

# The Latter Rain Kvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

1777 - The Need of the Hour - 1935



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

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**When George Washington Prayed**

IT WAS at the knee of his godly mother that George Washington learned to pray. His father dying when he was eleven years old, upon the mother rested the burden of the training of five children, George being the eldest who took his father's place and led in family worship.

The mother read to them sermons of the Bishop of Exeter, drilled them in "Meditations and Contemplations of Sir Matthew Hale" and taught them the catechism of the Church of England. Rarely did they ever miss church on the Lord's Day. His precious mother little knew how well she sowed the seed but in the sorrows and sufferings of the Revolutionary War he had need of all the faith and trust that had been stored up in his boyhood days.

The trials of dealing with raw soldiers, traveling thru swamps and forests of an unsettled country, mutinies and desertions in the armies, struggles with an impecunious government—these and other obstacles would have been insurmountable had it not been for the help of God. One writer says of him, "He faced a thousand valleys of the shadow in those blazing years of the Revolution and in the deepest of the valleys he was always on his knees." A notation in his diary: "The day was spent in fasting and prayer." When they told him of

the signing of the Declaration of Independence he sank to his knees and prayed. In that bleak winter at Valley Forge when men's hearts were tried to the nth degree it is said he was seen by a soldier in the interior of the forest on his knees in the snow.

One of his prayers, which has been preserved in its original hand-writing, shows his consecration:

"O Eternal and everlasting God, I present myself this morning before Thy Divine Majesty, beseeching Thee to accept of my humble and hearty thanks, that it hath pleased Thy great goodness to keep and preserve me the night past. Direct my thoughts, words and works; teach me how to live in Thy fear, labor in Thy service, and ever to run in the ways of Thy commandments. Preserve and bless our rulers in Church and state. Bless the people of this land; be a father to the fatherless, a comforter to the comfortless, a deliverer to the captives, and a physician to the sick. Let thy blessing be upon our friends, kindred and families. Be our guide this day and forever; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

When the nation passed thru another crisis, equally as great, it had another man at its head who spent nights in prayer — the martyred Lincoln. These are crises hours, not only in our nation, but in the world at large. Nations are headed for destruction, and being crushed thru the greed and selfishness of men. Their only hope is that those who stand in the place of power are praying men.

## When God Spreads Abroad His Wings

*The Methods He Uses to Make Superior Saints*

A. G. Osterberg at the Lake Geneva Campmeeting



HIS afternoon I feel a tug at my heart to speak on the Methods God Uses to Make Superior Saints. We have all kinds of Christians in the world, and you can be just the kind of Christian you want to be. And more than that, you are the kind of Christian you are making yourself to be, and if there is any grace and any virtue among us as God's people it should be because we are earnestly contending for the truth of God and seeking His face day and night. In the Bible we find pictures of a good many folk. Some were so close to God He could take a walk with them, and that would be the last folk would ever see of them. Their journey was so pleasing and their companionship with Deity was so blessed that God said, "I need you at Headquarters." Others seem to follow the outward circle. Away in the distance you find them removed from the scene of things, spiritually speaking. You find these classes running clear thru the Bible.

What is this Baptism of the Holy Ghost experience? Nothing more or less than that grace and unction from God that makes you and me the man or woman of God we ought to be, makes superior Christians of us. Not walking the outside fringes of the spiritual surface but close to the heart and the cross of Christ. Every Christian should be a Holy Ghost Christian. Anything else is subnormal. If you have not the experience of the Holy Ghost you are living below par.

The book of Deuteronomy 32:11, 12, "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him,"—that word "alone" ought to be emphasized. Our greatest difficulty today is to let God alone lead us. The biggest task I have in this world is to walk when a thousand influences on the right hand and on the left are pressing their way in upon my soul. And the last verse adds, "And there was no strange god with him." The curse of the world from the dawn of creation to the present time has been that there have been other gods beside the one true God. We have more heathen in America to the square inch than we have over in Africa. The only difference between Africa and the United States, or any other civilized land is,

the folks over in Africa make their gods of material, as far as they find it convenient, while we in America, being too enlightened to have gods made out of material substance, build ours up by mental conception, until the curse of this present hour is that people are worshipping gods other than the God of Divine revelation. The hardest task this movement now has is to destroy and obliterate the gods that are built up in the minds of the people.

The Methodist says his God has ceased working miracles for twenty centuries. The Pentecostal Christian says, "Your God may be a miracle-less God, but my God works miracles. He is all-powerful." The Methodist says, "Yes, but not in execution." The Pentecostal preacher says, "You cannot limit God." If you could limit God in any way whatsoever, God could not be the God of the Bible and possess the attributes of which the Bible speaks.

How does God make eagle saints? "As an eagle stirreth up her nest," and in as simple language as that you have God's process. So if you walk on with God, five months after you are converted, if you are walking in the light, you will find God stirring up your nest. There are doubtless folk in this building who have been Christians ten, fifteen and twenty years and they will tell you that until they got into a Pentecostal meeting they never even heard there was a Holy Ghost as we see Him today in the Bible. But I will tell you what happened fifteen minutes after. If you had the door of your heart open an eighth of an inch, you then said, "Well I do not know what this is, but I will come again." Immediately you opened the door of your heart, the nest you were in became stirred up. "What? Have you been at that Campmeeting at Lake Geneva?" "Yes, I was there a whole week." "What has happened to you?" "I do not know but I had a wonderful time. I have not had such a feast in my soul for twenty years." You go back to your old church, but things are different. The nest is being stirred.

But that is not the only way God starts to stir up a nest. You have to get near a cyclone to find He does that even in nature. If you have studied anything about the deluge you have learned how God almost turned things inside out in the great upheavals of nature.

The whole world is crooked and part of God's process in nature and in grace is to stir up the nest before He can make progress. Some of you folk have been in trouble the last year. You say, "I have lost my farm I have worked for 25 years. Since I have been hungry for God everything has gone against me. Why?" God is in the nest, stirring it up. When He rained Pentecost upon the Early Church what did He do a few months afterward. He started to stir the Apostolic Church nest and in His providence He said, "James' head has to come off." The beheading of James was the first step in the stirring up of the apostolic nest, which spread the church here, there and yonder. They all left Jerusalem except the Apostles. Three thousand saved, later five thousand, a little over eight thousand altogether! What a wonderful opportunity to build up the apostolic church in all the countries of the world! And now by one stroke God sweeps the whole thing aside and all you have is a little handful! "It doesn't seem like common sense," you say. You do not understand your Bible if you reason like that. If you watch God's hand you see Him turning things upside down and inside out in the history of the New Testament.

You Lutheran folk here remember your forefathers were inside the Roman Catholic Church in safe security, they thought, but God put His revival fire into the heart of a man named Luther and before long certain things begin to happen. The "nest" of the Roman Catholic Church is stirred from center to circumference. It starts, not a Roman Reformation, but a Revolution. Martin Luther never started to reform the Catholic Church. He said it could not be done. There was only one thing that could save the world, spiritually, and that was to start a Reformation that would tear the church to pieces. Read history and you will find how secure they were in their spiritual nests. God stirred them out.

What happened to you after you started to seek God's face? His first process was to make you uncomfortable. Things would have been different if sin had never been in the world. God's whole being is wrapped up in making things comfortable for His handiwork. He put Adam and Eve in the Garden for comfort and security, but when sin came in comfort ceased. Now, everything in the world is based upon discomfort, and before God can do anything with us He makes use of the discomfort.

The eagles build their nest. They place in the nest shrubs and stones and then they line

it with comfortable down and wool, if they can find it, until it is nice and soft for the little eaglets to make their early home. These newborn eaglets find their home comfortable and everything as it should be. But they wake up one morning to find the mother busy pulling out the soft, fluffy things, the wool and the string that have made the nest so comfortable; the wind sweeps it away, and there is nothing left but the stones and the sticks which cut and wound. The mother has pulled out the comfortable things on purpose. Does that sound like common sense? Is that the way to raise babies? It is not the way the United States government says, but that is the way God raises His babies. Why does God do that? If there doesn't come a weaning time for the baby you will be having that boy sixteen years old still sucking at the bottle. But the mother has better sense than the boy and she says, "You big, fat, lumbering thing, it is time you were quitting that thing," and finally Johnnie has to do without his bottle.

These little birdlets in their nest would be willing to stay there forever if the mother didn't make things so uncomfortable, but they are willing to do anything rather than stay there. That is God's first process with His child, and when He allowed your nest to be stirred, two, three, five years ago, it was the best thing that ever happened. When you lost that ranch it was a blessing in disguise. If you had kept it it would have been a curse upon your life. Some of you who are preaching today would not have been in the ministry had God not stirred up the nest. You went thru a trying time but after a little you were perfectly willing to do what God had for you to do. You can look back to the moment when God started to make your nest uncomfortable. Some of you folk in this camp would be back in the old church today if God had not started to make that nest uncomfortable. You had better start to move when God starts if you want to get the thing over.

Now the mother eagle flies six or eight yards above that nest and flaps her wings. The tips of her wings move but her body remains motionless in the wind. That mother bird has wings about two feet long, and she doesn't look as big and mighty as she is. The little creatures in the nest only know mother as she has appeared to them up to this time, but now she spreads out her wings until they are fourteen feet from one tip of the wing to the other, and the little birdlets think, "How big you have become all of a sudden!" She doesn't seem like

the same creature who cared for them and fed them. The nest is spoiled and you are willing to leave it. You plead, "Oh Lord, show me what to do!" He has to make you willing for that before He can use you. It is the darkest hour of your Christian experience when everything has turned against you. You have lost your friends, everything, and you can hardly pray. The heavens seem like brass, your pillow is wet with tears, but in the stillness of the night you become conscious that God is near. Perhaps the Doctor has come and told you you had but a year to live, and in that hour you begin to do things you never did before. The end of that time was when God got thru spreading abroad His wings. You knew God better than you knew Him in all your life before. You found that He could quicken your physical body, and when God got thru with you, you found there was nothing He could not do. You were able to testify that He did more for you in that dark hour than all the rest of your life together. Your Bible is a new Book, Jesus is a new Savior. The truth has been that God spread His wings, but that is not all. God wants you to lose sight of everybody and see only Himself, and so He flutters His wings. That is why He lets you get into trouble, so you can look up to Him. Some of you have said, "The biggest problem I had was to get my eyes off my church. I worshipped my church and the day I left and said 'Good-bye' it was the blackness of midnight." God put you thru that experience so you could see Him alone. And the reason God let you see a certain preacher do something that nearly broke your heart and for a few hours darkness came into your soul, was because you were getting your eyes on that preacher instead of on God. Oh a thousand things God does when He starts to flutter His wings! Do not forget, God is bigger than when you first looked at Him.

Then we read, she "spreadeth abroad her wings." There is not another bird in the bird kingdom like the eagle. He is the king of birds, and there is no Christian in all the world like the Christian who has known God when He stretched out His wings. You read the biographies of some preachers who have become mighty men of God—there was a time when they had gone to the bottom, as it were, and in the darkness of their spiritual night God spread His wings; they had a revelation of Him they never had before.

I had been a Holiness boy-preacher for a number of years, up to the days of the revival

at Azusa Street. I heard God was pouring out His Spirit in Los Angeles, in a little river stable, in a quarter of town where I had never been; it was not considered a good part of town, and when I heard of it, God spoke to me. Just a few weeks before that I had been preaching on the 2nd chapter of Acts, and I told the folks that it had been forty years, as far as I knew, since anybody spoke in tongues, and it was a very unusual experience that we were not to expect. And here along came folks who said when they received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost they spoke in tongues. I began to read the book of Acts and the more I read the more I became convicted. I stayed away from Azusa a whole week, feeling unworthy to go. I stayed at home until everything between me and God was straightened out, and then I went to the altar and found out I had not yet begun. I had preached holiness of heart, didn't know what open sin was. I didn't have to repent of all these things, but I was convicted before God got thru with me. As He spread abroad His wings I got a vision of the same God that Isaiah had in the sixth chapter, where God filled the temple and His glory shone forth, and like Isaiah I said, "Woe is me!" As long as God sets on your nest with folded wings you are not getting very far.

But it doesn't end there. He has not gotten very far with His little fledglings. They cannot fly as yet, they are not out of the nest. The biggest task in the world is to get them out. How does the mother bird do it? The mother bird spreads forth her wings over the nest, and the little birdlets, eager to leave the nest, climb up on her wings. That is what she is waiting for. They cling to her with their claws, but she knows she is ready for something else.

It took weeks before we learned we could prevail in prayer. We can talk about Pentecost, but when we lose the word "prevailing" in prayer something disastrous has happened. In those days we learned to prevail thru the hours of the night. We didn't care for sleep, for friends, whether it was eleven o'clock or morning. We were as Jacob, "Unless thou bless me, I will not let thee go."

The mother bird shakes her wing and ascertains that the little fledgling is there. Then she soars out into space and the little thing goes thru the most terrifying experience it has ever known in the next few minutes. The mother is out in space, five thousand feet above the ground, and for the first time the little bird

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## How the Holy Spirit Fell in a Lutheran Seminary

*A Conversion and Call to the Ministry*

W. B. Baerenwald



THE earliest recollections of my childhood days are of a religious nature. My father and mother were Lutherans, and so were all our forefathers for many generations back. Consequently I was reared in a very strict, orthodox way and was indoctrinated in all the principles of Lutheranism. From my seventh birthday until I was fifteen I attended the Lutheran Parochial School; the Bible and the Prayer Book were read religiously in our home morning and evening.

As I look upon my childhood days I cannot but see God's hand upon me for the ministry from the beginning. Among my companions I was always "the preacher." But with all my religious training and influence I remained for many years an unforgiven sinner before God. I lived daily in the fear of death and the judgment and knew nothing of peace in Christ. Oh what a curse religion is without the living, indwelling Christ!

For two gracious providences I have always been very grateful to God. First, because He, in His infinite mercy, even in the days of my darkness and sin, was watching over me and leading me to paths of which I knew not—even to a perfect knowledge of Himself and His great salvation. Second, for His providential protection in times of great danger. No less than three times "the angel of the Lord encamped round about me and delivered me" from the jaws of death. When but a lad God saved me from being killed when I fell off a scaffold 15 feet high in our old barn at home. Another time (when I very foolishly tempted God) He saved me from being swept over the surging brink of the Ford Dam at St. Paul, Minn. A third time God miraculously saved me from being burned to death in a large apartment building that was on fire and wherein two little girls were burned to death. Surely the Lord's hand has been upon me even when I was unsaved.

When I was sixteen my parents sent me to St. Paul for Academic training in preparation for the ministry. I was enrolled as a student in the Luther Theological College and Seminary and finished a six years' course in the College. I taught for one year in a parish school in Worthington, Minn., which was part of my

seminary training, and then began work for the St. Paul Gas Light Co. After two years I was able to enter the Seminary and take my training. Almost immediately I was sent out to preach the Gospel of salvation of which I had no experimental knowledge myself. I was successful in a measure but how can a man give others what he himself does not possess? How can he lead others to the Light when he himself is walking in darkness? Two and a half years passed before I began to receive light.

Some one will ask, "But did you not believe in Christ at that time?" Intellectually I believed everything I had been taught. I believed that Jesus was the Savior of the world but I had never been born again, and I was depending on my own works for salvation.

The Spirit of God began to convict me of sin and my need of a Savior under rather peculiar circumstances. I had preached on the theme, "The Lutheran Church the only true church," and I was enthusiastically telling a friend about the sermon. He listened very attentively to the end and then, looking me straight in the eyes, said, "My brother, I want to ask you a question. Have you ever been born again?" That question went to my heart like a two-edged sword. Nothing more was said and my friend left. It was during my first year in the Seminary, in 1924. There were three other young men in my class who played an important part in my conversion, none of whom were saved at this time. At the beginning of the school year we four became very closely united in fellowship. We met for private devotions in one or the other of our rooms twice a day, sincerely seeking that our lives be deepened spiritually. We talked over our difficulties and prayed one for the other. Over and over again the Spirit of God repeated the words of my friend, "Have you ever been born again? Have you been saved and do you know it?" For days I was under awful conviction. The storm was raging fierce and wild within my breast, and the hand of God was heavy upon me (Ps. 32:4). But oh the tenderness of our God! How matchless His patience with His erring, sinful children! Two and a half years passed and finally the great crisis came in our lives. Many times we young men had left the classroom in utter darkness and dissatisfied in heart,

but we tried to be courageous and prayed for light. God never failed us; in fact He was preparing us for something we knew nothing about. I shall never forget the first ray of true Gospel light that shined into my darkened soul! I had prayed for light and the Holy Spirit revealed the work of Jesus Christ upon the cross as a perfect work for our salvation, His own free gift.

Two weeks before Easter vacation the Lord brought about a change of routine in the Seminary. The Professor of our Department prepared a large list of subjects and it was required that each student write a thesis of at least 2,000 words on a given subject. To us four men who were working and praying together, were given four difficult subjects, as follows: Infant Baptism, Baptism of the Spirit, The New Birth or Regeneration, and Sanctification. These subjects caused more controversy in our class than any others during our two years in the seminary. We began writing our theses having two weeks to complete them, and God led in a peculiar way. On the evening before we were to present our theses, God gave us marvelous light. The heavens opened above us and a bright light shone upon us. It was at eight o'clock in the morning we were kneeling in our private devotions; the Spirit of God fell upon all four of us and we received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Oh what a wonderful time we had! The class period began at 8:30 but we did not get to class until 9:45. How marvelously God poured out His Holy Spirit upon us! And how we shouted and praised God!

At 9:00 the professor sent two students to look for us. They searched the dining-hall and kitchen, then in the dormitory, and went from one room to the other until they found us in my own room. Two were lying on the floor under the power of the Spirit. Brother Carlson and myself were shouting praises to God for giving us the light and baptizing us in the Holy Spirit. The two young students became frightened in seeing us in that condition; one ran to the telephone and called the hospital, the other ran to the class-room to tell the professor. He and several students came to our room, greatly excited, only to find us four having the most glorious time in our lives. The glory of God so filled us that we could not contain our joy.

They thought we had gone insane, that "religion" had gone to our heads, and they were going to send us to the hospital. Christianity had not only gone to our heads but down into

our hearts, and God had poured out His Holy Spirit mightily.

We finally went to class and presented our theses. The professor looked over our papers and became very angry. He called us heretics, demon-possessed, false prophets, and fanatics. But the more angry he became the more the glory of God filled our souls. He finally threw the Holy Bible upon the desk and dismissed the class for the day. Three days later we four young men were asked to appear before the Faculty and the Dean for a hearing, which was continued for three days, our professor being the "prosecuting attorney." After he had presented the cases to the Church Jury (the Faculty and the Senior Student Council) he recommended, because of the evidence against us, that we be expelled from the Institution, and asked the jury for their verdict. The jury, to our surprise, did not give a verdict, but asked that the matter be left in the hands of the Dean. After ten minutes the Dean arose and addressed those present as follows: "Your honor, I find that these boys are not guilty of trespassing or violating any of the rules and regulations of this institution, and that we have no right to discharge them from this school of learning. If God has revealed to them some special truth and has bestowed upon them some special gift, I am confident we can all benefit by it. I herewith recommend that these four young men remain and continue in their learning, and may God bless you all. The case is dismissed." Praise God for the great working power of the Holy Ghost.

We continued our studies but not without severe trials and persecutions. If you have been praying to know more of Christ, do not be surprised if He takes you aside into a desert place, or leads you into a furnace of pain. Immediately after we had this marvelous experience, other young men were chosen to take our places in teaching in the Sunday School and in different activities in Lutheran Churches. Yet we did not become entirely discouraged as we felt in our hearts that God was preparing us for a greater work. God blessed us and gave us greater understanding concerning His will. It is good for us that we do not know the future, and that coming experiences are hidden from our immediate understanding.

We received our diplomas but were informed that we need not expect to receive calls from the Lutheran Church. We were not surprised and assured the Faculty that we did not expect

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## Humility a Mark of True Greatness

*A Halting Christian Misses the Goal*

Loren B. Staats in the Stone Church, May 29, 1934



WANT to take for my text today Genesis 13: 12, 13 : "Abram dwelled in the land of Canaan, and Lot dwelled in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent toward Sodom. But the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly."

To me the story of Lot is the most unique of its kind of all the stories that we have in the Bible; it is so graphically told that once heard it is never forgotten. If you will read the 11th chapter of the same book you will find that God called Terah out of Ur of Chaldee, away from the idolators, to go into this land of Canaan, and he took with him Abram, his son and Lot who was Abram's nephew. They started for the land of Canaan but when they reached Haran they tarried there, and Terah died there.

Now names in the Bible have great significance, and I want to bring to you the meaning of two of these names—Terah, which means "halting," and Haran, which means "the half-way place." Terah halted in the half-way place and died there.

Life is full of half-way places and half completed tasks, both in the material and the spiritual world. Many a man has started on a royal race for God and after reaching a half-way place he halted, settled down and died there, died spiritually just as truly as Terah died physically. Everyone of you, when you first came to the altar and wept your way to God, promised you would go all the way with Him. You had a zeal to grow in God and said you would not stop at your first experience but would press on into a full knowledge of Him. Beloved, every church that ever laid its foundation principles and erected a building intended to go all the way with God, but somewhere it stopped, became dissatisfied and then died spiritually. We read in Revelation (3:2) of the church at Sardis, "Be watchful and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die." There is no place in this Christian warfare where we can stand still for He has started us on the march and desires that we should ever be reaching out after greater things from Him. When we quit reaching out we halt, and then we die.

That is the reason God has raised up different spiritual movements. It is because one after

another starts and then fails to move on with God. And I find when one man refuses to go on with God, He will call another who will go further with the Lord. When he halts God calls still another, and this He will continue to do until the trumpet sounds. The Pentecostal Movement was brought into existence by God because some other body of people failed to walk in the light. If we fail to keep step with God in our march toward our heavenly Canaan He will leave us behind and call another group. He will continue to do that until His church is complete.

But the great question for *us* is, not whether God is leaving certain groups and churches and putting them on the shelf, but, Are we marching on with God and is His blessing upon us? If we are not, then someone else is marching in our place. The Lord never had much use for the man who buried his talent, but His blessing was upon the one who doubled his. The man who is marching with the Lord will find that He will enlarge his usefulness and make him a blessing to the needy multitudes.

When Terah died Abram started for Canaan and took Lot with him. My Bible says that when they went to the land of Canaan they were blessed materially. I have spent the biggest part of my life in church work and I have yet to see anyone who lost financially thru walking with the Lord. There is not a person who is following the Lord who can honestly say it cost him more than he gained to be a Christian. I have heard folk say, "You don't know what it has cost me to go this way," but I do not believe God ever allowed anyone to suffer loss for walking with Him.

And so we find that this little company headed by Abram had great substance, but before long strife entered their midst. I do not know of anything that is more grievous and more injurious to the Spirit, or makes folk more miserable, than strife. It takes away all possible happiness. Show me a home where there is strife and I will show you a hell on earth. That is what forces people into the divorce courts; they cannot endure the condition in the home and so they separate. If you are a member of a church where there is strife you are to be pitied. But on the other hand it is heaven where there is peace, whether it be in

the home, in business or in the church. If we make a mistake we need not be in constant fear of criticism where there is love and unity and where there is the utmost confidence in the integrity of one another.

We find strife coming into this group in Canaan, and let me say, I have learned one thing from experience, and that is that strife must needs come. I believe it is of the devil but God works good out of it. In the life of many a church there come certain problems with which the pastor cannot deal, and here is where God uses the evangelist to straighten out the tangle and handle a delicate situation. When folk are tested we find out who the genuine people are; so strife is often corrective. If you have the right kind of material in you, it will make you, and if you haven't it will be your undoing.

In our story today we see the outcome of the test of strife. Notice how Abram showed real character and principle. I find it takes real principle along with salvation to take us through.. Salvation gives us, among other things, principle, and if a man does not have principle he doesn't get very far, whether in business, in the home or in the church. Then we need to be considerate and learn that there is someone else in the world besides ourselves. I am a Hollander and naturally am rather set, and of course, the Germans are too, and the English do not come very far behind. I suppose we all have some stubbornness in us. I used to think that I should have everything my own way in the home but I learned that Mrs. Staats was a part of the home too and her wishes were to be respected. Then I have learned in the ministry that there are other ministers besides myself and they need to be considered. Then too there are the people in the pew and they have as much right in the church as I have in the pulpit. We need to learn to give and take; the Lord is ready to help us along this line, but in order to learn our lessons we need to go through trials. No man can swim unless he first goes into the water, and no man can drive an automobile without actually putting his hand to the wheel and driving; just so, we need to go through trying times to make real men of us. Sad to say, I have seen many a man go down in the process of learning.

Now we have two very striking types in our story. Both Abram and Lot had cattle and the herdmen got into a quarrel over the grass; Abram's herdmen came and put in a complaint to Abram, and Lot's herdmen complained to

Lot. There they were fighting it out and carrying it into the homes of Abram and Lot. That is the way trouble spreads in a church when one begins to carry a grievance. Lot did not have a great deal of principle and I can just imagine that he advised his herdsmen to get up real early and get the grass first, but lo and behold, Abram's men were there early too and the trouble grew until Lot wouldn't speak to Abram any more and he went about continually with that quarrelling spirit. He didn't have enough principle to be a real man. But Abram had real manhood in him and he humbled himself. Now I have always found that it takes a big man to humble himself. Any little, insignificant person can be stubborn but it takes a big man to crucify that nature and take a humble attitude. That is where we find real character. We all have stubbornness born in us and you don't have to be a principled man to display it; but it takes character to show humility. The devil is always ready to say, "Don't you take anything from him," but God says, "Turn the other cheek also." Abram humbled himself. How I like to see a man take a humble attitude.

We call Henry Ford a big man. He is big, financially and intellectually and has had great prestige. One day he was writing in his paper about the Jews and came out quite strongly against them. But there came a day when he arrived at the conclusion that he was wrong and he was big enough to come right out in the press and say, "I humbly beg the pardon of the Israelitish race for what I have said against them and I withdraw all that has been said." He didn't have to do that because he was up against it financially, or because he was being persecuted but he came to the place where he realized he was wrong and he was willing to humble himself. If folk in the natural will humble themselves, why cannot we who are Christians do the same!

Let us look at another noted character. During the European war Mr. Wilson was President of the United States and Mr. Bryan was at the head of the Cabinet, both strong characters. When two strong heads get together someone has to give in. And the reason people have trouble in a church is because no one is willing to give in. Mr. Wilson saw something he wanted to carry out and Mr. Bryan could not see it, so he just said, "I will step out of the way." The Lord doesn't intend us all to look through the same glasses and there come times when we need just to step out of the way. Mr. Wilson said, "I am the President," and

Mr. Bryan knew the country was at stake so he humbly stepped down and got out of the way. Then came the reporters and said, "Now Mr. Bryan, you have been a great man in our country and you ought to be justified in the eyes of the public. Let us put your side in the paper and show the people that you have been a real man." But Mr. Bryan simply replied, "If you want to ask anyone anything ask Mr. Wilson. I have nothing to say." I call that real principle. Many a person would have said, "Sure, I ought to be justified and the world ought to know the truth."

Listen! We have newspaper reporters in the church; we have walking periodicals who, whenever they hear of any trouble like to publish it; the serious thing about it is, they usually make it worse than it is. Newspapers generally exaggerate, and these living, walking periodicals usually exaggerate also. It is a part of the Christian life to be misunderstood and we need more people who are willing to be misunderstood. It is good for all of us. Here in Chicago one time Mr. Moody walked up to a man and said, "I want you to forgive me." The man said, "What do you want me to forgive you for?" Mr. Moody replied, "Well, I don't really know, but by all the mean things you are saying about me I must be a terrible man." When the other man realized that a great man like Moody was asking him to forgive him, he broke down and repented and through that a wonderful revival broke out; all because Mr. Moody was willing to humble himself.

I was pastoring a church one time and there was one man who tried hard to get the better of me. One day the Lord spoke to me and said, "Just let him walk over you," and I did. He abused me and walked over me for two or three months until others in the church couldn't help but notice it; the man lost his friends but I gained them through the trial. It is good for every one of us to let people walk over us. Try it in the home if you are having trouble and see how it works.

Let me show you now what the outcome was of the man who showed a submissive spirit. Abram went to Lot and humbled himself. You would have thought, because God called Abram that he should have been boss but Abram didn't act like that. He said, "We be brethren, let us not have any strife. Let us separate. God called me and I took you with me but I shall let you make your choice." So Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom.

Let me tell you, he had it pitched there long

before he ever moved. Instead of going over to Abram's house he no doubt walked on the hillside every night, looking down towards the fertile land of Sodom and Gomorrah. Before a person ever shows evidence outwardly of backsliding, long before a person leaves the church there is generally something wrong. So Lot said, "I will pitch my tent toward Sodom; the plains are well watered and there is plenty of green grass there." Friends, it doesn't always pay to pitch your tent where the grass is green; that may be the very place where God doesn't want us to go. God wants us in the hard places. They develop us.

Now when people separate, one of the first things they begin to do is to criticize, and I can just imagine a conversation, something like this, going on around their dinner table: Mrs. Lot says, "I have lost all the faith I ever had in Sarai"; and then Lot adds, "Yes, and I have lost all faith in Abram. I found out he was nothing but a hypocrite." To which Mrs. Lot replies, "Yes, and Sarai is a hypocrite too." Lot has his five daughters around the table and one of them says, "Well, we don't have to go to church anymore. We've found that Abram and Sarai are nothing but hypocrites and no doubt they are all the same."

Friends, such a conversation goes on around many a dinner table these days in front of the children and that is the reason they have no respect for the pastor or for the church; that is the reason many children are not saved, their confidence is destroyed. Finally Mrs. Lot says, "I'll tell you how we can get ahead of the folks." You know when folk separate they want to outdo the other fellow and get ahead of someone. "Let us sell this place and get away from the whole bunch and let us go and live in Sodom." So they sold their property and went to town. Probably Mrs. Lot took her daughters around shopping and they looked at the pictures in front of the movie house and finally bought tickets and went in while Mr. Lot was dealing with the real estate man. They bought a mansion and then invited all the young men into the home and had a reception, at which time Mrs. Lot probably made a match or two.

But the old city grew very wicked and licentious and God did everything He could to get Lot out. Let me say that when those kings made a raid on the city it was not just a coincidence, but permitted by God in order to warn Lot and get him out of that place. You remember how Abram took his servants and de-

(Continued on page 21)

## The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by Watson Argue

Presenting the story of the Pentecostal Church in the Glass City, Jeannette, Pa. D. H. McDowell, Pastor.  
Brother and Sister Watson Argue will be here for a campaign during the month of March.

THE CITY of Jeannette, with a population of 17,000, is situated about 30 miles east of Pittsburgh, Pa., on the Penn. R.R., and since it is only about 50 years old some of us were

'toddlin' around on the floor when it was getting started as an industrial center.

My introduction to Jeannette was at the turn of the century, shortly after my conversion. As a result of a tent meeting in 1903 a company of people gathered together around the 'Full Gospel Standard' and as a young man

just venturing into the Lord's work I was sent in betimes to minister to this group which was housed in the customary rented store-room of those days. From 1904 to 1916 the work passed thru a number of changes and thru lack of care it fell into indifference and finally closed up. However, the result of the great wave of Pentecost that had swept the country from 1906, resulted in a number of people in this city receiving the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. In 1916 Bro. B. E. Mahan came to Jeannette and opened up a mission on the same street but the opposite corner. Our brother gathered together a fine company of hungry hearts that soon outgrew their already cramped quarters. Many who were active in the earlier days rallied to our brother's faithful efforts and a good foundation was laid for the Pentecostal work in this city.

About the year 1919 Brother Mahan secured a small church building at the head of Clay Avenue, but after moving in it was necessary to enlarge the building. Under the blessing of the Lord, the work soon outgrew these dimensions and it was necessary to push out

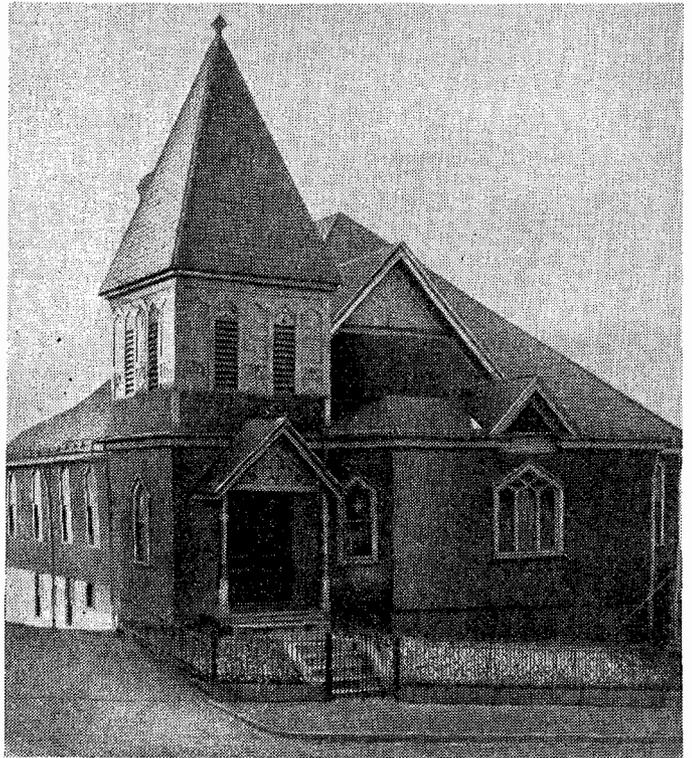
the walls and add to the length. This has been done until it has reached the limit of the lot, yet in times of special services it is found to be too small to accommodate the crowds. During Brother Mahan's ministry many souls were saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit as a result of his consistent and godly efforts. In 1932 he felt called of God to respond to calls in other fields and resigned his pastorate after 17 years of faithful labors in which ties of fellowship were forged that were hard to sever.

It was under these circumstances, thru the call of the congregation, that the writer returned to take up the work from this point. It was a personal satisfaction to come into a town where one was known and had so many friends of a former day and find them still standing; also a pleasure to enter a work that had been so carefully nourished and in which there was that feeling and unity characteristic of a healthy spiritual condition.

We endeavored to maintain the standards



Pastor D. H. McDowell



The Pentecostal Church of Jeannette, Pa.

already established and ventured forth to do our best in this city. The Pentecostal people are spiritually-minded and co-operative. The place is marked by the absence of aggressive souls who would aspire to rule in the flesh, but any suggestion that leads to prayer and the deepening of spiritual life always finds an excellent response. Thus souls are being born of the Spirit in every effort put forth. The summer of 1934 was filled with activity, at which time we pitched a tent on one of the finest spots in town and carried on meetings for the months of July and August. In this campaign many came in who perhaps had never had the courage to venture into the church. We followed this campaign with two special services in the church.

The Sunday School has an enrollment of about 300. The regular attendance of the church during the regular services is three to four hundred. A room down stairs, also a large prayer-room at the back of the pulpit are both equipped with loud speakers, seating three hundred more during special services. To this "speaker" is also attached an instrument in the Church Tower from which we can send the

voice out on the air. We have also installed a number of head phones which is a great comfort to many outsiders who have impaired hearing.

The church supports a missionary in India and partially supports another. Also a native worker in India, and the Young People support a native worker in Japan.

We have secured a bus for church purposes and it is our intention to equip it for efficient open air work for the summer months. We are looking forward to the coming campaign, in the month of March, with Evangelist and Mrs. Watson Argue, and we ask that all friends who read this article will remember us before the throne of grace that the Lord will move in a newer and deeper way among us. The city is nestled in the valley between the two main highway arteries U.S. 30 and 22. We are always glad to welcome God's children as they pass thru and do all in our power to extend the hospitality of the church, remembering that we are but strangers passing thru to "the city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."

—D. H. McDowell.

### A Crisis Time in China Demands Prayer

**A** CALL OBEYED, a few brief years of faltering service with seemingly no results, then oncoming hatred, a tragic slaughter, blood spilled and a martyr's grave—and then the curtain falls. Such has been the brief enactment of a number of human dramas on the stage of China's onward march with Christianity. What a tragic end! But was it the *end*?

In the memorable year of 1900 when the curtain fell for many a life over a martyr's grave it did not necessarily drop for the final scene, for in the course of the years, long perhaps to man, but a brief intermission in God's estimation, the curtain was again lifted to show the results. And lo! there stood atop the grave, not a monument of cemetery type, but one of living stones: a redeemed band following in the footsteps of Him whose teaching they once hated. And here and there a church has been erected on the very spot where, a quarter of a century ago, the martyr's blood was spilled. So today, as in the Early Church, a Stephen's martyrdom still produces a Paul, and the land of China, so richly fertilized by the blood of her martyrs has produced some modern apostles.

Recent newspapers throughout the country have recited the tragic death of two young mis-

sionaries, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Stam, who were captured near their mission station at the time the entire city was raided by brigands. Quoting from *The Sunday School Times*, "The latest information seems to show that they were executed by the sword in the ancient Chinese manner. Chinese Christians did everything in their power to intercede and save the lives of the missionaries. One Chinese Christian knelt before the executioners, but without avail. During the night before the execution, according to a Chinese eye-witness, Mr. and Mrs. Stam were tightly bound with cords and were not permitted to lie down. One can faintly imagine their physical suffering." While to the natural, the curtain has closed upon their earthly walk, bringing to a close their ministry, yet even now, He who permitted it, may be setting His life-germinating process in motion, and should He tarry, when the curtain rises again we may find the very murderers forming the pillars of a new church built on that sacred foundation—the graves of the martyrs.

The heroic spirit, yea, the very spirit of Christ Himself, was markedly manifested in the martyr to be, for in the last letter received by his parents, he enclosed a poem, written by

a missionary upon the death of a previous martyr, and in this letter he told of the turbulent conditions prevailing in their field and added that while he knew they were in real danger, he was not afraid for the enclosed lines expressed his feelings:

“Afraid? Of What?  
 Afraid to see the Savior’s face,  
 To hear His welcome, and to trace  
 The glory gleam from wounds of grace?  
 Afraid? — of what?”

“Afraid? Of What?  
 To do by death what life could not—  
 Baptize with blood a stony plot,  
 Till souls shall blossom from the spot?  
 Afraid? — of what?”

When the parents of these martyred saints heard the tragic news, the father wired the China Inland Mission, thanking them for their sympathy, and adding that they had felt it a great honor to have given their son to be a missionary, but never expected such an honor to be conferred on them as to have him wear a martyr’s crown.

And we believe this utter abandonment to the will of God, this fearlessness of the future, is the spirit of many others of the staunch, God-called workers in China today as they face anti-foreign upheavals. As news has reached us from various sections of the land we are made to realize that there is an urgent need of united and intercessory prayer in behalf of our missionaries. Word has just come that many of the workers in South China have been ordered to leave their stations and flee to coastal cities. One of our tried and true soldiers of the Cross, Miss Blanche Appleby, was reported in the Hong Kong papers, to have been kidnapped as her whereabouts could not be ascertained, but God had miraculously delivered her from any such fate and she is now safe at the Coast, but has learned that all her possessions were confiscated by the brigands who raided the interior city in which she has been laboring.

From Mr. Herman Becker who has a large and flourishing work in Central China, comes the report that they have been detained in Shanghai due to very serious developments in the city of Yuanchow where his work is located. Brigands and Communistic hordes were threatening to loot and destroy the city and the workers were in grave danger. Mr. and Mrs. Becker have just returned to China after a term of furlough but are not able to proceed on to their station where they are so sorely needed.

In years gone by, serious situations have arisen because of the heathen fastening the blame for some prevailing but unwanted circumstance, upon the missionaries. One modern instance of this nature might easily bring about a tragic end unless God intervenes. A letter from Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Morrison who are working amongst the Tribes people of West China, tells of God graciously working and many turning to the Lord. But there is a serious aspect to this, for, as a result of so many yielding to Christ and hence turning away from their habits of drinking and gambling, the trade in these commodities that foster and encourage wickedness carried on by the heathen Chinese with the tribes’ people is being affected to a marked degree. It has now reached rather serious proportions for they have burned the home of the missionaries several times and have also been making other serious threats.

We at home bear a great responsibility towards these ambassadors of the Cross, these who are laboring on the enemy’s territory. May it never be said that because of our lethargy and failure to hold the ropes by prayer; a tragedy might have been averted; but may a volume of effectual and fervent prayer ascend from men and women, that these laborers may be kept in the hour of danger, and though a thousand fall on every hand, they might be overshadowed and protected by the blood that covers.

—R. M.

### Missionary Disbursements for 1934

During the year 1934 THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE received and disbursed to missionaries in the following countries:

India .....	\$741.23
China .....	634.69
Africa .....	202.25
Japan .....	102.50
Malay Peninsula.....	97.75
South America.....	50.00
Alaska .....	39.00
Chicago Miss. R. Home	21.00
Kentucky Mt. Work...	20.00
Philippine Is.....	5.00

Total \$1913.41

Our mission books have been audited by the Missionary Secretary of the Stone Church, Mr. H. E. B. Armstrong, who makes the following statement: “The books and accounts of the Missionary Dept. of The Evangel Publishing House, showing receipts and disbursements of all monies for the missionaries, have been audited and found to be correct, for the year 1934.”

## “A Man Shall Be as an Hiding Place”

Pastor Niels P. Thomsen in the Stone Church, Nov. 4, 1934



WOULD like to call your special attention to Isaiah 32:2, “And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” We know that this is prophetically spoken of for the millennium and will be finally fulfilled in that day, as far as this earth is concerned because the first verse of the chapter brings us immediately into that period, “Behold, a king shall reign in righteousness, and princes.” Many kings have reigned in the past and others are now reigning but none have reigned wholly in righteousness and none ever will until Jesus comes to set up His kingdom on earth and then there will indeed be a reign of righteousness that will last a thousand years.

Even tho this verse refers to the millennium it holds something for us today, which is true of many millennial scriptures; they are applicable to our own hearts and may be partially fulfilled in us today.

“A Man.” He is not referring to any man as one chosen from among the human race but is referring to *the* Man, Christ Jesus. There is one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus. As Jesus stood before Pilate, after hearing Him Pilate led Him out before the multitude and said, “Behold the Man.” There is one Man and only One, for us to behold today, only one Man in whose footsteps we are to walk and that is the Man, Christ Jesus. We are told that this Man shall be a hiding place from the wind. When the blasts come and the wind would blow upon us to drive us from our course, we can find a hiding place in Him. There are many winds today. We are told that we should be established, rooted and grounded in the Lord and should not be blown about by “every wind of doctrine,”—false doctrines are winds that blow on us wildly in these days, causing one to lose his balance and be blown hither and yon, unless he be firmly grounded. Thank God for a safe hiding place in this Man, where we are safe from the winds of false doctrine that would uproot us. If you are hiding in Him the winds have no chance of reaching you. If the wind is blowing from the North and you get behind a wall where you are sheltered from the northern exposure, it

cannot touch you; if you are on the lee-ward side even though the wind is blowing strong, you would almost think there was no wind blowing at all. I am glad for the hiding place which we can enter and be kept safe from the biting, north winds of slander. “The Name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous run into it and are safe.” So whenever we find the blasts blowing, instead of standing outside and trying to face them, let us run into our hiding place. There are some things it is worth while running from; our courage is not always displayed by our standing still. Many times we are told to turn away from some things and flee from them; so let us run into this Hiding Place, the Man Christ Jesus, and remain there.

The next element He shields us from is the storm—He will be a “covert from the tempest.” I looked up that word “tempest” because the two were so nearly alike and I find that while the first is just wind, the second is more; it is a storm, rain and water mingled with the wind, that would beat upon us. It is a heavy storm that would come upon us and drench us, that would cause us to lie down somewhere and give up because of the fierceness of it. But He says He will be a covert for us there. That word “covert” means more than just a place where you can be covered; it means a secret place where the storm cannot find us, a place where the winds may blow and the rain may beat but we do not fall because we are hidden deep down; down in the Rock, in the secret place. You remember that in the Song of Songs the bride is called a dove; it says, “My dove, thou art in the secret of the stairs.” It is a hiding place, but even more than that—He is a secret place in the stairs for us. The stairway is the way up and Jesus is our way up. Have you found the secret place? Do you know the way in? Not everyone finds this way. It is very much like the narrow way—few there be that find it, but thank God for everyone who has found his way into the secret place in the Lord where he is hidden in Him.

What are storms typical of? They are typical of the trials, of the difficulties that meet us along the way, typical of the clouds that would overshadow our lives and hide the face of the Sun of Righteousness from our view; when directions are lost to us and we are just pressing

on in blind faith. What shall we do in times of such difficulty? Just sit down in despair and say, "The Lord has forgotten all about us"? No. We will get into the secret place, into the covert from the storm and remain there. A Man shall be a covert unto us if we will let Him. That was one purpose of His coming. We have all our sufficiency in Him, every provision in Him today. Why should we be looking elsewhere for help or shelter? to the beggarly elements of the world?

But these are not the only two conditions in which He will meet us, for we find other hard things along life's way. He tells us that He will be as rivers of water in a dry place. Do you know anything about a dry-place experience? That word refers to a desert here—no fruit, no foliage, no verdure; nothing there to attract—just a place of dead men's bones, a place where there is no water though you look hither and thither for it. It is a dry, desert place. Can we look back upon an experience when we felt everything was dry? No fruit, no results and we cried out and said, "Lord, do send us a revival. We are so barren. There is not a single thing about us that is fruitful." What is our trouble? There is a Man who says He will give us *rivers of water* in just such a place. He is all that we need. You know rivers of water make all the difference in the world. When I was in the Santa Clara Valley in California in 1918 one of the farmers there took me to the hill-top and told me to look down into that beautiful valley and as I did I saw wonderful trees all in blossom, making just one mass of blooms down over that fertile valley. Then he said, "You know a few years ago you could have bought all the land you wanted here at 25c an acre. It was a dry barren place with no rain fall and no water. Nothing would grow. But today they are selling some of these farms around here with just a little house on them and a few fruit trees, for twelve to fifteen hundred dollars per acre." What made the difference? They had brought water down; they built some dams, turned the course of the streams, put in some artificial lakes and through a system of irrigation they were able to make that land fertile until now it produces some of the most wonderful fruit in the country. Rivers of water had made all the difference. Now the Lord can take our barren 25c-an-acre hearts and make them twelve-hundred-dollar-an-acre hearts if we will just allow Him to turn the water on so that rivers will flow. Some of us have clogged up the channels so the rivers can-

not flow and fertilize human hearts. Would to God that we would turn to Him in our need and let Him drench us with the rivers of living water.

Jesus said, "He that believeth on me, out of his being shall flow rivers of living water and this spake He of the Spirit, which should come." This is the way the Spirit is in operation. He said, "If I go to the Father I will send Him unto you." I wonder if Jesus forgot His promise or if there are some who cannot receive the Spirit? Did He say to His disciples, "I will send Him to you, John, and to you, Peter, but there are some of you folk to whom I will not send Him under any condition"? No. He has promised rivers of water to all who will believe. Are we parched and dry? He has promised to send floods upon the dry ground, so that should be a real encouragement. If we will only admit we are dry, if we will only acknowledge our barren condition then the Lord can begin to send the rivers. I am so glad there is a Man who knows just when and where to send the rivers and it is the Man, Christ Jesus. How about our experience? Do we feel the rivers flowing or is it just a tiny trickling stream that flows through our souls? How wonderful it is to have the flood-tides!

In the dry seasons in India we are accustomed to seeing many trickling streams; there is no rain for months during that time and even the great rivers such as the Ganges and others, just dwindle down to little streams until in many places people can wade across them and never get wet above their knees. But when the rains come, then the mighty torrents rush down from the hills and wherever the tributaries enter there is a rushing of waters, the streams rise and the wading ceases. Then, if you want to cross you have to use a ferry or some boat, for there is no more wading. The rivers continue to rise till they are fifteen, twenty and twenty-five feet deep. The rain has made all the difference. May God give us an overflow experience.

Then He promised to be one more thing to us—"the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Have you ever known anything about weariness in your experience? This word "weariness" means more than simply being tired; it means a languid condition—you get to the place where you have lost all spiritual pep, and instead of becoming fat in your experience you become lean, all your strength and energy are gone. Every bit of life seems to depart from you and you feel like sitting down

(Continued on page 21)

## Not as the World Counts Greatness

*To Mold Young Lives for Service*



AMONG the men who "did things" at the great Lake Geneva Campmeeting in recent summers since the Camp has been attaining its best, was a little man by the name of Charles C. Beatty. Mr. Beatty was everywhere in the execution of his duties, in the office, on the rostrum at the Tabernacle in the Committee-room, here and there on the Camp Ground—always looking after the essential things that help to make a Campmeeting a success.

The business-like way he carried on his duties made one wonder how he came this Pentecostal way. How had God trained His man to so capably fit in everywhere? Mrs. Beatty gave the writer a little insight into the providences of God that led them, step by step, until he became Dean of the North Central Bible Institute in Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. Beatty had been a Baptist minister for some years, but in their searching after God they coveted the holy life taught by some Holiness groups, and joined the Nazarenes. The motive that dominated Mr. and Mrs. Beatty in this move was that they might be associated with the most spiritual people they could find.

About this time Brother Beatty became Superintendent of Bethel Rescue Work in Duluth, Minn. It comprised a large building in which were housed as many as 250 men of a night; also a Rescue Home for Girls in another part of the city. When Mr. Beatty was appointed Supt. of these rescue homes there was an indebtedness on the Bethel building of six or seven thousand dollars, and nine thousand on the Girls' Building. Thru the blessing of the Lord and his able management the indebtedness was wiped out the first year. A \$45,000 building was also erected for Family Welfare Work, and they had a Boys' Club which had a membership of 250 boys. During the winter of 1918 alone they took in 450 men. God made Bethel Home a haven for many men who needed food for their bodies and souls.

The Beattys were reaching out after God. "I don't care what name you call it, but I want to be in the most spiritual work there is," said Mrs. Beatty. It was at this time that Dr. Price held a campaign in the city of Duluth, and they received letters from friends in Minneapolis stating what a dangerous man he was. In the meantime a little company of ladies, mostly

Nazarenes, had come together for prayer at the Beatty home, every Tuesday. They were praying for a real, Holy Ghost revival. "Lord, send a revival and we do not care thru whom you send it," was the burden of their prayer. Mr. Beatty brought the news home to his wife that this man "Price" was coming to Duluth, and she said, "It doesn't make any difference to me to what he belongs, I am going to hear him." There was a great joy within at the prospect and she felt such an urge to go that she cancelled her engagement to go with her husband for a meeting at Nopeming, asking him to get someone else to sing and play. She went to Dr. Price's opening service and felt a warmth of the Spirit in that big old Curling Rink that she had never known before. She was not acquainted with the Pentecostal people, but the Spirit of God so warmed her heart that she went back to their own services and urged them all to attend the meetings. For four weeks she never missed an evening service.

Then the persecution began. The preachers of the Ministerial Association began to speak to Mr. Beatty about the meetings. At first he refused to go but finally he went and was drawn to this deeper life of the Spirit. They labored on in their work at Bethel. The work was very precious to them; they had poured out their lives for it and built it up, and it was not an easy thing to think of laying it down, but God had created a hunger in their hearts for the Holy Spirit which could only be satisfied by Himself, and they were beginning to feel He was about to ask of them a new step of consecration. One of the workers of the City Mission feeling they were slipping from their moorings visited them a number of times. He asked them if they had not been hurt considerably by these meetings of Dr. Price's. "No," Mrs. Beatty said, "we have been wonderfully helped." He saw that they had "swallowed the hook," as it were, and labored hard to save them from Pentecost, but they had had a taste of the wine of the kingdom and the thirst in their souls for more went deep.

The Beattys went on record as seekers for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Beatty had numerous meetings with the Board of the Bethel Rescue Work. They did their best to retain him and for a whole year his resignation lay on the table, before they would accept it.

mediately made way for the Bride who followed with four bridesmaids.

While we were watching the ceremony the Chief came to us and asked if we would not at that time get our literature and pass it out among the guests who had come with the bride from the home of the Chief of A-ri tribe. This we were only too happy to do and soon we were in the midst of this new crowd of people who had not before heard the Gospel. What opportunities God had given us and how we praise Him for having put into the heart of this Chief to invite us and give us such wonderful liberty at a time such as this was.

The Chief had already given strict orders to his tribe not to drink any wine on this day. But the following day they seemed to make up for what they lost the day before. However, after that day of drinking had passed we again had wonderful opportunities to reach practically every family in this large tribe of some twelve hundred families. For some one from each family in this tribe was there and all knew that the Chief was our friend.

We remained for several days after the wedding and during these days we were preaching to many of this tribe who had not before seen us nor heard the Gospel message. What opportunities, what responsibility. We trust that we have been found faithful to all the trust our Heavenly Father has committed unto us. After we have thus evangelized these two large tribes there is a cry and such a longing in our soul to get out and do more. But winter is here and our animals can not stand much more for the present as all grass has dried by now. God has given us these open doors and we must now ask that friends everywhere pray that God will cause the seed sown to grow and that there will be much abiding fruit.

—V. G. and Ruth L. Plymire.

(Continued from page 15)

by the wayside to bemoan your condition. You are thirsty and oh so languid! The sun is beating down upon you and draining every ounce of strength from your system. I have known something about that from living in the tropical climate of India when I have walked and labored till I was unable to stand up any longer and life seemed almost gone. This Man has promised to be the Shadow of a Great Rock in just such times. You can run in there and the sun will not smite you any longer. Shade means great relief in a dry and hot land. You

who live in temperate zones do not appreciate shade as we do in a tropical clime but you know how refreshing it is to get out of the intense heat and into some shady retreat; you love to stand under a broad spreading tree. Yes, shade is wonderful when the hot sun beats down upon you. And the Lord says, "When you get into such a place, when you have labored and the sun is hot and your strength is waning, when it seems so difficult to speak to people about their souls, then I will be a Rock to you. I will cast a great shadow and you can hide there and be refreshed so that you can walk out again and face the world, take up your duties with new strength and fresh vigor." There comes a time in the life of every Christian when he feels he cannot carry on any longer, that the task is greater than God could ask of us and we lack the ability and the courage to carry on. Then it is that we find our refuge in this Rock.

And so this Man will be all these provisions to us—a hiding place from the wind, a secret place in the time of storm; He tells us He will be rivers of water in the desert experience and a place of refreshing to us in the heat of the day, when we feel we can go on no longer. But I wonder if we fully appropriate all that He longs to be to us. Sometimes I think we try to help ourselves too much; we try to carry on in our own strength and fight our own battles; we try to stand up against the wind and press through the storm and when we come to a dry place we attempt to dig our own wells that never bring water and to refresh ourselves by everything else but that which He has provided instead of just entering in and receiving from Him that which we have need of. Let us run into Him! It will save us much energy and strength and much languishing. Let us not forget that there is provision for our every need in this Man, Christ Jesus.

(Continued from page 10)

livered Lot and the women, and brought back all their possessions. And I can hear Abram saying, "Come Lot, get out of here. This is a wicked place. Why don't you settle the thing now and leave it!" "I would like to go," said Lot, "for I see it is a wicked place, but I cannot do it. My wife is here. My daughters are here and we have our home here." And Lot stayed right there and the city grew worse and worse until finally God poured out fire and brimstone upon Sodom. And because that one man had an unforgiving spirit back there when

that quarrel first came up, he lost his daughters, his wife, his gold, his cattle and as far as I know, his own soul also. The last time we hear of Lot he is drunk up on the mountain side, the victim of an unmentionable crime.

But let us see what became of the man who showed a humble spirit. He pitched his tent on the hill-top, built an altar and called on God. God blessed him and unto him was born a son through whom was to come a great race of people for the glory of God. That is the difference between the two characters.

May God melt us and bring us to the place where we are pliable like the clay in the potter's hand. For the glory of God I want to say that the man who speaks to you today is far different from what he was ten or fifteen years ago. I was trained for secret service work and was taught not to take anything from anybody. But God kept breaking down that stubborn will and today He gives me grace to bear many things. And I find that every time I manifest a submissive and broken spirit He always brings me into a higher place. Humiliation and then exaltation, but he that exalts himself shall be humbled. May the Lord humble us in our home, in our business and in our church and make us like Christ who when He was reviled reviled not again.

*(Continued from page 5)*

sees it is outside the skirt of its nest. The mother soars around with the little fledgling on her wing. When the mother has gotten possibly ten thousand feet high, she flops her wings and makes a dive to earth. The little fledgling loses its grip and falls off into space. The eye of the mother watches the eaglet in its struggles, and before it dashes to the ground swoops down and spreads her wings and the eaglet again grips with its claws. Over and over again this occurs until the eaglet learns to flop its own wings, and the first thing you know the little thing has learned how to fly.

That is how God teaches us. The highest type of character we have in the Bible can be described in a few words, reckless and utter abandonment on God alone. That is the overcomer. We talk about going thru. God will pull us thru if we only stand the pull. The biggest difficulty we have now is to be able to stand, "and having done all, stand." Friend, do not waste those scalding tears any more. Do not think everything is hopeless, that God has forsaken you. Do not believe the lie of

Satan that God has gone and left you to your troubles. The afflictions of this moment are for your benediction and blessing if you, by the eye of faith, can see from what you have come. I had a deacon in one of my assemblies who sought the baptism for seven years. Finally he reached the place about which I have been talking this afternoon, and with the scalding tears running down his face, he said to me, "Oh if I had only understood sooner! Seven years without this experience just because I did not understand!" May God help us in these last days to be true to Him.

### The Coming Night

The world today is sinking into the very midnight of spiritual darkness. Sir Edwin Gray, one of the former foreign ministers, said on one occasion that he perceived there was some influence working thruout the world in a mysterious way to trouble and throw every part of the world into a foment. We happen to know what that "influence" is. He is the prince of this world and his name is Satan.

There are millions of people today who have adopted the Marxian philosophy. Karl Marx says the world must be delivered from four things: From its belief in God, from the superstition of religion, conscience and belief in immortality. When a man or woman is robbed of those four things, he or she has been robbed of everything that is precious, and when people have lost the fear of God, when the sense of God has been withdrawn from a human being, the future of that person is very black.

This godless philosophy has swept over the world and robbed people by the millions of their faith in God. It has had a very disastrous effect upon the church and in many parts of the world the church has degenerated into a fruitless, powerless, prayerless organization which has a form of godliness but denies the power of the living God. The need of the world today is a real manifestation of Holy Ghost power. Where a church is not only an organization but a real incarnation of the fruit of the Spirit and the power of God it will amount to something. A powerless church is an object of contempt. It was the Greek Orthodox Church of Russia that was really responsible for the rapid growth of Bolshevism, because she never manifested the power of the love of God. It was an organization but not an incarnation of the living

Christ. Let us pray that God will use us as instruments to reveal to the world the truth of God and manifest the fruits of the Spirit.

—*Evangelist Gierke at Lake Geneva Camp.*

**A New People.** An amazing discovery is reported in *The New York Times* magazine for September. Explorers penetrating the uncharted interior of New Guinea have found great "stone-age" tribes never before seen by the white man. A blank area on the map of N. E. New Guinea between the Bismark and the Sir Arthur Gordon Mountain ranges has been filled in, something like 250 miles long by 100 miles broad. This region, about the only land unpenetrated by explorers left here on earth, is in the high valleys of the interior of the island. Here have been found thousands upon thousands of dusky-skinned people who, until a few weeks ago, had never been known to exist. Affirming that these new-found folk, living north of PaPaua, number over 250,000, and that they maintain a high form of primitive horticulture with many interesting tribal customs peculiarly their own, and ways of life not to be found anywhere else on the globe, District Officer J. L. Taylor asserts that he and E. W. P. Chinnery, anthropologist to the Australian government, flew by airplane and reconnoitered from the air the whole district, then stepped out from their plane, only to have the natives crowd about them in groups, kissing their hands, bowing down to the ground and proclaiming them gods from another planet. New Guinea, 1500 miles long by 450 across at its widest, is the largest island on earth next to Australia and Greenland, and the boldest adventurers have not pierced its mountain fastnesses and its dense forests, no, not even in the cause of Christ. This is another Ne Plus Ultra and presents a marvelous challenge to the missionary zeal and vision of the young manhood of our day. There is a whole world of adventure, enterprise and miracle awaiting the daring pioneer who will take Christ for his Guide and open up this untouched region. In obedience to the great commission, every new pioneering enterprise only hastens the fulfillment of His Word and the Second Coming of Christ our Lord.

#### GOD'S RUST REMOVER

Rust on steel can be best removed by sand-paper or the file. Similarly we must be kept bright and clean. There must be no rust on our hearts resulting from inconsistency or permitted sin. To keep us from this deterioration is God's perpetual aim; and for these purposes He uses the fret of daily life, and chafe of small annoyances, the wear and tear of irritating tempers and vexing circumstances. Nothing great or crushing, but many things that gall and vex. These are the sand-paper and the file that God perpetually employs to guard against whatever would blunt the edge or diminish the effect of our work.—*F. B. Meyer.*

### This Is the True God

The MAKER of the universe  
As man, for man was made a curse.  
The claims of law which He had made  
Unto the uttermost He paid.

His holy fingers made the bough  
Which grew the thorns that crowned His brow.  
The nails which pierced His hands were mined  
In secret places He designed.

He made the forest whence there sprung  
The tree on which His body hung.  
He died upon a Cross of wood,  
Yet made the hill on which it stood.

The sky that darkened o'er His head,  
By Him above the earth was spread.  
The sun that hid from Him its face,  
By His decree was poised in space.

The spear which spilled His precious blood  
Was tempered in the fires of God.  
The grave in which His form was laid  
Was hewn in rocks His hands had made.

The throne on which He now appears  
Was His from everlasting years.  
But a new glory crowns His brow,  
And every knee to Him shall bow.

—*F. W. Pitt.*

"At this writing we are in the midst of revival meetings in Hong Kong in our new Tabernacle where the McKinneys are in charge. For two years we came to Hong Kong to hold tent meetings. Our present meeting has grown out of that. Recently the Lord led Brother and Sister McKinney to rent a building that had been used for a garage. I wish you could see the fine congregation and hear them sing and see the hunger on their faces. Last night a young man came thru to his baptism. It was the most beautiful sight I ever witnessed. While praying by himself the old-time power from heaven fell on him and he glorified God in another language. It was a glorious sight. Many wept in the prayer-meeting this morning over their sins.

"One woman who has fourteen children has never missed a meeting. She brings at least six of her children to each meeting. Another woman testified that tho she had been a nominal Christian for twenty years it was not until she came to the Gospel Tabernacle that the Holy Spirit ever touched her heart. There were six babies dedicated one Sunday, and we expect soon to have a baptismal service.

"The Lord has given me an open door in a hospital training school. There are several hundred girls here from all parts of China and it is a marvelous opportunity to give the Gospel. Two Christian girls who have a passion for souls got permission from the Doctor to use one of the class-rooms for meetings where they hold meetings three times a week. Last year over twenty girls got saved thru these meetings."

—*Mrs. W. R. Williamson.*



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### PSALMS 4:2

2 O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame? how long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing [falsehood]?  
Sē-lāh.

Ps. 12.2; 31.6,18; 69.7-10.

### PSALMS 88:13

13 But unto thee have I cried, O LORD; and in the morning shall my prayer prevent [come before] thee.

Ps. 5.3; 119.147.

(Facsimile of type showing corrected renderings in brackets and references after each verse.)

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