineteen, and she was saved. He practically got his whole family to accept the Lord and for this reason we call him "Brother Andrew."

Some of the Indians when they are saved prefer to be immersed away from their native town, and we often take them to another outstation, because of the persecution, which is sometimes very severe. This man wanted to be immersed before all his neighbors as a testimony to the Lord Jesus Christ. He was very bold for the Lord. A stream ran back of his home and we all went down there and had an immersion service. Here his mother and he testified to their friends and neighbors who had gathered, of the power of God to save them. It was a very striking service and a wicked man in the crowd who had spent his life as a Hindu priest was saved.

When the Hindus are thoroughly saved they are very courageous to witness for the Lord. I went to one of our stations for a Sunday meeting, arriving there at four o'clock in the morning. After the morning meeting and the Sunday School, we banded together and went to a high-caste village where we preached the Gospel. After the Word had been given out, a little man named Moses arose to testify. His face was shining with the joy and presence of the Lord as he told how he had been saved from the Thief caste. All the members of his family earn their living by robbery. It meant something to testify to the saving power of the grace of God, and to tell of the life from which he had been saved, and the Brahmins were awed at the marvelous change that the Gospel had wrought in his life; so we believe his testimony will bear fruit in that village. We went back to the station to eat something and then lighted our gas lamps and marched to another village where we held an open air meeting. At the close of the meeting a man testified to having been saved from a life of sin. He had lived in that village all his life and was well known. Immediately the stones began coming thick and fast, and broke up the meeting, but we didn't go home in defeat. We walked along clapping our hands, beating the drums and singing praises to the Lord for saving us from sin. In all my life I have never seen such happy faces

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## A Story of Russian Persecution

### Fleeing in Face of Great Peril

*A true statement from a brother in Christ who details his trials and wonderful deliverance by God. It reveals the real conditions of affairs in the "No-God" Land of Russia today.*



LIVED seven years in the little town Obdorsk, not far from the Arctic Ocean, in Northern Siberia, where I, with other brethren, spread the Word of God among the Samoyedes and Ostiaks, and through the blessing of Christ was allowed to be His messenger of mercy to them. In that lonely region in March, 1929, I was summoned to the G.P.U., that political police organization of Russia which has its branches reaching into the furthest corners of the country.

When I entered the dreaded house, the President of the G.P.U. said to me in a harsh, terrifying voice: "We shall exile all you Gospel preachers." Then followed a hard, painful examination lasting several hours in which

#### THE MOST INCREDIBLE LIES

were made use of in order to fasten some accusation upon me. When the political accusations were shown to be untrue it was said that I had preached in several villages without the permission of the authorities. This was found to be incorrect, and I appealed to the Russian laws giving liberty. In spite of this I was imprisoned, without even being allowed to send word where I was. There I was kept the whole day without food. After three examinations behind closed doors, only the judge and the accuser being present, I was condemned to ten years' exile, or to death by shooting, but the first sentence had to be considered by the Court in Tobolsk, where I was sent.

The town of Tobolsk was 1,200 miles distant, and the only possibility of getting there was by ship. On the deck of a passenger ship, formerly the property of a wealthy man, but now public property, a cage had been built six or eight yards long and about three yards wide, and with two stages, made only for criminals. I was thrust into this cage with fifty-nine other men, and we travelled thus under strict guard for a week. Most of those condemned were farmers or fishermen who had been well-to-do people. They were

all opposed to the collective policy. Among us was an old priest of the Russian Orthodox Church.

One Sunday our ship ran into the port of the town of Tobolsk, where all the people were dressed in their Sunday clothes. A great crowd of people streamed together to see

#### THE NEWLY-ARRIVED CRIMINALS.

All knew that this title did not fit us. As we were conducted under a strong guard to the prison, about two miles away, which was reserved for the worst criminals and for murderers, but was now our appointed place, I and some others were recognized. We soon saw tears of sympathy, and it was easy to see on the faces of the people how dissatisfied they were with the unjust treatment we were receiving. At last we were taken to a cell in which we were to remain. There were forty of us men put into it. It was small, and in the middle were two great heaps of dung which gave out a strong stench. There were no bedsteads, and we had to make places for ourselves on the floor. Altogether my imprisonment lasted three months.

(Here follows a description of his many wanderings, with his wife, from place to place, visiting and encouraging the scattered believers and remnants of Assemblies. At last they felt it impossible to remain longer in the country, so accepted the advice of those who counselled them to endeavour to escape over the River Amur into China and then to Europe.)

As the G.P.U. was always on the watch for us, I disguised myself in very poor clothing and let my beard grow long, and so we set out on November 17, 1930, for Eastern Russia to cross the River Amur, the frontier between Russia and China. Our hearts were indeed heavy, but we undertook the journey with quiet assurance. When we reached the place near O——, where our mothers lived, we arrived unannounced and received the sad news that the old, well-known Elder W——, of the Mennonite Brethren, at eighty years of age, had been sent into a desert place of exile. What harm had the old man done to the Government? The parting from our mothers was hard; we knew that we should probably never see them again.

So we left on December 3, 1930. It was most dangerous to try to buy railway tickets, because

everyone who did so was asked to first show his papers, and as my passport was a very doubtful one we could only expect the worst. But the Lord helped us wonderfully in this, through a railway porter. On the way the police kept coming and examining the papers of the passengers, but they always omitted us, because in a wonderful way it happened that the President of the G.P.U. and his family travelled for two days in the same compartment where we were. At last we reached the town of B—— late, and it was already dark, so that we were able to get to an inn unnoticed. We left most of our things at the station, and when we went to ask for them were told, "Come again tomorrow." We knew too well what that meant to venture to apply for them again. In the inn there was only room for us in the general room, a noisy place, dancing, music, drinking, etc. Where could we get some rest after our ten days' railway journey? My wife was not well, and we were afraid when we learned that in the night our passports would be examined because we were near the frontier.

The next day we managed to hire two sledges. Fourteen miles away lived my eldest brother, and we wanted to get to his village. It was very cold, and one of the drivers threw his ragged old fur over my wife, which gave her a very curious appearance. We were near the frontier, and I was looking out to catch

#### A FIRST GLIMPSE OF CHINA

when I noticed three men racing after us on a light sledge. They passed us and then checked us by driving slowly, two of them got out and walked past us again and again looking narrowly at us. My heart beat loud, I could scarcely speak, and yet I had to act as though nothing were happening. I saw from their clothes that they belonged to the G.P.U. I chatted to the driver and inwardly cried to God who alone could help us. So near to freedom and yet surrounded by the enemy! This went on for a mile, but my wife's ragged old fur and my long beard hindered them from stopping and examining us. We stayed the night in a Russian village, and the next day reached the German village where my brother lived. As we entered his yard all was still, and when I went into the house no one was to be seen. Suddenly my brother's wife, whom I had not seen for five years, appeared. "How good it is," she said, "that you have come now. The G.P.U. have sent to arrest my husband and he has just fled away." When we saw her and the five little children we could only weep. We had

now travelled 3,200 miles in Russia, and everywhere we had found the same dreadful miseries. To our surprise, late in the evening the door opened silently and my brother entered. The children were delighted, but no one dared speak aloud for fear of spies. We discussed our plans in whispers, as my brother had to be away before morning and none of the neighbours might know of his visit.

We were now about fifteen miles from the River Amur, and to get across, it was necessary for us to have our own conveyances. But we had not enough money for this. My brother-in-law had just received fifteen dollars from America and gave it to us. Yet we had not enough, but then a man came offering us the three sledges we needed, and horses, saying that he would take part payment in clothing. We had lost most of our things at the railway station, but at the last moment my wife had stuffed a few things into her bag, and just as I was in perplexity she looked in her bag and said, "Now we are helped," and what she had made up the price. Now we only needed a guide, and for this we waited two days, much in prayer, and our faith in God who had helped us so far was not in vain, for the guide came to us. He was a Chinaman who had come across from China. We arranged with him that if he would bring us across we would give him two sledges and a horse. One night between December 10th and 20th we set out. The patrols had been strengthened on account of rumors that many were trying to get away, so we needed added care. All was ready, the children and our wives were packed in among the baggage, their feet wrapped up in sacking, because of the extreme cold. We slipped away like thieves. Our sledges had been in different parts of the village to avoid observation, and we all met some miles out at the house where an old widow had hidden my brother in her cellar those days he was in hiding. As we parted from her she said: "I shall spend the whole night on my knees and elbows and pray, and I know that the Lord will bring you across." Our guide tried to take us across the steppe so as to avoid the danger of passing through villages, but the snow was so very deep that we could not get along, and were compelled, after losing much time, to take to the road again. The dogs barked as we galloped through a long village, and we do not know how it was that the guard did not hold us up. After this our guide said we could no longer venture to remain on the road, so we took a little side way, and got on slowly, and the guide walked in front, for we could

not otherwise find the way; it was very dark and cold. After a time this way came to an end, and we could only steer by the stars as we struggled over ploughed land, through stretches of grass which had dried and still stood and held masses of snow, through which we forced our way with difficulty. The horses kept falling, progress was slow, we were very tired, and

#### THE COLD WAS MERCILESS

I could see that my wife was suffering severely from it, but some of the children slept in their wrappings. At one o'clock we fed our horses at a great heap of hay and gave them oats and rested for half an hour. We thought that in two or three hours we should be in safety, but it was not so. We went on with renewed hope until three or four in the morning, but there was no sign of the river. Our pace became slower, the courage of our guide sank to the lowest, my brother became more and more nervous, and all froze increasingly. Morning came on and we could not hinder it. I strengthened myself in God. My wife and I prayed: "Only Thou, O God, canst help!" We began to see further, and caught sight of the frontier River Amur. This gave us joy, but soon the question came: "Shall we not be seen, for there are patrols." Very quietly we went on and halted at a point half a mile from the river to try to find

#### A SUITABLE PLACE FOR CROSSING

I went forward, the snow up to my knees, to find the place that should bring us liberty or death. I was close to the river's edge when suddenly I

saw soldiers camping among the bushes. When I got back with my report all were afraid, but the guide took the reins and resolutely followed a hollow in which we were hiding which led us down to the water's edge, leaving the watch away on our right. The bank was steep, and quicker than I could say, the first sledge was on the ice. My brother went with the guide for we could not trust him, many having been betrayed at the last moment. We followed, and all galloped full speed over the ice. The river was here about a mile wide. At ten in the morning our hour of liberty had come. I wept and rejoiced, tried to say something, but could not, thinking of those who were praying. I heard my wife sobbing, and saw she was in tears. We cannot describe what we felt at that moment. The Chinese guide, though a heathen, took off his cap, and said in Russian: "Slava Bogu" (thank God). At last we came into our guide's village, tired and frozen. Our whole journey had lasted twenty to twenty-one hours, a short time, but how much it had held for us!

(Then follows an account of their experiences in China. The G. P. U. tried to bribe the Chinese to send back to Russia the hundreds of fugitives that had got away. The Chinese were friendly, but charged such prices for all they sold that the fugitives were soon reduced to utter poverty. They went on, hundreds of them, and were helped in various ways until they reached Harbin, where they came into touch with help from England, Germany, and America.)

—From *The Christian Graphic*.

## Among the Lepers at Uska Bazar

Miss Bernice C. Lee



HERE are certain matters of great concern ever before the missionary. "Are our lives counting for God in this heathen land?" "What does HE think of the service we render?" "How much of that which is done each day will have to be BURNED because it has been 'wood, hay, stubble?'" How these questions drive us to Him in prayer. How unworthy we feel to even be "occupying" in our chosen place. How we cry to God that we may know much more deeply the secret of Paul's life when he burst forth in that passionate love-utterance, "I will therefore gladly spend and be spent for you all. . ."

But the dear Lord who knows us through and

through, often grants us moments of real encouragement and then we feel all the more humbled, but *so* glad that He *can* smile upon us and our service, for HIS approval is far more to us than anything else. Yes, praise the Lord, it is good to live for Him and to work for Him, but oh, to be at our best!

The rains had broken and a week came when day after day the floods poured upon us from grey skies. The compound was swimming in water, literal ponds were everywhere and for two mornings it was quite impossible to meet in the chapel at Uska Bazar for the usual morning prayers. And then, the downpour ceased and we made our way about the compound to see our

dear people. Into the zenana we first made our way and there, our dear leper sisters were enjoying the comforts of their little homes. Many a smile burst from the faces as we greeted them and we talked of the goodness of our Father in providing us with such a comfortable home. These had come from abodes where comfort was unknown, but Jesus had changed things for them and here they were, happy and rejoicing in what He was to them. The few days previous had been excessively warm and now the rains had brought a temporary coolness. The dear lepers feel these changes keenly and so we spoke of the HOME where there will neither be cold nor heat and it is so good to see their ever ready response to eternal things.

Picking our way thru the mud, we next slipped into the home where four of our leper brothers live. They were just having their evening meal and all looked so cozy. The greeting we received was genuine and as we looked into the faces of these who have but recently come out for Christ, we were gladdened by the assertion of one who assured us that tho we had been unable to meet in the church for two mornings, they had been having "family" prayers right there in their little home, asking God's blessing upon the work and upon us all. Our ears caught the sound with eagerness, for so often we have wondered if all we have taught them of seeking God was really taking root. We looked up to HIM with thankful hearts,—yes, especially thankful we were, for the spokesman was a man whom we had long been earnestly bringing before the throne, asking for his definite conversion and ever since the day he, with twenty-five others (fourteen of whom were lepers) had taken the step of water baptism, on New Year's Day last, he had proven that the work wrought in his heart was genuine. We looked into his eyes, bright with the light of his confession and contemplated with joy, the day when he shall no longer be hobbling about on mere stumps, for the leprosy has taken his toes and fingers, but when he shall be perfectly whole and more perfect than when he was first created. Oh praise God for the vision of things ahead!

Walking again along the pathway, we heard the sound of music,—strange, wierd, Indian music, and making the remark to others standing near, "Well, here is a happy man!" we made our way to where he was sitting on his little veranda. It was Thomas, one of the very first to come to the Leper Home. Dear Thomas! He has but recently lost the sight of both eyes thru leprosy,

but here he sat, oblivious to the fact that we were standing near, and grasped between his hands (or parts of hands) was an Indian drum. Alone, sightless, almost noseless, with just a remnant of a body left, he sat, but what was it we heard? Brightly, feelingly, with real pathos and yet joy in his voice, he was singing, singing, and his song was an urge to go on in God! Now softly, now loudly, sometimes with face bent low over his drum, again with it lifted toward heaven, tho the sightless eyes saw nought, he sang on and on and silently we stood and listened. As we listened we thought of the time he came with his wife and only child,—a little boy,—we thot of his conversion, of some of his struggles and can we tell the reverence that filled our heart as we dwelt upon it all! Finally the song was ended and then we spoke. Quickly he sprang to his feet, his face all aglow with delight and lifting his hands, or rather his poor stumps, he praised the Lord in no uncertain tones. "Thomas," we said, "do you remember when you first came, how you were not a Christian at all and now how you love Jesus?" Again, with the light on his face, he gave bright testimony of the wonders that God had performed for him and his and we bowed in gratitude before Him as we remembered it all!

Sitting on the ground in front of our loved chapel were two other Indian brothers,—lepers—and as we drew near they looked up at us with bright smiles. Once more the conversation turned to the great goodness of our Father. Just two weeks before, one of these had been taken suddenly and violently ill. No one could tell what was the matter, but it soon began to look as tho he would not be with us long, and we quickly did what we could to relieve the awful agony. This one had not as yet taken Christian baptism, but had decided to this very month,—perhaps this explains the sudden attack of the enemy. Feeling that our only help lay in the Rock of Ages, we asked him if we should pray, to which he answered "Yes." We prayed and God came down; that is the only way we can express it, but immediately the man rose from his bed of suffering and got ready for the meeting which was then due. He came and stayed awhile, but being weak went home again. Once more in the evening the enemy tried to put the sickness back upon him, but again the powers of darkness were driven back and the man was freed and has so remained ever since, all praise and glory to HIM! No wonder then, that he was full of smiles as we stopped to chat awhile and as we mentioned the good-

ness of the Lord, he said, "As soon as prayer was offered, the Lord touched me and I was well!"

The other man had come to us about three years ago, bringing with him his little son. The child, not a leper, was soon placed in the Children's Home where he is today one of our brightest, most trustworthy lads, and has given his heart to Jesus. On New Year's Day it was a beautiful sight to see father and son going down into the baptismal waters and coming up to walk in newness of life. Yes, there is another wonderful bit to this story. The lad was the first who wanted to follow Jesus, but obediently asked his father, who, at first was not willing and forbade him. BUT GOD! The father got to meditating on the matter and in a few days came to us saying, "If my son wants to follow Jesus I am not only willing that he should, but I myself, want to take the same stand!" "A little child shall lead them!" We trust that if Jesus carries the lad may some day be out preaching the gospel.

Just one more word, for our hearts are full of deep, deep gratitude as we write, counting our blessings. We were sitting with our dear little family of Indian children on a Sunday not long ago, for this came to pass but yesterday. Dear, happy, God-given treasures,—how they chatted away about many things and then as we looked at them, thinking how the babies were growing up, we made the remark, "We must ask Jesus to send us some more little babies, for ours are all getting so big." Perhaps five minutes later, thru the gateway walked an old man, bearing in his arms a wee specimen of humanity, a baby girl about a year old. O, such a sight! Old, shrunken, filthy, bony, starving, BUT a baby,—just what we had asked for! You would have thought God had suddenly dropped a jewel of rare price down into our midst, so joyful the exclamations, and in very truth had He not? There she was,—the baby we had asked for, very evidently. And all at once everybody hoped she would stay. The grandfather, with tears rolling down his face, told us that his daughter had died and left the little mite, that he was unable to care for it, and that it was dying. Someone had suggested his bringing it to the mission, others had advised against it, but here he was with our hearts' desire. In a few minutes a basin of warm water was brot, and little baby had probably her first bath, at least in many a day. The old heathen charm was cut from the neck. The filthy little body was soon restful, for our dear girls who themselves had been rescued, were eager to do all in their power to make the baby feel at home. Milk was brot and oh, how those wee, bony

fingers grasped the cup and how eagerly she drank! Then came sleep and today the wee one is finding what it is to have loving service, night and day. As the old grandfather stood by, watching proceedings, one after another of the little ones standing around, was pushed before him,—tangible demonstrations of what we had been telling him, that all these had come to us in like condition and "Just look at them now!" Wonderingly he gazed upon one after another and was evidently satisfied that all would be well, so with tears in his eyes,—for these dear people do love their little ones—he turned and started back the many miles to his home, carrying with him enough grain for food for two days.

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as I saw that night in India. It was worth the stones to see the glory of God shining out of faces which had been transformed by the power of the Gospel.

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five sought the Lord for forgiveness of sins. When sinners realize the compassion of Jesus and know that He came to take away our diseases as well as our sins, they surrender to Him and seek Him for the double cure.

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ture were included in the atoning sacrifice. They were judged upon the cross for us before we actually committed them. Our sins were potentially forgiven and as soon as we accept Jesus as our Savior we accept the fact that they were taken away, and redemption is made real and potent in our lives.

Then comes the Judgment Seat of Christ after the translation of the church, which we are now studying (Rom. 14:12). Following this comes the Judgment of the Nations (Matt. 25:31), when Jesus comes to earth with His Church, after having caught her away and judged her in order to determine just the place each one of us is to occupy with Him in the Kingdom.

(To Be Continued)

The two very instructive talks on "Is the Baptism of the Holy Ghost for the Believer today?" which were printed in recent numbers of *The Evangel* are now published in a very attractive booklet of 38 pages. Mr. Williams has added some material and it makes a helpful and convincing booklet. Numbers have written in regarding these talks when they appeared in *The Evangel*. Price 25c each. Five for \$1.

## The Fire of God the Great Need Today

Mrs. Richard Carmichael in The Stone Church May 21, 1932



HAVE a great desire this afternoon to say just what the Lord wants me to say. I am thinking of Elijah and the account that is given in I. Kings the eighteenth chapter, that scene on Mt. Carmel. It was my privilege to go up that mountainside, stand on Mt. Carmel and look out over the lands of sacred history.

As I think today of the condition of the world I believe it can be likened to Israel in the day of the Prophet Elijah. He lost heart like many Christians today are losing heart, especially the young people. I know how I felt as a young person. I looked around and saw the hearts of other young people occupied with the things of the world, and I was tempted to think that I was the only young person who cared for God. That is the very thing that Elijah said, "I alone am left." But the Lord told Elijah he was not the only one who was loyal to Him, and we should realize that we are not the only ones today who are true to God. God will always have a people. The enemy is trying hard to capture the souls of men, but he is in a losing cause. Jesus Christ died for sinners, and souls will be saved until the end.

There had been a terrible time of famine in Israel. They had had no rain for three and a half years. The Lord said to Elijah, "Go and present yourself to the king." He met Obadiah and said, "Go tell the king I am here." Obadiah just shook in his boots. And Obadiah said, "What have I sinned? I will tell the king you are here and it will mean my head. Didn't you hear how I hid one hundred men by fifty in caves and fed them with bread and water? And now you say, 'Go tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here,' he shall slay me." And Elijah said, "As thy soul liveth I will see Ahab today." When he did Ahab said, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Do you know the world has the audacity to tell the church she is to blame for the distress that has come upon the world? It was the sins of Israel that shut up the heavens. It is the sins of the age that have brought on the darkness we are in.

Elijah said, "Now Ahab, we will talk business. We will gather the people together and prove who is God." While in Washington, D. C., we received a letter from the Four A's challenging us to a debate on the existence of God. At first I thought, "It is a great mistake to hold your peace at a time like this," but we do not have to argue over the existence of God. Nothing is accom-

plished by arguing, but we can do as Elijah did. He could have had a debate on Mt. Carmel, but he didn't. He had a manifestation of the power of God, which is the thing that will bring men and women to a decision. Words are forgotten, but acts, the supernatural acts of God are never forgotten. They are indelibly stamped on our minds.

God ordered the people to Mt. Carmel. They tramped along until they got to the top. The city of Haifa nestles at the foot. There is a range of mountains and Carmel is one of the high peaks. When I got up there all I saw were piles of stones, an old monastery and an old Catholic Church, but I shut my eyes and imagined I could see great throngs of people coming in every direction to see who was God. Elijah had said, "The God that answers by fire, He is God." When people see the fire they have to acknowledge God in it. People argue against the Pentecostal message, but if we have the fire arguments mean nothing.

Elijah told the prophets of Baal to choose a bullock, lay it on the altar but to put no fire under it. The fire was to come from their god. The prophets of Baal cried to their god from morning till evening. They screamed and cut themselves, and cried frantically, and tho Elijah mocked them and told them to cry louder, it was all of no avail. Then at three o'clock Elijah said, "It is my turn now." Do you know it is our turn now? The enemy has done all in his power to keep God from working, to hinder men and women from turning to Christ. This dispensation has witnessed wonderful revivals, but the need never was greater than it is today to have the fire fall from heaven upon the altar of our hearts. In these days of infidelity it is time for us to show the people that our God is a God that answers by fire.

That is what Elijah did. He had been in seclusion long enough. He had worried about the backslidings of Israel; he had prayed, but the time came when he was to turn the people to the Lord, so in obedience to the command of God he prepared the altar. Our salvation begins right there. The manifestation of the power of God will begin there and the very first step is the repairing of the altar, which means our consecration; it means we have to search our hearts and check up on ourselves. When the revival fires burn in our own hearts, they will burn in the hearts of our friends and neighbors, for fire spreads.

Elijah prepared the altar. Someone has said, "It hadn't rained for three years, where did they

get the water?" It was just over the hill to the sea, and they brought up the twelve barrels of water and poured it on the sacrifice. There was no fire around that sacrifice or it would have gone out when they poured on the water. Elijah wanted people to know he wasn't there to fool them. They had been fooled too long. What the heart of man wants is reality.

I remember a dear girl who came into one of our meetings. She said to me, "Oh I have failed the Lord! I have gone back on Him. You know how it is when you are in college. Everybody seems to be atheistic and they do not believe in the Lord. If you have any faith you are afraid to mention it, and I have lost out." So we asked her to come to the altar and pray and she did. She became very happy and shouted for joy. Then she sat on the seat with her eyes closed and said, "Do not bother me, mother. I am afraid this blessing will leave me." I said to her, "The blessing will stay with you as long as you stay with Him."

People want something that will stay with them when at work, when business fails, when banks close, when someone is sick and a loved one passes out. Then is when they appreciate the power of the Holy Spirit. When everything else seems to fail you it is wonderful to feel the presence of the Holy Spirit. Jesus said to His disciples, "It is expedient for you that I go away." Because He went away He sent the Holy Spirit upon the church.

When the sacrifice was ready Elijah prayed. Elijah was a man just like other men. We think of him as being an extraordinary man. He was a great prophet not because of his birth, not because of his translation, but because he believed his God. He dared to do what God told him to do. The Lord was a companion to Elijah. They communed together. Elijah prayed and simply told God, "Now we are ready!" That is all there was to it. No fear in his heart. The battle was fought before he ever came out in the open, before he presented himself to the king. Beloved, the Captain of our salvation has met the enemy for us and has conquered. There is not a shadow of doubt that the bride will be caught up, that she will be in the marriage supper of the Lamb. There is no doubt that Jesus will take over the reins of this world and that He will reign a thousand years. There is nothing to change that program. That has been settled.

The answering by fire was something that was already accomplished. God was simply waiting the word from Elijah. Do you know that God is waiting for us today to say, "Lord, send the fire"? He

has been waiting all this time, and when we come to Him in full obedience, we can say like Elijah, "Let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel, and that I am Thy servant, and that I have done all these things at Thy word." But if God would answer by fire it would frighten many of us. During our Washington campaign a society lady came into the meeting. She was suffering from an incurable disease and wanted prayer. She was an interesting character, had traveled around the world, held a high position in one of the large institutions, and she told me an interesting story. She said, "I have no time for churches. I was brought up in the Catholic Church, but all I want is to be healed." I knew it would take prayer to get her to the place where she was ready to be healed, and that she would need to be handled very tactfully. I knew too that the only thing that could convince that poor soul that she needed the righteousness of Christ was for her to taste and see the power of God manifested in her life. So that night at the altar there were two lovely young women praising the Lord, and I said to her, "Come up to the front and watch these two girls." She said, "Oh I am nervous and want to get out of here. I am frightened." I prayed the Lord to get hold of her, for He was the only One who could reach her heart. I wanted her to talk with those girls when God got thru dealing with them, and as they rose from their knees she saw them smiling and happy. The joy of the Lord on their faces attracted her, and she said, "What would I have to do to get a blessing like that?" I tried to explain it to her and the next time she came she went into the tarrying room and asked God to send her a blessing like those girls received. The last night I was there she came and gave me her address and said, "I want to tell you I have gotten a spiritual touch in these meetings I never had in my life before."

Every human soul has an unsatisfied longing in his heart, no matter whether it is a society woman, a business man, the man in the shop, or the woman of the street. Every one would want God if he knew the joy and peace, the happiness and joy that follows a full surrender, but it is the manifestation of divine power that awakens the longing in the human soul. The only thing that will penetrate the human heart is the power of God. There seems nothing for us to do but to pray, "Lord, we are helpless; our plans, our programs, our organizations, are just so much machinery unless You send down the fire." When God begins to manifest Himself He can take up a little child and use him. It is right for us to

work with all the might within us, but we must make sure there is a place for the power and the manifestation of God, and when God works everything else falls into line.

Elijah in the natural would have said, "I must see that there is no dampness about the sacrifice," but he didn't. He had the water soak through and through, so that when God sent the fire it was all the more convincing. Elijah's prayer was very short; it was simply telling God the time had come for the fire. But he wanted it to be known that the God of their fathers was their God. We want the world to know about our God. That is what counts. I remember when I was crossing the Mediterranean Sea, there were two young Jews on the same boat who were on their way to Jerusalem. I sat on the deck reading my Bible, and they were very anxious to speak to me and let me know that they didn't believe in God. They were Theosophists, they said, and I found out too that they were Communists, University men of wide experience and knowledge. They had a great deal to say, but after awhile I said, "Listen here! If I am to listen to your story you must listen to mine," and I told them the story of Jesus. One woman said to me afterward, "You certainly had nerve to talk about Jesus to those Jews." I said, "I was delighted to do it. They ought to know." I told them how God loved the world and sent His only begotten Son to save the world. They couldn't do anything but listen. They said, "Well one thing we will say; you know your story better than some." Then they wanted to tell me how they had become Theosophists, how they had gone thru the World War and had gotten to the place where they didn't believe in a God at all. One of them looked out over the Sea and saw a stone and said, "That is my God." I said, "That is not my God. My God made that rock." He said, "Oh if there is a God I wish I knew Him!" That slipped out in an unguarded moment when his companion was not listening. I believe he expressed the inner longing of the heart of everyone who says he doesn't believe there is a God. It means that he has not come in contact with God. Nevertheless, the soul of man longs to come in contact with the living God. I said to that young man, "I will pray for you." He turned to several standing by and said, in a laughing way, that I was going to pray for him.

In the evening we all gathered in the music room and I was singing some hymns. The Captain, off his duty, had come down and said, "If you don't sing it will storm tomorrow," so we

were singing, "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder." This Jew was walking the deck. He came to the window and said, "You prayed for me, didn't you?" I said, "Yes, I did. Did you feel it?" He hissed between his teeth, "It has been hell for me all afternoon." I said, "There must be a God." He made some excuse about mental telepathy. God alone can reach the human heart.

The fire came when Elijah prayed, and it was a fire that not only consumed the sacrifice but the water, and licked up the dust, and with one voice the people cried, "The God that answers by fire, He is God." May this same God send the fire of the Holy Ghost in our midst, that the world may see and know that He lives and reigns.

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(Continued from page 2)

"My brother had been writing me that my letters no longer interested him and that his letters could scarce interest me and it was not worth while we write each other. That was the outward result of more than three years' labor from my side, for his soul.

"I asked the Lord what I should do in order to win my brother, and He made it plain to me that I must try to take interest in his interests. So I wrote to him about *politics*, and tho I have no interest in it at all I asked him to let me have his view on the Fascists and their work in Germany, etc. Then he wrote very kindly about politics and ended his letter by saying that the best thing for Germany and the Germans would be to get back to God. I wrote again that he was quite right, that the Germans needed to get back to God and the Bible, and the old faith that Luther had regained for them out of Catholic darkness. I did not urge him to come to Jesus, but I had gotten some very fine tracts from a Lettish brother in the English language, and I enclosed them with my letter asking him to be kind and translate them for my sister, who is saved, so that she could use them in soul-winning. Whether the Lord used these tracts or how He reached him, I do not know, but the next letter from him stated that he took no further interest in politics, that he would translate the tracts for my sister, but he needed them badly for himself. He had a pupil to whom he gave English lessons and wanted to use the tracts to speak to his heart; that it was good of our sister to want to win souls but we could not do that in our own power. Then I wrote to him about soul winning, and the answer was that he did what he could to win souls to Jesus and that his daily prayer was that Jesus should conform him to be such as He would have him to be."

By prayer and Spirit-directed efforts she has won all her immediate family to God.

(Continued from page 5)

Europe seeking health. Now for a time she was waiting at Frankfort while Tad went to school.

In the study of German, Tad had set himself to master his vocal defect. By daily practice he had learned to sound the "s" often by repeating to himself from the pledge he had made with his father—"While we are absent one from another." While they lived in Frankfort the water of the city became impure. Mrs. Lincoln pleaded with Tad to drink a little wine for the sake of his health. He refused. Without giving his real reason, he told his mother he would either drink water or die of thirst. At last Mrs. Lincoln decided to return to America to keep her son from imperiling his life.

Reaching Chicago, he became ill of typhoid fever. The patient seemed to be unconscious for hours at a time. Once he repeated in a low, solemn voice:

"The Lord watch—between me and thee—while we are abhant—no, while are absent one from another."

Another day when he seemed too weak to speak, he whispered, "While we are absent one from another." He stopped and seemed to be listening; at last his wan face was lighted by a celestial smile and he went on faintly, but quite distinctly: "No—not absent—but here!—present Papa-day!" Then he assumed the confidential tone he had used when his father's ear was close to his moving lips—"Papa-day, 'I have fought a good fight—I have kept the faith'."

The Junior Class Paper.

(Continued from page 10)

evangelists have also been to visit all the Chinese Assemblies with a view to helping them become self-supporting, governing and propagating Assemblies after the New Testament pattern. Bro. Vigna has already settled in Labrang to study the language this winter and Sisters Daechert and Fowler are preparing to locate in Rongwo next spring to gradually take over the work there, assisted by Mr. Hsiong, one of William's evangelists who speaks Tibetan very well.

But next summer I must go myself to accompany the evangelists in continuing the good work begun by William fourteen years ago. He left us a fine equipment for itinerary work and his name is held in such high respect by all Tibetans who ever heard of him that they will welcome his father for his sake. So pray for me and the other missionaries called to this work, also for the nine Chinese evangelists who have given themselves to the Lord for this arduous service.

Two things are greatly hindering the work just now, namely, the falling off in offerings for the Chinese work here owing to the financial depression in America, and the cessation of offerings for the Tibetan work since my son's promotion to higher service. I know that my long neglect of all correspondence during these weary months of toil and sorrow is largely to blame for this falling off of receipts for the work but I hope this long letter will explain all and arouse renewed interest on the part of all to whom we send it, so that prayers and intercession, gifts and offerings will be multiplied and result in a mighty revival which will sweep the entire work into glorious victory and bring thousands of Chinese and Tibetans into the family of God ere our Lord's return.

And don't forget to pray for us all. China is fast perishing. Her Government is powerless to enforce the laws and consequently lawlessness is on the increase everywhere. Our lives and property are not safe a day except as the Lord protects with His almighty arm. Many of our preachers and members have been shot, beaten, bound and suspended by their thumbs for hours at a time, or otherwise maltreated, while the most illegal and exorbitant taxes are extorted from them under threat of arrest and torture. A deacon was shut up in a small dungeon four days and nights into which the smoke of burning horsedung was forced until he paid \$130 to his torturers lest they smoke him to death. Oh how we need your intercession lest our faith fail and our love wax cold because of abounding iniquity! And have pity on perishing China and by your gifts and offerings enable us to continue preaching the Gospel to her millions till Jesus comes!

We shall be glad to forward any offerings to Brother Simpson, either for the Tibetan or Chinese work. Do not send post office orders to him. They cannot be cashed except at great loss.—Ed.

Facsimile of the type of the New Analytical Bible—the American Standard Version in parenthesis.

JOHN 5:39

39 ¶ Search [Ye search] the scriptures; for [because] in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me.

Ver. 46; De. 18.15,18; Lu. 16.29; Ac. 17.11.

ACTS 17:22,23

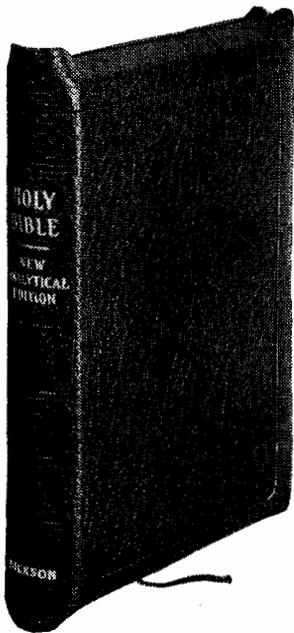
22 ¶ Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill and said, Ye men of Ath'-ens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious [very religious].

23 For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions [observed the objects of your worship], I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

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ITHESSALONIANS  
4:6

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  
4:15

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.

1 Co. 15.51.

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