

Wholly for God



By
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A Call to Complete Consecration Illustrated by the Story of Paul Bettex, a truly consecrated soul.

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Chapter 1, What Is Consecration?

What does it mean to be wholly for God, to be absolutely consecrated to Him? I am not good at defining Christian experiences. A small boy was asked, "What is salt?" He answered, "Salt is what makes the potatoes taste bad when it ain't in." Most folks are familiar with the story of the colored preacher who was asked to describe what it was to be ununctionized. He thought for a moment and said, "I can't say, but I always know when I ain't." And so does the congregation know when the preacher "ain't" ununctionized. The same with consecration. You know when you are not consecrated. And so does your wife. Or your husband. And so do your children and also your friends.

But should there be some very clever person reading this unpretentious volume, who insists on my giving a definition of consecration, I shall be compelled to borrow one from the profound William Law, who has much to say on the theme. "Consecration," says he, "signifies a life given, or devoted wholly to God. A life of consecration is one in which we receive the spirit of humility of the Lamb of God within." It is a life in which we are able to testify, "I am crucified with Christ: 'nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." It is a love constrained life in which the will of God is all our delight.

How can we be consecrated? Let William Law tell us: "We can be consecrated only by the mighty, immediate, and perpetual operation of the Spirit of God upon the soul." We must go to the Rock Christ Jesus and drink of that blessed Fountain of the Spirit that flows from Him, and drink again and drink again and drink continually. Consecration involves yielding ourselves wholly—spirit, soul, and body—to God. He will not fail to make that one a holy soul who yields wholly to Him. A moment by moment consecration comes by a quick, gladsome yieldedness moment by moment to the Spirit of God as He reveals the whole will of God to us.

The Word is clear as to what our attitude should be. The Apostle says, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that

ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."

I desire to illustrate what being wholly for God is by the story of the most consecrated man I ever met, and to pass on to you from the consecrated pen of this consecrated man what he had to say on the subject of consecration.

Chapter 2, A Consecrated Soul

Before me is a picture of a grave—the grave of two missionaries who laid down their lives for the Master they loved so well and served so faithfully. This grave is to be found in a cemetery in Canton, South China, for both these missionaries went to be with the Lord from that land of their adoption.

Upon this grave is a simple stone containing the words:

MRS. NELLIE CLARK BETTEX

Nov. 11, 1912

Rev. 12:11

PAUL BETTEX

June 28, 1916

Phil. 3:10

The Scriptures chosen are most appropriate for these two brave souls; the first, “And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death”; and the second, “That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death.”

The first of these two consecrated souls was an English girl who for some years labored as a missionary of the London Missionary Society, but who later received the Baptism in the Spirit according to the Pentecostal pattern, and felt it was the will of God for her to labor as a Pentecostal missionary, trusting the Lord wholly for supplies.

The second, Paul Bettex, was born in Switzerland, and I'll let a missionary, who labors in Peru, who owes much to this man's ministry, tell us something concerning him: “Paul Bettex, descendant of the French Huguenots, was born in Switzerland not far from where France, Germany, and Switzerland come together. As a child he consecrated his life to God. It was while he was at Princeton, long

before the first outpouring in Los Angeles, that a group of students met with him in prayer, and the Spirit was poured out, and Paul Bettex at that time spoke with other tongues.

“Paul Bettex was for ten years a missionary in South America (chiefly in the Argentine Republic), and I believe that about nine years of the ten were spent laboring in connection with the Salvation Army. Finally, feeling that there was not the consecration there should be among his comrades in that work, and that God was calling him into a more apostolic life, and to preach a crusade of world evangelization on lines of absolute consecration and self-denial, he wrote his resignation from the Salvation Army service and sent it to General Booth. Then he gave away every penny he had and started out on foot, preaching the gospel in towns and villages of Argentina, sleeping wherever night overtook him, which was sometimes in huts of the cattle men on the plains, and sometimes even out in the open. He trusted God for his daily food and for his every need.

“He decided to start to North America to preach this world crusade of evangelism, to enthruse young people to forsake all for the cross of Christ, and go forth on lines of apostolic faith to Christ-less lands. He said that a few times after he had formed this purpose a trick of Satan was to get him to marry some nice Christian girl and thus frustrate the plan of God for him. Once the people had everything planned for his marriage, but he said the Jesuits in South America have a motto: ‘Es preciso tener carazon de alero,’ which means, ‘It is necessary to have a heart of steel against the temptations of the world and the flesh.’ It is necessary for the servant of Christ to have this, too. It was doubtless not God’s time for him to marry, and he conquered and went on his way alone, yet not alone, for the Saviour was with him.

“After crossing from Argentina into Chile, he continued his journey northward up the west coast of South America. He had hoped to find a few young men whom he might take with him and train for the gospel work as he traveled, but seldom was there anyone who had

the courage to start out with him, and still less to persevere through the hardships he suffered for Christ's sake.

"At one time he lost his way in a swamp in water nearly to his waist. In another part of his route there were deserts and cold, bleak mountain tops to cross. In Chile or Peru, as Brother Bettex was crossing one of the high parts of the Andes alone, tired and hungry, he finally lay down on some of the bunch grass that grows in those regions, for a rest. He slept, commending himself to God's care, and when he awoke he found beside him a good meal. He never knew who put that food there, and missionaries who know the character of those highland Indians wonder whose heart God touched to bring about this miracle, for they usually avoid and suspect all strangers and foreigners. When he came from South America his testimony to God's faithfulness was that in the years spent in those lands he never lost so much as a postage stamp without finding it again.

"From South America Brother Bettex came up through Mexico, traveling much on foot and preaching and witnessing for the Master. Coming into Texas, he arrived at a Texas Holiness University near Greenville, still having painted across the big sleeve of his canvas coat and on his helmet the mottoes: 'Jesus Saves.' and 'Holiness to the Lord.' At first these were in Spanish and then he had them painted over in English. Before reaching that Christian school where young preachers were being trained he had been praying, 'God, call out young men for Thy work in Latin America.' It was at this time that I felt the call of God to South America, although I had never yet seen Paul Bettex, and only later did I come to know that it was in answer to his prayer that God had called me. Looking back after many years of labor in South America I would say that of all the Christian teachers and preachers that were a help to me in the two colleges I attended, and the many years of preparation, none so stirred my faith and challenged my consecration as this stalwart soldier of the Cross.

"When Brother Bettex came up from South America he knew some thirteen languages. When it was seen what a valuable and consecrated teacher he was, he was put on the faculty of the Texas

Holiness University, where he taught for a short time. Later he went to the World's Fair at St. Louis, Missouri, and there he bought a piano box for a bedroom, and painted some big signs which reached from his neck nearly down to his feet. These he wore as he walked about the streets, one in front and one on his back. He had several and changed them from day to day. One said, 'Jesus is coming soon. Are you ready?' Another was, 'Jesus' blood or hell fire?' Another, 'Repent, Jesus is coming.' Another, 'Wanted: 144,00 volunteers to forsake all for Jesus and evangelize the world.'

"Brother Bettex also taught for a while at Central Holiness University, Oskaloosa, Iowa, where I finished my classical studies. I remember that the study of Greek seemed to get harder and harder for me, and in the fourth year Greek as we students struggled with 'Thucydides,' he seemed to read it as easily as if it had been his native tongue. I shall never forget the wonderful teachings he brought out of the Greek New Testament, especially in the book of Revelation. His preaching was not at all eloquent; but it was apostolic, and it challenged those who wanted to be messengers of Christ to a rugged self-denial and walk of faith.

"Between the chapel hour and the noon hour he gathered a group of students in the basement for daily prayer meetings, and often he was found in prayer with one or more of the students. At least one whole night was spent with a group of boys praying out in the woods. Once I found him holding a street meeting all alone. He was standing on a step along the sidewalk as the people passed by, and singing, 'Blessed quietness, holy quietness; what assurance in my soul!' I counted it a real privilege to stand beside him and help him witness to the power of Jesus to save. One of his favorite hymns was: I have learned the wondrous secret of abiding in the Lord.'

"While teaching in that college he indelibly marked a cross in his forehead as a sign of the holy crusade he was preaching. Upon entering this teacher's class the students were deeply moved. Some could look beyond that cross to the burning purpose that put it there, and some could not. The trustees considered it fanaticism and a disgrace to their school, and he was put out. But he was still in the

kingdom of God—a man with only one goal before him—to make known to a world of sinners a Christ crucified for their salvation.

“Although the crusade of world evangelism never materialized in the form that he no doubt hoped it would, yet eternity alone will reveal how many of the Lord's children have been inspired by the life and testimony of Brother Bettex to a life of increased zeal and consecration to God for the salvation of the world.

“After I heard that he had gone to China, it was not long before I saw in South America one of the Pentecostal papers sent from China which he had printed in Chinese, such was his God-given gift for the mastering of new languages. We sometimes wonder how the apostle Paul was able to preach the gospel in so many languages during three missionary journeys, but lives like that of Paul Bettex convince us that miraculous help from above is given to those whose faith takes hold of God for all needs, and who will use God's gift for His glory alone.

“Paul Bettex positively believed in the Word of God and gave no room to doubts and unbelief. He looked people calmly and squarely in the face, and teaching spiritual themes, his face would light up in beautiful expression born of an inward faith. Having an eye single to the glory of God his whole body was full of light. He was the only man I ever heard say that from a child he had coveted a martyr's death, and he died by an assassin's bullet in China. Surely a great reward is his.”

Before me lies another letter; this one, from Miss Blanch Appleby of South China. She tells me a little concerning the Paul Bettex Memorial Chapel in Canton, South China. “This church was built by Mr. Yau Cheung Yan, a tea house merchant, who was converted through Mr. Bettex' preaching. The chapel stands on the same street where Mr. Bettex formerly labored. The cost amounts to more than \$10,000 silver, a personal gift to the Lord from this business man. Seven were recently baptized in water there by Brother Williamson.”

As I have read this letter I have wondered if any of the trustees or members of the faculty at Central Holiness University at Oskaloosa,

Iowa, the men who put Paul Bettex out of that University as a fanatic, will have a \$10,000 Memorial Chapel dedicated to their memory.

It is quite possible, and to be readily admitted, that Paul Bettex was perhaps not always wise, and that at times his zeal exceeded his knowledge, but let the one who has never been guilty of this error throw the first stone at him. In my humble opinion it is an absolute libel to brand Bettex by the name of "fanatic," for he lacked the characteristic that is uppermost in every real fanatic—pride. A fanatic always has a proud and unteachable spirit, whereas Paul Bettex was a meek and lowly soul—a soul given up wholly to God, with a desire for but one thing, the good and acceptable and perfect will of the Master he loved to serve.

And, after all, is it wise for those of us who are inclined to be formalists to call everyone who has more fire and fervor than we have, a fanatic?

Chapter 3, Filled With the Spirit

Paul's father was Jean Frederic Bettex, a man who wrote many books in defense of the faith against the rationalistic and atheistic theories of certain so called scientists. The books of Jean Frederic Bettex can be obtained in their English version from the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Paul's grandfather on his father's side was a Huguenot preacher who evangelized in the south of France, often taking his young son, Jean Frederic, with him. On Paul's mother's side he came from a very godly German family. His grandfather was Beate Paulus, renowned as a hero of the faith, who built an institution for the training of Christian workers in Switzerland. Paulus was a poet and an artist with a great talent for painting, a talent that his grandson, Paul, inherited from him. The wife of Paulus was a very godly woman, greatly interested in missions.

It was at Beate Paulus' institution of learning that Jean Frederic Bettex, Paul's father, studied and later taught. Jean Frederic married the daughter of Beate Paulus. On January 8, 1864, there came into their little Swiss home their first born son, Paul.

The childhood of Paul Bettex was full of happy memories. The home in which he lived was built by the side of Lake Constance, and was a very lovely one. In former days it had been occupied by Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III. As a child, young Paul is spoken of as thoughtful and compassionate. At the age of ten he could speak French, German and English. In 1875, when Paul was eleven years old, his parents had to sell their lovely Swiss home on Lake Constance. They went to Stuttgart in Germany where Paul's father was appointed to a professorship in a college. In 1876, when Paul was twelve years of age, his mother died. On her deathbed she said to her son, "Paul, you never grieved me." Paul had been sprinkled as a child, and in Stuttgart he was "confirmed," but there was nothing to this performance. He was simply confirmed in his sins for he had had no experience of the new birth.

At Stuttgart Paul attended school at Eberhardt Ludwig's "Gymnasium," and his head was stuffed with Latin and Greek. When

he left school he was on the honor roll, but he afterwards regretted that he learned so little there that was of practical value for missionary life. He said that the faculty of this school "were very energetic, making mules out of us, but if they had taught us stenography and typewriting it would have been of much more value than dead languages." After graduating from this "Gymnasium," Paul went to study at the University at Genf, but he was only there one semester. He made a trip to Florence, in Italy, and for three months studied Italian. In the fall of 1883, now nineteen years of age, he went to study at the Sarbonne University in Paris. He was there for three years. The pull of the world was strong and he enjoyed the pleasures of the world for a season. However in Paris there was something that attracted him. It was the sight of the Salvation Army lassies selling their French War Cries at the doors of the opera.

The Salvation Army was new in those days and was having opposition aplenty. The Marechale, General Booth's eldest daughter, was preaching with power in Paris. Bettex went to her meetings, and one day he took the Lord Jesus Christ to be his personal Saviour. In later years, after he had gone through a most phenomenal revival at the University of Princeton, New Jersey, a revival in which he was turned "upside down and inside out," and in which he was filled with the Spirit, he wondered if he had really experienced the new birth in Paris, and was of the opinion that he had only touched the surface of things in his former experience. God has a deep experience for every soul, where sin is seen in all its horrid ugliness, where the blood of Calvary's Lamb is appropriated with all its cleansing and transforming power, and where the living Christ is admitted to the holiest of all in the being and is allowed to take full charge, where the "old man" with all his evil propensities is relegated to the place where he belongs, the cross of crucifixion, and "a new creation life," in which all the old things are passed away and all things become new, is manifested.

In 1886 Paul Bettex took a position in Ireland, glad to be able to try to perfect his English, and in 1889 he went to Santiago, Chile, South America, to be an instructor in the American Presbyterian Mission

there. He rapidly learned to speak Spanish without even opening a grammar. At this time he did much art work and was always able to find a good market for his paintings.

At the counsel of one of the teachers in the American Mission, he decided to leave Chile and go to North America to attend a theological seminary in Princeton, New Jersey. That was in 1890.

It was during his days at Princeton that there came an awakening among the students. Paul Bettex, who was devout and sensitive to the things of God, was literally carried on the crest of this wave of revival. The students prayed much in those days. In one prayer meeting the house trembled and tongues of fire were seen. It was at this time we understand that Paul Bettex received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and spoke in other tongues as the Spirit of God gave utterance.

According to a German biography of Bettex, there was great "excitement" at Princeton. Evidently Paul was one of the most "excited," and was put under observation. At one time a certain critical—and doubtless hypocritical—preacher made a statement that what really happened to Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus was that he had an epileptic fit. Joseph Parker's comment on this was, "Lord, send us more of this heavenly epilepsy!" May the dear Lord give us more of the revival "excitement" that they had at Princeton in those days to stir us out of our miserable lethargy and lukewarmness.

Chapter 4, Consecrated to Serve

Bettex took the prescribed test and was ordained as a Presbyterian minister, after which he took pastorates in Detroit and Pittsburgh. Soon after this an attractive girl floated into the horizon—a farmer's daughter, one who, according to Bettex, knew better how to drive a pony than a pen. Bettex wanted to marry her, but when they were talking over the matter of the wedding ceremony, he found to his amazement that this young miss did not agree to the formula which would make her promise to "obey." This seemed to Bettex to be utterly out of Scriptural order, for God has ordained the man to be the head of the wife, and that Christ should be the head of the man. He felt that it is in God's order that the woman should submit to the man as the man submits to Christ and as Christ submits to His Father.

This independent young miss insisted that she would not promise to "obey," and so he put an ultimatum to her. She must agree or the engagement must be cancelled. She did not agree, and so the engagement was broken off. Bettex loved this girl and was full of deep and sincere sorrow as she passed out of his life, but he knew he would have failed God and lost out in consecration utterly had he compromised in letting down on this Scriptural principle.

In Pittsburgh Bettex once more came in contact with the Salvation Army. There was a good deal of power of God in the Salvation Army forty years ago. Those were days when the soldiers of the Army received plentiful contributions in the way of eggs, not all of them very fresh; also of vegetables, not universally of the best quality; and of fruit, some of it conspicuous by its decided overripeness, and these contributions used to come so quickly that it was difficult to dodge them.

Bettex knew the needs of South America and felt the urge to go to that field, and so he joined forces with the Salvationists and was sent as a missionary to serve God in Uruguay, Argentina, and Brazil.

It was in 1893, with a heart overflowing with love to his Lord, that Paul Bettex arrived in Argentina. Then followed nine years of faithful service with the Salvationists. In those days he won many souls for Christ. In a review of E. Heimerdinger's *Von der Lebensfahrteines Landsknechts Christi*, published in the *Sunday School Times*, February 4, 1928, we read: "The life of Bettex in South America was full of hardship. Half of his time was spent in the saddle, riding often a hundred hours a week. He went from place to place expounding the Word of life to isolated farmers. He rode often into Brazil, holding meetings until his throat would no longer function. Among other duties was the spiritual oversight of a dozen German-Swiss colonies in Argentina. His was a bitterly prejudiced constituency. Old women made the sign of the cross when he passed their doors, so poisoned had they been against him by the priests. The scattered Spanish shepherds, and horse-tenders, baptized Catholics, but knowing nothing of Christianity, were ordinarily grateful for religious instruction. But woe to him when he came across Catholic priests in these journeyings!

"On one occasion when he was preaching, a Catholic priest in long, black cassock suddenly appeared. He took a position immediately in front of the Salvationist officer crying out, 'Down with the Salvation Army. He means no good to our Argentina. Kill him!'" A fearful tumult arose, knives emerged from their sheathes, when suddenly, just in the nick of time, a big-shouldered, red-bearded Swiss came to the front and with deep voice cried out, 'Long live the Salvation Army. It shall live! Down with the black crows V It was the turn of the priest now to flee. A little later this priest was hunted out of town for his immoral practices.

"Often at night Bettex slept in wet clothes, with head on saddle. On one occasion when riding alone on the pampas where for days he had not seen a person, his horse suddenly stumbled and threw him in such a way that his foot was badly hurt. Only gradually as the pain receded did he realize that his horse was gone. He saw him at a distance grazing, but as soon as he approached he galloped away and finally was out of sight. After Bettex had lain a long time in his

pain, crying out to God in his heart, the evening shadows having fallen over the plains, the horse suddenly reappeared and allowed his master to mount. This he did with great difficulty. It was not until long after midnight that he was able to reach human habitation.

“Later on he secured an old cart on which he mounted a magic lantern. ‘My dear old cart! It is not very stylish but just the thing for us’ (himself and a Basque convert, whose past life it were better not to describe). ‘It often goes to the hubs in the mud and climbs steep ascents and crosses rivers where the peasants declare that at last the end of “Salvation” is in sight.’ In this cart he traveled in overpowering heat and biting cold. During three days he lay under it to escape a terrific sand storm. From it he drove a flourishing trade in New Testaments and song books. The people were kindly and hospitable, but given to drink, gambling, and knife-play.

“He wrote at one time, ‘Here there is no place for amateur Christians. It is a fight for life and death. That which fills us with such colossal admiration for Paul, the Reformers, the Huguenots, and the rest is that they fought a life-and-death fight, they and their wives and children. Heaven does not fall down into our laps. It does not fly into our mouths like a roasted dove. Few are the martyrs on whose heads crowns have lighted while they were asleep. Their preparatory school has ever been sorrow, suffering, poverty, solitariness, persecution, and the true, patient, year-long fulfillment of duty.’ ”

From South America Bettex used to write letters to his sisters in Germany, pleading with them to consecrate their lives to God for service in South America. In one letter he wrote to a sister: “Study your Bible diligently, and throw all your novels in the fire. The world is sick of reading too much, especially such junk as novels. Spiritual growth is attained by learning to say No, to all the thousand influences of the world that are not bad in themselves, but simply take the place meant for Jesus, and therefore are deadlier than arsenic and strychnine. Not bad in themselves! God forbid! They compete with Christ. This is their evil. I propose to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified!”

Chapter 5, A Fuller Separation

Bettex loved his Bible and wanted to conform his life 100% to its every precept. As he read in Revelation 14 of the 144,000 following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, his heart was thrilled. He was willing, yea a thousand times willing, to follow Christ every step of the road. Could he not find 143,999 others as consecrated as he himself was, to follow Christ each step of the way? With a consecrated army like that he believed the whole world could be evangelized in a generation. Surely it would be a joy for thousands of souls to follow the Lamb in utter poverty and homelessness as he himself was willing to do. He thought back to the story of the Crusaders. Could he not arouse men to action today as did old Peter the Hermit in a by-gone day? As he meditated the thing thrilled him. He had had nine happy years of the Salvation Army—in one year with them he had had the joy of leading no less than 599 souls to surrender their all to Christ—but now there had come a deeper dedication than he had ever known in the Army.

One Sunday he spent practically the whole day in prayer and two days later he sat down and wrote a letter to General Booth, resigning his post as an ensign in the Salvation Army.

The following day he turned over his cart, horse, outfit, and money to Salvation Army workers, and with just his Bible and without a cent in his pocket, but with a full faith in his God, he started out to preach a 20th Century Crusade for the evangelization of the world.

Bettex was stirred by a statement from a missionary in China (Harlan Beach) : “Where are the men of fire, of apostolic faith and self-denial, who, filled with the zeal of Peter the Hermit, will preach in the pulpits of Christendom the Crusade of the Twentieth Century? Not any more now to wrest from the power of the Turk the empty tomb of a risen Saviour, but to rescue from the margin of the grave and of the pit a thousand million of heathen souls, going down to death, without God and without hope in this world or in the world to come?”

Peter the Hermit was crusading for a carnal warfare with carnal weapons and so carnal men flocked to his standard by the thousands. But Paul Bettex began to call for a spiritual crusade with spiritual weapons against spiritual foes. And there were not many volunteers. This must, however, be said for him, that he was a very humble soul, and in the first call to a crusade that he sent out, he had these significant words: "Let every Christian pray that the Lord may show forth His will as regards this crusade. If it be of God let it prosper as no other movement has ever prospered. If not, let it be broken up."

It is possible to make many excellent resolutions in the energy of our own enthusiasm, but after all, only that which is conceived by the Holy Spirit, inspired by Him, energized by Him, and led by Him, will succeed.

Paul Bettex had a great conception. So did David when he purposed to build a temple for the Lord. The Lord did not frown on him because of his conception, but told him plainly, "Thou didst well that it was in thine heart." See I Kings 8:18. But he was not the man to carry out the building of the temple. God had another to do that. Our Lord saw what was in the heart of Bettex, a great crusade for the evangelization of the whole world. He was not the man, however, fully qualified to carry such a thing through.

After all, I sometimes wonder whether God is much interested in big movements. I know He is intensely interested in individual souls who are wholly consecrated to Him, and wholly devoted to His cause. Bettex was such a devoted soul, and since the Lord tells us to give honor to whom honor is due? we desire to give honor to this man's high and holy devotion to the whole will of God as he knew it.

Men did not follow Paul Bettex in thousands in his spiritual crusade, but his ministry was a prayerful one and the result was that everywhere he went souls yielded to Christ as their Saviour, and many dedicated their lives to do the whole will of God. There are many laboring in different fields today who received their call from God through the lips and through the pen of this consecrated soul.

Chapter 6, A Twentieth Century Crusade

After Bettex resigned from the Salvation Army service he spent four months in Argentina taking leave of his children in the faith and his spiritual family. On November 11, 1902 he once more gave away his last cent and started on foot a march from the Atlantic to the Pacific, toward Chile. He crossed the Andes and entered Chile January 11, 1903. He stopped at the Presbyterian Mission in Santiago where fourteen years before he had started as a Christian worker.

The Lord sent him some money and he published a salvation paper. With a large stock of this paper he started out to preach in every evangelical church in Chile, selling his paper as he went in railroad coaches, steamers, streets, and homes. In three months he saw hundreds of souls begin life anew with Christ.

From Chile he took a steerage passage up the west coast via Panama to Acapulco. On landing he heard there was a missionary convention in progress in Mexico City. He immediately started for that city and for that convention and arrived just in time for a great consecration service. It was at a consecration service that this consecrated soul was always at his best. He was wholly consecrated to God himself, and so had power in calling others to complete consecration. Leaving Mexico City, he began a tramp northward to the United States.

He arrived in El Paso, Texas, in the latter part of July, 1903, and he was able to testify that the Lord had provided him with all he needed in his 8,000 mile journey. He went to the office of the El Paso Herald and had prayer with the editor, a man who felt kindly disposed toward him. The following is written of Bettex in the El Paso Herald of July 25, 1903: "Paul Bettex is his name, and he is a strange fellow, this man who has just appeared in the city. He is attired in a suit of corduroy that is somewhat the worse for wear, and wearing a helmet with Biblical inscriptions in red, and carrying a small red flag on a pole that serves as a walking staff.

“This man was for nine and one-half years a Salvation Army officer in South America, but feels that he has a divine call for a divine work, and resigning his commission in the Army he became a tramp revivalist. He says he feels called upon to go and preach the gospel as the Saviour preached it, and with that end in view he resigned from the Army to tramp around the world just as he thinks Christ worked, sleeping wherever night overtakes him and eating whatever is provided.

“He says that since he cut loose from the Salvation Army there has never been a day when he was not provided for, and that he never looks ahead from one day to the next. If he is hungry he says he finds something to eat, and when his wardrobe needs replenishing he always finds something to take its place. The first day he started out after leaving South America he had not a cent nor anything to eat. But when he put his hand in a small bag in which he carries his Bible, he found a stuffed chicken put there by some friend before he left. Next morning when he awoke he says he found a basket of fruit and edibles by his side, placed there by some kind hand while he slept. It has been just so ever since that time, he declares, and he says the Lord will continue to provide for him and direct his movements.”

The editor of the El Paso Herald was kind enough to print a paper for Bettex—a paper that is altogether unique—a copy lies before us as we write. One article is entitled 'The Crusade,' in which Bettex says: "At the preaching of the Hermit, who, a thousand years ago, went through Europe like a cyclone of the Spirit, hardy old warriors in their steel helmets and mail shirts took up the cross with a shout, 'Dieu le veut!' 'God wills it.' Even so let our motto be: 'The will of God: all His will, nothing but His will.' He who makes the will of God his lodestar has entered into a path of unbounded blessing and glory. This path will lead him to Calvary, but also, even in this life, to a crown and throne.

"Look at those old crusaders of a thousand years ago. Their motives were good, their courage admirable, their intentions holy, but the aim was scarcely adequate to the effort. The end attained was scarcely

worth so much suffering and shedding of blood. We are the real crusaders who know that our end is identical with the will of God for humanity, the evangelization of the world in this generation. This is the modern equivalent and formula of the last commandment of the Lord, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.'

"The will of God clears our brain for action and fires our hearts with love. The will of God will put a new song in our hearts when all around looks dark. The will of God will be our song of triumph in the hour of death. Dieu le vent! God wills it!"

A Single Track

"A traveler through the Rockies once noted in the deep snow what seemed to be a trail of a solitary soldier leading up the gullies and passes. Wondering how a man alone could undertake such a journey on foot, he turned to his Indian guide and inquired. The guide answered, 'The trail which you see is not that of a solitary soldier; it is that of a whole tribe of braves of my nation, who are on the war path against our foes.'

Before went our mighty chief with tomahawk and bow and his gorgeous war paint, the eagle feathers nodding over his head. He made the trail. After him came the warriors in single file, each one stepping exactly in the footprints of the chief. This track that looks like a solitary track of a perishing wanderer is a trail of a nation of warriors and braves stepping in the footprints of their chief. And where they go, victory follows their trail.

"Comrades, do you see that narrow track leading up to Calvary? Do you see the bloody footprints of our great Chief? That trail means victory. It alone leads to a crown and a throne. Before goes the Chief. Behind Him follows the serried ranks of the brave soldiers of God. Victory ever follows, has ever followed, will ever follow the man who steps in that track, for the cross is the attraction.

The Need

“From China’s baby towers., from India’s zenanas, where the child widows weep, where in its market places the fakirs swing over the fire, from Africa’s desert wastes where bleaching bones mark the track of the raiders, from South America’s sin-cursed plains and cities, from Pacific leper islands, and Siberia’s convict mines, and from Europe’s glittering capitals comes the old cry: 'Come over and help us.' From the saloons, hell holes, and gambling dens of America comes the message, 'Save us, for we are going to hell and hell fire is already burning in our veins.' Wanted, Christ men of the genuine stuff who will pluck these brands from the burning. If that is not a need, will you tell me what constitutes a need? Was there ever, will there ever be such a need as this?

The Call

“As long as a thousand million of heathen are going down to hell who have not even heard of Christ (and men without Christ will never be fit for any other place than hell), no Christian man or woman has a right to settle on the lees and be at ease in Zion. Yield to the call of Him who calls thee to leave all and follow Him, to seek first the kingdom of God. Never mind yourself. Lose your life. Take up your cross. Lay up treasures in heaven, for where your treasure is there will your heart be also. If Christ has died for you, will you not, can you not, die for Him and for millions of the heathen? Will all human life ever pay for the life’s blood Christ shed on Calvary? Did He grudge His sacrifice, His blood, His life, as you do yours?

The Field

"For two thousand years we were never able even to take in and grasp the magnitude and extension of the task before us. We have only just now begun to move out and to compass our ground and to stake out our claim. As we glance over it, even as Moses from Pisgah’s heights scanned the land of promise, our heart thrills with rapture and gratitude; the world is our land of promise. And just as Joshua and his hosts stood once before Jordan, so a greater than Joshua is now mustering His hosts to pass over and possess the

land. And oh, glory! This land of promise (not any mere land of Canaan) to us means the whole world. The field is the world.

The Means

“When a Christian puts his Isaac on the altar he will never be short of wood and fire for the sacrifice. The Lord will look to that. Whenever we are on the Lord’s errand, He is bound to foot the bill and pay the expenses. I know from personal experience that if we are only seeking the kingdom of God, without having a little game of our own to work, or having a few irons of our own in the fire, the means will come just as we need them. But we won’t ask for them, only from the Lord Himself. For we seek not yours, but you. What we are after is not sovereigns, but souls of men. O Columbia! pour thy dollars into the lap of churches and missions, but give me the pick and flower of thy manhood and thy sons. Let the best brains come from Harvard and Princeton and those brilliant new western schools. Let the gallant rough riders of the western plains and the frontiersmen of Arizona and the boldest cowboys who ever busted a broncho muster under the standard of a crusade for Christ. Let the iron smelters of Pittsburgh, and the miners of the Rockies take their stand under the flag of the golden cross under the field of blood. Let the most stalwart farmers and the ablest merchants that ever drove a bargain sell out to Christ and strike the best bargain of their lives.

An Act of Accusation

“Four hundred years ago there was an insignificant little monk in a convent cell in Germany. He had read the Bible with his own clear eyes (that single eye of the Lord) and with a single heart and a clear brain that God had given him. He saw through the preaching of the preachers of his time. He saw through their hearts and saw that instead of the gospel of God they were preaching a man-made fantasy, a sham, a falsehood, a lie! And he had the courage to say so.

“That fourth chapter of Romans, that chapter that deals with justification by faith, had been relegated to the theological lumber

room. He found the treasure and brushed away the cobwebs that had accumulated over it, and lo and behold it was a regal jewel. This one divine truth, to change our metaphor, was his battle-axe, and with it in hand he went forth and broke down the ramshackle fabric of human error.

“I am not Luther, I am just insignificant Paul Bettex, gospeler and tramp, but in that selfsame lumber room I found another sword and battle-axe of the Almighty, and every fiber of my being shall be consecrated to swinging that weapon to the glory of God.

Full Consecration

Full consecration is my battle-axe and watchword. You will find it in the tenth chapter of Matthew, and indeed from beginning to end of the New Testament.

“Now for three hundred years we have been rejoicing in the truth of justification by faith. That was and is good, but have we not been overdoing it a little? We have been forgetting that the Lord Himself, even before Paul taught that great doctrine of faith, heralded and proclaimed with no uncertain voice the conditions of true discipleship. These conditions are: a full, absolute, unlimited consecration.

“In view of this, it is rather strange, nor does it strengthen our confidence in man, that this truth, which is one of the most prominent in Scripture, which was preached by the Lord Himself, has been so largely over-looked in our evangelical churches.

“Now before God, I accuse the totality of the Protestant churches of having preached a little, comfortable, man-made, convenient, diluted, and incomplete gospel of their own! If the cross of Christ had been preached to the masses, and if it had been lived before them they would not be where they are today. Brethren of the pulpit, you have not preached the full gospel! And you are paying for it. The church is paying for it. The nation is paying for it. The kingdom is paying for it in the loss of strength, and the loss of thousands of souls. We need to learn to glory once more in the cross of Christ.”

“Thou Art the Man!”

“It was in the republic of Uruguay down in South America. I was sitting before my mud house reading the Bible. Something in the distance attracted my attention. The thing looked like a big moving heap of bundles, slowly crawling up the road towards me. I soon made the nondescript out to be one of those Syrian pedlars who abound in South America, well known for their ceaseless energy and hardihood, as well as for their unsurpassed trading instincts and passion for money, which they seem to have inherited from their Phoenecian ancestry.

“The man came up slowly, being heavily loaded. On each side he was carrying a wooden box, containing gewgaws, slung over his shoulder by a strap. In front he was carrying some precious jewelry in a box with a glass lid. Above all he lugged two large bundles of dry goods on his shoulders. You could hardly see him at all. He just seemed a walking heap of bundles.

“I invited him to sit down on the long tree trunk that served as a bench before my house, and brought him bread and onions (all the food I had) without even apologizing for the meager fare, as I well knew that these people scarcely ever eat any rich food.

“He laid his bundles down, and stood erect, a fine type of Oriental manhood; a man of athletic build with an energetic face. On his feet he wore heavy iron-nailed boots; and in his hand he held a square yard measure of hardwood, which served at the same time as a walking stick. From his heavy and well filled leather money belt hung a heavy, modern six-shooter of heavy caliber.

“While my guest was enjoying his frugal meal, I weighed his bundles and load; they weighed 80 kilos, somewhere over 160 pounds. A license to peddle with a horse would cost him about \$150.00 a year; so he was himself the trader and the pack horse in one. I had often thought what excellent gospel workers and colporteurs these fellows would make if converted and I at once offered Christ’s free salvation to him. Rather injudiciously I added, even before he could answer me, what a fine worker and colporteur he would make, carrying on

his back Bibles and New Testaments to sell from house to house, while he could at the same time preach Christ's salvation to the people.

"The fellow looked at me steadily in to the white of the eye, and then asked, 'Senor, do you love this Jesus?' 'With all my heart,' I replied in the fullness of my joy. 'Well,' he continued in his guttural Arabic accent, 'as for me, I love money.' And taking out of his well-filled belt an onza (a gold coin of the value of ten dollars), he held it in thumb and forefinger between his face and mine. 'Do you see this gold piece? That is my god. Eight years ago I left my wife and children in our village near Beyrout on the slopes of Mount Lebanon. I loved them; I loved my home; but I wanted money. For eight years I have tramped through South America with a load like this on my back because I wanted to be rich, because money is my god, and I must have it. I am worshipping my god. I don't love Jesus; I love money. Now if, as you say, you love Jesus, why then go yourself and take a load of Bibles and the books you speak about and peddle them. Go yourself and preach salvation from house to house. As for me, I must make money!'

"Those words have stuck to me, and when later on I took a load of forty pounds of New Testaments on my back and felt it now and then hot and heavy, I remembered the Syrian pedlar who served his god Mammon so faithfully. When we will all work for Christ as heartily as any laborer works for his daily bread, then the world will believe in our preaching. Thou art the man, reader!"

Chapter 7, A Call to China

Bettex soon saw that his crusade for 144,000 volunteers to preach the gospel everywhere would not go through. He found only two or three consecrated souls who were willing to live as he lived. He went to Los Angeles, California in the days when the Spirit of God was being poured out so wonderfully in the old Azusa street mission in Los Angeles. He recognized the power of God as it was falling there in old Azusa street as just the same as that which fell in the days of the gracious awakening at Princeton where he himself had received the Baptism in the Spirit and had spoken in tongues so many years before. And so he threw in his lot, heart and soul, with the Pentecostal saints.

There was a wonderful missionary spirit at Azusa street. It was there that the Lord laid China upon his heart as a more needy field than even South America, and so he consecrated to go to that land as a faith missionary. Before he went he was counseled that married missionaries were much more acceptable to the Chinese than single ones. He had dedicated his life to God to live singly for Him, as he thought he could serve Him better that way. But now he resolved that if wedded life were in the will of God for him he would throw over his purpose never to marry.

It was in May, 1910, that he went to China. He got into Hong Kong and while he was there he was introduced to a Miss Nellie Clark, a talented young missionary who had already spent seven and one half years in China. They were thrown together in Hong Kong, and he saw in this young woman one of like consecration to himself.

As his steamer carried him up the Pearl River to Canton, the Lord indicated to Paul Bettex that He had chosen one who should be his wife, this young lady missionary whom he had met in Hong Kong.

The Lord always chooses the best for His own. His choice for Bettex was certainly the best, for Nellie Clark was a wonderful woman of God. In her English home as a child she declared she would become a missionary, and nothing ever changed her purpose, not even

failing health that caused her to give up her University course at Bangor University in Wales. She went to China in January, 1903, under the board of the London Missionary Society of which her father was a director. She soon became a fluent speaker in Chinese.

Dr. Alice Sibree, a friend and colleague of hers in China, said: "We have no lady member of our mission who can hold a heathen audience with a message of salvation as Miss Clark can." Miss Blanche Appleby writes: "She was an indefatigable worker in God's vineyard, going out in pioneer work and hazarding swollen streams, willing to go anywhere to preach the gospel. Bible women in China have witnessed to her unselfish toil and persistent efforts for souls. But beyond her work for Christ shines her union and communion with Christ."

Mrs. Clayson, a co-worker, who knew her intimately, said: "In thinking over the fruits of the Spirit, there is not one which she (Nellie Clark) did not have. She was a most devoted saint. There was not one thing that she withheld from her Lord."

In 1906 Nellie Clark received the Baptism in the Spirit with the same evidence of the Spirit's presence that the disciples had on the day of Pentecost, speaking with other tongues as the Spirit of God gave utterance. It was not long after this that she saw that she would have to leave the work in which she labored in order to be more free to preach the full Pentecostal message. It was quite a step to leave her Chinese home, her co-workers, her salary, and everything to step out as a lonely faith missionary for God. But since it was clearly the will of God she was glad to follow in the way He was leading.

Miss Blanche Appleby, a co-worker, tells us that Miss Clark owned and prized a copy of a book entitled *Danger Lines in the Deeper Life*, by Dr. A. B. Simpson. Many of the gems of truth in this book are under-lined. Against the words: "The grace of God is equal for all His will for us," she has written the word "Hallelujah." On the day that she left the London Missionary Society, September 15, 1908, she read in this book of Dr. Simpson's: "Suspend all action until impressions become absolute convictions, and you can go forth with

certainty and rest to follow the path He has indicated, and leave results with God." There is marked against this, "Lord, I thank You." Underlined also are the words "Vanity and pride are no substitute for the joy of the Lord, the fullness of the Spirit and the sweet rest we find at Jesus' feet."

Miss Appleby says, "There was nothing in which she was not consecrated. Everything was on the altar. Shortly before her marriage to Paul Bettex a friend spoke to her regarding it, and she said, 'If I did not think it was God's will, I would give Paul up this very moment.' And she would have. The will of God held supreme place in her life."

When Paul Bettex knew a thing to be the will of God he was always in a hurry to perform it, and though he only arrived in China at the beginning of May, 1910, on the 27th of that month he was married to Nellie Clark. They were of one heart and one mind and were undoubtedly made of God the one for the other.

Another missionary to China, who knew them both well, writes: "Mr. and Mrs. Bettex visited the public places, preaching in the open air, on street corners, and in the homes for the blind, old and infirm, winning many to Jesus. At times Nellie Bettex would go out with a Bible woman alone on some pioneer work, preaching the gospel among the workers in the silk mills in the villages not far from Canton."

Before us is a letter in which Mrs. Bettex tells of an earnest band of these young silk workers listening to the gospel. "Five of these girls requested the crowd to stand back while they knelt down, asking forgiveness of Him whose love they had heard, probably for the first time." In this letter she writes: "Well, we have not to lead but to follow the Lord Himself, who leads His own perfectly . . . Won't you each one seek from God, as though your own soul and the souls of hundreds depended on it, His fullest will for your own life, that you may be so filled with the Holy Ghost that He can pray through you, and that you be so fully sacrificed to Jesus that He can use you or your dear ones, your time, your money, your all? This is life!"

Nellie Bettex preached twice a day with tremendous fire and fervor in the mission on the Big Gate Road. She never spared herself even though she was far from strong.

One day Paul Bettex and his wife went out to preach in a village where they met with the fiercest opposition. A furious mob was bent on killing them. They sent up a cry to God, and then something happened. Two half naked coolies had got hold of some European theater costumes with plenty of feathers on them. They had dressed themselves in these costumes and then stood admiring one another. The mob, who were bent on killing Bettex and his wife, suddenly got a sight of these two extraordinary looking individuals dressed up in foreign finery, and the sight was so absolutely ridiculous that they were soon all roaring with laughter. And while they were being thus amused, Bettex and his wife slipped out of the village unnoticed and unhurt. Thus God undertook.

Paul Bettex was only allowed to have this precious wife of his for two and one-half years, and then the deepest cross of his life came when the Lord took her to be with Himself. Miss Blanche Appleby writes: "She preached in the Big East Gate Chapel on the afternoon before her death, on The Cross, a powerful message, unctonized by the Holy Spirit. That afternoon Cheung Sz Sham, received the Word of truth and her heart's eyes were opened. (The story of this remarkable woman, Cheung Sz Sham, can be had in tract form from the Gospel Publishing House, Springfield, Mo.) God opened her blind eyes and also taught Jier to read. Today scores are being brought to Christ through the ministry of this Chinese saint. Mrs. Bettex' works are following her still. The following morning, November 11, 1912, she suffered with cerebral hemorrhage and fell asleep in Him, whom she loved and served so devotedly, at the age of thirty-three years. Like Henry Martyn of India, Nellie Clark Bettex burned out for God."

I have before me a word from a native Chinaman, Wat Shau Yan. "Paul Bettex came to China as a faith missionary, sent by God to preach the gospel. When he arrived he had no money, no outfit, except a suitcase with his Bible and song book. He believed that

God would open doors for him to preach the gospel. This He did, but not without sacrifice and self-denial on the part of our brother. It was a privilege to know Mr. Bettex as my teacher and pastor, and as such I learned to love him greatly. His life and teaching have always been to me a great help and blessing. He was a man who greatly loved the Chinese people, and since I was one of these, I found myself also an object of his love and sympathy. At one time I asked him what country he belonged to, and he answered me, I belong to the heavenly country. If you are a true believer in Jesus you make no distinction in country, race, or nationality. I said, I surely believe that you are a citizen of heaven, but where were you born?' He answered, I was born in Switzerland.'

“He went out daily on the streets in the villages giving out tracts and Gospels. From the beginning he learned to trust God daily for his food. At one time when he was out walking, he became very hungry and tired. He sat down on the grass and opened his Bible and read the 23rd Psalm. When he had finished reading he lay down and went to sleep. Awaking from his sleep he saw milk, coffee, bread, and meat there beside him. He knew that this was the Lord who had thus supplied his need, so he asked the blessing and began to eat. While he was eating the one who had been thus used in bringing the food, came up and asked him if he were a preacher of the gospel. To this he answered yes. Then he was invited to come to this man’s house and preach the gospel, to which he gladly consented. He remained until the next day, when, after prayer and eating his rice, he bade farewell and continued on his journey. When he had walked for thirty miles he was again hungry and very tired. He sat down and had prepared to read his Bible. As he put his hand in the suitcase for his Bible he noticed there was a parcel. He unwrapped it and to his surprise he found it contained a roasted chicken. He lifted his heart to the Lord in prayer and thanksgiving who thus so graciously spread a table before him.

“Wherever he preached, souls were saved, praise God. The opportunities were wonderful and souls were saved daily. Mr. and Mrs. Bettex were often tested financially. At one time they had hardly

a thing to eat for a whole week, and at another time the two of them lived on fifty cents, Chinese money, for a week. One day I felt the Lord wanted me to buy them something, so I bought some peanuts and bananas, which I gave them to eat. I wish you could have seen how grateful they were for this. They sat praising and thanking God that He had given them a meal, as they called it.

“In November, 1912, Mrs. Bettex took sick and died. At that time the coffin shops had gone on a strike in Canton, and Brother Bettex was unable to get a coffin for the body. God supplied the need at this time, and a beautiful foreign style coffin was presented by friends in Canton. Mrs. Bettex owned an island close to Hong Kong and after her death this was sold to the Hong Kong government, Mr. Bettex falling heir to the money. He used eight-tenths for the Lord’s work and was thereby enabled to go inland and open up many stations for the preaching of the gospel. He saw that preachers were provided for each station and some of these preachers, including the writer, are in the Assemblies of God work today. He was a great help to the old men and women, and took a great interest in the old people’s home in Canton.

“In 1914 Mr. Bettex was much run down and was advised to go back home for a rest. This he did against his wishes. After a few months’ rest in America, Mr. Bettex got well and came back to China. Later Mr. Bettex taught English in the Presbyterian school for two months. He used his salary to get a band of colporteurs together. With these he went out into the villages to preach the gospel and give out tracts. He dearly loved these men. They even slept together and endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. They often knew what it was not to have any rice to eat. At one time when they had been without food for a long time they turned to Mr. Bettex saying, ‘We have no rice to eat.’ He answered, I am going to Canton and you ask God to give me some. We all must pray and God will answer.’ He went to visit a friend who asked him how the opportunities were in the villages, and after talking for a while he was invited to stay for lunch, but he declined saying, I have a band of brethren out in the villages who have nothing to eat. When they are

starving, how could I eat?' But he was again invited to sit down and the friend promised he would buy rice for them. He sat down to lunch, thankful that God had so graciously supplied another meal for him.

“When he was ready to go he was presented with so much bread, rice, meat, and bacon that he could not carry the load himself. He had no money for coolies or train fare. However, he visited a friend, Dr. Paul Taad in Canton. Hearing that Paul Bettex was on his way back to the villages to continue his work for the Lord, the doctor gave him a love offering. This supplied his need for the coolie fare to enable him to get the food given him to his co-workers. He returned to his co-workers who were waiting for him. Needless to say, they were happy to see him come back. Before eating they lifted up their hearts to God, praising and thanking Him for again having heard and answered their prayers. How true they found the promise, ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.’ Praise His name.”

Chapter 8, A Prophet's Vision

Paul Bettex was in the United States in 1914. He attended the Pentecostal camp meeting convened in Cazadero, California, by Sister Carrie Judd Montgomery and her husband. The blessing of the Lord was greatly manifested in this camp and Bettex received a great renewing of spiritual life. Shortly after this he returned to China, and at Christmas time that year he sent out a paper called The Canton Pentecost. While what Bettex wrote in this paper deals in the main with China, the principles set forth are true of every field in the whole wide world.

On the front page of this paper we read the words of this song:

*The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train?*

Introduction

For us missionaries the problem of the century is the evangelization of China. The past generations of workers have covered this country with a network of stations or centers of light, shining out into the darkness like stars twinkling in a midnight sky. The problem of our generation is to dispel the night, to change it to broad daylight.

The Task

Fortunately the task before us is so immense that it seems altogether beyond the capacity of man. So was the task set before Moses in Egypt. So the work laid out for Paul. So the day's work meted out to Luther. In more recent years Wesley, and within our own memory, General Booth, have worked on perhaps a less conspicuous, but still sufficiently gigantic scale.

The evangelization of China is one of the "large orders," one of the big things to be done in this century of big things. We may well glory

in the magnitude of the task because as his task so is the man. The task makes the man. The lure of the conquest of India has raised some of the mightiest men of renown, robbers, free booters, generals, statesmen, emperors, ministers, and pro-consuls, from Alexander the Great to Lord Clive. The evangelization of China has given and will give patents of nobility to scores of "men of like passions" and like limitations as ourselves.

The Force

We would point out that the very facility with which American and foreign money can be put at the disposal of missionaries is one of the chief sources of their spiritual weakness. When, in the 6th century A. D., the fiery founder of monasticism, Benedict of Nursia, was visiting the Pope of Rome, the Pope, in the course of his visit, showed him over the papal treasury. Complacently pointing to the piles of silver stacked up in the vaults and to the gold caskets filled with jewels, the pope said smilingly, "You see, brother, we cannot any more say as Peter said of old, 'Silver and gold have I none.' " "No, my brother," said the ascetic, "neither can you say any more, In the name of Jesus Christ, rise up and walk."

We often hear complaints that the native ministry has more than its average share of hirelings. They are however hired with western money. If they have been bribed, it is we who have bribed them. From the start the situation was too tempting. If, for a few dollars per month you could get both a hall and a preacher, what missionary would not write a few letters to the expectant home church, reporting his success and calling for funds? Is it any wonder, if, seeing that money was forthcoming so easily, the financial side of mission work has, so to speak, outgrown the spiritual side? Those financial lines are the leading strings by which that native church is held back in her nursery stage yet. Once the gospel shall run free, untrammelled by finances as in the church of Ephesus and Philippi, we will have a Biblical, strong, hardy native church, a growth from native soil that need fear no northern blast. Until then we are in a certain degree,

what a delicate tropical orchid is in a Chicago or London greenhouse—an exotic artificial growth.

The first stage of missionary effort is naturally and everywhere the creation of literature, the Bible first, and other means of information, whereby the gospel message can be laid before a nation. Second, the gathering of converts and building up of churches, living centers of light, where the message may be put before the people by living witnesses of their own flesh and blood. The third stage is that of a full grown, Spirit-filled church, freed from the childish things of the nursery, filled with the Spirit, reproducing the characteristics of the living New Testament church, leaning on the Word alone as its guide.

We have long scanned the horizon for a coming Paul or Luther, a man that would gather up in himself all the latent, dormant possibilities of the hour, and thus lead the “four times ten thousand times ten thousand men of Hohn” into their full birthright of gospel privileges. If this could be done by conferences and committees, committees on evangelism, educational associations, medical congresses, missionary associations, tract and literature societies, the thing would be well under way by this time. Or will the Holy Spirit Himself do the work? We thank God for each tract sent out; this we ought to do, but not omit the more weighty things. There seems to be a perfect frenzy of red tape, religious organizations, and over-organizations just now. Only one thing seems comparatively absent, the one thing most needful for the hour and work; I mean,

Prayer

Red-hot, living, agonizing, Holy Ghost prayer of intercession. Somehow these two things, forms and life, ever seem to stand in inverse ratio to each other. Where the first abound life cannot thrive; where life flows forms dwindle. No country has ever been evangelized by committees. Every country hitherto evangelized has been evangelized by agonizing prayer and intercession. When the church of Antioch sent forth Barnabas and Paul they fasted and prayed until the Holy Ghost spake, “Separate me Barnabas and Saul

for the work where unto I have called them." Then they fasted and prayed again and laid hands on them and sent them forth on their missionary errand, the conquest of the West.

Of course, it is much more comfortable to the flesh and to self to have a long palaver of committees and board meetings than to fast and pray, but the latter method has ever produced the Paul's—and ever will.

There was, in the days of Queen Mary of Scotland, a man who used to pray all night and tell the Lord, "Lord, give me Scotland or I die." For one man of this type we could spare hundreds of committees. Queen Mary used to say of him, "I fear his prayers more than whole armies of the enemy." How much would she have feared one of our committee meetings?

Luther used to pray for hours each day. The more he was overwhelmed with work the longer he used to pray. In the times of the Scots worthies the young preacher, Livingstone, was called to preach a certain Sunday before a synod, and Lady Abercrombie and some twelve saints spent the Saturday night in prayer, and five hundred people were saved under the influence of that sermon. God give us more of such sermons.

We shall get them when we have such Saturday nights preceding them.

A little later in America, Jonathan Edwards gathered a company of saints to pray all night, and the next morning he preached his sermon, "Their foot shall slide in due time." Some five hundred people also were saved under that sermon. The terror of sin lay on the audience in such an awful way that some "persons of quality" climbed the pillars of the sanctuary, fearing the bottom of the church would drop out and they would sink into hell. That sermon was the beginning of the "great awakening." What we need here is precisely this divinely wrought conviction for sin. But it will not come with lectures, scientific organizations and continuation committees alone. We could spare a great deal of these new-fangled methods, which

have, of course, a value in their place, if we had once in ten years a sermon like that of Jonathan Edwards'.

All the committees will not break through this awful hellish death and bondage that binds souls. In order to conquer this influence we need a supernatural church. There is no other way out than that the church of God should sweat blood, and agonize under the burden of intercession as if she herself were in Satan's thrall. You can fill a church book with names. They may even believe the doctrines very much as they formerly assented to Confucius' doctrine, but do they know the resurrection power of the risen Christ? Have they received the Holy Ghost since they believed? Are they new men and women? There is no other way out. Prayer is the only way. And if our missionaries and leaders will not take this burden of intercession on their souls, if they prefer to do the work of committees and organizations rather than, like Jacob at Peniel, to pray through and become "princes of God," having power with God and men, then God may call some humble Chinese peasant, give him a vision like Isaiah, lay the fiery coal on his lips and save the situation through him. It would be just like Him.

We must pray through. We cannot talk through. We cannot sing through. We cannot teach our way through. We cannot write through. We cannot organize through. We cannot pay through, but we can PRAY through.

Fifty or a hundred million per year poured into mission treasuries would not do it. That would probably help to pay an army of unconsecrated hirelings, glad to get more jobs. All the education of America, England, and Germany will not do it. That would create hosts of dried out doubters or skeptics. We have too many of them already. What we need is prayer, the spirit of prayer, private prayer, and wholesale prayer, prayer and fasting.

In mining there is an initial stage when you can pick up gold out of the ground. When Sutter struck it rich in '49, or when Thomas Stratton picked up near Cripple Creek rocks that proved solid nuggets, the lucky ones could take up gold 'dike dirt.'" The majority

had yet to wash it out. Soon a hardy Chinaman could scarcely make a living with his wash pan. Yet the real gold deposits had scarcely been touched. For the man with a drill and the dynamite cartridge the real work was just beginning. See a train of sixty or seventy cars unload its treasures of gold ore to the smelters of El Paso or Denver. No amount of water, nor washing, nor wash pans will do this kind of work. But put on 2,000 degrees of heat in the furnace where the fires roar and the blasts go up the furnace like thunder, and soon the liquid, transparent, greenish gold flows in living streams through the channels. Rivers of gold!

When the "fountains of the deep" of our own hearts will be broken up, when every church is a roaring prayer furnace heated to white heat, and the blast fairly roars up to heaven, then the "windows of heaven" will open also, and streams of heavenly gold, golden love, golden faith, golden wisdom, golden holiness, will flow from hearts of stone. A white-heated furnace has done it. It has been done before and we are not talking wild fanaticism. If space permitted we have stories to quote, with names that would ring through every missionary conference as the very men we honor and call our heroes of the mission field. There isn't a name in the Westminster Abbey of missions that wasn't a man of prayer. There isn't a victory won on the far-flung, world-girded battle line but prayer had the lion's share in it. Committees can only harness, but prayer creates the rushing, mighty Hoanghos, Yangtze-kiang's or Pearl rivers of divine life that are to nourish the millions of China.

Again, this grace of intercession is for the humble, for the poor, for the weak. Few men ever attained to the much coveted privilege of being leaders in church or school, but oh what wealth of heavenly love, what treasures of the unsearchable riches of the grace of God have we heard poured forth from the lips of some ignorant colored washer woman, or some backwoods farmer whose soul has been immersed into God's ocean of love. We may truly leave the higher criticism to colleges, missionary or otherwise, but the "higher" walk of the Christian life, the inner glories of the sanctuary, will ever remain

hidden from the wise and prudent, ever more anxious for their own good reputation and interests; but they are revealed to babes.

For the man who can pray, China holds richer booty or spoil than Mexico or Peru, with all the galleons of the Spanish main, ever yielded to Cortez or Pizarro.

Among American evangelists, as the stars in heaven for number, Charles Finney easily holds first rank, both for the solidity and for the power and scope of his work. During six months of his work in and around Rochester, N. Y., reporters who had followed up his work for the papers reckoned that about 80,000 people had been converted. Where was the hiding of his power? He had had a blessedly marked conversion. Immediately after, he was baptized in the Holy Ghost and fire, and from thence drew his mighty power. For him, to breathe was to pray. Moreover he had with him Brother Knapp, the man, who, like Finney's shadow, went with him throughout the land and prayed and prayed and prayed and prayed God's blessing down on Finney's sermons.

Now in these days of scientific organization it is quite bewildering to see what a variety of scientific appointments are needed to keep our work up to its utmost efficiency. Why, if we set men apart for literary work, translations, educational, statistical, medical, and evangelistic work, why do we not set men and women apart for prayer?

When Pandita Ramabai followed in the steps of Franke of Halle and George Muller of Bristol, and gave to the world another example of mountain-moving faith, she built right from the start of her work a prayer tower where day and night, during the twenty-four hours of the day, the prayer watch is being kept. And a constant incense of prayer ascends to the throne. One would have thought that soon every mission, nay, every station on the foreign field, would have seen the divine fitness and appropriateness of this prayer watch and have imitated it. This, however, is how interceding prayer was looked at in one of the missions in India. When the Lord laid the intercession on Brother Hyde, his unceasing prayer and supplications were only frowned at by his excellent fellow workers, and as Brother Hyde

would not be silenced, a petition was sent to the home board complaining about the excessive prayer-fulness of Brother Hyde and asking the board to direct Brother Hyde to work more and pray less.

The petition, however, was received by a godly home secretary, himself a man of much prayer, who returned an answer suggesting that Brother Hyde might be permitted to pray as much and as long as he felt led. In due time (1906-1907) India, and this special mission, were flooded by the showers from above, no doubt owing in great part to Brother Hyde's fervent praying. I mention this fact to show that in one of the deeper works of the foreign field, dull, blundering, unspiritual formality may try to gag the Spirit's voice of prayer and intercession. Nor could the praying ones be quite sure of finding in their home secretary every time such a sympathetic backer.

Now bear with me and let me ask a question. At a time when every religious trend and issue and fad have had their representatives on the field, how is it that no one has ever voiced the need of every Christian worker to have national, steadily repeated, stated times and seasons of prayer, where the whole Christian church could shake off the dust of schoolroom, clinic, and every weekly work in order to be united in a national day of fasting, prayer, praise, and intercession before the throne? We make bold to suggest:

1. A national monthly day of fasting and prayer for the evangelization of China's millions, preferably on the first day of every month.
2. A national Saturday night prayer meeting for the same purpose in our own secret chamber.
3. A time reserved for prayer where no preaching or testifying or teaching should be permitted, a time when the church of Christ should meet in intercessory prayer in behalf of the millions as yet in darkness; a spiritual Sabbath in the hustle and bustle of missionary life when the whiz and buzz of our missionary machinery should stand still and God alone would speak to us.

Who has not entered a company of Christians awaiting the hour of service and wondered at the careless, profane tone of conversation that flows on as the babbling brook. We do not scold the dear children. But the fact ought to be remedied. A large percentage of the nation is suffering from "talking sickness." Day and night, week after week, month after month the unruly member wags. Words, words, words! Words meaning less than the chatter of the parrots in the maize fields. Now this state of things is just as hurtful to, or incompatible with divine life as outward sin. At least it kills the Spirit's work in their souls quite as much. These children in the faith must learn that for every idle word we shall have to give account in the judgment. What an awful account we are running up on that score alone against that day.

When our churches and individual Christians will begin to pray, that empty chatter and gossip will cease, then a holy atmosphere of stillness, calm and repose will fill the soul. God's work can only prosper fully in such an atmosphere, which has not yet been created in our churches. We have in our churches those who, by sheer force of fasting and prayer, have exercised a spiritual rule over the towns, districts, and souls committed to their charge, until they have become spiritual masters of the situation.

Now we need not close our eyes to the fact that while we have perhaps half a million converts and adherents in China, there exists in the remaining millions, a silent, solemn resistance to the gospel of Jesus that may well make one shudder. It is against this silent resistance that victory can only be gained by intense, fervent, long enduring, Holy Ghost prayer and intercession. The church has the weapons at hand if she will only use them—steady fasting and intercessory prayer for the untouched millions.

One is often surprised to find in so many churches a quite fully developed church machinery. What is lacking is chiefly the fire and the steam to drive that machinery. The breath of life from our Lord does not yet breathe through the body. The bones have come together, bone upon bone, flesh and sinews have covered them, too, but the Spirit of life has not yet fully entered the nostrils. Oh for some

fiery Ezekiel to prophesy, and baptisms of fire to fall on the bodies. Prayer will cause the Spirit of God to fall, will cause the breath of God to fill the army; and the dead shall stand on their feet, an exceeding great army.

We feel that among all the departments of missionary work the "Prayer Department" has taken the place of Cinderella; but the work will not and cannot be what it should be until the Prayer Department, so to speak, heads the list. When prayer shall come to the place which, in the divine plan, is due to it, then shall be seen signs and wonders, and our churches will be what, to a large extent they are not as yet, supernatural churches of Christ according to the pattern laid down in Holy Writ. Then let us pray.

Chapter 9, The Way of Faith

We quote further from this paper.

Faith in Action

Not long ago in a Bible lesson on John's Gospel, chapter one, a young man seemed especially interested. Finally he arose: "Teacher, how much did Jesus pay to His disciples when He engaged them?" This was a truly Chinese question; at the same time perfectly logical. He had never known any but a salaried ministry, and that the native brethren had learned the lesson only too well everyone knows. Job hunting is one of the great weaknesses of our church. We should like to pass the brother's question back to every missionary on the field, "How much did Jesus pay to those disciples when He engaged them?" How much did He promise to Peter and the rest of His apostles when He sent them out to conquests of the world? What bank in Jerusalem was to cash their checks? God's normal, highest, best way is a ministry of love. Could you understand a marriage contract dependent on a stated salary payable to the would-be bride?

In days of yore the risen Christ commissioned His disciples. Why should they go? Because all power was given to the Master. Because the Master claimed the privilege of feeding His own from above as He fed the Israelites on their desert march. Could Rockefeller, could the Steel Trust, or Henry Ford afford to starve their truest workers? Will He let us down, who laid our foundation chart on "all power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Go ye and disciple all nations . . . and lo I am with you alway even to the end"? Can He afford to let me starve if I preach His gospel where it is most needed? Can He reward my trust with such a betrayal? Could He afford to set such a deterrent example before such a sinning world? Could His church expand if He first calls me out and then lets me sink in the sea? Is then the fault on Jesus' side? No, it is our lack of faith. I have often felt the breaking of the Decalogue would not grieve

the heart of Jesus so deeply as to see His ministers refusing to discount His promises for ready cash.

If, according to human foresight, we might perhaps expect China to be evangelized within sixty years, with only the means in force up to this time, by that time a generation and a half, 600,000,000 will have passed away to Christ-less graves. Think of such a holocaust! But if lack of faith were not blocking the way of God's chariot wheels (the only thing in the world that can block the chariot wheels of God are unbelief and disobedience in His own people) China could with the aid of a volunteer ministry be evangelized in about twenty years.

Then may I suggest a crusade for the evangelization of China on practical faith lines? There are few Chinese Christians whose hearts are not aglow with the thought. Then comes the chilly ghostly fear: If I should trust the Lord I would starve to death. It is not so much shrinking from suffering, but just that ghastly fear.

Christ guarantees the living. The word of a Rockefeller or Rothschild may break. That of the first gentleman in Europe may be found shaky, but the Word of the great "I Am" is the only stable and imperishable thing in heaven and earth. And in the name of my Master I guarantee a living to everyone willing to evangelize China; and what is more, I am willing to share every bit of the hardship that must be gone through. There is no obstacle. The way is free. "Go ye therefore."

As one has said, "Go then in God's name. Fear neither mountains nor deserts nor rivers nor oceans. Fear not the climate nor the customs nor the rulers of heathen nations. Only let nothing swerve you from the cross of Jesus. Go straight to your aim. Go as the eagle swoops and as the lightning strikes. Go in the name of Jesus and you will conquer!"

There are two kinds of religion. One is a dead assent to a doctrine, whether it be of Confucius or Buddha or Jesus. This is a ghostly religion with no body to it. For instance, in the monthly magazine of the South China Mission Society, in a letter from a well-known German university, well stocked with liberal theology, we read from a

young lay student volunteer: We had a wonderful prayer meeting, possibly because none of the theological students were present. These poor fellows seem to carry with them an atmosphere of death, and death that can be felt. We really shall have to ask them to keep away from our prayer meetings altogether."

Here is an example of living, three-dimensional, red-blooded religion from the palmy days of the Salvation Army. A ragged colored young man stands timidly before a Salvation Army officer. Says he, "Brudder, de Lawd hab called me to preach de gospel!" The staff captain looked up to heaven for guidance and replied, "Well, come back in three months and bring some soul you have led to God." "All right, Cap'n," said the boy, "dis chile is sho' gwine to come back all right, and de Lawd bless you, sar."

After a few days only, he reappeared with a dozen ragged mountain negroes, men and women. "Cap'n, while Fse gwine home, de Lawd says to me, 'Chile, why ain't you gwine to show de brudder your batch o' last three months' converts?' So I come and brought 'em wid me. Now will de last three months' converts do for a sample, Cap'n? Dey's my lawful chil'ren all right, sar!" The captain on examination concluded that the last three months' sample would do, and accepted both candidate and some of "de lawful chil'ren."

Jesus had for three years a missionary training home in which all the foundations were laid for the Christian church. It was a life of action, a life of faith, a life in the open, no steady home, ceaseless wanderings, ceaseless fighting with devils and men, ceaseless teaching and action, ceaseless victory over devils, men, and death.

The element of instant action, the only element Jesus taught by, is left out of our training schools and colleges. We largely educate dead preachers for dead congregations. Faith, practical faith, is left out.

Stop sitting down, consulting with flesh and blood and reckoning up the cost of the tower at every step. That was necessary and wise when first you made your consecration to Jesus. Afterward, never. Come down from your high fence where you have been sitting,

holding on to your own life, so very dear and precious unto yourself. "He that loseth his life shall find it. He that saveth his life shall lose it." What shall it profit you on the judgment day to have been a nice church member if you have not lost your life, root and branch, for Jesus? You will have lost all. This is the Christian's chief business. It is not to find a good church pulpit at so many dollars per month. It is to find the right place where you can lay down your life at Jesus' feet. Shall I show you that place? It is in vast, broad beautiful, fertile China. What a glorious place, like Galilee magnified a hundred times over, would China make for an apostolic training home; the rivers for baptistries, the shade of the mighty banyan trees for your prayer room, the steps of temple or ancestral home for pulpit (and maybe bedroom), the cities and markets for your synagogue, and the teeming millions for your inheritance and possession. How do you like this kind of life? It is not a job for genteel incapacity, but it is the ideal life of Christ, a life of action and a life of victory. Until you have trod this path you do not know what it is to live. This is the job your better soul has been craving, to yield your own life a living sacrifice for souls in Jesus' name.

Chapter 10, An Indictment

It was in 1914, in the early days of the war, when this paper from which we quote, was published, and so it was quite natural that Bettex should deal with,

The War Situation in Europe.

Every sincere Christian must deplore a world war in Europe which has involved some seven hundred millions of the race in war and bloodshed. But there is one lesson the church ought to learn from the world. That is, its terrible earnestness. They are not playing at war as some of us are playing at religion. They are in for business all right. Seven hundred million men at war! Twenty million men, in the flower of their youth and manhood, having no other aim but to kill and slaughter. Those at home eagerly scanning the papers. How many enemies killed? How many wounded? How many dreadnoughts, cruisers, or merchantmen sunk? How many fliers, how many cities bombarded? How many enemy regiments destroyed? And so on. And the more bloodshed the happier they are. They rejoice and revel and wallow in blood as the cave men of yore, and all in the name of Patriotism!

When King George, Emperor William, or the Czar called for men, twenty million soldiers deliberately, with enthusiasm, left their wives and children, their homes and farms to go to ruin, fields and crops to lie waste, businesses to go to smash. They have shouldered their Mausers to kill, and really reckon not their own lives dear unto them, for country, flag, and sovereign. How terribly in earnest the devil and the world, and many Christians, too, are in this frenzy of war. If you asked a hundred of the Christians who are now engaged in the occupation of killing their neighbors, and are willingly suffering the horrors of the game, to go out and preach the gospel for nothing, just trusting in the Word of God, ninety-nine of them would take you for mad!

Just as if a Christian had no kingdom for which to live and die. No flag of Calvary to uphold. No Sovereign's call to obey. No General to

follow to the fight. No war to wage. No countries to conquer. Just as if Jesus had never called for volunteers. Just as if the war against hell had never been declared. Just as if we had no aim to fight for, no empire to uphold, no imperial word or policy to carry out. Just as if Jesus and His kingdom were placed on Mars or Jupiter.

What benefits has the Czar ever conferred upon his people but Siberia, oppression, pogroms? Yet when he calls for men, the enthusiasm is as intense as if he had died a sacrificial death for his mujiks. The spirit of sacrifice is so wonderful.

What has our Sovereign, He of the crown of thorns, done that His people heed not His call? Have He and His court fattened on the blood of His subjects, thriven on their misery, made money out of their famine, lived like an Asiatic despot or a Bourbon king on the tears and the sobs of the poor and wretched? Has He, like Charles of England, broken his pledged word? Has He like he of France, permitted His courtiers to harness their peasants in carts? Has He like Leopold of Belgium, pampered His own vices on benefits from Congo atrocities? Why then this silence? This refusal? This contempt for their Sovereign? Why, in a conclave of sovereigns of whom He is the Sovereign, must He hide His face for shame because His people know Him not?

Tonight, thousands of soldiers, fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons are lying mangled and bleeding in agony and torture on the frozen battle fields of France and Belgium, and they glory in it.

But if one man of Christ's own hears the call, shoulders, not the Mauser to kill, but the cross to bless; girds not the sword to slay, but the Word of God to save, and goes forth at his Sovereign's call, facing not wounds or death, but only hardships and a little labor for the Master's sake, without a fixed stipend or salary to insure his own and his family's comfort, what does the world and what does the church say? We have seen whole churches bubble up in righteous indignation against such a "deluded fanatic." It is because in 2,000 years we have not yet learned Christ, nor the a b c of His gospel. May this war, in its terrible earnestness, drive the blush of shame

over the child's play we have made out of the fight that was committed unto us.

So on one side we have the sovereigns of Europe surrounded by 20,000,000 subjects, drunk with hatred murder, and bloodshed. On the other hand we have Christ standing in the midst of a million of Chinese, their farmers, coolies, scholars, gentry, merchants, mandarins, dying lepers, beggars, saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And again, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." And again, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

To think that 42,000 men, willing to trust God for a living, could evangelize all China in one year! And while the sovereigns of Europe can raise 20,000,000 to slay and kill, cannot Christ get 42,000 volunteers for the evangelization of China, willing to save and bless and to be blessed?

The church then has a living Sovereign, of our own flesh and blood, who is sitting at the right hand of God until His enemy be made His footstool. This Sovereign claims worldwide domain. His empire will grind to powder every other empire. His crown, the crown of thorns. His throne, the throne of David. His title, King of kings and Lord of lords. His empire, the world.

We, as His subjects, owe Him the same practical allegiance, even unto death, that any worldly subject owes his sovereign, only a hundred thousand times more. Has not Christ bought us with His own precious Blood? Has He not laid down the extent of His claims upon us in the gospel? Has He not given us our marching orders in Matthew 28:18-20, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations"?

If the church wakes up and begins to do what she has been long dreaming about, the evangelization of the world can be effected in from three to five years. No blood shed, no dead, no wounded, no mangling, no horrors; all done in the peace of God.

Chapter 11, The Need and the Provision

We quote further from the pen of Bettex:

Those endless, endless fields of wheat (or shall I say rice), golden for the harvest, waiting for the reaper! And the Chinese rice farmer as well as the Dakota wheat farmer, knows that when a field is ripe for harvest it must be reaped or lost. That is why, had I the millions of Rockefeller, the brains of Napoleon, the faith of Paul and the love of John, I would stir people into glad service for the reaping of these sheaves. Already there are signs that the enemy is entering and reaping abundantly—tobacco trusts, movies, vile literature, and infidelity are daily gathering strength and impetus.

Modesty in both sexes, chiefly in women, has been one of the conspicuous national virtues. But that glory is soon going also. The Chinese woman is following her Western sister into sensational literature, dress or undress, adultery and divorce. While the West has sent blessed Christian missionary women, she has also sent the other kind of women, and fashions which are a scandal to the heathen.

Still now is the psychological moment. A British army officer, after the Boer war, told me that in every battle he had been in there seemed to come fifteen or twenty minutes of almost unbearable tension. That was the psychological moment. The force that could hold out longest under the strain would gain the victory. In this gospel war the psychological moment is now. If we do not occupy now, agnosticism will.

The Master's Words!

We shall limit ourselves to some of the fundamental sayings of our Lord, but let us remember that the enemy for nearly 2,000 years has tried to take the edge off these words, but the Lord Jesus meant what He said.

“Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth . . . lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.” Matt. 6:19, 20.

“Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.” Matt. 6:33.

“Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.” Matt. 7:21.

“And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give.” Matt. 10:7,8.

“He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.” Matt. 10: 37-39.

“Ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye shall also sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And every one that hath forsaken houses or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name’s sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.” Matt. 19:28,29.

These verses from one Gospel alone provided the steppingstone from which the Lord enabled me to step out in faith.

Provision

Those who step out in faith for the evangelization of heathen lands are Christ’s workers, His representatives. And it is a fundamental law of the kingdom that the workman is worthy of his hire, and to let our Lord Jesus work out the financial problem will be one of the most delightful lessons of the whole situation, not less entrancing than the wilderness march of the children of Israel, or the feeding of the five thousand, or the keeping of George Muller’s thousands of orphans, or the keeping alive of the China Inland Mission, or the support of Pandita Ramabai’s widows. The way of faith is the normal way for

God Almighty to feed His children. Have we not proved it for twenty-five years?

Have not the mighty army of men of faith throughout the ages proved it? And there are hundreds, yea thousands of missionaries proving it daily. It is God's highest, it is God's best way of supplying His children's needs. It has blessed not only our own souls, but others also. Were not our movements especially directed from above? Were not the needed means forthcoming as by a miracle? And if they did not come, we most assuredly knew that Father did not want us to step into this or that open door. And were not the needed means and gifts often of superior quality? Finest wheat, when to our finest sense we could only afford second class flour. Finest grapes and pomegranates, when our finest sense could only perceive bananas. Have we not proved that the more we trusted the more we knew that He could provide a table in the wilderness? And can we not testify to the delicious flavor and wholesomeness of meals prepared by angel's hands?

We would almost as lief use bad language as grieve our Father by saying, "What shall we eat, or what shall we wear?" For all these things do the heathen seek after. To worry then would be to be like the heathen, and we have seen too much of the heathen to ever wish to be like them. We glory in His providence and tender love which make our lives, lives of blessing, not of worry. Hardships we shall have, no doubt. Just as much and as long and as keen as we need them. But the march of a band of faith workers through China ought to resemble the march as recorded in 2 Chronicles 20, which ended in a three days' praise meeting in the valley of blessing.

It may be asked, "How will you get your men?" Here also we would say we do not get them. If the Lord is not getting them, they had far better stay at home. I should not have the slightest hesitation, on the witness of twenty-five years' experience of God's grace and mercy, to guarantee any missionary a living, if he will only keep strictly in the will of God.

The Calvary Message

In evangelistic work it has long been a metaphor to speak of the red Calvary thread that should permeate all our work, even as the silk scarlet thread is found in every piece of rope that leaves the rope yards of the British navy. True it is that we cannot have enough of the preaching of this precious scarlet thread that runs through the thoughts, words, and actions of every true Christian. It is the scarlet and crimson of undying Calvary love, of sins forgiven, of life everlasting, bought for us on the cross of Calvary. Washed in the Blood of the Lamb! We can never thank God enough for the precious Blood so freely spilt for us.

But in the ephod of wondrous beauty, the clothing in which our great High Priest has entered the tabernacle not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, there is not only the scarlet and crimson of atonement, but there is also the purple and blue of living faith. Scan the Westminster Abbey of missionary expansion and you will find written in large letters over each name, "For without faith it is impossible to please God." Nor is this all. In this wondrous ephod in which our High Priest stands ministering before the Majesty of the Shekinah glory unspeakable, there is the golden thread of Holy Ghost fire and baptism running through the whole fabric, a thing altogether divine in its pure golden luster.

Christ trained His missionaries (apostles and missionaries are identical terms) for three years in faith and action. And then on these veterans He poured out the Holy Ghost from heaven. And should a faith ministry arise in China we may be confident that the blessed Holy Spirit will be poured out on them, and through them on believers in China as never before.

False Standards

Between the first of Matthew and the last of Revelation where is there any room for any particle of patriotism? The Christian, redeemed through the Blood of Calvary, presenting his body a living sacrifice unto God (not to king, kaiser, or czar), a pilgrim and a stranger in the world, seeking a city which hath foundations, can properly be called a patriot of the kingdom of heaven.

There is not the slightest room for self in the New Testament. The Word of God is like the fiery sword of the cherubim guarding the gate of Eden, which continually seeks out and slays every remnant of self.

Now patriotism is the selfishness of multitudes of selves. It is an abominable imitation of the kingdom of God, and by the very seeming good it contains it is all the more dangerous as it hinders the full expansion of the kingdom. If you want to see one of the fruits of religion, 50% adulterated with patriotism, look to Europe in its present crisis (at the time Bettex wrote this the war was raging). We have one Sovereign, the Lord Jesus; one country, the kingdom of heaven.

The more we invest all our strength in the kingdom of God, the easier it will be to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Patriotism is one of the many pseudo-Christian growths that, like barnacles, cover the ship of the church, impeding her progress. Why forsake the fountain of living water, and bow down to sticks and stones of our own making, gods which are not gods? In these dangerous times, when the Lord is testing His people to the utmost, it behooves us to try to cut out every foreign factor which has crept in from below. It is by these foreign factors perhaps more than by open sin that the enemy is trying to kill the life of joy in the believer.

To get rid of these barnacles or these manmade doctrines, on which millions of humble and earnest believers have been fed by a superficial clergy—this is the task set before the church of Christ in the coming decades. And while no one deplores more deeply than we do the horrors of the European war, we rejoice in this that the war has brought out all the weaknesses, all the un-Scripturalness, all the superficiality, all the hypocrisy of a Christian life that permits, nay encourages Christian men to face each other on the battle field and to inter-kill, inter-slay, inter-slaughter, and inter-mangle each other in such holocaust that would fill Tamerlane, Attila, and all the murderers of history with pale envy.

Jesus Is Coming

The skies are darkening. The clouds are lowering. The lightnings are flashing. The thunders are rolling. The signs are multiplying that promise the birth throes of a new creation.

Kingdoms at their base are crumbling Lo, His chariot wheels are rumbling.

The whole creation is preparing for the hour for which creation was made. The powers of heaven and the powers of earth are shaking. Elements are dissolving. Laws which we had thought were as stable as the universe are beginning to fail. The earth is wobbling on her axis like a top that stops spinning. All because the King of kings and Lord of lords is coming to take the throne of David; to inaugurate His reign of peace that shall have no end; to rule this blood-soaked earth in mercy and righteousness. And while we would not set a fixed time for His appearing, the majority of Bible readers will agree that the signs are multiplying and converging, which predict His soon coming.

For us the Blessed Hope; for the sinner, the horror of despair. "And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

It was not long after he wrote these words that Bettex was found dead, with three bullet wounds in his body. But his message still lives. Shall we take heed to it?

Chapter 12, The Call to You

And now may I add a final word? When I lived in New England, I used to make my way to a certain grave every day—the grave of one whom I dearly loved —and each day I would rededicate my life to God. I know that some people would say I was all wrong, that a once-for-all dedication is all that is needed. But I am partial to a daily reconsecration. Try it for a year or two until you get the habit—it is not such a bad habit as some that folks I know are addicted to.

And now I want you to come over with me in spirit to that grave in the Canton cemetery, the grave of Nellie and Paul Bettex. Let us two, just you and me, kneel by the grave of those two consecrated missionaries. And may I suggest a prayer that you and I might pray?

“Holy Father, cleanse me from all my selfishness. Purge me from all the sins that have spoiled my life, and give to me, I pray Thee, a fullness of Thy blessed Holy Spirit that I have never yet known. I here and now present my body to Thee as a living sacrifice. I yield to Thee also my spirit and my soul, and I ask Thee Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, to come in and possess me fully. And grant from this hour forward that I may never want my own will, but only Thy good and perfect and acceptable will. Thou alone canst keep me from my inherent selfishness. Undertake for me, O God, and from this hour may all selfishness be fully crowded out because Thou dost fully occupy the whole temple. Fulfill all the good pleasure of Thy holy will in me, moment by moment, from this day forward. In Jesus’ name and for His sake. Amen.”

God loved our first parents. He delighted to come down into the garden of Eden to walk with them and hold sweet converse with them. But sin came, and then communion ceased. But God still longed to have communion with men, even though man turned his back upon Him.

In due time one was born, Enoch by name, who realized how blessed and how sweet it would be to have communion with his Maker. I can hear him saying, “God is! God is! I believe that He is

living, and I will seek His face.” And so he diligently sought the face of God. It is written, “They that seek Me early shall find Me.” And Enoch found God. He walked with God. He had sweet converse with Him.

Two cannot walk together except they are agreed. But God brought Enoch’s heart into such perfect harmony with His own that the two could walk together. Can you think how wonderful it must have been for Enoch to walk with God, to hear the voice of God, to listen to the words of knowledge, and to the words of wisdom that would come from the lips of God, to learn all about the mystery of godliness, and to have unveiled to him the mystery of iniquity, to be told the secret things, the profound things, the things of the Spirit of God? To Enoch there came a revelation of things to come—that the Lord shall come with ten thousand of His saints to execute judgment upon all.

Enoch walked with God. Do you think that He choose his own way and said, “I am going this way”? No, no! He would always seek that God should choose the path, for “as for God his way is perfect.” And so when he walked with God, he always walked the way God wanted to walk. And one day as Enoch was walking with God, God must have made known to him that it was His will to take him home to glory without having to pass through death. Enoch believed his God and walked with Him right through into the heavens without passing through death. It is written, “By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God.”

Do you know that God loves you and would have you walk with Him? He would have you believe that HE IS. He is still the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. As surely as you seek His face, so surely will you find Him. The majority of people today are turning their back on God, and it will bring great joy to His heart if you turn toward Him and choose His way rather than your own. It will give Him great delight if you will turn your face towards Him and say, “Lord, I would love to go Thy way, to walk with Thee as did Enoch of old, to have sweet converse with Thee, to know Thee intimately.”

And if you will delight yourself in Him, He will give you the desires of your heart. It is just as simple and as easy for you to walk with God as it was for Enoch. Indeed, it is much easier, for a new and living way has been opened up, through the sacrifice of Christ at Calvary, into the very presence of God, and He bids you boldly come. The Word does not say that God was visible to Enoch. No, it was a walk of faith, and God calls you likewise to a walk of faith.

God IS. Believe it. Believe that He does reward you as you diligently seek Him, that He does invite you to walk with Himself, to have sweet converse with Him, to come and commune with Him, your Maker. And as you enter into union and communion with Him, He will put into your heart His own faith. And when that glad hour comes when the trumpet shall sound, the voice of the archangel is heard, and the Lord re-turns for His own, those who have walked with Him will put their hands into His and will slip away quietly into the glory land.

Seek diligently the face of God, and you, too, shall walk with Him. You shall know the voice of your God. He will take you to be with Him right into the glory, and you shall be forever with your Lord.