Seven Years in China

Greetings to our friends in the homeland:

Exactly seven years ago today (October 18th) we left our native land for China! Something like a week or ten days earlier than his we had told our relatives and friends farewell in Atlanta and Tallapoosa, Ga., and started on our long journey across the United States for San Francisco, California. Because of a strike of longshoremen our ship was delayed for some days but finally everything having been arranged satisfactorily, our ship—The China—on the 18th day of October 1919 got under way and headed for the Far East and for Cathay the land of Buddhists and towering pagodas, the land of mystery and paradox. Happy doth that day live in our memory. Not a pain did we suffer, not a tear did we shed, not a regret did we have, when we left our native land. Our call was genuine and our consacrations deep, every bridge and were prepared. We cut every line and burned to be grafted into another soil. We were young (and we are not old yet) and our hearts were strong and courageous but blissfully ignorant of what lay before us but nothing daunted.

We arrived in China literally "on fire for God" and longed to be up and doing and for this reason was often misunderstood by our fellow workers who interpreted our desire for service for a wish to manage—nothing being further from our desire, even our thoughts. We arrived on Saturday morning and began language study on the following Monday and we studied it with all the power of our intensive nature. After six months of digging we made our first effort—not a very successful one—in a little chapel in Shaukiwan, to use our strange tongue. Any way it was an effort and an effort even tho not very successful, is better than no effort at all. After a little over a year we began to teach a Sunday school class, though I doubt if our students understood much of the Fuk Yam, "Good News," which we so ardently wished to impart to them. After a year and a half we took a native coploter who could not speak a word of English, and a big load of Bibles and tracts and went about two hundred miles inland into a section of China wild and mountainous and where a foreigner was practically unknown. There for weeks we sold Bibles and tracts and did our utmost to use our strange tongue and though it was a clumsy business we found that with much persuasion it could be made to motivate and soon we found that out of our much babble clear sounds began to form and we knew that we were on the road to victory. We sold hundreds of Bibles and gave away many many hundreds of tracts and while we could not books and Bibles and allow them to do their own work. If one knows one sentence, and knows it well he can sell books or Bible portioetts. That sentence is: "Yat koh sin yat po," which when put into good old Anglo-Saxon, simply means, "One cent per copy." That was one of my first sentences learned. After two years we began to preach and though it was very unsatisfactory to begin with we begged away and was rewarded a hundredfold for there is no other way to learn to speak Chinese but to speak it. We studied Chinese six and eight hours per day for three, almost four years and worked regular in the mission in Hong Kong until we removed from here. In 1924 we were transferred to Pakhoi after almost a year's effort in getting a hold here and a home to live in. The history of the past three years there cannot be told now—some time I promise to do so. In January 1926, we made a great regret, the General Board asked us to return to Hong Kong and take up the work here because of the failing health of Miss Jane Schmerhorn, and in March we came here and here we are doing our best for our master.

It would take a volume to recount the many blessings, trials, joys and sorrows, heartaches and disillusionments encountered during those seven years—yes, don't imagine that a missionary's life is always easy sailing, far from it, friend my brother, in fact most of our life is spent in rough seas, that accounts for the rapidity with which the old ship (our body) wears out. But out above the storms, the trials and everything else shining as bright as the noon-day sun stands our call to this land and our assurance that during these seven years we have walked in His will and that today we are still walking therein.

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friends and loved ones. But how many will remember to express their appreciation of this happy time to the Father by giving the lost of the world an opportunity of hearing the gospel. A few dollars now will bless a multitude of people and give them an opportunity of hearing this gospel you enjoy so well. Let’s share with them.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

OKLAHOMA CONFERENCE

Oklahoma City..........................5.00
Enid P H church........................10.00
Barnes..................................3.25

EAST OKLAHOMA CONFERENCE

Stratford...............................1.48
Seminole.................................20.00
Kings College S S........................4.15

KANSAS CONFERENCE

Bartlesville P H church...............8.40
Centerville P H S S.....................2.02
Bartlesville P H S S.....................2.79

TEXAS CONFERENCE

Center Hill P H church..............2.25
Abner Cross Roads......................1.40

Christmas Dollar for Missionaries

W A Mooney..............................1.00
Mrs. Lennie Smith......................1.00
Lovie Dryden............................1.00

General Purposes

Claud England..........................1.50
Jesse J Hobbs.........................4.25
Rena E Thomas..........................1.00
Jesse J Hobbs.........................2.50

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Tommie Thornton.......................1
Mrs. A P Smith.........................1
Burton A Hall..........................1
Mrs. Claude Coley.....................1
Mrs. N J Butt..........................1
Mrs. R L Bray..........................1
Mrs. J P Chilcoat......................2

I praise God for the many blessings He has graciously bestowed upon me, He found me when I was burdened with sin, "Condemned to death, afraid to die," but somehow He heard my heart-cry and lifted that load of sin and set me free. How I appreciate freedom from sin and its pollutions—real freedom in Jesus. "To set at liberty them that are bruised." This, Jesus did for me. I love the service of God, there is great joy in obedience. It is in my heart to do my best for Jesus, to win souls for His kingdom. I am still saved, also enjoying good old Bible sanctification. It is real to me, and the Holy Ghost abides, giving great comfort.

Mrs. Dan T Muse
THE PENTECOSTAL HOLINESS FAITH

IN THE HARVEST FIELDS.

Eaid, Okla.—Arriving home I find that the meeting at Sand Burr Flat postponed, will start at Wagoner Thursday night Dec. 3 with Bro. Kincaid. Any of the churches of the Wagoner district that wants my services I would be glad to hear from them while in that district.

J A CAMPBELL, Wagoner, Okla,
Care of Rev. Paul Kincaid,
905 No. Wood street, Caney, Kan.—I will send in a few words to the glory and honor of our God. We are saved, sanctified and the Holy Ghost still abides and the healing power is still falling at our house. We are trusting God for all things.

We had a two-week’s revival at Caney, Kansas, October 12-26. Sister Bell Wright and her husband, of Coffeyville, Kansas, were in charge. Brother Wright had charge of the song service and Sister Wright did the preaching. Four were saved, two sanctified, and others helped in different lines, for which we praise the Lord. Pray for Caney, Kansas, as it is weak and pray for us that we may do the Lord’s will in whatsoever He would have us do. Praise His name forever. May the great God and our Lord Jesus Christ bless you and all the Faith family.

Rev. MONT. M. HOELE and Wife.

Norman, Okla.—Praise God for salvation, saved, sanctified, Holy Spirit abides, praise the Lord. I am sending my renewal for the Faith, as I enjoy reading it very much. This leaves me saved, sanctified and filled with the Spirit, and I do want to be a soul-winner for Jesus. Looking for the soon-coming of Jesus.—J. W. Jennings.

Down Grade and No Brake

A celebrated engineer on the Pacific Coast, who was no less notorious for his profanity than his skill, lay in delirium on his deathbed. Clutching at the bed clothes, he cried, “I am going down a grade, but I cannot find the brake.”—S. S. Times.

SONG BOOKS

We have the following song books for sale: “Waves of Glory,” a splendid song book at 25 cents per copy or $2.75 per dozen.

“Christ Exalted in Song,” at 25 cents each or $2.75 per dozen.

“Songs of the Coming King,” at 25 cents each or $2.75 per dozen.

“Songs of Old Time Power,” at 35 cents each or $3.50 per dozen.

“Pentecostal Revival Songs,” at 25 cents each or $2.75 per dozen. Address all orders to DAN T. MUSE, Box 762, Oklahoma City, Okla.

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Alonside this is that other thing, without which a missionary becomes a drone, viz., that zeal and passion for the salvation of the heathen. We thank God that we can truthfully say today, after seven years in China, we are still “on fire for God” if possible even more than in the beginning. Our prayers, our thoughts, our work, our planning, our hopes and our longing all centers around the one dominating passion to be the means of leading souls from this midnight darkness of heathenism to the light of the Cross of Christ.

When we left America seven years ago we believed with all our hearts that the Pentecostal Holiness church was intrusted by our Father with a wonderful message of Pentecostal Holiness for the world and the heathen lands none the less than America, etc. We still believe it. We believed that it was God’s purpose to establish a strong, well organized, spiritual, Pentecostal Holiness church in South China—we still believe it. Though “Rome was not built in a day!” she was built, and although we cannot boast a well organized work here yet we know there will be one. Today there are upwards of 500 members of the P. H. Church in South China, I believe all told, we have three stations in Hong Kong and two inland, with a staff all told of eighteen. For seven years I have fought a fastidiously doctrin in this Southland for truly we have had here a representative of, I believe, every ism which has plagued the Pentecostal movement. They have come and as quickly gone on their way of destruction and many have fallen in their wake but here we have stood for the old pathways. The so-called “finished” work has been our most deadly enemy. It comes not as such. This devil of destruction comes with a smile, a firm handshake, a “We welcome you.” It comes pleading that unity, for oneness in Christ, for common brotherhood. This patron of carnality comes begging that control may be lost, that the natives of the land of Promise came to Joshua for peace. They come begging that we may all work together in peace and har-
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mony. They are gripped beyond expression that we will not co-operate with them. They refuse to meet you in an ordered battle in the open, they use the assassin's plan, they steal in behind your back in the ways you never dreamed of. If they cannot work upon you they throw a sweet honey-coated, soft-worded, line around your native workers and proceed to draw them into their fold while at the same time maintaining to you a soft smiling face a "we are brothers in a common cause" attitude. Only last month we found that these people had induced one of our workers to act as a representative of a "finished" work monthly published in Chinese and that he had gotten about 25 of our members to subscribe for this paper before either he or we realized what was being done. Once we learned of the matter we demanded that every order be forthwith cancelled, the money refunded, etc., etc., and dealt with the worker in question in a firm but Christian way. I do not say that there are not good people in the ranks of the "finished" people for many therein believe in sanctification as we do, but there are wolves in sheep's clothing therein and he that refuses to believe this is in for a sad awakening. The fight here will grow stronger as the years pass by for their number as well as ours increases and the Church should not send a missionary to South China who is not fully able to defend this most important doctrine and defend it well. It takes a strong character to meet this thing and not be won over by the soft-tongued representatives of this delusion of the devil.

These seven years have not passed without taking thier toll of our health. Mrs. Turner's health has been very indifferent for the past year and has given us not a little anxiety. Part of this time she has been unable to do her work, but we have been and still are, for at this writing she is not at all well, looking earnestly to the Lord for her strength and a complete restoration of health. The chief beginning of her trouble was during and follow-

ing our awful experience at Pak-hol last year which almost broke her completely down. She has never really recovered from that experience and the hardships endured at that time. We make this statement and these explanations here particularly because we wish to ask every one who reads this letter to please get on your knees and earnestly pray that she may be completely restored to health for the glory of God and the up-building of His kingdom in this land. The health of the other members of our family is fair, for this we give God the praise.

In beginning our eighth year of service in China we want to state that we stand, as of old, for the true doctrines of the Pentecostal Holiness Church. We are in full harmony with the discipline of the church, that is the basic of union, the general rules, its ordinances, its government, etc. We are doing all that in us lie to teach these things to our Christians and workers. We sincerely love our Church and believe that it has a special place to fill in this world and has one special message differing from all the rest, viz. that of Pentecost. We sincerely believe that it is our duty to do all that is within our power to establish Pentecostal Holiness in this world, for I believe to that end are we called out from among the other denominations. When we fail to make the baptism of the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues a definite part of our ministry then I believe we no longer have an excuse to be a separate organization. We are therefore trying to do our best to fully establish this important and precious doctrine firmly in our missions.

Of this time and the season when we will be privileged to once more visit our native land and have the great pleasure of seeing our relatives and numerous friends and once more hear our great preachers expound the word (how hungry we grow for this) we cannot speak for we know not. Meantime we go gladly on without a grumble, in need joyfully. For we realize that though our church has sent us out here and is supporting us in this work yet after all we are first God's workers and we therefore do our work as unto Him and not as unto man. We request your prayers that our spiritual, physical and temporal needs may be fully supplied and that we may win many precious souls to Christ.

We thus begin our eighth year of service for the Master in China praying many blessings upon the church at home and with to remain as in the past.

Yours for Him in China,
W. H. and ORINE TURNER.

P. S. If you should feel inclined to write us a few lines it would be appreciated. Outside the business letters from the General Treasurer, we don't receive many more than a dozen letters a year from the homeland, I should say. Our address is P. O. Box 393, Hong Kong, China.

Chester Glen Shidler.

Chester Glen Shidler was born August 5, 1896 and passed into eternity at Tuscon, Arizona, Oct. 5, 1926. We have known Glenn for a number of years while he was yet in sin, and also during his time of seeking the Lord. During the past two years we were much associated with him and prayed with him numbers of times. Many times when scarcely able to go he would drive for miles out into the country to be in the service. We became friends, indeed. He made a hard fight against sin and we feel confident made a successful landing on the portal of glory. He knew that death was near and told his brother it wouldn't be long, and awhile before he died he sang very beautifully "How I long for that rest, in the home of the blest, 'twill be sweet when we meet, O, it will be glory bye and bye."

"We loved you Glenn, yes, we loved you,
But angels loved you more.
For they have sweetly called you
to yonder's shining shore.

He leaves a mother, Mrs. C. R. Shidler, and a number of sisters and brothers and loved ones behind. The funeral was conducted by Brother Douglas and the writer, burial in Rose Hill cemetery.

DAN T. MUSE.