

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Did you know that is just as true of the spiritual life as of the natural? A real deep spiritual life does not consist of all the blessings and gifts it may accumulate and possess, not in all that it may acquire. That is not spiritual life. Of what does it consist? The ability to pour out at His feet all that I have. Spiritual power does not consist of an abundance of energy, but in being depleted; not in being strong, but weak, not feeling sufficient, but in leaning hard on the Everlasting Arms. That is real, true, spiritual life.

*"Measure thy life by loss and not by gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And he who suffers most has most to give."*

J. W. FOLLETTE in Byron Camp

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Wisconsin's Growing Child

ONLY two and a half years old is this child called by the name of the district in which it resides, namely, The Wisconsin and Northern Michigan District of the Assemblies of God, but already it has reached such proportions and is exerting such an influence that we exclaim in amazement, "What hath God wrought!" Born in Spring 1934 it made its first spiritual debut that summer on the occasion of its first camp-meeting held at Byron, Wisconsin, when God so manifestly added His blessing and, as it were, dedicated this new child to His service.

The hearty co-operation given by those interested in its growth, lent great impetus and with the funds raised at that first camp-meeting, they forged ahead, expending every effort to produce growth. In the months that followed, where the Full Gospel was not then being preached, halls were rented and in some communities, churches, whose doors had been closed, were again opened.

While for a time the growth may have been almost imperceptible, yet the sum total was very evident at the Third Annual Camp which convened in Camp Byron, August 6 - 16 of this year. The accommodations of the camp were

taxed to their utmost and inadequate for the crowds who longed to come and feast on the things of God. However, with many available rooms in near-by farm houses, no one was disappointed, and every effort was made to meet the desires of the great crowds in the dining-hall. Yes, the temporal needs were well taken care of and many were the comments heard concerning the splendid meals served.

But there was a reaching out for that food which comes down from above and, as ever, when hungry hearts and a laden table get linked up, there is certain to be some feasting. It was very evident from the opening of the camp that God had provided nourishment of a rare nature through His chosen servants, Len Jones of Australia and John Wright Follette of New York, as well as others who broke the bread of life to the waiting multitudes. There were those messages which provided choice bits of morsels, rich and sweet, and others that gave the strong meat of the Word which we felt we could "chew" on for weeks to come before it was really digested and assimilated to give the necessary strength for the upbuilding of the spiritual body.

How amazing are God's provisions and what a skilfull Dietitian He is for He knows just

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"Go thy way Daniel; for the words are closed up and sealed till THE TIME OF THE END. Many shall be purified and made white and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly: and none of the wicked shall understand; but THE WISE SHALL UNDERSTAND." Dan. 12:11, 12.

IT IS apparent that in the time of the end, the wise, God's children, will understand. Many signs tell us that we are near the time of the end now. Many of God's children as they compare the Scriptures with what has been happening in the world realize that this is so. The fact that many of the wicked do not understand is a fulfillment of the text given.

Some are telling us that the world is getting better. God's Word tells us it will become worse and worse.

WAR. Years ago an Indian would fight with a tomahawk and think he did well if at the close of the day he brought home one scalp. Now-a-days one machine gun will fire 6,000 bullets in one minute and mow down an advancing army.

Two Frenchmen recently invented what they call celery gas. One drop of this placed on a dog killed it almost instantly, and it is claimed there is no protection against this gas.

In Japan they have what is known as a human torpedo. A sailor is right in the torpedo and starts it on its deadly errand. This assures accuracy so that the torpedo will hardly ever

Striking Signs of the End

EVANGELIST WATSON ARGUE

In Chicago Tent Meeting

fail to hit the mark. The man, of course, is blown to pieces. It is reported that there are 5,000 Japanese sailors who have volunteered thus to die in the human torpedo.

Recently in Ottawa when General E. A. Ross was addressing the Canadian Parliament making a plea for the construction of airplanes for the protection of the Dominion he stated:

"Two airplanes can today carry enough gas to wipe out the entire population of London, England.

"The safest place in the next war will be in the front line trenches. Civilians, women and children of an industrial center will be snuffed out like flies by poison gases, against which masks are not the slightest protection.

"There is a gas today which creeps through the skin with a hundred times the effect of strychnine. Another kills with one sniff. Still another tortured goats so that they dashed their brains out against a stone wall, to escape the frenzy of the pain.

"A gas called thermite can be set free from airplanes. This is an incendiary gas and heats up to 3,000 degrees. It melts through iron and steel roofs and pierces right through gas mains. Two pounds of this would burn down Ottawa."

Mussolini is being called the modern "Seizer" because of the way he seized Ethiopia. Hitler defies the Allies and occupies the Rhineland. Japan grabs Manchuria and will no doubt take more of China if she can. The League of nations is tottering. It is claimed there are fifty million men in Europe ready to spring into battle on 36 hours' notice. The revolution in Spain is something that can easily ignite into another world war.

DIVORCE—LOOSE LIVING. The Bible foretells loose living and such things as divorce in the last days.

"But as the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were

eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." (Matt. 24: 37-39).

One of the blackest marks on the United States is the easy divorce situation in Reno, Nevada. It is claimed that five divorces were granted there in twenty minutes by one judge. According to official figures, Reno's divorce business in 1931 was practically double that of 1930. Chicago courts granted one divorce every 55 minutes in 1930. The place has been reached in America where homes are being broken annually at the rate of one divorce to every 5.8 marriages. It is growing worse all the time and in some of the states it has gone far beyond this. Statistics show, in Maine, one divorce for every 4.6 marriages; in Ohio, one to 3.2; in Texas, one to 2.6; in Wyoming, one to 1:9; while in Nevada, figures show one divorce to every 1.5 marriages.

It is stated that two of the largest cigarette manufacturing companies now soak their tobacco in a weak solution of opium. Opium is like whiskey—it creates an increasing appetite. When opium is added to tobacco, the smoker's chance of escaping physical, mental and moral harm is very slim.

When I was abroad years ago, I was amazed at the many women I saw smoking in public. Now it seems just as bad, if not worse, right here.

Dr. C. L. Barber of Lansing, Michigan, states: "Sixty per cent of all babies of cigarette-smoking mothers die before they reach the age of two, due primarily to nicotine poisoning. A baby born of a cigarette-smoking mother is sick. It is poisoned and may die within two weeks of birth."

Dr. W. Sinclair Bowen of Washington, D.C., one of the leading obstetricians in the east, says: "Sixty per cent of children of women who smoke excessively are either born dead or die in their first year." Dr. Bowen invariably refuses to take charge of any confinement case where the prospective mother is a cigarette addict.

LAWLESSNESS. One of the outstanding signs of the end is the spirit of lawlessness abroad in the world. The many murders, hold-ups and kidnaping cases like the Lindbergh tragedy all speak to us on this line. Theodore E. Burton, writing in *Current History*, January, 1926, stated: "The greatest outstanding menace in America is crime. Last year there were

10,000 murders and 300,000 hold-ups."

It is reported there are 160 murders in New York City to 10 in London and that 7 out of 10 murderers in London are hanged, while only one in 160 in New York goes to the electric chair. Chicago recently attained first place with the record of a murder a day.

We learn that there are 150,000 murderers at liberty in the United States, and that there are more unconfined murderers here than there are clergymen of all denominations. Also, that there are 52,000 more slayers at large than there are policemen in the country. A short time ago there were 44 hold-ups in Chicago in one day. In the United States in 1930 there was an average of one murder every 44 minutes, and it is claimed that if a person commits murder it is seven to one he will never be arrested and if arrested fifteen to one he will never be executed. When we meditate for a few minutes on some of these startling facts we can easily see that the world is certainly not becoming better, but worse.

THE FALLING AWAY. The Bible foretells that in the last days some shall depart from the faith and that there will be a famine for the Word of God.

"Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come except there come a falling away first." 2 Thess. 2:3.

"Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith." 1 Timothy 4:1.

"Behold the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the Words of the Lord: and they shall wander from sea to sea and from the north even to the east, they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord and shall not find it." Amos. 8: 11, 12.

Many have come to me saying, "Brother, I don't hear the real Word of God preached in my church anymore. The preacher talks about politics, education, culture and society." Every time I hear such a statement it makes me feel more convinced that the famine for the Word of God is on right now.

Many of the fundamentals of the faith are denied by church members and clergymen and looked upon as out of date and old fashioned.

Some time ago the Federal Council of Churches in the United States elected for their president Bishop Francis G. McConnell. This man has written a book called "The Christ-like

God." On page fifteen he certainly appears to deny the deity of our Lord. Listen! "Is not the tendency to deify Jesus more heathen than Christian? Are we not more truly Christian when we cut loose from a heathen propensity and take Jesus simply for the character He was and for the ideal He was."

That's one of the most blasphemous things I've ever read. Imagine, the tendency to deify Jesus more heathen than Christian. And yet such a man is honored as the president of the Federal Council of Churches. Is it any wonder that 60,000 churches in the United States failed to secure a single convert in 1930 and that 8,000 churches closed their doors in the same year?

Christ said about that kind of a church, "I will spue thee out of My mouth." Some time ago, the so-called "*Christian Advocate*" published in Pittsburg, carried an article about that grand old hymn, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." The article says, "It is a gory theme. Why do we have such nonsensical, silly, foolish and altogether banal hymns in our church services?"

Jesus said about His blood, "This is my blood of the New Testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins." Again we read, "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul," and "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." Thank God for that fountain filled with blood and for such hymns as the one mentioned.

A short time ago, Dr. Geo. H. Betts, a professor in Northwestern University, wrote to several hundred active ministers of the Gospel and also to the students in five theological seminaries, asking questions to determine how they stood on the fundamentals of the Christian Faith. Notice how they replied and you will see the great falling away:

"Do you believe that the idea of evolution is consistent with belief in God as Creator?" "Yes" said 61 per cent of the older ministers and 94 per cent of the students.

"Do you believe that the devil exists as an actual being?" "No" said 33 per cent of the ministers and 82 per cent of the students.

"Do you believe that the New Testament is and always will remain the final revelation of God to man?" "No" said 24 per cent of the ministers and 69 per cent of the students.

"Do you believe that Jesus was born of a virgin without a human father?" "No" said 19 per cent of the ministers and 51 per cent of the students.

"Do you believe that Jesus' death on the cross was the one act which made possible the remission of man's sins?" "No" said 24 per cent of the ministers and 64 per cent of the students.

"Do you believe in the resurrection of the body?" "No" said 33 per cent of the ministers and 69 per cent of the students.

"Do you believe in a bodily second coming of Jesus to establish a reign of righteousness on earth?" "No" said 49 per cent of the ministers and 75 per cent of the students.

If Jesus carries and modernism continues to increase at this alarming rate, the number preaching the Word of God will be few indeed.

Over near Boston there is a church called "The Very Gate of Heaven." Recently it had a sign out in front of it saying, "Closed for the summer." Some preachers may get lazy and close their churches for the summer, but thank God they can't close the gate to Heaven in summer or any other season.

THE JEW. You will remember that the Jewish people demanded the death of their Messiah and cried, "His blood be upon us and our children." This fearful prayer has surely been answered as all their trouble and persecution since will show.

In the year 70 A. D., a Roman army of 100,000 marched into Jerusalem, overthrowing it and the suffering of the Jewish people was almost beyond description. They suffered from famine and sword and according to history, over one million perished and 97,000 were captured. Sixty-five years later the Jews were oppressed again and 587,000 were slain. In the year 1020 all Jews were banished from England. In 1096 there was an attempt to murder all Jews in Europe who refused baptism. They were robbed and their homes broken into. Edward the First drove every last Jew, 16,500 of them, out of England and according to history no Jew ever trod on British soil for four hundred years. In France and Germany it was worse. In 1306, 100,000 Jews were stripped of their possessions and were driven out of the land homeless and penniless. In Strasburg 2,000 Jews were fastened to an immense scaffold which was set on fire and they all perished.

With everything possible being done to exterminate the Jew, one wonders how they could still survive. They had to survive because they were God's chosen people. He had promised that their race would not pass away and that everything in His Word concerning them would be fulfilled. The Bible tells us that "Jerusalem

shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."

The year 1917 was an outstanding year for the Jews. That was the year the Holy Land was captured from the Turks and immediately steps were taken to restore Palestine to the Jews.

The question is often asked, "Who won the war?" We all know that Germany didn't win it. Did any of the allied nations win? Hardly, from the standpoint of having gained anything and having anything worth while to show. About all they have to show is a lot of broken homes, millions of tombstones and great war debts that may never be paid.

Who won the war? From the standpoint of gaining anything, we must admit, the Jew. The big nations did the fighting and he got the spoil—Palestine.

How did it happen? Lord Allenby and his troops marched up to Jerusalem. If they fired upon the city they might destroy some of the ancient landmarks. He didn't know what to do, so he cabled the British Parliament for advice. They replied for him to use his own judgment. He wasn't satisfied so he wired King George who replied, "Pray about it." Allenby did pray and soon he saw a man coming out with a white flag. Jerusalem had surrendered! Allenby and his troops marched in. No blood was shed and not one shot fired. At the time, airplanes were flying overhead, but no bombs were dropped. The Turks said that was the reason they gave up the city without a struggle. They were afraid of the planes.

Now the Jews who have been hated, persecuted, but preserved, are going back to Palestine as God promised. Ezekiel 36:24 says, "I will take you from among the heathen and gather you out of all countries and will bring you into your own land." Jeremiah 30:3 promises, "I will cause them to return to the land that I gave to their fathers and they shall possess it."

It has been said that in six months 28,000 Jews left Germany for Palestine, and that recently 13,000 left Berlin for the same land; that the city of Telaviv some time ago experienced a growth of 5,000 in 24 hours' time. It is a well-known fact that there is no depression in this land of destiny. Recently they had to send to other countries to bring in hundreds of laborers.

Now notice a most startling fulfilment: In Isa. 18:3 we read, "All ye inhabitants of the world and dwellers on the earth, see ye when he lifted up an ensign on the mountains; and

when he bloweth a trumpet, hear ye." In 1920 when the mandate for Palestine was granted to Great Britain, the flag of Judah was unfurled for the first time in 2,000 years from the tower of David, and immediately after the ram's horn was blown.

Attention has been called a number of times to the vast wealth of the Dead Sea in Palestine. Dr. Thos. H. Norton, editor of a paper called "Chemicals" states that a modest estimate of the wealth of the Dead Sea is twelve hundred and sixty-seven thousand billions of dollars, which is more than the wealth of the rest of the world. Permission has been given to the Imperial Chemical Industries Limited of London, England, to develop the resources and attempt to capitalize on the wealth of the sea. The head of this firm is a Jew, Sir Alfred Mond.

Remember that for many centuries the Jews have had no country, no flag and no king. Now they have a country, they have set up a flag and some day soon the King will return. Many find fault with the Jews for not receiving Christ at His first Coming and if these are not careful they may make the same mistake themselves at His second Coming.

Let us be ready to receive Him then, or better still, let us not wait until then to receive Him, but receive Him now, so that when He returns we'll be caught up to meet Him in the air.

"In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

Chicago Tent Meeting

FOR several years the Stone Church have had a burden on their hearts to reach the "un-churched masses." "Let us pitch a tent," was the cry from a few feeble throats. At a little informal business meeting the church voted that we should secure a tent for a month's meetings.

"Do you know what a tent will cost, counting the ground, the chairs, the lighting, the watchmen, etc., etc.?" whispered a brother who always counted the cost before venturing. The figures would have staggered the Pastor and the Board had they not known of times without number when God had supplied from His rich treasure-house, and the church went ahead in faith and made all arrangements just as if the money was in hand.

The month of August was chosen for the out-door meetings—from a financial standpoint

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An Australian College Student Receives his Pentecost

Len Jones at Camp Byron



FELT that this evening I should give my personal testimony of how I received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and in connection with this, weave in the Scriptures with reference to this experience.

I was attending a large denominational college in Melbourne, Australia, and we as students of the college were asked to preach in the various churches in the city of Melbourne and surrounding districts. One time I was sent to Tasmania, an island South of Australia, where I worked as a home missionary for the Presbyterian Church. The students were much in demand by the Methodists, Baptists, the Church of England, and others, as well as in the Salvation Army and Mission Halls.

One certain Sunday evening I heard there was a preacher by the name of Valdez holding special services in one of the big halls, so I decided to go and hear him preach. We had heard rumors regarding his orthodoxy and we were not quite sure where he stood, but at any rate I thought I would attend one of his services. I remember well how the speaker asked for testimonies from those who had received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and someone arose and said, "I thank the Lord that He saved me and since then He has baptized me with the Holy Ghost." That was all new to me. Another person stood up and testified that since he had been saved the Lord had filled him with the Spirit just as in the second chapter of Acts. I didn't know what to make of it; I had never heard of people receiving an experience after conversion but I was interested and said to the other student who was with me, "I shall have a talk with this preacher at the close of the meeting." Accordingly, I went up to him and explained how this was all new to me. I said to him, "Do you think you are happier than I? Do you think you have more than I have?"

He was very wise and refrained from any argument but just said, "Well now, it is all right; we welcome you to our services and if



we do not just see alike we want you to feel right at home."

But all the way home I kept thinking of this experience to which people had testified as having received after conversion. I knew I had had the definite experience of the new birth and the Lord was real to me but since my conversion I had not experienced anything else. It rather bothered me but I decided to let the subject alone until I finished my other two terms in college. Then I would investigate this further and find out what the plan of the Lord was for me. I said to myself, "I am willing to have the experience and open my heart to this truth but I shall put it on the shelf till I have graduated."

But this did not prove to be God's plan for my life. The following Monday we gathered in class with the principal of our school, a man about sixty-five years of age with a background of many years as a Church of England minister, a good man and a man specially gifted, who had gotten his M.A. from Cambridge. He was well-taught in the Scriptures. In his morning address he said, "As we continue our lecture let us turn to Luke 11:13 and 14 where we read, 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto our children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?'" He did not know what was going through my mind but as we read that verse those last few words, "*To them that ask him,*" seemed to stand right out in bold relief till it seemed I could have picked the

letters off the page, and immediately there was an impression, a conviction, yes an inward voice, that said, "Have you ever asked for the Holy Spirit?" It came with such force and power and such reality that I began to wonder, "Does the Lord want me to consider this question right away and not postpone it as I had decided to do?" Then the principal asked us to turn to James 4:2 and there we read, "Ye have not, because ye ask not." Those two verses came with such force and such reality that I was persuaded that the Lord wanted me to consider this subject of the Baptism right then and now, as I felt it was He that was definitely speaking to me.

I remembered that a waiting meeting was announced for Monday afternoon for those seeking the Baptism, and two other students and myself decided to go. It was held at a place called Sunshine, eight miles from Melbourne. What a meeting that was! When we got to the door and heard the noise we were afraid to go in for we had never heard anything like that before. They seemed to be making a lot of noise but finally we said, "Well, we have come all this distance of eight miles and it would be a pity not to go in and see what is going on." So we mustered up our courage and went in. They were all praying and praising the Lord and I felt the quicker I got in some out-of-the-way corner where no one could see me and closed my eyes, the better it would be for me." As I witnessed what was going on and thought upon it my head said it was all wrong but my heart seemed to feel it was right and I didn't know whether to believe my heart or my head. I knew we never had anything like this in our church or our college but on the other hand I was impressed with the large number who had come to the afternoon prayer-meeting and I thought of how hard it was to get even a very few out to a prayer-meeting at any time in my church.

I found a corner and a worker came and knelt beside me saying, "Brother, what are you here for?" I hardly knew what to answer as I could not say at that time that I believed the Baptism was for today. I decided, however, that I would give a truthful answer, so I simply said, "Well, if the Lord has something more for me, I want it." I thought that covered a good deal of territory and would include anything from the Lord. The worker left me with the words, "Well, you will get it." I heard people praying and praising the Lord and speak-

ing in other tongues and I wondered if this speaking in tongues was the same as I read about in the Bible. At the close of the service one of the workers spoke to me, asking me what I believed. I replied, "I believe that the Holy Ghost is in the world today and as we yield ourselves to Him He gradually possesses us. The Lord Jesus accomplished the victory on the Cross and now it is my work to claim that victory for myself," and I explained that it was just the same with the Holy Spirit, that He had come once on the Day of Pentecost and in proportion to the measure I put other things out of my life so He would proportionately take possession. That was my firm conviction. But the brother said, "Where do you find that view in the Bible?" and he handed me the Bible saying, "You show me that view in the Word of God." Let me say that it doesn't matter how good your logic may sound, if it is not scriptural it is no good, and the quicker you get rid of it the better.

I really did not know where to find my view in the Bible and made no attempt to turn to any passage. Then he said, "Now if I can show you one case from the Scriptures where the Early Church received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit after conversion, as a definite and distinct experience, will you believe in it?" I said that I would. My difficulty was not that I would ever reject anything that the Early Church had for I always reasoned that if we were not entitled to everything they had, then how would I know we had a right to claim salvation. If we begin to say that such and such a blessing which they had is not for us, then we are all at sea, and salvation may not be for us either. I felt if this man could show me where they had a distinct experience after conversion then I was willing to accept and believe it, but, strange to say, I didn't think he would have any Scripture for his view. How strange it is that we can read the Word of God again and again and never see certain truths until the Lord sheds light upon them and then we wonder why we never saw them before.

Fearing that he would refer me at once to Acts 2:4, I said, "Now please don't turn to the second chapter of Acts, for I know that was when the Holy Ghost came the first time and that would not prove to me that we still needed the same experience today. But he referred me to Acts 8 where Philip preached Christ, and the people with one accord gave heed and were filled with the Holy Spirit. He pointed out the

resulted in a number of small assemblies being established for the glory of God.

Bethel Church has been extremely fortunate in being in a strategic center for Western New York, and has been able to branch out in all directions. To this end the radio has been of great value.

Two missionaries in the foreign field are fully supported by the church and a number of others are partially supported. The burden and prayer of the church is that funds will be forthcoming so that more laborers will be sent out from their midst into the over-ripe harvest field.

Something over a year ago the church found themselves without a pastor, and God in His infinite wisdom and care sent to them Brother Hudson McKee and his dear wife from California. When they left California they had no idea as to their destination, only feeling that God wanted them in the East. In a remarkable way He directed them to Bethel Church where they have labored faithfully and well. Many souls have been saved under their untiring min-

istry. The church is especially grateful to God for the consecrated lives of the young people, who, under the guidance of Brother and Sister McKee are finding a richer and truer experience in Christ.

In the recent campaign of four weeks' meetings by Evangelist Watson Argue, the power of God was blessedly manifest, and conviction swept through the audience night after night. There were several nights when twenty adults sought the Lord for salvation; one night there were twenty-seven kneeling at the altar seeking salvation and a number received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

BROTHER ARGUE'S SCHEDULE OF MEETINGS

TOPEKA, KANSAS—Aug. 25 to Sept. 20 in the new tabernacle with Pastor Claude J. Utley.
 MOLINE, ILLINOIS—Sept. 23 to Oct. 18 in the Full Gospel Temple. A. W. Kortkamp, Pastor.
 DES MOINES, IOWA—Oct. 20 to Nov. 15 in the Open Bible Temple. John R. Richey, Pastor.
 KANSAS CITY, MO.—Nov. 17 to Dec. 13. A. W. Wilson, Pastor.

The Power Falling as at the First

ZELMA ARGUE sends us the following from California:

"There is really a spiritual stir on here, and many are comparing it to the way the power fell thirty years ago in Old Azusa Street, when the saints stood as one for God to come forth. At the Northern California District Campmeeting, in St. Helena, where we were speakers, an old-time visitation fell. I don't know that I have seen anything like it for years. The night the candidates for the ministry were to be licensed or ordained (between one and two hundred of them) the power fell so strongly that when the District Chairman, Bro. Mark Draper, started to preach he spoke only a few moments for the power fell in streams of glory, so that it was impossible to proceed; messages and such heavenly interpretation, that brought the candidates forward to their knees without invitation. The district officials wept in each others arms, laughed, and even danced for joy, as the power rolled through the camp for about an hour before anyone could make himself heard. Other nights my father endeavored to speak, but could not do so because of the rolling waves of glory. Over a hundred and fifty received the baptism, the power sometimes

falling for hours in an adjoining prayer tent, while the regular preaching services were in progress, different denominational ministers being among those who received. Praise God! We hear that Centralia, (Wash.) campmeeting has likewise witnessed great power. "Just now we are speaking in Bethel Temple,, Los Angeles, and victory is evident. The Southern California camp is now in progress and Mrs. Turnbull writes they are coming through there too, and a good spirit in the camp. Bro. Richard Carmichael tells me that the Lake Geneva Camp at Alexandria, Minn., was especially strong in victory and power this year, and they rejoiced greatly over it. I hear that at Paris, Ontario over a hundred received the baptism this year, and in Manitoba, at Rock Lake, they have had a mighty season of real Holy Ghost visitation, with strong manifestation of God's power and victory among the people. This encourages our faith! We are looking for the mightiest victories we have ever witnessed.

"Roger Babson says a great revival is coming to the nation, and that nothing can stop it. I believe we are seeing the beginning of it. He

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In the Habitations of Cruelty

HOWARD CARTER IN KINGSWAY HALL, LONDON
after his World Tour of Missions



DESIRE to speak to you about some of the degrading things I have seen, that you might better understand heathendom as we saw it. You do not see heathen lands when you visit the ports on a steamship line. These ports in every country are modernized. You see heathendom only when you leave the ports and go inland.

Here is a verse that helped me: Isa. 43:2, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." We did not have to pass through the fire, but we did have to ford the rivers, which I shall tell you about later on.

I shall begin with some of the degrading things we had to witness on our tour. The heathen have not that tender care and compassion for animals that we have in this and other similar civilized countries. It makes one sick at heart to see those poor beasts of burden in China. The pack mules are covered with sores and the saddle is put on top of those sores and heavy loads on the saddle. I never saw such cruelty. Some caravans came in one day where we were staying. I looked at the poor beasts, one of which was in a shocking condition. I saw a hole in its side and something moving inside that hole. I went closer to investigate and saw it was the animal's rib. Every day a heavy load was carried on top of that sore. If they would repair their saddles, they could prevent 99 per cent of the suffering. They are wooden saddles and are used for ten, fifteen, twenty or perhaps thirty years without being repaired, and the poor beasts suffer terribly. This is heathendom.

Some people tell us that one religion is as good as another. Those foolish people ought to go to China and see a few things that we have seen and shuddered at. These animals have to work every day. Do not know what it is to have a day of rest. If they are slow, they are beaten cruelly. I have seen a man pick up

*" 'Tis a piteous, captive throng,
In the deserts, jungles, paddy fields and marts.
Shall we let this stream flow downward in its
widening, deathward way?
Shall we let this flood of misery hold its throng?
We can stem the deadly current if we go and give
and pray—
They must join us in the glad redemption song!"*

a brick and with all his strength (and the natives are strong) he would bring it down upon the tail of the animal where the last few vertebrae are. I became angry and said, "Why don't you take a little stick out of the hedge." The darkness is most appalling.

Some of the best scavengers get eaten, but I want to tell you of the poorer ones. A man will take a pail of boiling water, actually boiling water, and pour it over a dog, and if you could see that dog a few days later you would see no hair on his back. They abuse the dogs most cruelly. Sights like this one sees almost every hour of the day in every city in Inland China. You would see just about the same in Hong-kong or Peking as you see on Oxford Street here in London. The coast towns are civilized, but China inland is as backward now as it was 3,000 years ago. Those poor beasts of burden drop down by the wayside and there they are left to die and are eaten by the dogs. A ghastly sight! How dark are those lands that have not come under the light of Christianity!

In Yunnanfu we saw one of the most cruel sights that could ever be seen. Child slavery! We supposed slavery was on only a few dark spots of the earth, but it is all over China—little girls from the age of 6 or 8 up to 17 and 18 for sale. Some photographer had taken their pictures and pinned them on the wall. Some of them were 25s (\$5.00); some 30s (\$7.00). The better looking ones were more. We held a gospel service in their midst. Sister Fisher, a missionary, knowing the language, preached the gospel to them. These little children are sold into slavery and treated most cruelly—poorly clad, poorly fed and badly beaten, working hard every day with nothing for it. There were two girls being sold and Bro. Wood said to the keepers, "You must not sell human beings." He was told that they have no home and no food, and they will get both if sold. That is how this slavery comes about.

Every mother wants a son in China. If God Almighty answered their prayers, there would

be a higher price on the women and girls, for if there were sons there must be daughters. When little girls are born, they are taken out wrapped in an open cloth like a handkerchief, fastened at the four corners. Then the little bundle is hung up on a tree for the birds to feast on. I am not telling you what I have read but what I have actually seen. *We spent nine weeks investigating in Inland China and saw these things with our own eyes.* One day we were looking at two pieces of cloth hanging on a tree, and the missionary told us that if we were to look inside we would see the bones of children. The little girls are either cast out like that or sold into slavery.

In one of the inns we entered we noticed a little old slave woman who had been left there to die, and we were supposed to sleep in the same place. They could get no more work out of this little old slave and so they cast her out for the dogs to eat. It is something awful! I am telling you these things so that you may have a greater interest in work among the heathen. You would never feel the home work was more necessary if you went to China. The vile things we saw, the terrible conditions, the awful cruelty, only made clear to us the dire necessity of missionary work.

In Manchuria the stones were heaped up on either side of the road and as I walked along I saw a ghastly sight in the snow. A shudder went all through me. There was a dead man. I said to a missionary, "There is a dead man lying in the snow." "It is like that everywhere," he said. Hundreds of them die in the cold every winter in China. They are afterwards collected in heaps. I went out the next day and on the other side of the road was another dead man, and the first one was still there. Some beggar had seen him and had taken off all his clothes and left him there naked. How does this come about? Opium! They cannot get enough of the dreadful stuff and they will give their last cent for it and then they get turned out. They walk the cold streets and at last they drop. I actually saw one drop, and fortunately there was a humane being there who picked him up and helped him, got him a hot drink or some hot broth to warm him up a little, that he might go on until he dropped again. You cannot imagine the awful sights in some of these countries.

In Java we saw a woman whose face was badly eaten away with leprosy—her eyes, lips and ears gone. It was a dreadful sight. A

little boy was leading this poor woman along, collecting money.

What I think was even worse than any of these, was what I saw in progressive Japan. Japan, of all countries! You know they have modernized that whole country, and there is not a village that you visit in Japan that is not electrically lighted. I believe there are more electric railways in Japan than in the whole of the British Isles. They have great department stores with escalators, and the latest Paris fashions are exhibited in the windows. You can see the most wonderful dresses, or I might call them half-dresses—as you might see in Paris or London. It is in Japan that this awful thing goes on which is difficult to speak about. In one part of a city there is a site of buildings, a number of large houses together inhabited by 3,000 prostitutes, all living in that section. Think about the immorality—3,000 in one section of that one city alone, and all down the street are licensed houses. It is too awful to contemplate.

Now I will speak about some of the dangers we encountered on the tour. In Java we were starting out, and a Japanese (but a native of Java) was driving the car. They are not very good drivers. A train was coming down the main street of the city. We did not see it as we were deeply engrossed in conversation and were trying to keep out the heat by keeping the windows closed. Sometimes you have to open windows to keep out the heat and sometimes you have to close them. The driver was crossing the street and did not look to see if anything was coming. The train came. He had such a shock that he lifted his foot off the accelerator and came suddenly to a dead stop right on the track, and the train was coming. We shouted, "Go on!" He dropped his foot down and we just missed that train by less than an inch.

Let me tell you the story of the bamboo forest. We were going up a very steep incline and the animals were stopped to rest. Mules are very sure-footed, which you learn after a time. They often walk on the edge of a precipice and you won't get a bit nervous because you have found out that the mules won't slip in a dangerous place. In this wonderful bamboo forest it was dark because the poles overhead were touching. We were on our way up. There was a ravine and the ravine had been cut by a swift-flowing river. Because it was steep the animal stopped, and right at the edge of the ravine. There were not six inches between his foot and

the ravine. I was making a few notes in my notebook, when suddenly I looked up. We did not then know that the earth on which we were standing concaved underneath us, but we knew it afterwards. Without a second's warning, as quick as you can wink your eye, we were down. How far we might have gone I could not say, had it not been for a tree growing in that ravine. The mule and I landed on the tree; his belly across the tree, two feet one side of it and two feet on the other side, and I was still on his back and there was no way of getting off. My foot was caught underneath the animal.

The beast did not move. I think all the wind had been taken out of him, so he kept still and so did I. The thing happened so suddenly that there was no time to get scared or nervous. It just happened, and there we were. So I had a little soliloquy. "Now, what should I do next?" If I had known it was going to happen, every nerve in my body would have twitched, but I was not a bit nervous, for we went down suddenly and landed on the tree. I put away my notes, stuck my pencil in my pocket and thought, "I cannot do anything; there is no use trying." So I waited. In a little while up came the Chinese muleteers. They shouted something and perhaps it was a good thing I did not know what they said. They got me up. Then the old mule, when he found that his rider was gone, began to kick furiously. I was glad he did not kick while I was on his back. Between them they finally got the mule out. I got on his back and off we went again.

Accidents can take place very suddenly. It was a wet day. The rain was coming down, not heavily but steadily, and there were pools of mud on the road. That particular day I got my sun helmet, which is an excellent thing for rain as well as sun. So I took my helmet on this wet day and my Tibetan rug around my shoulders and went out for a walk as I wanted some exercise. I came to a puddle on the road which I could not get around for on either side there was an obstruction. A huge cactus was growing on one side, some of which are fifteen feet high, though I do not know the height of this one. I gave a jump over the puddle and turned a complete somersault. Not knowing the ground was unsafe where I jumped down I went twelve feet, and the large leaves of the cactus closed in around me. I was exactly upside down and could not move a hand or foot, for the big leaves of the cactus held me tightly. I made a few attempts to extricate myself, but

it was impossible, and could only hope somebody would find me. After a while two Chinese came along and shouted. One came down. I held my hand up and he took hold of it and pulled, but nothing happened. They got down somehow and brought me up. Then I was thankful for my sun helmet and for my rug, for I had received only a few pricks on my hands.

On one occasion we took a different road than the others and in this way we escaped the robbers. We hear a lot about robbers in China. We took escorts for protection, but found they were never there when we wanted them. They were either miles ahead or away behind, but they always turned up in time to get their pay, so after a few such experiences we did without them. You never can tell who is a bandit in China. A soldier who has a gun often turns into a bandit. He takes off his uniform, holds up his rifle and demands your money. He then puts on his uniform again and is a soldier. Literally hundreds of soldiers break away from the army and rob the people.

We were traveling in a desolate part, a lovely hill covered with thick foliage, trees and bushes as far as the eye could see. There were five of us and none of us had any means of defense, and there came upon us a fearful sense of loneliness. Just as we turned the corner, there stood three of the dirtiest, most ragged men you could possibly see, with ugly faces, and three shining guns waiting for us. Oh-h-h! What did we do? We just did nothing but went on and they joined us. I looked at their ugly faces, torn garments and beautiful guns and thought, "What are they walking with us for and are they going to shoot us?" "The sooner they do it the better." At last they asked us for some money and our good Chinese brethren handed them some. They gave a shout and disappeared into the foliage, and I said to Brother Boyd who was with us, "Who do you think they are?" He said, "Guardians of the road."

I gave for my text, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with you," and realized fully the meaning of this promise. We were going through a deep river after a heavy rain. I was on a lovely little horse, a spirited creature with fire in his eyes and red pepper in his blood. Do not mistake me. He had already killed one person and did his best to kill me. But he was a lovely little black horse. I liked him and thought that he had a similar affection for me, for he would walk behind me and af-

(Continued on page 22)

When two Fires Burned 'mid India's Darkness

Suttee, the burning of the living widow on the funeral pyre of her husband, was forbidden by British law in 1829. But one of the results of "civil disobedience" has been a revival of this ancient rite in defiance of the law. This story contains an absolutely true and unvarnished description of a suttee which took place in the United Provinces, in 1932. Others have taken place since.

—AUTHOR'S NOTE.



LISTEN, Girl! Who knocks so loudly? The Master of the house is not here. Who dares in his absence thus to beat upon the door? Peep out of that crevice in the door and see, before we open."

"Oh, old Mother Tulsi, do you say? Open then. Belike she has news of doings in the city. Her tongue is ever a long one and one must think about something. What hear we of the world now-a-days, since, because of your foolishness, the missionary *mem* is forbidden to come? Why could you not have pretended to listen, during her reading of her book, saying all the time in a whisper the name of our god—Ram, Ram, Ram—and paying no attention to her tales of Yisu? Why, foolish chit, did you need to believe upon *Him*? 'Twas only that she might tell us tales of her great America—having first read her book to us—that I ever opened the door to her. And all would have been well, for she hath a kindly, pleasant way with her, and is patient about questions and good at helping the sick—but you, silly girl, had to turn your thoughts from Sita Mai to her Yisu! And yet more foolish, to tell your husband about it! And now we live as in a dungeon—hearing naught, seeing naught, knowing naught—for of course your master could not have her coming here and turning your heart from the three hundred million gods of Hindustan! Are they too few for you, that you must needs take Yisu, too? Fie upon such madness! But quickly open the door and let the talking one in, else will she batter the door down. Belike she has some knowledge of the great Mahatma Ji, Gandhi."

But when Priti, slipping behind the door so that she was completely hidden by it, pulled the hasp down, that the talking one might enter, it was no news of the political ferment in "unhappy India" that the latter brought with her. Dropping breathlessly upon the mud floor, she burst forth: "Ram Ram! May ye never be widowed! Yea, a thousand times would I say it, after all that mine eyes have seen this day! Hai! Hai! Know ye what is going on over in

the Kaisth *Muhalla* (street)? If you but listen, you may hear it! There....! And reason, too, for the uproar. Today shall the ancient gods of Hindustan be revenged, and half the city rejoices over this, while the other half trembles, lest belike the *sarkar* (Government) may have something to say, since for over a hundred years such doings have been forbidden by law! But today we shall see what we shall see, whether the British Raj will prevail, or whether the gods will have their way!"

A pause for breath gave her auditors a chance to voice their curiosity. "Well, Mother Tulsi, what is doing? Naught do we know, shut up here. Why all this noise and crying outside? If there be aught to tell, speak." Thus spoke the mistress of the house, while Priti's dark eyes were fixed fearfully upon the old woman. Mother Tulsi settled down into a more comfortable position, pulling a flat wooden board on tiny legs, toward herself, to sit upon, as she continued her tale.

"'Tis this way," she began. "This morning, Durga, the cloth merchant, died. He had had fever for some days, and was out of his head. As he lay dying he said to his wife, "Follow me." And now she, Kargi, has taken this as the will of the gods, and says that she will burn upon his pyre this afternoon. And to all who would hinder her, Kargi says, doubtless taught by the priests, that for her to thus die is the will of the gods and her husband's wish, and that she will not be hindered! 'Tis said, too, that the police tried to stop her with some talk of the Government and the laws—but does not our great Mahatma Gandhi Ji teach us not to obey the British laws? 'Tis said, moreover, that the doctor gave her a heavy dose of opium, to make her sleep until her husband's funeral was all over, but she sleepeth not—which doubtless proves that it is the will of the gods for her to be suttee. And who can hinder the gods?"

With a pious sigh, the old woman continued, "Well, as you may believe, there is great excitement in that *muhalla*, seeing which I hasted here to tell you too. To think that after a

hundred years of being forbidden to do suttee, today we shall see! And the neighbors of Kargi are greatly honored by having had such an one living in their *muhalla*, so they are giving a whole ox-cart load of the holy cocoanuts, to pile the funeral pyre the higher. As every one knows, the gods love cocoanuts, and they will make the wet wood burn all the brighter. It is also said that some shopkeeper of that street has given a half score of tins of *ghee* (clarified butter) which will be poured over the corpse and Kargi Bai. What a blaze that will be. 'Twill be well worth seeing! Some have sent sweet spices—some have brought oil—for it is well to honor a suttee, for, as all men know, they have much power—indeed, they become goddesses as soon as they are burned."

So deep were the two old wives in the alluringly gruesome topic that they failed to note the pallor of the girl, cowering in the shadow of the wall. "Oh, Yisu, Yisu," whispered Priti, "that missionary *mem* said that Thou wert love—yes—'*Yisu prem hai*' (God is love)—that is what she said. Oh, if Thou art, then take care of me. I am so frightened! I like it not, all this talk of awful things! Yisu, help me!"

But her prayer was suddenly broken in upon, by the flinging open of the door beside her to admit an excited man, seeing whom, she rose in a flash to her feet, and bowing her head, and folding her hands as if in prayer, took the immemorial attitude of the Eastern wife towards her liege lord. Silently she stood there, but not so the old mother, who cried out in satisfaction: "Wah! Wah! Oh, well that you have come, my son; now we shall hear the true words. Nay, I meant not to say aught against your tale, sister, but 'tis well to hear from a man. Say then, my son, what is your mind?"

"Up and out, women! 'Tis a day to remember the glories of Hind, and give praise to our gods that our motherland is coming to her own again, and that the ancient rites are being restored, even as our great Mahatma Ji wishes. Have you heard? This day will Kargi, the cloth-seller's wife, do suttee, true wife that she is! And all women are commanded to go forth to the burning ghat, to do her honor—yes, and with an offering! Haste then, anoint yourselves, and wear your best robes and your jewels, to do honor to her who is true to the old Vedic law of her Hindu fathers. And since high caste women, too, will be there, see that you do me honor by your finery. And hasten! The sun is high, and the crowds are already

gathering. Listen! The holy *sadhus* are calling us all!"

While the two old women peered out of the lattice to listen to the yellow clad *fakir*, Priti sank back on the mud floor, and pulled her *chadar* over her face. "How can I go? Oh, I would fain not see the awful thing! What terrible things are in our religion! what sin! what cruelty! what wrong! Oh for one like Yisu to worship, so gentle and loving and kind and great! O, help me, Prabhu Yisu!"

Unknowing that she had called Him "Prabhu" (Lord) in her need, Priti stumbled to her feet at the angry call of her mother-in-law. "Still sitting there dreaming? Did you not hear your master command to hasten? Would you have a clout on your silly face? What is the world coming to when a *pardah nishin* (shut-in for religion) girl grasps not at a chance to go abroad? *One* chance in a lifetime maybe. Would you not see the sun once? Haste then, for today none may stop us, since all go to the suttee. And there are jewel shops on the way to the burning ghat. With good fortune you might return by them, and choose the gift that may be yours, if the gods give you a son some day, to please your lord. Stop dawdling then! Hasten! I would fain be right near Kargi Bai, to see the sight! Hurry!"

They stumbled along uncertainly, headgear pulled modestly down over their eyes, so low that they could hardly see the road. But had they had no other guide, the noise of the yelling, beating of drums, blowing of conch-shells, shouts and songs, would have led them straight to the low mound where the funeral pyre was making ready. Priti shook with fear. Her feet would scarce have carried her, but for fear of her mother-in-law's rage, who, noting the girl's shrinking pace, whispered fiercely, "Are you crazed? What ails you then? Beware! Let it but once appear that you are not in sympathy with such things as this suttee, let any suspect that in your heart you have a wicked desire to follow Yisu, and I will choke you with these two hands! Shame upon you!"

Indescribable the sight, that December day, in that ancient "holy" city of Bundelkhand! The blazing tropical sun beat down upon the excited, seething mob of humanity filling the narrow dirty streets, jostling one another to get to the one place. Excited talk, hymns to the gods, eager questions shouted to one another, propaganda and preaching by the fat temple priests, who already knew the golden harvest

they would reap from this suttee, and who were planning the shrine that they would build on the spot, for the throngs of worshippers who would come from far and near! *Such* offerings would be brought as to bring a stream of gold flowing into their coffers—and so they rejoiced! People of all castes and classes, ranks and occupations were there—some flying hastily constructed flags, some dressed in the regalia of their 'order', others practically naked—this being the ceremonial 'dress' of *their* kind! Some were covered with ashes, with cow-dung smeared in their hair. Others were bedaubed with red and yellow and white caste marks painted on their brown faces. Every one carried an offering—fruit, flowers, cocoanuts, rice, 'pan', sweetmeats or coins. Some had vessels of Ganges water, others of ghee. Then came a group, carrying long poles, held bolt upright, like a regiment; others danced wildly in their rear, leaping and jumping, like those who worshipped Baal so long ago, under another Oriental sky.

Shyly the women slipped along in their heel-less slippers, all unused to a world outside their own households, some being there who, as one said, had never seen the outsides of their own front doors! Heat, noise, confusion and fright all combined to daze Priti, until she almost fell across the roots of a banyan tree widespreading in her path, and whose grateful shade comforted her until she was aroused by the whisper of her mother-in-law.

"Hai! Look at her! It is Kargi Bai, indeed! Wah! How she sits there, atop of the pyre, as on a throne of gold, with her husband's head in her lap—wah! What's that you say, neighbor? That when she took the dead head up into her lap, the corpse laughed? Indeed, then may one be sure that the gods are pleased! What a blaze that great heap of cocoanuts will make! Yea, this is worth seeing, surely! Hist, girl—beat our head, too, against the fence in front of us, just as those women are doing. Harder! Ram, Ram, Ram, Ram! Look at Kargi, indeed—how she claps her hands, and joins in with us singing, 'Ram, Ram, Ram, Ram!' Look, look, see all those canisters of ghee! How they pour it over her and the corpse. What a gorgeous blaze it is going to make! Now she has taken from the priest the mouthful of 'pan'—and puts it into her dead husband's mouth—and now she takes it out, and puts it into her own mouth—and chews it! See, she is giving another morsel of it to the

corpse. Oh, listen—that priest is near enough to see—and he says that the dead mouth is chewing it! Wah! Wah! (admiringly.) What a wonderful power is there! Jai! Jai! Girl, why do you not look? What ails you? For a hundred years there has been no such *tamasha* (show) as this—and then you shut your eyes! Fool!

"Surely this will be a great shrine, and there will be much power here. Look at those women measuring their lengths on the ground, crawling up through the dust, to the pyre. Thus must we do, 'ere we leave, so note how they do it. See—thus you must lie down, flat on stomach in the dust, and then stretch your hands straight ahead of you in the dirt. Then you must rise and walk a few paces ahead, and then lie down same as before, with your feet in the places where your hands were before! Thus must we encircle the platform countless times."

Suddenly broke forth from the crowd a groan, followed by the shouts of the priests, the pounding of drums and bursts of song—for the burning brands had been applied to the pyre, and the oil, cocoanuts, ghee, hemp and dry wood had burst into flame at once. But the heavily drugged woman continued to sit there, clapping her hands, and swaying back and forth to her monotonous chant of "Ram, Ram, Ram!" while the flames crept up to her hair. Then, with a sudden contortion of her body, she writhed away from the sitting posture, and plunged down into the burning mass—and with a scream of horror, Priti fell flat into the dust and the mud, where water had been poured out in oblations, and lay there unconscious.

* * *

"Yea, thoughtless one! What name is bad enough for such as you, who spoiled our one day of outing in the great world. To faint! Have I not ever said that you had a screw loose somewhere? What evil fate ever gave you to me for a daughter-in-law! No sons—no sense! And such a great sight as it was—and then for you to tumble down in your finery right in that mess of mud and cow-manure! Surely you looked more like a holy *fakir* than a caste lady, when we picked you up and dropped you to a cart! And what excuse could I make for such a fool! True, I told them that you were so overcome by the glory and sacrifice of Holy Maiya Suttee, that you were overborne by a feeling of worship for her, and thus fell at her feet! What else could I say? Just then, fortunately, the priests and pundits were going

through the crowd of women exhorting them to do likewise. 'This was a true wife and a true follower of Holy Sita Ji,' they said. 'So should all of you do. Be like Kargi Bai, and then you too shall be worshipped.' So they spoke, and who knows what else, for I had to leave it all and bring you home, foolish thing that you are! But your punishment will follow, indeed, it has already, for when your lord asked if you had chosen a jewel to honor this day with, I told him that you had not sense enough to choose one, and were not worth one either! Take *that* for your ill behavior!"

A sharp blow struck the girl's wan cheek. The old woman went on: "And yet more will be your punishment, for even now, right there at the suttee ghat, the crowds increase, and all the sick are come to worship and to beg for healing from the goddess who was Kargi Bai. The air is rent with cries from the blind, sick, maimed, lame, deaf, paralyzed, "Ai, Holy Suttee Maiya, cure my sickness, Ai Maiya Ji, cure my ailment." And if you were there, belike her blessing might fall on you, too, for all the world knows that for childless women, who have no sons to do their husbands' honor, a suttee ever has special care. Even now the barren women kneel in line, waiting for her ashes to get cool, so that they may get some and drink them in water, and paste some on their stomachs, for 'tis said that those who do this will surely have sons. And you, fool, are lying here sobbing in the dark! No son do ye deserve! You care not. Your husband should take Nathu's daughter to wife—mayhap she would bear him sons! Belike you would learn sense then! Why, even now those who prostrate themselves around and around the funeral pyre, throwing themselves in the mud and dust, are so many that they lie the one upon the other—and yet this suttee is not known anywhere but in our own town! Wait till India hears! Ai, surely this suttee hath great power—and you lie here! Our neighbor has now returned, and she saith that the mothers of small babies are not only prostrating themselves, but are taking the babies from their breasts, and laying them, too, down in the dust, to worship Suttee Maiya—and then putting them to the breast again. Surely this is a Holy Day—and you lie here! This day's tale of doings in this holy city will greatly please our Mahatma Gandhi, who so honors the ancient faiths of Ram Ji and Sita Mai. Even now the wives and mothers are hunting in the ashes and cooling embers for the bracelets,

anklets, finger, toe and nose-rings of Kargi Bai! There should *you* be, worthless thing that you are!"

A slammed door and Priti was left alone. Burying her face in her *chadar*, she sobbed, "Ai, Yisu, help me! What can I do? How can I live this way? Oh, these lies and these awful things, after hearing about Thy love and gentleness and truth, how can I bear it? Oh, I long for Thee, Yisu, help me; I have none but Thee. Here am I in prison, with no door of escape unless Thou dost open one. Help me! Yisu, I am Thine. Help me!"

Behind the closed doors of that zenana, in that "holy" old town, dwells Priti still. She has not found a way out. And she is not one, but manifold. Who can number the little heathen women who have heard enough of Him to make them love our Lord Jesus? enough to make them whisper prayers to Him, instead of the elephant-headed Ganesh, or to Bloody Mai Kali, with her necklace of human skulls? enough to make them love the gentle pure faith of Christ, and hate the deep things of Satan, even as Priti, in this story? But they cannot break through their prison house—not *alone*! Not without *your* help! Not without the power of *your* prayers and *your* faith!—SO—they sit there, behind mud walls, waiting, hoping, longing. Can you help them? Will you? For IF there were more missionaries, IF there were more Indian Bible women, who can get where white-skinned foreign missionaries cannot, IF there were more money to print tracts, which can fly over mud walls, with their message of life—if—if—if—perhaps after all it just resolves itself into *if there were more love for the Lord Jesus and for these souls for whom He died!* How much do *you* love them? How much do *you* care that your sisters, like Priti, lie sobbing, fearing, hoping, waiting in the dark? How much will *you* do to help them? Answer *Him*.

Mahoba. U. P. India.

M. M. McKELVEY.

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fectionately rub his nose up against me. I liked to stroke and pat him. On this particular day we were trying to ford the river which was flowing swiftly. The horse stopped in the middle and the current was going against him so that he had to lean over on his side to keep the water from pushing us both away. My left foot was in the water. I had a quiet little talk in his ear and encouraged him to go on. After

a time he made a step and stumbled. Down went his head into the water and I was just about to go over his head when up it came again. He staggered on like a drunken man and we finally reached the other side. He was the kind of horse that when he started to go you could not get him to stop. One day we were going full rip and tear; his eyes were flashing and his hoofs were making sparks fly on the road, when the saddle turned. I was holding on as best I could; I tried to pull him up, but perhaps he misunderstood me for he went the quicker. I stayed on his back, though the saddle was on his side. I could now feel myself going. I pulled one rein in order to throw myself over, but he went the opposite way. You may know I prayed on my way down. One can think a lot in a very short time, and in the second that I was diving off his back, I said: "Oh Lord, help me now!" All I had in the way of injury was a sprained wrist. I felt God did help me.

Sufficient to say that God's Word is true. He protected us. There were times it could have been very serious and we might easily have lost our lives, but God preserved us. That same God who protected us on the tour will protect us all through life and He will receive us when we come to the gates of the Eternal City, unto our everlasting habitations. Are you going there, friends?

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how to balance every spiritual meal to suit it to every individual need. Somehow even the strongest meat was given in such a way as to make it most palatable and it all created a desire for more, as was evidenced by the capacity crowds which gathered morning, afternoon and night, in the tabernacle. "I have longed for just this sort of teaching and now God has granted my desire"; "I never saw the truth in this way before," and "How we are feasting these days!" were the common "echoes" heard in every nook of the camp-grounds and from individuals from varied walks of life.

One who lives isolated, when reading the report of God's blessing upon the Byron Camp of 1935 in in *The Latter Rain Evangel*, determined, with the help of the Lord to attend the camp this year. In the natural it seemed impossible, but through the year she prayed, "Lord, open the way for me to attend the campmeeting next summer."

A little legacy came to her, just a tiny one, and here was her opportunity. Her sisters

said, "Let's buy something with the money that we shall always have as a remembrance," suggesting a chair or other piece of furniture. But she purposed in her heart to use her portion to store within her soul rich treasures from God's Word; to use her own words, "I preferred to feed my soul to having a chair." She was not disappointed for God richly fed her from His great storehouse and no one on the grounds enjoyed the meetings more than she. It was a spiritual oasis where she drank and feasted to the full and often she remarked, "Oh this is so wonderful! I just don't know how I will ever live after this camp is over."

And the ministering brethren were not excluded for while they ministered to others God was ministering to them. Said Len Jones one day during the camp, "I can point to three outstanding experiences when I met God in very vital contact. One time was in Switzerland where I met the Lord in a precious way. Again in Ireland where He appeared unto me and then during this Camp *here in Byron*.

The numerical growth of this two and a half year old child was graphically demonstrated when, on one of the closing nights, the Superintendent, Mr. R. L. Scharnick, asked all to raise their hands who were present at the camp for the first time as a result of a new work established in their town, and throughout the large assemblage a large percentage came under this group. During the past year nearly \$1200 had been invested in the opening of new churches, backing up a struggling work in a new district or holding an initial tent campaign to introduce the Full Gospel in virgin soil. Fort Atkinson, Richland Center and some other towns, had been praying that a Pentecostal work might be opened in their midst and this year they not only had a well organized work in their respective cities, but had sent a fair representation of their new congregation to the Camp. How inspiring it was as these new members of the great body of Christ, sent in their pledges that others too might be blessed as they had been!

The pledges for the evangelization of this district amounted to over \$2000. And the ease with which it all came in, without strain or begging, was inspiring to those in the pulpit as well as in the pew. Said Mr. Follette after witnessing this grace of giving, "I think this is wonderful. I have received a real blessing here this afternoon. We may have the reputation of being extremists but I am glad we can

be extremists in the art of giving too. The grace of giving is just as much a manifestation of the Spirit as is speaking in tongues."

It is this unselfish spirit, so manifest among the presbyters and the pastors of the district, not to build up anything around themselves, but to bend every nerve and expend time and money to spread the Gospel in untouched territory, that is so God-owned, and with a vision that is undimmed they are pushing ahead. And it is this vision that is part of the secret of the striking growth of this child, still so young. As Mr. Follette said concerning the district, "May God keep it clean and sweet and simple. There is good ground here for God to work in, splendid young timber for Him to use."

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the hardest month in the year, because many of our people leave the city for vacations. But when God leads He over-rules natural drawbacks, and in spite of the fact that many left the city the church was enabled, thru the offerings of God's people, to meet all the extra expenses without any due anxiety.

We were happy to have with us Evangelist and Mrs. Watson Argue whom the Lord used in blessing to many. They were untiring in their efforts for souls, and we had some remarkable cases of conversion. The tent was well-filled every night, often every available seat being taken, people standing on the outside and sitting in their cars. A loud speaker enabled the neighborhood to hear distinctly for more than a block in all directions, people sat on their porches and steps and listened to the Word of God. It was an opportunity the church had long coveted and they are rejoicing that practically every night souls were saved and reclaimed. At this writing we are in the closing week of the campaign. The meetings are at high tide and there is much rejoicing because of what God has done in our midst.

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said that in 1858 God raised up Finney and Moody to bring the people out of the depression of that time, that it was a revival of religion that did it, and that it will be a revival that will do it again. There is a sound of a stirring in the tops of the mulberry trees, and God is once more leading His people out to victory. The fire is again in evidence, and will undoubtedly increase."



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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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