

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

Images and the Image

THE epidemic of statues in commemoration of the war, often in weird, cubist designs, caused a furore of protest in England but the fad to crystalize national emotions continues and whole peoples venerate and near-worship, not unknown gods, as in Athens of old, but unknown soldiers. As Europe rapidly divides itself into two armed camps, the sharp lines of demarkation between Communism and Fascism becomes clearer, bolder, and each is to express their philosophy of life in the concrete of imposing sculpture.

Work has been commenced on two gigantic statues, representative of these two opposed principles. One monster image is practically finished in Rome. The other, a colossal Lenin-likeness is to be erected in Russia. The monument to Mussolini consists of a single enormous block of Carrara marble, hewn in one piece, from a marble mountain, and carved with infinite trouble and expense. This gigantic stone will reveal and preach to posterity the massive qualities of Il Duce—stern, unyielding and invincible. It is being rushed to completion, as Rome, after centuries, once again takes the lead in civilization.

Communism regards Lenin as a symbol. The Soviets will raise him to the pedestal of a God. A mammoth figure of Lenin is to be constructed, representative of the Marxian Paradise, at a cost of \$5,000,000. The immense image will be erected at Leningrad and will rise to a height of 335 feet above sea-level,—far greater than that of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor.

Thus the two great forces whose clash will shake the nations, gather momentum and symbolize their faith in immense images in the likeness of their creators. We, who refuse to be conformed to this world, believe in an image also. We who have "been predestined to be conformed to the image of His Son—who being the brightness of God's glory and the express image of His person—is sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high" (Heb. 1:3). For us, there is but one image, even Christ Jesus, and there never can be another. May we be found worthy to escape the day that will come, in which "as many as did not worship the image of the beast should be killed."
W. B.C.

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

A Tribute to Motherhood

See Page 3

The Latter Rain Evangel

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A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

A World Preacher

A BOUT twenty-five years ago there came into being a little preacher of the Gospel, the product of much prayer and now throughout all these years this messenger has been travelling into the farthest corners of the globe; to the frigid zones of the great North, to the hot torrid regions, into the hamlets, villages, and the larger cities of every clime, making twelve trips annually into thousands of homes. Were you to accompany this little preacher on some of his extended trips it would necessitate your purchasing a cross-country railway ticket, a steamship ticket across the Pacific and thence tickets for hazardous journeys on bandit-infested Chinese rivers, and finally you would complete the trip by riding a donkey's back for perhaps two hundred miles—all this at the expense of many hundreds of dollars per trip. But this little messenger of which we speak may be sent out on twelve such trips for only \$1.25.

For this small investment he will carry messages of cheer and encouragement, he will bring several missionary reports and appeals every month, he will tell of the onward march of prophetic events with the result that many will be stirred to prepare for His soon coming, besides giving most stirring Gospel sermons of untold spiritual value. This Gospel herald oft-times is most proficient as a personal worker for he will devote as much time as the individual will allow, and hour by hour this messenger of God will drop the seed into his heart, never hindering the work by arguments or retaliation, until finally the unsaved one is conquered for Christ and a

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soul is born into the Kingdom of God. Testimonies have come from those who have been reached by this little preacher when every other effort failed. Yes, many are the gems which will adorn His crown as a result of this personal worker.

Have you guessed his name? It is *The Latter Rain Evangel* and for only \$1.25 a year you have the privilege of sending him into homes which
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A Warrior with the Lord

THE many friends of Cyrus B. Fockler, Pastor of the Milwaukee Gospel Tabernacle, 720 W. Meinecke Avenue, have been deeply shocked and grieved to hear of his home-going on March 9th, 1933. Pastor Fockler was greatly beloved by his people, to whom he had ministered for more than twenty years. A number had been miraculously healed, and some brought back from the gates of death through the prayer of faith offered by our brother, who was a fearless exponent of the truth of Divine Healing.

One of the members of the Milwaukee Tabernacle, Mr. Charles Helm, sends us the following words of loving commendation:

Our beloved pastor, Cyrus B. Fockler, left us and went to be with his Lord, unexpectedly, and as far as we knew, in the best of health. Yet suddenly, without warning, he was called before God his Maker, through a heart attack. We lost in him a man who fearlessly preached the Word
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A Tribute to Motherhood

The Power of a Mother's Influence

Evangelist Bert E. Williams in the Stone Church May 8, 1932

Scripture lesson: Mark 7:24-30



ALWAYS think when I read this wonderful Scripture of the Syro-phenician woman coming to Jesus in behalf of her daughter, of what a man might have done under the circumstances, even a father. It is quite probable, as we know men, that in this instance the men might have said: "Oh well, perhaps the reports that we have heard about this great Miracle-worker are not true, and after all, my daughter has an incurable disease"; "The Master has come here to rest and we should not bother; anyhow, the disciples are trying to keep people away from Him so He can be alone"; "I suppose it is quite out of place that I should insist upon bringing my daughter's case to His attention, and after all, there are just many others in the world who are quite as bad off as I am," and so forth. But not so with this mother, for mothers have a way that belongs only to mothers.

I want this afternoon that we shall speak a little of mothers and motherhood. Not that we will love Jesus less, not that we will love God less, because we have felt for one little hour to speak of motherhood and her sweet ministry in our lives, particularly so if God has blessed us with Christian mothers, as He has many of us.

This Syrophenician woman who needed deliverance for her precious child, didn't stop to argue with herself or with the disciples, or allow the concurrent circumstances to defeat her in her purpose of heart for the blessing that she sought for her loved one. This has always been the way of mothers' sacrifice of themselves, oftentimes to the point of physical exhaustion, yea, almost to the point of death that those whom God has given them the privilege to bring into life might be blessed. Someone has written this about a mother: "The mother in her office holds the key of the soul, and she it is who stamps the coin of character and makes a being who would be a savage but for her gentle character, a Christian man."

The saying, "Like mother, like son," may not always be true, but it is a very profound philosophy, and we find that in many cases it does actually work out in human life. Medical science today is trying to destroy this old-fashioned

principle of influence of motherhood over the child, particularly in the pre-natal state, but personally, I am old-fashioned enough to believe that two individuals who are living so close to each other as a mother and her unborn child, must in the nature of the case, exert an influence over one another.

We read that Agrippina the younger, was a woman of very desperate character, and it was she who gave birth to such a brute as Nero, who in his day was such an incarnation of cruelty that the Roman Senate would not allow him to wear the signet of his father upon his hand, because he was so unlike his father. The mother of Lord Byron, that infidel who so shamefully outraged womanhood that the man who had charge of placing the memorials in Westminster Abbey said that no man who had treated women so shamefully and so brutally, would ever find a place in Westminster Abbey, not even a small crevice in the rock—that mother of a cripple, for so he was, was vicious and cruel. She spoke of her son as a lame beast, but of a superior intellect he would always retort, "Mother, I was born so." Men said of the mother of Napoleon that she could face extreme physical danger without the slightest trace of alarm.

On the other hand the influence of godly mothers is immeasurable. The mother of Methodism, Susannah Wesley, was a woman of rare intelligence and unusual ability. Ruskin always acknowledged the debt he owed to his mother and her righteousness. To say that "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," is crediting to motherhood the great power with which God has endowed her in her peculiar office. There is power in all that a mother has and touches.

There is power in a mother's desire, especially if the mother is a Christian. I think I have never seen this so strangely demonstrated as in the case of a certain godly minister whom I met some years ago, a man of unusual piety, unusual intellect; in fact before the age of twelve years he committed to memory every word of the New Testament and the Psalms; and before he was fourteen, a large part of the Old Testament. The interesting thing about it was that it was never a bore to him, not even a task. He just drank it in, absorbed the Word of God with ease and in a

most natural manner. He loved it; it became food to his soul, and one day in company with Mr. Marwick, for he was an Englishman, he was asked, "By the way, how is it that this apparent, inborn love for the Word of God accompanies you from birth?" He blushed a little and said, "I will tell you what to me has been a very precious seal. We were poor and my precious mother worked very hard; but she was a godly woman—Oh what a godly woman was my mother!" What a privilege a mother has thus to conduct herself as to win an admiring compliment from a child! He said, "She never got away from home except once a year when the great Keswick Convention was held. She planned for that, saved her pennies through the year and managed to make possible her attendance where, as you know, the saints of the world in those days gathered. One year she went a few months before I was born, and she heard one of the speakers say concerning the Bible, 'We are anxious that our Bible shall be nicely bound; we have cloth bindings and leather bindings, calf-skin, sheep-skin and morocco bindings'—then he paused and said very significantly, 'Would you like for me to tell you the best kind of a binding for the Word of God?' There was a silence reigned over the audience. Finally the speaker said, 'The best binding, the best skin to furnish a binding for the Word of God, is a child's skin.' That struck my mother so significantly that then and there, in view of her unborn child, she desired that her child's skin might be verily a binding for the Word of God which she loved so passionately. That is the reason, I believe, that the Word of God has been so precious these years to commit it to memory."

There is power in a mother's kiss. Benjamin West, the great painter, said, "It was my mother's kiss that made me a painter." I will never forget an incident in the life of Fannie Crosby, one time down in an old mission in New York City. Fanny Crosby, that eminent blind song writer, had the misfortune in early life of losing

her vision through a blinding storm sweeping down upon her. But while her natural eyes were blind to many of the beauties and privieges, yet with the eye of the soul she saw more clearly the face of the Son of God than many of the rest of us who have our eyes. In the old Bowery Mission, some years ago, suspecting there was some sinful, wasted life in the audience, she stepped to the edge of the platform and said, "I wonder if there is some mother's boy in this audience tonight who would let me kiss him for his mother." A young fellow, half drunken, besodden and dirty, staggered up the aisle, and she reached out her hands, one on either side of his face, drew it

close and pressed a soft kiss upon his cheek, in behalf of the wayward boy's mother. He went out, and she went out, but it happened that seven years later, right in this very city, in one of the missions where Fannie Crosby was speaking, a handsome young man came up and grasped her hand and said so earnestly, "I feel I ought to tell you that I am a Christian now. I am the young man whom you kissed so tenderly and so lovingly seven years ago in the Old Bowery Mission in New York City." Oh there

is power in a mother's kiss! There is power in the sweet, pure, tender expression of love given even by proxy.

There is power in a mother's smile. Yes, it seems everything a mother does, if done with an eye single to the glory of God, is accompanied with a strange and peculiar power. I will never forget, and perhaps you will never forget the encouragement in a mother's smile. We were farmer folk and it became my duty frequently to bring in the wood. Sometimes my step-father would drag down through the woodland several big logs, cut them up with the buzz-saw, and there would be a great pile of wood that had to be carried in to the wood-shop. That was my job, and I remember what an insurmountable task it appeared to be. The loads would be heavy and I would become pretty tired and discouraged, and the tears would fall, but I will never forget hear-

Something of God is in a mother's love,
Something of His tenderness and care:
I never see a mother bent above
An ailing child, but I can see God there.

And I can hear Him in the words she says
To little children gathered at her knee:
God's own voice speaking thru her lips, the words
That will bear fruitage for eternity.

And I can feel Him in a mother's touch:
Across the widening years her shielding hands
Will still reach out as if to keep from harm
Her little child—How well God understands.

A mother's heart—so like His own it is!
True motherhood has touched His garment's hem
For strength and wisdom, and I am quite sure
We honor Him today, in honoring them.

G. N. Crowell.

ing a little tap on the window, and there was mother smiling at me, a smile of approval. That smile gave me new life and encouragement. Oh the encouragement in a mother's smile! How it dried the tears and made the burden lighter.

Mothers ought to realize the power there is in their smile. It is not for me to admonish you; rather it is my privilege to praise you because of the burdens you bear and the sacrifices through which you have passed for the benefit of others.

Just a little word of admonition might not be out of the way. All of us ought to smile a little more. It is so easy to become depressed by circumstances of life, especially these days. I remember reading of a deaconess who went to a Charity Hospital to make a call. She was sitting by the side of a little wasted form and she said, "Little girl, is there any way in which I can help you?" And the little girl looked up and said, "Yes, if you will just smile at me a little." There is power in a smile.

There is power in a mother's tears, and many boys and girls who have been saved from lives of sin and from disorderly conduct, have been held back by the mighty flow of a mother's tears; tho, sad to say, these sometimes fail. I will never forget reading the biography of George Washington. His father died when he was but a lad, and his Christian mother reared him and other children in the family. At the age of sixteen young Washington was determined to go to sea. He wanted to be a sailor, and unknown to his mother he took his clothes and sent them to the dock. When the time came to say "Good-bye" she placed her arms about him, the tears flowed from her eyes and moistened both their cheeks. There arose in his heart a resolute purpose he would not go to sea, and he sent and had his trunk brought back. When asked why, he said, "I could not think of having my own way and break my mother's heart." I am afraid many of us have more or less had our own way many times, and broken our mother's heart.

There is power in a mother's example. Andrew Jackson's father died a little while before he was born. His mother found it necessary to work that she might support her little brood and rear them. The youngest, Andrew, became President of the United States. It was his joy to ascribe to her and her ministry all the honor that the great government of the United States had bestowed on him.

There is power in a mother's word as well as in all else that a mother tries to do. Then there is that same adverse influence of words if they

are not spoken in love and tenderness. There comes to my mind an incident related by Bishop Thoburn of the Methodist Church. He said that some years ago where he was preaching and where the call to the mission field in Christ's service was emphasized, two boys from a wealthy, cultured home went from that service and said to their mother, "Mother, we have found our calling. We heard Bishop Thoburn today, and we are going to be missionaries." And the mother said, "Tut, tut, boys. We are able to give you a fine education, and your father is able to set you up in business. Let some other boys who do not have the advantages you have, go. No, no, your father and I will not hear to it." "But he told us about the need," and they pleaded with their mother earnestly to consent to their being missionaries, but she steadily refused. The two boys went out from their mother's presence sad at heart, and the mother felt she had taken out of their minds the desire for a missionary calling. But that is not the end of the story. A few days later these two boys went in swimming, and one was taken unexpectedly with cramps. He cried to his brother, and in the effort to save the first one, both of them lost their lives. Oh to be a worthy mother and submit to God's will for the children!

I will never forget a mother who lived in a home next to where I was being entertained in Watertown, N. Y. She had a little son eleven years of age, and the boy was taken ill while I was there. We went into the home and prayed for him. We found her a very worldly woman. One day while talking to her she said, "Well, if he gets well I think I shall go right on in the world like I have always done, but if he dies I suppose I should be very sorry and perhaps my thoughts would turn to God." The pastor of the church and I came away from that home amazed at such a statement made by anyone with a little child facing death. It is a short story. Within a few days he died.

Someone has written concerning a mother's love for her son:

"And tho he creep thru the vilest caves of sin,

And crouch perhaps with blear and blood-stained eyes under the hangman's noose, A mother's lips will kiss him in the last bit of disgrace. And love him even for what she hoped of him."

There is no love so much like the love of God expressed to us in Jesus Christ, as a mother's love.

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"There is None Good"

No Difference—No Degrees in the Grave—No Shade in Night

By Evangelist William Booth-Clibborn

This is the third of a series of articles on "Why All Good People Go to Hell," in which it is shown that in God's sight no man is good, nor that any can do good in his unregenerate state. The argument reaches its climax in the next installment—"Self Salvation Impossible."



OUR subject is four words taken from the conversation of our Lord with the rich young ruler. The extent of their application is so universal and their meaning so profound, that I despair to be able to deal with them adequately at this time. Yet they are simple,

these four words taken from Matthew's Gospel, "There is none good" (19:17). Mark and Luke render it, "None is good."

We have seen that Christ, when He was addressed as a man, and not as *the Lord*, declined the attribute "good," objecting vigorously, "none is good, save one, *even God*." We will again show that *Jesus was good*, altogether good, that He manifested a goodness so unexampled and indisputable, as to be superhuman or divine, and, that therefore *He was God*, since He Himself said "WHY CALLEST THOU ME GOOD, NONE IS GOOD—

SAVE ONE, EVEN GOD"

In the face of this assertion is it not strange that the unbelieving forever dub Him "a good man," and that they are always prepared to admit His goodness on every ground or any basis but *the one premise* that is the proper, the logical premise, that He was divine? They will argue the question from every aspect, but that Jesus was the Son of the Living God, that He was very God, made manifest in the flesh. I venture to say that all the leading men of the world today, who

make no profession of faith, will readily grant Christ Jesus to have been one of the best men that ever lived. In viewing Christ with other "good men," comparison was never more odious, because He is the incomparable One. From their standpoint of judgment, our Lord repudiates their ascribing goodness to Him as a mere man, just as vehemently as He did that of the rich young ruler. *Because it is not possible for Him to have*

been such a good man short of absolute deity.

For we make Him whom we call "good" a liar, an impostor, a mountebank, a deceiver and an unprincipled, heartless hypocrite every day of His life, every time He disputed with His opposers and whenever He preached to the multitudes, unless we believe Him to have been what He maintained He was. His speech was interspersed with direct and indirect references to His divinity. His claims were unmistakable and unqualified. He pointed to the witness of the Scriptures, the testimony of His forerunner, John the Baptist, the attestation of His miracles as proofs of His Godhead. It was not possible for Christ to be **THE TRUTH**, the very essence of verity, and to lie



Our Field Editor

about the vital fact of His identity. To cause all humanity to look His way in apprehension and expectancy that at last the Redeemer of mankind had come, and then to purposely deceive them is not the practice of goodness, but everything to the contrary. If Jesus was not God's only begotten

Son, He is guilty of perpetrating the most gigantic, the most pitiless hoax in history.

But away with such conjectures, and away with all this condescending compliment to Christ from mouths that will not confess Him Lord. Since such homage and praise are not founded in faith, He refuses it, nay more, He opposes it. For is it not an insult to approach a king and not address him, "your Majesty"? How much more, then, an affront to the King of kings to salute Him with any word that is beneath His divine dignity, any title less than Lord! So it may be clearly seen that all who withhold from Christ that spiritual allegiance and worship that is His due, all who call Him merely "a good man," that moment make Him the worst man that ever lived on earth; since His claims have then duped millions in the centuries past.

These words "There is none good," encompass all human creatures, excluding none. What a drastic, inexorable declaration! It peals from God's throne like the intoning of a colossal bell, its minor note throbbing its deep depressing vibrations the world around.

It would be interesting to show how many religious theories, philosophies and popular concepts are instantly overthrown by this unqualified, final dictum. The trouble with so many systems of thought, especially the ultra-modern, is that their basic beliefs have quite a differing appreciation of man. "We teach every aspirant to soul peace and perfect poise" said a chic mademoiselle to me, "that the best in us has been dormant and must be taught to assert itself and made to redeem us from the bad, the false in us." The improvement and development of the member into a proper subject for ultimate spirit-life, where, on the other side the process continues, is the doctrine of a hundred soul-culture cults. These people are shocked when we tell them that—

ALL GOOD PEOPLE GO TO HELL!

That's why thousands who are drawn to revival meetings immediately begin to get uncomfortable. Their fine theories crumble like a house of cards. Such preaching as this is destined "to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down" (Jer. 1:10) the whole structure of their false faith. This must happen first, because, if God ever builds, He does it on a cleared space. He will not patch up some tumbled-down shack you have been fooling with, or raise His edifice atop some unscriptural structure you have put up! No! He levels your brick and mortar of good works, your "fine character" scaffolding. He

pulls from under you every miserable prop upon which you support your fickle hopes. He even undermines the *foundations* of your fancied assurance. Every idol idea and preconceived opinion, all the darling vanities that have deceived you, must be overturned and blasted away—and then you start where all who ever took their first step Godward started—you include yourself in that verdict of Jesus "THERE IS NONE GOOD."

It is extraordinary that these should be the words of the One great authority on goodness, the One who alone "among men" is conceded so largely to have been extremely good. We might expect a little leniency, a degree of indulgence from such a gracious, compassionate and considerate Person. But no! We have not a chance, not a redeeming feature, not a commendable merit in the sight of God. Rough treatment this, it may be dumbfounding, but that is what God is after—to strike us *dumb*. Paul says, "That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God" (Rom. 3:19).

Those of us who take offense at the saying, "none is good" have never seen ourselves as God sees us. Robert Burns exclaimed, "Oh! that someone the gift should give us, to see ourselves as others see us." But that is a foolish prayer in respect to things eternal; let it be granted that it is of value in relation to our life and dealings with our fellow man. But we should pray instead that the gift or revelation be granted us to *see ourselves as God sees us*. Thousands date their conversion from that moment. Their conclusion was that of Paul: "I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. 7:18). When we decide to appear naked before God, and to confess ourselves totally, irremediably bad, we have started toward Heaven. If any man holds to the least vestige of his supposed goodness in the face of the Gospel, *he must go to hell*.

It is goodness that damns humanity every day, that goodness which a man, in a frantic effort to save his face, will take refuge in when the full blaze of God's searchlight is turned upon his soul. His sin supreme is to cling to anything creditable in his record or character. A good man cannot go to Heaven because he belies the necessity of Calvary's Cross, the need of a Saviour and the Saviour's infallible words, "There is none good."

The epistle to the Romans logically follows the Acts of the Apostles in the canon of Scripture. It is placed ahead of the other epistles because here are set forth the *fundamental* doctrines of the Gospel. As chapter follows chapter, the first

principles, the foundation truths of faith are driven home to the human heart in short, epigrammatic maxims of tremendous force.

Whenever I read Romans, I am reminded of what fascinated me when a boy in Holland. I can see again those huge, puffing, snorting, pile-driving engines thumping those immense beams into the soil. In the land of ten thousand canals and a thousand more dykes the ground is so soft and muddy that no building could be put up without proper underpinning. So throughout this epistle, it seems I see the same enormous inverted trees slowly pounded down through the soggy sod of human depravity into solid earth beneath to form the foundation of faith. One after another, these primary axioms are established. Among scores, probably the most important are those Paul enunciates in the third chapter.

In that passage the apostle goes one step further than "there is none good"; he asserts, "There is none that doeth good." So strong is his complete statement that I could rest my whole case upon it alone. Rightly he begins by declaring the fearful fact that "ALL HAVE SINNED, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3:20). This is indeed a *severe sentence*, a universal sentence which Paul pronounces upon the entire human race, as he reviews the evidence gathered from the Old Testament Scriptures.

Let me quote the collection upon which he bases his conclusion, from Weymouth's translation of the New Testament in modern speech, so that you will get its full effect. When I am done you will agree with me that there is not in all of Holy Writ a passage its equal in its severe censure of the whole human family.

*"There is not a single righteous man.
There is not one intelligent,
Not one a seeker after God.
All have turned aside;
They have alike become worthless;
There is not one who does good,
No, not one"* (Rom. 3:10).

Notice that the sentences are seven, the perfect number. It is also significant that the words — "no" — and — "not" — occur six times in these verses. Six is the number of fallen man, just short of seven, the number symbolic of redeemed man. Note the recurrence of the combination "not one" or "not a single", five times in all. The Holy Spirit to emphasize cannot have recourse, as does the printer, to special type, so He repeats so as to make the word more forceful.

Now hearken to the sum purpose of these quo-

tations. "That every mouth may be stopped, and *all the world may become guilty before God*" (Rom. 3:19). In this drastic indictment can you find a loophole? Read it again, ponder it in the street, think of it when among your friends, meditate upon it at night—especially the second and fifth phrases. "There is not one intelligent" in the highest use of the term. For by nature no man possesses the fear of the Lord; and that is the A. B. C. of wisdom; any intelligent use of acquired knowledge is impossible without it. It is written "The *beginning* of wisdom is the fear of the Lord."

"They have alike become worthless." Do you share this dreadful view of man's total depravity? Is mankind worthless in every respect before God? Is it altogether lost and undone? Ten thousand errors arise from our letting down in the least in this question. I say boldly if we fail to hold to the unregenerate man's true character before God, we begin to compromise, our testimony is crippled, our vision vanishes and our preaching perishes. Our zeal will be affected, our prayers become apathetic. Oh! let us resist every attempt of Satan to delude us, by flattery, into thinking that there is some good in us, or that we are capable of performing a work commendable to God!

NO REVISION OF ESTIMATES

Because since the days of early Christianity, vast and revolutionary changes have taken place in our standards of living and in the whole outlook of civilization, some contend these are obsolete conclusions. They affirm that they were maintained formerly but that they do not hold good today.

They claim that the world has been thoroughly salted with Christian principle, so much so that a revision of spiritual estimates is due. But this supposition is positively wrong! It does appear as if, at least western nations have progressed and improved; but one must remember that appearances deceive. Applied science has advanced only in the material field, but has not touched the moral plane. Speaking of the moral and social service of our times every one points to a thousand and one humanitarian and eleemosynary agencies and institutions, which so widely and willingly contribute to the alleviation of suffering and the mitigation of human ills; so much so that practically every phase of modern life comes into contact with some sort of benevolence; but this in no wise alters the terrible truth before us at this time. We shall have to examine the motives for all of this good doing before long. Now

let us not forget what happened in 1914. Under pressing circumstance and provocation we saw during the world-war, how all this external good-will and kindness may be suddenly transformed into the most despicable, deplorable barbarism.

A TIGER IN A GOLDEN CAGE

Supposing we should take a vicious Bengal tiger captured alive in his native haunts and bring him on exhibition to Chicago, and put him on display in this year's Fair. Supposing we placed a beautiful leather band about his neck, from which dangled silver bells. Supposing we should carpet his den with the costliest tapestry and give him a bejeweled basin to drink from, and all this within a cage of solid gold. Do you think we would have changed his nature? If so, you are welcome to go inside! For my part I know that all these superficial furnishings have not improved his character one whit. He is just as cunning and ferocious as ever. He may appear friendly with his keeper, for it pays him to continue on good relations with the fellow that brings him his daily meat; but the tiger instinct is there just the same and, given a chance, he instantly reverts to the primitive.

Even so with man, whatever the polish and refinement of his manners, however, restrained and gentle his conduct, though he may seem so amiable and generous, yet all of this is just so much veneer, a cover concealing his fallen nature; and every day's news shows how quickly he too, can revert to the primitive. All these modern embellishments, conveniences and inventions which have so changed our mode of living and beautified our world, leaving the human heart as rebellious, as black and unbelieving as ever. And what is true of the individual is true of the people and nations as a whole.

At this late hour in history, it is absurd to raise the question again that is clearly settled by the apostle in these words: "But the Scripture hath concluded all under sin." Weymouth's translation is surprising: "But the Scripture has imprisoned all under sin." The implication is that, notwithstanding its best efforts, its most determined struggle, mankind is powerless to get out of that prison. The illustration of a prison in which we see ourselves by nature bound with the strongest chains is latent in the text. The Scriptures point out and describe these letters and snares and the Gospel declares how they may be broken. But sinful man's attention is wholly taken up with ornamenting his place of confine-

ment, or in vain attempts to be paroled on the basis of good conduct. But God has no pardon board, and there is no bribing out of this jail. You cannot pay off past offenses by present reform or future promise. In this prison house, man is unable to earn the price of his release. The work with which he would purchase his freedom is "convict labor," is defective and faulty, bearing the hall-mark of its condemned author. That is why Paul exclaims: "We are sold under sin." (Rom. 7:14.) Think of it! Man is a helpless tiger in a gilded cage. He can be neither free from it nor free in it!

"FOR THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE"

Preceding the statement that "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," we find five striking words:—"For there is no difference." This is the strongest explosive yet! Trinitroluene! The deadliest explosive known as T. N. T. during the World War. And watch the damage it does. Two things are promptly blown away, that is *degrees* of merit and demerit. There are no grades in human guilt and no ranks in human virtue. For these two are definitely related. One man's demerit argues the other's merit. If, in conversation anyone should say, "Well, I would not stoop to that"; and he cheated and defrauded, the rascal, in the very comparison he makes he asserts his merit by denouncing another's sin.

Paul declares all *equally* guilty before God. This is an arbitrary leveling of every creature to a basis which is absolutely without merit or standing before God! THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE between the proudest lord and his most abject slave, the titled lady and the slum derelict, the wisest savant and the illiterate woodsman, the merchant prince and the junkman, the patron of art and the prostitute of the street, the Pharisee and the fool. No difference!

We often hear it said, "Some are evidently not as bad as others." I will grant you this, and do not misquote what is said here. In the *social order*, in *human government* there is a recognition of difference in moral fitness and character, wherein it is legitimate for men to compare themselves to one another and to the accepted standards of right and wrong; as when children receive marks at school according to behaviour and study. But, these distinctions are only relative, and God cannot receive them; such comparisons are completely eliminated from the divine appreciation of unregenerate man. We are not concerned at all with what obtains *when man*

deals with man. The question here is man's relation to his God, and the infinite importance of God's dealing with him.

One of the seven indicting sentences reads "They have *alike* become worthless." Placed on a platform of perfect equality in depravity, it is possible for all men to have an equal opportunity of partaking of God's sovereign grace.

Paul, who had been such a boastful Jew, proud that he, as far as the law was concerned was blameless—do you not think that he would have found at least something of worth among those of his former persuasion if that had been possible? Certainly, he could have placed his finger on one thing. But he discovered nothing. He saw them all undone like the Gentiles.

NO DEGREES IN THE GRAVE

Who would propose a difference in the graveyard! Whatever distinctions the departed enjoyed in life they disappeared in death. Now all the unconverted in Scripture are likened to those who are dead. I quote two instances:—"You hath He quickened, (brought to life) who were dead in trespasses and sins;" "Even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ." So it follows that as there cannot be degrees of death in the grave or difference among the naturally dead it is not possible for difference to exist in those spiritually dead and estranged from God.

Come to the cemetery with me; let us walk among the tombstones. See, here is one party that was laid away in 1865, and there across the road lies a young man who was buried in 1930. Which is the "deader" of these two? The decomposed cadaver is not worse than the preserved corpse. That many who can afford it, go a long way to defeat the actual corruption of death is a practice as ancient as Egypt. Nowadays there is a deal of difference between the unclaimed pickled corpse the medical students diligently dissect and the sweetly spiced body impressively interred in the vault of a mausoleum.

Even so, the only apparent difference between sinners today is the clever embalming and wrapping, the camouflage covering with which some, at great pain and cost, are able to hide from others their wickedness; in contrast with the manifest "decay and deterioration" of the rest of men, who care nought about appearances and have long ceased to conceal their sins and deceive others by recourse to stratagem.

Thus the unregenerate conveniently divide into two classes: those who go to any length and labor to efface the effects of spiritual death and

who endeavor, by every artifice and subterfuge to impersonate godliness, and those who remain indifferent to their condition, or actually boast about it, and are quite contented to be considered sinners. The majority are in the first class; clever and expedient, they feign piety. They find religion a most useful convenience; they pass for good persons and dupe everybody. Oh, the world was never so full of them! but God is not deceived, the modern Pharisee is just as transparent as ever, and *Heaven still thunders*—"there is no difference."

NO SHADOW IN DARKNESS

In the law courts some are considered worse than others, and they are punished accordingly. The criminal and law-abiding citizen are not treated alike. Man makes a difference, he judges actions in respect to his rules of conduct and fallible laws. God judges otherwise. He has little use for our fine distinctions and definitions. He judges motives and all behavior *from the goal of life that is chosen, the end that is in view.* "For the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." (I. Sam. 16:7.) The gospel approaches every unbeliever alike and from the standpoint, that God, the Judge of judges,

IS NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS

He cannot countenance class or clan, position or profession. He pays no attention whatever to our comparisons and appraisals of character. All the world's values and estimates are grossly mistaken. Our Lord said to the religious of His day: "Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment."

The unregenerate judge is just as bad as the wretched criminal he has condemned; the king in his glory and pride, as vile as the basest subject that gives him obeisance. The dominion of sin is a starless night, in which there shines not the faintest gleam of light. There are no shadows in that dungeon darkness, no shades in that Stygian night. Paul says to the Ephesians, "But ye were sometimes darkness." Mark, not only *in darkness*, but *ye were darkness!* This Weymouth translates, "There was a time when you were *nothing but darkness.*" Now it takes light to create shades and reveal colors; but where darkness reigns supreme, as in this present evil world, how can there be degrees of blackness? It is night now! Go out yonder and pick out a piece of it that is not as dark as the other. Could you find a precise part that is a shade lighter than the next? Why laugh? Is that not exactly what

(Continued on page 23)

Pentecost Falling in the Mossi Tribe



ENTECAST! How it refreshes the weary, plodding missionary who has toiled and labored, prayed and fasted, that the soil of heathen hearts might be broken up and the Gospel seed find root! Weary bodies are rested, perplexing problems solved, and financial burdens forgotten when God comes in supernatural power. And so it was in Mossi land, in the French Soudan, West Africa, where a number of missionaries are working among over a million people.

It was the time of their Third Annual Convention (Jan. 15-25) and for days preceding this Convention the missionaries had been before the Lord in earnest prayer. None knew better than they the deep need for the Holy Spirit to work. Even some of the Christians had slipped and sin had fastened its slimy fingers upon them. A native had a vision of a great wall behind which was a mighty torrent of water ready to gush forth. He prayed and God showed him the wall was sin and the water the Holy Spirit. He saw an angel come and bore holes in the wall, but Satan came also and frantically dug a trench to divert the water from its course. Finally the wall crumbled and the waters gushed forth, typical of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, that came in the Convention days.

From *The Mossi Land News*, published by the missionaries, we give extracts of this blessed outpouring of the Holy Spirit. From a number of stations they came to Yako, some walking as far as 175 miles and back. The number from the outside stations was over a hundred, and great preparations were made by the Yako Christians to feed and house them. Heathen women were engaged to cook mush in great earthen jars, as the missionaries wanted the Christian women to attend the meetings, and a huge grass mat house was erected to house those whom the Yako Christians could not accommodate.

The first morning of the Convention the missionaries were awakened at three o'clock by the sound of native voices in prayer, and by six o'clock the mud chapel was well-filled. Sharp, biting winds from the desert at that time of the year did not deter the Africans, tho poorly clad, from assembling at that early hour, and by nine o'clock the atmosphere was so charged with the presence of God that no one could preach. "Two

young men who had been secretly asking the Lord to confirm their call to His work were overjoyed when a young man, a Yako Christian, arose and under the anointing of the Spirit called their names and told them God was calling them to preach."

"On Thursday and Friday there was a continual flow of confession from many lips, and on Friday night a young man who had been newly baptized in the Spirit said that God had showed him that all the women were sinners. The next day there was great confession among the women, some speaking more than once as they were convicted of sin and of anger and hatred in their lives. That evening the power of God fell. A number of men received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and the power rested on many of the women. All over the chapel souls were crying out to God, and even outside the wall they were prostrated on the cold, rough ground, lost to everything but God. It was 2 A. M. before the meeting closed.

On Sunday morning one of the oldest Christians in Mossi land openly confessed serious sins of long standing and manifested a real heart repentance. This was the beginning of a day never to be forgotten. For an hour and a half penitent sinners rushed to the altar, almost falling over one another in an effort to reach the front, and falling on their faces they sobbed in real agony of soul. The meeting continued that night until 2:30 A. M.

"On Monday," writes Mrs. Wilson, "the missionaries were very weary and decided to dispense with the evening service and all retire early. In Africa it is customary for missionaries to rest during the intense heat of the day, and as they finished their lunch one remarked, 'I am going to lie down this noon no matter what happens. I have a headache.' Scarcely had the words been uttered when we heard a commotion and saw some of the Christians leading a young man with eyes closed and under a heavy burden of prayer, calling for Mr. Wilson. We learned that after the missionaries had left the chapel for lunch the Lord had baptized this young man in the Holy Spirit and given him a great burden for his people at Ouahigouya, fifty miles away. He said that Mr. Wilson and Wintegada, a native worker, were to accompany him and his younger brother who would receive the baptism at this time (this

also occurred later) and go to the Ouahigouya chiefs and give them the Gospel. Those who would accept would receive great joy and peace, and upon those who refused would come fire to mow them down like a great gun. Over and over again he emphasized these statements calling for Wintegada who was not around. We learned he had gone to the bush to pray but no one knew where he was. All at once the young man turned and started to run (still having his eyes closed) and in a little while he came back bringing Wintegada with him. He went direct to the place where Wintegada was praying, and we all knelt down in the open to hear what God had told him.

"The blistering, African mid-day sun was forgotten, and the one who felt that sleep was so necessary, knelt with the rest, the headache which had been so distressing had disappeared. The young native, whose name is Payidaba, told of a vision he had of heaven, with a golden road leading therein, and said there was room for all. He called out the names of different ones who were not living true, and as he called them, they came forward and asked God to forgive them. He also called the names of nine in his own town, and as he mentioned their names Wintegada said he knew them and wrote down their names. When Wintegada went there to preach all but one repented and turned to the Lord."

During the Convention a little child of one of the Christians died, and this young man in his vision saw a little circle of stools in heaven and this little child sitting on one, near the Lord. He called the mother of the child and told her not to grieve or harden her heart, that God would give her another child.

"None of us," writes Mrs. Wilson, "had ever seen a native so happy as this young man. He laughed with great joy, and told how his people had tried to keep him from coming to the Convention. They had wanted him to stay home and weave cloth, but he said he wasn't wanting clothes; he came for something else and he got it. His joy knew no bounds for God had revealed to him that Mohammed was dead and still in the grave, but that Jesus had risen and was alive forevermore. He had been a Mohammedan until saved, about eighteen months ago. Again in the evening after we had finished eating, we saw him coming, and went out in the yard. A great crowd gathered and after he had spoken, a spontaneous

praise service started and many were slain under the mighty power of God, right in the yard. Some had visions, others burdens of prayer, and others were overcome with joy. We went softly and reverently from one to the other, looking on in awe and worship. God Himself had taken charge of the situation. When we consider that only a year ago the first Mossi received the baptism of the Spirit, and at this convention there were sixteen at least, and perhaps more, we are led to believe that we are on the verge of a great outpouring in Mossi land."

In a few days the Holy Spirit sent forth Bro. Wilson, Wintegada, and the two newly baptized boys to the town of Ouahigouya, a Mohammedan stronghold. This town had been rejecting the preaching of the native worker but God gave them another chance. The second chief in this town is a Mohammedan, but as Bro. Wilson preached to him and a large crowd of his followers he said, "This is news that will chase away all sleep for tonight."

As they went with the young man who was so burdened for his people, the chief called them all to listen and God anointed the messengers. The people looked on with amazement and all were deeply moved. The chief and many of the people said they wanted to leave their witchcraft and follow God. Some knelt in prayer and confessed Christ. There are now about thirty Christians in this field. Funds are needed for a building and there is also a call for two missionaries to take charge of this work.

The government will be asked to grant sites for four new out-stations where there are already new converts thru the efforts of native workers. The great need is for a Bible Training School, to train the native Christians in the Word of God. The missionaries are expecting to open such a school in the near future.

We have given the story of this outpouring of the Spirit somewhat in detail that other missionaries who have labored long and hard may be encouraged, and that people in the homeland who give and pray may realize that supporting missions is the most paying investment that can be made. The power of Pentecost transforms lives and transforms communities, and it is very evident that the Church Age will close with the same remarkable manifestations of the supernatural as marked its beginning.

When Jesus Wields the Fan

The Bundling of the Tares

Niels P. Thomson in the Stone Church April 19, 1933

Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.

Matt. 3:12.



DO you remember the story of how John the Baptist told the people of One who was coming after him. And of this very One who was to baptize them in the Holy Spirit He says also, "He will thoroughly purge his floor." We are told that Christ has a fan in His hand. I am glad it is in His hand. You may be my best friend but I am glad the fan is not in your hand when it comes to purging me, and I am sure you are glad that the fan is not in my hand either. How fortunate we are that He keeps the fan in His own hand for He knows just how much we can bear and how much we need. If the fan were in our hand I doubt very much whether the work would be done thoroughly. We would be moved by prejudice in some instances, and we would have sympathy with many things which do not deserve sympathy, so I am very happy that He is keeping this fan in His own hand. It should encourage us to realize that whatever sifting takes place in these momentous days, it is the Lord who is doing it; and whatever He does will be for our best interest. He will see to it that the chaff is taken away and only the wheat remains.

He will thoroughly purge His floor and you and I as His believers will come forth as pure wheat one of these days. Job said, "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." We need the trying of the Lord. You and I couldn't get very far in our Christian life if He never tried us, if He never purged us. When we are saved we have taken a big step forward; we have entered the kingdom of God and are His children; but oh, there is a great deal of training needed. When I was a youngster I belonged to the family but I needed a tremendous amount of training. I needed to go to school where I was taught many things, and I find myself still learning. I find there is still much wheat to be purged of chaff. Every day I can see the failures and weaknesses; every day I am finding tasks that I might have done better, but the fan is in His

hand and one of these days He will complete the work in me.

Note the preceding verse and connect it with the one under consideration: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire, whose fan is in his hand." Do you see the connection? We thought after we were baptized that surely the Lord had done a big job; and He had. We thought we had reached the apex; that God had cleaned us up and now we were wholly His. But we found about that time that the fan began to work more swiftly; and oh the chaff that we were discovering! Sometimes people will ask me this question, "Why is it that there are so many failures among Pentecostal people?" And I have said, "Thank God that they are found. It shows that the fan is working and the wheat is being purged. The reason other places can keep things covered up is that there is no fire and no fanning. But let the fire burn on and let God shake the fan and things that were hidden will come to the surface.

I have seen people in India work with such a fan, just a little scoop-like affair. As they begin to work with the wheat, the chaff gradually comes nearer the top. At first you thought it was clean wheat but before long you can see the chaff coming up and you keep on shaking until the chaff is all gone. God will keep on shaking us until He has us cleaned up. I trust the day will never come when He will stop shaking us; when He ceases to stir His people or reveal to them the foreign material, and the things that hinder His purpose in their lives. God grant that we may be continually shaken until nothing remains but pure wheat.

He says He will purge His floor. It is not an easy process but a process that will cost us something. It may cost us pain; it may cost us misunderstandings and many other things that flesh and blood would rather not endure, but only in this way will He bring us forth to the praise of His glory. Of one thing I am certain and that is that God will not allow any mixture in heaven; there will be nothing there of compromise or sin or anything of the flesh; flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God and God will continue to work on us until we are free from everything that is carnal.

The fan is in His hand and He will thoroughly purge His floor. From what will He purge it? Two things are mentioned here: the wheat and the chaff. The wheat is the good grain or corn, the chaff may be anything from stalk to husks, but primarily it is husks. Now wheat is heavy; it has substance and God will purge us from everything that has no substance. You know how many things come into our lives that are simply husks, the insignificant things that come which do not develop us in our christian experience. Oh how much stalk and husk there is that is just worthless! It is these things from which God is trying to separate us in these days, for the fanning process is a process of separation. If you will take special note you will find that the chaff in every case is worthless and useless. It had a purpose for just a little while, to bear the grain and then it must be blown away.

We have entered into life in this way; we were born in sin and conceived in iniquity; we came a mixture. We are here as sinners and when we come to Him, He begins to work upon us. He gives us life that we may bring forth fruit. And I want you to notice carefully that it is only when there is fruit that the fan is brought into play. God cannot do very much for us or through us if we are barren; there is no use fanning and trying to purge away the husk from something that is unfruitful, something that has no ability to bear fruit. In fact we can question a person's salvation who is barren. The Spirit that God gives to us is a living Spirit, and the soul that has eternal life dwelling in his bosom, cannot be barren. He must bring forth fruit. And it is as the fruit begins to appear that the fan is brought into play. As we bring forth fruit there is a danger of bringing forth a mixture. Even in the most consecrated life there is danger of such a mixture; in our praises, in our teaching, in prayer, and in many other lines it is difficult not to mix a little chaff with wheat for while we are in this body we are not only moved upon by the Spirit of God but by our own human spirit thus causing us to bring forth a mixture; and God's purpose in the fanning process is to separate the wheat from the chaff. Oh how often we need this fanning process in our lives! May God shake us up and reveal to us the things that are displeasing to Him.

Frequently when they have big heaps of wheat to fan in India they will fan it out on the threshing floor and they will often wait for a windy day. The seed has been sown in the Fall of the

year; it is harvested in the Spring before the hot weather comes on and then, just about this time of the year the threshing begins, for then the winds have already begun to blow. The Indians take the grain up in baskets; then they will lift these baskets up high and gently let the grain fall down; the wind carries the chaff for a distance of several feet where you will find it later on. But the wheat falls straight down. It has weight. The chaff is light and is blown away; nothing stable about it; nothing useful or fruitful about it. It is blown along by the wind but the good grain falls straight down.

Why have we been met by severe persecutions and storms? Why have the winds blown so hard at times? Often they have brought separation and real heart ache. We have been associated with this one and that one so long and then a storm came along and the separation took place. Why? Perhaps there was chaff that had to be blown away. Perhaps it was because there were light things, inconsequential things which God had to take and so the storms came and the winds blew. Don't be afraid of the storms or the winds. The person who is established on the Rock will stand.

You know just three or four chapters farther on Jesus tells us about two men who built houses. One built his house upon the rock and the other built his upon the sand; he didn't have any foundation, did not touch rock at all. Then the storm came and beat upon the houses; the one fell and the other stood. We find there which was the chaff and which was the wheat. When the storms come will your house stand or will it fall? Remember the storm is but one of God's tests. He is fanning the wheat that He wants to gather into His garner. We are living in days when this message should be of special importance to us for the day for the garnering of the wheat will soon be over.

In this connection we are reminded of the parable found in Matthew 13, beginning with the 24th verse. You will find there that the tares had no fruit; it was the wheat that sprang up and bore fruit but the tares appeared at the same time. Note that they both grew together until the harvest. I believe we are living in harvest days, when we shall see God making the separation of the tares from the wheat. Those who have gone through the grave will be known in the first resurrection, but there will be a division among those who are living for some will be caught up.

Yes we are living in harvest days. The Word

says, "And in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn." Did you notice that the tares were to be gathered first and then to be tied into bundles? They were not to be burned then but gathered together in bundles for the burning. Has there ever been a day when there has been so much bundling going on among the tares as there is today? Has there ever been a day when there has been so much amalgamation, so much coming together in the world as there is today? Not so many years have elapsed since the secret societies were almost unheard of; when there were just a few scattered here and there, but now we are in the time when hardly anything can be done without them. We read of places being bombed right along because they refuse to be tied up into some bundle. Tares are being bundled together and we need to be careful as to how we are connected with some of these bundles.

While the bundling of the tares is going on God is saving His wheat for the barn. The wheat is not to be bundled but it has a place in the Barn over yonder. He has a home prepared for the wheat. Jesus said, "I have gone to prepare a place for you." He has saved that place for the wheat—wheat that is separated from the chaff, wheat made clean, pure wheat, fruitful wheat, able to give bread to the hungry. In the meantime we need to walk very carefully lest we get tied up in the bundles.

Another point I want you to notice is one which is of great encouragement to me. He said, "Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers"—the reapers won't have their own choice in the matter. The devil may do his utmost, but the Lord has spoken the word, "*I have said to the reapers, Gather the tares into bundles and the wheat into the garner.*" I am so glad He knows us. We read, "For the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal; the Lord knoweth them that are His." And since the Lord knows them that are His and He has given His instructions to the reapers, we need not fear for He saves us for His garner. He will put us through the fanning process, it is true, but we will be able to stand because the fan is in His hand and He will thoroughly purge us.

An illustration just came to me in connection with this wheat as it stands in the husk. I seemed to see a soul that loves the Lord, but is still bound

up in this flesh, this old husk which belongs to the carnal. But what will take place at His coming, at the time of reaping? This seed which He has planted, this fruit which has been borne for Him, may be all covered with the husk, with this mortal body, but on that great day this mortal will put on immortality, this corruption will put on incorruption; the old husk will burst and the mortal will be laid aside at the sound of the trumpet when we see Him coming in the heavens. What will take place? He will have His floor all purged and this old husk will vanish away but the grain will arise and be gathered into His garner and we shall be forever in His presence. It is a glorious hope. The tares will be burned and we will stand in His presence a purged, a purified and an holy people, meet for His service throughout eternal ages. Let us then be patient for a little while even though the fan may be violently moved up and down, though our position may seem to be shifted frequently. Let us remember that it is a part of the process that God is using to work out His purposes so that one day we shall stand redeemed in His presence.

(Continued from page 2)

of God in all its fullness. Courageous and true in the pulpit, and yet having a humility which would commit the unknown and the mysterious to God. In his daily life he was a real friend and brother to all who came to him. His life was a fruitful one; through his ministry many souls came to the knowledge of the truth, and God alone knows the many who found healing for their bodies, for he always emphasized God's power to heal. We, of the Gospel Tabernacle of Milwaukee, greatly miss his leading and guiding hand, and we look and wait for the Lord to fill the vacant place. May the dear Lord and Savior comfort his dear wife and family. He could truly say, "I have kept the faith."

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The Pulse of a Dying World

Evangelist William Booth-Clibborn

STOP WAR. General Sir in Hamilton recently said "Nothing will stop war save a Second Advent of Christ." Common truths to enlightened Christians sound extraordinary in the mouths of this world's great.

MAN'S WRATH. Asked why anti-religious propaganda is especially directed against the Christian, a Bolshevik leader answered, "We forgive only dead gods; Christ is a living God." He proved in his unbelief that the cardinal fact of Christian faith is the Resurrection. "The wrath of man shall praise Thee" (Psalm 76:10).

WICKED WASTE. Canada has been burning wheat, Brazil has burned away enormous quantities of coffee, and in Southern United States huge bonfires of bales of cotton are kept ablaze night and day. These efforts to keep prices up are a fearful commentary on the boasted wisdom and efficiency of civilization. Great masses are in want and go hungry while the few are gratified. "The wisdom of their wise shall fail" (Isa. 29:14).

SUPER SUBMARINES. Whereas Germany has lost faith in the submarine and proposes to build a fleet of Docket Battleships, Britain builds them bigger than ever. "The Thames" recently launched in England is easily the most formidable submersible the world has yet known. Cruising range, half around the world; speed, 23 knots; armament, 4.7 in. gun on revolving emplacement, 6 torpedo tubes; diving depth, more than 400 ft.; 2 escape hatches. It is longer, stronger and faster, eclipsing and superseding all other under sea craft.

MONTE CARLO CLOSSES. The great Casino of Monte Carlo in whose gilded halls and at whose roulette tables vast fortunes have been made and as suddenly gambled away, has shut its doors. Closed is the symbol which best typifies the extravagance and folly of the idle rich. More and more are conditions obtaining to literally fulfill Isaiah 24:2, "And it shall be as with the servant, so with his master; as with the maid, so with her mistress; as with the buyer so with the seller; as with the lender, so with the borrower;"... etc.—especially note that last sentence.

THE HELPLESS LEAGUE. What is the League to do with Nations that go to war without taking the trouble to declare war? This procedure presents a new problem to the puzzled European powers. Japan against China, Columbia vie Peru, Bolivia and Paraguay, the French chasing the Moroccans, all at present fighting without ultimatum or declaration of war. So legally they are not really at war? As if the League had not sufficient troubles with the failure of the World Disarmament Conference and an economic crisis defying every attempt at remedy. The complexity of its multiplying problems increases continually. "For it is a day of trouble, of treading down, and perplexity" (Isa. 22:5).

"STAND BY TO CRASH." These last words of Admiral Moffatt to the crew of the Akron super-dirigible just before she crumbled into the Atlantic Ocean, are most significant. The Akron, like the Titanic was in miniature typical of this world's civilization. Many parallels can be found between this latest calamity to airships and the sinking of the Titanic. Both sank in the Atlantic, both were the last word of applied Science in their sphere of transportation, both were destroyed by natural elements and forces. One by a "stone cut without hands"—an iceberg—and the other by the fury of the winds in a storm centre. The faulty construction of the Akron speaks loudly of the delicate supports upholding our doomed world-order. Civilization is nearing its storm centre—the Tribulation! All the peoples of the earth can do is to "stand by to crash."

AN INSOLVENT WORLD. The Bank holiday startled the man in the street and like nothing else brought home to him the fact that the nations of the world are near bankruptcy. Indeed many are bankrupt and would have gone into receivership long ago if it were possible for nations to default without fearful consequences and repercussions. As to Canada, three Western Provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia are bound to default their debts unless the Federal Government of the Dominion is willing to help. Manitoba with a four million issue falling due, cannot pay. Saskatchewan with total loans of eight million must dodge by re-issuance of bonds. Alberta with a total of two million and British Columbia three million are also in a critical condition. The Canadian National Railway is costing 100 million a year and has not paid one penny's profit since becoming state property.

THE RUSSIAN NIGHTMARE. Slow starving and malnutrition has always been here and there decimating the Russian masses since the great revolution began, but many correspondents assert that every part of Russia from the Volga to Siberia, from White Russia to the Caucasus is now in the grip of the most devastating famine the country has ever known. Since November 1932, above a million have died of hunger, but since these conditions are so widespread and common they do not focus attention as did the localized disaster of 1921 when 1½ million perished. Letters were read in the Saskatchewan Legislature describing the most terrible, unimaginable plight of the poor peasants who are simply waiting for death and eating what is left of cattle fodder. Whole houses filled with dead corpses, children sprawled with bloated stomachs in the streets unable to move. Collectivization is given as the cause, with the collapse of all transport and proper financing. Unemployment has reached such appalling figures that it is claimed that Moscow, whether it believed the six British Engineers to be guilty or not, staged their trial so as to draw away the world's attention from the terrible internal conditions which are worse than at any time since 1918.

State Religions: Fascism

The rapid growth of Fascism, even within the last two years, is amazing; one sees the mark of the Fasces on every hand. A correspondent writes, "They are just now building a new Federal Post Office here in Meridian, Miss., and they have already placed six of the Fascist bundle of sticks with a battle-axe on the top." It is significant that a large number of Federal and Civic institutions bear the fascist emblem. The following article from The Dawn (London) is a timely one.



STATE RELIGIONS—that is, the State claiming a devotion so exclusive that it tolerates no rival devotion, or tolerates it only for political expediency—are new to the modern world, but old as history. Deepening economic distress, because it has failed to drive men to God, can now only create, in the youth of the world, a vast reservoir of revolution—revolution upward or downward; and despair forges a desperate faith in any change, so long as it is profound and complete. Two books—Sir Oswald Mosley's *Greater Britain* and Mr. Middleton Murray's *Necessity of Communism*—have, within the last twelvemonth, opened the campaign of two such religions, sharply antagonistic though they are, in England. Let no one be under any illusion—Fascism and Communism are here, and are here (as elsewhere) for a death-grapple; and it is vital to bring the facts home to all who have hearing ears before—by the triumph of one or the other—it becomes illegal (and therefore impossible) to do so. Never was more imperative our Lord's basic word: — "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's" (Luke 20:25). Pilgrims and strangers, that is, spiritually, foreigners on our way to a heavenly City, we submit (within the limits of Scripture) to a Mussolini or a Stalin, for the powers that be are God-ordained; but where the laws clash, "we must obey God rather than men" (Acts 5:29).

How little even prophetic students, a century ago, saw the Fascist harvest in the Roman seed, the world-shadowing oak in the Italian acorn; it is to be hoped that modern students will not prove as blind, though with the prophesied deceptions of the end anything is possible. The latest biographer of Mazzini (Mr. Griffith) thus summarizes the visions the great Italian saw in his prison cell in Savona in 1830, visions for

which the youth of Italy went to the gallows with shining eyes:—"A new religious synthesis—the religion of Humanity"; a new political synthesis—the democratic union of the nations: a new social synthesis—the gradual fusion of the classes into inclusive class, the people; and for the Messianic incarnation and proclamation of the new Word—a regenerate Rome indwelling a United Italy." Mazzini is the cradle in which Mussolini was born—and the end is not yet.

Sir Oswald Mosley stamps a woodcut, of the "Fasces" on his opening page, and (most significantly to the prophetic student) unfolds (p. 16) Fascism as "the steel creed of an iron age"; "the grip of an organized and disciplined movement, grasping and permeating every aspect of national life" (p. 25). He foresees clearly the coming struggle. "Fascism today has become a world-wide movement, invading every country in the hour of crisis as the only alternative to a destructive Communism" (p. 154). Japanese Fascism has adopted (Times, Dec. 23, 1932) the symbol of a golden eagle with a black belted jacket; and Chiang Kai-shek is reported as organizing a Chinese Fascismo of 3,000 cadets as black shirts. Even two years ago Professor Starr warned his fellow countrymen (Times, Nov. 12, 1930) of the rapid growth of Fascism in the United States—17,000 being enrolled in four weeks in the State of Georgia alone. "Either Fascism or Communism emerges victorious" (p. 150). Thus he follows in the wake of Signor Mussolini who says (Times, Oct. 26, 1932):—"This will be the century of Fascism, and during it Italy will be again the leader of Roman civilization. Within ten years Europe will be either Fascist or Fascitized."

With the economic and political arguments of any group in the State the Scriptural Christian is not concerned: what definitely concerns him is whether he is to be allowed to render to God the things that are God's. For Fascism is far more than a political creed. In "Fascism, the greatest constructive and revolutionary creed in the world" (p. 15), which is "not only a new political policy, but also a new conception of life" (p. 147), we are confronted at once with a State organization so absolute, so exclusive, as to leave no room for the Church of God, as a distinct and heavenly corporation with inviolable laws of her own. "There is no room for interests which are not the State's interests; laws are futile if they allow such things to be" (p. 13): "every interest

is subordinated to the overriding authority of the organized State. No State within the State can be admitted. 'All within the State; none outside the State; none against the State' (p. 27). All religion is thus rigorously overridden. "To all moral questions the acid test of the Fascist idea of citizenship is first social and secondly scientific. This test overrides all considerations of religion, prejudice and inherited doctrines which, at present, obscure the mind of man" (p. 38). The "community-interest"—excluding, on principle, any thought of God or Christ or sin or eternity—is the all-dominating creed. And how this splendid State efficiency, this undoubted national betterment, can supplant morality (not to say religion) stands out vividly in the kindred creed of Turkey. "Mustapha Pasha," says his latest biographer, "is the ideal of a ruler to the Turks; he might be cruel, vicious, brutal and spiteful, but he was strong and decided. He has no morals, nor any belief in women or virtue; he has debased himself in uncleanness, and neither pity nor sentiment touches him at all." All morality, as all religion, is thus lodged in purely civic virtues, and the State becomes what Herr von Papen, when German Chancellor, calls (Times, Oct. 4, 1932) "the Holy German Reich, the *Sacrum Imperium*."

The two books we have named are the first mutterings of the storm. Each writer desires the triumph of his creed in England by peaceful means; but both are emphatic that, if blocked, it must be revolution. Only granted economic distress keen and black enough, and such parties are born with the speed of lightning. Eight years ago the Nazis—the German Fascists—could be counted on the fingers of two hands; in the last two elections they polled between six and seven million votes. Fatal to the Christian Church is any acceptance of idolatrous nationalism. "Our divinity students," says Arthur von Broecker, of Halle, in *Die Christliche Welt*, "are taking their part with passion in the National and Nazi movement in the universities. As a result masses of people have lost all confidence in the clergy. Secret unconscious atheism is often the true source of this unbridled nationalism." On the incidental question of the compulsory bearing of arms, the Federal Council of American Churches, representing twenty-six Protestant communities and 22,000,000 enrolled communicants, gives the true general attitude of the Church of Christ to the State:—"God alone is Lord of the conscience. The State should not create the dilemma of loyalty to country or to Christ. Should such a dilemma arise, we follow Christ."

When Someone Touched the Throne

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory."

IN THE fall of 1930, I began to feel such a weakness in my body that soon I was alarmed. I lost weight rapidly, slept very little, and my condition as a whole was very bad. I was anointed and prayed for but I felt no change. Finally in February 1931 I sought medical advice, and the case was called intestinal infection. On March 23rd it seemed that I was to die. Suddenly I had developed a serious heart condition and little hope was given me. The physician said I could get better but never be cured. Twice in the space of four months it seemed that the end had come. At first I had a horror to die in this land but after gaining the victory over the matter, it did not trouble me, only to be in the will of my Lord. From March on, there was a constant spitting of blood, even though I was in bed scarcely moving. The end of June, I was able again to be about. I did not stay up on my feet any length of time but I was not kept in bed as heretofore. While in bed, I was kept with ice packs on my heart and

was not permitted to move to my left side.

On the first Wednesday of September I was taken with terrible fever which lasted five days. Wednesday afternoon the Benders were called to pray with me, and by the time they were able to get to the house I was not conscious only for a few minutes at a time. Finally on Sunday morning I called the folk in my house, bidding them goodbye, and telling them that I would not live to see my co-worker, who at the time was on the high seas, returning to Venezuela. Bro. Bender and the native worker came that day to give me the Lord's Supper, and a friend had the street shut off so that there would be no noise. For five days the fever had raged. The fever went as high as 105.4 Fahrenheit and never lower in those days than 103.8 Fahrenheit. At the end of five days someone touched the throne for me and at eight o'clock in the evening the fever broke. The power of God in healing! Praise Him forever! God worked marvelously in my behalf giving strength in two days to make the trip to the port to meet my co-worker, Miss Madsen.

Strength was given to start school but finally it was decided that it was best for me to return home.

On November 30th, 1931, I left Venezuela arriving in New York December 8th, a physical wreck. The physical examinations that followed showed valvular heart disease. Upon arrival in my home church in Washington, D. C., I was anointed and they prayed for me according to the Word. At this particular time the Lord began to deal with me about new work He wanted me to do. Further examination and yet no change, and then anointed again. Then the Lord made it very clear if I would obey His call, He would heal me. After a battle in my soul, finally the decision was made to obey and then again I was anointed.

This was in February, 1932, and an examination in March proved a perfect heart condition. Glory to His name! Yet the same examination revealed extremely low blood pressure, but God again showered His love upon me and in six weeks it was normal.

When man gave me three months to live; the doctor in Venezuela doubting if I would reach home; the God of the universe created a new heart, gave new vision, and did the impossible. Praise the Lord!

Since back on the field, nearly nine months, trials have been such as I have never known before, but God has been faithful and there has been absolutely no trace of heart trouble.

To Him be all the glory, for He is worthy.

Hilda Meyrick.

The Joy of Preaching the Gospel

Dear Latter Rain Evangel Family:

I must let you in on a share of the great blessing we have received this Spring while declaring with greater liberty than ever the whole extent and expanse of this glorious Gospel. Since February 5th over 500 souls have been won and taken a determined stand for Christ under its spell. To me preaching is still God's chosen means and the best piece of foolishness ever God invented to bring mankind to Life Eternal; and I still continue with growing faith to stress above all the "foolishness of preaching" as the best manner the quickest method, in spite of every other mode of winning souls so loudly advocated today. The solution to the hardness of the age and the difficulty in breaking down resistance is more power and more anointing on the ministry of the World and there is no other solution.

I was sorry to leave Toronto and our beloved Pastor Paul H. Ralstin and his splendid praying congregation with whom we enjoyed such a surprising time of revival with much larger crowds than we had three years ago. I shall not soon forget the special afternoon lectures when the great auditorium was taxed to capacity to hear themes that some day I hope to publish in the columns of THE EVANGEL; "God's Great Need"; "Walking Backwards"; "Convenient Consciences"; "Man, Woman and Marriage"; "Courtships and Courtrooms"; The subject "Alas My Brother" broke through to such immediate issue that the majority of the 2000 people present were weeping. Oh, God's arrows are fire-tipped, swift and sure to strike the mark! I am convinced that the reason so few are truly converted in this day is because the pulpit has deserted direct action; the preaching has lost its certain sound and our utterances are without deadly aim. It was wonderful to see 20, 30 and 40 come to Christ at one time and to be in a place where the atmosphere is so saturated by the compelling influences of heaven that it is difficult

for the unregenerate to withstand the pressure, but even while the preaching goes on he capitulates to Christ in his seat. It is rare that such prophetic utterance has been granted me, such spontaneous inspiration. Oh for more of that fevered fury, that withering accuracy, that speech penetrating that the Spirit of God can dictate! Under the anointing the language lives, the Word is jewelled, the phrase fits and as a charmed key unlocks every closed heart. I praise God for being able to utter the unutterable and to speak the unspeakable, for I tell you not one of us in ourselves is sufficient for these things.

Well the five weeks with their two and three meetings a day have passed into Eternity. Such riots of glory, such sacred scenes of surrender cannot be described. Stacks of letters have come in, testimonials to Healing, Salvation and the Baptism. In the last two weeks nearly sixty received the fulness of the Holy Ghost. Repeatedly I went to the spacious Prayer Hall upstairs and counted scores prostrated under the power of God. One evening there must have been over one hundred prone on the carpeted floor, many coming gloriously through. But best of all the Revival has not closed with my going away. I understand that the number who have received their Pentecost is now past eighty-two. Praise the Lord! Space will not permit my giving you the extracts of letters that I have received, but just to let you have a glimpse of the storm of blessing that came our way, I shall quote one letter:

"You had better have our testimony to God's praise and glory. My youngest daughter received her Baptism Friday last. She stayed home Saturday caring for the children so my two other daughters could enjoy the meetings. At that service my oldest girl was converted. She then went up to the Prayer Room and found her sister under the power. She fell on her knees and received a glorious Baptism. They returned home and the three ran to me, all eager to be first to tell me that Betty had

received her Baptism. I was sitting on a kitchen chair. I fell to the floor and in 30 minutes was speaking and singing in tongues. Oh, praise the Lord; I finally got up to notice that my son-in-law, who had been watching me, was swaying in his chair. He soon yielded and was prostrated under the Power, coming through in 20 minutes and speaking in a beautiful tongue. In the next room our boarder fell on his knees and gave his heart to God. In no time he was rejoicing and shouting the victory. My son and grandson were with him praying. Then all came into the dining-room and joined the rest of us. My son fell on his face before God and soon broke out, speaking in tongues and glorifying God with indescribable joy. Oh, glory! Just then we looked around and another girl fell on her knees, the power of God upon her. Then my other son-in-law yielded also and was baptized with such glory and power that for over two hours he lay praising God, so that we all wept for joy. This continued until dawn. May this encourage your heart, for we as a family, thank God for sending you to Toronto. May you win thousands. Your Sister in Christ, Mrs. Wm. Harris."

Although very weary having had two or three meetings a day, I was persuaded to visit Peterboro, a town 100 miles inland, and so at Brother Chambers' invitation, we arranged for twelve days in the Grand Opera House in the centre of the City, and opened there on a Tuesday. Meetings were held every night, and the attendance increased from about 150 to nearly 700 the last nights. It never failed that some knelt and made a complete surrender to Christ at the end of each service. The children's meetings were attended by 300 youngsters and a good lasting work was wrought in them, about sixty coming into the Prayer Room and seeking the Lord. In a most affecting way, that drew tears of repentance, they gave their little hearts to Christ. About 52 adults also surrendered so that we went well over the 100 mark. Many received the Baptism in an improvised Prayer Room back of the stage which was always filled, the services lasting up until 11:30 and 12 o'clock at night. It is well to say that no guarantee can ever be given whether a soul strikes fire or not but if they are willing to meet the Gospel condition and simply take a firm public stand for Christ the Word of God has not lost its power and produces immediate fruit. The saints were much refreshed and begged us to stay longer, the meetings having broken through to great liberty and power, but we had to hasten on to fulfill our promise to Pastor Howard A. Goss, of Danforth Tabernacle, Toronto for five days' meetings.

The showers descended upon us there without assuage. Such was the glory the last night that it was impossible to preach, testimony and praises dominated the whole proceedings. In the five days about 28 stepped out, quite a few struck fire, others remained under the power until 4:30 in the morning. Bro. Goss is the oldest Pentecostal minister living in point of service, entering the Movement in 1902 and was ordained in 1904. Great crowds thronged the Danforth Tabernacle those wonderful five days, but we accommodated everyone by sitting the children all over the platform.

This finds me in London, Ontario. The Campaign opened Sunday, April 9th, in "Loew's Theatre" seating 2000. I made use of the fact it was the anniversary of my Grandfather's birthday, General William Booth. The Salvation Army Band was on the platform and rendered appropriate music. At night I spoke on "Jesus and the Adulterous Woman" to a very large audience, probably 1300 people, and about 40 hands went up requesting prayer at the conclusion. From here we shall go to Montreal for a two weeks' Conference and Evangelistic Campaign with Brother Baker. Remember us in your prayers.

In the love of Him who taught us how to love.

William Booth-Clibborn.

Presbyterian Missionary Baptised



I WAS converted in Park College. The College whose president at that time was our honored, revered and beloved Dr. John A. McAfee, a mighty man of faith, godliness, and power. The whole trend of life in Park was so spiritual that no student could stay there long and not be converted. My life in Park College was greatly blessed and I thank God for the excellent training and Bible teaching I received there.

After graduating, and teaching two years in the Park Academy and one year in a college in Kansas, I was sent by the Presbyterian Board to Tabriz, Persia, as a missionary, and after learning the language, I took charge of the Armenian Girls' School in Tabriz. This position I held for many years.

I have always been a serious Christian and loved my Lord dearly but for the past several years and especially this last year, I have been longing and praying for a deeper spiritual life. Yet whenever approached on the subject of "The Baptism of the Holy Spirit" I would say I had received the baptism at my conversion and would argue against the manifestation of the Spirit in these modern times, saying it was "obsolete" and useless. God knew my hunger and would not long let His child go unfed. So in the providence of God Richard and Adele Carmichael, Evangelists of Quincy, Illinois, came to Miles City, Mont., to conduct a tent revival campaign for Rev. Boyles, pastor of the Assembly of God Church. I attended these meetings nightly and became intensely interested.

After hearing a message on "The Baptism of the Holy Spirit," I began seeking and praying earnestly for this blessing. Night after night I went to the altar praying that God would help

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From the Whitened Harvest Field

GOOD news of the Lord working in different parts of His vineyard comes to us from His laborers. Brother and Sister Carl Graves write us under date of March 14th of God's blessing upon them during a Ten Day Convention:

"We were very happy to have Brother and Sister Evans with us on their way back to India. The blessing of the Lord came down in the first service and we had a full house every evening and were fairly crowded out the last day.

"Preceding the night services we had old-fashioned tarrying meetings where the Lord met in a special way. It was a great joy to see the earnestness with which some sought God, and a number received the Baptism of the Spirit. On the last Sunday some were so desirous of praying that they came for the morning service and stayed the whole day. In the afternoon the Lord baptized two more in the Holy Spirit; one was a man who had been trying to fight against God, but he became very miserable until several months ago when he finally yielded to God and now he is a changed man. He questioned whether the Lord could save him because he had been so wicked, but when he received the Baptism every doubt was removed. The other was a lad of 15 who had never heard of the Baptism, but as he earnestly sought God for greater blessing in his life, he too received.

"Quite a number came to the altar for salvation; others for healing, and power to live victorious lives. On the crowning day we received nine new members into fellowship, and after the night service with a blessed message by Bro. Evans on 'Calvary,' more than usual came seeking salvation.

"Our present location is hardly large enough to accommodate the people so we are saving a little toward a building fund. The people have not much to give but as they are faithful in the little we are sure that God will bless. Pray with us for a suitable location; most of the land is held by Buddhists who will not lease land for Christian purposes."

* * *

Brother Bender, Barquisimeto, Venezuela, writes that a church has sprung up recently in a country district called El Penon, among a people who had never seen a foreign missionary. They called him to baptize a band of Christians who had been saved, and some baptized in the Holy Spirit. He found a company of forty to forty-

five Christians on fire for God. Twenty-one were immersed and the remainder expect soon to follow. The Gospel news was carried to this district by an unlearned class from a district called TaTitiara, a few days' journey. The work in El Penon was born under much persecution from government officials who are not familiar with their own laws, but are influenced by the priests. "It is Venezuela's hour," writes Bro. Bender. "In this same way the Holy Spirit is raising up work and founding churches all over Venezuela. It is God who is moving and only God. He is raising up native workers as never before. While the Church of Rome has begun a new campaign within the last three months, yet we believe she will not be able to accomplish much for her weapons are carnal and cannot stand before the acts of the Holy Ghost."

* * *

Miss Marie Juergensen writes of a recent earthquake which occurred in Japan the beginning of March, in which ten thousand houses were destroyed, three thousand of them carried away by a tidal wave, and more than three thousand lives lost. No damage was done in Tokio or vicinity. She writes that during an unusual hard winter, even during bitter cold weather no evangelistic service went by without some stranger in their midst and at least one or two at the altar kneeling in the presence of a living God for the first time. "A young man, recently saved, brought his friend with him. This same young man told us that four years ago he had been in the Mission Station just once and heard the Gospel. 'If I had yielded then, how much heart suffering I might have escaped,' were his words."

"Last night (March 21) was a very happy occasion in our Takinogawa Church: The first Graduation Service of the Bible School, in which Miss Wengler's native worker finished a three year course of study. How much the Lord has done for this consecrated young man cannot be written. And how much He has done for us all in bringing into existence this Bible School cannot be told! Every one of the native brethren gave all glory to the Lord. This school was opened as a result of a Holy Spirit revival which came upon our Takinogawa church when eight young men and women of our own Assembly consecrated their lives to God. Two years ago there were only two day students; today there are nine

studying His Word every day. A small beginning, but the Lord has done great things for us whereof we are glad."

Our readers will be glad to know that Miss Agnes Juergensen who has been very ill for two months and has suffered much from rheumatism, has been healed of pain and is now on her way to complete recovery. One day while lying on her bed meditating, and thinking of the many prayers that had been offered up for her healing and yet no better—the scripture dropped in her heart, "The Spirit that dwelleth in you shall quicken your mortal bodies," and she felt a warmth go thru her body. She moved and was surprised to find no pain. Her recovery is cause for much thanksgiving in the Juergensen household.

No Depression in God

In times when many are being obliged to retrench it is encouraging to read these heartening words from Mrs. Evelyn B. Derr, Mbeya, Tanganyika Territory, Africa:

"The Lord has been wonderfully good to us in these hard times. He has not only supplied our needs, but has enabled us to take on more workers. We now have sixteen native helpers, four of whom are evangelists on circuit, so that a large territory is covered. These evangelists have great faith, and twice God has raised up one pronounced dead. It seems that it is almost impossible for one to die here for as soon as one is sick the Christians gather and pray until they get the victory. We surely thank God for their faith and faithfulness.

"*The Evangel* is a great blessing to us. We have been here nearly five years and have never seen a Pentecostal Christian outside of our own converts. In fact we seldom see Europeans who are not government officials here on business. A Swiss coffee planter is tarrying and we trust he will soon be fully satisfied. He is helping with the work now but will be more efficient when he is endued with power from on high."

* * *

Brother Doney writes from Cairo, Egypt, of God's blessing upon the Mission and School. "We now have nine teachers, two are missionaries, one from Los Angeles and the other from England. Miss Hubbard came out with us in 1928 and is doing well. She graduated in the Cairo Language School and speaks the language well. The other is a graduate of the University of London and speaks French, Spanish and Latin. She is picking up the Arabic language, and can already

read and write well. Further, she is very spiritual and like Sister Hubbard, devoted to the work.

"We have seven native teachers, some of whom preach as well as teach. Several of our big girls have been blessedly saved. Since the economic depression the work has been seriously handicapped. Many times we have not known what to do. Should we drop part of the regular Mission work or part of the School work, both owned and blessed of God? Two or three times we have been forced to cut down on what the Egyptians call *their bread*. Nearly all of them have families to support, parents, brothers, sisters. We gave them their choice, to accept what we were able to give them, or seek other employment. They all, including our Native Pastor, chose to remain with us, trusting God to supply their needs, as well as ours. Some of them said, 'If you suffer we will suffer with you.'"

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(Continued from page 5)

Oh the power there is in a mother's prayer! I want to relate to you an incident in the life of my friend, Mr. Sawyer, a prominent evangelist in the Methodist Church, a most godly man, who believes thoroughly in the fulness of the Spirit of God. He is one of those revolutionary spirits trying with all his might to save that backslidden institution. Mr. Sawyer told how he met the Lord. He had wanted to be an actor and attended every theatrical performance that came to town. He had taken part in several amateur plays, and one day when he was seventeen years of age there came to town a theatrical performance. His mother discovered it was not what it ought to be and pleaded with her son not to go. But he was determined to go and wanted to study the acting. The mother was thinking of those prayers she had been offering for her son that he might be saved and she placed herself by the door as he was about to leave and pleaded with him for her sake not to go. He rushed past and down off the porch, and she said, "Son, if there is a God in heaven who can answer a mother's prayers you will never go to that performance tonight." He laughed as a wayward boy can laugh. As he reached the theatre and stepped up to reach for his ticket, very strangely he fell like a dead man on the floor. His friends took him to a drug store across the street, a doctor was called and said, "I do not see anything specially wrong with him," and in a few minutes he seemed to be normal. He made a second attempt to attend

the performance, and while he did not fall, he was seized with a spirit of fright and he turned to his boy friend and said, "I am afraid I cannot go to-night." He didn't tell him what his mother had said, but he remembered too well. The boy said, "I will go back home with you," and when they reached his house the boy wanted to go in with him, but he was ashamed and said he need not do so. He walked into the parlor, the light was burning dimly, and there was his mother kneeling on the floor. As quick as a flash a change of mind and heart came over him and he fell down, pulled her over close to him and whispered words of repentance and sorrow in her ear. He said, "Mother, forgive me." And in telling me he said, "There together we wept and mingled our tears. There on my knees I repented of my sins. And I want to say that I have never been inside of a theatre from that day to this." Ah, yes, there is power in a mother's prayers!

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people seek to do, who assert that some are not as bad, as black as others?

That is just what very many of you have done in your blindness and foolishness of heart. You have secretly congratulated yourselves at not having fallen as low or done as wickedly as some you observed; whereas your heart was just as black, but you were more deceitful. And we often seek to shield others for whom we have regard. How frequently sinners are introduced to me with attention called to their good traits. Their fine work for the betterment of social conditions is mentioned; they are leaders in the community, prominent in every worthy enterprise and what not! It seems that even among true Christians we seize upon any handy pretext, any merit an acquaintance may have in order to relieve the blackness of the picture an unregenerate life must present to God.

It reminds me of the Jews who, anxious that Christ should heal the Capernaum centurion's servant said of him. "For he loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue." (Lu. 7:5.) But the centurion took the proper attitude saying, "Lord, trouble not thyself: for I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof: neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee." That attitude opens heaven, for heaven still thunders "there is none good."—"There is no difference."

THE MARK OF THE BEAST
A Striking Booklet on Fascism.....25c

(Continued from page 20)

me make a clean sweep of everything in my life that might hold back His tide of power.

On the evening of July 24th the answer came.

Before I went to the altar that night I was saying in my heart, "Oh God, I am in earnest to-night, and by Thy grace, I am willing to stay at that altar until He comes."

When the call was made I went to the altar, kneeled and began to pray. Soon there came to me these words, "Be still and know that I am God." Then my lips were sealed; I cared not to move them; could not say a word; but soon the Spirit of God came upon me and I began to speak in an unknown language. I speak several languages by knowledge but this was something different. Here the Spirit was speaking without the aid of my mental faculty. Oh how wonderful it all is to me! Glory, glory to God! Praise God for this wonderful gift of His Holy Spirit. Praise Him! Praise Him! "Bless the Lord O my soul and let all that is within me bless His holy name."

My life is so different now. The Bible which I have studied, loved, and taught, seems like a new book to me. The Lord's name be praised forever and ever.

(Mrs. L. S.) Margaret Demuth Schermerhorn
Miles City, Mont.

Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael, who sent us the above testimony, write that they are now broadcasting their Sunday Night services in Quincy, Ill., from 7:30 to 8:30. They also conduct a sacred song service from 5 to 5:30 by remote control from their church auditorium over station WTAD (1400 kilocycles).

(Continued from page 2)

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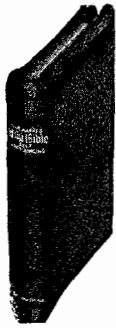
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CHAPTER 3.

2 Milk is fit for children. 11 Christ the only foundation. 16 Men are the temples of God.

AND I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ.

2 I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able.

5 shall. Ps. 25. 14. John 15. 15.

a Heb. 5. 13. 1 Pet. 2. 2. 1 Or. factions.

2 according to man.

b Rom. 12. 3.

c Acts 18. 4.

d Acts 19. 1.

e Isa. 55. 10.

f Ps. 62. 12.

g Rom. 2. 6.

19 F. foolish ten, of craftin

20 At the t are va

21 T. men.

22 W

Ce'pha

death

come,

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