

The Apostolic Faith

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THE WAY TO SEE PALESTINE IS THRU THE EYES OF
THIS THOROUGHLY COMPETENT AND HIGHLY
CULTURED ARABIAN GUIDE.



MR. FAREED IMAN

A SPLENDID YOUNG MAN WHO KNOWS THE COUNTRY
WELL AND WHO ACCOMPANIED ME ON MANY OF MY
EXCURSIONS IN THE HOLY LAND. (See further notice on
last page of this paper.)

A TRIP TO JAFFA, TEL-AVIV AND THE PLAIN OF ANCIENT PHILISTIA

Leaving Jerusalem March 6 with a party of noted theologians of America, we were soon descending the mountains of Judea to the plains of Sharon; but just as we reached the foothills we took a road to the left and climbed the mountain on which Gezer was located. It was a very important city, at which place Professor McAlister spent three years in excavations. He dug down to the bed-rock, discovered Troglodyte cave dwellings of three thousand years before Christ. Then in successive layers the Canaanite, Israelite, the Jewish, Maccabean, Roman, Christian and finally the Arab cities, twelve in all.

Gezer was a city of great prominence as it commanded the passes to Jerusalem and the plains of Philistia and Sharon. It was held jealously by Pharaoh of Egypt, who continually threatened Jerusalem after defeating the Philistines; but by a diplomatic marriage, Solomon received it with one of his wives, who was a daughter of Pharaoh. Then Solomon fortified it and made it one of his strongest out-posts. (See I Kings, 9:15-17.)

About fourteen hundred years before Christ, a great tunnel was dug down in the center of the city to water, so in case of siege they could get water from inside the wall. This is one of the most interesting ruins in Palestine.

From here we went to Jaffa and took noon lunch at the beautiful Cliff Hotel, whose glass inclosed dining room overlooks the broad expanse of the sea. After noon we came back a few miles and turned south through most wonderful orchards of oranges, lemons, almonds, apricots and extensive vineyards and through most prosperous Jewish colonies.

At one village we saw one winery covering nearly an acre, from whence they ship their now famous wines to all parts of the world, then on to more villages lasting many miles.

At last we reached the village of Akir, the ancient Ekron, where the Philistines held the ark so long and where they had so many misfortunes. They tried to get a near town to take it but they were too wise. So they made a new wagon and hitched to it young cows with calves left behind. They took it to the camp of Isreal

and got slaughtered and used as an offering into the Lord for their trouble.. I think it was Bethshemesh where the Ark was fetched by the cows, now called Ainshem. I Sam 6:1-21. There are no ruins of Ekron left, where the Ark stayed with the Philistines for so long: only a thriving, happy village of 600 Jews from Russia, the first came there 45 years ago. They have a fine synagogue, the gift of Baron Rothschilds.

We had planned to go the next day to Ashdod, Gaza and other places, but after returning to Jaffa for the night, and having a fine time at the above named hotel and plenty of fish, we found when we got up in the morning that it was raining. Motoring on mud roads was impossible, so that we turned our attention to seeing Jaffa and Tel-aviv.

This later city is one of the outstanding Jewish accomplishments of Palestine; a city of about thirty five thousand people all Jews. Modern built by Jewish or Zionistic money, peopled by Jews from all parts of the world.

Being along the sea, and semi-tropical climate, they have made it an ideal city; beautifully clean and with wonderful drives, gardens and parks. It rivals anything to be seen in California. After doing this wonder of Zionistic achievement, driving its lovely thoroughfare and seeing its modern stores and fine homes, we drove many miles through scented orange groves and wooded vales, traversing many miles of most fertile tracts.

Indeed the Jews have gotten hold of most of the plains of Sharon, the plains of Philistia and all the great valley of Esdraelon and Jezreel and turned them into most fertile farms and orchards, and with less suffering than most of our American pioneers endured. Thus Palestine, under a beneficent English government, enters upon a most pleasing future.

A CHANCE TO PRACTICE YOUR RELIGION

I don't often come to the readers of this paper for a chance to give in a worthy way to one of God's little ones, but last month our sister, Mrs. Mollie Horn of Waco, Texas, was burned out and nearly everything lost. The two rooms left standing are about ruined and all clothes, linens and bedding gone. We have sent some relief and I feel that God's children ought to rise to their privilege and aid in this case.

Our sister has been in the faith more than twenty years and kept the faith. She has never failed to send in her tithes each month for many years, whether it was large or small; many times just coming in the last moment of need for the paper. No one can tell why calamities like these come, but God knows and we will some day when the clouds are all cleared away. Now if you have any linens, bedding, household effect or money for rebuilding please send it as her husband is a carpenter and can do the work but will need materials right away. Address all relief to Mrs. Mollie Horn, 401 N. 4th St. Waco, Texas.

Now may the Lord bless you in this.

Your brother,

Chas. F. Parham.

SOMETHING NEW

My last experience, Glory!

I am going to try to tell the readers of my paper something, if possible, of the wonderful experience the Lord has revealed to me by His Presence. Many of you have known that during the last national camp meeting I so over worked that my heart gave way until I was useless or nearly so. Before leaving for the Holy Land I had a sort of stroke of paralysis but I felt I must go as many would have said, had I failed to go, that I had planned a trip to get money and then used it myself; so I boarded the steamer for the Orient. After a terrible experience with a dreadful cold in Athens Greece, I landed in Jerusalem in a very serious condition, and one day when I had a very bad heart attack, they sent for an eminent German physician who gave me a most thorough examination. At last he said, "You are sound as a dollar, except your heart is utterly worn out. Your strenuous life has worn out your heart action. You have no assurance of tomorrow nor of even crossing this room." Of course, personally, that was good news if all the battles and strife of life was over, I was glad. But when I thought of the distress of loved ones in the home land if I should pass in a far off strange land, I felt I must live on to at least come home where loving hands might lay away the dust of human form.

Day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment I went on, yet each moment I had a touch

of weakness that warned me that I lived only for the moment. Every one was kindness itself. Guides assisted me up steep places; tourists took my arm. In going only a few blocks I had to rest many times. It was worse than in war, for there is a chance that you may get thru, but my case seemed hopeless.

At last having done Palestine as few people are permitted to, I went on to Egypt. There my case was even worse; yet I saw the wonders of that age old land and got on my boat. I felt then some assurance I might again see loved ones and then lay me down to rest. Many nights I awoke early and lay there meditating, oh so hungry for a touch of the Lord! I felt like the one who had sought Him till my locks were wet with the dew of the morning, yet I felt not His Presence. Then one morning 3:30 a. m. in mid ocean, He came to me. It was the presence of my Beloved, "Leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills."

How can I explain it to you? Perhaps it was thus He was manifest to me. He and the Father came and took up their abode with me. He came in to sup with me, yea "He brought me into His banqueting chamber and His banner over me was love." I saw no vision of His personality, but knew He was there. I was in the aura of His presence; all was peace, perfect peace. There was life and that life more abundantly. All darkness vanished; all thought of sin and disease, real or unreal, disappeared. "In His Presence"—then I knew the power of that virtue that went out from Him destroying disease, and I knew there was no sin, no disease in the light of His Presence. Well, words fail me to explain this wonderful experience! I had read how Christian Science affirmed there was no disease, no sin but I knew there was. But I did not have to affirm or deny. I had found the real of which they perhaps have grasped, that in His presence, in the radius of His influence, sin and disease does not exist. It was like the light of the morning that drives the darkness and shadows all away. You know that at night the darkness in your room is real, but touch the electric button and where is that darkness? It is gone. So is all sin and disease when faith touches the button and the light appears; darkness is simply not there. Darkness is the absence of light, so sin and disease is the absence of His presence.

When His divine presence became so real to me, all sin and disease ceased to exist. Glory to our God. I have had many blessings, He has been my Staff and Stay. I have loved Him and knew He was mine, but now it is no longer the blessing, it's the Blessor in manifest reality. For years I have heard people testify, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God."

Well, I knew they were not there. But listen—softly—if this wonderful experience lasts, and the aura of His Presence remains, I will be tempted to testify that, "The life I now live in flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." All struggling is past; I rest after a weary way.

There was no struggle when I came into this or when He came softly and made Himself real by His presence; just that I felt Him slip into my bower of love and clasp me in His arms and I was comforted and rested. Bless His holy name. I don't feel now like I would ever die for all is life, and I have a full assurance of the life that now is and the life that is to come.

I am living on the border land. Immortality is as real as the life that now is, there seems only a line drawn between, only a vale intervenes. This side is loving service, just across is the land of eternal praise and worship. I would rather stay awhile here than cross, but I can reach across and feel the full reality of the other side. Oh, it is all so real! For many years I have said to many, "I am not worthy of heaven, I have been such a weak unprofitable servant, so quick of tongue, so full of faults and weaknesses.

Like Moses, who for some few hasty words, was not permitted to enter the Promised Land; or like Paul "after having preached to others, I might myself become a cast-away". But I said to the Lord many times, with tears flowing down my cheeks, "Oh Lord, if you will only let me love Thee, and serve faithfully my fellowmen, and feel the joy of service and the joy of following in Thy gleaming footsteps, wet with the dew of Thy blood o'er weary miles of service, and then give me one look of love, one smile of approval on my labor, I will gladly take

any sentence Thy lips might frame, as my just deserts for all eternity."

Well, that is all gone, vanished like the shadows of the night when the morning dawns. I have full assurance of the life that is and a glorious assurance of that which is to come. If I could explain it, I have it now. I seem to dwell in the seventh heaven already, or rather feel I have been transfigured in His Presence, as Jesus was upon that exceeding high mountain. For He has promised that He and the Father would manifest themselves to us and take up their abode with us. Well, now some may say, maybe so, he never was converted. But I was and sanctified as a second definite work of grace. And twenty eight years ago, baptized in the Holy Ghost and scarcely a day since that, I have not spoken in tongues. My dear friends of many years will know that I have served faithfully thru days of indefatigable toil and nights of blackness and storm. No days were so cold and terrible or nights so frightful but what it was joy to run His errand; ever on the wing on errands of mercy and missions of love. The mighty deserts or rugged mountains, or distances long, but what it was joy to me to rush to help, feed or comfort my loved ones in the Lord.

And I thought if ever I was privileged to enter into His glory, it would be thru the gate of faithfulness. I don't have to enter, He has taken me to Himself; and in His Presence it is heaven here, all longing for that sometime place is gone for I walk and talk with the King. My beloved is mine and I am His, He feedeth among the lillies. He has inclosed me in His garden and sealed all my fountains and surrounded me with the flowers of fragrance and the trees of all spices. I long only that the north winds may blow and the south winds come and blow upon this garden that the sweet perfumes may flow out and that all my dear friends may come and enjoy with me the glorious bower of His loving Presence.

Well, all of us have had our special trials; we have all had things, some more than others, to fight in our lives. We have dealt with most of them and conquered by that one thing, the thing that we have struggled with, dealt with and some times conquered, sometimes not. Fought and then gave in and said, "Well it is natural for one to be thus and so, or it is a

birthmark with me, or it is my besetting sin, or it is my thorn in the flesh etc"—It may have been temper, habit, passion or lust: But all have had their fights and won or lost thru the years. I too have fought on; but oh, it was so easy when He came and took up His abode with me and I was brought into His Presence.

All this faded like mist before the morning sun; it simply can't or don't exist in His Presence. Oftimes when camped in the open, creatures of the night prowl about your camp and oft frighten you and terror seizes you, but they all vanish with the morning light. Sometimes the insect of the night are heard in your room or creatures crawl or scratch about your room, and you wonder if a cricket or mouse may not suddenly leap upon you, and thus frightened you are sore afraid to rest in peace. Softly you reach over and touch the electric button and they scamper away. Did they exist? Oh yes, all affirming or denying or mental process could not have destroyed them. I wonder if this will help my Christian Science friends, who seek by mental processes to dissipate sin and disease, and show them the real of which they have the counterfeit; that if He comes in His Presence, disease cannot, does not exist. Praise the Lord, all fear is gone. I dwell in His Presence and sin and disease and that one thing is gone, as flees the creatures of night when the morning dawns.

I seem to have been caught forward into the age to come and feel the power of the fulness of His Presence in the effulgent life and health of the Millenium Sabbath.

Glorious rest, fulness of peace, joy unspeakable. Had I the power this morning I would gather the mountains and carve them into a throne and there enshrine my Beloved. Then would I place the sun as a crown upon His head: catch the moon from her throne and place it, like a great jeweled sapphire, upon His bosom: catch the veil of heaven's blue and ensnare the stars and wind them about His shoulders emblazoned with the jeweled stars of night gather all clouds and weave them about His body for a garment and into this I would throw all fires to emblazen all with effulgent glory. Before Him, would stretch all lands as the floor of a mighty temple and gather all waters and cast them about this land that none should ever or could ever more go out. And then

would gather all peoples into this temple and call all the host of heaven to encircle above it and call upon all nature, animate and inanimate to worship Him the King of Kings, the Bridegroom of my soul. For He is my Beloved, the fairest of all.

**"THE BROOK CHERITH SPEAKS TODAY,
THE GOD OF ELIJAH STILL LIVES"**

And it shall be that thou shalt drink of the brook, and I have commanded the raven to feed thee there.

1 King. 17:4.

I was down a few days ago at the Brook Cherith, looking into that wild rocky Valley, where Elijah was told to hide from the face of Ahab. The brook still bubbled over the stones, and the ravens still flew overhead, and I was forcibly reminded of God's promise to the faithful prophet. (I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there)

Cherith is a barren waste, where not a blade of grass, nor tuft of shrub relieves the monotony of the precipitous gorge. Not a sound disturbs the silence, save the murmuring of the little stream, and the heavens stretch in cloudless blue overhead. This was Elijah's lonely post of testing, but he staked his life on the promises of God, and proved those promises true.

Now come with me to another Cherith, where another man got his orders to put God to the test, and in trusting Him wholly, found Him wholly true.

My dear father, now in heaven and my mother (now almost 66 years of age) were called of God in 1893 to leave everything and to carry the gospel into the heart of Central Africa, without any society or committee behind them. Trusting simply in God for the supply of their needs, when their small income should be exhausted.

They landed at Mombasa on the east coast with five little children, the youngest of whom was a boy of six weeks. Everything necessary to travelling and camping in the equatorial wilds had been purchased and had now to be repacked into convenient porters loads, tents, beds, chairs, flour, salt, candles, barter goods, rifles and ammunition.

A brother missionary at the coast wrote at

this time, "you do not ask my opinion on the venture you are making, but I think it most unwise to take your wife and children into such a country. What if you were to die, is to become of them? You may say you go in faith. True! But it is written: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

Nevertheless, undaunted they plunged into the interior, first traveling a trackless, waterless wilderness known as the "Taru Desert." The air breathed was as from an oven. Marching had to be continued all night to save the men of the caravan from succumbing to thirst. Before water was found many dropped out from the lines, foaming at the mouth, and when on the night of the second day a little greenish muddy fluid was brought down from the summit of a hill to the west of them, they drank it and were revived, and took it back in calabashes to their comrades on the road.

Soon after we had left the dry thorny desert behind us, we were ushered into the rainy season, and every day often incessantly, the rain poured down in torrents until every inch of our clothing was saturated. Before we could be down at night, fires had to be made inside the tent to dry our clothing, and mattresses and pillows.

At last after a five weeks march through hostile tribes, and over country infested with lions, leopards, rhinoceros and venomous snakes we reached our goal. It was an elevation in the heart of the Ukamba country where a teeming population of nude savages besmeared with castor-oil and red clay roamed its hills and valleys.

These people were fleet as the wind, and with their bows and poisoned arrows were constantly engaged in internecine strife with the surrounding tribes, men carrying off as plunder their cattle and their wives. This was "Africa"—This was our "Cherith."

They told us to leave within three days, but father was resolute in his determination to remain. "Kill us if you like," he said but we have come in peace. I don't want you, your wives, or your flocks, nor herds. I have come to tell you of God's love. Three days passed and nothing happened.

Forest timber, clay and grass were employed in making our wattle and daub house. And this was completed in safety by the porters, who were then dismissed. The morning they left

us we were left tragically alone. "Farewell great master! Farewell great mistress! To the fish of the sea let us go!" And we stood on the back veranda and watched our long file of faithful servants disappear one by one over the brow of the hill. We were alone surrounded by hostile savages whose language we did not know.

The only other European in the district was an officer of the East African company, who with the aid of a handful of Soudanese soldiers, was engaged in doing away with slave traffic. He had made his headquarters eight miles away where a few mud huts encircled by a moat formed what was known as the "Machakos Fort."

One day we learned that a strong band of warriors from an adjacent territory purposed to burn us out and murder us, and then mete out the same treatment to the commissioner at the Fort. The men were already on their way when he learned of their foul plot, and immediately he sent an escort of soldiers with carrying chairs to convey us to his place for safety. But father and mother declined the offer preferring to stand or fall at their post.

That night at sunset when the murderous gang had reached the base of our hill, we children were laid on our beds in boots and coats being made ready for a hasty flight into the darkness at the crucial moment if need be. Father and mother remained in the dining room and knelt in prayer, asking God in His love to avert the impending catastrophe and preserve our lives.

While still on their knees, they heard outside a peculiar rushing noise. Father opened the door quite prepared for the enemy, when to his astonishment, he caught sight of a burning meteorite of unusually large proportions whirling through the air over our house, and lighting up the heavens in its course. It passed over the heads of the advancing bowmen, who in terror fled to their homes, saying, "The white man has brought down fire from heaven to destroy us." That was the last attempt they made on our lives. We settled down among them and gradually they gained confidence and allowed us into their villages and afterwards into their hearts. Father put their language in writing and compiled a vocabulary and untiringly preached Christ. After a few years all our store of provisions was finished, and our money was

finished and we had not on our station so much as a penny to post a letter home. Father and mother clung together and with hearts of steel, courageously faced the future with seven children looking to the God of Elijah to prove His faithfulness. No one at home, not even their nearest relatives, knew the circumstances that surrounded us in our wild and isolated home.

For four years we subsisted entirely on native produce with an occasional antelope or rhinoceros brought to ground by the rifle. Neither flour, tea or sugar broke the monotony of the diet, even during convalescence from fever. Oft times at night after the little ones were asleep, father and mother would pace the garden path together in the darkness and mingle their tears with the falling dew. And then look up into the starry heavens and trust God and gather fresh courage to face another day. One Christmas was gilded with specially vivid memories. Father shot a rhinoceros and given the most of it away to the natives. But on Christmas eve the tongue was found hanging up outside ready for our dinner the next day.

Mother helped us to decorate the house with evergreens and we wrote letters to one another and gave such presents as were possible in the absence of shops—beetles, bird feathers and rat tails neatly arranged in match boxes and tied with ribbons.

Christmas morning dawned but our rhinoceros tongue, our special Christmas dinner was gone. Some wild animal had taken it in the night! What should we do? We were trained to bring all our difficulties to God in prayer, so prayer must be our resource now. "Let's ask God to send us something for Christmas". We boldly suggested never thinking where it should come from.

No friend lived within hundreds of miles except a few natives and they believed, it is more blessed to receive than to give. Father had not time to shoot another rhinoceros and be back the same day. But he could never dampen our faith. "Yes you may ask God for what you want"—and so we prayed for our Christmas dinner.

At 11 o'clock the sound of a rifle shot announced the arrival of a caravan of porters who walked up the front pathway and with an abrupt halt laid down their loads on the veranda,

handing father a note addressed to himself. All these goods were for us. Blessed be God who bent to listen to a childish prayer and started to answer weeks before the call came.

The goods had been purchased and sent up by a fellow passenger whom father had tried to lead to Christ one night on the outward voyage, and who on calling at the coast heard that no news had come down from the pioneer, and no caravan had been known to take provisions up to him for some years. Hence the generous supply.

Our veranda was a bee hive that morning unpacking case after case, while the sound of hammers and hatchets filled the air. From among the straw out came hams, cakes, biscuits, tea, syrup and flour! We didn't hear the Christmas bells that were chiming in England, but joy bells were ringing in our hearts. "I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there". Other needs were supplied. We used hippopotamus fat for lamps, and mother made boots for the younger ones out of old felt hats and soled them with antelope hide. For months we were without soap but a native root which produces a certain amount of lather was supplemented and in a limited way took its place.

The first party of C. M. S. Lady missionaries on their way to "Uganda" visited us and together with the bishop, opened their trunks and gave us clothing and money as they felt they could spare. Hunters too frequently left their surplus provisions behind as they retraced their steps to Europe.

A garden was planted around our house where potatoes and fruit trees did well.

During a devastating famine which carried off whole villages in its deadly grip, our little potato plantation yielded a better crop than ever it had previously. God used the bitterness of famine to convince the tribe of the futility of the rain doctor, and witch craft went to the winds. While the old veterans gathered into the church or meeting house and prayed to God for rain. Some believed and yielded to the claims of Christ and thus after ten years the angels began to reap the harvest from the seed already sown, and to rejoice over sinners turning to God. Furthermore the famine had proved to the Akamba in a new light the love we bore them. When day after day little bands of half skelton men would follow father down

to the plains to have their hunger satisfied with the meat of the antelope or zebra or hippotamus. He was their master and friend and everywhere we had an open door.

When the Uganda Railway was being built from the coast to the interior there was a surplus quantity of vegetables and fruit in our garden which were sold to the officials, and enabled us to supply other wants in our large household.

Next came the schooling for the older children but the horizon seemed clouded with difficulties. Mother and father prayed and the promise claimed, "no good thing will He withhold!" By the sale of donkeys and cattle at our station, father had sufficient in hand to take four of us to England. But what he would do when he arrived in England, that he could not see. He was prepared to trust where he could not trace. Five of us arrived in London. Providentially God arranged that our uncle, father's only surviving brother from Canada was in England, and in the very hotel where we took rooms the first night. He with others undertook for our education. "Where is the God of Elijah?" Oh taste and see that the Lord is good! Blessed is the man that trusted in Him.

When school days were over my eldest brother and I accompanied father and mother back to the mission field, and after five months in tents, during a heavy rainy season, God called my dear brother into the presence of His glory. He was ill only 36 hours. He sat loose to the world and ready to leave it. He was laid to rest amongst the rocks where we played together as children.

Three months later a bush fire burnt to the ground our newly built thatched house. The flames had leaped the safety belt, and in two minutes our whole camp was ablaze, sleeping tent, provision tent and store rooms wrapped in their maddened fury. We fled for our lives into some charred earth where fire had passed a fortnight before. We could save nothing except three deck chairs dragged from the veranda in our flight, not a brush or comb, not a towel or piece of soap, not a change of clothing. We stood roofless and without food on the veldt, and as we looked back at our home still in flames, father sang the doxology in which mother and I joined with tears. Before another house was built while we were living in a

temporary grass shelter, without windows, and with a burnt bath-cover our only door, mother and father took ill with black water fever; and I nursed them on beds of grass and forest twigs. Within a week father fell asleep in Jesus.

On those dear familiar faces,
There will be no trace of care.
Every sigh is hushed for ever,
At the Palace gates so fair.
They have laid aside their armour
for a robe of spotless white.
And with Jesus they are walking,
Where the river sparkles bright.

The Lord graciously led His children at home to build us a stone house to replace the thatched one, and when a few years later mother on account of arthritis had to leave Africa, we sold our house and land and the proceeds kept us at home and enabled us to work unhampered wherever God called us among soldiers and others in England, Ireland and Germany. In Germany in 1923 mother was completely cured of arthritis and in 1924 she returned with my sister and me to Africa to work amongst the Wachagga on Mt. Kilimanjaro, Tanganyika Territory where we have been until the present.

For one year the natives strongly opposed us, and headed by the chief threatened to break into our house. Often we asked God to take us back to the Akamba, but the answer never came. One evening as the first year was drawing to a close, we prayed fervently for a change. Such a complete change came that we were overjoyed. The drunken chief was converted. In every little hamlet along the roadside men were aroused to ask about the Bible and the way to heaven. German Lutheran Missionaries occupied an empty station beside us and made room for me to help in their seminary for native teachers, and my sister had an opening for bible classes in the government boys school, and many little boys found their Savior. We had texts put up by the chief through his whole territory of the Judgment of Redemption through Jesus Christ and His coming again. These were painted on large boards and nailed to the trees and were changed from time to time. The court house was thrown open to us for preaching the Gospel, after the cases had been tried. The Scripture gift mission of Bedford St. London, supplied Bible portions in the

native language which we distributed free to all who could read. Testaments were sold by the Lutheran Mission, and as we found time we visited from house to house and God was with us.

During those three and a half years mother was practically an invalid, and the doctors urged her to go back to England as the high altitude was straining her heart. God opened the door and we left Africa, last Christmas day. Dear Africa, our Cherith! Our testing ground we are stronger for the load we carried to lighten her heavy burden, for the tears we shed to make her tears the less. for the cross we carried that by the cross of Christ she might be lifted to realms of glory. We cherish the memories of loneliness and sorrow that made us prove our faithful God.

Eva Stuart-Watt.

No. 2962 Army & Navy Ltd.,
Westminster London S. W.

A full account of our experience is given in a book entitled (In the Heart of Savagedom) "by Mrs. Stuardt-Watt." edited by her husband.

Oh love that will not let me go, but lets me give.

MARRIAGE

Marriage Instituted

One of the first commandments God ever gave to man was "to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it." To enable him to carry out this mandate, God gave to man a helpmeet, creating this helpmeet from a part of the man that she might be bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. He then instituted the ordinance of marriage, and sent forth this decree: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh." (Genesis 2:24.)

Nations Prosper Through It

Since that time the marriage covenant has been a mighty factor in the history of nations, and almost invariably the duration of a nation has been measured by its fidelity to the marriage covenant. Justly and logically the family has been found to be the basis of all good government. Where a good man gives his undivided love to a good woman, and she reciprocates,

the offspring of that union partake of the spirit of the parents, and they grow to manhood and womanhood well qualified to go out and establish similar families. Well-regulated families beget in the members a love for law and order, and when families have multiplied to the extent that a nation may be formed, there is no lack of material out of which lawmakers and law executors may be selected.

On the other hand, where the laws of marriage are disregarded, the opposite is the result, the growth of the nation is retarded, the seeds of destruction are sown, and the end of that nation is inevitable. It can not continue, because the fruit of its family relationship is not conducive to its perpetuation; it is weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Its Purpose Twofold

From these facts it is obvious that the command to replenish the earth and subdue it had a twofold meaning. The family relationship was not instituted for the purpose of producing offspring alone, but with a view to its effects upon that offspring, preparing them for usefulness in subduing or refining the world. It is obvious that as many children might be born into this world out of wedlock as in it, but those born without the refining influence of the family relationship would be sadly lacking in those attributes that would make them good citizens, and qualify them for the most important work of the family, the perpetuation of right institutions, which conduce to the perpetuation of the nation.

A Part of the Gospel

In view of these observations, then, it is obvious that the sacrament of marriage, being a mighty factor in the salvation of earthly nations, must act a part in the bringing about of the kingdom of God on earth. That moral laxity that would destroy a nation, would destroy even the kingdom of God. We may safely conclude, then, that a right understanding and perpetuation of the marriage covenant would be a factor in the salvation of men, and must be a part of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

—Selected

If the Holy Spirit was going to convert the heathen apart from our sacrificing time and strength and money, there would be nothing in the Bible about Missions.

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CHARLES F. PARHAM, Editor.

BISHOP J. H. ALLEN, Associate Editor
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FAITH MOVEMENT

OUR MOTTO:—To Serve God and Humanity. until He Come. In a Sinless, Sickless, Deathless Body—Be this our ambition and goal.

This paper is sent free of charge to all who desire it. Donations of any amount will be received to defray publishing expenses.

NOTICE—Address all matter for publication and send all money for the paper to Mrs. S. E. Parham.

In sending in remittances, please send, if possible Bank Draft or Postal Money Order, and not Personal Check, as the exchange on these is exorbitant.

Change of Address, if any, should be sent to us promptly, giving both old and new addresses. This is necessary as papers are not forwarded.

EDITORIAL

This paper is mailed to all free, especially the poor. All those who can give are expected at once and from time to time to give all they can to keep it going, spreading the original truths of the Pentecostal Apostolic Movements or latter rain work to all the world. This will mean that some will have to give into the hundreds to do this.

This paper is the official organ of 100,000 Apostolic Faith believers who are firmly established in the following truths: Conviction for sins, followed by repentance to God and man; this results in a real conversion—thus conceived of God and made alive. To remain justified we seek, through entire consecration, sanctifying grace and thus enter a life of true holiness. In this grace of sanctification we teach deliverance from all disease, inbred and acquired, as well as the law of sin in our members, which enable us to live above disease as well as sin.

We are mailing out a lot of sample copies this month, so if you get a paper marked, "Sample Copy" it will be an invitation to you to send in your names with whatever donation you can afford, and get the paper regularly. Especially are we mailing to our hundreds of friends in and about New York City and hope you will avail yourselves of this chance to get in

touch with our home work and the paper. We have so many dear friends in New York, and have so many invitations to hold campaigns there that my son and his wife and I may come in the fall and have a large church or hall for a great campaign.

God bless all those who have proven true christian friendship in "Lil old New York City".

WHEN?

When will the Church of God arouse herself to the gracious privilege of fulfilling the purpose of God in Jesus? When will we as professing christians be so burdened for the heathen of earth that we shall be constantly moved with compassion for those who are living without God? When will christians obey the Lord's command to take up their cross and follow Him, He who had no where to lay His head, He who was so poor that He had to be laid in another's tomb? Surely to be a christian is to be Christ-like, and to be Christ-like is to pour out ourselves that souls in heathen lands may have the gospel preached to them in the power and demonstration of the Spirit? Let us commence right away to be Christ-ians, and die to ourselves that the heathen may live.

(Money sent to the Editor of the Apostolic Faith will be mailed to needy missionaries in all parts of the world, and this should be done)

SWEETS FROM SOLOMON'S SONG

(By Abbie C. Morrow Brown)

CHAPTER 8.

"Thy Flock"

Tell me

Thou whom my soul loveth,

Where Thou feedest Thy flock?"

—Song 1:7.

Jesus three-fold description of Himself, as the Shepherd, given to the choice one in His flock, the Beloved disciple, echoed afterward by the living creatures, was "I am—which was, and is, and is to come. "Rev. 1:8; 4:8.

Our Bridegroom, the GOOD Shepherd, was the Prophet in Jerusalem, and on the cross where, in His goodness, He laid down His life for the sheep of His flock. Psalms 22:1-17, John 10:11-17.

"With the eyes of my heart I have seen the Adorable One,
Have visioned His glory excelling

The light of the sun.
 And in worshipful awe I have wondered,
 How One so Divine,
 Could have given HIS life as a ransom,
 For lives such as mine.
 "But I've turned to the cross and beholding
 The thorn-crown and nails
 I have read in that scene the mute secret;
 God's love never fails."

Jesus is our Great Shepherd, our Great High Priest, in heaven, on His Father's throne. where in His tender grace, He is providing for us, pleading for us, and perfecting us, as His very own. Psa. 23:1-6; Heb. 13:20, 21; 4:14-16; 7:25; 9:24.

"Now our Great High Priest, the
 Unchangeable One,
 In His sinless purity stands
 For the little flock bought with His
 precious blood
 In the temple not made with hands;
 Stands in that Holy Place, face to face,
 With the Father of Glory and Power
 And pleads for us there that we may be
 given
 The needed strength for the hour.
 "O wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, Love,
 Unfailing, unbounded and free.
 O love passing all understanding that thus
 Can cherish such mortals as we.
 Let us lie in humility, low at His feet,
 And worship and praise and adore."

Jesus will be King of Kings, the Chief Shepherd, when He comes in glory, to His millennial earth, to crown His "called and chosen and faithful" to reign with Him forever. Rev. 17:14; 1 Peter 5:4; Rom. 2:7.

There'll be wondrous glory and royal robes
 And a flashing of Heavenly rays,
 From His jeweled crown, when He comes
 again,
 And we enter that day of days.
 "And 'twill be the very same Jesus who
 walked
 In the long ago, here among men,
 With the same look of love in His beautiful
 face,
 The same loving heart He had then.
 "Sing then, my soul, in rapturous joy.
 In deepest ecstasy sing,
 For the Bridegroom is coming next time,
 Let the glad, sweet message ring,

To crown me with Him, the KING."
 5925 La Parda
 Los Angeles, Cal.

"IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?"
 Adelaida Addison Pollard

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"
 Lam. 1:12.

"Is it nothing to you," Christian ministers, that nearly two million unregenerated Jews—a larger number, it is said, than was ever before gathered together in one place—are settled in New York City within hearing of the gospel which Jesus Christ commanded you to preach to "every creature?" "Is it nothing to you" that Israel is blinded only "in part"—that a "remnant according to the election of grace" must be saved "at this present time" and added to the body of Christ, where "there is neither Jew nor Greek" but "all are one in Christ Jesus?"

"Is it nothing to you," Christian church members, that in the synagogues of this great city, thousands of Jewish men and women—some of them on the brink of the grave—listen, week after week, to the councils of rabbis who are, themselves, in spiritual darkness as deep as that which surrounds those who they are vainly seeking to guide?

"Is it nothing to you," Christian workers, that multitudes of uninstructed, unevangelized Jews in the New York Ghetto, despise and revile the name of Jesus Christ, and look upon Him, in their pitiful ignorance and unbelief, as a base and contemptible imposter?

"Is it nothing to you," Christian Bible students, that there are in the colleges of Manhattan, hundreds of intelligent and talented young Jews whose thoughts and hopes and ambitions are fixed upon temporal success, power and position? "Is it nothing to you" that these immortal souls have little or no real knowledge of their Messiah as He is revealed in the Old and New Testament scriptures?

"Is it nothing to you," Christian parents, that all over this self-seeking, money-mad, world-worshiping metropolis—in its mansions and in its tenements—little Jewish children lay their heads upon their pillows, night after night, with no thought (unless it be an unholy one) of the Savior whom your sheltered and enlight-

ened darlings love and reverence? "Is it nothing to you" that these wandering lambs of Israel with the dark, unseeing eyes, live, day by day, without the consciousness of the tender Shepherd's blessing, and die without a vision of His outstretched, welcoming arms?

"Is it nothing to you," Christians, saved by grace, that Jew and Gentile are "under sin" — that "there is no difference" between them in this respect, in the eyes of God— and that "the wages of sin is death?" "Is it nothing to you" that the gospel "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first?" "Is it nothing to you that you have been "put in trust with" that gospel?

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

BARON COMPOSES A HYMN OF PRAISE

A beautiful poem written by the German Fyer after landing in the snowy north.

The day after the Bremen landed on Greenly Island, Freiherr von Huenefeld wrote the following verses expressing his gratitude for the successful issue of the flight. The verses were written in German for the New York Staats Zeitung.

In the Lighthouse of Greenly Island

By E. G. Freiherr von Huenefeld

Rendered into English by George Sylvester Viereck

A garish print, the Savior on the cross

Looks down upon me from the homely wall
In silent admonition, poor and rude.

And yet what priceless treasure!

Yea, not all.

Paeans of praise from thousand lords of song

Can voice the faith and fervor that abide
In the dear image that we most adore,

Blessed by the blood that oozes from His
side.

He fought and died, believing in the flame

That glowed within His bosom, gave His
life

Unto the eager judgment of His love,

Unto the radiant glory of His strife.

Silent I ponder. Ended is the flight.

And He whose hand upheld us in the air,
Whose grace has calmed the snowstorm and the
night,

Is now with me and folds my hands in
prayer.

In the small hut of quiet rustic folk,

In snowblown wastelands, lonely and
immense,

Thy godhead's vestment rustles in my ear,

And everywhere reigns Thy omnipotence.

He who has glimpsed the awful face of Death

Can but confess Thy mercy and Thy might;

Who never bowed his heart before Thy cross,

He never saw the unadulterate Light.

"THOU ART THE CHRIST, THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD"

Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins. How are we to be saved? Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Jesus said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. So let's get the truth.

True Christianity depends upon a true answer to the question as to whether or not Jesus of Nazareth was the Son of God. That such a person lived in Judea some nineteen hundred years ago, that such an individual was the son of a woman whose name was Mary, who was of the house and lineage of David, are accepted facts.

But children must have a father as well as a mother, and as this woman, Mary, was living in legal wedlock with a man, whose name was Joseph who was also of the house and lineage of David,—at the time Jesus was born, would establish the point that He was a descendant of David both as to His mother and legal father. But while Joseph was the legal father of the Child, he was only so in point of law, while he was not so in fact.

True gospel faith requires that we believe the record that God has given of His Son, otherwise we make God a liar. 1 John 5:10.

To the question then, if Jesus was only the Son of Joseph in point of law, whose Son was He in fact? Emphatically, He was the Son of God.

Some people tell us, that the phrase, "Son of God," (although it is used about forty times in the New Testament) comes far short of expressing the divine relationship. That we must believe that Christ is the very God: God incarnate in human flesh. That if Christ is not all this, then our worship is idolatry.

What is ment by worship anyway? Does not the term express the idea of reverential

obedience? It does. If there is any idolatry in worshipping the Son in obedience to the Father, I fail to see it. "When He bringeth in the first begotten into the world, He saith, and let all the angels of God worship Him." Heb. 1:6. Is the obedience of the angels to the divine Word of God to be counted as idolatry?

Again as God could swear by no greater, He swore by Himself.

Jesus says, my Father is greater than I John 14:28. Surely such language as this ought to settle the question. Christ could not be greater than Himself, neither could He be His own Father, and yet we are told that we must believe all this. Why not believe the record that God has given from heaven saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Matt. 3:17. Consider for a moment, from whom came this voice? Was it from an angel? Was Christ the Son of an angel? But if we believe it came from God, then we have the fact established beyond all controversy. That God, the Father, was personally in heaven, while Christ, the Son was on the earth; two persons, united by one, in the work of human redemption.

This union is fully explained in John 17:11-23 where the Son prays to the Father, that His disciples may be one. As we are many persons united in one body, as the church of the living God, of which Christ Himself is the Head. "But whom say ye that I am? Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God."

Blessed art thou Simon. Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee but My Father which is in heaven. And I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Not upon "thou art Peter," but upon that revelation, "Thou art the Christ."

Let men beware how they reject the revelation that God has given from heaven by substituting something which to their own mind is finer and better. As the Son of God, He lived among men: as such He died; as such He arose from the dead and ascended to the right hand of the Father in Heaven; as such He is coming in the clouds of heaven to take the throne of God's everlasting Kingdom and reign forever, King of Kings and Lords of Lords.

The apostle Peter wants us to hear what he thought of Christ as the Son of God. For we have not followed cunningly devised fables,

when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ but were eyewitnesses of His majesty.

For He received from God, the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory, This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.

And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with Him in the holy mount. 2 Peter 1:16-18.

Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

Yours for the truth in Christ.

J. K. Seber,
Katy, Texas.

"LORD TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?" JOHN

"To whom shall I go" for my constant keeping,
In the dew of the morning when fresh from sleep.

That I may carry a message of sunshine
To those who are weary, to those who weep.

"To whom shall I go" in the heat of the day
When sickness attacks me and trials press hard

When the enemy tells me "he surely will conquer"

"To whom shall I go, for a safe body guard."

"To whom shall I go" to be kept from all doubting,

And that I faint not, in the hot scorching sun
"To whom shall I go" for a daily anointing
As onward with that precious message I run.

"I'll go to my SAVIOUR who is abundantly able
Not only to save me, but able to keep

All that I have in faith committed
From earliest dawn, 'till night shadows creep.

Through the help of the SPIRIT, I will walk
Leaning upon HIS strong arm for a stay

That I may get a message from others
That will cause their hearts to burn by the way.

"To whom shall I go" as night shadows gather
When my sun goes down and I stand by the grave

Shall I feel that my LORD has dealt harshly

with me

Or shall I look up, watch and pray and be
brave?

'Een now I seem to hear the sweet message
Be patient my child, MY coming draws nigh
Lift up your heads, as the night shadows gather
Look and behold the signs in the sky.

Over the pulpit is ICHABOD written
False prophets and priests are causing un-
rest
The nations are angry, the stars are falling
There's war in the North, South, East and the
West.

And yet these are but distant rumblings
Of the storm soon to break and men's hearts
will fail
When the beast rises up to control this whole
nation
Killing some by sword, putting others in jail.

"To whom shall I go as some night I look out
See my BRIDE-GROOM step forth, hear the
conquering shout
To HIM who is able to keep me I know
To HIM whom I long for, to HIM I shall go.
Amen.

Myrtle A. Mudgett, Evangelist,
829 South Philadelphia Street,
Anaheim, California. U. S. A.

WE BELIEVE

That means for the support of evangelical work among men should be contributed from love to God and love of souls, not raised by church lotteries, or occasions designed to contribute to the fun-loving, appetite-indulging propensities of the sinner, such as fairs, festivals, oyster suppers, tea, broom, donkey, and crazy socials, etc., which are a disgrace to the professed church of Christ, and a stumbling-block to the world; that the proportion of one's income required in former dispensations can be no less under the gospel; that it is the same as that which Abraham (whose children we are, if we are Christ's Gal. 3:29) paid to Melchisedec (type of Christ) when he gave him a tenth of all (Heb. 7:1-4); that the tithe is the Lord's

(Lev. 27:30); and that this tenth of one's income is also to be supplemented by offerings from those who are able, for the support of the gospel. 2 Cor. 9:6; Mal. 3:8, 10. Sel.

JAFFA ORANGE EXPORTS

The Empire Marketing Board reports that the total shipments to United Kingdom ports up to February 18 amounted to 1,038,000 boxes as compared with 1,112,000 boxes at the corresponding date last year. Shipments to all destinations amounted to 1,085,000 boxes as compared with 1,121,000 boxes last year. Including transshipments, however the total shipped this season probably exceeds 1,200,000 boxes or within 200,00 boxes of the estimated total for the whole season.

HOLY CITY RITES IMPRESSIVE

Jerusalem, April 15—Easter morning services, held here under the Greek calendar, offered a curious contrast to the excited turmoil of Holy Week. They were quiet and stately and, in a Western sense, more reverent.

At noon the Greek Patriarch, who has taken the leading role in all the week's activities because of his position as custodian of the burial place of the Saviour, left the Greek convent in a solemn procession.

As he passed through the principal streets of the City of David, many pious persons rushed forward to kiss the hem of his vestments and to follow him, until the narrow streets were choked with humanity.

As the venerable Father drew near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the bells burst out in a harsh, barbaric clanging. They are unlike any other bells in the world in sound, it is said.

When the Patriarch reached the courtyard of the church there was a moment of complete silence, and then he held aloft a picture of the risen Christ at the same time crying out in Greek: "Christ is risen!"

And the crowd, with true Oriental fervor, answered back in a medley of tongues: "He is risen, indeed!"

Then the exotic bells again began to clang and the procession slowly and reverently entered the church built over the spot where tradi-

tion says the body of Jesus Christ was placed after being taken from the cross.

SOBERING THOUGHT

With this 4th of June coming I will be passing another milestone in the journey of life, another year passes into the Abyss of eternity. It has been a year marked by great disasters, storms, floods, earthquakes and rumors of war. Seldom in the long tale of earthly time have so many physical evils been crowded into a single year. It seems as tho God was speaking to men out of the storm, from the raging waters and from the quivering earth itself. If they will but hear the voice of nature, He is warning sounds from earth and heaven.

But we see no special turning of the godless to the Lord God. Even the Church of Christ hardly hears His voice, judging from her deadness and inattention to the great responsibilities that ought to rest upon her heart and mind. Instead every where one can see a jaunty carelessness, while face to face with a dying world the sight must amaze angels. Even her ministers send forth no united stentorian voice against the awful teachings of science and evolution that destroys her influence over the youth of the land. To their burning shame a multitude of Churches sit and idly dream in a day of decadent power.

The Closing Age.

Each passing year brings us nearer the close of the Gentile age and of the Christian Dispensation and possibility of winning souls to God and heaven. The centuries that lie between the opening and closing of the Gospel age have been the richest, the most colorful, the most significant in all human history. With in this Gospel age is found the expansion of human intellect more universally than ever before, in Government, philosophy, the arts and sciences. Before this age was the beginning of things at the close of this age human history closes. Beyond the coming of the Lord there lies no new fields for human philosophy or experiments in Government by human experiment. All that was for fallen intellect in philosophy has been discovered and had its day. Praises be to God. All varieties of human experiment in Government have been tried and found wanting. There

is no new goal before human intellect. He will come and the rule shall be from HIM.

Men having thus reached their highest possibilities and found no lasting peace or true happiness, the way now opens for the divine pose to find its realization. The true goal of human history is the acceptance of divine dominion. Man's failure has prepared the way for the establishment of the sovereignty of the Son of Man. When the first crash of human ideals takes place in the overthrow of earthly power and glory at Armageddon, the nations will find their true peace and joy and worthy development under the rule of that Lord whom they so long professed to serve but in heart rejected.

It is sobering indeed to find that man proves a failure in all lines of endeavor. For what are his art, his science, his systems of social control and betterment when not under subjection to the Creator of all? They are merely forms of rebellion against the will of God and attempts to mitigate the curse without accepting God's way of removing it.

The Closing Day of Testimony.—Through the years of the Christian era the chosen of the Lord have had their opportunity to bear witness to him. That season of testimony draws near its end. How sobering to think of the great work of the Church of Christ as his witness on earth, coming to a close. After a little while and her labors will cease, her ministers and missionaries will go forth no more to sow the seed of the Word in human hearts. She in all her members, raised out of their graves or raptured from the scenes of earthly life, will go on to higher service. The opportunities neglected will never appear to her again. But, forgiven by her Lord and cleansed by his marvelous grace, she will arise to meet him with joy unspeakable and full of glory. And Isreal will reap the millennial harvest of her seed-sowing.

The Closing of the Earthly Pilgrimage.—

The Church of Christ in general is very near the end of her long, hard and bitter way across the centuries of witness, of strife and persecution, of defection and apostasy, of holy triumph and of joyous victory. She has borne the burden and heat of the day and has seen the cross winning victories in many lands all about the earth. But now her earthly joys and sorrows are nearing their end. Her Sun of righteousness

goeth not down but will soon arise to bring her a new day.

The Church in her members has suffered terrible wrongs and trials. Her mighty warriors fought and bled and died, after a warfare of mingled defeat and victory. Her private members lived their obscure yet triumphant lives in years of sorrow and trial. They gave their gifts to spread Christ's gospel in all lands, then went to rest in the hope of a brighter day.

To how many of the Lord's people this year brought the end of their pilgrimage. After toil and pain and the joys of earth, they enter the realms where pain is no more but the eternal peace and joy of heaven. And how many bereft ones remain to close the year in sadness through still buoyed by a living hope. What eyes tell the story of sorrow after joy,"

"Those eyes which burn through smiles that fade in tears,

Like stars half-quenched in mist of silver dew."

—Shelley.

May we who abide in joy under the shadow of the Almighty as our pilgrimage continues into another year.

Your servant
Chas. F. Parham

DECORATION DAY 1928

The blood of the green trees is flowing
Now with the advent of spring,
The flowers and the grasses are growing
And the birds in the tree branches sing,
The call of all nature is ringing
In gladness that winter is past,
In songs that sweet spring time is singing
To cheer us and thrill us at last.
Then soon with our flowers to ramble
Over mounds where neglect is strown.
Or over the hill side to scramble
Past many a moss grown stone.
Where some are eternity keeping,
As long in the dust they have lain
Unmoved by the tears we are weeping
Or these garlands we bring them again.
Place the flowers and flags on the brave
Who died when the battle was won;
May those banners in majesty wave
As they waved in the smoke of the gun.
Tho the long years may circle away,

Commerate, least we forget,
With loves message we bring them today
Where our love and their valor are met.
Give these roses to one, once a lover
She is sleeping so far from his side;
These lilies we give to a mother,
The violets, so true to a bride.
These tears are for all, dew of heaven
That time can not vanish away,
To our loved ones and lost they are given
On these graves decorated today.
Look up to the dawn of the morning
When this life with its mission is done,
There we shall no longer be mourning
In the light of the smile of God's Son.
When He scatters life flowers of heaven,
His lasting token of love
When the grave chains of death will be riven
By our Father, who ruleth above.

—Milton McCoy.

KURDISTAN, THE NEGLECTED COUNTRY

I am perfectly justified to describe Kurdistan as "The Neglected Country" by the Missionary Societies. For while there are tens of Missionaries all over the savage, semi-civilized and civilized countries, we find only one Missionary to the whole Kurdistan.

Kurdistan is a very charming part of Asia. It extends on one hand from Mosul (Mesopotamia) to the mountain fastnesses of Erzeroum (Asia Minor), and on the other hand from the Arabian Desert to the Kurdistan mountain ranges in the East. It is about 40,000 square miles and its population exceeds 2 millions.

The country is very rich in antiquarian remains of the Parthian, Macedonian, and Roman periods, most of which is still unexcavated. It has also a wealth of ancient traditions, legends and poems.

Its climate is moderate, and there is no excessive heat. It is a very fertile land yielding corn, hemp, flax, fruits of many kinds and profusion of flowers. The forests of oaks and fruit bearing trees clothe a great part of the land. Manna, the sweetmeat mentioned in the Bible, may be gathered from the oak trees and rocks of Kurdistan.

Kurdistan nowadays is governed by three powers—Turkey, Persia and Iraq.

The Kurds profess Islam, but in a very loose and unorthodox fashion. Their women, with

exception of those of the very highest rank, do not wear veils.

The Kurds are well practiced in the use of arms as they are much given to internal strife, and brignadage is common among them, but in spite of this they are hospitable to strangers, faithful to their friends and have a very strict sense of honour.

The language spoken by them is known as Kurmanjy (Kurdish language). Kurmanjy is also used by a large number of other people among whom are the Non-Kurdish inhabitants of Kurdistan, Armenian, Eastern districts of Asia Minor (Anatolia), the South-western frontier of Persia, the Afgano-Persian frontier, Trans-caucasia, the most northerly outskirts of Syria, and the northern providences of Mesopotamia down to Mosul, where from between 6 to 8 millions speak this language, in its different dialects. In the heart of Kurdistan the Christian Protestant Congregations hold their religious services, sing hymns and read the Bible in Kurmanjy.

The need for Missionary work among these ignorant and savage people is very urgent. I know of certain natives who are well educated and are willing to volunteer to work among these illiterate people. The local knowledge, aided by Missionary Society and a limited number of their representatives will be of considerable good results in this neglected country which is in the greatest need for education and preaching to them the Gospel of Christ.

Under the British-Iraq Agreement of 1923 preaching and teaching any kind of the Missionary work is quite free to be carried out all over Mesopotamia.

An appeal is hereby submitted to the Missionary Societies for sending men (foreigners and natives) to work in this field and educate and preach the Gospel of salvation to the Kurd.

Jos. Stephans

NOTE: Bro. Jos. Stephans is a splendid christian of noble character and tho a Turk and most of his family have been grossly treated and killed by the Kurds, yet he is hereby making an appeal for help for these, his family enemies, that they may know Christ as he does. God bless him and these poor benighted ones for whom he pleads.

—The Editor.

THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH

Stephen, stoned to death. About 2000 Christians suffered martyrdom during the persecution which arose about Stephen, A. D. 34.

James, the son of Zebedee, beheaded by Herod Agrippa, A. D. 44.

Philip, scourged, imprisoned and crucified at Heliopolis in Phrygia, A. D. 54.

Matthew, slain with a halberd in the City of Nadabah, Ethiopia, A. D. 60.

James the Less, at the age of 94, was beaten and stoned by the Jews and finally had his brains dashed out with a fuller's club.

Matthias, stoned at Jerusalem and then beheaded.

Andrew, crucified at Edessa, on a cross of shape X. Hence the term Saint Andrew's Cross.

Mark, dragged to pieces by the people of Alexandria, at the great solemnity of Serapis, their idol.

Peter, crucified by Nero at Rome, with his head downward, at his own request.

Paul, beheaded by Nero at Rome.

Jude, crucified at Edessa, A. D. 72.

Bartholomew, beaten and crucified by idolators in India.

Thomas, thrust through with a spear in Persia or India, at the instigation of Pagan priests.

Luke, hanged at Olive tree, by the idolatrous priests of Greece.

GIVING OF TITHES OR TRIBUTE

"My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge. Because thou hast rejected knowledge I will also reject thee, that thou shalt be no priest unto me, seeing that thou hast forgotten the Law of thy God" Abraham paid tithe before there was any law given, and Abel brought his sacrifice to God. The fire of God fell on the sacrifice. From Genesis to Revelation we find that the "Fire of God always falls on the sacrifice," and the tithe is our sacrifice, or one of them. Also, the tithe is ordained of God for our special benefit in other ways. The farmer works all day and cannot spend his time in study, fasting and prayer, and to dig the gold nuggets out of God's Word, so He calls men particularly for that purpose, that there may be "meat" in His house, food for His children; that they may be

fed and nourished with the Bread of Life; taught how to live here so as to be ready for their call, and understand what this life means. This is God's divine order so that sinners may be brought into the fold,—and the poor are doing this work, not the rich.

When Nehemiah returned from Babylon he found that the people had ceased to bring in the tithe; the house of God was closed and the Priests (ministers) had fled to their fields. They would have starved to death, the very ones God had appointed to feed the people with the Bread of Life, and of course the people were rapidly drifting back to heathenism. So he commanded them to bring in the tithe according to the way the Lord had prospered them, that there might be "meat" in God's house. Again, what is this meat? Food for our souls to keep them alive, and also to bring others to know God. This has been God's order from the beginning. The people tithe to the Priest, the Priest tithes to the High Priest. We do not know who he tithes to; perhaps to God's work; but it is a law of faith and proves our belief and trust in God. We know that from Him all blessings flow, and so He challenges all of us to prove Him in Malachi 3. "Bring ye all the tithes into my store house that there may be meat in my house, saith the Lord of Hosts, and prove me now herewith, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it; and I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruit of your ground, neither shall the vine cast her fruit; but mankind is just the same today, afraid to trust Him even with what He had first given to them.

There would be no trouble in keeping the Mission open if God's order was followed. It would be a Light House that would bless you throughout all eternity. Souls would be saved who would bless you, and the saints would be kept alive and pressing on to possess the land, for "there is much more land ahead to be possessed." If some rich person should come along to pay all expenses it would be a curse to you all, as God's appointed way is to "bless the sacrifice." This is real, this proves to Him and ourselves our dependence upon Him for all things, and is a work that He can bless.

We have been informed that the Jews' offerings and tithes amounted to nearly three-tenths.

Remember the Words of Jesus, "Many are called but few are chosen."

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay in store as God has prospered him. 1 Cor. 16:2.

Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first-fruits of all thine increase. Prov. 3:9.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive. Acts 20:35.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9:7.

And of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee. Gen. 28:22:

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me; but ye say, wherein have ye robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed; for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Mal 3:8-10.

Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the Kingdom of God. 1 Cor. 6:10.

Freely ye have received, freely give. Matt. 10:8.

Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord. Deut. 16:17.

If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, shall men give unto your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again. Luke 6:38.

There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely riches kept for the owner thereof for their hurt. Eccl. 5:13.

Do ye not know, that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel. 1 Cor. 9:13-14.

(Read) Rom. 13. Mark 12:41-44. Gen. 28:20-22. Matt. 17:24. Matt 22:15-22. Luke 20:19-25. Heb. 7:1-10. Psalms 37:21.

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THE APOSTOLIC FAITH

LAST WORD

I arrived in New York City April 11th, had a fine voyage, fine sunny weather till the last day when a light rain set in, was 17 days from Egypt. I had ten days of most interesting days in Egypt, seeing all the wonderful sights of this age old land, especially the Pyramids and the Spinx and the museums and many of the old timey mummies living in the days of Hebrew slavery and the evodus. I saw all the great treasures of King Tut's tomb. You could not conceive this wealth and the wonderful things they found there, it is impossible for experts to estimate the wealth of these treasures. Then I had five days in Italy and saw the great sights of Naples and the museums of wonderful paintings and all the things dug from old Pompeii and other things. Then many days of happy home going sea travel. When I was 1500 miles from land I got a wireless from home. One morning about ten o'clock, as I was sitting on an upper deck, the bell boy came up and said, "Excuse me, a Marconi for you." Here it was, unbelievable—a message from away across the waters and about 2000 miles off land: "Welcome Home", from the Parham family.

No one knows except those of travel, what it feels like to see happy faces of loved ones when you dock at the home port. My son and his wife, Wilfred and Alice, were there when the boat came in with happy loving smiles of welcome. Soon the customs were passed and some duty on my slides, and we were speeding to their mission. They came to New York with me last November and after I left had opened a fine mission here, so they had me billed for my two lectures with the slides on the Holy Land and a week's revival. The Lord filled the hall till people really fought their way in. Many other places begged for revivals and the lectures; the people wanted to get a large auditorium and have a regular campaign. One big Methodist church in the heart of the city, begged for a meeting. I preached the second day I was here at the "Glad Tidings Mission", the largest Pentecostal church in the east. I also preached there April 24. It was there that Mrs. McPherson preached when in New York. This work is the result of work that I was instrumental in doing with workers from Zion City about twenty-two years ago and one of the workers, Sister Marie Burgess-Brown, is still

with her husband in charge, so it was like visiting my spiritual children in the Lord.

My son and his wife felt their work in New York was done for the present, so they turned their work over to Brother Benny Cackerhan, who for a long time has led the singing for "Glad Tidings Tabernacle." They came west with me and will fill some of their pressing calls in the evangelistic field.

I shall be about home, giving my lectures at missions near here till after the big birthday celebration June 4th, when hundreds will come from far and near for the feast of fat things, both for soul and body. As we always celebrate the event on the nearest Sunday to June 4th, the meeting will be on June 3rd this year. Don't forget to come and meet all the old timers, those old battle scarred heroes of the cross. Again I want to thank all who have made this glorious trip possible for poor unworthy me.

God bless you all and many others who would like to have helped who could not, but now maybe many of you can help us on the paper by sending large or small donations to make it possible for us to get it out each month.

Missionary effort and interest should spring from the love of God in our hearts and from the conviction that it is God's will for us.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

I have the pleasure to announce that, through the generosity of my friends, I have been able to buy 200 photo slides of Palestine, showing its people, costumes, customs and many of the holy places. This will allow me to give two lectures on the Holy land, and with all I shall be able to tell you, it will be of special interest to every one I wish all to have the benefit of my months of travel in the Holy Land and of many trips over the whole of it.

Now at first I thought it possible to give them in most obscure places, but the improved lanterns now used require a strong electric current to project the pictures on the screen.

This will make it necessary for each community arranging for the lectures to obtain a church, hall, theater, or open air park place where we can attach to the electric current of sufficient power to do the work. Now if the

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building can be darkened, it would enable me to give the two lectures in one day at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., otherwise it would require two nights. As I want to get to other lands as soon as possible, will those communities wanting these lectures write me, giving all possible explanations of places obtainable as soon as you can; that will enable me to make dates along a given line and not retrace my steps unnecessarily and save expense.

Again I want to thank every one who has made it possible, not only to go to the Holy Land, but the buying of these wonderful slides. More than half of them are very beautifully colored and cost me one dollar a piece, and I have got the best lantern in New York possible.

I expect to be able to make a great and lasting impression for good upon all who shall have the privilege of these lectures.

God bless you all, my faithful co-workers in the gospel.

Your servant,

Chas. F. Parham.

I am hereby requesting all Mission Sunday schools within coming distance of Baxter Springs to arrange to bring their entire Sunday schools to the Birthday Meeting, and all club together and bring dinner for all.

That will give your children a nice outing, a treat they will enjoy, and it will bring other children to you when they hear you give the children treats once in a while.

That will permit all the parents to come to Baxter Springs, as many have been hindered

from coming previous years because of the home Sunday school. I want each school to have a special song, and we will have each school sing that day. Now do this for the kiddies' sake.

MY ARABIAN FRIEND AND GUIDE

MR. FAREED IMAN

In coming to Palestine, the first thing to be considered is, how can I see the country in the best and most economical way and get the most out of it? Well, it is a foregone conclusion here with those who have had experience, that a good guide is indispensable, and in the long run, the cheapest. There are many places where exorbitant prices and tips are required and anyone, not initiated, will be paying far more than guide fees, beside having to quarrel with the tip hunters and beggars, who swarm all tourists, all this is very annoying. Then again to find a good guide is a problem. If you are contemplating a trip to Palestine, you cannot afford to miss seeing, knowing and consulting our friend before going further.

Mr. Fareed Iman is a young man of exceptional character, highly cultured, a Moslem of splendid moral uprightness, neither smokes, chews or drinks. He is especially qualified to escort ministers, missionaries and college or university professors about. Being highly recommended by the Y. M. C. A., the Chamber of Commerce and the Swiss Pension; he is also a student of Archaeology himself.

Anyone can secure his service by calling on him or addressing Mr. Fareed Iman, Suisse Pension Almasie, Jerusalem, Palestine.



Alice Wilson Parham
Evangelist

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